Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 653. You can rest as much as you want when you're dead! (2)

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"We- We're here!"

"Mount Hua!"

"*Sniff*! We've finally arrived!"

Mount Hua's disciples, holding onto the cart, wept over the towering Mount Hua. At last, tears of joy poured down their eyes.

Normally, they would sigh heavily every time they had to climb the cloud-covered peak,but now even that looked extremely lovely and beautiful.

‘That’s why they say life is hard once you leave the house.….’

'I'm never leaving Mount Hua again!'

Until the departure from Wuhan, their hearts were full of excitement as if they were about to explode, but their inflated hearts had shrunk helplessly due to the difficult journey to this place.

"We- We can rest once we climb up here!"

"Ughhhhh! I'll be the first to reach the top!"

"Get out of the way, you punk! I'll go first!”

Mount Hua's disciples began to rush towards the path leading up without looking back.

"Huh?"

Then Chung Myung, who was watching from the back, tilted his head.

"Is there a problem?"

Un Gum examined his expression and asked. Chung Myung scratched the back of his head with a slightly awkward face.

"… I was going to say that since we've come this far, we can leave the cart behind.”

“…….”

"Well... it should be fine, right? There's nothing we can do if they want to carry it."

“…….”

Un Gum looked sadly at Mount Hua's disciples, who rushed fiercely over the mountain without knowing anything.

The wind was cool and refreshing.

Of course, the wind on Mt. Hua was always clear. As it was located high up in the mountains, there was always a cool breeze in the air.

However, now that the weather had warmed up, the wind brought warmth, making it quite cool and pleasant.

"Hmm."

However, Hyun Jong was not happy even though he was hit by the tickling wind to his face.

"Are you worried about the disciples?"

At Un Gak's words, Hyun Jong coughed softly. Instead of answering, he chuckled.

"Hoho."

"What are you so worried about? You've already heard that the disciples are returning from a victory over Wudang Sect. I doubt they'll trip and break their noses on their way back."

"That's true."

Hyun Jong laughed as if he himself found the thought absurd and then spoke softly.

"I thought I would never get to experience a parent’s feelings since I devoted my life to Taoism. But I think I've come to understand how parents feel when their children grow up and leave home, considering how much I worry these days. It’s like I can only feel at ease when they’re in my arms.”

"Isn't it because Sect Leader cares a lot about the children?"

"Hoho."

Hyun Jong looked around the quiet surroundings and said,

"It's not necessarily like that. Isn't the mountain too quiet without the children?"

"That's true. It feels a bit lonely."

It was Hyun Jong's first time experiencing so many Mount Hua disciples leaving the sect and going outside.

Although their numbers had significantly decreased compared to their heyday, it was still unbearable to see the emptiness left behind after more than a hundred disciples bustling around and then only a few remaining.

"I never knew I'd miss the sound of them quacking while training."

"Sect Leader... I don't think the disciples would appreciate that description."

"Haha. Is that so?"

Hyun Jong, who was quietly looking at the empty halls, shifted his gaze toward the mountain gate.

'It's still a long way to arrive.'

Given the distance from Wuhan to here, it will take three more days no matter how fast they come. That was the case even considering that Chung Myung would relentlessly push the disciples without taking a break.

Knowing this fact, Hyun Jong couldn't bring himself to leave the spot where the mountain gate was in full view. At most, going out of the mountain gate and lingering with his head sticking out was the greatest patience he could muster.

Hyun Jong slowly closed his eyes with his hands behind his back.

'I guess that's what it means to grow old.'

There was a time when the young disciples of Mount Hua waited anxiously for Hyun Jong, who had left for a foreign trip. But now things have changed. Hyun Jong was left to guard his post, waiting for the return of the disciples who had set out on a journey.

The change of generation and the inheritance of one's position as one grows older will be accomplished through this process.

Although it could be a bit regrettable, Hyun Jong didn't feel a single point of disappointment. He was only sorry that he couldn't help the children more on their difficult journey.

"By the way……."

"Yes?"

"Don't you hear some noise?"

"Nothing in particular…"

Un Gak shook his head, but Hyun Jong's eyes narrowed slightly.

'It's a sound I've heard a lot before…'

Indeed, it was a familiar sound that hadn't been heard in Mount Hua for a while.

"Could it be…"

"Yes."

"Is it possible for those who left for Wuhan to arrive today?"

"Ei, Sect Leader. That doesn't make sense. Unless wings sprout on their backs and they fly here, how could that be possible?"

"Right?"

"Yes. To make that possible with a human body, one must not sleep or rest for even a moment and use light footwork. It's not an easy task for one person to move like that, let alone a large group of people. And they have luggage too."

"…Right?"

"Yes, of course."

"…But what happens if they do?"

"Excuse me?"

Hyun Jong's eyebrows twitched slightly.

'These crazy kids…'

Un Gak, who was looking at Hyun Jong's face with a puzzled expression, suddenly turned his head in surprise.

He's really starting to hear something.

The sound, which seemed like a wailing sound, felt too familiar.

"Do- Don't tell me they've already..... N- No, the distance is too..... just what on earth are they doing?"

There was no room for doubt when Un Gak also heard it. Hyun Jong shouted.

"Call the remaining ones!"

"Yes, yes! Sect Leader! I'll be right there!"

Un Gak ran off hastily. Hyun Jong hastily added afterward.

"Tell them to prepare the meal right now!"

"Yes, Sect Leader!"

Hyun Jong coughed a few times and stepped forward.

Though he had experienced this several times, his heart still pounded, and he couldn't calm down every time. In addition, some children have left Mount Hua before. He welcomed their return, but this time, the feeling was quite different as most of Mount Hua's disciples were gone and returned.

Hyun Jong looked at the gate with mixed eyes of anticipation and anxiety. Soon after, the brave disciples of Mount Hua, who had come back from accomplishing great tasks would show up through that gate.

How impressive.

Yes, truly impressive!

The disciples had quelled the Nokrim Rebellion and won the battle against Wudang.

Now that even the word "young disciples" has been overshadowed, the sword warrior of Mount Hua Sect has finally returned.

His heart, which had been nervously overcome with worries, began to overflow as if it were a

lie.

Kwaaaang!

Soon, the gate opened violently from side to side as if it were going to break. And the disciples began to swarm.

"These guys!"

Hyun Jong's eyes heated up as he looked at the faces he had missed.

Of course, they all looked like beggars again for some reason... but he wasn't surprised anymore since he had seen it more than once or twice.

Although it was still difficult to understand why they would rush into the mountain top with a cart... Hyun Jong has long given up trying to understand all of his disciples' movements. Once he realized that letting go made things easier, there was no turning back.

It doesn't matter what they come back with or what they bring. It doesn't change the fact that the people in front of him now are Mount Hua's disciples who returned with such a great contribution that no one can imagine.

"Welcome back!"

"Sect Leadeeeeer!"

At Hyun Jong's welcome, Mount Hua's disciples rushed toward Hyun Jong, dragging the cart without even thinking about putting it down.

'These kids. Are they that happy?'

Seeing the disciples, who have now grown so much it wouldn't be weird for them to complain that Mount Hua was too small, rushing towards their old Sect Leader with such joy made his heart swell.

"Sect Leader! Euuaaa!"

"Sect Leader! Sect Leader!"

Hyun Jong spread his arms wide with a kind face towards the approaching disciples. Each one of them would make him proud no matter where they ar-...…

"Sect Leadeeeeeeer! That Chung Myung! That Chung Myung!"

"How much that Chung Myung bastard tormented us...!"

"Please do something about him! Sect Leader! *Sob sob sob*!”

“…….”

Everyone poured out curses about Chung Myung at once, making it impossible to understand. Hyun Jong silently smiled and slid his arms down.

'They’ll make me embarrassed no matter where they are.'

‘I'm ashamed to face the ancestors, you punk! Huh!’

"Ahem."

Having coughed loudly, he looked over at the disciples. His eyes, which had a slight edge, were soon filled with warm affection.

"You all look so much better now."

At that point, Mount Hua's disciples glanced at each other and tilted their heads.

"We’re covered in dirt, though."

"Wow, really ugly."

"Are you talking about me, you bastard?"

"Who else?"

"You really!"

Hyun Jong turned his head towards the distant sky.

He thought he had let everything go, but it seemed he still hadn't let go of everything.

For some reason, he thought he could hear someone's response saying, ‘I'm suffering too,’ from somewhere in the sky. Hyun Jong shook his head, thinking he was even hearing hallucinations.

"How did you guys get back so soon? It wouldn't have been that easy to get from Wuhan to here.”

".....May I tell you?"

"......No, never mind. I think I know."

He probably guessed that the demon must have spewed fire from his mouth.

Soon, there was a warm smile around Hyun Jong's mouth.

"You all went through a lot."

"No, Sect Leader!"

Everyone was taking deep, energetic breaths, but their expressions clearly showed a difference from before.

Wasn't it said that three days in mourning makes a world of difference?

Even Hyun Jong, who knows his disciples better than anyone else, was amazed by their growth, as they now exuded a maturity that they didn't have before.

It seemed that they had gained a lot from this journey.

"I've already heard about what you guys have done. Everyone did a great job. You really did well."

"……."

Mount Hua's disciples bite their lips with a little tear.

Until now, they had received praise for their work countless times. The Elders and the first-class disciples also said they were excellent for what they had done, and people from other sects and passers-by had also looked at them with admiration.

But the words that came out of Hyun Jong's mouth carried a different weight.

It felt like they were finally being properly rewarded for their arduous journey. Mount Hua's disciples peeked up at the sky to wipe the corners of their eyes.

"No, Sect Leader! As a disciple of Mount Hua, it was a natural thing to do!"

"We apologize for not doing better and returning!"

"We've learned a lot too. We'll train harder in the future!"

"Yes, yes. You guys. I'm proud of you."

There was a warm feeling between the Sect Leader and Mount Hua’s disciples. The reunion would have ended perfectly if it weren't for the sudden voice that interrupted.

"Heh, that sect's situation is really going downhill!"

Hyun Jong closed his eyes tightly.

As soon as the voice was heard from behind their backs, the disciples hurriedly crumpled their necks like frogs who saw snakes. The pride on their faces disappeared like a frightened snail.

'What did they go through during that time...'

As the days go by, the children...…

Chung Myung, who stormed through the gate, shouted.

"It's the conclusion that matters in anything, the conclusion! Don't try to end things casually with words! Move aside and line up properly! Don't you have to report things properly!"

"Ugh, he really says the most annoyingly right things."

"I know, right? It's driving me crazy!"

Mount Hua's disciples quickly dragged the cart to the corner, saying, ‘I'm about to go crazy from that nagging,’ and ‘I'm about to die’" Then, they rushed to line up in the middle of the training field.

When all the first-class disciples that followed lined up, Hyun Sang and Hyun Young came forward and stood facing the Sect Leader.

Hyun Jong corrected his loose posture and straightened his back, befitting as the Sect Leader of Mount Hua.

Hyun Sang opened his mouth.

"The disciples of Mount Hua Sect under Elder Hyun Sang have returned after carrying out Sect Leader's orders."

Tok!

When Hyun Sang reached out his hand and politely expressed salute, Mount Hua's disciples followed and showed their respect.

Hyun Jong raised his head slightly rather than glaring. When he lowered his head again, a brilliant smile bloomed at the corners of his mouth.

"Did you learn a lot?"

"Yes, Sect Leader!"

"I see."

He nodded and continued speaking.

"Well done. Everyone worked hard. You must be hungry, so let's eat first and then talk."

"Food!"

"Ugh! Now that I think about it, we've been starving for three days straight!"

"Let's go!"

Hyun Jong smiled as he watched Mount Hua’s disciples race each other to the dining hall.

'This is nice.'

It finally felt like Mount Hua again with all the hustle and bustle.

Hyun Jong said, looking at one person who hasn't left his seat yet.

"Chung Myung-ah."

"Yes, Sect Leader."

"Did you make any progress on your journey?"

Chung Myung grinned.

"You'll be surprised to know it.”

"Haha. I see. That's good."

A pleasant breeze blew.

It was the moment when the somewhat lengthy journey of Mount Hua Sect came to an end.

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