Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 928. This is my role (3)

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Bop Kye’s anger was not solely personal or emotional. He served as the head of the Disciplinary Hall of Shaolin. This goes beyond personal feelings.

"Now."

He spoke more harshly than ever before, putting more force into his words. He definitely wanted to emphasize this to Yeon.

“Are you now going to disobey the orders of Bangjang?”

Hye Yeon smiled in an unexpected way.

"I'm not sure how to respond to that."

"…What?"

“As a Buddhist, I do whatever my heart wants. How can you call this disobedience?”

Bop Kye’s face twisted for a moment.

“No matter how much of a Buddhist you are, you belong to Shaolin. Do you really not know what it means to disobey the orders of Bangjang and what the consequences are?”

“…….”

Hye Yeon still didn't answer. Bop Kye, his voice tinged with anger, continued.

"That is insubordination."

“…….”

“And insubordination without justifiable cause is subject to excommunication. Do you know what Shaolin’s excommunication means?”

Hye Yeon nodded his head.

"Yes."

"You understand what it means?"

"Yes, I do."

Bop Kye narrowed his eyes.

“Disciples who are excommunicated from Shaolin are subject to the punishment (형(刑)) of Tendons and Veins Severement. (단근참맥(斷筋斬脈))”

Hye Yeon's face turned slightly pale when the word "Tendons and Veins Severement" came out.

"Destroying the Dantian, severing the tendons and veins in the limbs, makes it impossible to practice martial arts again. Nevertheless, are you now willing to commit the sin of treason and accept excommunication?”

There wasn't even an ounce of mercy in that voice.

Hye Yeon looked up at the sky for a moment. Bop Jeong and Bop Kye were like those who had given him a new life. It wasn't easy to face disappointment and anger from such people.

But….

‘If it is not the right thing, then it's merely an obsession.’

There was no more hesitation in Hye Yeon's face, who lowered his head without hesitation. Both eyes were clear and calm.

"If that is Shaolin's law and the way for me to repay my favor to Shaolin, I will follow through."

"Foolish….”

This time, the face of Bop Kye turned pale. He never imagined Hye Yeon would answer this way.

Tendons and Veins Severement.

A cruel punishment, severing the tendons in the hands and feet, destroying the Dantian, and ruining the Qi pathways. Those who undergo this punishment can never practice martial arts again.

No, it's not just that much.

Losing internal strength and the use of hands and feet, one becomes even less capable than a commoner. How could anyone bear such a fate, unable to even hold a spoon with their own hands?

"Have you lost your mind! What on earth are you thinking...!"

Just as Bop Kye couldn't hold back any longer and burst out yelling, Bop Jeong raised his hand to stop him.

"Bangjang!"

Despite the urgent voice of Bop Kye, Bop Jeong shook his head and dissuaded him. And he looked at Hye Yeon quietly. His gaze was icy cold. It was clearly revealed that the reason for stopping Bop Kye was by no means a favor to Hye Yeon.

"I have a question for you, Hye Yeon."

Hye Yeon flinched slightly at Bop Jeong's voice. However, he soon composed himself and nodded.

"Yes, Bangjang."

"What was the reason?"

“…….”

Bop Jeong continued in a cold tone.

"You could simply follow us back to Shaolin. Everything will be provided for you. In addition to the position of the future Bangjang of Shaolin, there will be the seat of the greatest in the world and the crown of glory."

“…….”

“Then why do you go so far as to disobey my words and go so far as to excommunicate yourself? Do you have a reason worthy of sacrificing everything you've trained for?".

There was a chill in the eyes of Bop Jeong. It was hard to believe he was looking at his disciple in such a way. Has Hye Yeon ever seen such a look or heard such words from Bop Jeong?

At that moment, however, Hye Yeon had a rather calm smile on his lips. Strangely, the words of Bop Jeong helped clarify his troubled mind.

He asked Bop Jeong questions back as if he were doing a riddle.

"What is that ‘everything’ that you mention?"

"…What?"

"It’s obsession, and emptiness (공(空))."

“…….”

Bop Jeong’s face stiffened. As if he never imagined that he would hear this from Hye Yeon.

"The position of Bangjang, the position of the greatest in the world, the glory of the world….”

Hye Yeon, who had repeated these words, shook his head.

"Did Banjang ask for a reason?"

He answered calmly.

"Because I am a Buddhist, not a martial artist."

“…….”

"Now that Bangjang mentioned it, I think I'll understand the feelings more clearly. Bangjang, why do you speak of glory? How can there be glory for someone walking the path of Buddhism? The path a Buddhist must walk is solely for the sake of all beings. How could there be any room for glory on that path?"

For a moment, Bop Jeong looked at Hye Yeon as if speechless.

"What's so great about the martial arts accumulated in this body? Even if I possess martial skills that reach the heavens, they are nothing but trivial matters if they do not save even a single being."

"You..."

Bop Jeong’s hands began to tremble with emotion.

Everything else was bearable.

But what could be more humiliating to him than receiving a sermon from a Shaolin disciple?

"I am a Buddhist before I am a martial artist. If there is no path of Buddhism (불도(佛道)) for me to walk there, why try to take me? If my body is in paradise, but my mind is in hell, how different is that place from hell itself?"

"…Hye Yeon."

"If Bangjang wishes me to return along."

Hye Yeon nods his head slowly. With a gentle face without a single hint of delusion.

"If Bangjang were to abandon me, then so be it. Even if I am expelled from Shaolin, even if I lose my martial skills, the fact that this monk is a Buddhist won't change. Wouldn't that be enough?"

Hye Yeon smiled faintly, lowering his hands, showing no resistance.

He was obedient as if he wasn't going to put up any resistance.

It was rather Bop Kye who was embarrassed when this happened.

What kind of person is Hye Yeon?

It is one of the most promising talents that fully embodied the expectations of the Thousand Years Shaolin. Everyone had high expectations that he would elevate Shaolin to a new level. He was, in essence, the future of Shaolin.

Wasn't the reason he, a disciple of Shaolin, was allowed to go abroad, which went against their principles, solely because of the expectation that it would help Hye Yeon's growth?

Such a person is saying that he will leave Shaolin on his own. Even at the cost of forsaking the martial arts he has meticulously built up within.

'Why on earth!'

It is beyond his comprehension.

Everyone in the world wishes to become a disciple of Shaolin. Yet, the one who was the envy of all these people is now kicking away that path on his own will.

“This foolish…”

The voice of Bop Kye, who should be the most stringent, carried a tone of regret. But unlike such Bop Kye, the eyes of Bop Jeong only grew colder.

“Is this your will?”

"Yes, Bangjang."

He glared at Hye Yeon in silence.

Under other circumstances, he might have laughed off such a tantrum from Hye Yeon. But now was not a good time. In Bop Jeong’s view, his cherished disciple had chosen Mount Hua over him and Shaolin.

“Mount Hua has blinded you.”

“Mount Hua has merely shown me the path.”

“I shouldn’t have sent you to Mount Hua at that time.”

“I am truly grateful that you sent me to Mount Hua at that time.”

"…Until the end."

Bop Jeong's face was filled with sharpness like a sword.

A person who leads a sect must be extremely gentle but also be extremely cold-hearted at times. If he does not punish someone who has committed treachery against Bangjang, it would shake the very laws of Shaolin.

No.

‘Am I angry right now that this child broke the law? Or am I unable to cope with the wound to my pride?’

Bop Jeong desperately shook off the confusion that suddenly came over him.

"Bop Kye."

"…Yes."

"Excommunicate Hye Yeon."

"Ba- Bangjang!"

“I will hold my disciple Hye Yeon accountable for the sin of treachery and take back everything that Saholin was given to him. Execute the punishment as the head of Shaolin's Disciplinary Hall.”

"Ba- Bangjang!"

Bop Kye, who couldn't bring himself to destroy Hye Yeon’s martial arts, desperately tried to defuse the situation.

"This is not Shaolin. It is Mount Hua! Bangjang! If you must punish Hye Yeon… no, the sinner, it should be after transporting them back to Shaolin…”

"How can there be a place for enforcing discipline?”

"…But."

"But what?"

Bop Jeong glared at Bop Kye as if to pierce through him.

"Are you saying that Shaolin should be wary of Mount Hua when enforcing its own laws?”

"That, that's not it. How dare I have such a biased thought!”

“Then proceed.”

“…….”

"Hurry!"

Bop Kye closed his eyes tightly. If Bop Jeong was this resolute, there was no way for him to reverse the situation.

‘How did things come to this?’

Everything had gone wrong. The timing was terrible.

'This stupid guy... I'd rather have you run away!'

Why did he have to appear before Bangjang of his own accord at this time? If it had been after Bop Jeong calmed down his anger, there would have been another way.

Bop Kye opened his tightly shut eyes. He saw the disciples of Mount Hua, who had quietly gathered around upon sensing the commotion. Perhaps what Bangjang wanted was to demonstrate Shaolin's dignity in front of them. But...

‘But if the cost is Hye Yeon, isn’t our loss too great, Bangjang?’

But whatever it may be, he can't help but follow the orders of Bangjang. Bop Kye clenched his teeth and ordered Hye Yeon.

“Kneel down, Sinner.”

No sooner had he spoken than Hye Yeon’s knees hit the ground. Bop Kye took a reluctant step and went back behind him.

“What’s happening there?”

“Why is monk Hye Yeon doing that?”

Although the disciples of Mount Hua murmured and frowned at the sight, Hye Yeon is still a disciple of Shaolin. It wasn’t their place to interfere in Shaolin's matters.

In the midst of this, a few quick-witted people started running to the sect leader's quarter with all their might.

“Carry out the execution.”

Bop Kye raised his hand knife (수도(手刀)). The blue energy was shimmering around his fingertips. This hand, which is sharper than a knife, was about to sever Hye Yeon's entire muscular system and destroy his dantian.

"Hye Yeon."

Unable to bring himself to strike, Bop Kye tried to persuade Hye Yeon one last time.

“If you change your mind even now, Bangjang will have mercy on you.”

But all he could see was Hye Yeon's determined back, shaking his head.

"Please don't hesitate, Elder."

“…….”

Bop Kye bit his lip.

"What did you see in Mount Hua to act so foolishly! What could Mount Hua's teachings offer that is better than Shaolin's? It's nothing but a peculiar delusion."

Hye Yeon calmly replied to that.

"I didn't learn anything in particular at Mount Hua. They did not try to teach me. What can you learn from those who do not try to teach?"

"Then! Why are you acting like this!"

"Because I just realized."

"…Realized?"

"Yes."

Hye Yeon, holding his hands together, smiled gently.

"What the 'Altruism' (이타(利他)) that I couldn't find in Shaolin is."

"……."

"If I knew the path I was looking for was here, why would I hesitate? Elder, if you truly care for me, don't hesitate. That is the best way for me."

Bop Kye shut his eyes.

As an elder of Shaolin, he cannot bear to hear it. But as a person walking the path of Buddha, he seemed to understand it.

'I don't understand.'

It is sad that Hye Yeon defied him. However, it is a great pleasure to establish one's own dharma as a Buddhist. Within these conflicting emotions, Bop Kye's heart burnt black.

However….

'...I am an elder of Shaolin.'

There should be no hesitation.

"The sinner…."

Bop Kye bites his lips.

When he looked up for a moment, Bop Jeong nodded silently.

"Under the name of Shaolin, I will take back everything you received from Shaolin."

"Ami… tabha."

At the end of Hye Yeon's mantra, Bop Kye's hand knife, glowing with a sharp aura, descended towards Hye Yeon's ankle.

"Aaargh!"

"Mooooonk!”

The disciples of Mount Hua screamed at once.

People who could not have imagined that something like this would happen rushed to the ground, but it was already too late for them to reach them.

"Noooooooo.”

The moment when Bop Kye is about to cut off Hye Yeon's ankle tendon.

Kagaaaaaang!

With a loud noise, Bop Kye retracted his hand and quickly took a few steps back. Just as his hand was about to touch Hye Yeon's ankle, a sword energy had struck his hand away.

"How dare you!"

This was Shaolin's affair. Who dared to intervene with force in Shaolin's matter?

When the taken aback and angered Bop Kye turned his head, what he saw was a person walking towards him.

Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword.

He was coming straight towards them, putting his drawn sword back into its sheath.

"Who."

Chung Myung growled out.

"Gave you the permission to dare do such an act in Mount Hua?"

“…….”

"Answer me. You damned bastards."

His rage swept the surroundings.

|Note