Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 735. It's all for your own good (5)

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Rustle. *Rustle*.

The sound of stepping on the grass with light footsteps spread throughout the quiet mountain slope like a song.

"Hmm."

Hyun Jong, who took a deep breath of the fresh dawn air, let out a pleasant sound through his nose.

'Good.'

It's difficult for anyone to wake up early in the morning. It's the same even for a person of Kangho with a well-trained body.

However, if you somehow manage to wake up, wash your face, and adjust your uniform, all the hardship disappears and you naturally feel good.

Especially when you go out to practice at a time when others have not yet woken up...

At that moment, Hyun Jong looked ahead with a face that was taken aback.

'Hng. I'm late.'

Paaaat!

The sword gracefully swung through the air.

The dawn moon was dimly shining behind Yoo Iseol's back, which rose to the air and swung her sword.

Hyun Jong watched such Yoo Iseol silently for a moment.

She briefly touched the ground, then slightly turned her head.

After swinging her sword a few times to the front, she nodded her head and regained her posture.

'When did that child become like that...'

He couldn't even see a tear in front of his father's grave. The day she came to Mount Hua, grabbing Hyun Jong's hand with her tiny, trembling hand is still vivid in his memory. But now, she has grown enough to swing a sword.

'It is only good.'

Yoo Iseol in the past always seemed lonely.

There were many Sahyung in Mount Hua, but Yoo Iseol couldn't blend in with them. Always wielding her sword alone as she is now, chasing something alone. She stubbornly walked a path that no one inside Mount Hua could walk with her.

A smile formed around Hyun Jong's mouth.

But now, Yoo Iseol has people to stand with. There are Tang Soso, Chung Myung, Baek Cheon, Jo-Gol, and Yoon Jong.

Maybe that's why. Yoo Iseol, who wields her sword now, no longer looks as lonely as she did then.

Hyun Jong shifted his gaze to the moon that was lighting up her back.

'Are you watching?'

'You can now close your eyes peacefully. All your wishes have probably come true.'

Hyun Jong, who was watching Yoo Iseol train with warm eyes, quietly turned his steps.

"Let's see…. The next secluded place is....."

Hyun Jong sighed as he looked at the peak on the other side. It seemed like he would have to go down for a while and then go up again.

"……."

Hyun Jong's eyebrows twitched.

"Haap!"

Paaaang!

With a powerful shout, the sword cut through the air with utmost sharpness.

"Ah, shit! Why isn't this working? When that punk Chung Myung did it, it worked easily!"

The man who swung his sword here and there sat down on the spot, supporting his chin, and began to mutter something.

"Did I distribute my internal strength incorrectly? But that's not it... then it wouldn't twist like this. N- No. Did I put too much pressure on my wrist? Hngg… I don't think that's it either."

While drawing lines on the dirt ground with his fingers and pondering, he suddenly stood up from his spot.

"I don't know! I'll figure it out if I try it a hundred or a thousand times! After all, you're supposed to learn martial arts with your body!"

'No!'

‘That's not it, you stone-head! You need to understand before performing it!’

"Euchaaaaa!"

He repeatedly drew lines with his sword in all directions repeated the same sword stroke many times. Hyun Jong was contemplating whether there was any way he could help him. But then.

"I did it!"

‘Huh?’

"Uhahaha! It was my knee, my knee!"

‘...He did it?’

He jumped around on the spot and burst into a huge laugh.

"This is how it works! Ei, I should have done it right away!"

Hyun Jong blinked his eyes. But before he could open his mouth to say something, he shook his head.

That's right. As long as he solved it, it doesn't matter. What's important is not the method.

"Now, next!"

The sword once again quickly skimmed through the air.

Hyun Jong smiled as he watched the scene from behind the thick bushes.

'That guy, really.'

Looking at Jo-Gol’s bright smile, he naturally felt pleased.

It was Jo-Gol, who once wandered around without being devoted to martial arts. But now, he's so dedicated to martial arts that he practices alone from the break of dawn.

It's not just because he practices hard that it's delightful.

A person's life does not come twice.

You only live once, no matter what path you chose, if you live it to the best of your ability, it's commendable and praiseworthy.

'But it's unexpected.’

He understands if it's Yoon Jong, but he didn't expect Jo-Gol would train so early in the morning.

It's just...

In a way, it is Jo-Gol who is showing the fastest pace of development among the disciples.

'Without practicing hard in secret, he wouldn't have been able to get such results.'

Even though it's a very obvious thing, when observing Jo-Gol's usual behavior, this fact gets overlooked.

'Keep working hard.'

Hyun Jong turned around pleasantly, silently cheering him on.

"But……."

His face turned a bit sorrowful as he looked at the peak across.

‘Where else should I go?’

They're annoyingly diligent.

These impressive punk.

"Hmm. This has to work. Let's try again."

‘Right, Baek Cheon.’

‘He’s working so hard. This Sect Leader is happy.’

Swish! *Swish, swish*!

Taap!

‘Soso.’

‘Why are you throwing needles while practicing a sword?’

‘Yes, well... Of course, Mount Hua isn't a closed off sect that forces you to only use our martial arts... But still, shouldn't you use a sword when you're training?’

Tang Soso rushed to retrieve the needle stuck in the rock. Then, she returned to her place and started swinging her sword sharply again, spun, and shot needles.

"Oh, shit! Why am I throwing a needle here? I'm supposed to train with the sword only!"

‘Oh... She didn't mean to throw them.’

‘Uh...’

‘What's that?’

Hyun Jong's eyes slightly trembled.

Yoon Jong, holding his sword, doesn't budge at all. He seemed deeply lost in thought, and even after a while, he remained in the same position without any movement.

‘Is he sleeping?’

‘No, he isn’t.’

No matter how hard it is, a person can't sleep while holding a sword in that position.

Then what on earth...

After a while, Yoon Jong, who had been holding the same posture, slowly lowered his sword.

"Uh, so that's how it works."

What?

How what works, you punk? You were just standing still there holding a sword, just what worked?'

"Then this……..”

Yoon Jong began to swing his sword to the side. However, the swung sword seemed to stop mid-air, and Yoon Jong hardened again like a stone statue and did not move.

Hyun Jong shook his head as he was looking at it.

'I don't understand.'

Well... There's a method that suits everyone.

Hoho. Hohoho

"Euchaaaaaa!"

Baek Sang-ah. You said you'd concentrate on the Finance Hall.

"Uuuooooooohhh!”

Jong Hwe-yah.

Yes, Yoon Jong and Jo-Gol weren't the only ones in the third-class disciples. Right.

"Hmmmm!"

Un Am?

Hng? Un Am-ah? When did you start training like this? Not even Un Gum?

Everywhere he went, there were people, so Hyun Jong now turned around with a disappointed face.

At this point, it can't be called early morning training. Aren't they all sitting around occupying the entire hillside and training?

'It's good that the future of Mount Hua is bright.'

‘But where should I go? I...’

It's already almost half an hour when he leaves his room. He made up his mind and went out for early morning training, but this is...….

"Hng. Let's just go down."

The young ones have taken up all the places at the top, so he had no choice but to aim for a suitable middle slope.

Hyun Jong, who had been climbing down the mountain for a long time, looked around. There was color returning to his face.

"There's no one he-..."

"No! I said that's not it!"

Flinch.

With a loud shout erupting close by, Hyun Jong stretched his neck out and looked around.

'There are people here too.'

If it's going to be like this, just gather in the training yard, these punks. Why do they insist on training elsewhere!

However, even knowing there were people around, he did not turn around right away. The voice he had just heard was very familiar.

Of course, the voices of Mount Hua’s disciples are all familiar, but the voices a while ago were very different.

"No, I’m doing as I’m told!"

"I told you to apply a biiit of force! A biiit! Not just a bit!"

"Damn it, how am I supposed to know the difference between a bit and a biiit!"

"This guy, really!"

Listening to the bickering, Hyun Jong sneaked up and peeked from the bushes. Then the two were startled and screamed.

"Mom! You scared me!"

"Eek! Please say something before you come, say something!"

Watching Hyun Sang and Hyun Young standing awkwardly with their swords, Hyun Jong slightly tilted his head to the side.

"......What are you guys doing here? So early in the morning."

"Well, um...Ahem."

Hyun Young shyly averted his gaze. It seemed he was a bit embarrassed given the red tip of his ear.

Hyun Sang answered with a smile instead.

"He said the Plum Blossom Sword Finale is too hard and asked for help."

"Plum Blossom Sword Finale?"

Hyun Jong gave a hollow laugh.

"So you came out this early in the morning to practice that? Even though there's so much to do during the day."

"What is there so much to do."

Hyun Young grumbled.

"And even if there's a lot to do, would it make sense for us to play around while telling the youngsters to train? If we want to keep our dignity, we have to do what we have to do."

"Why 'we'? You rascal."

"So Sahyung is going to play around?"

Hyun Jong laughed dryly. However, at the same time, his eyes became moist. Seeing the sword in Hyun Young's hand brought up mixed emotions.

'It was like that.'

Hyun Young had given up the path of martial arts long ago and took care of the affairs of Mount Hua. But it's not because Hyun Young didn't want to learn martial arts, but because there was no one else who could do that job.

It's true that he lacked talent, but if it hadn't been for the crisis that Mount Hua was about to collapse, Hyun Young would not have let go of the sword.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"No, it's just... I'm just finding it strange."

"Sure, strange it is."

Hyun Young kept sarcastically retorting. However, Hyun Jong knew well that Hyun Young's reaction like this was not because he was malicious, but because he was embarrassed.

"Well... I mean, it might have been different if it were like the old times. But now we have Baek Sang and a few who help with Finance Hall, and also those dispatched from the Eunha Merchant Guild, so it's not like we're short of hands..."

"Hoho. Yes, yes."

"Hnngg! Yes! So I just practices in my spare time! Are you happy now?"

"I didn’t say anything, did I? Hohohoho."

Hyun Young rolled his eyes as Hyun Jong burst into laughter.

Ughh. If only he weren't Sect Leader.

"You've been through a lot."

Hyun Sang shook his head at Hyun Jong's words.

"No, Sect Leader."

Hyun Sang, who hesitated for a moment, soon continued with a faint smile.

"I just think it's fortunate that such an opportunity has come."

"Fortunate?"

"Yes. The other day, when Myriad Man Manor stormed in, we took the lead and tried to protect our disciples, didn't we?”

"It is only natural."

"Yes, Sect Leader. It is only natural. But if our disciples are stronger than us, will we be able

to lead?"

Hyun Jong, who had been listening without saying a word, understood Hyun Sang's words and nodded.

"Right. I understand what you mean."

"I don't want to put my disciples in front of me just because I lack strength. But I also don't want to be stubborn and stand at the front while being weak, becoming a burden to the disciples. With this Divine Art and Sword Finale, wouldn't we be able to protect our disciples at least for a while?"

Hyun Jong looked at Hyun Sang with affectionate eyes.

"Hyun Sang-ah."

"Yes, Sect Leader."

"I don't intend to let them stand in front of me for at least a decade more."

"The same goes for me."

The two people smiled and looked at each other. However, unfortunately, one person had a slightly different expression.

"Can I join too?"

"You're a bit...."

"Eii, that's a bit...…"

At the two men's hesitant expressions, Hyun Young clenched his fists and shouted.

"If you came to train, then stop chatting and start training! Sahyung, continue teaching what you were teaching!"

"…Is that the attitude of a learner?"

"Oh, then try living without an allowance from today!"

"Le- Let's start right away. Quickly!"

Hyun Jong laughed as he saw Hyun Sang startled and quickly gave demonstrations. But the end of the laugh was a bit bitter.

‘It's fortunate that such an opportunity has come, he says.’

Yes. That’s right.

Hyun Jong shifted his gaze to the sky.

Beyond the towering peak of Mount Hua, the morning sun was slowly revealing itself.

'Yes. It's truly fortunate.'

It was truly dazzling.

Hyun Jong intervened with a laugh while looking at the two.

"You need to lessen your strength there, you!"

"Please stop giving orders. I'm dying as it is."

"Give it to me. I'll show you!"

"Ah, please just go away!"

The sound of three people bantering spread pleasantly from the heart of Mt. Hua, where the early morning sun was shining.

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