Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 715. Let's go back together (4)

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Sarak. Sarak. Sararak.

The tip of the brush went back and forth on the white paper without rest. Sometimes it wrote grand calligraphy, and sometimes it drew a figure of a person that seemed to come alive at any moment.

Despite the swift movement of the hand, the body of the person holding the brush barely moved, as if it had turned into a statue.

He just stared at the writing created by his hand without even blinking his half-closed eyes.

After writing for a while, the man's hand came to a halt. His mouth slowly opened.

"…I…."

The serious expression on the man's face collapsed in an instant. Frowning, he turned his head and looked out the window.

"have asked you not to disturb me when I'm working, haven't I! I told you this work requires focus."

"What, this punk? Did I talk to you, or did I kick you! I just came and took a breath once, why are you so annoyed?"

"If I had stayed still, you would have yelled anyway! Or maybe just barged in!"

"But you've been gradually getting bolder lately? It seems that you've lost your fear since you've only been writing secret techniques in the corner of your room, haven't you?"

"…Please come in."

"Tsk."

Chung Myung opened the window wide and entered.

"…Please walk through the door."

"This is closer."

With a deep sigh, Cheong Jin slid aside the secret technique he was writing. It was to prevent this yangban from taking an interest in it.

"What's the matter?”

"Sahyung told me to fetch some secret technique manual. He said he had something to see. This one."

Chung Myung threw the scroll he was holding. When Cheong Jin picked it up and opened it, the corners of his eyes twitched briefly.

"These are the ones you can find in the library! Why are you giving this to me?"

"Are you telling me to go look for it? This thoughtless brat!"

Cheong Jin wrapped his head and screamed a silent scream.

Well, that was right.

It is funny that Chung Myung, admittedly the second-in-command to Mount Hua, is looking for these manuals in the library. But if that's the case, wouldn't it be better to just let the unbusy kids do it! How many disciples does he have under him!

He couldn't understand why he would come to an already busy person and do this.

"Why me…!"

"You're originally in charge of managing the secret technique, aren't you?"

“…….”

‘Right. That's true too. Yeah, there's not a single mistake!’

‘But this crazy yangban! People don’t usually ask for a bank’s leader just to exchange ten-nyang slips with silver coins, do they!'

It was Cheong Jin who was frustrated about how to change the concept in Chung Myung’s head.

'No, if it could be changed, it would have changed 30 years ago.'

After sighing deeply, Cheong Jin laid down the scroll and looked at Chung Myung with cloudy eyes.

"I'll get it and bring it to you, so go ahead, Sahyung."

"You have to do it quickly."

"I got it."

"Ah, you really have to do it quickly! Otherwise, Jangmun Sahyung will nag at me again! Don't you know how it feels to get scolded at this age?" (xoxo: in case you forgot, Jangmun means Sect Leader)

"Why would I not know! I'm going through hell getting scolded at this age right now!"

Chung Myung's head is tilted.

"Are you satirizing me?"

"...No, that's not it."

"Be careful, you. I'm watching you."

Cheong Jin wiped away the moisture in his eyes with his sleeve.

Chung Myung is not to blame here. Wasn't Chung Myung originally such a human being? You should not swear at dogs for barking, nor be angry at chickens for crying at dawn. So he shouldn't blame Chung Myung.

'Why on earth does Jangmun Sahyung give this kind of job to Sahyung?'

That yangban is the real problem.

Even though he knew that there would be problems whenever he ordered Chung Myung Sahyung to work, he still made Chung Myung work consistently so that Chung Myung became like a human! The effort needed to turn Chung Myung into a human is more than enough to turn a cow into a dragon!

"But what are you writing?"

"Ugh…. It's a new martial arts manual I'm going to give to the kids this time."

"Huh? Did you make something new again?"

"...No, this is just slightly modified. I thought the existing martial arts were a bit inefficient, so I tried to fix the Mountain Plum Blossom Sword (산매검) a little."

"This guy is always up to no good when he's bored. You modified it again?"

"...A stagnant martial art is a dead martial art. Didn't you say we should constantly revise and improve?"

"You're talking nonsense. Give it here. I want to see what you did."

"No, I'll handle it myse-..."

"Hey."

Flinch.

"Give me."

Eventually, Cheong Jin, who bowed his head, held out the manual he was writing to Chung Myung helplessly.

Taking the manual, Chung Myung quickly flipped through the pages that hadn't even dried yet. Then, he left a very short impression.

"What a mess."

"...Did you even look?"

"With this level of martial arts, you can just skim through it with your eyes. Why did you make it like a kid's play?"

"Kid's play?!"

Cheong Jin glared and Chung Myung casually held out one finger. Then, Cheong Jin gently lowered his eyes.

"Look here, look! You punk! Instead of straightening the sword here, you have to twist it to exude more strength! It's been decades since you ate Mount Hua’s rice, and you still can't do one of these things properly?”

"…Sahyung."

Cheong Jin sighed deeply as if his insides were about to burst.

"I'm not an idiot, do you think I didn't know that twisting it would be more powerful?"

"Yep."

"No! I knew it! I knew it too!"

"What are you yelling for!"

Chung Myung's feet flew in and Cheong Jin fell flat on the floor. Chung Myung's foot cut through the air, making a loud popping sound.

"What? You dodge it?"

"Le- Let's talk with words, words!"

"But this bas...…."

"Shall, shall I tell Jangmun Sahyung?"

"……I'll cut you some slack."

Chung Myung finally withdrew his leg. Cheong Jin glanced at him with tearful eyes.

'What is the ghosts doing?'

No, it must have already come. It must have come a long time ago, got beaten up like a dog, and then ran away.

There's nothing either humans or ghosts can do about an absurd existence like a powerful delinquent Taoist.

Cheong Jin looked at the grumbling Chung Myung and said,

"Sahyung."

"What?"

"That's why Sahyung is not good enough."

“Guess it can't be helped. You should just get hit."

"N- No, listen till the end! It means Sahyung’s martial art cannot remain in Mount Hua!"

"Huh?"

Cheong Jin sighed deeply and added an explanation.

"As you said, twisting the sword there would definitely improve its power. However, not

everyone can precisely twist their wrist and add more power while spinning their body and confusing the opponent with the dazzling sword energy."

"That’s why you should do it."

"No, that's why no one should. Mount Hua's martial art does not exist for people like Sahyung."

"What’s wrong with me?"

Seeing Chung Myung who couldn't understand, Cheong Jin distorted his face.

"People like Sahyung improve and fix things on your own! In the first place, these secret technique manuals aren't for people like Sahyung who could understand and modify them, but for those who don't have the ability to modify them but still want to become stronger by at least following them!"

“…….”

"So wake up from your dreams. Sahyung will never leave a name in Mount Hua's history."

"Are you trying to insult me?!"

"Hand! Put your hand down! No, don't raise your foot because I told you to put your hand down!

After struggling for a long time to calm down Chung Myung, Cheong Jin spoke with a tired face.

"Sahyung is just a strong person, in the end."

"Well, I really am quite strong."

"...That's not a compliment."

Chung Myung glared at him, but Cheong Jin didn't budge and shook his head.

"Given your personality, Sahyung wouldn't go around visiting other sects and asking for spars, and given Sect Leader's personality, he wouldn't go around bragging about your skills to the neighborhood. In the end, Sahyung will only be treated as a somewhat successful sword master in Mount Hua."

"……Huh? Is that how it works?”

When Chung Myung tilted his head blankly, Cheong Jin shouted with a face of frustration.

"That’s why please go out and beat someone up! Why are we the only ones who get beaten up? If Sahyung went around beating everyone according to Sahyung’s abilities, would Sahyung have to listen to nonsense like merely being one of the top three swordsmen in the world?"

"I did beat people up."

"Do it in front of others, in front of others!"

"But why do you keep showing an attitude? I’ll beat you."

Cheong Jin shrank back and huddled his neck. And he thought.

This delinquent guy did get a bit calmer as he aged. If it had been like the old days, a shoe would have already flown into his face.

"Sahyung."

"What?"

"I'm weaker than Sahyung."

"No, you're not just weaker than me, but you're the weakest in Cheongja bae (Cheong generation)."

"…..Anyway."

His eyes sank somewhat gravely at Chung Myung.

"But the name that will remain in the history of Mount Hua is mine, not Sahyung’s. The disciples will learn martial arts with the secret technique manuals I created, and they will make Mount Hua better."

Even the world famous Chung Myung couldn't put a finger on this word.

"This is my way of repaying Mount Hua's grace. So!"

“…….”

"Please, Sahyung, grow up now and do something for the disciples."

"Hey. If someone attacks Mount Hua right now, who do you think will stop them? I'm

holding myself back for that moment."

"Who would attack?"

When Cheong Jin clicked his tongue, Chung Myung flared up.

"What's the use of such secret techniques if someone stormed in and blew up Mount Hua? Tomorrow could only exist if there is now!"

"If that happens, I'll just pack up the secret techniques and escape. I won't care whether Sahyung dies or not."

"What, this bastard?"

"Don't get angry, you should praise me. Mount Hua can survive without Sahyung. But if Mount Hua's martial arts are lost, it's meaningless even if Sahyung is there."

"I can teach them."

"……Not with the current Sahyung."

"……."

Cheong Jin's gaze as he shook his head was slightly dark.

"Sahyung. If, by chance, something really happens to me or Sect Leader, Sahyung has to restore Mount Hua to its original state. Not someone else."

"Are you crazy? You're talking nonsense."

"I said it's just in case."

Cheong Jin grumbled as if he had a headache and stared straight at Chung Myung.

"So remember. Not everyone can be like Sahyung. And there's nothing wrong with that. But if Sahyung manages to keep the people who are worse than Sahyung from breaking, then one day someone like Sahyung will show up again in Mount Hua."

"……."

"That's what succession means. It's not just about making the disciples stronger right away."

Chung Myung looked at Cheong Jin like that, then picked his ears with a gloomy face.

"Ah, okay. I get it."

"…foot."

"What?"

"No, nothing."

Despite knowing that there was not much meaning in talking to Chung Myung right now, Cheong Jin sighed heavily out of helplessness.

"So I'll survive even if I die. If the day comes when my life is in danger, I'll immediately grab the important secret techniques and run away."

"You can't grab them if they attack when you're outside."

"Hmph! That's why I carry the most important things with me like this."

Cheong Jin untied his clothes and showed the secret techniques wrapped around his belly like a bandage. Chung Myung frowned slightly.

"…It's like a shield."

"Two birds with one stone."

Chung Myung grinned.

"Don't be ridiculous, you punk. Mount Hua's best sword will be the one to be remembered, not you."

"Just wait and see. The world will remember me. They will completely forget people like Sahyung."

"……but the more I listen to this bastard."

"Aargh! Jangmun Sahyuuuuuuung!"

"You should try dying today. This bastard! *Hwak*!"

Cheong Jin's scream pierced the main hall, but no one who heard the sound rushed there.

"Here we go again."

"Right."

The disciples, who shook their heads, quickly lost interest and dispersed to do their own work.

A high and sharp scream flowed along the rugged peaks of Mount Hua.

* * *

Crackle. Crackle.

Chung Myung, who woke up, stared blankly at the burning bonfire.

His gaze, which had been fixed on the bonfire, slowly shifted to the side. Around the fire, Mount Hua's disciples, including Baek Cheon, were tired and asleep.

Chung Myung, who had been staring at them for a while, raised his eyes.

Looking at the dense night sky that seemed to pour out stars at any moment, he slowly closed his eyes again.

- Just wait and see. The world will remember me.

Cheong Jin-ah.

You were wrong.

'The world doesn't remember you and I.

But don't be too sad.

Because I remember.

Because I still remember.

Chung Myung's shoulders trembled slightly as he wrapped his face with his shaking hands.

Yoo Iseol, who slowly opened her eyes behind him, looked silently at his trembling back and closed her eyes.

It was such a night when only the sound of insect's cry from somewhere was heard endlessly.

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