Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 749. No one can stop me! (4)

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Hyun Jong, holding a teacup in one hand, slowly walked out and sat in the front Main Hall (대청마루 (大廳馬路)).

A mountain bird's cry came from somewhere, and a cool wind brushed his fingertips.

Holding a steaming teacup, Hyun Jong looked up at the distant sky with a gentle face.

'So peaceful.'

Purity and tranquility (청정도량 (淸靜度量)). Today's Mount Hua seemed to fit that word perfectly. The clear air is sinking in the quiet deep mountains.

Only if Hyun Jong's heart could settle down so peacefully...

‘Huh?’

‘Wait a minute.’

‘Quiet?’

Hyun Jong's head slightly turned sideways.

'Peaceful?'

‘Mount Hua is?’

His head quickly turned back. Even when he strained his ears again, he could only hear the sound of birds.

He couldn't hear the booming shouts of the disciples, nor the usual screams of people dying.

It was as quiet as if Mount Hua had been completely emptied out.

'This isn't peaceful.'

...Yes, it's eerie. Isn't this large Mount Hua as quiet as a dead mouse?

'That can't be.'

Of course, Mount Hua wasn't always noisy. When Chung Myung leads the disciples outside, though not to this extent, there were occasional quiet moments.

But isn't Chung Myung here in Mount Hua now?

The coexistence of Chung Myung and tranquility is as unlikely as oil and water mixing, or the sun and moon rising together.

‘No, no way?’

Hyun Jong, who had become agitated, jumped up from his spot.

"This rascal didn't escape from Mount Hua, did he?"

He had attached several surveillance in case something like that happened. The remaining people in Mount Hua may not be able to completely stop him, but at least they should be able to confirm if he had vacated his place and disappeared. If something had happened, someone should have reported it by now.

"…That means he didn't escape from Mount Hua."

Hyun Jong's face, which had been agonizing for a while, hardened.

"No. This isn’t! I'll have to check with my own eyes.”

With no regard for peace or tea, he quickly ran out, leaving his cup behind. In a single breath, he reached the White Plum Dormitory, opened the door, and rushed in.

Just then, the third-class, who were gathered in the living room of the White Plum Dormitory and murmuring to each other, were startled to see Hyun Jong.

"Se- Sect Leader!"

But that only for a moment, and they soon rushed towards him with eyes filled with tears.

"Sect Leadeeeer!"

"Sect Leadeeer! I'm scared to death! Please do something!"

"We're so scared we can't digest our meal!"

The flustered Hyun Jong opened his eyes wide and asked.

"What happened?"

"Chung Myung! Chung Myung is acting weird."

"He seems like he took some medicine!"

"He seems like he's going to die soon!"

"What?"

What's that supposed to mean? He’s gonna die soon after taking medicine?

"Whe- Where is Chung Myung?"

"In his room……."

"Move, let me see!"

Startled, Hyun Jong hastily ran up the stairs.

"Chung Myung!"

As he opened wide the door to Chung Myung's room, he immediately recoiled.

"What... What is... What is this..."

His mouth dropped open.

The room was terribly clean. So clean that it was hard to believe that Chung Myung lived there.

And in the now clean room was Chung Myung, dressed neatly without blemishes.

"Ah, Sect Leader."

"Hu- huh?"

"Welcome."

Upon seeing Hyun Jong, Chung Myung got up from his place and bowed his head respectfully.

Hyun Jong's face turned even paler in surprise.

Chung Myung is bowing properly?

That punk Chung Myung?

Hadn't Chung Myung always greeted him with a crooked head so much so that Hyun Jong started suspecting if his neck couldn't straighten properly. But now, Chung Myung was greeting him with such a correct posture?

And so respectfully, too?

'I- I feel bad.'

He had goosebumps.

If it were someone else, Hyun Jong would have been delighted thinking, 'This kid has finally matured.' However, was Chung Myung a normal person?

"Wha- What were you doing?"

"I was taking a moment to reflect on myself, Sect Leader."

'Reflecting on yourself?'

'You?'

- No! I'm so busy right now, yet you're telling me to reflect on myself? Reflectiiiiing? Self-reflectiiiiing? If I have the time for that, I'd rather swing my sword one more time! Right now both the Southern Edge Sect kids and the Wudang kids are probably sharpening their swords at this moment!

'...I'm sure he said that.'

Did I misheard?

Hyun Jong blinked his eyes and looked at the book next to Chung Myung.

"What is that?"

"Ah, this..."

Chung Myung answered politely, lifting the book.

"It is Tao Te Ching (도덕경 (道德經)/ Classic of Tao and Virtue/ Book of Moral Principles)."

"…what?"

"Tao Te Ching, Sect Leader."

There would be many things that don't suit Chung Myung, but if one had to pick the thing that suit him the least, it would undoubtedly be the Tao Te Ching and the Buddhist scriptures.

But that Tao Te Ching was now in Chung Myung's hands.

"W- Why do you have that...?"

‘Don't tell me you're planning to set the White Plum Dormitory on fire?’

Then he opened his mouth. It was a genuinely serious voice.

"I feel like I've been too lazy in deepening my Tao understanding. Mount Hua is a Taoist sect, isn't it?"

"W- Well…. Yes?"

"As a disciple of the Taoist sect, or a Taoist practitioner, not only should I be diligent in swordsmanship, but I should also have been diligent in practicing Taoism. I think I finally understand what I've been lacking, Sect Leader."

Once again, if other disciples had said this, Hyun Jong would have been so delighted he’d shed tears.

However, when Chung Myung said this, instead of feeling pleased, he felt goosebumps all over his body, and it felt as if his internal organs were twisting.

Seeing an Asura from hell gently petting a kitten and chuckling, saying it's cute would be less strange. What kind of nonsensical act is this?

"You read that?"

"Yes. Sect Leader."

"……Chung Myung."

"Yes."

Hyun Jong, with a grimly distorted face, slightly raised his voice.

"E- Even if you do this, I won't let you go. You don't have to go to this extent!"

This must be a trick.

It must be a trick to show that he won't cause any trouble so that he can follow the Five Swords now.

However, Chung Myung calmly shook his head in contrast to Hyun Jong's thoughts.

"No, Sect Leader. Please don't misunderstand this disciples' intention."

‘Oh, what's with this tone! Just say bastard this and bastard that like you usually do!’

"So you're saying you don't want to follow them?"

"The beginning of Taoism is humans."

“…….”

"And the beginning of a sect can be said to be trust."

"Uh……."

I’m scared.

It's so strange that it's terrifying. The sort of things that Yoon Jong might say when he's serious are now coming out of Chung Myung's mouth.

"I should have trusted my Sahyungje if I have really cared for Mount Hua. But I couldn't trust them, I believed in my own mediocre skills."

“…….”

"This unworthy disciple finally realizes the profound intention of Sect Leader now. I understand that the beginning of Taoism is about letting go of attachments. Knowing that this disciple has yet to give up his obsession, Sect Leader enlightened him. How can I repay you for your kindness-….?”

"S- Stop! Stop!"

In the end, Hyun Jong, unable to endure any longer, rushed to Chung Myung and grabbed his hand.

"Chu- Chung Myung! I was wrong! Don’t be like this!"

"I don't understand what you mean, Sect Leader. Is this also a lesson you are trying to teach me...?"

"Sto- Stop iiiiiiiiit!"

It was Hyun Jong who was facing a terror he had never experienced before in his life.

Time passed.

"……."

Hyun Jong looked at Chung Myung with eyes that had suddenly become hollow.

He thought it would be a fleeting thing.

If he were acting on purpose, his true intentions would soon be revealed. After all, people do not change so easily.

However, even after four days had passed, Chung Myung still remained strange.

Ssak, *ssak*, *ssak*, *ssak*.

Chung Myung swept the front of the gate, while the third-class disciples rushed at him.

"Chu- Chung Myung, don't do this! We'll do it!"

"What do you mean, Sahyung? I'm the youngest of Mount Hua, I should naturally do it."

"The, the youngest is Soso!"

"Soso is not in Mount Hua right now. So, by order, it's correct for me to do the chores."

"Chu- Chung Myung……."

"If there's anything else you want me to do, just tell me."

"Us?"

"Yes, Sahyung."

"To you?"

"Yes, is there something strange?"

The third-class disciples struggled in agony with expressions that could not bear to cry or laugh.

'Just hit us, please!'

'Really, why is he doing this! There are so many ways to torture people!'

'I feel like vomiting. My indigestion is not getting better.'

And the expressions of the Hyuns watching this spectacle were also strangely twisted.

"What……."

Hyun Sang opened his mouth in disbelief.

"Did he maybe catch a disease or something?"

"……."

"Did he receive too much shock and lost his mind?"

"Be careful with your words! Weird? He is only becoming more proper and good!"

"...Did you not think that that's the problem?"

"What's the problem? It's good if a child becomes proper."

Hyun Young, who would call Chung Myung cute even if he pull out all of his beard and make a wig out of it, seemed to be unable to see the strangeness.

'Properness.'

In Hyun Jong's hollow eyes, a light of despair swirled.

Making Chung Myung a decent person had always been his biggest goal and task as the Sect Leader of Mount Hua. But perhaps because it was even harder than the mission of restoring Mount Hua to its former prestigious status, he hadn't even dared to attempt it until now.

And although Hyun Jong might not know it, making Chung Myung a decent person had been the biggest goal in all of Mount Hua's history, surpassing even the present era.

But now... Watching the realization of this task which was considered an impossible mission, Hyun Jong was not as pleased or satisfied as he thought he would be.

'It feels like I'm looking at a ticking time bomb.'

No, it's as if I'm holding it in my own hands.

"Hmm. The child does seem a little down."

"Right? Don't you also find it strange?"

"We should feed him some energizing medicine..."

"……."

Hyun Sang eventually turned his head away. Chung Myung is one, but he thinks Hyun Young is also a big problem himself.

"Sect Leader."

Hyun Sang, who sighed, looked at Hyun Jong and said,

"It would be better to send him away now..."

"That... cannot be done."

"Even though Chung Myung does cause trouble, has his trouble ever harmed Mount Hua?"

"It's not simply because Chung Myung escalates situations. Think of it this way. If I step down and Un Am or Baek Cheon become Sect Leader, wouldn't they end up having to defer to Chung Myung on every single decision?"

Hyun Jong grimaced for a moment as he imagined that scenario.

Even Hyun Jong himself, when making a decision, hesitates if Chung Myung's opinion is not present. What more for the younger ones and those lower in the hierarchy?

"Maybe it would be better if he becomes the Sect Leader."

"Huh?"

"What did you say?"

"...No. Maybe, maybe. I didn't say I would make him do it."

"Phew. I thought..."

"I thought Sect Leader was determined to screw up Mount Hua this time."

Seeing how even that Hyun Young is saying this, it seems like that really must not happen.

"Anyway, since that won't happen, someone else must stabilize Mount Hua as Sect Leader. To do that, they must learn to make significant decisions even without Chung Myung. That's why they have to practice in advance. Baek Cheon, especially, need to be able to do this even more than Un Am."

"…That's why you didn't let Chung Myung go."

"Yes, Baek Cheon will understand my intentions."

Hyun Jong looked at the distant sky with a determined face.

'I'm sure he'll do well.'

It's not that he's not worried about sending them without Chung Myung. Even now, I'm he's not at ease worrying about the disciples who have left...

"Chung Myung-aaaaaaah!"

"We said we'll clean the White Plum Dormitory! Please, please, put that mop down!"

"Ah, I said stop iiiiiiiiit!"

However, kids..

I'm sorry… but the situation here is much worse.

Please come back soon.

Please...

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