Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 731. It could be even better! (1)

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The 30th day.

Glisten, glisten.

Glitter, glitter.

“…….”

Inevitable suspicions arose in the eyes of Baek Cheon and Yoon Jong, who looked at Hyun Jong.

"Sasuk, this…. I don't know if it's my misunderstanding, but...."

"...It seems it's not a misunderstanding."

There's a glow.

Although the flesh is not full yet, Hyun Jong's face definitely had a radiance that hadn't been there before.

It wasn't just that he had regained his original complexion, his skin was as white as a newborn baby's, shining and gleaming.

"Argh! It's dazzling."

Just as the sun that had been hiding behind the clouds emerged, Hyun Jong's face, bathed in the sunlight, radiated bright light. To an unknowing observer, he looked like Buddha, not a Taoist, to the point of misconception.

"…Can a person change that extreme?"

It was a miracle that a man who had looked like a mummy only ten days ago, with his skin and bones sticking out, now had skin like a baby's just ten days later.

Hyun Jong is not the only one.

The faces of Hyun Sang and Hyun Young standing next to him were completely different from before.

"...Did you have a facelift?"

"Would that be possible?"

"It's because it doesn't make any sense."

It wasn't just that their faces had become white and radiant. Until recently, their faces, which had been haggard with fatigue and pained, now carried an inexplicable composure.

'What the hell is happening?'

It felt as though the giggle of Chung Myung echoed in his ears.

The 35th day.

"Hnggg! Ah, this!"

"Hold it there properly!"

"Ha... I'm going crazy!"

Looking at the disciples clinging to the pillar and struggling, Un Am frowned.

"Is it impossible?"

"…Sasuk, it really won't budge at all."

"Haa...."

Un Am let out a deep sigh with a heavy heart. There was a large crack in the upper part of the pillar that the disciples were clinging to.

"…It's difficult. We have no choice but to dismantle it for now."

"What's happening?"

"Ah, Elder-nim."

At the question of Hyun Young who just arrived, Un Am bowed his head quickly. Hyun Young, with a look of annoyance, waved his hand dismissively.

"Forget the greetings. What are you guys doing, clinging so close together there?"

"Ah, this....”

Un Am scratched his head and said,

"Didn't we expand the front of this hall for the ceremony a while ago?"

"We did."

When the Tang Family people repaired the hall for the Heavenly Comrade Alliance founding ceremony, they added a new hall in front of this one because its height was too low and it looked unbefitting.

"But it seems it can't bear the weight."

"Huh? How could that be? The Tang wouldn't have overlooked that."

"Well, it shouldn't be a problem in theory, but the pillars shifted a b

"ah."

Hyun Young nodded as if he understood. The structure could easily support the weight of the extension if the pillars were upright, but the old and weathered hall's pillars had gradually shifted, causing cracks.

"So, we tried to push the pillar somehow, but it seems to be difficult. Then we have no choice but to dismantle the hall and rebuild it...."

"Wait. What? What are you going to dismantle?"

"The hall...."

At that moment, Hyun Young's eyes gleamed.

"What kind of nonsense is that! Do you know what that hall is!"

Unable to bear the pressure, Un Am sighed.

"Of course, I know that the front hall bears traces of our ancestors...."

"It was built by the Tang Family, the Tang Family! You know how much it costs to hire the artisans of the Sichuan Tang Family! And you're going to dismantle the hall they built? Are you out of your mind?"

“…….”

‘Ah.... that's the problem.’

"Right.... um, ahem. I would also prefer to keep the hall as it is, but at this rate, it will soon collapse. I'm worried that the disciples might get hurt...."

"What do you mean collapse! All you have to do is straighten the pillar! Get out of the way for a sec!"

Hyun Young pushed Un Am and approached the disciples who were clinging to the pillar.

"You won't get anywhere by just pushing! You have to lift it a little first."

"Huh?"

"It's stuck on the ground, so of course it won't budge!"

At Hyun Young's words, the color faded from the faces of the disciples.

'Lift it?'

'This pillar?'

The weight of the hall is concentrated on this pillar. In other words, lifting this pillar is no different from lifting the entire hall.

It's easy to say, but how are they supposed to lift a pillar they can't even push?

"I, I don't think it's possible?"

"It is."

"E- Elder-nim. I really don't think it's possible."

"Tsk, tsk. It can be done! All right, now try again!"

"But realistically....."

"Realistically or whatever, I told you it can be done. There's nothing impossible in this world! Don't procrastinate and get to it!"

There are two kinds of people in the world. Those who listen and those who don't.

And anyone could see that Hyun Young clearly belonged to the latter category.

"Ugh."

"Urk."

The disciples clung to the pillar, swallowing their tears. Hyun Young watched them with a determined shout.

"Alright! One, two! Lift!"

“Euaaaaaat!”

“Euryaaaaat!”

"More! More! Put more strength! Properly!"

"Uaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

The disciples, with veins bulging on their foreheads, screamed as they exerted all their strength. They drew upon all the strength they had and didn't have, yet the pillar cruelly remained unmoved.

"More! More! Did you not eat anything yet!! What use are you martial artists if you can't exert any strength like this! Lift it more, more!"

"Aaaaaaakh!"

"Stop!"

Plop! *Plop*!

The disciples who have exerted all their strength crumpled to the ground as soon as they let go of the pillar.

"Aigoo…."

"This, this isn't possible...."

"Tsk! Youngsters these days are so weak! You, come out!"

"Yes?"

"Move away!"

Hyun Young pulled one of the disciples sitting next to the pillar aside. Then, he grabbed the pillar.

"Now, try again!"

"E- Elder-nim! You shouldn't overexert yourself."

"You might hurt your back."

"Stop talking and get to it!"

Mount Hua's disciples looked worriedly at Hyun Young but eventually relented and clung to the pillar again.

"Alright! Put strength on it. One, two!”

At that moment.

Udeuk! *Udeuk*! *Kudeuduk*!

The pillar that did not budge an inch when they were putting their strength together, began to move little by little.

"Put more strength! More! Heuaaaaap!"

"Kuaaaaaagh!"

"Haaaap!"

The eyes of Un Am who had been looking anxiously suddenly bulged in surprise.

'What the, it's actually working?'

Hyun Young, who had rolled up his sleeves to grab the pillar, had his muscles twitching like crazy. The pillar as thick as a chestnut tree began to slowly lift upward. The leaning hall started to straighten up and regained its original form.

"Thi... This...?"

Stunned and with his mouth wide open, Un Am was startled awake and ran towards them shouting.

"Inward! Now it can be moved! Move inward! Slowly, slowly! Don't rush and move just one

step at a time!"

The lifted pillar slowly moved inward.

"A little more, just a little! Done! Ah, you have to lower it slowly!"

Kuuung!

The sound of the pillar being put down echoed, and at the same time, the disciples all sprawled backward.

"Aigo, I'm dying."

"My arm..... feels like it's falling off."

However, Hyun Young, as if he hadn't exerted any strength at all, leaned back and checked if the pillar was standing properly, clicking his tongue.

"Tsk, tsk, these young men are so weak! Isn't it because you've been lazy with your training!"

The disciples, who were at a loss for words, just stared blankly at Hyun Young. Hyun Young brushed off his dusty sleeve and asked Un Am.

"Is it done?"

"Huh? Ah... Yes! Elder-nim! It's done."

"There, you see? It could be fixed this easily, why would you disassemble the whole hall. Tsk, tsk."

Hyun Young coughed before going on with his way. One of the disciples, who was watching his imposing back, murmured.

"...What just happened?"

Then Un Am tilted his head and asked.

"Why are you all like that?"

"N- No. We definitely exerted all our strength just now, but it didn't budge."

"Isn't that because Elder has a knack for it?"

"...Is there a knack for lifting things?"

“…….”

"And that was something that couldn't be done even with a knack."

"Right. I was trying to help in any way I could, and the moment Elder gave strength, the pillar suddenly rose..."

"What a ghost...…”

Un Am turned his head in surprise and looked back at Hyun Young.

He was walking at his usual pace with his hands behind his back.

"…What on earth…"

The 40th day.

Ulruk.

Kkumteul.

Bulruk.

The three men standing side by side cracked their necks lightly.

Tuduk!

But there was a sound of something ripping. Hyun Jong frowned and slightly lifted the chest of his clothing. His innerwear was torn and ragged.

"Hmm, the clothes are small."

"That's why I changed into larger ones a long time ago."

"Me, too, Sahyung."

Hyun Jong laughed.

"At this age, it's strange."

Hyun Jong's pectoral muscles writhed as he laughed.

He thought it would be difficult to regain his youthful body at his advanced age, but in just over a month, the old man had a body that even young men would applaud. His body, which

sits below his neck, was so bulky that it did not match his face.

"...I can't believe this is possible."

"That's what I'm saying."

It wasn't just that his body had improved.

Compared to the internal strength of the Violet Mist Divine Art that fluctuated in the Dantian, the physical changes visible to the naked eye were only insignificant.

Furthermore, the changed body and internal strength brought confidence, and that confidence changed Hyun Jong's expression.

"Chung Myung-ah."

"Yes?"

"What level are we at now?"

"Roughly about…."

Chung Myung seemed to ponder a little, then said,

"You should be at about ‘three’. You could say you’re finally at the starting line."

"Just starting..."

If this is just the starting line, how much stronger will they get as they approach the finished form?

"…I can see now why Violet Mist Divine Art was a martial art that only the Sect Leader of Mount Hua would learn."

"Ei. We're just getting started. Well, not everyone has the same effect. Sect Leader and Elders have been training their internal strength for so long that the amount of internal strength itself was large. It's just that it wasn't properly utilized. With the introduction of Violet Mist Divine Art this time, I've integrated all the existing internal strength with the internal strength that was pent up in the vital points, so it'll be a lot easier for you to practice now."

“Yes, yes!"

Hyun Jong's eyes looking at Chung Myung were full of affection.

Even when he said he would teach Violet Mist Divine Art, they only expected him to give them a cursory lesson and focus on the other disciples. But who would have thought he would devote a whole month to the three old-timers?

He knew it was more efficient to teach other disciples using that time, and it always bothered him. Nevertheless, Hyun Jong couldn't bring himself to stop him.

Now, even if they have stepped down from the front line, he and the elders are still martial artists. There is always a desire to become stronger. It was only because conditions didn't allow it that they had to hold back.

However, Chung Myung managed to release that desire that had been held back this time.

"Thank you."

"Huh? What's this all of a sudden?"

Chung Myung tilted his head. Hyun Jong smiled broadly at his reaction.

"It's nothing."

If it were Chung Myung, he would answer that he just did what he should do.

"You shouldn't think that you've achieved everything already. You should continue to train and at least reach 'five'. Only then will this art's true power come out."

"……."

He feels like he could break a mountain with his bare hands now, but he has to reach five stars for its true power to come out?

How powerful is its true power?

"And you should also steadily learn Plum Blossom Swordsmanship. All internal strength needs a suitable vessel. You can't fully contain this inner power with the Twenty-Four Plum Blossom Sword Technique."

"Of course. How can I be negligent?"

"And…."

Chung Myung grinned.

"This is the most important thing."

"Huh?"

His smile was getting more and more malicious.

"These days, it looks like Sahyungs and Sasuks have been piling some fat on their stomachs."

"……."

"And they seem kind of half-hearted lately even when Un Gum Sasuk is instructing them."

"Oho!"

"Such a thing!"

"Eing! That's not good!"

A very clear theatrical answer returned energetically. Chung Myung, chuckling, got to the point.

"That's why..…. I was thinking... How about Elder and Sect Leader directly instruct the disciples who are about to Violet Mist Divine Art... What do you think?"

At that, the three of them simultaneously wore satisfied smiles.

"If you say so. Ahem!"

"I have no choice but to make some time. Ahehem!"

"As the Elder in charge of Martial Hall, I can't refuse this request. Ahem!"

They clenched and unclenched their fists.

Anyone who has watched Chung Myung teach his disciples has thought at least once.

'I honestly wanted to try it once.'

'This day has finally come!'

'I'll give them a taste of hell!'

The three who receive the respect of all the disciples of Mount Hua.

Hyun Jong, Hyun Sang, Hyun Young.

And now, finally, the time has come to instill a feeling of 'fearful respect' in the eyes of the disciples looking at them.

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