Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 632. Some defeats are worth more than victories. (2)

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Mu Gak, who came down from the stage, bowed his head in front of Heo Sanja.

"…I'm sorry."

“…….”

"I knew I shouldn't, yet I used Wisdom Sword. I will gladly accept this punishment.”

Heo Sanja looked at Mu Gak with a slightly subtle feeling.

"Why?"

“…….”

“It was an opponent you could win without resorting to Wisdom Sword. Was there any reason to break the law of the sect?”

"…It is difficult to describe in words.”

Heo Sanja nodded at Mu Gak’s answer.

"I don't care."

Then he patted Mu Gak on the shoulder.

"As long as you win, then that's enough. If the victor were to be blamed, the whole world would laugh at Wudang. I will pretend that you are not guilty.”

"But……."

"It's all right. Straighten your shoulders! It is nothing to apologize for.”

"……Yes."

Heo Sanja's eyes dimmed slightly.

"They must have lost their confidence after they witnessed the Wisdom Sword with their eyes and saw the crushing defeat of their first-class disciple. Their will might rise for a short moment due to anger, but soon they will face reality.”

“…….”

"All that remains is to sweep away the victory. That's enough."

Mu Gak just nodded silently, walked past Heo Sanja, and headed backward. A complicated feeling came to his face.

'Winning...'

It was a very strange thing.

He obviously was the victor, yet it didn’t feel like he won. It felt like he won the match but was defeated as a swordsman.

Then Mu Jin approached him.

"Sahyung."

"How was it?"

“…….”

Mu Gak hesitated, unable to answer immediately.

It was too difficult to express in a few words how he felt about this sparring match.

"Sahyung. Maybe we...…”

He was about to say something but suddenly looked at Heo Sanja's back in the distance.

"might have missed a lot of things because of Wudang's name."

It wasn't something a Wudang's disciple should put into his mouth.

However, when Mu Jin heard that, instead of scolding him, he just silently nodded.

"Sparring match (Martial Art Contest)……."

A sparring match is learning by comparing each other's martial art.

While people think of sparring matches as a way to compare each other's skills, the true meaning of sparring matches lies in learning from each other.

In that sense, they were learning more than they expected through this sparring match.

‘I wish the other Saje would know.…’

Mu Jin sighed quietly.

"He’s alright. He just exhausted."

"Are you sure he's okay?"

"Yes."

Tang Soso nodded with a serious look. Even so, she did not let go of the hand she was holding onto to check if Un Gum's pulse was stable.

“There are internal injuries, but if he takes a good rest for three to four days, he will heal completely.”

"*Phew*."

"That's a relief...."

Only then did the tension on the shoulders of Mount Hua's disciples ease. If Un Gum had suffered serious injuries, their feelings would have been so bad too.

"Instructor-nim…."

Un Gum's unconscious face looked strangely peaceful. Some of Mount Hua's disciples saw him like that and eventually wiped their eyes.

In particular, Baek Sang was biting his lips as if he were about to cry.

Then, a low voice came from behind them.

"Don't get swept away by your emotions."

Everyone looked back and Chung Myung walked toward them with a calm expression.

"Remember what you saw and learned. Instructor-nim would prefer that."

"Of course."

"I'll never forget!”

How could they forget? They saw such a scene with their own eyes. They felt what Un Gum wanted to convey with their entire body.

Seeing the serious faces of Mount Hua’s disciples, Chung Myung rolled up the corners of his mouth. This was a story he couldn't do and a lesson he couldn't convey.

As humans, there are limits to what we can do alone. That's why people flock to each other. Even if they can't do it alone, they can do it together.

"Then……."

Chung Myung slowly looked around at everyone.

"Who's still scared of losing?"

There was no return answer, but everyone's eyes answered his question enough.

"Good!"

Chung Myung, who nodded loudly, pointed to the stage with his chin.

“Who wants to go next?”

"It's me!"

“Get out of the way, Sahyung! I’ll come up next!”

"No need for Sasuk to come out! I'll go!"

As soon as the words were spoken, fierce shouts erupted from all directions. It was a completely opposite situation from when they were hesitant to go out and only glanced around.

“Ah, Sahyung is weaker than me! I’m going!”

"What, you punk? Do you want to try me?"

“Even cold water has tops and bottoms! Everyone, stop talking nonsense and get lost!"

"What? Shall we see whether you can still talk about top and bottom if a needle’s stuck on top of your head?"

"So- Soso, calm down.”

“…….”

That… um, this seems a bit excessive…

But still, it's better than them being indecisive.

It was the moment when Chung Myung, who was a little flustered, tried to point out one of them.

"Be quiet, everyone."

A bleak voice silenced everyone.

It was Baek Sang, who grabbed his sword tightly with a demon-like face.

"I'm going."

“…….”

“Anyone dissatisfied?”

"……None."

Everyone shut their mouths. It felt like they would have to risk their lives to express dissatisfaction.

Baek Sang bit his lip and looked at Chung Myung.

"I can go, right?"

"Uh… uh, go ahead."

Even the world famous Chung Myung flinched at the momentum.

"I'm going."

Baek Sang headed to the stage without looking back. Looking at his back, Chung Myung wiped away a cold sweat.

'Is it because they're young?'

That seems a little extreme, a little...

"Everyone, go away now. Instructor-nim needs to relax."

When Soso spoke plainly, the people standing around Un Gum stepped back like a low tide. As if they would never interfere with Un Gum's rest.

The last one remaining, Chung Myung looked down at the unconscious Un Gum.

- I wish I could show you such a thing.

"Really…"

'I didn't know you'd do it this perfectly...'

In fact, Chung Myung only taught them ways to overcome.

Thus there are things he wasn't able to convey because of that. The state of mind he had to teach yet unknowingly left out, Un Gum transmitted it all so well today.

'Good job.'

Chung Myung, who conveyed his deep gratitude not as Chung Myung, but as Plum Blossom Swords Saint, slowly turned around.

Returning to his seat, he stared at Baek Sang standing on the stage.

As if the person who would come out of Wudang's side hadn't been decided yet, only Baek Sang was standing alone on the stage.

"Who will come out?”

"…...anybody could come out."

"Can he win?"

"No way."

Baek Cheon chuckled at Chung Myung's sharp response.

“I guess so.”

Now, we can't hope for a miracle to win. No matter how many times they've won before, if they lose ten times in a row, their previous victories will fade away and they might be filled with shame.

'If it weren't for Sasuk, that would be the case.'

But things have changed now.

Un Gum told Mount Hua's disciples that victory wasn’t everything.

Isn't it clear to see that Mount Hua’s disciples who were reluctant to step forward for fear of defeat are trying to step forward now?

"If we can lose confidently, there's nothing wrong with losing."

“…….”

At Baek Cheon's words, Chung Myung's face twisted with a somewhat dissatisfied look. It was a ‘my heart hurts so much but i cannot bring myself to say it’ face. Baek Cheon sighed and added.

"…I know it's better to win."

"*Hngg*."

Then Chung Myung made a groaning sound and sighed deeply.

"This time……."

His eyes looking at Wudang were bleak.

"There’s nothing to do about it this time so I'll hold back this once. But……"

Crunch.

"I'll throw them all away next time."

Baek Cheon shook his head as Chung Myung gritted his teeth and muttered.

‘Anyway, he's getting greedy.’

Already, they have gained an unspeakable amount.

Considering that this martial arts sparring match was not planned from the beginning, they achieved a result that cannot be praised as just good, but rather an incredible stroke of luck.

And yet this guy was still not satisfied.

‘I'm sure this temper is what brought Mount Hua all the way here, but...…’

Baek Cheon's eyes turned to Baek Sang, who stood on the stage.

Perhaps Baek Sang knew enough. Sometimes defeats are worth more than victories.

"Cheer up, Baek Sang."

‘It's enough if you can show Mount Hua's spirit.’

--

Baek Sang fought hard, but it was impossible to close the absolute gap. However, his determination to never give up until the end was clearly shown.

Those who performed on stage one after another also did their best, but they were not able to compete with Wudang’s disciples.

Literally, it was a one-sided match.

However, those who were watching did not look at the defeated ones with a disinterested eye towards Mount Hua.

"They lost again."

"Is it seven to five with this?"

"Seven to four."

"Ah, right. They decided not to count that first round.”

The spectators clicked their tongues.

"Tsk tsk, I guess they’ve struggled well, but it seems that they’ve run exhausted. It's a shame.”

"That's right, it's a shame."

As the spectators lamented, they suddenly realized something.

To be disappointed meant they had expectations in the first place. In other words, even they might have thought that Mount Hua could defeat Wudang.

Even though they know how ridiculous that is.

It was like that even now.

They can see that Mount Hua's disciples fighting on the stage are clearly being pushed back, but they didn't have the slightest desire to laugh at their defeat.

"....Impressive."

"Are you talking about Wudang?".

"What do you mean Wudang? Mount Hua is the one that's impressive."

One of the spectators spoke up.

"Was it ever a fair fight to begin with? In what world did a first-class disciple fight against a second-class disciple? They should fight against someone with similar skills."

"Why is that Wudang's fault? Mount Hua's first-class disciples are just weak."

"Yes, they might be weak!"

The man who was talking shouted.

"But is it what a prestigious sect would do to target and attack the weak opponent? If Wudang Sect had any conscience, they would have brought second-class disciples, too! What's the point of leaving all their second-class disciples in the first place? Weren't they just scheming to deal with the second-class disciples of Mount Hua with their first-class disciples right from the start?"

"There's no way they would've thought like that, would they? It must have just so happened that way."

"Let's just say that it is as you said! Then they can slow down the sparring match a little and bring their second-class disciples from the main sect!"

"……."

"This is a shameful situation."

The gaze of the onlookers toward Wudang was not very pleasant.

It didn't bother them when they first came to enjoy entertainment. But as the match became more intense and the moment they felt regret for the outcome of Mount Hua's performance, they realized that something was twisted in them.

"That's why Mount Hua is impressive!"

“…….”

"If disciples of another sect were asked to do sparring against a ten year older senior, they would’ve run without looking back right away. But they're fighting with dignity without cursing it as dishonorable, aren't they?"

"......I see."

"Those who fight against that first-class disciple are now, of course, losing. But 20 years…. No, in ten years' time, will Wudang even be a match for Mount Hua? When the young disciples there are already fighting against Wudang's first class disciples even now?"

“…….”

At first, it was just affection.

Who wouldn't show affection to those who robbed the bandits' warehouse and brought it all the way here to distribute it? So even if they couldn't win, they applauded them and encouraged them to try their best.

However, those who watched the sparring match realized why Mount Hua's name was spreading far and wide.

"The world is changing. Seeing how everyone’s been talking about Mount Hua, there was a reason for the growth of their reputation after all."

Several people nodded in agreement.

Of course, some people secretly denied it and some openly refuted it, making it obvious that there were many mixed feelings, but no one could deny that Mount Hua was not the same as it was in the past.

Without noticing, the sect called ‘Mount Hua’ has already risen to a position where it can stand shoulder to shoulder with that prestigious Wudang.

And….

In the whirlwind of confusion and emotion, one person slowly stood up from behind.

"Tsk."

He was a robust man with a rough tunic and a face somewhere between middle-aged and elderly. He murmured as he stared at the stage with cold eyes.

"...I took my eyes off for a moment..."

‘To lose against the likes of Mount Hua.....’

He shook his head in an unpleasant way, then turned around and started walking slowly.

Clothes that had begun to wear off fluttered around. Pine Pattern Ancient Sword hanging from his waist shone as if it were new.

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