Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 738. Whether a ghost will appear, or a monster will appear (3)

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Udeuduk!

"Oh?"

Kwaduduk!

"Ooh?"

Udeuk! *Udeuduk*!

"*Cough*!"

With one's neck bent sideways..…. No, Chung Myung, with his neck bent sideways, pulled his hair as if he didn't understand at all.

"Hnggg, this is..…."

It felt as if he could hear the voice of Cheong Jin in his ears.

- What did I tell you? Huh! What did I say!

"Shut up, you punk!"

'I'm going to chase you now and dig up the grave!'

Chung Myung, who gritted his teeth, sighed as he held his head due to the throbbing pain in his neck.

'It's strangely not working out.'

Creating a martial arts technique is not easy.

"Hngg. If it was a simple swordsmanship like Seven Plum Sword, I could have created it right here and then."

Anyone else would be shocked to hear Seven Plum Sword being referred to as simple, but for Chung Myung, who was once the Plum Blossom Sword Sovereign and who had an

unparalleled understanding of swordsmanship in the history of Mount Hua, it was not difficult.

However, transforming divine martial art, especially Violet Mist Divine Art, was challenging even for the world famous Chung Myung.

Usually, when you transform a complex and difficult martial arts technique, the whole big shot of the sect gathers to validate and test it over and over again.

Even after going through that process, there are many cases where people die or become severely injured after learning a new martial art. Creating a unique martial art is that difficult.

However, it was not strange that he had an energy deviation as he skipped the whole process neatly and learned the roughly modified martial arts.

Odododok!

"Ouch, shit!"

Chung Myung, feeling like his spine was bending backward, fell flat on his back in pain.

- I thought you were going to die.

"This punk?"

‘You think you'd be safe if I die? You should hope I live a long life. No, you all should hope I live long! If you don’t want me to break your head...’

- What, this punk?

‘Uh... Except for Cheong Mun Sahyung.’

Chung Myung let out a deep sigh while lying down.

“Hngg, is this not the way?”

If it's someone else, they've died ten times already.

Chung Myung had spent several years laying the groundwork for his future that will expand widely, so it is over after only experiencing this kind of side effect.

If a building with a weak foundation and no proper cornerstone leans a bit, it collapses. But a building that has firmly placed pillars and has invested time in foundation work won't collapse easily even if it leans a bit.

Chung Myung has spent many years building his foundation since his rebirth with a new body.

Thanks to that, his body was in a perfect state, incomparable to the past, and his internal strength flowing within him was so clear and pure that it was unparalleled in the history of Kangho.

So it was over with this kind of side effect, but if it were an ordinary person, they were likely to have already twisted their meridian and broken their whole body then cough up blood.

"Hngggg.”

Chung Myung' looked troubled.

'What should I do?'

He was holding out because of his body, but he might really die at this rate. Perhaps he should learn Violet Mist Divine Art in its original form...

- That's right, stop being stubborn and just learn it. I've carefully sorted it out. How many times have I told you? It's too much for Sahyung. *Kikikik*.

‘This bastard?’

Chung Myung's eyes sparkled.

"Come! Let's see who wins today!"

He sprang up and raised his internal strength.

"If I do everything I can, I'll eventually get right! Why would I use my brain when I have a good body! I'm going to trust this damn body!"

If Chung Myung's Sahyung had heard this, they would have covered their faces and lamented. However, what he said wasn't necessarily wrong.

Udeuduk!

"Argh!"

Udeuduk!

"Aaaaargh! Damn it!"

Therefore throughout the night, bone-breaking sounds and screams resonated without pause from Chung Myung's dwelling.

The fact that those residing in the White Plum Dormitory were kept awake and suffered nightmares due to the horrific screams echoing through the walls wasn't that important.

* * *

"Hmm."

Hyun Young looked somewhat disappointed as he surveyed the people in front of him.

And those who received the gaze avoided Hyun Young's gaze with half-tired eyes.

‘What else is he going to do?’

‘I'm scared to death, really.’

‘I'd rather have Chung Myung.’

‘Ei, you’re joking.’

Hyun Young shook his head as if he had lost his appetite.

"I should have dropped a couple more."

He seemed displeased with the number of people remaining here.

"Then, I should..."

"You shut up."

"……Yes."

Un Am, who raised his hand subtly, lowered his hand weakly.

Baek Cheon, Yoo Iseol, Yoon Jong, Jo-Gol, Un Gum, Un Am.

There were only six who survived.

The number had not changed from the people originally selected by Hyun Jong and the Elders. It was proof that their judgment had been correct.

Baek Sang and Tang Soso fought to the end, and Gwak Hee received a passing score for his tenacity alone but ultimately failed to pass Hyun Young's criteria.

"Two Un generation, two second-class disciples, and two third-class disciples. It's like it was meant to be this way."

At the word, Jo-Gol slowly raised his hand.

"What is it?"

"Chung Myung is also a third-class disciple."

"……."

Everyone's eyes were on Jo-Gol. He grumbled with a sullen face amidst the eyes filled with contempt.

"… I didn't say anything wrong."

"Please think a little before saying something."

"No, just don't speak if you can."

Jo-Gol, who desperately realized that once a person is hated, even if they say the right thing, they will still be cursed, stole tears that seeped into his eyes.

"Tsk, tsk. That half-witted fellow."

Hyun Young shook his head, contemplating whether it would be better to drop him after all.

"Anyway, everyone worked hard."

"Yes, Elder-nim!"

"Hmm."

Hyun Young cleared his throat and continued.

"As you may know, the Violet Mist Divine Art is the best martial art of the current Mount Hua Sect. No, not just now, it has been the best since the birth of Mount Hua Sect...."

"Hyun Young-ah."

At that time, Hyun Young closed his mouth and turned his gaze. Hyun Jong was waving his

hands.

"Just skip the speech and get to the main point."

“…….”

"Hurry up."

"Yes."

Hyun Young grumbled slightly and looked at the disciples again.

"From today, you will learn Violet Mist Divine Art. Since you are the first among the disciples of Mount Hua to learn Violet Mist Divine Art, you should set an example for others. Everyone, do your best! Understand?"

"Yes! Elder-nim!"

Satisfied with the loud answer, Hyun Young smiled softly and nodded his head. At the same time, the eyes of Mount Hua’s disciples began to burn fiercely with passion.

'Finally!'

'At last!'

Violet Mist Divine Art.

Mount Hua's greatest martial art, which has been taught only to the Sect Leader for generations.

The fact that they were now able to learn such martial arts made their hearts swell with pride.

That's understandable. How much hardship had they gone through to gain this qualification?

"…It was a long journey."

"It was awful."

"I drank more water in the past month than I've had in my whole life."

"I can even nap in the water now."

Looking back, it had been a hardship that blurred their vision with tears. However, those present here had valiantly conquered that difficult path and eventually gained the right to

learn Violet Mist Divine Art.

"Question."

As soon as Hyun Young finished speaking, Jo-Gol was the first to raise his hand again.

Hyun Young glanced at him with slightly sullen eyes and gave a slight nod.

"…Go ahead. But no nonsense."

"Elder-nim! Where can I find the scripture to learn divine arts?"

"Hmm. Good question. The scripture, you said."

A smile was forming at the corners of Hyun Young's mouth.

"Naturally, scripture is necessary for learning martial arts. Of course, the scripture to be given to you is already prepared."

"Oh!"

"Ooh!"

Expectation shone in the disciples' eyes.

The effectiveness of Violet Mist Divine Art is as good as proven. Didn't the three people in front of them right now show them with their own bodies?

Throughout the training, Hyun Young lifted a massive rock with one hand that they could hardly carry, and Hyun Sang demonstrated with a face that was comfortable even when they were about to be suffocated in the water.

Of course, that was backed by the high internal strength of the Hyun generation, but it was a feat they could never have accomplished before learning Violet Mist Divine Art.

Then how much stronger would they become once they learned Violet Mist Divine Art? The mere thought made their hearts pound.

"Then where is the scripture?"

"Um. Right. The scripture. That's the thing."

"Yes?"

Baek Cheon's eyes were tinged with suspicion and narrowed thinly. Hyun Young's strange smile made him feel uneasy.

"As you know... Haven't we already tried to learn Violet Mist Divine Art with Chung Myung?"

"…Yes?"

Everyone trembled when the name Chung Myung came out. There was no memory of anything good happening when that name was mentioned.

"We know because we've been through it."

“…….”

That statement felt like a symbol of misfortune. Has there ever been a single instance when that phrase was uttered and things went smoothly?

"We concluded that it's much more stable and quicker to build a foundation if someone guides you with the True Energy Flow Guidance (진기도인(眞氣導引)) rather than starting to move clumsily with only the basic flow."

“…….”

"So, before you learn the basic flow, you should first receive the guidance."

‘Oh….’

Baek Cheon smiled with a satisfied look.

True Energy Flow Guidance refers to a higher-ranking individual moving and guiding the energy of another, opening the path for them. Despite the enormous amount of mental energy consumed by the guide, the follower can manipulate their energy more smoothly.

However…….

"Um……."

"Hm?"

Baek Cheon spoke with a very trembling voice.

"In my memory... That is, um... When the Elders received Chung Myung's guidance, they almost... Yes, they..."

Instead of Baek Cheon, who stammered and couldn't speak, Un Gum muttered.

"They were barely human."

"Yes. That... That seems to be the case...."

Baek Cheon asked awkwardly, trying to be cautious.

"It's different from that, right?"

"Hummmm."

‘Elder-nim?’

‘Why are you laughing like that? Elder-nim?’

Hyun Young grinned. Not only that, even Hyun Jong and Hyun Sang in the back had similar expressions.

Seeing the three who were at the peak of Mount Hua's power all laughing with the same expression was enough to terrify the disciples watching them.

"Well... you'll find out when you experience it, won't you?"

"Yes?"

"What's so important about that? So, you don't want to learn?"

Baek Cheon was speechless like a honeyed mute.

"Hoho, sometimes ignorance is bliss. And so…."

Hyun Young rolled up his sleeves and stepped forward. And Hyun Jong and Hyun Sang also rolled up their sleeves and approached.

"Who wants to go first?"

“…….”

"It's okay. It's okay. There's nothing to worry about. We have already properly learned from Chung Myung how to do it."

‘Properly what? Properly how to cause pain?’

‘Elder-nim?’

"Let's not waste time and do it according to the generation. Un Gum, Un Am, and... Right, Baek Cheon."

Baek Cheon firmly raised his hand at Hyun Young's words.

"Why?"

"Samae admitted here first."

"…Step forward."

"Yes."

He couldn't argue. Baek Cheon stepped weakly like a cow being dragged to the slaughterhouse.

The three Hyuns flashed their satisfied smiles.

Even though Chung Myung is away, Mount Hua is already too late to go back to the past.

|Note

Five stages of grief- Denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. Hmm… Baek Cheon wasn't angry though.