

## Chapter 1093

I might have gone a bit too far with my words. (3)

«Ughhh...»

Chung Myung twisted his body uncomfortably on the edge of the roof. A shiver ran down his spine continuously like tiny grains of rice.

«Why would I even say that...?»

— You're more worried about the idealistic ways than I expected.

«Arrgh! It's so noisy! Did I say something wrong?»

— Conscience.

«Ugh.»

Chung Myung let out a deep sigh.

«I might have gone a bit too far with my words.»

He was caught up in the atmosphere. It was something that could have never happened in the past.

Thinking about it was absurd. Bringing those chick-like bastard before the esteemed 'Great Hwasan Sword Sect'. If the old generation, who treated Shaolin as nothing more than a 'shameless group of intellectually impaired baldies', heard about it, they would be livid and go on a rampage, threatening to beat up all their descendants.

«...Come to think of it, those guys were hopeless.»

That's why the entire Center Plains turned away. Those lunatics.

- Are those the words you should be saying? Not anyone else but you?

«Why are you so talkative today? Ah, if you're so annoyed, why not come back to life.»

Chung Myung snorted and lay back on the roof again.

«...It's not entirely wrong.»

If the Maehwa Geomjon and the current Chung Myung were not the same person?

Perhaps the first person who would rush forward, brandishing a sword to fix the silly head with rooster hair, after hearing these words would undoubtedly be none other than Chung Myung. He might even have knocked Chung Jin unconscious, who would undoubtedly race towards him grabbing him with his arms, and carried him on his side.

«...I was too hot blooded... I was young, so young.»

The old Chung Myung never truly grasped how Hwasan was at that time.

To him, Gangho was a place where abilities and talent stood above anything else, and Hwasan was more powerful than any other sect. Hence, in Chung Myung's opinion, the weak should have simply follow orders, and there was no need to talk about those who were lacking.

From that perspective, the past Hwasan was undoubtedly worthy of highest status. It was stronger than any faction, more outstanding than any other. But...

‘That wasn’t all there was to it.’

Chung Myung scratched his head vigorously.

Upon reflection, Chung Myung had never once considered something from the perspective of the weak. Even in the sect called Hwasan, which ruled above everything else, he was someone overwhelmingly strong.

Wasn’t it true that even when he was still young, Chung Myung did receive special treatment?

Because of that, he thought it was only natural.

The kindness Chung Myung showed as a disciple of Hwasan didn’t stem from a heart that considered the weak. It was merely an action taken without a doubt, having learned that the strong should naturally behave that way.

However, as he descended to what could be called the abyss, he gradually realized that the world wasn’t solely about strength and weakness.

Leading the way is for the strong, yet even the weak have their own will and thoughts. Just because they are weak, there’s no reason for their ways to be disregarded and belittled.

So, let’s sum it up...

‘If I had encountered Maehwa Geomjon, I’d have beaten him to death.’

Well, considering the gap in skill and temperament, he might not defeat him, maybe just get thrashed grasping for the last breath. Nonetheless, Maehwa Geomjon would never have seen the current Chung Myung with admiration in his eyes. Looking back, it’d be hard to find someone who lead a life more miserable than that messed up bastard.

So, how unfair it must have felt for those who were thrashed by Chung Myung back then. Just because someone irritating crosses your path, acting like a thug and beating them up, especially someone from the most powerful sect like Hwasan, they couldn’t even protest... To put it in another way, it’s akin to Hye Yeon causing havoc being from Shaolin just like Chung Myung did before. If Hye Yeon had done that, how would Chung Myung have reacted?

‘I would have tried to beat him until his hair sprouted from that bald head.’

But... sadly, at that time, there was no place to handle both Maehwa Geomjon and Hwasan. So, filled with tears, they had no choice but to endure it.

Looking back, the regret surges...

— And Southern Edge?

«Ah, should’ve gotten rid of the Southern Edge bastards!»

They deserve more beatings! Ah, whatever.

Clenching his fist tight, Chung Myung let out a deep sigh once again.

It’s as if endorsing the logic that being strong automatically lets you lead others, and if you’re strong, you can do as you please. Then the atrocities committed by Demonic Cult cloud also be justified to a certain extent.

If one refuses to acknowledge that, naturally, their perspective on Hwasan from the past will also have to change.

«This makes me sick just thinking about it.»

Chung Myung turned his head with a puzzled expression, looking somewhere in disbelief.

«To those from the past, we weren't any different from Shaolin brats right now.»

— Hey, come on. It wasn't that extreme.

«Ah, be quiet, will you? Such a nuisance.»

Chung Myung scoffed towards the distant sky.

Of course, from Chung Mun's perspective, this might seem unfair. Hwasan, being a faction that clearly bore the responsibility of those who were on top, had undoubtedly shed the most blood and fought fiercely wherever and whenever.

There's no faction comparable to them, engaged in backtracking and sniveling like the current Shaolin, who's always making excuses and avoiding confrontations.

However, looking at it from a different angle...

«So, will we start looking at these Shaolin scoundrels favorably now if they start fighting hard?»

— That won't be the case.

«See?»

Chung Myung let out a snort. Others might not understand Shaolin's intentions, but truthfully, Chung Myung to some extent comprehended why they acted as they did.

From their standpoint, they probably believed that with the deepest history, the most superior power, and numerous skilled masters, they should be the leading force.

They undertake these actions with their own deeply rooted thoughts, so it's absurd for insignificant factions, not even half the size of Shaolin, to interfere and criticize just because they have different views.

From Shaolin's perspective, the Namgung clan ignorantly rushes into Maehwado like the most idiotic faction of the world, facing imminent destruction. They ignored all the orders to stay still and faced the consequences...

«Huh? Isn't that true?»

Chung Myung glanced down and saw Namgung Dowi in the distance.

No... looking at it more rationally, it was Namgung Hwang who sacrificed everything throwing himself into the Yangtze River. But is criticizing Shaolin because of this crossing a line...

«Ahem, anyway.»

And from Shaolin's standpoint, Hwasan and Tangga are nothing more than chaotic factions stirring up trouble in once united Central Plains, drawing in new external forces into a peaceful region.

Even when the Sapa bastards are openly attacking, instead of uniting forces, they are the shameless ones who say, 'If you're frustrated, why don't you crawl under our feet?' Even though the Abbot is the one who came to bow his head.

«Wow...»

Chung Myung gazed up at the night sky with trembling eyes.

«By comparing everything from different perspectives, everything falls into place, doesn't it, Sect Leader Sahyeong?»

— I never said that, you rascal!

«Who said what? Getting offended for no reason.»

Chung Myung chuckled dryly.

He knows. Every action of Shaolin can be interpreted by one word: 'superiority.' Perhaps when Shaolin inevitably stands again at the forefront representing the strong, just like Hwasan did in the past, they will fight valiantly from the front line.

What they desire is not merely profit but rather the position of Shaolin, the faction that protects even the strong, which is a title that cannot be attained without shedding blood. However...

«That's meaningless, you fool.»

Now, even Chung Myung understands. He's already experienced it. That such actions are utterly futile. They leave nothing behind. Once reigning over the world, they now tread a path no different from countless forgotten sects.

«Sect Leader Sahyeong, I...»

Chung Myung gazes at the night sky.

Countless stars seem to gaze down at him, as if his Sahyongs from the past are watching over him.

«I liked Hwasan.»

More accurately, he longed for the old Hwasan. That's why he wanted the current Hwasan to be like the Hwasan of the past — superior to any faction, excellent beyond comparison.

«But... that was just my selfish greed.»

Now, he understands that it was the wrong path.

They've already failed once. They've tasted such a desperate failure that they cannot even fathom what a bigger failure might be.

Yet, if one repeats the same mistake, it's no different from walking towards an inevitable failure. If you want to change the outcome, the process must also change.

The once outstanding Hwasan failed. And now, Chung Myung carefully observes what kind of faction strives to stand out alone.

So... now, both he and Hwasan must change.

Now he understands too.

How a weak faction lives, what thoughts fill the minds of the weak, how those fighting behind the strong endeavor. Being weak doesn't equal dismissal. Even if they are lacking, their efforts and thoughts deserve respect.

There they are, like a living proof.

Chung Myung turned his head and saw Baek Cheon and a group around him. Their faces seemed serious, engaged in some thoughtful conversation. A grin escaped Chung Myung's lips.

'What could these kids be so serious about?'

What if they had joined the old Hwasan? What if they had been disciples of the chung-generation, like Chung Myung in the past, or the later myung-generation?

Perhaps those kids wouldn't have shown their potential and might have been forgotten as mediocre disciples, or they might have eventually left Hwasan unable to withstand it.

But now, these kids are proud members of the sect, growing into the future of Hwasan together.

Likewise, being lacking doesn't mean there's no potential. And not being strong doesn't render one worthless.

'I should've realized that a bit sooner.'

Factions that are strong but lack tolerance have no meaning, as demonstrated by the past Hwasan and the current Shaolin.

Therefore, the present Hwasan must change.

It's alright if it's not as strong as before, if it doesn't lead as firmly as it did back then. There are people now who can make up to the shortcomings of Hwasan.

That's why it's not about leading alone, but about walking together.

'Can it be done?'

Chung Myung quietly closed his eyes.

It's a challenging task despite being an easy concept. Perhaps making the current Hwasan as strong as the past Hwasan might be even more challenging.

Chung Myung opened his eyes and looked down at the people gathered below.

Hwasan, Shaolin, Namgung clan, and Nokrim.

These individuals, seemingly mismatched, were raising their voices and bickering with each other.

Some might describe the scene as chaotic, and others might demean it as a mess.

But Chung Myung's perspective was slightly different. If he had to name that sight...

— Hope.

«...»

— Isn't it, Taoist-hyeong?

A smile appeared on Chung Myung's lips.

«Yes. You're right.»

He stretched his body and yawned.

«It's going to get busy.»

It's still a challenging task. The Demonic Cult is overly powerful, the orthodox factions are a mess. Moreover, there's a monster-like creature, prioritizing his desires over the safety of the whole world, aiming beyond the river. But...

«Don't worry. I'll manage it.»

Because now it's not just 'me,' it's 'us.'

Grinning, Chung Myung tightly grasped the bottle in his hand and leaped down from the eaves.

«Fight properly, you lot!»

«What are you saying?»

«Aren't we already fighting?»

Chung Myung slipped in among the clamoring group.

Their noisy conversation continued well into the night.