

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 2 Episode 19

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 44

"It's advantageous to take a boat here to save time."

The old Dosa pointed to the dock in front of them. After leaving the Gwanjeon tomb, Pyo-wol moved with the group of old Dosa.

The old Dosa was very knowledgeable about geography. He seemed to know where to go so Pyo-wol didn't have trouble in having to find the way.

"Why is our handsome oraboni going to Chengdu?"

Heo Ran-ju walked close to Pyo-wol.

With every step she took, her large chest gently brushed against Pyo-wol's elbow. Whether she knew this or not, Heo Ran-ju looked at Pyo-wol with innocent eyes.

"I want to meet someone I know."

"Someone you know? Who?"

"They are a lot."

"Who the hell are they?"

"Debtor."

"Debtor? Are you in debt?"

"No, they're the ones who owe me."

"Then are you going to get them?"

"Yes."

"Those bad bastards! Why aren't they paying off their debts to our handsome oraboni? Who are they? Just tell me. I'll take them all!"

Heo Ran-ju was angry as if she was the one who's the creditor. The late Dosa and Hyeong Seung looked at Heo Ran-ju with a pathetic expression.

'Hopefully, I'll untie the skirt here.'

'There's a lot of honey dripping from her eyes.'

Heo Ran-ju naturally put her arms around Pyo-wol. Pyo-wol knew about it, but he didn't say anything. Then, Heo Ran-ju got closer and talked more.

"We met by chance at Gwanjeon tomb, and our destination is the same. This is also a relationship. What do you think? Perhaps the heavens made us meet."

"Why are you going to Chengdu?"

"Us?"

"Yes."

"We are going to do some business..."

"Without any items?"

"Because we don't necessarily sell items that are visible. Can you guess what we're selling?"

"No, thanks."

"Why?"

"I feel like my mouth will be stitched up when I hear the answer."

"Hmpf!"

Heo Ran-ju pouted her lips at Pyo-wol's answer. Her expression was so rich that it was unbelievable that she was in her mid-twenties.

If it were any other man, he would surely be mesmerized by her appearance. Women who are sensual and yet have a protective instinct are not that common.

But Pyo-wol was different.

No matter what kind of expression she made or what kind of talent she had, he didn't feel very impressed.

If it's a woman, he had already embraced them to the point where he's tired of it in the Red Sky Pavilion. It didn't mean that his desire completely disappeared, but he wasn't stupid enough to fall for the aegyo of a woman he didn't even know about and to lose his reasoning.

Instead, Heo Ran-ju clung to Pyo-wol.

"Whoa, Oraboni doesn't know how to push and pull. I heard my heart very much. I'm gonna tremble and die." ("우와! 오라버니, 밀고 당기는 것이 장난 아니다. 아주 내 마음을 들었다 왔나 하네. 살 떨려 죽겠네.")

"Hey! Would you just like to stay here? Just get a room then."

The old taoist said something, but Heo Ran-ju pretended not to listen. Hyeong Seung comforted the old taoist with a soft voice.

"When has she even listened to others? Don't get too upset."

"Upset? Do you know how many years I have seen that bitch's bad attitude?"

The old taoist also lowered his voice so that Pyo-wol could not hear him, and answered.

"Aren't we going to be late for our appointment?"

"If we get on a boat, we'll be able to arrive at roughly the same time."

"Thank god."

"I'm the one guiding you, so what are you worried about? Hyeong Seung, don't even think about anything and just follow me."

"Is that so? Can I leave those two like that?"

Hyeong Seung's eyes turned to Pyo-wol and Heo Ran-ju.

For a moment, the old taoist smirked.

"Why, she's actually doing well. Her aegyo towards a person is a sign she's planning something. I'm scared every time that bitch does that. It's a calculated act."

"Is that really a calculated move?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I seriously thought that she liked him."

"Don't worry. Do you think the Blood Lord of the Heavens [혈지주(血鮑妹)] will be holed up by a man one day? You should say something that makes sense."

"Yeah, right?"

"Of course, he's a guy with a lot of questionable aspects, and he seems pretty reticent, so she'll have to put a lot of effort into getting information."

The old taoist's eyes who was looking at Pyo-wol were cold.

This was a very important time.

Even the smallest variable was unacceptable. Existences that might interfere must be identified and removed in advance so that there is no repercussion.

Up until now, they have lived that way and have survived because they acted that way.

The old taoist quickly changed his expression. He approached a sailor with a friendly face and asked for the ship's schedule of departure.

After chatting with the sailor for a while, he returned to the party and said,

"We're lucky. It's supposed to leave after half an hour, so we can get on it right away."

"Can I get on that boat? It looks like they've loaded a lot of luggage."

“It’s a rice carrier, so there’s nothing we can do about it. If you want to choose another boat, you will have to wait another day. It’s best to take this boat because we can’t waste time.”

"Sheesh! If it's a rice carrier, don't expect a comfortable bed. I miss having a soft bed."

"Damn it! You talk a lot. Hey, bitch! If you miss a soft bed like that, then why are you following me?"

"How can I do that? If I did, Danju¹ wouldn't let it go."

"Then don't talk and follow me. Oops! You don't know what to do without me."

When Heo Ran-ju backed down, the old taoist pressed his temples with both hands as if he had a headache.

"Amitabul! Let's get on the boat."

Hyeong Seung got on the boat first with a tired expression.

Pyo-wol also bought a ticket.

It was his first time using money, so he was amazed. Pyo-wol had been staring at the bill exchanged for money for a long time, so Heo Ran-ju approached him and said,

"That slip will be enough. Let's get on the boat."

She grabbed Pyo-wol's hand and dragged it.

Pyo-wol meekly followed her.

It was said to be a rice carrier, so grains were piled up like a mountain on the deck and dock of the ship.

He had never seen such a large amount of grain before. As he stared blankly at the grain, the Taoist said,

"Isn't this a little too much? It's rice harvested last year, but they say it's going to Chengdu."

"To Chengdu?"

"All the products of Sichuan Province gather in Chengdu. The same goes for rice. With this amount, hundreds of people can live on it for a year."

Although the name was a rice carrier, there were quite a few passengers on the ship. Sailors also need to earn pocket money, so they accept passengers on the surplus seats.

The passengers were gathering and talking.

Some of them had their faces frowned as they were having a serious conversation, while others were smiling constantly. It seemed that there were as many different expressions as there were people.

Pyo-wol looked at them without a word.

Most of the people on the ship were ordinary people who had nothing to do with their strength.

Pyo-wol thought they were lucky. Pyo-wol is the person who knows best how difficult it is to live an ordinary life in Jianghu.

When Pyo-wol couldn't take his eyes off the people, Heo Ran-joo asked.

"What are you looking at?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"Huh! So you also have a sentimental side."

"That's the first time I've heard it."

"Really? You looked sentimental in my eyes."

"If you're going to keep talking nonsense, just shut up. It hurts my ears."

"Too much!"

At Pyo-wol's cold words, Heo Ran-ju had a wounded expression on her face. But then, as if nothing happened, she acted bashful and held on to Pyo-wol's arms.

"That's more attractive. I can't stand it. Shall we go somewhere else for a moment?"

"Where?"

"A place where the people's eyes cannot reach."

Heo Ran-ju pressed her chest to Pyo-wol's elbow. Pyo-wol looked at Heo Ran-ju without saying anything for a moment. Then, Heo Ran-ju smiled even more bewitchingly.

Heo Ran-ju was beautiful enough to make any man's heart tremble. However, Pyo-wol did not fall for her smile.

She had a smile on his lips that seemed to attract people, but her eyes were as cold as ice.

If it had been a man other than Pyo-wol, they would have been mesmerized by her smile. That's how good she was at deceiving her feelings. But she couldn't fool Pyo-Wol's eyes.

Pyo-wol was used to understanding the psychology and emotions of others.

No matter how she hid her inner self with a bright look, he was able to read the atmosphere and emotions that flowed inside of her.

Heo Ran-ju was a rose with poisonous thorns.

It was obvious that he would be seriously injured if he grabbed hold of her by falling for her gorgeous appearance.

Pyo-wol gently shook his head.

"It's a bit difficult here. I'll think about it after we get off the ship."

"Sheesh! You look like an expensive man. Well, that's attractive too, so it doesn't matter. Ho-ho!"

Heo Ran-ju burst into laughter. Everyone around looked at Heo Ran-ju. She was beautiful enough to attract the attention of others. Many people were already spying on her from the moment she boarded the ship.

The old taoist said to Heo Ran-ju.

"Stop joking, come and have a drink."

"Who said it was a joke?"

"Everything you do is a joke."

"This damn scoundrel..."

"So you're not drinking?"

"No, I'll drink."

Heo Ran-ju sat down in front of the old taoist while grumbling. Then, the old taoist gun opened wide. Four bottles of wine were hung inside his cannon.

The old master took out one of them and said to Pyo-wol.

"Would you like to have a drink too? Nothing's as good as having a drink on a long road trip."

"No."

"Is that so? It's weird for a young man to refuse to drink."

The old taoist didn't bother to recommend it twice. He drank, received and gave alcohol with Heo Ran-ju and Hyeong Seung.

Meanwhile, the ship left the pier.

Pyo-wol sat on the railing and watched the flowing scenery. The fact that he sat quietly and admired the surrounding scenery gave Pyo-wol a strange impression.

On one side, Heo Ran-ju and his party were drinking and chatting.

They were two people who couldn't stand each other normally. But when they drank, they laughed and talked as if they had ever done it again.

Hyeong Seung was also drinking alcohol to set the mood.

Heo Ran-ju, who knew Pyo-wol was looking at her, slowly turned her head to look. When their eyes met, she gave her a characteristic bewitching smile.

"This year! I'm messing around again."

After hearing a word from the late master, Heo Ran-ju Heo concentrated on drinking again.

Thud! Thud!

At that moment, a strange noise reached Pyo-wol's ear.

Pyo-wol looked in the direction the sound was coming from.

Nothing could be seen yet. But since the sound is getting louder little by little, it seemed like it would appear if I waited a little longer.

No one on the ship, including Heo Ran-ju and others, could hear the sound. Pyo-wol frowned and stared forward. After a while, the identity of the strange noise was revealed.

A ship was approaching at a rapid pace. There were numerous oars on both sides of the ship. The sound he heard was the sound of rowing.

"Uh, what is that?"

"Another ship is approaching!"

The sailors who discovered the ship late, trembled. At their cry, the passengers and the captain looked at the approaching ship. The captain's face, who had been looking at the ship for a long time, was distorted.

"Damn it! We're outnumbered."

"Outnumbered?"

"Oh my God!"

The passengers were agitated. The enemies were approaching, aiming for the rice loaded on the rice carrier. The closer the ship got, the clearer their identity was. All the enemies were holding weapons.

"If we take the rice from that boat, we can eat to our heart's content for a while."

The eyes of the enemies were full of greed.

The rice carrier ran at full speed with its sails wide open to shake off the enemies. However, it was impossible to shake off the enemies who were rowing fast.

As time passed, the gap was narrowed.

In the end, the captain had to make a decision.

"Everyone, raise your arms. We must protect rice no matter what."

"Yes!"

The sailors took their harpoons and swords. A look of nervousness was evident on their faces. Although they were forced to grab a weapon as a self-defense measure, they could not stop their body from trembling.

Recently, a number of enemies targeting the rice carrier have been appearing frequently.

The enemies didn't just steal rice, they also took people's lives. Because of that, the rice transport line has been frequently haunted for the longest time.

"This was not an area where the enemies usually appear. Did they advance to this place?"

The captain muttered with a puzzled expression.

If it was an area where enemies often appear, they would have been well prepared. But since there have never been any enemies here, they did not hire martial artists.

Someone approached the captain and talked to him.

"Looks like you're quite in a bit of trouble."

"Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is what I can do."

It was the old taoist who waved the bottle of alcohol in front of the captain with his face red.

"What do you mean?"

"How much would you give me to protect the rice? Can you tell me?"

He began to bargain with the captain.

Editor's Note:

1. Danju. Other translations: hall leader, department head, administrator, director, 단주.