

## **Reaper of the Drifting Moon**

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 6

Manhwa: N/A

### Chapter 81

The embers started by Pyo-wol spread rapidly as if burning the entire Chengdu.

The Black Cloud Mercenary Group and the nearby warriors clashed, while the other branch sects supporting the Qingcheng and Emei sect, respectively, collided.

The clash of the martial artists brought blood, and the whole city was smoldered with fear. Several clans based near Chengdu tried to calm the unrest, but to no avail.

The madness spread not only among the warriors, but also among the common people.

Taking advantage of the extreme chaos, some people started looting shops and wealthy houses. It was a small number at first, but the number of predators quickly grew exponentially.

Store owners who could not afford to hire martial artists as workers fought the mobs with their own sticks. It was no different for the rich families.

They would normally have paid money and easily hired soldiers, but at present, there were no warriors who would be willing to be stationed in Chengdu.

The fierce battle between those who wanted to steal and those who wanted to protect drove the chaotic saints into even greater chaos.

No one could have imagined that the security of Chengdu would be so easily destroyed.

The entire system of the Chengdu, which had been strong for hundreds of years, was collapsing like a flowing sand castle.

The madness of the warriors engulfed the entire city.

While Pyo-wol, who was the starting point of all these events, is at present not in Chengdu. He escaped the city taking advantage of the chaos and confusion.

But there was one man who pursued Pyo-wol.

It was Zhang Mu-ryang, the leader of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group. He followed Pyo-wol with a face reminiscent of a monster.

'He must be killed.'

He always had a relaxed smile, but his reason was blown away in front of the injury of the Go Dosa.

Go Dosa was not just a subordinate.

He was like a teacher who guided him from an early age. Because he looked after him, he was able to become the leader of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group. That is why he was always respectful to Go Dosa.

Zhang Mu-ryang's anger pierced the sky because Go Dosa was seriously wounded by his own attack.

His anger was directed at Pyo-wol. Pyo-wol was supposed to be killed anyway, but Zhang Mu-ryan vowed to kill him even more horribly.

He doesn't know if it's a coincidence or luck, but the direction Pyo-wol was running to, was where the cavalry of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group were waiting.

Due to the nature of the cavalry, whose power is maximized on horseback, it was difficult to enter the city of Chengdu, so they were waiting outside.

Huiic!

Zhang Mu-ryang blew a long whistle. Then, in the distance, out of the darkness, a torch appeared and drew a large circle.

It was a signal from the Black Cloud Troops who were on standby. Zhang Mu-ryang whistled once again.

Dududu!

Then, the sound of hoofs shaking the earth reverberated in the night sky. Two hundred horses were moving in unison.

"Bastard! There is no more place for you to escape. Give up!"

Zhang Mu-ryang shouted loudly and swung his spear. Then the fierce spear arose and shot at Pyo-wol.

In an instant, Pyo-wol's body moved.

He dodged the long-range attack without looking back as if he had an eye on the back of his head. But his crisis was not over.

His eyes, which pierced through the darkness, saw the horsemen galloping with terrifying momentum. Two hundred horsemen made up of warriors. They were the true strength of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group.

Their martial arts may lag a little behind the other members, but their true power is revealed when they gallop on horseback.

When two hundred or so horses raced as if they were one body, any master from Jianghu had no choice but to shiver.

"Haat!"

"There!"

The horsemen all pulled out their spears and aimed at the front. A long spear was the weapon suited the horsemen the most. It was the same reason that Zhang Mu-ryang's weapon was also a spear.

Dududu!

It wasn't as visible because it was night, but a cloud of dust rose up from behind the two hundred people.

They only have one goal.

Two hundred horses started running to kill Pyo-wol. No matter how great he was, a person would be helpless in front of two hundred horsemen.

Zhang Mu-ryang naturally thought that Pyo-wol would choose to run away. However, as if to ridicule his prediction, Pyo-wol instead rushed towards the horsemen.

"You said that you can't die. Trample him and kill him!"

Zhang Mu-ryang's voice resounded in the night sky. As if in response to his words, the horsemen accelerated further.

Cwaeck!

The spears were pointed at the front. Then the cavalrymen threw their spears at Pyo-wol using their internal energy. Even in the dark, their spears flew straight towards Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol flew towards the flying spear. It looked like he was about to commit suicide.

"Madman!"

Although Zhang Mu-ryang cursed, he did not let down his guard. This is because Pyo-wol has always far exceeded expectations.

It was the same this time too.

Just before being hit by dozens of spears, Pyo-wol disappeared from their sight. The place where Pyo-wol reappeared was above the head of the leading cavalryman. He quickly shortened the space and moved using Black Lightning.

Ciiit!

The ghost daggers were released.

"No...!"

"Haap!"

The horsemen, who were considered as elite, instinctively sensed a crisis and swung their spears to protect their entire body.

But they didn't know.

The fact that the ghost dagger which Pyo-wol threw was not just a dagger.

The ghost dagger, combined with Soul-Reaping Thread, was able to freely change the trajectory according to Pyo-wol's finger movements.

The ghost daggers dug in between the gap of the spears. And took two lives.

"Gah!"

"Kerhyuk!"

It was just the beginning.

Pyo-wol moved using the Black Lightning. The place where he appeared again was a horse that had lost its owner. Standing on the back of his horse, he threw a ghost dagger.

Ciiit!

A terrifying pounding sound echoed through the night sky.

"Keuk!"

"Guergh!"

A scream rang out again.

"Catch him!"

"Damn it!"

Confusion arose among the horsemen. Many enemies have been trampled on and been pierced through by their spears. No one so far dared to jump among the galloping horsemen. Because it's suicidal.

But here comes a person doing such a crazy thing.

Pyo-wol stepped on a horse that was galloping at crazy speed and moved. And he killed the horsemen with his ghost dagger.

The moment the horsemen attacked with their spears, Pyo-wol had already disappeared.

Darkness was Pyo-wol's greatest weapon.

Pyo-wol used the Black Lightning to move through the darkness and used the ghost daggers to assassinate the cavalrymen.

Pyo-wol was thoroughly breaking the prejudice that assassins only attack while in hiding.

"Stop! You crazy bastard!"

Zhang Mu-ryang belatedly joined the horsemen. He got on the lost horse and rushed towards Pyo-wol.

Huuung!

He threw up his spear. As he twisted his wrist, the spear rotated and rushed towards the Pyo-wol. However, his spear did not meet Pyo-wol, and in vain it ripped through the air.

It was because Pyo-wol already flew in the other direction. Pyo-wol moved from one horse to another and played around with the horsemen.

Ciiit!

Two Soul-Reaping Threads were attached to two ghost daggers. They split the darkness vertically and horizontally. And each time, a horseman would die.

The death dance performed by the assassin Pyo-wol was ruthlessly ravaging the horsemen. In the midst of it, Zhang Mu-ryang's cry echoed hollowly.

"Stop! Stop it! You bastard!"

\* \* \*

"What? This crazy landscape..."

Guhwasata looked forward with a blank expression for a moment.

The city was on fire.

It was not said metaphorically, since there were really big fires all over Chengdu. The looters not only stole things, but also set the establishments on fire.

As a result, Chengdu was heading towards greater chaos.

Inside, the warriors were fighting fiercely to kill each other. Numerous warriors had already died, and many more were groaning with wounds.

The blood they shed was soaking the floor.

It was as if hell had unfolded.

All of this happened in just a few hours.

No one expected that Chengdu, the center of Sichuan Province, would turn into hell in an instant.

Yong Seol-ran said to Guhwasata.

“Master, we need to get to the Qing Ming Room and calm the situation as soon as possible. If we miss the right timing, we will be unable to rectify the situation.”

"Alright."

This time, the Guhwasata also agreed with Agave. The situation was more serious than she expected.

In the worst case, Chengdu, the center of Sichuan Province, would find it impossible to recover and thus become a wasteland. In that case, even if they won the war with the Qingcheng sect, there was little to be gained.

The worst case had to be prevented.

Guhwasata shouted.

"Everyone! Attack the Fire Dragon Room!"

"Waaa!"

At her command, the disciples of the Emei sect and White Flower Room broke into the battlefield where the Qing Ming Room and Fire Dragon Room were fighting.

Fo Sanhae, the sect leader of the Fire Dragon Room, was greatly flustered by the Emei sect's intervention.

"Everyone, beware! The Emei sect is here."

On the other hand, Ki Joo-han, the sect leader of the Qing Ming Room, shouted with a hundredfold of courage.

"The Emei sect is here to help. Everyone, be strong!"

"Waaa!"

The shouts of Qing Ming Room resounded throughout the city. The morale of the Qing Ming Room increased, and Fire Dragon Room, on the other hand, was greatly weakened by the intervention of the Emei warriors.

"Get out of the way!"

Kwawawang!

Guhwasata struck the Fire Dragon Room's warriors who were blocking her way with her staff and headed towards the Fire Dragon Rooms's sect leader Fo Sanhae.

"Keuk!"

"Hyeok!"

The warriors of the Fire Dragon Room, who had been beaten by her staff, screamed and flew in all directions. The sight of them rolling on the floor was terrifying.

Broken limbs and depressed breastbones were the norm. No matter how they hang on for their lives, they have to endure living with a disability for the rest of their lives.

It's an outcome worse than dying.

Guhwasata executed the Golden Light Sword method, a new technique of the Emei school. Its power deserved to be called the Emperor of Destruction.

No one dared to withstand her blow.

In an instant, a dozen or so Fire Dragon Room warriors rolled on the floor, lying on their blood. Seeing the situation, the Fo Sanhae ran to stop Guhwasata.



"You witch! Can't you stop right now?"

"You've gone overboard. Sect leader Fo. How dare you call me that."

Guhwasata stared at Fo Sanhae with ferocious eyes.

The spirit of Fo Sanhae was broken by her strong momentum. But he could not back down or show his weakness. Although he was far inferior to the Emei sect, he was also the master of a clan.

If he shows weakness, the morale of the Fire Dragon Room disciples will drop. So he had no choice but to go all out.

"Shut up and retreat your troops. This is a matter between the Fire Dragon Room and the Qing Ming Room. It is not for the Emei sect to intervene."

"Hong! You have to say something that makes sense. Everyone knows that the Qing Ming Room is affiliated with the Emei sect, and yet you're still talking nonsense like that? Sect leader Fo is stupider than you look."

"Who said that? I just..."

"Shut up!"

Guhwasata interrupted Fo Sanhae and attacked.

Gwaang!

"Keuk!"

The Fo Sanhae swung his sword and barely prevented the attack of Guhwasata. However, the attack of the Guhwasata was only the beginning.

Hong-heung!

The Golden Light Sword method was performed. The power of the Golden Light Sword method, one of the Emei sect's best attacks, was truly terrifying.

The Fo Sanhae, the sect leader of the Fire Dragon Room, stumbled without being able to withstand more than ten seconds of the attack. Fo Sanhae's complexion was pale, and blood was dripping from his lips. He suffered deep internal injuries during the dozen clashes.

'That witch's martial arts are really scary.'

Fo Sanhae felt himself approaching death.

He knew there was a gap between Fire Dragon Room and the Emei sect, but he didn't really know that there would be such a huge difference.

He wasn't their opponent at all.

It was then that Fo Sanhae realized why so many sects in Jianghu were afraid of prestigious sects such as the Emei.

Bang!

Every time he collided with the staff, he felt a shock as if he was being hit directly with an iron rod.

"Kekkeuk!"

In the end, Fo Sanhae could not withstand the shock and vomited blood.

Hoo-heung!

The staff of the Guhwasa fell on the head of Fo Sanhae, who had lost his strength and knelt down. It was clear that Foshanhae's head would be shattered if he was hit directly by the staff.

There's a dark expression on Fo Sanhae's face.

"Stop!"

With an angry voice, someone rushed forward. Using his sword, he stopped the staff from striking Fo Sanhae.

Jjoeng!

With the intense strike, Guhwasa was thrown backwards.

A strong sense of vigilance flashed in the eyes of Guhwasata, who took a dozen steps back to regain her balance. The attack was loaded with incredible strength.

It was so strong that even a rock the size of a house could be pounded into powder. The man who suddenly intervened and received Guhwasata's attack without much shock.

Guhwasata has no choice but to back off.

Having that kind of force was rare in Sichuan.

"Mu... Jeong-jin."

One of the few people who possessed that kind of force was Mu Jeong-jin, who is currently blocking the front of the Fo Sanhae.

**Editor's Note:**

1. Golden Light Sword method. Raws: Gold Gwangdo Method, 금광도법(金光刀法)
  - a. 金 gold, money
  - b. 光 light, brilliant, shine
  - c. 刀 knife
  - d. 法 rule, law, regulation