

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 8 Episode 16

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 191

Pyo-wol's eyes were clearly different from those of ordinary warriors.

His eyes were completely still, which made it impossible to read any of his emotions.

Woo Pyeong learned the Divine Art of Taiqing, one of the Wudang sect's techniques, making him more sensitive to demonic energy than anyone else. This is also the reason why he reacted sensitively to Soma's energy. However, unlike Soma, he did not feel such energy from Pyo-wol.

With this, he was certain that Pyo-wol hadn't learned any demonic arts. Either that or Pyo-wol has reached a level so high that he can deceive his own eyes. soundlesswind

More than anything, what made Woo Pyeong feel at ease was Pyo-wol's relationship with Jin Geum-woo. He believed that a person who valued his relationship with Jin Geum-woo could not be a wicked person.

It is not too late to observe Pyo-wol's actions a little more and establish a relationship between him.

“Now, tell me, what is your relationship with Soma, and why did you fight with the Emei sect and Qingcheng sect?”

Pyo-wol stared blankly at Woo Pyeong.

He had met many people so far, but Woo Pyeong was the first person to directly ask him about the situation.

Most people only looked at Pyo-wol with fearful eyes. They were not interested in the truth behind what happened. s.o.u.n.d.l.e.s.s.w.i.n.d.

On the other hand, Woo Pyeong was making minimal efforts to understand the human being Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol told him about Soma.

"Soma is a child who was kidnapped by the Xiaoleiyin Temple."

"The Xiaoleiyin Temple?"

"Yes. He was kidnapped by the Xiaoleiyin Temple and raised as a weapon. That's probably why you felt a demonic energy."

"Hm..."

Woo Pyeong's expression changed more seriously.

'Could it be that the collapse of the Xiaoleiyin Temple had something to do with this man?'

Xiaoleiyin Temple was the leader of Xizang both in name and reality.

Most of the Jianghu warriors did not know much about the Xiaoleiyin Temple. They only know little information, but the Wudang sect had long been aware of how dangerous they were.

They know how powerful and cruel the Xiaoleiyin Temple was.

The Wudang sect had to pay attention to the actions of the Xiaoleiyin Temple, because there were many people who went to and from Xizang. Among those people were the merchants and escort agencies established by the Wudang sect. Translated by s o u n d l e s s w i n d

However, the distance was too great for them to take any action.

Instead, information about the Xiaoleiyin Temple was obtained through the Wudang sect disciples who went to and from Xizang. But just a few months ago, he heard a rumor from a merchant who had been to Xizang.

The disciples of the Xiaoleiyin Temple had completely disappeared from Xizang.

When the presence of the Xiaoleiyin Temple disciples were no longer felt or seen, some of the brave warriors who found this strange went into Namling Forest, where the Xiaoleiyin Temple was located.

What they saw in Namling Forest was the ruins of the Xiaoleiyin Temple.

The sect had been completely destroyed.

There were no survivors.

It was shocking that not a single one of those numerous monks survived.

The unbelievable spectacle shocked the warriors. Through them, the annihilation of the Xiaoleiyin Temple spread throughout Xizang.

People thought that either the Tianlong Temple or Potala Palace came forward and destroyed the Xiaoleiyin Temple. s o u n d l e s s w i n d

But then an incredible rumor spread among the people.

That the one responsible for destroying the Xiaoleiyin Temple was actually a man from Sichuan.

At first, people didn't believe the rumor.

It was so absurd and unrealistic.

Those kinds of rumors even reached the Wudang sect through the mouths of the merchants who went to and from Xizang.

It was difficult to ascertain whether the rumors were true or not. The rumor itself was so unrealistic that only a few within the Wudang sect even believed it.

Even Woo Pyeong only remembered that there was such a rumor before meeting Pyo-wol, but he never thought that it would be true.

“If Soma was kidnapped by the Xiaoleiyin Temple, how was she released? Did they release him?”

"No way."

"Then?"

"They never give up their possessions. As long as they breathe, they will give away nothing."

“Then how did Soma get his freedom?”

"The dead cannot claim their possessions."

Burr!

In an instant, Woo Pyeong felt goosebumps rising all over his body.

What Pyo-wol said was clear.

It was indeed him who destroyed the Xiaoleiyin Temple.

'Oh my god! Is that really possible?'

A single person destroying such a huge force like the Xiaoleiyin Temple by himself?

It was impossible even for Sangjin Jinin, the leader of the Wudang sect.

Sangjin Jinin was a master at a level one share higher than Woo Pyeong, and was proficient in all of the Wudang sect's martial arts. But even such a Sangjin Jinin would shake his head, saying it was impossible for him to deal with the Xiaoleiyin Temple alone.

Woo Pyeong's face hardened like a stone.

Up until now, he had pretended to be somewhat relaxed, but he didn't have the guts to do so anymore.

Only then did he understand why the man in front of him was called the reaper of Sichuan.

If he truly possessed the power to destroy the Xiaoleiyin Temple by himself, it wouldn't be strange if he was nicknamed the god of death.

What's more, he already had a history of bringing down the Emei and Qingcheng sect alone.

It was an achievement that ordinary warriors could not dare to imagine.

'This kind of person came out of Jianghu? Is it because of Jin Geum-woo?'

Woo Pyeong closed his eyes tightly without realizing it.

There were many questionable aspects regarding Jin Geum-woo's death.

If there was some kind of conspiracy involved behind Jin Geum-woo's death, and if by chance Pyo-wol would find out about it... Just imagining it, terror struck him.

Woo Pyeong tried to regain his composure. However, it was already impossible once he learned about the true nature of Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol's white and beautiful face no longer looked beautiful. He looked like a huge snake ready to eat him with its mouth wide open.

“So was it because of Soma that made you... exterminate the Xiaoleiyin Temple?”

"Soma is one of the reasons."

“Is there any other reason?”

“Ask that when you meet Won Ga-yeong later.”

“Won Ga-young, you mean the Fairy Phantom Swordsman?”

"That's right."

"That seems impossible."

"Why?"

"She's dead too."

"....."

Pyo-wol blinked at Woo Pyeong's unexpected words.

Pyo-wol rarely gets emotionally agitated, but Won Ga-yeong's death was unexpected for him as well.

"Won Ga-yeong, Neung Soun, all those who share the same goal with Jin Geum-woo had lost their lives."

"What about the killer?"

"We don't know."

Woo Pyeong shook his head quietly.

Pyo-wol closed his eyes and murmured.

"Someone buried it."

"....."

Woo Pyeong kept his mouth shut.

He was thinking the same thing as Pyo-wol, but he didn't say it out loud. Words coming from one of the great disciples of the Wudang sect carry great weight.

Especially when dealing with an outsider like Pyo-wol, he shouldn't say everything he thinks.

Pyo-wol cast his gaze out the window.

A lot of people were passing by on the street.

People were talking, fighting and laughing. Their expressions were as varied as their numbers.

Pyo-wol thought these people were very much alive. Not just because they were breathing and moving. But because they have a purpose to breathe, and a reason to move.

Some lived for their own prosperity, others for their families. Their reasons for living varied.

But he had none of that.

He lives because he was born, and because he doesn't want to die.

He had no one to share his life with, much less someone to open up to.

There was a huge barrier in his heart.

No outsiders were allowed to enter his walls.

He has lived like that for fifteen years, and he will continue to live that way.

Jin Geum-woo was the only one who managed to squeeze in even a little bit through the gap in his mighty barrier. Even if he himself did not allow his heart.

But Jin Geum-woo died.

Perhaps there is no one who would anymore try to dig deeper into his heart more than Jin Geum-woo.

Pyo-wol felt deeply lonely.

He usually doesn't feel anything, but today he felt especially lonely.

Perhaps this loneliness will never go away.

Eternal solitude.

And never-ending loneliness.

If it had been someone other than Pyo-wol, they would definitely have collapsed in despair. However, Pyo-wol did not despair, collapse, or get frustrated.

Instead, he focused on what he had to do.

"Is there any information about the person who killed Jin Geum-woo?"

"None."

"None at all?"

"Nothing—"

Woo Pyeong, who had been answering inadvertently, shuddered.

It was because he saw the line spreading around Pyo-wol's mouth.

A creepy smile, showing his white teeth.

Woo Pyeong felt as if a demon had materialized in front of him.

A beautiful yet relatable demon.

Exceptionally long eyebrows.

Deep black eyes nestled beneath them.

And the red light that comes out from time to time.

Woo Pyeong held his sword tightly without realizing it.

'I have to cut him now.'

He felt a sense of crisis he had never experienced in his life. Alarm bells were ringing loudly inside of him. The dangerous atmosphere he felt from the man in front of him had paralyzed his senses.

He thought that if he couldn't eliminate the person in front of him now, then he wouldn't be able to do so forever. Those kinds of thoughts dominated his head.

However, Woo Pyeong couldn't pull out his sword.

It was because a small hand was folded over his hand.

When he woke up from the warmth, he saw Tae Kwang holding his hand and shaking his head.

Tae Kwang was talking with his eyes.

Don't.

Only then did Woo Pyeong come to his senses.

And then he realized.

That he had been possessed by the strange atmosphere coming off of Pyo-wol.

He couldn't believe that he, who had mastered the Wudang sect martial arts, lost his composure due to the atmosphere emanating from others.

The strange atmosphere that Pyo-wol gave off was dangerous.

Woo Pyeong realized that Pyol-wol was far more deadly than he expected.

"You... what are you planning to do now?"

"He called me a friend."

"Friend?"

"Yes. A friend. But I never once gave him a definite answer. I don't trust anyone Even more so for the word friend..."

"Why?"

"Because the living cannot be trusted."

"....."

At Pyo-wol's reply, Woo Pyeong was at lost for words.

He had met many people, but Pyo-wol was the first person who distrusts others so terribly.

'What kind of environment did he grow up in for him to become like this?'

He couldn't imagine what kind of environment a person had to be exposed in for them to develop such distrust.

The Wudang sect, where he spent his entire life, was a place full of trust. Of course, some masters betray and deceive, but it wasn't enough to distrust humans themselves.

Pyo-wol continued,

"I regret my thoughts at the time."

"A man like you has his own regrets too?"

"It was the first time for me, too. Feeling something like regret... He kept sending me letters. I didn't even read his letters. I just stored them in a drawer. But he kept sending anyway, even after knowing that he wouldn't get a reply."

"....."

"Why did he do that? Why did he keep sending me letters even though he knew I wouldn't reply? Calling me a friend when we've only got to know each other for a short while."

Woo Pyeong did not answer.

He also wondered why Jin Geum-woo kept on sending letters. But no matter how much he thought about it, he couldn't understand Jin Geum-woo's heart.

Pyo-wol answered,

"It's because he had no one to trust. He couldn't trust the friends he'd known all his life, or the people who surrounded him. He trusted me more than someone he'd been close to all his life."

"....."

"He must have been so lonely. He needed someone to listen to him. Listen to him cry and whine..."

So that's why he sent a letter.

Even if Pyo-wol doesn't answer, he still hopes that he will listen to his words.

Not because Pyo-wol is a true friend, but because he wanted them to be friends.

So Jin Geum-woo continued to send letters to Pyo-wol with a desperate heart.

"But I kept ignoring him. For the first time in my life, someone wanted to rely on me like that, but I turned away mercilessly."

He couldn't imagine how lonely Jin Geum-woo must have felt in the last moments of his life.

Perhaps he died resenting himself for not answering until the end.

"It's late, but I'm going to answer that friend now. That what he was doing wasn't in vain. That his life wasn't wrong."

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

My god. This chapter. So much feels. I love Pyo-wol's character here huhu. We now see a different side to him 🥺