

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 16

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 91

The Western Highlands of Sichuan Province was like a giant folding screen, blocking the Central Plains¹ and Saibei.²

It was almost impossible for an ordinary person to cross the Western Highlands and go out. Of course, it is possible for those with exceptional courage or superior physical strength, but they also had to risk their lives to cross the highlands.

Of course, there were roads leading to Saibei, but the borders were so tight that anyone without permission could not pass.

When you pass through the gate of Saibei, the area facing Sichuan is called Xizang.

The hidden area of the west, hence the name Xizang.³

Xizang has been an object of respect for people since ancient times.

Occasionally, the masters of Xizang moved to Jianghu and caused great incidents, but all of them were in vain and instilled great fear in the people. So people thought that there were a lot of scary masters in Xizang.

What people think is half right and half wrong.

Not all of the martial artists in Xizang were that strong and fearful. However, some sects had a potential that was no less than that of Jianghu's Daemun faction.⁴

One of them was Leiyin Temple.⁵

After entering Xizang and walking west for a month, an area called Namling County was found. As the name suggests, it is a place with a huge forest, and people are reluctant to approach it even in broad daylight.

There was an old temple in Namling County,⁶ which was Leiyin.

Leiyin Temple did not allow the public to enter. In addition, there was a thick cloud cover all year round. So ordinary people could not even get close, let alone get in.

It was this morning that the peace of Leiyin Temple, which had only been quiet, was broken. Suddenly a visitor came.

They crossed Xizang with two coffins on their backs and arrived at the Leiyin Temple. At their visit, the thick cloud that surrounded Leiyin Temple disappeared and the road was opened.

The visitors climbed the stairs one by one with their coffins on their backs and finally arrived at the Leiyin Temple.

They lowered the coffin they were carrying, then clapped their necks and shouted.

“Hyeol Bul⁷, the lawful servant who is in charge of life and death in the world. Your disciples suffered tragic events due to our lack of power. Please relieve us of this injustice.”

They repeated the same words over and over in unison. Tears were flowing from their eyes as they bowed their heads.

After a while, someone appeared with a knock on the wooden table.

They were monks who wore clothes red as blood.

At the center of the monks who radiated extraordinary energy, there was an old monk with a particularly majestic aura.

An ominous red atmosphere was flowing around the old monk. With a rosary the size of a walnut in his hand, the old monk bowed his head.

He looked at the visitors.

“Aren’t you the disciples who were sent out to Sichuan?”

“Yes. We are the disciples who went out to the fortress under the command of the dignified former Beopjong.⁸”

“Then, did you guys come back to being fishermen? I’m sure that the former Beopjong must have ordered you to establish a base in Sichuan.”

"Kill me, my disciples have lost our sect leader and young master and we were chased out like a dog. Please release this injustice. Huhuhu!"

The visitors sobbed and wept.

They were the survivors of the Thunder Gates.

After losing Mu Jeong-jin, the Qingcheng sect released the disciples of the Thunder Gates. However, the disciples who lost both their sect leader and young master had no place to relieve their injustice.

So, while carrying the coffins with the bodies of the two men on their backs, they walked a long way to find Leiyin Temple, which can be said to be their origin.

"What happened? I've heard that you have successfully settled down in Sichuan."

"Huhu! That's—"

The disciples of Thunder Gates began to recount what had happened in Chengdu at length.

The young master, Nam Ho-san, was killed by an assassin ordered by the Qingcheng sect, and Tae Yeon-ho, who went to hold the Qingcheng sect accountable, was killed by Mu Jeong-jin.

"Hmm!"

Hearing all the stories of the mourning Thunder Gates disciples, an intense gaze was emitted from the eyes of Hyeol Bul.

It was his master, Jeondae Beopchong, who took advantage of the seclusion period between the Qingcheng and Emei sect and sent some of his disciples back to infiltrate Sichuan.

After establishing a bridgehead, his plan was to see an opportunity in the future and enter Sichuan.

With the support of the Leiyin Temple and the plan of Jeondae Beopjong, the Thunder gates has steadily built its foundation.

Although the plan to enter Chengdu was delayed because of the Qingcheng and Emei sect, Hyul Bul was satisfied by the fact that they had laid a solid foundation.

If they continue to wait, there will definitely be a gap someday, and then entering the midfield was not a dream.

Only if the Thunder Gates is alive and well.

But both the sect leader and the young master of the Thunder Gates, who had been raised so painstakingly, were killed. Their foundation in Sichuan has been completely blown away.

The monks who were escorting Hyeol Bul asked themselves.

"How dare the Qingcheng sect destroy one of our bases. This cannot be overlooked. What do you guys think?"

"It must not be overlooked. The Qingcheng sect must have known that the Thunder gates is a school related to the Leiyin Temple. Still, killing the head master and young master of the Thunder Gates is clearly an act of contempt for the Leiyin Temple. If we leave them as it is, many will ridicule our main sect."

"Yes. If we ignore it, it is clear that many people will look down on Leiyin Temple in the future."

The monks who stood guard for Hyeol Bul were the top monks of the Leiyin Temple. They all insisted on taking revenge on behalf of the Thunder Gates.

Hyeol Bul was having similar thoughts. Whatever the reason, they cannot condone this incident.

"Send the Black Ops⁹ to take care of this."

"We take your orders."

Ten Black Ops bowed deeply with their hands joined together.

No one raised any objection.

The existence of the Black Ops was special in the Leiyin Temple.

Hyeol Bul murmured.

"I'll make you regret touching the Leiyin Temple."

* * *

Pyo-wol left the guest house.

After the meeting that day, Hong Yushin did not appear again. But Pyo-wol knew.

The fact that Hong Yushin has not yet left Chengdu. Still, it didn't bother him too much because he didn't appear in front of him.

The destination of Pyo-wol was the workshop of Tang Sochu.

As soon as he arrived at the workshop, a powerful hammer sound was heard. It was the sound of Tang Sochu working.

Pyo-wol opened the door of the workshop and went inside.

The scorching heat in the workshop made it difficult to breathe. Tang Sochu was working in a harsh environment that an ordinary person would not be able to endure for even a moment.

Tang Sochu had his shirt off as he was hammering. Countless beads of sweat were forming on his body.

Tang Sochu did not even realize that Pyo-wol had arrived, as he concentrated on his work. Pyo-wol watched him work without disturbing him.

It was almost an hour or so after his work was finished.

"Whoo!"

Tang Sochu sighed and looked at the result in his hand.

It was a single sword that he labored for a day or so. There were no sword energy, it was only a sword, but there was an unusual sense of anticipation.

A satisfied smile appeared on the corner of his lips.

The result was satisfactory for the amount of time he put in. Now, if the sword has a scabbard, it will be as good as any other famous sword.

After appreciating the sword for a long time, only then Tang Sochu realized later that there was someone else in the workshop.

"Uh?"

"That's some cool stuff."

Pyo-wol got up from his seat.

"Why didn't you tell me you had arrived?"

"You were completely immersed in your work that I didn't dare interrupt."

"Thank you! Thanks to you, I was able to complete this guy without interruption."

"It looks like you got an order."

"That's right! There's been a rumor in Chengdu lately that my skills are good. So orders have increased a lot."

"That's a relief."

"If it wasn't for you, brother, this wouldn't have happened."

As he called Pyo-wol his older brother, Tang Sochu had an embarrassed expression. Because the title was still awkward.

It was thanks to Pyo-wol's support that he was able to establish a workshop here. Most of the gold coins that Pyo-wol had were given to him. So he was able to take over the workshop and hold out until an order came in.

For Tang Sochu, Pyo-wol was his real benefactor.

He took revenge on the Qingcheng and Emei sect, and helped him lead a stable life by setting up a workshop. For Tang Sochu, it was a debt that he would not be able to repay even for the rest of his life.

It was a Tang Sochu who was trampled on by many people just because he was using the surname of the Tang clan. Only one person did him a favor. So he felt even more grateful.

"But what's going on? Has the ghost dagger been ruined again?"

“No. I have something I want to order separately.”

"What do you want me to make?"

"I need wrist armor."

"Gauntlet?"

In the fight against the Guhwasata and Mu Jeong-jin, Pyo-wol felt the need to protect his arms. As an assassin, Pyo-wol mainly engaged in close combat.

He used the ghost dagger as his main weapon, but he had to be prepared for a close fight.

It was a good idea to use a weapon other than the ghost dagger. So after much deliberation, Pyo-wol came to the conclusion that he should wear a gauntlet to protect his arms.

If he can block the opponent's attack even just once using the armor, he will be able to create an opportunity for a counterattack.

After hearing Pyo-wol's explanation, Tang Sochu nodded his head.

"Then I'll have to make it so that the fingers can move freely from the back of the hand to the forearm."

"That's right."

"It would be better if the material is leather on top of the metal. That way it won't attract attention."

It seems that Tang Sochu has already figured out how to make the wrist armor.

"How long will it take to complete?"

"Hmm... I think it'll take at least five days. I think I'll have to put several light iron plates on it, but I think it's going to take a lot of effort to secure the proper strength. Please hold out your arm for a while."

When Pyo-wol reached out his arm, Tang Sochu carefully checked the arm's circumference, length, and shape.

"Okay now. Come back in five days. I'll make it by then."

"Please do."

"Don't worry about it, and go ahead. I have to work now."

Tang Sochu left Pyo-wol behind and hurriedly started his work.

Pyo-wol came out and walked towards the street where the stalls were crowded. Many people were coming and going on the street, and merchants were soliciting with their voices high.

Pyo-wol walked down the street with his face half-covered with a scarf. Because too many people knew his face.

Fortunately, most of the merchants and people looking to buy things were too busy bargaining, so they didn't pay attention to Pyo-wol.

That was then.

"How dare you try to sell me something like this!"

Along with the roar, a crashing sound was heard.

When Pyo-wol turned his head and looked up, he saw a person with a short stature and a curved back causing a disturbance.

He was so angry that he overturned the stall as he looked at the owner. His eyes were so ferocious that the owner of the stall couldn't say anything and just trembled.

"Huh! I guess I looked funny because of my hunched back?"

"Oh, no...!"

"And you're asking for three pieces of coins for this sort of thing?"

The hunchback shook the ornament in his hand.

It was something the store owner brought to sell. It was inlaid with jade and pearls, giving it a sense of elegance.

The owner said with a sad expression.

"The cost was high, and the cost was calculated by adding up the craftsman's labor cost. Three silver pieces is already low"

"Quiet. I want this for one silver."

"Then I am at a loss."

"So you mean you can't give me a discount?"

"Please understand my situation."

The owner fell down and begged. But the hunchback's eyes who was looking at the owner were cold. A chain was hung from the hunchback's waist, and a large iron ball was attached to the end.

If the owner was hit with a metal ball, the owner's head would explode like a rotten pumpkin at once.

Knowing this, the owner fell to his knees and begged the hunchback for mercy. But the hunchback's eyes looking at the owner did not seem to know how to calm down.

On the contrary, it felt like he was going to hit the owner with an iron ball at any moment.

Then, loud laughter echoed through the street.

"Haha! How can the Iron Dwarf of Gongxian¹⁰ be so angry. The atmosphere is so gloomy, please stop tormenting the poor store owner. If you're short on money, I'll give it to you."

"Who are you?"

The hunchback called Iron Dwarf quickly turned his head to the place where the sound was heard. Where his gaze was directed, there was a middle-aged man with a nice beard. He was smiling as he walked.

Checking his face, the face of the Iron Dwarf was distorted.

"Shadowless Monk Yushin Feng?¹¹ Why are you here?"

"Haha! I came all the way here because I was wandering with my niece."

As a middle-aged man called Yushin Feng took a step back, a mysterious woman standing behind appeared.

She was a woman with a cute impression like a curious puppy.

"So-ha! Say your greetings. That's the Iron Dwarf, Oh Kyung-wol Daehyeop of the Seven Stars, who has a great reputation in the southern part of Jianghu, including Hunan Province.

"This girl Lee So-ha greets Oh Daehyeop."

Lee So-ha smiled and said hello to the Iron Dwarf.

When it was revealed that he was a member of the Seven Stars, the Iron Dwarf could no longer act against the stall owner.

Although the distance is too far and little is known about them in Sichuan, the Seven Stars was quite famous in the vicinity of Hunan.

The Seven Stars was a sect founded by seven warriors who had sibling brothers.

Although there are only seven members, each individual has a great skill and is united by a strong bond, so no one dared look down on them.

Among them, the Iron Dwarf is famous for being dirty. Since he was born, he had a hunchback, so he was filled with a sense of inferiority. But even Iron Dwarf could not dare ignore the mature man in front of him.

Shadowless Monk Yushin Feng.

Although he did not belong to a particular clan, he was a man who was praised by many for his strong martial arts and great sense of chivalry.

He maintained close acquaintances with many warriors who opposed his spirit.

No matter how stubborn he was, he could not quarrel with such a man. It was clear that the repercussions would never end if they come up with a pretense.

Yushin Feng said,

"Haha! If you really want that ornament, I'll buy it for you."

"Nevermind! Who would want it?"

Oh Kyung-wol, whose self-esteem was hurt, threw the jewelry he was holding at the stall owner. He looked at the people around him and said,

"What are you looking at, you bastards! Are you going to keep watching?"

Then he ran through the people and disappeared.

Yushin Feng looked in the direction he disappeared and muttered,

"If the Iron Dwarf came here, it's only a matter of time before the other soldiers from the Seven Stars arrive."

It was common in Jianghu that there was a storm wherever the Seven Stars was located.

Editor's Note:

This took me forever to research because there's a lot of new characters and places. Ngl, I was staring at the whole map of China for so long, trying to make sense of the locations.

1. Central Plains. Raws: Zhongyuan, 중원과.
2. Saibei. Raws: Saeoe, 새외를, 塞北 or 塞外
 - a. Saibei in ancient times refers to the north of the Great Wall. Today it refers to the northwestern part of today's Shanxi, most of Inner Mongolia, Gansu, Ningxia, Shaanxi, and the area north of the Great Wall outside Hebei.
3. Xizang. Raws: 서장(西藏). This is also known as Tibet.
 - a. 西 western, westward
 - b. 藏 hide, conceal
4. Daemun Faction. Raws: 대문파. Might be referring to the main sects: Shaolin Temple, Wudang, etc.
5. Leiyin Temple. Raws: Thunder Temple, Soroeumsa, 소뢰음사(小雷音寺)
 - a. 小 xiao, small, tiny
 - b. 雷 lei, thunder
 - c. 音 yin, sound, tone
 - d. 寺 si, court, office
6. Namling County. Raws: Nammokrim, 남목림(南木林)

- a. 南 south
 - b. 木 tree
 - c. 林 forest
7. Hyeol Bul. Raws: Blood Budha, 혈불(血佛)
- a. 血 blood
 - b. 佛 Buddha
8. Beopjeong. Raws: Buddhist Monk, Beopjeong, 법종(法宗). It's a title which is synonymous with sect leader.
- a. 法 law, rule
 - b. 宗 lineage, clan, ancestor
9. Black Ops. Raws: Heukam, 흑암(黑暗)
- a. 黑 black, dark
 - b. 暗 dark, secret
10. Iron Dwarf of Gongxian. Raws: Cheolgong Waeta, 철공왜타(鐵珙矮駝).
- a. 鐵 iron, strong
 - b. 珙 precious, county in Sichuan, Gong County/Gongxian
 - c. 矮 short, dwarf
 - d. 駝 camel, humpbacked
11. Shadowless Monk. Raws: 무영수사(無影修士)
- a. 無 negative, no
 - b. 影 shadow, image
 - c. 修 study, repair, cultivate
 - d. 士 scholar, gentleman, soldier
12. Seven Stars. Raws: Chilseongdan, 칠성당(七星薰)
- a. 七 seven
 - b. 星 star, planet
 - c. 薰 medicinal herb, to cauterize