

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 3 Episode 15

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 65

He sat in the dark.

He has been here for quite some time.

Like a part of the landscape, like darkness itself.

He was right on top of them.

Pyo-wol was looking down, assimilated with the darkness. Below him, Jeonghwa, Geum Ha-ryeon, and Zhang Mu-ryang were meeting to discuss countermeasures.

The great masters of Sichuan had gathered in one place, but they all failed to notice that Pyo-wol was in the same space as them.

In the first place, Pyo-wol never left the White Flower Room. Even when the White Flower Room and the Emei sect's martial artists searched the place, he didn't move even a single step from his spot.

Some warriors even searched near where Pyo-wol was sitting. But they still did not notice the presence of Pyo-wol and just passed by.

Pyo-wol watched everything from his spot.

The level of response of the White Flower Room.

The decisions of the Emei sect's warriors.

The conversation between Jeonghwa and her disciples.

And even the meeting with Zhang Mu-ryang.

Pyo-wol watched it all from start to finish.

Among them, Pyp-wol particularly focused on Jeonghwa. A long time has passed, but Pyo-wol still clearly remembers her. He took away one of Jeonghwa's eyes with his own hand, so it would not be strange for him to remember her.

She was the one who tenaciously pursued Pyo-wol.

They betrayed and attacked the group they had asked for commission, which caused the annihilation of the Blood Shadow Group.

Pyo-wol didn't have any affection for the Blood Shadow Group, but he wanted to make sure they paid the price for what they did at that time.

That's why he found it difficult to go back.

He could just sneak in and kill Jeonghwa at once. But that would be too much of a comfortable death for Jeonghwa.

She should never die easily.

She has to live to the end and see the results of what she has done.

So Pyo-wol killed her disciple, Gongseon, instead of Jeonghwa. Some would accuse him of killing an innocent person, but Pyo-wol didn't mind the public's accusations.

Jianghu was the kind of place where people die and kill all the time.

The romantic Jianghu, where strangers met and shared friendships, had long since disappeared. And Pyo-wol's emotions were too dry to talk about romance and friendship.

Srreuk!

Pyo-wol left the room without a sound, similar to a snake. Until then, no one, both inside and outside of the room, had detected Pyo-wol's existence.

The White Flower Room and the Emei sect's disciples said that they would closely guard the area, but they failed to notice Pyo-wol's escape.

After leaving the White Flower Room Pyo-wol returned to his residence without a sound. He no longer felt the gaze of Maun and his colleagues. Pyo-wol noticed that their surveillance on him had stopped.

Pyo-wol took a bath in a relaxed mood after a long time. He spent a relaxing time soaking in the warm water.

Then, suddenly, he looked at his hand.

As he operated his qi, the Suhonsa formed on the tip of his finger.

It was Suhoonsa that took Gongseon's life.

He ended Gongseon's breath by operating the Suhonsa like a noose. Although there was only a single line of thread that could be used at will, its power was terrifying. More so than he thought.

Gongseon didn't even know how she died. She just stopped breathing. That was Pyo-wol's last mercy to the Emei sect.

After bathing, Pyo-wol went out and put on his clothes.

After putting on the belt containing the ghost knives, he came down to the dining room on the first floor.

"Are you going out?"

As Pyo-wol sat down, the waiter ran again.

"Give me a quick bite to eat."

"Yes! Please wait a minute."

The waiter ran towards the kitchen like a squirrel.

The inside of the guest house was quiet. Most of the guests had already finished their meal and left. Thanks to this, Pyo-wol was able to enjoy a leisurely meal after a long time.

The breakfast was quite delicious. Since the hostess paid his food some special attention, Pyo-wol was able to enjoy a satisfying meal. Pyo-wol drank tea and enjoyed the morning leisurely.

The whole city was buzzing about what he had done, but here he was drinking tea while enjoying the sunshine and the wind.

Pyo-wol who was enjoying tea with his eyes half-closed was like a painting in itself. Everyone was busy moving, but he alone seemed to have his time stopped.

Pyo-wol fully enjoyed some time alone after a long time. He passed time by drinking tea, looking at the scenery outside, and watching people passing by.

The peace was broken when Pyo-wol took his last sip and was about to get up.

"Handsome oraboni."

Someone approached, calling him. There was only one person who would call him that.

'Heo Ran-ju.'

When he turned my head to the direction the voice came from, he saw Heo Ran-ju approaching.

"Can I sit down?"

Heo Ran-ju sat down as she asked for permission. When Pyo-wol looked at her without saying a word, Heo Ran-ju laughed and said,

"You're still handsome."

"What's going on?"

"I'm here just to see how you are. I also want to apologize."

"Apologize?"

"The captain was rude that day. Were you very embarrassed?"

"Not at all."

Heo Ran-ju narrowed her eyes at Pyo-wol's answer.

As she recalled the memories of that day, shame came over her again. However, she looked at Pyo-wol without showing her inner feelings.

With Heo Ran-ju in front of him, Pyo-wol did not show much emotion.

'Is it not him?'

In fact, she suspected that Pyo-wol was the one who killed Gongseon which was why she came to see him.

This was a case where a second generation disciple of the Emei sect had died. Naturally, all the martial artists in Sichuan were considered suspects. Pyo-wol included.

Heo Ran-ju tried to find traces of last night's murder in Pyo-wol. It was not a reasonable doubt.

Maybe it was because of her injured self-esteem. But even so, Heo Ran-ju was still obsessed with Pyo-wol.

Heo Ran-ju couldn't understand her own reaction. This was the first time she had been so obsessed with a man.

'It's like being possessed by a ghost.'

A light of desire appeared in Heo Ran-ju's eyes. Heo Ran-ju, who looked at Pyo-wol for a moment, gathered up the courage and opened her mouth.

"Handsome oraboni. Why don't you think about it again?"

"About what?"

"Our captain's proposal."

"You want me to join the Black Cloud Mercenary Group?"

"Yes! I'll take good care of you."

"What do you mean?"

"Uh, I can do anything!"

"Anything?"

"Yeah, anything you can imagine."

Heo Ran-ju's expression became seducing. No matter how ignorant the man was, there was no way he could not know what her expression meant. However, Heo Ran-ju could not hear Pyo-wol's answer.

"Huh! You left me without saying a word. So you're here!"

Suddenly, a loud voice was heard. The people in the guest house covered their ears, distressed at the voice that seemed to be ringing.

Heo Ran-ju's eyes became cold.

It was because she realized the identity of the uninvited guest who intervened at an important moment. When she turned her head, a man with a large body was standing at the entrance of the guest house.

"Oh Yuk-pyo!"

"Heh heh heh!"

"Did you chase after me?"

"Chase you? I came here because the captain asked me to call you."

Oh Yuk-pyo, along with Heo Ran-ju, was a member of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group. He was having a conversation with Heo Ran-ju, but the gaze of Oh Yuk-pyo was fixed on Pyo-wol.

In an instant, Heo Ran-ju's expression changed completely. It was because she remembered the fact that Oh Yuk-pyo enjoyed sodomy.

"Is that man Pyo-wol? He's as handsome as I've heard. Really handsome. Hehe!"

A red aura gleamed in Oh Yuk-pyo's eyes. Heo Ran-ju knew what that meant.

"Don't be greedy."

"What do you mean greedy?"

"Oh Yuk-pyo!"

"What kind of greed do you think I'm greedy for?"

In spite of the loud voice of Heo Ran-ju, Oh Yuk-pyo did not seem to care. His gaze was still fixed on Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol is obviously a man, but his sultry appearance and smooth body without a single fat stimulated the lusts of Oh Yuk-pyo.

'Killing.'

He swallowed his dry saliva.

"If you don't look away after three seconds, you'll never see the world with your own two eyes again."

At that time, Pyo-wol's cold voice reached the ears of Oh Yuk-pyo. However, Oh Yuk-pyo was not displeased and approached Pyo-Wol.

"You're going to do what to me now, sweetie?"

"One."

"He he!"

"Two."

"Whoa, woah! I'm not a scary person."

"Three."

Ciit!

At that moment, a sharp cracking sound resounded in the guest house. Pyo-wol threw the chopsticks that were placed in front of him.

"Damn it!"

Oh Yuk-pyo concentrated his strength on his arms and covered his face.

Pouck!

The chopsticks were deep-seated on his forearm because of the strong firing. Because he used his inner qi in time, the chopsticks pierced his forearms, but if he hadn't the chopsticks would have been stuck in his eyes.

"You, you bastard!"

Oh Yuk-pyo lowered the arm that had covered his face and looked at the table where Pyo-Wol was sitting. However, Pyo-wol was nowhere to be seen.

"Huh?"

At that moment, Pyo-wol suddenly appeared in front of him.

"No!"

Heo Ran-ju let out a shout and tried to wield the whip she was wearing on her waist. Whatever the circumstances, she couldn't just watch her colleague Oh Yuk-pyo suffer.

She knew just how strong Pyo-wol was because she had fought him herself.

The ruthlessness that hides behind his handsome face.

However, before Heo Ran-ju could unleash her whip, the desperate screams of the Oh Yuk-pyo rang out.

Pouck!

Chopsticks were deeply embedded in his right eye.

Oh Yuk-pyo, who lost one of his eyes in an instant, roared like a beast and struggled.

Bang! Baang!

The objects in the guest house were shattered by his struggle, and the guests ran out screaming.

'Too late.'

Heo Ran-ju gave a disappointed expression. Even with her eyes wide open, she couldn't see how Pyo-wol had moved from the table and appeared in front of the Oh Yuk-pyo in an instant.

Space constraints seemed to be of no obstacle to him. So it felt even more terrifying.

"AHHH! I'll kill you, you bastard!"

Oh Yuk-pyo was going crazy.

Everyone was afraid of him, but Pyo-wol was still looking at him with no change in his expression.

The fists of Oh Yuk-pyo contained a mighty power, but if it was not right, he could not exert any power.

Bueng!

The fists of Oh Yuk-pyo were dodged by Pyo-wol by a short distance. Pyo-wol moved his body at a minimum to avoid Oh Yuk-pyo's fist.

Heo Ran-ju felt goosebumps rising as she saw the fists of Oh Yuk-pyo being dodged by a distance of only a single sheet of paper.

Pyo-wol was thoroughly fooling around with Oh Yuk-pyo.

His movements were like a snake. A large snake that slips through even the slightest gap.

It was then that Heo Ran-ju realized that it was no coincidence that she was suppressed by Pyo-Wol in an instant.

"Shit!"

Pyo-wol's strength was real. Behind his handsome face was an unimaginable cruelty.

Heo Ran-ju was proud that she had gone through everything ever since she was a child, but Pyo-wol's cruelty still made her feel fear.

A dagger was suddenly in Pyo-wol's hand.

It was the ghost knife.

Ciit!

The ghost knife pierced Oh Yuk-pyo's knees. Blood spurted from his knees, and his large body collapsed.

"Kekkeuk!"

Oh Yuk-pyo knelt and looked at Pyo-Wol with his remaining eye. There was fear in his eyes. He realized that the man he was trying to use as a plaything was actually the god of death.

"Ugh! Sa, save me!"

Oh Yuk-pyo forgot his face and begged for their life. The man he thought was a plaything was a master beyond imagination. Oh Yuk-pyo did not want to die here.

"P, please!"

He begged with tears in his eyes. At that moment, Heo Ran-ju swung her whip and intervened between the two of them. The whip wrapped around the waist of Oh Yuk-pyo in an instant.

"Heup!"

Heo Ran-ju pulled her whip. Then, the large body of Oh Yuk-pyo flew to the other side of the wall.

Heo Ran-ju jumped into the air and grabbed Oh Yuk-pyo.

"You bastard! I must have intervened at that time—"

Heo Ran-ju looked at Oh Yuk-pyo on her side with contempt. She has now abandoned the idea of seducing Pyo-wol.

It's because Oh Yuk-pyo messed up the faintly remaining possibility. Heo Ran-ju took the Oh Yuk-pyo and took refuge on a high roof out of Pyo-wol's reach.

For some reason, Pyo-wol did not pursue, and just looked at her.

Heo Ran-ju said to him,

"Oraboni is really extreme. If you do whatever you want without thinking about it like this, you won't be able to get out of trouble. So, you'd better be careful in the future."

Heo Ran-ju thought that this incident was just a coincidence.

An unfortunate accident that happened by chance caused by the collision of Oh Yuk-pyos sodomy habit and Pyo-wol's radicality.

She did not know.

The fact that the assassin is never moved by things such as emotion or impulse.

When an assassin moves, it is only after a complete series of calculations.