

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 2 Episode 17

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 42

A middle-aged warrior looked cautious at first glance.

His name was Yu Jin-san.

The ruler of Cheongok-gwan and the most powerful person of the group appeared directly at the Red Sky Pavilion.

Even with the appearance of Yu Jin-san, Pyo-wol did not tremble.

There weren't many people who could skillfully hide the agitation of emotions revealed through their eyes. So, whenever he met people, Yu Jinsan looked into their eyes first.

'Eum...'

As soon as he saw Pyo-wol's eyes, he felt his belief shake.

Pyo-wol's eyes were completely unperturbed. It was not a matter of him revealing or hiding his emotions, it seemed that his emotions were deleted altogether.

'How can a person's eyes be like that?'

Even the eyes of the beast would not be like that.

No, he had seen those eyes on a beast once.

'Damang!'

The eyes of a giant snake he met in the rain forest when he went to Yunnan one day were like that. The snake was so huge, it could wrap itself around a large cow and suffocate it at once.

Yu Jin-san did not even dare to attack the beast and ran away.

Pyo-wol's eyes reminded him of the damang.

Yu Jin-san felt the spine of his back get cold.

He didn't know how much skill the man in front of him actually had, but it was impossible for a person with such eyes to be ordinary.

Only then did he understand the words of his men who had run away with their tails between their legs.

—He used a bizarre magic trick! He just swung his hand and then suddenly I couldn't breathe!

—His eyes were really bloody! I can't explain it in words, but it was really scary. Just seeing his eyes was enough to make you give up.

If he had eyes like this, the reaction of his subordinates was only befitting. He, too, was unable to contain his reluctance to look at Pyo-wol.

However, he was Yu Jin-san, the most powerful in the group.

He stepped forward, but when he saw his eyes, he unconsciously stepped back making his face fall on the floor. Some would call him stupid, but in Jianghu, protecting the body was the most important thing.

A person whose face has fallen to the floor will be ridiculed by people, making it impossible to recover. Yoo Jin-san, well aware of Kang-ho's physiology, had no choice but to hesitate to step back.

He said as he approached Pyo-wol,

"My name is Yu Jin-san. I am the leader of Cheongok-gwan, the first military officer in Batang. What is your name?"

"Pyo-wol."

"Pyo-wol? Where are you from?"

"Why do I have to tell you?"

At Pyo-wol's words, Yu Jin-san's expression hardened.

"Our young friend here sure is short-tempered. It seems that you're not taught to be polite by your master."

"That's right! My master never taught me any of those manners."

All he learned was how to effectively kill his opponent. No one in the Blood Shadow Group had ever told him that he had to be polite when dealing with people.

"Where is your master ? I'll have to meet your master and ask him."

"Dead."

"What?"

"He died a long time ago. All of them."

"What—?"

At Pyo-wol's short answer, Yu Jin-san felt speechless.

"All the humans in my group are dead except for me, so if you have anything to say, you can go ahead and tell me."

Pyo-wol approached Yu Jin-san.

For a moment, Yu Jin-san felt that Pyo-wol's movements were different from those of an ordinary person. It was clear that he saw him move, but there was no sound. It was as if a ghost was floating and approaching him.

It was then that Jinsan Yu realized that Pyo-wol was a greater master than he thought.

‘This—!’

A look of disappointment flashed across his face.

"That bastard dares to tell the master—"

"He's being so disrespectful!"

Unlike him, his subordinates did not understand the atmosphere and burst out in anger.

The image of Pyo-wol appearing in such a disrespectful way to their leader, whom they looked up to like the sky, made them angry.

'You bastards! That's not it!'

Yu Jin-san cried out desperately in his heart.

He wanted to get out of here. However, if his subordinates escalate the problem to such a greater extent, it might be impossible for them to back down.

"Damn it! Be polite."

"Kneel down!"

Before Yu Jin-san could dry, two men sprang out and attacked Pyo-wol. They were twins with the same body shape and the same face. In Batang, they were famous for their nickname of One Face, Two Wolves.²

Two wolves with the same face were the words they were referring to.

They usually thought of Yu Jin-san as the sky. When they thought that their master was being insulted by a kid they had never heard of, their anger soared to the top of their heads.

"Oh, no...!"

Yu Jin-san tried to stop them belatedly, but their attack was already on the verge of stacking up on Pyo-wol.

At that moment, Pyo-wol raised his right hand.

"Argh!"

"Kuk!"

All of a sudden, the two brothers screamed and stopped with their attack. They couldn't move as if they had become stone statues. The twins were in extreme pain with all their veins bulging all over their body.

The pain, like tens of thousands of ants crawling along their veins and biting them, drove them crazy.

"S, stop...!"

"S-Spare—"

The two brothers begged with foam in their mouths. However, there was no change in Pyo-wol's expression who's looking at them.

He was thinking about other things.

'This works well, too.'

The twins could not see it, but a thread of qi was flowing from Pyo-wol's finger and was connected to their body.

Suhonsa.³

A thread that takes the soul.

Although it was only for a short time, the most impressive weapon Pyo-wol used after coming out of the underground cave was the Cheonjamsa.

The uses of Cheonjamsa were endless.

Depending on how it was used, it could be a great tool for killing, or it can be used to do arts that were impossible with only one's own strength.

However, Cheonjamsa was completely destroyed by the powerful blow of Mu Jeong-jin. After recovering to some extent, he wanted to use Cheonjamsa, but he couldn't find it in the underground cave.

It was from then.

Pyo-wol started to study Suhonsa.

Its purpose was to release the qi inside the body to the outside, giving it a shape like Cheonjamsa.

At first, of course, it failed.

Only the masters of Jianghu can outwardly manifest their qi. However, they too, also needed a large medium like a sword or a dagger. At best, they could also use their hands as a medium.

No one would have thought of making qi as thin as a thread, nor dared to even try.

In order to extract the qi from the body and make it like a thread, a high degree of concentration, extremely delicate operation of the inner work, and a vast amount of internal energy were required.

Pyo-wol, unaware of that fact, tried to make a thread of qi.

He also suffered serious internal injuries due to reflux. But Pyo-wol did not give up.

There wasn't much that could be done in the underground cavity anyway. He was engrossed in making a thread made out of qi, as if he had found a fun game.

It was after seeing the movement of the snakes that he found a clue. When the snakes crawled on the floor, it was much easier to operate the qi.

It was the Sub-Thunder Snake method that helped with that.

Pyo-wol's boundless imagination was supported by the essence of the Sub-Thunder Snake method. The whole process of thinking, revising, re-challenging, and supplementing were performed at a speed that ordinary people could not even imagine.

A day on the eve of the month was equivalent to a few days for ordinary people.

That's how Suhonsa was born.

Although it had not yet taken the form of a sword or a dagger the substance certainly existed.

Only Pyo-wol could feel and use it.

Pyo-wol used Suhonsa to infiltrate the blood veins of the twins. His control was still weak, so he could only use three or four. That was only the amount that could be freely used. Later on, as he gets more advanced, he will be able to use it on all of his ten fingers.

"Sah, magic—"

Yoo Jin-san shouted in surprise.

The martial arts that Pyo-Wol put so much effort into seemed like magic in his eyes. It was the same for the other warriors.

Even if they knew, they could not see it, and at their level, no matter what they did, they could not understand the reality of Pyo-wol's work.

"Kekkeuk!"

"Garrgh!"

The two brothers were on the verge of dying.

Still, neither Yu Jin-san nor the other members of the Cheongok-gwan dared to attack Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol's presence was overwhelming.

It wasn't because he did any remarkable martial arts, or used overwhelming violence, he just performed a strange skill.

But they instinctively felt it.

That the man in front of him was something different.

The fact that there is something primal in him that makes people afraid.

'I'll be devoured.'

Yu Jin-san once again recalled the damang he had seen in Yunnan.

Although he was the best warrior in Batang, he was nothing more than a regional leader on the outskirts of Sichuan. The leading sects in Sichuan did not even consider Cheongok-gwan a proper sect.

He forgot his pride and knelt down.

"Young Master! Please save them. I have no eyes, so I was rude to you. Please forgive me. I beg you like this!"

Yu Jin-san used to live with pride. Saving face used to be more important than life, but not at this moment. He felt a deep fear that he could not even dare to attack Pyo-wol. This feeling was the first in his life.

Just looking at Pyo-wol made his neck numb with a cold sweat running down his back.

It doesn't matter if he's alone, but if he makes a mistake, the Cheongok-gwan could be annihilated.

Pyo-wol looked at Yu Jin-san.

Yu Jin-san was banging his head on the floor as he begged.

At that time, a middle-aged woman approached Pyo-wol.

It was Geum Si-yeon, the owner of the Red Sky Pavilion. Geum Si-yeon bowed her head. Pyo-wol looked at her and she handed him something.

"I've packed a few things for you to eat on the way. You'll be able to fill up your stomach when you go out."

What she brought out was a small container with food.

Pyo-wol noticed that Geum Si-yeon was quite wise.

She didn't ask Pyo-wol to forgive her or just leave. She just give him the utmost care she could, and that alone greatly eased the harsh atmosphere.

Her experience of working in the entertainment industry for a long time served as a buffer between Pyowol and Yu Jin-san.

'Amazing...'

The act of changing the atmosphere in an instant was never easy. In particular, for a person who lacked human relationships like Pyo-wol, he could not emulate the act.

Pyo-wol smiled slightly and released the Suhonsa. Immediately after, the twins fell on the floor, breathing heavily. Their faces were full of fear.

They closed their eyes, unable to even look at Pyo-wol.

Having confirmed the power of Suhonsa, there was no longer any use for them.

Pyo-wol silently accepted the package from Geum Si-yeon. It seemed that it was not just food that was packed since the weight was heavy. Still, he didn't say a word of thanks.

Pyo-wol glanced at Yu Jin-san and took a step forward. Yu Jin-san was shaking and trembling but he did not dare to stop Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol passed through the crowd and exited the Red Sky Pavilion.

As his appearance disappeared, the Yu Jin-san and the rest of the Cheongok-gwan breathed a sigh of relief.

"Phew!"

"Haa..."

In that brief encounter they experienced hell.

It was the first time they realized that people can be so scary.

Geum Si-yeon came to Yu Jin-san's side.

"Lord Jin-san! Are you okay?"

"Who is that man?"

"He was just a random visitor."

"You don't even know?"

Geum Si-yeon looked at Seolhyang at Yu Jin-san's question.

Among them, Seolhyang was the person who spent the longest time with Pyo-wol. If it was her, she might know the answer to the question. However, even Seolhyang shook her head to express that she did not know.

"Haa... Looks like the storm has passed. What a mess."

Yu Jin-san shook his head. In that brief moment, his face looked much older.

Geum Si-yeon understood what Yu Jin-san meant. It was because she was also nervous while Pyo-wol was staying at the Red Sky Pavilion.

Even now, both her mind and body were a mess.

Fortunately, things went well.

She comforted Yu Jin-san.

"You did well. The quick and good judgment saved the Cheongok-gwan."

"I think it's time to retire. I saw the reaper in front of me and didn't recognize it."

"You're right about that."

"That's comforting. Where do you think his next destination is?"

"How would I know that? But I think I know one thing."

"What is that?"

"That a terrifying killer has appeared in Jianghu."

"Huuu...I feel the same way. Where did such a person come from? Sooner or later, Jianghu will be turned upside down."

"Will you inform the great sects?"

"Why would I tell them?"

"They're the the sects of Sichuan that—"

"Will they even listen to me? They'll just be ridiculing us saying it's mere nonsense from the villagers in the countryside. One humiliation is enough."

Yu Jin-san shook his head and looked in the direction where Pyo-wol disappeared.

“They have to experience it themselves to learn a lesson.”

Editor’s note:

1. Damang. MTL translations: Long-awaited, flatbread, 대망(大餅).
2. One Face, Two Wolves. MTL translations: Ilmionirang, One Myun Rang, 일면이랑(一面二狼)
3. Suhonsa. Other translations: 수혼사(收魂線).
 - a. 收 gather together, collect, harvest
 - b. 魂 soul, spirit
 - c. 線 thread, wire, line