

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 3 Episode 75

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 75

Everyone looked at the coffin which lay in the middle.

The body of Cheongyeop, a great disciple of the Qingcheng sect, was contained in the coffin. Cheongsan together with some of the disciples carried the coffin to the main sect from the bottom of the mountain. Muryeongjin looked at Cheongyeop's body in the coffin with a look of disbelief.

"Cheongyeop!"

His voice trembled.

The old man had been practicing martial arts for such a long time that his heart had rarely been shaken, but now there's a throbbing pain in his chest.

It felt like his heart was being torn apart.

"Cheongyeop!"

Muryeongjin approached the coffin calling the name of Cheongyeop. He looked like he was about to collapse at any moment.

"Sect leader!"

"Kheuk!"

The Qingcheng sect warriors who saw the scene burst into tears.

Muryeongjin approached Cheongyeop's body one step at a time with great difficulty. Cheongyeop had his eyes closed as if he was asleep. However, the scars left on his body were so disastrous that they couldn't bear to look.

It was a trace of the Pyoseol Cheonunjang.

Muryeongjin gently caressed Cheongyeop's body. At that moment, Cheongsan knelt down and put his head on the floor.

"Please punish me for not guarding Cheongyeop well"

"Please punish me."

The warriors who had carried Cheongyeop's body with Cheongsan threw their heads down simultaneously. Their foreheads were bruised and blood splashed all over the place, but no one showed a dissatisfied expression.

They were sinners.

A felony who failed to protect a great disciple of the Qingcheng sect. They didn't even deserve to be hurt.

Although they attacked the White Flower Room and caused great damage to the Emei, that did not erase their sins.

Muryeongjin did not blame them. Because he knew that they did their best.

"Senior brother!"

The Muhwajin approached the Muryeongjin. Without a word, he put his hand on the shoulder of Muryeongjin. That alone was a great comfort to the Muryeongjin.

Mu Iljin, also came to the side of Muryeongjin.

Their faces were full of sorrow.

No matter how deeply he studied the Tao and became detached from the material aspects of the world, he could not help but feel the pain over the deaths of his cherished disciples.

That was then.

Bang!

Suddenly, a loud roar erupted from inside the Qingcheng sect.

Muryeongjin and the others were startled and ran to the place where the explosion was heard.

It was the epicenter of the main hall where distinguished guests of the Qingcheng sect usually stayed.

Mu Jeong-jin stood tall in the hall, and the men from the Thunder Gates were looking at him with a frightened expression.

Unusual momentum was flowing from Mu Jeong-jin.

With his force as violent as a storm, the men of Thunder Gates trembled all over like sheep meeting a lion.

"Priest! Why?"

"Senior brother!"

Muryeongjin and Muhwajin called for Mu Jeong-jin. But Mu Jeong-jin only looked at the front without answering.

Muryeongjin and Muhwajin, who followed the place where Mujeongjin's gaze was directed, closed their eyes tightly without realizing it.

"Oh Primordial God..."

"Ugh!"

In front of Mu Jeong-jin, there was a mutilated corpse.

It didn't take long to find out that the body was Tae Yeon-ho, the sect leader of the Thunder Gates.

"Why the hell did you do that?"

"Senior brother! Why did you kill sect leader Tae?!"

There was only one person in the Qingcheng sect who could kill Tae Yeon-ho, who is a sect leader, in a single shot.

It was Mu Jeong-jin.

In Mu Jeong-jin's eyes, there seemed to be a turbulent naturalization.

He looked at Tae Yeon-ho's body and said,

"Cheonyeop died because of him."

"It's not because of sect leader Tae that Cheongyeop died."

"But he was the cause."

"Mu Jeong-jin!"

"Senior brother. I will not let a single person involved in this matter live."

Cruel words came out of Mu Jeong-jin's mouth.

'Huuu! The life of Mu Jeong-jin has reached its climax.'

After returning from the underground cave seven years ago, Mu Jeong-jin's life grew stronger and stronger. But no one knew why.

He vaguely guessed that Mu Jeong-jin was suffering from a heart demon. The problem is that no one in the Qingcheng sect can control Mu Jeong-jin.

Mu Jeong-jin was undoubtedly the most prominent member of the Qingcheng sect at this time.

It would have to be at the level of Go Yeopjin, the oldest person in their sect, to be able to subdue him. However, the old man hid for a long time and did not appear.

No one even knew whether he was still alive or staying on Mt. Qingcheng.

"Calm down, Mu Jeong-jin."

"Cheongyeop is dead. How can I calm down?"

"Let's take a closer look at the overall situation. There must be a reason why the situation has worsened like this."

"Cheonyeop lost his life because of the Emei sect. The scars on his body are clearly the Emei sect's Pyoseol Cheonunjang."

"But—"

"Seven years ago, we lost Woo Gunsang because of them. And today, we lost Cheongyeop. The future of the Qingcheng sect has been shattered. And yet, you're asking me to endure it?"

"Jeong-jin."

"I can't stand it. Senior brother told me to be patient, so I didn't come forward. I just watched them from the back. But what's the result?"

"....."

"Don't stop me, Senior brother! This time, I will get justice from the Emei sect. They will fear my name."

"There's still plenty of time. Calm down a little."

"No, while we're muttering like this, those wicked Emei will prepare to strike us. We can no longer leave their provocations."

Suddenly, Mu Jeong-jin kicked the ground and flew into the air. Then seven men also flew away after Mu Jeong-jin.

It was the Qingcheng Seven Swords¹ raised by Mu Jeong-jin himself.

Mu Jeong-jin and the Qingcheng Seven Swords spread their qi and ran down the mountain without anyone stopping them.

Muhwajin said with a worried expression.

"This is a big deal. It would become even a bigger deal if Senior brother fetches Junior brother Woo."

"Are they going to meet Junior brother Woo? It's been over seven years since he lived there."

Junior Brother Woo was Woo Jinpyeong, the father of Woo Gunsang.

He was a genius who laid the foundation for the Qingcheng sect to leap forward, but since his son, Woo Gunsang, died, he has separated himself from the world.

Mu Jeong-jin visited several times to invite him to the Qingcheng sect, but he was rejected every time. If only Woo Jinpyeong had been in the Qingcheng sect, they would have already put an end to the long war with the Emei sect.

"Doesn't everyone know? That if those two people really work together, there will be bloodshed in Sichuan."

"Huu—"

"We must send someone to stop them. What we really want is for Emei to get down on their knees and apologize, not to destroy them."

"Senior brother is right. So who should we send down?"

"I will go down the sect mountain myself."

"You mean...?"

"The causal relationship between the events is unclear. The series of events is developing too radically."

Muhwajin had doubts about what was going on under the mountain. Someone had to go down the mountain to find out the truth.

Muryeongjin let out a sigh.

"Huh! We can't help it. Take the martial artists of the Law Enforcement Hall² down.

"Thank you."

The Muhwajin man bowed his head deeply to Muryeongjin.

The Law Enforcement Hall had the strongest force as it is the place in charge of managing the discipline of the Qingcheng sect.

The head of the Law Enforcement Hall, Mu Yeongjin, was the second most advanced expert after Mujeongjin, and the warriors of the Law Enforcement Hall led by him possessed a force comparable to that of the Qingcheng Seven Swords.

To have the Law Enforcement Hall join Muhwajin was like giving him all the rights.

"I will never let you down, Senior Brother!"

"The fate of the Qingcheng sect depends on you. And..."

"Yes?"

"We also need to find out why Mu Jeong-jin is having a heart demon. If we let his heart demon grow like this, it might endanger the entire Sichuan Province."

"Yes, Senior Brother!"

Muhwajin replied with a sad expression. The face of the Muryeongjin looking at him was full of concern.

"How did things got to this point."

His sighs were scattered in the wind.

* * *

Pyo-wol returned to Chengdu.

The atmosphere of Chengdu was still bloody. The streets were almost deserted, and most of the shops were closed. There were very few places that opened the door to guests.

For that reason, Pyo-wol had to waste quite a bit of time trying to find an open guesthouse. However, his efforts were not in vain, since in the end, he was able to find a guest house.

The owner of the guest house was desperate to make money even in such a bloody situation. The room costs twice as much as usual, and food, despite its poor quality, was sold at a higher price.

Even if it was unfair, the guests had to endure the actions of the owner. This is because there are only a few guest houses where people can stay in Chengdu.

The merchants who grabbed a room at a high price complained.

"This is crazy! I have to pay five coins for a one-night stay in a guest house."

"We can't help it though. We can't stay homeless."

"Damn! What is going on with the Emei and Qingcheng sect? Why are we being involved?"

"Shh! Be quiet. And what if they hear you?"

"Will the Emei and Qingcheng sect even come here?"

"Be careful because there may be people around that related to them. Don't you know that birds hear daytime words and rats hear nighttime words?"

"Ugh!"

The merchants lowered their voices, Pyo-wol could still hear them clearly.

He could not blame them, though.

In a way, all of this happened because of him.

If he had stayed still, there would have been no reason for the situation to have grown so much, and there would have been no reason for so many casualties.

Still, he did not regret it.

For him, the concept of good and evil had long since disappeared. Everything that interfered with his survival was evil, and everything that harmed him was absolute evil.

Because he was forced to live in darkness for as many as fourteen years, his mentality became twisted from the very beginning.

For fourteen years, his mind has been twisted and twisted. It can never be unraveled by ordinary means.

Pyo-wol knew that too.

That he was absolutely not normal.

And he is greatly different from ordinary people.

That said, he had no intention of changing himself. Because he didn't think that changing himself would change his destiny. He doesn't know where his fate will end, but he will run with all his might to the extent that he can reach it.

Even if he collapses in the middle with all his strength.

"Here's your meal."

The owner of the guest house served his meal. At first glance, the food looked unappealing. The owner of the guest house left the food on Pyo-wol's table and trudged into the kitchen.

Pyo-wol took out a booklet from his pocket without even paying attention to the food.

The characters, "Chengdu's Directory of Martial Artists," were clearly written on the cover.

It was a booklet that was stolen by killing Oh San-kyung, the branch manager of Haomen.

Pyo-wol did not have time to look through the list of martial artists of Chengdu, as he had been working between the Emei and Qingcheng sect. So this was his first time browsing Chengdu's Directory of Martial Artists.

Chengdu's Directory of Martial Artists was literally a booklet in which Haomen compiled data on Chengdu's martial artists.

Haomun's intelligence network was so great that any warrior who set foot in Chengdu even once would have their identity recorded unconditionally.

The name of Pyo-wol written on the first page was proof of that.

Pyo-wol was not known to the public, and even though he had only been in Chengdu for a few days, he had already been identified and recorded in the booklet.

Haomun's eyes and ears were proof that their influence spread throughout the city.

Pyo-wol quietly handed over the Chengdu's Directory of Martial Artists

Parak! Pararak!

A small smile appeared on Pyo-wol's lips as he read the booklet.

The list of Chengdu's warriors was written in detail. It was not only about himself but also about the Black Cloud Mercenary Group.

[The Black Cloud Mercenary Group increases their power and forces by accepting cavalry.

They appear to be related to the foreign tribes, and they aim to establish a place within Sichuan.

Captain Zhang Mu-ryang is quick to calculate and very ambitious.

Special attention is required as it is a special skill to perform tightrope walking between both sides in a conflict zone.

The place where the Black Cloud Mercenary Group entered is engulfed in conflict, to say the least. Beware of Go Dosa and Hyeol Seung.

Go Dosa...]

Pyo-wol memorized the contents of Chengdu's Directory of Martial Artists in his head without missing a single word.

In Jianghu, information has a precious value that cannot be exchanged for any other treasure. In particular, information obtained from groups like Haomen could not be obtained even with thousands of dollars.

Although the title of the booklet was the Chengdu's Directory of Martial Artists, the contents not only covers the warriors of Chengdu but also the entire Sichuan Province.

Editor's Notes:

1. Qingcheng Seven Swords. Raws: 청성칠검(青城七劍).
2. Law Enforcement Hall. Raws: Jipbeopdang, 집행당(執法堂).