

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 2 Episode 20

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 45

The captain looked at the old Dosa with a puzzled expression.

"No, what do you mean? Your life is at stake, but you're here negotiating? Do you think they'll just take the rice?"

"Exactly. If you want to protect your rice and your life, you have to pay a certain price."

The old taoist laughed slyly.

"Price? If the enemies come in and attack, you will also die, so what do you mean by price? You're really crazy."

"Huh! Me, crazy? Can a crazy person do this?"

Pouck!

When the old master pointed with his finger, the anchor line thicker than an adult's forearm exploded because of the intense firing.

"Eueum!"

Only then did the captain realize that the man in front of him was a warrior who had mastered martial arts. If it was at a level enough to materialize internal energy without the help of a weapon, his level was worthy of being considered high.

"Can you deal with them all alone?"

"I guess it's too much now that I'm older and my bones aren't as strong as before."

"Then it's no use."

"Uh-huh! Why are people so quick-tempered? When did I ever say I was alone?"

The old taoist pointed to Heo Ran-ju and Hyeong Seung behind him.

The captain frowned heavily. He didn't feel good about it. But he had no choice.

"Okay! If you keep both the rice and the people safe, I'll pay you a hundred nyang."

"No. Who's going to meddle with someone's problem with just a hundred nyang?"

"One hundred hermits is enough money for your family to spend five years in abundance."

"But compared to the price of rice on this ship, it's only a small amount."

"How about two hundred nyang—"

"Five hundred nyang!"

"That's too expensive! That's enough to buy three percent of the rice on board."

"Heh! It's cheaper if we can save all your life and rice at a price of only three percent."

"Ugh! This is daylight robbery—"

The captain shivered. A conflicted expression was evident on his face. If acquiesce to the five hundred nyang to the old taoist as it is, there will be no gain for them in this voyage.

But even at that moment, the enemies' ship was getting closer and closer. The distance between the two ships is now about a dozen meters.

The captain had to make a decision.

"O-Okay, fine! If you can really defeat them, I'll give you five hundred nyang."

"Heh, you made a good decision."

As the old taoist smiled and turned around, he saw Ran-ju Heo and Hyeong Seung.

Heo Ran-ju asked.

"How much is it?"

"Five hundred nyang!"

"Hey! That's all you can do?"

"For now, let's be satisfied with this, because we can already hit two birds with one stone."

"Two birds with one stone?"

"If we want to sell our armed forces, don't we have to promote it? It's a perfect opportunity to make a mark on the Emei and the Qingcheng sect."

"I can't wait to see their reactions!"

Heo Ran-ju burst into laughter.

The old Dosa smiled and said to Hyeong Seung.

"Come on, I've laid out the stage, so let's run wild."

"Why do you have to make me do this?"

"You really don't know?"

"Amitabha!"

"Go wild and do what you do best."

The old taoist waved his hand as if to hurry. After a moment's sigh, Hyeong Seung turned his head to look at the ship where the enemies were on.

The enemies who approached the rice carrier were preparing to climb with their weapons.

"Amitabha Buddha! Blessed One who has prepared for greatness, please forgive this sinful disciple."

Pheut!

Hyeong Seung spurned the deck with a fire pit and flew into the air.

The body of Hyeong Seung, who had reached the highest point, turned over and crashed into the ship the enemies were on.

Kwaang!

With his landing, the boat with the enemies on board shook violently as if it would sink at any moment.

"Uwa-!"

"What, what?"

The enemies could not balance themselves and fell over. They tried to regain their balance.

"What? Is that a dangjung (monk)?"

"Careful! He looks strong."

The enemies cautiously approached the Hyeong Seung.

"Hyaap!"

Thud!

At that moment, Hyeong Seung hit the bottom of the boat with a fire pit. Then the ship shook violently again, as if there had been an earthquake. However, the enemies were prepared this time, so they did not fall unnaturally.

That was then.

Puhwahak!

The floor that had been hit by the fire burst and the water spurted out. The Buddhist monk made a hole in the bottom of the boat.

The enemies furiously rushed towards Hyeong Seung.

"Die!"

At that moment, Hyeong Seung spread out his palms towards the enemies who rushed at him.

Poeing!

"Keuk!"

"Hiic!"

The enemies who were hit by the strong pressure, bounced back and fell into the water. Those who fell into the water were swaying in the waves without moving as if they had lost their breath.

"You crazy bastard."

"Everyone attack together!"

When the enemies saw their comrades dipping in the water, they became even more furious and rushed altogether. But what greeted them was the fire of Hyeong Seung.

Kwasiiik!

"Kekkeuk!"

"Coheuk!"

With the sound of breaking bones, the two enemies that had been hit by the fire were thrown out.

Hyeong Seung's hands were cruel.

Every technique he used was intense and powerful. Among the enemies, there were those who had mastered the martial arts, but none of them could stop the fire of the buddhist monk.

If they block the attack with their hand, their hands will break, and if they block with a sword, both their sword and bones will be broken.

It was truly a destructive force.

Heo Ran-ju leaned her upper body against the railing and watched Hyeong Seung running wild.

"Huh! There is no human being who speaks and acts like that."

"Isn't that why his nickname is blood monk? That's what they call him because he's crazy about blood."

The old master smirked as he wiped the sweat from his forehead with a fan. There was no sign of anxiety anywhere on their faces. That's because they believe in Hyeung Seung.

Hyeung Seung might get caught in between the two of them everyday and gets picked on, but his skills were real.

When hit by the hands of a blood monk, no doubt it would be a serious injury.

The condition of the surviving enemies was miserable enough that it was better for them to lose their lives. Arms and legs were either deformed, broken, or a hollow bone piercing or protruding through the skin.

The crew and passengers on the rice carrier had their eyes closed at the terrible sight.

Not long ago, they were trembling for fear of losing their lives, but now they are looking at the enemies with a sympathetic gaze.

In particular, the captain looked at old Dosa and Heo Ran-ju, who were casually chatting with each other.

Heo Ran-ju, who had been chatting with the old taoist for a long time, clapped her hand as if she had suddenly been reminded of something.

"Ah! How's our handsome oraboni? You're not scared, are you? Ugh! If I knew it would end up like this, I would have told Hyeong Seung to take it easy."

When she looked at Pyo-wol, Dosa smirked.

"Do you think that's a scared face?"

Heo Ran-ju's gaze moved along the fingers of the old taoist. Her gaze was soon directed towards Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol was sitting on the railing, watching the spectacle of Hyeong Seung running wildly with an indifferent expression.

It was a face that a frightened person would never be able to make.

"That guy, he's not an ordinary person. You can't have eyes like that without being a guy who's been through a lot of turmoil."

"Where did that oraboni come from? We already know most of the famous masters in Sichuan."

"Not everyone. So what did you find out?"

"Nothing."

"What? You didn't find out anything while you were stuck with him together like that? It seems that everything is over now. We can't figure out the identity of that guy."

"I feel the same way as you, old Dosa. He's not an ordinary person. I can't read him. I was so sure he'll give in to me, but I can't seem to dig deep inside his heart."

Heo Ran-ju bit her nails.

The old master clicked his tongue at her, her self-esteem had been already severely damaged.

"Tsk! Anyway, if you don't want to create a variable, find out about him, or Danju will be disappointed."

"Heh! That's never going to happen. I bought mine too, so I can't stand it until I get it. Sooner or later, I will know about everything. Just wait and see see."

"Yeah, if you say so."

That was then.

Kwang!

There was a huge explosion that could not be compared to anything before.

Silence came.

In the ship where the enemies were boarded, only Hyeong Seung stood alone. All the enemies were submerged in the water.

Among them was the head of the enemies.

Although they were quite strong in martial arts, they could not be an opponent of Hyeong Seung. In just three seconds, they were bloodied and were thrown into the water. They did not come up again.

Hyeong Seung jumped off the enemies' boat and climbed onto the rice carrier.

Shortly after he landed, the enemies' ships disappeared completely below the surface of the water.

Passengers and sailors looked at the Hyeong Seung with fearful eyes. But Hyeong Seung was quite familiar with this kind of gaze, so he had a casual expression on his face.

"Good job. Hyeong Seung!"

"Amitabha, please order Ranju instead of me next time."

"Does she even follow what I tell her? It's already good if I don't get insulted or sworn at. Heh heh!"

The old taoist smirked and approached the captain. The captain was surprised and stepped back.

The old taoist reached out to the captain.

"Okay, now that we've done all the work, you'll have to pay the bill."

"Oh, here you go!"

The captain handed over five hundred silver coins without saying a word.

He obviously hired three people. But he couldn't dare ask why they fought alone instead of the three of them. But despite the inaction of the two, what Hyeong Seung showed was too great.

Even the blood monk already had this level of indifference, so he couldn't even guess how strong the old Dosa or Heo Ran-ju would be.

"That was a good deal."

The old taoist came to the blood monk with a pouch containing the silver coins. But Heo Ran-ju was nowhere to be seen.

"Uh, what about that bitch?"

Hyeong Seung silently pointed to Pyo-wol.

Heo Ran-ju was already close to Pyo-wol. Pyo-wol wasn't paying her any attention, but Heo Ran-ju continued to talk and smile towards him.

The old taoist frowned.

"You told her to seduce the guy, did you not?"

The sight of her twisting her body and smiling at him made him feel a bit uneasy. Whether or not Heo Ran-ju knew the worries of the old taoist, she whispered to Pyo-wol who had his arms crossed.

"When we get to Chengdu, do you have a place to stay? If not, how about going with us?"

"No."

"Why? Is it because of Hyeong Seung? As you can see, he's usually gentle. Don't worry."

"I'm more comfortable being alone."

"You're so unusual, rejecting a beautiful woman who's usually so favored."

"Even if it's a flower, it's not good to have a rose with poison."

Heo Ran-ju's forehead twitched slightly at Pyo-wol's nonchalant words. But even then, she smiled brightly with an innocent expression.

"Still, it's pretty."

"It's true that the apperace is pretty."

"Wow! How could you say that to a woman? I'm hurt now."

Heo Ran-ju grabbed her chest and look like she was about to faint. But Pyo-wol's eyes looking at her were still cold.

The brute force shown by the blood monk just before was very impressive.

Although the enemy's prowess was not great, it was clear that they were still powerful even if they had no striking aspect.

Although he couldn't confirm it with my own eyes, Dosa and Heo Ran-ju must be similar to Hyeong Seung in terms of their martial arts skill.

Those three people were heading to Chengdu at the same time as Pyo-wol. There were many things that were ingenious to dismiss it as a mere coincidence.

'The biggest problem is their objective for them to go to Chengdu...'

Pyo-wol looked at Hyeong Seung.

When the three of them were together, he was the most insignificant. However, after the incident happened, Heo Ran-ju and Go Dosa put Hyeong Seung to the front.

It felt as if they deliberately placed Hyeong Seung to the frontlines, when it was something Heo Ran-ju or the old Dosa could have handled quietly.

The reason is unknown, but it was clear that the armed demonstration they showed just now was meant to be shown to someone.

'Who do they want to show it to? What do they gain from this?'

Pyo-wol once again looked closely at Heo Ran-ju.

Heo Ran-ju was wearing revealing clothes. In particular, the chest area was clearly visible. Pyo-wol looked at Heo Ran-ju's chest.

To be precise, he saw the wounds passing over her chest.

The wound was so deep that an ordinary person would have stopped breathing immediately. Deep wounds were seen not only on the chest but also on the forearm. It wasn't just an injury suffered during training.

It was a testament to the battle between life and death. She probably has more wounds in the other areas covered by her clothes.

No matter how tough Jianghu is, the fights were not always so fierce that martial artists suffered such deep wounds. Unless they were participating in a war, it was rare for someone to suffer so much damage.

'They are mercenaries selling their skills for money. They are now demonstrating their force for their client to see so they can be hired.'

The enemies that came were nothing more than pitiful sacrifices to increase their payment.

'Is there a conflict happening in Chengdu that there's a need for independent mercenaries?'

Pyo-wol thought things were going to be fun.

Chengdu is the center of Sichuan.

Under normal circumstances, the sects of Sichuan, such as the Emei and Qingcheng, would have not tolerated such conflict in Chengdu.

But since a conflict was allowed to happen in Sichuan meant that the Emei and Qingcheng sect were not in a good position to intervene and fix it.

Maybe seven years ago, the seeds of destruction he had sown had sprouted.

Pyo-wol smiled, and Heo Ran-ju looked at him.

His smile was so eerily beautiful that she even felt the chills.