

## **Reaper of the Drifting Moon**

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 10

Manhwa: N/A

### Chapter 85

The fragments of the broken sword flew in all directions.

"Keuk!"

Mu Jeong-jin let out an embarrassed groan.

Several broken shards were lodged in his forearm. No physical wounds could cause him any pain. What made him sick is that his beloved sword was smashed by a single finger of Pyo-wol.

It was a sword he inherited from his master.

It was a sword he was supposed to pass down to his next disciple.

It was a famous sword that boasted a level of perfection that hardly needed to be repaired even if it was passed down from generation to generation.

The fact that such a famous sword was completely destroyed by Pyo-wol's one finger gave him a great psychological blow. And Pyo-wol did not miss the gap.

As Mu Jeong-jin was staggering, Pyo-wol took advantage of the moment and threw a ghost dagger.

Two ghost daggers flew in different trajectories.

With the ghost dagger that digs into loopholes like a viper, Mu Jeong-jin forgot about his face and spread his qi. Just like a lazy donkey that rolls on the floor, Mu Jeong-jin rolled on the floor and hurriedly escaped from the barrage of attacks of the ghost daggers.

The face of Mu Jeong-jin, who raised his body, was filled with a disappointing light.

He hurriedly raised his qi and tried to prepare for Pyo-wol's attack.

Puuc!

At that moment, he felt a burning pain in his back.

Mu Jeong-jin looked back with his mouth wide open with the unexpected pain. Then he saw the face of an old woman with deep wrinkles.

"Guhwa...sata?"

It was the Emei sect's Guhwasata that took advantage of the chaos and attacked Mu Jeong-jin.

She had stabbed a dagger in the back of Mu Jeong-jin.

While dealing with the snakes and hidden weapons, the Guhwasata took the opportunity to intervene in the fight between Pyo-wol and Mu Jeong-jin. Then, when Mu Jeong-jin's attention was taken away and his weaknesses were revealed, she boldly attacked them.

She smiled as she looked at Mu Jeong-jin who was astonished by the situation.

"Good job, Mu Jeong-jin! From now on, I will take over that assassin."

"This cowardly—"

"Heh! So what if I did a sneak attack, or a surprise attack? Jianghu only remembers the victors."

Mu Jeong-jin's face was distorted even more horribly at the remarks of the Guhwasata.

"How could a sect leader of the Emei sect think like that...Emei's honor will fall to the ground because of you."

"I don't care about my honor right now. In the end, Emei will be the final winner and will rule Sichuan. In that case, who would dare to curse in front of me? In the end, history only honors and remembers the victors.."

Guhwasata calmly answered.

From the time she planned to assassinate Woo Gunsang seven years ago, Guhwasata had already thrown her honor on the floor.

What she really wanted was the revival of the Emei faction, and for this to happen, she had to destroy the Qingcheng sect.

Mu Jeong-jin was the largest pillar supporting the Qingcheng sect. The golden opportunity to break down such a pillar came, and there was no reason for her to hesitate.

Even if she were to be insulted by the former warriors of Sichuan for this reason and that the honor of the Emei sect was lowered to the ground.

"You devil! Because of you, the Emei sect will decline."

"Before that, worry about the Qingcheng sect."

Bang!

Guhwasata struck Mu Jeong-jin's chest with her staff. Mu Jeong-jin flew about a dozen or more and tossed on the floor with a hole on his chest.

"Master!"

"Damn it!"

The Qingcheng Seven Swords tried to run towards the Mu Jeong-jin, but the warriors of the Emei sect clinged to them.

"Heh! That's great."

Guhwasata came to Pyo-wol with a snort.

"I have a little bit of gratitude for you. Thanks to you, I was able to get this opportunity."

The existence of Pyo-wol was both bad and good news for the Guhwasata.

A war broke out with the Qingcheng sect because he assassinated Woo Gunsang, but she was able to solidify the position of the Emei sect. She was able to get rid of Mu Jeong-jin today because he was distracted.

Mu Jeong-jin is a tycoon that accounts for more than half of the Qingcheng sect's power. Having removed such a giant, the Emei could take the lead in the future war against the Qingcheng sect.

"In return, I will kill you painlessly."

Hoo-hung!

The staff in the hands of Guhwasa burst out. It was a phenomenon that occurred while she injected all of her internal energy.

Pyo-wol looked at the situation with his eyes narrowed.

Had it not been for his ambition, he would have just wandered the world and lived as nothing.

An ordinary life.

Or he may have passed away miserably somewhere.

Because Jianghu is terribly cold-hearted to a bastard who has nothing.

The ambitions of the Guhwasa have made him who he is today.

Pyo-wol, the assassin.

A monster that does not blink an eye even though he is surrounded by countless warriors.

Now it was his turn to show how ferocious and terrifying the monster she had created.

Pyo-wol spread his Black Lightning and rushed towards the Guhwasa.

"It's okay."

Guhwasa carefully observed Pyo-wol as he was busy fighting Mu Jeong-jin. So she was able to prepare for the Black Lightning.

Hoo-woong!

In the case of the Guhwasa, her Golden Light Sword method was pointed toward the place where qi had fluctuated.

The Golden Light Sword method was a technique that hits the opponent a dozen times in one breath by covering her staff with qi.

Since it was not a direct hit to her staff, there was no fear of her weapon being destroyed by Pyo-wol's bizarre technique.

Ciit!

At that moment, a sharp cracking sound resounded in the darkness, and a weapon came out.

It was the ghost dagger.

"Huh!"

Guhwasata was startled by the sudden appearance of a dagger and bowed her head. She thought she had already escaped Pyo-wol's attack, but there wasn't just one dagger.

Cisit!

One after another, a sharp piercing sound echoed in the darkness, and ghost daggers were continuously emitted.

In the end, the Guhwasata had no choice but to slash the dagger by wielding her staff that was intended to spread the Golden Light Sword method.

Jjalgrung!

The dagger that threatened her life was thrown out in all directions.

"Do you think this is enough?"

Guhwasata laughed at Pyo-yol.

But she didn't know.

In the midst of the ghost daggers being deflected, the Soul-Reaping Thread was making its way around her ankles like a snake.

The ghost daggers that were released earlier were nothing more than a bait to divert the focus and attention of the Guhwasata.

He created a lasso with the Soul-Reaping Thread, and released the ghost daggers to lure her towards it.

Bang!

When Pyo-wol pulled Soul-Reaping Thread, Guhwasata shook greatly.

"Huh!"

With the unexpected situation, Guhwasang was terrified and tried to regain her balance quickly. It was only for a very short period of time that she showed her weakness.

But for Pyo-wol, that was enough.

Pyo-wol once again executed the Black Lightning and advanced.

When the Black Lightning was added to the heart, his speed doubled.

Pyo-wol clenched his fists and shortened the gap between the two of them, with a speed close to the speed of sound that the human eye could never detect.

The weight of Pyo-wol was added to the tremendous speed. Pyo-wol himself has become a weapon with tremendous destructive power.

Guhwasata widened her eyes.

Instinctively, she sensed the leap. But before she could even react, Pyo-wol slammed his fist into her stomach.

Poeng!

"Kkeuk!"

Guhwasata bounced back with the sound of a blast bomb exploding.

Guhwasata's face was covered in blood as she rolled on the floor.

A look of astonishment flashed across her face.

It was because both her insides and heart vein were shaken by that one attack of Pyo-wol.

On her hands was a broken staff.

Just before Pyo-wol's attack exploded, the Guhwasata blocked the front with her superhuman reflexes and staff. However, he was not able to completely defend against the attack of Pyo-wol.

One of the toughest weapons in the world, her staff broke in the middle, and she herself suffered massive internal injuries. The pain as if her whole body was dismantled overtook her.

For the first time, a light of fear appeared on Guhwasata's face.

"Seol-ran, Captain of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group! Get him!"

She ordered her disciple and Zhang Mu-ryang to work together. It was a cowardly act, but there was no time to scrutinize this or that. The most important thing at this moment was preserving her own life.

Even if her honor fell to the floor, it could be restored as long as she is still alive.

She tried to save her own life, even at the cost of Yong Seol-ran and Zhang Mu-ryang.

But Pyo-wol had no intention of letting her go.

It was a relief that Guhwasata managed to be lured away from Mt. Emei. If he missed her like this, he didn't know when an opportunity like this would come again.

Pyo-wol rushed towards the Guhwasata.

"Bastard!"

Zhang Mu-ryang, who was nearby, came out. Zhang Mu-ryang attacked Pyo-wol by using the Jangga Chang method.

At that moment, Pyo-wol swung his ghost dagger with the Soul-Reaping Thread. The Soul-Reaping Thread wrapped around his spear like a viper and climbed up.

"Huh!"

Zhang Mu-ryang was astonished.

He had to throw away the spear to get rid of the Soul-Reaping Thread. However, his pride did not allow him to discard the spear.

While he was hesitating, the ghost dagger that was hanging from the Soul-Reaping Thread was shot at an invisible speed.

Puk!

The ghost dagger was impaled on Zhang Mu-ryang's right chest. Zhang Mu-ryang collapsed, bleeding from his chest, but Pyo-wol didn't pay him any attention and ran towards the Guhwasata instead.

"Stop!"

Yong Seol-ran swung her sword to stop Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol did not dodge, but raised his arm and was hit by Yong Seol-ran's sword. Yong Seol-ran's sword penetrated almost half of his forearm.

Flesh cracked and blood splattered, but Pyo-wol's expression didn't change.

Yong Seol-ran flinched for a moment because she didn't expect that Pyo-wol would receive the attack with his bare body. Pyo-wol did not miss the gap and passed by her using the Snake Steps.

Pyo-wol, who passed the two of them in an instant, reached the front of the Guhwasata.

"No...!"

Guhwasang shouted until her throat was about to burst, but her body remained stiff like a frog in front of a snake. The moment she saw Pyo-wol's red eyes, Guhwasata felt extremely afraid.

Guhwasata had a vision of a huge snake of great size swallowing herself with its mouth wide open.

Surgerc!

At that moment, a sharp cutting sound resounded from Guhwasata's neck.

A ghost dagger passed through her neck.

"Kekkeuk!"

From the mouth of Guhwasata, a sound as if the air was being blown out. She touched her neck with her hand. Her palms were wet.

Red blood trickled down between her fingers.

"I, I can't die. My supremacy over Sichuan is not far away..."

Guhwasata trembled.

She was the only woman who devoted herself to see the revival of the Emei sect. Now that her goal is not far away, she could not accept the fact that she would be losing her life to a mere assassin.

"You evil bastard! If it weren't for you..."

Guhwasata reached out and tried to catch Pyo-wol.

But her hand did not reach Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol stared at Guhwasata's eyes and said,

"Now you're out of my life."

"Kerhyuk!"

Guhwasa collapsed, with blood falling down her mouth.

"Master!"

"Sect leader!"

The Emei's disciples came running, crying out after seeing the situation. They were all scared and confused.

The death of Guhwasata, whom they highly regarded like the heavens, was hardly realistic.

"That crazy bastard!"

"He's not human!"

The warriors who saw the collapse of Guhwasata were terrified.

Pyo-wol, standing tall, covered in the blood of the Guhwasata, did not look like a human at all.

All of a sudden, the machineries stopped, and the hidden weapons were no longer fired. Still, the warriors did not dare to attack Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol, covered in blood with his glowing red eyes, had a very overwhelming presence.

"Where did such a star of death—"

"He's the grim reaper. He harvests soul..."

"Ugh!"

Those who were weak in spirit felt extreme fear just by looking at Pyo-wol. Some of them even unknowingly peed.

'This is bad! Everyone is being overwhelmed by him.'

Yong Seol-ran's eyes shook.

Hundreds or thousands of martial artists were overwhelmed by the presence of just one man.

Even the one they were overpowered by was the assassin they had so despised.

It was too unrealistic to be immobilized by a single assassin.

If all these people rush in at once, there's a chance they will survive. But no one came forward.

Yong Seol-ran had a gut feeling that a new ruler had been established in Sichuan.

A reaper who rules with blood and fear.

Then something happened that no one expected.

Someone stood up behind Yong Seol-ran where no one was paying attention.

It was a warrior staring at Pyo-wol with his eyes eaten by madness.

"Heh heh heh!"

A roar echoed in the battlefield.