

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 8 Episode 17

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 192

Wu Jang-rak looked out the window.

There was a chest containing Buddhist scriptures in his room. Since it was such a precious item, he did not entrust it to his subordinates and stored it in his room.

Even when Pyo-wol and the mercenaries went out to drink, he never left his room. Besides him, his subordinates were also stationed around the room, not moving.

Some people say that he is stubborn and inflexible, but this stubbornness was how Wu Jang-rak managed to live and survive in the world.

"Once I deliver this to the Shaolin Temple, my mission will be over. When this mission is over, I will tell the Lord that I will not be taking on any outside missions for the time being."

If it were simply to pass on Buddhist scriptures to Shaolin Temple, it would not have been so tiring. What made him even more tired was the presence of Pyo-wol who accompanied him.

Now knowing Pyo-wol's next move made him on edge. If he didn't know how strong Pyo-wol was then maybe it wouldn't have been so difficult for him. soundlesswind

But since he knew exactly how terrifying Pyo-wol was, he couldn't help but pay attention to his slightest gesture.

"Hoo!"

Wu Jang-rak let out a deep sigh.

There was no way he could control Pyo-wol. So he just wished that his trip with him would end as soon as possible.

"Hm?"

At that time, something caught Wu Jang-rak's attention, who was looking out the window.

There were monks wearing gray robes passing by. The seal on their foreheads was clearly visible.

Wu Jang-rak hurriedly called his subordinates to guard the Buddhist scriptures in his stead, and then ran down to the first floor. s o u n d l e s s w i n d

Once he went outside, he could see the backs of the monks walking away.

Wu Jang-rak hurriedly ran towards them.

"H, hold on a second, monks!"

At the sound of Wu Jang-rak's voice, the monks who were ahead of him stopped and looked back.

There was an old monk with nine dots on his forehead,¹ a young monk who was exceptionally handsome, and other young monks who didn't have any marks on their forehead.

The old monk bowed and greeted him.

"Amitabha Buddha! You're the one who called us, right?"

"By any chance, are you from the Shaolin Temple?"

"That's right. I am called Un-il, and this child is called Bo-kyeong, a second-generation disciple. The rest are the third-generation disciples.

Wu Jang-rak was surprised at the identity of the old monk.

It was because he was an elder at Shaolin Temple.

Wu Jang-rak hurriedly took the gun and greeted the old monk.

"I'm Wu Jang-rak from the Snow Cloud Villa in Chengdu. It is an honor to meet an elder of Shaolin Temple like this."

"If it's the Snow Cloud Villa, then Lord Yu is your master, right?"

"Oh, you know him."

"How can I not know him? He is a big supporter of our sect. But what is a person from the Snow Cloud Villa doing here?"

"I am on my way to Shaolin Temple under the orders of my Lord."

"To the main sect?"

The old monk Un-il had a curious expression.

He came here to celebrate the birthday of Chongjin, the sect leader of the Wudang sect, on behalf of Master Un-ji, the present sect leader of Shaolin Temple.

As an elder of Shaolin Temple, he knew most of the situation happening around the sect, but he hadn't heard of a visit from the Snow Cloud Villa. Translated by soundlesswind.

"Amitabha Buddha! What are you visiting the main sect for?"

"Our lord had found the original Buddhist scriptures in the West with great difficulty. So he plans on donating some of it to the Shaolin Temple."

"Amitabha! That's a good thing. It's a good thing! We can't thank you enough!"

"So I was on my way to the Shaolin Temple with some of it."

"So you're saying you have the original Buddhist scriptures? The original in Sanskrit?"

"That's right."

"Amitabha Buddha! To meet like this in Baokang, and not anywhere else. Buddha's protection follows us."

Monk Un-il closed his eyes and prayed.

It was the same with the young monks who followed him.

Among them, the eyes of the young monk whom Un-il introduced as Bo-kyeong shone especially bright.

"Senior brother! Now that it's come to this, how about we escort them and travel to the Shaolin Temple together? If it's the original Buddhist scriptures from the West, it's a treasure that can't be converted into property. Wouldn't it be a big problem if we lost it in the middle?"

"Hmm!"

Un-il nodded unknowingly at Bo-kyeong's words which made sense.

Although the propensity to be ignorant was strong, the source of Shaolin Temple was illegal.

The reason for Shaolin Temple's existence was to understand and spread the Buddha's teachings more deeply.

If a monk studies the original Buddhist scriptures from the West, they are bound to gain a deeper understanding of Buddhism. s.o.u.n.d.l.e.s.s.w.i.n.d

Un-il said cautiously,

"Amitabha! Can you show me the Buddhist scriptures?"

"Of course. Please follow me."

Wu Jang-rak guided the monks of Shaolin Temple to his room.

The warriors guarding the room looked at the Shaolin monks with a puzzled expression.

"Who are they?"

"They are the high priests of the Shaolin Temple. You should go out for a while."

"Yes!"

Once his subordinates went outside, Wu Jang-rak carefully opened the chest. Then, a finely wrapped yellow booklet appeared.

As soon as he saw the booklet, Un-il's eyes shook greatly. He instinctively recognized that the book in front of his eyes was authentic.

He carefully took the Buddhist scriptures and flipped the pages one by one.

The writings were in Sanskrit.

It was clear that the booklet was authentic.

There were more than a dozen genuine booklets in the chest.

"Oh! Un-hae will like this."

Un-hae was a monk and the best scholar in the Shaolin Temple.

He preferred studying Buddhist scriptures rather than mastering martial arts. There was no monk who was more versed in Buddhism than he was in the Shaolin Temple.

To others, it would be just an old yellow book, but to the monks of the Shaolin Temple, it was a treasure more valuable than anything else.

Un-il handed over the Buddhist scriptures to Wu Jang-rak and said,

"Lord Wu! I'm not sure if you already know this, but we can't stay still after knowing the existence of these Buddhist scriptures. So even if it's a little uncomfortable, we encourage you to go with us to the Shaolin Temple."

"Going with the high priests of Shaolin Temple couldn't be more reassuring."

"What good can this old man do? But Bo-kyeong here will be of great help. This disciple possesses martial arts that can be said to be the best."

"Oh!"

"Anyone in Henan recognizes the Ten Invincible Steps.²"

At the introduction of Un-il, Bo-kyeong had a slightly embarrassed expression.

He possessed the most outstanding talent among the Shaolin Temple's second-generation disciples.

In particular, he was enamored with Hundred Step Divine Fist³ so he immersed himself deep into it.

"If a person masters the Hundred Step Divine Fist, then he can break a large rock from 100 steps away. Bo-kyeong has yet to reach that level but he at least has the ability to crush rocks 10 steps away."

That alone was enough to compete for the top spot among their sect.

Wu Jang-rak smiled,

"If such a great person escorts us, we would really be grateful."

"But there is one problem."

"What is it?"

"We're here to represent the Shaolin Temple to congratulate sect leader Chongjin of the Wudang sect for his birthday. So you'll have to wait a few days until the birthday party is over."

"Hmm..."

Wu Jang-rak murmured.

He had no issues staying for a few more days, but to do that, he had to come to terms with Pyo-wol first.

Un-il had a puzzled expression.

"Is there any problem?"

"Ah! No. It's because I was thinking about something else for a while."

"Why not climb Mount Wudang with us, Lord Wu?"

"Me?"

"Yes! Rather than waiting under the mountain, why not take this opportunity to climb Mount Wudang Mountain to broaden your knowledge. Sect leader Chongjin was so pure that he had never held a birthday party before. I'm sure that after this birthday party, with his nature, he will not hold an event like this again."

It was extremely unusual for the Wudang sect to open their doors to outsiders.

For that reason, many sects were planning to send envoys to attend Chongin's birthday party.

"Maybe there won't be an event bigger than this in Hubei for the next few decades."

"Hmm..."

"We will take responsibility for protecting the Buddhist scriptures, so you should take this opportunity, too, to go up to Mount Wudang and take a break."

With Un-il repeatedly inviting him, Wu Jang-rak could not refuse.

"Okay. I will do that."

"Amitabha! You've thought well."

Only then did Un-il put on a satisfied expression.

It wasn't a bad thing for Wu Jang-rak either.

Although his trip may be delayed by a little bit, the safety of the scriptures was guaranteed since the masters of Shaolin Temple were together with him.

Un-il said,

"Then we'll be meeting you here early tomorrow morning before we go to Mount Wudang."

"Okay. I'll let my party know."

"I'm already looking forward to our journey together."

"I feel the same."

"By the way, for the safety of the Buddhist scriptures, I will leave the Bo-kyeong here."

"Pardon?"

"It's not that I don't believe in Lord Wu, but this is an important thing for us. Please understand."

Un-il and his other disciples were staying in other accommodations.

It was difficult to find another lodging for Bo-kyeong, since there was no room left in the guest house where Wu Jang-rak stayed. But he had no choice but to take in Bo-kyeong.

"Alright."

Wu Jang-rak agreed.

"Okay, we'll see you tomorrow then, Lord Wu!"

"Yes. I hope everyone goes home safely!"

Un-il took his disciples and left the inn, leaving only Bo-kyeong.

Bo-kyeong sat down on a chair and asked Wu Jang-rak.

"Is there anything I should know while we're together?"

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Pyo-wol and Soma parted ways with Woo Pyeong and then went back to their inn.

Pyo-wol did not say a word all the way back. His mood was so dark that even Soma couldn't easily talk to him.

The fact that not only Jin Geum-woo, but all of his colleagues who followed him died, made his heart heavy.

The Golden Heavenly Hall was a group composed of members with incredible talent and skill. Jin Geom-woo was the leader of the Golden Heavenly Hall, and his colleagues were all said to be prominent figures.

It didn't make sense that Jianghu was so quiet even after such people died.

It was Jianghu's nature to make a big noise even when a small accident occurred. So Pyo-wol could not understand why Jianghu was so quiet despite such a big incident.

'There's obviously some external force at work.'

Either Jianghu still doesn't know what happened to them or they could have pretended not to know about it.

Pyo-wol's mind suddenly became complicated.

'I don't have enough information.'

All the information he obtained was passed on through the mouth of others. There was bound to be some missing information.

As of now, he doesn't know anything about what happened to Jin Geum-woo's group nor who were the other persons involved.

'The only suspicious thing is the Nine Dragons.'¹⁴

The word Nine Dragons was frequently mentioned in the letters sent by Jin Geum-woo. But Jin Geum-woo only mentioned that he was tracking down the Nine Dragons. He never exactly explained what the Nine Dragons were.

It was unclear whether it was a person or an organization, where it was, or whether it actually existed.

So for now, he had to first figure out the reality of the Nine Dragons. Only then could the secret behind Jin Geum-woo's death be solved.

Pyo-wol's eyes calmed down.

The complex thoughts in his head had been sorted out to some extent while walking back to the inn.

After they arrived at the inn, Pyo-wol immediately felt that the atmosphere had changed.

Wu Jang-rak, who was stuck in the room and had never been seen outside, was sitting in the middle.

Wu Jang-rak stood up and greeted Pyo-wol,

"Oh, you're finally back."

"You have something to say, don't you?"

"How did you know?"

"Even an idiot will know when you're sitting there with such a serious expression on your face."

"Heh heh! Did I look that serious?"

"A little bit. What's going on?"

"I'm here because I need to ask for your understanding, Lord Pyo."

"What is it?"

"Actually, I think we will have to stay around here for a few more days due to certain circumstances."

Wu Jang-rak spoke carefully.

"Why?"

"I met people from Mount Shaolin here. They want us to go to the Shaolin Temple with them."

"Will those people from Shaolin Temple also come to the birthday party of the Wudang sect's leader?"

"That— how did you know?"

Wu Jang-rak's eyes shook.

He hadn't expected Pyo-wol to know that far. If he had not met Un-il, he would not have known that such an event would be held in the Wudang sect.

Wu Jang-rak cautiously continued,

"It will probably be a good opportunity for Lord Pyo as well. As it is the first event held in decades in the Wudang sect, many people will come to celebrate it. Plus, Lord Pyo's view of Jianghu will be greatly expanded. In consideration of Lord Pyo's future, it wouldn't be bad to experience such a big event at least once."

He really earnestly persuaded Pyo-wol.

However, Pyo-wol's eyes were not on him, but on the young monk coming down from the second floor of the guest house.

Soundlesswind21's notes:

Thank you for reading.

1. Nine dots on the forehead.
 - This is known as Jieba. It is an ordination practice where ritual burn scars are received by Buddhist monks of some sects of Chan Buddhism, including Shaolin monks.
 - Shaolin monks inscribe nine dots on their forehead. These dots indicate that a monk has finished his training. Each of the nine dots represents a tenet in the Shaolin discipline, and each monk undergoes a long ritual before earning the Jieba on his head.

2. Ten Invincible Steps. Raws: Baekbo Shinkwon, 십보무적(百步神拳).
 - 百 ten, tenth; complete; perfect
 - 步 step, pace; walk, stroll
 - 神拳 invincible, unrivaled, unequaled, peerless

3. Hundred Step Divine Fist. Raws: Baekbo Shinkwon, 백보신권 (百步神拳).
 - 百 one hundred; numerous, many
 - 步 step, pace; walk, stroll
 - 神 spirit, god, supernatural being
 - 拳 fist; various forms of boxing

4. Nine Dragons. Raws: Kowloon, 구룡(九龍).
 - 九 nine
 - 龍 dragons