

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 8 Episode 10

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 185

Baokang is located hundreds of li south of Wudang Mountain, and there are over 3,000 mountains and valleys, large and small, surrounding it.

Since the water that flows from the nearby mountains gathers in Baokang and flows into the Yangtze River, the place could be called a city of water.

Numerous rivers and waterways were intricately intertwined around Baokang, while numerous islands were huddled together in the rivers.

Because of the beautiful scenery and the fact that the Wudang sect, a powerful sect of Jianghu, was close by, many people visited Baokang.

It was around sunset when Wu Jang-rak and his party came to Baokang.

"We're finally in Baokang."

The mercenaries put on an emotional expression.

A lot of things happened after they left Enshi and entered Baokang. Among the various incidents, the biggest one was the raid of poor bandits.

The reason why the mercenaries felt pity for the bandits was that they fell victim to Soma before they could even launch a proper raid.

Soma wielded Gongbu to his heart's content against the bandits.

The image of a boy with seven wheels hanging around his neck while wielding a huge sword in his arms was ridiculous.

Soma was also close to a monster in a sense.

He was born with a natural talent for handling weapons.

The sight of him freely wielding the seven wheels as well as using a large sword as big as his body was enough to make the mercenaries and Wu Jang-rak's subordinates feel sick to the stomach.

The bandits were so badly beaten by Soma that the onlookers felt sorry for them.

Fortunately, no one died, but their injuries made it impossible for them to steal again.

Seeing the scene with their own eyes caused considerable weariness to their minds. Because of that, they wanted to arrive in Baokang fast and rest without thinking about anything.

Knowing the feelings of his people, Wu Jang-rak rented an entire small inn as soon as they entered Baokang. He was considerate enough to let them rest comfortably without worrying about anything else while they stayed in Baokang.

In fact, Wu Jang-rak was also tired.

He couldn't relax for even a moment until he got out of Enshi and arrived here.

This was because the Heavenly Silver Marketplace's incident kept bothering him.

But after arriving at Baokang, which is far from Enshi, it seemed like he could rest comfortably for a day or so.

"We'll be leaving the day after tomorrow, so have a good rest until tomorrow."

Wu Jang-rak notified the party.

Pyo-wol and the mercenaries were given a day of free time.

Most of the mercenaries went out to find a brothel as soon as they unpacked their bags. They could also have had a drink in an inn, but they desperately wanted the presence of a woman.

Pyo-wol and Soma were also assigned their own rooms.

"Brother! Take a good rest. I'll see you tomorrow!"

Soma was also tired, so he waved to Pyo-wol and went into his room. Pyo-wol also entered his room.

The room was small.

There was only a small table and a bed. Still the room looked clean, the owner must have probably swept and polished it quite a bit.

Pyo-wol opened the small window wide. Then, he saw the appearance of Baokang, which was immersed in darkness.

It was still early in the evening, so there were far more places with lights off than places with lights on. The whole city looked dark because of it.

Pyo-wol did not hate this kind of scenery.

No, it was actually better.

He liked the dark.

It allows him to completely hide himself.

It had been a long time since he came out of the underground cave, but he was still more familiar with the dark than the light. And that tendency will never change.

Knock knock!

Then someone knocked on the door.

Even though Pyo-wol did not answer, the person who knocked on the door came inside.

Seol Hajin was the one who opened the door without hesitation.

Her hair was wet as if she had already bathed.

She put down the bottle in her hand and asked,

"Do you want a drink?"

"No."

"What are you living for? How can you refuse this good thing?"

“A cup of tea will do.”

Pyo-wol walked past Seol Hajin and approached the table.

There was a teapot of cold tea placed on the table.

"Cold tea won't taste good."

At Seol Hajin's words, Pyo-wol nodded and raised his qi.

Ciiiic!

The teapot heated up in an instant.

Pyo-wol poured the tea from the heated teapot into a small cup.

Seol Hajin whistled.

Just by looking at this one thing, she could see how great Pyo-wol was.

"If I had great martial arts like you, I wouldn't live like you."

"What do you mean?"

"You have strong martial arts and a handsome face. You can live in the sun enjoying great glory. So I find it hard to understand why you're hiding everything about yourself so tightly."

"Then why do you live like that?"

"Me?"

"You're from the Golden Island clan.¹ You can live a decent life in that area. So why did you become a mercenary and wander around the world?"

"You really surprise people. How did you know I'm from the Golden Island clan?"

Seol Hajin narrowed her eyes in surprise.

The Golden Island clan was a small island located in the southeastern part of the Central Plains. Although it is incomparably small compared to Hainan Island, which enjoys a great reputation in Jianghu, it was still a sword sect² with a long-lasting reputation.

Pyo-wol's gaze was directed at Seol Hajin's sword.

"That sword."

"What? This?"

"Since there are three golden threads, you're a great disciple, right? If you had a silver thread, you're a second-generation disciple. If it's red then you're a third generation."

"I'm surprised. How did you know that?"

Seol Hajin shook her head with a tired expression.

Pyo-wol's words were right. But she still had her doubts.

The Golden Island clan was not a big clan. Moreover, in recent years, their sect has rapidly shrunk to the point where they have to worry about its existence.

For that reason, the fact that the Golden Island clan distinguishes its disciples by the threads is hardly known to the warriors of Jianghu.

It was Guian who informed Pyo-wol of this fact.

Guian collected information about the sects in Jianghu and handed it over to Pyo-wol. It also contained information about the Golden Island clan.

Since it was such a small sect, there were few lines mentioned, but he remembered them because he was impressed by how they distinguished the identities of their disciples by the threads.

However, he couldn't be sure that she was a disciple of the Golden Island clan just by looking at the golden thread. That's why he asked for confirmation.

"I was indeed a great disciple of Golden Gate. But not anymore."

Seol Hajin lifted the bottle and brought it to her mouth. Then she gulped it down.

Alcohol flowed down her lips, but she didn't care.

She emptied a third of her drink in one go.

"Haa!"

She frowned while wiping the alcohol from her mouth with her sleeve. But it was only for a moment before she smiled again broadly.

"This is great. The owner of the inn guaranteed me that their alcohol is great and it's true. Are you sure you're really not going to have some?" sound less wind

"No."

"Don't regret it. I already invited you twice."

Seol Hajin looked at Pyo-wol with a look of disapproval. However, Pyo-wol showed a calm expression and slightly shook the tea in his hand.

Seol Hajin had an exhausted look on her face.

"A strong and handsome man who doesn't drink, sheesh! That's absurd! Well, does that actually matter? I'm not going to live with you forever anyway."

She asked herself a question, and answered it herself.

Pyo-wol thought Seol Hajin's appearance was quite interesting.

Pyo-wol asked,

"Why did you leave the Golden Island clan? Is there a reason you gave up on a stable life and became a mercenary?"

"It was just frustrating, both master and senior brother... They always try to move only within a set and fixed frame. There were too many things I had to be careful about. And most of all, they tried to marry me to a rich man nearby as an excuse to secure a stable and private finances. Can you believe it? He was trying to forcibly marry a woman in her late teens to an old man over sixty? Heuk!" s o u n d l e s s w i n d

Seol Hajin made an expression that showed that she felt sick just thinking about it.

Although she was prepared to sacrifice herself to some extent for the sake of their sect, she could not accept the order to become a concubine of an old man who was over 60. So, she escaped at night and settled in the mercenary guild in Dazhou, which was far from the Golden Island clan.

She struggled quite a bit at first. This was because many mercenaries went after her once they saw her beautiful appearance. From then on, she dressed like a man. It took her a year to get used to the life of a mercenary.

If there was a man she liked, she would approach and seduce him first. Whenever she wanted something, she would get it somehow. soundlesswind

In that way, Seol Hajin became a true mercenary.

Pyo-wol asked,

"So what do you want to say?"

"Well, I was just wondering if you'd like to live with me?"

"Do you want me to become a mercenary?"

"Being a mercenary is not bad either. You can earn a good amount of money, and above all, you're free."

"No thanks."

"Tch!"

Seol Hajin clicked her tongue at Pyo-wol's firm reply.

But she didn't look at him badly.

Despite her offer, she didn't think that Pyo-wol would accept and become a mercenary anyway.

Pyo-wol did not get along with the mercenaries. s.o.u.n.d.l.e.s.s.w.i.n.d.

He looked like the type of person that hates being tied down to something. And unlike Seol Hajin, Pyo-wol was very strict with himself.

Pyo-wol had his own rules.

He had to figure out even the smallest things that others could never understand, and he never showed a disorganized appearance throughout the journey.

It was difficult to imagine how such a person could ever become a mercenary.

"You're no fun."

Seol Hajin gulped down her drink again.

In an instant, Seol Hajin emptied the entire bottle of alcohol and got on Pyo-wol's lap.

She said,

"Let's do something fun."

"You smell like alcohol."

"Don't whine."

* * * patreon.com/soundlesswind21 * * *

Ko Il-pae visited a nearby bar with the mercenaries.

"Good!"

He had already emptied two jars of alcohol. He would usually leave the place after drinking this much, but today was different.

Ko Il-pae and the other mercenaries ordered another jar of alcohol.

The tavern owner approached them and brought another fairly large jar of wine.

"You're drinking well. Our house is famous for its strong alcohol, so please drink in moderation. You never know when you'll feel its effects."

"Thank you."

Ko Il-pae nodded and poured alcohol on his glass from the jar. He drank first, then the mercenaries took turns in pouring alcohol into their glasses.

"This trip is really easy."

Someone said that while drinking.

The mercenaries, who would normally have told him not to talk nonsense, were all silent.

Because they thought the same thing.

Every time they were hired, they always thought that particular commission might be their last. It would definitely not be an ordinary journey if the client needed to buy mercenaries.

In particular, the greater the distance, the more dangerous it was.

For that reason, the farther the mercenaries go, the more determined they were to give up their lives. But this time it was different. Despite the long trip, there were only a few threats.

There was no one among who did not know that the reason was because of Pyo-wol. Everyone thought the journey was easy thanks to Pyo-wol, except for one.

The person who thought differently was a certain one-eyed mercenary.

Hong Mugwang was a man who had both eyes intact before participating in this trip, but in his confrontation with Pyo-wol, lost one of his eyes. Sound less wind

Hong Mugwang's only remaining eyes were filled with anger towards Pyo-wol.

He knew he was no match against him, but he found it impossible to quench the grudge of losing one of his eyes.

It's just that Pyo-wol's martial arts is so scary that he couldn't show his resentment.

'Someday I will make him pay for taking my eye.'

Hong Mugwang gulped down his drink. His resentment against Pyo-wol was steadily growing.

Ko Il-pae frowned when he saw the appearance of Hong Mugwang.

'It's dangerous.'

It's not that he didn't understand Hong Mugwang's feelings. It's just that his opponent was just too much. Pyo-wol was not something that Hong Mugwang could dare go against.

The power that Pyo-wol had shown so far was nothing short of fictitious.

Even if Hong Mugwang became several times stronger than he is now, it would still be impossible for him to deal with Pyo-wol.

If he makes a mistake, he could endanger not only himself but also the entire mercenary guild.

Ko Il-pae made up his mind to closely monitor Hong Mugwang.

While the two of them were immersed in their own thoughts, the door of the tavern opened and a group of people came in.

"Why did we decide to meet at a cheap tavern like this?"

"Sorry, Master! I didn't know it was this kind of place. It's all my fault!"

"Oh! My head hurts already."

"After our meeting, we will move to another place."

A man in his early to mid-40s and a boy in his late teens talked as they looked around the inside of the bar. Translated by soundlesswind

As Ko Il-pae quietly lifted his head and looked at them, a puzzled expression appeared on his face.

Both of them were wearing ten sky blue Taoist uniforms. They were also wearing swords with antique patterns engraved on their waists.

The pine tree pattern engraved on their sword was a sign that he was a disciple of a certain sect nearby.

'The Wudang sect.'

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

Thank you for reading~

1. Golden Island clan. Raws: "금문도(金門島).
 - 金 gold; metals in general; money
 - 門 gate, door, entrance, opening
 - 島 island
2. Sword sect. Raws: 검문(劍門).
 - 劍 sword, dagger, saber
 - 門 gate, door, entrance, opening