

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 5 Episode 12

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 112

After leaving the slaughterhouse, Pyo-wol stopped by a stream to wash himself.

When he first went to the slaughterhouse, he had a hard time because the smell of blood on his body could not be removed. No matter how much he washed, the smell of blood never went away.

He suffered quite a bit because of that.

He then realized later. That it wasn't just the smell of cow blood that got in his body.

The slaughterhouse's malice was stuck to his own flesh.

In places like slaughterhouses where countless lives have been killed over the years, deep resentment, or malice was bound to naturally arise.

If an ordinary person had been in the slaughterhouse for a long time, malice would stick to him and he would suffer. The more intense the murderous intent, the greater the malice attached to it. So it doesn't come off easily.

Pyo-wol thought it was a kind of stigma. A sign of an indelible punishment from heaven on a being like himself who cannot live a normal life.

While he couldn't completely erase the stigma, he could still make it faint.

Pyo-wol completely concealed his intention to kill.

He couldn't get rid of it completely, but at least it got to the point where he could keep it hidden. When it reached that level, the adhering malice significantly decreased. Thanks to this, he was able to completely remove the smell of blood from his body just by washing in the stream.

Pyo-wol sat down on a rock by the stream to organize his thoughts.

'There's no point in testing on cows anymore. Now it's time for me to target humans.'

Pyo-wol decided to catch his breath at this point.

The cows in the slaughterhouse were originally destined to die, so he could freely use his hands, but humans were different.

It was not that Pyo-wol was without blood or tears from the beginning.

Most of the people he killed were those who he had a bad relationship with. Rarely has he ever used his hand against those who he did not have a grudge with. He found no reason to kill a normal person whom he did not resent.

Pyo-wol delayed exploring how acupoints might apply to humans.

For now, he thought that this was enough.

Pyo-wol cleared his thoughts and stood up, rubbing his face. Then his face changed again.

The overall framework hasn't changed, but just a subtle change in his facial features has made him a completely different person.

With a changed face, he found a place called Celestial Music Hall.¹

The Celestial Music Hall was a place where a band teacher taught music. He mainly taught how to handle musical instruments to courtesans and entertainers, but there were some ordinary people who came to him because they liked music.

Pyo-wol entered the Celestial Music Hall without hesitation.

Dozens of people gathered in a large pavilion inside the Celestial Music Hall, waiting for the band teacher's lecture.

When Pyo-wol came in, a student in his early twenties greeted him.

"Welcome."

"Isn't the band teacher not here yet?"

"Haha! Isn't teacher always a little late? Come on, sit down."

"Yes."

Pyo-wol nodded and sat down.

A zither was placed in his place. Pyo-wol placed the zither on a wooden bench and waited for the band teacher.

After a while, a slender old man in his mid-to-late fifties came up to the pavilion. He was the owner of the Celestial Music Hall and the band teacher who is considered the most outstanding performer in Sichuan.

"The song we are going to learn today is Farewell² by Cheong Yaja. In Farewell, we need to pay special attention to the movement of our fingers to get the right note. This song..."

The band teacher gave a full speech about the song to be played today.

Entertainers and the courtesan girls blinked their eyes and listened to the teacher's words. Pyo-wol intermingled with them and listened to the band teacher's lecture.

It wasn't that he was interested in the zither from the beginning. For Pyo-wol, who has always lived under the threat of death, music was nothing more than a satisfying hobby for those who have a lot of things.

But he changed his mind after killing the warriors of the Seven Stars.

He had to learn something if he wanted to hide and live among ordinary people. That way other people won't be suspicious.

Most of all, his assassination method has also developed greatly while learning music.

Even at this moment, Pyo-wol thought about how to kill people efficiently using the zither.

There were more than six methods that came to his mind right away.

Often referred to as the Four Arts.

First is zither, second is chess, third is calligraphy and last would be painting.

Those who have mastered the Four Arts are treated with dignity in Jianghu.

Pyo-wol had no intention of being treated with respect. However, he knew that by learning the Four Arts, he could completely hide his true nature.

The Four Arts helped a lot in sealing the murderous intent that lurked in his heart.

With his current face, Pyo-wol went by the name Lim Kwon-ok.

Lim Kwon-ok is a scholar who is adept in the Four Arts. He was born into a good family, has a calm personality that gets along well with people.

That was the character and family background of Lim Kwon-ok set by Pyo-wol. And he acted according to the background and personality he had set.

There was no sense of incompatibility in the appearance of Pyo-wol.

The people who were with him learning the notes together looked at him with friendly eyes, while the courtesans even gave him flirtatious glances.

No one realized that Pyo-wol's essence was an assassin. Because Pyo-wol managed to hid himself so thoroughly.

After the lecture, the band teacher called Pyo-wol,

"Lim Kwon-ok, try playing this song this time"

"Yes."

Pyo-wol answered then began to play the zither.

Tongtatang!

Every time Pyo-wol flicked his finger, a mysterious sound rang out. The people learning the notes together closed their eyes and listened to Pyo-wol's performance.

"As expected, you're good."

The band teacher smiled.

His performance wasn't perfect, but it was still a good performance to listen to.

Considering that Pyo-wol had only been learning the zither for only a few months, it was a remarkable achievement.

When Pyo-wol finished the performance, the people applauded generously.

"My friend, your skills are getting better day by day. I don't know if this will make you the best musician in Sichuan."

"Young Master Lim! If it's okay with you, why don't you come and play at our brothel? With Brother Lim's skill, you can definitely make a lot of money."

Those who approached Pyo-wol each said a word of praise.

Among them, the seduction of the courtesans was explicit. However, Pyo-wol declined their offer with a soft smile.

"I'm sorry. I'm just learning it as a hobby, so I'm scared of performing for others."

"Oh, so humble too!"

When the courtesans saw Pyo-wol like that, they expressed their affection again.

In the end, Pyo-wol was able to find his freedom after listening to them for a long time. After that, Pyo-wol continued to work diligently in learning calligraphy, painting, and Go in turn.

When he returned to Red Villa after finishing all the work, it was already quite late at night.

As soon as Pyo-wol returned, he returned to his original face.

General Ko greeted him.

In Pyo-wol's room, the two sat face to face.

[Here is what we collected today.]

The general handed a yellow booklet to Pyo-wol while writing a handwritten note. Since the scent of ink had not disappeared yet, it was clear that it had just been written.

Pyo-wol turned the booklet over without a word.

The booklet was full of details about the warriors of the Golden Heavenly Hall who gathered at the Four Sea Pavilion today.

[Jin Geum-woo.

He is the leader of the Golden Heavenly Hall and one of the top five in the world.

He stood out from a young age as a grandson of Jin Wol-myeong, one of the Eight Constellations.

There are many people who follow him because of his outstanding character and martial arts, and he leads them with strong leadership.

It is certain that he will succeed his grandfather and become an absolute strong powerhouse in the next generation.

However, if you look at his movements from his late teens, something strange seems to be happening, and he seems to be tracking something.

He...]

In a short time, General Ko found and recorded quite a lot of information.

Of course, the contents of the booklet were well known facts in Jianghu. The information wasn't that deep, but for Pyo-wol now, this was enough.

It wasn't just Jin Geum-Woo.

The booklet also included information about Won Ga-young, Neung Soun, Seo Mun-pyeong, and Lee So-ha. A summary of their birth histories, backgrounds, and personalities were written.

Pyo-wol asked the general.

"Have you found out why they met in Chengdu?"

[I'm sorry. I didn't have enough time to figure that out.]

General Ko replied with a written answer.

"Find out why they decided to choose Chengdu."

[I will do my best.]

When Pyo-wol gestured, the general bowed his head deeply and withdrew.

When he was left alone, Pyo-wol opened the window wide. He could see the dark sky, which was covered by clouds, making the moonlight not visible.

Pyo-wol looked at the night sky without a single light for a long time.

* * * patreon.com/soundlesswind21 * * *

Leshan is located several hundred li south of Chengdu.

Although it was not as high as Mount Emei or Mount Qingcheng, it was still a famous mountain in Sichuan.

The High Sky sect³ was located at the foot of Leshan Mountain. The High Sky sect was one of the five largest subsidiary sects in Sichuan Province.

Although they were far from Chengdu, the center of Sichuan Province, they were still famous for their high-level martial arts and teachings.

For that reason, people who came to learn martial arts continued to come all year round.

Yi Pyeong, the leader of the High Sky sect, was famous for his fierce knuckles.

The Immense Fist⁴ was his sect's secret technique. However, if they went back to the source of the technique, it would be from the Qingcheng sect.

Yi Pyeong's ancestor, who learned martial arts from the Qingcheng sect, became independent in his mid-thirties and set up the subsidiary sect.

After five generations, it is easy to forget about the old relationship, but Yi Pyeong still maintained a strong relationship with the Qingcheng sect.

Yi Pyeong sent a prominent figure among the disciples of the High Sky sect to the Qingcheng sect to learn the martial arts of the main sect.

It is good that the Qingcheng sect had an outstanding subsidiary sect, while the High Sky Sect is happy to have a large sect called the Qingcheng sect as their strong umbrella.

They have been supporting each other for more than a hundred years. However, in recent years, the shadow has not been removed from the face of Yi Pyeong, the leader of the High Sky.

"Hu...!"

Yi Pyeong let out a deep sigh as he stood alone in one of the halls of the High Sky sect.

The dark sky with no moonlight made his heart even heavier.

"What in the world happened to the Qingcheng sect..."

The cause of his worry was the Qingcheng sect.

The Qingcheng sect, who he had been in a relationship with for over a hundred years, was no stranger to him. It was like a haven for his heart. But the same Qingcheng sect chose to go in isolation out of nowhere.

It was as if lightning had fallen to Yi Pyeong.

The isolation of the Qingcheng sect, who has always been a strong umbrella, made Yi Pyeong's heart shrink.

He did not know the details of the situation because they were far from Chengdu, but he could tell that the Qingcheng sect had suffered a lot of damage.

Although it was temporary, the activities of the subsidiary sect members were also restricted due to the actions of the Qingcheng sect.

It's because they don't know what kind of threat will come as the strong background of the Qingcheng sect has disappeared.

"I'll have to visit the Qingcheng sect soon."

He had to see with his own eyes how much damage the Qingcheng sect had taken.

Only then could he estimate how far he could support them.

It was time for Yi Pyeong, who had organized his thoughts, to turn around.

Sueuk!

Suddenly, something black appeared in front of him without a sound.

"What?"

The moment Yi Pyeong opened the guard, a small pouch burst out in front of him.

Puck!

As the pouch burst, white powder splattered into Yi Pyeong's nose.

"Hyuk!"

Yi Pyeong was startled and stepped back in fear.

He hurriedly covered his face with his sleeve, but most of the white powder had already been inhaled through his nose.

"W, what?"

"There's nothing to be nervous about."

Then came a low voice.

Yi Pyeong raised his eyes and looked at the black figure.

He couldn't even tell if it was a man or a woman, but it was definitely a person.

A voice was coming from them.

Yi Pyeong clenched his fists and shouted,

"What have you done to me?"

"You don't have to be so nervous."

Yi Pyeong thought that the black figure was smiling.

"How dare you!"

He tried to punch the black figure.

At that moment, the part that was supposed to be the black eyes shone white.

"Keuk!"

Yi Pyeong unconsciously turned his head and covered his eyes with his sleeves. Yi Pyeong stood there in that state for a long time.'

It was not long after that he came to his senses.

Yi Pyeong lowered his hand and stared blankly in front of him.

It was as if he had been standing idly for a long time, with aching pain all over his body.

"What was I doing again?"

Yi Pyeong muttered absent-mindedly.

He was sure something happened to him, but he couldn't figure out what it was.

He couldn't even remember why he was standing here like this.

"I guess I'm getting old. Hu...!"

In the end, Yi Pyeong turned around, blaming the years that went by carelessly.

SoundlessWind21's Note:

1. Celestial Music Hall. Raws: Cheon Music Hall, 천음악관(天音染館).
 - a. 天 sky, heaven, god, celestial
 - b. 音 sound, tone, pitch
 - c. 染 dye, infect
 - d. 館 public building
2. Farewell. Raws: Byeolsanggok, 별상곡(別相曲).

- a. 別 separate, other
 - b. 相 mutual, reciprocal, each other
 - c. 曲 crooked, wrong, wrong
3. High Sky Sect. Raws: Gocheonmugwan, 고천무관(高天武館).
- a. 高 high, tall, lofty
 - b. 天 sky, heaven
 - c. 武 military, martial
 - d. 館 public building
4. High Sky. Raws: 흥락권(洪落拳).
- a. 洪 vast, immense
 - b. 落 fall, drop
 - c. 拳 fist