

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 8

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 83

It was on horseback when the Janggachang¹ exerted its greatest power.

When the horse's heavy weight and breakthrough power are combined, the power of wielding the spear increases. In other words, it also meant that the power of Janggachang without riding a horse would be halved.

It was not just a matter of Zhang Mu-ryang.

It was a weakness that all horsemen had.

While dealing with the horsemen of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group, Pyo-wol recognized their weaknesses. Therefore, without giving them a distance, he penetrated between the horsemen and went for a melee fight.

It was a method that a normal assassin would have never done..

Most assassins don't fight dog fights by inducing melee battles like this. It wasn't because they weren't capable of doing it but because it was a fight that was far from the essence of an assassin.

It was a method that only Pyo-wol in Jianghu could do.

Zhang Mu-ryang was also a seasoned warrior with a lot of experience, but his reason was shaken when he was swept away by the board Pyo-wol had made.

Kwang!

Zhang Mu-ryang's spear made a change in the air and fired a sharp lance. But, like a snake, Pyo-wol slowly escaped from his attack.

The snake step², which was made to mimic the movement of a snake, made it possible to escape as long as there was a gap as small as the eye of a needle.

Zhang Mu-ryang's attack was powerful, but crude. Most of the martial arts that were honed on the battlefield were like that.

It was powerful, but it lacked sophistication.

That was also the difference between the martial arts of an elite sect and the martial arts of a mercenary. Unlike the famous martial arts of great sects that have been making up for their weaknesses for a long time, there were bound to be many loopholes here and there with the martial arts of mercenaries.

Such flaws were clearly visible in Pyo-wol's eyes.

It was also thanks to the rapid rise of Pyo-wol's martial arts. The years he spent with the snakes greatly opened up most of Pyo-wol's possibilities.

Pyo-wol did not miss the movement of the horsemen while facing Zhang Mu-ryang. The horsemen tried to help Zhang Mu-ryang, but Pyo-wol gave them no chance.

Ciiit!

Two ghost daggers moved vertically and horizontally. One of the daggers attacked the horsemen, while the other attacked Zhang Mu-ryang.

Pyo-wol performed a stunt that could only be performed after mastering the martial arts, such as the Wudang's Yangui Simgong,³ without difficulty.

"Damn! Are you just going to continue dodging?"

Zhang Mu-ryang mocked Pyo-wol, who evaded without colliding him head-on.

It was intended to arouse Pyo-wol's anger and make him attack head-on. But he did not know Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol was a person who could run away with his tail between his legs at any time for survival. It was impossible for Pyo-wol to lose his reason just because of this level of provocation.

It didn't matter if he was mocked.

It was okay to be ridiculed all day long. None of that mattered. What really matters is being patient to achieve his desired result.

Pyo-wol focused more of his energy on the ghost dagger.

Then, the intangible Soul-Reaping Thread lit up and appeared.

The Soul-Reaping Thread, which revealed the form, was beautiful. The Soul-Reaping Thread with strong light was clear enough to be seen from afar.

It was more like an art to see the two threads moving vertically and horizontally.

Ciiit!

"Keuk!"

"Gargh!"

As the name suggests, the Soul-Reaping Thread harvested the souls of the horsemen and left a deep dent on the spear of Zhang Mu-ryang.

Nevertheless, Zhang Mu-ryang felt that Pyo-wol was not doing his best. To him, Pyo-wol looked like he was conserving power as if to stall for time.

If he was really going to face the cavalry with all his might, there was no reason for Pyo-wol to reveal the Soul-Reaping Thread. Its power might become stronger, but as a consequence, the form and shape is revealed, making the opponents capable of defending from its attack.

The problem was that Pyo-wol would know that too.

There was no way he could infuse energy into the Soul-Reaping Thread for no reason, revealing his weapon to the public.

"What are you up to?"

Pyo-wol didn't answer.

Instead, more energy was injected into the Soul-Reaping Thread to make it shine brighter.

That was then.

A group of people ran out of Chengdu.

"Do you think you will be able to escape in front of me? Guhwasata!"

"Heh! Who's escaping? Arrogant fool!"

Those who exchanged venomous remarks and fought fiercely with each other were Mu Jeong-jin and Guhwasata. While the disciples of the Qingcheng and the Emei sect were following behind them, still engaged in battle.

The battle between Mu Jeong-jin and the Guhwasata left the street in ruins.

The fight between the two different masters was enough to temporarily silence the confusion of Chengdu.

Both of them excelled in martial arts, as they were representatives of Sichuan Province.

Mu Jeong-jin is a great swordsman as he was a representative of the Qingcheng sect, and unlike the eccentric nature of the Guhwasata, he was also well versed and familiar with the martial arts of the Emei sect.

Because of that, they couldn't win against each other immediately, and the fight became longer. So the damage caused in Chengdu was greater.

This had to be a burden for both of them.

In order to dominate Sichuan, the hegemony of Chengdu had to be obtained, but if the streets of Chengdu were destroyed in this way, the people's hearts had no choice but to turn their backs against them.

The two tacitly agreed to move the battlefield.

So they left Chengdu.

The disciples of the Qingcheng and Emei sect naturally followed, while the rest of the nearby warriors moved to the battlefield as if possessed by something.

"What?"

"Is that...?"

The first thing that came into their eyes was the thread of qi that flashed in the dark.

It was the Soul-Reaping Thread.

The figure of the Soul-Reaping Thread moving vertically and horizontally was like the lamp of a lighthouse that guides ships in the dark sea. The faster it moved, the more bizarre the echoes that spread through the darkness.

Hoo-woong! Hong!

The bizarre sound of the Soul-Reaping Threads slicing the air attracted people's attention. Maybe the Soul-Reaping Thread contained magic that sucks people in.

"Who is that?"

Yong Seol-ran was the first person to recognize Pyo-wol, who was wielding the Soul-Reaping Thread.

A great disciple who was by her side asked,

"Do you know him?"

"It's him. Pyo-wol!"

"That assassin?"

"Yes!"

The great disciple shouted loudly at Yong Seol-ran's answer.

"It's Pyo-wol. That assassin is over there!"

Her cry reached not only the disciples of the Emei sect, but also the ears of Mu Jeong-jin.

'Assassin?'

Mu Jeong-jin's eyes involuntarily turned to Pyo-wol.

In an instant, an intense glare emanated from his eyes. He recognized Pyo-wol's face buried in the darkness. The moment he looked at Pyo-Wol's face, the anger he had buried deep in his heart soared.

"You bastard!"

It was a face that he had never forgotten for the past seven years.

The assassin that Mu Jeong-jin had put himself into the snake pit was dealing with the horsemen of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group with a sullen look.

The moment he saw Pyo-wol, Mu Jeong-jin's reason flew away.

"You're really alive!"

He roared as his aura resounded through the night sky.

"Kheuk! Gua—"

"Hckkk!"

The warriors with weak internal energy staggered as they covered their ears with both of their hands. After Mu Jeong-jin roared and raised his qi, their eardrums burst.

That's how much internal energy Mu Jeong-jin possessed.

The culprit behind all these incidents was the Guhwasa, but it was Pyo-wol who directly killed Woo Gunsang.

The anger towards the Guhwasa was then transferred to Pyo-wol.

Chua-aang!

Mu Jeong-jin swung his sword with all his might against Guhwasa.

"Keuck!"

The intense shock that resonated throughout her body made Guhwasa step back. There were deep dents on her staff. If she had made a mistake, her weapon would have been cut into pieces.

The lesions on her staff were the same as creating a scar on the pride of the Guhwasa. Guhwasa's eyes became more vicious.

Mu Jeong-jin left the Guhwasa and flew towards Pyo-wol. It was only then that the Guhwasa discovered Pyo-wol, the culprit of all these incidents.

"Catch him!"

At her command, an Emei sect's disciple rushed towards Pyo-wol.

In an instant, Pyo-wol's lips rose in an arc.

In front of him were Zhang Mu-ryang and the Black Cloud Troops while at his back were the leaders of the Qingcheng and Emei sect with their disciples.

It was a dire situation.

Still, Pyo-wol smiled.

"Now, everyone is gathered."

The main characters of the incident seven years ago have been reunited.

For this moment, Pyo-wol did not leave the vicinity of Chengdu, but continued a bitter battle with the Black Cloud Mercenary Group.

It was then that Zhang Mu-ryang realized that all of the events so far were what Pyo-wol intended.

"You deliberately brought all of them together? You crazy bastard!"

He became afraid of Pyo-wol.

The decisiveness to do what everyone thought was crazy was scary. And Pyo-wol was a kind of human. He had never met someone like him before.

Zhang Mu-ryang couldn't even imagine the extent of Pyo-wol's deviousness and cruelty that was hiding in his little head.

Pyo-wol fled without looking back when the Mu Jeong-jin and Guhwasa rushed in.

Zhang Mu-ryang and the horsemen of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group tried to stop him, but they could not stop Pyo-wol from escaping when he used the Black Lightning.

In the end, Zhang Mu-ryang and the horsemen failed to capture Pyo-wol like a dog chasing a chicken.

"Damn it! Chase him!"

Zhang Mu-ryang urged the horsemen.

He had to catch or remove Pyo-wol before their client, the Emei sect, does. Even though he knew that chasing Pyo-wol like this would be dangerous, he had no choice but to order the horsemen to pursue him.

A chase followed Pyo-wol in an instant.

The Black Cloud Mercenary Group, the Qingcheng sect, and the Emei sect ran at the forefront, followed by numerous warriors who had no knowledge of the true reason behind the fight or chase.

In the middle of the night, a chase was taking place.

It was a reenactment of the inescapable net that caused an uproar in the entire Sichuan Province seven years ago.

In the past, they used to spread a web-like entrapment from all sides to tighten the siege, but now it is different in that they were simply following one-sidedly.

Pyo-wol was just running with them on his tail.

A few quick-witted people noticed that Pyo-wol had done all this on purpose, but they were already caught up in the crowd's madness and couldn't do anything about it.

"Bastard! How far are you planning to run?"

Mu Jeong-jin's roar resounded in the night sky.

He fired a formidable sword energy at Pyo-wol, but Pyo-wol dodged all his attacks by a few second intervals, as if he had eyes on the back of his head.

Because of this, Mu Jeong-jin became even more angry as he pursued Pyo-wol.

Mu Jeong-jin's eyes were already red and bloodshot, and he was radiating a creepy aura. Even Guhwasata who immediately followed behind him found him terrifying.

But Mu Jeong-jin himself wasn't aware of that at all.

His eyes were just glued at the back of Pyo-wol.

Like a pack of wolves chasing their prey, Mu Jeong-jin and the rest of the warriors tracked and chased after Pyo-wol. If they just stretched out their hands, it would seem that they can catch Pyo-wol at any moment, but they never caught him.

Because of that, their sprint lasted almost half an hour.

'Are you luring us on purpose?'

Yong Seol-ran was the first to notice that something was wrong.

"Wa, wait! We have to stop. If we continue following him, we will be doing what Pyo-wol intended."

"Noisy. You should stay quiet."

Yong Seol-ran's voice was buried in the whispers of the Guhwasata.

It was a stalemate situation where her self-esteem was hurt by being pushed by Mu Jeong-jin. She wanted to kill Pyo-wol as soon as possible and have a real match against Mu Jeong-jin.

It had been a long time since the Guhwasata became so angry.

"Huuu..."

Yong Seol-ran let out a sigh at the sight of such a state of affairs. She already guessed that it was too late to stop Guhwasata.

'Pyo-wol.'

Yong Seol-ran looked at the back of Pyo-wol, who was running in the lead.

The look of his back running into the darkness felt particularly ominous. And her anxious forebodings became a reality.

"Kerhyuk!"

“Ah!"

Suddenly, screams began to erupt from among the warriors.

Yong Seol-ran looked up in surprise and saw that some of the warriors who were running blindly suddenly collapsed while screaming.

“P, poison?”

"There's hidden traps!"

The warriors who were next to the fallen shouted urgently.

At that moment, the warriors who had been chasing Pyo-wol frantically stopped in surprise.

Mu Jeong-jin and Guhwasata, who were chasing Pyo-wol at the forefront, also felt that the situation was taking an unusual turn and stopped.

They looked around, forgetting that they had fought fiercely until half an hour ago.

Although it was a dark night, they could see the collapsed walls and the scattered pillars of light.

Only then did they realize that this place was the ruins of a certain clan.

"Tang Family...?"

"Did he lure us to the ruins of the Tang Family"

The faces of the people who followed Pyo-wol, as well as Mu Jeong-jin and the Guhwasata, turned pale.

Although it has already been destroyed and only ruins remain, the name of the Tang Family has a deep resonance that makes people's hearts uneasy.

Before the Qingcheng and the Emei sects, they ruled Sichuan with fear. They disappeared as remnants of history, but the remnants of fear they left behind still frightened people.

Mu Jeong-jin exploded his internal energy.

"Damn! How dare you lure us to such an unlucky place! Why don't you show yourself?!"

At that moment, Pyo-wol appeared in the middle of the Tang Family ruins.

As if he had been there from the beginning, without sound or sign.

Even in the dark, a particularly pure white face and red-tinged eyes stood out.

This was the first time for most of the warriors to see the Pyo-wol.

The moment they saw Pyo-wol, they felt a terrible chill.

Pyo-wol looked at the soldiers and opened his mouth.

“This is my inescapable net.”

Editor's Note:

Sorry this took a while to translate. I took the time to try and get the english equivalent of the names of the techniques but ended up not succeeding :/ I'll edit it when the manhwa reaches this point.

1. Janggachang. Raws: Zhangjiagang Law, Jangga Changbeop, 장가창법이
 - a. Meaning: I think this is the attack name or technique of Zhang Mu-ryang.
2. Snake Step. Raws: Snake walk, 사행보(蛇行步). This was previously referred to as a meandering walk.
3. Raws: Wudang's yangui heart-gong, Yangui Simgong 양의심공(雨意心功).
 - a. Meaning: The study of splitting the mind in two so that both martial arts can be used at the same time is called Yangui Simgong.
 - b. Chinese Characters:
 - i. 雨 rain
 - ii. 意 thought, idea
 - iii. 心 heart, mind
 - iv. 功 good, achievement, merit