

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 15

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 90

After that, Pyo-wol spent a long time in Min River.

When the sun came up, he got on a boat and went to Min River to spend time doing nothing.

The fishermen who fished nearby and saw him thought he was strange. Because he was wasting time needlessly. However, Pyo-wol, the party involved, did not think so.

He was having the most fulfilling time of his life.

He was satisfied enough just to lie down on the boat and watch the clouds drift by.

But every beginning had an end.

One day, Pyo-wol suddenly thought that he had to leave this place.

There was no reason to hesitate, no reason to stay.

Pyo-wol left Min River as soon as he made up his mind.

He was empty-handed when he came and he was empty-handed when he left.

Pyo-wol left the Min River and returned to Chengdu.

He did not return to Chengdu for any special purpose. He just moved as quickly as he could, so he naturally entered Chengdu.

Pyo-wol found a guest house.

Just a few months ago, a major incident that shook Chengdu and Sichuan took place, but it seemed that people had already forgotten the incident.

In a peaceful atmosphere, people were hanging out and sharing drinks.

Pyo-wol also took a seat and sat down.

"Hck!"

In an instant, the complexion of some people changed completely. They recognized Pyo-wol.

They were all warriors who were Pyo-wol's enemies in Chengdu.

To others it may be nothing but memories of days gone by, but to those who saw Pyo-wol in person, fear was stamped into their minds.

For those who experienced the brutality and formidable mind hidden behind that inhuman appearance, Pyo-wol was truly a being of fear.

They slowly got up from their seats, went outside, while looking at Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol knew that too. But he didn't really care about them.

Pyo-wol looked out the window after ordering food from the waiter.

The street, which was destroyed a few months ago, is now fully restored. It was impossible to tell that such a thing had happened just by looking at the appearance.

The events of that day caused a great change in the power dynamics of Chengdu.

An example was the collapse of the Golden Gate and White Flower Room, which actively cooperated with the Qingcheng sect and the Emei sect.

They suffered a major blow from Pyo-wol's inescapable net, and most of all, they lost the strong background of the Qingcheng and Emei sect. As a result, their position was noticeably reduced.

The Fire Dragon Room, which represented the interests of artisans, suffered great damage and completely stopped their external activities.

People were talking about a period of recession and stagnation in Sichuan. This was inevitable because all the clan representatives of Sichuan Province suffered great damage and refrained from doing outside activities.

However, most people were living peaceful lives regardless of the situation in Jianghu.

Such conflicting atmospheres coexisted in Chengdu.

It was the same with the atmosphere inside the guest house.

All the martial artists belonging to the military went out, but most of the guests were laughing and chatting without knowing the identity of Pyo-wol.

After a while, a waiter served the food.

It was the best food Pyo-wol had in a long time. He chewed tightly and savored the food. It took him a long time to eat because he ate so slowly.

It was when Pyo-wol had almost finished eating.

"Young Master Pyo-wol! Is that right?"

Someone approached the table where Pyo-wol was sitting.

He was an impressive man with soft eyes that curved like a half moon. He was Hong Yushin, the chief inspector of Haomun.

Pyo-wol raised his head and looked up at Hong Yu-shin.

"Who is it?"

"I think I asked first."

"Right."

"It's even worse to see it in real life. What's with your face—"

"I don't think you're here to talk about such useless things."

"Ah! I'm sorry. I spent so much energy and time trying to find Young Master Pyo-wol that I forgot to say hello. My name is Hong Yushin."

"Hong Yushin?"

"It's the first time you will hear of it, because it's the first time I've revealed my real name to someone who's not a members of the Haomun."

Hong Yushin grinned. His already half-moon eyes even drew a sharper curve.

Pyo-wol asked,

“How is Haomun’s business anything to do with me?”

"Are you really asking because you don't know?"

Hong Yushin asked as if he was stunned.

For the past ten days, he has had to struggle to find Pyo-wol.

At first, he already wasted his time looking for the old artisan. When he obtained more information, he came to the conclusion the one he was looking for was most likely a young craftsman.

Among the young craftsmen, he found a craftsman with excellent skills, and as a result, he was able to find a craftsman named Tang Sochu.

Finding Tang Sochu did not solve the problem. He was very reticent, and had no intention of selling Pyo-wol's information to Haomun.

There was a way to force him to open his mouth, but that was not Hong Yushin's method.

On that day, Hong Yushin searched for small and medium-sized warriors who were trapped in the inescapable net of that day, and found out the existence of Pyo-wol through their mouths.

He found out Pyo-wol's name and appearance, but locating him was another matter.

He mobilized all Haomun members to search around Chengdu, but no traces of Pyo-wol were found anywhere.

As he was about to give up and leave Chengdu, information came that Pyo-wol had appeared in Chengdu again. Hong Yushin rushed to check Pyo-wol himself.

"It's amazing."

"Don't change the subject and tell me if you have any business with me."

“You really don’t know how scary the world is. If you think that everyone is afraid of you just because you gained a reputation in Sichuan, you are mistaken.”

"Your tongue is long."

"I won't say much then. Oh San-kyung. Did you kill him?"

"Oh San-kyung?"

“The manager of the Chengdu branch of Haomun.”

"Yes."

"You bastard!"

Hong Yu-shin jumped up. It was because he didn’t expect that Pyo-wol would admit it so easily. He glared at him with terrifying eyes. But he couldn't shake Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol looked at Hong Yushin without changing his expression.

The smile on Hong Yu-shin's face disappeared. The eyes hidden in the half-moon-shaped eyes shone sharply.

"Did you really killed him?"

"Yes. I killed him."

"Why did you kill him?"

“Because he collected and sold my information.”

"Only for that reason-- Don't you know that it is Haomun's job is to collect information?"

"So?"

"What?"

"Are you saying I have to stand by even if my information is collected and sold just because it's your main business?"

Pyo-wol's voice became faint.

For a moment, Hong Yushin felt goosebumps all over his body. But he tried to stay calm.

"You don't seem to know how vast the Haomun is. Do you think you can live comfortably outside Haomun's eyes?"

"I never thought about it."

"What?"

"I never thought about living comfortably."

"Huh! You're a crazy person without a doubt. I told you you don't know how scary the world is. As long as I give an order, all the members of Haomun in Chengdu will attack you. Are you okay with that?"

"Before that, your neck will fall. Then it's will be their turn."

"You don't think that's really possible, do you?"

"It is possible."

Pyo-wol said without blinking an eye.

For a moment, Hong Yushin felt a chill in his spine.

It was because he instinctively knew that Pyo-wol's words were sincere.

'This punk!'

Before coming here, he researched Pyo-wol's whereabouts. And he found out how big of an event he caused.

Because of this person, the Qingcheng and Emei sect lost an elder and sect leader, respectively. They also went into isolation after countless people were killed or injured.

The spirit of the Sichuan Murim was greatly reduced.

It was unbelievable what a single person had done.

He couldn't even imagine how strong his martial arts were and how deep his mind had to be for this to happen. So Hong Yushin was still in a state of disbelief.

Hong Yushin's threats did not work for Pyo-wol.

He had no clue how much damage it would take to kill Pyo-wol. If he attacked Pyo-wol and missed it, the repercussions would be endless.

'The problem is that he's an assassin.'

According to what he has learned so far, Pyo-wol did not hesitate to escape even though he possessed a powerful martial art. If he felt he was at a disadvantage, he fled and hid for a chance.

Pyo-wol had a completely different thinking system from the other warriors who reigned at the top of the Jianghu. In the climate of the current Jianghu who shames cowardice and worships face-to-face confrontation, Pyo-wol was clearly a foreign entity.

So it felt more awkward.

This is because the traditional response method does not work.

'It might be better to get rid of him now.'

It was when Hong Yushin was about to decide what he's going to do.

Pipipit!

Something white came out of Pyo-wol's waist.

It was a ghost dagger.

"Keuk!"

"Geugh!"

Screams were heard from outside.

The ghost dagger pierced through the ceiling of the guest house, and the warriors of Haomen who were hiding on the roof were devastated.

Kukukung!

Like hail, the warriors of Haomun fell to the floor where Pyo-wol and Hong Yushin were sitting.

"Bastard!"

Hong Yushin was surprised and tried to attack Pyo-wol.

Suddenly, Hong Yushin's neck was tightened.

Bang!

Hong Yushin couldn't even scream and his face was thrown against the table.

"Kekkukek!"

Hong Yu-shin's face turned red.

Something invisible squeezed his neck so he couldn't breathe. Hong Yushin pulled up the inner qi and tried to cut off the object that tightened around his neck. But the object squeezing his neck did not move.

It was the thread of death, the Soul-Reaping Thread.

Pyo-wol opened his mouth by squeezing Hong Yushin's neck.

"It's better not to be seen living in front of me. I'm a little sensitive."

"Shut up! Oh, yes—"

For a moment, the Soul-Reaping Thread that had been squeezing his neck loosened a little. Hong Yushin was able to breathe freely. However, Pyo-wol did not completely release the Soul-Reaping Thread

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Pyo-wol continued to speak while maintaining his Soul-Reaping Thread.

"It's none of my business how Haomun is maintained or how it survives. I don't care, I really don't. But if you keep circling around and bothering me like this, I swear I'll cut off your sect leader's head. Do you think you can stop me? Even if you hire hundreds and thousands of

escorts, it's no use. I'll hide for a year or a decade, waiting for the right opportunity. And when everyone's off guard, I'll slit your throat. If you don't believe what I'm saying, you can try it."

A cold sweat ran down Hong Yushin's cheek, who was still lying on the table. Instinctively, he knew that Pyo-wol's words were true.

All of the people he hid on the roof of the guest house were experts from the inspection team. Each one of them was a master that could not be ignored. Such people did not react very much and were groaning because of his dagger.

An unbelievable thing happened.

It was then that Hong Yushin realized that Pyo-wol was much stronger and more radical than he had thought. He didn't realize that the information which he initially thought as unreliable turned out to be real.

'He ended up like this just because of his desire to live.'

Hong Yushin will not even realize how he will die.

What kind of environment did Pyo-wol survive in? For him to be particularly sensitive.

Hong Yu-shin's eyes trembled. His face was still lying on the table.

It was a humiliating position. But he couldn't even feel the humiliation. Because he was busy doing intense calculations in his head.

It's up to him to come up with a way so that the Haomun won't be harmed and get out of their situation safely.

'It's better for us to step back.'

The opponent's momentum is too fierce. It was like seeing an untamed wild wolf, or a ferocious bear.

"Keuk!"

At that moment, the Soul-Reaping Thread clenched around his neck once more.

"You're thinking of something else."

"Ugh! That, that's not it!"

"Then answer me right away."

"Ah, yes. Well, I will."

"Don't pay me any attention no matter what I do or how I'm doing. If I caught you gathering my information again, then it won't end with just this."

Sreuk!

Pyo-wol took the Soul-Reaping Thread.

It was only then that Hong Yu-shin was able to get out of his humiliating posture. His face was red and hot, and there was a clear line around his neck.

Hong Yu-shin stroked the line left on his neck with his hand.

Had it dug a little deeper, his head would have been separated from the body. Still, the chill in the back did not subside easily.

Hong Yu-shin looked at Pyo-wol with red bloodshot eyes.

His handsome face now looked like a demon.

Hong Yu-shin has never seen anyone more radical and cruel than Pyo-wol. Hong Yu-shin clenched his fists in humiliation.

That day, Yushin Hong sent a letter to the main headquarters.

[Target: Pyo-wol.

Rank: Top quality.

Risk: Unpredictable.

Disposition: Excessive tendencies, Cruel

Comprehensive Judgment: Requires distant monitoring of his daily life rather than close monitoring.]

Editor's Note: