

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 13

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 88

Hong Yushin sat in the room given to him by the general secretary and read the report written by Bunta.

In the meantime, the general secretary and Luju frequently went in and out of the room where Hong Yu-shin was.

After reading all the books, Hong Yushin muttered.

"Everything else is here except for the Chengdu's Directory of Martial Artist which is missing."

The Chengdu's Directory of Martial Artist was a precious booklet containing the personalities and trends of the active warriors working in Chengdu and Sichuan.

The Chengdu branch updated the booklet every ten days to include new information, and sent a copy to the main headquarters every two months.

Through the information obtained, Haomun Headquarters was able to grasp the trends of Sichuan Province and Chengdu as if it were in the palm of their hand.

However, for the past two months, no information from Sichuan has come to the headquarters.

It was later found out that the branch manager, Oh Sang-kyung, who was supposed to report, had been killed.

Oh Sang-kyung was the only link between the branch and the main headquarters.

All information from the branch is transmitted to the headquarters through him. Since such an important person had died, it was only natural that information from Sichuan would not arrive to the main office.

For that reason, for the past two months, they have not been able to get any information about what happened in both Sichuan and Chengdu.

"And this happened, right?"

He looked at the booklet placed on top.

The booklet described a series of recent events in Chengdu.

"A single assassin has devastated the entire Sichuan? Do you want me to believe this?"

The booklet contained unbelievable content.

It is said that the sect leader of the Emei faction, the loser of Sichuan, was killed, and Mu Jeong-jin, the strongest warrior of the Qingcheng sect was killed by one assassin, and many other sects suffered great damage.

The reason why it is hard to believe what is written in the booklet is because the exact process was not described, and only the end results were written.

If the branch manager, Oh Sang-kyung, was alive, he would have commanded his subordinates to systematically collect and organize the information. However, the core of the story was missing because there was no central person in charge and only what Haomun witnessed.

Even the assassin's name and appearance were not properly recorded.

If Oh San-kyung were still alive, he would probably have pursued the assassin to the end and uncovered everything.

Name, age, place of birth, clan affiliation, and even the place of residence.

However, after Oh San-kyung's death, the branch system was changed, so various types of information were mixed up.

"In the end, I have to move."

Hong Yushin sighed.

He immediately called Luju.

The Water Lily Pavilion's Luju was a beautiful woman in her mid-thirties.

Wearing a splendid silk robe, she showed off her splendor with a lot of ornaments on her hair that was neatly turned up.

"Did you call for me?"

“How many Haomun people are there in Chengdu now?”

"There are two courtesans, about four hundred people who are engaged in errands and about one hundred people who have joined as workers of each clan."

"Okay! From now on, I'm going to tell all the Haomun people to follow this assassin's whereabouts. Anything is fine. If it's related to him, ask them to collect even the smallest details."

"Alright."

“And bring me all the information."

Hong Yushin, who gave the order, got up from his seat.

Luju looked at Hong Yu-shin in surprise.

"Are you going to move on your own? Let's get over your fatigue. I've got the prettiest one on standby."

"If the opponent really has this ability, the headquarters should manage the information directly."

"Well!"

"Set aside all other information and prioritize collecting information about the assassin first. Please be careful not to miss even a single word from the guests, especially to high-class prostitutes. Do you understand?"

"Yes! I will."

Luju quickly lowered her head.

Hong Yushin was the chief inspector from the main headquarters.

She wanted to stay out of his sight and go back to receiving other guests.

Hong Yushin left Luju behind and left the Water Lily Pavilion. It had been a long time since he had personally moved and collected information.

But he was confident.

To become the head inspector of the Haomun, it is a must to have the ability to collect information. In fact, Hong Yushin showed outstanding ability on the front line.

The first place he went to was Tangjiatuo.

The report stated that a great fight had taken place in Tangjiatuo. So it got interesting.

Tangjiatuo was the home of the Tang Family. Although it is now extinct and only the ruins remain, the name alone has a special meaning.

“Did he lure and subdue the Qingcheng and the Emei faction to such a place?”

It was not easy to believe. But it was written that way in the report, so he had to check it with his own eyes. In what way the assassin had overwhelmed many soldiers.

A long time has passed and there were no traces of that time. Still, Hong Yushin persisted in searching for Tangjiatuo.

As a result, it was possible to find the remains of various hidden weapons and machinery in Tangjiatuo.

Hong Yushin looked at the fine silver needle in his hand. The silver needles are so thin that they cannot be distinguished with the naked eye.

"Is there a blacksmith with this level of metallurgy? With this level of metallurgy, you can only see it in the Tang Family in its heyday. Don't tell me the Tang Family has come back?"

Hong Yushin's eyes narrowed.

"Maybe there are still some who have inherited the metallurgy of the Tang Family in their heyday. If that's the case, then that assassin might have asked the Tang Family's craftsmen for help."

Fortunately, the silver acupuncture was not poisoned. If there are any remaining successors to the Tang Family's dictatorship, the situation would become more serious.

The dictatorship of the Tang Family was truly terrifying, and many warriors were still afraid of them. It was because of their dictatorship that many people were reluctant to mention their name even though it had been a long time since the Tang Family was wiped out.

Hong Yushin got up.

"First, we need to find the craftsman who made this silver needle. He must know the whereabouts of the assassin."

Hong Yushin hastily returned to the Water Lily Pavilion.

He thought it was an old artisan who made hidden weapons and machinery. It is because the skill of a craftsman increases as much as the years he had lived and as much as the time he had spent hammering an iron.

Hong Yushin was confident that he would be able to find the old artisan in no time.

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A few months ago, the bloodbath brought about many changes in Chengdu.

One of them is that many houses and shops have changed owners. Some people had sold their houses because they could not handle the shock of turning into a mob and looting while the others left the city in despair over their collapsed businesses.in despair over the collapsed shops.

Their reasons were diverse.

As such, many stores have welcomed new owners. An example would be a store on the street south of Chengdu. To be precise, it was a workshop, not a store.

The old craftsman, who was the original owner of the workshop, was so shocked by the bloodshed happening in front of his eyes that he ended up selling his workshop. He wanted to live in peace for the rest of his life.

The new owner that took over his workshop was a young craftsman.

The young craftsman melted into the place where the old craftsman's hands had been stained. As if this place had belonged to him from the beginning.

The young craftsman was immersed in his final work.

Kangkang!

The red-hot iron was changing shape every time he struck the hammer.

The iron that has been beaten for a long time was then placed in water to cool it, then put it back in the brazier to heat it up, and then beat it again...

The young craftsman repeated such tedious work countless times.

A small dagger was made that way.

The young craftsman, who had been appreciating his work for a while, began to carefully sharpen his blade.

Seukseuk!

Each time the dagger passed over the whetstone, the blade was sharpened.

The young craftsman put a lot of effort into setting up the blade of the sword.

"Hu...!"

After setting the blade until he was satisfied, the young craftsman got up. After squatting for a long time, his whole body was stiff and aching. Still, the young craftsman did show a tired or painful expression.

It was his first time having a space of his own.

No matter how hard the work was, it did not feel difficult at all here.

The young craftsman placed the newly made dagger on the workbench. On the workbench were piled up daggers that had already been made.

Including the new ones, there were ten in all.

He put all the daggers in his leather pocket and left the workshop.

He locked the door of the workshop and looked at the entrance for a long time.

It had a shabby exterior without even a signboard, but to him, it looked more beautiful than any splendid engraving.

The young craftsman checked the lock once more and moved on.

He left Chengdu and walked for a long time.

The place we arrived at was the Min River, the lifeline of Sichuan Province. The Min River was a huge river that passed through the basins of the fertile Sichuan province.

The fertile land was maintained as sediment from the upstream was supplied to the basin along the Min River.

Thanks to this, farmers always have a bountiful harvest, and the people of Sichuan were able to maintain a prosperous life.

Dozens of ships floated leisurely on the vast Min River.

They were all fishing boats.

Fishermen were wrestling with nets on their large and small fishing boats.

The young craftsman narrowed his eyes and looked at the ships. A smile appeared on the lips of the young craftsman who had been looking at the ships for a long time.

A particularly small boat came into his sight.

It was a small boat that could only fit one or two people. But there was no one on the boat.

It was as if the boat was floating on its own.

The young craftsman shouted at the ship.

"I'm here!"

The voice of the young craftsman was quickly buried because it was so far away and the sound of the river flowing overlapped.

When the young artisan was about to shout once more, someone's upper body appeared on the ship. It looked like he was lying on his back and got up.

He immediately began to row at the young craftsman.

It took a long time for the boat to reach the water due to the long distance. Still, the young craftsman waited patiently without being annoyed.

Thud!

When the boat finally reached the shore and the man on board appeared, the young craftsman unwittingly began to swear.

"Damn!"

Under the hot sun, a white glowing skin, a beautiful face that made it hard to distinguish whether they're a man or a woman, and a dark atmosphere.

The man had an appearance that was not of this world.

He had seen this face a few times already, but he still has never gotten used to it. The man was Pyo-wol. And the young craftsman was Tang Sochu.

When Tang Sochu was staring blankly at him, Pow-wol spoke first.

"Why are you standing like that?"

"I'm just jealous."

"What?"

"I wonder what it would be like to live with that face."

"You didn't come here to say something useless, did you?"

"Ah! It's finished—"

He handed the leather bag he was holding to Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol took out a dagger from the leather pocket and examined it. The blue-forged dagger was the ghost dagger.

In the fight against the Guhwasa and Mu Jeong-jin, the ghost daggers were greatly damaged. Some were even broken beyond repair.

For that reason, Pyo-wol asked Tang Sochu to fix the ghost daggers.

Tang Sochu chose to build a new one rather than fix it. Because there was a limit to simply repairing it.

In order to make it stronger, it was necessary to obtain high-quality iron. Because of that, it took a long time to make the ghost dagger again.

The ghost monument was one of the reasons Pyo-wol stayed here.

A small smile appeared on the corner of Pyo-wol's lips.

Because he really liked the newly created ghost daggers.

The balance is more perfect than before, and the sharpness is doubled. The combination of the Soul-Reaping Thread and ghost dagger can increase the power of his assassination skills.

Pyo-wol stored the ghost daggers on his leather belt.

Tang Sochu asked Pyo-wol, who had a satisfied expression on his face.

"But why do you float a boat when you're not going to catch any fish?"

There were no nets or fishing rods in the boat Pyo-wol was on.

Pyo-wol replied calmly.

"I wanted to do it."

"What did you want to do?"

"Lying on a boat doing nothing and looking at the sky."

"....."

At Pyo-wol's calm reply, Tang Sochu was at a loss for words. He knew that Pyo-wol had lived without sunlight for fourteen years. He wondered if he would have been able to keep his sanity if he had been imprisoned for such a long time like Pyo-wol.

The conclusion was that he was not sure.

Although he prided himself on being quite tenacious, he couldn't dare compare himself to Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol, who endured all these years and eventually completed his revenge, was the kind that he dared not imitate.

And the wish of such a strong man was to just do nothing and look at the sky.

Somehow he could understand him, but it made him feel sad.

Pyo-wol then said,

"Eat before you go."

"Never mind. You can't catch a fish. What—"

"I can just grab one."

In response to the Tang Sochu's refusal, Pyo-wol reached out to the river.

At Pyo-wol's reckless behavior, Tang Sochu looked at him, wondering what kind of goblin he was playing.

Pyo-wol closed his eyes for a moment and concentrated.

After a while, he opened his eyes and pretended to be pulling something. Then a large fish jumped out of the water as if caught on a fishing line.

Pyo-wol was fishing with the Soul-Reaping Thread.

Tang Sochu shook his head at the sight that was hard to believe even though he had seen it with his own eyes.

"Crazy!"