

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 3 Episode 22

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 72

Bang!

The door burst open and a group of people entered the room. It was the Black Cloud Mercenary Group led by Heo Ran-ju and the Go Dosa.

Go Dosa looked around the room and said.

"Looks like he had already left this place."

The room was empty. The blankets were neatly folded, and there was no trace of anyone lying on the bed.

Hyeol Seung who looked closely inside the room said,

"He didn't come here last night."

"Did he move out of the guest house knowing that we were going to attack him?"

"I don't think that's the case. It seems like he just paid for the room and didn't come in."

"Huu..."

Go Dosa let out a sigh.

Hyeol Seung was not only strong in martial arts, but he was also good at using his head. Because of this, Heo Ran-ju and the Go Dosa greatly trusted the judgment of Hyeol Seung.

Go Dosa looked at Heo Ran-ju.

"What are we going to do? Should we just wait here for him to come back? Or do we retreat?"

"It's no use waiting. I don't think he's going to come back here."

"Why do you think so?"

"He's the type of person who plans his movements so meticulously. He knows that he'll be the first one to be suspected, so why would he come back?"

"You got a point."

"I might be a crazy bitch who's obsessed with a person's looks. But I swear when we meet again, I'm going to tear him apart."

Heo Ran-ju looked like a poisonous snake. She thinks that she has been thoroughly abused by Pyo-wol.

"We have to catch that person immediately."

"Go Dosa, do you think he will do more damage?"

"Did you not see what he did? He's strong in martial arts, and he's even cruel. He is also heartless. If we let this guy run wild, the repercussions will never end."

The always smiling Go Dosa stopped smiling. It was proof that he was taking the situation seriously.

The person who led the Black Cloud Mercenary Group was Zhang Mu-ryang, but the group's emotional support was Go Dosa.

Go Dosa helped the Black Cloud Mercenary Group unite as one with his unique humorous atmosphere. However, Go Dosa was not just a good-natured person.

He was the epitome of the common saying, a wolf in sheep's clothing.¹

He hides a knife in his laughter, making him even more terrifying.

It was rare for Go Dosa to express his feelings so frankly. That was proof that he was accepting Pyo-wol as a threat.

"From the first time I saw it, I knew he was strong."

"Damn it! You didn't say that back then."

"Do I have to tell you? Anyway, be careful."

"What?"

"You fell in love with that bastard once."

"Hey! When did I? I'm Heo Ran-ju, the blood keeper. If I taste a guy, I will only eat them. I won't actually give them my heart."

"Come on! Keep that determination for a long time. If you give your heart to him for nothing, I will kill you first."

For a moment, Heo Ran-ju felt a chill in her spine.

Although Go Dosa spoke with a smiling face, he was the type of man who could put his words into practice at any time.

"Don't worry. It will never happen."

"Huh, of course."

He returned his characteristic smile. Still, Heo Ran-ju couldn't relax. Heo Ran-ju looked at the Hyeol Seung.

"Well, did you find anything?"

"Not at all. He didn't leave a single trace."

"What the hell do you know how to do?"

"Amitabul! Why are you singling me out? Do you think I'm a punching bag or something?"

Hyeol Seung sighed at the beatings of Heo Ran-ju. Go Dosa shook his head.

"Huu! These bastards can't stand still. By the way, do you have any idea where the guy went? Perhaps...?"

An ominous thought crept into his mind. However, Go Dosa quickly shook his head to deny his thoughts.

"No! He probably won't."

* * *

Golden Gates has provided an annex for the recovery of Cheongyeop.

It was an independent annex where he could recuperate without worrying about the outside world. As soon as Cheongyeop returned to the Golden Gate, he stayed in the annex and started meditating.

He might have suppressed Jeonghwa, but in the process, he also suffered quite a few internal injuries. If not treated in a timely manner, he would have a deep internal wound that he would have to endure for the rest of his life.

But Cheongyeop wasn't worried.

Fortunately, the Qingcheng sect had the Ungong Yosang¹ method that can be used in such a case.

Ungong Yosang, which has been developed for hundreds of years, has superior efficacy compared to other sects.

Thanks to this, he was able to pass through a critical moment even though it had only been three hours since the method had been carried out.

"Huu!"

Cheongyeop opened his eyes as he exhaled the breath he had trapped deep in his lungs. His eyes were clearer than before he came here.

Still, he could not help but be bothered.

It was because it was only a temporary measure of dealing with his internal injuries and not a proper treatment.

In order to completely heal his internal injuries, he had to go back to the Qingcheng sect, take the necessary pills, and focus on practicing the Ungong Yosang for more than two or three months.

“But should we be satisfied with the suppression of Jeonghwa for now?”

The battle between Jeonghwa and Cheongyeop was not a simple fight.

Each of them was a great disciple of their own sect and they were martial artists who are likely to be the next generation of sect leaders. Their confrontation was a confrontation between the Emei sect and Qingcheng sect, and it was a battle that could determine which sect the flow of the Sichuan would fall to in the future.

Fortunately, Cheongyeop managed to overwhelm Jeonghwa.

This meant that the Qingcheng sect could overwhelm the Emei sect in the next era as well. Even if the Emei sect or Jeonghwa denied the outcome, others who have watched their fight will think otherwise.

It was such an important fight, so Cheong-yeop gave his all to win.

"Huh! I'll have to rest for a while and then get back on board."

That was then.

Ssreuk!

A strange voice reached Cheongyeop's ears.

Someone is coming into the place where he is staying. At first, he thought it was no big deal.

No matter how detached the annex was, the disciples of the Qingcheng sect are still guarding it, and some of them regularly monitor and report the condition of the Cheongyeop.

It was not at all strange to sense a presence at times.

However, Cheongyeop felt a strong sense of incongruity.

It was because of the soft footsteps.

No matter how careful the disciples of the Qingcheng sect were, they could not lighten the sound of their footsteps like this.

'Then is it the Golden Gate's sect leader? No! If it's him, there's no reason to hide his footsteps like this.'

Cheongyeop got up from his cross-legged seat.

At that moment, the door quietly opened and someone came in.

The moment he saw the person who came in unexpectedly, a deep frown broke out between Cheongyeop's forehead.

Because the face of the uninvited guest is so handsome.

The beautiful appearance that makes a woman fall in love with him the moment she sees him and his bright red eyes even in the dark alarmed Cheongyeop.

Cheongyeop said while holding the sword that was standing next to him.

"Who are you?"

"Pyo-wol."

The man, Pyo-wol, revealed his identity.

Cheongyeop tilted his head. Because it was the first time he had ever heard such a name. However, Cheongyeop continued talking without panicking.

"Okay. Pyo-wol! Why did you hide like a stray cat at this midnight hour?"

"There is no one who sneaks in at night and comes with a good purpose. The same goes for me."

"I asked a stupid question. The one who comes is not good, the one who is good will not come.³"

Cheongyeop's expression stiffened.

"I ask one last question. Did you possibly kill the young master of the Thunder Gates?"

"That's right."

"So it was you. Could I possibly know why you killed him?"

"To attract the attention of the Qingcheng sect."

Pyo-wol answered meekly. He knew the reason why Cheongyeop was talking like this was to get stall for as much time as possible.

It didn't matter though.

Because Pyo-wol already suppressed all the soldiers who were already guarding the annex.

Cheongyeop gave him a suspicious look.

"Have you ever had a Bon school and Eun Won? Why are you bringing the Qingcheng sect?"

"I have a grudge on both the Qingcheng sect and Emei sect."

"Emei? If that's the case then it must be your fault that a disciple of the Emei sect died."

"That's right."

Pyo-wol gently nodded his head. Cheongyeop's expression darkened.

He was wasting time by talking to Pyo-wol, but still, no disciple from outside came running. It meant that Pyo-wol completely took over the space.

Cheongyeop said, secretly raising his internal energy.

"A person who has a grudge against both the Qingcheng sect and Emei sect. I don't think there was such a person. Can you tell me who you really are?"

"I'm an assassin."

"Assassin?"

"It doesn't seem like you remember. Anyway, because of the Emei sect, I was raised as an assassin, and became the public enemy of the Qingcheng sect."

"Are you talking about what happened seven years ago?"

"I guess you still remembered. It seems you're not that stupid."

"Then you are the assassin who killed Woo Gunsang."

"Yes."

Pyo-wol nodded his head. A cold smile hung on his lips.

In comparison, Cheongyeop's expression hardened even more. Because it reminded him of that day seven years ago.

It was the Qingcheng sect that boasted the most thorough security network in Sichuan. It was seven years ago that their self-esteem was broken.

It was the Cheongseong school that boasted the most thorough boundary network in Sichuan. It was seven years ago that such self-esteem was broken.

One day, an assassin successfully ambushed Woo Gunsang, the rising member of the Qingcheng sect. This not only brought a huge shock to the Qingcheng sect, but also to the entire Sichuan.

The elite disciples of the Qingcheng sect and the Emei sect were involved in a case of chasing the assassin who killed Woo Gunsang together with the numerous sects in Sichuan Province who helped them.

Cheongyeop's trembling is not simply because Pyo-wol assassinated Woo Gunsang.

Pyo-wol revealed the truth of the incident by luring the disciples of the Emei sect and the Qingcheng sect through an underground joint venture.

After that day, the Emei sect and the Qingcheng sect became the irreconcilable enemies.

The source of all the incidents was the assassin standing right in front of him.

Pyo-wol was covering the lower crown of his face with a scarf. Cheongyeop knew what that meant.

"Pyo-wol! I will never forget that name!"

Cheongyeop raised his sword.

Although he still hasn't fully healed from his wounds, he did not doubt that he would not be able to handle a single assassin.

No matter how deeply wounded he was, he was still the one one who would become the next sect leader of the Qingcheng sect. If he couldn't even handle a single assassin, he had nothing to say if he was stripped of his position as a great disciple.

"Pyo-wol! You made a big mistake today. You had to just hide in the dark until the end. If you did, you would have saved your insignificant life for a few more days."

Shuaack!

Cheongyeop's sword cut through the darkness, and a fierce sword energy flew towards Pyo-wol. However, Pyo-wol shook off the sword's energy by moving to the side and then he rushed forward.

He did not take out the ghost knife or the Soul-Reaping Thread⁴, which he has been using frequently.

It was not Aguido, a German martial artist, but the Emei's technique, Pyoseol Cheonunjang that killed Cheongyeop today.

Pyoseol Cheonunjang was very difficult to learn due to the philosophy of the Emei sect.

Without mastering the depths of Emei, it would have been impossible to even dream of displaying its true power.

However, Pyo-wol replaced Emei's deep philosophy with the Sub-Thunder Snake method. As a result, Pyoseol Cheonunjang became more shady and destructive.

It actually transcended the power of the original.

Kwaang!

As Pyo-wol swung his hand, fierce pressure struck Cheongyeop.

Cheongyeop swung his sword to try and repel the tension.

Bang!

The bounced energy struck the wall of the annex and made it collapse. The wall shook precariously as if the outbuildings were about to collapse at any moment.

"What?"

"Isn't that the residence of the brother Cheongyeop?"

At the sudden commotion, the disciples of the Qingcheng sect and the Golden Gates ran out in worry. At that moment, the two men broke through the roof of the annex and soared into the air.

One was Cheongyeop, and the other was a unidentifiable man who had his face half-covered with a scarf.

Cheongyeop wanted to announce Pyo-wol's true identity right now.

However, when he tried to open his mouth while spreading his qi, because of his deep internal wound, his qi ended up scattering and thus flowed back.

Because of that, Cheongyeop couldn't say anything and had to unleash his sword techniques with his lips closed.

'I just have to subdue him. It's not too late to reveal his identity after I overpower him.'

Shuaack!

His sword pierced the darkness and shot towards Pyo-wol. However, Pyo-wol escaped the sword energy of Cheongyeop just by narrowly dodging in the air.

The disciples of the Qingcheng sect tried to help Cheongyeop, but the fight between the two was so intense that they did not dare to intervene.

At that moment, Pyo-wol unleashes the Pyoseol Cheonunjang.

Hoo-woong!

A force of immense power, incomparable to anything before, was shot towards Cheongyeop.

"Is that the Pyoseol Cheonunjang?"

"Then is that person an Emei sect's warrior?"

Some soldiers of the Qingcheng sect recognized Pyo-wol's swordsmanship technique. This is because Pyoseol Cheonunjang was such a famous attack.

"Something like this..."

Cheongyeop pulled up all of his remaining inner strength and put it in his sword. The intention was to cut through the incoming energy at once.

All of his internal energy would be exhausted, but he expected that the disciples of the Qingcheng sect would come running to help him.

He swung his sword with all his might.

Hoo-hung!

But his sword tore through the air in vain. Cheongyeop widened his eyes.

Because the impossible happened.

It was impossible even in a dream to miss a sword that had been trained for decades. Cheongyeop looked at his legs involuntarily. Because he felt something wrapped around his leg.

It was a thread of qi, which could not be distinguished with the naked eye.

At the decisive moment, Pyo-wol used the Soul-Reaping Thread and disturbed the balance of Cheongyeop. The subtle difference made the Cheongyeop fail to deflect the incoming attack.

Bang!

At the chest of Cheongyeop, traces of the Pyoseol Cheonunjang could be seen.

"Keuk!"

Cheongyeop let out a desperate scream and fell to the floor.

"Senior Brother!"

"Oh, no!"

The disciples of Qingcheng sect and Golden Gates ran in haste.

But by the time they arrived, Cheongyeop had already stopped breathing and died.

In the face of Cheongyeop's terrible death, the Qingcheng sect and Golden Gates warriors lost their minds.

"Follow him!"

"The Emei sect killed Senior Brother Cheongyeop!"

"We must take revenge!"

The disciples of Qingcheng sect and Golden Gates simultaneously lost their reason.

In front of them, Cheongyeop lost his life because of the Emei sect's swordsmanship technique. They thought that Emei had sent a highly skilled warrior to get revenge.

The disciples ran out without anyone stopping them.

Their destination was the White Flower Room where the disciples of Emei stayed.

"AHH!"

"Let's drive the dirty Emei disciples out of the city!"

"We must take revenge on behalf of Senior Brother Cheongyeop!"

The night streets of Chengdu were filled with their voices.

The night sky of Chengdu, which had barely calmed down, began to be dyed with blood again.

Editor's Notes:

1. Wolf in sheep's clothing. Other translations: hidden knife in the smile, 소리장도(笑裏藏刀)
2. Ungong Yosang. Raws: 운공요상.
 - a. Meaning: I think this is some external arts/cultivation method that can slow down the progression of injuries.
3. The one who comes is not good, the one who is good will not come. Raws: 선자불래(善者不來) 내자불선(來者不善)이거늘.
 - a. Meaning: This is a Chinese Idiom. People with good intentions do not come to us easily, and those who come to us do not come with good intentions.
4. Soul-Reaping Thread. This was previously known as Suhonsa. Will be using this term from now on for consistency.