

## Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 8 Episode 9

Manhwa: N/A

### Chapter 184

Manors were common in the large cities of Jianghu or in a place where you could see a superb view. Those who built their own manors were usually wealthy people, retired high-ranking officials, or successful merchants.

But among them, there were places that boasted a scale comparable to that of the great sects of Jianghu.

There were three representative manors.

These Three Manors<sup>1</sup> represent Jianghu.

The New Moon Manor.<sup>2</sup>

The Spirit Sword Manor.<sup>3</sup>

The Rain Mountain Manor.<sup>4</sup>

These three manors possessed such power comparable to that of a fairly strong sect. Among them, the Rain Mountain Manor was the most well-known in Jianghu.

The Rain Mountain Manor was created by Jang Jushin. He was a swordsman who, after his retirement, had swordsmen follow him to gain great power in a short period of time.

Chengshan<sup>5</sup>, where the Rain Mountain Manor is located, was near Taihu Lake, and the scenery was so beautiful that poets and calligraphers continued to visit it all year round.

People who come to Chengshan for the first time are surprised by the size and beauty of the Rain Mountain Manor. Translated by soundlesswind21

The Rain Mountain Manor, which was built by inviting renowned artisans from all over the world, was no different than a work of art in itself.

Because of that, many artists in particular visited the Rain Mountain Manor, and Jang Pyeongsan, the sect leader of the Rain Mountain Manor, treated them with utmost care.

The entertainers who were treated well at the Rain Mountain Manor left poems, songs, and paintings praising Jang Pyeongsan as a natural born leader, making him even more famous.

Jang Pyeongsan was not just a strong swordsman. Thanks to his interaction with many artists, he was able to develop an excellent artistic eye, and he himself had excellent skills in painting.

In addition, his appearance was so outstanding that he could not be considered middle-aged. People around him praised him for being a perfect martial artist who's proficient in both literary and martial arts.

Jang Pyeongsan sat in the pavilion of the back garden and looked at the rock garden.<sup>6</sup>

A large lake where you can float a boat and a well-kept high mountain were Jang Pyeongsan's favorite scenery at the Rain Mountain Manor.

The rock garden, where all kinds of plants were collected and planted, boasted a unique beauty every time the season changed.

Whenever he would sit and look at the panoramic landscape of the rock garden, all of his worries seemed to disappear. Translated by soundlesswind21

Jang Pyeongsan looked alternately at the rock garden and the large piece of paper placed on top of the pavilion. Next to the paper was well-ground ink and a large brush.

But he could hardly hold the brush. He just looked at the rock garden.

How long did you wait?

As the sun slowly set over the horizon, the whole world began to be dyed in golden light.

A smile appeared on Jang Pyeongsan's lips.

It was the moment he had been waiting for so long.

At that moment, a pair of mandarin ducks flew and played in the pond.

It was as if the Heavens were trying to help him. The view couldn't have been better.

Swipe!

Jang Pyeongsan immediately picked up his brush and started painting.

Every time the large brush moved, a lively picture was completed on the paper.

Sarak! Sarak!

Just then, someone quietly approached Jang Pyeongsan from behind.

A look of annoyance flashed across Jang Pyeongsan's face.

He hates it the most when someone interrupts him. In particular, when he was immersed in his painting like this, he hated being interrupted so much that even his subordinates did not dare to approach him.

Tak!

Jang Pyeongsan threw away his brush and turned around. Then he saw a beautiful middle-aged woman coming up to the pavilion.

A beautiful woman who is in her early 40s but has the same beauty of someone in her mid-to-late 20s.

She was Hwa Geum-seon, the second wife of Jang Pyeongsan.

Hwa Geum-seon's pretty face was stained with tears.

The moment he saw her face, Jang Pyeongsan knew something was wrong.

"What's going on, madame?"

"My family... My family is—"

Hwa Geum-seon could not finish her words and knelt down.

Jang Pyeongsan hurriedly hugged her and asked,

"What's wrong? Did something happen to the Heavenly Silver Marketplace?"

"Huhu! the Heavenly Silver Marketplace was said to have suffered a catastrophe."

"What?"

"Everyone is dead. My brother, Hwa Ok-gi... How am I supposed to live now? Heuuuugh!"

Hwa Geum-seon wailed loudly in the arms of Jang Pyeongsan.

Jang Pyeongsan looked at Hwa Geum-seon in his arms with a frown on his forehead.

She was not in the right condition to calmly explain what happened. She wept sadly as if the sky had collapsed, before passing out.

Jang Pyeongsan rose from his seat after carefully placed Hwa Geum-seon on the pavilion.

"Jeong-hak!"

"Yes, Lord Jang!"

A middle-aged man strode in from outside of the pavilion.

He was Yang Jeong-hak, the steward in charge of the small and large affairs of the Rain Mountain Manor.

"What's going on? Explain."

"I just received an urgent message from Enshi."

"Urgent news?"

"Yes! The Heavenly Silver Marketplace was said to be devastated."

"Tell me in detail."

Jang Pyeongsan's voice became deeply subdued.

"I don't know the details, but it seems that both the Heavenly Silver Marketplace sect leader and young leader lost their lives."

"Is it the Bamboo Sea clan?"

"It's clear that the Bamboo Sea clan has benefited, but they don't have the power to kill two people."

"What if a third party intervenes?"

"I think it would be reasonable to think so for now."

"What about our countermeasures?"

"I first put in a request to the Hao clan. It should be our priority to figure out the party behind it."

Yang Jeong-hak calmly replied.

Hwa Geum-seon was lying passed out just around the corner, but he did not show any concern.

It was the same with Jang Pyeongsan.

"What about the sword Gongbu?"

He was more curious about the whereabouts of the famous sword, which he couldn't get his hands on, than the condition of the Heavenly Silver Marketplace.

"It seems that the other party took it."

"Tsk!"

For a moment, an annoyed expression appeared on Jang Pyeongsan's face.

The downfall of the Heavenly Silver Marketplace did not deal him a great emotional blow.

It was only for Hwa Geum-seon. Now that her family has disappeared, she will feel the pain as if the sky has collapsed, but it has nothing to do with Jang Pyeongsan.

The only thing Jang Pyeongsan was interested in the world was a famous sword. Although he had already collected countless famous swords so far, his thirst still has not been quenched.

Gongbu was something he had long coveted.

Three great swords made by ancient artisans.

Only a few people remember those swords in the present, but Jang Pyeongsan still coveted those swords.

All the famous ancient swords passed through the hands of the emperor. Jang Pyeongsan also wanted to have the authority of an emperor by possessing Gongbu.

He had several famous swords that surpassed Gongbu. But nothing has the same legend and authority as Gongbu.

No one knows how ecstatic he was when Hwa Yu-cheon mentioned that he found Gongbu and that he was going to offer it to him soon. Although he didn't show it off on his face, he wanted to do a shoulder dance.

After that news, he waited for Gongbu to come into his hands. However, what came back was the sad news that Hwa Yu-cheon was in trouble.

"Send the second one out to retrieve Gongbu."

"Are you talking about Lord Lee?"

"Yes! There is enough justification for us to make a move. It's for the sake of avenging my wife's family, so Hwa Geum-seon will be fine. If you put a White Tiger Sword Unit<sup>7</sup> on it, they won't be pushed back wherever they go."

The White Tiger Sword unit is an elite group of Rain Mountain Manor warriors.

It was made up of 30 swordsmen, and their individual martial arts surpassed that of a first-class swordsman in Jianghu.

The scary thing about them is their excellent teamwork.

The teamwork of 30 swordsmen was enough to frighten even the hard-working masters.

Jang Muyeon, known as the Sword Demon<sup>8</sup>, was also a swordsman with a high reputation in Jianghu. In particular, his swordsmanship was so cruel that it frightened many.

Above all, Jang Muyeon was the son of Hwa Geum-seon.

The Heavenly Silver Marketplace's Hwa Yu-cheon was his uncle from his mother's side, so he was also related to Hwa Ok-gi was by blood.

He had enough justification for revenge, and he had the ability to do so.

Yang Jeong-hak lowered his head and replied,

"Okay. I'll pass on the sect leader's order to Lord Lee."

"And call someone to take her to the bedroom. She's going to be in a mess for a while, so make sure to keep an eye on her."

"I'll take care of it."

Yang Jeong-hak stepped back after answering.

Jang Pyeongsan picked up the brush he had thrown on the floor. After looking at the painting and the brush for a while, Jang Pyeongsan swung his brush.

In an instant, ink spurted out of the brush and hit the mandarin duck.

A pair of mandarin ducks died without even flapping their wings.

"What kind of person is he, to appear and disturb Jianghu... Tsk!"

Looking at the corpse of the mandarin duck floating in the pond, Jang Pyeongsan threw down the brush again.

\* \* \* [patreon.com/soundlesswind21](https://patreon.com/soundlesswind21) \* \* \*

Pyo-wol raised his head and looked around.

Beautiful mountains and rugged valleys were spread out in front of him.

They were in a place called Xingshan. soundlesswind

It was a place they arrived in four days after leaving Enshi. They had to pass through to this place before they could reach their destination, Dengzohu.

Wu Jang-rak told the group,

"After passing Xingshan, reinforcements will come. Once we get reinforcements, we will take a good rest, so let's do our best until then."

"Yes!"

"Alright."

Wu Jang-rak's subordinates and the mercenaries answered at the same time.

Their faces were full of tired light. They had come all the way here without taking a break after leaving Enshi. But nobody complained.

It was because of Pyo-wol.

They were peeking at Pyo-wol like stray cats.

Although they couldn't confirm it with their own two eyes, they were well aware of the fact that many people died in the Dead Forest. And many of those died because of him.

They all thought he was simply a man with a beautiful face, but in truth, he was a devil beyond imagination.

The mercenaries still did not know of Pyo-wol's true identity, but most of Wu Jang-rak's party did. They were the ones who lived in Sichuan Province, specifically in Chengdu, and not anywhere else. *s/o/u/n/d/l/e/s/s/w/i/n/d/*

It was impossible not to know the assassin who turned Sichuan City upside down last year and the year before last.

They instinctively realized that Pyo-wol was the rumored assassin who had sealed off the Emei and Qingcheng sect.

Only then did they understand why Wu Jang-rak had such a devoted and sincere attitude to a young Pyo-wol.

When Wu Jang-rak's subordinates seemed to recognize Pyo-wol's identity, the mercenaries approached and questioned them. However, all of Wu Jang-rak's subordinates kept their mouths shut. Not a single one spoke.

In Sichuan Province, mentioning Pyo-wol's name was a kind of taboo.



If a person lives outside Sichuan, they would not know about him. But if a person live in Sichuan, they have no choice but to be careful. s/o/u/n/d/l/e/s/s/w/i/n/d/

“Who the hell is he?”

"We just have to be careful..."

The mercenaries were reluctant to approach Pyo-wol.

Except for one.

"Hey!"

Seol Hajin was the one who approached Pyo-wol without hesitation. As she moved, the sword hanging from her waist also moved. And the golden threads hanging on her sword were blown away by the wind. Sound less wind 21

Seol Hajin asked,

"What do you think?"

"About?"

“How are you feeling?”

"Why?"

"Why? Knowing everything... hahaha!"

Seol Hajin let out a dark laugh. Translated by s o u n d l e s s w i n d 2 1

She found out that Pyo-wol was more terrifying than she thought, but Seol Hajin still treated him without formality. She would often surprise the other mercenaries by something too aggressive.

But, Pyo-wol, the person involved, did not pay much attention to Seol Hajin's words.

They slept together several times on the way here, but Seol Hajin would exactly draw the line. She might be saying something aggressive, but she never crosses a certain line.

In that respect, she was better than the mercenaries.

Seol Hajin's gaze suddenly turned to the rear of the party.

"But how long are you going to leave him like that?"

Her gaze was directed at Soma.

Soma was swinging a huge sword that looked much bigger than his body.

"Ha! Haat!"

Gongbu, one of the three great swords, savagely cut through the wind.

Soma seemed to be very fond of Gongbu.

He didn't let go of the sword for even a second, and swung it until he got used to it.

Thanks to this, there was no time for sweat to cool down from his body throughout the road. Even so, Soma didn't show a tired expression even once.

"Hee-hee!"

When it was difficult to wield the sword, he held it tightly in his arms and smiled.

Soma's attachment to Gongbu was frightening.

Even the fearless mercenaries shook their heads when they saw Soma's obsession.

Souma stroked the sword and mumbled,

“Wielding a sword alone is no longer fun. I wish there are bandits.”

It was then.

"Stop! You guys!"

A group of men appeared from nowhere with a loud voice.

At a glance, they could all tell that they were bandits.

Soma's eyes glistened.

"They came out!"

### SoundlessWind21's Notes:

Thank you for reading~

1. Three Villages → Three Manors. Raws: Samjang, 삼장(三莊).
  - 三 three
  - 莊 village, hamlet; villa; surname
2. New Moon Manor. Raws: 신월장(新月莊).
  - 新 new, recent, fresh, modern
  - 月 moon; month;
  - 莊 village, hamlet; villa; surname
3. Spirit Sword Manor. Raws: 귀검장(鬼劍莊).
  - 鬼 ghost; spirit of dead; devil
  - 劍 sword, dagger, saber
  - 莊 village, hamlet; villa; surname
4. Rain Mountain Manor. Raws: Raws: Ugeomhut, 우검산장(雨劍山莊).
  - 雨 rain; rainy;
  - 劍 sword, dagger, saber
  - 山 mountain, hill, peak
  - 莊 village, hamlet; villa; surname
5. Chengshan. Raws: Jamsan, 잠산(澄山).
  - 澄 purify water by allowing sediment to settle; clear, pure
  - 山 mountain, hill, peak
6. Rock garden. Raws: Gasan, 가산(假山).
  - Landscape gardening that artificially creates the shape of a mountain and makes it part of a garden.
  - The artificial mountain (jiashan) or rock garden is an integral element of Chinese classical gardens.
7. White Tiger Sword Unit. Raws: Baekho Gumdae, 백호검대(白虎劍隊).
  - 白 white; pure, unblemished; bright

- 虎 tiger; brave, fierce; surname
- 劍 sword, dagger, saber
- 隊 team, group; army unit

8. Sword Demon. Raws: 검귀(劍鬼).

- 劍 sword, dagger, saber
- 鬼 ghost; spirit of dead; devil

9. Xingshan. Raws: 흥산(興山).

- 興 thrive, prosper, flourish
- 山 mountain, hill, peak