

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 8 Episode 11

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Chapter 186

The Wudang sect.

It was one of the few sects that had been in Jianghu for the longest time after it was recognized by people.

Since the beginning of Jianghu, they have always been strong.

At one time, along with Shaolin Temple, it was also called the two leaders of Jianghu, and was also classified as a member of the top ten sects.

Although they went through ups and downs over the years, they were always strong.

Some have even said that the history of the Wudang sect goes over a thousand years.

When no named Taoist temples located in Mount Wudang united with other nearby temples to become a huge force named the Wudang sect, it was recorded as a major event in Jianghu.

The Wudang sect, as a martial arts sect, has always existed at the top of Jianghu. translated by soundlesswind

Over the long course of their history, the Wudang sect has produced numerous geniuses, and those geniuses consequently had disciples who became famous in Jianghu.

The philosophy of the sect which was created for such a long time, was the secret behind the strength of the Wudang sect.

Even during their period of decline, the Wudang sect never failed to produce top-notch warriors.

Because of this, many people looked up to the Wudang sect. In particular, the prestige of the Wudang sect in Hubei Province was so great that it could not be expressed in words.

With a little bit of exaggeration, most people in Hubei say that they make a living thanks to the Wudang sect.

Even the owner of the tavern immediately jumped out of his seat and bowed when he saw the warriors of the Wudang sect come in. He was on the verge of giving his liver and gallbladder.¹

"Why have the Wudang sect's esteemed masters visited our humble place?"

"We are here to meet someone, so guide us to a quiet place."

"Okay. Come here. This window seat is the best."

Despite the owner's guidance, the middle-aged taoist² did not stop frowning. He didn't like the place the owner guided them to. But there were no other seats better than this one.

"Hmpf!"

The middle-aged taoist sat down with a dissatisfied expression. It was only then that the young taoist sighed in relief and sat across from him. soundlesswind

"What kind of food should I serve?"

"Bring something that doesn't have a strong scent."

"Alright."

When the owner was about to leave, a childish voice stopped him in his tracks.

"And bring us a bottle of wine."

"Pardon?"

The owner of the voice was the young taoist.

The tavern owner had a puzzled expression at the boy's unexpected words.

Drinking alcohol was considered taboo for a person practicing Taoism.

At that time the middle-aged taoist shook his head and said,

"So that's why you set up the meeting place at a bar."

"Hehe!"

The young taoist laughed at the middle-aged taoist.

Drinking alcohol inside the Wudang sect is strictly prohibited. Even if a person was a long-time disciple, they can never drink alcohol inside the Wudang sect. However, if they were outside Mount Wudang, then drinking alcohol is allowed to some extent. s o u n d l e s s w i n d

The disciples were also human. Emphasizing abstinence too strictly could actually have the opposite effect. For that reason, alcohol is acceptable to a certain extent just to moisten the mouth. They were still discouraged from drinking too much.

The young taoist also aimed for that point so he set the bar as the meeting place.

“Who do you resemble to have such tastes?”

“I heard that master drank a lot when you were young, too.”

"Who said that?"

"Junior Uncle Wooil."³

"He said something useless. I should shut his mouth right away."

The middle-aged taoist clicked his tongue. His name is Woo Pyeong, and he is a great disciple of the Wudang faction. For the young taoist, his name is Tae Kwang. He is the direct disciple⁴ of Woo Pyeong.

Tae Kwang was excited to leave Mount Wudang for the first time after a long while. Although his freedom in Mount Wudang was not particularly suppressed, the atmosphere outside still felt quite different from Mount Wudang. s.o.u.n.d.l.e.s.s.w.i.n.d.

And being able to drink alcohol like this as a bonus, couldn't be any better.

Woo Pyeong looked at his student with a kind smile.

"Drink in moderation. Too much of something is as bad as too little. If you drink and get into an accident after drinking again this time, even this master can't protect you."

"Don't worry. I'm just going to drink a little. Hehe!"

"Why did I accept a guy like you as a disciple only to suffer like this? Tsk!"

Woo Pyeong clicked his tongue.

The Wudang sect would usually accept young children as a third-generation disciple.⁵ They would then observe them for a long time to understand their qualities and character.

The Wudang sect would only accept a person with outstanding talents as the third-generation disciple, but in the case of Tae Kwang, he skipped that step.

While Woo Pyeong was traveling around Jianghu, he found a young child wandering alone after losing his parents to a plague.

The child was Tae Kwang.

At that time, Tae Kwang was twelve years old.

Considering that other third-generation disciples usually enter Mount Wudang at the age of three or four, Tae Kwang entered at a very late age.

Nonetheless, Woo Pyeong was willing to take Tae Kwang. It's because he recognized Tae Kwang's outstanding qualities.

In this way, Tae Kwang became a disciple of Woo Pyeong. With his outstanding talent in martial arts, he met Woo Pyeong's expectations. However, he had one fatal flaw.

He liked alcohol a little bit too much. s o u n d l e s s w i n d

If he hadn't learned to drink from a young age, he might have been able to control his drinking. But since he already knew the taste of alcohol when he was still young, he had no way of stopping it.

"Drink in moderation, okay?"

In the end, this was all Woo Pyeong could do.

After a while, the tavern owner brought a bottle of alcohol and a simple snack.

The food that was served lacked spices just as Woo Pyeong ordered. The taste might have been a little bland but Woo Pyeong still preferred it this way.

Tae Kwang then spoke in a low voice,

“They’re mercenaries, right?”

Tae Kwang’s gaze was directed directly at Ko Il-pae’s group.

"I guess so."

Woo Pyeong answered calmly.

It wasn't unusual to see mercenaries in Jianghu.

If the Wudang sect ranked at the top of Jianghu, then the mercenaries would be at the bottom. They don't really like them, but they were also a part of Jianghu.

Woo Pyeong soon shifted his attention somewhere else.

The mercenaries were not the object of his interest in the first place. As long as they don't cause any accidents, he had no reason to be interested.

It was then.

The door opened and another group of people entered the tavern.

As if they had come a long way, thick dust accumulated on their heads and shoulders.

After looking around the tavern for a while, they found Woo Pyeong. They soon came straight over to their table.

“Are you a member of the Wudang sect?”

"Yes. Why?"

"Then we’ve come to the right place. We’re from the Golden Island clan.”

"Ah! It’s nice to meet you."

Woo Pyeong greeted delightly.

* * * patreon.com/soundlesswind21 * * *

Pyo-wol got up from the bed and came out.

He had a hot time with Seol Hajin last night. But since Pyo-wol wasn't too used to sleeping with someone, the two slept in different rooms.

"Brother!"

Soma waved his hand as Pyo-wol came out of his room. Soma still had the sword, Gongbu, in his hands.

Pyo-wol went straight to Soma's seat.

"Did you wait long?"

"No. I just came out a little while ago."

"What about food?"

"I also ordered for you."

"Well done."

Pyo-wol nodded and sat down.

He was quite hungry. It was probably because he worked hard last night.

While waiting for food, Ko Il-pae and mercenaries came down the stairs.

"Oh, I'm dying!"

"Ugh! I need some hot soup!"

"How much did you drink?"

Seol Hajin shook her head as she came down.

Ko Il-pae and the mercenaries went back to their inn at around dawn. Everyone could tell they drank alcohol from the smell that still lingered in their mouths.

Seol Hajin hurriedly ordered food that could relieve their hangover.

With his head on the table, Ko Il-pae asked Seol Hajin,

"Are you okay?"

"Why?"

"Oh yeah! You didn't drink, did you? Damn it! I think my head is still full of alcohol. Seeing that, I can't even remember what happened yesterday."

"Why did you drink too much? Aren't we supposed to take the time to rest today?"

"Once we leave this place, we won't be able to have fun for a while, so I will drink to my heart's content."

"Then you're going to get drunk. Drink in moderation."

"That's how it should be. But my head hurts even more after paying attention to the Wudang sect taoist."

Seol Hajin had a puzzled look on her face.

"A Wudang sect taoist?"

"They came to the tavern where we were drinking."

"Really? Why would a Wudang sect taoist come to a bar?"

"They were there to meet someone."

"Really? Who?"

Seol Hajin expressed her curiosity.

However, Ko Il-pae shook his head and answered weakly,

"I don't know. It seems like they were talking about something quite important for them to chat quietly among themselves. I even drank while looking around because I didn't want to offend them for no reason."

It was easy for mercenaries like them to get involved with sects such as the Wudang sect. For that reason, experienced mercenaries like Ko Il-pae avoided intertwining with them if possible.

Seol Hajin knew that fact, so she didn't ask further.

She, too, did not want to get involved with the Wudang sect.

After a while, the owner of the inn served food. The conversation was cut short since the mercenaries ate in a hurry.

Soma looked at the mercenaries for a while and then said to Pyo-wol,

"Brother!"

"What is it?"

"Why do people drink alcohol? They would only suffer like that after drinking. I don't understand."

"Me too."

It was something Pyo-wol couldn't understand either.

However, he did not have the heart to criticize the mercenaries.

This is because the choice to drink or not to drink was theirs, and it was up to them to endure the consequences.

Now the mercenaries were paying the price for drinking too much all night.

They were lucky that there was no immediate threat, but if someone attacked them at this time, they would have been completely annihilated.

After finishing the meal, Pyo-wol rose from his seat. Soma also stood up and said,

"You're going to look around the city, right? I want to come with you."

After spending quite a bit of time with Pyo-wol, Soma could now clearly see through Pyo-wol's habits.

Pyo-wol nodded.

"So be it."

"Hehe!"

Soma smiled after obtaining Pyo-wol's permission.

Seol Hajin also stood up and said,

"I'll go with you, too. I'm going to get drunk if I stay with these idiots."

She shook her head and came closer to Pyo-wol.

The smell of alcohol was strong from the breath of the mercenaries who had been drinking until dawn. Just being with them makes her head hurt.

"Hoo! I feel better now."

When Seol Hajin came out of the inn, she breathed out. She also liked to drink, but she didn't drink as much like the other mercenaries.

Suddenly, Soma said to Seol Hajin,

"Why don't you leave those idiots?"

"What?"

"I think sister would become a fool if you continue going around with those idiots."

"But I feel comfortable with those idiots."

"Really?"

"Because they're ignorant, their thoughts are revealed on their faces. This way, I at least don't have to worry about being stabbed in the back."

"Sister is also quite shrewd. I thought you would live without thinking."

"What? This kid!"

"Great! I like you, sister! So if you want to kill someone, tell me."

"That's enough. Are you crazy?"

Seol Hajin sighed as if just imagining it was terrifying.

She had seen Soma's capabilities. So she knew very well what kind of disaster would happen if she asked him.

Soma smiled at Seol Hajin. Other mercenaries were afraid of him, so seeing Seol Hajin, who behaves calmly like this, is fascinating.

Seol Hajin and Soma chatted while following Pyo-wol.

When Pyo-wol was about to slightly frown at the continuous bickering of the two, a group of people from the other side approached them in their direction.

They, too, were talking about something like Soma and Seol Hajin. Because of that, they didn't even notice Pyo-wol's group walking across the street.

'The Wudang sect.'

Pyo-wol saw the clothes of the approaching people. He realized that they were the members of the Wudang sect that the mercenaries mentioned a while ago.

As Pyo-wol had guessed, they were Woo Pyeong and Tae Kwang, taoists of the Wudang sect. Next to them were the people they met at the bar yesterday.

The moment she saw their faces, Seol Hajin's complexion turned pale.

"Ah!"

At that moment, the warriors who were with Woo Pyeong raised their heads and looked at Seol Hajin.

"Sister?"

"Hajin?"

They recognized Seol Hajin.

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

Thank you for reading~

1. Giving his liver and gallbladder. Raws: 간이고 쓸개고 다 배 줄 기세였다.
 - Korean saying. This means to give everything to someone. Liver and gallbladder are important organs so it means everything.
2. Taoist. Most of the Wudang sect's members are priests who follow Taoist customs and practices in addition to training in martial arts.
3. Junior Uncle. Term used here is Sasuk = Master's Younger Disciple.
4. Direct disciple. Raws: 적전(嫡傳).
 - 嫡 legal wife, child of legal wife
 - 傳 summon; propagate, transmit
5. Third Generation Disciple. Raws: Dodong, 도동으로.
 - Dodong is a child who polishes his sword or a child who runs errands for a sword master.