

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 5 Episode 20

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Chapter 120

The name Qingcheng comes from the fact that the mountain peaks that seem to reach the sky, were reminiscent of a blue fortress wall.

Mount Qingcheng has always stood there with an unchanging figure. Looking at the gigantic yet blue mountain, it felt as if the troubles of his heart were washed away.

"Hoo...! I feel a little better now."

The man looking down at Mount Qingcheng from a high peak was a Taoist in his late thirties.

His name is Cheong-gyeong.

He is a major disciple of the Qingcheng sect.

After the bloodshed last year, the Qingcheng sect did not allow any outsiders to visit. The damage was so great that they couldn't afford to receive visitors because they were cleaning up the internal organization of the sect.

While that was correct, the bigger reason was the extreme sense of shame experienced by the Qingcheng sect disciples.

The fact that Mu Jeong-jin, the foremost master and elder of the Qingcheng sect had mastered black magic, made the disciples of the Qingcheng sect unable to raise their heads.

It was a great shock to them, who had lived with pride as a student of a prestigious Qingcheng sect with a history of hundreds of years, that Mu Jeong-jin learned black magic.

The high self-esteem they had fell to the ground. Shame and resentment combined, and the disciples of the Qingcheng sect were deeply wounded.

For that reason, the sect leader, Muryeongjin, had no choice but to lock the door of the Qingcheng sect.

Last winter, the elders of the Qingcheng sect did their best to heal the broken hearts of the disciples.

They interviewed everyone from the first generation disciples to the third generation disciples, and came up with a solution tailored to each individual.

And Go Yeopjin-in, the number one warrior of the Qingcheng sect, who had retired, came back again and taught the disciples.

As a result, the psychological wounds suffered by the Qingcheng disciples were healed to some extent.

Although the gates of the sect were locked and strictly forbade the entry of outsiders, the Qingcheng sect disciples were free to enter.

The disciples of the Qingcheng sect visited every nook and cranny of Mt. Qingcheng and captured the unexplored scenery. In the process, some of the disciples improved their skills, and some achieved an unexpected enlightenment.

So that's how they turned their resentment into a blessing.

The sect leader, Muryeongjin, planned to reopen the Qingcheng sect within a few years and rebuild the prestige of the Qingcheng sect, which had fallen to the floor because of Mu Jeong-jin..

Cheong-gyeong was one of the warriors who rose to prominence under the teachings of Muryeongjin and Go Yeop-jin.

Recently, with a small enlightenment, he was able to use the Qingcheng Sect's Nine Style¹, which he could not do before. However, Cheong-gyeong was not happy with his current progress in martial arts.

He respected Mu Jeong-jin more than anyone else. So he tried to understand Mu Jeong-jin's actions.

“Is he saying that the Qingcheng sect's martial arts isn't enough?”

Cheong-gyeong wondered what had corrupted Mu Jeong-jin. Cheong-gyeong thought that even if his heart demon was like that, it shouldn't have escalated to that point.

When his heart and mind was in a mess, Cheong-gyeong would always come to this particular place alone. The location is one of the hidden wonders of Qingcheng Mountain. Since people rarely visit the place, he was able to immerse himself in contemplation.

Cheong-gyeong looked blankly at the unexplored view of Mount Qingcheng for a long time. Then he found some peace of mind.

That was then.

Sreuk!

All of a sudden, he felt a movement behind his back.

"Who are you?"

Cheong-gyeong asked in a soft voice, thinking that it was another disciple of the Qingcheng sect who was approaching.

But there was no answer.

It was then that Cheong-gyeong sensed a strange atmosphere.

"Why aren't you answering... Keuk!"

At that moment, a black hand covered Cheong-gyeong's face.

Cheong-gyeong could not scream and was suppressed at once. As soon as the hands covered his face, he was paralyzed and was unable to move.

Cheong-gyeong fell backwards like a rotten old tree.

'Kueugk!'

He tried to scream, but no voice came out of his mouth.

At that moment, a black figure suddenly appeared.

He knew the unknown figure was a human, but since they were wrapped in black, their facial features weren't clear.

The black figure was Heukam.

Heukam squatted by Cheong-gyeong's head and looked at him for a long time. Cheong-gyeong could only stare at Heukam with his eyes wide open.

'How dare you do this in the vicinity of the Qingcheng sect! Reveal your identity, you bastard!'

Cheong-gyeong looked into Heukam, trying to express his thoughts in his eyes. However, Heukam did not show any emotion even when looking at the eyes of Cheong-gyeong.

Rather, he stared intently into Cheong-gyeong as if observing him.

Heukam's eyes didn't have a white sclera. As Cheong-gyeong stared into Heukam's all-black eyes, his anger suddenly surged.

Heukam's eyes reminded Cheong-gyeong of the memories he had already buried in the depths of his heart.

The figure of Heukam disappeared, and instead, a warrior whom he thought of as an idol appeared. A man who he respected more than anyone else and wanted to be like.

It was just Mu Jeong-jin.

'Why did you do that? Why did you learn black magic?'

However, despite his cry, Mu Jeong-jin did not give any answer and just looked at him coldly.

'You made the Qingcheng sect like this. You caused the reputation of the Qingcheng sect to fall to the bottom. How will you take on this responsibility? Answer me!'

'You don't deserve my answer.'

For the first time, Mu Jeong-jin answered. His answer made Cheong-gyeong even more angry.

'This is your fault. You should take responsibility for bringing the Qingcheng sect into hell.'

Cheong-gyeong had a fit. He screamed until his throat was about to burst and he looked at Mu Jeong-jin as if he was about to eat him up. But in reality, he didn't even move.

Everything was happening in his mind.

In reality, what was in front of him was Heukam, not Mu Jeong-jin.

His eyes would captivate and mesmerize the viewer and make them fall into a nightmare. He didn't acquire the said technique by studying. It was an innate skill.

Hyeol Bul, who recognized Heukam's talent early on, brought him to the Leiyin Temple and taught him.

At first, Heukam was taught by Hyeol Bul, but later on his talent was so unrivaled that he learned on his own and reached new heights.

So far, there has not been a person who has not been suppressed by his eyes.

No matter how strong a person was, once the technique is in effect, there was a 100% chance that they would be suppressed.

The only problem was that the technique took a long time to work. Well, if he could subdue his opponent just by having them look into his eyes for a moment, he would have already risen to the top of Jianghu.

But he didn't give up. Heukam studied various fields to make up for the shortcomings of his technique, and showed excellent achievements.

He took his bottle out of his pocket.

When the jar was opened, a small insect crawled out of it. The size was so small that it was difficult to distinguish with the naked eye.

Heukam brought the worm to the nose of the Cheong-gyeong. Then, the worm wriggled and penetrated into Cheong-gyeong's nose.

After a while, Cheong-gyeong's body trembled. His eyes were still hazy. Trapped in a nightmare, he was confronting Mu Jeong-jin.

It was possible because everything was happening in the world of imagination, and not reality.

Heukam stood up after slapping the Cheong-gyeong's cheek.

Before coming to the Qingcheng sect, he thought about how to infiltrate the Qingcheng sect without leaving a trace. And coincidentally the disciples of the Qingcheng sect were freely roaming around the Qingcheng Mountain.

It then became a hunt. They had to hurry up and finish their work before the disciples could return to the Qingcheng sect.

'This is really worth seeing.'

Heukam laughed. His lips only twitched a little, but it was the first time after a long time that he was expressing his emotions.

Heukam disappeared as fast as he appeared.

Shortly after he left, Cheong-gyeong woke up from the mournful dream. He woke up, but his eyes were still hazy. It wasn't long before his eyes returned its focus.

"Why am I lying down?"

Cheong-gyeong had a puzzled expression.

He was definitely admiring the unexplored scenery of Mt. Qingcheng, but he was lying on the floor all of a sudden.

He had no memory of anything happening to him. He was sure something happened, but he can't remember.

"Hoo...! It seems that my heart demon has grown big. If I don't want to become like senior brother Mu Jeong-jin, I should go back to the main sect and read the Taoist sutra."

Cheong-gyeong shook his head and stood up.

He went on his way to return to the Qingcheng sect.

People like Cheong-gyeong appeared one after another in various places on Mt. Qingcheng.

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Pyo-wol unfolded a large piece of paper on the table.

The paper that was spread on the table was a single map. It was a map of Sichuan Province brought by Governor Ko.

The map is not commonly available in the market. Since the topography of Sichuan and the location of the sects were precisely recorded, General Ko obtained it with difficulty.

Pyo-wol looked at the map for a long time.

He is trying to cram the entire topography of Sichuan Province in his head.

Ordinary people would find it impossible. It was also difficult for Pyo-wol. Nevertheless, Pyo-wol still attempted to memorize it because of his obsession for survival.

His obsession that started in childhood did not disappear even after getting older. Rather, it seemed to go up to another level.

Pyo-wol was not relieved even though he had created several fake identities. He knows that if an expert makes up their mind to dig into his fake identities, he will easily be found out.

While there's only a few experts who had reached that kind of level, Pyo-wol was still on his guard.

Pyo-wol showed a formidable concentration. His eyes were wide open and his head was hurting, but he didn't stop looking at the map.

It was almost half a day later when Pyo-wol took his eyes off the map.

It took Pyo-wol half a day to memorize the map perfectly. His head now contained the topography of Sichuan, the location of important sects, and the location of land roads and waterways.

Once he memorizes something, he never forgets about it.

Pyo-wol rolled up the map, threw it roughly in one side of the room, and then came out.

Pyo-wol furrowed his eyebrows.

It was because the sun was shining so intensely.

Now that he's used to the sun, his eyes don't hurt even if he had been outside for a long time, but still, for Pyo-wol, the night was more comfortable than during the day.

At that moment, he saw General Ko running in haste.

He had a gut feeling that something had happened.

"What's going on?"

Instead of answering, General Ko presented a letter prepared in advance to Pyo-wol.

As it was a familiar gesture, Pyo-wol read the letter without panicking.

"The Thunder Gates moved?"

General Ko nodded, agreeing to his words.

According to the letter, while Pyo-wol was busy reading the map, the Thunder Gates began to move in unison. There were as many as 200 Thunder Gates disciples moving at once. It was a number that could never be considered small.

The problem is that it's not just the Thunder Gates' warriors who moved.

"Suspicious movements were also detected in the High Sky Sect?"

The fact that both sects moved in unison could never be taken lightly.

"Why are they moving? Is there a connection?"

General Ko shook his head. He hasn't figured it out yet.

Pyo-wol crumpled the letter.

It could have been just a coincidence that many factions moved at the same time. However, Pyo-wol was well aware that the probability of such a coincidence was extremely slim.

At least it was close to impossible for such a thing to happen in Jianghu.

'There must be something that made these factions move at the same time.'

There was a limit to what Pyo-wol could find out because he didn't move and investigated directly.

'Are their movements related to the entry of Golden Heavenly Hall in Chengdu?'

Pyo-wol denied his conjectures.

Jin Geum-woo of the Golden Heavenly Hall was looking for himself. He had no point of contact with the other sects.

In the end, the Golden Heavenly Halls's arrival in Chengdu and the movement of the two sects were mere coincidences.

So Pyo-wol was even more puzzled. To think such events happened at the same time.

Rather, if their movements were related to him, he would have responded much more actively. However, it was difficult to move because they were not posing a threat or provoking him.

"Have someone follow them. Figure out where they're headed and their final destination."

General Ko nodded as if he understood and ran somewhere else.

Even after he disappeared, Pyo-wol did not move.

He didn't have a good feeling about this.

Whenever he felt like this, a big event would always happen.

A sticky wind was blowing that made people uncomfortable.

SoundlessWind21's Note:

Hope you enjoyed the chapter~

1. Qingcheng Sect's Nine Style. Raws: 청운구식(靑雲九式).