

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 5 Episode 15

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 115

Pyo-wol felt like the back of his head was about to be pierced.

That's how intense Jin Geum-woo's gaze was.

'He has good senses.'

Pyo-wol already knew that Jin Geum-woo was suspicious of him. While Jin Geum-woo didn't know that Pyo-wol was the assassin, it was clear Jin Geum-woo thought Pyo-wol had something to do with the incident.

It was not possible by any rational judgment or reasoning to remember the eyes he met once and associate himself with the assassin. So it was definitely a sense close to an instinct of an animal that made him reached that conclusion.

It was the first time for Pyo-wol to meet a person like Jin Geum-woo.

So he found him interesting.

If Jin Geum-woo was suspicious of Pyo-wol by relying on his beast-like sense, Pyo-wol became interested in the human being, Jin Geum-woo.

So he acted ambiguously on purpose.

Pyo-wol doesn't know why Jin Geum-woo is looking for him, but if he observes him closely, he'll soon find out why.

Keep your friends close and your enemies even closer.

Although Pyo-wol had no friends, there were countless people whom he could call his enemies. And Jin Geum-woo was now one of them.

Pyo-wol stopped by a store run by Lim Kwon-ok.

"Have you been well, Master?"

"Welcome!"

The workers welcomed Pyo-wol.

To be precise, they welcomed Lim Kwon-ok.

Pyo-wol nodded and went inside. The workers did not know that the real Lim Kwon-ok had already died a long time ago. That's because General Ko had meticulously managed it.

Inside the shop was Pyo-wol's residence.

The entrance was operated by an engine, so anyone who did not know how to unlock it could never enter. The entry of workers was of course strictly prohibited.

As soon as he opened the door, he was greeted with a large room. This was Lim Kwon-ok's residence. While it had no windows leading to the outside, it had hidden machineries in the room.

When Pyo-wol manipulated one of the machines, the floor opened and a staircase leading to the basement appeared.

Pyo-wol went down the stairs without hesitation. The further down he went, the stronger the revolting smell came up. The stench was so bad that an average person would not be able to stand it.

However, Pyo-wol continued to walk without an expression of disgust.

At the end of the stairs, a canal full of filth appeared.

All the filth thrown away by the people of Chengdu was discharged through the waterway where Pyo-wol stood. Pyo-wol stepped on the slightly protruding part above the waterway and walked.

A foul-smelling filth was running under his feet. Even the demons of Hell would be reluctant to approach a place where there's a smell that could shake even the soul.

Pyo-wol paralyzed his sense of smell.

He can enhance and develop his senses to the extreme, and he can also paralyze it at will. Thanks to this, Pyo-wol was able to walk freely even with the revolting stench.

The waterway was like a spider's web, connecting the underground of Chengdu. As long as anyone could tolerate the repulsive stench of the waterway, they could freely go in and out of Chengdu.

This was Pyo-wol's third den.

This was a place that no one would dare to go. Most people don't even know this kind of place exists.

Pyo-wol thought that this place suited him very well.

Although he had disguised himself with a splendid appearance of a businessman, his essence was laid out more appropriately here. So he felt more comfortable.

There were no lights, no maps.

If an ordinary person entered, it was clear that they would lose their sense of direction and eventually lose their life. However, Pyo-wol walked forward without hesitation.

After walking for a long time, he arrived at a dead-end waterway. Pyo-wol lifted his head and looked up at the ceiling. A faint light was seeping in.

As Pyo-wol pushed the ceiling, a passage leading to the outside appeared.

"Hm?"

When Pyo-wol appeared, a voice was heard.

"Ugh! What's that smell! Oh? It's you, brother."

The man who covered his nose, and fanned his hands was Tang Sochu.

Tang Sochu looked at Pyo-wol, who suddenly appeared from the floor with a frown on his forehead.

The dead end of the waterway was directly connected to Tang Sochu's workshop.

"Wait."

Pyo-wol radiated his qi to the outside.

Paang!

The terrible smell disappeared under the influence of qi. Only then did Tang Sochu release his hand covering his nose.

"I told you not to pass through there."

"I couldn't help it. There's someone keeping an eye on me."

"Really? Who?"

"Those from the outside."

"Did you do something suspicious?"

"Not at all."

"Then why?"

"I don't know. But I'll find out soon enough. Since I already threw the bait."

"There's never been a quiet day."

Tang Sochu shook his head.

It's been quiet for the past few months, but something's already starting again. It was as if incidents would continue to happen wherever Pyo-wol was.

Tang Sochu had a feeling that as long as he was with Pyo-wol, he would not be able to escape from different kinds of commotion forever.

But it's now too late for him to step out.

It was not only because he was already deeply related with Pyo-wol, but it was also because of Tang Sochu's nature not to leave a comrade.

"Who is it this time?"

"The Golden Heavenly Hall."

"Aren't they a group of warriors?"

"That's right."

"You're in Chengdu which is basically in the middle of nowhere. Why are those warriors whose pride soars to the sky looking for you?"

"We'll find out soon enough. How's the wrist armor? "

"The work was done a little while ago. Hold on a second."

Tang Sochu went inside.

A moment later, he came back and held a pair of armor in his hand. It was an item he made and gave to Pyo-wol in the past.

Pyo-wol used the wrist armor well in the recent fight against Seven Stars. However, he felt some shortcomings and asked the Tang Sochu to make some extra changes.

"Everything you said has been fixed. It will be much easier to use than before."

"Thank you."

"Wow! You've become a lot more human. To think words of thank you would come out of your mouth."

"....."

"Don't worry, it's a good thing."

Tang Sochu grinned.

Tang Sochu's smile bothered Pyo-wol, but nothing was more important to Pyo-wol than having his wrist armor fixed. Pyo-wol moved around with the wrist armor on his arm.

He was certainly able to move much more naturally than before.

"Since you said that the threads were useful, I made some more. It's hidden in the upper part of the forearm, so use it when you need it."

"Okay."

When he put on the armor, he felt as if he had recovered a part of himself. The armor seemed to keep him from losing his identity as an assassin.

"I'll use it well."

"Tsk! It looks like you're going to use it sooner anyways."

Tang Sochu clicked his tongue.

Predictions of this kind have never always been wrong.

Unfortunately.

* * * patreon.com/soundlesswind21 * * *

The Thunder Gates had been empty for a long time.

This is because Tae Yeon-ho and Nam Ho-san, both lost their lives at the same time. Two people who could be called pillars died, so it was natural that the sect could not be maintained.

The front door, which was always wide open, was firmly shut. There was even wood nailed on it so the door looked completely closed.

People who lived nearby also knew that the Thunder Gates was closed.

But one day, they saw the boards that had been padded on the front door of the Thunder Gate had been torn off.

People approached the front door of the Thunder Gates just in case. The front door, which had been tightly closed, was wide open again. There were even warriors practicing martial arts inside.

The warriors of the Thunder Gates, who the people had not seen for a while, have returned.

"The Thunder Gates is back!"

"Their members started training again."

The rumor that the Thunder Gates have opened their doors spread like wildfire. Most of the people who heard the rumors thought it was good. That's because the Thunder Gate's reputation was not so bad.

When both the sect leader and young master died a tragic death, many people felt sorry for them.

Closing the door of a sect the size of the Thunder Gates was also a huge loss to the people living nearby. Many people wanted to form a relationship with a clan from Jianghu, so they could be under their protection.

At least for the people in the vicinity, the Thunder Gates was like a reliable protector. The guardian, who they thought was gone, had returned, so the residents welcomed the return of the Thunder Gates.

"But who ended up becoming the new sect leader?"

"We'll find out soon, right?"

People wondered who the new master of the Thunder Gates was. However, they did not show any signs of movements because the internal maintenance had not been completed yet.

Some people, unable to hold back their curiosity, went to the Thunder Gates directly and asked for a meeting or an interview with the new sect leader. However, the Thunder Gates flatly denied all of their requests.

The reason they gave was they were using this time to clean up the internal affairs of the sect, rather than engaging with external activities.

The reason they gave was so clear that people agreed and came out of the sect. However, unexpected words came out of the mouths of some people who visited the Thunder Gates.

"Isn't the atmosphere strange?"

"I feel the same way. It felt like there were more faces I didn't know."

People who lived nearby were well aware of the members of the Thunder Gates.

They couldn't say they knew everyone, but they got along with most of the members. However, when they visited this time, it seemed that there were more unknown faces than familiar faces.

But the doubts of some were overshadowed by the voices of others.

"Since the sect leader died so tragically, there must have been a lot of agitation for the previous members, right? So of course a lot of people must have left. There's nothing weird about seeing new faces filling in the vacancy."

Eventually, the reasoning of others buried the doubts others may have.

People in the neighborhood were fully satisfied with the reopening of the Thunder Gates. Thus, in the interest of the people, the Thunder Gates quickly reorganized its internal system.

At the center of it was Wu Jinghua.

Wu Jinghua was one of the former disciples of Tae Yeon-ho, who was the previous sect leader.

Although his martial arts were excellent, he was not able to stand out because he was covered by the shadow of Nam Ho-san. However, he gained his sect member's trust because he was very loyal to the previous sect leader Tae Yeon-ho.

When Tae Yeon-ho lost his life to Mu Jeong-jin of the Qingcheng sect, the person who grieved the most was also Wu Jinghua.

Wu Jinghua and his disciples were imprisoned in a guest hall of the Qingcheng sect and could not even hold Tae Yeon-ho's funeral.

In the end, when the Qingcheng sect suffered great damage from Pyo-wol, they managed to regain their freedom, but at that time, the Thunder Gates had already suffered irreparable damage.

While the members were imprisoned in the Qingcheng sect, several people had trespassed the empty Thunder Gates and robbed them of their wealth.

In an instant, the Thunder Gates became poor.

In that way, Wu Jinghua and the rest of the disciples lost everything.

The Qingcheng sect was in a hurry to fix the damage they suffered from Pyo-wol, so they did not even apologize to the Thunder Gates.

Their resentment and anger against the Qingcheng sect were as high as the sky. However, in reality, there was no way for them to take revenge on the Qingcheng sect.

'So they called for someone.'

Wu Jinghua raised his head and looked at the person sitting in front of him.

The person was sitting in the midst of Wu Jinghua's five disciples.

It was difficult to tell whether the person was a man or a woman.

His entire body was wrapped with a black cloth. Because of that, no one would be able to tell his real face, let alone his gender.

The Thunder Gates disciples didn't know if the person had wrapped the cloth around his body like this from the beginning, or if he was dressed like this only when he appeared in Jianghu.

Heukam.

He was the person sent by Hyeol Bul of the Leiyin Temple.

He did not show up for a long time even after Wu Jinghua and the men returned to the Thunder Gates. Because of that, the anger of the Thunder Gates had risen to the top of their heads.

They only believed in Heukam since he was sent by Hyeol Bul but he seemed to have neglected his job and did nothing. Some disciples of the Thunder Gates even went so far as to say that they were deceived by the sect leader of the Leiyin Temple.

Heukam opened his mouth.

"Go up to Mt. Qingcheng in three days."

"Are you talking about us?"

"The preparations have already been made. All you need to do is climb Mt. Qingcheng and ask them about their sins."

"Don't you have to tell us exactly what you've prepared, so that we can trust you and act accordingly?"

"You don't need to know."

"This..."

Wu Jinghua's eyebrows twitched at the attitude of Heukam. While Wu Jinghua managed to suppress his anger, not everyone was so patient.

"Don't talk nonsense. We didn't go all the way to Leiyin Temple to bring you and hear you talk about that kind of bullshit."

Lee Chu-young, a fellow disciple of Wu Jinghua, shouted.

Lee Chu-young was greatly dissatisfied with Heukam, who had been acting arbitrarily without consulting them. So when he heard about Heukam's orders, he unknowingly exploded in anger.

At that moment, Heukam disappeared from people's sight.

"Keuk!"

Suddenly, a stuffy groan escaped from Lee Chu-young's mouth.

People were startled and looked at Lee Chu-young. They saw the figure of Heukam suddenly standing in front of Lee Chu-young.

Heukam waved his hand toward Lee Chu-young's face. People looked at him blankly, wondering what he was trying to do.

That was then.

"Argh!"

Suddenly, Lee Chu-young screamed and rolled over on the floor.

Lee Chu-young scratched his head and body with his fingernails. Although his flesh and muscles were torn, he did not stop his actions.

He didn't stop scratching his body until he died. The appearance of Lee Chu-young, whose body was stripped of its skin, was terrifying.

Something was wriggling in Lee Chu-young's blood, but no one caught notice of it.

Heukam looked around the people and said,

"Insulting me is like insulting the sect leader. I will never forgive anyone who insults sect leader Hyeol Bul."

"Heuck!"

The people looked at Heukam with frightened expressions.

'Oh my god! What have we done?'

'We have summoned a demon!'

Only then did they realize that something was wrong.

The voice of Heukam rang out again,

“As I said previously, after three days, you will all climb up Mt. Qingcheng. Those who do not follow my instructions will end up the same as him.”

SoundlessWind21's Note:

Thank you for reading!