

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 5 Episode 4

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 104

Sa Hyo-kyung's complexion was really pale.

The feeling of the thread digging into the flesh was horrifying.

There was no room for shame.

Because everything happened in the blink of an eye.

Cho Samcheok was dragged into darkness, and Jeong Ssanwi lost his life. And the time it took for them to be subdued was only by a couple of breaths.

In that brief moment, Pyo-wol eliminated the survivors of Seven Stars and completely overpowered them.

It was like a nightmare.

As long as they live in Jianghu, they thought that they would have no choice but to face a tough situation one day, but they never really knew that that moment would come so unannounced.

'Has there ever been an assassin like this in Jianghu?'

He couldn't believe it even after experiencing it himself.

Pyo-wol was an existence that completely rejected the common sense of an assassin. None of the common sense they knew applied to Pyo-wol.

The fact that such an assassin existed in Jianghu itself was a nightmare. The problem is that warriors outside Sichuan are currently unaware of this fact.

'There was a monster lurking in Sichuan.'

Sa Hyo-kyung did not even dare to move and rolled his eyes. He could see Yo Sulyeong, whose face had turned white.

When Sa Hyo-kyung was suppressed, Yo Sulyeong looked alternately between Pyo-wol and Sa Hyo-kyung.

A curse came out of nowhere.

'You idiot! Don't just look at me, go ahead save me!'

However, with the Soul-Reaping Thread choking his throat, his voice could not come out and only lingered in his mouth.

At that moment, Pyo-wol opened his mouth.

"Why do you want to kidnap him?"

As soon as Pyo-wol's voice echoed in his ears, Sa Hyo-kyung felt a chill in his spine.

"That..."

Yo Sulyeong stuttered.

She didn't know anything.

It was just Sa Hyo-kyung who had received the request, so she just followed his orders. She had no interest in knowing the truth.

Pyo-wol's gaze turned to Sa Hyo-kyung.

"Say it."

The thread that was tightening Sa Hyo-kyung's neck loosened a little.

"Heuk! I, I don't know. I was just commissioned... Kek!"

In an instant, the Soul-Reaping Thread squeezed Sa Hyo-kyung's neck again. Sa Hyo-kyung's eyes bulged out as if they were about to pop out.

Pyo-wol could tell whether the other person's words were true or not just by listening to the sound of his breath. The sound of Sa Hyo-kyung's heart beating anxiously was telling him that it was a lie.

"I won't ask you twice. Who ordered you?"

"Kukgeuk!"

Sa Hyo-kyung's face turned red.

Yo Sulyeong bit her lip at the sight of him who seemed to run out of breath at any moment.

"Wait! Let's solve it by having a conversation!"

"A conversation? Aren't we already talking?"

"Don't say it so terribly, gently—"

Yo Sulyeong threw away the sword she was holding in her hand.

After raising both hands to convince him that she had no weapons, she proceeded to cautiously walk towards Pyo-wol. With every step she took, her voluptuous body stood out.

Pyo-wol's gaze turned to her chest.

In an instant, a smile appeared on Yo Sulyeong's lips.

'You're a man too.'

It was Yo Sulyeong, who had the confidence to possess any man even if its the Jade Emperor himself.

She seduced Pyo-wol with the most attractive facial expressions and gestures she could make. And exchanged glances with Sa Hyo-kyung.

They could tell each other's thoughts just by looking at each other's eyes.

Sa Hyo-kyung understood Yo Sulyeong's intention and nodded his head even in a situation where his breath ran out at any moment.

Sa Hyo-kyung understood Yo Seol-young's intention and nodded her head even in a situation where her breath ran out at any moment.

Tuk!

Yo Sulyeong took off her coat.

Then her white collar bone was exposed.

"As long as we let go of him, we can have a good time. I don't like the harsh atmosphere at all. So why don't we just have a wonderful time? I promise to give you the greatest pleasure you'd ever feel in your life."

Yo Sulyeong seductively said.

Her eyes, whispers, and gestures radiated a fatal charm in trying to seduce Pyo-Wol.

It was impossible for any man to resist this temptation.

At least, all the men Yo Sulyeong has seduced so far all fell to their knees, unable to bear it.

Yo Sulyeong thought that it would be like this again, and approached Pyo-wol with a smile as beautiful as possible.

Perhaps her temptation worked, the thread that tightened around Sa Hyo-kyung loosened a little.

'It's an opportunity!'

Sa Hyo-kyung turned around like a thunderbolt and flew.

Kwaaa!

The energy that contained the power of his whole body hit Pyo-wol's chest.

In an instant, Sa Hyo-kyung realized that something was wrong. Because he didn't feel anything in his hands.

That was then.

"Behind you, brother!"

Yo Sulyeong urgently cried out.

Sa Hyo-kyung instinctively turned around. But Pyo-wol was nowhere to be seen.

Yo Sulyeong looked at Sa Hyo-kyung with a fearful look. To be precise, she was looking at Pyo-wol standing like a ghost behind Sa Hyo-kyung's back.

Pyo-wol stood behind Sa Hyo-kyung from beginning to end. Still, Sa Hyo-kyung was unaware of that fact at all.

"Your back, back—!"

Yo Sulyeong's words did not continue until the end.

It was because a flash of light penetrated her forehead.

"Sulyeong!"

Sa Hyo-kyung's desperate cry resounded in the night sky.

A ghost dagger was engraved on Yo Sulyeong's forehead.

Without knowing that fact, Yo Sulyeong's body was already collapsing.

Sa Hyo-kyung went crazy at the death of Yo Sulyeong.

"AHHRG! You crazy bastard! Kill— I will kill you!"

He lashed out like crazy, back and forth.

Kwakkwakwang!

Everything struck by his energy was destroyed. However, none of them manage to land on the body of Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol used the Snake Step while avoiding all the attacks and gave a blow to Sa Hyo-kyung's chest.

He concentrated all his power on one point.

Poeng!

With the sound of the drum popping, Sa Hyo-kyung's body bounced back.

There was a big hole in Sa Hyo-kyung's chest.

"You, you..."

Sa Hyo-kyung lay on the floor and looked up at Pyo-wol.

The figure of Pyo-wol, who was looking at him indifferently, did not look like a human being.

"Rea...per..."

Those were the last words Sa Hyo-kyung left.

Pyo-wol looked at Sa Hyo-kyung's body for a moment and then turned around.

All the members of the Seven Stars who entered Chengdu were now completely annihilated.

A group of warriors known in Hunan Province was slaughtered in just one night.

It was a major incident that would make a lot of noise if Jianghu's soldiers knew, but Pyo-wol, the main character of the incident, had an indifferent expression.

Jianghu's fame or status could not impress Pyo-wol.

He only divided people into two categories.

Those who can kill him and those who cannot.

And he confirmed it today.

There are very few people who cannot kill him even if they make up their mind to it.

Pyo-wol disappeared from the scene with Nam Shin-woo in his arms.

Long after he disappeared, two people, a man and woman, appeared at the scene where Sa Hyo-kyung and Yo Sulyeong were killed.

"Oh my god!"

The person who was astonished to see Sa Hyo-kyung's body was Yushin Feng, the Shadowless Monk.

He could not close his opened mouth as he looked alternately at the bodies of Sa Hyo-kyung and Yo Sulyeong. It was the same with Lee So-ha, who followed behind Yushin Feng.

"The entire Seven Stars have been wiped out? Against a single person, too. Does this make sense?"

He found it impossible to understand.

If he had not seen it with his own eyes, he would have never believed in the scene unfolding before his eyes.

Yushin Feng muttered in despair.

"A mass of disaster was nesting in Chengdu. What should we do with this?"

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Pyo-wol moved while holding Nam Shin-woo.

Pyo-wol's expression as he looked at Nam Shin-woo, who had lost his mind, was not very bright.

It was Nam Shin-woo, who was bloodied because of Sa Hyo-kyung's harsh violence. But if someone would look closely, his wounds were healing at a frightening rate.

Some were almost healed, leaving only faint scar.

It was conceptually incomprehensible.

Pyo-wol himself was a being who denied the common sense of others, but Nam Shin-woo was denying even the common sense of such a person.

He heard that there is one more person like this in Jianghu.

'Was it the Ghost King?'

Hong Yushin referred to him as the greatest mystery of the current Jianghu.

It's not just that the martial arts are strong. It was because people believed that he had the secret of immortality.

Pyo-wol shook his head.

Because it was an absurd idea.

As long as someone is born as a human, it is natural for them to die someday.

He didn't know if it was possible to reject the end stage of life, but even if it was possible, he didn't know what the price would be.

Pyo-wol's indifferent gaze suddenly turned forward.

Because someone was walking from the other side.

For the first time, a crack appeared on Pyo-wol's face.

He could clearly see someone, but he couldn't feel any trace of their presence.

This is the first time this has happened since he came to Jianghu.

There were many times that people couldn't feel his presence, but this was the first time he couldn't feel someone's presence.

All of Pyo-wol's nerves were all on edge. Like a hedgehog with thorns, his nerves rose sharply and his senses expanded.

Tuck!

However, Pyo-wol's sense was blocked in the middle in front of him. Something faint, as if obscured by a dense mist, disturbed the senses of Pyo-wol.

A red light flashed in Pyo-wol's eyes.

Because it was the first time he felt such a sense of crisis.

Suddenly, his muscles stiffened and his shoulders tightened.

Pyo-wol, with Nam Shin-woo on one side, stood tall and looked at the approaching person.

At that moment, a gust of wind blew and swirled around Pyo-wol's whole body.

It was not just Pyo-wol's illusion that the wind that should have been refreshing felt eerie. The wind swept through Pyo-wol's whole body with a will.

In Pyo-wol's eyes, the figure of the unknown enemy grew darker and darker.

Now it seemed that only two red lights were floating in the darkness.

For a moment, he felt the presence on the other side startled.

Pyo-wol widened the senses of his whole body. Then he felt the wind blowing through him get stronger.

It was like a snake crawling all over his body.

That feeling was not unfamiliar to Pyo-Wol.

Snakes feel, measure, and grasp their opponents with their whole body.

He felt the snakes' sensations in the wind.

The wind was scanning Pyo-wol's whole body, trying to grasp everything. To be precise, the person who was controlling the wind is trying to figure out Pyo-wol.

But he didn't know.

Pyo-wol is not a person who shows his inner feelings to others.

Rather, it was the opposite.

Pyo-wol's energy began to move.

After squeezing the wind that ran through his body, it began to seep in the opposite direction.

Just as a single drop of ink pollutes the clear water in a basin, Pyo-wol's dark and humid air pollutes the wind making it go back to the original source.

The air from Pyo-wol moved like a snake, splitting into numerous of pieces.

"Tsk!"

The sound of a tongue clicking erupted from the mouth of the person who was trying to use the wind to measure Pyo-wol. Although his face remained invisible, there was a sign of disappointment coming from his body.

Because this was his first time.

He hurriedly cut off the wind and tried to cut off his connection with Pyo-wol.

But Pyo-wol didn't let him do that.

Pyo-wol's air persisted against the wind. Just as thousands of serpents droop while biting their prey, the air of Pyo-wol crawled in order to reach the original source.

Pyo-wol did the same thing he did.

He copied the act of the other person trying to grasp him with the wind. It was like an act of insulting others.

But Pyo-wol didn't care about such petty emotions. The unknown person tried to figure himself out first, and he only copied his actions. There was no room for trivial emotions like guilt to intervene.

This was a fight.

A fight that his opponent initiated.

Pyo-wol was ready to do anything to win the fight.

Even if it means stealing the opponent's technique and learning it.

It didn't matter if it was cowardly.

Because he survived that way.

Just because his martial arts had reached a certain level, he had no intention of being complacent.

If there is something better, he will learn to haunt it, and even if it is robbed, it will rise to a higher place.

At that moment, a lion's roar erupted from the opponent.

"Go!"

The roar became a storm and devoured Pyo-wol.

SoundlessWind21's Note:

Hope you enjoyed the chapter~ finally a worthy opponent against Pyo-wol 🙌(well let's hope he's indeed different from the others)