

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 6 Episode 1

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 126

"Pyeong!"

Jin Geum-woo's eyes were red and bloodshot as if the veins in his eyes were about to burst. He looked at Seo Mun-pyeong's body with eyes that seemed ready to spill blood at any moment.

The image of Seo Mun-pyeong lying on the floor with his head separated from his body felt too unrealistic. Jin Geum-woo had to spend a considerable amount of time accepting his death.

It was the same for Neung Soun and Won Ga-young.

Seo Mun-pyeong was still a member of their organization, the Golden Heavenly Hall. Not only Neung Soun, who had always cared for him from the start, but even Won Ga-young, who hated him for being a bastard, could not help but feel sorry for his death.

"How dare you kill Pyeong!"

"Oh my god!"

Neung Soun's eyes were as red and bloodshot as Jin Geum-woo.

Neung Soun was proud of his ability to stay rational and calm no matter the circumstances, but at this moment, his head was blank and he couldn't think of anything.

Only uncontrollable anger filled his head. His anger was great enough to blow away all of his remaining rationality.

"AHH!"

Neung Soun let out a roar and rushed in. Before he knew it, he had a sword in his hands.

Ciiit!

A sword reminiscent of the white moon filled everyone's vision.

Neung Soun executed his best technique, the Eighteen White Moon Sword Style.¹

The Eighteen White Moon Sword Style is one of the highest-ranking techniques in Jianghu. This is because the said technique is said to be capable of crushing even the largest boulders at once.

His nickname, the White Moon Sword, was also derived from the Eighteen White Moon Sword Style.

"No!"

Jin Geum-woo belatedly tried to stop the advance of Neung Soun, but the latter's moon-like swordsmanship continued to mercilessly send numerous strikes towards Pyo-wol's direction.

The formidable power of his attacks caused a thick layer of dust to rise and obscured his vision. Still, Neung Soun was not relieved and tried to strike once again using his sword.

It was that moment.

Cit!

Something flew through the dust.

Neung Soun avoided the flying object with his superhuman sense.

'Flying sword?'

It was definitely a flying sword that passed by Neung Soun. If he had been a little late in dodging the flying weapon, his throat would have been cut.

Neung Soun ran forward, wary that another flying sword would come flying again.

Pyo-wol is still alive and well.

The flying sword that had just flown towards his direction proved that fact.

Neung Soun raised the senses of his whole body to the maximum.

Ciiit!

All of a sudden, he felt a tingling sensation at the back of his head.

The flying sword that had recently passed by him, drew a u-turn in the air and aimed for the back of his head.

"What?"

When Neung Soun became flustered at the unexpected trajectory of the flying sword, Won Ga-young quickly moved.

"Ha!"

As if to prove that she is the disciple of the famous swordsman Han Yucheon, she performed a brilliant sword technique and struck the dagger that was heading towards the back of Neung Soun's head.

Kaang!

Won Ga-young's intervention dramatically saved his life, but Neung Soun felt the hairs all over his body stand up.

Cwarreuk!

The flying sword, which had been deflected by Won Ga-young's sword, was being dragged into the dust like a thread being rewound on a spinning wheel.

But it was too early for them to feel relieved.

Ciiit! Cit!

This time, two flying swords came out.

The flying sword which moved and attacked Neung Soun and Won Ga-young, was like a living creature that has its own will.

"This—!"

"Hck!"

The two freaked out and swung their swords to block the incoming flying swords.

Jin Geum-woo still didn't move and just observed the flying swords which attacked two of his colleagues. At first glance, it seemed like the flying sword was moving on its own.

'Is it Sword Qi? No!'²

Jin Geum-woo immediately denied his thoughts.

As he injected qi into his eyes, he could see the thread of the qi connected to the two flying swords.

The qi is condensed and used like a thread.

It was a skill that he had never heard of.

Operating qi to that kind of degree would require delicate sense and deep internal energy that ordinary people cannot imagine.

Jin Geum-woo is also proud of his deep internal energy, but he could not dare imitate such a delicate maneuvering of qi.

It wasn't just Jin Geum-woo.

No other warrior in Jianghu can confidently operate qi like a thread.

Jin Geum-woo did not even have a clue on how such an operation was even possible.

Kkagagagang!

Traditional swords and flying swords collided continuously.

Neung Soun and Won Ga-young were having trouble dealing against a skill they have never heard of before.

The flying sword was like a viper.

It was persistent and tenacious in targeting their weakest parts. Because of that, the two of them could not even approach Pyo-wol. Just dealing with the flying swords already made them exhausted.

Neun Soun, who could not stand it, shouted loudly.

"Come out, you cowardly bastard!"

That was then.

Puuuc!

He felt a sharp pain in his shoulder blade. He looked at the object that wrapped around his shoulders. Its form was faintly visible.

"Thread?"

At that moment, his body was dragged away.

"Heuk!"

Neung Soun let out a gasp without realizing it.

"Brother Soun!"

When Won Ga-young was about to throw herself away to save Neung Soun,

Puk!

Something came through her ankle and wrapped around her shin.

At the moment Won Ga-young felt the pain, she also fell off like Nung Soun.

"Argh!"

She screamed.

The experience of being pulled over by an external force rather than by one's own will was truly terrifying.

Ciiit!

At that moment, a flying sword came down falling from the air towards her and Neung Soun.

Pyo-wol used the Soul-Reaping Thread to both subdue Neung Soun and Won Ga-young and control the ghost daggers.

With Pyo-wol using the Soul-Reaping Threads in two different ways, its utility increased tenfold.

Won Ga-young shut her eyes tightly as she saw the ghost dagger flying towards her.

But before that could happen, Jin Geum-woo already pulled out his sword and jumped into the air. He couldn't stand to see his colleagues be in danger any longer.

"Stop it!"

His body plunged to the floor at a frightening speed after reaching the apex of his jump.

He was now halfway in between Pyo-wol and Won Ga-young.

Nine Ring Heavenly Sword,³ the third type of his light soul technique.⁴

Bang!

His sword, which contained a great amount of internal energy, was thrust down on the ground like a meteor.

A storm swept through the area, and the Soul-Reaping Threads which had tied up Won Ga-young and Neung Soun were quickly cut off. After the two were set free, they avoided the ghost daggers. They were only able to dodge it by a narrow margin.

Cwarreuk!

The Soul-Reaping Thread which was tied to the ghost dagger was rewound and recovered by Pyo-wol.

"Huff! huff!"

"Haa... haaa!"

Neung Soun and Won Ga-young, who barely managed to preserve their lives, let out a rough breath.

They looked at the place where the ghost dagger was recovered. As the dust settled, the figure of the Pyo-wol was revealed.

Pyo-wol was still in the same place where he first stood.

He did not move even a single step while dealing with the young experts such as Won Ga-young and Neung Soun.

For a moment, their faces were contorted in shame.

"Hiik!"

Feeling humiliated, Neung Soun tried to attack Pyo-wol again. But Jin Geum-woo raised his hands to restrain him.

Neung Soun shouted,

"Jin!"

"Hold it in!"

"We need to get revenge for Pyeong! How can I do that?!"

Neung Soun was ready to rush towards Pyo-wol at any moment. Won Ga-young also held his hand.

"You need to put up with it."

"Even you?!"

"We're no match for him. As you can see, he didn't move a single step."

"Keuk!"

"Leave it to brother Geum-woo."

A terrible expression befell Won Ga-young's face.

She also finds it difficult to stand still.

She is the disciple of the swordsman Han Yucheon, who is said to be the best swordsman in the world.

So she took pride in her skills.

But not one of the sword techniques taught by her master was even put to use since she was constantly on the defensive. So if she can, she wants to have a life-and-death battle with Pyo-wol to show off her prowess regardless of the consequence.

However, she had no choice but to endure it because she knew that it would only hinder Jin Geum-woo if she rushed ahead.

Pyo-wol and Jin Geum-woo looked at each other.

Pyo-wol lost Soo-hyang to Seo Mun-pyeong, and Jin Geum-woo lost Seo Moon-pyeong to Pyo-wol.

Their relationship took an irreparable blow.

To others, Seo Mun-pyeong may be a selfish villain, but to Jin Geum-woo, Seo Mun-pyeong was a good younger brother. It was absolutely impossible for him to overlook Seo Mun-pyeong's death.

Nevertheless, Jin Geum-woo endured.

He was different from Neung Soun and Won Ga-young.

He had a brilliant brain and eyes which could see through the truth of a situation. And he was clearly aware of his priorities.

Jin Geum-woo opened his mouth while keeping Pyo-wol in check.

"Let's put our grudges on hold for the meantime."

"Why should I do that?"

"Shouldn't our priority be catching the main culprit who made things like this? We can deal with our problem after we catch him... Or else, he'll be out of Chengdu while we're busy facing each other like this."

"And if I don't agree?"

"Then I'll fight you with all my might. I might win, or you might win, but whoever wins won't be able to catch the one who killed her. Are you still alright with that?"

Jin Geum-woo's polite speech did not show any servility.

In his heart, he also wanted to fight against Pyo-wol with all his might. But if they do so now, it was clear that they would be far from catching the culprit who caused all of these things to happen.

Pyo-wol looked at Jin Geum-woo.

Jin Geum-woo did not avoid his gaze.

There was a suffocating silence between the two of them.

The confrontation between the two was so intense that Won Ga-young and Neung Soun even felt like the space around them was being distorted.

Suddenly, Pyo-wol looked at Soo-hyang's body lying on the floor. Even at the moment she died, she had a comfortable expression, as if she wasn't in pain.

Pyo-wol carefully hugged Soo-hyang's body.

"Hu...!"

It was then that Jin Geum-woo exhaled the breath that he had been holding back. He interpreted Pyo-wol's actions as a sign of accepting his proposal.

Even as Soo-hyang lost her breath, she still looked beautiful.

Anyone who would look at her might think that she was just sleeping and that she would wake up anytime soon.

At that time, the courtesans of Divine Fragrance Pavilion who survived the fiasco came to Pyo-wol crying.

"Madam!"

"Sister...!"

In front of Soo-hyang's body, they burst into tears that they had been holding back.

"Ptsu!"

"It's because of you."

Some courtesans spit and cursed at Seo Mun-pyeong's decapitated body.

The reason why the Divine Fragrance Pavilion was in shambles, and why Soo-hyang and the other men died was because of the disturbance caused by Seo Mun-pyeong. If it hadn't been for him, all of them would have been having a good time as usual.

It was regrettable that they couldn't kick Seo Mun-pyeong's head because Jin Geum-woo and the others were looking at them.

Neung Soun and Won Ga-young turned their heads away from the courtesans. Seeing the behavior of the courtesans towards Seo Mun-pyeong made their heart feel heavy.

Only then did they realize what Seo Mun-pyeong had done.

Even if he was possessed by Heukam of the Leiyin Temple, he could not be an excuse for what he had done.

'Damn it!'

'Ha...! How did this—'

The two could not bear to look directly at the courtesans.

Pyo-wol said to Dan-seol, who is the second oldest courtesan after Soo-hyang.

"From now on, you will be the one in charge of the Divine Fragrance Pavilion."

"Yes!"

"Bury Soo-hyang's body in a sunny place."

"Alright."

Dan-seol wiped away her tears and nodded her head.

She was very close with Soo-hyang. That's why, when Soo-hyang said that she was going to set up the Divine Fragrance Pavilion, she joined without hesitation.

Soo-hyang usually discussed her plans on how to run the Divine Fragrance Pavilion with Dan-seol. So Pyo-wol thought that Dan-seol would be able to manage the Divine Fragrance Pavilion well if she had no prior experience.

Dan-seol held Soo-hyang's body in her arms and said,

"You don't have to worry about the Divine Fragrance Pavilion anymore. You can just focus on what you have to do."

"We will protect the Divine Fragrance Pavilion."

"You can trust us."

The courtesans each said a word to Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol turned around without saying a word.

Jin Geum-woo asked,

"How are you going to find the culprit?"

"It's not that hard to find him."

"What?"

"The real difficulty is figuring out his background."

Jin Geum-woo's eyes widened at Pyo-wol's unexpected answer.

"Background? Are you talking about the Leiyin Temple?"

SoundlessWind21's Note:

Thank you for reading!

1. Eighteen White Moon Sword Style. Raws: 백월십팔식(白月十八式).
 - a. 白 white, unblemished, pure
 - b. 月 moon, month
 - c. 十 ten, tenth
 - d. 八 eight
 - e. 式 style
2. Sword Qi. Raws: 이기어도(以氣取刀).
 - a. 以 therefore, consider as, in order to
 - b. 氣 air, gas, steam, vapor, spirit
 - c. 取 take, receive, obtain, select
 - d. 刀 knife, old coin, measure
3. Nine Ring Heavenly Sword. Raws: 구환천멸검(九環天滅劍).
 - a. 九 nine
 - b. 環 jade ring or bracelet
 - c. 天 sky, heaven, god, celestial
 - d. 滅 extinguish, wipe out, exterminate
 - e. 劍 sword, dagger, saber
4. Light Soul. Raws: 광혼참(光魂析).
 - a. 光 light, brilliant, shine
 - b. 魂 soul, spirit
 - c. 析 split wood, break apart, divide