

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 3 Episode 23

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 73

People called that morning the Bloody River and Corpse Mountain Day.¹

It's a day when blood flows and forms like a river, and bodies pile up like a mountain.

That morning, the Emei disciples in the White Flower Room were attacked by the Qingcheng sect and Golden Gates warriors.

The warriors, who lost their reason at the death of Cheongyeop, attacked the White Flower Room. The warriors of the Emei sect who were in the White Flower Room were also in a situation where their nerves were sharply raised over Jeonghwa's death.

They exploded their anger against the Qingcheng sect warriors who suddenly attacked. So they clashed once more, and inflicted great damage on each other.

Yong Seol-ran somehow tried to control the Emei sect's disciples, but it was to no avail.

The Emei sect disciples thought that Jeonghwa's death was due to the Qingcheng sect, while the Qingcheng sect thought that Cheongyeop's death was caused by a highly skilled warrior hired by the Emei sect.

All of these happened because of misunderstandings and schemes of Pyo-wol. But no one had figured that out.

The disciples from both sects just needed something to pour out their anger. So the two forces clashed, and left the worst damage.

The White Flower Room, which had become a battlefield, was mercilessly destroyed and stained with the blood of countless warriors. The fight between the two factions continued for almost half a day.

It was truly a fight to the death.

It could not even be compared with the battle that had taken place the day before.

They became demons and killed each other.

Their fighting was so devastating that everyone who lived nearby had to abandon their houses and evacuate. Later, when they returned home, what they saw was a completely destroyed White Flower Room. The White Flower Room itself was like a huge tomb.

It wasn't just the destruction of the base.

Geum Ha-ryeon, the sect leader of the White Flower Room, also lost her life on that day.

The Qingcheng sect and Golden Gates, who attacked first, also suffered heavy damage.

In that battle, a total of about 500 soldiers from both sides were killed or injured. As the fighting between the two sides grew, the damage grew out of control since nearby affiliated sects also joined the fight to help them.

"No—!"

Looking at the White Flower Room that had collapsed overnight, Yong Seol-ran made an expression of disbelief.

Her whole body was stained with blood.

The only reason the Emei sect was able to endure this much was because she showed her true prowess. Her whole body was stained red with the blood of the Qingcheng sect warriors.

It was like having a nightmare.

Clashed with Qingcheng sect in broad daylight, with Jeonghwa dying that same night. And at dawn, they fought the Qingcheng sect again until everything was destroyed.

She couldn't believe that all of this had happened in just two days.

Yong Seol-ran had always thought that she could handle any adversity. She believed that she was confident in her own inaction and that he had a bold personality.

But in the face of a terrible disaster that happened overnight, she could not think of anything.

It felt like her mind was empty.

She couldn't think of anything.

She felt like her soul had gone out.

"Young Miss Seol-ran!"

It was someone's soft voice that brought her back to reality.

When she came to her senses and looked back, she saw Zhang Mu-ryang, who was leading the Black Cloud Mercenary Group.

The Black Clouds Mercenary took part in the fight at the last minute.

Because they participated in the war, the war was finally able to end at this level. If the Black Clouds Mercenary hadn't participated in the war, it would have been possible that all the soldiers of the Emei sect here would have been slaughtered by the warriors of the Qingcheng sect.

Yong Seol-ran took over Zhang Mu-ryang.

"Ah! Thank you for your help, Sir Zhang. Thanks to you, many of our people have survived."

"I did it because of the contract anyway. Don't worry about it. I have something to tell you."

"Yes?"

"Why don't we transfer to somewhere else where it's quiet?"

"Alright."

Yong Seol-ran nodded, while Zhang Mu-ryang had an unsettled expression on his face.

The two went together to a deserted place. After confirming that no one was around, Zhang Mu-ryang carefully opened his mouth.

"Does Young Miss Seol-ran think that today's event was a coincidence?"

"What do you mean?"

"I asked if you thought it was a coincidence that the Qingcheng sect's warriors attacked."

"I don't think there are coincidences in Jianghu. So tell me, why did you bring this up?"

"If that's the case, then it makes sense. Actually, there is a person we met by chance while coming to Chengdu and accompanied him. However, the person's movements were unusual."

"Tell me more."

Yong Seol-ran's eyes lit up.

It was because something came to mind the moment she heard Zhang Mu-ryang's words.

"His name is Pyo-wol. He—"

Zhang Mu-ryang told her everything he knew about Pyo-wol. How Pyo-wol treated Heo Ran-ju and how he killed Jo Jeoksan and Seol-pyo.

Yong Seol-ran didn't say a word the whole time she was listening to the story. But her eyes were full of certainty.

'Then it's certain. He is the one who's responsible for separating our sect and the Qingcheng sect.'

A person can sometimes find out the truth by just hearing a few words. It was the same case with Yong Seol-ran right now.

Yong Seol-ran was convinced that Pyo-wol was the mastermind behind the unusual flow of events.

"Did you say his name is Pyo-wol?"

"That's what I heard."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. I sent some of my members to get him, but they said they could not find him."

"You must catch him. It is clear that the reason why the Qingcheng sect attacked us today is because of him as well."

"You think he was the one who killed Young Master Cheongyeop."

"The Qingcheng sect said that the one who killed Cheongyeop used one of our sect's martial arts. However, among the disciples of our sect who have come to Chengdu, I am the only one who can use the Pyoseol Cheonunjang. And of course, it wasn't me who killed Cheongyeop."

"So you think he killed the Young Master Cheongyeop? But they said he was killed using the Emei sect's martial arts—"

"Other than that, the current situation cannot be explained."

"Huu!"

Zhang Muliang let out a sigh.

It was obviously the Qingcheng sect's negligence that killed the young master of the Thunder Gates. If he had also learned the Emei sect's martial arts, the problem becomes more serious.

"So, he's a monster who has learned both the martial arts of the Qingcheng sect, and the Emei sect."

"For now, we have no choice but to think that way."

"How the hell was such a terrible being born? Judging by the conflict he instigated between the Emei sect and the Qingcheng sect, he seems to have great resentment towards the two sects. Do you have any guess on who it could be?"

"How could there be someone like..."

Yong Seol-ran abruptly ended her speech.

Because there was someone who suddenly came to her mind.

'But he's dead— No! Wait, what if he was alive?'

In an instant, goosebumps spread all over her body. She had just made one assumption, but all the incidents started to fit together like cogs.

Above all, her sixth sense was telling her that her assumption was correct.

'More than anything else, there is no other assassin who has a deep grudge against both the Emei sect and the Qingcheng sect.'

In an instant, his face came to her mind. It was a distant memory, but his face was still vivid in her mind. Her memories of him were so strong.

"We don't have time to be like this right now. If we let him run like this, things will get worse and worse."

"Before that, there is something I want to ask the Young Miss Seol-ran."

Zhang Mu-ryang's voice lowered. His eyes were shining brighter than ever.

"Why is he doing this? Don't we need to know the reason to know how to deal with him?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Young Miss Seol-ran!"

"I'm sorry."

Yong Seol-ran cut off the conversation.

Seven years ago, the incident was caused by the Emei sect's sect leader. A tragedy caused by the greed of the Abbess of Nine Calamities.

So, Yong Seol-ran couldn't share the backstory with others.

"I'm sorry. I want to tell you, but I can't. It's not something I can decide on my own. Sir Zhang must be frustrated, but I hope you will be patient until our Master has come to a decision."

"Alright."

Zhang Mu-ryang took a step back.

He realized that if he pressures Yong Seol-ran for answers any more than this, he would only get her antipathy.

Yong Seol-ran closed her eyes.

'He's back...'

She also found out for the first time today that his name was Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol used to make fun of the Qingcheng sect and the Emei sect even when he was an assassin. He risked his own life to bring the two forces into an underground cave, eventually causing them to clash.

He was already scary back then, but she was afraid to even imagine how scary he must have become now, seven years later.

'Pyo-wol!'

* * *

The atmosphere of Chengdu became ferocious.

The fight between the Qingcheng sect and the Emei sect had exacerbated the public sentiment.

People were terrified. The streets were completely deserted, and people hid in their homes. People instinctively knew that something bigger was going to happen.

The two largest forces in Sichuan Province, the Qingcheng sect and the Emei sect, were almost completely annihilated in Chengdu.

The two sects would not just stand still. They will definitely send more of their reinforcements to Chengdu. And if they do, this only proves the idea that Chengdu would be destroyed.

In any case, it was hard to see who would suffer the most damage. People with no power would definitely be the first ones to die. For that reason, those who were quick-witted had to leave the city early.

Some guest houses completely locked their doors and did not accept guests.

Pyo-wol walked alone on a completely deserted street.

He left Chengdu and headed for a shop in the Fire Dragon Room.

No one paid any attention to Pyo-wol. Everyone was busy taking care of themselves. The workshop street where the shop of the Fire Dragon Room was located was quiet.

Since most of the workshops were closed, there were no guests. They also recognized that the atmosphere of Chengdu was serious.

Due to the nature of the workshop where weapons were made and sold, the streets of this place had no choice but to be affected by the incident in Chengdu.

If you do business on a day like this for nothing, disputes among the martial artists may arise, so the workshop is taking care of it.

The Fire Dragon Room's shop was also closed.

Pyo-wol looked at the shop's door with a frown. Because there was a dull noise coming from inside the door.

Pouck! Puck!

It wasn't the sound of an iron being hit by a hammer. Rather, it was a dull sound when someone is being hit by a blunt weapon.

Pyo-wol opened the door.

It was initially locked but with just a little bit of pressure from Pyo-wol, it easily opened.

Inside the workshop, four men were ruthlessly beating a man. And a man with a goatee was watching the scene with his arms crossed.

The men who were using violence were startled to see Pyo-wol who suddenly opened the workshop door and entered.

"You are?"

"What? How did you get in?"

The blacksmith apprentices asked.

Tang Sochu was the target of their terrible violence. Tang Sochu was lying on the floor while wiggling his bloodied body.

A goatee-bearded man stepped forward.

"You're the customer who came the other day."

Buntaju was the de facto manager of Fire Dragon Room's shop. Buntaju remembered Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol looked at Tang Sochu without saying a word. Then, Buntaju smiled and blocked the front of Pyo-wol.

"This is inside the main room. Customers are not allowed here."

"What did he do?"

"I can't tell you. If you want to get weapons, go to another workshop. Our workshop is closed for the time being."

Buntaju gave strength to push Pyo-wol. But Pyo-wol did not budge.

The face of Buntaju, which had used his strength to push Pyo-wol, turned red. He realized that Pyo-wol was a master of martial arts so he withdrew.

"I don't know which sect you are from, but please step back. If you meddle in the affairs of the Fire Dragon Room, you will have a bad experience."

Buntaju especially emphasized the word "Fire Dragon Room".

Once the name of the Fire Dragon Room was mentioned, people would immediately back off. However, the Fire Dragon Room did not pose a threat at all to Pyo-wol.

Pyo-yeo was still looking at Buntaju.

Tang Sochu also raised his head with difficulty and looked at Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol said to him.

"Decide."

"....."

"Do you want to leave?"

For a moment, Tang Sochu's eyes trembled.

Because he understood what Pyo-wol meant.

Today he did nothing wrong. He didn't grab a hammer, and he didn't come near the furnace. Still, he was beaten by the apprentices. And even Buntaju encouraged the violence of the apprentices and left him alone.

The only sin he has is that he was born with the Tang surname. But even then, he didn't have a choice on his last name, but people hated him and harassed him.

It was now taken for granted that tormenting him was taken for granted, and the people in the workshop also used violence as a substitute for anger.

As a result, his body was torn apart, and his resentment reached its peak.

Tang Sochu struggled to get up.

The sight of his legs trembling like aspen trees was a pity for everyone who saw it.

"Just stay still, kid."

Bouck!

An apprentice slapped the back of the head of Tang Sochu. Tang Chou couldn't stand the blow and his face was planted on the floor.

His nose was broken and blood dripped from his mouth and chin. Tang Sochu tried to turned his head and looked at Pyo-Yeol.

Their eyes met in the air.

Then the Tang Sochu said:

"Can you kill them?"

"All of them?"

"All of them!"

"Then what can you do for me?"

"I'll do anything you want."

Tang Sochu lifted his head and looked at Pyo-wol.

His eyes were as empty as Pyo-wol.

His emotions were worn out by repeated violence.

Pyo-wol smiled at his appearance, which bore a resemblance to himself.

"Okay."

Editor's Notes:

1. Blood Flowing Down the Mountains Day. Raws: 혈류하사산일(血流河屍山日)
 - a. 血 blood
 - b. 流 flow, circulate
 - c. 河 river, stream
 - d. 屍 corpse
 - e. 山 mountain, hill, peak
 - f. 日 day