

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 3 Episode 24

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 74

"What are you talking about, customer!"

Buntaju made an expression of absurdity.

Pyo-wol was the first person who dared to make such a statement in the shop of Fire Dragon Room.

A ferocious energy emanated from his whole body.

Buntaju in Fire Dragon Room wasn't anything different from the other members of the sect. He was also one of the most respected masters in the Fire Dragon Room.

He usually acts humble in front of the guests, but in reality, he was a tyrant in the Fire Dragon Room. However, Pyo-wol did not feel threatened.

Pyo-wol said to Tang Sochu.

"I'll show you how I use the ghost knife you made for me."

Ciiit!

At that moment, a ghost knife was released from his waist.

"Geugh!"

Buntaju flew backwards with a shriek. Suddenly, a dagger was buried deep in his forehead, leaving only the handle.

"Hiiic!"

"Buntaju"

The apprentices shouted in surprise, but the breathing of Buntaju had already stopped.

"Ugh! You madman!"

Dang! Dang! Dang!

An apprentice rang the emergency bell next to him. Then, warriors came out from inside the workshop.

"What?"

"What's going on?"

Since they were warriors guarding the workshop, they all had vicious weapons in their hands. One of the apprentices said, pointing a finger at Pyo-wol.

"That crazy bastard killed Buntaju!"

"What?"

It was only then that the soldiers discovered the dagger stuck in the forehead of Buntaju.

"Catch him!"

"Crazy bastard!"

The warriors rushed towards Pyo-wol. At that moment, Pyo-wol flicked his hand.

Cit! Ciiiiit!

The ghost knives were released over and over again.

"Keuk!"

"Gargh!"

One life was taken with each dagger.

In an instant, a dozen or so warriors lost their lives.

"Kekkeuh!"

The man who had his heart pierced by the last dagger fell to his knees. Pyo-wol recovered the dagger using Soul-Reaping Thread.

"Ugh!"

"What, what?"

The apprentices looked up in horror. It was a tragedy that happened in the blink of an eye. The warriors of their workshop were easily wiped out by Pyo-wol, not even giving them any time to respond.

The apprentices did not know what to do with the sight that they could not believe with their own eyes.

At that moment, Pyo-wol once again wielded the Soul-Reaping Thread. Then the ghost knife with the thread attached to it drew a parabola and flew away in the air like a shooting star.

Ciiit!

The ghost knife ran through the apprentices' necks in an instant. The apprentices could not even scream, they just grabbed their necks and fell.

In an instant, the workshop was stained with blood.

With the exception of Pyo-wol and Tang Sochu, there are no longer any living person in the workshop.

He killed more than ten people in an instant, but there was no guilt on Pyo-wol's face. The Fire Dragon Room participated in the quest to catch him seven years ago.

Knowing that fact, Pyo-wol had no hesitation in his hands.

Tang Sochu struggled to get up.

Even though the hellish landscape was right before his eyes, there was no change in the expression on Tang Sochu's face. He looked at Pyo-wol without paying attention to the corpses.

"You can use the ghost monument like that."

"It's called the Soul-Reaping Thread, I can only use one yet."

"If you pull out all ten with your fingers, you might be able to use all ten ghost knives."

"Theoretically,

Tang Sochu laughed as if he liked Pyo-wol's answer.

"Hahaha! That's great. It's really... great."

He looked at the Soul-Reaping Thread and the Ghost Knives. His heart was pounding at the thought that the weapon he had made would show off the best power because of its harmony with the Soul-Reaping Thread.

His body was beaten up black and blue, but he couldn't feel any pain.

Even though all the soldiers and apprentices of the shop had died, there was no sympathy on the face of Tang Sochu.

If a stranger dies, he will not look like this. To him, the people here were only objects of hatred. Their deaths did not shake Tang Sochu.

Tang Sochu asked Pyo-wol.

"Are you okay?"

"What?"

"I'm glad for their demise, but the Fire Dragon Room won't be idle."

"I guess you haven't heard the news yet."

"What news?"

"The catastrophe of the Qingcheng sect and the Emei sect."

"So?"

Tang Sochu's eyes gleamed with anticipation. Everyone in their shop was nervous about it.

Pyo-wol nodded his head.

“I caused all of that.”

"Ha ha ha!"

Tang Sochu burst out laughing. Because he remembered the first time he met Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol said that he would fight against the Qingcheng sect and the Emei sect. At the time, he honestly didn't believe it. Because the story was completely unrealistic. But now there was no reason not to believe it. Because the circumstantial evidence is so clear.

Tang Sochu asked.

"You need my help, right?"

"A lot."

"What can I help you with?"

Tang Sochu's face was bright with madness.

* * *

Bang!

A large table was shattered.

The Abbess of Nine Calamities, who could not hold back her anger, struck the table with her fist. Even though the fragments of the shattered table were completely scattered, the Emei's masters still did not blink an eye.

It was because they were as angry as Guhwasata. There was a letter in the hands of the Guhwasata. The letter arrived this morning using a carrier pigeon.

Inside the letter, Jeonghwa's death and the circumstances in Chengdu were written in detail.

Jeonghwa's death made Guhwasata explode in anger.

"What kind of child is Jeonghwa... to kill that child."

Jeonghwa was an Emei sect's great disciple.

The death of other disciples were also heartbreaking, but the death of the great disciple, Jeong-hwa, affected her in a special way.

Jeonghwa was her first disciple.

There were many times she was disappointment of Jeonghwa's shortcomings, but nonetheless, she was the first disciple she accepted. So it felt even worse.

Guhwasata bowed her head and took a deep breath.

Her reaction might seem cold to others, but it was never easy to contain her emotions after the death of the disciple. However, as an ambitious person who challenges the hegemony of Sichuan, she eventually overcame the intense emotions within a short time.

A moment later, when she raised her head again, a chill lingered in her eyes.

"Let's get things sorted out. The assassin who killed Woo Gunsang seven years ago survived and provoked the conflict between the Emei and the Qingcheng factions. He's also using both the martial arts of both the Qingcheng and Emei sect. The Qingcheng sect's martial arts might have been secretly passed to him by the Blood Shadow Group but how did he learn our sect's martial arts? Furthermore, it's the Pyoseol Cheonunjang?"

Pyoseol Cheonunjang was a martial art that should never be leaked to the outside as a result of ascension. The fact that Pyo-wol had mastered such martial arts could not be understood by the Guhwasata.

"I..."

At that moment, Cheolsim carefully opened her mouth.

Cheolsim was the junior sister of Jeonghwa. Since Jeonghwa died, she was the next most influential person. Guhwasata looked at Cheolsim.

"Tell me."

"Is it possible that Gong-un's copy was leaked?"

"Gong-un? You mean the kid who died in the underground cave?"

"Yes. This disciple heard that he was allowed to learn Pyoseol Cheonunjang and thus had a copy."

"You mean he went into the underground cave carrying a copy?"

"It seems to be the case."

"Crazy! For him to go out with a copy. Is he crazy?!"

Bang!

In an instant, Guhwasata struck the handle of the chair. Then the handle turned to powder and broke. Everyone held their breath in the anger of the Guhwasata.

"But how did he learn Pyoseol Cheonunjang without the depths of our sect? Is that even possible?"

"Common sense is impossible, but for now, there is no other possibility that comes to mind."

Cheolsim shrugged her shoulders as if he had committed a crime.

Guhwasata bit her lip softly.

She also knew that the Cheolsim's guess was valid. However, she did not want to admit that one day an assassin stole and learned the martial arts of the prestigious Emei sect.

It was because the Emei sect's self-esteem was at stake.

It took a long time for Guhwasata to accept reality. Anyway, for now, she found Cheolsim's words the most plausible.

"So, it means that he has learned both the Seventy-Two Sword Waves of the Qingcheng sect and the Pyoseol Cheonunjang of our sect. Furthermore, he has a bitter grudge against us. Is that right?"

"It seems so."

"Keuk! To think the day would come where a mere assassin would dare harass our Emei sect. Does the Qingcheng faction know this?"

"They already firmly believe that our sect is the one responsible for killing Cheongyeop. No matter what we say, they won't believe it."

"Yes. They won't believe us until they catch the assassin and show them the real thing."

The Qingcheng sect will not believe the words of the Emei sect. This is because of the original sin that the Emei sect had already committed seven years ago.

At the center of it was the Guhwasa.

Her decision led to today's tragedy. But nevertheless, she never regretted her decision. Her dream of making the Emei sect the leader of Sichuan was still in progress.

At that time, the middle-aged man warrior, who had been silent until now, opened his mouth.

"Sect leader!"

"What is it, Jang Pyeong?"

The middle-aged warrior was the head of Fog Valley Temple¹, one of the branches of the Emei sect. He was the first disciple that was accepted after the Guhwasa opened the doors of the Emei sect to men.

Until now, he had little to say because of the spirit of Jeonghwa, but in terms of his martial arts skills, he was never inferior to Jeonghwa.

"If you give me permission, I'll catch the assassin."

"He's dangerous."

"It would be dangerous if we didn't know of his existence, but knowing his existence like this, there's no danger at all if we can appropriately prepare for it. So, please let me go."

"No! I will catch him myself."

"Are you saying that the sect leader will go down the mountain herself?"

Jang Pyeong was startled by the remarks of the Guhwasa and stood up. It was the same with the other disciples.

"This would not take long."

"How can the sect leader move on her own? Furthermore for just a lowly assassin."

The disciples tried to stop Guhwasata. However, the decision of the Guhwasata was firm.

"Anyway, his ultimate goal is me. If I stay still, he will surely come to the main sect."

"Then..."

Guhwasata was sure of her judgment.

'From the beginning, his target was me. It's clear that he was the one who caused this incident to attack me. I should have definitely eliminated him back then.'

She resented Mu Jeong-jin of the Qingcheng sect.

If he had definitely removed Pyo-wol then nothing like today would have happened. When she thought that this happened because of the incompetence of Mu Jeong-jin, her anger against the Qingcheng sect rose even more.

"Cheolsim!"

"Yes, master!"

"You will be in charge of the main sect for the time being."

"That..."

"I will go and catch the assassin. I will be back soon, so hold on for a while. Jang Pyeong!"

"Yes, sect leader!"

"You help Cheolsim."

"I will."

"If anything difficult happens, visit Baekwol Samseung and ask for her help."

Baekwol Samseung was the best of the Emei sect's warriors.

After Guhwasa took over as the sect leader, she stopped paying attention to world affairs and entered closed training. Because of Guhwasa, they could focus on training and leave the sect with a peace of mind.

"How dare a lowly assassin cause such a mess. I will definitely catch him and tear him into a thousand pieces before I kill him."

A vicious light flashed in Guhwasa's eyes.

On that day, the Guhwasa came down Mt. Emei with two hundred elite members of the Emei sect.

Editor's Notes:

1. Fog Valley Temple. Translations: Mugoksa Temple, 무곡사(霧谷寺).