

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 5 Episode 11

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 111

Lee So-ha, Seo Mun-pyeong, and Won Ga-young can all be said to be one of the best warriors of Jianghu. They stood out from an early age and became the object of envy by many.

But now, they are the ones looking at Jin Geum-woo with envious eyes.

It wasn't just because of Jin Geum-woo's excellent reputation or his great martial skills. Jin Geum-woo had something that draw people's attention towards him.

'Is it because of the light?'

Pyo-wol thought that Jin Geum-woo was shining.

In fact, it was not that Jin Geum-woo emitted light or had a bright halo, but there was something intangible about him that made people unable to take their eyes off him. That's what makes them look only at Jin Geum-woo.

'How scary.'

Pyo-wol's eyes turned sharp.

Jin Geum-woo's martial arts are not scary. If it were only about martial arts, Pyo-wol was no less behind Jin Geum-woo. If he used assassination skills, he was confident that he would be able to kill him.

However, Pyo-wol would not be able to gather people with such a brilliant light.

He was born on the ground, then grew up underground.

There was a deep darkness in him.

His way of thinking and looking at the world, in addition to his behavior were tainted with darkness. His behavior of hiding himself in the dark and endlessly observing his opponent was something a normal person would not dare to do.

On the other hand, Jin Geum-woo was gathering people around him with his innate brightness and presence.

Pyo-wol wondered how a person could have such confidence and presence.

So he quietly hid his presence and watched Jin Geum-woo.

"I'm late."

Then another warrior joined in.

He was a man with a very different atmosphere from those who had gathered so far. He was wearing a light attire worn by Confucian scholars, with his hair tied, and a sword at his waist.

He was in his mid-to-late twenties, and his strangely quiet atmosphere was impressive.

If Jin Geum-woo was as bright as the sun, he was like the moon that cools the night sky.

"Here you are!"

"Brother Soun!"

Jin Geum-woo and Seo Mun-pyeong recognized him and approached him.

"Geom-woo, Pyeong!"

The man looked at them and smiled.

A man who kept the coldness of the moonlight, so his nickname was the White Moon Sword.

The White Moon Sword, Neung Soun.¹

He was also a member of the Golden Heavenly Hall. He was the one that Jin Geum-woo trusted and depended on the most.

With his unique coolness and excellent judgment, he supported Jin Geum-woo and led the Golden Heavenly Hall.

"You're here too."

"Oh, Brother Soun!"

Won Ga-young and Lee So-ha also welcomed Neung Soun.

"It's been a long time since I saw everyone"

"Older brother Soun came last, so you buy us dinner."

"Sure. I'll pay for our dinner, so feel free to order as much as you want."

"Ho-ho! Brother Soun is the best."

Lee So-ha raised her thumb.

Neung Soun looked at her with a smile on his face.

"Have you seen Mister Yu?"

"We met a while ago."

"Really?"

"Yes. Fortunately, he was safe so I was relieved."

"That's a relief."

Lee So-ha nodded in response to Neung Soun's answer. She had a lot to say, so she talked to Neung Soun.

They all gathered together, including Neung Soun. When everyone in the party sat down, the waiter, together with the owner, carried the food that the Four Sea Pavilion was proud of.

Jin Geum-woo, who was silently looking at the food, suddenly raised his head and looked at one place.

Won Ga-young looked at Jin Geum-woo with a puzzled expression and asked,

"What's wrong?"

"I could feel someone's gaze."

"Everyone in the guest house is looking at us. It's one of them, isn't it?"

"Is that so?"

Jin Geum-woo nodded his head and looked away. However, the light of suspicion did not disappear from his eyes.

'No. I definitely felt a different look.'

He could still feel the chill and goosebumps that seemed to tickle his skin.

It was a gaze that could never come from an ordinary person in the guest house.

'Someone was there.'

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Pyo-wol quietly walked out of the Four Sea Pavilion.

He came out because he felt that he would be caught by Jin Geum-woo's senses if he stayed in the Four Sea Pavilion any second longer.

'Jin Geum-woo, Golden Heavenly Hall...'

They probably didn't come to Chengdu for pleasure or because they had nothing to do.

In the beginning, their area of activity and Chengdu were so far apart that there was no contact point. So there was a high probability that they had come here with a clear purpose.

He now had to figure out their purpose of entering Chengdu.

'They will find out.'

Pyo-wol thought of Soo-hyang and Ko.

They were capable people. Perhaps they have already figured out their purpose for coming here. Now, all he had to do was live his life as usual and wait for the information they would bring.

After confirming that there was no one around him, Pyo-wol stroked his face.

His face immediately changed.

He was a man with ordinary features who was no different from those around him. A low nose with slightly ripped eyes. Seven or eight out of ten people passing by had this kind of appearance.

Because of that, no one paid any attention to Pyo-wol.

After walking for a while, Pyo-wol arrived at the slaughterhouse on the outskirts of Chengdu.

All cattle and pigs entering Chengdu were slaughtered here.

He hadn't even entered the slaughterhouse yet, but he could already smell the awful smell of blood. However, Pyo-wol did not frown once and walked calmly.

"Are you here?"

An old butcher greeted him.

The deep fan wrinkles and yellowish skin that could not overcome the passage of time were impressive.

Pyo-wol bowed his head slightly to the butcher. Then the old butcher showed his yellow teeth as he grinned.

"You're never late."

"There is no reason to be late."

"We have quite a lot of work today. Will it be alright?"

"It's okay. Today is my last day."

"Last? Are you going to quit?"

"Yes."

"Hu...!"

In response to Pyo-wol's short answer, the old butcher had a sad expression on his face. But for a moment, he nodded his head.

"Okay, if that's your will, then there's nothing I can do about it. I'll count today as your last so I'll give you your pay today instead."

"Yes."

"Let's head inside."

Pyo-wol lowered his head slightly and entered the slaughterhouse.

Inside the slaughterhouse, there were ten cows locked in cages. Tears seemed to swell up in the cow's big eyes as if it knew today was its last day.

Pyo-wol looked at the cows without saying a word.

The cows also looked at Pyo-wol with gentle eyes.

Over the past few months, Pyo-wol was at the slaughterhouse to kill cattles without missing a single day.

The fate of the cows was decided anyway.

It was their destiny to be killed by the old butcher and be supplied to the people of Chengdu. The death of cows was inevitable.

Pyo-wol set out to do the work of the old butcher.

Then the old butcher laughed at Pyo-wol.

Killing a cow is not as easy as anyone might think. It was not something that could be done by simply inputting strength.

There was a proper way of killing cattle.

If the cattle suffered from severe pain, then the meat would not be in good condition. To preserve the taste and meat quality, the cattle have to be killed at once without it experiencing much pain.

Killing a large cow at once was not an easy task for even an experienced butcher.

More so by killing it painlessly.

Even an old butcher learned how to kill a cow painlessly only after slaughtering it for decades.

This job was something that everyone avoided saying it was lowly, but someone had to do it, and the old man had been doing it for decades.

Pyo-wol didn't know how much they laughed when Pyo-wol said that he would do such a hard and arduous task.

"A day, maybe two days at best?"

One would need to have a strong stomach to endure the smell of the deep blood in the slaughterhouse. So it was difficult for a person with a normal mindset to hold on for one or two minutes.

The old butcher thought that Pyo-wol would not last for more than two days. However, contrary to his expectations, Pyo-wol came to the slaughterhouse every day to kill cows.

Pyo-wol also had a hard time at first.

Having mastered assassination methods to some extent, he thought it would be easy to kill a cow. But it didn't take long for him to realize that he had been mistaken.

Even though he had the cows killed with a single slash, the cows struggled and felt excruciating pain. As a result, the quality of the beef Pyo-wol caught has significantly decreased.

The old butcher gave Pyo-wol a good scolding.

"It won't work just because you're strong. It's not like cutting in martial arts. You need to know how to comfort the cows."

At first he didn't know what those words meant.

What does he mean by consoling the cows?

Does that mean that the cow could understand how he feels?

Pyo-wol found his words incomprehensible.

However, as the days of him slaughtering the cows increased, he began to understand what the old butcher meant.

Pyo-wol came to the slaughterhouse with the intention to kill the cow. He did not show his intention to kill, but the cows who were facing death felt his intention to kill them.

He had to erase his murderous intent that was deeply engraved on his body.

He should not think about killing the cow.

He had to completely erase his murderous intention and kill it unconsciously. So that the cow would not be even aware of the fact that it was already dying.

The carcasses of one, two and more cows piled up. The cattle that Pyo-wol caught were finely dismantled and supplied to Chengdu.

At some point, the customers who once complained about the poor quality of the cows soon began looking for the cows caught by Pyo-wol.

Even the old butcher acknowledged Pyo-wol's skill.

"You're a natural. Your hands are made for slaughter. No one can beat you."

Pyo-wol explored life and death through the cows.

There was a big difference between the body of a cow and a human. From the structure to the location of the organs, nothing was the same.

However, after a steady investigation, Pyo-wol found the existence of a previously unknown principle.

The acupoints of a living creature.²

The acupoints that separates life from death. Once you stab it, any living creature will die instantly. However, the location of the acupoint is not constant.

It moved a little each day.

Sometimes it was located near the heart, other times it was located at the ankle.

After constant research, Pyo-wol realized that there is a certain law in the movement of the acupoint. And today was the last day to see if Pyo-wol's hunch is right.

Pyo-wol led the cow out of the cage.

As if the cow knew of its fate, it had a resigned expression.

Pyo-wol caressed the cow's head for a moment.

"I'm sorry."

Pyo-wol's finger touched a spot on the cow's shoulder.

In an instant, the cow's huge body collapsed helplessly. There was no pain, no crying. The cow just died peacefully. As if it had reached the end of its original lifespan.

Pyo-wol also killed the rest of the cows one after another.

All ten died comfortably without crying even once.

It only took him a short time to kill all the cows.

Pyo-wol looked silently at the cows that had died in his hands and went outside. When he came out, the old butcher sprang to his feet in amazement.

"Is it over already?"

Pyo-wol silently nodded his head, and the old butcher shook his head.

"Oh my god! You—"

It would have taken him more than half an hour to kill ten cows himself. So it was surprising that Pyo-wol finished all of it in a short time.

The old butcher looked inside and was even more surprised.

This is because there were no external wounds on the cow.

He couldn't figure out how Pyo-wol took the cow's life.

"You– you're a very scary person."

"I've learned a lot during our time together."

"Hu...!"

The old butcher sighed and took the money out of his pocket.

After receiving the money, Pyo-wol said his final farewell to the old butcher and walked out of the slaughterhouse.

The old butcher looked at Pyo-wol's back with frightened eyes.

"The god of death has come and gone."

SoundlessWind21's Note:

1. White Moon Sword. Raws: 백월검(白月劍).
 - a. 白 white, pure, bright
 - b. 月 moon
 - c. 劍 sword, dagger
2. Acupoints. Raws: 생사혈(生死穴).
 - a. 生 living, birth
 - b. 死 die, dead, death
 - c. 穴 cave, den