

## **Reaper of the Drifting Moon**

Light Novel: Volume 2 Episode 22

Manhwa: N/A

### Chapter 47

Oh Won-hoo's eyes shook.

The figure of Pyo-wol was suddenly formed on his retina.

Pyo-wol appeared suddenly without any sign. Oh Won-hoo was a well-known master in Sichuan. But such a master could not sense the movement of Pyo-wol at all.

The opponent in front of him was more stronger than he expected.

Pyo-wol asked again.

"Stop what?"

"Isn't that enough? They must be reflecting too."

"Who decides that?"

"Huh?"

"Who decides that enough is enough?"

"That..."

"This is a matter between me and them, but why are you saying that it's enough? This matter can only end when I think it's good enough."

"Well, there is a line in everything. I just wanted you to keep that boundary."

"Line?"

"There is a line of common sense, a line of discipline, and there are lines that need to be drawn somehow."

"But why didn't you keep that line?"

In an instant, Oh Won-hoo's eyes turned to Gong Jin-Hyeok.

He stepped up because of his personal friendship with them, but he really didn't really expect that Pyo-wol would be such a non-communicative person.

He regretted going out of his own way. But now he couldn't withdraw his remarks. Because everyone in the guest house was looking at them.

In Jianghu, face<sup>1</sup> was more important than anything else.

The reason that he was able to receive treatment and work until now was because he had never suffered any loss of his face.

'Shit!'

In his mind, he wanted to pull out his sword and hit Pyo-wol's neck right away. But his opponent's inaction didn't seem so accommodating.

The leader of the Gujin Pyoguk was also a master with excellent martial arts skills. But those people were immediately suppressed using chopsticks thrown by their opponent, and now they were still groaning in pain.

It was true that Oh Won-hoo's martial arts were superior to those of the Gujin Pyo-guk, but it was not enough to subdue all of the members in an instant.

Pyo-wol asked again.

"Why don't you keep the line?"

"That..."

His fate will depend on what kind of answer he gives here.

A light of conflict appeared on Oh Won-hoo's face.

An arc was drawn on Pyo-wol's lips. The moment Pyo-wol's white teeth were exposed through his red lips, Oh Won-hoo felt a threatening feeling.

He had the illusion that the chopsticks in Pyo-wol's hand would pierce his head at any moment.

"Hiic! Don't look at me like that."

Oh Won-hoo suddenly drew his sword and tried to swing it.

Shiik!

Before his sword could even be pulled out, it was already blocked by Pyo-wol.

All human body parts are connected as one. While it might seem that the hands and feet are acting independently, but in reality, both can move organically if the two show cooperation.

With the slight trembling around Oh Won-hoo's eyes and the spasm of his shoulder muscles, Pyo-wol was able to predict Oh Won-hoo's next action.

Above all, Pyo-wol was able to roughly grasp his intentions through his opponent's eyes.

Pyo-wol called this ability of his own fine sense.<sup>2</sup>

During his time in the dark, his fine senses developed terribly.

His pair of eyes might be looking at the Oh Won-hoo who's right in front of him, but his other senses were still spread out enough to sense even the breath of every single person in the room.

"Heuk!"

Oh Won-hoo raised his internal energy to pull out the sword.

Tuk!

At that moment, Pyo-wol's finger touched his elbow.

"Kerheuck!"

Suddenly Oh Won-hoo let out a scream. His arms were bent to the opposite side. Pyo-wol's simple hand movements destroyed his elbow joint.

People nearby widened their eyes. They could not comprehend the situation that was right before their eyes.

Oh Won-hoo was a master who could protect his body with his internal strength. But he couldn't believe that his elbow had been destroyed by just a simple touch of Pyo-wol.

What was happening right before his eyes was completely beyond his common sense.

But it was no coincidence.

It was the product of the bloody hard work of Pyo-wol.

Trapped alone in the dark, Pyo-wol wondered how to effectively neutralize or destroy humans.

He thought and he thought, and continued to imagine.

He merged the martial arts he already knew into one, and fused the cultivation methods. He even got inspiration from the snake pit.

The martial art that was born from this way was Agudo (織鬼道)<sup>3</sup>.

It's a hungry man's martial arts.

Pyo-wol did not forget the hunger he felt when he first entered the underground cave.

The desperate memories of having to scrape off the moss on the wall to survive.

So, he named the martial arts he created Agudo.

The technique that Pyo-wol used to destroy Oh Won-hu's elbow was the human body destruction technique<sup>4</sup>, which was the basis of Aguido.

Pyo-wol thought that the structure of the human body was complex yet simple.

It would be infinitely complicated if you dug deep, but in simple terms, the human body was made up of axis and joints.

He thought that if he destroyed the joint that connects one shaft to the other, he could easily incapacitate the opponent. From then on, Pyo-wol thought about how to effectively destroy the opponent's joints.

Thus, this kind of human body destruction technique was born.

It attacks and destroys parts that humans cannot train.

Oh Won-hoo's elbow was shattered. No matter how good a doctor is, his elbow cannot be completely cured.

"This bastard—!"

Oh Won-hoo held out his shaky arms and unfolded his technique.

It was a technique called *Mayeonggak*<sup>5</sup>.

However, his attack did not reach Pyo-wol. Because Pyo-wol's fist was shot like an awl and smashed his knee.

Pergioc!

"Keuk!"

Oh Won-hoo collapsed with a scream.

However, when Oh Won-hoo collapsed at this point, the inside of the guest house became quiet.

Many of the people in the guest house were warriors who had mastered martial arts. However, even with their eyes, they could not tell what method Pyo-wol had used to destroy Oh Won-hoo.

An unidentified martial artist who instantly destroys a master like Oh Won-hoo and who steals his opponent's eyes just by doing a bit of dirty talk.

In their eyes, Pyo-wol no longer looked pretty.

Behind that beautiful and seductive appearance, the cruel hands and killing intent made them frightened.

'A Killing Star has appeared.'<sup>6</sup>

'Where the hell did this guy—?'

They never heard of such a man in Jianghu.

At least in Sichuan.

Pyo-wol grabbed Oh Won-hoo's collar and looked into his eyes.

"Ugh!"

Oh Won-hoo's eyes shook relentlessly in fear.

His pants were getting wet.

He was urinating without knowing it in extreme fear.

Pyo-wol asked.

"You still want to meddle?"

"Ah, ah, no—"

Oh Won-hoo shook his head violently. Because of that, he stuttered but he didn't think it was embarrassing. His mind was filled with only the thought of not wanting to see Pyo-wol's eyes again.

It was then that he released the hand holding him.

Talcuck!

Oh Won-hoo's body collapsed.

Tears flowed from his eyes. Shame and pain belatedly came rushing in like a tide.

Seeing Oh Won-hoo cry, the atmosphere of the warriors was somber.

They didn't say anything. But in their heart they thought they were lucky that they didn't come forward.

Since he was humiliated like that, Oh Won-hoo's life as a warrior was almost over. He suffered indelible wounds not only physically but also mentally, making it impossible to recover.

Pyo-wol looked inside the guest house.

The warriors eagerly turned or bowed their heads to avoid making eye contact with him.

In an instant, a few people had their lives ended as martial artists, but no one wanted to meddle anymore.

Seeing Oh Won-hoo was enough for them to know that meddling was futile.

Pyo-wol didn't say anything and went back to his seat. And casually ate his left over food. The figure of Pyo-wol left a strong impression on people.

'A crazy man has appeared.'

'He's a person that can never be matched.'

'The atmosphere of Chengu is so bad that even crazy people appear like this.'

Whether or not he knew the thoughts of such people, Pyo-wol continued to use his chopsticks.

Clack! Clack!

Only the sound of chopsticks hitting the bowl resounded in the silent guest house.

\* \* \*

"Huyuu... Why is the atmosphere here so bloody."

The old taoist looked around Chengdu and murmured.

Half of those who walked down the street seemed to be armed.

In general, no matter how large a city is, the proportion of martial artists is small. If there were a hundred people, there were only one or two warriors. However, the percentage in Chengdu was excessively high.

It was proof that the public security was so unstable that even ordinary people carried weapons.

Heo Ran-ju said with a smirk.

"It's a great opportunity for us."

"Other people's misfortune is our chance, what kind of tragedy is this? Amitabha!"

"Hong! You shouldn't say things like that, even if you don't know other people."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Who's the most money-hungry person among us?"

"Why are you so recklessly collecting money that you don't even give to the Buddha?"

"Amitabha Buddha! Blessed Sakyamuni. Please forgive this evil sentient being."

"Fuck you."

Heo Ran-ju snorted, and old Dosa said,

"Stop the bullshit and let's go to the place where Danju is. You know that he doesn't have much patience."

When he mentioned 'Danju', the expressions of Heo Ran-ju and Hyeong Seung expression became serious.

They hurriedly followed the old taoist.

The place where the old Dosa brought them was the largest guest house in Chengdu. It was still early in the morning, but there were several customers eating breakfast in the guest house.

A pleasant light flashed in Heo Ran-ju's eyes as she looked around the inside of the cup.

"Danju!"

She approached the men who were eating. Then the men who were eating raised their heads in unison and looked at Heo Lan Chu.

Among them, a man who appeared to be in his mid to late forties opened his mouth.

"Budanju! You've arrived on time."

"Wow! It's been a while. Danju oraboni."

Heo Ran-ju hugged the man tightly.



The man patted Heo Ran-ju's back. The old Dosa and Hyeong Seung, who arrived late, greeted the man.

“It seems that you have become more dedicated, Danju.”

"It's been a long time since I've seen you, my lord!"

The man moved away from Heo Ran-ju and said,

"We've finally met again after a long time."

"Hehe! Isn't there a lot of work to do?"

"Didn't I get a good rest thanks to you?"

"It's already a problem because I'm too rested. I've run out of money."

"So why didn't you call us right away?"

"Are you really going to get involved in this?"

"Do you feel burdened? Then drop out."

"Ah! Why are you arguing again... Someone's missing.”

The old taoist shook his head and sat down quickly. Hyeong Seung and Heo Ran-ju also sat in the empty seats. There was a firm trust in the eyes of the three who looked at the man.

The man's name was Zhang Mu-ryang, the leader of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group.<sup>7</sup>

The Black Cloud Group was a kind of mercenary group.

They sold their arms for money.

Their main stage was at the disputed area of the border.

It didn't matter who the client was. They fought on their behalf by entrusting themselves to a place that gave them even a little more money.

People called them a group of money-crazed killers.

Rogues who only chase after money without any justice or cause.

They gathered in Chengdu because Zhang Mu-ryang smelled the money.

The old taoist rubbed his palms and said.

"Is it because of the Qingcheng and Emei sect?"

"You must have heard the rumors."

"Isn't it true that everyone already knows that the two sects have been at odds since seven years ago?"

"That's right. The atmosphere seems like there will be a big clash sooner or later."

Zhang Mu-ryang nodded his head.

I don't know what exactly happened, but the Qingcheng sect and the Emei sect have been at odds since seven years ago.

At first, there was an atmosphere where only a few warriors collided, but it soon escalated into an all-out fight. They collided heavily, inflicted many casualties, retreated, and fought again several times.

The confrontation between the two most powerful sects in Sichuan Province resulted in the division of the Sichuan powerhouses.

Among the sects in Sichuan, there were no clans that did not have a connection with the two sects.

Many sects tried to stay at the middle ground in the beginning, but as the confrontation between the two sects grew longer, they were increasingly forced to choose.

Eventually, the sects of Sichuan were split into two.

Heo Ran-ju asked Zhang Mu-ryang,

"Why the hell are they fighting? They're both prestigious sects recognized by Jianghu."

"Budanju! It doesn't matter why they fight. What matters is that we have a chance to make our dreams come true."

Zhang Mu-ryan smiled.

The battle between the Qingcheng sect and Emei sect was a great disaster for all who live in Sichuan Province.

But unfortunately, it was a golden opportunity for the Black Cloud Mercenary Group and Zhang Mu-ryang.

**Editor's Note:**

1. Face. This is not to be taken literally. This usually refers to one's image, reputation or pride.
2. Fine Sense. Other translations: 미세감각(微細感覺).
3. Agudo. Other translations: Weaving Ghost Road, 아귀도(織鬼道).
4. Human Destruction Technique. Other translations: 인체파괴술(人體破壞術)
5. Mayeonggak. Other translation: Horse Shadow Feet, 마영각(馬影脚)
6. Killing Star. Other translations: Salseong, 살성(殺星)
7. Black Cloud Mercenary Group. Other Translations: Heukunbyeongdan, 흑운병단 (黑雲兵團)
  - a. 黑 black, dark, evil
  - b. 雲 cloud, Yunnan province
  - c. 兵 soldier, troops
  - d. 團 sphere, ball, circle

