

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 7 Episode 11

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 161

Pyo-wol looked at Soma.

Soma kept on muttering something under his breath even after leaving the guest house.

When Pyo-wol's eyes met with Soma, the latter hurriedly hid what he was holding behind his back. Pyo-wol squinted his eyes and frowned at Soma's unusual appearance.

Soma realized his mistake and smiled bashfully.

"Hehe!"

"What is it?"

"This is beef jerky made by the older sister I met at the guest house. Do you want some?"

"It's alright."

At Pyo-wol's answer, the slight tension on Soma's face melted away like snow.

The beef jerky Mok Gahye gave him was delicious. At first, he thought that he would only get to take a bite, but he soon couldn't stop.

When he came back to his senses, he realized that he had already eaten three quarters.

Soma carefully packed the few leftover jerky into his arms.

'I'm going to save it from now on...'

He decided that the next time he would meet Mok Gahye, he had to figure out the secret to making beef jerky.

The journey to Bishan was smooth.

This was because Wu Jang-rak and his party were well-versed in the directions of Jianghu, and the newly joined mercenary moved in perfect order.

In particular, Ko Il-pae led the mercenaries well.

In addition to having a good reputation in the mercenary guild, he also had the skill in leading people.

As they traveled, he did not neglect his duty of sending mercenaries forward in advance to check and scout if there were any problems. He also assigned mercenaries to stand guard even as the party took a break.

Thanks to him, Wu Jang-rak and his party were able to move comfortably.

After leaving the West Wind Guest House, it was already evening.

Ko Il-pae approached Wu Jang-rak and said,

"It looks like we'll have to camp outside today."

"I see. Where should we set up our camp?"

"There's a stream running in front, and there's a flat area nearby. We'll probably have no problem staying there overnight."

"If that's the case, then let's set up our camp there."

"Okay. I'll let others know."

Ko Il-pae returned to the mercenaries and gave instructions.

Wu Jang-rak looked at Ko Il-pae for a long time.

"He is a highly coveted talent. It would be quite reassuring if I could bring such a person into the manor."

It wasn't difficult to hire someone who was strong in martial arts. There are many strong warriors available everywhere. However, there are not many people who are both strong and smart.

This is because such people often belonged to prestigious sects, making them hard to find among the mercenaries.

Wu Jang-rak considered that he would try recruiting Ko Il-pae later.

His gaze suddenly turned to the rear. He wanted to make sure that Pyo-wol and Soma were following well. The two were following well on horseback.

Contrary to his initial worries, Pyo-wol and Soma did not cause any trouble at all.

People just often find themselves surprised by Soma's catchphrase, 'Can I kill them?' But fortunately, Pyo-wol would stop Soma every time so no problems occurred.

Wu Jang-rak drove his horse towards Pyo-wol.

"The stream is just a little further away. We're going to camp on the flat area near the stream tonight."

"Do as you like. You don't have to report everything to me."

"Alright."

Woo Jang-rak walked away with an uncomfortable expression.

Pyo-wol looked around.

As Wu Jang-rak have said, the terrain was suitable for camping.

The place was wide open making it difficult for anyone to sneak behind them. Furthermore, the stream right next to the plain made it easy to get drinking water.

There wouldn't be a problem staying overnight in a place like this.

Some had already dismounted from their horses and were preparing the camp. They worked diligently in setting up the tent, and lighting a bonfire.

Wu Jang-rak's men prepared a meal, while Ko Il-pae and the other mercenaries searched the area for possible dangers.

Thanks to everyone's efforts, they were able to complete the preparations for a perfect camp before the sun went down.

"Everyone, have a bowl."

One of Wu Jang-rak's men shouted. He was very good at cooking, so he was in charge of preparing meals.

What he made was an unknown porridge.

He made it by hanging a large pot over a bonfire and pouring pre-prepared ingredients all at once. The taste turned out to be quite delicious.

"Good!"

"It's edible!"

When the mercenaries ate a spoonful, they couldn't help but marvel.

Most of them were already accustomed to filling their hunger with hardened rice cakes or dried food, which were prepared in advance. So being able to eat proper food while they were camping outside like this was unbelievable.

"We're doing great this time."

Ko Il-pae muttered while eating porridge.

He doesn't know what it is, but he saw quite a few ingredients. He assumed the cook wouldn't have added anything that couldn't be eaten, so he thought he could eat the porridge with confidence.

Pyo-wol also took a bowl of porridge and sat down on a nearby rock. To eat the porridge, he pulled down the scarf that was covering his face.

When his face was revealed, a riot broke out among the mercenaries.

"Crazy!"

"Oh my! I can't believe he had a face like that."

"Is that really a man's face?"

They forgot about Lee Yulsan's advice and openly stared at Pyo-wol's face.

At that time, Ko Il-pae's cold voice snapped their attention back.

"Be careful, everyone. All the people who were mesmerized by his face have already gone to hell. That gorgeous shell is just a camouflage that blurs people's eyes. There's a monster lurking inside of him that you can't even imagine. If we do something wrong, we will all be eaten. The reason why the sect leader of the Wind and Thunder Clan warned us is not because he is a coward. That's just how scary that man is..." s o u n d l e s s w i n d 21

"....."

In an instant, a terrible silence fell among them.

"Everyone, be careful. It's better for us to not get entangled in his affairs."

"It's been a long time since I've seen Heaven's Majestic Wind¹ so nervous."

The one who opened her mouth was exceptionally kind.

Although she had a lot of ashes on her face on purpose, anyone with a good eye would know right away that she was a woman dressed as a man.

Ko Il-pae's gaze turned to her.

"Hajin!"

"Is he really that dangerous? Enough to make Heaven's Majestic Wind tuck his tail like a dog?"

"My explanation is actually still lacking."

"So he's a big man then."

The gaze of the woman dressed as a man turned to Pyo-wol.

Her name was Seol Hajin.

She is as famous as Ko Il-pae in the mercenary guild.

When she first appeared at the mercenary guild, she worked with her original appearance. But when men who were fascinated by her beauty approached her nonstop, she later decided to dress as a man.

Of course, all the men who harassed her ended up retiring early. They were either stabbed to death or seriously injured. sound less wind21

That's how strong her martial arts were.

Her face is beautiful, but her hands are cruel. So the mercenaries who knew of her true self knows better than flirting with her.

Seol Hajin stared blankly at Pyo-wol's face, mesmerized.

"That's too much. That's cheating."

Her heart, which she thought had become dull while living in Jianghu, was pounding heavily.

It's been a long time since she felt this way.

Ko Il-pae said to Seol Hajin.

"Anyway, I warned you."

"Alright, alright. I'm going to get a scab in my ear, so stop talking."

Seol Hajin waved her hand with an annoyed expression.

Ko Il-pae looked at Seol Hajin for a moment before turning around.

'She's a smart kid, so she'll take good care of herself.'

There was no sympathy among mercenaries. If he gives any more advice than this, it will only have the opposite effect.

Ko Il-pae calmed down his nerves and ate the leftover porridge.

* * *

When they finished eating, the party prepared to sleep. There was nothing more to prepare actually. All they had to do was to curl up and sleep with the bonfire in the middle.

Those who were prepared, covered themselves with the blankets they had brought in advance, while those who did not have blankets just curled up and slept.

Most of the mercenaries belonged to the latter case. For them, who believed in their strong bodies and were used to the harsh world, they treated things like blankets as nothing but luxury.

The mercenaries decided to sleep with a separate bonfire a little away from where Wu Jang-rak and his group slept.

It's fortunate that everyone has mastered some skills and they were able to withstand the slight cold.

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Pyo-wol also sat alone a little further away from the party.

Not only because Wu Jang-rak and the mercenaries were reluctant to be with him, Pyo-wol himself did not like to be around a crowd.

It was the same with Soma.

He climbed up to a tree far away from the camp where the party was staying and slept alone.

No matter how much he followed and liked Pyo-wol, he still wanted to sleep alone.

Soma's appearance was reminiscent of a small bat.

Pyo-wol looked up at the sky while using the Black Dragon Robe as a blanket. If he spreads out the Black Dragon Robe with both of his arms, two people can share inside.

Countless stars embroidered the night sky as if it were about to fall.

It was a sight he had seen countless times after leaving the underground cave. But no matter how much he looked at it, he couldn't get enough of it.

He could also hear the sound of the bugs. He couldn't get enough of the sound either.

The underground cave where he had spent half his life was a completely stationary space.

There was life there too, but there was not a single entity that expressed itself out loud like this.

It was a harsh environment in which only beings who can hide themselves thoroughly can survive. So for Pyo-wol, who was accustomed to such an environment, this peaceful landscape felt unfamiliar to him. s o u n d l e s s w i n d 2 1 . c o m

Everyone fell asleep except for those who stood watch in the distance.

But Pyo-wol could not sleep easily. He just stared at the sky using his arm as a pillow.

Shriak!

The sound of someone moving reached his ear.

The person could already be said to be moving cautiously, but it wasn't enough to fool Pyo-wol's ears.

Pyo-wol's eyes became sharp.

The footsteps were getting louder and louder. It could only mean that the owner of the footsteps was approaching Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol's hand quietly turned to the phantom dagger on his waist. However, Pyo-wol soon released the hand holding the phantom dagger.

It was because of the scent that pierced his nose.

Someone poked their head out and looked down at Pyo-wol.

It was Seol Hajin, the woman who was dressed as a man.

Seol Hajin looked down at Pyo-wol as if she was looking at something strange. She looked like a curious cat.

Pyo-wol looked up at Seol Hajin, not moving from his position.

Seol Hajin suddenly untied her hair.

Her dark hair fell like a waterfall, revealing her true appearance.

She was beautiful.

Even if she was a mercenary, she could still be considered pretty.

But her appearance wasn't enough to impress Pyo-wol. Pyo-wol has already embraced women who were much prettier than her.

However, he was not ruthless enough to reject a woman who came to him on his own feet.

Just by looking at Seol Hajin's eyes, he could tell what she wanted.

There was only one reason a woman would come to a man sleeping alone in the middle of the night.

Pyo-wol raised his Black Dragon Robe. Seol Hajin immediately came in, as if she had been waiting.

While being covered in the Black Dragon Robe, Seol Hajin whispered,

"I heard that you were a dangerous man?"

“.....”

"I like dangerous men."

Seol Hajin nibbled on Pyo-wol's ear.

She knew how to excite a man.

Just as men like pretty women, women like handsome men. Moreover, Pyo-wol was so handsome that words simply cannot express how handsome he was.

The moment Seol Hajin saw him, her whole body became excited.

That was the reason Seol Hajin came to find Pyo-wol like a stray cat.

Seol Hajin's pure white hands dug into Pyo-wol's clothes and traced his bare skin.

"You can treat me roughly."

Buuk!

Pyo-wol pulled down her clothes at once.

Her pure white flesh was revealed inside the Black Dragon Robe. Ordinary people would not be able to see it, but Pyo-wol could see it clearly in the dark.

Pyo-wol, who had been appreciating Seol Hajin's naked body for a while, got on her.

"Ah!"

Seol Hajin unknowingly gasped at the sudden weight of Pyo-wol on her.

Pyo-wol coveted her fiercely, covering her lips with his own. Her moans could not come out and lingered in Pyo-wol's mouth.

Seol Hajin felt the pressure as if a giant snake had wrapped itself around her.

It was already too late to step for her out.

Pyo-wol had no intention of letting Seol Hajin go until he was satisfied. And he didn't know how to be easily satisfied.

It was Seol Hajin's decision to come, but it was up to Pyo-wol to let her go.

The inside of Black Dragon Robe was filled with the heat of the two of them.

Before she knew it, Seol Hajin's naked body was drenched with sweat.

It was already early in the morning when Seol Hajin left the Black Dragon Robe. She tidied up her disheveled clothes and hair before returning to the other mercenaries as if nothing had happened.

However, there was not enough time to hide the redness on her face.

Seol Hajin glanced at the place where Pyo-wol was.

'He is indeed a big man.'

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

Thank you for reading.

1. Heaven's Majestic Wind. Raws: cheonha eungpungdo, 천하의 응풍도(雄風刀).
 - 雄 xióng – male of species, hero, manly
 - 風 fēng, fěng, fèng – wind, air, manners, atmosphere
 - 刀 dāo – knife, old coin, measure

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