

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 5 Episode 17

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 117

"AHHH!"

Seo Mun-pyeong groaned and touched the area of his back, where he felt intense pain. He felt a hole the size of a finger on his back.

Seo Mun-pyeong looked at Pyo-wol.

Dark red blood was dripping down the index finger of Pyo-wol's right hand. Seo Mun-pyeong then realized that the hole in his back was caused by Pyo-wol's finger.

"You bastard! So you've been hiding your level!"

Seo Mun-pyeong gritted his teeth and straightened his back. Fortunately, only his muscles were punctured, and his internal organs remained unharmed so he can still move.

Seo Mun-pyeong looked as if he had been fooled by Pyo-wol.

He assumed that Pyo-wol had learned martial arts, but he did not expect that Pyo-wol would be so great as to deceive his senses and approach him.

If he had known that the level of Pyo-wol was that high, he would have been fully alert and prepared.

"Y, you picked the wrong opponent."

Seo Mun-pyeong took a deep breath and strengthened his muscles. Then muscles with the shape of a wire tightened the wound and stopped the bleeding.

Anyone would find the sight unbelievable even if they saw it with their own eyes.

Seven-Step Soul-Chasing Fist.¹

The technique with the terrifying name, is capable of harvesting the soul of the opponent before taking seven steps. Since one's body needs to be trained to the limits, it enabled him to perform impossible skills.

One of them was Seo Mun-pyeong's tightening of muscles to close the wound.

The nickname of Little Boxer was not for nothing. In fact, it is backed up by his inexhaustible physical ability to project powerful force.

Phat!

Seo Mun-pyeong kicked the hallway and ran towards Pyo-wol.

It was such a terrifying rush, as if a bison was speeding. He shortened the distance in an instant and approached Pyo-wol's nose.

"Chaat!"

His fists exploded like a cannonball.

Once the attack with condensed energy hits the opponent, the opponent's body would be crushed and destroyed to the point of being unrecognizable like fish meat.

But that's only if the attack hits.

"Heuck!"

Seo Mun-pyeong's face contorted.

Pyo-wol managed to avoid his fist by a narrow margin.

The distance was only a finger away.

If Pyo-wol's figure had disappeared in an instant, like when Seo Mun-pyeong received a blow to the back, his pride would not have been so damaged.

"Are you making fun of me?"

Suic!

Seo Mun-pyeong executed his Seven-Step Soul-Chasing Fist twice in succession. This had a more powerful attack than a single blow.

But then again, Pyo-wol similarly avoided his attack by a distance of a single finger.

"Bastard!"

Seo Mun-pyeong's anger exploded.

He strikes again.

The Seven-Step Soul-Chasing Fist has numerous layers or steps. With every attack made, the internal energy contained in the attack increases, making the power amplified exponentially.

Two strikes is more terrifying than one, and three strikes had greater power than two. And the final seventh strike boasted more than ten times the power of the first strike.

'You monster!'

Pyo-wol instantly grasped the secret behind the Seven-Step Soul-Chasing Fist at once. Since with each swing of Seo Mun-pyeong's fist, the power rises noticeably.

Bang!

The wall of Divine Fragrance Pavilion bursted open even though Seo Mun-pyeong's fist did not touch it.

It looked as if a bomb had exploded in the area.

Pyo-wol realized that if Seo Mun-pyeong was left going wild like this, there would be nothing left of the Divine Fragrance Pavilion.

Seo Mun-pyeong had to be subdued before he could exert the full power of his technique.

Ciiit!

Pyo-wol used Snake Step to simultaneously approach and evade Seo Mun-pyeong's attacks. Seo Mun-pyeong clenched his teeth at the sight of Pyo-wol, who was at his nose in an instant.

'His movement is so weird.'

He couldn't feel him at all, even though he's looking right at him.

The strange footwork resembling a snake, as well as the movement he used to avoid his attack by a distance of a single finger, was completely out of the ordinary.

None of the martial arts he knew had anything like this.

It was a martial art that completely denied common sense.

Seo Mun-pyeong quickly stopped attacking and went on the defensive. However, Pyo-wol broke through his defense like a snake.

Like a snake that tenaciously digs into even a small gap, Pyo-wol forcibly squirmed into Seo Mun-pyeong's defense style and penetrated into his space."

"Keuk!"

Seo Mun-pyeong's complexion turned white.

Tutututuk!

At that moment, Pyo-wol's fist pounded Seo Mun-pyeong's whole body.

It was a light punch that seemed dull, unlike Seo Mun-pyeong's Seven-Step Soul-Chasing Fist, which contained a powerful force.

It was as if Pyo-wol was just lightly tapping his opponent's body. However, the result of Pyo-wol's light punches was very disastrous.

"ARRRGHH!"

Seo Mun-pyeong collapsed with a scream.

His body was grotesquely bent. It was terrifying to see his limbs bent in different directions.

"Kreuk!"

He clenched his teeth and struggled to get up. But there was no strength in his arms and legs. All of his joints were dislocated because of the huge impact.

It was an attack that applied the human body destruction technique.²

If Pyo-wol had applied a little more force, the joint area would not have been just dislocated but entirely destroyed.

The reason why Pyo-wol handled the situation with his own hands was because this place was the Divine Fragrance Pavilion.

If he killed Seo Mun-pyeong, he would be safe, but the Divine Fragrance Pavilion could not escape his anger. He could not lose his base he had worked so hard for.

For that reason, Pyo-wol stopped and temporarily disabled Seo Mun-pyeong without killing him.

However, the shock that Seo Mun-pyeong received could not be expressed in words. He was confident in his power enough to be called the Little Boxer in Jianghu, but the fact that he was suppressed by Pyo-wol, without even being able to fully perform his technique, made him despair.

“Y, you—”

Seo Mun-pyeong could barely raise his head and stare at Pyo-wol. He looked at Pyo-wol as if he wanted to devour him. He could not believe that he would one day suffer such a horrific defeat from a mere owner of a brothel.

The unbelievable reality made him despair.

Pyo-wol looked at the secretary and said,

"Put that away."

Pyo-wol treated Seo Mun-pyeong as an object, not a person.

"Yes!"

The secretary quickly bent down and supported Seo Mun-pyeong along with the other servants.

Seo Mun-pyeong just stared at Pyo-wol and didn't say anything. He felt unbearable shame.

Even ten mouths could not excuse his defeat.

No matter how bizarre the movement his opponent made, the fact that he was defeated did not change. Although he was distracted by a prostitute and committed a shameful act, he was still a warrior.

He didn't want to blame his defeat on others.

Pyo-wol looked at Seo Mun-pyeong for a while, and then took Soo-hyang to the annex.

"Hu...!"

Seo Mun-pyeong closed his eyes. He had no excuse. It was his complete defeat. Anger welled up in his chest, but he couldn't do anything.

The secretary together with the other servants of Divine Fragrance Pavilion dragged him away like luggage.

Due to the sudden commotion, all the courtesans of the Divine Fragrance Pavilion opened their doors and looked at him.

They were the same courtesans who looked at him with admiration yesterday. But now their gazes seemed to contain hate, as if looking at a bug.

It wasn't really like that, but Seo Mun-pyeong felt that way.

This short moment of him exiting the Divine Fragrance Pavilion felt like hell to Seo Mun-pyeong.

The general and servants grunted and took Seo Mun-pyeong to his inn, the Four Sea Pavilion. As soon as they arrived at the Four Sea Pavilion, Neung Soun ran out in surprise.

"What happened?"

“.....”

"Who made you like this?"

Neung Soun asked, holding Seo Mun-pyeong. But Seo Mun-pyeong kept his lips closed and didn't say anything.

"Pyeong, tell me!"

“.....”

Neung Soun asked once again, but Seo Mun-pyeong kept his mouth shut. He was not going to answer the question no matter how much other people asked.

In the end, Neung Soun gave up asking and told the owner of the guest house to call a physician.

The thing that happened to Seo Mun-pyeong seemed unusual.

"Then we'll be on our way."

The secretary of the Divine Fragrance Pavilion stepped back carefully.

If it had been the usual Neung Soun, he would have interrogated the secretary to find out what exactly happened. But he had no choice but to let it go for now because he was busy.

Meanwhile, Won Ga-young was watching them from one side.

Won Ga-young had a frown on her forehead as she looked at the back of the secretary and servants as they left the Four Sea Pavilion.

When Won Ga-young saw the attire of the secretary and servants, she recognized that they were people who worked at a brothel. The clothes of those who worked in the brothel were a little more glamorous as compared to the usual servants.

And there's a unique smell of brothel's incense ingrained in their body.

A look of contempt appeared on Won Ga-young's face.

'Seo Mun-pyeong came from a brothel.'

Even if she didn't see it with her own eyes, she could tell.

If a man had fought someone in a brothel, it was definitely because of a prostitute. It was clear that he had bumped into someone over a courtesan.

Seo Mun-pyeong, a promising member of Jianghu, has returned to such a miserable state because of a mere courtesan.

Won Ga-young wondered who made Seo Mun-pyeong like that.

Although he is an object of her contempt, she also acknowledges Seo Mun-pyeong's martial arts achievements to some extent.

If it was enough to make Seo Mun-pyeong in a state like that, she could guess how great his opponent was.

'Are there still such experts in Chengdu?'

As far as she knows, since last year's bloodbath, there have been no other significant warriors in Chengdu. This is because most of the warriors who could be called masters refrained from their activities.

Won Ga-young frowned.

'By any chance...?'

One assumption came to mind.

* * *

Recovery followed quickly.

The workers of the Divine Fragrance Pavilion quickly repaired the broken hallway. Fortunately, the place where Seo Moon-pyeong caused a riot was the boundary between the main building and the annex, so there was little damage.

Soo-hyang supervised the workers repairing the hallway.

"Hoo...!"

She sighed.

The collapsed wall could be rebuilt, but the paintings and decorations on the wall had to be replaced. What was really difficult was to find decorations suitable for the Divine Fragrance Pavilion.

It was a job that had to be accompanied by artistic sensibility and discernment, so it could not be entrusted to someone else. She had no choice but to do it by herself.

Soo-hyang's face was filled with suspicion.

It was surprising that there was no disturbance from the other guests despite such a great commotion.

At least one person should have stuck out their head and looked outside, but strangely, none of the guests at Divine Fragrance Pavilion paid any attention to their location.

It was the same with other courtesans. No one even screamed.

It was something that could not be understood by Soo-hyang's common sense. But she immediately shook her head.

It was the job of the man she served as her master.

He was a person who made no sense from the very beginning. From his non-human appearance and mysterious abilities he occasionally shows, everything about him was hard to understand.

Soo-hyang thought that Pyo-wol would have done something this time too.

That was then.

"Is this the right place?"

Suddenly, a woman's voice came from behind her back.

Soo-hyang felt the hairs all over her body stand. When she looked around a while ago, she had confirmed that there were only workers.

Soo-hyang looked back quickly. Then she saw a beautiful woman looking at the broken wall.

"Who... are you?"

"Let's say that I'm a colleague of a... maniac who came back from being humiliated here."

The woman was Won Ga-young.

She found out about this place by inquiring about the whereabouts of the secretary who had stopped by the Four Sea Pavilion.

People who were captivated by her beauty simply informed her that the secretary was working at the Divine Fragrance Pavilion. Thanks to them, she was able to find this place easily.

Won Ga-young looked around and said,

"It's quieter than I thought."

"Pardon?"

"If the area is broken like this, all the guests would have run away already, but it's quiet. Isn't it strange?"

"Ah!"

Soo-hyang let out a gasp without knowing it. Because she was thinking the same thing.

But she soon realized her mistake.

Because it was like admitting to Won Ga-young what happened here.

Won Ga-young was intelligent and had a sharp eye. It was impossible for Soo-hyang to deceive Won Ga-young, no matter how experienced she was.

A dark smile appeared on Won Ga-young's lips.

"Can you guide me to the owner of this place right now?"

SoundlessWind21's Note:

1. Seven-Step Soul-Chasing Fist. Raws: 칠보추혼권(七步追魂拳).
 - a. 七 seven
 - b. 步 step, pace, walk, stroll
 - c. 追 pursue, chase after, expel
 - d. 魂 soul, spirit
 - e. 拳 fist

2. Human Body Destruction Technique. Raws: 인체파괴술(人霞破壞術).
- a. 人 man, people
 - b. 霞 rosy, cloud
 - c. 破 break, ruin, destroy
 - d. 壤 soil, loam, earth
 - e. 術 art, skill