

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 7 Episode 19

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 169

She was a woman with a unique atmosphere.

The two eyes that were exposed over the cotton scarf were deep and mellow. Some people blocked the eavesdropping to the extent that they could not read the inside. People who have eyes like this has foresight.¹

An iron sword was hanging from the woman's waist. Compared to her flashy outfit, it was an overly clunky iron sword. However, the sword seemed strangely befitting to her.

Harmony in chaos.

It was the first time he had seen someone with this kind of atmosphere.

Pyo-wol stepped aside without saying a word.

Then the woman bowed her head slightly towards Pyo-wol.

"Thank you."

The woman walked past Pyo-wol and went into the guest house.

Pyo-wol looked back at the street again. He could see which way people were going to and which way they were leaving from.

After looking at the street for a long time, Pyo-wol felt hungry.

Without needing to look for another place, Pyo-wol moved to the guest house where the woman had just entered.

There were quite a few people in the guest house, so it was so noisy. The interior was quite spacious, so there were several empty seats.

Pyo-wol sat in one of them.

After ordering a simple meal from the waiter, Pyo-wol looked out the window. His gaze was directed outside, but his ears were listening to the conversations of the people in the guest house.

"The Heavenly Silver Marketplace's momentum is scary. At this rate, they will really defeat the Bamboo Sea Clan and become the ruler of the area."

"I feel sorry for the Bamboo Sea Clan's Lady Yeo. If only their sect leader had been in good health, she would not have been pushed so far by the Heavenly Silver Marketplace."

"Is it really because of his health? Isn't it because of his gentle temperament? Didn't things get to this point because he hates needless clashes and emotional fights? So he kept yielding to Heavenly Silver Marketplace?"

"Whatever the reason, it's true that it's hard for Lady Yeo. Tsk tsk!"

There was a limit to what topics many people could discuss in common. One of the best stories to talk about was about the two major powers that currently dominate Enshi.

Pyo-wol did not gain information without a hitch.

It was impossible to get proper information from inside the guest house. This is because most people try to make their story far more interesting by adding their imagination and speculations.

But truth is bound to be mixed in.

As Pyo-wol listened to the stories of several people, there were overlapping parts. Pyo-wol thought those part to be the heart of the rumor.

By cross-validating the information in this way, he could get closer to the truth.

'The person who hired the Demon Chasing Team is most likely the sect leader of the Bamboo Sea Clan.'

It was just a conjecture without any evidence, but Pyo-wol considered it to be true.

The Bamboo Sea Clan is currently being pushed by the Heavenly Silver Marketplace. They were in danger of handing over their hegemony of Enshi, which they had held for hundreds of years, to the rising power, the Heavenly Silver Market Place.

The current sect leader, Seo Muyeon, abides by Confucianism. Not only does he hate getting involve in mud fights, he also terribly hates getting blood on his hands. To make matters worse, he was congenitally ill and weak.

When he was pushed by the Heavenly Silver Marketplace, he got Hwabyung.²

In the end he chose to retire.

He avoided the problem rather than choosing to go through it head-on. Because of that, his only daughter, Yeo Hwa-young, suffered.

Unlike her father, Yeo Hwa-young was smart and confident. She exactly knew the core of the problem and had the will to solve it.

The only problem is that the situation she is in is not easy.

She had to somehow prevent the Heavenly Silver Marketplace from gaining any more power. Even if she had to resort to unethical ways.

These were the circumstances that Pyo-wol deduced.

"Hmm..."

Pyo-wol frowned.

It was not as if he collected and inferred all of this information to help Mok Gahye. He just did it out of curiosity.

Pyo-wol knew the importance of information better than anyone else. He had to understand what was happening around him to be able to think and respond to any kind of threat.

Wherever he went, Pyo-wol did not neglect gathering information. In a way, he was obsessed with it enough for his behavior to be called a disease.

That was then.

Tung!

Suddenly, Pyo-wol felt a strong wave that snapped him from his thoughts.

Qi flow³ is the wave of the qi possessed by warriors.

A person's qi have its own unique characteristics to the extent that even if there were a thousand warriors, they would all be different.

There are various factors that determine the flow of qi.

It was divided into thousands or tens of thousands according to the state of the internal energy, the disposition of the warrior and the type of martial arts learned.

Some prefer to hide their qi, while others enjoy exposing them.

In this case, it was the former.

The owner of the qi did not want to reveal himself.

As proof, no one in the guest house was not aware of his qi. His qi flow was so subtle that it was impossible to detect it except for those who had reached the level of Pyo-wol.

The person's qi was growing stronger and stronger.

It could only mean that the owner of the qi was getting closer.

At that moment, the door of the guest house opened and an old man in a black long robe appeared.

His look was impressive. His eyebrows were fiercely raised to the sky and his hair was big like a lion.

The old man looked around the inside of the guest house for a while before going straight up to the second floor.

A thick sword hung from the waist of the old man going up the stairs.

A few people looked at the old man, but they soon turned their heads away with a look of disinterest.

The old man was obviously a master who had reached a great heights. However, because he completely hid his qi, the people in the guest house did not recognize his true strength.

Pyo-wol called the waiter and asked,

"Can I move to the next floor?"

"I'm sorry. That floor is completely rented by another customer."

"Who rented it?"

"I don't know, it was the owner who directly directly received that particular customer. Do you want me find out?"

"No, it's okay."

Asking any more questions would only raise doubts on himself.

Instead, Pyo-wol looked inside the guest house.

The woman wearing a cotton scarf who came in before him was nowhere to be seen. He immediately realized that it was her was the one who rented the entire floor.

He was curious about the woman's identity, but Pyo-wol decided to stop.

He had a feeling that if he got involved, he would only be swept away by something really troublesome.

When it was time for Pyo-wol to get up from his seat,

Bang!

The door of the guest house suddenly opened wide.

Someone had kicked the door of the guest house.

Burr!

The wide open door was still trembling from the impact of the strong kick.

A group of warriors rushed in through the open door.

Upon their appearance, the guests in the guest house held their breath all at once. They recognized their identities.

"They're warriors of the Heavenly Silver Marketplace."

"Why are they here?"

They looked at the Heavenly Silver Marketplace's warriors who had entered the guest house with a curious expression.

At the center of it was a young warrior.

A handsome-looking man wearing a white long robe.

While his eyes were too sharp, his appearance could still make any woman want to have to look again.

The people knew who he was at once.

"Isn't he Lord Hwa Ok-gi of the Heavenly Silver Marketplace?"

"Why did he come here?"

Hwa Ok-gi was the son of Heavenly Silver Marketplace's sect leader Hwa Yu-cheon.

He inherited the blood of Hwa Yu-cheon, so he was very smart and good at judging the situation. Thanks to that, he made a lot of contribution and gained the trust of his father.

Hwa Ok-gi looked around the inside of the guest house with cold eyes for a moment. Those who received his gaze bowed their heads eagerly. They didn't want to stand out and get his attention for nothing.

A twinkle suddenly appeared in Hwa Ok-gi's eyes.

Everyone avoided his gaze, but there was one man who was looking at him. He couldn't tell what kind of face he had because his face was half covered with a scarf.

Though he was interested in him for a moment, he soon looked away.

He had a different purpose for coming here today.

Perhaps after hearing the commotion on the first floor, a man and a woman came down the stairs.

The moment he saw the woman standing in front of him, Hwa Ok-gi's eyes fluttered.

Although her face was covered with cotton cloth, Hwa Ok-gi knew her true identity.

He first greeted the woman first.

"Hello, Lady Yeo!"

"Lord Hwa, what are you doing here?"

"I've heard that Lady Yeo was here."

Her true identity was Yeo Hwa-young of the Bamboo Sea Clan.

It was a secret that Yeo Hwa-young came here. In order to hide her identity, she even wore a veil that she does not normally wear.

Nevertheless, the fact that Hwa Ok-gi knew that she had come here meant that information was being leaked from the Bamboo Sea Clan.

'I don't know how many people are already subordinated to the Heavenly Silver Marketplace.'

The abominable thing about the Heavenly Silver Marketplace is that they would take the people from the Bamboo Sea Clan and use them as spies or informants.

Yeo Hwa-young had already identified many people related to the Heavenly Silver Marketplace and kicked them out. Even so, it seemed that there were still those who allied themselves to Heavenly Silver Marketplace in the Bamboo Sea Clan.

Yeo Hwa-young's face hardened like a stone.

"Thank you for coming, but I have nothing to say to Lord Hwa."

"Don't do that, let's talk for a bit. Aren't good things good?"

"Well! I have a different opinion from Lord Hwa. I don't really want to talk to you."

"Lady Yeo!"

"I have to go"

Yeo Hwa-young tried to pass Hwa Ok-gi.

At that time, one of the warriors behind Hwa Ok-gi came forward and blocked her path.

"Lord Hwa's words are not over yet."

The man who blocked the way was an elderly man who appeared to be in his mid-thirties. What was impressive about him is his big body and huge palms that was the size of a lids of a pot.

The elderly man was Hwangbo Chiseung, Hwa Ok-gi's bodyguard.

Hwangbo Chiseung was a descendant of Hwangbo Sega.

Hwangbo Sega has fallen through the ups and downs of time, but his descendants remain. Hwangbo Chiseung was one of his descendants.

He was a master who had learned the Three Fists of the Heavenly King, one of the representative techniques of Hwangbo Sega.

The Heavenly Silver Marketplace Hwa Yu-cheon invested a huge amount to invite him.

Like Hwangbo Chiseung, the Heavenly Silver Marketplace recruited many masters from the outside. Hwangbo Chiseung's martial arts was by far the highest among them.

Yeo Hwa-young recognized the identity of Hwangbo Chiseung at once.

"Lord Hwangbo, I heard that you rejected our offer and entered the the Heavenly Silver Marketplace."

"I couldn't help it. The Heavenly Silver Marketplace's conditions were much better."

"I didn't know Lord Hwangbo was such a snob."

"What can I do? My throat is the police bureau,⁵ and there are many people whom I have to feed."

"Don't you think of honor?"

"I realized long ago that honor cannot feed anyone, now I'm just a mercenary who has been sold for money. Why does a mercenary need honor for?"

"Haa!"

"What can we do? Jianghu has changed."

Hwangbo Chiseung closed his eyes for a moment.

There was a time when honor was a priority.

People revered a man of honor

Some were drunk with honor and threw everything away and jumped into great wars such as the War of the Demons and Heaven.

However, Hwangbo Chiseung was well aware of what had happened to those people.

They were wounded in the war and lost everything, but no one cared for them.

If those people had strong financial backing like from a prestigious sect that currently dominates Jianghu, they would have been in better state. Their last years would not have been as miserable.

Hwangbo Segga was one of those who lost their footing a long time ago.

At a certain point of time, he boasted great power enough to spread his fame to everyone. But he eventually fell enough to be remembered as a movie of the past.

The men of Hwangbo Segga are currently scattered all over the Central Plains and earning money. Hwangbo Chiseung was one of them.

Yeo Hwa-young looked at Hwangbo Chiseung with sad eyes.

Hwangbo Chiseung was a great man to the extent that she wanted to invite him. So it was a pity to know that such a person was recruited by the Heavenly Silver Marketplace and wasted as Hwa Ok-gi's escort.

Yeo Hwa-young sighed and said,

"Anyway, I have to go back to Bamboo Sea Clan."

"Please spare him a moment of your time."

"What if I still have to go?"

"I have no choice but to stop you."

Hwangbo Chiseung answered firmly.

Although he was sorry for Yeo Hwa-young's circumstances, he was now working for the Heavenly Silver Marketplace.

Even if he didn't like it, he had to follow the will of Hwa Ok-gi.

"Lord Hwangbo persecutes me too much."

"I'll beg for your forgiveness later."

"But that doesn't make anything that happened go away."

"Please understand my situation."

"If Lord Hwangbo doesn't care about my situation, why do I have to care after Lord Hwangbo's situation?"

"Lady Yeo!"

Hwangbo Chiseung raised his voice.

All the objects in the guest house burst out in unison.

It was a formidable force.

Yeo Hwa-young frowned.

It was because Hwangbo Chiseung's roar bothered her.

That was then.

The old man who had been standing quietly behind her came forward.

Hwangbo Chiseung 's roar was suddenly cut off. The old man's qi prevented Hwangbo Chiseung's roar from affecting them.

The old man looked at Hwangbo Chiseung with fierce eyes.

"That's enough."

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

1. Foresight. Raws: 심모원려(深謀遠慮).
 - Chinese Idiom. Foresight, which means to plan very carefully and consider very long-term. They have deep plans and distant thoughts. They plan far ahead.
2. Hwabyung. Raws: 화병 (鬱火病).
 - Physical problems such as pain, frustration, insomnia, etc. People with this disease suffer from mental illness due to suffering in life but have nowhere to vent their anger.
 - Hwabyung literally means illness (Byung) of fire or anger (Hwa) which arises when people are restrained from confronting their feelings of anger as a consequence of unjust or unfair circumstances.
3. Qi flow. Raws: Gipa, 기파(氣波).
 - 氧 yǎng – oxygen
 - 波 bō, bēi, bì – waves, breakers; undulations
4. Three Fists of the Heavenly King. Three Raws: 천왕삼권(天王三拳)
 - 天 tiān – sky, heaven; god, celestial
 - 王 wáng, wàng, yù – king, ruler; royal; surname
 - 三 sān, sà – three
 - 拳 quán – fist; various forms of boxing
5. Raws: 목구멍이 포도청
 - Korean proverb. An expression to describe a situation where one is forced to do something banned to make a living. One cannot refuse to do dirty things to make a living.