

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 2 Episode 18

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 43

After leaving Batang, Pyo-wol walked through the east towards Guangdong.

All the cities in Sichuan Province were connected to Chengdu. Chengdu was the center of the gathering of the inner culture of Sichuan.

The destination of Pyo-wol was Chengdu.

He was thinking of going to Chengdu to learn about the Qingcheng and the Emei sect.

Seven years have already passed, but Pyo-wol never forgot his resentment against them even for a single moment.

He could choose to live in a quiet place. After all, it has already been seven years. No one would have an issue about it since they know that Pyo-wol was already buried. Pyo-wol was already a forgotten man in the world.

If he just stayed still, it's possible for him to live in peace.

But Pyo-wol couldn't do that.

The world may have forgotten him, but he never forgot his past.

For fourteen years, he was locked in darkness and had to live a life that was inferior to that of a human being. Such a past was not something that could be easily forgotten.

Pyo-wol was well aware that if he did not shake off the past, he would not be able to take even a single step toward the future.

But Pyo-wol is not the kind of person who forgets his grudges.

From the moment he was kidnapped by the Blood Shadow Group and forcibly turned into an assassin, he never forgot his grievances, not even for a single day.

Although the Blood Shadow Group has disappeared from the world, the Emei sect, who was the root cause, is still alive and well.

Pyo-wol couldn't just leave them alone and know that they were doing well as they continued taking advantage of others.

Seolhyang and the courtesans did not know much about the Emei sect. Since the area called Batang is on the outskirts of Sichuan Province, there was no proper information coming in.

That was the reason Pyo-wol left Batang and headed towards Chengdu for six days.

Pyo-wol was not in a hurry.

He wanted to see the world he hadn't seen in a long time. So he walked slowly as much as possible, fully taking in the scenery around him.

After walking for a while, he got hungry.

He took a seat in a suitable place and unpacked his luggage. Then, a bowl of food made by the master of the Red Sky Pavilion appeared.

The bamboo bowl contained rice and simple side dishes. But there was something that caught his eye even more than that.

There was a 30-nyang silver slip and a few coins. It seemed that Geum Si-yeon was looking out for him. But Pyo-wol did not know how much thirty silver nyang were worth.

Having been locked up in an underground cave for fourteen years, he had no choice but to lose his sense of the true value of money.

Pyo-wol touched the slip for a while, then put it in his bosom and ate.

He knew it when he was living with Seolhyang, but the Red Sky Pavilion's food was delicious. Even simple food had a deep taste.

Thanks to this, Pyo-wol was able to have a pleasant meal.

The thing he liked the most after going out into the world was that he could enjoy eating delicious meals to his heart's content.

As he ate delicious food, Pyo-wol realized that he was also human.

When he was trapped in the underground cave for the second time and lived with the snakes, he seemed to have become a snake himself.

Thanks to that, he adapted and managed to survive, but he had no desire to go back to that time again.

The soft taste of rice in his mouth made him realize that he was alive. Pyo-wol chewed little by little and fully savored the taste of the food.

The wind blew.

It was a fresh wind that could not be felt in the underground cave. Pyo-wol stopped eating and felt the wind. A lot of information was contained in a single wind.

"It's going to rain soon."

The wind was full of moisture that was about to pour at any moment. Furthermore, it felt like the incoming rain would not stop anytime soon.

Pyo-wol got up from his seat after roughly tidying up.

As he looked around to find a place to shelter from the rain, he saw a closed tomb in his sight.

It must have been abandoned a long time ago, so the tomb was half-destroyed. Still, it seemed like he could use it to escape the rain for a day or so.

Shortly after Pyo-wol entered the tomb, it started to rain.

Hududuk!

Heavy raindrops fell nonstop on the roof.

Pyo-wol sat leaning against a pillar and watched the rain fall. It had been a long time since he had seen the rain coldly pouring down like this.

Pyo-wol closed his eyes and muttered.

"Jong (종구나)."

The best thing about being out in the world was him being able to feel the change.

There was little change in the underground cave.

It was the same life, the same environment. There was no sense of the passage of time, and you could not expect that something would change.

The outside world, on the other hand, was different.

Every day was different. It seems like a continuation of similar days, but there was never a single day that was exactly the same.

Pyo-wol suddenly thought that it would be nice to have alcohol. But alcohol was forbidden to an assassin.

This was because alcohol dulls the nerves and slows the body's reactions.

That was then.

Tak! Tak!

The sound of footsteps was heard in Pyo-wol's ears.

Someone was walking through the rain.

After a while, someone appeared at the entrance to the Gwanjeon Tomb.¹

"Ah! What's this? Now, I'm all wet."

"That's why I told you to hurry. You sissy. This is because you're so slow."

"Amitabul! Fortunately, we found the control tomb, so stop fighting."

The combination of people who entered the control tomb, who were as wet as a mouse, was very strange.

A woman who appears to be in her mid-twenties, a taoist monk who appears to be in his early sixties, and even a middle-aged buddhist monk. The unique group of three people rushed to avoid the rain.

As soon as they entered the tomb, the woman lifted the hem of her robe and shouted at the old taoist.

"My underwear is all wet. What am I going to do? Dosa!² What am I going to do?"

"Why are you asking me that? Is it my fault that your clothes got wet?"

"It's the old Dosa's fault since it's you who got lost and wandered around. So, the old Dosa must take responsibility."

"Sick!"³

The old taoist turned his head at the woman's bizarre logic.

The middle-aged monk shook his head at the quarrel between the two and murmured.

"Amitabha Buddha! Blessed One who has prepared for great mercy, why are you giving me such an ordeal? Out of the many people, why must I be accompanied by the two of them."

"Uh-huh? Anyone who sees it would think it's normal to do it. Because it's not easy."

The woman's target this time was a middle-aged monk.

At her attack, the monk closed his eyes tightly and gave up fighting. A satisfied smile appeared on the woman's face.

"Hmpf."

The woman put her arms around her waist with a triumphant expression on her face. Her appearance was so bewitching. Since her clothes were wet from the rain, her clothes clung and revealed her curvaceous body.

The woman looked around the inside of the Gwanjeon Tomb.

"Oh? Someone's here."

She belatedly discovered Pyo-wol, who was leaning on a pillar.

With her words, both the taoist and buddhist monks looked at Pyo-wol.

"Oh! Someone came before us."

"Amitabha!"

"You're so handsome, oraboni. To meet such a handsome man on a mountain like this. Such great luck has come to me."

"This is all my luck since I got lost. You should thank me."

"It's noisy."

"Amitabha Buddha! Amitabha Buddha! When the hell is this ordeal going to end?"

The three were still noisy.

A woman approached Pyo-wol.

"Hello, handsome Oraboni! It's a coincidence that we stayed in the same place like this, but we don't even know your name. I'm Ran-ju, Heo Ran-ju! What about you, oraboni?"

"Pyo-wol."

"Oh! Such a cool name."

Seeing the twinkling eyes of Heo Ran-ju, the old taoist shook his head.

"That bitch, she's at it again. Why can't she just stop fawning over handsome men."

"Even so, he's really handsome. Even a man can fall for him."

"Corrupt! Isn't existence itself a nuisance? He's filthy and handsome."

His words were harsh, but even the old taoist could not hide his admiration.

The man in front of them is handsome. Really handsome.

It was a strange atmosphere.

Heo Ran-ju's fuss was understandable. She was trembling with excitement as she went closer to Pyo-wol.

"But where is this handsome oraboni going?"

"Chengdu."

"It's such a coincidence that we're going to Chengdu, too! I think we should go together. Right? You can save on expenses, you won't be bored and you can also be with me."

Heo Ran-ju wrinkled her eye. Seeing her like that, the old taoist had an expression that looked like he was going to get sick at any moment.

Heo Ran-ju got angry and beckoned to him.

"Don't be silly there and say hi to this handsome oraboni."

"You look older than him. How can he be your older brother?"

"If someone's handsome, they're all my older brothers. It's all the same."

The old taoist and the buddhist monk approached Pyo-wol with a look of helplessness. Then, Heo Ran-ju introduced both sides.

"Did you hear? This handsome older brother is Pyo-wol, and this is the old Dosa, Dosande Seonggo. So, old Dosa. This one here in the middle is Hyeol Seung. He has memorized every single Buddhist sutra "

"Nice to meet you. I'll call you Dosa."

"Amitabul! I'm Hyeol Seung."

The old taoist and the blood monk greeted Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol looked at their faces and opened his mouth.

"Pyo-wol."

"What happens to the handsome Pyo Sohyeok's group?"

"None."

"You mean you have no companions?"

"Why? Is there a problem?"

"It's not like that."

The old taoist carefully looked at Pyo-wol. He had a slender body with no prominent muscles. It was unreasonable to see him as a person who had mastered martial arts.

However, the old taoist was not deceived by such appearances.

'I'm sure he has learned some martial arts, but I'm not sure what level he is.'

The old Dosa had a lot of experience in Jianghu. He had fought numerous battles, and Heo Ran-ju was practically raised the same as him.

'Even though that bitch has a bad temper, she's excellent in martial arts. But we can't gauge that guy's level at all.'

Without mastering martial arts, he would not be able to show that kind of leisure against strangers. It must mean that he believed in his own prowess for him to not shrink even when he saw strangers.

The problem is that they can't measure the level of Pyo-wol.

The old Dosa looked at Hyeol Seung.

He was trying to communicate without words.

Hyeol Seung knew what the old Dosa's eyes meant. He shrugged. That, too, meant that Pyo-wol's skill could not be measured.

'This guy! He's more fun than I thought.'

The old Dosa's eyes sparkled.

"Did you say you were going to Chengdu? Why are you going there?"

"You don't have to know."

"Uh-huh! Don't be like that, let's be friends. If we get to know each other, even a long journey won't be boring."

The old taoist sat down next to Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol looked at the old Dosa, Heo Ran-ju, and Hyeol Seung without a change in expression.

As was the case with Heo Ran-ju, the old taoist's nudging was also above the average level. No one would dare approach Pyo-wol if he treated them so coldly, but they didn't care.

There was no sign of shame, let alone an angry expression. It meant that their courage was great or strong.

'Master! They're all skilled.'

Heo Ran-ju looked like she had no weapons. However, Pyo-wol recognized that the black object Heo Ran-ju was wearing around her waist like a stick was a whip.

The shiny appearance and tight texture was telling him that the material of the whip was unusual.

The old taoist had a sword on his back, while Hyeol Seung was holding a fire pit with a ring.

Since each weapon used was different, it was natural that the martial arts they learned were also different. Still, Pyo-wol thought that they had mastered doing group battle because the position they naturally occupied was the best position for a pincer attack.

It was not intentionally set up that way. It has been repeated for a long time, and such position has been engraved into their body.

'Their center is Heo Ran-ju.'

The three of them seemed to be on equal footing, but as he looked closely, he could see that it is Heo Ran-ju who is taking the initiative.

The old taoist and the buddhist monk were murmuring, but they were faithfully obeying her words.

They were well-disciplined. And they were thoroughly united around Heo Ran-ju. However, as he further observed Heo Ran-ju, he didn't see the inclination of her being a leader.

'There is someone. There's another strong person among them. Dosa and Hyeol Seung follow that person. "

Pyo-wol thought it was fun.

Heo Ran-ju, however, did not seem to be satisfied with the free tendencies of Dosa or Hyeol Seung. If it was enough to force those three people to follow the rules, it was clear that they had strong leadership or possessed great force.

'Or he possesses both conditions.'

Their destination was also Chengdu. If so, as he travels with them to Chengdu, he will naturally know who is the one leading them.

Heo Ran-ju was crumpled.

"What about you handsome oraboni? Join us. I'll be very nice to you."

"Okay, let's go together."

"Uh, really?"

Heo Ran-ju's eyes widened at Pyo-wol's unexpected answer.

Her face was filled with bewilderment.

Editor's Note:

1. Gwanjeon Tomb. 관제묘
2. Dosa. Other translations: priest, 도사. Korean name for a taoist monk.
3. Sick. Other translations: Plague, 염병. This is a swear or curse word when someone is dissatisfied with something. It's an old curse word, elders usually use it. It can be taken as "Get plague and die!"
4. Oraboni. Other translation: 오라버니. Old Korean term, formal version of oppa.