

## **Reaper of the Drifting Moon**

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 7

Manhwa: N/A

### Chapter 82

The eyes of the ferocious Guhwasata changed even more terribly.

After Go Yeopjin, the former elder, the strongest master produced by the Qingcheng sect was Mu Jeong-jin.

No matter how much Guhwasata was said to be the sect leader of the Emei sect, she could not dare to downplay the prowess of Mu Jeong-jin.

"It's been a while, Mu Jeong-jin.!"

"It's so nice to see you like this. Guhwasata"

"Is that right? I'm not happy at all."

"I've been waiting to see you for seven years. So how can I not be happy?"

There was a chill in the voice of Mu Jeong-jin, who responded coldly.

His eyes were full of hostility as he looked at the situation.

Woo Gunsang, the future of the Qingcheng sect was killed by an assassin who was ordered by the Guhwasata.

Mu Jeong-jin, who loved Woo Gunsang more than anyone else, suffered from a profound sense of loss. The sense of loss turned to anger, and anger turned to the Guhwasata, the culprit of all these situations.

However, no matter how great the martial arts he possessed, he could not deal with the entirety of the Emei sect.

Mu Jeong-jin proposed to Muryeongjin, their sect leader, to lead all his disciples and attack the Emei sect. However, Muryeongjin rejected his offer at once.

No matter how bad the Emei were, they felt burdened by the fact that both of them were the same prestigious sects.

Mu Jeong-jin was disappointed with the indecisive Muryeongjin.

So he just waited and practiced martial arts. All of this was to take revenge on the Guhwasa. However, Guhwasa was like an old fox, and never left her abode in Mount Emei.

Although this should have been enough for him to be disappointed and give up, Mu Jeong-jin did not despair and waited patiently.

He waited for seven years.

Finally, Mu Jeong-jin encountered the being he had longed to meet.

Guhwasata felt exactly the same.

Guhwasata frowned at the momentum that Mu Jeong-jin radiated without filtration. For some reason, she felt that the spirit of Mu Jeong-jin was unusual.

She couldn't believe that a dark and insidious momentum was radiating from those who had mastered the martial arts of the Qingcheng, which is a sect based on the teachings of Taoism.

Guhwasata opened her mouth.

"You seemed to have gained enlightenment recently. I can feel a mysterious energy that I have never seen in you before."

"Enlightenment? I just learned a new method."

"I can't even imagine how much the martial arts of the Qingcheng sect were dead. I can't even imagine this story. Still, I was confident that I knew the martial arts of the Qingcheng sect well, but I never dreamed that you would be hiding martial arts that radiated such murky energy."

Guhwasata sarcastically said that he learned martial arts that did not match the Qingcheng sect, but Mu Jeong-jin, responded with an expression that it was not a big deal.

"Don't judge the Qingcheng sect by your standards. The sky of Qingcheng is wider and wider than that of the Emei sect's."

"Heh! I don't know if your sect is really so great."

"You'll find out soon enough. How great and how frightening our sect that you have touched."

"Aha! Is it so great that you're being played around by a mere assassin?"

"Assassin?"

Mu Jeong-jin's eyebrows twitched at the unexpected words of Guhwasata. The displeasure given by the word assassin stimulated the minds of Mu Jeong-jin.

"What do you mean? What assassin?"

"The assassin you killed in the underground cave is still alive."

"Do not lie. He already died."

"Have you checked his body?"

“.....”

"Look at that. You didn't check, did you? Look at what happened now."

Guhwasata criticized Mu Jeong-jin.

However, Mu Jeong-jin did not mind the criticism of the Guhwasata.

"So you mean he's still alive?"

"That's right! He's the same guy who killed the young master of the Thunder Gates, and it's also him who incited the clash with the Qingcheng sect to lead my disciple Jeonghwa to her death."

"If what you're saying is true, we're being thoroughly teased by an assassin."

"That's right! So, let's solve our fight after we catch him."

"I refuse."

Mu Jeong-jin rejected the proposal of the Guhwasata.

Guhwasata rolled her eyes and asked,

"You mean you won't catch the assassin who killed your disciple?"

"If he's really alive, he'll surely die by my hand."

"But why?"

"Isn't the real enemy in front of me who instigated him? How could I miss this golden opportunity after waiting for seven years?"

"Hong! Like a master of the Qingcheng sect, the front and back are completely blocked. To neglect the real enemy for just one small silver won."

"Shut up, Guhwasata! Don't try to make fun of me with that silver tongue."

The momentum of Mu Jeong-jin rose like a storm and swept the area.

"Heop!"

Fo Sanhae, who was behind Mu Jeong-jin, landed on his buttocks and fell to the floor. He looked at Mu Jeong-jin's back with fearful eyes.

'It was not a lie to say Mu Jeong-jin is the best warrior in Qingcheng sect.'

Fo Sanhae was also a sect leader of a clan. But even he felt fearful and withered by the momentum radiating from Mu Jeong-jin.

The momentum fired by Mu Jeong-jin was formidable. Mu Jeong-jin shouted as he walked towards the Guhwasata.

"The Qingcheng Seven Swords will help the Fire Dragon Room to defeat the Emei sect."

"By your order!"

With a strong answer, the seven swordsmen appeared out of nowhere. All of them who were exuding a sharp force were the Qingcheng Seven Swords taught by Mu Jeong-jin himself.

The seven swords representing the Qingcheng sect attacked the disciples of Emei as they were tasked.

Chuang!

The sound of weapons clashing echoed everywhere.

There were only seven people, but their strength made the war situation tilted back to their favor.

"The Qingcheng sect is here to help us. Stay strong, everyone!"

"Haap!"

The disciples of the White Flower Room rushed in with a hundredfold of courage, while the warriors of the Emei sect were greatly flustered.

The fight between the warriors was bound to depend on their momentum. The momentum changes depending on who is stronger. The momentum of the Qingcheng Seven Sword was enough to change the flow.

Guhwasata, who looked around, changed her expression to look like a monster. If not, the impression that resembled a crow has changed to a more ferocious one.

"Guryeo, who refuses to give permission and chooses punishment. Mu Jeong-jin."

"I'll say it. Old crow of Mount Emei."

"How dare you talk like that. I can't forgive you."

A very angry Guhwasata rushed towards Mu Jeong-jin.

Hoo-heung!

Her staff cut through the air, creating dozens of illusions. It was the beginning of the Golden Light Sword method.

Before the staff could reach him, a terrifying pressure swept down on Mu Jeong-jin.

This, too, was the function of the Golden Light Sword method.

Schiak!

However, with just one swing of his sword, Mu Jeong-jin cut off all the formidable energy that had weighed him down.

"Pay for your sins with death."

Mu Jeong-jin faced the Guhwasata head-on.

Jjooeng!

As they fought, a strong wave of qi swept through the area like a storm. The qi also reached Yong Seol-ran, who was fighting one of the Seven Swords.

The hem of Yong Seol-ran was swept away by the strong wind.

'Not good!'

The situation was changing so rapidly that it was impossible to foresee even an inch ahead. The whole city was engulfed in blood. She couldn't even imagine where the blood flow would end.

'Pyo-wol!'

She scans the battlefield in search of the man who started it all. However, the figure of Pyo-wol was nowhere to be seen.

'What else are you planning on doing?'

Just imagining it gave her goosebumps.

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"Heueu!"

"Keuk!"

Rough breathing echoed through the battlefield.

It was the breath of the horsemen of the Black Cloud Mercenary Group. The condition of the horsemen was dire. Of the two hundred horsemen, a third were either dead or seriously wounded, and the rest of the warriors also had minor wounds and were breathing heavily.

"I can't do this... to an assassin one day..."

Zhang Mu-ryang looked around in disbelief. Although they had fought many wars, this is the first time that they suffered such great damage.

The horsemen were difficult to raise and more difficult to maintain. The horsemen had to learn strong discipline and military force at the same time. They didn't get along with the freedom-loving men of Jianghu. For that reason, Zhang Mu-ryang also recruited warriors from outside the city instead of the martial artists of Jianghu to maintain the horsemen.

The tragic fall of the horsemen maintained by pouring huge sums of money each year to just one person was a great blow to Zhang Mu-ryang.

Pyo-wol was the natural enemy of the horsemen.

He never met the horsemen head-on. Cowardly dodging, creating chaos, and broke through the chaos. The combination of Black Lightning and the darkness while using the Soul-Reaping Thread made it so easy to miss its trajectory even when looking at it with their eyes open.

Hunting the horsemen who had stopped charging made it even easier. The ghost dagger and the Soul-Reaping thread taking the lives of horsemen was like the scythes of peasants during harvest season.

Zhang Mu-ryang struggled to prevent such a situation, but could not catch up with Pyo-wol in the end.

His movements were like a snake. Even with the slightest gap, the snake slid out and ravaged the horsemen. Pyo-wol's actions, which were like that, gradually destroyed the core that Zhang Mu-ryang built as strong as an iron wall.

Whenever a horseman gets done in, a part of Zhang Mu-ryang also collapses.

Pyo-wol paused for a moment and picked up the rough contraption. But from his appearance, they couldn't tell at all that he was using his qi.

A white face and red eyes that stand out especially in the dark. His red lips with the slightly raised corners of his mouth and the strange atmosphere mixed with darkness combined made Pyo-wol look non-human.

"Are you... the grim reaper?"

Zhang Mu-ryang muttered without knowing it.

It was Zhang Mu-ryang, who overcame numerous crises so far and lived without knowing fear. But at this moment, he was genuinely afraid.

He really didn't know that he would feel such an unfamiliar feeling for a single assassin. He twisted his spear in fear, and his palms were wet with sweat.

Zhang Mu-ryang exploded his qi to dispel the fear that was engulfing his heart.

"Your opponent is me. Don't be a coward and run away, Pyo-wol!"

Pyo-wol's gaze turned to him as if Zhang Mu-ryang's shout had worked. Now Pyo-wol's eyes were completely red. Those eyes were like snakes aiming for prey.

Although he killed many people, there was no tribulation in Pyo-wol's heart.

It was the Black Cloud Mercenary Group who targeted himself first. He and the Black Clouds Mercenary Group were essentially no different. In the sense that they move to kill others for a price.

'No, is it different? Because I haven't received anything in return yet.'

It didn't matter anyway. The price of this battle will surely be paid in some way.

It wasn't a fight he started.

It wasn't like he wanted to start.

But the end of this war will come to an end.

Suddenly, Pyo-wol's gaze turned towards Chengdu. There were fires all over the place. It was proof that the chaos had reached its peak.

That was human nature.

Most people live by strict rules, but some people think of rules as shackles and feel frustrated.

What Pyo-wol did was just set the mood for some people to let their true natures come out to their heart's content. At first, they are just a few deviants but their actions are highly contagious and attract those around them.

People united in a group forgot their fears and flew by paralyzing their reason with madness.

The result was the great chaos of Chengdu.

Warriors who were indistinguishable from ordinary people, were all going crazy for their own benefit.

Zhang Mu-ryang shouted.

"Are you feeling relieved now? You crazy bastard! I've heard a lot of people say they're crazy too, but compared to you, they're just a child. You're throwing the whole city into chaos."

He was genuinely angry with Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol was a great evil.

An absolute evil that must be defeated.

Zhang Mu-ryang defined Pyo-wol as such.

"I will surely kill you with my own hands, Pyo-wol! No matter what!"

"I don't understand."

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

"Did I do something so bad that you called me that?."

"Look at what you did. The whole city is stained with blood because of you."

"Everyone lives like that."

"What?"

"Isn't Jianghu the kind of place where you, the Qingcheng sect, and Emei sect all live like that? So why am I called the crazy one?"

Pyo-wol was genuinely curious.

How many people must have been sacrificed by the Qingcheng and the Emei sect to gain the scale and fame they have today?

Over hundreds of years, countless people have died and become manure for their growth.

It was the same with the Black Cloud Mercenary group.

A group of three hundred and fifty people would have had to kill at least ten times more people to maintain their current form and prowess.

All he did was throw a small spark at them.

It was their greed and desire that fueled the fire.

If they had come here for a really pure purpose, a catastrophe like today would not have happened.

It was a reproduction of the inescapable net seven years ago.

The only thing that has changed since then is that the Pyo-wol is no longer an easy prey. Those who dare to harm him, Pyo-wol will follow them to the end of hell and bite their necks.

That was the way Pyo-wol fought.

It didn't matter if Zhang Mu-ryang didn't understand.

He has lived that way in the past, and he will continue to live that way in the future.

"You're really crazy."

Zhang Mu-ryang trembled and attacked Pyo-wol.

His instincts were whispering.

If he doesn't get rid of Pyo-wol now, a bigger disaster will come.