

## Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 11

Manhwa: N/A

### Chapter 86

"Keuk!"

"Hyuk!"

After the roar of Mu Jeong-jin, many warriors stumbled and had their eardrums ruptured. There were more than thousands of warriors who had blood flowing out of their ears.

If it were the normal Mu Jeong-jin, he wouldn't have exploded his qi so ruthlessly. No matter how arrogant he is and how he tends to look at everything around him as trivial, he was still an elder of the prestigious Qingcheng sect.

But now, at a glance, it could be seen that Mu Jeong-jin was not in his normal state.

Madness was overflowing in his eyes, and an unusual momentum was radiating off of him. He had a unique appearance that made anyone feel goosebumps just looking at him.

Even the Qingcheng Seven Swords made a surprised expression at the unusual appearance of Mu Jeong-jin.

Pyo-wol looked at Mu Jeong-jin with his eyes narrowed.

Mu Jeong-jin's chest that had been beaten earlier by Guhwasata was still dented. No matter how Mu Jeong-jin's martial arts reached a high level, he should not be able to move with his state.

That was common sense.

But Mu Jeong-jin was going beyond everyone's common sense.

"What?"

“How ominous is the spirit of Mu Jeong-jin.”

They felt a turbid and ominous energy, that it was hard to believe that it was radiating from one of the elders of the prestigious Qingcheng sect.

At some point, Mu Jeong-jin thought that his personality was changing.

He used to be cold-hearted and more rational than anyone else but he ended up turning into a hot-tempered person. Back then, even if there was something he didn't like, he could still control his anger.

But a change occurred after reading a booklet he accidentally found in an underground cave seven years ago.

The Nine-Demon Style.

One of the thirteen tribes of the demon sect that made Jianghu tremble in fear in the old days. The booklet he obtained contained the spirit of the Nine-Demon Style.

The booklet he read out of curiosity left a seed of heart demon in him.

As time passed, the seeds of the heart demon bloomed, and it was already too late by the time Mu Jeong-jinn noticed it.

In order to escape the curse of the Nine-Demon Style, he had no choice but to let go of his previous martial arts. However, it was not easy to abandon the martial arts that he had been struggling to hone for decades.

Moreover, Mu Jeong-jin had the title of being the best warrior of the Qingcheng sect. He did not have the confidence to abandon his reputation by shutting down his own martial arts.

He slowly fell deeply into the Nine-Demon Style.

For him, who has only learned the martial arts of the Qingcheng sect all his life, the martial arts of the Nine-Demon Style opened up a new world.

Rather, he felt cleaner, so he didn't know if he was contaminated by sorcery.

The attack of the Guhwasa left Mu Jeong-jin in a moribund state. As his control was lost, the inner work of the Nine-Demon Style, which had been suppressed so far, began to work.

The inner work of the Nine-Demon Style was different from the general martial art of the regular orthodox sects.

The reason why Mu Jeong-jin was still able to move despite having a depression on his chest was thanks to the strength of the Nine-Demon Style.

A black ominous energy was flowing around Mu Jeong-jin.

“Is it possible that Mu Jeong-jin learned sorcery?”

"How can an elder of the Qingcheng do sorcery?"

The warriors murmured with astonishment.

Even though they said they were inferior to Mu Jeong-jin, they were also strong people who went through different kinds of things from birth. They had a keen eye enough to recognize sorcery.

When the situation became like this, the group that was most perplexed was the Qingcheng Seven Swords.

"Master..."

"Stop it, Master!"

They asked Mu Jeong-jin to stop acting. However, Mu Jeong Jin-in did not turn his head even once and just went straight to Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol thought that the momentum radiating from Mu Jeong-jin somehow resembled him. He thought that there might be a connection because of the snakes.

This is because Pyo-wol fell into the snake pit and naturally accepted the snake's habits, and the Nine-Demon School collected snakes and studied sorcery.

The Nine-Demon Style invaded the brain of Mu Jeong-jin and took away his sanity. Mu Jeong-jin's eyes could only see Pyo-wol.

He picked up a sword that was rolling on the floor.

“K...ill.”

Phat!

Mu Jeong-jin smashed the ground.

Ciiit!

The sword of Mu Jeong-jin has slashed Pyo-wol with a force like a storm. Pyo-wol stepped back using Snake Step. But Mu Jeong-jin continued pursuing Pyo-wol.

As Pyo-wol stepped back, Mu Jeong-jin would rush forward.

The difference in speed between the two was obvious.

Mu Jeong-jin might be an experienced fighter. But he still couldn't catch up.

It was because of Pyo-wol's Snake Steps.

Ciat!

Pyo-wol spread his hands wide. Then, a ghost dagger hanging from the Soul-Reaping Thread was shot aiming at Mu Jeong-jin's neck.

But Mu Jeong-jin was never an easy opponent. He struck the ghost dagger simply by swinging his sword lightly.

Although Mu Jeong-jin was eroded by madness, his movements were much faster than normal and he had no openings. It was probably because he had already experienced first-hand the prowess of the ghost dagger and Soul-Reaping Thread.

Mu Jeong-jin attacked Pyo-wol with the sword attack of the Qingcheng sect. In response, Pyo-wol wielded the ghost dagger.

Giiing!

The ghost dagger hanging from the Soul-Reaping Thread attacked Mu jeong-jin like two dragons swimming in the sky.

Kakakang!

Mu Jeong-jin's sword and Pyo-wol's ghost dagger collided countless times.

People couldn't take their eyes off of their battle.

"Is that really the movements of a single assassin?"

"The assassin is as strong as the best swordsman of the Qingcheng sect."

The warriors were at a loss for words due to Pyo-wol's formidable strength.

Pyo-wol thought that this was a turning moment.

It was only a few years ago that he established Aguido. He created Aguido by mixing the realizations he had gained while living with snakes and various miscellaneous martial arts, but he did not know what its true limit was.

Aguido is not yet a complete martial art.

He was just at the starting line.

He had to know the limits of how far he could play against the best warrior of the Qingcheng sect with such a martial art. That was the reason why Pyo-wol confronted Mu Jeong-jin head-on.

It was to challenge his limits.

A battle to gauge the limits of his existence and to move forward beyond the barriers that stand in his way.

The fight against Mu Jeong-jin had such a deep meaning to Pyo-wol.

He has already clashed head-to-head with Mu Jeong-jin dozens of times.

It was then that Pyo-wol was convinced.

'My fourteen years were not in vain.'

He has spent half of his life in deep darkness. By investing those long years, Pyo-wol was reborn. He will never go back to those miserable days again.

The red eyes of Pyo-wol deepened even more.

Mu Jeong-jin, who was influenced by the Nine-Demon Style, became stronger and more difficult to deal with.

So the way Pyo-wol needed to react had to change as well. The speed at which Pyo-wol thinks has increased. He entered the world of thunder. In that state, the Black Lightning was unleashed.

Mu Jeong-jin looked for the area where qi would fluctuate.

"Hmpf."

Mu Jeong-jin swung his sword toward the left.

If it's black lightning, he has already seen it. So, even in the state of him losing reason, it was possible to roughly infer the direction from the change of the qi.

Cwahahak!

The formidable energy of the Nine-Demon School was put on the sword. A black and cloudy energy was emitted.

"S, sword energy?"

"Oh God!"

The warriors were astonished.

Although it was turbid, what Mu Jeong-jin unfolded was clearly sword energy. Among the warriors of Sichuan, Mu Jeong-jin was the first to show his sword energy in front of warriors.

People were shocked and thrilled.

They had no doubts that Mu Jeong-jin would cut down Pyo-wol at once. Because the power of such sword energy was absolute.

The problem was after that.

No one other than Pyo-wol would dare go against Mu Jeong-jin

It was self-evident that the damage would increase like a snowball if Mu Jeong-jin, who is currently spreading his sword energy, ran wild.

Still, the people did not intend to escape.

They knew that their life could be in danger if they stayed. But, they were more curious about how the fight between Pyo-wol and Mu Jeong-jin would end.

Warriors tended to be reckless, enough for them to risk their lives to satisfy even their slightest curiosity. But this time it went too far.

Hoo-woong!

Mu Jeong-jin's sword cut the space where Pyo-wol is expected to appear. Everything ended up being cut by the power of Mu Jeong-jin's sword.

But Pyo-wol was nowhere to be found.

When a light of suspicion appeared on Mu Jeong-jin's face, Pyo-wol suddenly popped out of nowhere.

Pyo-wol changed his trajectory using Black Lightning.

While the unimaginable speed makes a lot of things possible, it puts a huge stress on his body. For that reason, Pyo-wol had no choice but to initially use and maneuver the Black Lightning only through a straight line.

However, linear movements can be quickly read by masters of a high level such as Mu Jeong-jin or Guhwasata.

So, Pyo-wol decided to add a curve to his movement.

He had modified his technique to make it completely unpredictable by the other party. As a consequence, a greater burden was placed on his body.

However, Pyo-wol believed in his own capacity to endure such a burden.

The price of the experiment he took was sweet.

Puk!

A ghost dagger was deeply embedded in Mu Jeong-jin's side.

Mu Jeong-jin's face was contorted with pain.

Even though he was ruled by madness, he could still feel the pain.

"AHH!"

Mu Jeong-jin screamed and swung his sword towards Pyo-wol.

But Pyo-wol was already gone.

He had again used Black Lightning to move to another place.

Every time he moves, a remnant of his figure remains, as if he did not move in the first place. In an instant, it was as if Pyo-wol had multiplied.

Pupupuk!

A sharp firing sound rang out. And after a while, the movement of the Pyo-wol stopped.

He was staring at Mu Jeong-jin from a distance.

"Ah!"

"H, how?"

A sigh mixed with despair erupted from the mouths of the people who saw Mu Jeong-jin. In Mu Jeong-jin's bloodied body, there were about a dozen ghost daggers embedded making him look like a hedgehog.

Grreuk!

A rough sound came out of Mu Jeong-jin's mouth.

Even for Mu Jeong-jin who had gained explosive power through the Nine-Demon Style, he could not survive being stabbed with a dozen or so daggers on his body.

Pyo-wol's dagger was blocking the source of the Nine-Demon Style's magical energy from revitalizing Mu Jeong-jin.

Vitality quickly disappeared from Mu Jeong-jin's face. As his vitality faded, so was the madness that had dominated him. Mu Jeong-jin looked at Pyo-wol with an expression of disbelief.



"I, to this assassin one day..."

That was then.

"Senior Brother Mu Jeong-jin!"

With an angry voice, someone flew towards Mu Jeong-jin.

It was a warrior who wore clothes similar to those of Mu Jeong-jin. He was a Muhwajin, a fellow brother of Mu Jeong-jin.

Muhwajin embraced Mu Jeong-jin who collapsed. Mu Jeong-jin's breathing was on the verge of stopping. Muhwajin could only look at Mu Jeong-jin in his arms with sad eyes.

"Why did you learn such sorcery?"

All their questions were answered. How come Mu Jeong-jin became so violent?

Mu Jeong-jin held Muhwajin's hand with difficulty and said,

"Everything was for the sake of the Qingcheng sect."

Those were the last words left by Mu Jeong-jin.

"Foolish..."

Muhwajin was unable to continue his words.

Mu Jeong-jin did not regret his decision until his death. However, his foolish decision put the Qingcheng sect in great trouble.

The gazes of the warriors looking at the disciples of the Qingcheng sect were unusual. They all watched as Mu Jeong-jin fell into madness. It was now impossible to shut their mouths.

As a result, the reputation of the Qingcheng sect fell to the ground.

It was the same with the Emei sect.

Guhwasata attacked Mu Jeong-jin in front of everyone.

To think the sect leader of such a prestigious sect such as Emei would do something so cowardly that even other warriors would not do. It was an act that they could not make excuses for.

Guhwasata thought she could become the winner in that way, but in the end, she even lost her life to Pyo-wol.

It was now the responsibility of the Emei warriors to take charge. But the Emei warriors could only stare at the Pyo-wol. No one was able to move.

Pyo-wol was a highly skilled warrior.

He was a ridiculous monster that devoured two of the best members of the Emei and Qingcheng sect alone. If it were just those two, the disciples of the Emei and Qingcheng sects would have clenched their teeth and attacked.

But Pyo-wol killed not only the Guhwasata and Mu Jeong-jin, but also numerous other warriors.

In the process, Pyo-wol's mysterious martial arts brought great fear to the warriors.

Pyo-wol was not just a poor prey caught in a net. Rather, it was the warriors who were caught in his inescapable net.

The warriors looked at Pyo-wol without daring to take a deep breath.

Pyo-wol had a strong presence that dominated the atmosphere of the battlefield.

At least, that was how he was reflected in the eyes of the warriors.

Muhwajin sighed softly.

Because he didn't even know how to deal with the situation. There were still the disciples from the Qingcheng sect's Seven Swords and the Law Enforcement Hall.

He wasn't sure if they could kill Pyo-wol even if he mobilized all of them, but it was clear that there would be a huge price to pay.

As Muhwajin was busy debating over whether to take their revenge or not, Yong Seol-ran came forward.

Yong Seol-ran said to Pyo-wol.

"Pyo... If the great warrior permits it, the Emei sect would like to take the remains of our sect leader back to Mount Emei."

For a moment, the disciples of the Emei sect protested.

"How could you ask permission from the person who killed our sect leader?"

"We must take revenge!"

But the eyes of Yong Seol-ran looking at them were cold.

"How? What are you going to do against the man who our sect leader and Mu Jeong-jin cannot do anything against?"

"That..."

"Now is not the time to think about revenge, but the time to worry about our own survival."

Yong Seol-ran's voice snapped back the Emei disciples to the reality of their situation.