

## **Reaper of the Drifting Moon**

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 12

Manhwa: N/A

### Chapter 87

No one from the Emei sect could dispute Yong Seol-ran's words.

Her words reminded the Emei disciples of the reality of their situation.

The sect leader of Emei cowardly attacked a warrior of the Qingcheng sect and was killed. At that moment, the Emei sect's reputation had fallen to the ground.

Everyone had lost their respect for the Emei sect. That includes the sects who have previously cooperated with them.

The Emei sect had lost their justification to get their revenge against Pyo-wol.

The warriors of Jianghu are obsessed with having a just cause.

There are cases where a warrior, who had lost everything, would get up again with the help of those around him because the warrior had a good reason. There were also other cases however, where a warrior would lose everything while pursuing his work with unreasonable ambition without a justifiable cause.

In the case of the Emei sect, they were the latter.

They now have a crush on the Cheongseong faction, and have even lost the trust of the Sichuan warriors. No matter how great their force was, they could not survive if they turn all of the Sichuan warriors into their enemies.

It was the same with the Qingcheng sect.

When it was revealed that Mu Jeong-jin had mastered sorcery, the Qingcheng sect lost its justification for revenge.

This is also the reason why even if Muhwajin wanted to immediately order the Qingcheng sect's Seven Swords and Law Enforcement disciples to attack Pyo-wol, he didn't. Because there was a high probability that he would lose the respect of the other warriors if he did.

Both the cause and the initiative were completely lost to Pyo-wol.

He even controlled and immobilized the warriors with fear. It was the first time in the history of Sichuan that such a man appeared. Even in the heyday of the Tang Family, they could not dominate the warriors with this level of fear.

"Hu...!"

Muhwajin let out a sigh.

Just as Yong Seol-ran said, it was time for them to step back. He handed Mu Jeong-jin's body to Mu Young and approached Pyo-wol.

"We would also like to retrieve the body of Mu Jeong-jin and leave. Will you allow us?"

Everyone's eyes were focused on Pyo-wol's face. The situation would depend on how he would respond. Pyo-wol looked at Muhwajin and Yong Seol-ran without saying a word.

His expressionless eyes pierced their hearts like a dagger. It was not long after that Pyo-wol opened his mouth.

"If I let you go, you'll dream of revenge. Just like I did..."

"I promise in my name. The Emei sect will never take revenge on Daehyup Pyo."

"How can I believe that?"

"You have to believe it. I'll make it happen."

Yong Seol-ran's words contained a strange echo. Pyo-wol looked at Yong Seol-ran's face half-heartedly.

Even when they met in the underground cave seven years ago, Yong Seol-ran was somehow different from the other Emei disciples. Even now, although she sounded polite, she did not show any humility.

"If Daehyup Pyo does not accept my proposal, we have no choice but to prevent such a worst-case scenario."

"You can leave."

Pyo-wol nodded his head.

As long as the Guhwasata, the cause of all these incidents, was killed, he found no more reason to pay any more attention to the Emei sect.

Yong Seol-ran bowed her head slightly towards Pyo-wol and stepped back.

"Everyone, stop crying. We are sinners who don't deserve to cry."

She urged the crying Emei disciples to retrieve the bodies of the dead. The warriors of Emei, who recovered the bodies of their colleagues including the Guhwasata, left the battlefield helplessly.

In the meantime, Muhwajin was troubled. With this incident, their sect had lost against a single person making their reputation fall to the ground. His heart was heavy as he seemed to see the bleak future of the Qingcheng sect.

'I should have stopped Senior Brother right away.'

No matter how much he regretted it now, it was of no use.

For now, it was important to retreat while preserving the power of the Qingcheng sect.

Muhwajin said,

“Since we both have our own faults, I won't ask you any more than this. With this, we will forget all resentment towards each other.”

They were friendly enough to forget each other's grudges, and in fact, it was nothing more than a declaration of surrender by the Qingcheng sect.

There was a humiliated expression on the faces of all the disciples of the Qingcheng sect, including Muhwajin. But no one dared to flinch. It is because they know that the momentum was on Pyo-wol's side.

Pyo-wol nodded his head.

Muhwajin took the signal of Pyo-wol and then left after collecting the dead bodies of the Qingcheng sect warriors.

Now, only the Black Cloud Mercenary Group and the soldiers were left in the area.

Zhang Mu-ryang made an absurd expression on his face.

'Is this how it ends? For one man...'

All the work he had done in Sichuan was in vain. The Emei sect, who had been their strong backer, became a remnant and returned to Mount Emei, leaving them behind.

The Black Cloud Mercenary Group also lost quite a bit of their troops to Pyo-wol. However, in the current atmosphere, their revenge could not be carried out.

This is because Zhang Mu-ryang himself was seriously injured by Pyo-wol.

If the dagger stuck in his right chest had been pushed an inch more to the side, he would have already stopped breathing. Just being alive right now was a miracle.

'To make all these boards by yourself and succeed. A true grim reaper has appeared in Jianghu.'

Zhang Mu-ryang bit his lip.

Like the Emei and Qingcheng sect, Zhang Mu-ryang felt that they had lost. As long as the atmosphere and initiative were completely transferred to Pyo-wol, no matter how much he and the Black Cloud Mercenary Group struggled, they would only be humiliated.

'Shit! I will make sure you will pay for this.'

Zhang Mu-ryang turned back with an angry face. The Black Cloud Mercenary Group followed.

When the Black Cloud Mercenary Group left the battlefield, there was nothing the other warriors could do. They looked at Pyo-wol with fearful eyes.

Now they also realized that the leadership of Sichuan had passed on to Pyo-wol.

To think a single assassin could produce such unbelievable results.

Pyo-wol stepped forward.

There were many warriors, but no one stopped Pyo-wol. Rather, they reluctantly stepped back and opened the way.

Pyo-wol walked an open path made by the warriors. The warriors had an intuition that a new legend had been born in Sichuan Province.

The legendary assassin...

The soldiers looked at him with awe-inspiring eyes. But not everyone was like that.

On the contrary, there were men who burned with a sense of revenge.

'Pyo...wol!'

Among the warriors, there was a middle-aged man staring at Pyo-wol.

It was Woo Jinpyeong.

He was a man who lost his child, Woo Gunsang, to Pyo-wol and was the second-in-command of the Qingcheng sect.

He wanted the Qingcheng sect to take revenge, but the Qingcheng sect betrayed his expectations. Since the Qingcheng sect have already said that they will be retreating and forgoing their resentment, they cannot take his revenge on Pyo-wol.

'Good! I will take revenge for my child with my own strength.'

On that day, Woo Jinpyeong sold all his property and left Sichuan.

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The power dynamics in Sichuan had a great change.

The Emei and Qingcheng sect, who had been fighting for supremacy so far, stopped their activities almost at the same time, while the other sects locked their doors and focused on recovering the damage.

Naturally, the Sichuan entered a period of stagnation.

The warriors of Sichuan kept their mouths shut about that particular day's events as if they had made a promise.

It was a day of filth that will never be erased for them.

They did not have the courage to dare to bring back the shameful memories of being overwhelmed by a single assassin.

Many people died, and many clans suffered great damage, but no one dared to dream of revenge against Pyo-wol.

It was because of the fear that Pyo-wol might come silently for them if they closed their eyes at night.

Time passed with the silence of the people.

The streets of Chengdu, which had been destroyed by the clash of the martial artists, also found some stability, and people returned to their daily lives.

Everyone went back to their respective places as if nothing had happened, but the memories of that day were deeply engraved in the people's minds. There was one kind of people who was not that much affected.

It was the merchants. They regained their vitality the fastest.

Merchants quickly rebuilt the destroyed stores and resumed business. As merchants began to bring in and sell goods from outside, people returned to Chengdu.

In that way, Chengdu was revived, and people from outside Sichuan began to come again.

The Cheonhak Sangdan was one of those who entered Chengdu.

As soon as the Cheonhak Sangdan entered Chengdu, they loaded about 20 carts full of good quality silk and precious ornaments. The high-quality silk and splendid ornaments they brought were not easily available, so the merchants of Chengdu were in an uproar.

For this single run, the Cheonhak Sangdan mobilized as many as a hundred people, including merchants, warrior escorts and laborers to do their chores.

Cheonhak Sangdan borrowed the entire large guest house of Chengdu and stayed there.

The head of the Cheonhak Sangdan, Geum Chusan, is a middle-aged man in his late forties. He had a majestic body and bulging eyes. He is tenacious and calculative as he tries to gain the maximum benefit from any run.

Because of that, the Cheonhak Sangdan quickly became a top merchant group, and the people at the top admired Geum Chusan.

At least among the members of Cheonhak Sangdan, Geum Chusan was like an absolute person.

But that same Geum Chusan was kneeling at this very moment.

It was such an unusual appearance that the people of Cheonhak Sangdan would never have believed it, not unless they witnessed this spectacle themselves.

However, there was no light of humiliation on the face of Geum Chusan, who was kneeling. He was naturally bowing his head towards the young man sitting opposite of him.

Unlike Geum Chusan, who wore colorful silk clothes, the young man's attire was very modest.

His soft facial lines and curved eyes like half moons were impressive. His smile on his face made the people watching him feel pleasant.

But Geum Chusan, who was kneeling in front of him, was very nervous. He was one of the few who knew that the man in front of him was different from what he looked like.

He carefully reported to the young man.

"All the profits from the trip were over 300 gold coins. I think I'll be able to get a little more profit if I go back to buying grain in Chengdu."

"As expected of our captain. It's amazing that you can make a profit on any trip."

"That's too much, Lord Hong!"

"Please refrain from using that name. Just call me Young Master Hong here."

"Yes, Young Master Hong!"

"While I have come this far, I have been very indebted to the Lord Geum. I hope that you will return safely."

"Weren't we going back together?"

Geum Chusan looked at the young man in surprise.

"Branch manager Oh is dead."

"Pardon?"

"When I found out that the report was delayed, he was confirmed dead when a riot broke out in Chengdu."

"H, how?"

"That's what we must find out from now on."

The young man stretched out and said. Geum Chusan looked at him with fearful eyes. The young man's name was Hong Yushin.

Hong Yushin was the head inspector of Haomun.

It was his job to monitor the overall trend of Haomun, to make sure there are no abnormalities, and to solve any problems that arise.

That's how powerful his authority was.

The Cheonhak Sangdan was one of the camouflage units operated by the Haomun. It was their job to collect the necessary information while traveling around the world under the pretext of being a merchant.

Hong Yushin said,

"If you stay here for a long time, people will become suspicious. Buy things in moderation and leave."

"I'll do that. But don't you need our help?"

"Branch manager Oh is dead, but the branch itself is intact. We have to use them."



"Okay. Since I know that I will now take my leave."

Geum Chusan bowed his head deeply.

Hong Yushin smiled and got up from his seat.

"Then I'll go out too. I participated in the uprising as a jabbu, because people would think it strange if I was alone with Sang Sang-ju for too long."

"Please take care of yourself. Young Master Hong!"

"Thank you. Then, I wish you the best of luck next time."

Hong Yushin went ahead of Geum Chusan and came out of the room. He walked through the streets of Chengdu without looking back.

It was late at night, but there were still many people on the street.

In the red light district, many lanterns were hung so the streets were brightly lit.

"There, young man over there. Come in."

"Ho Ho!"

Courtesans with their torsos protruding through the open windows seduced men walking down the street with their playful gestures and voices.

The smell of the courtesans's stakes was carried by the wind and reached Hong Yushin's nose.

"Good, good."

Hong Yushin nodded his head with a satisfied smile.

He was also a man.

He was also a man of the age when he would be in full swing.

The smell of the pretty courtesan's stake was enough to lift his mood. However, there was not a single flutter in his eyes as he looked at the prostitute.

His face was obviously excited, but his eyes were as cold as ice. However, Hong Yushin's eyes were very small and curved in the shape of a half moon, so people could not see his pupils.

Hong Yushin wandered around the red light district for a while, then entered the biggest brothel. The brothel named the Water Lily Pavilion,<sup>1</sup> was famous for having the most prostitutes in Chengdu.

For that reason, except for special occasions, it was always crowded with customers.

He entered the Water Lily Pavilion, but no one paid attention to Hong Yushin. This is because the courtesans were greeting the other guests, and the workers were busy with their own work.

Hong Yushin had a confident aura that made the others feel intimidated. So, he caught the attention of the head secretary.

The head secretary approached Hong Yushin with hurried steps.

"Welcome, dear guest! Is there any courtesan you are looking for in particular?"

"I want to meet Luju."

"It seems difficult to meet Luju if there is no prior appointment."

At that moment, Hong Yushin took out a small copper plate from his pocket and showed it to him. For a moment, the secretary's eyes widened.

"Your subordinate is seeing the head inspector."

"Shh! Be quiet."

"Yes!"

"Don't make a fuss, and Luju. And bring all the materials that recorded the recent movements of Chengdu."

"Alright."

A cold sweat ran down the back of the head secretary.

'I can't believe the head inspector is coming from the main headquarters.'

The White Lily Pavilion was one of the brothels operated by Haomun. However, this was the first time the inspector had personally visited. So he couldn't help but be more nervous.

'What is going on in Chengdu?'

**Editor's Notes:**

1. Water Lily Pavilion. Raws: Suyeon-ru, 수연루(水蓮樓)
  - a. 水 water, liquid
  - b. 蓮 lotus, water lily
  - c. 樓 building