

## **Reaper of the Drifting Moon**

Light Novel: Volume 6 Episode 16

Manhwa: N/A

### Chapter 141

The confrontation with Fengzon left Pyo-wol with a lot of homework.

Pyo-wol had previously assassinated many martial arts experts without much difficulty using the assassination methods he had learned in the underground cave.

However, dealing with an expert who is on the same level as Fengzon requires something different. Realizing his shortcomings, Pyo-wol tried to maximize his martial arts, and as a result, he gained some enlightenment.

It was just a small realization, and he still had to study it for a long time in the future. Nevertheless, it's something he could use immediately.

It was Demon's Hell.

Demon's Hell is not a martial arts technique.

It is a fighting style that only Pyo-wol, who is an assassin, could do.

It's an extreme method of misleading the enemy, luring them into making a mistake and then making them flustered by exposing their weaknesses.

To do this, Pyo-wol must dodge the enemy's attack by a single hair difference. If he dodges their attacks effortlessly, he will never be able to lure the enemy into acting his way.

It was a method that could not even be attempted without having enough confidence in one's own abilities, the decisiveness to throw oneself at risk, and the courage to not blink even in a dangerous situation.

Shiak!

With an intermittent difference, another attack passed by Pyo-wol's shoulder.

Even though he was not hit directly, his skin twisted spirally in the aftermath of the qi-filled attack, resulting in dark red blood bruises.

Pyo-wol suppressed the pain and endured it.

He was also human. He could feel pain and suffering just like everyone else. The only difference is that he knows how to put up with the pain.

Pyo-wol dragged Hyeolbul into the Devil's Hell without a change in his expression. He had imagined it countless times, but this was the first time he used the fighting style himself.

One mistake can cost his life.

It was like riding a single rope to traverse a cliff. The only thing he can step on is one thin string.

That's the situation Pyo-wol is in now.

It was an urgent situation that could cost his life if he hesitates. Still, Pyo-wol was not shaken and tried to wait so he could take advantage of the moment when Hyeolbul would show a gap either in his attacks or movements.

"How long are you going to run away like a coward?!"

Hyeolbul's anger exploded, and a stream of qi swirled around his body. The fluctuation of his qi only happened for a moment. But for Pyo-wol, it felt like an eternity.

Suit!

Without hesitation, Pyo-wol flew towards the turbulent qi.

Kwawawang!

The explosive qi tore apart his clothing and skin. Blood gushed out and excruciating pain ran up his spine. But not once did Pyo-wol let out a groan.

If he wants something, he has to pay a corresponding price.

In order to take the life of a powerful enemy, he must also suffer and endure an equal amount of pain and injuries.

Victory without a price doesn't exist.

Tuhwahak!

His side was slashed, and blood splattered. Wounds also appeared on his thighs.

But Pyo-wol ignored all the painful wounds.

Puk!

When Pyo-wol finally passed through the stream of qi, he threw a ghost dagger towards Hyeolbul.

"Geugh!"

Hyeolbul groaned.

The solar plexus is one of the deadliest vital points of a human being. There was no way he was going to be okay since a dagger was stuck in such a vital point.

However, Hyeolbul was an expert whose abilities and strength went beyond the limits of human beings. While the wounds he had received might have easily killed a normal person, he was able to move just fine because of his great internal energy.

"Bastard!"

Hyeolbul raised both fists and aimed to smash it at Pyo-wol's skull.

In an instant, the Soul-Reaping Thread was released from Pyo-wol's hand. It then wrapped around the wrists of Hyeolbul and raised his hands high above his head.

"This is nothing!"

Hyeolbul snorted and concentrated visible qi<sup>1</sup> on both of his hands. The Soul-Reaping Thread was torn apart in an instant.

Pyo-wol threw another ghost dagger at Hyeolbul's side.

"Keuk!"

This time, Hyeolbul failed to stand his ground against Pyo-wol's attack. He groaned and staggered.

Pyo-wol unleashed a Black Lightning after seeing Hyeolbul's state.

What unfolded next was Paok<sup>2</sup>, which concentrated all energy on one point.

Puk!

With the strong force, Hyeolbul staggered and was pushed back. It was not only Paok that struck Hyeolbul's body. A ghost dagger that was also embedded inside of him.

Hyeolbul's complexion had completely changed. Pyo-wol's Paok shook the inside of his body by using the ghost dagger as the medium.

Like how a single droplet that falls on calm waters could create ripples, Pyo-wol's Paok, which uses the ghost dagger as a medium to penetrate through, had caused ripples inside Hyeolbul's body.

"KARGH!"

Hyeolbul staggered and screamed. His face was full of disbelief.

"I—"

He looked down at his solar plexus with an expression that he couldn't believe what had transpired. His great internal energy that previously supported him was starting to dissipate.

As his strength drained away, rapid aging took place in his body. His skin became wrinkled, and his eyes became cloudy.

"Sect leader!"

"Euk!"

Once the Ten Monks who were dealing with Soma and the children saw the scene, they ran frantically to save Hyeolbul.

Soma and the children tenaciously tried to catch them. However, the five men ran towards Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol looked at them and raised his qi.

Hoo-hung!

The Ten Monks flew toward Pyo-wol with a formidable momentum.

Pyo-wol clenched his teeth and used Snake Steps. Instead of confronting them head-on, he wanted to get out first.

That was then.

"I won't let you get away—!"

Someone secretly approached Pyo-wol from behind and thrust a sword into his waist.

Puk!

The sword pierced his back and protruded out.

"I've finally paid you back from my previous humiliation."

It was Heukam who successfully got past Pyo-wol's senses and attacked him.

When Pyo-wol and Hyeolbul were in the midst of a fierce battle, Heukam sneaked onto the battlefield and waited for the perfect opportunity.

Pyo-wol normally would have never allowed a surprise attack from Heukam. But because Pyo-wol's senses were on the lookout for the Ten Monks, he could not avoid Heukam's surprise attack.

While the wound is not fatal, it's enough to put Pyo-wol into a crisis.

"Die!"

"Ha!"

Five of the Ten Monks attacked him at once.

They were the ones who reigned at the pinnacle of the Xiaoleiyin Temple. They were working together with all their might.

The scene of them attacking in unison was as if the sky was falling.

Pyo-wol seemed to have nowhere to hide.

"It's over!"

A gleam of joy appeared on Heukam's face.

In order to see this moment, he risked entering the underground cave to attack Pyo-wol.

Kwawang!

Their offensive attack made the underground cave shake as if it was about to collapse.

At that moment, Pyo-wol bent and crouched.

It looked as if he had lost the will to resist and was desperate.

That was then.

Tuoung!

Pyo-wol stretched out his hands toward the Ten Monks.

Shiak!

An intangible, threadlike energy was shot at a frightening speed.

It was the Soul-Reaping Thread.

Seeing this, Heukam laughed.

He had already seen the Soul-Reaping Thread being blocked by Hyeolbul's visible qi.

A similar looking qi was also formed in the entire body of the Ten Monks who were attacking Pyo-wol. Although the quality and thickness was lower than that of Hyeolbul, it seemed sufficient enough to prevent them from being killed.

"Heop!"

At that moment, the unbelievable happened.

Purberberbuck!

The Soul-Reaping Thread had passed through the shield made out of qi without hesitation and then pierced the foreheads of four out of the Ten Monks.

They didn't even realize how they died.

As soon as the Soul-Reaping Thread pierced their foreheads, their world turned to dark.

The Soul-Reaping Thread is a thread made of visible qi.

It was somehow similar to the manifestation of sword qi. However, since it is thin and bends freely in comparison to sword qi, one would need to delicately control and operate their internal energy.

However, sword qi could not escape the limits of the visible qi. Its structure and form itself is similar to the sword.

However, the Soul-Reaping Thread was different.

It was not a simple agglomeration of qi.

It was visible qi made from qi thread.

The visible qi, which was named Green Snake<sup>3</sup> because it was as thin as a snake, could not be made or handled if it's not Pyo-wol.

Four people were killed in an instant, but Pyo-wol's expression was not bright.

He tried to create the five threads of Green Snake. However, due to the wounds inflicted by the Heukam, the operation of his internal energy became unstable, and only four threads could be made.

The last of the Ten Monks who escaped from the Green Snake was even more angry and did their best.

Pyo-wol had exhausted most of his power to pull out the Green Snake while injured. He doesn't have enough time to gather his internal energy. Pyo-wol stared at his opponent.

That was then.

"Hiyaaa!"

A single powerful sword strike along with the lion's roar hit the last remaining monk of Hyeolbul's Ten Monks.

Kwakwakwakwang!

The underground cave shook as if a bomb had exploded.

"Keuk!"

The last of the Ten Monks, who had been focusing all his attention on Pyo-wol, died gasping at the unexpected attack.

"W, What?"

Heukam frowned in surprise at the unexpected situation.

At that moment, a huge man fell in front of Pyo-wol.

He was a man with bulging eyes and closed lips resembling a tiger. He also had a steel-tower like body. His entire body was radiating a dominating energy like a storm.

Without looking back, the man said to Pyo-wol,

"Are you okay, buddy?"

"Jin...Geum-woo?"

"I had a hard time chasing after you because you didn't leave a trace. Fortunately, I'm not too late."

Jin Geum-woo, a man who was like a tiger, grinned.

A thick layer of dust had piled up on his shoulders.



Jin Geum-woo had sent Won Ga-young back to Chengdu alone, while he went to track and follow Pyo-wol.

This is because while Pyo-wol was the enemy who killed Seo Mun-pyeong, he was also the benefactor who saved Won Ga-young.

At the crossroads of resentment and grace, he agonized for a moment.

His decision was to return the favor for now. Then the grudge could be settled afterward.

Jin Geum-woo had to desperately chase after Pyo-wol who did not leave any traces. Furthermore, Jin Geum-woo does not know any tracking techniques. So, he should not have ever been able to track Pyo-wol.

But what he lacked was made up with his extraordinary intelligence and memory.

As he crossed the western plateau of Sichuan Province, he remembered the words Pyo-wol had said.

While Pyo-wol had been following Heukam and Won Ga-young, he also explained the basics of the tracking technique.

It was clumsy, but he pursued him the way Pyo-wol had done, and with the help of a piece of equipment called the Tianyuan Plate.<sup>4</sup>

Tianyuan Plate is one of the objects of Taoism that allows someone to go in the right direction without being swayed by temptation.

As a result, he was able to arrive at the Xiaoleiyin Temple a little while ago.

Thanks to this, he was able to save Pyo-wol by a narrow margin.

Pyo-wol straightened his back and said,

"I owe you."

"Now we are equal."

Jin Geum-woo inserted qi into the hand that held the sword. His whole body was radiating internal energy that seemed to split the sky.

The situation inside the underground cave was dire.

More than a third of the monks lost their lives, and the surviving monks were also groaning from their injuries.

Although Soma and the children helped, it was all the work of Pyo-wol.

He alone had driven the Xiaoleiyin Temple to the point of annihilation.

It was an unbelievable sight.

He used poison and hidden weapons rather than simply force, but that made it even more terrifying. Because it meant that he would do anything to win.

Anyone who has Pyo-wol as their enemy will never sleep comfortably for the rest of their life.

To the enemy, Pyo-wol is like a nightmare.

But now was not the time to care about such things.'

"These guys!"

"Die!"

The survivors of the Xiaoleiyin Temple were running madly at them.

The eyes of the monks who lost their sect leader and their companions overnight were turned upside down.

They had nothing more to lose.

They threw themselves at Pyo-wol and Jin Geum-woo.

Jin Geum-woo walked towards them and said,

"I'll take care of the rest, my friend!"

"We're not friends."

“Anyway—”

Shiak!

Jin Geum-woo's sword cut through the underground cave.

### SoundlessWind21's Notes:

1. Visible qi. Raws: Kang ki, Ganggi, 강기(罡氣).
  - Characters
    - i. 罡 gāng - the name of a certain stars; the god who is supposed to live in them
    - ii. 氣 qì, xì - air, gas, steam, vapor; spirit
  - Meaning: Refers to a tangible qi that is visible. The difference between the usual qi and visible qi was whether it was visible or not. Energy is something that is invisible in the first place, and can only be perceived by so-called masters with developed senses. When such a qi appears in a form that can be seen with the naked eye, it is ganggi (visible qi). Even ordinary people who are not sensitive to the senses can see it, and if it is at a level that can be observed objectively, it is called Ganggi (visible qi).
2. Paok. Raws: Poyu, 파옥(破玉).
  - 破 pò - break, ruin, destroy
  - 玉 yù - jade, precious stone
3. Green Snake. Raws: 사사강(綠蛇里)
  - 綠 lǜ - green; chlorine
  - 蛇 shé, yí, tuó, chí - snake
  - 里 lǐ - unit of distance; village; lane
4. Tianyuan Plate. Raws: Cheonwonban, 천원반(天元盤)
  - 天 tiān - sky, heaven, god, celestial
  - 元 yuán - first, dollar, origin, head
  - 盤 pán, xuán - tray, plate, dish