

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 6 Episode 4

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 129

'I've got someone on my tail.'

Heukam's face contorted.

There would be times where he would get an ominous feeling. He could have just chose to ignored it, but Heukam knows better than to just ignore his gut feeling.

His prudence of following his intuition is one of the reasons why Heukam has managed to survive this far.

Heukam had changed his course and erased his traces more delicately. But nevertheless, his anxiety did not go away.

It wasn't something he could be sure of not unless he could see it with his own eyes.

Heukam trusted his senses.

'I'm sure someone's following me.'

He thought of the possibility that he might be tracked, but he didn't know that someone would really pursue him.

Heukam felt a strong sense of crisis.

All the way from Chengdu to this place, he really did his best to erase his traces. It should have been impossible for a warrior, even for those who had great tracking skills, to find and follow the traces he left behind.

However, Heukam's confidence was shattered since someone indeed managed to follow him up to this point. It was clear that one who was following him had great tracking techniques.

'Were there such a person in Sichuan?'

Heukam bit his lip.

There was only one person who came to mind.

A person who ruined the plans he worked hard for. And the same person who killed Seo Mun-pyeong and instantly neutralized the collaborative work of Won Ga-young and Neung Soun.

Heukam wasn't afraid of anyone but the moment he saw him, goosebumps had run all over his body. It wasn't just because the man was strong.

It was because he felt that he was a human being of his own kind.

An existence who thrives in the dark and someone who doesn't hesitate to use any means to achieve his own purpose.

A person who exerts more power when he's hidden than when he's exposed.

Pyo-wol.

'He's caught up.'

Pyo-wol's reason for chasing him didn't matter. What matters is that Pyo-wol is currently pursuing him.

"Shit!"

Heukam spit out swear words.

If he was alone, he was confident that he would escape from Pyo-wol's pursuit. But he had a burden called Won Ga-young. With Ga-young on his back, it was impossible to completely evade Pyo-wol's pursuit.

However, it was not easy for him to just abandon or kill Won Ga-young. If he did, all the painstaking efforts he had made so far would have been in vain.

Above all, it doesn't seem likely that Pyo-wol would give up chasing him even if he let go of Won Ga-young. Heukam knows that Pyo-wol is the kind of person who would chase his target even to the depths of hell.

Perhaps, if Heukam had been in Pyo-wol's position, he would probably have acted the same.

So, Heukam had only one option left.

It was to arrive at the Leiyin Temple in the shortest time.

Leiyin Temple was his nest. Although he was not confident enough in dealing with Pyo-wol alone, the Leiyin Temple was filled with monks who had a stronger force.

No matter how strong Pyo-wol is, he would not be able to deal with them all.

With that being said, Heukam started running with all his power instead of wasting his time erasing his traces.

Running with a person on his shoulder was not an easy task. Furthermore, what made it all the more difficult is traversing the snow-covered Western Highlands.

But Heukam made the impossible possible with his superhuman patience and awareness.

Finally, as he descended from the Western Highlands, a vast plain with no end in sight appeared.

It was an incredibly dramatic change. But it was a familiar scene for Heukam.

He had finally arrived in Xizang, which could be called his inner courtyard.

'They should be tired by the moment they escape from the mountains.'

The eyes of Heukam shone viciously.

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Jin Geum-woo's appearance was a mess as he came out through the snow-covered forest. His clothes were torn everywhere, and his body was full of scratches from tree branches.

He didn't feel any pain since it was just superficial wounds. But that didn't stop him from having a tired expression.

He couldn't rest even for a moment because he was concerned about landslides and cliffs. But what bothered him more than anything else was the extreme cold.

The severe cold that penetrated his bone was so painful that it was hard to bear despite his strength and experience.

The bitter cold gnawed at his stamina like an insect.

It was only then that Jin Geum-woo realized why the West Highlands was so notorious. He learned for the first time that going through a winter mountain without any preparations was almost close to suicide.

The only reason he survived until now was because his internal energy was so deep. But if it had been anyone else, they would have frozen to death on the way.

Jin Geum-woo glanced at Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol's appearance was intact. From his appearance alone, it was hard to believe that Pyo-wol had actually passed through the snow-covered alpine region.

'I didn't know I would be so jealous because of a mere cloak.'

Jin Geum-woo looked at Pyo-wol's cloak with envy. The cloak made from oiled livestock perfectly protected Pyo-wol from the freezing cold.

It allowed him to preserve his stamina and physical strength even when they were traveling. Thanks to this, Pyo-wol's body was in the best condition despite the harsh journey.

Jin Geum-woo was exhausted from following such a pattern.

Still, he never showed any signs of dislike.

It was because of Won Ga-young.

The sense of crisis that Heukam might do something untowards Won Ga-young if he was late made him unable to rest.

They passed through the Western Highlands and came down to the plains, but Pyo-wol continued the march without taking a proper rest.

They had to maintain their distance from Heukam. The further away Heukam goes, the harder it will be for them to track him, no matter how strong his tracks remain.

This is because nature could erase the traces of Heukam.

A strong wind was constantly blowing on the plains. This made the grass on the plains only grow the height of a person's ankle.

It was only a matter of time before the traces left on the ground were swept away by the wind. So before that happens, they had to catch up with Heukam as much as possible. They couldn't afford to take the time to rest.

Pyo-wol persistently tracked down Heukam while Jin Geum-woo helped by taking note of even the smallest traces he could find.

Suddenly, Pyo-wol raised his head.

A particularly strong wind was blowing.

If they make a mistake, all the remaining traces of Heukam could be erased. If they lose Heukam here, it would become far more difficult to find the Leiyin Temple.

The location of the Leiyin Temple is highly confidential, making it almost impossible for an outsider to find it without a guide.

Not to mention, Pyo-wol and Jin Geum-woo did not have a single information about the Leiyin Temple. Because of that, the two desperately followed the trail of Heukam.

However, something happened that made the two stop their advance.

A huge amount of dust was rising in the distance.

A group of people were riding horses.

Both Pyo-wol and Jin Geum-woo possessed excellent eyesight. There was still a great distance between the two of them and the other party, but they quickly recognized the number and characteristics of those who came running on horseback.

"About a hundred people in all. They are wearing a curved sword on their waist which the warriors of Xizang mainly use."

Jin Geum-woo's eyes were cold.

The warriors on horseback were running straight towards where they were.

This could only mean that they were their target.

"He has started moving. Since the entirety of Xizang is under the influence of the Leiyin Temple, moving a group of bandits must not be that difficult for him."

Jin Geum-woo was convinced that the people running on horseback were bandits.

It was the bandits and not the harsh natural environment such as the rough wind, that brought great fear to the merchants.

Bandits would swarm and plundered wherever they could. If they only took things away, they wouldn't have gained such notoriety. But besides goods, they also took people's lives.

The vicious technique of leaving a few survivors left the merchants terrified even at the mere mention of their name.

The bandits were closing the distance in an instant. At this rate, they will reach the the two of them soon.

Pyo-wol said to Jin Geum-woo.

"You deal with them."

"Alone?"

"If I wasted my time entangled against them, all his remaining traces would disappear."

Even at this moment, the wind was blowing. It meant that all traces of Heukam were continuously being erased.

Jin Geum-woo asked,

"How will I find you?"

"I'll leave a trace."

"Alright!"

Jin Geum-woo nodded without hesitation. With him accompanying Pyo-wol so far, he had come to know what kind of person Pyo-wol is, so Jin Geum-woo was willing to follow his decision.

Pyo-wol would clearly leave some trace that's easy to recognize. Therefore, he just has to do his part of fighting the bandits here so they wouldn't miss Heukam.

Jin Geum-woo's eyes had a cold glimmer.

So far, he had no choice but to give the initiative to Pyo-wol.

But that was only because tracking was not his forte.

But everything changes when it comes to fighting. It was the area he was most confident in.

There was no reason for him to show mercy a group of bandits.

Jin Geum-woo watched the group of bandits approaching rapidly and said,

"I'll catch up with you soon!"

Pyo-wol looked at Jin Geum-woo for a moment and then moved. Like Jin Geum-woo, there was no hesitation in Pyo-wol's actions.

There were things that Jin Geum-woo had to do, and there were things that he had to do.

He should just do what he was best at.

Pyo-wol ran at frightening speed, leaving Jin Geum-woo behind.

By the time Pyo-wol disappeared from Jin Geum-woo's sight, a group of bandits started coming in and attacking.

"Ha!"

"Kill him!"

They stormed towards Jin Geum-woo with a terrifying force.

Sreung!

At that moment, Jin Geum-woo pulled out his sword.

A dominating force bloomed like a cloud from his whole body.

Nine Ring Heavenly Sword, Blood Rain Sword.¹

Schiaak!

The swordsmanship technique went and overpowered the bandits.

And a scene from hell spread across the plains.

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Pyo-wol paused for a moment at the eerie feeling he felt behind his back.

But he didn't look back.

Pyo-wol already knew even without confirming it with his own eyes that Jin Geum-woo was going crazy.

Goosebumps rose along his spine. The qi and technique that Jin Geum-woo radiated was that frightening and fatal.

He could see why Jin Geum-woo managed to belong to one of the top ranking experts in Jianghu. However, no matter how strong Jin Geum-woo was, he would have to take a considerable amount of time to deal with all the 100 bandits.

Pyo-wol increased his speed.

Jin Geum-woo had seen Pyo-wol's tracking speed so far and thought it was his best, but what he saw was actually not Pyo-wol's true ability.

Pyo-wol was not foolish enough to show his true abilities in front of others.

Now that he had shaken off Jin Geum-woo, this was the perfect opportunity.

Pyo-wol started running at an unprecedented rate.

The strong wind almost erased the faint traces, but it didn't matter. Pyo-wol's nose could smell the scents carried in the wind.

A dry wind with little moisture. There were also many scents mixed in it.

To ordinary people, it would be just an unpleasant smell, but to Pyo-wol, it was a reservoir of information.

Pyo-wol distinguished a sweet scent from among the numerous scents.

'Found you.'

The scent was coming from Won Ga-young.

Pyo-wol wasn't sure how, but Won Ga-young smelled like sweet candy. Maybe it was her natural body scent, or it could be that she was influenced by her cultivation method making her have that distinct scent on her body.

Either way, it didn't matter to Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol remembered Won Ga-young's scent when she bumped into him. Thanks to her, even though her traces on the floor were gone, Pyo-wol was able to track her down.

Pyo-wol sprinted in the direction the wind was blowing.

Because the burden called Jin Geum-woo was removed, Pyo-wol's speed was doubled. No one was watching him, so he had nothing to be concerned about.

Pyo-wol sprinted across the plains like the wind.

More and more, Won Ga-young's smell started to get stronger.

This could only mean that the gap between him and Heukam was rapidly narrowing.

In fact, he could already see someone moving in the distance.

A black figure running while carrying someone on his shoulder.

It was Heukam.

However, Heukam did not notice at all that Pyo-wol was near and just behind him.

It was natural.

Pyo-wol completely concealed his presence. And Jin Geum-woo, who was only a burden, was also removed.

No matter how keen Heukam's eyes were, and no matter how good his senses were, it was impossible for him to notice the presence of Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol followed Heukam like a ghost.

He thoroughly matched himself to Heukam's every action.

Pyo-wol would breathe at the same time as Heukam, and Pyo-wol's heart would beat at the same rate as Heukam..

Pyo-wol basically synchronized his body with Heukam.

It was one of Pyo-wol's unique skills that no one could imitate.

At this moment, Pyo-wol was another Heukam. So Heukam did not notice Pyo-wol at all, even though Pyo-wol was directly behind him.

Rather, it was another person who discovered Pyo-wol.

Won Ga-young, who was shaking helplessly on the shoulders of Heukam, raised her head and saw Pyo-wol.

Her eyes fluttered as if they were about to tear open. If Heukam had not restrained her, she would have screamed at that moment.

Pale white face, insensitive eyes that show no emotion.

It was as if a ghost was following them.

'Pyo-wol!'

SoundlessWind21's Note:

Thank you for reading!

1. Nine Ring Heavenly Sword, Blood Rain Sword. Raws: 구환천멸검(九環天滅劍)
제사식 혈우검(血雨劍).