

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 7 Episode 3

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 153

Even in a dark workshop, he was a man with bright white skin and a more beautiful appearance than a woman.

As soon as he looked at his face, Baekrok felt goosebumps all over his body.

'My kind.'

Baekrok knew at a glance that the man was the same kind as him. And he had a gut feeling that he was in charge of all this.

'If he is, then the information about him is true.'

Before entering Sichuan Province, he received unbelievable information.

A single assassin had managed to make the Qingcheng sect and the Emei sect closed their gates and pacified Sichuan Jianghu.

He didn't believe it at first.

It was that unrealistic.

However, those who moved him judged the information to be true, and ordered Baekrok to be extra vigilant.

Baekrok was skeptical, but he took their advice and moved cautiously. That is why he disguised himself as one of the Xuanwu Merchant Group's people.

He was so careful, but in the end, his fate was exposed to an unknown assassin.

Baekrok opened his mouth while being upside down.

"How did you figure out who my target was? I certainly didn't leave any clue, but by any chance did I leave any traces?"

"No."

"Then how did you know I was going to sneak up on this place?"

"Because it happened in my courtyard."

With that one word, Baekrok understood the whole situation.

"Were you also responsible for moving the Hao clan members?"

"That's right."

"You must have used the Hao clan members to distract me and then used another intelligence organization to detect any suspicious movements."

"That's right, too."

"I underestimated you."

Baekrok finds himself genuinely admiring Pyo-wol. He finally figured out how Pyo-wol detected his movements.

Pyo-wol revealed the death of Do Il-chul to the Hao clan.

When the Hao clan members learned of Do Il-chul's death, they were outraged and tried to find the culprit.

Baekrok had guessed up to that point. He became concerned about the Hao clan's movements when they moved faster than expected.

Pyo-wol moved Guian at the same time.

Guian had built another information network separate from the Hao clan. Pyo-wol ordered Guian to find a person who met the certain conditions.

The first was to look for a person who moved alone after the Hao clan's movement.

No one, no matter how courageous, would not become impatient or anxious when the Hao clan's members were looking for him. So Pyo-wol thought that the assassin would definitely show some movement.

The second was to look for a person who stayed in a guest house.

Pyo-wol decided that it would be difficult for someone to find a separate house due to the atmosphere of Chengdu. The situation in Chengdu did not permit anyone who came from outside of Sichuan to easily find a safe place without being noticed by anyone.

The third was to look for a person who wore fancy clothes that did not match the guest.

The Hao clan members opened their eyes wide as they looked for the assassin, but he didn't think he would wear dark clothes or shabby clothes that would make him suspicious.

He thought that he would rather wear fancy clothes to avoid their suspicions.

Clothing that is wide enough to easily hide weapons and gives the impression of wealth to others.

Few people met all three conditions.

Pyo-wol paid attention to Baekrok among them.

He knew it the moment he saw him from a distance.

That he was a being of the same kind as him.

If anything came as a surprise, it was that his assassination target was Tang Sochu.

Tang Sochu has recently started making a name for himself, but he hasn't done anything worthy of harboring anyone's resentment yet. So Pyo-wol watched to figure out why.

As soon as he learned that Baekrok was targeting Tang Sochu, Pyo-wol sent Soma to warn him.

"Who is greedy for the Tang family's vision?"

"I don't know. Even if I did, why would I tell you? I also have my pride."

Hanging upside down, Baekrok grinned.

His figure swayed from side to side like a weight on a scale. But he still didn't lose his composure. His eyes and attitude were not something that a cornered person could have.

Baekrok asked,

“Did you learn how to assassinate from the Blood Shadow Group?”

"You know a lot."

"Even though the Blood Shadow Group is quite good, they're not great enough to create someone like you. But of course, there are always exceptions in the world. These are those who break the existing frame and go beyond the limits. It seems you are one of those people..."

Pyo-wol silently watched as Baekrok was talking.

Baekrok knew a lot about Pyo-wol.

Even though other people knew that Pyo-wol was an assassin, not many people knew that he was from the Blood Shadow Group.

It was even more difficult for people outside Sichuan to know. Nevertheless, Baekrok naturally referred to the Blood Shadow Group.

There weren't many organizations with such information.

Especially in the assassin group.

"Are you from the Hundred Wraith Union?"

"Ho! You even managed to deduce that far. You're really not normal after all."

Baekrok's eyes widened.

This time, he looked genuinely surprised.

He never gave us any information that could lead Pyo-wol to guess his identity. Even so, Pyo-wol immediately recognized that he belonged to the Hundred Wraith Union.

'His really out of the ordinary.'

After organizing his thoughts for a moment, Baekrok opened his mouth.

"I have a suggestion."

"If you're asking me to join the Hundred Wraith Union, then I'll have to decline in advance."

"Isn't it worth reconsidering?"

"Just tell me who commissioned Sochu's death."

"I don't know that either. I'm just carrying out the missions that came through the Hundred Wraith Union."

"Are you a puppet?"

"If I am one of the top ten members, then I can know who the client is, but unfortunately I'm not that much."

"Then there's no reason to keep you alive."

"Are you confident? If you kill me, you will become a target of the Hundred Wraith Union, you know. How tiring life would your life be if you became the target of such an assassin group. There are hundreds of people with skills like you. Even if you remove me, there will be ninety-nine people left."

Pyo-wol smiled slightly at Baekrok's threat.

His white teeth were slightly exposed between his unusually red lips.

For a moment, Baekrok felt an eerie feeling.

It was as if a sharp needle had pierced his chest and stabbed him in the heart. It was the first time Baekrok felt this kind of emotion, except for Hundred Wraith Union's top ten."

Pyo-wol said,

"It doesn't matter if it's ninety-nine or nine hundred ninety-nine people. If I can find and kill them one by one, it'll be over someday."

"Tch! You're foolish. I can't believe you're saying such things against the Hundred Wraith Union. Now that I see you, you're not a cold-hearted assassin, you're just a fool who's full of madness."

Baekrok laughed at Pyo-wol.

Assassins must be more composed than anyone.

They have to know the pulse of victory in an instant, and they have to be able to cut the opponent's breath with a single blow.

This is why the job requires more cool judgment and reason than ice.

The moment the assassin overestimates their own abilities, everything goes awry. The assassin should always look at himself calmly, and on the contrary, look down on his abilities.

Only then can they increase their chances of success even a little.

No matter how strong Pyo-wol is, he cannot face all of the 100 assassins of the Hundred Wraith Union. The assassins belonging to the Hundred Wraith Union were all masters of assassination, and in particular, the top ten, were the among the best in Jianghu.

To hit Pyo-wol alone against such people was like breaking a rock with an egg.

"To dream in vain, drunk on the little fame that you have only gained in Sichuan. The frog in the well is talking indiscriminately without knowing how wide the world is."

"Sichuan is not a well nor am I a frog either."

"Heh! It looks like you put some oil on your tongue. With the way you are talking quite smoothly."

"You're the one who applied the oil. Because you're talking so much to pass the time."

"How?"

For a moment, Baekrok's eyes trembled.

"There is only one case when an assassin would talk a lot. And those eyes cannot be seen as the eyes of a person who has failed to kill."

"You've been watching me?"

"I wanted to know. What is the number of secrets hidden by the Hundred Wraith Union?"

"Huh! You're going to measure the Hundred Wraith Union through me? Your madness pierces the sky."

A dark soul appeared in Baekrok's eyes.

Puck!

At that moment, there was a sound of something exploding from the studio, and a thick smoke rushed into the closet.

It was the Fire Soul Poison¹ that could kill anyone the moment the poison was inhaled.

The moment Baekrok infiltrated the workshop, he put the sealed Fire Soul Poison into the furnace. When the sealed part melts in the heat of the furnace, poisonous smoke would flow out.

The Fire Soul Poison is particularly strong against heat. It does not disappear when hit by fire, but rather spreads through heat.

Unless the person had taken an antidote beforehand, they would immediately die as soon as they inhaled even a single bit, since the poison is capable of melting a person's internal organs.

At the moment when the Fire Soul Poison filled the room, Baekrok swung his sword at the thread which was tied around his legs.

The strength of the thread was great, but since the blade of his sword was injected with qi, he managed to cut the thread like silk.

Tuduk!

As Baekrok landed on the floor, he didn't see Tang Sochu. Tang Sochu must have escaped during his conversation with Pyo-wol.

"Yeah, he's just a rat that fell into a well."

He didn't care about Pyo-wol.

As an assassin, Pyo-wol's ability was obviously great.

The ability to identify and find himself in an instant was truly magical. He even thought that if there were such people in Hundred Wraith Union, it would be difficult to kill them.

But that's it.

The Fire Soul Poison, which he created, was not of a nature that humans could tolerate.

It takes a lot of time to make, so there is only a small amount, but if he uses it, he can see a definite effect. At least, he had never had a time where he didn't achieve his goal using the Fire Soul Poison.

Baekrok saw Pyo-wol engulfed in chaos and poison in an instant.

Pyo-wol must have already inhaled the poison and became vulnerable.

Then the situation was over.

There was nothing more to worry about.

He made a lot of noise, but in the end, he was just a frog in a well.

Baengrok raised his qi to find Tang Sochu.

Although his identity was revealed by Pyo-wol, everything will be sorted out once he kills his target, Tang Sochu.

Baekrok's eyes suddenly saw a small entrance on the floor. It looked like an emergency passage.

'That little rat! He escaped there.'

Without hesitation, Baekrok flew through the emergency passage.

Puk!

At that moment, Baekrok felt a tear in his ankle.

Something pierced his ankle.

Kwadang!

Baekrok was floating on the floor.

"What?"

Baekrok got up quickly and looked at his ankles. Then, through the thick smoke, he saw a softly shining thread piercing his ankle.

Baekrok swung his rapier without even having time to check the true nature of the thread.

He had to prioritize freeing himself.

Toeng!

But his sword bounced off from the thread.

"What?"

Baekrok was astonished.

Because it was beyond his common sense.

"AH!"

He struggled, trying to cut the thread through his ankle once more.

But yet again, his rapier bounced back in vain.

It was then that Baekrok discovered that the softly shining thread was not an object like a silver thread, but an aggregate of qi.

The intangible qi had a tangible substance like a thread and was directly exercising its power.

Even at that moment, Baekrok's body was being dragged along. It is a place where harmony and poison are still raging.

His eyes were tingling and his throat was stuffy, even though he took the antidote. If he wasted any more time than this, he could not guarantee his survival.

Tears flowed while he covered his eyes.

He could see someone's face.

He was showing an unshaken figure even in the sea of the Fire Soul Poison.

It was Pyo-wol.

"How?"

Baekrok's mind went blank.

The fact that the Fire Soul Poison did not work shook his self-esteem.

Pyo-wol, who was holding the Soul-Reaping Thread, had no sign of being afflicted with the poison.

It wasn't that he was holding his breath.

He was breathing as usual.

“Wait, is he immuned to poison?² There is no such thing...”

Baekrok denied his assumption.

This was because ten thousand poison immunity was mentioned only in legends. If there really is such a thing as poison immunity, there would be no place for those who use poisons.

'I must kill him.'

Baekrok opened his arms towards Pyo-wol. Then the poisons hidden in the sleeve were released all at once.

Puss!

A new poison engulfed Pyo-wol.

Sung-dong!

In a very short moment, Baekrok's ankle flew away. The Soul-Reaping thread had cut off his ankle.

"Keuk!"

Baekrok screamed while fleeing with one leg.

He jumped out of the workshop without looking back.

Jubuck!

The sound of soft footsteps followed him.

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

1. Fire Soul Poison. Raws: 화혼독(火魂毒)
 - 火 fire, flame, burn
 - 魂 soul, spirit
 - 毒 poison, venom
2. Immune to poison. Raws: 만독불침(高毒不侵).
 - 高 high, tall
 - 毒 poison, venom
 - 不 no, not, un-
 - 侵 invade, encroach