

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 19

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 94

"The Shadowless Monk Yushin Feng, his niece, and the Seven Stars entered the city?"

"Yes! It was confirmed that they all came in last night."

Hong Yushin, the chief inspector of Hao Clan, became serious as he listened to the report.

"Did you find out why they came to Chengdu?"

"Sorry, I haven't been able to check it out due to lack of time. But I have identified an unusual trend."

"What is that?"

"As soon as the Seven Stars entered Chengdu, they had a clash with a particular man."

"Who?"

"It's... Pyo-wol."

"Really?"

Hong Yushin expressed curiosity.

Recently, the Hao Clan's biggest interest has been Pyo-wol. Although they had no direct contact with him for fear of conflict, his whereabouts were constantly being investigated.

After making direct contact with Pyo-wol, Hong Yushin was shocked. It was not simply because Pyo-wol's martial arts were strong or intimidating.

It was because someone like Pyo-wol appeared so suddenly as if he had fallen from the sky.

No matter how powerful he is, it was close to impossible for a person with skill and competence like a Pyo-wol to pop out without any background.

Jianghu's martial arts have developed over the past several hundred years. For that reason, no matter how excellent and talented the person, it was impossible to sincerely learn martial arts without the proper guidance of a teacher.

In fact, the warriors who stood out in the current Jianghu, without exception, have a strong sect as their background. So it was no wonder they were strong.

But Pyo-wol was different.

His school or sect of origin were unclear. Still, the martial arts he practiced were terribly strong. It was something that Hong Yushin could not understand with his common sense.

So Hong Yushin did not leave the city, and remained in charge of Pyo-wol's background investigation. In addition, it was necessary to reinforce the organization of the Chengdu branch, which was a mess due to the vacancy of the former branch manager.

There are many things to do here and there, but this time, the Shadowless Monk, her niece, and even the Seven Stars entered Chengdu.

Moreover, the Seven Stars even collided with Pyo-wol.

"The result?"

"It is said that Oh Kyung-wol, the Iron Dwarf, was greatly humiliated."

"I knew it, it's not that he was weak. That person was just terribly strong."

Hong Yushin laughed.

The fact that he was not alone was so refreshing.

The Hao clan had strict control over information about Pyo-wol.

Since it is impossible to shut everyone's mouth, information about him will gradually become known to the world, but outside of Sichuan, Pyo-wol was close to obscurity. That's why this incident happened.

After a while, he asked his subordinate,

"But why did the Seven Stars come to Chengdu? It's a completely different area from their usual activities. I know that they don't have a connection here."

"We haven't figured out why yet."

"Find out as much as you can."

"Alright."

The subordinate left after answering.

Hong Yushin, who was left alone, murmured.

"The winds and waves are constant in Sichuan."

He didn't feel good about it.

The damp air just before the torrential rain seemed to cover his body. Whenever he felt like this, something bad would happen.

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Tang Sochu got up early in the morning and put firewood in the furnace.

Whether the craftsman was working or taking a break, the fire had to be maintained at all times. When the fire of the brazier goes out, it means that the life of the workshop will end soon.

Tang Sochu stared blankly at the flames of the brazier burning again.

Having his own studio like this and having an environment where he can work to his heart's content sometimes felt like a dream.

Something unimaginable just a few months ago has happened.

"Hoo!"

After staring at the flames for a long time, Tang Sochu sighed and got up from his seat.

Tang Sochu headed to the front of the workbench.

Pieces of thin wrought iron plates were scattered on the workbench.

These are the things that Tang Sochu has put a lot of effort into over the past few days. Although it is said to be soft iron, it has excellent strength because it was a blend of several other metals.

In order to complete the wrist armor that Pyo-wol ordered, he first made a skeleton or a frame of the soft iron plate.

The soft iron plate had to move smoothly enough not to interfere with the movement of the hand, but it also had to have strong durability to protect the arm from the sharpness of a blade.

None of the workshops in Chengdu had the skills to make such a wrought iron plate, and no craftsman was so skillful.

In the end, Tang Sochu had to do it all by himself from start to finish.

Fortunately, his efforts of the past few days were not wasted, and he managed to create a soft iron plate which he liked. Now, all that remains is to connect each wrought iron plate and add leather on top.

Tang Sochu moved to the back of the workshop.

There was an old, shabby warehouse at the back of the workshop. The old craftsman who was the previous owner stored various iron ingots and materials in that warehouse which was attached to the workshop.

The old craftsman handed over the ingredients from the warehouse to Tang Sochu at once. Most of the materials in the warehouse were cheap iron ingots, but if he searched really well, he would occasionally find useful items.

Tang Sochu opened the warehouse door, hoping that it would be the same again this time.

Squeak!

The rusty hinges squeaked, revealing the scenery inside the warehouse.

The inside of the warehouse was so dark that even in broad daylight, it was only possible to distinguish the shape by lighting a lamp.

Tang Sochu leaned on a lamp and searched the warehouse.

After searching for a while, he finally found what he was looking for.

"Okay! There's still some useful stuff left."

What he held in his hand was thick leather. The area of the leather was still quite large perhaps because it was not yet cut. If it was this size, it seemed that there would be a large amount left even after making the wristbands.

Tang Sochu tried to come out again with only two pieces of leather.

"Hm?"

But a strange movement was caught in his eyes.

Something moved deep inside the warehouse. He could have easily mistaken the shadow as the shaking movement of the lantern, but Tang Sochu had a gut feeling that wasn't the case.

Even though he didn't learn martial arts, he was still a man who inherited the blood of the Tang Family. His eyesight and physical strength were far superior to that of an ordinary person.

Without fear, he walked to the spot where he detected the strange movement.

"Who are you?"

He lit the corner of the warehouse with a lamp. Then he saw someone crouching in the corner of the warehouse.

He was a boy who looked only about six years old. He looked just like a kitten, curled up. His face was covered in ashes and dust from how much he had suffered, and his bare body was revealed through his torn clothes.

Tang Sochu frowned.

"Who are you? How did you get in here?"

Despite the question from Tang Sochu, the boy kept his mouth firmly shut and shrank even further. At the sight of an intruder with a lot of blades, Tang Sochu had a dumbfounded expression on his face.

"Damn! What?"

He wanted to forcefully pull him out, but seeing him so vigilant, it didn't seem like he was going to be pulled out easily. But he couldn't leave him alone like this.

It would not be strange if the skinny and dry thing passed out at any moment.

Tang Sochu looked at the boy for a moment, then sighed and went out of the warehouse.

After a while, he returned and had a tray of food in his hand.

"I'm leaving this here, so eat it."

After putting the tray in front of the boy, he went outside.

Now it was the boy's choice whether to eat it or not.

Tang Sochu shifted his attention away from the boy and returned to the workshop. He then immersed himself in the work of cutting the leather.

Fortunately, the leather found in the warehouse was well tanned, so no special care is required.

Tang Sochu treated the leather with a generous amount of special chemicals. The chemical made with the Tang Family's recipe will make the leather soft and tough.

It took quite a while for the chemical to be completely absorbed into the leather.

Tang Sochu decided to make and use a silver thread to connect the wrought iron plates, leaving the leather alone. The work of making silver thread was rather more difficult than the work of making wrought iron plates. For that reason, special patience and special craftsmanship were required.

Once the iron ingot was melted, a thick wire was created. The wire was heated again, twisted like a pretzel, and elongated.

A special treatment was applied to the surface by repeating such an operation several times.

"Huuu!"

Tang Sochu wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked at the result.

A thin yet long wire was completed. However, it was far from reaching Tang Sochu's goal.

Tang Sochu intended to make the wire at least three times thinner. He was going to leave it like this for a day to make it hard, while the rest of the work would be done tomorrow.

That was then.

He had the feeling that someone was watching him secretly.

When he turned around just in case, he saw someone running behind him from the back of the workshop.

It was the boy hiding in the warehouse.

Tang Chou did not dare to follow the boy.

He himself had a hard time with people's persistent gaze, so he knew that not paying attention in this case would help.

The next day, Tang Sochu returned to work after bringing food to the warehouse where the boy was hiding.

While he was busy working, he felt a warm gaze.

A boy hiding in the warehouse is secretly watching him.

Tang Sochu continued the work without paying any attention to the boy.

The tedious work of twisting the wire dozens of times like a pretzel and heating it up again continued throughout the day.

"Hoo...!"

Finally, as the sun went down, a thread of his desired strength and thickness was created. A thread with a thickness of only three or four hairs was rolled up and placed on the workbench.

It is thin enough to be indistinguishable with the naked eye, but has excellent strength and elasticity.

It was a piece that could not break easily.

Tang Sochu smiled with satisfaction.

Tang Sochu, who had been appreciating his work for a moment, looked back. The boy who was spying on him previously was nowhere to be seen.

Tang Sochu headed to the warehouse.

All the food given in the morning was empty. After collecting the bowls, Tang Sochu went into a small room next to the workshop.

After a simple dinner, he fell asleep.

A rattling sound was heard outside. It looked like someone was rummaging through the kitchen.

Tang Sochu smiled and fell asleep.

When he woke up in the morning, Tang Sochu could not hide his absurd expression.

It was because the boy who had been hiding in the warehouse right next to him was sleeping curled up. He was a boy who looked much younger than he thought.

His hands and feet were swollen and his clothes were all torn, proving that the boy was in bad shape.

Luckily, he had eaten food for the past two days, so he gained some weight on his skinny skin. Even so he barely managed to escape the crisis of starvation.

Tang Sochu looked at the boy for a moment and then came out.

After making a simple breakfast, he put leftovers in the boy's sleeping room.

Now he had to finish the clasps.

He sat on the workbench and connected the wrought iron plates one by one with the thread. It was a job that required finesse.

After tedious work without blinking an eye, he finally connected all the wrought iron plates. The work was done by overlaying the leather on the completed frame.

After nearly half a day of work, he finally got a pair of wrist armor.

On the surface, it was just an ordinary tossie with a layer of leather. He thought he was being too modest, but then he shook his head.

Because he knows that what Pyo-wol really cares about is practicality.

Tang Sochu wrapped the finished wrist armor with cloth and headed out.

Before leaving the door, he said to the person inside of the house.

"I'll be out for a while, so if you're hungry, go search the kitchen and eat."

Of course, there was no answer.

It wasn't something he was expecting to hear anyway, so he closed the door and headed to the guest house where Pyo-wol was staying.

During the making of the wrist armors, he never came out, so much that the sun dazzled his eyes. It's been a while since he has been outside, but the streets of Chengdu haven't changed at all.

On the contrary, it seemed that there were more people visiting than before.

Tang Sochu looked at the people with curiosity.

Then he heard the voices of people passing by.

"You still haven't found him?"

"I'm sure he entered Chengdu but I can't find his whereabouts after that."

"Heh! That's quite annoying."

"So, how about submitting a request to the Hao clan? They would be able to find him easily."

"Did you forget the terms the client gave us? They told us to do the job secretly. I can't trust the Hao clan guys because they're so sly."

"Hmm!"

Those who were talking were a bewitching woman with raised eyebrows and a warrior with a sword like a bamboo around his waist.

They continued to talk without being aware that Tang Sochu was nearby. Tang Sochu paid them no attention.

This is because he knows well that useless curiosity in Jianghu could only hastened his demise.

He walked diligently and arrived at the guest house where Pyo-wol was staying.

"Brother!"

Pyo-wol was sitting in the window seat on the first floor of the guest house.

Pyo-wol, who was drinking tea alone, looked at him.

Tang Sochu sat down across from him and put down the wrist armor wrapped in cloth.

"I finished it."

SoundlessWind21's Note:

Enjoy the chapter :D