

## **Reaper of the Drifting Moon**

Light Novel: Volume 5 Episode 14

Manhwa: N/A

### Chapter 114

Pyo-wol's alias was Lim Kwon-ok.

Born into a good family, he had a gentle and calm personality.

He was very talented in business, so he made the fortune he inherited from his parents even bigger, and when his fortune had grown to his satisfaction, he began to learn music, which was his hobby as a child, in earnest.

That was the history of Lim Kwon-ok.

Lim Kwon-ok was a real person. A few years ago, while leaving the mountain, he met a robber and lost his life. Because he was a real person, no one doubted Pyo-wol's identity.

Pyo-wol took the zither and went up to the stage.

The stage was just a little high platform.

Because the courtesan who played before him had raised the audience's excitement, the eyes of those who looked at him were full of expectations.

Concerts held periodically by the band teacher to grasp the growth of the students were one of the specialties of Chengdu. Because of that, quite a few people came to enjoy the performance.

Pyo-wol sat down and started playing.

Tongdadang!

A calm stringing echoed through the hall.

Music was one way of learning about a person. The same score would sound different depending on how a person would play it.

Pyo-wol's performance was calm, yet somehow sharp. So it felt like he was picking their emotions with a sharp awl.

The band teacher and students closed their eyes and listened to Pyo-wol's performance. It was the same with the others who came to listen.

Won Ga-young admired Pyo-wol's plucking.

"The technique isn't that great, but the power in the notes is amazing. Every note is hit accurately and it contains a strong will."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah! Judging from his poor technique, it doesn't seem like it's been a long time since he has learned the instrument. What a shame. If he had learned the zither a little earlier, he would have become a great musician."

Won Ga-young calmly assessed Pyo-wol's level. However, Jin Geum-woo heard her words with one ear and spilled it through the other.

Jin Geum-woo was not interested in Pyo-wol's performance.

What he was interested in was the person himself named Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol, who played with his eyes half-closed and his back straight, was full of dignity. It was as if he had lived his entire life playing the zither, to the point of making him look like a master musician.

However, Jin Geum-woo felt that Pyo-wol's appearance was more like a warrior with a sword rather than a musician.

Smooth, white hands without a single blemish were diligently moving over the strings.

'What if he had a sword in his hand?'

Just thinking about it caused his spine to feel a chill.

Jin Geum-woo's eyes became intense. It's the first time he's ever shown his emotions like this. Won Ga-young noticed the change in Jin Geum-woo's emotions and made a puzzled expression.

"What is it?"

“He...”

"What about him?"

"Do you know who he is?"

"Why? Is there anything about him that bothers you?"

"I'm just... curious."

Won Ga-young tilted her head slightly at Jin Geum-woo's answer. They have known each other for a long time, and this is the first time she has seen Jin Geum-woo pay this much attention to another person.

"I'll look into it."

"Thank you."

Won Ga-young disappeared from her seat for a moment.

Jin Geum-woo, who was left alone, looked at Pyo-wol playing with his arms crossed. He couldn't confirm it because he had his eyes somewhere else, but Jin Geum-woo was sure that Pyo-wol was the one he saw at the Four Sea Pavilion.

There was a high probability that he was a guest who came to the Four Sea Pavilion. The problem is that Jin Geum-woo has never seen a face like Pyo-wol among the guests.

Jin Geum-woo's memory was so extraordinary that he would never forget anything he had seen once. He remembered everything he saw with his eyes, although it seemed to be a mere glance.

Of course, it could have been that he had not seen him properly because he was mixed with the rest of the guests. **But that doesn't mean he can see the faces of people you haven't seen.**

But he felt uncomfortable to just let it go.

At that time, Pyo-wol, who was absorbed in the performance, raised his head.

Jin Geum-woo's intense eyes and Pyo-wol's sunken eyes met in the air.

Jin Geum-woo's eyes shone even more intensely. Pyo-wol's expression did not change even though he looked at the eyes that warriors would usually find frightening.

Jin Geum-woo thought that Pyo-wol was so engrossed in his performance that he couldn't see his eyes. But Jin Geum-Woo thought there was no way.

It was because he could clearly see Pyo-wol looking into his eyes.

At that moment, a soft smile appeared on Pyo-wol's lips, and then he shifted his gaze to the strings of zither.

It looked like he was engrossed in playing again.

Maybe it was just a coincidence that their eyes met. Because he is a musician, he may not have recognized the intensity in his eyes.

'No, he was definitely looking straight into my eyes. And he didn't show any signs of agitation.'

Jin Geum-woo's eyes calmed down.

Finally, Pyo-wol's performance was over.

"Wow!"

"Amazing! What a touching performance!"

The audience cheered for Pyo-wol.

The band teacher and the students also smiled with satisfaction. It was because their ears were delighted while listening to Pyo-wol's performance.

The band teacher opened his mouth,

"You learn well. With your skill, you won't hurt my reputation wherever you go."

"Thank you."

Pyo-wol politely bowed his head to the band teacher, and stepped back.

At that time, Won Ga-young returned to Jin Geum-woo.

"I got his information. His name is Lim Kwon-ok. He is a native of Chengdu and is a great person. He inherited a lot of wealth from his parents, but it grew even more because of his excellent business skills. As he accumulated wealth to his satisfaction, he took the path of a musician he was interested in when he was a child."

"A native of Chengdu? Are you sure?"

"I cross-checked with several people. He's obviously from Chengdu."

"Hmm..."

At the words of Won Ga-young, which was different from what he expected, Jin Geum-woo had a confused expression for a moment. But that only lasted for a while.

"You'll know when you see him for yourself."

"Are you going to see him for yourself?"

Won Ga-young's eyes widened. Because she realized the meaning behind his words.

Jin Geum-woo walked past Won Ga-young and strode to the back of the stage. Pyo-wol was tidying up his zither behind the stage.

Jin Geum-woo approached Pyo-wol without hesitation and took initiative,

"I enjoyed your performance. My name is Jin Geum-woo."

"Ah! My name is Lim Kwon-ok. Thank you."

Pyo-wol received the compliment with a slightly embarrassed expression.

"I was deeply moved by Young Master Lim's performance. That's why I came out of the blue like this even if it would be rude. Please forgive me."

"Oh, no."

"If it's okay, can I buy you a drink?"

"I'm sorry. I'm not good at drinking—"

"Then why don't we have tea together?"

"Okay, then I'll have one drink."

"Thank you for listening to my rude request. After listening to Young Master Lim's performance, I really wanted to extend friendship with you."

"Oh, yes!"

Pyo-wol replied with an awkward expression.

He was now Lim Kwon-ok. If it was him, he had no reason to be embarrassed or to stutter. But Lim Kwon-ok was different.

He was a person who was more widely referred to as an outstanding merchant with his parents' fortunes. In the process of earning a fortune, he was cheated a lot and met countless people. Because of that, he had to be very wary of others whom he had met for the first time.

Lim Kwon-ok could not easily open his heart to strangers he had met for the first time in his life.

Pyo-wol was faithful to the character and setting of Lim Kwon-ok

With a large zither in his arms, he followed Jin Geum-woo with wary eyes. But his thoughts were different.

'Did he notice?'

He thought he had completely hidden himself, but it was clear that Jin Geum-woo had noticed something.

Pyo-wol thought that the world was very interesting.

Some people would try to hide, and some people would doubt and peek at a piece of the truth hidden beneath the external appearance.

Pyo-wol has always been in the position of observing and infiltrating other. But now, the situation has been reversed given Jin Geum-woo's suspicions.

He had to completely hide himself.

Jin Geum-woo headed to the nearby tea house. The door hadn't even been opened yet, but the strong smell of tea wafted in.

The three of them, including Won Ga-young, entered the tea house.

Jin Geum-woo said to the owner of the tea house.

"If you have dragon clove tea, give it to me."

"Just in time, that tea came in a few days ago. How about the others?"

Pyo-wol and Won Ga-young also ordered a tea that suited their taste.

While waiting for their drink to be served, Jin Geum-woo opened his mouth.

"I really enjoyed Young Master Lim's performance. Can you tell me about the song you played?"

"It's a song called Heavenly Incense. It's my favorite song."

"A fragrance from heaven? I wonder. Is there really such a fragrance? But it was really nice to hear."

"If that's the case, then I'm glad. I'm not that good at it since I recently learned it."

"It was great."

Jin Geum-woo responded.

Won Ga-young looked at Jin Geum-woo without saying a word.

Jin Geum-woo, whom she knew, was never the kind of person who would be moved by music. Nevertheless, if he acts and says things like that then he definitely has a purpose.

'What does he see in that person?'

Although they were looking at the same person, Won Ga-young did not feel anything strange about Pyo-wol. The appearance of Pyo-wol was ordinary and plain.

He didn't show any characteristics or features that would show that he wasn't an ordinary person. It was as if he had never held a weapon in his entire life since no calluses could be seen in his fist. His skin was also white, as if he had never been under the sun.

At least from his external appearance, it was nothing out of the ordinary.

Jin Geum-woo asked.

“Did Young Master Lim originally live in Chengdu?”

"Yes, I'm from Chengdu."

"Okay. Can you tell me about places to visit in the vicinity of Chengdu? It's probably because it's the first time, so I don't know anything about Chengdu or Sichuan."

"Well because I'm only doing business... Oh! If it's okay with you, you can try going to Mt. Qingcheng and Mt. Emei. It's the most famous place near Chengdu."

"Qingcheng and Emei? It's a place I've always wanted to visit at least once. Unfortunately, I won't be able to go this time."

"Why? Oh, maybe it's because of something that happened a while ago? That both the Qingcheng and Emei sects suffered great damage and locked their doors—"

“You seem to be well-versed in the circumstances of Jianghu?”

"As long as you live in Chengdu, it's impossible to not know. For a while, the entire Chengdu was bustling because of it."

"Is that so?"

Jin Geum-woo asked as if he had heard it for the first time.

"A lot of people died that day, and a lot of shops were damaged. There's no way I wouldn't know about it."

"I see. Then do you know exactly what happened that day?"

“I only know what other people know.”

"Is it true that a single assassin turned Chengdu upside down that day?"

"Well, that's what people say."

"Is it true that the assassin had great ambition against the Qingcheng and Emei faction?"

"How would I know that?"

"You really don't know?"

For a moment, Jin Geum-woo's eyes shone horribly.

Pyo-wol replied without hesitation to Jin-geom-woo's words that came in like a sharply forged blade.

"I don't know."

Jin Geum-woo looked into Pyo-wol's eyes.

"I heard that the assassin used cowardly tactics to inflict great damage on the Qingcheng and Emei sect. It is a great tragedy for Jianghu to have such an awful organization. What do you think of Young Master Lim?"

"I share the same thoughts as Young Master Jin."

"Really?"

Pyo-wol said,

"There's no reason for me to tell a lie, right? Did you happen to come to Chengdu to find the assassin?"

"That's right."

"Why would someone like Young Master Jin look for such an assassin?"

"There's something I need to know. So I'm going to meet him in person and ask."

"It won't be easy."

"Why do you think so?"

"If you're an assassin, wouldn't you just continue hiding? Or maybe he has already left the city."

"I don't think so. He's definitely here."

Jin Geum-woo especially emphasized the word 'here'.

At that moment, Pyo-wol stood up.

"I want to stay longer, but I have to go now."

"Are you leaving without drinking tea?"

"I already neglected my business to learn the zither so my sales fell a lot. I have to show my face from time to time so that the workers can't pretend to be working."

"Is that so? If there is a chance, can we meet again next time?"

"If you come to the Celestial Music Hall, I will be able to meet you tomorrow."

"Then I'll see you next time."

"Sure."

After Pyo-wol said his goodbyes, he left the tea house.

When he disappeared, Won Ga-young criticized Jin Geum-woo.

"He looked like an ordinary merchant, so why are you questioning him like that?"

"Ordinary? He's not an ordinary person."

"What?"

"He didn't ask a single thing about me. Whenever I would meet someone for the first time, they would usually show a little curiosity, but he didn't have any of that. It's a reaction that can never come out if you don't already know about me."

Looking out of the window, Jin Geum-woo's gaze was fixed on Pyo-wol's back, who was walking away.

**SoundlessWind21's Note:**

Hope you enjoyed the chapter <3