

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 5 Episode 5

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 105

For a moment, he felt dizzy.

The opponent's roar shook Pyo-wol's brain momentarily. It felt as if his head had been shoved into a giant bell and was hit hard.

The red light was about to fade from Pyo-wol's eyes. However, the red light soon came back several times more intensely. It was the Thunder-Splitting Method that prevented his consciousness from flying away.

Pyo-wol was in a difficult position. He did not know the identity or face of the opponent.

But none of that mattered.

What really matters is that someone had attacked him.

Phat!

The figure of Pyo-wol has disappeared. The place where he appeared again was right in front of his opponent. He had used the Black Lightning to move.

Riiing!

A buzzing sound rumbled in his mind. It was a phenomenon that occurred whenever his thinking was accelerated at a lightning speed.

It was as if the flow of the world had slowed down.

In it, only Pyo-wol was moving fast.

He was simultaneously analyzing, attacking and digging through his opponent.

What Pyo-wol was doing was a crazy thing that normal warriors would not have even dared to do. However, Pyo-wol's body, which was trained beyond the limits of human beings, made the impossible possible.

The opponent's face was big. He was in his mid-forties, with a sturdy physique, a pure white long beard, and a long sword that was worn around his waist. His fingers were long and delicate, his steps were careful and his eyes were shaped like a tiger.

A series of information was transmitted into Pyo-wol's head.

His opponent is strong.

This is the first powerhouse that Pyo-wol had to face after coming into the world.

If he can't manage to kill him, he will surely die.

Schiak!

The Soul-Reaping Thread was stretched out from Pyo-wol's hand. This technique had never failed him in taking the lives of others.

Paang!

But this time, the Soul-Reaping Thread completely betrayed his expectations.

As the energy in front of the man exploded, the Soul-Reaping Threads were scattered in vain.

"You're a weirdo."

He raised his hand.

In an instant, Pyo-wol felt the air around him change.

Chwahahak!

The air that was swirling around the area had turned into hundreds and thousands of blades before attacking Pyo-wol.

It was as if a millstone with thousands of upside-down blades had interlocked with Pyo-wol in between.

Geugeugeung!

The landscape that had unfolded was as if the end of the world had come. It was a landscape Pyo-wol had never even imagined.

It was closer to the realm of the gods, not the realm of martial arts.

At least, that's how he felt.

But Pyo-wol did not despair.

Even in a desperate situation, Pyo-wol managed to survive. He had even experienced raking moss and eating snakes alive just to stay alive.

Pyo-wol's appearance resembled that of a hungry angler.

The wind like a blade tore his clothes, ripped his flesh, and splattered his blood, but he did not stop advancing.

The opponent could not help but admire the appearance of Pyo-wol.

"Huh! How long can you endure it?"

What he unfolded was a technique called the Sea Breeze Sword¹, which contained his lifelong profound thoughts.

The blade of the wind that blew toward Pyo-wol was actually the crystallization of the energy he radiated. It was a supreme technique that could not be unfolded without the support of a vast, near-infinite strength and experience.

No one dared to hold out for ten seconds once he unleashed his Sea Breeze Sword, but Pyo-wol had already managed to hold out for more than ten seconds.

No, he wasn't just enduring, he was actually starting to counterattack.

At first, he was just trying to avoid it, but from a certain moment on he began to go on an offensive.

'Does this mean that in that brief moment, he analyzed the method behind the technique and found the way to survive it?'

Pyo-wol is definitely not a normal martial artist.

He had a great deal of insight.

He is familiar with most of the martial arts that appeared in Jianghu within the past 100 years. However, none of the martial arts he knew was similar to the one Pyo-wol is currently demonstrating.

As such, Pyo-wol's martial arts were both original and unique. It was like seeing a unique cultivation method that suddenly appeared through the darkness.

Bang!

A part of the Sea Breeze Sword was broken by Pyo-wol's fist. A gloomy energy penetrated through it.

Like a snake digging through a small hole, the dark energy that came in through the Sea Breeze sword was aiming for his life.

He was a monster he had never seen or heard of before.

Had he not met Pyo-wol in person, he would not have even imagined that such a martial artist existed.

Cit! Ciiiiit!

A terrifying pounding sound echoed from Pyo-wol's body. It was the sound of the Soul-Reaping Thread as it collided with the Sea Breeze Sword.

In an instant, he felt his whole body tingle. His nerves were stimulated as if struck by lightning.

'What?'

He opened his eyes and looked at Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol seemed to have fallen into a trance.

His mind was focused solely on breaking the blades of the wind.

It was the Soul-Reaping Thread that has taken countless lives so far. However, the Soul-Reaping Thread and the Sea Breeze Sword were polar opposites.

The Soul-Reaping Thread, which was made up of qi, was in the form of a thread. It has a structure that had no choice but to be greatly affected by the wind. Because of that, the Soul-Reaping Thread was pushed away by the wind and kept flying to the wrong place.

Pyo-wol was desperately thinking about how to control the Soul-Reaping Thread.

He tried to think, and think, and think on what he could do.

It was possible because he had heard the world inside his heart.

Many times, dozens of times more than others, the accident has analyzed the current situation and came up with a solution on how to supplement the Soul-Reaping Thread.

It was by combining the power of lightning with the Soul-Reaping Thread.

The Thunder-Splitting Method had the effect of stimulating his nerves with lightning and making his reaction several times faster.

Although much of its original appearance disappeared as he fell into the snake pit and was re-established as the Thunder-Snake Cultivation Method, the core of using lightning remained intact.

Pyo-wol reinforced the Soul-Reaping Thread by merging it with lightning. So even against the fierce wind, the Soul-Reaping Thread would continue to stretch out without being shaken.

And something unexpected happened.

Bzzzt!

Lightning started to be released outside through the Soul-Reaping Thread.

As the force of lightning came into contact with the air, it created sparks.

He narrowed his eyes at the phenomenon he had seen for the first time in his life.

'It's getting stronger.'

The problem is that the lightning released outside the Soul-Reaping Thread gathers the static energy in the air, making it more powerful.

Bzzt! Bzzzt!

The flashes of lightning felt threatening.

'Tsk! Did I actually bring out his potential?'

The man clicked his tongue.

This was the first time in his life.

Throughout his life, he had met countless warriors, some of whom possessed the talent to be on top of the world. But none of them developed their talents at such a frightening pace as the man in front of him.

'At this rate, I'm going to be devoured.'

He wanted to wait a little longer and watch Pyo-wol, but if he did, even his bottom line would be robbed.

"Chaat!"

With a great spirit, he drew his index finger in a crisscross pattern in the air.

The wind gathered around the area with a bizarre sound, creating the shape of a huge sword.

It was a sword created by the wind.

Kwaa!

The wind sword slashed towards Pyo-wol.

'Is it over?'

He squinted his eyes and looked at the place where Pyo-wol had been. A thick dust rose and obscured his view after unleashing his Sea Breeze Sword.

It was then.

He suddenly felt a tingling sensation in his ankle.

For a moment, his eyes lit up. Because he saw an intangible thread wrapped around his ankle.

It was the Soul-Reaping Thread.

Pyo-wol was surprisingly still alive.

The Soul-Reaping Thread wrapped around the opponent's ankle was proof of that.

Bzzt!

Lightning flowed into his body with the help of the Soul-Reaping Thread.

He hurriedly retreated back, unleashing his Sea Breeze Sword and cutting off the Soul-Reaping thread. Lightning has the power to paralyze his nerves momentarily.

"Huh! How could anyone be like this?"

He looked dumbfounded.

The dust went away and Pyo-wol was exposed.

Pyo-wol was bloodied. He got hit hard by the power of the enormous wind sword. It was the first time after coming back to Jianghu. But the light in Pyo-wol's eyes never died.

He sighed at the sight of Pyo-wol.

"I can't believe someone like you is out here in the world. This old man is just confused about the will of heaven."

He had attacked him with murderous intent.

He used his techniques to kill him. And yet he still survived.

He didn't just survive, but rather, he had improved and even counterattacked.

It was his first encounter with this kind of person. At least there was no opponent who showed this kind of response among those who are at the same age as Pyo-wol.

'This is the best chance to kill him.'

It was Pyo-wol who developed by absorbing his strength and techniques while fighting against himself. He couldn't even begin to imagine how terrifying he would be again after this moment.

But even after knowing that fact, he couldn't move forward.

'I can try to kill him. But I won't be totally safe either.'

He could tell just by looking at his eyes.

There is no fear in those emotionless eyes.

He could feel the murderous intent and iron will to make sure that the other person would pay the corresponding price for harming him no matter what the cost.

Although he has been a warrior for several decades, it has been a long time since he has seen an opponent with those kinds of eyes.

Pyo-wol's eyes reminded him of a memory from a long time ago which made him feel old.

When he was young, he was not afraid of receiving any wounds. But his old body, which had compromised with time, was now reluctant to get hurt.

Above all, he thought it was no coincidence that he had met Pyo-wol in a place like this.

"Tsk! The will of heaven is so deep that it is impossible to comprehend it with a small human head... I don't know whether I'll regret my decision today or not."

He clicked his tongue and opened his hand. Then, the body of Nam Shin-woo, which Pyo-wol had put on one side, floated up and came to him.

It was telekinesis.²

"Stop!"

Pyo-wol rushed in and tried to take Nam Shin-woo. However, he created a wind wall to block the approach of Pyo-wol.

Kwakwakwa!

A typhoon blew in between him and Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol stopped because he knew that he would be dismantled finely like well-grounded meat if he continued to approach.

In the meantime, the unknown man opened his mouth.

"What is your name?"

“.....”

"Are you a coward who doesn't even have the courage to reveal your name?"

"Isn't it polite to reveal your name first?"

"Hahaha! So that's how it is. I'm called Fengzon³"

"Fengzon?"

"It seems like this is the first time you've heard of it, so ask someone who knows Jianghu well later. He'll tell you about me."

"I don't care. Why would you want to take that child with you?"

"For protection."

"Protection? From what?"

"I'm sorry. I can't tell you that."

"Then you can't take him."

"It's not about getting your permission, young man!"

Fengzon snorted with a surprised expression.

Pyo-wol was the first person to react like this even though he said his name.

If a person who knows well about Jianghu had heard the nickname of Fengzon, they would have fled immediately.

Fengzon was the most mysterious warrior in Jianghu.

He was among the Three Saints along with Muzon Yeombul⁴ and Geomjon Han Yucheon.⁵ Nothing was known about him, whereas the history of the other two were roughly known.

There was not even a single person who even knew his name, let alone the school or sect he came from.

Although he possessed a powerful force that earned him the nickname Fengzon, he was treated as a monster because of his unclear circumstances and eccentric personality.

People call him Fengzon because he wanders around the world with his unpredictable behavior, and rank him at the top of the list along with Muzon Yeombul and Geomjon Han Yucheon.

He is a strong man standing shoulder-to-shoulder with the masters of Two Factions, Three Gates, Three Packs and Three Villages who are currently the strongest sects.

Fengzon put Nam Shin-woo around his shoulders and said,

"I don't know how this child got here, but this child should not be here. If this child continues to stay here, the land of Sichuan will be engulfed by a catastrophe. You may have the power to preserve your life but that luck isn't the same with the others. So I have to go and protect this kid."

"How can I believe that?"

"Heh! I don't care if you believe it or not. Do you think I'm backing down because I'm afraid of you? Your talent is extraordinary and your martial arts are bizarre, but it doesn't work for everyone."

Fengzon snorted.

His whole body was emitting an unrivaled sense of intimidation.

None of the warriors Pyo-wol had ever seen could be comparable to the presence of Fengzon. Even the Go Yeopjin who is said to be the best master of the Qingcheng sect seemed to be inferior to Fengzon.

Pyo-wol realized that there was another sky above the sky.

He was ashamed of himself, for thinking that he had no rival in Sichuan.

But he didn't despair.

While he confirmed the gap between Fengzon and himself, he also discovered that the gap is not so large that it can never be narrowed.

He had gained a new starting point. That is something Pyo-wol had to do later on.

Hururu!

The wind blew and wrapped around Fengzon and Nam Shin-woo.

Fengzon became one with the wind and moved away in an instant.

"The heavenly sword has been lost in the setting sun, and the blood-red sky will open up. Heavens! Please be wary of the other side."

Along with the words of unknown meaning, Fengzon disappeared completely.

Pyo-wol frowned and looked in the direction where Fengzon disappeared.

"I was thoroughly teased."

He stole Nam Shin-woo from the Seven Stars, but Nam Shin-woo was taken away from him by Fengzon.

The only thing that was left on him were the wounds inflicted by Fengzon.

Still, Pyo-wol did not get frustrated nor despaired.

Now that he knows he's still lacking, he just needs to make up for it.

Fengzon will regret not killing him when he got the chance.

SoundlessWind21's Note:

1. Sea Breeze Sword. Raws: Fengyang Sword, 풍양검(風洋劍).
 - a. 風 feng, wind, air
 - b. 洋 yang, ocean, sea
 - c. 劍 jian, sword
2. Telekinesis. Raws: 허공섭물(虛空播物)
 - a. 虛 false
 - b. 空 empty
 - c. 播 sow, spread
 - d. 物 thing, substance
3. Fengzon. Raws: Windzone, Pungjon, 풍존(風拿)
 - a. 風 Feng, wind, air
 - b. 拿 Na, take, hold, grasp
4. Muzon. Raws: 무존(武尊) 엄불의.
 - a. 武 military, martial, warlike
 - b. 尊 respect, revere
5. Geomjon Han Yucheon. Raws: 검존(劍尊)
 - a. 劍 establish, create, knife cut
 - b. 尊 respect, revere