

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 7 Episode 15

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 165

Sugaac!

"Keuk!"

Every time the wheel orbited the air, the warriors of the Demon Chasing Team fell to the ground, spraying blood everywhere.

Baek Jin-gung, who lost three subordinates in an instant, shouted,

"Stop it!"

But Soma pretended not to hear him.

"Heh heh!"

Rather, he got excited and ran wild even more.

Sugac! Sugaac!

Soma flew the wheels one after another.

Kakakka!

Some warriors swung their weapons and struck the wheel. However, instead of falling to the ground, the wheel flew back in a strange trajectory.

The wheel does not die even if it is struck down. It was like a wheel from hell.

"Bastard!"

Baek Jin-gung, who could not see it, attacked Soma directly. However, Soma did not bump into him directly, but escaped through the Demon Chasing Team.

His movements were so fast that Baek Jin-gung could not catch up.

Soma did not stop flying the seven wheels while moving with Baek Jin-gung as a tail.

Ki-ying!

Whenever a long noise resounded in the air, someone would bleed and then collapse.

"Keuk!"

"Huergh!"

Baek Jin-gung could not understand the scene unfolding in front of his eyes.

Although it is said to be a group of mercenaries, the Demon Chasing Team was not so lax.

Others may say that they are a group of mercenaries with no roots, but they prided themselves on not being inferior to any other warriors in terms of competence and martial arts.

They were feared by many for their tenacity, which once aimed at its prey, never to miss, and the cruelty of revenge without forgetting even a small grudge.

Baek Jin-gung also took great pride in the Demon Chasing Team. So he put more effort into it.

Although there were only twenty people, he was confident that he could deal with enemies several times that number. But his confidence was shattered by the boy who suddenly appeared.

Schiak!

Every time the round wheel cut through the air, the Demon Chasing Team warriors who were like his children lost their lives.

No matter how much he wielded his weapon, it was of no use.

Seven wheels crossed the air and mercilessly massacred the warriors of the Demon Chasing Team.

"Dammit! Can't you stop?"

Baek Jin-gung shouted, but his voice had no effect on Soma.

Soma just glanced once at him as if looking at a dog barking, and then devoted himself again to the massacre of the Demon Chasing Team.

He had an amused look on his face.

Baek Jin-gung was also feared by others, but he couldn't help but feel fear towards Soma.

"This is crazy!"

He really did his best to catch Soma. But Soma, like a flying squirrel, evaded him and went for his subordinates.

Mok Gahye and Shin Mugum looked at Soma in awe.

They knew that Soma was strong, but they didn't expect that he would be strong enough to handle as many as twenty warriors.

Baek Jin-gung gave up on trying to catch Soma.

Instead, he shifted his attention towards Shin Mugum and the Mok Gahye.

"This is all because of you!"

He swung his sword at the two of them.

"Damn it!"

Shin Mugum reacted late.

Baek Jin-gung's sword was about to touch Mog Ga-hye's neck.

Mok Ga-hye widened her eyes.

But, Baek Jin-gung's sword stopped just inches before Mok Gahye's neck.

It was not Baek Jin-gung's will.

"Heuck!"

Something wrapped around Baek Jin-gung's wrist.

Baek Jin-gung looked at his wrist with his eyes wide open. He could see the skin of his wrist dented. Something invisible was tightening around his wrist.

"What?"

At that moment, Baek Jin-gung felt a burning pain in his wrist. His hand holding the sword was cut off by something invisible.

It happened so quickly that he didn't feel it was real. Baek Jin-gung even forgot to scream.

When his wrist was cut off, blood gushed like a fountain. It was only after drops of red blood dripped onto his face that he returned to reality.

"AHHHH!"

A horrendous scream came out late.

At that moment, someone appeared like a ghost in front of Baek Jin-gung.

An unrealistic looking man wearing a red long robe. His white face that stood out in the dark felt foreign.

Baek Jin-gung grabbed his severed wrist and shouted.

"What's with you?"

He was sure that the man in front of him had cut off his wrist. Even though he didn't exactly know how.

The man who appeared in front of Baek Jin-gung was Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol stared at Baek Jin-gung's face without saying a word. There was a flash of red light over his black eyes.

For a moment, Baek Jin-gung felt a strange feeling that could not be expressed in words.

His whole body became weak and he broke out in cold sweat. His heart was beating several times faster than usual, and his mouth was dry.

Baek Jin-gung knew what his reaction meant.

'Am I scared?'

His face twisted violently.

Baek Jin-gung could not accept the reality.

So he tried to shout more fiercely.

Puk!

At that moment, a single dagger was silently stuck into his left shoulder. Since the tendons and muscles of his left shoulder were cut, his left shoulder sagged helplessly.

Puk!

Another dagger pierced his right shoulder.

Now, even his right arm drooped, leaving Baek Jin-gung completely defenseless.

Pyo-wol, who had instantly neutralized Baek Jin-gung, approached him with an expressionless face.

"Keugh!"

Baek Jin-gung groaned.

Pyo-wol's face was right around the corner. His red eyes were looking into his own.

He wanted to avoid his gaze, but he couldn't turn his head.

He couldn't even close his eyes.

He could not move like an insect caught in a spider's web.

At that moment, Pyo-wol's red lips opened,

"Tell me."

* * *

Shin Mugum and Mok Gahye could not believe what had happened in front of them.

The Demon Chasing Team, which was like a nightmare for them, was annihilated in an instant. Against a kid who looks like he's only six or seven years old.

Soma rubbed the blood dripping off his wheel on his clothes and put it back on his neck.

The seven wheels jingled around Soma's neck like ornaments.

The situation of Baek Jin-gung, the leader of the Demon Chasing Team, was even more dire.

He was on his knees in front of Pyo-wol and weeping. The movement of his mouth seemed to be saying something, but his voice was too low to be heard.

"Sister!"

Soma approached Mok Ga-hye.

He still had a bright look on his face.

However, to Mok Gahye and Shin Mugum, Soma's face was like a demon. Still, because he was the benefactor who saved them, Mok Gahye forced a smile and said,

“T, thank you for saving me—!”

"That doesn't matter. You're gonna keep your promise, right?"

"Promise? Oh! O, of course."

“You have to make a lot.”

"I, I'll make a lot."

"Heh heh!"

As Soma burst out laughing with joy, Pyo-wol approached them.

Behind him was a collapsed Baek Jin-gung. Even if they didn't check it, they could tell that Baek Jin-gung had already stopped breathing.

They don't know what he said to Pyo-wol before he died, but his face had an expression of relief.

He seemed to be more fortunate to have died.

'How much fear did he feel for him to feel lucky to find a refuge in death?'

Both of them froze.

Soma was already scary, but Pyo-wol was incomparable to him. Just looking at the two of them could make their heart stop.

They couldn't feel or detect anything in the man in front of them. It was as if a ghost was approaching them.

However, Pyo-wol's appearance was so unrealistically beautiful that they felt like they were about to pass out.

These two opposing emotions confused them.

It was only now that they seemed to be able to understand Baek Jin-gung's expression.

Pyo-wol's gaze went through the Mok Gahye and Shin Mugum.

"Did you say Gongbu? Can I see it?"

"T, that..."

Shin Mugum hesitated and stepped back.

He assumed that Pyo-wol was greedy for Gongbu.

Then Mok Gahye said,

"Brother, give it to him. We can't protect it with our own strength anyway."

"Still—"

"Give it to him."

Mok Gahye once again spoke firmly.

Only then did Shin Mugum unravel the sword and hand it over to Pyo-wol.

When Pyo-wol untied the white cloth, the appearance of an antique sword was revealed.

The scabbard and handle engraved with colorful patterns were impressive.

Sreung!

Pyo-wol pulled out the sword. Then the Gongbu sword revealed its beautiful figure.

The length of the sword was rather short. The base is thick, and the more you get to the point of the sword, the sharper it becomes.

It was a form that is rarely made these days.

Weapons also change with the times.

Most of the weapons that made a name for themselves in today's era were advantageous to combat.

One inch long, one inch strong, one inch short, one inch thick.¹ A long village is as strong as a village, and a short village is just as dangerous.

It was a word that did not apply very much to the experts, but most of the warriors accepted it as the norm.

Therefore, they preferred soldiers over short soldiers, and even with the same sword, they would choose a longer, well-balanced sword.

In that respect, Gongbu was a sword with no practicality at all.

The length of the sword, the shape, balance, etc. were not appropriate for actual battle at all.

It was not enough for the masters of the Warring States period to work together to create it.

Of course, the strength or sharpness of the sword itself was perfect without any reproach.

But if Pyo-wol was asked if he would choose this sword as his main weapon, he would immediately decline it. It was a sword that was difficult to use in practice.

"It's better as a ceremonial sword."

A long time ago, when humans first made weapons, the first thing they made was single-edged weapons such as knives and axes. Such weapons were easy and convenient to use.

Those kinds of weapons can be used intuitively. It is the first weapon that anyone can use, made only for destruction and killing.

The appearance of the sword was long after that. The consciousness opened up, and those who could read heaven appeared.

They made other types of weapons to pay tribute to the sky.

That was the sword.

Unlike the sword that anyone can use intuitively and simply, the use of the sword was a little more complicated. So, the practicality was reduced.

The sword was much more effective at killing people. Still, the reason why some people insisted on using the sword was because it was so symbolic.

People thought that the point of contact between the sky and humans was the sword. So, a sword was used for the heavenly rituals.

A weapon that serves as the intermediary between heaven and man.

That is why the sword is called the king of all battles, or the weapon of the king.²

A sword made in ancient times contained such a ruler's wish.

They gave a name to the sword made by the master, and made it their own sacred object.

Gongbu was one of those swords.

Pyo-wol wielded Gongbu several times.

Putting a strain on the arms also lowered the rank in actual combat.

If he had a choice, he would never choose Gongbu.

The Phantom Dagger he frequently used was a hundred times more efficient.

However, it was only a case of Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol was a person who valued utility more than vanity or appearance. However, the world is wide, and there are people who think otherwise.

The person who wants this sword must be such a person. Or he doesn't want this kind of sword to go to someone like that.

Pyo-wol returned Gongbu back to Shin Mugum and said,

"Where are you going with this sword?"

Shin Mugum did not speak. His lips were firmly closed.

He knew that he was no match against Pyo-wol, but he couldn't just easily divulge their information.

He was Mok Gahye's bodyguard.

Although he was not able to protect her due to his lack of ability, he still couldn't talk about her secrets recklessly.

Mok Gahye, who was standing next to Shin Mugum, opened her mouth,

"Let's go to Enshi's Heavenly Silver Marketplace."

"Gahye!"

Shin Mugum shouted in surprise, but Mok Gahye did not care and continued.

"That sword is my dowry."

"Dowry?"

"A gift that the bride brings to the groom's house at the wedding. The only valuable thing left in our family is Gongbu."

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

Thank you for reading.

1. One inch long, one inch strong, one inch short, one inch thick. Raws: 일촌장(一寸長)
일촌강(一寸強), 일촌단(一寸短), 일촌험(一寸險).
2. ing of all battles, or the weapon of the king. Raws: 만병지왕(薦兵之王).
 - 薦 jiàn – offer, present, recommend, sacrifice
 - 兵 bīng – soldier, troops
 - 之 zhī – marks preceding phrase as modifier of following phrase; it, him her, them; go to
 - 王 wáng, wàng, yù – king, ruler; royal; surname