

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 6 Episode 10

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 135

The original Jianghu of Xizang was largely ruled by three sects.

These were Potala Palace¹ in the west, Tianlong Temple² in the north, and Daleiyin Temple³ in the east. All three sects had their roots in Buddhism, and they were like the pillars of Xizang Jianghu.

Among the three sects, Daleiyin Temple was the most powerful and influential. They had many followers and branch sects.

The discipline of the Daleiyin Temple was very strict. They strictly imposed their doctrine not only to the main house, but also on the other branch sects.

As the doctrine was enforced without a single exception, some people opposed it, and one of them was the Xiaoleiyin Temple.⁴

The Xiaoleiyin Temple objected to Daleiyin Temple's policy so they added xiao, which means small, to their name. It contained their own will, not the ones advocated by the Daleiyin Temple.

Although they had their origins in Daleiyin Temple, the direction of its development was quite different from theirs.

They ingeniously interpreted the martial arts of the Daleiyin Temple, which was based on Dharma. They put no limits to their imagination.

They repeatedly ripped off the martial arts of the Daleiyin Temple, and changed it countless times. In this way, they developed martial arts in a completely different direction from the Daleiyin Temple.

Then 500 years ago, a genius who shook the entire province of Xizang.

He called himself the Manbeop.⁵

Manbeop was an unparalleled genius.

He completely reorganized the martial arts system of the Xiaoleiyin Temple, which was only a side branch of the Daleiyin Temple.

There is no need for limitations or distinctions between love and affiliation in learning.

That was his philosophy.

He incorporated everything he had learned based on the martial arts of the Daleiyin Temple. He added all kinds of martial arts, demonic arts, and some bizarre techniques.

Thus, Xiaoleiyin Temple's unique martial art was completed.

"Since the advent of Manbeop, the situation of the Daleiyin Temple and Xiaoleiyin Temple has changed significantly. The Xiaoleiyin Temple has begun to overpower the Daleiyin Temple."

The Xiaoleiyin Temple tormented the Daleiyin Temple by using its brutal martial arts and various demonic arts that could be regarded as unconventional martial arts.

The Daleiyin Temple also responded to their provocation every single time, but they could not resist against the Xiaoleiyin Temple which was led by Manbeop.

The Daleiyin Temple was thoroughly trampled upon by the Xiaoleiyin Temple, so the former eventually suffered extinction.

The Xiaoleiyin Temple then became the new leader of the Xizang Jianghu.

No one was their rival after destroying the Daleiyin Temple. Since the Potala Palace and Tianlong Temple were far apart, their territories did not overlap. There was no chance of collision.

For hundreds of years, the Xiaoleiyin Temple became the clear ruler of the area and influenced the entire Xizang.

As such, the monks of the Xiaoleiyin Temple became very arrogant. There was a sense of pride in who dared to challenge them.

In fact, for hundreds of years, no one dared to challenge the Xiaoleiyin Temple. The Potala Palace and Tianlong Temple were afraid of them and watched them from afar.

The martial arts of the Demon Blood Monks,⁶ who are the main forces of the Xiaoleiyin Temple, were truly powerful. Their power was so great that they could annihilate any average sect in Jianghu in one night.

The Xiaoleiyin Temple does not just consist of the Demon Monks.

Although the martial arts were slightly inferior to those of the Demon Monks, there were those who received special training instead and were good at tracing.

They were called the Mad Blood Monks.⁷

If the Mad Blood Monks chase and bite their prey, it's the Demon Blood Monks who come out to suppress and subdue them. This has been the sure-win method of victory of the Xiaoleiyin Temple which has been passed down for hundreds of years.

The total number of the Mad Blood Monks was thirty.

Although the number was only one tenth of that of the Demon Blood Monks, the abilities of each individual were not far behind.

The Mad Blood Monks were scattered across the Namling Forest, searching for possible intruders.

While they were somewhat used to the topography of the Namling Forest because they were born and raised there, wandering through the dense forest was still never an easy task.

Moreover, an array is spread out in the Namling Forest.

The array was fair to everyone. If they made a mistake, they would still suffer under the array, so they had to keep paying close attention.

After wandering around the Namling Forest for several days, the mind and body of the Mad Blood Monk were very tired.

Tak-mok, the leader of the Mad Blood Monk, said,

"I don't think there's any point in searching the Namling Forest any more than this. If he came here, he would have already been found. It seems that the information brought by Heukam is wrong."

"I thought so. He has been usually condescending, pretending to be that good—"

"We can't trust bastards like Heukam who talks such nonsense after running away like a dog with a tail on its back."

While waiting, the Mad Demon Monks complained.

Heukam usually did not interact with anyone and lived in his own world. Other people didn't approach him because of his character of making fun of other people's minds, but more than anything else, it was Heukam who looked down on others and pushed them aside.

For that reason, there were very few people who liked Heukam in the Xiaoleiyin Temple.

It was the same with the Mad Demon Monks.

They complained that they had been fooled by the false information of Heukam. The anger they felt was even greater because they had suffered without being able to rest properly for the past few days.

In the end, the Mad Demon Monks returned to the Xiaoleiyin Temple without any results.

The leader, Tak-mok, went to the abode of Hyeolbul to report, while the rest disbanded and returned to their respective dormitories.

Jeongmok, a member of the Mad Demon Monk, also returned to his own residence and took off his clothes. There were small scratches all over his body. It was a scratch caused by the branches in the forest.

"Why should we go through all this trouble for one bastard?"

He groaned and lay down on the bed.

Jeongmok's eyes, which had been staring at the ceiling indifferently, suddenly opened wide.

Someone was hanging upside down from the ceiling and looking down at him. His white face and bright red eyes were clearly visible.

Jeongmok blinked.

His brain was slow in recognizing the abnormal sight.

The man who had been hanging from the ceiling silently came down and stood in front of the Jeongmok. Only then did Jeongmok realized that something was wrong and began to shout.

Puk!

At that moment, the intangible energy emitted by the man suppressed him.

“Keuk!”

Jeongmok widened his eyes.

His whole body was paralyzed, he couldn't move.

Jeongmok desperately uses his qi. He tried to get rid of the energy paralyzing his own body by operating his own qi. But no matter how much he used his qi, his body remained stiff.

Only his eyelids and pupils could move.

Jeongmok's eyes moved wildly from side to side. He was desperately trying to understand the situation he was in.

'It's the assassin! Heukam's words were true!'

It was then that he realized that what Heukam said was true, but it was already too late.

Pyo-wol stayed and collected information in the Xiaoleiyin Temple while Jeongmok and the rest of the Demon Blood Monk went out to find him in the Namling Forest.

Pyo-wol investigated the Xiaoleiyin Temple's structure, leadership, and other personnel. He couldn't gather much information on his own. Still, it was enough to understand how the Xiaoleiyin Temple was rolled and operated.

Every organization has a weakness.

There was no such thing as perfection in the world, and the Xiaoleiyin Temple was no exception. Even if the Xiaoleiyin Temple seemed like a solid wall, it had its own weaknesses.

One of the weaknesses that Pyo-wol identified was regarding the Mad Demon Monks.

The number of the Mad Demon Monks were very few, so the Xiaoleiyin Temple took special care of them. They usually do not interfere with their lives unless they are assigned to a mission. Even if a member of the Mad Demon Monk was locked up in their own room for several days, no one would pay them any attention.

While this setup of the Xiaoleiyin Temple made it look like they were concerned about the Mad Demon Monks, to Pyo-wol, it was a gap in their system.

Jeongmok looked up at Pyo-wol with his eyes wide open. And Pyo-wol looked at him indifferently.

'What are you up to?! What are you trying to do with me?'

Jeongmok screamed inwardly.

He never dreamed that he would be overpowered so easily. The sequence of events was so natural that it felt like a dream.

Jeongmok thought Pyo-wol was observing him. Pyo-wol was looking at Jeongmok with a gaze similar to observing a newly caught grasshopper or dragonfly.

'You bastard! Can't you release me right now?!'

A vein popped on Jeongmok's neck.

If only he had been released, he would have expressed his anger right away. Unfortunately, however, his voice could only linger in his mouth.

At one point, Pyo-wol nodded his head.

At that moment, Jeongmok felt a chill. He got an ominous feeling.

Pyo-wol's nodding feel as if his life is about to come to an end.

Crack!

At that moment, Pyo-wol's face changed little by little.

"Heuk!"

Jeongmok looked at Pyo-wol's face and trembled. Because Pyo-wol's features looked exactly like him.

It was like looking in a mirror.

Pyo-wol, who stole Jeongmok's face in an instant, opened his mouth wide for a moment or opened his eyes wide to correct the awkward part.

After a while, Pyo-wol completely copied Jeongmok's face.

Jeongmok continued to stare at Pyo-wol with his eyes wide open. He had goosebumps all over his body.

The fact that he was looking at the same face as himself but with an indifferent expression frightened him tremendously.

Pyo-wol took out his dagger and stabbed Jeongmok's heart. The sharp dagger pierced Jeongmok's flesh without a sound and went through his heart.

Jeongmok's vision was blurred in an instant.

'A...de...mon.'

The last thing he saw before he stopped breathing was his own face with no emotion in it.

When Jeongmok completely stopped breathing, Pyo-wol retrieved the flying dagger embedded in his chest. There was no sign of guilt on Pyo-wol's face as he killed Jeongmok.

He hid Jeong-mok's body under the bed and put on a fur hat. He completely covered his head with a hat and went outside.

Several people passed by, but no one suspected Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol was mimicking Jeongmok so naturally. It wasn't just the face that was the same, but the atmosphere and the eyes were also similar, so no one thought of him as strange.

The place Pyo-wol went to was a place called Manbeop Palace.⁸

It was built to commemorate the Manbeop who led to the revival of the Xiaoleiyin Temple.

Inside the residence, several monks were carrying on the enlightenment of their predecessors or researching their own enlightenment.

Manbeop Palace was the true power of the Xiaoleiyin Temple. This was where the Mad Demon Monks studied all sorts of things to increase their power.

The dwelling place of Heukam was also in one corner of the Manbeop Palace. That was where he learned how to subdue the human minds by studying and dissecting the minds of those who had been kidnapped.

Pyo-wol found out about it while secretly exploring the Xiaoleiyin Temple for the past few days. The security was so tight that it was impossible to get inside by ordinary means.

So, Pyo-wol waited for the Mad Demon Monks to return.

It was because he understood that the Mad Demon Monks could freely enter and exit all the facilities of the Xiaoleiyin Temple.

"Who is it? Is that you, Senior Brother Jeongmok?"

The warrior who was guarding the Manbeop Palace, recognized Jeongmok's face.

Pyo-wol asked calmly,

"Is everything okay?"

"Everything's clear."

"Who about the assassin?"

"Do you think the assassin is crazy enough to come all the way here? Don't worry about it, and go inside."

"Thank you for your effort."

"Yes, Senior brother!"

The warrior opened the door to Pyo-wol without any doubt. Pyo-wol calmly passed through the door and entered the Manbeop Palace.

The scale of the Manbeop Palace was truly magnificent.

The huge palace was divided into several compartments. The monks, including Heukam, studied the vision to their heart's content within their compartments.

Pyo-wol took a deep breath as he looked around the inside of Manbeop Palace. He was trying to gather information through his sense of smell.

Pyo-wol suddenly wrinkled his nose.

He smelled an awful stench permeating in the air. It was unusual for a stench that can give anyone a headache to linger in the air.

'Is it poison?'

There was a little bit of poison leaking out from somewhere.

Unlike Pyo-wol who can determine the smell, the monks could not because it was just a small amount.

After searching for a while, Pyo-wol finally managed to locate the place where he could smell the poison. He found a passage leading to the basement.

Pyo-wol reluctantly opened the door and went inside. Torches were sparsely hung in the dark underground passage.

After walking for a while, a huge underground space appeared.

The huge space which was naturally formed was reminiscent of the underground cave where Pyo-wol learned how to kill.

Several monks were busily going back and forth through the underground cave. They were busy contemplating over something with serious expressions on their faces.

Although a new person, Pyo-wol, came in, no one cared about him.

Among the monks, the one Pyo-wol paid attention to was an old monk who could be said to be suffering from a disease. His face was full of black spots, and the tips of his nails were discolored.

Pyo-wol knew that the bodies of those who deal with poisons became like that.

The poison Pyo-wol smelled was coming from the old monk. To be precise, poison was flowing out of the porcelain bottle he was holding. It was sealed tightly, but the poison was so strong that the energy was leaking out little by little.

"Heh heh!"

The old monk smiled grimly.

By combining numerous poisons, he managed to complete a whole new form of poison.

"A single drop of this poison is enough to kill ten men. If you offer it to the sect leader, he will surely be happy."

At that moment, as if waiting, an unfamiliar voice was heard.

"That would certainly be useful."

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

1. Potala Palace. Raws: 달랍궁(布達拉宮)
 - 布 bu, cotton cloth, textile, linen
 - 達 arrive at, reach
 - 拉 pull, drag, seize
 - 宮 palace, temple
2. Tianlong Temple. Raws: 천룡사(天龍寺),
 - 天 sky, heaven
 - 龍 dragon
 - 寺 court, office, temple
3. Daleiyin Temple. Raws: 대뢰음사(大雷音寺).
 - 大 da, dai, big, great
 - 雷 lei. thunder
 - 音 yin, sound, tone
 - 寺 si, court office, temple
4. Xiaoleiyin. Edited: Leiyin Temple → Xiaoleiyin Temple.
5. Manbeop. Raws: 만법(萬法).
 - 萬 wan, ten thousand, innumerable
 - 法 fa, law, rule
6. Demon Blood Monks. Raws: 마라혈승(魔羅血僧)

- 魔 demon, evil spirits, magic power
 - 羅 net for catching birds, gauze
 - 血 blood
 - 僧 Buddhist priest, monk
7. Mad Blood Monks. Raws: Gwanhyeolseung, 광혈승(狂血僧).
- 狂 insane, mad
 - 血 blood
 - 僧 Buddhist priest, monk
8. Manbeop Palace. Raws: Manbeopjeon, 만법전(萬法殿)
- 寓 residence, lodge, dwell
 - 法 law, rule, regulation
 - 殿 hall, palace, temple