

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 6 Episode 7

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 132

Bang!

Heukam stormed out of the door.

It was quiet inside the Red Tree Pagoda.

The Red Tree Pagoda is usually quiet. It's because the owner of the tower, Yulmok-ah, didn't like noise. But the suffocating stillness that now surrounds the Red Tree Pagoda cannot be explained by saying that it's because of the mere silence.

There is no warmth, not even the faint sound of breathing. There is only the chilling cold air that made the skin of Heukam feel goosebumps.

Heukam stared at the hallway. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't see anything.

An ominous premonition overcame him.

After hesitating for a moment, Heukam carefully opened the door to the next room.

It was the room where one of the warriors of the Red Tree Pagoda lived.

"Heuck!"

As soon as he opened the door and checked the inside, a suppressed gasp escaped from Heukam's mouth.

A mighty warrior stood tall and stared at him. He looked as if was dealing with life or death.

"Oh, sorry..."

Heukam, who inadvertently apologized, shut his mouth. He didn't feel vitality of the living from the warrior.

"No way?"

Heukam cautiously approached the man. There was still no movement from the warrior.

"Ah!"

Heukam finally arrived in front of the warrior and let out the breath he had been holding back without realizing it.

As he had guessed, the warrior had already stopped breathing. But the warrior's standing posture and the staring expression were so vivid, that it made it seem that he was still alive.

The warrior, who had lost his breath, was a master who was recognized in the Red Tree Pagoda. Even though such a master died in the room next to him, Heukam did not feel any signs.

He felt chills as if he had the flu.

Heukam looked at the body of the dead warrior without fear. He couldn't find any scars. A strong man had died near him, and the fact that he did not know how he died made Heukam sick to his stomach.

"It's him. He's hiding in here."

Heukam ran out of the room.

Heukam, who looked around for a while, soon ran into another room.

The owner of the room was a person who looked like an ordinary scholar. He died while reading a book in front of his desk. And again, no wounds were found.

"Ugh!"

Heukam unconsciously let out a groan.

It was difficult to bear the fear rising from the depths of his heart.

He has lived his entire life as a fearmonger.

His martial arts, which was a combination of his Demon Eyes, cursed poison, and Dream Dispersing Drug, was also an object of fear in the Leiyin Temple.

Some people were uncomfortable with his martial arts, but that didn't stop his martial arts from being among the best in the Leiyin Temple.

Everyone was afraid of Heukam.

And Heukam enjoyed the fearful gaze of the people. His inferiority complex caused by the ugly appearance was overcome by nourishing the fear of the people.

But now, he found himself feeling afraid of another person.

His back became stiff, and he had a slight twitch in his shoulders. His stomach complained of extreme pain as if he was about to vomit.

Heukam slammed the door and came out.

"Heweuck!"

He squatted in the corner of the hallway and vomited up all the food in his stomach. It was not until he had vomited up all the yellow gastric juice that he stood up.

Heukam opened all the doors of the Red Tree Pagoda.

"They're all... dead. Not a single person left..."

Heukam murmured in disbelief.

When he came in yesterday, there were a lot of people in the Red Tree Pagoda, moving in a lively manner. Some of them have honed and practiced their martial arts, while others simply lived their daily lives.

Among them, there were those who looked at Heukam with scornful eyes. There were such a variety of people but not all of them were cold.

"How?"

Although Heukam was in a deep sleep, he still mastered and developed his sense of awareness. The fact that he did not notice a lot of people had died maximized his fear.

Heukam opened the door leading to Yulmok-ah's room which was at the top of the pagoda with trembling hands.

Heukam's eyes widened.

Yulmok-ah was sitting in a chair.

The colorful ornaments that she once wore as a substitute for weapons were nowhere to be found. It was clear that Yulmok-ah ornaments were the same ornaments found on the bed of Heukam.

Even though Heukam approached, Yulmok-ah did not respond.

Like everyone else, she was already out of breath.

Her wide-eyed eyes and the clenched teeth were still vivid as if she was about to leave her seat at any moment.

Heukam noticed the fear in Yulmok-ah's expression.

He doesn't know what happened before she died, but Yulmok-ah must have felt a terrible fear.

"Pyo... wol!"

He already knew who their killer was.

Pyo-wol was the only one who persistently pursued and harassed him from Chengdu.

Pyo-wol was a cruel hunter.

He has been slowly constricting the breath of Heukam like a snare.

He never rushed, nor did he ever show up. So even up to this point, Heukam had never seen Pyo-wol's face.

Pyo-wol has been tightening the noose around Heukam, while hiding himself like a ghost.

Even the Red Tree Pagoda, which Heukam believed in, could not stop him. Since the Red Tree Pagoda already collapsed, there was no other place nearby which could protect Heukam.

There was only one place left.

'The only way he can survive is to go to the Leiyin Temple.'

Heukam did not want to die.

He had killed countless people until now, but he didn't want to be hit with a meaningless death like the warriors in the Red Tree Pagoda.

He wanted to be remembered as a fearsome creature until the very end. He didn't want to be forgotten as someone who lost his life in vain at the hands of an assassin.

Heukam hurriedly ran out of Yulmok-ah's room.

The brief moment he took to go from the seventh floor to the first floor extremely frightened him. He felt as if a blade would come out of nowhere and cut his own throat at any moment.

It looked as if a blade would come out of his back and cut his own throat at any moment.

Heukam came down to the first floor, unable to even breathe properly due to the extreme fear.

Bang!

He threw himself and broke the door on the first floor of the Red Tree Pagoda and came out.

As he stepped out of the tower, the dazzling sunlight poured down like a waterfall, irritating his eyes.

"Huff! Huff!"

Heukam didn't think about his eyes. He just fell on the floor and exhaled a rough breath.

That was then.

Cit!

A fine sound echoed, and Heukam felt a sharp pain in his forearm.

A dagger that flew from somewhere grazed his forearm and then landed on the floor. His forearm was cut, and blood flowed out.

It was Pyo-wol.

"Keuk!"

Heukam clenched its teeth and stood up.

Pyo-wol no longer allowed him to rest.

If he doesn't want to die, he will be pressured to move until the end. It was a situation that he got used to but that didn't alleviate even his fear.

He had to continue moving if he didn't want to be hurt even further.

Heukam started to move forward.

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Pyo-wol looked at the back of Heukam with eyes that did not contain emotion. He didn't feel sorry for Heukam even if he trudged along with his droopy shoulders.

It wasn't because Pyo-wol lost his humanity that he didn't feel guilty about pushing a human being into an extreme situation. It was just that Pyo-wol was well aware of how foolish it would be if he would show mercy or compassion against his opponent in a fight for survival.

It was a life-or-death battle.

He had to use every means he could. Placing psychological pressure on his opponent so that they could not think about anything else is one of the efficient ways of pursuing his goal.

It was also an effective means to put psychological pressure on him so that he could not think about anything else.

In order to drive Heukam into an extreme situation, Pyo-wol killed all the warriors of the Red Tree Pagoda.

The Red Tree Pagoda that split from the Leiyin Temple was by no means an inexperienced or weak sect.

They used the isolated environment of the tower as a shield.

But their confidence that no one would dare to penetrate into the tower became one of their weaknesses.

While the isolated environment made it difficult to infiltrate the pagoda, simultaneously once an enemy got inside, it was also impossible for the members to find a way out.

They believed in the security of the tower, but that could not stop the invasion of the Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol secretly hid in the Red Tree Pagoda at night when they were all asleep, and proceeded to find and kill each one of them. No one noticed the intrusion of Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol was the god of death.

He equally punished and killed all the warriors of the Red Tree Pagoda. Even Yulmok-ah, the owner of the Red Tree Pagoda, could not escape his punishment.

Still, he was better than the other warriors.

Because he had at least seen Pyo-wol's face before he died. But that didn't mean he had a proper fight against him.

The tower was a closed and safe space.

No one threatened them, nor did anyone challenge its authority.

Although the warriors had been training every day, it was nothing but water training to maintain their current physical condition and level. They didn't have a sense of urgency.

As a result, their nerves were dulled.

That was the biggest reason why Yulmok-ah had been killed without much resistance. Or maybe it was because Pyo-wol's assassination had developed that much.

Well, the reason was not important.

The important thing is that all those who protected Heukam disappeared.

Until now, Heukam had been doing his best in finding helpers to shake off Pyo-wol. But now his movement has changed. He wasn't trying to go anywhere else anymore, he was only moving in a straight line.

That could only mean one thing.

'He's finally heading to the Leiyin Temple.'

There is only one action a person would take when they are cornered with nowhere to escape. It is to move desperately towards where you think you're safest.

The safest place for Heukam was the Leiyin Temple.

The Leiyin Temple was his everything.

Sect leader Hyeol Bul was there, as well as the other monks such as the Ten Monks of the Blood Thunder. Furthermore, there were also those who studied only the simple martial arts, and there were those who practiced poisons that other people could not even imagine.

Above all, the results of Heukam's research was in the Leiyin Temple. He believed that if he used the result of his research, he would surely be able to kill Pyo-wol.

Although Pyo-wol did not know Heukam's inner thoughts, he could feel that he had something in mind.

Pyo-wol didn't leave any more traces after saving Won Ga-young. He had no more need for Jin Geum-woo. Pyo-wol thought that once Jin Geum-woo saved Won Ga-young, he would return back to Chengdu.

No matter how strong a person is, once they get past the difficulties they are experiencing, they will no longer care about other people's affairs.

Because Pyo-wol knew the attributes of such people well, he thought that Jin Geum-woo would not be able to escape from belonging to that category either. So he stopped thinking about him and left no traces.

Pyo-wol matched his footsteps with Heukam using synchronization.

If Heukam would walk fast, Pyo-wol would also walk fast, and if the speed of Heukam slows down, Pyo-wol would adjust accordingly.

Heukam was also well aware that Pyo-wol is still chasing him. But knowing that he couldn't shake him off, he just gave up and walked forward.

It was a very bizarre sight.

Heukam did not see Pyo-wol's face even once, but other people such as herdsmen who are staying on the plains clearly saw Pyo-wol's appearance.

Heukam exhaled a rough breath as he moved with difficulty.

Pyo-wol was still following behind him like a ghost. The distance between Heukam and Pyo-wol was only about ten steps. Nevertheless, Heukam never saw Pyo-wol's face.

Heukam was tired of the pressure coming from Pyo-wol so he was having difficulty moving forward. His eyes were already hazy. He was just a step closer from succumbing to the pressure.

He was barely holding himself together.

There were only two thoughts in Heukam's head.

One was the Leiyin Temple, and the other was Pyo-wol.

He couldn't think of anything else.

That's what Pyo-wol is forcing him to do.

Thus, the spirit of Heukam was exhausted day by day. Pyo-wol allowed Heukam to rest, but only barely enough for him to keep his breath.

It was a kind of torture.

A sophisticated torture that thoroughly destroys the body and mind.

Without touching him, Pyo-wol completely destroyed Heukam.

"Huff! Huff!"

At some point, the eyes of Heukam regain vitality. Because there was a huge forest in the distance.

A huge forest covered with thick fog all year round. Because it was dark even in broad daylight, it was a forest that ordinary people would not even dare to enter because of their fear.

People called it Namling County.¹

That was the final destination of Heukam.

"Finally!"

For the first time, a feeling of joy appeared on the face of Heukam.

His final destination existed in Namling County.

The Leiyin Temple.²

A legendary sect that rules Xizang.

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

1. Namling County. Raws: 남목림(南木林)
 - a. 南 south, southern part
 - b. 木 tree, wood, lumber
 - c. 林 forest, groove
2. Leiyin Temple. Raws: 소뢰음사(小雷音寺).
 - a. 小 xiao, small, tiny
 - b. 雷 lei, thunder
 - c. 音 yin, sound, tone
 - d. 寺 si, court, temple, office