

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 2 Episode 16

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 41

All of the warriors were masters of martial arts.

Naturally, their bodies were very well developed. Unlike the man who do not have any muscle, they were proud of their slim bodies.

"Bring that bastard out!"

"Asshole!"

The warriors were angry for no reason. From the moment they laid their eyes on the unknown man, strangely, they couldn't control their anger.

They thought they should drag the man out and teach him a lesson.

“It would be better to just follow along.”

The warriors took hold of the man's arms and exerted force. However, no matter how much strength was applied, the man did not move.

"Hik!"

"Huh?"

Veins popped out of the foreheads of the warriors. They exerted enough strength to drag him out, but they still couldn't drag the man out.

Then they realized that something was wrong.

"Hmm-?"

"What? You bastard!"

At that moment, the man opened his mouth for the first time,

"Let go of my hand."

The man's voice was very soft. But it sounded strangely clear. The moment they heard his voice, the soldiers felt goosebumps rising up their spines. Their whole body stiffened, and their hair stood up.

Their instinct whispered that they had to stop here. However, their pride did not allow them to retreat like this.

"What bullshit are you talking about?"

"Come on, get up!"

The warriors raised their internal energy and tried to bring down Pyo-wol. But the man's body still didn't budge.

His body obviously looked slender, but it felt as if his body was made of rock. At that moment, the soldiers felt a sense of crisis and tried to take their hands off the man.

That was the moment.

"Keuk!"

"Kurkhyuk!"

The warriors who had put their hands on the man's body suddenly collapsed with a loud scream. Their eyes rolled and white foam came out of their mouth.

Seeing the scene, the rest of the warriors raised their swords and shouted.

"What did you do?!"

"Do you want to die?!"

At that moment, the man raised his body.

A red silk robe landed on Seolhyan's naked body who was not wearing a single thread.

"Sanggong!" (상공)

Seolhyang wrapped her arms around the man's body from behind. Seolhyang hugged the man from behind and did not know that he would fall. It was not normal for anyone to see.

If she had proper judgment, Seolhyang should have taken the side of the warriors. However, Seolhyang was attached to the man's back pretending not to see the warriors.

The man opened his mouth for the first time.

"I'm leaving in three days. I'll be quiet before I go, so don't bother me."

It was a voice that was low and quiet, like the whisper of a snake.

The warriors and Geum Si-yeon felt as if a large snake was watching over them.

Their bodies trembled, and cold sweat broke out on their palms. It was the first time in their life that they felt this way.

The man who looked down on them was Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol wasn't in a good mood right now.

Because his rest was interrupted.

For the past three days, Pyo-wol has been coveting Seolhyang in her room.

He spent seven years being raised as an assassin and another seven years in an underground cave after being attacked by Mu Jeong-jin.

A total of fourteen years had been spent in an empty underground cave.

It was only a short time when he saw the light— when he assassinated Woo Gunsang, and when he ran away from the inescapable net. Most of the rest of his time was spent in the dark.

The average person would have gone crazy without being able to endure it for a few days. After spending such a long time in darkness, Pyo-wol was very hungry.

Pyo-wol himself did not know, but from his whole body, a body odor that made women feel hot was emanating from his body.

The more intense his feelings, the stronger the body odor, and the woman fell into a frenzy.

It was at that moment when Seolhyang brought him into the room. He found out that he had been imprisoned in an underground cave for seven more years.

He was now twenty-eight years old. But the thought that he had spent half of my life in vain in pitch black darkness intensified his emotions.

Seolhyang was caught at that time.

Pyo-wol has been coveting her for the past three days without thinking. It was kind of like a reward for his strong mentality.

Pyo-wol had undying energy and sexual desire.

Seolhyang was completely tamed by Pyo-wol.

Now, she couldn't even think of any other man other than Pyo-wol.

As Pyo-wol was about to close the door, an old warrior called out.

"What nonsense are you talking about?! What have you done to my comrades? Can't you go and restore them back to their normal state?"

"After a day or three, they will recover. So don't bother and step back."

Seven years in the underground cavity was a time spent in exploring assassination techniques.

During that long time, Pyo-wol studied only how to kill opponents. Among them was how to kill people without leaving any traces. The technique used on the warriors who were in pain with foam coming out of their mouth was a weak application of one of the techniques.

If Pyo-wol had wanted to, they would have stopped breathing without even realizing that they were dying.

"Do you know who you're facing? Do you think you'll be okay after you injure the warriors of Cheongok-gwan in the Padang?"

"Cheongok-gwan?"

Pyo-wol tilted his head.

Because it was the first time he heard the name.

All of the famous sects of Sichuan Province had participated in the inescapable net aimed at him. But he had never heard the name Cheongok-gwan anywhere.

If so, there is a high possibility that the Cheongok-gwan, which the warrior in front of him was proud of, is actually just a mere sect or group.

Even if they were a great place, it didn't matter.

He is not what he used to be.

He was not just a mere assassin, a young boy who had to run away because he lacked the strength. Even back then, he fought for his life against the Qingcheng and the Emei sect.

At Pyo-wol's attitude as if he was ignoring the name Cheongok-gwan, the old warrior cried out,

"Do you dare ignore the Cheongok-gwan?! I don't know what kind of tricks you used, but it won't work for me!"

The old warriorsung his sword and ran towards him.

Other warriors followed.

The young red light in Pyo-wol's eyes deepened.

He suddenly stretched out his palms and thrust them forward.

Geum Si-yeon's face was filled with suspicion. It was because she did not understand what the hell Pyo-wol was choosing to do at this dangerous moment.

'He's not thinking of facing the warriors of the Cheongok-gwan, does he?'

That was then.

"Heuk!"

"Keukek!"

The warriors who were running towards Pyo-wol like a lie, grabbed their chests and fell. They threw themselves on the floor, clutching their chests with painful expressions. Some have their faces already turned black.

"Hiick!"

Geum Si-yeon covered her mouth with both hands at the unbelievable sight.

'A master!'

If he defeated the opponent without touching them, it was clear that he had reached a level where he could release his energy.

There were not many masters in Sichuan who reached that level.

Although Geum Si-yeon didn't know anything about martial arts, she had a wealth of insight.

As far as she knew, even Yu Jin-san, the head of Cheongok-gwan, had not reached that level.

'Is there such a master in Sichuan?'

Not to mention, Pyo-wol was remarkably handsome. It was hard to believe that a man who possesses such an appearance would be still unknown.

Geum Si-yeon's eyes shook anxiously.

Because she knows from experience that there would be constant storms brewing around a person who suddenly stands out like this.

"Kukeuk!"

"Sa, save me!"

The warriors were toppling on the floor in agony.

The veins on their faces looked like it was about to burst.

Geum Si-yeon quickly realized that she had to do something.

"Sa, Sang...gong! Please forgive them at this point."

"Forgive?"

"Yes! These people were rude without knowing that a precious person had arrived. I'll take care of everything during your stay, so how about forgiving them at this point?"

Geum Siyeon got down on her knees and begged.

One of her greatest strengths was her keen eyes.

Until she came here, she thought she needed to take care of Seolhyang and Pyowol, but as soon as she realized that Pyo-wol was not someone she could handle, she immediately changed her attitude.

What he did was not something anyone could do.

Pyo-wol looked at Geum Si-yeon inquiringly.

At that moment, a hand as white touched Pyo-wol's chest.

When he turned his head, Seolhyang was looking at him with a sultry gaze.

"Please forgive Si-yeon unnie for me. Si-yeon unnie is not a bad person."

Even if it wasn't because of Seolhyang's request, he had no intention of causing any more trouble.

Because he still wanted to rest more.

One day he will end this life, but not for the time being.

Pyo-wol gently waved his hand. Then the warriors lying on the floor widened their eyes and exhaled a big breath. Because the pain suddenly disappeared.

Pyo-wol looked at them and said,

"Three days. That's all I'm asking. I hope that all of you would not dare disturb me. Tell that to your leader."

The warriors looked at Pyo-wol with terrified expressions, but did not say anything. The warriors already had a keen feeling that Pyo-Wol was a different being from them.

It wasn't just his martial arts that were far stronger than them.

The man in front of him was something different. Like a frog standing in front of a snake, there was something in him that stood out. Of course, the frogs were the warriors themselves.

When Pyo-wol waved his hand, they ran away, leaving only Geum Si-yeon.

Geum Si-yeon asked cautiously with a pale complexion,

"Then what should I do? If you need anything, please tell me."

"I told you. Don't disturb me for three days."

"Will that be all?"

"Yes. That's it."

"Okay. If you need more children, please let me know. There are many pretty girls besides Seolhyang in the Red Sky Pavilion."

"I will."

Pyo-wol nodded his head.

It's not that he's tired of Seolhyang or that she's ugly.

It was just that his desire was too strong. Even Seolhyang couldn't fully handle him.

Seolhyang knew about it, so she didn't say anything.

Seolhyang knew instinctively.

That she can't monopolize the man who covets her so tenaciously.

Pyo-wol was never one to settle for one woman. To him, they were nothing more than an object to satisfy his momentary desires.

Seolhyang thought it didn't matter.

The man's scent emanating from Pyo-wol was too strong for her to think of complicated thoughts.

Thud!

Seolhyang closed the door.

When Pyo-wol was nowhere to be seen, Si-yeon Geum breathed a sigh of relief.

"Phew!"

Many rumors spread in Batang over the incident.

The rumors which spread that throughout the Batang were such as that a minister¹ visited and have bought all of the prostitutes, or that a powerful man came to the Red Sky Pavilion and voluntarily banned the business.

But the Red Sky Pavilion still did not open the door without saying anything.

Finally, after all three days, Seolhyang's services were opened again.

Seolhyang was combing Pyowol's hair behind his back. Her eyes were filled with affectionate emotions as she used a fine comb.

Seolhyang, who finally cleaned Pyo-wol's hair, carefully dressed him this time.

It wasn't the shabby clothes he was wearing when he left the basement. It was a jeonui² that Seolhyang specially ordered from a famous artisan in Batang.

Jeonui was the clothing worn by warriors during hunting or war, but the clothes Seolhyang ordered were engraved with colorful patterns and looked elegant.

The cloak fit perfectly into Pyo-wol's body.

Seolhyang wiped Pyo-wol's chest who was wearing the robe. There was deep affection in her hands.

She asked cautiously,

"Sangong, will I be able to see you again?"

"If there is a chance."

"I want to see you again. Please don't forget about me."

"I won't forget you."

Pyo-wol's calm words brought a bright smile to Seolhyang's lips.

Tears welled up in her eyes, but she was able to smile because she heard what she wanted to hear.

Pyo-wol looked at her for a moment and then turned around. Waiting for him to come out were the strong-looking middle-aged warrior and the rest of his men.

"Can we talk for a moment?"

The middle-aged warrior approached Pyo-wol.

Editor's note:

Oh myyy~ our MC... what a chad. Stealing girl's heart the moment he came out- (정수)ㄱ

1. Minister. Other translations: Jae-sin, God of Wealth, 채신(財神).
2. Jeonui. Other translations: 전의(簡衣)