

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 6 Episode 11

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 136

The old monk turned his head in the direction the voice came from. Then a familiar face appeared.

"It's Jeongmok. Do you really think it's worth using?"

The old monk grinned.

All of his teeth already fell out so his gums were exposed. A terrible odor also came out of his mouth. After studying poison for a long time, poison could also be found in his body. But he himself didn't feel it.

Pyo-wol asked,

"What kind of poison is it?"

"I haven't named it yet. Now that I've completed this, I'm sure anyone will die once they are close to seven steps away from the poison."

"Seven steps? Then how about Seven Step Soul Chasing Acid¹?"

"Seven Step Soul Chasing Acid? That's a pretty plausible name. Good! I'm going to name this poison the Seven Step Soul Chasing Acid. Kehehehe!"

The old monk laughed with satisfaction.

His name was Dugong.

Dugon's only joy in life is to create a new poison by mixing poison with another poison.

The poison he created was so lethal that it can cause a major accident once it is leaked. Because of that, he built a nest deep beneath the Manbeop Palace and stayed with his disciples.

All those in the area were accustomed to poison. Since they are resistant to poison, they're usually not affected by being exposed to a small amount.

Suddenly, a puzzled expression appeared on Dugong's face.

"But what are you doing here, Jeongmok? I thought you didn't like coming here?"

"I have brought you a message from the sect leader."

"Sect leader?"

"Lend me your ears for a moment—"

At Pyo-wol's words, Dugong brought his ears closer to Pyo-wol without showing any signs of doubt.

Puuc!

At that moment, a ghost dagger pierced his ear.

Dugong's eyes widened. He couldn't even scream.

'W, why did you?'

Dugong's thoughts did not continue until the end. This is because Pyo-wol pushed the ghost dagger deeper into Dugong's ear.

A porcelain bottle containing Seven Step Soul Chasing Acid fell from his dead hand. If the bottle fell to the floor and broke, a tremendous amount of poison would spread. But Pyo-wol managed to catch the bottle before it could even hit the floor.

The disciples of Dugong have yet to notice his death. Because everything happened so quickly.

Pyo-wol laid Dugong's body on the floor and then killed his disciples one by one.

He would kill them in either two ways. One is by cutting them using the ghost dagger or by strangling their throat using the Soul-Reaping Thread.

Dugong's disciples could not even scream as they died one after another.

In an instant, the underground cave became a land of death.

A place where no one would dare to enter because of the poison.

A place that is unnecessarily vast and full of darkness.

Pyo-wol liked this place.

Looking at the underground cave reminded him of the days when he was still learning how to kill. It was a time when he couldn't relax for even a single moment because it was full of various machinery and traps.

Pyo-wol looked at the underground cave. He grasped the terrain and carefully observed what was inside.

Dugong and his disciples almost lived here. It was extremely rare for them to come out. Others were also reluctant to contact them. Because of that, they gathered all the things they needed to live.

The things were piled all up in a warehouse made by remodeling one side of the underground cave.

Pyo-wol nodded.

"Good!"

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Inmok sat cross-legged and was absorbed in his thoughts.

He was a member of the Mad Blood Monks. He was also so incredibly dedicated that he did not neglect his martial arts for even a single day.

No matter what, he would always take the time to hone his martial arts skills. Thanks to that, his martial skills surpassed the level of the Mad Blood Monks and were comparable to those of the Demon Blood Monks.

Although Tak-mok is the leader of the Mad Blood Monks, Inmok was the strongest among the Mad Blood Monks simply in terms of martial arts.

He couldn't train because he has been wandering around Namling Forest for the past few days. Therefore, as soon as he returned to his residence, Inmok entered meditation.

He did not notice the dark shadow creeping into his dwelling.

The black shadow who opened his lock without a sound, approached Inmok, completely killing the sound of his footsteps.

Inmok felt a strange aura, so he quickly stopped meditating and opened his eyes.

At that moment, he felt something tighten around throat. A streak of a thread was holding his neck like a noose.

The moment Inmok struggled, the thread cut into his flesh making him stop breathing. Inmok could not even let out a scream as he died.

The black shadow rewinded the thread.

The owner of the thread was Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol left Inmok and hid in the next room. Another Mad Blood Monk lost his life in vain.

So, the Grim Reaper visited all the rooms of the Mad Blood Monk one after the other.

When the next morning came, the Xiaoleiyin Temple was turned upside down. Because bodies of the Mad Blood Monks were found.

All thirty Mad Blood Monks were all dead without any sign of resisting.

The first to discover the body was a low-level disciple who was doing chores. He was in charge of collecting and washing the clothes of the Mad Blood Monks.

When he knocked on one of the rooms of the monks, no matter how much he waited, no one came out. When he couldn't stand waiting any longer, he went inside and then found the body.

A Mad Blood Monk was dead in his room.

If the low-level disciple had not entered, the discovery of the body would have been delayed much later.

The Xiaoleiyin Temple naturally was turned upside down.

The Mad Blood Monks were talents who were difficult to raise. It will take the sect decades to raise such warriors again.

Hyeolbul was naturally furious and ran wild.

"How did this happen?! The Mad Blood Monks were all slaughtered! Why can't anyone answer?"

"It's clear that it was the assassin who did it. He must have been hiding in the Xiaoleiyin Temple."

"Didn't you say that he would never be able to enter the headquarters because of the group that was spread throughout the Namling Forest?"

"It seems his abilities exceed our expectations."

Bang!

Hyeolbul hit the armrests.

The thick armrests shattered into dust.

Seeing this, the disciples of the Xiaoleiyin Temple swallowed their dry saliva. It was because the anger of Hyeolbul had reached its peak.

The Xiaoleiyin Temple's Dharma is the strongest. The Xiaoleiyin Temple is the kind of place where weak martial arts are eliminated.

Hyeolbul was the warrior who was said to have the most powerful force among all the Buddhist monks in history.

If he was angry, no one in the Xiaoleiyin Temple could escape.

It was the same even if it was the Ten Monks.

Hyeolbul's Ten Monks bowed their backs and waited for Hyeolbul's anger to subside. But as time went on, the wrath of Hyeolbul only grew stronger.

Thirty people died.

It was also within their home base, the Xiaoleiyin Temple.

"He's hiding here."

"I'm sure he's killing someone by borrowing someone else's face. If we leave him like this, he will continue to kill the disciples of the Xiaoleiyin Temple. Be sure to find him and drag him in front of me. I'll cut him off myself alive. Do you understand?"

"Yes!"

After answering in unison, they all ran out. They summoned the monks under their command and began to search the interior of the Xiaoleiyin Temple.

"Find him!"

"He must have disguised himself as one of us."

"If anyone behaves suspiciously, they're most likely the assassin."

The anger of the monks pierced the sky. They watched each other with their eyes lit up. For now, it was best to doubt each other. If any one of them did anything suspicious, they would immediately be questioned or arrested.

They obviously knew that the assassin had been hiding. The problem is that no one has ever seen the assassin's face.

They didn't know what the assassin looked like, nor did they know what kind of martial arts he was using. They also didn't know what special skills he had, or what weapons he was using.

The monks of the Xiaoleiyin Temple knew that there was nothing more terrifying than not knowing anything.

The opponent was an unknown entity.

Finding such a person could not be easy.

Various incidents have occurred over and over again. Eventually, the monks became suspicious of each other and even quarreled. This all happened because of one assassin.

When the situation became like this, Hyeolbul's Ten Monks came out and took control of the disciples. This is because if they make a mistake, antagonism could reach a climax and develop into internal strife.

Fortunately, the assassin hasn't shown any action in the last few days. When this happened, some monks thought that the assassin had escaped from the Xiaoleiyin Temple Temple.

"He must find it hard too, right?"

"He can't hide in the Xiaoleiyin Temple for this long, right? He must have left a long time ago by now."

However, as if ridiculing their expectations, several monks lost their lives again that night.

The cause of death was the same.

They were all strangled to death by a thread.

Even if the monks were in their dorms.

Their doors were obviously locked inside, and the security was strict. But all that preparation was to no avail.

The assassin destroyed all the protection systems of the Xiaoleiyin Temple.

Over the past three days, more than twenty monks have been killed by the assassin. When the situation became like this, the disciples of the Xiaoleiyin Temple were terrified.

An invisible arrow was more terrifying than a visible sword.

The fear of when they would become targets of the assassin and leave this world stifled their actions.

"What kind of situation is this just because of a single assassin?"

Hyeolbul burst into rage.

"There is nothing to be afraid of. He is all alone anyway."

"If we work together, he won't be able to do anything to us."

The Ten Monks also encouraged their disciples. But even with their encouragement, there were about a dozen or so disciples who lost their lives overnight.

The cause of death was the same.

The assassin was never in a hurry.

He didn't even leave any traces.

He thoroughly sought the gaps of the Xiaoleiyin monks, and never failed. Because of that, as the days went by, the fear of the monks grew like a snowball.

"He's like Asura. The main base is being swayed by just one assassin."

Myeongak, a member of Hyeolbul's Ten Monks, muttered, wiping the sweat from his forehead. His eyes were red and bloodshot because he hadn't slept well for the past few days.

The pressure on his body was not a joke as he was always in high alert not knowing when the assassin might attack. The back of his neck was hard like a stone, and no matter how much he tried, his fatigue could not be relieved.

"If you catch the bastard, I'll surely tear it into a thousand pieces."

Myeongak radiated his qi and moved forward.

All the monks of the Xiaoleiyin Temple were in a state similar to Myeongak.

Their nerves were very sharp. They were filled with anger and it felt like they were about to explode even with a slight shock.

The place Myeongak was headed to was the dwelling place of Heukam.

After returning from Chengdu, Heukam only stayed in his dwelling place. The entire Xiaoleiyin Temple was turned upside down by one assassin, but he did not show his face even once.

Heukam caused this situation, so he had to solve it.

Some of the disciples who saw him hastily bowed their heads to greet him. But they didn't come close.

After the assassin killed the monks, the monks were wary of getting close to each other. This is because the assassin might turn into an ally and approach him.

Same was true for Myeongak.

He only nodded his head to receive the monks' greetings, but he did not come close or even say a warm word to them.

That was then.

Puk!

The soles of his feet suddenly tingled.

When he looked at the soles of his feet, he saw fine silver needles stuck upside down. From the area where the silver needle pierced him, he felt his body slowly becoming paralyzed.

'Poison?'

Myeongak hurriedly tried to drive out the poison.

But before he could even move with his qi, his upper body was already paralyzed.

"Assa...sin"

His vocal cords were also stiff, and his voice barely came out. His body was as hard as a stone statue, but his mind was strangely clear.

Myeongak remembered that Dugong, who stayed in the basement of the Manbeop Palace, once made a similar poison a long time ago.

'Is it possible that Dugong has also been attacked by him?'

At that moment, a black shadow appeared in front of Myeongak.

The black shadow, who appeared silently like a snake, stared intently at Myeongak.

As soon as he saw his expressionless eyes, Myeongak realized that he was the assassin he had been looking for so much.

As expected by Myeongak, the black shadow was Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol carried the paralyzed Myeongak on his shoulders.

Although the weight of Myeongak was quite heavy, Pyo-wol flew lightly like a feather, as if he did not feel his weight.

Shortly after Pyo-wol disappeared, the monks of the Xiaoleiyin Temple passed by.

But no one noticed that Myeongak had already disappeared.

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

There will be a new Google Drive link starting from Chapters 136 onwards. Only those who have renewed their pledges this Oct 1 will be able to access those chapters.

1. Seven Step Soul Chasing Acid. Raws: Chilbo Chuhonsan, 칠보추혼산(七步追魂酸)
 - 七 seven
 - 步 step, pace, walk
 - 追 pursue, chase after, expel
 - 魂 soul, spirit
 - 酸 tart, sour, acid