

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 5 Episode 6

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 106

“This...”

Hong Yushin felt a throbbing pain in his head.

In front of him lay the seven dead bodies of the Seven Stars. It was the Hao clan who took control over the night.

Exactly seven people. All of them were killed by Pyo-wol except for one.

"I didn't expect seven people to be killed in one night."

If it was Seven Stars, they were warriors who were known in Hunan Province.

There is a reason why the group with only seven members, had gained such a high reputation among the prominent sects.

In particular, Sa Hyo-kyung, the leader figure, possessed excellent judgment as well as strong martial arts. The fact that he was beaten without using much effort was proof that Pyo-wol's martial arts prowess were excellent.

"Even if you are good, someone else would be better. What is this—"

Jianghu's history has proven it so far.

A person who is too good always blows the wind of change to a strong player.

Even if they don't want to.

Pyo-wol was also in a similar situation.

"I need to know more about that guy."

Hong Yushin, who had organized his thoughts, gestured to the warriors of the Hao clan who were waiting. Then, the warriors ran all at once and took the bodies of the warriors of the Seven Stars.

They were not ordinary warriors. They were more like scholars than a man of arms.

A scholar who has mastered martial arts.

From now on, they will thoroughly analyze and dig up the bodies of Seven Stars to find out about the martial arts Pyo-wol uses.

There is no way to accurately find out his martial arts, but still, it was already a great success to figure out the weapons he used through the scars.

In this way, the Hao clan could still accumulate information on those who could be a threat to Jianghu.

"We need to gather as much information as possible since he's still in Sichuan. It will be too late when he goes out."

Hong Yushin's eyes became cold.

He knew how strong he was because he had personally experienced the power of Pyo-wol. In a face-to-face confrontation, he may be inferior to the Two Factions, Three Gates, Three Packs and Three Villages.

But Pyo-wol is an assassin.

Although he is learning strong martial arts, he did not abandon his identity as an assassin.

That meant he could sneak attack at any time.

He had no guilt nor shame.

If a master like Pyo-wol made up his mind and tried to sneak attack, even the best master of Jianghu would inevitably be in danger. In a sense, he is a more lethal warrior than any other expert of Jianghu.

Pyo-wol was an entirely new kind of threat that had never existed before.

So Hong Yushin was paying close attention to Pyo-wol.

Hong Yushin asked his subordinate who was next to him.

"What about him?"

"He's in the workshop."

"A workshop?"

"It's a workshop run by a descendant of the Tang Family."

"Have you figured out their relationship?"

"We're trying to figure out how such a strong bond between the two of them came about."

"Don't miss anything about him. We won't be able to control him, but the more information we can gather, the higher the price we can sell it for."

"Alright."

After replying, the subordinate withdrew.

Hong Yushin, who was left alone, sighed.

"Huu...!"

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Tang Sochu asked Pyo-wol.

"So, you're saying that a person named Fengzon took Shin-woo in order to protect him? Do you think his words are true, brother?"

"It didn't seem like a lie."

"Hoo...!"

Tang Sochu heaved a deep sigh.

Last night, Chengdu was turned upside down again.

A third of the slum was burnt down by the fire that Yo Sulyeong had set, so Chengdu was swept away in great chaos. Thousands of people have lost their homes and are left wandering the streets.

The public sentiment, which had barely been managed, became ferocious again, and the atmosphere on the streets was more serious than ever.

All of this was due to what the Seven Stars did. And the reason they did this to Chengdu was to catch Nam Shin-woo.

“What kind of secret did that kid have that made him the target of such big names? Even more, for Fengzon...”

"You know about Fengzon?"

"How can I not know? He is an absolute powerhouse who stands shoulder to shoulder with the masters of Two Factions, Three Gates, Three Packs and Three Villages. Even children know that fact."

"Tell me more."

What appeared on Pyo-wol's face was more than just curiosity.

He knew very little about Jianghu. His knowledge was limited to Sichuan Province, and even that was only fragmentary.

He was so focused on revenge that he didn't have much interest in Jianghu's general information, but now has to change his ways.

"I don't know much either. It's the same as what everyone else knows."

"Just tell me what you know."

“Where should I start? Oh! The Two Factions are undoubtedly the strongest sects of Jianghu, but in reality, both have just been recently established within the last 100 years. It’s just that the achievements left by their first sect leaders were so great that they are considered as the strongest sects.”

"So what are their names?"

"Gwangmumun and Cheon Mujang. Gwangmumun is a sect created by Lee Gwak who ended the War of the Demons and Heavens. While Cheon Mujang is the sect that has Jang Cheonhwa as their sect leader. Jang Cheonhwa is also the one who destroyed the Celestial Demon Union. Gwangmumun became the strongest power in Jianghu because of the halo of Lee Gwak, while Cheon Mujang became the strongest power by attracting many people with its enormous financial power."

It is said that the current sect leader of Gwangmumun is Lee Cheong, the son of Lee Gwak, and for Cheon Mujang it is Jang Cheonhwa.

The Gwangmumun is made up of purely martial artists, while Cheon Mujang is a combination of the aristocrats and martial artists. In terms of force alone, Gwangmumun was far stronger, but if money and power were taken into consideration, the Cheon Mujang was no less powerful.

The Three Gates following the Two Factions were the traditional sects: the Shaolin Temple, Wudang Sect, and the Mount Hua Sect.

They, who had been in seclusion for a long time, opened their door starting from the War of the Demons and Heavens and jumped back into the affairs of Jianghu again. Since they made a big contribution during the War of the Demons and Heavens, their names became widely known for their strong traditional martial arts.

The Three Packs is a term used by combining the three sects: Heavenly Dragon Valley, Military Sword, and Tiancang Defense.

Prior to the War of the Demons and Heaven, the superpowers were called the Ten Packs since they ruled in ten equal parts, but later on only three of them survived so they became the Three Packs.

The Three Villages, as the name suggests, are three manor houses, which were created after the War of the Demons and Heavens, and were said to have stored up great power compared to their short history.

They are called New Moon Village, Spirit Sword Village, and Rain Mountain Village, respectively.

These eleven sects were the main pillars of the current Jianghu.

Although Gwangmumun and Cheon Mujang possessed the most superior power, the power and influence of the rest of the sects was by no means small. In this way, the eleven sects achieved an exquisite balance of power, and the peace of Jianghu was maintained.

"The sect leaders of the eleven sects can be said to be the rulers of Jianghu. But there are also those who do not belong to any sect but are not in any way inferior to the sect leaders of those eleven factions with their personal force alone. They are called the Eight Constellations and Three Saints. I don't know much about the eight constellations, so ask someone else."

"What about the Three Saints?"

"They are the most powerful warriors known for their own field, such as Muzon Yeombul, Han Yucheon, and Fengzon."

"If you say it like that, then you're talking about at least 20 martial artists like Fengzon."

The sect leaders of the eleven factions, the eight members of the eight constellations, and the three members of the Three Saints. There were twenty-two in total.

It is said that there are as many warriors as a grain of sand in Jianghu, so if you add other unknown martial artists, there will be much more than that.

Pyo-wol realized once again how big Jianghu was.

After completing his revenge, he was just like a frog in a well, settling in Sichuan.

'Now I'm coming to my senses.'

The meeting with Fengzon awakened his awareness.

Jianghu was never a green place.

Today he survived, but tomorrow he could be a cold corpse like the warriors of the Seven Stars.

'I have to be stronger.'

In order to survive in this hellish place, he needed to be stronger and more tenacious.

Pyo-wol rose and said,

“I will definitely return to you the kid named Shin-woo.”

"You don't have to."

"Why?"

"It was a child I could not keep for long. It would be better for the child to be protected by Fengzon."

Tang Sochu was more emotional than he expected. He then apologized.

"I'm sorry! I made you suffer because of me."

“Thanks to you, I realized something good too.”

"That's a relief."

"Yeah. I had a great experience."

Pyo-wol nodded, with his eyes colder than ever. The loss of Nam Shin-woo to Fengzon was a great shock to Pyo-wol.

'I won't let anything be taken from me next time.'

The feeling of being deprived of one's own was dirtier than he thought. Whether it is tangible or intangible. After revenge, it felt like my heart, which had loosened a little, was tightened again.

Pyo-wol said his goodbye to Tang Sochu and went outside.

He might have left the workshop, which was scorching hot but he didn't feel refreshed at all.

The memories of the previous day still made him uneasy. A day has already passed, but the memories of being blocked by Fengzon continued to haunt him.

Others may call it a useless obsession, but for Pyo-wol, it was a matter of survival.

Pyo-wol did not turn over even the smallest things. He had to solve even the smallest problems because the environment he was exposed to for the longest time had required him to. That was the only way he could have survived back then.

'Everything is exposed now. I must have my own hiding place.'

While it is convenient for him to stay in a guest house, his every move becomes exposed to the eyes of other people. Even now, he could feel the gaze of the members of the Hao clan and other warriors from afar.

Since Pyo-wol's actions are exposed, many warriors could naturally understand his actions. Even now, his route will be relayed to Hao clan in real time.

He couldn't do anything like this.

He had to hide himself for now.

To do that, he had to create and prepare a new hiding place.

A huge amount of money was needed to establish a hiding place. It was not difficult to raise money. If he can oppress the sect or the upper families in Chengdu, they will definitely pay him a gold.

But that was not how Pyo-wol does things.

Furthermore, if he receives money from them, the flow of money will be tracked. He needed money that the world didn't know about.

After thinking for a moment, Pyo-wol left Chengdu and started walking without hesitation.

He walked for three days and three nights.

Pyo-wol had a definite destination he needed to reach. The problem was that he didn't know the exact way to his destination.

He only went to that place once, and it was in a situation where he could not see the outside scenery at all because he was loaded in a wagon.

It was like looking for an oasis in the desert without a map.

The only thing he could trust was his senses.

Pyo-wol moved, sniffing and smelling the moisture in the air.

It's been a long time, but he still has the memories of that time vividly. The microsensory ability that blossomed in the underground cave made it possible.

Pyo-wol followed the faint traces like a wild dog chasing its prey. And after three days, he was finally able to arrive at his desired destination.

A small manor surrounded by tall walls.

On the old signboard, three letters were written: Clear Wind Manor.

As it had been abandoned for a long time, he didn't feel any presence in the Clear Wind Manor.

Crreeak!

Rusty hinges screamed as Pyo-wol opened the door and entered.

The appearance inside the Clear Wind Manor was even more serious.

Traces of people looting were evident as they knew it was an abandoned place. Doors and furniture were broken, and anything that could be money had disappeared.

Pyo-wol looked around the Clear Wind Manor with a slight frown. The Clear Wind Manor was one of the bases of the Blood Phantom Group.

After Pyo-wol and the children came out of the underground cave, the first place they arrived was the Clear Wind Manor. It was still in his memory because this was where he took a bath and ate proper food for the first time.

The Clear Wind Manor was abandoned after the Blood Phantom Group was annihilated by the Emei sect.

When there was no one to manage and no one to visit for a long time, the people who lived nearby were the first to notice that it was abandoned and so they stole all the things that could be used for money.

Although the appearance has changed a lot, Pyo-wol is convinced that this is the place where he had stayed before.

After staying here for a few days, he definitely remembered that he was immediately sent to the killing of Woo Gunsang.

Pyowol moved to the Great Moon Hall, the largest hall in Clear Wind Manor.

The Great Moon Hall was the residence of Gu Juyang, the captain of the Blood Phantom Group. The Great Moon Hall was also thoroughly looted. Everything disappeared without leaving anything that could be used for money, let alone furniture.

Pyo-wol didn't even care about the lost wealth.

He didn't even think those things would still exist.

Pyo-wol looked at Gu Juyang's residence.

The residence of Gu Juyang, the head of the Blood Phantom Group was thoroughly destroyed. It's because people have thoroughly searched this place. As it is the largest pavilion, people thought that there would be a lot of valuable items left.

It was the same with Pyo-wol.

But the things Pyo-wol valued were different from those other people.

Pyo-wol lay on the broken bed of the Gu Juyang and stared at the ceiling. He began to think from the shoes of Gu Juyang.

"Where would I hide my most precious object?"

It should be somewhere within reach.

A place that people can't easily think of even though it's in plain sight.

Suddenly, Pyo-wol noticed a part of the ceiling with a different pattern. Pyo-wol flew to the ceiling and touched the parts with different patterns with his hands. Then, the cover of the hand-held part fell off and an empty space appeared.

Pyo-wol hung from the ceiling and searched through the empty space. Then there was an object that he could hold in his hand.

Pyo-wol landed on the floor holding the object in his hand.

What he held in his hand was a booklet wrapped in wax paper.

Pyo-wol carefully unfolded the wax paper, revealing a yellow booklet.

The untitled booklet smelled of old paper.

Pyo-wol carefully opened the booklet.

Pararak!

A smile appeared on Pyo-wol's lips as he turned the booklet.

'I knew it.'

SoundlessWind21's Note:

Basically, the power structure in Jianghu are the following:

11 SECTS		
Two Factions 이강(二強)	1. Gwangmumun	광무문
	2. Cheon Mujang	천무장
Three Gates 삼문(三門)	3. Shaolin Temple	소림사
	4. Wudang Sect	무당파
	5. Mount Hua Sect	화산파였다.
Three Packs 삼패(三霸)	6. Heavenly Dragon Valley	용천곡(龍天谷).
	7. Military Sword	무검련(武劍職)
	8. Tiancang Defense	수천회(守天倉)
Three Village 삼장(三莊)	9. New Moon Village	신월장(新月莊)
	10. Spirit Sword Village	귀검장(鬼劍莊)
	11. Rain Mountain Village	우검산장(雨劍山莊)

Three Saints	1. Muzon Yeombul	무존(武尊) 영불의
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삼존(三尊)	2. Han Yucheon	검존(劍尊) 한유천
	3. Fengzon	풍존(風尊)
Eight Constellations 팔성좌(八星座)	N/A	N/A