

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 8 Episode 13

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 188

The Wudang sect was always considered one of the ten strongest forces of the world in any era. Even during the time when their doors were closed and they were in isolation, everyone had no doubt that they would sooner or later make a comeback.

That was how solid the strength and foundation of the Wudang sect was.

The main players leading the Wudang sect were the great disciples.

There was also the sect leader or elders, but most of them passed over the troublesome things to their great disciples and would only get involved in the important matters.

It was a great disciple like Woo Pyeong who actually leads the Wudang sect.

For that reason, once a person becomes one of the great disciples of the Wudang sect, they are actually treated similarly to a sect leader of small and medium sects.

Woo Pyeong is a powerful man who is ranked third among the great disciples.

That's why his words carry so much weight.

Any martial artist in Jianghu could not easily refuse an offer coming from Woo Pyeong.

Woo Pyeong looked at Pyo-wol with a determined expression.

He would usually smile kindly, so when he puts on a determined expression like this, he unknowingly pressures the other person.

He wanted Pyo-wol to follow his words obediently. That's why he emphasized that he would be particularly fair.

"I promise on my name that no one will intervene. I will also conduct a thorough and transparent investigation."

Despite his assertion, Pyo-wol did not give any reply.

In an instant, Woo Pyeong's eyebrows rose toward the sky. He thought Pyo-wol was deliberately ignoring him.

"You better take my word for it."

"Take him."

At that moment, Pyo-wol opened his mouth.

At Pyo-wol's unexpected answer, Woo Pyeong had a dazed expression for a moment. He did not expect that Pyo-wol would let him take Soma.

"Really?"

"But you'll have to pay for taking this child."

"Are you threatening me now?"

"Threatening? Hmm... Maybe."

"You dare!"

At Pyo-wol's calm words, Woo Pyeong's anger exploded.

He clenched his fists as if he was ready to fight at any moment.

The Wudang sect's qi is strong yet gentle, reminiscent of a mountain. His qi was so powerful that not only Soma, but even Tae Kwang, his own disciple, turned white.

Unfortunately, his qi didn't have any effect on Pyo-wol.

Even though Woo Pyeong is said to be incredibly powerful, Pyo-wol had experience competing against an opponent more stronger than him.

There was no reason to be discouraged if he was only facing Woo Pyeong, a single disciple and not the entire Wudang sect.

Pyo-wol's unwavering appearance made Woo Pyeong boost his qi even more.

His qi grew like a snowball.

Usually, once he let his qi output be this much, many warriors would already tucked or turned their tails on their own.

So Woo Pyeong thought Pyo-wol would have a similar reaction.

No matter how powerful he was, it was burdensome to deal with one of the great disciples of the Wudang sect. Because of that, even some senior masters tend to yield or give in a little when dealing with one of the disciples of the Wudang sect.

"Heuk!"

At that time, the complexion of Woo Pyeong changed.

He suddenly stopped breathing after feeling the pain similar to having his lungs stabbed by a needle.

'What?'

When his breathing was disturbed, the qi he had worked so hard to build up dissipated like fog evaporating in the morning sun.

Woo Pyeong quickly picked up his breathing, trying to regain the qi that disappeared.

Sting!

But at that moment, he felt the exact same stabbing pain again, and thus interrupting his breathing.

Woo Pyeong urgently tried to stabilize his qi by executing the Divine Art of Taiqing.¹ However, at every critical moment, he felt a pain as if a needle pricked him.

Woo Pyeong's face hardened like a stone.

Such a phenomenon could not have happened naturally.

There were many sects scattered throughout the world, but it was the Wudang sect's deep internal energy that was revered as the best in the world, along with the Shaolin Temple, in terms of internal stability.

There was little possibility that their perfect deep qi, which had been complemented by numerous geniuses for a long time, would be disrupted by an external force intervention during its operation.

Woo Pyeong was now shaken.

Every time he tried to bolster his qi, the stabbing and stinging pain came without fail.

It wasn't because there was a problem with the Divine Art of Taiqing.

Someone was intentionally and forcibly stepping in.

There was only one person who could do that here.

It was only then that Woo Pyeong realized that Pyo-wol's martial arts were beyond his imagination.

Just because a person doesn't move does not mean they could not exercise external force.

Masters who reigned at the top of Jianghu were able to subdue their opponents even without touching them by using techniques similar to telekinesis.²

Pyo-wol intervened with Woo Pyeong's breathing in the same way.

It sounds simple, but in reality, it requires an unimaginably sophisticated operation of internal energy.

'Is this guy really on a similar level as those masters?'

A hint of disbelief shone in Woo Pyeong's eyes.

Since his face was covered with a scarf, it made his true identity unrecognizable. But judging from the condition of the exposed skin around his eyes, he seemed to be a person who could never be beyond his thirties.

It was hard to believe that the person in front of them had reached a level similar to that of the top masters in Jianghu at such a young age.

Woo Pyeong stopped trying to pressure Pyo-wol by lowering his qi. He realized that the stabbing sensation he had just felt was a warning from Pyo-wol.

The atmosphere of Pyo-wol was too unusual for him to ignore his warning.

At this point, Woo Pyeong felt the need to take a step back and change the atmosphere.

Woo Pyeong said politely,

"I failed to recognize a master even in front of my eyes. I am Wu Pyeong of the Wudang sect. Can I know your name?"

"You're not quick-witted. How could I say my name when it would put me at a disadvantage."

"....."

In an instant, Woo Pyeong's face turned red.

If he had been a little more careful, he could have been able to take it casually, but unfortunately he was very weak against this kind of treatment.

"I... apologize for that. I made a mistake because I was in a hurry."

"If you use the name Wudang sect, most of the other parties will yield on their own even if you acted demandingly. Even if you apologize after, the other person can't say anything."

"....."

"I guess this is why people say that if they feel unfair, enter a sect. They have no manners or common sense, but they can make the other person yield on their own."

Pyo-wol's harsh criticism pierced Woo Pyeong's chest like a dagger.

He couldn't say anything, his face just flushed. He'd rather go out all the way to the end, but his face wasn't thick enough for that.

In the end, Tae Kwang, who couldn't stand it any longer, stepped forward.

"Haa! This is why there's a problem with my master. What is this? You stepped forward with such great energy but now you're humiliated by the opponent."

"Who says I was humiliated?"

"Then what is this situation now?"

"That, that is..."

"There is a procedure for everything. First of all, reveal your identity, ask the other person's identity, find out what happened, and then, if there is a problem next time, you should look into it step by step. Who would follow it? Unless you're an idiot or a petulant, will you listen to that? Ah! "

Tae Kwang harshly criticized Woo Pyeong.

At the criticism of his young disciple, Woo Pyeong did not refute even once and lowered his head.

Tae Kwang looked at his master's pathetic figure for a bit then soon lowered his head to Pyo-wol.

"I'm sorry. I'll apologize on behalf of my master. Master only lives in the mountains so he doesn't know much about the world."

"Are you any different from him?"

"I'm better than Master. I may be a disciple of the Wudang sect now, but before I did, I used to wander around the world. In order to survive in Jianghu, it's essential to take care of your senses."

Tae Kwang grinned at Pyo-wol.

Tae Kwang had the eyes of an old merchant rather than a young disciple. He has developed his senses extraordinarily by being worn out.

Tae Kwang greeted Pyo-wol,

"I'll greet you formally. My name is Tae Kwang, a disciple of the Wudang sect. Can you tell me your name, mister?"

"It's Pyo-wol."

“So it’s Lord Pyo-wol.”

Tae Kwang's eyes turned dizzy.

He was trying to find out if there is a name called Pyo-wol by searching through his memories. However, no matter how much he thought about it, he couldn't think of a warrior named Pyo-wol.

'Is it his first appearance in Jianghu? But he seems like a veteran warrior.'

Tae Kwang changed his goal.

His gaze turned to Soma.

"You were surprised, right? I really apologize on behalf of my master, Soma. My master might be clumsy, but he's not actually such a bad person. So let go of your anger."

"I'm not angry."

"Really? Then that’s a relief"

"I don’t know about my brother though."

At Soma’s words, Tae Kwang glanced at Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol still had his face covered by a scarf. So Tae Kwang had no idea what Pyo-wol was thinking or feeling.

'This man! He smells dangerous.'

His master, Woo Pyeong, might have been careless but he was still one of the strongest people in the Wudang sect in terms of martial arts. But the man in front of them did not even flinch against the weight of his master’s qi. Furthermore, the same man even managed to interrupt his master’s breathing, preventing him from gathering his qi.

It was a skill that could only be attained by at least an elder of a Wudang sect.

If that's the case, then the man in front of them could be said to possess almost the same power as the elders of the Wudang sect whom they look up to like the sky.

So it was for no reason why Woo Pyeong dramatically changed his attitude.

Of course, with the current power of the Wudang sect, they had no reason to be intimidated by an unknown master. However, the Wudang sect knew very well how a single master could change Jianghu.

Gwonma, who revived the volcano, was like that, and Gwangmumunui Gaepa, one of the current Kang Ho Yi Rivers, was such a case.

He was an absolute master who changed Jianghu by himself.

Because they saw how he changed Jianghu alone, the Wudang sect never looked down on solitary warriors after that.

Whenever the Wudang sect accepted a new third-generation disciple, they thoroughly trained them mentally.

Woo Pyeong also received such education from a young age and has a habit of never belittling the other person.

The reason he was polite to Pyo-wol was not because he was scared. But rather, because he didn't want to escalate the problem.

He might have stepped down and allowed his disciple, Tae Kwang to solve the problem, but he is still clearly determined to intervene if the need arises.

Looking at the appearance of Woo Pyeong, Pyo-wol felt the power of a prestigious sect.

Respectful but not cowardly.

They also know how to take a step back if they feel inadequate.

If it were the warriors of other clans who confronted Pyo-wol in the same situation, they would never have backed down because of their pride. That was the so-called pride of a prestigious person.

But Woo Pyeong acted as if he had no such pride.

Pyo-wol was well aware of how hard it was.

The truly fearsome people were those who knew how to lower their heads even though they had such strength.

For now, it might have seemed that he bowed his head due to Pyo-wol's power, but inside, he must be calculating on how he could overcome the current situation.

At that moment, Woo Pyeong cautiously stepped forward.

Pyo-wol thought Woo Pyeong must have finished doing his calculations.

He respectfully bowed his head to Pyo-wol,

“I will apologize for accusing Soma of learning demonic arts. The energy I felt from Soma was so unique that I said it without realizing it. But now that I look at him, Soma's eyes are clear and calm.”

Woo Pyeong stepped back.

Pyo-wol also had no intention of pushing Woo Pyeong any further.

Woo Pyeong continued,

"I'd like to treat you to a meal as an apology. Let's clear up misunderstandings while we eat together.”

The opponent already went this far, so he couldn't refuse any more.

As Woo Pyeong made concessions, their side also had to back down to some extent.

Pyo-wol nodded.

"Okay.”

“So you can talk after all. I thought you were deliberately ignoring me so I became furious.”

"You should learn from your student.”

"Haha! I'm already learning a lot from Tae Kwang. He's better than me when it comes to dealing with people. That's why I brought him out today.”

Woo Pyeong tapped Tae Kwang on the shoulder and gave a friendly smile. Tae Kwang then playfully patted the butt of Woo Pyeong.

"I'm having a hard time because of my lacking master. Anyway, it's because my master doesn't know the world, so please be generous. Hehe!"

Tae Kwang grinned.

Even with Pyo-wol in front of him, he didn't look fazed at all.

Tae Kwang's appearance caught Pyo-wol's attention.

He doesn't know what his talent for martial arts is, but he surpasses the students of the other great sects when it comes to life skills.

It was then.

Bang!

Suddenly, an exceptionally loud explosion reverberated through the street.

Someone had tumbled on the floor.

"Heuk!"

The one who disappeared to the floor and breathed like a beast was Gong Ha-seong.

He looked up at the woman standing in front of him with bloodshot eyes.

"You—?"

"I've won, so don't bother me anymore. I'm no longer a disciple of the Golden Island sect."

The woman, Seol Hajin, said coldly.

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

Thank you for reading~

1. Divine Art of Taiqing. Raws: Taecheongsimgong, 태청심공(太靑心功).
 - Chinese characters:

- 太 tài - very, too, much; big; extreme
 - 青 qīng, jīng - blue, green, black; young
 - 心 xīn - heart; mind, intelligence; soul
 - 功 gōng - achievement, merit, good result
 - Taiqing also known as Daode Tianzun is one of the three highest Taoist gods
2. Telekinesis. Raw: 허공섭물.
- A skill in which masters who have built up a strong internal power move objects far away with their energy. It is similar to what is commonly referred to as telekinesis.
- 3.