

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 4 Episode 24

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 99

Nam Shin-woo's condition was bizarre.

The blood that had been pouring from the deep wounds in his chest had stopped, and his eyes had lost its focus. The way he stood up limply seemed unusual for some reason.

"What? You bastard! How are you alive?"

Cho Samcheok's eyebrows rose toward the sky.

No matter how good a person was in martial arts, it was normal for them to stop moving at this level of serious injury. However, even though Nam Shin-woo was limping, he was still moving on his own two feet.

"This bastard! I don't know what happened, but doesn't this mean you're still alive?"

A beam of light poured out of Cho Sam-cheok's eyes.

He thought it was better this way.

Their target might be in a bizarre state, but if he's already alive like this, they'll definitely get a fair price.

For the past few days, the Seven Stars has scoured the city to find Nam Shin-woo. Cho Samcheok was the first to find the clue on his whereabouts. If only Nam Shin-woo was caught, it was clear that he would be greatly recognized for his work at the Seven Stars.

"Heh heh!"

Samcheok Cho approached Nam Shin-woo with a laugh.

Nam Shin-woo was still limping.

He thought his target wouldn't be too difficult to catch.

"Come here!"

Cho Samcheok grabbed Nam Shin-woo's hair with his large hand.

Cho Samcheok was too strong for Nam Shin-woo, who was still young and fragile. Knowing that fact, Cho Samcheok was able to grab Nam Shin-woo's hair and drag him away.

Puck!

At that moment, Nam Shin-woo delivered an unexpected blow. His fist slammed into Cho Sam-cheok's side.

"Keuk!"

Cho Samcheok's eyes widened at the intense pain penetrating his lungs.

As far as he knows, Nam Shin-woo didn't learn anything about martial arts. But he just received a powerful shock.

Cho Samcheok clenched his teeth and kicked Nam Shin-woo. Nam Shin-woo bounced away like a ball.

"What is this? You punk!"

Cho Samcheok smirked and approached Nam Shin-woo.

At that moment, Nam Shin-woo got up again. Now his eyes were completely out of focus. But what was even more surprising was the wound in his chest.

The chest that had been cut long by Cho Samcheok had already been noticeably healed.

It was a sight that would never have happened to a normal person. It was impossible for even a person who had mastered magic to heal a wound like that at once.

It was only then that Cho Samcheok realized that the request the Seven Stars received was unusual.

“So this is why they paid such a high price for the commission.”

Cho Samcheok slightly frowned.

He was concerned about Nam Shin-woo's bizarre appearance and resilience, but he wasn't particularly scared.

Cho Samcheok was a master of traditional martial arts.

The Mad Sword¹ he learned had the power to crush any expert into beef jerky. There was no reason for him to fear beings who had mastered bizarre magic.

"If you continue to rebel, I will cut off all your limbs. It'll be interesting to see if you can still survive it. Heh heh!"

A great deal of aura was raised.

Sensing the murder intent, Nam Shin-woo slowly took a step back. Even when he lost his reason, he recognized the strength of his opponent.

At that moment, someone hugged Cho Samcheok from behind.

It was Tang Sochu.

"Run away!"

Tang Sochu shouted loudly while hugging Cho Samcheok.

Even though he lost his sense of reason, Nam Shin-woo responded to Tang Sochu's voice. He seemed to falter for a moment, before turning around and running out of the workshop.

"What? You bastard!"

Cho Samcheok aggressively shook his body to shake off Tang Sochu that held on to him tightly. But Tang Sochu persisted.

"Let go, bastard!"

In the end, Cho Samcheok angrily raised his energy and dropped Tang Sochu. However, Nam Shin-woo disappeared and was nowhere to be seen.

"You son of a..."

Cho Sam-cheek, whose anger raised to the point of his head, kicked Tang Sochu with all his might.

Boom!

With the sound of a drum hitting, Tang Sochu was smashed against the wall of the workshop.

Tang Sochu drooped without even moving. However, Cho Samcheok flew in the direction where Nam Shin-woo disappeared without looking at him.

Even after Nam Shin-woo and Cho Sam-cheok disappeared, Tang Sochu did not move for a long time.

It had been almost half an hour before he moved.

"Kerhyuk!"

Tang Sochu let out a rough breath and raised his upper body.

He was at the brink of death but he miraculously survived. Because of that, his head was blank and he couldn't remember what had happened.

It was a long time later when his memory returned.

"Shin...woo?"

He looked around, but Nam Shin-woo and Cho Samcheok were nowhere to be seen.

"Keuk!"

Tang Sochu stood up.

He felt an excruciating pain all over his body, as if he had been beaten with a large hammer. For that reason, even a simple movement as he raised his body made him feel tremendous pain.

Tang Sochu, who barely got up, looked around the studio.

The workshop filled with his lifelong wishes was horribly broken. It wasn't a problem that the workshop was broken. Since he can still fix it.

The problem was Nam Shin-woo.

He was a strange child.

He doesn't know why Cho Samcheok is chasing the child, but it was clear that the child would not be in good shape if he had been captured like this.

However, he couldn't help himself. Even if he clenched his teeth to endure it, he will get the same thing. He luckily survived this time, but the next time he gets hit, he is sure he will die.

After thinking for a moment, Tang Sochu walked away.

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"Try wearing this."

Cho Hyang shyly held out his clothing. What she handed over was a red long cloth made of the finest silk. The red cloth, which fit perfectly on Pyo-wol's body, was nothing more than a work of art in itself.

Pyo-wol stroking the long sleeves and said,

"It feels good."

"I'm glad. The best craftsmen in Chengdu put great effort into making this finest silk. It suits you well."

Cho Hyang smiled broadly.

It cost her lot of money to order the red clothing, but it was worth the money as it made Pyo-wol's appearance stand out even more.

"Wear it well."

Cho Hyang hugged Pyowol's waist and said,

"Every time you wear this dress, please think of me."

"I will."

"Thank you."

Tears welled up in the corners of her eyes.

The past few days with Pyo-wol were the happiest moments of her life. After becoming a prostitute, she had never been so sincere to anyone. In a way, Pyo-wol was like her first love.

But she knew.

That she can't stay like this with him forever.

Happy dreams don't last forever.

It was now time for her to wake up.

So, she prepared the red clothing with all her heart. Hoping that Pyo-wol will remember her forever.

Pyo-wol wiped away her tears. She bashfully laughed.

"As expected, you're too cool."

At that moment, Hong Yushin's voice was heard outside.

"Can I come in? It's urgent."

"Go ahead."

As soon as Pyo-wol answered, Hong Yushin opened the door and entered. Hong Yu-shin glanced at Cho Hyang.

"You, go out."

"Yes!"

Cho Hyang bowed her head and went out.

Pyo-wol looked at Hong Yu-shin.

"You seem to have found something?"

"The Seven Stars is currently looking for a child."

"Child?"

"They're now going around asking questions, searching for a sixteen-year-old boy. Since they deliberately asked people other than the Hao clan, it became difficult for us to find out."

"Child?"

"Yes! He asked a skinny kid who's around sixteen years old."

"Why?"

"We haven't figured it out yet."

Hong Yushin avoided Pyo-wol's gaze.

Since they only obtained this much information even after mobilizing all Hao clan members, he was ashamed to see Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol did not blame Hong Yushin.

It was Hong Yushin, who only believed in his own intuition and moved the Hao clan members. Even if he couldn't thank him, he didn't blame him either.

"Let go of me!"

They suddenly heard a loud noise outside.

Hong Yushin frowned and said,

"What's the matter?"

"Right now, a man named Tang Sochu is trying to force himself to enter the Plum Room."

"Tang Sochu?"

At that moment, Pyo-wol opened the door and went outside.

“Brother!”

Surrounded by the guards of the Water Lily Pavilion, Tang Sochu knelt at the sight of Pyo-wol. Pyo-wol hurriedly approached him. The warriors who surrounded Tang Sochu retreated at a distance.

"What happened?"

"Help me."

Tang Sochu grabbed the hem of Pyo-wol's clothing and made eye contact. Pyo-wol nodded his head after looking at Tang Sochu's red and bloodshot eyes.

"Say it."

"Will you help me?"

"If it's something I can do."

"There's a kid who ran away from my workshop."

Tang Sochu briefly explained his experience with Nam Shin-woo.

"So, you mean that a large warrior with a sword broke down your workshop and tried to kidnap a child you were protecting?"

"That's right!"

Pyo-wol's gaze turned to Hong Yushin.

“It seems that it's the youngest of the Seven Stars, Cho Samcheok or the Mad Blood-Spraying Swordsman. The appearance and characteristics he told me are consistent with him.”

"Cho Samcheok?"

"You've probably seen him yourself. He uses a sword as big as his own size as a weapon. He has a fire-like personality, but he has a surprisingly cold side. Even after getting caught by him, he survived, so luck was on your younger brother."

The reason Tang Sochu survived was because his body was naturally trained while handling iron. If any other person had been hit by Cho Samcheok like that, they would have already died.

Tang Sochu knelt down on one knee.

It was because his remaining stamina was exhausted. His mind went numb. But Tang Sochu struggled to regain his composure and said,

"There's something strange. The child, obviously, was cut deep in his chest by the sword of Cho Samcheok. I thought he was dead because he was so severely injured that his bones were exposed, but he floundered and came back to life. It was a strange sight. It's really..."

Tang Sochu's voice gradually dwindled.

He soon lost consciousness.

Pyo-wol carefully hugged Tang Sochu and laid him down. Fortunately, he only fainted, and it seemed that his life was not in danger.

Hong Yushin mumbled as he gave the order.

"He was wounded enough to expose the bones of his chest, but he was said to have survived? Maybe it was related to the Ghost King?"²

"Ghost King?"

"You don't know about the Ghost King?"

"I don't know."

Pyo-wol answered honestly.

Hong Yushin frowned for a moment, but soon explained about the Ghost King.

"A few decades ago, a mysterious monster appeared. He immediately caught the attention of people as soon as he appeared in Jianghu. Do you know why?"

"....."

"It's because no matter how badly injured he was, he did not die. He did not shrink even when he was staying in a place where no ordinary person could ever live. No expert could kill him."

No matter what serious injuries he suffered, the Ghost King did not die. Given a little time, he would recover back to normal.

The Ghost King was held as the most incomprehensible being in Jianghu.

Nothing was known about him.

Where he came from.

How he got his ability.

The true history of his situation.

What his intentions were.

None of those were clear.

At some point, such rumors began to circulate in Jianghu. Those who find out the secret of the Ghost King will enjoy eternal life. Thousands of warriors set out to capture the Ghost King. But no one got what they wanted.

The king was strong.

He was strong enough to be horrifying.

He possessed such a powerful force that the top-ranked martial artists could not do anything about him. In fact, there was a middle-class clan who went out to catch him and they were annihilated without leaving a single trace.

Since then, the Ghost King has become a legend.

There were still many people who wanted him, but no one dared to touch him.

The demon king was like a divine dragon in a cloud.

There are only rumors that he wanders around in Jianghu, but there are only a handful of people who have met him in person.

The Ghost King was also the subject of attention in the Hao clan. However, because he was so elusive, they were not able to even grasp his whereabouts.

After hearing all the stories, Pyo-wol muttered.

"So, it means that a person with the same constitution as that Ghost King has appeared."

It was understandable that the Seven Stars was chasing the boy.

It was clear that the one who secured the boy would be one step closer to the secret of the Ghost King.

In that case, immortality would not be a dream.

SoundlessWind21's Note:

Enjoy the chapter :D

1. Mad Sword. Raws: Gwangfungdo, (狂風刀)
 - a. 狂 kuang, insane, mad, violent
 - b. 風 feng, wind, air
 - c. 刀 dao, knife, measure
2. Ghost King. Raws: 귀왕(鬼王)
 - a. 鬼 ghost, spirit, devil, spirit of the dead
 - b. 王 king, ruler, royal