

Reaper of the Drifting Moon

Light Novel: Volume 7 Episode 8

Manhwa: N/A

Chapter 158

There were a lot of people in the West Wind Guest House. They each took a seat, drinking and chatting.

It was still early in the evening, but some tables already had dozens of bottles of alcohol lying around.

Just like what drunk people usually do, they were very noisy as they talked without paying attention to the people around them. It would have been a problem if they were in another guest house, but fortunately, most of the people staying at the West Wind Guest House were in the same state.

Thanks to this, even though Wu Jang-rak and his party came in, no one paid them any attention.

Pyo-wol took a seat separately from Wu Jang-rak's party.

"Welcome."

A boy with freckles ran up to him.

It was the waiter of the West Wind Guest House.

The waiter, who looked three or four years older than Soma, had a tired look on his face. He was probably exhausted from serving the guests coming in since morning.

The amount of money they earned from the job was just small, but the amount of work they had to do was a lot that they couldn't help but run out of exhaustion even if it was just early in the evening.

Pyo-wol tossed a coin to the waiter and said,

"Bring me the most delicious food in this house."

"Okay, got it!"

The waiter looked at the coin in his hand and smiled broadly. The cold feeling of the metal in his hands made him forget about his fatigue.

"Brother! I want dumplings!"

Soma raised his hand and said.

"Yes! Our guest house's dumplings are also excellent. You won't be disappointed."

"Hehehe! I'm sure it's going to be delicious."

"Wait a minute. I'll bring it to you soon."

"Okay!"

Soma nodded his head vigorously.

The waiter ran to the kitchen.

Soma looked at the back of the waiter and muttered,

"It must be hard for him to work like that every day."

Before being taken by the Xiaoleiyin Temple, Soma also helped with housework. Although the work was hard, the memories of that time still remain as good memories.

Later on, they heard indecent talks from the table right next to them.

"So I took off a girl's skirt and she was like, 'Oh, no! Don't do this!'"

"So what did you do?"

"What does she mean by, 'don't do this?' Of course, I just forced myself on her. I held her because I liked her."

The one who spoke was a man who appeared to be in his mid to late forties. He was a large man and he gave off a rough impression. It was as if he had mastered the external technique properly as the sun's blood suddenly came out.

They did not care about the gaze of the people around them, and continued with their indecent talk.

They worked in a mercenary guild as a Dazhou native..

There were several places where there is a mercenary guild in Jianghu. However, not all guilds are well maintained like in Dazhou.

What makes the mercenary guild in Dazhou special is that it is managed by the Wind and Thunder Clan.¹

Mercenary guilds are naturally generated by demand. But the mercenary guilds in Dazhou were created artificially by the Wind and Thunder Clan predicting the market.

The Wind and Thunder Clan strictly managed the mercenaries in the mercenary guild and supplied them to the places where they were needed, such as at merchant or escort companies. Furthermore, they guarantee the identities of the hired mercenaries and severely punish them if ever they cause trouble.

Due to the strict management of the Wind and Thunder Clan, the mercenaries in Dazhou managed to earn more trust than the other mercenaries in other areas.

The reason Wu Jang-rak wanted to hire mercenaries from Dazhou was also specifically for this reason. The Wind and Thunder Clan manages their mercenaries well.

"Kukukuku! Do you know what the girl said at dawn after refusing so much at the beginning?"

"What did you say?"

"She said, 'When are you coming back tomorrow?'"

"Kekeke! You did it properly."

The men who made obscene remarks were all belonging to the Wind and Thunder Clan. Since their job entails dealing with rough mercenaries, their nature was also bound to be rough.

Pyo-wol listened to their stories on the back of his ear.

"The food has arrived."

The waiter came up with a tray of food. He placed the appetizing food on the table.

"Enjoy your meal!"

"Wow! This looks delicious!"

Soma smiled as he picked up a large dumpling.

"You eat well too."

"Yes, brother!"

The waiter smiled before returning to his original position.

Pyo-wol looked at the food placed in front of the table. There were noodles, dumplings, and delicious stir-fried meat.

A pungent smell tickled his nostrils.

Pyo-wol pulled down the scarf that was covering his face and took a deep breath.

"Hoo...!"

"Oh!"

At that moment, the people who were nearby let out exclamations without knowing it.

Pyo-wol's appearance was too beautiful for a man. If it wasn't for his tall height and wide shoulders, he could easily be mistaken for a woman.

Because of his dazzling appearance, many people looked at Pyo-wol, mesmerized. However, Pyo-wol did not pay them any attention and just continued to quietly eat his food.

"That bastard, isn't he a girl disguised as a man?"

"Look at his fair skin. Your hand will slip if you touch it."

"Oh, fuck! Is he seducing me?"

"Hehehe! You perverted bastard! You're reacting to a man now?"

The warriors of the Wind and Thunder Clan saw Pyo-wol and made obscene remarks. They thought they were whispering to each other, but their voices were so loud that Pyo-wol could hear them clearly.

For a moment, Pyo-wol's chopsticks stopped its movement.

Then the warriors of the Wind and Thunder Clan chatted again.

"I think he heard us."

"Heheheh! So what if he heard us?"

"The little punk who looks like a girl actually has pretty good ears."

Even though they knew that Pyo-wol had heard them, they had no intention of stopping their vulgar remarks.

Their faces were full of mockery.

The other guests in the guest house looked at both the Wind and Thunder Clan warriors and Pyo-wol with interested expressions. They had no intention of stopping the viciousness of the Wind and Thunder Clan warriors.

This kind of thing frequently happens around Jianghu.

It might be humiliating for the victim, but for those who are in the same space, it was a good spectacle.

They wondered how the woman-like man would react.

"Will he say anything?"

"I would bet one silver that he won't say anything. With his face like that, no doubt his temper is also like a girl."

"Heh heh! Are you sure? His face might be like that, but what if his temper is fiery?"

"Khahaha! What's wrong with you? Say something that makes sense! Even if you wiggle his cock, he won't say anything."

They even bet on Pyo-wol's reaction.

In an instant, the atmosphere in the guest house heated up.

'Oh, no!'

Only one person, Wu Jang-rak, became contemplative.

It was because he knew the true nature of Pyo-wol.

Pyo-wol opened his mouth,

"Soma."

"Yes, brother!"

Soma looked at Pyo-wol with passionate eyes.

From the time the warriors from the Wind and Thunder Clan made fun of Pyo-wol, a scorching heat was rising in Soma's chest.

Souma asked with high expectations,

"Shall I kill them all?"

"Go."

"Can I really kill them? You promise you really won't say anything later?"

"I won't."

"Yay!"

Soma responded vigorously and got up from his seat.

The Wind and Thunder Clan warriors looked at the two with puzzled expressions.

"Kid! Did you just say that you're going to kill us?"

"Yeah! My brother already gave me his permission!"

"You're out of your mind."

"How did you know that I'm out of my mind? Did my brother tell you?"

"What are you saying? You little bastard!"

The warrior, who had been throwing vulgar remarks, got up from his seat and approached Soma and Pyo-wol.

"Hey! Let's see where your cock is!"

He raised his hand towards Pyo-wol's trousers.

Ordinary people usually do not dare to resist the moment they see his large size and sullen face. Moreover, this place was the territory of the Wind and Thunder Clan. Even the rough-and-tumble mercenaries couldn't say anything against him.

He thought it would be the same this time.

But his hand never managed to touch Pyo-wol.

Tuk!

s o u n d l e s s w i n d 2 1 . c o m

Because his hand, which was outstretched forward, was suddenly cut off from his forearm.

The warrior blinked his eyes as he looked at the arm that had fallen to the floor.

He did not understand the situation in front of him.

"What? My... arm?"

It happened so suddenly that he didn't even feel any pain.

At that moment, Soma's voice echoed in his ears.

"Heehee! One arm down."

"What?"

Giiiing!

At that moment, a strange noise resounded in the guest house.

It was a horrifying sound, like tens of thousands of bees flapping their wings at once. The unpleasant noise made everyone in the guest's house shrug their shoulders in unison.

Then they saw a wheel spinning around inside of the guest house.

The wheel, which had been circling around Soma like a living creature, soon struck the man whose arm was severed.

Sung-dong!

The wheel cut through the remaining arm of the warrior.

"Keurgh!"

A scream burst out from the man's mouth.

The warrior, who lost both arms in an instant, howled like an animal.

s o u n d l e s s w i n d 2 1 . c o m

"W, what?"

“That little bastard—”

The warrior's colleagues belatedly left their seats and got up.

Their faces were full of disbelief.

The warrior, who lost both of his arms and cried like a beast, was one of the fairly strong warriors in the Wind and Thunder Clan. The fact that he could not react properly and lost both arms made them feel great fear.

Shiak!

At that moment, Soma flew two more of his wheels.

The two wheels separated the man's two legs from his body.

Thud!

The body of the warrior who had lost all his limbs, lay on the floor. Since he had shed too much blood in an instant, he instantly died.

Everyone's faces in the guest house became pale at the terrible sight.

"This crazy little bastard..."

"How dare you kill the man from the Wind and Thunder Clan-!"

The emotions felt by the warriors from Wind and Thunder Clan could not be expressed in words.

Tuck!

Soma retrieved the wheels orbiting in the air and hung them around his neck.

Jjalan! Jjalan!

s o u n d l e s s w i n d 2 1 . c o m

With every step he took, the wheels swayed and made a clear sound. However, no one thought that the metallic sound was beautiful or pure.

"You're next, uncle."

Soma pointed to his second victim.

The warrior's face who Soma pointed his finger to, turned white.

"Wait! Do you know who I am?"

"I don't know! Do I have to know?"

"If you kill me, you will have a big problem!"

"It's okay!"

"This is the Wind and Thunder Clan's territory. If you lay a hand on me, the Wind and Thunder Clan won't forgive you."

"I wish the Wind and Thunder Clan would get really angry and rush towards me without thinking. I can't wait to see what happens."

"You craz—"

Puk!

The warrior couldn't finish his words.

It was because a sharp wheel was already deeply embedded in his forehead.

He could not even scream properly. He just died.

Now there was only one left.

He, too, had made lewd remarks with the others.

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When he saw Pyo-wol's white face, he mocked him the most. But now his face was so white that he looked pitiful.

'Who the hell is this demon?'

The little boy, who was approaching him with a smile, no longer looked human.

What was even more frightening was Pyo-wol calmly holding his chopsticks. He didn't even blink an eye even though two people had already died in front of him.

"Ugh!"

A moan of pain escaped from his mouth.

He looked around the inside of the guest house. His eyes begging for help.

Among the many people in the guest house, not one made eye contact with him.

They remained as bystanders.

They wanted to refrain from getting involved in things that had nothing to do with them.

There were no more people laughing and talking in the hall.

They were already overwhelmed by Soma's strange madness.

Chelgrung! Chelgrung!

Every time Soma moved, a clear metal sound would rang out.

The clear sound of iron weighed down on the hearts of the people in the guest house.

Soma's mischievous voice resounded in the guest house.

"Where is the third one?"

SoundlessWind21's Notes:

Thank you for reading.

1. Wind and Thunder Clan. Raws: Pungnoebang, 풍뢰방(風雷房)
 - 風 fēng, fěng, fèng – wind, air, manners, atmosphere
 - 雷 léi, lèi – thunder
 - 房 fáng, páng – house, building, room