

# The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

## (달빛 조각사)

### Volume 03

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#### Story Description:

The man forsaken by the world, the man a slave to money and the man known as the legendary God of War in the highly popular MMORPG Continent of Magic. With the coming of age, he decides to say goodbye, but the feeble attempt to earn a little something for his time and effort ripples into an effect none could ever have imagined.

Through a series of coincidences, his legendary avatar is sold for 3.1 billion won, bringing great joy to him, only to plunge him into despair at losing almost all of it to vicious loan sharks. With revelation of money through gaming, he rises from the abyss with new found resolve and steps forward into the new age of games led by the first ever Virtual Reality MMORPG, Royal Road.

This is the legend of Lee Hyun on his path to becoming Emperor with only his family loving heart, his boundless desire for money, his unexpected mind, his diligently forged body and the talent of hard work backing him.

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

# Chapter 1: My Profession, Moonlight Sculptor

Baran village was bustling at the seems with the drastically increased number of users visiting.

“Selling sculptures! Food for sale! Repairing low durability armor or weapons for a cheap price!”

“That sculpture, how much is it?”

“20 silver per piece! Is it expensive? Art is usually as expensive as it is pretty.”

Weed was the focus of explosive interest from female users! Each of the sculptures he made appeared almost alive. Most sculptures, especially the stone sculptures, were too large and couldn't be sold. So, in order to draw crowds, smaller models were produced. These were cute and extremely adorable, receiving the majority of attention from the female users.

Weed simultaneously cooked while selling sculptures. People gathered, attracted by the smell of the food being stirred and fried. People who came to buy sculptures were also enamoured by the smell of the cuisine.

“What are you cooking?”

“It's poison.”

“Eek, poison? You're making poison? Even though it's emitting this delicious scent...”

“Yes, it's poisonous because it's so delicious that it's worth dying twice for! Here's a sample dish. Try a little bit!”

The users tasted Weed's stew. He gave each a small spoonful.

First of all, the smell! The stew was made from boiling wild edible greens which were good for the body and it emitted a sweet fragrance. As soon as the stew entered the mouth, the eyes of the female users widened at the gently unraveling sweet flavor.

“Wow, it’s delicious! Oppa, can’t you buy me some?”

(PR: ‘Oppa’ is the respectful term used by females to call older males such as older male brother or friends in Korea)

“Yeah! Eat as much as you want. Since my Sena wants it so much... Mister, how much is it?”

“15 silvers.” Weed replied.

“Far too expensive for one dish, isn’t it?”

Many of the faces from the male users became distorted when they heard this. This was because 15 silvers was a significantly high price. However, Weed never compromised when it came to price. There was no room to compromise when it came to money.

“The reason I cook is to allow many people to eat more delicious food. But I feel that this road is not so easy. It seems maybe the dishes are too expensive since everyone seems to complain about it.”

“Well, of course it is!”

“I would like to sell it really cheap; however, the cost of ingredients for this is nearly 14 silvers. When you consider the cooking tools and all the effort I put in, I’m selling it for next to nothing. Sniffle. Should I give up my dream of cooking delicious food and use cheap ingredients to cook cheap food? It’s really a dilemma for me. Sniffle”

Weed cried contemptibly, it was all an act of course. Even if he was stabbed and bled, Weed wouldn’t shed a tear. This was an investment. An investment in ingredients for no cost!

“Oppa!” The investment paid off, the female user vehemently cried out.

“Let’s just buy his food! I mean, come on! He’s someone who cooks really well... After all, mom would say that cooking comes from the heart. Someone who makes food as delicious as this must be a really good person.”

“Yeah, yeah, I got it. Sorry about that Chef, I hope you sell a lot.”

The duo went and surprisingly paid 20 silvers. Neither of them asked for

change. Weed's expression changed to a smile of satisfaction.

'Anything tastes good if you don't know what good food is. Once again, money has been earned.'

Weed skillfully sold sculptures and food. In fact, the all up, the materials barely even cost 1 silver.

The wild greens were the cheapest ingredients from the market and the other ingredients weren't that much more expensive. Since the market was in a mountain village and they didn't have many things to sell, the prices for materials regarding food were very cheap. Even though the market didn't have ingredients that the markets in the larger towns or cities had, with the large variety of ingredients, all kinds of dishes could be made.

"Mister! One bowl please."

"Kimbab for us."

(T/N: Kimbab: sushi like, but it uses different ingredients inside and the rice is mixed with sesame oil instead of vinegar)

"I came back again, hehe."

There was no end to the customers. Due to Weed's cooking skills and sculpting skills being at the intermediate level, he was drawing in huge crowds. With the crowds growing by the hour, even his exaggeration grew, but Weed was someone who thought lies weren't lies if they were for business. Weed also made customers feel better with his thorough service. However, from time to time, there were of course customers that troubled him.

"Excuse me, I think I've seen you on television."

Two women approached him, trying to view every aspect of Weed's face, and then they asked,

"You're the Princess Knight, aren't you?"

It was the nickname that he'd received after taking an active role in an event at Dein High School to get the top prize. Probably due to the news

spreading rapidly throughout the internet, there were a lot of people who recognized him. Some may like to be really popular, but in Weed's case, it was different. Of the many nicknames he had, the nickname of Princess Knight was enormously embarrassing for him.

“Well, you see, I think you've got the wrong person.”

Weed turned his eyes away to avoid their attention. Weed's cooking was not only delicious, when eaten, it gave a significant boost to the user's health and mana. Due to this reason, many people came to eat his cooking. The boost was so significant, to the extent that even hunting parties came and ate as a group.

“The price is 15 silvers. The price for the special nourishing meal for hunting is 30 silvers. Thank you. Have a pleasant hunt!”

Even though the price of the food and sculptures were high, Weed did offer to repair their low durability items for free as an extra service, so the price wasn't really a problem. Even though it was 30 silvers, for users who hunted in Baran village, it was an amount they could easily pay.

Food that raised health and mana was more than worth the amount they had to pay when hunting. Of course, there really were expensive dishes on the menu. There was a dish made by using an egg of the Avians and a fruit of heaven, that left a taste so delicious that you wouldn't even notice if someone had upped and died beside you.

Just counting the cost of ingredients, the fruit of heaven was 15 silvers and the egg of the Avians cost a whopping 95 silvers. However, the dish wasn't just an expensive dish, it was also difficult to cook. Health foods are not made with one main ingredient. A health food dish needed to neutralize the strong potency, while doubling the effect.

Just like when making ginseng chicken soup (samgyetang), ginseng, dates and other various medicinal herbs are used. The dish needs to bring out the flavour and maximize the effect of all its ingredients. These are the difficulties and hardships of a chef.

Thus, after several attempts and failures, the names of the dishes made with the egg of the Avians and the fruit of heaven were,

Wellbeing Royal Bud of the Day!

Sweet Nut & Bay Leaf.

The dish made using both of those ingredients had this name,

Main Nut on the Bird.

This dish brings out the effects of both the egg of the Avians and the fruit of heaven, which means it gives a significant boost to strength, intellect, luck, mana and health.

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When Mapan joined Weed in Baran village, he had high expectations.

“Finally, my time as a tired and exhausted merchant will end! Now, it’s should be smooth sailing from here on out.”

One can say a merchant’s road is difficult. In Mapan’s mind, the memories of suffering flashed by.

“Whew, those were tough times...”

When he initially chose to be a merchant, he was filled with hopes and dreams. The Merchant class really struck Mapan’s fancy because, Money! Money was power! Money was fame!

The world, in the end, was dominated by money. He majored in economics, and he firmly believed that capitalism was not an ideology, but economics itself. To earn capital, he was prepared to endure some hardships.

It felt like all the money in the Versailles continent became his, and with it, he wanted to construct a large trading company to obtain a large amount of fame. In some kingdoms, it was said that peerage as a noble could be bought with enough money. In a word, he chose the road as a merchant to earn lots of money.

But what was this! From the beginning, the road to becoming a merchant was rough without equal. Since he was not allowed out of the city for four weeks, he ran errands. He worked diligently in hotels, weapon stores, and exchanges, to save a small sum of money. Everything was for

the Merchant class quest. Mapan jumped, ran and rolled!

“Since I’ve seen all the effort you’ve put in, I think you have the talent to become a merchant. If you don’t have a greed for money, you are not a merchant. I urgently need 300 pieces of rabbit pelt. I’ll give you one gold, so can you get them for me? If you do, I will formally accept you as a merchant of Rosenheim kingdom! However, get it done as quickly as possible. I need them within 3 days.”

Ting

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Quest: The Exchange Owner who needs Rabbit Pelts:

The owner of the Exchange requires a large quantity of rabbit leather. There is no need to know why he needs it, but it seems that doing it as quickly as possible would be good.

Difficulty: E

Requirement:

Three days.

If you fail, the Exchange owner’s confidence in you will decline and you will not receive a commission for one month.

Reward:

Merchant Profession

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‘Hooray, I’ve earned money!’ Singing with delight, Mapan accepted the request.

“He even gave me one gold, as expected of a merchant quest, even from the beginning, they give a lot of money.”

Rabbits were common beginner monsters that spawned in front of the castle. One rabbit leather sold for 10 coppers in a general store, so the total purchase price should have been 3000 coppers. Therefore, he calculated that 30 silver should have been sufficient.

Of course, the other party needed to have some benefits. In a proper business transaction, both sides needed to profit.

“Buying Rabbit Pelts! I’m willing to pay 11 coppers each!”

Mapan cried out with a loud voice in front of the castle. He was hoping that massive amounts of users hunting rabbits would come running. Nearby, another merchant shouted even louder.

“Buying Rabbit Pelts for 30 coppers!”

A person who was sewing next to them yelled, “Buying Rabbit Pelts for 50 coppers!”

“Damn! How could this have happened...”

The rabbit pelts that should have cost only 10 coppers were being purchased at ridiculously high prices.

“What is happening?” The perplexed Mapan asked, but the answer drove him to despair.

“You didn’t know? You’re not the only person who is collecting rabbit pelts to become a merchant. Also, the people who want to learn sewing need rabbit pelts, so the price for them skyrocketed!”

Mapan was in tears. The prices were bringing beginner merchants to tears. The merchant occupation had a three day time limit. Without a choice, he had to use up all the money he had earned and barely obtained 300 rabbit pelts after hunting all day and night. Because of that, he became flat broke.

“Thank you, now you are a merchant!”

The owner of the exchange gave him a pat on the shoulder for a job well done; little did he know that Mapan’s shoulders were drooping. That had only been the beginning. It was the beginning of the harsh road of a merchant.

To raise his level and skills, he had to purchase loot from users at a costly price. Due to being weak, he was ignored during combat. But in order to purchase loot, he had to fight a torturous war of blood and sweat.

Mapan, who had traveled far to Baran village, had experienced many joys and sorrows that he could not even begin to speak about.

Waiting for someone, who might or might not even come to his stall to sell loot, was really difficult, but there was an abundance of people who came and asked for unreasonable prices.

“My hardships are over!”

Ever since Mapan had formed a partnership with Weed, all of his anxiety and fears had disappeared. All he had to do was trust and follow Weed.

“I will follow him anywhere. All I have to do is trust him!”

Mapan made a firm resolution. A great warrior! An adventurer! A master of battle! Mapan, who only knew this side of Weed, had immense confidence in him. That emotion persisted until they reached Baran Village.

“How can this be?”

Mapan wanted to scream. Even when he rubbed his eyes to look again, Weed was making food and selling sculptures. To make matters worse, he was repairing things!

“Nooooooooo!”

While Weed was cheerfully cooking, someone was secretly weeping. That someone was Mapan. The Weed he knew as the great warrior was now selling food and sculptures.

“Isn’t that the worst case of a Japkae (Jack of Trades)?”

(T/N: ‘Japkae’ roughly means: jack of all trades but what it really means is someone who doesn’t stick to one skill tree and puts points in all of them and never specializing)

This was not something he could figure out with a guess. He needed to be sure, but Mapan was hesitant. He was afraid to know the answer. However, it wasn’t something he could not go without knowing, he had to ask.

“Um, Weed-nim, what is your profession?”

“Me? As you can see, I’m a sculptor.”

“A-a-a sculptor?”

Mapan’s head hurt as if he was struck on the back of his head with a blunt object.

‘The sculptor class is just as unpopular as the artist and the cleaner classes!’

Melancholy took a hold of Mapan; he pointed at the boiling cauldron with a trembling hand.

“Then, what about those dishes?”

“It’s a side job.”

“What about repairs...”

“It’s one of the skills I’m diligently learning. To learn the blacksmithing skill to make weapons and armor, I need to get the repair skill to at least the intermediate level.”

Mapan, who thought forming a team with Weed was destiny, couldn’t be any more disappointed.

“Well, yeah. This guy who is terribly unlucky... but how can there be such a jack of all trades?”

In his mind, the character called Weed was terrible in a worthless sense. His skill set was so haphazard that it was enough to go down in history as the lousiest character! Weed had diligently learned miscellaneous skills that were unappreciated by others. If it was Mapan, he would have given up and made a new character.

‘How sloppily leveled is his character that you’d get something like this!?’

However, Mapan was making a huge misconception. It was Weed’s painstaking struggle! He grew stronger little by little by continuously hitting the scarecrow at the beginner class training center, all the while

eating the instructor's meals.

He had made sculptures until his eyes were red in order to increase his art stat by at least 1 point. To raise his cooking skills, he became a cook for a troop of NPC soldiers who were part of a punitive group.

He cooked tens of thousands of dishes, created thousands of sculptures, and barely raised the character called Weed, but in Mapan's eyes, all he saw was a sloppily made character that had learned all kinds of skills. Mapan could be here now because even when he tripped or broke things, he learned something new and picked himself up.

'This man is even more commercial-minded than me. Confucius had once said: "When there are three people walking, a teacher is bound to be among them." Even from a jack of trades, I can learn something from him.'

Mapan decided to not regret his choice of forming a partnership with Weed. He enthusiastically bought loot beside Weed and opened up his own stall. Anyhow, he couldn't just sit and do nothing. While watching Weed selling food and sculptures during Mapan's spare moments, he was enlightened on being a merchant meant.

"What a wretched liar...!" There were moments where he was astonished greatly.

"He is making such unreasonable profits with such lousy ingredients!"

Other times, he got angry. For Mapan, who prided in being an upright merchant, it felt as if he had no room to compete.

"Isn't he just a daylight robber and a fraud?"

Weed had a gift of brilliant eloquence that gently suited the buyer's taste. With just a few words, a sculpture that was being sold for ten silver coins sold for fifteen silver coins, making Mapan boil with anger as he watched. After two days, Weed finally placed the sculptures that were on the display stand slowly into his bag.

"They sold a lot better than expected."

The sculptures had been carved in his spare time in Lavias. More than half of them had been sold. The thing about sculptures, is that people don't return to buy another one. An average person would buy one as a souvenir, unless he met a collector.

Even if the production cost of the sculpture is low at 10 silver coins, 30 silver coins can be obtained at best. Therefore 10 sculptures need to be sold to barely earn 3 gold. This had been quite useful in the early days, when Weed had been poor, but considering his current level, the profit from his wood carvings amounted to chump change.

Among the users in Baran Village, most people who would have purchased sculptures had already bought one. If Weed stayed any longer, all he would be able to sell would be his cooking. After raising his repair and cooking skills to 40%, Weed took down his stall. He glanced at Mapan who was beside him, purchasing loot steadily.

"It's time for us to depart." Weed said.

"Huh? Depart to where?"

"We'll be traveling to the Bar Khu mountain range that I already told you about in advance."

Weed had to return Hera's Cup to the Church of Freya within three months, so he had already planned to leave Baran Village. Furthermore, a lot of knowledge and experience was required to become a magnificent sculptor. Although Weed had become strong by using several methods, he did not forget the fact that his job was a sculptor. Weed visited the general stores and shops, and quickly prepared for the trip.

"Take care!" Ghandilva, the Village Chief, said warmly to Weed outside the gate.

The three Denarion soldiers, Dale, Becker, and Hosram, also said their goodbyes along with the village chief.

"I'll come back and visit sometime." Weed promised.

"Of course. We'll not forget all the help you've given us!"

“See you later.”

“Yes, sir! After our duty is complete here, we’ll be returning back home. So, the next time we meet will probably be back at the Citadel.”

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Weed and Mapan bought the local specialties of the big cities as they traveled south of Rosenheim Kingdom. Pearls and jade, white wine, cheese, olive oil, mithril and more, were all specialties in the southern cities.

The Kingdom of Rosenheim did not have a high technological or commercial prowess. Probably due to this reason, jewelry, food, and unrefined ores were being actively traded. Among the kingdoms in the center of the continent, there were some cities and countries that specialized in producing weapons and armor.

Naturally, these country’s weapons were more durable and had excellent attack and defense stats, in comparison to other countries. Thus, users who started in the center of the continent had that much of an advantage. However, in terms of adventure and opportunity, the kingdom of Rosenheim was not a bad choice.

“40 pieces of Jade please.”

The task of buying jewels was left to Mapan. With the accounting skill, it was possible to purchase merchandise at a more reasonable price. However, if you attempted to drop the price down too excessively, the trade could be canceled.

When that happened, the exchange owner would not do any business transactions with you for a maximum of ten days, so it was necessary to be cautious. Mapan, who had just finished bargaining, turned around to look at Weed.

“The price for the jade is 760 gold. Should I buy it?”

“Uhm...Can’t you cut the price further?”

“This is the limit with my skills.”

Weed's hands trembled as they entered his pockets. Then 800 in gold coins came out. Mapan gave the money for the jewels to the seller and passed the change and jewels back to Weed.

“Where do we go now?”

“To Falcon village to get some pearls.”

50 pearls were purchased for 690 gold, and then 3 kg worth of mithril was purchased after arriving at the coal mining village. The wallet that only knew how to accept money was opened up, and in the end, even the small change was spent, leaving only 50 gold.

Soon enough, the fortune that he had amassed had dwindled, and his innocent money bag lost the fight. At the end of the ordeal, 50 gold was all that was left. Weed's former total fortune had been 1700 gold. The money which Weed had painstakingly earned and conserved was spent in an instant.

In the Britten Alliance, beyond the mountains of Bar Khu, the price for jewels was at least 25% higher than on this side of the mountain range. Even if one wasn't a merchant, marginal profit from market price and fame could be gained, so as many goods that could be purchased were bought.

“But, what is he doing?”

Every time Weed moved to a town to buy the local commodities, Mapan's eyes had a puzzling look. Even when Weed was walking down the road, he was always doing something. One of them was uprooting plants. Then, he diligently put them in his bag. Every now and then, he smiled delightedly.

“Weed-nim, might I ask what you are doing?” Mapan could not resist his curiosity, and Weed's answer was simple.

“You mean this? I'm uprooting herbs.”

“If it's a herb...”

“I learned Herbal Medicine; the terrain here is rugged, so that might be

why there are a lot of medicinal plants.” Mapan swallowed his breath.

“Oh!” Weed, who had looked like an idol to Mapan, finally took shape as the worst jack of all trades ever!

“I judged this person too hastily!”

To think that I had deluded myself into thinking that the one who had hunted Death Knights and the undead was him just because he had their loot! It might be that he got lucky and found them somewhere. Of course, the chance of that happening was really slim, but Mapan, whose confidence in Weed had utterly dropped, thought of it as a possibility.

However, Mapan was still a man. He was a man who believed in justice and providence! Thanks to Weed, he had gained many benefits so far. Through the trading of loot, he had obtained a lot of skills and money. He also purchased the jewels for Weed at a reasonable price, and this also greatly raised his skills. This situation was not bad at all, so there was no need to go back on his decision to partner with Weed.

‘As a man, you cannot go back on your word!’ Mapan thought to himself.

Mapan earnestly purchased these special commodities for Weed. Mapan, unlike Weed, did not have a lot of capital, so his own purchases centered on food, such as olive oil or cheese. These items did not have high profit margins, but prices were stable, so the advantage was that there were no risks.

Mapan also had additional skills with trading food commodities, so he bought a large quantity of food products at a cheap price, and bought a cart to carry them. Since the cost of a horse was over 100 gold, he purchased a mule at the end of its life, and the preparations for leaving were done.

Weed disposed of the multiple bags he had been carrying this whole time. Instead, he got help from Mapan to purchase a backpack from the general store to put his herbs in, which could hold 20 times its own volume, as well as reduce the weight by a quarter. By now, Mapan saw Weed as a full-fledged peddler.

Bar Khu Mountain Range.

The mountain range was located between the southern part of Rosenheim kingdom, and the eastern part of the Britten Alliance. Both countries bordered the range, but it was called the paradise for monsters.

Overflowing with monsters! Rugged terrain!

Both nations had armies of rangers stationed here to clear the area of monsters periodically. If not for that, the Kingdom of Rosenheim and the Britten Alliance would have suffered from fatigue because of all the monsters.

\*Rooooaaaar!!\*

As they climbed the mountain range, the horrifying sounds resonated. It was the roar of a fierce animal. It was the sound of rampaging animals. Breaking branches and rough screams were audible. As expected of its reputation, it really was the paradise for monsters.

For a place that's not a dungeon but a field, it was rare to have this many monsters. Finally, the monsters appeared in front of the wagon Weed and Mapan rode in. Lycanthropes. They were werewolves, monsters around level 100.

The Lycanthrope variant was known to be around level 150. Of course, in these mountains, they were the lowest on the food chain. Because of this, they were pushed out of the heart of the mountain range and infested places like the ones Weed and Mapan were currently traveling through.

Unfortunately, Lycanthropes often traveled in packs and currently, over 10 of them had appeared at once. The roar a while back that sounded like the howling of wolves was perhaps the crying sound of these Lycanthropes. The reason for the howl was that prey had been found and that it was in their hunting ground. Mapan, who was sitting on the box seat of the wagon, was restless and nervous.

"The-they've finally appeared, and more importantly, what do we do!? Weed-nim, you did say that you will handle this!"

Even then, Weed was diligently using the carving knife in the assistant

driver's seat. Zahab's carving knife. This unique item was something any sculptor could only wish for in their dreams. The carving knife was moving according to the flow of the grain of the wood, and creating a sculpture.

The Lycanthropes approached slowly. When they appeared, they resembled humans, with the exception of the head, which was that of a wolf. On their body, gray fur started growing all over. They were evil beings that could transform into wild dogs.

Ting

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Handicraft skill proficiency has increased.

Level Up: Handcraft (Intermediate Lv: 4 | 0%):

Ability to use tools and hands increase by 5%

It affects many skills and stats.

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When the Intermediate level in the handicraft skill rose by 1, stats increased by 5%. At the beginner level, a 3% increase was given per increase in level. When you think about it, the effect was now greater; however, it became more difficult to raise the skill level.

“That was quite fortunate.”

Just then, Weed was carving the shape of the tree he had passed by in great detail, so he was able to increase sculpture mastery by 1.5%. After all, there had been plenty of branches and foliage. It was difficult to carve a tree that had survived many years and had many rings. It was said that drawing a tree that lived over 1000 years was very painstaking and hard.

Weed had carved a very lifelike tree sculpture, which looked very similar to a real tree. It wasn't good enough to be proud of, but it was a pretty good sculpture nevertheless. There were times when the sculpting skill rose significantly that it was almost surprising, but then, there were times when he was stuck in a rut and the skill would barely increase.

Considering Weed's skill level of intermediate level 4, an increase of 1.5% was a large increase. Weed's skill level had increased just in the nick of time, and raised his stats.

“Wee-Weed-nim!”

As soon as Mapan was about to cry, Weed put away the carving knife. Then he took the sword out of the scabbard. The clay sword with the cold attribute!

“As a matter of fact, I've been sitting down for too long and was feeling sluggish, maybe it's time for me to loosen up my muscles? It's a pity that I missed seeing the transformation process, but that's fine. Since these guys aren't the only Lycanthropes living in the Bar Khu Mountain range.”

Weed mumbled as he watched the Lycanthropes. To make Lycanthrope-shaped sculptures, it is better to see the transformation process. Since they change in appearance as they transform, it was possible to make multiple sculptures showing the process in steps and increase his sculpting level by a good amount.

While Weed was getting off the wagon and holding his clay sword, Mapan let out a scream from behind him, “Surely you are not planning to fight with that sword?!”

Mapan was shocked when he saw the clay sword. The sword had chips and dents everywhere! Due to the intense hunting in Lavias, the durability of the clay sword had dropped to almost nothing.

Even though Weed had obtained lots of equipment from the undead monsters, the sword Weed used was still the clay sword. Dullahans only dropped hefty weapons such as iron maces and axes and Ghouls only dropped nails.

The Death Knight's weapons couldn't be used unless you were of a Knight class or had a level of at least 200, so Weed didn't have much of a choice in terms of weapons. Since he hunted alone and in isolated places, he had to at least bear this much. Every time the sword broke, he replaced them, the number of times this had happened was in the dozens.

In the meantime, the number of Lycanthropes increased by ones and twos, and now, the number of Lycanthropes in the group exceeded 20. Weed saw Mapan's face had turned deathly pale, so Weed put the sword away.

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As expected of the descendants of wolves, the Lycanthropes attacked courageously. They kicked hard at the ground, springing up, and roared wildly.

\*Growl!\*

The Lycanthropes let out a bestial roar! The sound dominated the battlefield, the old mule was terrified and bucked, while Mapan prepared for death. Lycanthropes were monsters with fast movement speed, so there was no way to escape.

It was at that moment...

Rooooaaaar!

Exploding out of Weed's mouth burst forth an intensive war cry. It raised a cloud of dust, the dry leaves piled on the ground cracked and crumbled. Even the branches on nearby tree's seemed to tremble, as if they were about to break.

The roar overwhelmingly swept away those who heard it.

Ting

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Skill: You have used Lion's Roar:

The proficiency of the Lion's roar kill rise by 1%!

Lion's Roar current skill: level 1, at 1%.

As the skill level rises, the power increases.

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The Lycanthropes hesitated, turning their heads away from feeling troubled after the roar. Weed did not miss the opening and ran at them,

beating them down with his fists.

“Rapid Shadow Fist!” (Yon-hwan-kwon).

PowPowPowPow!

Yipe!

Weed lashed out at the Lycanthropes with his fists! For Weed, who had mainly hunted Death Knights in Lavias, the Lycanthropes, who were barely level 100, were no problem for Weed.

Even if they had numbers, for them to become a problem, they first had to be able to do some damage to Weed. The Lycanthropes rushed ferociously towards Weed.

“Seven celestial steps!”

Kicking off the ground, they flew at him, clawing and biting with their nails and teeth, Weed avoided them all by using his footwork skill. By battling them, Weed had once more rediscovered his footwork prowess. Until now, Weed had only used the footwork that had ability to avoid attacks, but the footwork skills in Royal Road also had unique abilities.

In the midst of sprinting forward and then taking a sharp turn in a 90-degree direction while running would be impossible in reality. That was due to the law of inertia. However, with footwork skill, you could achieve the impossible. During a sprint, you could switch to the opposite direction, and the instant rate of acceleration to reach that speed was almost invisible to the naked eye.

As the name implied, it consisted of 7 steps, instantly twisting in any direction while running, or appearing abruptly as if coming out of thin air. It was a skill that demonstrated remarkable value, and was as expected of a first rate martial arts skill.

“Seven Celestial Steps!”

Although the Lycanthropes came in from all directions, Weed twisted his body a few times to break through the enemies' encirclement. As he changed directions instantaneously, like connecting the lines of the Big

Dipper, Weed created vague afterimages.

Illusions!

As the Lycanthropes attacked the illusions, Weed escaped the encirclement, and he began his attack. Each time Weed's fist landed, an Lycanthropes became grey and one by one, they disappeared.

The Bar Khu mountain range was filled with monsters. It was a place that was the antonym of the word peaceful. However, at the moment, something extraordinary was happening.

(PR: antonym, a word opposite in meaning to another, e.g. bad and good )

Roooooaaaaar!

Uwaaaaaaaaa!

The tremendous sound of a roar could be heard from the each end of the mountain range. Weed had just used Lion's Roar again. This was in order to improve his proficiency with his Lion's Roar skill, and Weed used this skill without regard whenever a monster appeared. Day, night, it didn't matter, and the shouting echoed throughout the mountain range was making quite a din.

The Bar Khu Mountain range was filled with enough monsters for someone to become fed up with. However the mountain range held, experience, money and items! For Weed, who liked to fight without limit, this place that was filled with monsters, was like second home to him.

"There's got to be an undiscovered dungeon somewhere!"

The unexplored southwestern part of the mountains. Since there weren't any proper towns or villages around, it was a possibility. Weed didn't intentionally seek out monsters. Rather than that, he focused more on improving his sculpting skill. It was the 'Sculpting Blade' skill that Zahab had left, this skill had greatly enhanced Weed's damage. The skill was an attack technique that ignored enemy defense and resistance; so it definitely was going to be a skill that was going to be more effective later on.

The skill Emperor Geihar left behind was to give life to sculptures, ‘Sculptural Life Bestowal’! The sculptures carved with passion would fight for their creator and master.

The sculptures that were made with higher art stat would be stronger, and they also grew in level after coming to life. This was the skill that allowed Emperor Geihar to conquer the continent. If life could be given to sculptures, in any situation, Weed would have subordinates that would follow him unconditionally.

“Skill Check: Sculptural Life Bestowal”

---

Skill: Sculptural Life Bestowal:

The skill that Emperor Geihar left behind for his successor, a sculptor’s skill that is unknown to others.

Limitations:

Can only be used with Advanced Sculpture mastery.

Skill requirements:

5000 Mana.

Art Stat 10 (permanent consumption).

Level decreased by 2 (permanent consumption).

CAUTION:

Sculptures have strong sense of individuality and pride. When they see another sculpture identical to them, they will fight that sculpture with hostility.

---

In order to use this skill, you first needed to get to advanced skill level in sculpture mastery, which was still very distant to Weed. On top of that, the consequence of giving life to a sculpture was losing art stat and levels, and was something you could not infinitely repeat.

“While it’s a ridiculous skill, it’s certainly still a useful technique!”

The Sculpting Blade and the Sculpture Life Bestowal, the two techniques left by Master Sculptors were this powerful. Weed couldn't imagine how powerful the remaining three skills would be. In addition, he thought, what is at the end of sculpting after obtaining all 5 skills?

Weed had had the opportunity to become a Weapon Master in martial arts previously; however, he had given up the chance and had remained a legendary moonlight sculptor, which had left him with worries.

Other than being able to level up handicraft faster and having the Sculpting Blade, there wasn't really much of a benefit. Even then, all he could do was to catch up to the knights and swordsmen. Sculptors had the path of a sculptor, there was a chance. One had to make the utmost use of that chance.

'Sculptural Destruction, Sculpture Life Bestowal, and even the Sculpting Blade! While using them to the best of my abilities, I need to find the remaining skills. And finally, I need the basis of all sculpting.'

The rise of sculpting skills would affect everything. When no monsters appeared, Weed sat on the cart and sculpted. He made sculptures of the fighting scenes with monsters, or the surreal landscapes and its trees!

Ting

---

Level Up: Sculpture (Intermediate Lv: 3 | 0%):

Sculptures become more delicate and detailed.

---

Eventually, intermediate sculpting skill level rose to level 3. After this, Weed took out the emeralds, pearls and jade that he had purchased from the Rosenheim kingdom when he was traveling around.

"What are you doing?"

Halfway through the mountain range, Weed had abruptly pulled out a jewel, and Mapan's face showed his confusion. There was no reason to boast about his wealth, and it's not like he was going to give the jewels to

the monsters either.

‘Is he taking a good look at the gems?’

However, Mapan was completely shocked at Weed’s next action. He had started carving the gem with his sculpting knife.

“Aaugh!”

Mapan unwittingly felt like screaming. Since he had personally purchased the jewels, he knew full well their worth. He knew it far too well. Those were some absurdly valuable jewels! Although the gemstones haven’t been processed, the price was high enough to make one faint. But, without hesitation Weed continued to carve the jewels surface with his carving knife.

“What...what have you...?”

Just before he attempted to stop Weed’s actions, Mapan’s eyes widened in surprise, because the gemstone was gradually being shaped, little by little. The degree of the etching wasn’t even visible unless you looked at it very carefully. As the gemstone was carved down, the emanating radiance of the jewel shined brighter.

Mapan stared blankly as Weed’s hands continued to move.

“It’s beautiful!”

sagak sagak

Mapan’s eyes were filled with wonder, as Zahab’s carving knife carved the jewel and took shape. Each dull side of the jewel changed steadily, and the gem radiated more brightly.

“How can a gem be this beautiful?”

Weed’s intermediate sculpture level had risen, making it possible to work with gems. To work with gems, one needed basic skills and handicraft skills. For Weed, who had intermediate level, he wasn’t lacking in handicraft. He also had Zahab’s sculpting knife, which was a unique item worthy of being called a sculptor’s treasure!

However, basic skills and handicraft were only requirements; the thing

that truly made the gems beautiful was the art stat. Weed's art stat was currently near 300. The occupation of legendary moonlight sculptor gave a +100 to the art stat, and the rest came from the masterpieces and other sculptures he had made. Because his art stat was astonishingly high, all kinds of effects were given to the gems.

“For it to be this dazzling....!”

Mapan's body trembled all over. This was because he imagined what would happen afterwards. Buying and selling the raw gems from the Rosenheim kingdom to the Britten Alliance would yield a large profit.

However, what would happen if Weed faceted those gems and sold them? Also, if the jewel was worked with the heart and soul of the greatest sculptor, what would the price be...?

‘I can't even guess!’

Mapan fell into deep thought. He drove the wagon more carefully, so as to not interfere with the work of the faceting. Due to the ridiculously high handicraft skill and the sculpting knife, beautiful works of art were produced, even though it looked like he was working sloppily.

The food Weed cooked not only looked good, but it tasted good. Overall, it was due to Weed's handicraft, cooking and sculpting skill being intermediate level. Those skills were exhibited by the jewels Weed carved.

# Chapter 2: The Stone that gathers Lightning

Paruvan.

It was a place that travelers and Caravans stayed for lodging while traveling over the Bar Khu mountain range. It was originally a place built by the ranger division of the Rosenheim Kingdom to rest themselves, so it wasn't a place that people visited often.

“We're lucky enough to have found this place. We're only a day or two from our destination.”

“The trip was so rough, I thought I was going to die.” Halman laughed.

“This was all because of you, Margaux.”

“You ought to say it straight, Levi. It all started because you killed that guy.”

Halman, Margaux, Levi, and Gran, were four famous player killers from the Britten Alliance. They lived for the joy of killing other players and looting their equipment. The notorious quartet was better known as ‘Dwichigi Quartet’.

(T/L: Dwichigi means: Backstab)

However, about one month ago, they had fearlessly messed with the Cloud guild. This guild wasn't just a large guild in the Britten Alliance, but it was one of the ten largest guilds in the whole continent. It boasted a membership count of over 6,000 players, and if the allied guilds were included, it was an influential force to be reckoned with. The guild had enough influence to rival that of the Britten Alliance.

In other words, even for the Dwichigi Quartet, the Cloud guild wasn't a name they could easily ignore. In fact, they didn't mess with the Cloud guild on purpose. For a while, the four who were on the most-wanted list decided to focus on hunting to level up, but a guy named Brandy acted arrogantly and said: “Get out of here! This is our area!” Brandy had yelled

“Huh, who is this guy?”

“That’s bullshit!”

Naturally, the four flew into rage. At this point their red PK symbol had already disappeared, since they had donated a lot of money to the temple and had just hunted for a while. Brandy disrupted their hunting and claimed that this place was his area, since he had no idea who the 4 were.

Then Levi exploded in anger and said, “Let’s just kill this bastard!”

“I’ll teach you not to mess with us!”

The four who usually killed first on a whim obviously didn’t have the restraint to let things like this go unpunished. Brandy was killed instantly. As expected of the notorious Dwichigi, the four stealthily positioned themselves behind his back and attacked. Brandy’s level was lower than 3 of the 4 Dwichigi members, so the simultaneous attack from the 4 gave him no chance and he died easily.

Then they received a map as loot.

Ting

----- Item: The tomb of the  
one with short legs: Durability: 1/1

The place where the short eccentric fell into slumber.

In the midst of two canyons, underneath the sturdy tree.

Rumbling, pounding!

A narrow road.

The primal power cannot be passed without sacrifice.

Among the pounding, seek the sound which does not ring.

Author: Reineig R. Hansberg

----- “What’s this?”

The four laughed and ignored the map. They thought it was one of those

treasure maps that were scattered around. Since then, however, they've been persistently tracked by the Cloud guild. Only then did the quartet realize that they had attacked a member of the Cloud guild.

"Damn it! You bloody idiot. If he had told us that he was from the Cloud guild, I would have never killed him!"

"We killed him without giving him a chance to speak."

"How is that our fault!"

"Anyways, we need to lay low for now."

From then on, the four hid in places where no one passed by and did not reveal themselves for 2 weeks. However, the pursuit by the Cloud guild did not die down even a little bit. To avoid death, the four had overcome many hardships to barely escape.

The levels of the quartet exceeded 220, but without their PKing experience, they would not have been able to escape from multiple crises.

Halman finally spoke, "This is weird."

"I think so too, don't you agree?"

"An entire guild wouldn't be chasing us for just killing one member."

"Yeah, they're seriously trying to kill us even to the bitter end."

"Wait a minute, what was that map we picked up from that guy?"

"I think it was something like 'the tomb of the one with short legs'..."

"There's no mistake then, this map must be extraordinary. Those guys weren't after us, they were after this map."

"Hehe!"

"Then we should try to find the treasure from this map."

Since then, the four had started to discover the secrets of the map. They had crossed over to another kingdom, to an archive with old books and found information regarding the map, then, they deciphered the meaning of the phrases. As a result, they had come to the Bar Khu mountain range.

“Now all that’s left to do is entering the tomb...”

“Yeah, but what’s should we do? There isn’t an Adventurer among us, so traps in the dungeon can’t be dismantled.”

“That’s...”

“Our bodies can take a few traps.”

“Even if the whole process goes smoothly, one guy still has to die to the final lightning strike. So, which one of us is going to die?”

Obviously, no one wanted to die. The quartet who liked killing others didn’t want to die themselves, so they stared at each other. Then, Gran held a beaming smile.

“It’s decided.”

“Who?”

“You aren’t pointing at me, right?”

Gran pointed his finger, but it wasn’t pointing at any of the 4 including himself. Gran was pointing towards the bottom of the mountain range. While arriving, Weed and Mapan’s cart was creaking away.

“Wow! I did not expect to meet people in a place like this. Hello, my name is Mapan.”

“I’m Gran, and this here is Levi, Halman, and Margaux.”

“Nice to meet you.”

The quartet all had big smiles on their face, welcoming Weed and Mapan.

“It’s rare to see people traveling in the Bar Khu mountain range, for what reason are you traveling?”

“Ah, we came in order to trade.” Mapan went ahead and replied.

“For trade? Then the two of you are merchants, right?”

“Yes, I am a merchant, and Weed-nim over here is a sculptor.”

“Oh, I see.”

Gran had a wide smile. Halman, Margaux and Levi also were trying to hold back their laughter.

‘He says he’s a sculptor!’

‘There are people that would choose that as a class?’

However, when they dealt with Weed and Mapan, they were entirely courteous. This was because their task still needed to be completed. Most cautious of the four, Gran asked the questions. Ever since the incident with Brandy, they were more careful in dealing with others.

“Anyways, I understand. But how did you come across the Bar Khu Mountain range as a sculptor and merchant when it’s filled with monsters? How did you deal with the monsters?”

“That’s due to Weed over here...”

Mapan was about to explain, but Weed elbowed him on the side.

“Weed-nim?”

Mapan who was about to speak zipped his mouth shut. He noticed that Weed wanted to hide something and stopped. Gran noticed and raised his eyebrows then laughed.

“Well, is it difficult for you to tell us this?”

In truth, Weed had a feeling that the quartet wanted to hide something. On the large continent of Versailles, notwithstanding the vast multitudes of users, it was rare to meet people in the place known as ‘monster’s paradise’.

Typically, when you meet other people in out-of-the-way places like the mountains, you would greet them, and maybe even eat food with them. If your destinations were the same, you would travel together for a while, but these people were far too happy.

Also they became even more delighted when they found out their class. Weed naturally glanced at the four, scrutinizing them. Gran was standing at the front talking to Weed and Mapan, while the 3 others were at the

sides and the back.

‘They might be bandits.’

If you thought that monsters were the only risk on the continent of Versailles, then you were in for a world of hurt! Rather, encountering users in a place like this was far more dangerous. Weed acted naturally and said: “I am a sculptor, but I have a unique technique.”

“What kind of technique?”

“It’s a kind of yell. When the monsters hear the sound they run away. Shall I demonstrate?”

“Yes, I’m curious.”

Weed gathered his mana with all his might and cast the skill, Lion’s Roar.

“Roooooaaaaaar!”

At the hint that Weed was going to use roar, Mapan covered his ears with his hands, but the four were unprepared and staggered from the shock.

“Damn!”

“How can this roar be ...!”

Gran calmed down Margaux and Levi with just a glance, looking back at Weed and smiling widely.

“What a tremendous roar. That reminds me, I’ve heard a roar several times. This has the effect of keeping monsters away?”

The Lion’s Roar skill.

Weed had not yet formed a party with Gran, so his leadership had not increased, and the additional effects did not take effect. The only thing they experienced was the loud noise.

“Yes, monsters hesitate when they hear this sound, and during that moment, I escape.”

The quartet laughed after Weed’s explanation.

‘It’s really not a big deal.’

‘I guess these guys are the perfect bait?’

‘We should have these guys go to that place.’

‘We only need 1...’

‘What, is there a problem? We take out the remaining one with our own hands, and since they’re merchants they’ll drop a lot of loot.’

‘Good, let’s do it.’

The four all quickly came to a conclusion without even talking, but by simply communicating their intent with their eyes. Gran put on an earnest face toward Mapan and Weed and said, “So far, this trick may have let you pass through safely, but the Bar Khu mountain range is a really dangerous place. You could call this meeting fate, so from here on out we’re going to be your escort. Anyway, since we’re traveling on the same route and we’re offering this out of goodwill, there is no reason to refuse. Haha...”

“Haha! If it is like that, then we’re truly grateful.”

Mapan purposely laughed loudly. As a weak merchant, it wasn’t a bad idea to accompany a group of 4 players that looked strong.

“We will be in your care.”

Weed noticed that something was fishy from the glint in their eyes, but decided to play along for now to find out how far this would go. So Weed also quietly nodded in acknowledgement to their offer of an ‘escort’. He had noticed that the situation was turning for the worse, but from the looks in the quartet’s eyes he could do nothing but follow...for now.

The fun of an adventure is in traveling, seeing new places and meeting comrades. Reliable comrades that can cover your back. Hunting with friends builds intimacy and closeness.

This was the fun of playing Royal Road. At times, Weed enjoyed hunting with others. Since he played so much of the time, it would be unreasonable to be always together, but still, being together was a rather

good thing. However, this was not the case with this unknown quartet. Around the wagon, the four assumed the role of fighting monsters, and out of the corner of their eyes, they observed Mapan and Weed.

‘Well, nothing’s unusual about him.’

‘I think he is sculpting?’

‘It seems he really is a sculptor.’

The four were completely at ease. However, they were still suspicious of even a sculptor since they had accumulated a lot of notoriety in the last month. Just then, Weed pulled out one of the raw gemstones. The Dwichigi Quartet turned the focus of their attention on it, and one of them asked.

“Huh? Isn’t that a jewel?”

Immediately, Margaux revealed a deep curiosity. Mapan replied with a smile.

“Yes, Weed is currently faceting jewels.”

“Oh, jewelry faceting?”

“Yup.”

“Jewelry faceting... That’s amazing!” Margaux’s young eyes were full of greed.

‘Freaking jackpot!!’

‘I’d like that to be a drop...’

Weed tightly clenched on Zahab’s sculpting knife while sculpting, but the four did not start a fight.

‘They aren’t attacking even after seeing a jewel, so they have something else they want from us.’

In the quartet’s minds, Weed and Mapan were trapped like rats with nowhere to escape to, so they accommodated their needs. The deceivers and the deceived! And the one pretending to be deceived!

“Let’s have meal here before continuing on. We’ll prepare the food.”

“We are thankful for the escort... so we’ll prepare the meal.”

“Haha, no, please wait a bit.”

The four sometimes gave Weed and Mapan the drops from the monsters.

“This isn’t much, but I hope you’ll accept it.”

“Since we’re travelling on the same road aren’t we comrades? It’s only fair to share the loot dropped by the monsters.”

“Please accept them.” The 4 quartet easily hit it off with Mapan.

“This shameless guy...”

Mapan received with a wide smile, but Weed’s suspicion of the situation deepened further.

‘A favor without a reason... such a thing does not exist. If they’re not planning to attack us, what is the reason?’

A normal person feels grateful when others give presents, or towards those who are nice to them, but for Weed, all he felt was suspicion. In this situation, it was not necessary for them to share the items. It was too awkward since they tried too hard to be nice. Nevertheless, Weed didn’t betray even a hint of his emotions.

Since Mapan really trusted the quartet, Weed was able to hide the fact that he greatly distrusted the quartet. A day passed by just like that, and they arrived at a canyon. The canyon was only 20 meters wide, but it was a deep canyon with a dense fog covering the valley below. Because there was a bridge, crossing the canyon did not seem too difficult.

“There’s a bridge here. What a sturdy looking bridge... We can cross over with this bridge.”

As Mapan went to drive the wagon, Gran smiled and obstructed him.

“Gentlemen, what is your reason for adventuring?”

“What?”

“I think that fully enjoying this magnificent view is the heart of an

adventure. There seems to be a path that leads down, so let's take that path. Doesn't this path seem more interesting? What do you think?"

Mapan became hesitant upon hearing Gran's words. In the Versailles Continent there was no such thing as a stereotypical road. You could travel through the forest, or climb over mountains. There was no need to always travel on well paved roads.

Nevertheless, if you think about it logically, it didn't make sense to go down into the canyon when you could cross the bridge comfortably. Even Mapan, who was oblivious to the situation, finally sensed that something was wrong.

"Well, is that really necessary...?"

Mapan tried to reveal his intention to refuse. As a merchant he wanted to take the safer path. So he was refusing the quartet's suggestion.

shiiiiing

Halman, Margaux and Levi all placed their hands on their scabbards. Weed and Mapan found themselves surrounded. A merchant and a sculptor. There was no reason to be tense, but they prepared just in case something went wrong, at that hair raising instant. The moment Mapan strongly refused!

"We should go. It sounds like fun." Weed agreed with Gran's suggestion.

"Haha! I knew you'd come around. You're a man with spirit."

Gran, Halman and the rest took their hands off their scabbards and smiled.

Weed and Mapan continued traveling down the canyon in the carriage with the Dwichigi Quartet leading them.

The incline of the canyon was very steep, and the wheels of the carriage became stuck several times. Without the help of the quartet, it would have been impossible for them to go down. Gran and Halman pulled the cart from the front, and Levi and Margaux pushed from behind.

“Um, Sorry about all of this.”

“Haha! Not at all Mapan-nim. This is nothing!”

Gran and Halman treated the carriage as if it was their own. The quartet didn't spare any sincerity since they thought the cart would be theirs soon.

“Oh, I think there is a trail over there...”

Gran led the way. He went around here and there, occasionally going back the same way.

“Ah, the scenery looks far better over there. It would be preferable if we go back that way.”

Gran combed through the area in the canyon several times. On this, Weed was the one who really benefited.

“Whoa! This one here is a red Sen medicinal herb. Over there is a blue Ceylon herb...!”

The Bar Khu mountain range was a rich repository of herbs. At the bottom of the canyon in the area where the sun shined brightly had various herbs growing sporadically. Weed eagerly pulled them out and placed them in his mesh bag.

“What are you doing?”

“What do you think I'm doing? I'm pulling out herbs.”

On top of being lost, they were being delayed even more due to Weed.

‘Dammit!’

‘I'm going to kill him with my own hands!’

The veins on the foreheads of each of the quartet were pulsing from anger. After a couple of hours, Mapan was exhausted, and the quartet was exhausted as well.

–Group Whisper–

----- – Hey, Gran. Did you  
memorize the location correctly?

- You want me to pull out the map in front of them?

- Just distract the two of them for a bit and keep their attention away. That guy named Weed looks like an idiot so don't mind him, but the guy Mapan, he's observing our behaviour and that bothers me.

- Okay. Just do it quickly!

----- Margaux approached the wagon.

“Hey Mapan, I'm actually quite interested in sculpting. Would you mind asking Weed if I can observe him at work?”

Using that as an excuse, Margaux obstructed the view of where Gran and the others were. In the meantime, Gran spread out a map of the current location and confirmed the location of the tomb. Gran's eyes were beaming.

‘Well, we followed the right route. Just walked passed it by just a little!’

“Now, how about we head this way?”

Gran and the quartet had the wagon turn back towards where they had come from. After searching through the bushes and trees, they finally found the monument and the tomb. Beside the monument was the entrance. The four chuckled and each of them said something.

“Huh? Could this be a dungeon?”

“A dwarf's grave?”

“Wow! We're in good luck. We should head in. There is no reason to turn back now that we're here.”

“Mapan, Weed! Naturally, you'll come with us right?”

# Chapter 3: Instruments and Intrigue

Ting

---

New Dungeon: You are the first adventurers to enter the tomb of the instrument-loving dwarf:

Benefits:

Fame increased by 200 (+200 FAME).

Double experience and 2x normal item drop rate.

The first monster killed will drop the best quality item it can drop.

---

“Wow!”

“Awesome!”

“We’re the first to find this place!”

The quartet shouted ecstatically as they entered the dungeon. Their levels were higher than the average, but most of this growth came from player killing rather than hunting. Therefore, this was their first time discovering a dungeon.

“Come! From here on, just trust us.”

Gallantly, the quartet took the lead. Originally, the purpose of going through the canyon had been for this exploration, so after having arrived at their objective, their enthusiasm rose to an all-time high.

“It’s exhilarating! Right, Weed-nim?”

Mapan was happy. It was a rare experience for a merchant. Weed only nodded his head silently.

‘So their aim was to bring us here.’

Now, he began to understand the quartet’s behavior. It explained why they were so strangely nice, openly kind and why they got them to go

down into the canyon.

‘These guys were not trying to go over the Bar Khu Mountain range, from the beginning their goal was to find this place. They must have information about this place.’

At this point, there was no need to show that he knew what was going on, so Weed still acted as if he knew nothing and played the fool.

“Thanks to Gran-nim we get to experience an amazing adventure. Sculptors do not find experiences like this so easily...”

“Yes, just believe in us. Hunting together with others is one of the real joys of Royal Road.”

The quartet made a path through as they entered deeper into the cave. Weed and Mapan followed slowly after them.

“Keeek! It’s an enemy.”

“Enemies are appearing!”

“These humans are entering our nest.”

Werewolf plunderers!

Deeper inside the tomb, the werewolves that were relaxing beside a lit campfire reacted. There were many werewolves living inside this dungeon. Lycanthropes were extremely populous in the Bar Khu Mountain range. The werewolves, who were already in their wolf form, attacked the group.

“Huh, they’re just Lycanthropes?”

Sigh

“What a huge disappointment!”

The quartet unsheathed their swords and easily dealt with the Lycanthropes. The Lycanthropes here were a bit stronger than their field counterparts at level 130, but they couldn’t beat the blades of Gran and Levi.

‘They’re strong.’ Weed judged.

It wasn’t just their level. They also had good reflexes and judgment. They

knew where and what to attack and how to properly strike an opponent. They were gifted in combat!

‘four players... Could they be the Dwichigi Quartet!?’

The movie Weed had seen on a website flashed inside his mind. Videos uploaded by the victims with the wish for vengeance. He didn't really remember their faces, but now that he had seen how they fought, Weed knew. But Weed sighed.

‘It looks like they're beginners in exploring.’

The first slain monster would drop the best quality item that it can drop. Therefore, it would have been preferable to chase away the Lycanthropes and hunt a boss class monster instead. But the quartet didn't seem to care and advanced further into the cave. One of the benefits of being the first to find this dungeon had been wasted.

“All you guys have to do is trust us.”

“Yes, that's all you have to do.”

The four senselessly laughed as they butchered the Lycanthropes.

Either way, one couldn't ignore their combat skills. A player killer's skill proficiency was much higher compared to that of normal players of similar level. Probably due to their experience fighting people, they were skilled in fighting against monsters. They didn't miss a weak point, and they fought well as a group.

To cap it all off, they spent money like it was nothing. They gulped down mana, health and stamina regeneration potions which cost 5 gold each like it was water while exploring. The money was earned from selling items from player killing.

If they had earned money from hunting, they wouldn't be spending money this extravagantly. They didn't even pick up the copper or the loot the Lycanthropes dropped. The quartet found it bothersome to pick up items that might sell for a few silvers in a general store. For Weed, who attacked a monster for even 1 copper, the quartet were people from a different world.

‘Should I also become a player killer? I’ll lose all the fame I’ve gained so far but it looks like I can earn a lot...’

While Weed was picking up coppers as he watched the fight, Mapan found himself in a crisis. One of the Lycanthrope passed through the quartet and was approaching him.

“Eek! A Lycanthrope!”

Mapan looked at Weed, pleading to be saved. But, Weed completely surprised Mapan instead.

He had seen Weed extinguish many Lycanthropes. Many, many Lycanthropes! As soon as they had appeared, Weed would let out a loud roar.

“ROOOOAAAAAAR!”

Then, the Lycanthropes were mercilessly mashed into pulp. When the sword had needed repair and couldn’t be used, Weed kicked and head butted. For Weed, nothing was impossible in a fight. It may have seemed strange seeing such confident behavior, but Lycanthropes were not scary at all. It was because Weed was beside him, Mapan had nothing to fear. He believed that Weed would protect him. It was something Mapan truly believed.

But...how could this be?

Weed showed signs of being far more terrified than himself. Weed’s face had turned into a deep blue color; his body was shaking in fear, in complete and utter despair.

“Um...Weed-nim?”

When Mapan tried to say something, Weed covered his mouth.

“Ack! Are we going to die?”

“...”

Mapan was left speechless. He had no idea of what Weed was thinking. The Lycanthrope attacked!

Growl!

The werewolf charged at him, but Mapan avoided it by rolling on the ground without a moment to think. Even so, he was fine. Mapan had seen Weed fight many times, so he was used to the Lycanthrope's attacks. The Lycanthrope charges in first and it attacks with its jaw and claws, and it was because of that, that Mapan barely avoided getting hurt. Weed also rolled to evade the Lycanthrope's attacks. He was covered in dirt and his clothes were a mess. The Lycanthropes pursued the closest target which was Weed.

“Uwaaaaaaa!”

But Weed was able to avoid them by rolling around and kept his body intact. Fortunately, when Weed rolled near the quartet, Margaux immediately finished off the remaining Lycanthrope. After the battle, the quartet apologized to Weed and Mapan.

“We are sorry about this. To let one Lycanthrope through, we made a huge mistake.”

“No, it's OK; we are still alive after all. Thank you for saving us there...”

Hearing Weed's words, Halman grinned.

– Group Whisper –

-----  
– Just like I thought, these guys are nothing special.

– We were worried for nothing, just because his equipment looked decent.

– Well, his equipment are common equips that can be used by any class. And they're only lvl 100 or so equips anyway. Even his blade that dangles around his waist is the same.

– Then let's hurry and go!

-----  
The quartet finally were relieved of all their doubts and lost their wariness. But, they had no inkling of Weed's intentions.

Lycanthropes! Pah!

Weed had watched as just one escaped the quartet's slashes. It seemed coincidental that one of them went past the quartet to endanger Weed and Mapan, but it was not. Considering the quartet's combat abilities, the situation was manageable. But, they let one through on purpose. It was to see how Weed and Mapan would react. And Weed acted as if he was fooled.

Booom!

Crack!

Rummmmmble!

“Aaaaahhhh!”

Without a thief or an adventurer in the party, the traps couldn't be removed. The floor sinks to reveal metal spikes rising up or floundering after being flattened by sandbags that weigh 10 times more happened frequently. They fell into every trap that could be called a trap and sometimes they fell for into it again. In Weed's eyes, the traps were obvious and seeing the quartet fall into traps over and over again, he almost wanted to say where they were.

‘Gah, just put your trust in us.’

Of course, that thought disappeared after seeing Halman screaming while bleeding heavily. The dwarven tomb had two underground floors. Gran found the stairs heading down to the second floor without hesitation.

“Aha, fortune smiles on us! Hahaha!”

Gran laughed heartily. Weed didn't take his laughter seriously. They arrived on the underground second floor. This floor had more dangerous traps set up everywhere. The seldom appearing Lycanthropes were not scary at all but there was no end to the amount of traps.

Hwareureuk!

Oil poured from the ceiling, and without giving time to react it ignited into flames. Halman, whose health was already low turned gray and was logged out. Following slowly behind, Weed and Mapan were safe.

“Such...”

“This trap was ridiculous.”

The remaining members of the quartet didn't shed a tear for their fallen comrade. They looked at the result with a slightly different approach. One less person meant a higher share for those remaining.

‘Only two more to go’

‘Well, if one more dies, I will get...’

‘I want to be the only one left alive.’

They had no loyalty. After Halman's death, the others quietly wished for the deaths of the rest. And they already planned to kill Weed and Mapan at an appropriate time.

“But...” Gran suddenly spoke.

“It is a little unfair that we are the only ones at risk.”

Margaux and Levi were surprised with Gran's words.

-Group Whisper-

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- Gran, what the hell are you doing?

- We need someone to sacrifice when we get to the thunderbolts. Are you going to deal with them right now?

- Just watch for now. I have an idea.

---

“What do you mean?” Mapan asked awkwardly, but Gran only smiled in response.

“It's not a big deal. It is my intention to distribute the risk. One of my own colleagues has just died, don't you guys feel even a bit responsible?”

“And?”

“I would like one of you to take the lead. Since we’re companions that are traveling the same road we should share the same risk.”

Mapan was clearly hesitant. In his mind he strongly wanted to leave, but the current atmosphere made it hard to speak. He felt that he should never have come to this place!

‘Still, I am truly indebted to Weed...’

At that moment Mapan steeled himself.

“I’ll take the lead.”

Weed volunteered before Mapan could speak.

“As a sculptor my offense is minimal, but I do have HP to spare, so please allow me.”

“Oh, then you have my thanks.”

From then on, Weed played the lead. You couldn’t call them a party because Weed and the quartet had never proposed it! They had not invited him or Mapan to their party as they didn’t want to share the experience. They only gave away the cheap common loot that they didn’t want.

Player killers usually don’t enter most towns. In very serious cases, village guards could attack player killers and they might meet someone who held a grudge against them, so it was better to refrain from visiting a town. This reason was why they were gladly giving away items they weren’t going to be able to sell.

‘This is an interesting place.’

The dungeons Weed had explored were ones filled with lots of monsters. Swarms of bloodthirsty monsters moved about in packs and the hunting grounds were filled with wandering Death Knights. For Weed, it was the first time exploring a dungeon filled with traps.

‘It’s over as soon as I become careless.’

Just a little bit ahead of him was a place where blue and red tiles were

arranged like a baduk board. It was the moment when a trap-finding skill would have been used. However, there was no thief or adventurer in the group to use it.

(TL: baduk: most people know it as 'Go', the Japanese name for the game)

"Hey Weed, we have to keep moving." Gran encouraged him from behind.

Weed advanced while pressing firmly on the floor, but he moved slowly in order to quickly respond to any traps. Weed first stepped on a blue tile. Nothing happened. It was a relief. Then, he stepped on the red tile. Again nothing happened. But Weed still had 50 meters to go to the end of the passageway. With no clue when a trap might spring.

'Blue tile. Red tile. Blue tile. Red tile. I stepped on alternating tiles and nothing happened. If this was the way to dismantle a trap, then it was far too easy. If it is like that...?'

Weed had a thought. What would happen when two tiles of the same color were stepped on? He stepped on blue tiles twice in a row. Still nothing happened. This made him even more wary.

'The colored tiles were made as a deception. It was not meant to be anything. It was made as a distraction. If that is the case...'

Weed's eyes became sharper.

'There...'

He scanned ahead and found an almost invisibly thin thread extended at the height of an ankle. Since it was at the boundary between the red and blue tiles, it was a difficult trap to find unless you were paying attention.

'The person who trips it is in trouble.'

Weed naturally stepped past the string. Gran was next, and followed directly behind Weed. Rather than sticking close to him though, there was a little bit of distance between them. It was far enough from Weed to not be able to help if he set off a trap. Then, it was Levi and Margaux who

followed behind Gran. Mapan was at the end of the line. The quartet needed one person for the lightning so Mapan was at the safest place.

Gran had also seen that thread. Though it was very faint and thin, being keen on Weed's cautious movement had allowed him to discover it. The reason for being so keen was that he might set off a trap that Weed avoided due to luck.

'Hmm, this trap...Is it just coincidence that he silently avoided it? Or...'

Gran lightly passed over the thread. But he didn't stop to say anything to the person behind him. He moved a bit more quickly since he didn't know what would happen.

tuduk

(T/L: sound effect of trap being sprung)

Levi had moved carelessly onto the thread, cutting it in the process. At that moment, the walls to the left and right opened up and a rain of arrows poured out.

"Keuahak!"

Levi, who had a large build could do nothing as the arrows flew into his body. All he could do was scream helplessly.

"He-help me!"

As Levi begged, Gran and Margaux stood still on the spot. Eventually Levi died from the numerous arrow wounds, and a single breastplate dropped where he had been standing.

"Fool."

"How pitiful to die at a place like this."

Margaux took the armor for himself. Gran and Margaux just grinned at each other. They each distrusted the other, seeing as neither of them had moved a finger to help Levi.

After all, the four members of Dwichigi Quartet had met each other as murderers in the first place. The group was merely formed to kill others

for fun and deprive them of their items. They didn't have friendship or loyalty to each other so they could have parted at any time.

Rumble!

Boom! Boom! Boooooom!

The pathways appearance changed.

A single, straight tunnel appeared before them, leading through the underground cave. Thunderbolts crashed into the path. White lightning blasted randomly inside the passage ahead. Although it was a magnificent sight, it was also endlessly dangerous.

Lightning-bolt. A three circles spell with a mind of its own, striking without any kind of pattern. Weed looked back.

“How am I supposed to go through there?”

Gran pulled out a small stone.

“We're fortunate. This is a stone that collects lightning. With this, we can safely go across.”

“I see.” Weed identified the stone as he took it.

Ting

---

Item: Lightning stone:

Durability: 100/100

A special stone with high iron content. It has the power to attract electricity.

If it is refined it can become good quality iron.

Equiped:

Electric Resistance 99%.

Has the ability to absorb electricity.

---

As Weed read through the stone's description, Gran and Margaux laughed coldly.

'We will cross while using him as a sacrifice.'

'After we pass this obstacle it'll be the place where the treasure is'

One victim was necessary in order to cross this road. The one holding the lighting stone could do nothing but die.

"Hey weed, just go through it already. You may die but then we would be safe, isn't that worth the risk?"

Gran gave a toothy grin. At that moment, they finally revealed their true colors! Weed consented.

"Well, it is a good thing if only I die and everyone else can cross."

"And?"

"What are you going to do on the way back?"

"...!"

Gran and Margaux looked at each other with dumbfounded expressions. They had only thought about getting to the treasure. They had not even thought of going back. It had completely slipped their minds.

"It's..."

"Damn it."

They had obtained only one lightning stone! They would surely die when they return. Gran drew his sword.

"Now that things have become like this, you guys are no use. Time for you guys to die"

Gran shouted coldly as he went into an attack posture. He was covered with a bloodthirsty aura while his skill was about to activate.

"You dirty bastards..."

Mapan gritted his teeth as he grasped the reality of the situation. Yet

Mapan still had his ace up his sleeve. Weed! Weed would deal with them. From observing, Mapan knew that Weed was more than enough to fight against Gran. However, Weed still had a terrified look on his face. In that state, he wasn't doing anything. He didn't even pull out his sword.

'Why...just why? Weed can easily to handle this...'

While Mapan thought something was wrong, Gran began his attack. But instead of attacking Weed or Mapan, he attacked Margaux.

"Die!"

"Gran, I knew you would do this!"

Gran and Margaux started a fight to the death. Gran thought that he could kill Weed or Mapan at any time, so Margaux who was the most bothersome one had to die first. Since they had not trusted each other from the beginning, Margaux was prepared.

"Hah, Flame Sword!"

"Cold blade!"

The elements of Fire and Ice.

Gran, who had finished the examination for his second job advancement specialized in fire swordsmanship. Margaux, who specialized as an assassin could easily fade away in dark places. He struck while he remained hidden. Skills ran rampant, sparks flew and blood spewed forth. Their skills both leaned on the offensive side. Their skills were evenly matched, but Gran was the one who emerged victorious. As an assassin who was used surprise attacks, he couldn't beat a swordsman in a straightforward contest like this.

"Farewell, Margaux."

"Dammit, I was so close, just a little bit further to that treasure..."

Though Margaux was betrayed, there were no hard feelings between them as he lay dying. Justice, friendship, they were not needed! They were useless for those who loved deceit and theft. Margaux was near death. Just then, Gran's sword sliced off Margaux's head.

“Muhahahaha! Now the treasure is all mine!”

Gran leaned back and laughed loudly. A shield dropped where Margaux had died.

“Weed-nim, Mapan-nim. One of you will hold the stone and go inside for me. In return I will give you this shield. Since it was used by a guy over level 200 it's worth enough in return for dying. It's better if you don't reject my offer. Since I only need one person, I will be killing the other remaining person right now.”

In Gran's head, the calculations were finished. When you enter, sacrifice one person and obtain the treasure. When returning, die once. As long as you weren't really unlucky you would not drop the treasure. The possibility of dropping the treasure which you got from the dungeon was really low. In addition to that, it was okay to drop one of his items in return.

Gran was already savoring the joy of the treasure in his grasp. That was until Weed drew his sword.

Seureureung

The clay sword slipped softly out of its scabbard. In response, Gran's tone immediately changed from respecting to threatening.

“Whoa, you plan to defy me? If so, then die here, Mapan will guide me then. I may be considerably injured, but don't you know that you attacking me is nothing but amusing? Alright, I'll give you 3 seconds. Attack me as much as you want.”

“You have my thanks.”

A three second concession like out of a chivalric novel was something that Weed would not refuse.

“Your choice, have it the way you like it. Sculpting Blade!”

As the sword gathered light, a sense of insecurity showed in Gran's eyes.

‘Maybe I shouldn't have yielded? Yeah, I'll make it look like I'm giving him 3 seconds but I'll attack first!’

As Gran was in thought, Weed approached at an unimaginable speed and swung his sword, cutting off Gran's head.

"A Sculptor..."

Even to the moment of his death, an expression of disbelief covered his face. He was going to let Weed attack once and counterattack, but in that one attack had caused Gran's low HP to completely disappear.

Mapan let out a deep sigh. He had predicted as such, but now that the quartet were all dead, there was nothing to do.

"So what do we do now? Shall we go back now?"

"We've come this far so I'm going to find the treasure. Though it's questionable that the treasure exists."

"How? Once you enter, you can't come out... If we die here they will revive before us."

"That does not necessarily mean that you have to die. These people were novices when it came to exploring. They failed to choose the correct path even with the map. They even said a path is not always something that is set, but they still didn't understand their own words."

"What do you mean?"

"Flying."

Weed chanted a spell and pure white wings sprouted from his back. Since the beginning, he had been confident in safely crossing over the Bar Khu mountain range. The reason why he was so confident lay in these wings. At the 'Mirkan Tower' of Lavias, with the payment of 10 gold, one could fly for the duration of one month. The power of flight lay in a special feather from the Avians.

Avoiding the falling lightning and thunderbolts, he flew to the opposite side. There he saw a small coffin and a thing that appeared to be a musical instrument, a harp.

'This is must be the treasure...'

Weed took the musical instrument.

“Identify”

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Item: Harp of Vino the Dwarf:

Durability: 20/20

Vino was a short and fat dwarf. But he loved a human woman.

It was a love exceeding race, a love that could never be fulfilled!

Human women disliked Dwarves, so Vino despaired. Thus he put all his effort into music.

Since music contained artistic beauty, and thus it could buy the favor of women.

Effect:

30% Rise in Female NPC popularity.

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Weed looked at the harp, stunned. Eventually, his mouth broke into laughter.

“Puhahaha!”

Halman, Margaux, Levi, Gran.

For all their conspiracies of lies and killing, the treasure at the end was only a magical harp. It could have been stronger weapons, better armor, but no, it was an instrument to earn a woman’s favor. The map had even indicated this fact even from the beginning.

# Chapter 4: Van Hawk's Humiliation

Lee Hyun's computer was connected to a trading site that dealt in items. He would check the site for the common gold prices of trade goods almost every day, but this time it was for a specific reason.

"Absolutely amazing."

Royal Road's popularity was increasing day by day. Although it was only last week, the listed number of registered items was around 160,000, and today it went over 165,000 items.

It wasn't that items went unsold, well, other than the absurdly high priced and unwanted items, almost all items from the previous week were sold.

The items that were sold were deleted from the list after a day it was sold, but more and more new items were being registered. Lee Hyun slowly rolled down the list of items.

"Looks like there's a lot of usable items this week."

---

Item: Sword of Melain:

Durability: 105/105

Damage: 40-43

Sword is of a long sword style, made by mixing a small amount of mithril.

A sword considered to possess superior strength; a blacksmith of some renown named Melain forged this item.

Restrictions:

Strength 200

Level 100

Equipped:

+50% Additional damage to the undead.

+25 Strength.

+17 Agility.

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Item: Saikuri's Bracelet:

Durability: 40/40

A creative, yet eccentric magician named Saikuri was well versed in enchantment spells. He infused his wrist items which granted magical abilities; this item has become something that everyone on this continent desires.

Restrictions:

Level 150

Equiped:

+30% Maximum mana increased.

+20% Amplified magic effect.

+10 to all stats.

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These kinds of items were very few and were coveted. Even Lee Hyun craved the weapons and accessories with special abilities.

'How much?!'

The Melain black auction started at 1.5 million won. However, the prices continued to soar, currently exceeding 2.5 million won.

The weapon had no class criteria, and it could be used at relatively low levels. Because of this, the item was being sold at an expensive price.

Saikuri's Bracelet is a unique item that had a starting bid 3 million won, and its current price was more than 5 million won.

"It's a pie in the sky."

Lee Hyun could only lick his lips. From the start, he never planned to buy things from the auction site. Of course, in terms of investment he

could buy an item and hunt with it. He had about 30 million won (about \$30,000 USD) he could use.

But by buying items, there was no end to spending money. In the end there are always better items, and the purpose of buying good items to farm is lost.

Lee Hyun decided to stop searching, and started writing a post for an auction. He wanted to sell the items he had obtained from hunting things in Lavias.

They were mainly the Death Knight's weapons, and the loot that he did not sell due to them being so unique, or of specific importance.

Among the loot, there were some items that were needed for quests, and those could be sold for cash. Most people would discard or sell them at the general stores, but Lee Hyun kept in mind that there were people who would buy them.

The length of an auction is one week. About 4 weeks of game time. Items dropped from the Death Knights.

Weed kept the best ones for himself, and set the price of the other items at 10,000 won as the starting bid. It was more advantageous to have more bidders in the auction as the competition for the item would rise.

As the competition heats up so to would the price rise, and there was no worry since the price will at least rise to the market price.

But for general loot, Weed set the minimum price as 3,000 won. If the item was worth any less than that it was not worth the trouble of auctioning it online.

The reason being, that it was simply a waste of time. Lee Hyun had registered more than 30 items on the auction site.

"Please rise in price..." he prayed.

He was anxious, as this was the first time he listed his own items from Royal Road for sale.

'Now, I wonder how much will they rise?'

He knew that the price wouldn't rise just by wishing it, however, he couldn't help but be expectant that it would. Lee Hyun had the highest rating for the transaction site– a triple diamond rating.

With this rating he received 100 commission free transactions, and items he posted were shown where it would stand out the most. The items were displayed in the middle of the auction screen with a red box highlighting them.

“With this much, at least it won't be buried by other items.”

People started bidding on the Death Knight weapons with bids of 20,000 won and 30,000 won. Lee Hyun observed the auction for a moment before heading to the capsule to log into Royal Road.

The auction had a duration of one week, so it wasn't good to have any high expectations after posting.

### The Arpenian Empire!

It was the first Empire to unite the continent of Versaille under one banner. However, after about 300 years, the glory of the Empire did not last and was eventually divided into dozens of smaller countries.

Since then, history has centered on Knights and their stories were written. Pretty much it's a history founded on blood and death!

The weak forces of principalities and minor countries allied to survive in this era of war. This was the story of the formation of the Britten Alliance.

In its early days, the seven kingdoms shared a strained atmosphere of distrust and suspicion; now the kingdoms have integrated into one through laws and regulations, as well as with arranged inter-marriages.

The lords of each nation can go to other countries and be treated with the same respect as they receive in their home countries. They also had a thriving economy.

Geographically, they were situated somewhat to the east of the center of the continent, and thus were able to prosper while avoiding major wars.

Born of these came the independent cities (Free imperial cities) formed by the merchants, so trade and technology were able to advance greatly.

Due to this reason, quite a number of users selected the Britten Alliance as their starting place.

Tomlin town.

It was located at the most eastern part of the Britten Alliance.

“Buying rabbit skins!”

“Anyone looking to hunt in Pestar Cave assemble here!”

“Cleric preferred. Level 50 priest or higher! Item drop allocation will be double the amount of a single person.”

A huge crowd gathered at the square. It was filled with users dressed in colorful clothing and equipment. There were also an astronomical number of merchants.

Britten Alliance is a Kingdom that is highly advanced in commercial trade, so a fair number of merchants came to trade here.

“You bought enough spices?”

“We’ve bought a lot of things cheaply, so I think we’ll make a huge profit this time!”

Tomlin village was visited primarily by the low level beginners, and the traders. With a variety of goods being sold and exchanged, many merchants frequently dropped by.

A wagon that was slowly approaching the east entrance of the village caught the attention of many onlookers.

“Huh? What’s that?”

“This doesn’t look very good...”

The wheels were wobbling as it was tumbling down the road, the condition of the canopy covering the wagon was almost a rag. The state of the wagon was not what garnered their attention, however. The real

reason was that it was coming from the East.

Weed was carving away on the coachman's seat, and Mapan also was sitting while working hard at his expense calculations.

Mapan's ears were still covered because of Weed's shouting as they crossed over the Bar Khu mountains. He had heard so much of the Lion's Roar that he was near the point of neurosis.

Unlike the warrior's war cry which put pressure on the enemy and enhanced stats, Lion's Roar was a skill limited in its usefulness. The skill to raise the morale of an entire army, or bringing order in a military engagement, didn't seem like it would see much use.

(P/R Neurosis: is a class of functional mental disorders involving distress but neither delusions nor hallucinations)

Even though Lion's Roar was such a vague skill, it leveled very quickly. Once Weed yelled for a long time, the level of the skill climbed rapidly.

Weed raised the Lion's Roar skill to Advanced Level 3. Thanks to this, Mapan vowed to never go on a similar trip with a warrior.

“Really, there's a lot more people here than I thought.”

This was Weed's first impression of Tomlin Village. Despite the village being in the fringe areas of the East, there was a large number of players.

Because of this Weed finally felt the realization of the fact that they were in one of the central kingdoms, unlike the Rosenheim kingdom which was one of the frontier countries.

It took nearly one month of suffering to journey over the Bar Khu Mountains, to finally arrive at the Britten Alliance Kingdom. They met giant spiders, then basilisks, ogres, and loads of various other beasts on their way!

Once by the lakeside, Water demons had seized Weed by the ankle, and with their limbs and roots, attacked him fiercely.

Bar Khu Mountains truly had to be a heaven on earth for monsters. The

first wave of Lycanthropes were not even half the size of the second wave. The Lycanthropes attacked in large groups, and they had to fight through them for over 10 hours before they were able to break free.

Even with these odds, Weed had crafted all of the jewels he had. In truth, intermediate sculpting does not rise easily, or by much, at this point.

Then, through sculpting he gained the new skill to facet gems. Yet, this type of crafting didn't even compare to sculpting wood since it gave 2 or 3 times the proficiency, and through it, sculpture mastery rose to level 4 intermediate.

But what was more pleasant than this, was that intermediate handicraft had finally rose to level 6. Since growth in handicraft skill is fueled by growth in sculpting and it affects many other skill areas, one could say handicraft is the second most important skill after sculpting.

“Weed, is this the first time you left Rosenheim Kingdom?”

“Yes.”

“I've been to other countries to meet a few friends, and I've noticed that the Rosenheim Kingdom has the least amount of people. Even the Kingdom of Brent to the north has more people.”

“It's because there are a lot of benefits to starting in a Kingdom with many people.” Weed replied.

If there is a pioneer, then there is bound to be information. And in the case of a special dungeon or a demon's lair, there was the notion of 'ownership'.

When a guild takes ownership, they have several advantages. Firstly, guild members have 20% additional experience, and non-guild members in the dungeon could not enter outside of certain schedules. This was often the cause of many wars and friction between other guilds and other users.

This can be seen from the activity of the developed guilds in the Britten Alliance. The Siege of Fort Odein is one example.

‘It’s something that has little to do with me. We don’t have the time to deal with guilds fighting wars of pride.’

Weed and Mapan ignored the startled eyes and stares.

As startled eyes followed Weed and Mapan, which they still continued to ignore, their first order of business was to drive the wagon to the exchange. Because the exchange was in a rural village, it was relatively small. The owner was a nice old man.

“I came to sell a few things.”

Mapan began to speak, and the master of the exchange showed great joy.

“Yes? A lot of traders come by these days. It is greatly appreciated. What kind of goods do you have for sale?”

One by one, Mapan pulled out all of the cheese and bottles of olive oil from the wagon.

“These items are for sale.”

“Oh my! Those are from Rosenheim Kingdom, aren’t they? Coming from so far away, I’ll pay 4 silvers and 8 silvers respectively for each.”

Mapan felt conflicted for a moment, tightly closed his eyes, and sold them all. Until now, the entire journey in the wagon was just short of revolting because it was loaded with the smell of cheese and olive oil.

Every time the wagon hit a bump his stomach lurched; Royal Road’s outstanding realism rather felt more of a drudgery to Mapan.

“I am grateful. These are hard to find in this town, 470 gold should be enough.”

“My pleasure!”

Through the transaction, Mapan’s profit was about 200 gold as well as a little rise in fame and expertise. At last, the month long trip was worthwhile in the end!

After all, the greatest happiness as a merchant is the feel of success and

the satisfaction you obtain from the wealth after a long haul.

Next was Weed's turn.

Mapan looked at Weed with eyes full of envy. Since groceries reap this much profit, I wonder how much more profit will be gained from jewellery.

'The gems Weed directly faceted and formed into jewelry...'

Mapan gulped.

Weed opened the backpack, and one by one pulled out brooches and bracelets.

"How much would you pay for these?"

At that moment, the exchange was filled with the sound of user's comments.

"It's a jade!"

"Those are jewels. That one is an emerald... if I'm not mistaken, that must be a sapphire!"

"Where did they find those precious stones?"

"It's so beautiful..."

The reaction was hardly surprising. Traders who come to the Tomlin exchange are people who were relatively low leveled, and this would be the first time for the majority of them to have seen jewelry.

The exchange owner looked carefully at the jewels Weed passed forward, and he expressed disapproval.

"Things like this are impossible to sell in a small town like this! How about you go to a large city?"

Mapan gave a helpful comment.

"Jewelry is classified as a luxury; rather than selling in a small town, it would be profitable to sell it in a large city with developed commerce. Maybe it would be better to sell directly to the jewelry stores rather than to the exchange, since they would give a better price."

“Is that so?”

Weed put the jewels back into the bag. Anyway, they did not necessarily need to sell them in Tomlin at this moment.

Each and every town or city had a different value on jewelry, so Weed had taken out the jewels to examine the current market for jewels in the Britten Alliance.

After filling the cart with other goods purchased with money from selling food, they finished everything they wanted to do at Tomlin village.

Even after the two men rode slowly westward in the rickety wagon, and were gone, their visit to the merchant in Tomlin village became a hot topic.

“If the exchange in the town could not afford it, how expensive might they be?”

“For that handcrafted jewelry, I’d wager they would fetch a really high price!”

“Where on earth did those people come from?”

“East! But there is only the Bar Khu Mountain range in that direction...”

“No way! They passed through the Bar Khu Mountain range?”

“Rosenheim Kingdom! The jewels are probably imported from the Rosenheim Kingdom, but where did they get crafted...”

\*

After a few days, Weed and Mapan arrived at the capital of an ally of the Britten Alliance, Castle Regus of the Keuroin Kingdom.

In the broad, plain sight in front of a castle, beginner monsters such as rabbits and foxes moved about as users pursued them with determination.

Leisurely, Mapan spoke, “That’s a very peaceful scene.”

“Yeah,” Weed was also in agreement. After being used to the bloodthirsty encounters with monsters in the Bar Khu Mountains, the little rabbits and foxes looked cute in comparison.

The sky was blue with white clouds passing by. The sun was warm, and golden fields of grain as far as the eyes can see. Regus Castle, constructed with red bricks to match the scenery, was incomparably beautiful in comparison to Serabourg in the Kingdom of Rosenheim.

Looking at such a peaceful sight, you almost feel like writing a poem.

Ting

---

Art has risen by 2 points (+2 ART)

---

The art stat didn't only rise when making artwork, but it also rose by seeing beautiful things while traveling.

Keuroin Kingdom, the kingdom with the most travelers!

Here, the extreme beauty of the town and castle brings many visitors. A famous resort regarded as a place for couples to date and others to enjoy vacation.

Weed and Mapan enjoyed the moment of relaxation for a while. In the meantime, Mapan was cleansing himself of his fatigue and suffering, but Weed with keen eyes analyzed the castle.

'A castle like this would be a good model to make a sculpture out of. There would probably be many people willing to buy it. I wonder how much my sculpting will rise by?'

Weed took in the shapes of the spires and the heights of the ramparts; he roughly sketched as he walked along the interior.

A sculptor's instinct.

Anything he views he absorbs fully in memory.

Weed and Mapan reached the front of the city gates. Mapan dragged forward the horse drawn wagon.

"I'll go in first."

There were two ways to enter a castle. One was entering through the

front gate. Of course, this was where Mapan chose to go. But the armed guards stopped him.

“Here’s the toll payment. And I also need a trade permit.”

Mapan threw 2 gold to the guards without any hesitation. After earning a considerable amount of money by trading in the previous village, 2 gold was nothing.

“Welcome, merchant.”

The guards prostrated themselves as if in front of nobility, and they opened the gate. All castles have large gates where it’s usually closed, but they open to people who pay gold!

This spirit! The excitement!

“Wow, incredible!”

“That person just gave out 2 gold without a second thought.”

Nearby users were commenting with interest. Around the castle, the beginner players that were hunting small animals were shocked. Mapan just shrugged.

“Hey Weed, come on in!”

In a minute, Weed headed toward the side door. The small door was bored into the side of the main gate; however, this time the armed guards directly prevented him.

“Stop! You are not a citizen of the Alliance. What brings you to Regus castle?”

Just by looking at people, the guards could tell where they were from. Although he was from Rosenheim Kingdom, it was not a simple procedure to visit the capital of a foreign country, as it needs to be reported.

If the incident was not reported, there is the possibility of becoming a wanted man with the authorities.

“I am here to trade, and to sell handmade goods, honorable guards!”

“Yes? If that is so, you need to pay a toll in accordance to our country’s

laws.”

“A toll for passage?”

Weed immediately began to praise the guards for their efforts with a friendly smile.

“It’s admirable to see that the Regus castle guards enforce such tight security, it really is unequaled.”

“W-Well, of course! Hahaha!” The simple guards laughed.

Weed had already mastered how to fully deal with soldiers through the experience with the instructor at the training center.

“It’s hard, right? But to keep such a great castle safe seems to be a great honor. Is everyone stopped to keep the castle safe?”

“Why yes. If you come to the castle for trade, you still have to pay the toll.”

“How much is the toll for passage? Because all the money I have is 7 silver...”

“That is sufficient. The toll will be 5 silver.”

Weed’s face went stiff for a short moment. And he pulled 4 silver out of his pocket.

“Oh! I only have 4 silver...”

“...”

As Weed and Mapan entered the city of Regus, they decided to go their own way to do their business.

“I’ll stop by the exchange and see if I can purchase loot. Maybe I’ll find something to do. Then after one day I’ll meet you back here.”

Merchants have their own unique quests. Commonly they are called story procurement commissions. How to get some different goods, or requests, or even entrusted to transport particular items.

“Well...”

Weed parted with Mapan and made his first priority to look for a jewelry shop around the busier streets. Of course, this was in order to sell the jewels.

Regus castle, the capital of Keuroin Kingdom was a flourishing city, so it was not difficult to find a jewelry store.

First and second floor.

The jewellery store ran a business on two floors that were packed with the nobility. Users like to buy gems for items with sockets. If you combine those items with gemstones, special characteristics could emerge.

“What are you interested in buying?”

Weed was greeted by the shop dealer. A woman! The elegant beauty was the NPC of the jewellery store.

“I came here to sell.”

Weed took out the gems from his backpack. The various kinds of gemstones shined brightly. These were the deeply green emeralds, dark blue sapphires and pearls.

“Wow, they’re gems.”

“I think I’ve never seen so many gems.”

It was not very different from the reaction in Tomlin village. After viewing the dealer weighed the jewels and proposed a deal.

“Oh, I think I could give you 2900 gold for this! But wait, you are a famous adventurer and you have a related profession to this business, it would be proper to pay you 3200 gold.”

At the capital he had spent 1,700 gold, and in just a moment it had almost doubled his profits of over 3000 gold! It seems that gemstones from Rosenheim Kingdom are bought for a cheap price, and were then processed and sold as highly expensive jewellery in Keuroin kingdom.

‘So this is a profit of 1500 gold?! Considering the traveling time and

effort of crafting, I would say this is a huge profit!

The experience and the money of hunting for one month were given up. There was also the risk of losing the trade goods so the profits weren't gained for nothing.

At this point, if you were a merchant you would bargain. Depending on your trading skills, you could sell things for a higher price; Weed, however, was not a merchant. So instead he pulled out the harp.

Ttiriring, Ding, ttingtting~

It was a secret weapon to improve impression with woman NPC. A bard, or a harpist, has the power to charm people through a performance. It elicits favor and goodwill, and lowers prices.

At a high level, a bard can earn the love of the masses and be a guest at inns or restaurants for no charge.

“Wow! That guy is playing the harp.”

“He's decent.”

“It sounds pretty good.”

Weed's performance was basic, but it was not bad. He deliberately set aside some of his spare time to learn it and added one more thing to his trade since he was the jack of all trades.

Ting

---

By listening to the performance, the NPC's impression of you has increased.

---

Weeds mouth curved into a smile. The shop dealer's eyes were gently closed, in appreciation of the music. His objective was achieved. However as the dealer opened her eyes, she said, “The music is good, but the song is lacking since there is no singing.”

“Singing?”

“Yes. You can sing can’t you?”

Weed could not bear to refuse. A roaring rocker!

In real life, it was once upon a time a goal of his. Yet, he ignored things that a rocker could not ignore. Ignorance of pitch! Ignorance of tempo! Ignorance of lyrics! In other words, he was awful!

He was what people would call severely tone-deaf! Only Weed had never accepted that fact. So as he plucked the harp, Weed began to sing.

“It’s bright! The sun rises today! Return again! It’s sunny! And! It’s up! Courtyard! Day!”

“Kkyaaa!”

“It’s driving me mad!”

“Run away!”

Really, what is the difference between the Lion’s roar skill and singing a song?

Weed’s singing made the users become both shocked and horrified. If you only listened for a little bit, the head becomes dizzy and your breathing becomes labored. It becomes uncomfortable to the point it feels like your insides might come out.

“One day! Your thoughts! Walk down! Look! The! S – K – Y~!”

Weed bellowed eagerly as he sang. There was no melody. There was only noise. As if singing in a loud voice is the best way to sing a song.

When Weed finally finished the song and the stampeding crowd users got out, only the store owner was left. Her expression was turned to stone.

“How much will you give?”

She shook her head as Weed spoke.

“No trade.”

“...!?”

“Get lost! Otherwise, I’m calling the guards.”

“I have to play the harp again...”

He had to give up singing. Weed played the harp again with much effort and raised the impression of the shop dealer.

“I’ll give you 3240 gold.”

“That’s fine.”

Weed with a light heart, sold the gems, and departed with 3240 gold.

Ting

---

You have reaped a large profit through trading!

Fame has risen by 150 points (+150 FAME)

---

Weed’s reputation rose again.

‘From this, I now have over 2000 fame...’

The higher your fame, the higher difficulty of quests you can receive, and it was possible to receive discounts on items. However, fame in itself is worth being proud of.

“Do you know of Corona? That guy did some extraordinary work. He took out a twin headed ogre in the Hwaryong (Fire Dragon?) mountain range.”

“A thief named Batun safely accomplished the Archduke Samiel’s request. Archduke Samiel gave him a knighthood and a position in the military.”

This is the power of fame.

Sometimes, after finishing a major quest or taking out a difficult monster, the NPCs started to spread stories about it.

It is the same with merchants when they gained large profits from a trade. In Royal Road, you can become very famous through NPCs gossip.

“Have you ever seen the swordsman Bansen? If you see him, be careful. He is committing murder indiscriminately at random. Even a bounty has been placed on his head!”

Of course, sometimes you can become infamous in the way of notoriety. In Weed’s case, after creating a statue in the town of Freya, he became a celebrity there.

Having finished his business at the jewelry store, Weed headed straight for the appraisal shop to appraise the value of the Crimson Necklace of Life he had obtained at Lavias.

Weed was interested in its ability, but his identify skill was too low a level to identify it. When he first picked it up, the necklace was somewhat white in color.

Yet, it was named the Crimson Necklace of life. The color remained unchanged when he met Mapan. Then as he crossed the Bar Khu Mountains, it began to gradually change. Now it was fully crimson.

The thought of discarding or selling this item made Weed uneasy. This might cost him money, but he still decided to go to the appraisal shop to find out what this item really was.

‘If this is a crappy item, I’m going to smash it.’

Many users looking for identification services crowded the shop.

“Here, please identify this item I picked up from hunting!”

“OK, this ring has the property of...”

There wasn’t another place like this in the marketplace. Taking

unidentified items for identification can be like scratching off lottery tickets.

You don't know how it will end up. Who knows? One might even obtain a tremendously unique item. Weed went through the first floor and immediately went up the stairs to the second floor.

The first floor was for simple checking of items, and with Weed's identification skills, he could do a decent identification check.

There were a considerable number of users upstairs. Weed hesitated for a short moment, but decided to move on. Since Weed had been able to identify all items so far, he firmly believed that the item was not common.

Finally, Weed came to the third floor, the top layer of the building. The rooms were completely sealed. It was to thoroughly guarantee confidentiality. Weed went into one of the rooms.

"Welcome!" The blond female wizard greeted Weed enthusiastically.

'She's a user.'

In general, when you cannot get out of the castle for those 4 weeks, users can experience a wide range of quests. Weed had strengthened himself by beating the scarecrow, but that occurrence was extremely rare.

Most users spread out to do things like side jobs at an inn, order books from the bookstore, or even improve manufacturing skills.

But for users who chose the wizard route, most of them work with identification. Judging an item's magical properties can improve your skills, and if you're lucky you can earn a significant amount of money.

\*

'Dang! How could I be lacking in 3 gold just at that time!'

Wizard Lindell had raised her level to 200 and she had just finished her second job advancement. Upon the job advancement, a wizard is able to learn a new spell.

Lindell who specialized in lightning magic chose the spell lightning shower. Numerous bolts of lightning fall from the sky with beautiful

effects and can inflict great damage on monsters, making it a very useful skill.

However, the price of the skill book was a whopping 540 gold!

Even after finishing the second job advancement, a poor wizard could not have that kind of money. When you are a low level, you need to buy various magical amplifiers, the reagents for spells, and as your level raises little by little, you need to buy all the skill books, then there is your robes, the staff and equipment etc etc.

On the battleground, it may be the most colorful and shining profession, but wizards always have to live in poverty. There was no choice for her but to work part time in item identification in order to get the 3 extra gold needed to buy the skill book she wanted.

But ever since the first customer, the experience has been terrible. Lindell's tender forehead was covered with wrinkles from the stress.

'Why is there a beggar here?'

As soon as she saw Weed's appearance, that was what came to mind.

'He should go wash up.'

Lindell could not believe her eyes.

Talk about low quality, torn cloak and shabby armor. The durability had decreased and the leather had lost its luster, and the peculiar equipment seemed like a dust cloth. There could hardly be an outfit even more bizarre.

His back behind his shoulder was an unknown mesh bag, but it smelled repulsive. It was the strong smell of medicinal herbs.

Aside from her thoughts, Lindell forcibly smiled and spoke to the guest. Being unkind to customers is grounds for being kicked out from the identification store, and gone is her feasible way to raise money.

"I am sorry, but this place is for the identification of rare and high quality items. General identification of magical items is downstairs."

It is the same wherever you are, people are judged by their attire. An

NPC would react based on your fame, but it is different for a user like Lindell. Without any comment, Weed pulled out the necklace and held it out to her.

“Please determine this.”

“The price is expensive. To do an identification, the charge is 50 silver.”

Though the money was precious, his decision was already made at this point.

“Here it is, 50 silver.”

“Oh, so you are going through with it. Do not regret your choice when the item is listed as meager.”

Lindell went over the precautions. Among items that you discover through identification skill you can get good things as they expected, but realistically the item is often much more disappointing.

Because identifying can lead to this, some people will be firm in refusing to pay, so she warned people to pay in advance. Lindell took hold of the necklace. From then on, she noted what seemed to be an unusual flow of mana.

A type of magical flow that even as a wizard she couldn't determine!

That means it contains at least 4 magic circles or more. But, her extremely high identification skill should be able to see what the magic is.

“Identify”

Lindell's hands shined as she touched the Crimson necklace of life, and the information of the item was revealed.

Ting

---

Item: Necklace of the Death Knight:

Durability: 100/100

A summoning item crafted by the Warlock of Darkness, Barkhan Demoph!

This necklace contains the life of the Death Knight, Van Hawk. With this item, you can summon Van Hawk; however, changing his loyalty from his Lord Barkhan to your own will not be easy.

Restrictions:

If one is not deemed worthy as a master, he will be attacked.

Enchantment:

‘Call Death Knight’

Equipped:

Summons Death Knight.

+50% Effects of black magic.

+20 Intellect

+10 Wisdom

---

Lindell’s eyes were wide open with shock.

“Th-This is a unique item that has not been made public yet...”

“Please return it.”

Weed’s necklace was identified, so he left the appraisal shop.

\*

After finishing their errands, Weed and Mapan left Regus castle and headed toward Somren Liberty City.

Weed asked Mapan to stop the wagon at a deserted place.

“What’s going on?”

“Just watch and you will see.”

Weed jumped from the coachman’s seat. He held out the necklaced and chanted the spell.

“Summon Death Knight!”

At once, black smoke gathered and within appeared the Death Knight, Van Hawk. The boss of the Barkhan catacombs.

“Keueoeoeo!”

Just the same as before, except that the clothes had changed quite a bit. His appearance in the Barkhan catacombs, Van Hawk had had great items and equipment.

But now the Death Knight is wearing only a basic sword and equipment. The reason was simple; it was because Weed had already stolen it all.

The Death Knight’s body faltered from the bright light, but he soon found his balance. Since he is a level 200 undead monster, the sun caused such a big reaction to him. The Death Knight’s vision brushed past Mapan, and his eyes rested on Weed.

“You human!” He roared at Weed.

He eyes burned with hatred. The overflowing killing intent could be felt. The Death Knight clearly remembered it was Weed who had killed him.

“You summoned me! You believe I will betray Lord Barkhan and follow you? Huhu! You’re only a sculptor! I’ll kill you, human!”

The Death Knight assaulted him. Weed intentionally took the hit and slowly his blood spilled. Then since his health was reduced to less than 20%, he used his skills.

“Sculpting Blade!”

Weed’s sword went through the Death Knight repeatedly.

The Death Knight was recalled and the necklace changed back to white. As more monsters with life are killed, the necklace will turn back to crimson.

It began from that time on. On the road to Somren Liberty City, every time the necklace turned red, he called back the Death Knight.

“Sculpting Blade!”

“Seven Celestial Steps!”

Eagerly he used the skills to kill the Death Knight!

It never left his hands as he was establishing a record. Kill him, return him to life, then kill him again, and again, and again!

For the Death Knight it was an outrageous thing to be subjected to. However, this was a desirable result for Weed. During his sculpting on the wagon Weed usually had full mana and health.

With satiety he didn't need to have it at 100% and could control it, but the recovering health and mana at full was a waste.

However, he could always recall the Death Knight, so it could not be any better. Even if he cannot get experience due to it being a summon, he could still continuously improve his skill mastery.

After the tenth time of beating him to death, it was the first time the Death Knight sounded ill.

“Ugh, you are strong...”

When he died five times more, the Death Knight heaved a sigh.

“I seem to forget Lord Barkhan's grace little by little.”

And again he died about five times more, he spoke more drastically.

“It seems your leadership qualifies you to rule over me, but I do not know yet.”

After that, he was killed twenty more times. By this point Weed didn't even bother to keep count. Whenever Weed's health and mana reached 100%, he called the Death Knight to fight.

The vitality of the necklace he held filled quickly with a little aid. The Death Knight has finally announced his intention to yield.

“Master!”

The Lone Death Knight! The strongest Death Knight, Van Hawk, recognized Weed as his master. However, Weed's answer was unexpected.

“No, I cannot trust you. Since you are the servant of the evil warlock, you must be planning something!”

“No, it’s not like that...”

Weed did not listen to the Death Knight and killed him another 300 times.

“I will serve you master, so please...”

Even after he heard this, he killed him about 500 more times.

From then on, whenever the Death Knight appeared, he appealed desperately, but to no avail. Weed’s goal was to help master his skills, so there could be no mercy.

# Chapter 5: Return the Holy Relic

Weed put the Death Knight items up for sale at a price between 10 to 15 thousand won.

“I don’t think the price is going to be that high, it’s not incredible equipment...”

Level 200 weapons.

Royal Road had many armor and weapons, which all had their own names. Some monsters even had a lot of silver and loot, so this meant a lot of different types of gear.

This was true in other games as well.

High level monsters would drop weapons that could be sold for cash.

Lee Hyun sighed, as he couldn’t find such items easily. Unique, rare, and magic items could be sold online for a decent price.

Loot for quests sometimes sold for unexpectedly high prices, ranging from 30,000 to 50,000 won.

The prices were high because of the users demand for them.

In Royal Road, the appearance of monsters was very realistic and detail oriented. For example, the rotten corpses of monsters stank fiercely.

Not many people could hunt with the smell.

Undead monsters!

They were among the most avoided hunting locations.

Because people were unwilling to hunt the undead, the price for quest items from them increased due to their scarcity. Thanks to this It wasn’t unusual that their these items would be sold at ridiculously expensive prices.

“In total, it must hit at least 2.96 million won.”

Then he looked at the e-mail he had ignored earlier.

The Dark Gamers invitation!

He read the email which said that the invitations were only sent to those that were chosen, and apparently Lee Hyun was chosen to join in their meetings.

Such was the content of the invitation.

A skeleton holding money in one hand was pictured on the site's background.

“It's...”

The Dark Gamers' Union.

There were rumors about this famous organization, but the truth was unclear.

“It's probably not them and it's got nothing to do with me.”

Lee Hyun clicked the trading site to confirm the bid. After sending a PM to the buyer, they decided on a trading location.

They decided to have the trade a day later.

The Free City of Somren had characteristics that were well suited to a feudal lord, where there were few taxes and tariffs.

Thanks to that, many traders and adventurers stayed here. Most of the group of general users was always looking for better weapons.

In other places, the purchase price in stores included the taxes, but in Liberty City, the tax price was very cheap.

The city was a paradise for merchants.

Weed and Mapan arrived at the city at the last day remaining of the time limit for the quest.

“Then I'll be trading over there.”

Mapan left to go sell the loot.

There had been an incredible amount of monsters in the Bar Khu Mountains. Over the course of a month, the wagon was filled with loot.

A merchant's inspiration was the excitement achieved through trading.

It was a pleasure to sell in bulk and to buy expensive things at cheaper rates.

Mapan realized the pleasure of trading.

That was the benefit of accompanying Weed.

The luxury of trading without taxes!

‘Coming to Free City of Somren wasn’t so bad.’

Weed checked inside his backpack for the Helain Cup again.

The purpose of coming here was just about to be completed...

The quest to return the holy relic to the Order of Freya.

Rather than heading to the church immediately, Weed went to the central fountain and looked around.

Liberty City was crowded with a tremendous amount of merchants.

They had opened stalls to sell stuff and were trying hard to find customers.

“I can repair any damaged items to maximum durability!”

“Selling food that recovers satiety.”

“Silk clothing for sale with +15 electrical magic resistance directly made to order.”

“Check out the various weapons and armors that I have made.”

“Get jewelry with various attributes for only 1 gold!”

Craftsman characters occupied one spot on the fountain for selling stuff.

“How much?”

“I came to pick up the clothes I ordered yesterday.”

“100 pieces of bread, please.”

The craftsman classes were treated the same as before.

Every day they sold near the fountain. The main classes like miners,

blacksmiths, and tailors sold their goods around the fountain.

All sorts of other crafting classes were quietly buried off in a corner.

“This is fun, people gathering like this...”

Blacksmiths and Enchanters engaged in fierce competition with each other.

This sight couldn't be called unfamiliar for Weed.

He had always had less competition when selling sculptures.

Down the eastern side of the square was a large red wooden building.

Weed headed to the location of the appointment he had made with buyers. There were more than 10 people there waiting.

“I'm here to sell.” Weed said to see their reaction.

People bought stuff from item trading sites.

Just say the name and the transaction number and you would receive the item.

“I've waited so long for this. This quest was so hard to do. I couldn't fight against those undead monsters.”

“Thank you. It's good to see that someone is selling a lot of the items.”  
With those words, the buyers left.

Aside from the Dark Knight's weapon, the rest of the items were sold for loot quests.

At dawn, his backpack was much lighter.

“This is the first profit from Royal Road.”

Weed was comfortable with the result and headed to the church.

The church of the Goddess Freya had been built with white marble, a symbol of beauty and prosperity. It had been built in the heart of the city and thus was easy to find.

The Free City of Somren was built next to the Somren River.

There was a white arched bridge built near the church building of Freya.

Many users wanted to get holy water, a type of blessing, so the area all around the temple was always crowded.

In the distance, clerics and paladins were going in and out of the temple.

Whenever they raised their levels and learned new techniques and whenever they returned to the church, they would receive contribution.

Weed went inside, passing a little statue of the goddess with golden letters written on her.

‘Collection box, pay at least 10 silvers or more...’

Weed wanted to turn around and leave without paying.

“May the grace of the Goddess Freya be with you.”

Those that donated received a blessing from the priests.

The church’s Holy Spirit Blessing would increase defense for a period of time, as well as increasing health regeneration by 5.

It was the church’s main source of income.

“Get outta my way real quick.”

“I think he was the last person in line.”

Weed paused temporarily since the users who had been waiting in line started complaining.

Waiting for turn to receive the blessing was a rule that the priests made the people adhere to.

Weed was here to return the Helain Cup to the priest and did not want to give an excuse to the complaints that were erupting from the crowd.

“I am here to return something.”

“Yes?”

The priest blinked when he saw the Helain Cup. Then a look of surprise came upon his face and he shouted in a loud voice.

“Oh, thank the Holy Goddess you’re here! This is a miracle! Come right this way, inside the High Priest will meet you.”

The surrounding temple priests took Weed inside. All the users gathered to receive the blessings were left alone because of priest scarceness.

“What the hell...”

“What the hell’s going on?”

The Inner Sanctum.

The High Priest’s room.

It was a place filled with symbolic murals and statues of the goddess, a solemn and noble atmosphere.

Here, Weed was able to return the Helain Cup. Kneeling down on one knee like the knights from the Middle Ages, he said.

“I have, on behalf of Prospects, brought the Helain Cup here.”

“Oh, this is it! How magnificent!”

The High Priest, his face full of wrinkles, was ecstatic as he held up the Helain Cup.

Ting

----- Quest Completed: Deliver

Helain’s Grail: The lost Helain Cup has been returned to the Church of Freya. Barkhan’s past efforts to lead the Immortal Legions to war devastated the entire continent.

Even with the beauty and prosperity of the Church of Freya, they could not have covered the post war damages. But now, through the holy water from the Helain Cup, reconstruction can resume.

By fulfilling the related quest, the public value of religious groups has increased to fight against evil.

Fame has risen by 400 points (+400 FAME) Your friendship with the Church of Freya has reached 15 points Public value of the Church of Freya has increased by 1200 points The Church’s religious public value can be seen in the window.

Current Church of Freya’s Public Value: 1490

You have leveled up!

---

‘This is amazing!’ Weed  
thought while kneeling down.

The rewards from completing a quest from one of the three main churches had always been good.

But normally not this good!

But this was the not the end. The High Priest sat down in his chair and looked over to Weed.

He said to a Paladin.

“As compensation to this great warrior, bring the Paladin equipment and the Sword of Agatha.”

“Yes, High Priest.”

After a while they came out with a Paladin’s armor and a sword on a red cloth.

“Take it.”

The Paladin gear was laid down in the red cloth in front on Weed.

The High Priest handpicked the items in the cloth.

Items earned as compensation for the quest.

Weed was moved to tears.

It was a happy moment for him. But at a time like this, you had to maintain composure.

‘I have never been this lucky in Royal Road! I cannot rejoice just yet...’

Weed decided not to prostrate and began checking the items.

Do not put off what needs to be done until tomorrow when what you could do today, like immediately identifying something.

First was the sword, together with an antiquely engraved scabbard.

“Identify”

----- Item: Agatha’s Holy  
Sword: Durability: 130/130

Damage: 55-60

A sword of the Church of Freya made by the Dwarven Blacksmith Roban, which boasts superior strength. Many types of metal, like steel and mithril, were forged together. However, the damage is weak because of the materials used to preserve the dignity of the church.

This is a gift from the High Priest.

Restriction:

Level 130

Equipped:

+30 Strength

+20 Agility

+100 Faith

+200% extra damage against undead.

+200% Injury recovery speed Holy blessing can be used to bless yourself five times a day.

2 hours cool down in between each blessing.

----- To avoid startling the  
High Priest and the Paladins, Weed quietly admired the items.

‘This is much nicer than the Death Knight’s sword.’

It was usually better to have items with higher stats. But sometimes it was useful to have items with low requirements.

The Clay Sword was such a case. It was difficult to sell for a lot of

money, but because there were few prerequisites, it was the perfect weapon for low level characters and could be sold for a higher price. A Clay Sword was the absolute weapon against rabbits and raccoons.

“Identify”

----- Item: Rose engraved  
gloves: Durability: 90/90

Defense: 20

The official gloves of the Paladins of Freya.

Covering your wrist might seem very uncomfortable but they, in fact, were made to move stuff.

Restriction:

Level 200

Equipped:

+50 Faith

+20 Strength

+5 Agility

Damage from Black Magic reduced by 50%.

----- “Identify”

----- Item: Ring of the High  
Priest: Durability: 100/100

A small diamond was embedded in the center of the ring. A course design but it is not available on the market.

Restrictions:

Not equippable by Warlock, Assassin or Rogue classes.

Not equippable when in murderer state.

Equipped:

The High Priest's Blessing can be used once a day.

+150 Fame

+200 Faith

----- Weed had difficulty  
breathing.

“Such a windfall of items...”

Up until now, he sparingly used those bloody, old gloves in order to conserve the durability, but now he no longer seemed to need them.

At level 200, his gear would all be set except the helmet.

‘A very wholesome reward, indeed.’

Weed got up from kneeling and then on the spot, put one hand on his chest and made a slight bow with his waist.

“Now that I have done my duty, I will take my leave.”

It was time to go to the item trading site to check prices. First, he would look for a better sword as a replacement and then sell the Sword of Agatha.

However, the High priest looked up into the air. Clear tears were running down his cheeks.

“Brave warrior, you have shown your courage by defeating Barkhan’s evil servant and retrieving the Helain Cup.”

“...?”

Suddenly the High Priest was glaring.

‘Barkhan stole the holy relics of the church and had them hidden by his servants.’

Weed decided to stay after looking at the Priest and paladins.

Weed did not know in the slightest of the increase in the familiarity he had gained with the church.

Weed replied as he hurriedly got down on one knee again.

“Yes.”

“Did you know? Our church has lost one more holy relic.”

“Yes?” Weed was puzzled for a moment.

When he got the Helain Cup, he had collected information from the Royal Road website.

The Church of Freya had three artifacts: the Helain Cup, a sacred cup of flowing holy water, Fargo’s crown of prosperity, and the Rending Sword.

“But...”

Weed noticed the white, rosewood-painted hat that the High Priest was wearing.

It was not the Holy Crown of Fargo.

“How did they dare to, in a time of chaos, have the undead steal the crown. Beings that are alive despite the fact that their death is contrary to the will of the Goddess.” The High Priest said in his fury.

Then Weed instinctively replied. “You’re absolutely right...”

“Those undead dare to endanger our peaceful land!”

“I wish to restore the peace and progress of the continent.”

It was always good to get to know secrets.

It was the effects of blame. Thanks to it, the relationships between humans did not disappear permanently.

“The monsters of the Versailles continent deserve to disappear from under the Goddess’ eyes. The undead must be defeated for the era of prosperity to dominate the continent.”

“Yes, I agree as well.”

Weed then told the High Priest the story of what happened in Baran village, of the time the Lizardmen had invaded the village.

Thereafter he had been asked to sculpt the statue of the Goddess Freya in the form he considered the most beautiful.

Through the sculpture the possibility of another invasion through

Lizardmen was diminished, leading to flourishing of the village.

“Oh, I heard the story about that sculptor! So it was you!”

The High Priest was impressed with the Statue of the Goddess Freya.

“Fortunately we were able to determine the identity of the one that stole the Crown of Fargo. We dispatched knights over three times, but to no avail. I believe that it would be better if you were to lead the attack instead.”

Ting

---

----- Quest: Locate and return the Crown of Fargo: The Church of Freya spares nothing to reclaim the Holy Relics. As a result, they have received information that the True Blood Clan of the Vampires has taken the crown to the town of Morata. The High Priest dispatched three groups of Paladins to recover the crown but all of them have failed to return. They have been turned to stone by a curse. Save the Paladins and retrieve the crown.

Difficulty: B

Reward:

Unknown

Warning:

Church of Freya's public value becomes zero upon failure Fame decreases by -1000

Rewarded Items will be taken back

---

----- The quest-rewards were colossal in chain quests, and the rewards increased with each successive mission. Weed cheerfully read the contents of the quest but then his expression changed.

Barkhan Demoph had shown the strength of his minions.

His army had waged war against both the powerful kingdoms and churches. Especially the powerful True Blood Clan Vampires.

The clan counted more than one thousand members and the lowest level a vampire had was 270. The head of the True Blood Clan, Tori, the leader of the True Blood Clan, was a known boss monster with a level of 400. It didn't matter how strong Weed was right now, since no user was even close to reaching level 400.

'It's going to be an absurd task to fight the True Blood Vampire Clan and bring back the Crown of Fargo...'

Weed looked at the difficulty level.

'Difficulty B! Not to mention that they've dispatched three groups of Paladins that have also failed the quest. I can't possibly complete it.'

You couldn't clear this kind of difficulty level without forming a party with the most powerful users. No matter how high the rewards were, this fact remained unchanged.

"I'm sorry. I believe it would be tough to complete this mission with my lack of ability."

It was inevitable since he couldn't hope to complete the quest. He could only refuse.

But the High Priest smiled gently.

"You are far too modest, but that is not necessary. I leave this request to you."

"No. I cannot accept this request."

"There is no need to be too modest. A famous adventurer such as yourself is perfect for this kind of mission."

Weed wanted to cry when he heard the words of the High Priest. To have humility misunderstood so much that it would result in a tragic ending.

'Blindly put... intimacy of relationship.'

Because of the high reliability, the High Priest believed in him.

To make matters worse, the High Priest did not give up.

"In the legends, stories have been passed down in the church that when

the church's influence falls, a Hero will appear before a coming war and reclaim the lost treasures. You are that Hero!"

Weed could feel his ears failing when he heard the High Priest say this outlandish legend.

Then he heard a familiar sound.

Ting

----- You have accepted the  
quest!

----- Weed hurriedly checked  
the quest and it was the B rank difficulty quest in the quest window.

'The quest is forced on the person who finds the Helain Cup? I can't help it then. Maybe a chance will appear'

His judgment was shrewd and fast, but realistic. There was always an opportunity to live.

However, the High Priest plunged him further into despair with his next bout of words, and there was no room to escape.

"Twenty years ago, the Paladins had managed to make teleport gates and also succeeded in setting up the last one to Morata. With this teleport gate, one can be moved instantly without needing to travel."

"So you're saying..."

Weed's lip trembled slightly.

"It is urgent and you must not delay any further. You will be departing tomorrow at this time and one priest will be sent to accompany you and aid in your mission. He will play an important role in saving our brothers and children that have been petrified by the vampires."

# Chapter 6: A Bad Cold

A single day...

Far too little time to prepare!

“Buying armor and weapons. Buying for less than 1 gold coin.”

“Looking to buy an unlimited amount of herbs and food materials. Please sell them cheap.”

Weed bought these items in great numbers.

Mapan had left his party and Weed could understand the reason why.

“I’m going to have to teleport through a gate because I have to go hunt in a faraway place for the quest.”

“Congratulations, by the way, am I able to come as well?”

“Well, I have to go alone...”

“That’s too bad. I wanted to go along with you...”

“It’s Difficulty Rank is B...”

“...Good luck and goodbye.”

Mapan specialized in trading skills.

Weed did not have the required skill to be a merchant.

However, bringing Mapan along would have been a bad choice.

He was too weak to keep up with him, so Weed headed to the Church of Freya for the rest of the day.

Inside the church were the High Priest and the group of Paladins.

“Hello. It is good that you have come.”

Weed trembled when the High Priest finished his sentence.

What were the odds alone? I thought an Ossan High Priest was supposed to be a benevolent person.

(P/R: ‘Ossan’ is Japanese for middle aged man usually 40+)

It was a terrifying and desperate situation, without the slightest opportunity to escape from.

However, Weed wasn't going to give up the quest unless it was the worst case possibility with no return profit.

However, the day before, the high priest had said, "This is a very important quest. I cannot predict the future of humanity. However, I do know that this matter is urgent. This could change for the worse in a matter of days."

Weed wanted to nod.

Personal circumstances!

This couldn't be any worse!

Depending on the circumstances that arise, he could very well never be allowed to come back to the church.

However, the High Priest placed him in an even worse situation.

"I founded this Church of Freya in this town. I trust that you are the Hero of the legends and that you will find the relic as quickly as possible."

"What do you mean?"

"This time tomorrow, when you arrive, a priest of this church will be at your command. If you return with him safely then you will be rewarded based on how much stronger he has become. Do not be anxious about tomorrow and we will see you soon."

"..."

Everything was set up so that he could not escape.

The Free City of Somren, with the freedom lost! It was now like a prison without bars.

The Crown of Fargo had been stolen from the Church of Freya and Weed was not allowed to get help from other players. Weed was only allowed to use the people that the High Priest had provided.

"I will now introduce you to the person that will help you rescue the

Paladins if any can be saved...”

The High Priest opened a door with a small key. Inside was a small boy that was wearing a white hat and white priest robes.

“This is our church’s candidate for the next Pope, Alveron. Thank you for your help.”

“It’s a pleasure, Weed.” said Alveron formally.

Alveron wasn’t a user, but an NPC.

Weed and Alveron headed deep into the church. In the center of the capital of the Kingdom, there existed a complex rune that had been engraved into the ground and served as a teleport-gate.

Kkolkkak!

Gulp Weed swallowed hard.

Using the teleport gate would instantly send him to Morata. But he had not forgotten that the province of Morata was inhabited by the infamous True Blood Vampire Clan that were frighteningly powerful.

Not the entire Versailles continent was full of users. Adventurers had discovered the Northern Continent but people did not approach it because the monsters were too strong in that part of the world.

He stood there and they began the preparations to start the teleportation.

“We absolutely must rescue our paladins brothers!”

The High Priest and the priests had gathered large amounts of mana to operate the teleport gate.

Light came out of the gate, surrounding Alveron and Weed, and soon both of them disappeared from the Church of Freya.

150 years ago the Niflheim Empire, which is located in the northern continent, was destroyed by monsters. While the nobles were busy fleeing, the Templar army that was stationed there was wiped out. Afterwards the Niflheim Empire became territory infested by monsters.

Now a single law governed here.

The survival of the fittest, and the strong takes all.

“So this is Morata...”

Weed and Alveron had appeared at the entrance of a cave.

The Church of Freya’s teleport gate and the cave were connected.

“Ohh, its cold!” As soon as Weed arrived and went out of the cave, he felt a severe chill.

The terrain and climate on the Versailles Continent differed enormously depending on the location.

Unfortunately, Morata is located in the far northern continent, which belonged to the cold regions.

In this zone, all seasons long, it was an perpetual ice zone.

“Never thought it would be so cold...!!”

Weed’s body began to shiver more and more from the cold.

His body began to shrink back from the random wind that was blowing into his collar.

Ting

----- Warning: You have  
caught a cold!

In order to overcome the cold, it is recommended to wear thick clothing or start sitting near a fire.

If the severe cold were to continue for a long period of time, then it may worsen your condition.

The body has become more rigid and the physical ability has reduced by 5%.

The speed at which satiety is reduced has increased by 25%.

----- Shivering shivering

The message had said that the cold could get worse.

But he could not stay around in the cave, as he had to look around and scout the area.

He looked around the snow-capped ridges.

Past the devastated city. The deserted, lost city.

Across the center of the second of third rows of houses was the mansion of the nobility.

Over the rooftops with snow heavily piled on top, the collapsed ceiling of the buildings could be seen.

Though the interior was seemingly empty, there was random furniture inside. It seemed that the houses had been uninhabited for a long period of time without anyone to maintain the buildings.

“So this must be village of Morata...”

Weed gazed across the town towards the gigantic black structure.

It had a large fence and didn't have any lights on; the windows were also closed and crows flew over the roof.

The castle of Morata.

The black brick castle was covered in white snow. A strange combination that sparked a slight bit of inspiration inside of Weed. Jet black crows were circling around the top of the castle.

Usually, birds would easily freeze and die, but these crows were a tougher breed of bird. As these crows had been turned into vampires, and because the crows had been turned into vampires, they could not die and were still able to move their limbs.

“It seems that this is where the True Blood Vampires are. This really won't be easy.”

Weed finished scouting and returned to the cave.

Ting

----- Temperature has risen  
slightly ----- The cave with the

teleport gate was a little bit warmer. It was fortunate that the cold winds did not blow into the cave.

“So this is the Province of Morata.”

At an earlier time, the Uncle of Queen Natalya, Archduke Morata had ruled the province.

It had once been known for the outstanding quality of its leather and cloth and was quite prosperous, but now it had succumbed into a desolated village.

Humans were nowhere in sight, it was a ghost town!

In the capital city of the Niflheim Empire, Mordred, all the inhabitants had been killed.

Weed mentally tallied up his quest objectives

'First, rescue the paladins. Second, get rid of the True Blood Vampire Clan from the city, and thirdly, find the Crown of Fargo'.

That was all he had to do. It was a simple, easy plan.

But Weed was frustrated at the reality of it. He was the Legendary Moonlight Sculptor.

To expected to do such a high level quest, he would need to have an amazing class to make up for the 68 levels he was short. He regretted that he had not gained more experience before returning to the ground from the flying city of Laviyas.

“Now what am I going to do?”

Weed went back into the cave to ask Alveron some questions. Fortunately, the NPC Alveron had absolute trust in Weed and listened to him.

“So, before I start, I want you relax and sit down. I don't believe that I have properly introduced myself. My name is Weed. I am older than you so address me respectfully. Okay?”

“Yes Weed-nim.”

Weed spoke a little bit more politely as he asked carefully.

Alveron looked like a very young and fairy-like boy, so he didn't want it to get awkward if he was overly polite.

'A kid...'

Weed wanted to ease the difficulty of hunting the monsters.

"This is very difficult, so I will need to know what level you are..."

"It's 320."

"..."

The candidate for the next Pope was at an enormous level. Weed hadn't known that an NPC level could be so high. Even so, priests did not have much combat ability, an area in which he excelled in.

The question this time was not about levels but about fame. From completing the quest, Weed's fame had risen to over two thousand.

"Your level is fairly high. But I want to know how truly you have lived your life. How high is your fame?"

"Let's see, it's about 150,002..."

"..."

Weed tried not to sound condescending when he spoke to NPCs.

However, because Alveron looked like a little boy, he had forgotten that he was a master level candidate for the position of next high priest.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, rest for now."

Like a good child, Alveron went and sat in the corner. Sitting in his white robe, his posture seemed to indicate that he was engrossed in a pious prayer.

"Now that the small tasks have been taken care of, it's time to start."

Weed laid a blanket on the floor.

Blankets were, in fact, essential items for travelling because they could

prevent the chilling effects.

‘I did not realize that I needed to prepare clothes...’ He thought between shivering.

Rosenheim Kingdom and the Free City of Somren all belonged to the warmer provinces so there had been no need to carry any additional clothing. He had never thought that such a difficult problem would arise from not carrying around basic travel clothing.

Weed’s body trembled as he flipped open his backpack and called out commands to retrieve items from his inventory.

He retrieved the weapons and armors worth 1 gold he had stocked up on in Liberty City.

Kwajijik!

Weed struck the breastplate with his fist firmly. He struck it several times here and there until it broke in several places. The items were cheap, with weak armor and durability, so it broke quickly.

“Now I do this...” he mumbled to himself.

Weed pulled out a hammer he had bought from the blacksmith shop to repair the breastplates durability. With it, the power of blacksmithing and related skills was increased by 10%!

He had purchased it in the Free City of Somren.

“Repair.” He said as he hit on the breastplate with the hammer Fixing a breastplates durability was hard. He hammered the steel plate a few times until the damaged area was fixed.

Weed then continued to break and repair the armor.

After about 10 minutes, a message window popped up.

Ting

----- Repair skill proficiency  
has increased.

----- However, due to the

repetitive damage to the armor, the durability of the breastplate continued to drop permanently until...

Ting

----- Warning: Item loss!

An item has been lost due to frequent destruction.

----- The breastplate that Weed was holding in his hands had been destroyed and had finally been torn to shreds.

Repairing broken equipment could contribute to skill in some cases, but if it was frequently broken artificially, then you would have no use for a breastplate made of inferior steel.

Weed continued to break all the breastplates he had brought, then moved onto the shin guards and once those were broken, he took out the helmets.

8 hours later!

Weed was able to earn 10% repair skill proficiency.

At the cost of 100 gold, the items of broken debris were piled up to the ceiling.

“Skill Check: Repair”

----- Repair (Beginner Lv: 9 | 89%): ----- Only 11% more until the repair skill reached the intermediate level. Then the durability of equipment could be repaired to maximum.

“Ah-choo!”

He had been repairing items without taking a break. Weed sneezed. He had a runny nose and soon thereafter he also had a sore throat.

Ting

----- Warning: Your Cold has worsened!

In order to overcome the cold, it is recommended to wear thick clothing or start sitting near a fire.

If the severe cold were to continue for a long period of time, then it may worsen your condition.

The cold can lead to other complications!

-20% reduction of the body's abilities.

-30% reduction of skill effects.

Reduced maximum health and mana.

----- “...” Weed was at a loss  
for words.

He had only had a little cold but now it had gotten worse. This was probably because he had been sitting in one place for far too long without moving.

“Damn it!”

There were three tragic things to look out for when one was alone.

Hunger, the cold and sickness!

Struggling with hunger was harder in cold climates since barley bread was no warm food.

The cold had affected his skills since it made his body more frigid. Weed was depressed that he had caught the cold.

‘It’s unbelievable...’ Weed sighed.

Life had been so difficult ever since he started this game. He had gotten a class that he hadn’t wanted; he had also gotten into all sorts of trouble like the present cold.

Weed took comfort in the fact he wasn’t alone though.

‘Alveron’s probably the same.’

Alveron was sitting over in the corner of the cave, dressed in his white robe.

'He's probably feeling colder than I am because he's only wearing his robe...'

Weed felt a little bit of satisfaction, being better off than someone else put him in a good mood.

It was probably best that he didn't know that Alveron's robe had a special option spelled into it, preventing the cold to penetrate.

\*

Lee Hyun exited his capsule so he could start cleaning the house.

He swept the corners, wiped the window, scrubbed the bathroom sink and changed the lights. As today was cleanup day.

"Got to make sure that grandma's house isn't too messy."

Lee Hyun mumbled as he continued to mop the floor.

His grandmother had told him while she was still in the hospital that it looked like she had a disease.

Degenerative arthritis.

Working too much when young could put a lot of strain on the joints. The hospital's doctors told her not to worry.

"Modern medicine can fix this degree of joint damage without any trouble. Don't worry about it.

Lee Hyun was willing to pay for the medical bills. Expensive drugs were required for joint regeneration."

Grandmother's illness, however, was beyond what was diagnosed. Because she had not received regular health checkups, another disease in her body had grown significantly. The test result stated that cancer cells had spread throughout her body.

In modern times, there were no longer anyone dying from cancer. It does, however, require surgery and several months of hospitalization.

'I need to keep saving up money; I can't stop earning...'

Aside from the money from the high school festival, Royal Road brought

in a considerable amount of many.

The entire process was faster than originally planned.

Thanks to hunting in Lavias and the Royal Road item trading site.

When Lee Hyun finished cleaning the house, his sister came home from school.

“The house is so clean today. Were you cleaning?”

“Come on, let’s not waste time. Grandma is waiting for us to visit.”

Lee Hyun took his sister to the hospital to see their grandmother.

“Hello.”

“Grandma, were you lonely?”

Lee Hyun spent most of his time in the game capsule and his sister was at school most of the week. It was difficult to hire a caretaker for his grandmother since he didn’t have that kind of money.

He cleaned up the room and threw away the trash. After he finished, he sat next to the hospital bed and took his grandmother’s hand.

“I’m sorry, dear. You’re always coming to see me.”

“ ... ”

“I hope it’s not too much, but can I ask you a favor, dear?”

“Yes, go ahead and ask anything.”

“They say it’s never too late to learn. I would have loved it if you had been able to finish high school normally...will you get your GED?”

He could understand what she meant.

When Lee Hyun quit high school, his sister had cried. When he had insisted that he needed to drop out of school she hadn’t said anything else.

Being harassed and humiliated by loan sharks at school, such an education was far from normal.

It was a disappointment that he had failed to get his education.

Lee Hyun replied. "Yes Grandma, I will get my GED."

Lee Hyun headed home alone while his sister stayed behind at the hospital. The next day was a holiday so she could stay longer.

Lee Hyun would have preferred to stay and enjoy the moment. But he had work to do.

'GED...what do I need to study?'

When he had gone to school, his grades had not been that bad.

'Reference books and textbooks from the bookstore...no, it's better to buy them used from the bookstore.'

He went to the used bookstore that he remembered in the city. It was right next to the swordsmanship dojang he had attended in the past.

The swordsmanship dojang was still there.

"Yiyahap!"

"Tahat!"

Excited shouts could be heard.

Lee Hyun was intrigued and headed to the dojang.

\*

"There doesn't seem to be that much talent."

Ahn Hyundo complained about the performance of his students.

"Even since I put down my sword and started teaching..."

Ahn Hyundo had locked his heart in depression. No matter what he did, they did not understand the way of the sword.

'The sword... The sword will soon disappear and there will be no one for me to talk swords with.'

Ahn Hyundo's heart ached as he looked over to the swords on the wall, when he had opened the dojang with a passion. It had been 10 years since he had started the dojang where he only taught adults instead of children.

"Master!"

“What is it? What’s so important that you’re making so much noise about?”

“He’s here!”

“Is it those guys...?”

Because everyone was talking at once, he was unable to understand anything since it was incomprehensible.

Then, at that moment, Ahn Hyundo thought about a familiar face.

‘That young man, Lee Hyun! The one I was going to make my successor!’

Lee Hyun would have been chosen.

He had never disappointed him since the moment he showed up at the dojang.

Ahn Hyundo stood by as he listened to what was happening.

“So he’s here at the dojang?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Come on, let’s go.”

Ahn Hyundo had wanted to see him again. He wanted to see what the person he chose as his successor was capable of!

“But, there is a problem.”

“What is it?”

“He is asking to spar with people.”

“So what’s the problem if he wants to spar? I don’t know what could be the problem since they should be strong enough.”

“Yes, I judged it the same way, so I had Dog Sun spar with him but it was a one-sided victory by Lee Hyun.”

“Ah ha!”

Endless training.

The practitioners at the dojang all have been coming for more than

three years. Even in such a limited amount of time they had achieved some grade of proficiency.

So the students were tough opponents.

In sparring, beginners tried to avoid major injuries, but experts controlled the flow of the fight.

“I cannot believe that Dog Sun was defeated...”

“Yes, it took less than 2 minutes.”

“I’m sorry for Dog Sun but, for something as little as this, what does it matter?”

Ahn Hyundo asked Chung Il Hoon about what was wrong.

“Well after Dog Sun was defeated, Lee Hyun asked the others to spar as well.”

“Those guys have been learning the sword much longer than Dog Sun right? So who did he fight with next...?”

“Chang Guk.”

“He’s been learning the sword for over six years now. He was careless to fight after he was tired from fighting Dog Sun.”

“I tried to get him to reconsider but...”

“So he’s badly hurt?”

“No. This time too he won.”

“Oh!”

Ahn Hyundo had not been wrong when he had seen him.

‘He can’t hide his fighting spirit. His will to become stronger...the desire for strength!’

That quality let him win the fight against Chang Guk.

“But the real problem is that Chang Guk was just one of those that he sparred with.”

“Who else?”

“Yes, well, six practitioners.”

“You mean he continuously fought six men?”

“They were all unable to do anything to him.”

“Come on, let’s go take a look.”

The dojang instructors and practitioners gathered to watch the sparring.

“Such incredible stamina...!”

“That’s the ninth one that has lost!”

“He’s using the right amount of force...no matter how much stamina one possesses, it’s not easy to fight nine people consecutively.”

“Never mind fighting one after another. Just fighting against another practitioner is difficult enough.”

“But how can he win like that?”

“Strength and technique, it seems that he has found a compromise in the between the two of them. He reduces the amount of unnecessary movements of his lower body. Even so, he would have to train his lower body for a long time to achieve such skill.”

“But how he is able to fight like that?”

The practitioners had overseen Lee Hyun’s training when he attended the dojang as Chung Il Hoon and Ahn Hyundo had. Ahn Hyundo took a look and nodded.

“I know why he seems to be fighting.”

“Why is that Master?”

“When you’re bored, you want to fight whoever you can.”

The practitioners looked over at Ahn Hyundo.

“Then it’s just to relieve stress, Master?”

“When you’re up against opponents, it feels good to hold and swing the sword, doesn’t it?”

“Well, I guess...”

“Sometimes I would want to let loose and fight without reason. But we do not want to know these strong primal instincts. Nowadays, swords hang on walls and because of that, the view about yourself changes inevitably. Now few have the instincts of a hunter, the fighting spirit of a wild beast.”

Kwajik!

Another practitioner was forced to kneel down in front of Lee Hyun. As Lee Hyun slowly walked towards him with his wooden sword the other practitioner yielded.

“Stop, stop! I lose.”

Lee Hyun stopped the sword in front of the trainee’s forehead.

“Who’s next?”

Lee Hyun’s potential was astounding. His uniform was soaking wet with his sweat, showing off his powerful chest.

A drop of sweat flowed down the wooden sword and fell onto the floor.

But he did not seem tired. In his eyes, his fighting spirit seemed to be burning.

Those were eyes intent on the hunt!

Just a lone wolf’s silent roar threatened the position of the others.

More than 100 of the practitioners in the dojang were feeling the intimidation.

“Let me move away.”

“Call out the masters!”

The trainees could not take the heated challenge and Chung Il Hoon just shook his head.

“Seriously you guys...”

“Masters!”

“If the rumor spreads that 10 people lost, then the dojang’s honor will

decrease. I will fight him.”

Chung Il Hoon was going to fight directly. He won silver medals at the Worldwide Swords Fighting Tournament twice, he was considered an expert.

Practitioners had never seen him fight seriously and only seen him teach others how to fight.

‘The masters are going to fight’

‘Are they really going to fight?’

The practitioners looked at Lee Hyun anxiously. He should give up because there was no guessing what would happen to him if he decided to fight.

They were speechless.

Lee Hyun held the end of his sword towards Chung Il Hoon. Chung Il Hoon was also ready to fight.

After the two of them picked up their swords, Ahn Hyundo yelled.

“Stop!”

“But master, if this guy leaves, then the pride of the dojang will...”

“I know that he beat 9 or more guys, but he is from our dojang so it will not damage the pride of our swordsmanship.”

“I suppose...”

“In fact, to fight a weary opponent would be a disgrace to us instead.”

Ahn Hyundo tried to preserve the peace in the dojang. Fighting a student and fighting an instructor were two entirely different things. Chung Il Hoon decided to stand back and talk. But Ahn Hyundo smiled as he said.

“Don’t you think that it would be fairer if an old man like me fights a tired opponent?”

“Master!”

“Master you...!”

The entire dojang was brimming with excitement.

Even though Ahn Hyundo was old, no one thought he was weak.

Ahn Hyundo was the World Swords Fighting Champion for four consecutive years.

He was not someone anyone in the country could beat even if he only had a stick.

The entire dojang was quiet as Ahn Hyundo walked to the center of the dojang.

“We’re going to see the Master’s swordsmanship...”

‘Such a small opportunity comes around once in a lifetime?’

The practitioners in the dojang held their breaths for the confrontation between the two fighters. If Ahn Hyundo’s swordsmanship were to be seen it should be in a more glorious manner. However, each of the instructors was perplexed by his actions.

‘Even if Master was interested in the kid, to think that he would personally take a look at the matter himself?’

‘If this keeps up, then everyone will want to challenge him...’

The Master was the pride of the Republic of Korea when it came to swordsmanship but he did not speak his mind much.

Lee Hyun had defeated nine people, even though they were practitioners. There had been a big gap between the practitioners and the challenger. But the difference was huge between the practitioners and the disciples directly taught by Ahn Hyundo.

No matter how many practitioners Lee Hyun defeated, the instructors were not agitated in the least. They admired his swordsmanship, his amazing stamina, and his fighting spirit.

‘But there is another problem.’ Chung Il Hoon thought.

Ahn Hyundo was fighting.

This was unusual.

‘Perhaps he won’t get serious?’

Chung Il Hoon shook his head back and forth. Ahn Hyundo came by at least once a week to compete with him in the way of the sword.

Endlessness.

Despair.

And awe.

Ahn Hyundo had reached the pinnacle. Only those below him could see that. Chung Il Hoon could not even dream of even reaching the level where he could touch his collar. There was no way Ahn Hyundo could lose.

‘There is no way that I can do anything. He will fight his favorite disciple moderately. Good luck, Lee Hyun.’

Chung Il Hoon’s eyes were cold as ice as he exhaled.

Lee Hyun’s stamina had already reached its limit. His willpower had lasted this long, but soon it would be shattered.

Chung Il Hoon saw that as the problem.

With his stamina gone as the practitioners had fought him wholeheartedly, no matter which practitioners he had fought, Lee Hyun’s body had reached an extreme state because of fighting 9 men.

Chung Il Hoon thought that his overwhelming skills had come to an end.

‘Master doesn’t have to do much to subdue a guy that’s already done for.’

However, Chung Il Hoon was completely mistaken.

It was a heartwarming scene as their eyes met as Ahn Hyundo said to Lee Hyun.

“Do you like using a wooden sword? I have a wooden sword in my hands as well, but wouldn’t you want to fight with real swords?”

# Chapter 7: Ignorant Beginners

“This is ridiculous!” Chung Il Hoon screamed.

He had never stopped Ahn Hyundo’s decisions before but this time he couldn’t stand by.

“The opponent is a beginner. Beginner swordsmen do not know how to properly use a sword in a fight!”

“Argh, Hoon! I did not ask you. I was talking to my opponent! You’re going to interfere with my duel!” Ahn Hyundo’s voice rang throughout the dojang.

Honestly, nobody could stop Ahn Hyundo. If they tried, then they would be subject to a severe repercussion.

They could not afford to take that risk.

The instructors were silent, glancing to Lee Hyun to reject the proposal.

‘It is better if you flee now than to get beaten.’

Competing with real swords...

When fighting with real swords, literally anyone, no matter how skilled, would be scared witless.

However, Lee Hyun stood his ground.

Ahn Hyundo applauded him.

“That’s good. You didn’t back off. Just like a real man. Sun Hoon, go up to my room and bring the two swords on the wall. Do you know where they are?”

“Boss...”

The matter had gotten worse. Those steel swords were great at cutting.

Chung Il Hoon sensed that the outcome of the fight would be relentlessly horrible.

'A sword'...

Lee Hyun stood holding a real sword. He felt as though his mind was clear and he had just woken up.

'Huh, why am I here?'

Lee Hyun had come from the hospital to go to the bookstore.

Then he saw the dojang. He was not there to fight, he just wanted to clear his mind of a little frustration.

Training and working up a good sweat was refreshing.

Challenging the dojang.

To compete with the sword.

Lee Hyun did not object.

Wooden sword vs. wooden sword.

It was a fair match.

There was no reason to refuse.

The first opponent was a little weak, as he felt that the opponent's technique was a bit lacking. Strength training was not necessarily the path to become stronger.

One should use the potential power of the muscles properly. It emerges when one utilizes breathing and core body flexibility.

The first opponent was lacking in that area.

Another challenger had appeared after the first opponent had lost. Against a sword expert with a lot of experience, Lee Hyun looked for weak spots.

Defense-orientated swordsmanship.

However, it was not perfect. In that very moment, he was able to find the flaw.

Considering the speed of the movement of the opponent's sword, Lee Hyun used that difference to attack the weak point.

'It's thanks to Royal Road. I've been in fights over tens of thousands of times.'

Virtual reality games.

In Royal Road, if everyone became a sword master, then the world would be full of strong people.

Most users typically relied on skills and the game mechanics instead of their own bodies to fight. Someone like Lee Hyun who had earnestly learned the sword to play the game was a rare find.

So he knocked down the second practitioner.

But then another challenger appeared.

'Why don't you want me to win? Why do they want to beat me?'

He was angry. He didn't know that his eyes were like those of a hungry wolf, provoking the others.

Tough like a beast!

Using all his strength until they were cornered.

He grasped the sword.

'Cool...'

Lee Hyun shook his head as he took the sword.

As he took the sword, he could not remain still. At that moment, it felt as if every cell in his body was latching onto it.

Until now, he had felt as if he had been seeing everything at about 20%, about 5 times less than he was now.

Early in the morning, his body was normally extremely sensitive to everything around, he was stressed and in an agitated mood.

Lee Hyun calmly collected his breath.

He felt as if by simply holding the sword his mind had been cleaned.

Ahn Hyundo did not attack immediately.

Thanks to that, he was able to rest for a brief moment.

A very short moment.

He rested his muscles and blood vessels. The heart spread oxygen throughout his entire body.

In his hand, the sword felt very cold, but heat in his chest kept rising.

‘So this is how it feels to hold a real sword.’

He did not seem to know why he was here and in this situation. He had just come to have a sweat and could not believe what had happened.

‘Surrender’

It was not worth it. There was no need to fight without having something to fight for and he could easily get injured holding the sword.

He apologized and admitted defeat, laying down the sword.

Then Ahn Hyundo examined Lee Hyun’s eyes and said.

“Are you scared? Don’t have the courage to fight? That’s okay. The law of nature states that in the wilderness, wild beast turn tail and run when they meet someone stronger than them.”

Lee Hyun was enraged.

He wanted to fight.

In a moment, he picked up the sharp sword and held it close to his chest.

He had unwittingly decided to pick up the sword despite having fought over nine times.

\*Chaeaeaeng\*

The sword let out a metallic sound.

The metal sword let out incredibly clear sounds.

Ahn Hyundo also took his sword lightly as he stepped back a step.

“It is better to put down a sword that you cannot swing. You have swung it once already but you swung it too hard. Care to try a second swing?”

Instead of answering, Lee Hyun swung the sword. It was about 60

percent the speed of the original swing but it was a good attack.

Jjanggal

Gripping the iron, he could feel the subtle vibrations flowing to his fingertips.

Lee Hyun could hear the good, clear sound of the sword in his hand.

‘This is a good sword.’

From listening to the sword, he felt as if it was part of his body. To some extent, he could tell how sharp the sword was and the small difference that made it a good sword.

Ahn Hyundo blocked Lee Hyun’s attack very gently, and then raised the speed of his sword to attack.

However, because of the concern over bodily harm, it was possible for Lee Hyun to prevent the attack.

If there were swords flying towards the body from the front, then there was plenty of room to let them graze past.

Ahn Hyundo struck away Lee Hyun’s sword like a tyrant.

His sword swung away from him. He pounced towards Lee Hyun as if he was a wild beast to kill.

Ahn Hyundo’s sword came stabbing towards Lee Hyun’s heart.

The sword!

‘I do not want to die!’

Lee Hyun struck Ahn Hyundo’s sword to interfere with its path.

His consideration toward his opponent’s well being had disappeared.

He struggled to avoid being hit with his colossal will to live.

A clear sound of the wind.

A flash of light would appear over their chests as the iron swords clashed.

The practitioners had their mouths hanging from their fierce attacks.

“In..instructors! This needs to be stopped, doesn't it?”

The practitioners asked anxiously.

Chung Il Hoon could not believe the current situation that was watching.

It was very difficult to subdue Lee Hyun without injuring him.

However, for Ahn Hyundo's level of proficiency, it was possible.

For him, it was a simple task of hitting the wrist, the sword hilt, or by temporarily immobilizing him by hitting a vital point on the forehead.

It was simple for Ahn Hyundo to put Lee Hyun in that state, but he did not have the slightest intention of doing so.

With goose bumps all over his skin, he was barely managing to survive.

‘Instructors, think of something! Surely you have an idea of what to do...?’

‘I don't think so. But why am I so anxious?’

Chung Il Hoon had not known what would have happened once the swords were brought into the situation. Once they were brought out, it was dangerous to try and stop the situation.

But soon he was able to relax and watch. The swords continued their exchanges.

Lee Hyun's strength was being dragged out by pushing his will to live in front of a strong opponent.

More vigorously, stronger, faster.

These thoughts gradually awakened.

Lee Hyun had complete control over his own body. This caused his body to rebel.

Chung Il Hoon watched as Lee Hyun changed by beginning to penetrate deeper into the way of the sword.

The skilled practitioners could see it with their eyes but soon even the

others began to feel something.

“Huh?”

“It’s a little different.”

“What has changed?”

Ahn Hyundo cut a path to prevent the attacks.

Diagonal slicing sword.

Lee Hyun lowered his body at the same time to avoid being stabbed by the sword, moving on instinct rather than thought. Lee Hyun struggled against Ahn Hyundo’s outrageous sword fighting skills without hesitation.

‘Why are you having fun? This is a dangerous moment...!’ Lee Hyun thought as the corners of his mouth curled into a smile.

Not knowing why himself, he decided to focus on the duel.

Sword fighting. Challenging others to a fight. The fight itself was good.

‘I’ve been thinking too much. When I’m faced with a fight, I do not need to think...’

Swinging the sword felt good; when Lee Hyun moved towards Ahn Hyundo he swung his sword. His body began to show an unsteady reaction.

Lee Hyun let go of his sword completely exhausted, he had terrible muscle pain and his legs gave out and he could not stand.

“Drink this. It will calm your body down a little.”

Ahn Hyundo gave him a cup of tea that had a deep and profound smell.

“This is good.”

“Yes. This is wild ginseng tea from Baekdu Mountain.”

“The price would be expensive...”

“There is nothing more precious than the body, don’t you agree?”

“Yes, that’s correct.”

Lee Hyun unreservedly drank the tea. He mixed a bottle every day.

It was good for the body.

“That’s some good drinking. Have some more.”

“Thank you. I’m thirsty and tired.”

Lee Hyun drank five cups of the tea.

Ahn Hyundo took the time to start a conversation.

“Ahem, I’m curious. This is the first time you have held a sword, correct?”

“Yes.”

“You did not panic very much. However, for the dignity of the nine men you beat, did you learn the sword anywhere else?”

“That’s not it. I learned the sword...”

He brought up the story of Royal Road.

How he mastered the sword while hunting monsters and how he had hit the scarecrow.

Lee Hyun did not trust others easily. He did not open up to others because of the memories of how he had lived up till now. However, he seemed to somehow trust Ahn Hyundo.

During dark times, people tried to hide their problems. Ahn Hyundo helped people in need and people came to trust and rely on him. A man who believed that training was more valuable than a thousand words.

“I see. You must have had a difficult struggle to develop your swordsmanship.”

“However, thanks to it, I have managed to learn the basics up to this extent.”

“So you’re telling me that there are really monsters? Living, moving monsters that you can catch for items and money...and you gain experience? Are there dragons?”

“Yes, yes there are...”

“For now, you’re tired, so go rest. I hope that you can come by the dojang sometime later so we can spar again sometime.”

“Goodbye.”

Lee Hyun finished his break and then left the dojang. Then Chung Il Hoon was surprised.

“Master you don’t want to get him? So you have changed your mind of having him be your successor then?”

“No, he’s busy with his game.”

“So you’ll just let him leave?”

“Leave him be for now. In time his skills will mature. I will watch him for the time being and guide him. However, this thing called Royal Road...”

When Ahn Hyundo was young, the idea about a fantasy world had been rampant. The idea of modern people traveling to another dimension to establish a fantasy kingdom!

Or meet the talented hero of legend. His story as he travels the world with only his chivalry and practice his swordsmanship.

“There are monsters...and Wyverns and Dragons! So there are even Dragons too?”

“Yes? At least that’s what I’ve heard. Nobody has managed to catch one yet though.”

Chung Il Hoon replied a little nervously. He seemed to have guessed what Ahn Hyundo was planning to do.

“Go into a fantasy world, become a hero of men, defeat Orcs, slay the dragons. Emperor? Becoming the Emperor? ...hmmm!”

Ahn Hyundo’s chest rose arduously.

It was the best place to learn the sword. The real question was how useful the sword actually was. Having learned the sword did not meet the desire for fame and riches.

“To fight monsters...Monsters threaten the humans so...Hoon!”

“Yes, Master?”

“It requires a capsule right?”

“Yes it does.”

“Order it!”

“Yes sir!”

Chung Il Hoon quickly took out his phone and ordered to have the capsule installed, which usually took two to three days most of the time. He made them install it the same day.

The capsule was installed just as he had demanded.

However there were 5 capsules instead of one.

“What is this?”

Under Ahn Hyundo’s sharp gaze, Chung Il Hoon confessed.

“It is the duty of the disciples to follow the Master, is it not?”

“So you mean that you and the other guys are going to follow me into Royal Road?”

“Yes.”

The instructors replied courageously.

“What about the dojang?”

“It’s not like we’re going off to a foreign country, and aren’t there the secondary instructors?”

Ahn Hyundo chuckled.

“So it’s such a nice game that you want to play as well huh?”

“Master! Please give us permission!” They said as they bowed.

“Then my name will be Geomchi, so Il Hoon you’ll make yours Geomchi2.”

“Yes sir...”

“And you will be Geomchi3. Next, you can be Geomchi4 then.”

“Yes.”

In the Republic of Korea, the username of the disciples of the sword style was in numerical order.

“Keukkeuk.”

“So I’m called Geomchi4...”

The other instructors tried to conceal their bursts of laughter, but they also couldn’t avert their fate either.

“Then the next name will be Geomchi5.”

They all leaned forward in a bow and gave thanks to their Master.

However, cold sweat had broken out on their backs.

‘What a childish name...’

‘I would be so embarrassed to tell anyone my name wherever I go!’

Ahn Hyundo entered his capsule and made his account and character. Then he told his disciples his name and that he was starting in the Citadel of Serabourg of the Rosenheim Kingdom.

“Oh, this is surprising.”

Geomchi accessed the world and stood in a single spot for a while.

“I’ve never had this feeling before.”

He could feel everything. He could see and hear the people chatting and laughing in the completely medieval city.

All sorts of talk could be heard.

“Need to find four more people of the same level.”

“Selling steel axes for cheap!”

“Leaving to the southern villages to trade, looking for other merchants to come along.”

Sniff.

Geomchi's stomach growled as the smell of delicious food reached his nose.

He turned his head and saw someone making food.

"Selling delicious food made with beginner cooking skill level 7, delicious Mung Beans!"

Geomchi swallowed. He wanted to eat it but he didn't have any money.

Then the others logged on.

Geomchi2, Geomchi3, Geomchi4, Geomchi5!

"Master, so you logged in first."

"So you're here!"

"Yeah, you're here as well!"

He had enjoyed teaching his disciples how to use the sword, but seeing them in Royal Road left a different impression.

Geomchi4 was startled when he looked inside his pockets.

"Oh, Master!"

"What is it?"

"I have 10 pieces of bread and a canteen in my pocket!"

"Yeah, that is incredible. Let us taste the taste of bread here, shall we?"

Geomchi2, Geomchi3, and Geomchi5 pulled out the bread from their pockets and took a bite.

The bread was very stale and hard to chew, like a stone.

"Twe, twe! It's not very edible. They eat this when they go out to hunt?"

"I did a little research on the internet; there are large numbers of different types of food. Advanced level foods are so delicious that it almost melts in your mouth. It's supposed to be heavenly."

"As expected of one that I named Geomchi4! You're a very bright kid."

"Hehe, I get that a lot."

Geomchi4 laughed, pleased because of his teacher's praise. Back in the dojang, he was well liked by the other practitioners for being somewhat blunt and eager to help.

The mood of the Geomchi's that logged into Royal Road was unusually pleasant and lighthearted, they often smiled.

"So to eat it, we just have to keep chewing it? Even though it's hard, it's like eating a biscuit."

"It looks like it's made of barely. Barley bread?"

"Geomchi2 and Geomchi3 ate their bread and took a drink of water from their canteen."

"So, let's get started?"

"What do you mean? We have to go to the training center."

"Lee Hyun, no, Weed said that you can't go outside for 4 weeks."

"Well, let's go see whether or not the training center is any good!"

The five Geomchi's found the training center. There was an incredible amount of people wandering around in the Citadel of Serabourg so they had to ask around a few times to find the training center.

Inside the building a small number of people were using their skills on a scarecrow.

"Oh! So this is the way they do it."

"What an outdated training method they have in this dojang. It seems to be a systematic training in order to improve stamina."

"Geomchi2, it's not the facilities that matter is it? That is not important to a man that follows the way of the sword."

Geomchi2 and the other Geomchi's began to hit the scarecrows with the wooden swords. They had also listened to Weed's story.

"So it's a must to do this?"

"Yiyahap!"

Boom!

Geomchi2 and Geomchi4 felt a bit of nostalgia from swinging the sword like this again.

Constantly hitting a fixed object was like the training method practiced ten years ago, a training method that had long been discarded.

“Argh! Shout louder!”

“Yes! One million twenty one! One million twenty two!”

The Geomchi’s eagerly beat the scarecrows. Doing so left a good feeling inside them. Though the other users would think they were crazy, they did not rest.

Learn the sword first.

Later on the sword could be used to slay exciting monsters.

Their strength and other abilities continued to grow.

‘I will kill the monsters of Royal Road with my sword.’ With that thought, their eyes grew brighter and brighter.

“By the way, I’m starting to get really hungry.”

“Master, we have two pieces of bread left!”

“So it seems. Can I eat it?”

“Sir!”

Geomchi ate the bread that was left. The last two pieces of bread were now depleted.

“I feel full thanks to the bread now!”

“Oh, yea! Geomchi4 you look quite proficient now.”

“Master, when we feel hungry the satiety falls!”

“Geomchi3, you’re right.”

“But what happens when the satiety keeps falling, now that we have no more bread?”

“ ... ”

Silence surrounded the group after what Geomchi3 had just said.

The atmosphere became tense after those words had been carelessly said.

The Geomchi's began questioning.

“This is a serious situation. What do we do?”

“I think I know.”

“Geomchi2, tell me your idea.”

“What would you do? For example, when we hunt we can pick up items and make money. Then, if there is nothing more delicious, we can eat barley bread.”

“Oh, so we could do that...”

The rest of the Geomchis were smiling, but Geomchi4 shook his head.

“We can't leave the city for four weeks so it looks like we're going to starve.”

“ ... ”

All of the Geomchi's lowered their heads. They did not have an answer to this frightful situation. Usually others with more gaming experience would go do a quest. However, they did not even imagine that they could go do a quest for NPCs. Their only solution was hunting, but they could not exit the city.

Then Geomchi held out his wooden sword and exclaimed.

“We will continue swinging our swords. Only concentrate on swinging the sword!”

“Yes Master! We will focus on the sword!”

“Oh, Master how admirable!”

Geomchi2, Geomchi3, Geomchi4, Geomchi5 applauded.

(P/R: Idiots)

Then the five of them continued to beat on the scarecrow. Even though they were hungry, it gave them more willpower.

“Hohoho...”

The Training Center Instructor smiled heartwarmingly.

The Training Center Instructor was glad to see such enthusiasm from the practitioners.

“Hey, would you like to join me for a meal?”

The instructor invited them to have lunch. However, Geomchi swallowed his saliva and refused the invitation.

“No! Don’t we have our pride and self-respect that we do not need the charity of an NPC? Isn’t that right men?”

“That is correct! We live only for the sword.”

Khoreureuk

(P/R: The sound of their tummy rumbles)

“Now that I look at these scarecrows, they look pretty tasty.”

They started to sound ridiculous. Their satiety level was forced to drop since they had no more barley bread.

Less than 3% satiety! Moving to hit the scarecrow became arduous as they no longer had any stamina.

Ting

----- Warning: You have died  
of hunger!

You cannot sign in for 24 hours.

Since it was a simple state of death, no items or levels will decline.

----- Death, they died due to  
hunger...like dogs.

It was difficult to die in the starting state so it was extremely rare to die in the first four weeks.

To have the self-respecting Geomchi's die in such a way and in front of so many people, they died such a humiliating death.

Ahn Hyundo, with Chung Il Hoon's help, held a meeting in the dojang.

"Royal Road is an entirely new form of civilization, but we were too indifferent to its influence."

"Yes, that's right."

"If more practitioners spend more time training in a place where they can fight monsters, then their motivation will increase and inspire them further."

"I think that's true. Fighting monsters and proving their skills will draw out their attention."

Ahn Hyundo and Chung Il Hoon had also died the same death as the other instructors.

"Direct combat could be a good opportunity for them to realize the true power of the sword!"

"We will get the disciples to volunteer and they will easily get enlightened on the way of the sword. To travel an unknown continent with nothing but their sword, this is a good idea Master."

However, the only female and secretary of the entire place, Ahn Hyundo's niece, put both hands on her waist and said to them.

"Effort is all that matters! You said that having an opponent was a tool that helps you grow. That's what you always used to say!"

"Argh! What else is there then? What have we overlooked?"

"...!"

"So, our plan was to let all the formal practitioners join in so how many people is it?"

"500."

"With an order of 500 capsules...they can discount it right?"

"They will be able to install it tomorrow, it should be fine."

Chung Il Hoon replied confidently.

The capsules for the 500 disciples were received from the Immigration Control and Refugee Bureau. Ahn Hyundo's dojang had a reputation all over the Republic of Korea. They received funding from the World Kendo Federation and the Athletic Association. They received a large amount of money from the disciples and among them were several that were in the Immigration Control and Refugee Bureau.

Geomchi<sup>4</sup> smiled and muttered quietly.

“That means that we are going to get 5000 more barley bread.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“Keukeum!”

# Chapter 8: True Blood Vampires

Weed logged back on and quietly sat down next to Alveron. Even NPC's had to act in a certain way to improve their level and skills.

'It obviously was not a big deal'

In fact, teleport gate had many special options and, because the cave was the starting point, it was an area that was safe and completely protected from monsters.

Alveron woke up and followed Weed as he tried to sneak out of the cave.

"Where are you going?"

"Recon. Wait here for me."

"Yes, I will wait for you here."

Alveron sat back down in the cave.

Weed went out of the cave alone.

Knowing that Alveron was safe, Weed began walking out of the cave. Walking around in this place was like walking on very thin ice.

'Monster...'

He was sufficiently far away from the cave.

The giant black castle and the village had disappeared from sight.

There was something he had overlooked during the day.

The snow-capped mountains and the villages were safe, there were no monsters.

'There are very few groups of monsters. But monsters should appear near the river.'

Weed carefully went down the mountain. Far in the middle of a field was a pack of black wolves.

'It's not time to fight them yet.'

He got down on all four limbs and began to sneak around, sometimes

hiding behind rocks for a while, and finally arrived at the village.

The village where there were once shops with heart-warming store owners were now rundown and abandoned. The whole village was abandoned and broken.

‘It appears impossible to resupply.’

That was the fundamental difference in coming to the Province of Morata. Food ingredients and herbs should have been bought as much as possible and left at the starting point. It was a big advantage having a surplus of supplies rather than not having enough.

But Weed could not afford the danger of searching through the town.

Ting

----- Warning: The cold has  
penetrated deeper into your skin!

Physical ability has decreased by 14%.

----- Wearing the armor had  
no additional effect. A fire could be used to defeat the cold, but with fire  
there was smoke. It was no different from suicide to start a fire here.

Weed decided to only take a little bit more time to carefully scout around because of the cold.

A couple of vampires passed by.

The True Blood Vampire Clan.

After a while, the group of vampires left and one wandered off alone.

A vampire had appeared.

Pale faces, and a black cloak hung to their bodies.

They wore jewelry and had rings on their hands.

“Blessing.”

Weed quietly used the Ring of the High Priest that he was wearing to bless himself, a light covered and emitted from his body.

Ting

----- The Blessing of the High Priest has been used. For 20 minutes, physical abilities are enhanced.

----- He checked his info window and the result was surprising. Strength, agility, stamina, endurance, and vitality stats were increased by an amazing 150%!.  
Maximum health and mana were increased by 30% so he had a

tremendous 7002 health and 6002 mana.

Weed invested most of the stats he got from upgrading into agility or strength. He barely increased in intelligence or stamina.

He was able to increase 'Fighting Spirit' stat through battle instead of stamina which acted as a complement.

'This is great.'

However, this fantastic item could only be used for 20 minutes.

"Bandages!"

The increase in maximum health and mana was nothing.

Accompanied by the bandage skill, the vitality stat could also be effectively increased.

His bandage skill had already advanced to the intermediate level.

The quality of the bandages along with the high level skill was able to recover health as a tremendous speed.

His mana regeneration rate was increased by 10% due the effect of the seven rings on his hand.

However, it was still a little lacking for him, and he was not quite ready.

'Time to eat.'

Weed closed his eyes and ate the food.

Royal Bird of the Day Dish!

Food that was created from the eggs of the Avians birds.

An additional 500 health and mana increased.

But he still was not ready to battle. Weed held the sword and activated the innate skill.

“Sacred Blessing”

A buff that holy priests used. It was a skill one tier higher!

Weed’s body was covered in a gentle light.

Thanks to the superior grade of skill, his defense increased by 40%.

By this time, the vampire Weed was tracking was already hidden from view.

However hidden behind the wall of the house and coming towards Weed, was the vampire that had disappeared.

“So this was where the unpleasant feeling I felt was coming from...”

It seemed from the vampire’s words, that it was attracted to the sacred blessings.

“Sculpting Blade!”

Weed was surprised by the vampire suddenly approaching him.

He ran out of the house and rushed to use the skill.

“The enemy is a human!”

The vampire blocked Weed’s sword with his strong forearm. However, Sculpting Blade’s horrendous damage ripped through the enemy’s defense!

It did not matter what the enemy’s level was. Whether it was rabbit or anything else, it made little difference to the Sculpting Blade. The damage was almost the same to monsters with powerful defense like vampires.

“Kyahaah!” The vampire’s health declined as it was attacked.

However, as one would expect, it did not budge from such a high level attack. He withstood it as if it was a mosquito bite.

“I’ll suck your blood human!”

The vampire extended his hands straight towards him. He had been caught by such a simple and ignorant attack and two holes were bored into the side of the neck.

It must have been an unpleasant experience.

Weed grabbed and held onto the vampire's chest as he dropped and rolled sideways. He stuck the snow covered ground with the vampire.

'Alright. The damage was higher than I expected. But from now on, it'll be considerably less.'

Just like how the fight with the Death Knight was different from others. The purpose right now was to improve combat experience that skills and stats could not.

Weed closed the stat window that displayed his health and mana. He examined his enemy with his eyes and felt the condition his body was in.

He focused on his enemy.

He was a lot simpler now than compared to back in the Continent of Magic. He did not know much about the game. He did not even have a map to memorize it. When he found a strong monster, he fought it simply to relieve stress.

It was of pleasure of finding a slightly stronger enemy.

He didn't need the advice of other people but rather directly experience and solve it himself.

Suffering a frustrating trial and error process.

Dying much more frequently than others.

Nevertheless, Weed was the best there could be! It was a constant challenge to be the person that constantly made their own path.

He walked the path the others usually did not take and hunted.

Enjoying the battle was far simpler than before. Instead of the battle being a click of the mouse and the keyboard, he enjoyed a real fight.

He could not deny the pressure from his class.

As more skill builds up, then there are a lot more things to lose. Whenever death came, there was always the fear of how many levels and how far skill proficiency would drop.

When you fight monsters, having thoughts like these increase the tension. They do not get much out of the battle itself.

Fighting strong enemies, clearing a quest, the fun of the game was a job the he sincerely enjoyed doing.

“Kuwawaak!”

The vampire’s face suddenly distorted.

Since then, it began to attack stronger and faster.

“Septuple Strike!”

Weed demonstrated his skills at the right time.

He naturally thought of which skills to use at the right time.

“The odds are against you running away.”

Weed used Sculpting Blade around the vampire.

“Summon Bats!”

The vampire did not avoid the attack and opened his hands wide.

A group of black vampire bats were summoned.

“Kill him!”

The summoned vampire bats flapped their wings and flew into the air. They then landed on Weed and sucked his blood.

The noble monster, Vampire!

They were capable of using magic.

“Shield. Strength. Heal.”

The injured vampire strengthened its regenerative abilities to recover its health.

To attack the vampire after it recovered its health would be in vain. The

damage done to its forearm was healed.

“Damn it!”

Weed used his sword to attack the bats.

The blood sucking vampire bats stuck to him during the fight.

Swish!

The vampire rushed at Weed with overwhelming speed.

Since it was a skill that consumed a lot of mana, he could no longer continue using it to fight.

Without mana to empower his sword, he was unable to give the fatal blow to the vampire.

Luckily its healing magic did not recover everything.

The vampire no longer had enough mana to heal.

‘It worked! It’s out of mana now!’ The vampire finally began to bleed out.

Its pale face had become even white from extreme fatigue as it slowly moved forward.

However, a message popped up to Weed.

Ting

----- Warning: The effect of  
the Sacred Blessing has disappeared.

----- Strength was rapidly  
draining.

Ting

----- Warning: Your Cold has  
worsened!

In order to overcome the cold, it is recommended to wear thick clothing or start sitting near a fire.

If the severe cold were to continue for a long period of time, then it may worsen your condition.

The cold can lead to other complications!

-20% reduction of the body's abilities.

-30% reduction of skill effects.

Reduced maximum health and mana.

----- The sword grew heavy  
and his movements became sluggish.

His defense was reduced because of the vampire bats constantly draining his vitality. As the bleeding worsened, his health plummeted and his movement speed dropped.

“Human!”

The vampire finally caught Weed. The vampire's current health was less than 10%.

The vampire tried to suck his blood, but with a vigorous head butt Weed said, “This isn't over yet!”

The vampire could not stop laughing when he looked at Weed. The vampire was barely alive. Its mana was completely depleted.

But Weed was in a far more serious condition. He could not stop his wounds from bleeding.

He closed his eyes.

Death!

He was logged out.

Lee Hyun stepped out of his capsule and clenched his fist.

He had experienced fighting a vampire. How were level 270 monsters? Strong. Very strong.

He was using the sword as well as the blessings and sacred blessings. The equipment was vastly different from the cheap weapons and equipment he got from the Death Knight.

That demonstrated the prominence of fully fledged high level monsters.

But he had an absolute feeling that it was not a monster that couldn't be beaten.

Lee Hyun took his fist and shouted, "The True Blood Vampires. I'll kill them all!"

\*

Pale, Irene, Romuna, and Surka had to teach their parents about the game in the Citadel of Serabourg. Their parents left to complete a dungeon quest.

Then they decided to contact Weed.

"Hey Weed, you know the people you said that connected to the game recently. I should drop in and say hello."

"Why not? I can't really help them right now so it would be nice if you could give them a hand."

"Certainly, since they are Weed's friends and acquaintances."

"Yes, it's impressive that they're already in their second week of swinging the wooden sword at the training center."

Pale and Surka smiled fondly as they recalled a freakishly strong Weed fighting thousands of monsters.

Even though he was a sculptor, there wasn't anyone whose swordsmanship was as strong. They were surprised and could hardly believe that he fought monsters using such ingenious sword fighting skills.

That was their expectations of Weed's acquaintances.

"Not too long ago we were beginners, but now we have excellent understanding of the game."

"That's because Weed is the best."

When they went to the training center, there was a large crowd.

"What is it? Is there something going on here?"

"Look over there. Now be surprised."

Pale and Co. looked over to where they were pointing and they saw a large circle. Over 500 people were swinging a wooden sword towards a scarecrow.

“One, two, three!”

They were yelling and counting.

There 500 people were using wooden swords and simultaneously striking down scarecrows with precise timing. Each of their bodies moved at the same rate with the same movements.

But it was the look in their eye that surprised Pale the most.

‘What a heavy atmosphere.’

He could sense something in their eyes and It put considerable pressure onto his heart.

The terrifying atmosphere seemed about 1~2 times stronger since it was coming from 500 people simultaneously from all around the room.

‘I think I know why there are a lot of people gathered here.’

It was as if something like this had become natural around the training center.

“Huh, what is it?”

He was already close to tears from the unease. It looked like Weed’s acquaintances had a bunch of scary people mixed in.

“This is fine. The level is not high enough yet but we still can’t leave so we have to keep it up.”

Pale finally got enough courage and asked.

“Does anyone here know Weed?”

When he said that, 500 guys looked over at him.

\*Ba-bump!\*

Pale’s chest began to beat faster in fear. But soon they went back to using their wooden swords to hit the scarecrow.

“I don’t know what’s going on here but I’ll do what I can to help. We’re here to help you so don’t worry about it and come over.”

Shying

All 500 of the wooden swords stopped just short of the scarecrow that they were beating. At nearly the same time, 500 people came running over to them. They fell down to their knees and cried to Pale.

“Ple-please barley bread...”

“Please feed us rice.”

\*

After one day in real life had passed, Weed reconnected in front of the teleport gate.

‘Proficiency... it dropped a little bit.’ Various skills had dropped by 5 to 7%.

Sculpting mastery had dropped by 7%. Cooking had dropped by 6%.

Other skills such as Handicraft, Sword Mastery, and Repair dropped by 5%.

Fortunately the only items that dropped when he died were only a couple of the one gold weapons.

‘I wasn’t ready for the True Blood Vampires.’

Weed started repairing broken equipment again.

“Repair!”

After he broke all the items in his inventory, he was able to reach the goal he had wanted.

Ting

----- Upgrade: Repair  
(Beginner Lv: 10 to Intermediate Lv: 1 | 0%): The ability to repair has been improved based on the skill level.

It is now possible to restore to the maximum durability of equipment with

a complete repair.

The 'Blacksmith' skill can now be learned.

----- "Finally..."

Weed repaired his equipment.

His current equipment had extremely low durability and he could not afford for new equipment.

The distorted cape became shiny; the dented body armor was evened out. The cracked and rusted parts were restored to a black iron.

"Alright. Time to start."

When Weed tried to leave the cave, Alveron came up to him.

"I'll help with fighting the vampires."

"Not yet. There is still one more step of preparation."

"Okay."

Weed went to look around the Morata Province alone. Checking around certain areas he looked for where the monsters were hiding.

There were a lot of results from his search.

There were quite a large number of monsters in the Morata Province.

On the other side of the village and the giant black castle were a large number of black wolves. They were around level 170 monsters but many of the wolves tended to wander alone instead of in groups. In the worst case, there were more than 100 wolves at once.

Though it was dangerous, Weed was able to recover the lost experience by sweeping up the wolves, using the sword's blessing and the high priest's blessings, he reached level 182.

"This was a decent hunting ground..."

Hunting was usually done in the surrounding area of a town or neighboring villages. The reason was because the monsters were evenly spread out and it was easy to save party members.

However, Weed wandered around hunting in places with a large number of monsters alone.

After he analyzed the surrounding area and monsters, Weed went to get Alveron.

“Give me healing.”

“Yes.”

Weed was bathed in divine power, healing his wounds.

There was no need for bandages.

As expected of Alveron, the next pope candidate with an enormous level of 320. However, NPCs like this were not allowed to die. Alveron dying meant that was the end. If the candidate for the next pope died in the middle of the quest, then he would fail the quest and the friendship with the Church of Freya would drop greatly. Think of it like something that can't be taken anywhere easily. But...

“Use protection magic.”

“Yes.”

“Weaken the power of the malicious forces that seek to injure him. Holy Blessing.”

“Increase my strength.”

“Please raise his power to fight against the evil and the wicked. Bless!”

Alveron was by far the best NPC that Weed had met so far. It wasn't just his higher level but he had a good personality too.

Why is it useful for a user to talk to an NPC to get a quest? This in itself was problematic because the sage would trick users!

But Alveron took care of his work and wasn't rebellious. It was the best thing around.

An innocent and naive NPC.

Weed dragged Alveron back and forth around Morata in order to hunt. That was the original purpose for bringing him.

Ting

----- You have leveled up!

----- A large number of  
monsters were killed.

With the help of Alveron, Weed was quickly able to reach level 200.

‘Finally!’

In Royal Road, level 200 was one of the checkpoints in the game. The server had been opened for about 1 year and 4 months now. The average level was around level 100. Trading and production classes were around the average level, but those under level 100 were usually considered noobs.

But in Royal Road, there were an overwhelming number of low level accounts. It was thanks to the new influx of people worldwide.

Each village was filled with noob adventurers who dream of trying to see the world.

Being over level 130 was acknowledged to some extent. At that point, many join a guild and start visiting other cities and villages.

Bards and other similar class begin wandering around level 50 but most classes stayed within hunting areas for their level.

A character over level 150 was quite famous.

And those over level 200 were even a rank higher.

This was because of second job advancement!

Classes such as knights and archers were able to change their class according to their preferences.

It was possible for certain kinds of wizards, clerics, warriors, thieves, and merchants to change class as well.

New skills became available!

The range of skills they can learn significantly widen and the other skills are automatically improved.

Because of this, level 200 was called the checkpoint.

In Royal Road, less than 20% of the total users were over the average level.

With Weed's deceptive strength and his production class, it made it difficult to determine a comparison to other characters.

Weed was doubtful of whether or not there was a second job advancement for him.

However, when Weed leveled up, his entire equipment set had changed. On his head was Van Hawk's Anti Magic Helm and he also wore on his hands the Rose Engraved Gloves. With the armor, Weed was dressed up as a Dark Death Knight now! However he wore white gloves with his black knight set.

It was not a good combination for an outfit, but stats were more important to him than what other people thought.

"Alveron, follow me slowly."

"Yes."

Weed and Alveron headed to the village in front of the giant black castle. Vampires were lurking around there.

It was not difficult to find them.

Within the village, over 300 vampires roamed around for blood and they could easily find them if they were not careful.

Weed waited for a single vampire to wander away from the group. Then at that moment he would appear and begin his attack.

"Sculpting Blade!"

Surprisingly, the vampire easily blocked the blurred sword of light with its forearm.

Then it revealed its fangs towards Weed and said.

"You again!?"

Incidentally it was the same vampire that Weed had been killed by last

time.

It was the same guy in the same place and Weed had been waiting for an ambush.

“That’s great.”

Weed began to attack with his Sculpting Blade. He swung the dazzling sword around the vampire’s body.

“I guess that his spirit didn’t die and he came back. Kyaahat!”

The vampire began to attack while healing itself.

Weed continued the long battle. It was unavoidable that he had to deal enough damage to kill a few times over.

The vampire’s skill consumed a lot of mana, but it was over level 270!

The characteristics of the vampire tribe were dark magic, transformation, and the fascination with beautiful women, they were also the class with the best vitality. Other similar leveled monsters paled in comparison.

The special True Blood Vampires were much stronger than the common vampire.

Soon the sacred and holy blessings were disappearing and his mana was running out. He laughed knowing that the vampire was in a similar situation.

“Once again I will be killing you! Stupid human!”

Weed ran to the wall and shouted.

“Heal, protection magic, buff!”

“Okay, I will.”

Alveron came out from his hiding place. He restored Weed’s health and gave him various buffs.

Now the situation was reversed.

Weed smiled as the vampire’s face was puzzled in front of him.

He did not forget that the monster had killed him once before.

“I’ll get you next time! Fog of Mist!”

The vampire used his skill when he realized he was at a disadvantage.

Turning into fog in order to flee!

It was a vampire’s unique skill to pass through walls or objects without being caught.

The vampire’s body turned hazy with smoke. The smoke was dispersed everywhere rather than in one place!

The smoke began squirming to escape.

But Weed had not failed to finish him.

“Sculpting Blade!”

With the Sculpting Blade skill, it was possible to deal a direct blow to the monster’s soul.

“Kueahaaah!”

The vampire that turned into mist was greeted with a Sculpting Blade.

With Alveron’s help, Weed was able to have the pleasure of taking revenge.

Ever since that day, Weed began hunting in the mountain and regional plains during the night and returned to the village during the day.

At night, thanks to the Moonlight Sculptor’s passive skill, his stats increased by 30%. All combat based skills as well as sculpting skills and art stats were improved.

To others, hunting was hard work but what else could it mean!

Weed became stronger, but at night monsters also became stronger too. More often than not, it was more than 50% stronger. However, item drop rates and experience were also increased significantly.

Many monsters lurked in groups, such as wolves, but some monsters were often alone. So he was able to hunt even stronger monsters.

But now he could leisurely level up, thanks to Alveron, by killing vampires during the night despite the extra burden.

Weed was especially careful because safety was not guaranteed.

“Call Death Knight, Van Hawk!”

Death Knight Van Hawk.

He was summoned to join the fight.

Weed had killed the Death Knight hundreds of times without any difficulty and was now it was fully under his command.

This increased his familiarity with him.

A fair one-on-one victory.

He didn't like it.

Weed fought with vampires and evil wolves while Van Hawk raised his level by leaching of his experience.

While he was guarding Alveron, he said.

“Master, my level has risen...”

Occasionally Van Hawk would politely tell him the news.

Weed's subordinate Van Hawk was becoming stronger.

He was growing through hunting.

“Yeah.” replied Weed while looking over at Van Hawk with a disgruntled face.

Whenever the Death Knight killed, it gained its own experience. But whenever Weed hunted alone, 20% of the total experience went towards Van Hawk. It was the summoning agreement and it would continue until the contract was terminated.

‘What a leecher...’ But he could not deny that he was a big help in battle.

Thanks to Van Hawk, hunting the vampires was much easier. Having another person made a big difference in actual battle.

Twice as much damage and armor.

Weed became safer since he didn't need to take risks when he had a Death Knight as a tank. It took half as long to hunt vampires and he took only a fourth of the damage.

There were about 300 or so Vampire roaming around the village at any given time.

However, the True Blood Vampire Clan had over a thousand members. It seems the rest were inside the giant black castle.

Weed took care of vampires individually. Exactly numbering 49.

Then everything started to get into motion. A general level of a newly generated True Blood Vampire that died once already was 250.

Ting

----- Upgrade: Sword Mastery  
(Beginner Lv: 10 to Intermediate Lv: 1 | 0%): Damage with the sword has increased 50%.

Intermediate Sword Mastery increased damage by 7% every time the skill levels up.

----- The sorrow of a sculptor!

Because they didn't have a weapon specialization, stat growth from reaching intermediate in Sword Mastery was lower.

However, as a sculptor, he had gotten his Sword Mastery to intermediate.

The result was literally achieved through many tears.

And then a few days later.

Another skill reached intermediate.

Ting

----- Upgrade: Sculpting Blade  
(Beginner Lv: 10 to Intermediate Lv: 1 | 0%): The Sculpting Blade color will now be blue.

Using Sculpting Blade, you can now create and complete colossal sized statues.

Ignores the enemy's defense!

---

# Chapter 9: The Great Sculpture

Vampires patrolled the area at regular intervals. That was a little bit unfortunate.

Weed was resting near a statue.

Bird of the main nut.

He ate the dish made from the Avian eggs and fruits of heaven.

Weed could take on a vampire by himself, and the Death Knight could fight one solo as well.

“Kyaah!”

“Van Hawk, you traitor!” screamed the vampire that Van Hawk was battling.

“I only follow the commands of the Master.”

The fierce battle was resolved after he parried a few times and Weed killed the two vampires.

Weed sat back down without having to say anything.

“Dispel Curse.”

Alveron’s mission was to wait at the statue for the vampires and use the spells in order.

“Divine Light, please dispel the restraints on their freedom from the power that is distorting their form.”

Light came down from the sky and covered the statue. The blackened surface of the statue melted away, like washing off ink. Inside the statues were paladins wearing the pattern of the Freya church.

“Die, Vampires!”

The paladins saw him wielding the sword of light as well as the presence of Alveron.

“I do not feel the slightest evil spirit coming from you. Are you from the

church?”

“Oh, brother paladin! We have come to rescue everyone. Come with us and soon the suffering will be over.”

Alveron and the paladins broke out into a melodramatic scene.

The paladins returned to the cave and ate as if they were possessed. They began to beg Weed for food.

Weed put the food in a small bowl. After they ate, the paladins had an apologetic face as they held out the bowl.

“Thank you very much.”

“You’re welcome. There is still some left, so eat some more.”

The paladins handed their bowl to Weed.

Their share of food was placed in the bowl. Then he gave it to the paladins.

The paladins gulped to swallow their saliva. Hunger was the best seasoning of all.

They had never had food that tasted better than Weed’s.

This was all thanks to having Intermediate handicraft and intermediate cooking skills!

They created a subtle taste and enticing smell.

“How can we eat while Weed starves? I cannot.”

“This food is given to us by the Goddess. There is no way that I could eat it all by myself.”

Weed did not lie at all. In fact, eating just a little bit of high level cooking was enough to fill the satiety level.

He deliberately gave their share of food in small bowls. The paladins could not even begin to imagine the lethal and sophisticated meaning of such an act and continued to accept the bowl with gratitude. They would accept the bowl and words of gratitude would be spoken while they ate.

Alveron was using Meditation and Weed took out a carving knife.

Crunch The sound of sculpting.

As the paladins ate, they watched Weed work with his hands to create a beautiful sculpture.

It was the shape of a paladin fighting evil.

“You are very talented. It’s very beautiful.”

“It’s my hobby,” he replied.

The Order of the Goddess Freya was about beauty and abundance. For that reason, Weed’s intimacy level with the church’s paladins was very high to begin with.

Sculptors! A profession about loving art and beauty.

Chef! Delicious food was a symbol of abundance.

Weed was not acknowledged by other people, but the paladins from the church would respect him.

“Everybody let us pray.”

After hunting and eating food, Weed bowed his head forwards and prayed to the Goddess Freya.

“Thank you for the abundance of food and for giving us your blessing. Please continue to protect the peace of the continent from evil...”

Alveron was raised with the habit of praying.

Praying increased the intimacy of priests and paladins.

Like the soldiers of the Rosenheim Kingdom, the paladins were everywhere.

A total of 159 paladins and 38 priests were turned to stone. But wherever there was a stone paladin, there were certainly vampire guards.

“First of all, there is a need to increase our united strength,” Weed persuaded the paladins with such logic.

The Morata Province was overflowing with many wolves and evil

monsters. They could hunt thousands of monsters in Morata.

But sometimes they rescued rebellious paladins.

“Now is not the time to do this! We should be searching for our brothers who are suffering instead of doing this!”

Occasionally the paladins would take their swords and tried to assault the village. Such a fearless attitude towards evil was becoming of a knight.

True Blood Vampire Clan!

To the paladins, they were most certainly the enemy.

Weed desperately blocked them. If he let them back into the village now, what were the chances that they would become victim to the vampires again?

“They should still be alive and we must remain hopeful. But if any of us should be defeated, then we shall forever suffer the ridicule of the vampire and what do you expect will happen to your brothers as a result?”

Weed persuaded the paladins while hunting.

It was frustrating, but the paladins had to agree with Weed.

He needed money. In Royal Road, he could trade in-game currency for real life cash.

You can obtain good equipment to sell, since there was no one else in Morata.

To trade items that anyone could bid on.

It was not easy to come to this region, so who would find these items?

He did not know if he could complete the quest on his own.

So, the conclusion was to increase their power. Yet he did not forget about the effects of sculptures.

“Don’t use wood. Stone is a good material to increase the proficiency of the skill.”

Weed was trying to find a suitably sized stone. However, in the snow-

covered mountains, it was not easy to find the right stones. Moreover, since he had to remain still in order to sculpt and the harsh cold wind could make him sick. A lot of time was needed in order to make a sculpture.

“A bunch of rocks. Would it be possible to make a sculpture using that?”

Weed was deeply immersed with what to do about the sculpture.

“It doesn’t have to be rock. Any other hard object would be nice...”

Weed looked across the village and the mountains.

A snow covered world.

The ground was covered in blocks of ice.

“Ice! A sculpture made of ice!”

A sculpture made of ice would be the best material to use. It could be simply cut and it was readily available. It was perfect in the cold north since it wouldn’t melt.

Since then, Weed and the paladins took a break in order to cut ice. With his carving knife, he made large chunks of ice.

Soon he started cutting into it to make a sculpture.

Weed and the brave paladins fought against the vampires.

Their presence was carved into the Morata Province.

Weed began to think of ideas for the theme of the statue. Of course, the model was still Seoyoon. Weed had no other choice since he had never seen anyone prettier.

He had learned that art stats and the sculpting skill increased depending on the meaning behind the sculptures.

Typically, in a town or a castle, a sculpture of a large object was more beneficial than a sculpture of a woman.

In the world, there existed countless masterpieces of woman and the most difficult sculpture to make was a beautiful woman.

The statue in Baran Village was able to make subtle smiles on people's faces but such a thing would create a strange atmosphere in Morata Province and thus required something else.

A cold appearance.

It was made with an ice cold exterior. The face was the same as when Weed had saw Seoyoon.

He tried to replicate the first sculpture he had made.

It was almost complete, but it felt strange, 'Is it because of the materials?'

Because it was made of ice, it felt vulnerable and weak.

'If it doesn't work and a failed product emerges...'

Weed strongly opposed the idea of failure.

Failure!

Failure was a painful aspect for a sculptor. A renowned sculptor would receive a large drop in fame.

Because a sculptor had to have passion to create a work made it even more difficult.

'Should I give up?'

If he gave up now, he would slightly damage his fame.

It would become an unforgettable abandoned piece.

Weed used all his powers of observation in order to depict Seoyoon in the sculpture.

'A strong, cold feeling...Murderer! Yes, lively eyes filled with hate and distrust of other people.'

As he remembered he continued to carve.

Weed began to change the clothing of Seoyoon's sculpture to armor.

Full plate armor!

On the sculpture was a steel plate that covered the whole body, giving it

an intense look. The model for the armor was based on the ones that the paladins were wearing.

One would worry that it would look awkward, but the armor suited Seoyoon too well.

Finally, Weed tried to calmly carve the eyes in order to complete the piece.

‘Do not pay attention to what the window says. I will complete the eyes and it will not become a failure.’

An unbelievable coldness.

The allure of a brutal murderer.

Weed could feel the emotions of the sculpture in her eyes.

However, the eyes in the statue seemed to be their own. It’s clear and innocent eyes.

‘The materials. This happened because of the materials. Stupid Weed! Had to make it out of ice instead of disposing it,’ Weed sighed.

When the statue was completed, it was sometime past noon. The sun reflected and shone brightly.

The sun’s rays systematically fell onto the beauty.

The beauty was shining in numerous brilliant colors. It seemed as if the light would wrapped around the nearby people.

The light changed the statue.

Ting

---

----- Statue Completed: The Ice Beauty (Masterpiece): In the cold and desolate lands of the north. The feelings of the people and the earth allowed this statue of beauty to be born. Unlucky travelers that fall into difficulties and troubles will visit this small oasis. Here the travelers could receive sweet rest. An unbelievably high degree of perfection and beauty! An artist created a beauty with a mysterious atmosphere out of ice. A work deserving of praise.

Artistic Value: 750

Special Effects:

Health and Mana regeneration increased by 17% during the day.

Special resistance against ice-based magic.

+40% Cold resistance.

3% Chance to reflect an enemy attack.

30+ Attractiveness stat.

These effects do not stack with other statuses.

Number of Masterpieces Created: 1

----- Ting

----- Level Up: Sculpture

Mastery (Intermediate Lv: 5 | 0%): Sculpting is more delicate and detailed.

Level Up: Handicraft (Intermediate Lv: 7 | 0%): The ability to use hand tools has increased by an additional 5% and various other skills will be affected by the skill.

Fame has risen by 320 points (+320 FAME) Art has risen by 45 point (+45 ART) Endurance has risen by 4 points (+4 END

Perseverance has risen by 3 point (+3 PER) Luck has risen by 40 points (+40 LUC) ----- Trembling

The paladins had caught a cold. As did Weed!

After having stood around in the desolate land, they did not return to the cave until night. The temperature dropped. The level of the ice and snow in the Morata Province increased and the winds picked up in intensity.

The polar climates have lower temperatures and strong winds.

Snow and pieces of ice fell from the dark blizzards and ice storms.

The numerous pieces of ice that fell created a beautiful landscape when paired up next to the sky.

This occurrence was one of the four mysterious wonders of the northern

continent.

Royal Road had created a fantastic environment and many people that visit it were amazed more than any movie that was ever made.

The snow covered ground in the north stretches almost endlessly.

Snow and ice would sweep over the ground in snowstorms.

However, only a small number of people have visited it!

Many usually taste death in the middle of the snow during a blizzard. Their hands and feet would stiffen and the cold would permeate into their bodies until they were frozen solid.

Weed enjoyed the pain since it increased his endurance stat, even if it's not what people usually would want to do.

The body would freeze immediately and be left out like a frozen shell and left to die miserably.

Every year, the northern lands were subject to over 30 snowstorms and blizzards. Weed wanted to call it a curse of God. The frigid that cold cut deep into his skin!

At night, the temperature fell and it became even colder. Outside the cave was a giant snowstorm. Ice fell dangerously in the middle of the night and they were forced to stop their hunting. Most of the paladins suffered from a cold.

“Ohh, if I knew that this would have happened then I would have learned the sewing skill...”

Weed was trembling from the cold inside the cave but he had no regrets.

They had built up a lot of loot. From hunting in the surrounding area, they managed to collect a lot. Among them items was wolf leather, which could be made into thick clothing to overcome the cold if one had sewing skills.

But Weed did not have such skills and was ultimately forced to fight the cold on his own.

Crackle

The bonfire was burning.

They had looted wood from the mountains during the day so that at night they could have a fire going. However, the cold air from the entrance of the cave let in a disastrous amount of air. They weren't going to die, but they were freezing.

“Ah-choo!”

Even with a cold, Weed managed to survive.

The cooking skill was useful. Eating hot stew managed to raise the resistance against cold and warmed the body.

When the ice and wind died down Weed and the paladins went outside of the cave once more.

The sculpture of the beauty was still standing even after the storm. The sculpture had fought a tough battle against nature.

It was damaged but not completely broken.

Ting

----- The Ice Beauty blessing is  
now in effect.

----- Thanks to it, they were  
able to resist the cold better. But it was weakened to only a 20% cold  
resistance.

Weed took the carving knife and walked over to the Ice Beauty.

‘Will this work?’

“Repair!”

He removed the extra pieces of ice on the sculpture and packed ice into other minor spots. Wherever it was broken, he attached new pieces of ice. Soon, it came back to its original appearance.

“So it can also repair statues...”

Weed had learned another piece of information. Info about classes was not made public and most professions had to make their own decisions to figure out more definite information.

‘Perhaps... maybe it might be possible here!’ Weed scratched his head as he thought.

Weed logged out.

Lee Hyun browsed through the websites. He was mainly looking for legends of the Arctic or monsters that live in cold climates.

He was looking for information.

Making sculptures raised the skill up well.

Copying the shape of a monster was not difficult. But that was not much of an achievement.

‘I can’t keep making sculptures of monsters. Now they don’t even give me 2% skill mastery.’

Sculpting and Handicraft skills required an additional 20% proficiency requirement each level.

Therefore it was very difficult to increase the level of the skills.

Intermediate skills were not that different from the beginner level, but now it required a certain level of inspiration. The skill would not increase from simply making sculptures of the things around him.

The advanced stage required 50% more training than the intermediate stage for production skills.

Looking beyond their capabilities, production classes were far more difficult than a combat based class.

‘I should make something big to get more artistic value. It will probably raise the skill up a lot too...’

Then Lee Hyun accessed a site that was associated with the Continent of Magic.

Dragons were classified as the ultimate monster of a fantasy continent.

Lee Hyun had hunted quite a few dragons in the Continent of Magic.

Powerful, vibrant magical attacks. Incredible breath attack and colossal defense.

He had reached the highest level in the Continent of Magic, he had needed to use a few tricks or he would never have dared to go up against a dragon.

Of those dragons there was the Ice Dragon!

A dragon with a size of over 150 meters and it was capable of a powerful ice breath.

He remembered the time he had hunted one.

“The tail...yeah and then attach the head later. So I have to start from the feet and move up the body.”

Weed reconnected and started to collect chunks of ice.

Because it was immediately after a snowstorm, there was plenty of ice around. The ice piled around was larger than the average house. Walking around in the snow, people would have ice piled up to their chest.

“I would have died if there was nowhere to hide from the snowstorm!”

Frozen by the cold or struck dead by a chunks of ice! In the storm, death would come from one of the two. The only city in the north was in the vicinity of a large mountain. If it was unable to prevent snow in the mountains, then the village would not exist. But the northern town was frightening.

“In the past, the strongest military power of the northern kingdom was forced to be stronger or else they would not have been able to live in such an environment.”

Weed picked up chunks of ice from the surrounding area. He made a rough outline and then piled ice on top. The blocks of ice began to be stacked in layers on top of each other.

“A little bit at a time...”

Weed and the paladins had come back from hunting the wolves.

The blocks of ice that were stacked in a pile were now firmly solidified. There was no need for individual blocks but to connect all of them.

Weed had the paladins create a huge mountain of ice. A chunk of ice large enough to be a mountain!

The pile of ice was several stories tall and kept rising higher.

Hwiyiiiiiing – kureureureung!

The snowstorm had come again.

Ice stacked on top of the giant pile of ice.

Weed kept piling up the snow for two more ice storms and soon there was a mountain made of ice.

The will of humans and the power of Nature!

The two had worked together to achieve the impossible.

“From here on out, it’s my turn.” Weed said as he pulled out the Zahab carving knife.

Ice sculpting.

He had created the Ice Beauty with his hands and suffered through the process.

It was a piece that required fine detail. If he put as much detail into a sculpture of this size, then it would take a year to finish and he did not have that kind of time.

Weed cut drastically and added ice sometimes.

The sculpture gradually began to unfold.

It was now possible to sculpt.

A bonus of the Intermediate Sculpting skills was the supposed special effects to carving.

Weed had to pay attention as to not fall from the mountain of ice. He connected a piece of rope to the top. Very much like rock climbing.

Tak tak tak!

Pieces and chunks of ice were being cut off by the knife and fell down. They would fall to the ground and shatter. Weed looked down from above to see the bottom of the sculpture.

“Ohhh...”

To fall to his death.

This fear was suppressed while he worked on the sculpting. However, hanging from a high place in the freezing cold was no joke. Strong winds would blow and the rope that he was hanging on would shift and he could not move.

Weed finished his first goal for the sculpture which was the torso. The central part of it was the giant torso that was the size of a mountain. The circumference of the torso was more than an extraordinary 100 meters long.

Now it was time for the tail and the legs.

The legs were deformed to be very small. However they were thick enough to hold up a mountain of ice.

Small, thick legs.

A long tail lay hanging from the torso. The length of the tail itself was tens of meters.

The last part was the head. It protruded boldly from the body with a long neck, with its mouth spread wide, and its face glancing over from the side.

Its mouth resembled that of a crocodile.

Long whiskers extended from its face.

Its eyes were fierce and full of power.

The moment Weed finished the sculpture, it was engulfed in light.

Ting

---

----- Statue Completed: The Ice Dragon (Masterpiece): Artistic passion and great success often

impress young people, but sometimes they are impressed by the things that they are not aware of. A success made through the power of nature! In the northern region lives the pure-hearted dragon that detests evil. The dragon acts as a saint that keeps the order of the land.

Artistic value: 2500

Special Effects:

+30% Health and Mana recovery speed during the day.

+70% Resistance to the cold +40% Magic resistance

+35% Maximum health

These effects do not stack with other statues.

Blessing of the Dragon has activated!

The Dragon's Intimidation degrades the status of all monsters in the area around the Ice Dragon.

Monsters cannot come near the Ice Dragon.

Effect does not overlap with other sculptures.

Number of Grand Sculptures made: 1

Number of Masterpieces Created: 2

Ice Dragon has been added to the Wonders of the North.

If, in the future, Ice Dragon is given life then Weed will be given ownership of Ice Dragon and it will be loyal to Weed.

All stats have increased by 1 for having made a grand sculpture.

----- Ting

----- Level Up: Sculpture  
Mastery (Intermediate Lv: 6 | 0%): Sculpting is more delicate and detailed.

Level Up: Handicraft (Intermediate Lv: 8 | 0%): The ability to use hand tools has increased by an additional 5% and various areas will be affected by the skill.

Fame has risen by 850 points (+850 FAME) Art has risen by 64 point (+64

ART) Endurance has risen by 49 points (+49 END) Perseverance has risen by 16 point (+16 PER) All Stats have risen by 12 points (+12 ALL STATS)

----- He did not imagine that he would be able to use chunks of ice to make a monster.

The Ice Dragon Statue.

In comparison to the actual thing, Ice Dragon looked perfectly the same.

Using ice as the material for the Ice Dragon was the best answer.

Daring to use materials that other structures would never dream of. That made it a work of art.

Health and mana regeneration increased by 30%. That meant that the rate of hunting would last 30% longer. The increased resistance to the cold reduced the biggest obstacle in the north which would also help.

Resistance to magic and increase in maximum health.

The increase in stats.

This, along with his combat abilities made their chances of survival increase greatly.

If Alveron or the paladins die, then the quest would be over so Weed had to support them.

While Weed went around hunting and rescuing paladins. As did Death Knight Van Hawk.

“I will never approve of someone such as you!”

The paladins explicit complaints towards the Death Knight were revealed. It was too much for the followers of the faith to accept Van Hawk, who had been a servant of Barkhan.

Weed went to the Death Knight side to sort out the problem.

“You mean the Death Knight? This is the reason for his purpose.”

Weed beat up the Death Knight. After dying pathetically in front of the paladins, he was reverse summoned. A while after the Death Knight died, the Red Necklace of Life would turn crimson again and could be

summoned once more.

“Bloodhounds.”

“We can do this.”

The paladins went upon the task of taking down the monsters.

‘Really strong’

Weed nodded.

When he hunted in the Rosenheim Kingdom, he lead the recruits using his bow and sword against the goblins as well as using traps.

But to the paladins, they could neglect those things. Their attacks were based on divine power and crushed the bones of the monsters.

Weed brandished his sword against the undead to collect experience. 20% of the experience was given to the Death Knight, but compared to hunting in Lavias he was able to collect much better experience here.

Hunting was much safer and sustainable with Alveron’s assistance. In a few months, Weed managed to get the paladins to around level 220 and others became equal to the True Blood Vampires with levels over 270. It was a performance worth tears. If it had not been for the Ice Dragon Statue, then it would have taken more time. One or two paladins may have ended up dead.

“Now let us begin to save the rest of our brothers.”

\*

The 500 Dojang practitioners Geomchi’s.

The practitioners all chose similar type classes. Training their bodies, the sword was the first thing they learned in the game. They were noobs at everything else.

“It’s strange that eating bread fills the satiety level.”

“Drinking water also relieves thirst.”

“When I say status window, an impossible floating window appears!”

Such were the practitioners!

Several Geomchi's had entered the game and ate the starting bread and were now going hungry.

Geomdulchi masked his face as he watched them.

"How is it that none of you have any bread left!"

"Do we hope for a miracle?"

"..."

They could no longer receive barley bread and the Geomchi's were now suffering from hunger. The Geomchi's were starving and waiting to die, but they could only hit the scarecrow. And then Pale came.

"Please buy me some bread."

"Thank you!"

The Geomchi's closed their eyes as they begged.

"We are not the type of people to be begging others for help. However since Weed is my disciple, isn't it only natural that I should accept his help?"

The job was not what they had expected, but Pale and Surka accepted it nonetheless.

500 powerful men.

They instantly lost all backbone as they rushed Pale to go buy bread looking with their scary hungry eyes, so he went and bought 50 thousand barley bread.

For the 50 thousand barley bread, the price of single barley bread was 3 copper so with 1 silver he could buy 33 pieces and 1 gold could buy 3,300 pieces of bread.

Romuna, Surka, and Irene had grown up with so much money that they had never witnessed such pitiful people such as the 500 Geomchi's.

Anyways, through a trial and error, the Geomchi's finished beating the scarecrows in the training center.

## 4 weeks!

They really did not sleep for 4 weeks, and finished hitting the scarecrow.  
505 people that were like Weed.

‘Ohh, I’m so tired...’

Honestly, if they had done it alone they would not have completed it.

Along with Geomchi, many of the trainees and instructors were tired and wanted to hurry and stop the training.

But Geomchi had declared that they would not leave until they passed the beginner’s training center.

If a single person did not pass, then the remaining 504 would have to wait for that one person.

“Such horror...”

If they remained behind then their conscience could not bear it! They were too afraid to take a rest. The practitioners were hitting the scarecrow like madmen.

“1697239!”

“1697240!”

“1697241!”

After Geomchi had finished the beginner’s training center, Geomchi reported the number of the other successful Geomchi’s. Aside from Geomchi, the instructors and one trainee had finished their training and were waiting for the remaining 499.

Ting

----- Agility has risen by 1  
point (+1 AGI) ----- Finally, the  
last part of the training center was finished.

“Master, the training is finished.”

“Good effort.”

“It was very difficult.”

All of the Geomchi’s got together in a group. They had waited together to pass the beginner training center. The Instructor approached with a heart-warming smile. Then he took out some swords one by one.

“This is given to those that have completed the beginner training center. It is yours to take.”

“I know. Thank you.”

Geomchi thanked the instructor as he inspected his sword.

Their usernames were based on a single pattern.

Their names were in the initial order of the dojang!

His name followed the order as well.

The instructor smiled warmly.

“Do you have any questions? By the way, at this beginner training center, you are the 522nd person to...”

“I do not. I do not need any help. Thank you.”

He had heard the 504 other practitioners approached by the instructor to say the same thing. It was like they were unable to get the instructor’s voice out of their ears.

The Geomchi’s had been waiting for the rest of them to finish up.

However, now the instructor said something a little different.

“Since such a large number of you have passed this training center, it could only mean that good things will happen to this kingdom. I look forward to the day that you become valiant knights.”

“Yea, whatever. I don’t care. See you later.”

The Geomchi’s left the training center.

The game was finally beginning, but they were still noobs.

“Well, we need to get a job so let’s go to the guild.”

“Master, can we all come?”

“I don’t see any reason to not come! Is there?”

“As befitting of the Master.”

“Master, it is exciting that we will get inspected for a class.”

All of the 505 Geomchi’s strode around the streets.

They were all dressed the same and moved in unison.

“Who the hell are these people?”

“Are they holding a performance?”

“Look at that. They’re all holding the same sword.”

“Hey, they’re the guys from the training center!”

“Are they?”

“You mean those strange people...”

The Geomchi’s had already become a little famous but they did not care. They stood there, engulfed in the joy of the game for the very first time, the excitement, as they went to the guild.

After a while, one by one, the Geomchi’s came out of the guild smiling.

“Catch a fox?”

“Collect 300 fox leathers...”

“So it isn’t to catch a fox, but to collect fox leathers.”

“For a formal student of a dojang for more than two years? That is too easy.”

“Ha, ha, ha, foxes!” The practitioners laughed loudly.

More Geomchi’s laughed.

“Kkeolkkeolkkeol! They’re thinking too little of us.”

“Master, I do not think we have to do this alone. We can work together to collect the leather.”

“No Geomchi2. When you hunt you can earn experience for your level. Also, this is our first quest. Don’t you want to see what you are able to

do?”

“Yes, indeed. Let us go catch some foxes.”

“Ha, I did not expect that I would first use my sword against a fox!”

“It is an honor for the fox.”

The people that were listening to the Geomchi’s conversation thought they were ridiculous. They seemed to be coming from a completely different world.

“Do you have any idea how strong a fox is?”

“They look like beginners without a job...”

“I couldn’t even catch a raccoon.”

The low levels ignored the Geomchi’s even more. They were unable to even think of hunting foxes. At their levels it was difficult to even hunt raccoons or rabbits.

“Once they die, they should come to their senses.”

“I don’t think that there were any guild quests in progress to hunt fox pelts. Once the sun rises, they’ll be in town trying to buy the pelts.”

“I bet that there’s going to be a stack of corpses in front of the castle.”

In the midst of the commotion, Pale and Surka could be seen at a distance.

“It’s so pitiful.”

“Yea, it’s too sad.”

“Poor foxes...”

“...”

They knew something about Weed and the practitioners that others did not know so Pale and the girls had a feeling about what was going to happen.

They had built up their base stats. However, to the other users it seemed that they were going to die...

“Oh! We should get going.”

“Let’s see how this goes.”

Geomchi and the practitioners went out the east gate.

The basic monsters such as foxes, rabbits, raccoon, and porcupines were outside playing around.

They were excellent at jumping and hunting noobs.

The fox was one of the monsters that stood out the most.

“Whoa, ah!”

“Let’s go!”

The Geomchi’s stampeded out into the field.

The fox was lying down with its tail in front sleeping. Unfortunately it was run down by a sword. This was the fox’s first fight against a sword and it just had to be a large number of swords wielding Geomchis!

With a fluid motion to avoid the attacks, he gently stabbed the sword towards the fox’s empty abdomen.

Ting

----- FATAL CRITICAL HIT!  
----- The fox turned gray and  
died.

“What, why was it so easy?”

Geomchi muttered aloud. The rest of them that had watched the monster’s chest saw that it was true.

“Who killed a fox?”

“The fox must have been hurt. So it must have died right on the spot.”

“It doesn’t make sense that it would die so fast, look for traps. It doesn’t look right.”

“I don’t think so! I think we’re mistaken.”

“Is that right?”

However, then another fox came.

The practitioners dodge its silly attacks and attacked in response with their sword.

Peobeobeok!

Only one or two hits!

With their stats and skills, the 50% sword mastery boost, the damage they were doing was high.

“Oh, this is fun!”

“Yea, but why is the fox so weak?”

The Geomchi’s brutally killed any of the foxes they caught.

From squirrels to foxes, rabbits and raccoons; they killed them all. In the end, by nightfall, the higher level wolves came out!

The wolves were tough as they revealed their sharp protruding teeth.

The practitioners had secured the castle of Serabourg and wiped out all the mobs. The crowd could only open their mouths in shock at the sight of them.

“Unbelievable!”

“How do they do that...!”

Pale could only nod as a result.

“Well...”

“Yea, really.”

“I think I’m scared.”

“Irene, why is that?”

“It’s like seeing more than 500 people like Weed...”

“ ... ”

For the mobs of rabbits and wolves, that was without a doubt an era of

suffering.

The practitioners were carried away from the feeling of freely wielding a sword and using it to directly hit a monster.

Then a certain wolf that seldom shows itself appeared.

Awooooo!

The Silver Wolf's roar.

Its silver fur was gently flowing in the wind.

Its legs were elegantly outstretched and it boasted sturdy thighs.

Then Geomchi spoke up.

"It looks like we catch something nice."

"Master, this one has better stuff."

"Is that so? It gives better items?"

"That's right!"

Geomchi charged.

Kaeaeaeng!

The wolves left the world with one scream at a time.

The Geomchi's led a frenzy of slaughter in front the Citadel of Serabourg.

Sword mastery and rewards!

Experience!

Items!

Even the practitioners that had only been using the sword for a couple years became devoted.

Their soul no longer felt stifled.

They could unleash their sword skills here.

Kill monsters, get experience and level, eat better food.

For the practitioners it was good to be strong.

The reason was simple.

‘The spirit is the body!’

They did not want to be weak. They wanted to fight strong monsters.

Get good items. Get more money.

The fact that the rabbits and wolves dropped copper was fantastic since it mean that they could buy barley bread and they would not starve.

They could not stop since it was not enough!

“Keuhahahaha!”

“I will kill you!”

The crowd that had been watching them were excited at first, but as it dragged on they began to tremble in fear for their futures...

\*

Thanks to Alveron and the higher level paladins, they were able to deal with 4 to 5 vampires at once. These were usually the vampires guarded the statues.

The paladin forces only attacked a few times during the day.

That way, they were able to rescue over 30 paladins. He was able to further enhance his cooking skills by feeding the ever increasing number of paladins, but there was an issue. The problem wasn't the cooking but the ingredients!

So they had to start hunting for food. Dozens of paladins went to look for a good hunting ground for food ingredients, after which they needed to repair their armor. But during all of this hunting and repairing, he had been neglecting to raise his sculptor skills.

Other than his outstanding combat skills, he needed more time than other people to get stronger because he needed to improve Handicraft.

So he needed to raise his sculpting and various other skills as much as possible. Even if he had good combat capability, Weed had the hidden

advantage of being a support class.

The best thing he could do was to support the paladins in the upcoming battles.

‘It’s fortunate. Other than one factor, there is no time limit...’

The quest to recover Fargo’s crown and rescue the petrified paladins had no particular time limit. Perhaps because the person that received the quest would have no time to hunt, and because of food.

There were over dozens of paladins that you had to feed. You had to watch over the amount of food left after each fight until the quest was complete; however Weed was always travelling with his seasonings and cooking skills.

To him, all the things in the forest and mountains were suitable for the cooking skill.

A wide variety of materials.

Meat from monsters could be good materials for soup, along with nuts and herbs.

He was familiar with how his geography played a part in his life.

A full-time job!

This was the place to exercise the power of the skills he had learned.

The number of paladins continued to increase, as did the number of people crowding the cave.

The effectiveness of the Ice Dragon Statue was becoming more apparent.

The larger the number of paladins, the more evident the effect the statue was having on the group.

It was always better to have more people.

Weed led as many paladins as possible to defeat the monsters.

Ting

----- Leadership has risen by 3 points (+3 LDR) Charisma has risen by 2 points (+2 CHR)

----- Leading the paladins had increased his leadership and charisma by a fearsome amount so far.

His stats were increasing even faster than his level, but he didn't complain in the slightest. He thought of it as a sort of investment in raising his stats.

The cooking skill was also growing very quickly.

Using the miscellaneous things from the mountain, he struggled with experimentation to develop new dishes while conserving ingredients. Thanks to this, he was able to create a new recipes of porridge using grass and bark. It tasted fine because of Weed's cooking skills.

'It has come to a good fruition.'

He had used leftover ingredients to make the dish. In the midst of mixing it together, a shocking thing happened.

A secret of the cooking skill! Weed managed to solve one of them. In fact, the secret was very simple and wasn't very secret, but it worked.

Praying together to the Goddess Freya increased the intimacy to the church...

Ting

----- New Stat: Faith

----- In return for the praise and devotion to God, special abilities will be granted by God.

Weed created a stat that was usually exclusive to priests and paladins.

Faith was known to influence the magical powers of the gods. However since Weed could not use divine magic, it was a totally useless stat.

"Open Stats Window"

----- Character Name: Weed

Alignment: Neutral

Profession: Legendary Moonlight Sculptor Title: None

Level: 205

Fame: 3845

----- Health: 7760

Mana: 6471

Strength: 465 (+118)

Agility: 405 (+38)

Vitality: 134 (+38)

Wisdom: 136 (+38)

Intelligence: 154 (+48)

Fighting Spirit: 323 (+38)

Endurance: 162 (+38)

Perseverance: 379 (+38)

Art: 714 (+118)

Leadership: 133 (+38)

Charisma: 368 (+38)

Luck: 91 (+38)

Faith: 1 (+388)

Offence: 1069

Defense: 133

----- Magic Resistance:

Fire: 10%

Water: 10%

Earth: 20%

Black magic: 65%

----- Weed's stats really were

abnormal.

While hunting, he intentionally gave up experience in order to increase his stats. He had a larger diversity of stats and more stat points for a character of the same level. It did not take a genius to figure out that he had increased his fighting spirit and perseverance stats to over 300 by spilling his own blood.

However, that was not all.

He had reached intermediate in several skills, gaining bonus stats from them as well and from the various different types of equipment that changed various stats. Because of that, his strength, agility, and perseverance stats were higher than normal. The Faith stat had also just been created. His job was that of the moonlight sculptor; he had intermediate sword mastery, intermediate cooking, and intermediate sculpting mastery that added to his stats!

He was wearing the Rose Engraved Gloves, Agatha's Holy Sword, and the Ring of the High Priest as well as the addition of status effects. Therefore his Faith stat was one of his highest stats being almost 400 points!

In terms of stat points it was enough to overwhelm an ordinary paladin. Of course, most of his items had effects on them.

If a stat did not exist, then it would not affect the character at all. However now that the Faith stat had been created, Weed was now being granted effects from the stat.

'No matter how I look at it, the stat is useless. However one day...there might some use for it in the future.'

Unexpectedly, after the Faith stat had been created, the look in the paladins and priests eyes towards Weed had changed. They now followed his command immediately and even expressed admiration sometimes.

"Leader, we initially had doubts about your leadership, but from now on we shall follow your command."

"You are a companion of the church!"

“The power of our faith shall guide us!”

Because of Weed’s high Faith, the paladins now acted differently.

NPC paladins were usually given the stat at level five and increased depending on their level.

Because they were a skilled swords class they needed to evenly distribute stats into endurance, strength, and agility. Since they were a class related to magic, they had to put points into wisdom and knowledge. Since they were followed the faith of God, their faith stat was around 200 to 300.

But Weed’s faith stat in respect to the paladins was nearly 400 thanks to his equipped items.

Needless to say, the priest over time usually had more. But after hunting with the paladins he cooked food and repairing equipment for them during the break otherwise they would be able to hunt.

They were extremely addicted to his food.

As time passed, soon Weed and the paladins were standing near the village with the giant black castle in front of them.

Alveron removed the curse from the last of the paladins that were still trapped.

“Divine light please free the power of restraints that are twisted here.”

The light came down and dispelled the curse on the statue.

“Under the command of the High Priest we have come to rescue you.”

At this point, the paladins kneeled in front of Weed to be informed of the situation.

“The church is here to recover Fargo’s crown and be rid of the True Blood Vampire Clan that threatens the peace of the village.”

“From here on, I would like to follow the noble commander’s commands.”

The paladins were keen to follow Weed’s commands thanks to the increase in his leadership and faith stats.

By then, he had completely secured the village.

A total of 159 paladins and 38 priests.

A grand total of 199 people including Weed and Alveron.

The tremendous giant black castle felt overwhelming standing near it. Bards would undoubtedly sing tales of its horror.

Ravens ominously circled the building and the paladins trembled.

“A total of 5 floors huh...” Weed counted as he looked up the at the castle.

The makeshift windows had curtains covering them and were barricaded with wood on the outsides.

“Okay. I’ll take on that challenge.”

Weed led the priests and paladins into the castle.

Kureureung!

He simultaneously pushed both of the doors open at once.

“ ... ”

Weed took a step back quietly.

“Let us advance! In the name of the goddess we will take out the True Blood Vampires and liberate the Province of Morata!”

“Woowaah!” the paladins and priests roared behind him.

Weed and the paladins entered inside the building and then the door slammed shut by itself. As if nothing had ever happened.

# Chapter 10: Battle of The Black Castle

“Living humans!”

“Paladins!”

“The curse on the paladins in the town was removed!”

As soon as they entered the black castle they were greeted by about 50 vampires.

Their eyes were shining with bloodlust as they grabbed their flapping cloaks with their long nails and flew across the space inside the castle to close the distance between them and the paladins.

Some of them used magic to summon bats. The vampire bats could also deal a small amount of damage!

“Light, to defeat thy darkness! Holy Light!”

“Light, to defeat thy darkness! Holy Light!”

Alveron and the nearby priests used holy magic simultaneously.

“Aaaaaa!”

“It’s too bright!”

The vampires clamored to cover their eyes as the bright light sprayed down on them. The vampires that had been airborne were dropping down.

Members of the clergy usually had magic to weaken the ability of the undead and creatures of the darkness.

Typical healing spells were powerful offensive magic against the undead and vampires.

Amidst the bright light show holy magic, the paladins brandished their swords gallantly.

Chukaak!

Vampire blood sprayed everywhere.

It was pretty much a one-sided massacre.

Until now, none of the paladins or priests had died. They overwhelmed the 50 vampires with sheer numbers. They weren't a very difficult opponent.

Backed by the priests' holy magic, the paladins were able to attack the vampires. The paladins did not have much risk to their lives since the priests were constantly healing and dispelling curses.

Weed also took on one of the vampires.

"Sword Dance!" The Imperial Formless Sword Technique's 4th form!

Weed danced around brandishing his sword flamboyantly.

He actually just moved around monotonously and struck the vital points of the enemy, but the skill created after images.

He went to attack and destroy while creating almost no openings that could be exploited by the vampires and while they were busy attacking in a wrong direction, he would close the gap.

Ting

---

You have leveled up!

---

Weed hadn't taken care of a vampire for a long time so his level rose by one.

Prior to leveling up, his experience had been at 56%, but more than 226 experience points went to the 20% leech.

'Ohh...it's too good to boost up!'

It was unfair that he had had to give up the kills to the paladins until now. In the plains and village he had not hunted so that the paladins would get strong faster, but now he didn't need to do so anymore.

Therefore Weed was hunting.

Whenever a vampire died, it dropped some items.

Ting

----- Item: Vampire Fangs:

Durability: 50/50

Penetrates the enemy's body to absorb blood. Though unusual, it can be used in alchemy to create items.

Restriction:

Level 300

Effects:

If used to create a weapon, then it can absorb the enemy's vitality!

----- Ting

----- Item: Vampire Cloak:

Durability: 80/80

A cloak worn by the nobility of the darkness. It was very appropriate for its owner. Flight is possible when transformed.

Restriction:

Level 250

Equipped:

Bat transformation: In battle, it is possible to fly away.

When transformed, the defense from equipment does not apply.

-50 Faith

+25 Appeal to woman

-25 All stats

----- And 3 gold and 25 silver.

Vampires were very rich monsters.

Weed looked around as he pocketed the items. The paladins had

finished the battle and were waiting for him. The level of the paladins was much higher, so they caught the vampires quickly.

“Let us move to the first floor. Alveron, remove the curse from the statues.

The first floor had a total of 50 petrified paladins.

Alveron removed the curses while Weed and the paladins searched for others captives.

There were a few vampires in the nearby rooms, but they were not enough to stop the heavily armed paladins.

They searched the first floor without much resistance.

All of the rooms on the first floor.

There were also numerous other statues, they appeared to be farmers and villagers.

“Alveron, remove the curse on them.”

“Yes.”

Alveron’s holy magic freed each of them and they fell to the floor.

Of the many people, the bearded elder spoke up softly.

“Oh, are you our saviors?”

“Saviors?”

“We are the residents of the Morata Province from when the forces of darkness invaded. We were here suffering, incapacitated. We have waited for our savior to come...”

“...”

“We have been waiting for a very long time for you to come. All of the villagers of Morata Province have been turned to stone, our families and our brethren. Savior, please have pity and help us! As a reward we will give you whatever we can!”

Ting

----- Quest: The Curse on the Province of Morata: The True Blood Vampires occupying the territory have turned all the villagers into distasteful stone decorations. They spend their time in pain. Save the people of Morara!

Difficulty: B

Quest requirement:

To be able to cast, or have someone who can cast, Tier 2 Holy Magic to remove the curse.

Rewards:

Prismatic Cloth

----- Weed did not worry too much.

With plenty of clerics in the party to remove the curse from the statues in the city, the quest was triggered because Weed had brought Alveron to find the Crown of Fargo.

Difficulty B...

He already had one. He had been commissioned to defeat the vampires in the black castle anyways.

“We will make it our duty to see that they are saved.”

Ting

----- You have accepted the quest!

----- Weed and the paladins went up to the second floor.

Nearly 150 True Blood Vampires awaited their arrival.

Other than vampires, there were also minions with them, numbering nearly 100 in total, and altogether there were 250 enemies.

With the number of paladins they had rescued on the first floor added to their ranks, it became too simple.

“Attack!”

“Ah waooooh!”

“Let us fight against the evil horde!”

The paladins had received blessings and protection magic from the priests and were now raiding the vampires. The paladins were well organized, but soon after the fight began the vampires started their counterattack.

“Dark Barrier!”

“Dark Arrow!”

“Healing Hand!”

The magic clashed terribly.

Holy magic from the priests spread to fight the darkness being shot from the dark bows.

Weed did not engage in direct combat. With such a large clash of magic, it was possible to end up dead from a random attack.

“Alveron, don’t idle by, fight hard.”

“Yes Weed-nim.”

“Use more power! Provide more support! Paladins with low health get in the back!”

Weed commanded the forces from the rear. The paladins were lined up against the dense number of vampires. They were the best defensive tankers that there could be, since the priest had layered protective magic on them. On the side, the priests were instructed to constantly support.

They attacked the remainder of the vampires.

Weed had separated the vampires into groups. Defending against the enemy attack and wiping out the weaker side. This approach was more convenient for the priests to prevent them from dying, taking advantage of their supportive role to also prevent the paladins from dying.

They would switch to the offensive for a reckless assault, then to the

defensive when they were in danger, to give the priests time to heal as well as use holy magic to launch another offensive.

The densely packed paladins and priests were united in battle, fighting in the most optimal conditions.

“Let’s us attack!”

“The Commander ordered us to attack!”

For the paladins it was not an easy battle, but they eventually won.

From hunting the high level vampires, the paladins had been able to increase their level.

Furthermore, the support from the priests was enough to overwhelm the True Blood Vampires’ individual blessings.

On the second floor, 30 paladins and 40 priests were rescued. In the meantime, Weed had the villagers rescued as well.

‘They’re getting kind of hungry; I’ll have to do something.’

Weed took out a pot and started cooking.

Usually the priests and paladins would have watched him cook carefully, but now they were doing everything they could to get farther away.

Looking at the pot made his eyes hurt.

It hurt so much that Weed was crying as he made the stew.

“Is it alright to eat it?”

“Please...”

“It is overflowing with faith.”

Weed handed out bowls of stew to the paladins. The ingredients for it were the Avian eggs and the Fruit of Heaven!

Finishing the quest required a significant amount of risk. The fruits of heaven increased intellect and luck, so it was good to eat it before going to hunt. Luck increased the item and money drop rates from monsters.

So now was the time to use the ingredients. He used the Avian eggs and

the Fruit of Heaven to make a stew.

In addition, he added one more ingredient to the mix: garlic.

The stew with plenty of garlic formed a resistance against vampires to some extent.

“Woohuk”

“Puaahhh, it’s too spicy, I need some snow.”

Tears trickled down the paladins’ faces as they ate the stew.

There was a tough battle ahead, so there wasn’t just stew. Weed cried as he put together dishes such as pickled garlic, garlic salad and garlic sandwich one after another. The relatively docile priests now had tears running down their faces and runny noses from the strong garlic.

The third floor of the black castle had 200 True Blood Vampires waiting for them.

“Khalkkalkkal! It seems that they have forgotten the horrors of dark magic. The fool’s need to be reminded of who their Master is. Charm!”

“Oh look, that knight is coming to us. He has become dominated by our spell. Wonderful!”

The Vampire Queen had appeared.

They tried their illusionary magic to seduce the paladins.

“You heinous creatures! Your vampire magic will not work on me!”

“This is crazy!”

The paladins began to attack with their swords as they let the priests take care of support.

The vampires tried to use their magic against the priests to control the paladins.

Once they had entered the black castle they were unable to leave.

Without the Ice Dragon statue increasing the priests and paladin fighting spirit, they were affected by the charm magic.

But not all the priests were affected, “Those filthy bastards! Those disobedient rascals! These vampires deserve to die.”

“This world needs to be freed from darkness!”

“Goddess Freya, bring your followers back onto the right path. Cleansing!”

Alveron and the rest of the sane priests used cleansing magic.

Weed thought as he analyzed the situation.

“First, kill the Vampire Queen and the crisis ends.”

But the Vampire Queen was well protected in the middle of the enemies. Weed would get killed before he would be able to kill them.

“Alveron, heal the priests before the paladins.”

“Yes Weed-nim.”

Alveron finished purifying the priests. The priests then healed the knights that were under the spell. The priests were doing a good job, but the Vampire Queen was constantly interfering.

Weed had originally planned to have the paladins and priests fight the vampires no matter how the enemies were arranged. His formation with priests as the rear support would not fail.

However, the magic caused the paladins to attack their own colleagues and made the priests unable to heal.

The vampire attacks had been suppressed to some extent because of the strong smell of garlic on the paladins, but it was only a matter of time. It was a huge emergency!

Weed radiated as he gathered his mana.

“Hey! You! Guys! Go! Attack! The! Damn! Vampires!”

Ting

----- Skill: You have used  
Lion's Roar: Allied army's Fighting Spirit increases by 200%

For 5 minutes, leadership will be increased by 170%

Any confusion is cleared -----

He used the Lion's Roar skill that he had trained in the mountains.

A high intensity shout came out. At that moment, all of the Vampire Queen's tactics became useless.

Weed's leadership was now at a sufficient enough level to command the paladins and priests. Without the leadership and charisma stat, the paladins and priests couldn't be commanded. There would also be higher level soldiers that would not listen to commands. Under the influence of his higher leadership, the paladins followed Weed's absolute commands. They were faster and more accurate in following out his commands.

His Lion's Roar range extended to the area of the vampires as well. With the advanced level skill the opponent's movements was suppressed as an additional effect.

"Die!"

The paladins drove their blades to rip apart the vampires. The Vampire Queen tried to use her illusionary skills to manipulate the paladins, but it failed. She lacked the physical abilities that other vampires usually had. Weed used the Lion's Roar skill frequently regardless of the mana-cost.

"Hyaahat! Die!"

All of the vampires launched an attack on Weed.

Weed was the target of the vampires, since his Lion's Roar skill made him a top-priority target.

With great difficulty, Weed and the paladins managed to clear the third floor.

With the soldiers that they rescued from the floor, they now had 300 paladins and 100 priests!

That was everyone that the Church of Freya had dispatched to retrieve the Crown of Fargo.

4th floor!

The remaining 300 True Blood Vampires were waiting. Thankfully, with the addition of the rescued paladins and priests, Weed obtained a complete victory due to the significant increase in soldiers.

Now, in the black castle, all the True Blood Vampires had been defeated except for one.

The Vampire Lord!

Tori was the clan leader with a level of 400. He was also known to be the one that had the Crown of Fargo.

“Please rescue her...”

The daughter of one of the villagers had been turned into stone and had been placed on the 5th floor because of her beauty. Her name was Prina.

A common trait of vampires was that they enjoyed decorations such as beautiful girls.

“It would have been nice if it had been another side quest.”

Weed looked over at the paladins and priests.

There were a solid 300 paladins and 100 priests now.

‘If only I could keep them as my soldiers...’

But they were paladins of the Church of Freya and no matter how high their friendship level was, Weed would not be able to get them to follow him. Thus he was only allowed to lead the troop until the quest was completed.

It was human nature to win a battle as easily as possible and Weed hated to sacrifice time. Battle should be fought as efficiently as possible. Only fight the vampires if you are able to defeat them. If you couldn't win, then don't fight. It was important to win without losing anything.

So far Weed had spent a lot of time to raise the level of the priests and paladins to a sufficient amount. Through the combination of the paladins and priests, the conditions to win the battle had been cleared. However, you had to be even more cautious if you were winning. You had to take the victory safely by taking turns in fighting and resting.

Normally Weed hunted alone, but that was more reckless than supporting the group. Knowing that, it was impossible to abandon the quests that he had taken since he had already come this far.

Weed went up to the fifth floor with the paladins and priests. There was an aristocratic young man sitting in a golden chair.

The Vampire Lord Tori!

He had skin as white as a porcelain doll and dark black hair. He had a slim body, resembling a woman's. He wore a jeweled crown on his head and he was handsome, but the contrast between his pale, white skin and his black clothing was grotesque.

Weed looked over at the crown that was on his head.

'I presume that's the Crown of Fargo.'

At last, the goal had been sighted. However, getting his hands on it and finishing it was going to be the most difficult. Currently Tori was appreciating a statue of a beautiful girl.

"Oh, it's beautiful. Have you ever seen such a beautiful statue?"

"..."

The paladins stopped the moment they saw Tori.

One of the two virtues of a knight was their bravery, but seeing such a powerful enemy had them trembling in fear. In an army, the invisible factor known as morale was very important. A lower morale caused the attack power to drop.

"I have seen a more beautiful statue."

Weed decided to go with the momentum.

"You have seen a more beautiful statue than this?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

Tori got up as if he wanted to go there immediately.

“In Baran Village at the southern part of the Rosenheim Kingdom.”

“That is not a palace or the city of a church. I have never even heard the name of that town. Why should I believe that there is a beautiful statue in such a place?”

“It’s up to you to believe it. It was a statue that I made. However this is not even close to the Ice Beauty statue that I made.”

Tori was overwhelmed as he smiled.

“What is your profession?”

“Sculptor.”

“An artist! Making your life enriching! Being praised in abundance! Eating and filling your stomach so that you can enjoy life! That is why I hate the Church of Freya. Humans are mistaken. They have lived thinking that abundance is good. Taking what belongs to another. Only that is beautiful is eternal. Humans that choose to sacrifice beauty cannot enjoy art. It takes the nobility of the night, the vampires, to appreciate art!”

Tori got off of his chair and revealed his true form. Long nails grew from his hands and fangs protruded from his mouth like a snake. He was changing his form to start the battle.

“I want to see what you look like drenched in blood! This is what it means to be a vampire. I hereby welcome you to my castle humans.”

“Paladins forward, concentrate on defense!”

Under the protection of magic and blessings, the paladins urgently made a layered formation.

“Kyaahah!”

Tori gazed with a mean look at the line of paladins in front of him.

Jjeojeojeok!

From the ankle upwards, they began to petrify. Tori had used a curse to turn his enemies into stone. This was the skill that had turned the all 300 paladins and 100 priests into statues before.

“Alveron!”

Weed called Alveron to use the dispel magic he had memorized. In the meantime, a full-fledged battle went underway. Tori struck the paladins like lightning. Wielding his nails like knives, every now and then paladin blood would splatter. Priests continued healing as they had in every battle until now.

‘We’re going to win!’

Weed’s eyes shone.

A level 400 monster had caused him a lot of worry. Thankfully the paladins were excellent at blocking attacks. Even the little damage they did take did not matter that much because of the priests healing. No matter how much damage was done, the priests were able to quickly restore it. Taking away the enemy’s strength, it was a fighting cycle by a large number of enemies.

Tori’s health and mana continued to drop!

But there was an unseen variable!

“Tornado Blade!”

Tori entered the fray playfully. Then a tremendous storm swept up the paladins. Those in the path of the tornado had their health reduced by nearly a third.

“Healing Hand!”

“Heal!”

“Recover!”

The priests continued to heal. The radiant white light began to heal the group, but Tori used his skill again.

“Tornado Blade!”

With that attack about 20 paladins burst into gray flames.

Eternal rest. That was the fate of the slain.

Tori moved relentlessly. His health and mana were colossal. Tori’s long

nails cut down like knives.

“Aaaah!”

“Goddess Freya!”

Once again, a bunch of paladins turned into gray flames. However, Tori’s power gradually fell, just as Weed had planned. But Tori suddenly rushed near a paladin and bit down to suck his blood.

“Keuah!”

The paladin’s complexion was rapidly disappearing. Tori had recovered his mana that he had used. His health and wounds were restored and his power was restored.

“Behold my attack, you savage sheep!”

Tori had begun to fight at his maximum health and mana. Whenever his health and mana fell, he used his unique vampire skill to shower them with a wide area magic. The paladins tried to avoid it, but they could not escape. Tori moved with tremendous speed and caught the paladins.

‘The paladins that I spent all my time training!’

Weed was tearing up at the scene. The paladins he had raised by feeding, repairing their equipment, and to whom he had given up his hunting grounds were helpless in front of Tori. To make matters worse, the paladins that fell to the vampire were slowly rising from the ground.

The faithful members of the church were now slaves to the vampire lord.

A vampire paladin!

Even without holy powers, their sword skills were still intact. Tori was increasing the number of slaves.

“Keoheoheong!”

The paladins began to yell out in fatigue. This was not confusion magic but rather Tori’s plan.

“Healing Hand!”

“Heal!”

Fortunately, the priests were still alive. However, it remained unchanged that the vampires could fight endlessly while his own men couldn't. This was the tactic that Tori had used to exhaust and wipeout the first group of paladins and priests.

“Keuhahahahah!”

These were optimal conditions for Tori. His wickedness and twisted beauty could be distinctly felt. But Weed still had means to reverse the situation.

“If this is how it's going to be then we can't help it! Priests, stop the treatment of friendly units and attack him.”

Since that moment the situation was reversed. Using the high vitality of the paladins to stop Tori, the priests casted their healing spells on the vampire, which were deadly to any vampire! Since the priests concentrated their attacks on Tori, the paladins had to use their own healing spells to recover their health.

“Kueahah!” Tori screamed.

Tori killed a few more paladins, but his health gradually fell. He was falling under the continuous attacks of the priests. With low health, Tori began looking for food. At that moment, Tori caught a paladin and used his vampire skills. Weed was looking for a loophole. No matter how powerful, every monster had a weakness. Not to mention that the vampires had the biggest weakness. Their completely unprotected bodies.

“Sculpting Blade!”

Weed's sword was covered in a clear blue light.

Color Spectrum!

Most of the times, a sword skill had a red or black hue. However, as an engraver, Weed's intermediate skill gave him a blurred blue light.

“Sword Kaiser!”

Weed's sword gathered energy from his body. Then he flew forward and

pierced the paladin and Tori together.

He used the paladin to get to the vampire!

Since he didn't see Weed behind the paladin, his sword penetrated straight into the vampire's heart.

Ting

----- A fatal blow has been struck!

Tori's vampire abilities have been removed

----- The vampire's weakness was the heart! Since he had stabbed the heart with the sword like a stake in the heart. Agatha's holy attribute gave twice the damage to the undead.

Tori suffered a grievously fatal blow.

Sword Kaiser was the last technique from the Imperial Formless Sword set. It was the most mana and stamina draining skill Weed could use! However, the total damage from collecting all of Weed's mana into a single attack was enormous. Tori had become unsteady from the huge amount of damage that was dealt to him, but as a high level monster, he did not die.

"Fucker...."

Throwing aside the dead paladin, he caught Weed with both of his hands.

"I'll eat you instead. Kueahak!" He roared as Tori opened his mouth.

At the moment the shiny sharpened fangs drew closer to the nape of his neck. Weed stared at him and opened his mouth to let out his breath.

"Woowaak! The rotten smell of garlic!"

"So I heard you like art, is that right?"

"I'm going to kill you!"

Tori chased as Weed immediately turned and ran. He enjoyed the feeling of fighting significantly stronger monsters. However, the enemy was way

too strong to fight one on one. His mana was depleted so he couldn't even use the Sculpting Blade skill. Compared to Tori, whose damage was cut by half, a simple attack was very risky for Weed.

“Heal me! Paladins kill him!”

Weed was under the constant treatment of Alveron as he fled. While running away, his stamina and health was being restored. Tori was constantly being attacked by the priests and was slowly dying. As expected of a level 400 monster, he was able to get past and kill a few paladins. But under the heavily concentrated magic he fell to the ground and died.

The paladins that had been turned into vampires by Tori stopped moving. When Tori had died, the magic that was controlling their spirit was released. None of the priests had died in the battle, but 178 paladins, more than half of them, had lost their lives.

‘It’s a pity.’ Weed thought sadly.

Weed had depleted his mana and was disappointed. He had not dealt the final blow to Tori with his own hands. With the vast experience of a level 400 monster, he would have gotten at least 4-5 levels.

As Tori died, he dropped a crown and a necklace. Weed picked up the two items. The Crown of Fargo was heavy.

Ting

----- Item: The Church of  
Freya’s Treasure: Crown of Fargo has been recovered!

----- “Identify”

----- Item: The Crown of  
Fargo: Durability: 2000/2000

One of the three sacred treasures of the Goddess Freya.

The crown is a symbol of authority. It gives the firm belief to rule over others. It bestows the power to rule over the church’s army. With the Crown of Fargo, the army will be absolutely loyal.

Restriction:

A job related to the Clerical class that is recognized by the Church of Freya.

Leadership 800

Faith 1200

Equipped:

Raises the soldiers' moral.

Soldiers do not surrender to the enemy.

+150 Strength

+150 Agility

+150 Stamina

+50 All other stats

+500 Fame

----- It was indeed a Holy Treasure of the Church of Freya. Weed admired it and then a message window appeared.

Ting

----- For observing a beautiful object, art has increased!

Art has risen by 20 point (+20 ART)

----- The Crown of Fargo was adorned with glittering jewels. It was made with exquisite craftsmanship and elegance. The light that shone from the jewels had unparalleled beauty. That was the feeling being transmitted to Weed.

“And now the necklace...”

“Identify!”

----- Item: Black Necklace of Life: Durability: 50/50

It was crafted from ancient black magic items and imbued with an

unknown power. The Undead Lord Barkhan made this item for his subordinates.

Restriction:

Unknown

Equipped:

Unknown

---

“Whoa!” Weed exclaimed.

If his hunch was right, this item was able to summon Tori out to fight. But like the Death Knight Van Hawk, he needed to persuade him first.

‘Better keep it stored for now.’

Weed crammed the Black Necklace of Life into a corner of his bag. Since Tori died, the black castle began to change. Beams of light leaked in through the blocked windows. The deteriorated walls and floor were brightened up by the light, changing the atmosphere. It was as if the days of past splendor were returning.

“The divine light removes the power of restraint that binds and distorts freedom.”

The statue of the village girl finally returned to normal. The villagers of Morata came to give their thanks.

“Thank you, thank you! Now we will be able to live in peace.”

Ting

---

Quest Completed: The

Curse on the Province of Morata: All of the petrified residents of the Morata village have been freed, and although it will still be tough for them, do not give up hope; for the textile business in the Morata Province will begin reconstruction!

Fame has risen by 900 points (+900 FAME) Your friendship with Morata residents has reached 25 points You have leveled up!

----- Completing A Rank B

difficulty quest, caused him to go up a staggering 8 levels!

Then the villagers laid out something wrapped in cloth. “Here, in absence of a reward, please take these poultry gifts!”

Ting

----- You have received:

Item: 100 pieces of Sovereign Prismatic Cloth Item: 200 pieces of Premium Deer Leather -----

For tailoring, Prismatic Cloth was a Tier 1 material in making clothes. The Cloth was lustrous with light and colours. The leather was a great material for buckskin clothing.

“What to do with these things? I’ll just keep them for now and see what I can do with them later...”

Weed neatly stacked the bolts of Prismatic Cloth on top of each other into his backpack.

The quest in Morata had been completed. When Weed went to the teleport gate, the Paladins said.

“Please convey the High Priest this message. The town is powerless to stop the monsters. We have decided to stay here to keep order in this town. We will stay here and keep Barkhan’s army of darkness away.”

The paladins and priests remained behind. Weed and Alveron went back to the teleport gate and the priests from the church gathered in the cave.

“Savior, an oracle has divined that you have safely resolved the quest.

The High Priest is waiting. Please enter the portal.”

“Yes.”

Weed and Alveron went onto the teleport gate. With a dazzling light, they soon disappeared.

# Chapter 11: Emergence of Poor Broadcasting

Lee Hyun accessed the item trading site to get information about some of the items he had.

“This should earn me a decent amount of income...”

He had spent more than 3 months in the Morata Province. He had to invest that kind of time because of the difficulty of the quest.

He had acquired a lot of vampire loot: one vampire cape, two boots, and 4 gloves. In addition to his drops, he had gathered various items while hunting out in the field.

However, for 3 months worth of hunting, it was lower than he had expected. Unlike when he was hunting in Laviyas where he could monopolize the items, he had to distribute the items evenly amongst the paladins in battle.

Even with the help of Alveron, in order to make the chances of the quest succeeding as high as possible he had depleted all of the remaining heavenly fruit and Avian eggs that he had.

He hoped to earn at least 6 million won. If he managed to sell the items, 6 million won would be a lot of money. However, to get a college degree, it would only last about three months.

‘That means I have to earn 2 million won a month. However, in six months I have only managed to earn 3 million won.’

Hyun Lee, his sister, and his grandmother. For a family of three, they had a fixed income of 200 thousand won. Everything that was left over went into saving for the degree. In one year, his sister was going to enter a university. In a single year, a freshman spends more than 10 million won and it increases each year.

With all these in mind, when his sister goes to college she will need a monthly minimum of 3.5 million won.

The reason for this was so that she could socialize with others, make friends, learn various skills, and spend time roaming with others.

Royal Road! It already dominated the item trading site.

Therefore, users earned a lot of money from the game. Users were especially greedy. They formed a guild in the capital or a castle and received exclusive hunting grounds. Lee Hyun was left trying to compete with them.

‘I don’t care whatever others do. I only want my share. With time the items will sell.’

Lee Hyun had great confidence for this part.

A Triple Diamond Rating.

Thanks to it, the items that Lee Hyun posted on the trading site will have a prominently displayed position until it was sold.

“Okay.”

Lee Hyun had a moment of satisfaction.

Then the door rattled as his sister came in.

“Oppa, it’s time to study.”

“...”

His GED test was less than 1 month away.

Lee Hyun spent 2 hours a day with his sister studying in order to pass the exam.

Beep!

The phone rang in the middle of studying.

Lee Hyun thought that maybe it was the item trading site contacting him and picked up the phone.

-Hello. This is CTS Media.

The cheerful and feminine voice of Nahee Yoon.

Lee Hyun had heard it once when he had already sold his account.

“What’s going on? Did you purchase my items again?”

\*

Within CTS Media was a department that was currently holding an important meeting.

“Our shares in the broadcasting market are increasingly falling. Our sector has less than 7% ratings for broadcasting the game.”

“Is it that too many people are not interested in broadcasts about the game? Too many game companies have turned away from the game approach and trying using a lot of advertising. We have been too focused on the commercial approach while other companies are increasing their revenue and viewership by focusing on the game itself.”

“There could be another reason, however, we probably still require a major program like the other broadcasters is also true, so we should have a program about the most popular game Royal Road, right?”

More than 90% of gamers in Korea played the game now.

Royal Road, was the VRMMORPG that has caught the attention of the people on a worldwide basis.

(P/R: VRMMORPG: Virtual Reality Massively Multiplayer Online Role Playing Game) Generally it has become part of the regular news, but there could be time to make a separate program about the game.

In recent years, even office workers were able to travel abroad on vacation at home without having to go anywhere by using Royal Road, except, they become a little bit hooked and it’s turning into a bit of social problem.

“Viewership for programs associated with Royal Road is doing well overall. However, our overall viewership has declined. It says that viewers have stopped following our programs.”

“What is the specific cause? I have gotten all sorts of celebrities and comedians to come onto the show as commentators for the game.”

The directors of each department were very embarrassed.

Famous celebrities in Korea. They had indeed hired high cost A-class celebrities.

Why these programs appeared to continually progress with lower and lower viewership as they were, was difficult to understand.

“Why don’t you bring in the more well-known entertainers?”

“You mean hire the even more expensive ones? I did that for a little bit, but every time I do the viewership drops deceptively.”

“The celebrities avoid doing the broadcasts now too.”

Each of the directors talked for a very long time but the answer did not come.

Back in the day, CTS Media was said to be the most popular broadcasting station. It was the first broadcasting station that brought out popular celebrities. It didn’t take long for the ratings to rise after celebrities started appearing on the show. With the appearance of the celebrities, viewership increased from low to normal.

That was why they did not discard the celebrity card. But now it was the main topic after the repeated drops in the ratings.

Celebrities in a game. It became cliché. Cute celebrities showing pitiful expressions from catching a rabbit. They also didn’t know the rules of the game or how to get a basic quest from an NPC, were constantly lost in the various kingdoms within the game and didn’t know which cities they were in.

Most viewers found watching celebrities hunting in a VRMMORPG almost hilarious.

The broadcasters had gotten a lot of good equipment and items for hunting. They wanted to find a good party that would increase the popularity of their show. Unfortunately, this annoyed the viewers.

Royal Road had meaning in the name itself.

Because anyone was capable of becoming Emperor, it was their ambitious to up the challenge and become the Emperor!

Users took risks in this dream. Each with a different way, even if the purpose itself was the same. It was a happy life full of challenges and adventure!

Even since Royal Road was released, suicide rates dropped substantially across the board.

“The most fundamental problem comes first; it is necessary to increase our incorporation of Royal Road a bit.”

Everyone sympathized with the Director of Management.

“Of course.”

“We should have done that sooner.”

“We should get rid of all future plans for celebrities playing the game.”

“Viewership may diminish temporarily but sometimes you need to try.”

“Welcome.”

The Planning Department welcomed the Ministry of Finance with open arms.

“A decisive measure to boost viewership amongst our broadcasters...we need to organize a special program.”

“A special program?”

“So far, viewers have relied on the news to get informed about the game. However there is a limit for each city or kingdom. Nothing like a boring newscast in front of a desk. Let us introduce a way to get closer to the users.”

“Closer you say...”

“Let’s select 8 people in total and have them tell their stories. They should have videos stored inside of their capsules.”

“Yes they do.”

Capsules made by Unicorn for enjoying virtual reality games.

Each boasted various modern devices. One of them recorded media as

their users played. As it said within the instructions, inside was a stored media recording device that can play videos.

“We can broadcast their stories and they can give information about the secrets of Royal Road and introduce new ideas. It’s fun for people to find out other people’s stories isn’t it?”

“The story of how it all started for a user.”

From there CTS Media launched a broadcast, selecting users for it. They primarily targeted the higher level and famous users from Royal Road.

Viewers will follow the program about how the strongest users became the way they did, as well as the quests they did and the secrets they had. Of course, they won’t disclose all the secrets but, even with a little, users will come flocking uncontrollably.

It included martial arts as well as how to get rich, but they sought out the desire of the user base for the premiere recruits.

Users of Royal Road, the higher levels and the fanatics all had secrets of their own. These people led guilds and made colonies. They governed the affairs of the city in an influential kingdom and substantially increased the number of people in the cities through planning, these people were often selected.

In addition one more person, Thor the blacksmith.

It was pointed out a few times for the broadcast. The craftsman profession was poorly represented so a class that increased the defense of equipment was selected.

And then the last person.

\*

-Is this Lee Hyun?

“Yes.”

-Hi. It’s been a long time since we talked. I am the secretary of the President of CTS Media, Nahee Yoon.

“Yes, it’s been too long.”

-I thank you on behalf of the company for having sold us your account. CTS Media used your account to hunt monsters in each region of the map in the Continent of Magic and it was aired as a special program, remember?

CTS Media.

He immediately recognized the company. As he had sold his account to them for a whopping 3.09 billion won, a huge amount of money that he could never make in years.. Thanks to them, he was able to clear his debts and start a new life.

“So it’s this...”

He had put the items on the auction site and was waiting. Now he had been waiting for a response.

-Just calling to say hi, to see if you remember me.

His response was blunt.

“I don’t remember.”

-Ah...so have you not heard?

“I’m a little busy.”

Lee Hyun’s words were true.

Back then, and even now, he had never spent any time in leisure because he had to prepare for his future plans for Royal Road. He did not have the kind of time to be watching a game broadcast.

-Yes. I understand. Nahee Yoon was silent for a long time. Then she asked a brief question.

-Actually, this time our company is planning a program and wants to see if we can invite Lee Hyun. So I’d like to ask you a question. Are you currently playing Royal Road?

“Yes.”

CTS Media was planning several different kinds of measures.

How the users that play Royal Road within the country and abroad was one of them. But it did not make sense to exclude celebrities. Celebrities appearing in reality for signings would attract enthusiasts. However, it would do nothing to pull a person that was too famous into the game.

Strong villains.

People in positions of power.

High level players.

There would be no problem if they could fill the eight positions with those. However, it would be interesting to come up with one unknown person that they did not know the class or level of in the game.

It would attract clumsy viewers.

A protagonist whose actions would cause trepidation.

These requirements, seeing as they could not create a fictional character, put the recruitment into hiatus. They had to consider several people.

Then they remembered a program in the past that was associated with the Continent of Magic.

Weed.

The game character with the highest stats in the game.

The same person who was wrapped in a veil of mystery and legend unlike any other. The person who enjoyed fighting monsters, whom nothing could stand up to his crushing force.

Everyone that knew Continent of Magic knew of Weed.

Then if he was in Royal Road. The tale of a legend in another game.

Many users had their expectations.

So this was what they wanted to try.

“This is the person we need!”

More than one year had passed.

Just like how fish cannot leave water, they thought that Lee Hyun would

be in Royal Road.

-Can I ask what level you are in Royal Road?

Nahee Yoon asked her question in a very cautious tone. Asking unfamiliar people about items or levels was the same as asking for information.

“219.” He replied

-219? That-that’s great!

But Nahee Yoon was slightly disappointed. The man was the one who had reigned supreme in the Continent of Magic. It was little more than a year now, so level 219 was lower than expected. It was a pretty high level, but there were quite the number of people around that level.

But she did not know that Lee Hyun had spent one year preparing for Royal Road, but the time he played was not very long. Nahee Yoon then explained the situation to Lee Hyun.

-Lee Hyun, there is a newly organized program in which we need your assistance.

“You want me to go on television?”

Nahee Yoon replied to Hyun Lee’s questions.

-No, we’re not. We want to make a story about how you have played the game until now. Send it to us and we will broadcast it. Of course it will undergo inspection.

“So you want footage of my game play and I’ll receive money?”

-Send us only a brief portion. What quests you did, where and how you raised your level. As well as what kind of secrets you used to help you level up.

“How much will I get for it?”

-I think 500 thousand won per episode. It gets broadcast twice a week. It may be small, but after it gets aired 20 times, depending on the ratings, you can get rehired.

It was not a bad deal. Lee Hyun accepted the offer since it would allow money to come in.

CTS Media Counsel to his house to came to sign a formal contract. Lee Hyun meticulously studied the contract to confirm that there were no unfavorable provisions. Even if the ratings fall, the broadcast gets interrupted, or if they change the show, Lee Hyun will still get 20 payments. Lee Hyun spent the entire night wondering what to do.

“What should I put!”

The contract needed to be handed over with the manuscript for the first part. But how would he start? He was blocked at the very first sentence. He seemed to understand a little bit about the feelings authors have when writing.

‘Writing is not the same as writing posts. I’m not a real writer and I just can’t send any story. In fact, especially if it’s defective.’

After that, Lee Hyun just instantly wrote the manuscript.

The Production Department of CTS Media received the manuscript of the first week and freaked out.

Others spent a lot of hard effort to write their manuscripts. Though they were gamers and not writers, they tended to see useless chatter with friends and talking to be unsuitable narration and would not be inserted, so many of the manuscripts were dropped.

However, this was the alternative and was too plain.

Even for a brief overview, it was too much.

- Day 1:  
Rosenheim Kingdom, started at the Citadel of Serabourg.  
Went to the training center all day to beat the scarecrow.
- Day 2:  
Beat the scarecrow all day.
- Day 3:

Beat the scarecrow all day -----

Day 4:

Beat the scarecrow all day.

----- All seven days for the  
week was just that.

“Is somebody messing with us or what!”

The manager of the Production Department was hysterical. It was hard not to be upset.

“He’s going to explode.”

“This time he might seriously do it.”

The staff shivered in fear. The last time he had exploded, he had broken a few cameras once.

From a safe distance away he said. “Maybe if we play the video we can be lucky. Many of them are lousy writers. Let me take a look at the video. I may want to plan a broadcast based on it.”

The video broadcast team began to finish the manuscripts. The video of Weed began to play on their monitor and everyone was dumbstruck at what they saw.

[The 8 Heroes]

CTS Media began to broadcast the program. Many stories in Royal Road were currently unknown. The stronger and famous users have all had interviews but it was never known what they did to become strong. Due to the fact that the first broadcast showed the growth process of users, it received huge ratings.

By being a leader in Royal Road, they became famous.

They were interested in becoming more famous.

The 7 people formed a guild or went with friends to do hard quests in the first episode. And then there was one person that was beating a scarecrow to death. At the end of the first episode, the Internet was in a

huge uproar.

----- - What was with the first  
broadcast?

- Do they think that the viewers are a joke? Get it together.

- I'm spending my paycheck on something like this...Tch."

----- Viewers began to bring  
up this point on the broadcasting board.

Once, twice, three times.

The users on the internet disagreed on what a master gamer should do. But every week, as the story progressed he was the only person that kept doing the same thing, hitting the scarecrow ten thousand times. Viewers began to have strange expectations of the scarecrow beater, wondering what he was going to do. They waited in anticipation for what was going to happen next. But after the scarecrow beater continued on for four times, it disappeared from the show.

The broadcasters had appeared and had decided to suspended it.

# Credits

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