

# The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

## (달빛 조각사)

Volume 07

Nam-Hi-Sung

(남희성)

### 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: Pre-War

Weed headed to the rocky area in Yunopu Gorge.

Yeti monsters occasionally showed up in the area where the rocks were piled up, but they were easy to handle and gave decent experience.

“This seems to be enough materials”

Weed inspected the rocks and smiled in satisfaction.

He had been accompanying Seoyoon for several days acting as her servant, looking after her and cooking her meals however; thanks to this he had been able to further advance his sculpting.

A beautiful motive was an important requirement, if one was to create art.

Seoyoon had sleek white thighs, ebony hair and a slim waist. She also had a thin slender neck and an immaculate collarbone leading up to her almost radiant face, an appearance that you would not get tired of, even if you looked at it for a year.

With her as a model he had successfully created a few masterpieces, and he had finally learned advanced sculpting.

“Skill confirmation! Sculpture life bestowal!”

Sculpture life bestowal

A technique invented by Emperor Geihar the Master Sculptor, which makes it possible to grant life to sculptures.

Requirement: This skill requires Advanced Sculpture Mastery .

This skill consumes 5000 mana. Additionally, the Art stat of the user will be permanently decreased by 10, and the character level will decrease by 2.

Warning!

Sculptures have a strong sense of pride.

They will fight if they see a sculpture resembling themselves.

Each time it was used 10 art stats and two levels would be lost.

Because of this, it wasn't a skill to be used lightly. If it wasn't used, however, it wouldn't matter whether he had it or not.

He wouldn't use it very often though. Due to the high cost he would save

it for when it was absolutely necessary.

“It’s an investment... It is a necessary sacrifice to improve the chances of winning the battle.”

Weed pulled out Zahab’s engraving knife and started sculpting. He was going to sculpt a monster to animate.

“There are plenty of Orcs and dark elves already. I’ll be better off creating something that will aid me in commanding them.”

Weed started carving out long wings, sharp claws and a thick belly to create a wyvern sculpture.

Wyverns were extremely strong monsters.

Their average level exceeded 380, and their tough skin was quite resistant against both swords and magic, while in flight, their speed was comparable to that of a running horse.

But even if he was able to recreate the body, it didn’t mean that the sculpture would be as strong as the original creatures.

Its strength would be determined by his art stat, and even though the shape was similar, the difference in strength would be obvious if compared with an original.

“I don’t have very much time so sculpture will have to be a little rougher.”

If life was granted to the sculpture, his stats would disappear and his level would drop. Of course he would prefer to create a sculpture on the level of a magnum or classic. But, alas, he did not have the time for this and had to make it rather sloppily, and thinking about this brought an aching to his chest.

Even though he had resolved to create the wyvern, Weed was on the verge of tears.

A sculpture created without care, even by a master sculptor, wouldn’t turn out very great.

But this was a Wyvern sculpture was more than ten metres tall, and he

wasn't even sure that he could finish it. Even if he put in all his effort and worked for two nights straight, he only had enough time to create the general outline of a Wyvern.

Ching!

A Fine Piece!

You have successfully completed the Wyvern!

Rulers of the skies!

Fierce and tough monsters, that stands at the peak of all beasts.

They enjoy eating horses whole, and sometimes they will hunt fish swimming in the rivers.

The Wyverns have a high sense of pride, if you shoot them with an arrow while they are flying, they will let you taste instant death.

Monsters will keep their distance from the statue out of fear.

Artistic Value: 750

Special Bonuses:

- Health and Mana regeneration is increased by 10% during the day.
- Flying speed is increased by 20%.
- Agility is increased by 5
- Strength is increased by 30
- All stats are increased by 3.
- 

The special abilities of nearby monsters are weakened during the day.

Monsters cannot go near the statue.

These effects cannot be combined with the effects of other sculptures Fine Piece created: 12

- - The Sculpting skill has improved
- - Fame has increased by 6
- - Stamina has increased by 1
- - Charisma has increased by 1
- - Charm has increased by 1

Thanks to the advanced sculpting skill, even though he didn't put in much effort, a fine piece came out.

Still, because he was already such a well-respected sculptor, his fame didn't rise much, he had passed the point where he could become famous for sculpting a fine piece.

Now, rather than making a fine piece it was easier to gain fame by questing and hunting. This would mean that to gain more fame from

sculpting, he'd have to sculpt a grand piece.

Additionally, the stat increases weren't very big either. The amount of stat points he received for a sculpture of this level had decreased drastically, as his sculpting skill improved.

In order to receive as big stat increases as in the the past, he would have to create a Grand Sculpture or better.

Well, a famous sculptor cannot dwell on his work. He needs to continually challenge himself to improve his sculpting.

“Alright. It's time to use this new skill.”

Since it was actually a fine piece, he would regret the loss a little less. But Weed still hesitated to activate the skill.

It was difficult to complete the quests needed in order to gain experience, and he had just reached level 299. He only needed a little more experience to reach 300, but if he used the skill he would be two levels further from this goal.

“Well, it has to be done. ‘Sculpture life bestowal!’”

Weed gently touched the head of the Wyvern. A small crack started forming in the surface.

Pasasak!

Like a chick hatching from an egg, the wyvern broke through the shell of the statue.

By Weed's hands, a Wyvern was born.

You have granted life to a sculpture.

The power of the sculpture is based on the level of the art stat.

The art stat is currently 790, so the sculpture's base level will be 359.

However, due to the monster being a flying-type, a 10% level penalty will be applied.

Additionally, two affinities are bestowed upon the sculpture when life is granted to it.

The affinities vary in power according to the form and quality of the sculpture.

- Wind affinity (100%).
- Fire affinity (30%).
- The creature's flying speed is greatly increased, and the creature will be partly resistant to fire magic.
- 5000 mana has been used
-

Level has dropped by 2

Due to the decrease in level, 10 points have been deduced from your most recently upgraded stat. The stats will be regained once you regain the lost levels.

The Art stat has dropped by 10

The stat can be increased again through any activity related to sculpting or other art forms.

Please be careful with the sculpture's life.

Upon death, the sculpture must be granted life again to return its soul.

The sculpture cannot be revived if it has been completely destroyed.

A true miracle!

He had made a living wyvern.

“Wow, that went well.”

Weed inspected his creation.

Granting life to sculptures seemed to be a very convenient skill. To make sculptures whose power was based on the art stat!.. Sculptures with mighty strength and high agility, who'd be able to move around and fight monsters... for the artisan classes who weren't suited for fighting, a skill like this felt like a dream.

The skill was created by the master sculptor Emperor Geihar von Arpen, the first man to unite the whole continent.

Of course, there were lots of other benefits, beside the sculptures' fighting power.

Similarly to this skill, summoners and elementalists were able to summon beings and lead them to battle.

For those classes, any amount of items or experience gained by the summoned creatures would be transferred to the summoner.

However, when it came to sculptures they kept the experience and level individually.

A sculpture's initial strength depended on the art stat, but if led well by a sculptor, it would grow stronger and more powerful.

Animated sculptures were typically a little stronger than elementals and other similar summons.

Additionally there was no limit to the number of sculptures that could

be active at the same time.

There was however a crucial difference between summons and animated sculptures when they are killed.

When a summoned being is killed, the summoner can just use an ability to resummon it.

It is very common for an elemental to be killed in battle. However, the only thing required to resummon it is a little mana, so it is only a tiny loss.

But it's different for animated sculptures.

If a living sculpture suffers a fatal blow, the life given will leave it, and if it's completely destroyed and the parts dispersed, it cannot be repaired.

In some way Weed dreaded the loss of a sculpture brought to life by sacrificing two levels and ten points in the art stat more than dying himself.

"It's not a skill to be used carelessly. However, if I increase my art stat it might prove very, very beneficial to me"

A sculptor's highest stat was his art stat. If it was used correctly, it could even make up for the generally bad fighting strength. A Sculptor who cannot fight, can just make a sculpture fight for him.

Before Weed's eyes, the wyvern spread its wings and turned around. The head alone was the size of a whole person. Its stomach bulged, as it spoke for the first time.

"Master!"

A loyal steed.

Weed was overwhelmingly pleased.

"Yes, I am your master."

However, the wyvern had a question after having displeased looked over its body "Why am I so ugly?"

"....."

"Did you sculpt me with your feet?"

"....."

"I'm really disappointed to have come to life this ugly"

Sculptures had great pride indeed!

The Wyvern wasn't satisfied with its body, and was very displeased.

He hadn't had enough time to sculpt the large body thoroughly. Due to this, there were places here and there that he hadn't really worked on.

Parts of the wyvern been very roughly carved, the wyvern was really a crude and incomplete sculpture.

"Anyway, I brought you to life, so I'm your parent. From now on, you will do best to follow me. You should even be willing to sacrifice your body to save me, since I'm your parent"

Weed didn't intend to let his 'childbirth' go to waste though.

He had no intentions of losing the wyvern after granting it life. To get as much use out of it as possible, he intended to thoroughly pamper it.

The wyvern didn't share Weed's point of view, and had something to say.

"I would have preferred not being born."

"....."

The wyvern was very prideful, and wouldn't listen to him. Soon enough, though, Weed had an idea.

Such a demanding person would probably be a sucker for flattery!

He would just have to thoroughly flatter the wyvern, by playing on its pride.

"Listen to me. Your face might be a bit angular, but it just serves to make you look stronger and more masculine. Don't you think so?"

"Wahahahaha!"

The simple-minded wyvern was easily won over by the silver-tongued Weed.

"Master is nice. He seems to be a worthy person to serve"

“Yes of course, I created you. Now follow my orders closely.”

“I will. But what is my name?”

Weed had to decide on a name for the wyvern that he had brought to life.

“Master, find a good name... please.”

The Wyvern had high expectations. As a sculpture with a lot of self-respect, it wanted a name full of strength and pride.

Weed pored over it for a while, and in the end he decided on a name “Let’s call you Wy-1”

“I don’t know what that is, but it sounds good. What does it mean?”

“It means ‘the coolest guy in the sky’.”

As Weed said this, the wyvern flapped his wings. They were mighty wings, that could easily harness the air to its fullest effect.

“I like it very much.”

“Yeah. It’s a name I picked just for you, Wy-1.”

Weed, the silver-tongued negotiator!

“Thank you for naming me master, but there’s something I’ve been wondering about.”

“What?”

“My siblings. If you make other sculptures like me, what will they be called?”

Weed thought about what he’d call the others when the time came. He decided to name them similarly to Wy-1.

“Wy-2”.

“Will that be the name of my next sibling?”

“Yes.”

“And my sibling after that?”

“Wy-3.”

“Those are some very nice names. I like them very much.”

The wyvern continued to flap his wings in joy. At this moment, Weed was confirmed in his decision.

This was the whole point with generations! The other wyverns would surely be satisfied with their names too.

Just like the bird clans in Lavias, the City of Heaven, all winged creatures weren't very smart.

Furthermore, this guy was carved from a piece of rock. His head was practically made of stone, and thus Weed wasn't very surprised that his intelligence wasn't much better than that of a rock.

“Let us depart. Carry me”

“Yes master”

Weed climbed onto the Wyvern's head.

Whoosh, whoosh

The wings beat a few times, and then they were floating through the air towards the light. They were very high in the sky, and he could see the entire canyon below him.

Soaring, Weed recognized small dots below him as the flower garden and the masterpiece he had sculpted. That would be the sculpture that truly represented Seoyoon's inner being.

“I do not know when we'll meet again, O most beautiful woman I've ever seen”.

Weed shook his head in regret.

She should have realized by now, that all those sculptures were modelled after her.

“I'll be more careful the next time we meet. And pray that you won't kill me”

The flying wyvern didn't meet any trouble from the monsters on the

ground. Meanwhile Weed was struck breathless by the view of the landscape below.

He finally left the Yunopu canyon and rode towards his destination, the Yuroki mountain range.

\*

"....."

Seoyoon tried to smile. She wanted to smile the same bright smile as the statues.

Tears could flow easily, but to laugh again was impossible.

Somehow, that was how she felt.

\*drip, drip, drip\*

Her red lips moved a little.

It was nowhere near perfect, but she was smiling.

She was thrilled by this fortunate turn of events!

“Perhaps I will even be able to laugh?”

But at this thought, her face fell. There were still important things she couldn't do.

She still couldn't speak or laugh.

However awkward it was, the smile was pretty, and this brightened her frowning face.

The white-skinned beauty with countless statues depicting her beauty.

On a background of a canyon's precipice, a lone girl stands beside a statue.

It seemed to Seoyoon, that the world had just become a slightly brighter place.

\*

\*Rattle rattle\* (some sound of wheels on pavement)

A merchant's wagon, carrying a load of goods was arriving at the city. After a long and arduous journey, it had finally arrived at its destination..

The merchant at the driver's seat turned to the man lying on top of the wagon.

"Sir, we have arrived."

"Is that so?"

The man jumped down from the wagon, landing on his feet.

"This seems to be the Kingdom of Prain."

He was broad-shouldered with a suntanned face.

With short cropped hair and an ignorant expression, his appearance was quite plain.

Geomchi 449!

Geomchi 449 had safely arrived at the kingdom of Prain.

His level was actually pretty low compared to most of his colleagues, who had an average level of 241.

However, there was a reason why he was still level 200.

He had entered the forest alone to hunt deers at level 5, with a single purpose!

"Deer blood is soo delicious..."

He remembered the iron straw going through the deer's neck several times before it died.

It was a pain that he couldn't share this with anyone.

"Everything's alright for a warrior, as long as he has his sword"

Geomchi 449 travelled with a lengthy strides and a powerful gait.

All he had was his shabby clothes and a bag full of swords.

He spent all the gold he earned from hunting on food and swords.

"A true swordsman only needs a sword. Armour will just be a burden."

Geomchi 449 was searching for strong and famous warriors in the kingdom of Prain.

Swordsmen, warriors, knights, paladins...

As long as they used a weapon, their class didn't matter.

He just wanted to become stronger.

"I've heard that you are one of the strongest people in this city. I challenge you to a duel."

The challenged person was taken aback. Seeing Geomchi 449 in his shabby clothes, the person couldn't help but ask him.

"Are you out of your mind? My level is 280. Your level seems low and you're not even properly equipped"

"I don't mind. Will you accept the challenge?"

Most people that receive a challenge will accept without much thought, merely thinking of it as another kind of entertainment.

"Alright. You'd better not regret this after I've beaten you"

"Of course I won't."

The person Geomchi 449 was going to duel, was a paladin.

For some reason, the paladin was struck by a sense of foreboding about the duel.

"You just wander in and challenge me wearing shoddy clothes like that.... I don't know who you are, but fight properly, okay?"

"Holy Shield!"

The paladin cast holy shield, one of his basic skills.

"Sun god's divine protection! Warrior's Blessing!"

Paladins used blessings to protect themselves, and to increase their fighting strength.

They could also heal themselves in critical situations.

Due to this, most people tended to avoid dueling paladins.

Paladins could heal up their wounds very quickly, so if you didn't inflict enough damage they would just recover more health than they lost.

“Holy Blade!”

The paladin's sword became coated in white light.

Holy flames appeared whenever the sword was swung.

The skill used a fair chunk of mana to add a splash effect to the paladin's attacks.

“Here I come.”

Whenever the paladin swung his sword, white flames appeared.

Geomchi 449 jumped around, dodging the flames.

“It affects an increasingly large area... The longer the match takes, the more dangerous this will get for me”

Geomchi 449 ran into the fire, even though he risked losing some of his health, and raised his sword as he approached the paladin.

“Head!”

The surprised paladin blocked the attack with his sword.

sliiiiide...

Geomchi 449's sword slid past the paladin's sword like a snake.

“Wrist!”

This time, his sword was aimed at the paladin's wrist.

Once again, the paladin narrowly dodged the attack.

The paladin's eyes finally sharpened, he had seen countless battles.

Usually duels like these were decided by the duelers' levels, normally, a battle with a level difference like this would have already ended. His opponent was resisting impressively, despite the big level gap.

“Very well”

The paladin raised his sword to his chest, and released it with all of his

might.

“Bash!”

The Paladin had composed himself, and began a series of powerful sword strikes.

The power gathered in the sword made the strikes very powerful. This time he intended to fight with his full power from the beginning.

Without the slightest hint of anxiety, Geomchi 449 changed his fighting stance.

His opponent's attacks were very straightforward, and he dodged them smoothly by moving his waist and ankles. His sword grazed the paladin's side and made a small wound, but the damage inflicted was hardly noticeable.

Geomchi 449's healthpoints had dropped by 20% when he was hit by the “Holy Blade” earlier; On the other hand, the paladin had only suffered slightly from the wound in his side.

The Paladin's defensive blessings had nullified most of the damage, but despite this the wound restricted the paladin from moving as freely as before.

A murmuring crowd of spectators had gathered to watch the duel.

“This person...”

“I've heard rumours about people like him, who travel around in search of strong people to challenge”

“People who hunt strong monsters and players, relying solely on their swordsmanship.”

“Could he be one of them!”

Lots of rumours were being spread about the Geomchis on the continent of Versailles.

The level of Geomchi 449 was low, and he was very susceptible to paladin's attacks. Despite his skill at martial arts, the 80 level difference

would eventually wear him out. In addition to his lack of armour, his defense stat was also quite low but to do it like this was his objective.

“Only by fighting people that are stronger than me, can I hope to improve my sword technique”

I need to think and act faster. I'll have to train for a long time, if I am to have any hope of winning against opponents with such an overwhelming advantage, otherwise I'll just lose to the strength of their skills and spells.

Geomchi 449 didn't only fight humans. He also fought monsters at hunting grounds, whose names he didn't know.

Facing unknown monsters in an unknown terrain. He just jumped into the fray, and saved doing the thinking for afterwards.

Just like the other Geomchis, the goal of Geomchi 449 wasn't to reach a high level. His true goal was to improve his concentration, by fighting strong opponents. Due to his lack of spells and abilities, he could only depend on his swordsmanship and movement.

While searching for strong opponents throughout the Versailles continent, Geomchi-449 had fought countless monsters. All of the Geomchis from 6 to 505 was currently travelling to polish their swordsmanship. By doing good deeds along the way, they also fulfilled their duty as warriors.

Although this wasn't the fastest way to level up, all kinds of battle related experience was gained by doing it this way.

Meanwhile, the first six Geomchis were cooking and eating lots of food at the Serabourg Castle.

“It feels all lonely, now that the disciples have left”

Geomchi 2 smiled after hearing Geomchi's words.

“Well, it isn't often that we get to take a breather like this”

“True”

Geomchi 3 added to this:

“I’m sure that the disciples will benefit greatly from their experiences in this world”

Geomchi 4 and Geomchi 5 also joined in with their opinions:

“If one seeks to strengthen his swordsmanship, he must first strengthen himself. If they get more real fighting experience, their swordsmanship is bound to improve as well”.

“That’s true”

Feeling satisfied, Geomchi resumed eating and drinking.

“As expected, it was a wise decision to send the disciples out to train on their own.”

“Indeed, Master”

Geomchi 2 smiled. With the matter resolved, he and the other instructors, started eating too.

The food had been paid for by the disciples.

The students had no use for money during their training.

And the instructors could surely put it to better use.

Following this logic, all the students were “firmly advised” to ‘donate’ their earnings to the instructors.

\*

In the Yuroki Mountains, all of the Orcs, dark elves and humans residing in the plains of despair had gathered.

The leaders of each race had come together peacefully!

They had united despite their differences to fight against their common enemy, the undead legion.

“I thought you had run away”, the Necromancer told weed in a contemptuous voice, however, upon seeing Weed’s annoyed look, he quickly regretted it.

Upon returning to the rocky mountain range, Weed had used his

Sculptural Shapeshifting ability to change form to an Orc.

The fat and proud Orc Karichwi, with a mouth full of wicked teeth, vicious-looking eyes and a constantly running nose.

This ugliness, while not very favoured by the humans, was very impressive to the Orcs and served to further bolster his charisma.

“What’s the status of the undead legion”, Weed asked.

“There’s only two days until they’ll arrive. The lich Shire will break off from Bar Khan’s main army and bring a contingent here from the mountains to the east. We need to prepare for when the undead legion comes to spread death through the land.”

The undead legion would be advancing from the large pit to the east of the mountain.

He could see an ominous red mist rising from the direction of the pit.

It had a dark and dirt-stained colour. An increasing amount of smoke was flowing out from the pit and was slowly coloring the entire sky a dark red.

It must be an extraordinarily large army.

The necromancer explained:

“When the sky has turned completely red. When this has happened, the magic power of Shire will increase greatly, and the undead legion will start their advance.

Suddenly, Weed heard a voice inside his head.

- "Weed, I’ve arrived at the foot of the mountain”, he heard Mapan’s voice saying.

Mapan had finally arrived after crossing the plains of despair, with his wagon fully loaded with silver bars and arrows from the Rosenheim Kingdom.

Choosing to become a merchant wasn’t a good idea, unless you were very diligent.

Many things were needed in order to successfully make profit from the buying and selling of goods.

First you had to learn the local market prices, and improve your reputation with the local residents as much as possible.

The combat classes got stronger by hunting at hunting grounds or dungeons, while a merchant had to travel around and sell goods instead.

The merchant class was the most sensitive to changes in different towns, wherever they went, merchants would easily be accepted and increase their reputation.

Due to these attributes, merchants received quests much more easily, and whenever they entered a shop, they could receive all kinds of quests suited for a merchant; from finding a missing ribbon to reading and summarizing a book.

When they had gained the right amount of experience and information, very important quests might also show up, making it possible to invest in a town or province.

When a certain level of reputation has been reached, it's also possible to buy all goods cheaper and to buy special goods that are not usually available.

It was Mapan's dream to earn the money needed to buy a whole village.

- "What do I do now? It's going to be troublesome to get the wagon through the mountains."

- "Wait there, I'll send someone to show you the way"

Weed pointed at some Orcs.

"You guys, chwiik!"

"Chwit chwit chwit! Command us."

"There is a human at the bottom of the mountain, bringing us some goods in his wagon. Bring him here, and be careful not to frighten him"

"Understood. Chwichwik!"

The Orcs took off without a second's notice.

\*

Mapan was relaxing while waiting for Weed.

He had crossed the Plains of Despair, and was now at the Mountain. The mountain was lush, with birds chirping in the dense forests, and a lush breeze gently blowing through the plains.

“It feels really good to have come here”

Mapan was entranced by the scenery.

There was a flowing river in front of the mountain range.

The clear river was teeming with fish, and numerous deer and giraffes were grazing on the plains.

“This mountain is the best after all.”

Mapan was very satisfied with the view.

Since he was a merchant, he always picked the safest possible routes when travelling, so he rarely went over mountains.

The mountain range reminded him of the time he and weed travelled to the kingdom of Briton.

The rocky mountain range was truly magnificent, but the many rocky cliffs made it hard to traverse.

Near the top of the mountain, the trees were covered in snow.

The wind was a little bit chilly, but travelling at this climate was perfect.

Mapan felt that the terrain was somehow familiar.

“Have I been here before? This is certainly my first time here, but seeing this place.....”

But it was so remote...

Mapan could never have seen this before. Nevertheless, he felt a twinge of familiarity.

Even the snowy clouds near the top of the mountain felt oddly familiar.

“Where have I seen this?”

Orcs were coming down from the mountain.

Mapan handed the carriage over to the Orcs with trembling hands.

“Drunk-ik! Carriage. Me take care of”

Mapan felt faint and baffled as he listened to the Orcs. Why were they acting like this?

“Ah right, the Hall of Fame! I saw those mountains in a Hall of Fame video”

Mapan felt very excited, but still couldn't really believe that Orcs like these existed.

“What's the deal with this, Chwik!”, the Orc then asked while waving his Glaive “Human! Bring to Karichwi. Chwichwik!”

The Orcs started ascending the mountain again, easily carrying the load that Mapan had struggled to get there.

Mapan nervously followed the Orcs as they lead him, and when he saw the citadel of the Dark Elves, he cried in relief.

“It's here. This is the destination.”

At the front of the Orcs was Weed, transformed into Karichwi.

“Thank you for the work Mapan. Chwiik! “

The Chwiik sounded oddly familiar.

Mapan realized that Karichwi was actually Weed in disguise.

He was pretending to be an Orc.

“Weed! This situation...”

“More stories, chwik! We will talk later, now it's finally time to get started. Lucille!”

Weed had met an exiled blacksmith in the village named Lucille.

“Chwichit. Here, come and start smithing the weapons”

“Understood”

The human smiths quickly brought the materials from the wagon to the forge, and began working on them.

Once properly equipped, the humans, Orcs and dark elves would do far more damage to the undead.

However, the dark elves were proud and didn't feel like obeying .

“Pfft, it's only made of silver”

“What's with these crude weapons? Wouldn't our mythril swords serve us better?”

“These so-called 'crude' weapons will be crucial in the fight!” Weed said.

Weed had spent his entire fortune on these 'crude' weapons, that the dark elves were now trying to discard.

However the Orcs liked him and didn't mind.

'My weapon is so strong, chwiik!'

“It's so shiny.”

The simple-minded Orcs were quite happy with their new silver weapons.

Weed's plan of how to fight against the undead legion was finally nearing its execution.

This time, Weed's strategy to fight against the undead legion wasn't improvised.

“The Orcs will be the vanguard, and the dark elves will be at the rear.”

As the strategist he was, he arranged their placement with utmost care.

The silver arrows that Mapan had brought were immediately distributed to the Dark Elves.

Their archers were amazing, even when they were only using oaken bows and arrows.

Their power shouldn't be underestimated.

The preparations for the war were almost complete.

The Orcs and dark elves had nearly finished gathering.

The dark elves had finished building the castle walls.

Additionally, trenches had been dug in front of the walls.

The height difference would make it easier to defend against a siege.

The elves gathered, and the Orcs swarmed.

The humans were instructed, and began reinforcing the castle.

The castle was finally completed. It was huge and beautiful!

A long stretch of wall had been erected along the length of the entire ridge.

At the top of each tower, there were cauldrons filled with burning tar.

Now they were making oak gates

Weed had nearly overseen the completion of the defenses. But if one looked closer, it was pretty shabbily constructed overall.

Everything seemed to be able to collapse without a moment's notice.

It was because the Orcs were so lazy and stupid. The dark elves actually did their jobs properly, but were small in number in comparison "It'll be fine, the undead aren't very bright."

Weed didn't want to, but he was forced to abandon overseeing the last part to grant life to more sculptures.

Of course, creating just one meant that Weed would lose another two levels.

The novice strategy might be to try to make 100. Anyway, it was now due time to create more sculptures.

"Nothing comes for free; You can't expect to complete an A-rank quest without doing something extraordinary." Weed's tears dried as he completed the first sculpture.

Each time a sculpture was granted life, his level fell by two. Although it

pained his heart, it was a necessary investment.

There were only two days left until the confrontation with the immortal army; in that time Weed's level dropped to 279 as he granted life to nine more Wyverns.

# Chapter 2: Undead Legion

“Dark red smoke obscures the crimson sun. Chwiik! The land is locked in darkness, even the birds have stopped singing. Chwikchwik!”

Weed stood on the nearby rocks and muttered to himself.

Because his achievement should be listed in the Hall of Fame after the quest was completed, Weed would be able to assume airs related to it.

Weed was standing in front of a million Orcs and a hundred-thirty thousand Dark Elves.

In truth, even with the million Orcs, Weed still felt uneasy.

There was a disturbing feeling that made him shiver.

The Orcs were organized in regiments of thirty-and fifty-thousand members. On the battlefield, the Orc regiments spread without end.

You couldn't even see them all. There were more Orcs than there were trees on a mountain.

The black-skinned Dark Elves gathered in an enormous group.

Any normal human being could not help but shrink in fear.

The mountains were literally crawling with monsters.

They rode beside the ridge, the line of defense guarded by the Orcs and Dark Elves along the bottom to the top of the walls.

The humans from the village in the Plain of Despair gathered beside him. The priests of Freya and the Soldiers of Rosenheim Kingdom had all gathered in one place.

With so many monsters under his command, Weed was in an ecstatic mood.

Weed was so excited that he began to sing on top of the rock.

“Die Undead Legion, die! Chwichwi chwiik! Who is going to win? I am going to win! Lovable Undead. Give me experience and items! Appear already, Undead! Hurry up and appear!”

Unbelievable tone-deafness!

Within Weeds singing there were no rhymes, no rhythm, or anything that sounded appealing at all!

Weed's song only lead to distress the Orcs and Dark Elves further.

"Somebody stop that song!"

"Oh, even to us Orcs, this song is repulsive! Chwiik!"

"It brings disgrace, humiliation, and despair on our race. Chwichwit!"

As the Orcs became more and more annoyed, Weed sang with ever more vigor and happiness.

Suddenly...

RUMBLE!

The ground shook so much that the human, elves, and Orc Soldiers couldn't stand properly anymore, while the dark red smoke grew thicker in the air, spreading throughout the battlefield.

Weed looked at the Necromancer and spoke.

"The Undead Legion has awoken from its long and deep slumber. We won't find peace before we grant all the Undead eternal rest. If we are unable to put the Undead to rest, we will be slaves for eternity."

Finally, it began.

Weed finally stopped singing and looked toward the Undead Legion.

From the faraway pit, Skeletons, Ghouls, and Zombies suddenly emerged. The Undead Army continuously appeared, forming a line.

RATTLE RATTLE

The clashing sound of the skeleton joint was regularly heard, while smoldering blue smokes appeared from the zombie bodies.

The Zombies release a lethal poison that would kill a human in minutes unless an antidote was administered.

Stomp, stomp, stomp!

The ghoul generals leading the Zombies and Skeletons were three metres tall.

Ghouls had sharp nails and teeth with far superior physical abilities than the average Undead skeleton!

“Yes... I can smell living flesh and blood nearby!”

“We will turn all of you into undeads like us.”

“Let’s be friends.”

From the nearby lakes, Ghosts started to break through the water surface, joining with the other Undead hordes.

The Undead Legion started to move without any sign of disorder.

The Skeletons moved in a precise line, and though the Zombies were slow, they gradually made their way forward.

Whoosh

As the Undead Legion advanced, the trees and grass in their path withered and dried from their poison.

In comparison, the Orcs and Dark Elves did not look organized at all.

“The Undead are finally here! Chwik chwik!”

“Those damn bastards. Chwichiik!”

“What should we do? Chwik!”

“It smells bad. It feels so painful since we Dark Elves have keen senses.”

“It’s really depressing that a graceful elf like me must fight against such corpses. The thought of it makes me want to run away right now.”

The Orcs and Dark Elves fell into confusion with the appearance of the Undead Legion.

The armies moral was running low after watching Legions of Undead crawling out of the ground.

The pressure and fear generated by the Undead Legion was extremely effective.

Any living creature would find it hard to utilize their full ability while fighting the Undead Legion.

Due to the difference in levels and power, the Rosenheim Kingdom's Soldiers were especially vulnerable to the Undead legion's fearsome aura. Already, there were Soldiers who became sick with fear.

"I want to go home."

"There are too many enemies."

"How can we win against such a large Army?"

Buran, Becker, Hosram, and Dale, who were all centurions, were trying to calm their Soldiers.

"It's okay. The fear will only last a moment."

"Don't worry. Once we start fighting, the bloodlust will comfort you. It is not everyday that we get a chance to make a huge impact on the world."

"We will meet again even after death."

The Soldiers became even more depressed and started bursting into tears.

Mapan stood frightened behind a group of Rosenheim Soldiers. The only thing keeping him on the battlefield was the thought about grabbing all the high-level, quality loot from the Undead!

"So that's the Undead Army!"

Feeling the hair standing on the back of his neck, Mapan hesitated.

The enormous and all-consuming Undead Legion was marching forward!

The Zombies shambled at a slow pace, while the skeleton's joint creaked as they moved.

Seeing the Skeletons holding their rusted swords, Mapan was one of the first to feel frightened.

Gulp!

Mapan's saliva dried on the top of his throat.

'How should we stop that Weed....'

Involuntarily, Mapan looked up above.

There he found Weed had transformed into the Orc Karichwi.

Weed showed a completely serene face.

Even while facing a threatening situation, Weed was able to keep calm.

'Aren't there almost a hundred-thousand Zombies, Skeletons, and Ghouls?'

The vanguard of the immortal Legion!

Since there was still quite a gap between them, Weed waited patiently.

The monsters themselves were not to be feared.

They only needed to be grabbed and beaten down.

However, Weed was the only one who thought like that.

The Orcs and Dark Elves were completely terrified.

When almost all of the Skeletons had reached the wall, Weed gave an order.

"Filthy fellows. Chwiik! Don't they take baths. The disgusting smell even reaches up here."

".....?"

The curious Orcs and Dark Elves listened to Weed's speech.

"If you turn into Undead, you won't be able to bathe. Then, as time passed, you'll go bald. You also won't be able to eat. You will starve and your stomach will become thin. So fight and crush them!"

"Chwiik chwiik!"

"Kill the Undead!"

The spirits of the elegant Dark Elves and the gluttonous Orcs immediately returned after hearing Weed's words.

Weed took out his glaive and signaled the start of the battle against the Undead Legion!

The Orcs raised their shields and drew their glaives.

The Dark Elves took out their javelins and targeted the Skeletons as soon as they saw an opening.

The battle to decide the faith of each race began!

Mapan was shocked.

With a few words, Weed had managed to recover the Orcs' and Dark Elves' morale and raised their spirit to fight.

'So this is what Weed is capable of...'

In reality, it was not even that surprising.

It was completely natural for Weed to treat the Orcs similarly to how he treated the Geomchis, since he was already used to their particular attachment to food.

The Orcs and Dark Elves fought fiercely from the high grounds. The Zombies and Skeletons were forced to scale the walls and had a terrain disadvantage.

Facing the Zombies and Skeletons on high ground, they did not have a hard time.

Several Orcs died because of the pincer attack, but those that had died were the ones that simply ran out of luck.

Even if the Zombies and Skeletons were stronger than usual, they didn't give Weed's Army any particular problems.

The amount of damage dealt by the Ghouls was substantial.

"D-Death, life, give it up. We will make you our... f-friends."

Ghouls threw poison which scattered, destroying trees and Orcs alike.

The Orcs took a considerable drop in health upon each hit.

Ordinary Orcs couldn't possibly hope to fight the Ghouls equally.

However, Orc fighters threw themselves in unison according to Weed's instructions and overwhelmed the Ghouls.

Dreadful number of Orcs!

The scale should theoretically be tipped in their favor by winning the skirmishes against the Zombies and the Skeletons.

Even if one assumed some damage was taken, such minuscule amounts could be ignored.

The speciality of the ghoul forces was to consume the corpses of the fallen to restore their bodies and increase their strength.

But with only a slight number of dead Orcs and Dark Elves in the vicinity, their specialty couldn't be used often.

The Rosenheim Kingdom Soldiers also eagerly took part.

Weed hunted the Zombies and Skeletons, supported by the priests' healing and blessing spells.

When a ghoul came too close, the Royal Knights watched over the Soldiers to make sure that they didn't die.

"Buren, Becker, Hosram, Dale! Penetrate enemy lines with the Soldiers. Priests, focus on healing the Soldiers."

Weed utilized the Rosenheim Kingdom Soldiers to clean up the remaining enemies.

While the Royal Knights were maintaining safety, the Soldiers went to finish the rest of Zombies and Skeletons.

After around three hours of combat, the Undead Legion lost their strength and started to falter.

The battle was still on going, but victory would almost certainly go to the Orcs.

"Uwaa!"

Mapan enthusiastically applaud.

"Outstanding! The battle between the Undead Army and the Orcs! The

long wait was worthwhile.”

It was a wonderful scene, seen from the best seat.

But Weed’s tension hadn’t changed at all from his attitude before the battle.

‘It was that kind of feeling. Every time things go too smoothly, something will go wrong!’

Weed continued to issue orders continuously

The Orcs and the Dark Elves who participated in the battle were tired and wanted to rest.

The Orcs with serious wounds were taken towards Weed, to the place that could be called their headquarters.

“First Aid!”

Paraaaak!

Weed was applying loose bandages like crazy.

He applied medicinal herbs to the Orcs’ bleeding injuries before bandaging them firmly.

His Fasciation technique, having reached Advanced Level 3, marvelously stopped the Orcs’ wounds from bleeding and restored their health.

Other than wounds that caused immediate death, Fasciation could be used to treat standard wounds to some fairly large wounds.

Weed hunted for experience, while bandaging the wounded.

During his rests to restore his mana, he purposely got hit.

Stat improvements in Defense take time.

It helped to increase his Patience stats and his defensive skill.

By doing this, his skill level in Patience and Fasciation went up beautifully.

“Thank you. Chwichwik!”

Weed kept the Orcs alive by dividing them into several long units to

distribute their strength, forging them into united groups, thus preventing competition between Orc warriors to maintain minimum casualties.

The Orcs that had fought were able to rest, and were allowed to eat the food Weed had prepared and to receive bandaging if needed.

“To recover, you must eat. Fight to eat. Chwichit!”

“Thank you. Karichwi!”

Food was also given to the wounded Dark Elves.

Because the Dark Elves were already used to eating grass, there was no need for additional ingredients.

The meat soup was gulped down by the Orcs, who liked meat very much.

The Orcs put their fingers in the soup and stirred it.

But no matter how long they looked, there was not enough meat.

“Karichwi, Karichwi!”

“What do you call this soup, Karichwi?”

“This meat soup is decent. Chwit.”

“That's right. Chwichik.”

“Chwiik. But why, why is there no meat.”

There were only tiny bits of rabbit meat floating in the empty soup.

The Orc diets involved a lot of meat, but it would be impossible to give them what they wanted.

The Orcs had to compete for more food while they ate, so their hunger could finally be satisfied.

However, Weed wasn't worried.

He had already surveyed the units fighting against the monsters, and accordingly assigned leaders with complementary characteristics to them to prevent casualties.

Between wrapping bandages and preparing food, he still would have been busy even if he had ten hands.

“Skill. Mind Hand”

Weed cast his treasured skill.

Mind Hand, which had seemed worthless at first, turned out to be a high quality skill.

Weed used his extra hand to cook and wind bandages faster.

Finally all the Zombies, Skeletons, and Ghouls that had come out were defeated.

The silver-plated glaives made regeneration impossible for the Undead monsters.

“Finally, the Undead Legion was defeated.”

Even though the Necromancers voiced words of celebration, Weed stayed vigilant.

‘There is no way it ends with just this!’

Without leadership, fighting spirit, and charisma, it was impossible to give orders to the Orcs and Dark Elves.

To evaluate a situation, you also need to look at the entire battlefield. By observing the battlefield, it’s easy to discover where you’re weak, and where you can reduce or add power to balance your side.

Under Weed’s command, his various production skills complemented the fighting prowess of the Orcs and Dark Elves.

Nevertheless, the degree of difficulty was rather easy in comparison to the Vampire Blood Clan.

‘It isn’t going to end like this.’

Weed gave an order.

“Chwiik! Orcs, Dark Elves, withdraw behind the castle walls. Prepare for the next battle.”

“Chwik chwik. The battle has ended!”

“We won!”

The Orcs were too busy celebrating to hear his words.

The Dark Elves were the same.

The Orcs victoriously swung their glaives in celebration, while the Dark Elves preferred to look smug.

Each of the Orc tribes were led by an Orc lord, but even they weren't listening because they were also extremely jubilant.

“Weed. Congratulations.”

Mapan was also glad.

While everyone else relaxed, Weed’s weariness grew larger.

He began yelling orders.

“Everyone return to your positions quickly! Chwichichichik!”

Skill: You have used Lion’s Roar.

- Morale increases by 200% for all allies in the influence range of Lion’s Roar.
- Any present state of confusion will be cleared.
- An extra 220% increase in Leadership will be applied for five minutes.

“He said, that’s an order!”

“His voice contains such great authority.”

“Come on, let’s go back.”

Weed’s strong leadership made the Orcs and Dark Elves return to their posts.

Depending on the power of your leadership, commands can be absolute.

Coming from the pit, an Immortal Army had monsters rushing out.

Reapers holding long sickles!

Banshees whose voice could slice the air!

Mummies that covered in bandages!

And beside the Yuroki Mountains were Ghouls and wild Undead beasts!

"Kuekuekue."

“Let us kill all of the living.”

“We will reap your lives.”

“Kiyaaaak!”

The Undead creatures launched a massive surprise attack.

While their individual abilities were questionable, he had heard that the ghoul leader's position at the axis was now weaker than before. They weren't comparable with the Zombies and Skeletons from before, but there were many other ghoul and skeleton warriors to replace the ones that died.

“I don't believe it!”

Mapan was devastated.

Another Immortal Army had emerged from the pits.

Suddenly, Undead Legions specialized in heavy offense filed out from the pit.

An enormous crowd madly rushed through.

The battle before was child's play compared to this, this Army held a much more oppressive feeling to it.

For the Orcs and Dark Elves who were celebrating victory before, this was a serious blow.

It took several hours, but they had overwhelmingly won the previous battle.

Their minds were still somewhat in disbelief of the situation.

Even if the Soldiers had become absent minded, their Commander had remained vigilant.

‘As expected of Weed!’

Mapan sincerely admired his work, but Weed was thinking completely differently.

‘Lucky bastards!’

There wasn't enough time to reform the lines.

From the start, his job wasn't anything that allowed him to relax like the other players.

He knows that being a moonlight Sculptor is a difficult job, as his life was not an easy one.

He, himself, have no artistic ability, and when making a sculpture, It was preferable to make it big and ambitious!

Surely a pretty woman can make a nice model for a sculpture!

But, because he was sculpting masterpieces of her, he had to flee and avoid getting targeted and caught by Seoyoon.

Having never lived a grand life, Weed feel proud and honorable of having won so easily. He had moved to a safe place where, thanks to his Army's raid on the Undead Legion, little damage reached.

"Orcs, fix your positions."

"Chwiik! I know."

Thanks to the effects of Lion's Roar, through Weed's command, the Orcs repositioned themselves.

The Orcs worked on their defensive formation. Many walls of oak were deployed and stacked along the walls of the castle by the Orc.

"Kill them!"

"Til death tears us apart!"

"Kkkiiiieehooooo!"

As for the other side of the Army, it had the effect of putting the opponents in screams and despair.

"Oh, I can't do it."

"We're too weak."

"I will be their friends. Enough, I want to die now."

The Dark Elves soon started crying. The Orcs also wanted to put down

their glaives.

The Priests were waiting for Weed's orders.

"Start preparing a blessing."

"Yes! Understood, Weed-nim."

The Necromancers worked together with the fifty priests of the Temple of Freya from Rosenheim Kingdom.

Now they gave the Orcs blessings. Overcoming the despair and confusion brought upon them, the priest sang so they could fight.

"Oh! Spectacularly beautiful Freya, the Goddess! Your fair hand stroking through my hair, gives it infinitely deeper grace. The instrument I play is because I loved you at first sight. Love you forever, that will not change, and dedicated to you."

The priests' stats had risen slightly through the last quests. Their level had not risen that much, but by singing a hymn, the Freya denomination's contribution would increase.

The church hymn was about a song of a man's love that was dedicated to Freya.

Due to the effects of the hymn, the Orcs and Dark Elves overcame the despair and prepared to battle.

In order to maximize the height difference of the terrain, the castle have large ditches built in front of the walls.

By far, it was a more favorable fight toward the Orcs and Dark Elves.

The humans from the exiled village were also a big asset to the battle. The smiths had created the silver glaives and arrows and the hunters had lay down all kinds of pitfalls throughout the mountain.

Under the castle wall, the Ghouls and the mummies received great damages as their bodies were pushed against each other.

"Eehyo hyohyo!"

On the other hand, banshees and several other types of Spectres were

able to pass straight through the walls.

Some possessed the bodies of the Orcs, or flew above spraying liquid acid.

The upcoming fighting between the two would result in a large-scale battle.

At the time, Mapan was on a rock where he saw Weed. He was at the highest point of the Yuroki mountain where you can view the entire battlefield.

That was after all, the best place to send commands.

Mapan was significantly distressed, but Weed still looked as composed as ever.

‘If you had ambitions like Weed’s, there won’t be a crisis that is too much.’

With increased faith in him, Mapan followed Weed even more enthusiastically and with admiration.

Weed was actually able to calmly command the Orcs and Dark Elves. Even in the midst of crisis, when the walls crumbled and the Orcs were killed by Undead monsters, he was completely unfazed.

‘If I die, they are nothing to me.’

Selfish Weed!

To Weed, the deaths of the Orcs and Dark Elves were nothing.

Rather, Weed’s mask of serenity broke thinking the items dropped from the Undead Legion would be stolen.

There were thousands of items right under his nose that Weed desperately tried to get.

While the front lines were busy fighting, Weed did not hesitate to pick up items.

Yet, commanding the frontlines did come before picking up items.

However, because of the threat of painful, agonizing deaths, the Orcs

and Dark Elves didn't care to take command.

“Raise troop morale.”

“The right flank needs to be more engaged.”

“Before the walls break, humans repair them”

"Orcs, go for the Ghouls and mummies, and the Dark Elves with magic and spirits, take care of the Ghosts."

Weed was able to calmly and impassively analyse the situation and command his troops.

After the effect of Lion's Roar disappears, however, his potential to command decreased.

Because of the many selfish Orc lords, Weed's commands were obeyed slowly, or not at all.

Weed generally left the Orc officials alone, as the mana consumption for Lion's Roar used to make the Orc lords obey was no joke.

Besides, if the authority of the Orc lords were ignored, they may get irritated.

So, turning a blind eye a little bit won't hurt..

To successfully conduct warfare, one cannot pay attention to all the trivial details.

A prolonged battle will decrease the stamina of the Orcs and Dark Elves.

Commanding the battle, preparing the food, emergency Orc bandaging, the frenzy left no time to breathe.

Weed issued orders breathlessly.

“Orcs -- ignore the front of the battle and concentrate! Dark elves! The Ghosts are attempting an attack! Try using magic. Chwichwit!”

The Dark Elves eagerly displayed their magic .

“Flame Spear!”

“Flare!”

“Elemental Shock!”

The banshee Ghosts that flew through the walls met a barrage of spells from the waiting Dark Elves.

Flame Spear, Ominous Blaze, Elemental Shock.

Having stronger mental capacities than Orcs, Dark Elves were capable of magic ranging from frenzy magic to elemental attacks.

This magic undoubtedly came from a Ghost

RUMBLE! THUMP THUMP THUMP.

The burned mummies angrily battered the walls, but the Orcs stubbornly persisted.

Even the height of the walls were over ten metres.

On their favourite terrain, the Orcs stood bravely with their glaives. They relentlessly hurled insults at the Undead.

“Bring it on. Chwit!”

“Chwichik. These ignorant bastards!”

“Gonna try washing off that stench? You’ll still stink. Chichwik?”

“You are fighting against noble Orcs. Chwichwik!”

The Orcs and Dark Elves briefly worked together, efficiently fighting operating as a group.

Although their armies did not fall, the Legions of Undead were slowly being diminished.

To the Orcs fighting hard on the walls, it was a surprise.

Their allies beside the Orcs were being strangled.

“Chwichit, why?”

“Death. The end of the road. The end of life. Men, your path to an eternal life will come from me!”

Each Orc was possessed by a Ghost.

Their pupils turned pure white and poisons seeped from every part of their bodies.

Suddenly, there were possessed Orcs attacking from inside the city walls, throwing the battle into chaos.

In addition to the mummies, it was now necessary to fight allies, too. Because the front walls were vulnerable, many of them were beginning to be captured.

Weed observed the situation impartially.

“All free-minded Orcs, lift your weapons and attack!”

The Orcs possessed by Ghosts dropped their glaives.

The silver-plating on the weapons were worrisome for the Undead.

The free-minded Orcs attacked targeting the possessed Orcs who released their weapons.

To the possessed Orcs occupying the walls, the concentrated dark elf magic was overpowering.

Flames melted the walls, causing large chunks of ice to fall down on the possessed Orcs.

The insubstantial, intangible Ghosts were not affected by the attack.

Ghosts, Orcs, and bloody Dark Elves!

Weed actively participated in the defense of the city walls.

Because enemy forces were stronger, it was a strategic retreat.

The enemies maintained a particularly strong defense, but large numbers of Orc warriors and fighters were designated the task of searching for enemy weaknesses.

Little by little, the battle had pushed between the walls, breaking into the enemy lines.

After having seen him work a few times, Mapan continued to admire Weed.

“Weed is so amazing.”

Once again, it was wise to listen to Weed in order to win.

Weed could efficiently command the battle against the Undead in many ways.

He could keep an eye on the entire battlegrounds within his field of vision and display excellent judgement. Weed’s control of his emotions was impeccable, thought Mapan.

In reality, however, it was a little different.

Although the results were similar, there was a large difference between what Mapan felt and reality.

It was comparable to the distance between the heavens and the earth.

Weed had an extensive amount of experience from fighting countless Undead monsters. Thus, harm fell only to the Undead.

From fighting in the majority of the battle, vitality continues to fall until fighting becomes painful.

If you cannot correctly determine the number of Undead, then it will be impossible to win.

An idea of which side was at a disadvantage could be formed from observing the behaviour of the Undead along with the movements of the Orcs.

This caused an enormous amount of nagging!

“You stupid, dull, slow-ass Orcs! Chwik. Chwik chwichwik chwichik! Move quickly and as soon as possible! Chwichwichwik! Your allies are dying. Fix it already, go go go go. Chwikchwik. And the Dark Elves’ eyes are closed. Are they sleeping now? Tired already? So you’re just like the Orcs, nothing better to do, huh? With your weak bodies, what will you do? Chwithwitchwit. Why don’t you beg to be saved from punishment. Chwick!”

It was impossible to command the troops outside without nagging.

Thus, Weed commanded the Orcs to fall back through nagging and yelling. However, in fact, it was a strategic retreat. The morale of the Undead Legion rose, but it was a mistake. Weed was ready to initiate his plan.

He intentionally allowed the Undead to easily enter so that the entrance would be empty. Then the alliance surrounded them from three sides: the left, right, and front.

“Chwit chwitchwt! Kill the enemy.”

"Chit. I, Porchi (Orc's name) , will take care of them."

The Orc fighters and warriors rushed to attack the enemy troops. The Undead who came past the walls were now facing a situation which they were almost completely surrounded.

Weed's eyes started to shine.

“Orc troops, retreat! Isolate the Undead that are trying to break away and escape!”

Since some of the walls were handed over to the Undead, it was an opportunity.

Not only that, he even used the lion's roar to give this command.

While watching this spectacle, Mapan had renewed respect.

‘I see, by choosing not to fight, it was the golden opportunity.’

Applying flexible tactics according the the situation!

It's easy to plan, but it's more difficult to change plans on the spot or abandon them.

Don't be greedy for victory. It's impossible to create a favorable place that would allow you to defeat your enemies easily without trying.

‘Yes, that's Weed.’

Weed expanded his view and saw the Orcs fleeing back. Closely chasing the troops were the Undead.

“Whew, how unlucky to have forgotten.”

During the fighting, a herb field was found. Many herbs comprised of yellow leaves were found growing there.

Herbs with red leaves help with vitality and the ones with green leaves help with mana. In fact, most of the herbs follow this pattern.

But the leaves that are colored black, white, purple, and yellow are also herbs. The black herbs are mostly used for black magic. The white herbs can be processed by Wizards. The purple herbs are used to create poison.

In the early days of the Versailles continent, the yellow herbs didn't receive the attention that they should have. The herbs were the most common, widespread throughout the continent, and if they were consumed, they seemed to have no effect.

There were just a few people who chewed the yellow herbs, which they saved in case of an emergency.

Then one day, one of the programs associated with Royal Road revealed to the public about that herb.

The yellow herbs increased stamina!

Since that day, people soon began to collect the yellow herbs. Those herbs were taken from their roots and began to have value.

This herb became the most expensive of them all!

Throughout the Versailles continent, the yellow herbs disappeared in a moment. Now the seeds were completely dried out.

Since then yellow herbs have become very difficult to find, but there was a pile growing here.

The plan was changed so that during the battle, the precious herbs can be gathered.

Making the Army retreat, just for the sake of gathering the herbs.

Through nagging, the tactical operations were all done due selfishness!

Nevertheless, the situation the Orcs and Dark Elves were in would worsen in time. But still, Weed was not caught off guard.

‘Oh my corrupted luck! This simply will not end.’

\*

Pale’s party was working hard at catching fishes in the underground dungeons of Jinn Lake.

Damn fishes.

Pale stared at their large rotting eyes rolling, then fled. Zephyr was fly fishing, and Maylon and Pale were shooting arrows.

Pale, Surka, Irene, Romuna, Hwaryeong, Zephyr, Maylon. The seven of them definitely worked and hunted together as a party. The party’s level rose significantly to two-seventy to two-eighty.

Quietly, relaxing time with each other without concentrating on leveling up. But now, the only fishes that seems to come here are from upstream.

Romuna suddenly lost her temper.

“Aaahhh! It’ll be possible to become Necromancer.”

She has been wanting to become a Necromancer. Although she was learning the brilliant flame-oriented magic, she didn’t have a well-matched aptitude.

When fighting, mana consumption was very high, so one was only able to enjoy fighting briefly after a long rest.

In comparison, Necromancers almost didn’t need a break! With a weak series of magical attacks and their Undead, a user was able to fight.

Among the top four of her dreams, she wanted to be a powerful Necromancer that had control over countless Undead Legions.

It was her dream to raise lots of Undead from the ground and demolish a city!

Of course, you would need to raise your level very high in order to do that, but she, Romuna, would not give up.

It was thrilling and fun.

That was the sole reason for choosing a Wizard in the first place.

“Haaaaaa.”

Romuna gave a heavy sigh

In recent years, Maylon, as the host of the Royal Road program, had been too busy broadcasting live to come and party with them.

However, there was another way to talk with her.

Romuna was complaining, as predicted.

“So bored. I wonder when Weed-nim is coming? It’s a little boring always hunting in the Lake of Elementals. Even though it gives a lot of experience.”

“Yeah. He’s taking a long time”

The officials were quite curious.

It was said he was on a quest in the Plains of Despair.

According to Mapan, he had successfully completed the quest, but Weed still had not returned to Rosenheim Kingdom.

“It’s boring without Weed-nim.”

No matter what you did, working together with Weed was exciting. They eagerly established pyramids, hunting together on the frontiers. The tension and thrill of doing something significant created a sense of accomplishment. The sight of his various production skills, like cooking and sculpture, was also a pleasure.

“Strangely, I haven’t had contact with Mapan-nim these days . . . He hasn’t sent a whisper to me once.”

Eventually, Pale went ahead and sent a whisper to Mapan.

- It’s Pale. How have you been doing?

Only a few minutes had passed when Mapan answered.

- Yes? You messaged me? Yes, yes, yes! But what did you want to ask me?

- It’s Pale. I meant to ask you what you’ve been doing.

- Yes. Hello, I’m very well.

Pale was puzzled.

He was normally friendly and outgoing when you spoke to him, but Mapan seemed distracted by something.

- Can you talk right now?

-Yes. , I can talk.

Pale tilted his head to one side, puzzled, but continued to speak.

- Where in the village are you doing business? If you're bored, we'll come and party with you. Mapan must also level up.

- I'm not. I'm not doing any business right now ... Kkkuueeeeg!

He made a noise like a strangled pig!

A long time passed before Mapan sent another whisper.

- It's ended for now. A Spectre just charmed a group of Orcs just now, so I was surprised.

- Pardon? A Spectre?

- Kyaah! The battle is really amazing.

Pale shook his head. He couldn't seem to understand Mapan's story.

- Fighting Spectres? What are you talking about now?

- I'm saying I'm here with Weed-nim!

- You're with Weed-nim? When did you meet?

- A few days ago. I just thought I would be transporting goods for a client. Eulaaaaaaa! I'm sorry. Just now, one of the walls of the possessed Orcs was seized. Very shocking . . . Anyway, this is Weed-nim's battle.

- Battle?

- Battle! The Battle of the Yuroki Mountains.

- What's that ... Where are the Yuroki Mountains?

- I'm at the Plains of Despair right now. I'm here watching Weed-nim's battle.

- And what do you mean by “orcles” .....

- I said Orcs! Orcs, Orcs! The famous ugly Orc from the Hall of Fame!  
That’s Weed-nim!

- Keeeeek!

Pale was startled.

When Weed left for a B-class difficulty quest in the Plains of Despair, they did not ask any questions.

They were curious, but had thought asking for details about the difficult request he was leaving for would be impolite.

First he was in combat against the Necromancer, and now he was at war against Legions of the Undead!

Pale immediately told his party about the information as they persisted to know.

“What did you say?”

"Weed, is he that fat Orc?"

“Weed is a Sculptor. How could he possibly do those quests?”

Focused hunting within dark dungeons, the party was too busy to hear the latest rumours.

So the most recent rumours were the ones they were unaware of until they ended.

“Once you know where it is, you should ask!”

- So how is it now? Do the Orcs and Dark Elves listen well? The Orc lord, Gulchi, looked the most handsome and strong.

Surka and Hwaryeong questioned, and even the normally cold and cynical Romuna joined in.

“Necromancer! Is it possible that this is the Necromancer from before?”

A former Necromancer was vital for Wizards.

Romuna excitedly spouting many questions was no surprise.

Each party member chattered to the wind, but Pale paid them no mind.

Ignoring the opinions of his party, Pale eventually just asked Mapan questions.

-How is the battle against the Undead Legion?

-Just Zombies burning; the battle against the Ghosts are coming to an end. It's been 10 hours already. It's a extraordinary battle! I didn't expect to see such a large-scale battle. It was really worthwhile to come here.

-Is the battle close to ending?

- Yes. It seems to me that under Weed's command, his Orc Army will win. . I can't say for sure because Weed has a very negative expression.

- Why?

- I don't know. I saw his expression harden with realisation ...  
Theoretically though, in a few hours we'll be able to gain victory against the last dead enemy .

Pale, who heard the story up until that point, suddenly felt like paying the place a visit. Then Romuna's nails bit into Pale's body and said, "Pale, we're going!"

"We?"

"Yes, I'll even buy a horse in order to make it in time"

Even if the ride was fast, many horses are needed to change mount whenever they lose stamina and the trip will take a few days. But Pale and his party were unanimous in conviction.

"Yeah, let's go see!"

"We're going to see those Orcs."

"Woohoo! Let's get going!"

\*

"Klkkiiiiiiiiieeheeheehooohyoooohoooo!"

Finally, the howling of the Banshee marked that the Undead Legion has

been annihilated. Three out of the eight walls been destroyed and two hundred and thirty thousand Orcs lost their lives.

The Orcs were busy fighting, and forced to take a considerable amount of time.

Weed gave the Orcs time to relax in middle of the battle. These were measures so that the health regeneration and stamina consumption does not exhaust their physical strength.

The Dark Elves were also given time to meditation to conserve mana.

Maintaining the top condition of the Army as much as possible!

Quite a lot of time had passed since the battle and the Orcs and Dark Elves were slowly rejuvenated.

Incompetent commanders would just follow their initial plans and rely only on their allies' powers. This was an established, simple formula for victory.

With Weed, there was a difference. The Orcs had been through a lot of hardships, considering the chronic fatigue they had. It was a serious matter for his allies to have suitable amounts of comfortable rest.

Weed did not cede to the tension.

'So far, the battle has not been very difficult.'

If a lesser Commander had been leading the Army, a third of the Orcs would have been slaughtered. It was a battle where anything was possible.

With the dead Orcs, the situation with the Undead was becoming extremely disadvantageous for the battle.

The walls provided great benefit to defense, where if they were not there, the Dark Elves' magic would not be able to be properly used.

Because of the mummies and their power to burn through the walls of the castle and the Ghosts possessing bodies, they were in middle of the entire conflict.

Nevertheless, Weed would not put a strap to his mind

'I'll be damned if this quest was this simple to succeed. To contribute so little and easily get rare items is impossible.'

Users cannot rely on luck in order to gain from such a difficult quest. A user has to suffer in order to enjoy the pleasure of reaping a large income.

The land was too harsh and barren to create classics, masterpieces, or better statues.

Weed hoped the more powerful enemies would appear.

"A death aura, a ying without a yang. Let's go, chwiit. I'm going to teach them the true meaning of death, the power of those living, the meaning of fear and despair!"

-Skill: You have used Lion's Roar.

- Influences all allies in range of Lion's Roar with a 200% increase in morale..
- Any present state of confusion will be cleared.
- An extra 220% increase in Leadership will be applied for five minutes.

His yell was fierce.

Weed stood on the panoramic rocks overlooking the battlefield, his arms held wide, magnifying his roar.

His roar echoed in the mountains and in the valley. The birds perched in the tree tops rained feathers as they billowed up to the sky as one.

"Cheuwaaa! Yawaaa!"

The Orcs followed, pounding their glaives upon the earth until it shook. It had begun with Weed, but soon it evolved into an enormous fury that spread from Orc to Orc.

The Dark Elves too sang a song of their own.

Hosram, Becker, Dale, and Buren, the Soldiers of Rosenheim Kingdom, heard yell and drew their swords from a rear unit.

It was then.

It was calm in the pit again after additional Undead creatures emerged from it.

Great, immense entire bodies of bone knights!

The giant, devious creatures of the Yuroki Mountains!

Paladin's blessed by the churches of various countries, with worn armor and swords. They fought past Legions of the Undead, even as the Undead revived. Giant monsters roamed the battle field, at the same time that others powerful monsters wandered by themselves.

The Orcs would attack the Undead monsters that morphed in the mountains.

Weed's experience hunting them told him of their strength.

More than a hundred Orcs should be mobilized in order to hunt a single one of those monsters.

Now, making the uncommon types of Undead die would be more challenging.

An entire wave of ten thousand ancient Undead Soldiers and five thousand giant monsters!

The proliferation of Undead would not end there.

The witches rode colossal rhinoceroses.

In the past, when Barr Khan had attempted to create a Land of Death on the continent, the Serpa witches were the ones in charge of the Undead legion's vanguard.

If the witches were skilled in black magic, they would present potions and curses.

Witches numbering a whopping 3000!

It is said the words can become the trigger.

As they waited, Weed appeared and ordered an immediate march.

RUMBLE!

The land shook as giant rhinoceroses marched across the mountains. The rhinos crushed the giant trees before them. Too many giant monsters and Undead to count. The true Army of the Undead -- the

truly elite, the Army of the Lich Shire.

# Chapter 3: The Lich Shire

The glorious Undead Legion was horrifying.

Individually, they were very strong monsters, but they were even more terrifying as a group.

The faces of the Orcs and Dark Elves paled as they saw the Undead Legion.

Some of the Orcs even abandoned their weapons and fled from the battlefield!

“Ueek!”

Mapan was also horrified. The Undead Legion held this much of a presence!

“Kue! Kue!”

“Kill everyone! Make more allies. Ku ku ku!”

The Serpa Witches broke out laughing.

Ancient Undead soldiers and giant monsters began to attack. They tried to climb over each other in order to scale the walls.

It was a disaster!

However, to Mapan, Weed seemed relieved and full of life.

It was a bit boring until now, but I finally have a battle worth fighting seriously over.

Well, guess it's my time to give a complete display of my strength, and experience more thrills flowing through me.

Fighting this army will be a lot more fun.

Of the Undead Legion, Zombies and Ghosts were fewest in numbers, but individually, they are powerful monsters.

Never before were there this many strong monsters gathered together for a reason, and he was going to take them all on.

Suddenly, Weed raised his hands.

“I am just starting. Dark Elves, prepare to fire!”

Weed walked to the Dark Elves who were waiting on the high ridges since the start of the battle. There were fifty thousand arrows available for their bows. The Dark Elves pointed their bows askew at the sky and waited for Weed’s command.

“Fire!”

Shuchouchoushuk!

This was the first arrow attack since the battle started.

The myriad of arrows completely covered the sky. The fifty thousand arrowheads that he had saved sparked under the sun.

“Above... from the mountains. Its bad... comforting feeling.”

“Do not stop.”

The Undead Warriors lifted their shields over their heads.

Looking like old relics, the shields, probably dating back to more than a hundred years, crumbled after being pelted by the arrows. Those without shields had to stop the arrows by blocking them with their bare arms.

”Aaaah!”

With arrows landing everywhere, the ancient Undead soldiers cried out in pain. But one ancient Undead soldier secretly laughed.

“Ke ke ke ke!”

His body size was unusually large with wide spaces between his bones. Thanks to that, the arrows luckily just passed between his bones, causing no damage.

“Ke ke!”

The ancient Undead Soldier’s jaw was wide open as he laughed in delight.

“Second volley ready. Fire!”

Arrows rained down every second, due to Weed's orders.

The ancient Undead Soldier again, crossed it's arms and just looked up at the sky as the arrows passed between his bones.

Countless numbers of silver arrows rapidly rained on the ground.

"Kuuek!"

The Undead screeched painfully.

The light was painful to the Undead.

"Night is going away!"

The arrows in the Undead made them look like hedgehogs.

The Undead have solid bones, but it was to no avail. The silver arrows had the effect of preventing recovery and was lethal to them.

"Fire, fire, fire!"

The arrows were shot rapidly, non-stop.

The tens of thousands of arrows flew down from the high mountain and caused the Undead to be unable to move, creating a beautiful sight.

"Amazing, Weed!"

Mapan said in admiration, but Weed did not feel good at all.

"That much is....."

Weed's heart broke as he saw money flying away with each passing shot, but it brought piercing pain to the Undead. Still, the ancient Undead soldiers marched on under the leadership of the Serpa Witches.

"Water force, scramble!"

Weed had prepared three secret weapons!

First, the Orcs holding their silver plated glaives. The second, buying two million silver arrows, and the third, using the Wyverns.

"Haaaaghhh!"

From the rear of the mountains, the Wyverns flew with tearing cries.

The soldiers of Rosenheim Kingdom riding the Wyverns were holding onto a big cup filled with water.

Sswaah Oh!

Water fell from the sky, as if it were raining. However, rather than regular water as rain usually was, it was holy water. The Herrera Cup changed regular water to holy water.

\*

Seoyoon, who had crossed the Yunoph Canyon, went into the town of the exiled.

"....."

The village was completely empty and deserted. All the people had moved, and the battle with the Orcs was to be blamed.

Seoyoon walked from there, taking breaks throughout the day, continuing by following her feet. Powerful, and thick forests, towering peaks.

Her footsteps naturally headed to the Yuroki Mountains.

It was the place where monsters were anywhere.

The Plains of Despair contain dangerous monsters, but the area is too wide to hunt around.

Going deep into the Yuroki mountains, Seoyoon was standing in front of the fighting Orcs and Undead. The Serpa Witches unfolded their magic and spells whilst riding the rhinos.

"They are strong, I think"

Seoyoon wanted to fight, but there were too many monsters. She was not afraid of them, but it would be much too time-consuming to fight them all.

Holy water was being sprinkled from the sky by the Wyverns. The Undead Legion was shouting as they marched, while the Orcs were sputtering out words of hatred.

‘Hate it here.’

Seoyoon liked the quiet. She placed her hands over her ears, leaving the place and moving deeper into the mountains.

\*

Chaeng Caheng!

Chou syuk.

“Wukyaaaaaa!”

“Chwiit!”

With antipathy, the Undead were soaked with holy water!

The Wyvern force sprinkled holy water constantly, and walls of silver arrows were being shot.

The Undead Legion marching had incurred enormous amounts of damage. With holy water, their whole body were engulfed in blue flames, literally laying on the ground whilst on fire.

“The coldness of ice, the endurance, slowing and broken. ICE ENCHANTMENT!”

“Unstoppable wind, sharp breeze, slicing the strength. WINDSLICE ENCHANTMENT!”

“The unquenchable image of sparks, hot strength, and flames. FIRE ENCHANTMENT!”

Lifting their bows, the Dark Elves temporarily enchanted the orcs’ weapons. Following the Dark Elves, the necromancers also used their magic.

“Boiling blood, show me your power and lose your head! BLOODLUST!”

“Kuwaag!”

The Orcs had gone berserk. The necromancers’ magic was accepted. In exchange for the magic granting tremendous strength, there were serious aftereffects. The orcs’ bloodlust eyes became bloodshot with red while their muscles swelled and tendons strained.

“Chwiaag!”

Brandishing their glaives, the Undead soldiers climbed the walls with matchless valour, clinging to the giant monsters.

Hundreds of Orcs leap on one of the monsters.

There were absolutely no tactics involved.

There were signs that made them realize they could only half recover, due to the holy water, and thus could not handle an all-out frontal attack.

Depending on which god each denomination was dedicated to, the attributes of the water were slightly different.

The denomination dedicated to the Battle God was good at healing wounds and enhancing strength. The denomination of the Goddess Freya, who loved art and abundance, had the ability to subdue the Undead.

Puwoogh!

Giant rhinos rushed to the front, kicking and trampling the Orcs.

Kuung! Kuung!

The rhinos made the surroundings shake, as if there was an earthquake. Even with their large thighs and legs, the Orcs had to avoid the rhinos by rolling their bodies.

“Block!”

The faces of the Orcs guarding the wall changed into a deadly pale look. The giant rhinos were rushing towards the walls!

The rhinos were larger than fifteen meters, even though the walls were solid, the power of the rhinos was enough to crumble the walls.

“Fire!”

“Take nothing for granted!”

The Dark Elves shot arrows, but most of their power was lost and fell near the rhinos. The Serpa Witches riding the backs of the rhinos using their defensive magic were to blame.

Weed witnessed this.

The rhinos that came running were incurring heavy damage on the Orcs.

At least a few hundred Orcs will die, but if I let there be serious damage, then the overall morale will be lowered.

“Dark Elves, use enlarge magic. Summon trees.”

In accordance with Weed’s command, the Dark Elves casted a spell.

“Enlarge!”

“Summon trees!”

Lush trees sprung up around their feet. Deep and long leg-like roots began walking toward the Undead soldiers, brushing them off violently.

And so the rhinos were intercepted. Because of the enlarge magic, the rhinos’ legs and bodies were enclosed by large, grown bushes.

Kueuoh!

The Rhinos roared, struggling to tear out.

The Dark Elves were constantly stopping the rhinos using plants, while the Serpa Witches hurled magic at them.

On the other side, the ancient Undead soldiers wielding their swords and axes were relentless. Whenever they waved their weapons, the Orcs lost their lives. However, after the death of one Orc, two to three Orcs grouped together to fight. All the Orcs growled, coming down the mountain to fight.

At this time, the hunters went out.

“We have to get this done.”

“I will take on the rhinos.”

Those who do not get stronger will not be able to survive in the Plains of Despair!

While killing monsters, the hunters came close to having a bloody death!

The smiths were mobilized to repair the orcs’ weapons while the

hunters stayed brave waiting for them.

At this moment, Weed was willing to use them.

“We have to catch the Witches. For the peace and security of the village, fight the Undead Legion.”

“Okay.”

Each of the hunters packed their bags with weapons and went down. Three of the four rhinos jumped through the plants and trees.

Valiantly, the hunters threw their spears at the Serpa Witches!

Holding themselves in an arch formation, the hunters aimed at the rhinos' eyes.

Human, dark elf, Orc, necromancer!

Combining all their strength to fight the Undead Legion!

They have become more vulnerable due to the holy water and arrows, presenting a chance.

While the Orc fighters healed slightly, the remaining Orc scouts and soldiers one-sidedly slayed the Undead soldiers.

The Orcs were in the front lines to prevent enemies from reaching the Dark Elves who were constantly preventing their bowstrings from snapping. While the Orcs fought, arrows flew above them.

Kkeueooh!

From the ancient soldiers to the Serpa Witches riding the rhinos, hundreds of arrows flew and upon impalement, they became stuck.

Qoowooung!

Before long, the rhinos had gone beyond their limits, cried out and fell to the ground. The Serpa Witches, with their unusually low vitality, died, helplessly crushed under the rhinos. However, the Witches' bodies survived and rose even without their spirits inside thanks to their magic.

“From death, come into being, newly alive, death take colour, death perform, death we have carried out, O comrades awaken. Dead rise!”

The dead Orcs became Undead. The tens of thousands of Orcs and ancient Undead soldiers that died during the battle were quickly revived as undeads. The enemies had further increased.

“Attack. Disregard that they have been turned into Undead and focus on attacking the Undead Legion!”

Weed was willing to sacrifice the inevitable. It was due to selection and concentration.

If dead Orcs or Dark Elves were transformed to Undead, you can never win. With the size of the enemies increased, the fight will be more difficult. Besides the Undead being constantly revived, this was not the case.

Instead, however, it appeared that for the first time the Undead Legion was weakening.

The ancient Undead soldiers being dealt by the silver arrows and holy water received heavy blows. The holy water was corrosive to the Undead, weakening their strength. It was the same for the giant monsters.

The Undead Legion, which could be called the true main force, was incurring serious damage.

“Calling Death Knight, Calling Vampire Lord!”

Death Knight Van Hawk!

Vampire Lord Tori!

Weed summoned the two.

The Death Knight can be summoned at any time and will fight as your comrade.

The Vampire Lord is often difficult to use when called out. Whenever power is consumed, the need to have blood is not a very good thing. If you do not compensate for the blood, he becomes increasingly weakened, stamina is reduced, etc.

A bloodsucking vampire has its advantages and weaknesses. Fresh and un-dried blood is necessary.

“You called, Master.”

“That’s your enemy. Go and fight.”

Weed pointed a finger to the Undead Legion.

"Dark Knight has awaken from the darkness. I hear your command."

The Death Knight keenly followed like a honed knife. Heading towards the giant monsters to assault them.

A loyal knight.

Since Weed had beaten him to death, the Death Knight absolutely obeyed Weed's command.

“I have no interest where blood does not flow, but those Witches are still alive. However, they are not to my taste.”

Tori’s black cape flapped as he spoke. It might be because he was born a vampire, but he favored women, especially maidens.

“Gaza!”

Tori jumped into the battle with vampires under his command.

A true-blooded vampire clan of a hundred!

In the past he had up to a thousand, but now he only needed a tenth. And because the vampires had not been born for long, many were still weak.

If you were to disregard their toxicity, strong vitality, and other racial characteristics, and only in terms of levels, they would be only around 120.

Vampires, too, grew over time while hunting.

Therefore the True Blood Vampires, despite their usual reputations, went for the giant monsters instead of the Serpa Witches.

“Mist of Disaster!”

“Hand of Death!”

Vampires were similar to or weaker than Orcs, but they had strong vitality. They fought by clawing monsters with their nails, while using

various black magic.

Tori was also the biggest asset. Multiple winds bound together and a tornado arose.

“Blade Tornado!”

The technique that made even the Paladins fly away was used.

Like leaves, the giant monsters and ancient Undead soldiers were caught up in the swirling tornado and fell.

And in a flash, they were massacred by the Orcs and Dark Elves.

“Stone Curse!”

The monsters that encountered Tori's eyes literally turned to stone. His petrification specialty was a bitter curse.

Tori also concentrated on keeping the monsters and Serpa Witches in check.

With the Witches occupied by Tori, the Undead no longer increased.

Meanwhile, the Orcs and Dark Elves earnestly brought damages to the Undead Legion.

Asserting the situation, Weed narrowed his eyes.

‘This is not good.’

Tori was also a vampire. Even though he had strong vitality and huge amounts of mana, his high-level techniques used lots of mana. Understandably, if he was tired, he wouldn't demonstrate the ability of a level 400 monster.

Weed looked down from his place on the rock. Mapan was there watching the battle develop, clenching his two fists with excitement.

“Mapan.”

“Yes?”

"Would you like me to guide you to a good place to clearly watch the battle?"

"Really? Of course I'd like ... No, wait a minute!"

Mapan suddenly had a bad feeling. In his experience, when Weed gave favours, there would always unfailingly be a reason.

However, he hoped it would just be his imagination.

'Surely nothing bad will happen, right? He says he'll prepare me a good spot. But I'll ask just in case.'

Mapan asked with a suspicious face.

"Do I need to pay you for this spot?"

If it's Weed, he could have easily taken money for the spot!

He asked since he understood him very well.

"No, it is free."

"Free!"

Mapan was no different from Weed in that his favourite word was "free."

"If it's free then it's tempting, but surely there must be something bad about it, right?"

"Yes, it is extremely dangerous. You may die."

If the Undead Legion were not defeated in this battle, he would die anyway.

Watching the battle already put his life at risk, so it was something Mapan did not particularly mind.

"Yes. Then, I'd like to see the battle in this good spot of yours. Where is it?"

"Right over there."

Weed pointed to the place immediately next to Tori.

"What's that ...."

"Now, go!"

Unnoticed, a hand slipped between them, and took Mapan's body up

into the air with a whoosh.

A Wyvern flew down and grasped his legs before taking flight again.

“Uwaaaaaaa!”

Mapan screamed. Immediately beneath him, were the countless heads of the Orcs.

They all held their glaives upright!

Next to the arcs of arrows, the magic of the Dark Elves came by.

Their flames grazed past, causing Mapan's face to heat up.

“Whew, I barely survived.”

The magic had narrowly missed him, and he was only barely able to sigh in relief.

“Waa, this is amazing!”

Mapan's mouth widened as his eyes took in the memorable landscape.

Flames shot everywhere. Magic exploded, as the ancient Undead soldiers fought against the Orcs.

“This view really is great.”

Mapan was a little thankful to Weed.

His feet were caught by the Wyvern and he was hanging upside-down, and even if he was in considerable danger, the present fighting was certainly thrilling and fun to watch.

A wyvern could fly around the sky to where you wanted to see the battle, so it really was a good spot.

But in actuality, the Wyvern clutching his feet had no idea where to fly.

Mapan had trouble thinking up there.

That question was soon resolved.

Hwirik!

The Wyvern flung him in mid-air without a sign of regret.

"Uwaaaaaaa! Somebody help me!"

Mapan began to fall towards the ground. Also, of all places, he would land straight between the battle between the Serpa Witches and the vampire Tori!

The Witches, whose faces were as jet-black as the Dark Elves, had various of gems embedded where their hair should have been!

In addition, an eerie aura emanated.

"Kihehehel!"

Mapan panicked.

He was afraid of falling into the ground and the thought of being caught by the Witches. If he was caught by the Witches, he'd face all kinds of curses, and might even be trampled to death by a rhino.

But then, Weed yelled with Lion's Roar.

"Tori! Catch Mapan!"

"I shall comply with thy request."

Tori ran, jumped, and snatched Mapan in the air.

For a moment, due to the weight, it seemed that they were going to dangerously crash, but with a flap of the cape, they managed to safely land

"Kkueek!"

Mapan felt his stomach churning.

'Still alive.'

Yet, he stole a glance with half-closed eyes.

Directly in front of him was Tori's pale face.

A boss-class monster over level 400, the Vampire Lord Tori!

To Mapan, it was hardly conceivable to even dare to hunt such a monster.

As soon as Tori sat Mapan down on the ground, the surrounding ancient

Undead soldiers unceremoniously attacked them. As inexperienced as Mapan was, he had never seen a battle fought this way before.

‘Euuu!’

Weak-minded merchant Mapan. Chattering teeth clacked. And monsters were all around. It was crowded with Undead.

Mapan clung to Tori in order to survive.

Giant monsters, ancient Undead soldiers and Serpa Witches, were dying right before Mapan.

It really was the best location to watch, for it felt like he was participating in the battle himself.

“Yeah!”

Mapan was soon cheering.

He immersed himself in the battle. Selling his death! He wouldn't regret dying if it was caused by watching this direct combat experience.

He also heard Weed speaking to Tori.

"Eat sparingly! You shouldn't die because you're well-protected!"

At first, Mapan could not understand what he meant.

‘What are you eating sparingly?’

But as soon as he was able realize the meaning.

Jjuuuuk!

Something caused an eerie feeling to run up his neck!

Tori had his bloodsucking fangs stabbed on the nape of his neck.

Whenever health and mana were low, it allowed instant lunches!

Weed gave Mapan sightseeing of the battle as the reason.

\*

The necromancers were holding their own against the Serpa Witches, casting black magic to generate Undead. They tried to make the Orcs or

the dark elves' corpses into Undead before the Witches could.

Without stopping, the Priests were engaged in blessing the arrows that were rapidly sent flying into the sky.

Some Dark Elves formed a separate group.

Their mission was to recover the arrows that had already been shot!

This was to regain the arrows and maintain a constant supply for the Elves.

“Cannot believe that us two noble males must do such a trivial mission.”

Of course, they did not forget to do it while grumbling.

The silver arrows and the holy water played a major role in weakening the strength of the Undead Legion. The ancient Undead soldiers covered with holy water were unable to use even half their power, and the silver arrows led them to their demise.

“Karichwi, the silver arrows are all out.”

But it eventually reached the limit. The arrows had been used as sparingly as possible, so the end of them was inevitable.

Weed gave orders.

“Then, shoot the fire arrows. Chwiik!”

“It'll cause fire.”

“It doesn't matter. Chwiit!”

“I know.”

It was far from the dark elves' nature to protect and value life. Contrary to the regular Elves, the Dark Elves were often quarrelsome and greedy.

“Shoot the fire arrows.”

“Ooohhh!”

The Dark Elves, agreeing with the idea, shot the fire arrows towards the enemies. Some hit the ancient Undead soldiers right on mark, but most of them ended up hitting bushes or trees.

Hwareureuk!

The flames were spreading, burning the dense forests.

The destruction of nature!

Arson!

Destroying Mother Nature recklessly, decisively!

Since they had firewood stacked at the bottom of the mountain, the fire spread quickly. The forest fire was not large because there were patches of ground with cut trees here and there, but soon it would go up in flames. Unavoidably, the ancient Undead soldiers had to stick together in one place.

They tried to forcefully break through the walls, but the Orcs desperately blocked them.

Grouping them together was the goal, as from the sky, the powerful holy water could be poured on where they were!

Sprinkling holy water on the bodies of the ancient Undead soldiers caused their bones and flesh to corrode.

The holy water was evenly distributed to the trees as pools of it surrounded them. The powers of the holy water, which was granted by the Goddess Freya as the symbol of abundance, made the plants grow.

The plants that had grown held onto the legs of the ancient Undead soldiers, while the tree branches hit the giant monsters.

Again, the Orcs suffered great damage, but the Undead Legion continued to be decimated.

The weakened ancient Undead soldiers were slaughtered, while the giant monsters were attacked by the surrounding Orcs. The Serpa Witches were finished being taken care of by Tori and the dark elves' magic.

A skeleton from the Undead legion dressed in robes emerged from the pit.

Red jewels were studded on his skull's forehead!

The Lich Shire was emerging.

“I will dye the ground and water in darkness. Undead Legion, advance. Kill the living. Make them our comrades!”

Shire’s roar rang out without hesitation.

\*

Weed quickly looked over the Lich Shire’s body the moment he appeared on the surface.

He made a rough estimation of his assets.

A lustrous black and blue robe, with ancient glyphs painted, that gave the feeling that he had small wings!

His fingers covered in jewelled rings, and a golden crown covering his head.

In one hand was a book of magic, in the other a white cane.

The Undead was wearing an unbelievably gorgeous attire.

Gulp!

Weed swallowed his drool.

It was like staring at delicious food.

‘Those are Moon’s shoes. They increase traveling speed, and, at the same time, significantly improve agility. That robe only came out once until now, the magical Vine Robe. That robe specializes in attack magic.’

He couldn’t distinguish the other equipment though.

Only one thing was certain, the Lich Shire had come out with REALLY expensive equipment.

‘If I stripped him down, I will at least earn ten million won easily! I have to end up with at least one of them.’

Wearing those items was like a death sentence in itself.

Quest-related goods apart, looks like drop items will also be worth their fair share of money.

Weed took full command of the army.

“Our last prey has appeared, chwik. All out assault! Orcs prepare for our last battle!”

Just the walls separated the Orcs of the ancient Undead soldiers and the giant monsters!

They began a large scale assault.

“Heave! Heave!”

“Push the walls. Chichik!”

The shabbily constructed walls began to fall apart!

The Orcs were all around the wall pushing them together.

All just as Weed had planned.

Their only hope they had to win against the Undead Legion, was to wait for the last moment to execute this plan.

The Orcs pushed against the walls with both hands.

Chests broad, faces ugly, struggling desperately.

Little by little the walls were being tilted towards the bottom of the mountain.

Then they suddenly fell out of their hands as they collapsed.

Kwareeeeeeeuuuuuung!

Chunks of rock quickly fell down, filling the previously dug ditches.

The remaining rocks continued to roll down the severe slope of the mountain.

The walls successively collapsed one after another!

The rocks rolling down the mountain side bounced.

Some of the Orcs couldn't avoid being crushed by the landslide of falling rocks, or lost balance and started rolling down the mountain as well.

A huge landslide of rocks struck the Undead Legion.

“Kill that Lich!”

The remainder of the Orc forces charged at the Undead Legion in order to kill the Lich Shire.

The Dark Elves casted magic and the Necromancers casted curses.

“Corpse Explosion!”

They destroyed the corps in advance, in order to let the Lich Shire revive them.

It was a pincer attack!

This was far from a righteous and fair competition.

The Lich Shire, no matter how powerful, if the Dark Elves, Priests, and the Vampire Tori attacked together he couldn't survive.

“Cowardice! One-on-one, this wouldn't even be a fight!”

The Shire's voice, full of anger, was completely ignored by Weed.

There was no reason to argue over righteousness and justice, but sometimes it was the only way to win.

Fighting him alone was foolish with such numbers.

He did not notice that fighting with an overwhelming majority was much more fun!

It was the Shire's fault that he appeared at the end of the battle to die alone.

“Know your own weight. GRAVITY.”

The Shire was casting a large variety of gravity-based spells.

The Wyverns that had been flying in the sky and pouring holy water, were caught up in the magic and fell to the ground. The Rosenheim soldiers that the Wyverns had been carrying lost their lives when the Wyverns fell to the ground.

The Shire's magic shot down the four Wyvern groups, and got about six thousands Orcs. Around three thousand Dark Elves also died.

The Lich's ability to display that extent of power, while restraining Tori, the necromancers, Dark Elves, and Priests was, to a degree, alarming.

Whenever Shire casted a spell, an explosion occurred and Orcs died by the dozens. They were switching one by one to weaken him, but they were still suffered great damage due to his monstrous strength.

It was so strong that soldiers of the Rosenheim Kingdom were forced to be evacuated.

Soldiers provided by Rosenheim Kingdom, Wyverns provided by sacrifice of art stat and level.

“Wyvern forces fly high. Tori, completely harass him, Dark Elf forces outpour magic!”

Thanks to the power of the holy water, however, Shire was weakened.

The Lich's life vitality was sealed in the vessel, and would never die unless by the force of divine power.

The holy water was being poured, the Priests used divinity magic, which was his weakness.

“Daemon Spear!”

Shire called out a black spear, and, controlling it with his finger, hurled it.

“Gaargh!”

Priests were pierced by the passing spear!

“Royal Knights, Death Knight, Orcs, protect the Priests.”

The Goddess Freya Priests appeared to be the lifeline.

Weed protected the Priests while the Wyverns, as much as possible, sprinkled holy water as a barrage.

Shire was slowly accumulating damage. He continued casting spells, but his power was gradually weakening.

Even though Weed was safe, the Lich Shire was to be caught, to be used to cover investment costs.

Though the battle had been going on for a long time now and was nearing the end, the Shire had high vitality, but his mana had been reduced to the lowest.

“Gueergh! How dare you!”

The Shire’s voice was filled with anger.

He could not fly in the sky, because he could not cast the spell. He was not able to cast even this simple magic because his mana had been depleted. His skeleton was cracking and his vitality too was going away!

However, Shire did not die quietly.

“Van Hawk! Tori too! Have you forgotten your pledge of allegiance to Master Bar Khan?”

“We found a new master.”

“Master Bar Khan is waiting for you. Come. Together with me, let us serve Bar Khan, and let this land be ours.”

It had become an emergency situation to tempt the Vampire Lord and Death Knight.

“I cannot.”

The Death Knight just cut it off and declined, but Vampire Lord Tori’s mind was being swayed.

“Though I had already apostatised, will I still be accepted?”

“Master Bar Khan is our hope. You will be given great generosity and tolerance.”

“Then.....”

“Yes. I’m willing to work together with you. Kill those alive. Life is cumbersome and should be harvested.”

Together with Tori, the Shire no longer hesitated to attack. The situation had haply gone to the enemy!

The Vampire Lord was more than level 400, if he possibly moved to the other side, it was going to be very serious.

There were living Orcs and Dark Elves, it was heaven for the vampire who had the means to constantly replenish mana and vitality. The apostatised Vampire Lord Tori was that dangerous.

“Forward!”

Weed gave orders to the Dark Elves.

With what was left of his vitality, Shire out poured magic.

A tremendous explosion shook and made the earth tremble!

But Shire stubbornly survived.

His skull was cracking, his body had caught fire. Lich showed monstrous vitality even though he had a broken arm.

Weed ran like lightning.

“Quadruped leap!”

Top running skill that enables running like a gale!

In a short period of time, that form severely consumed stamina, but he was not in any position to choose.

Weed literally ran his way through the Orcs. And jumped to the front of Shire.

Since Lich had grown his body to nearly five metres tall, there was no danger of his body becoming astray. Weed pulled out his sword, and there was a piercing sound.

“Sword Kaiser!”

The orcs’ vitality was so depleted, they simply look like herbivorous!

He watched Lich Shire, he was placing his life at stake at this time, to deliver his present skill that was his best one.

“This guy!”

His conversion attacks hit Shire, but he still did not die.

Weed has tested his technique against the giant Yetis to the point of being able give a lesson about it. Even though great amounts of mana

were consumed, the giant monsters were incurred vast losses to their vitality.

Yet, to eliminate the Shire, he ran short.

Black smoke similar to energy escaped his body and, in spite of being battered and looking like hell, he moved.

“Of the ice!”

Wanting to squeeze out the last of his mana, at the hands of the bony Shire, crystallised ice was made.

With the sword in his chest, there was no doubt that the attack would fly towards Weed.

Weed shouted.

“Dark Elves, ignore me and attack!”

Either I die here or we all die.

Already the Dark Elves prepared and launched a magic assault.

From all directions, hundreds and thousands of magic attacks were coming.

The magic assault had completely devastated the place where Weed and the Shire stood.

Hit by a series of ice magic attack spells. Body is freezing. Movement speed decreased.

Your body is burning. If the flame isn't put out quickly you will get severe damage.

By the lightning attacks, your body is temporarily paralyzed.

You have a serious injury. You are completely disabled!

Weed and the Shire were battered by the magic at the same time.

Weed clung to the Lich to avoid the possibility of him escaping.

The special effects produced by the magic appeared in a window but, most important to Weed, his health was quickly depleting.

The Shire's body, battered by magic, was engulfed in light and disappeared.

Your level has increased.

Your level has increased.  
Your level has increased.  
Your level has increased.  
Your level has increased...

Through pure instinct, Weed's hand reached out to where the Lich had disappeared.

Before verifying what loot he had grabbed, a window message opened.

Died from loss of health.

- Cannot log in for 24 hours.
- Skills and levels will decrease as a result of player's death.
- -Boots and hat were broken due to the deterioration of durability.
- It will not be possible to repair broken goods.

# Chapter 4: Quest

“Ahhhh!”

Lee Hyun, got out of the capsule and thrashed about in bitterness from having to die at at the very last moment.

Although he was prepared for death due to the difficulty of the mission, so he wasn't in the least concerned about having lost his life, but he wanted a chance to confirm the items that he had picked up.

“It definitely must have dropped something good!”

A boss-class monster.

A monster similar to the Lich Shire would probably never appear in front of him again. Even if another one was found, the monster would probably be well beyond the abilities of any group. After having killed such a monster, he hadn't even been able to confirm what it had dropped.

“If it was a robe that dropped, it would be big.”

Lee Hyun paced nervously around the room.

Vine's Magic Robe.

It had only appeared once, and its price had not been announced. It hadn't appeared on any auction site, instead a buyer had appeared through the Dark Gamer's Union. Even if it was for auction, not many people could buy afford such an expensive item anyway. Therefore it was more common to procure elite items through the Dark Gamer's Union.

“Robe. Robe. Robe!” Lee Hyun desperately prayed that he had acquired the robe.

“I know I got a hold of something....Whew.” Lee Hyun sighed deeply.

There had never been a time, in the game, where things had gone right for him.

Even if he had been hit by a massive scale attack, the fact that his boots and hat had been broken, even after having been maxed out in durability through his repair skill, was a symbol of his bad luck.

“It doesn’t have to be a robe. Shoes! Yes, Kurdal’s Shoes wouldn’t be so bad either.”

Lee Hyun lowered his expectations.

In fact, even if the Lich Shire had been dressed in those items, there was no guarantee that those were the items that would have dropped. The term ‘japtem’ didn’t exist for nothing. Even if he had picked it up, he could have lost it when he had died.

“I wonder, what about the quest...”

Lee Hyun sighed.

There was no way to find anything out.

With him dead, it raised the question of how the war turned out, and whether he had completed the quest.

He would only be able to confirm everything after logging in again.

“I can’t help it. I’ll just rest for now.”

Rather than having to wait anxiously for a day, he chose to put his mind at ease. No matter what he did, he wouldn’t be able to find out anything until the suspension is lifted.

Since he had been preparing for the quest, he hadn’t been able to sleep properly, so his accumulated sleep deprivation kicked in. It was better to just sleep with his mind at ease.

\*

People who watched the Orc Quest from the Hall of Fame, were waiting the video results of the large-scale war.

Numerous posts were popping up.

- Why has the video not been uploaded?

- Considering the time the video had been uploaded the last time, the quest should’ve progressed by now.

- Aah. I’m curious about the result.

At first, there were a lot of people filled with hope.

They were content with simply watching the adventures of the legendary Weed. The user that had climbed to the zenith of the 'Continent of Magick'. A game that had reigned on top for twenty years.

Wizards were filled with hope of finally being able to advance to the Necromancer class.

The people were not only interested in the large scale war, but also in the prestigious A-class quest. Even C-class quests gave a sense of accomplishment when finished, so they were curious about what an A-class quest would be like. Therefore, the Hall of Fame was filled with millions of people. They were waiting to see the video as soon as it came up.

However, with the Orc's grand quest not progressing, and another video attracted the attention of the waiting people.

### The Crimson Wing Guild

It was one of the top ten most prestigious guilds in the continent of Versailles. The leader Terose released a special video.

The video only spanned five minutes!

Although the video was too short to announce a quest or display a good fight, it still attracted people, simply because of Terose's name.

Since it would take a while to be able to watch the large-scale war of the Undead Legion, they had no problem watching a short video.

The video showed people entering ancient ruins.

"It's the Barbarian Warrior, Pline-nim."

"The Feared Assassin Dane is there, too!"

"The Magma Witch, Do-Gwang is there as well!"

All the strongest members of the Crimson Wing Guild were present.

Paladins, Priests, Thieves, Wizards, Adventurers, Assassins, Bards, Warriors, Summoners, Shamans, Rangers.

Beside these classes people commonly chose, there was also the witch

class with reduced vitality but increased magic power!

The witch who fought with a single dagger without ever retreating, a man completely crazy with daggers, Do-Gwang! The man said to live in a fortress full of monsters, assassinating them every moonless night, Dane!

Even famous users and unique professions were members.

Needless to say, The Crimson Wing Guild was large and famous throughout the continent.

These rare, high level users had all gathered and were going into the ruins. Just this fact alone made other users excited.

Terose was clad in a crimson armor, spoke with his cold and unique voice to attract attention.

- Finally, we have reached the tomb of the Scorpion King, after tracking down the tiniest clue, we have, at last, found it.

Even while Terose was speaking, guild members were entering the ruins.

Terose paused for a brief moment, after which he opened his mouth again.

- No matter how harsh the road or the obstacle lying before us may be, we will definitely overcome it. I will put my life on the line to solve this quest. Only those that do not lose hope may prevail. Let us depart, the A-Class quest is waiting. Scorpion King's Tomb, I will beat you.

Another A-Class quest!

It was more than enough to make people enthusiastic.

Terose, after saying one more line, disappeared into the ruins along with his guild members.

- Behold our unyielding courage and honor. From now on, watch our fight, our spilled blood and our honorable victory.

The video ended there.

The meaning of his message remained unclear. There were many questions left unanswered about the nature of the A-Class quest, but soon

it was answered.

Ten minutes after the video had been uploaded into the Hall of Fame, users discovered that CTS Media was broadcasting the quest of the Crimson Wing guild. On top of that, it was a live coverage of the Crimson Wing Guild exploring the ruins.

\*

‘We’re managing well.’

Terose was showed a fully satisfied smile.

In fact, they had already started exploring the ruins some time ago. On their first attempt they had lost some men, but together with their losses they had found out the way to the door leading to the stone chamber. However, due to not having the necessary sacrifice for the altar, they had to return.

‘It’s time to complete this quest.’

Terose pretended to survey the ruins along with this guild members. The thieves and assassins opened up the path, while warriors and paladins prepared for danger with shields raised.

“Kuaak!”

“Watch out. It’s a trap!”

The guild fought dangerous monsters and destroyed deadly traps. Sometimes they had to face large monsters, which resulted in a few deaths.

“Don’t give up. The real danger isn’t even here yet”

“Keep going. Something of this degree cannot stop us, the Crimson Wings.”

“The blood we’ve spilled will help us reach our goal”

“Don’t let your comrades die in vain. Don’t give up here!”

All around, high level users exclaimed frivolously.

Terose had mobilized over a thousand high-level users of the Crimson

Wing Guild, four times the number of people in the last expedition. Therefore the average level was lower than usual. Still, they mobilized as much users with a level of over 310 as possible.

‘We can’t afford to miss this opportunity.’

Terose took full advantage of the quest to promote his guild.

Broadcasting a difficult expedition 24/7 would greatly increase the guild’s fame. Additionally, by completing an A-class quest, they would be able to establish themselves as a strong guild to spectators.

‘If this quest turns out well, the guild would be able to spread their influence on a larger scale. First, raise funds to increase our size. If the newcomers level up high enough, the title as the strongest guild can be seized from the Hermes. We, the Crimson Wing, will dominate the continent.’

Terose puffed up his chest.

His ambition knew no bounds.

"Aaaaah!"

“Put more strength into it! Priests, heal our injured colleagues!”

The Crimson Wing Guild pierced through the hard way.

In reality, they had already advanced a great deal during the last expedition, but they acted as if they knew nothing of the dungeon, and faked their hardships in order to gain more viewership.

The guild members worked hard on their act. They had died knowing that it was coming. They had deliberately placed less men than needed to clear the paths; of course, they had already promised a substantial compensation to those that died.

“Even if I die, the expedition must continue.”

“Yeah, trust us”

Terose purposely took his guild members deeper into the dungeon while the Dark Gamers, positioned at the rear of the expedition, could do

nothing but smile cynically.

“They’re doing such useless stuff”

“Just increasing the number of people will only increase the losses.”

“That’s all just wisdom of life. You can’t do such a thing with being just a little crafty.”

“It doesn’t concern us since we just have to receive what we worked for. But the fact that we can’t fight is a bit unsatisfying.”

The Dark Gamers followed while complaining.

\*

The Crimson Wing Guild finally arrived at the altar after having gotten lost numerous times. It was the entryway to the deeper parts of the ruin, the tomb of King Belsos.

“We have finally arrived.”

Terose trembled with excitement.

The quest they had received required them to retrieve the horn flute of King Belsos. But the tomb’s interior was also said to have been filled with rare swords and magical items.

Terose took a look around.

A thousand users had entered, but only about 650 remained. Almost 350 had died while coming here. Compared to the last expedition, in which they had kept to the correct path, it was a rather high number. Even at that time they had lost 45 men near the entrance, and the number grew until reaching 130 deaths by the time they had reached the altar.

Since this time the number of weaker users had increased, it resulted in receiving higher damage. However, this was an A-Class quest, so the extent of the damage taken was to be expected, hence, their expressions did not falter.

“Let’s get started. Everybody get ready”

Terose placed 7 scorpion sculptures on the altar. At that moment, the

large door carved with a crimson scorpion, started opening with a loud sound.

\*Kruuuguung!\*

Nervously, the guild members held their weapons closed to their bodies. In the ruins, the use of magic was impossible, so the users had to rely on their physical strength.

It was full of beasts unheard of in normal monster books.

“Monsters.”

“Everyone prepare for battle!”

“Let’s fight ‘till death.”

“We can’t go back after coming this far!”

Terose entered the battle and commanded his guild members.

The Dark Gamers weren't there for show, either. They formed a circle to defend themselves, Priests in the middle and combat specialized classes protecting them.

Even though the formation was completed very quickly, some of the demon beasts managed to reach them.

Kuuhuung!

The beasts cried.

Due to their ferocious attack, the expedition continuously lost more of its members. If they had stayed near the narrow door, instead of taking their circle formation, they would have achieved much better result. Because they relied on what they had always done, they lost more lives than necessary.

But because the Crimson Wing Guild mobilized all their power, the warriors, paladins, and swordsmen led the battle on the front lines.

“We won!”

Only about 480 remained after winning the battle. Many had fallen yet again, but they were able to come out victorious.

“Let’s go in”

Terose hurried inside. The opened door had been shining with a brilliant light.

The members of the expedition that had entered the demon beast’s lair could do nothing but gape in wonder.

"Iyaaahh!"

“Treasure.”

In the depths of the room was a gigantic golden scorpion statue, and various treasures were piled on or near it, forming a mountain.

“It’s gotta be at least a half a million gold.”

“Half a million? This has got to be at least a million.”

Money wasn’t the only thing that had made the expeditioners excited. There were items scattered everywhere. Scattered treasures that were piled up shone brightly.

Terose easily found the horn flute lying in front of the golden scorpion statue.

“This is it.”

Terose raised the horn flute. Their mission was to bring the flute back to Count Grace.

‘With this, the quest will be complete.’

It had been pretty difficult, but they had safely reached their goal.

Terose’s future looked bright.

The CTS media was broadcasting this right now. At least a million people were watching, perhaps even ten million.

Once the A-class quest is finished, people’s minds will be imprinted with an unforgettable scene. The video shown by media would be watched repeatedly, creating a glorious image.

The Crimson Wing’s supremacy would only be a matter of time.

Then a pure white sword caught Terose's eye. The sword's hilt was engraved with flame-shaped patterns. Although there was countless of treasures in there, among it was something particularly refined.

'That's unique. Maybe it's the king's sword, but I'm not quite sure.'

Terose's eyes glinted with greed.

No warrior should be too greedy when getting a better sword, but they held great pride in improving their maximum damage output rather than focusing on their defence.

Every sword is significantly different in terms of their damage output. Naturally, an excellent sword couldn't be compared to a normal sword. Depending on the job, alignment or even the monster's characteristic, swords would vary even further. Against monsters of the fire attribute you should use ice-type weapons and against dark-attributed monsters, a holy weapon was the way to go. Therefore, warriors would normally possess up to three or four different types of swords.

'For the Crimson Wing to reign over the entire Versailles Continent, it is necessary to possess an excellent sword. A sword of this prestige will greatly increase my reputation.'

Terose silently fixed his eyes on the sword. Being the head of the guild, he desired to possess an excellent sword. The beautiful sword appeared to be a work of art. With his dignity and prestige, only a perfect sword was worthy of him.

Then the guild saw Terose and the sword.

"Terose go ahead, take it."

"Sir Terose, you have suffered a great deal, so you deserve the sword."

Terose's guild officers encouraged him to take the sword. Underneath the sword, they discovered an signboard.

After looking at the sword for a long time, it gave off an intense sensation.

"Hey, there's something written on it!"

Sabron deciphered the characters.

Take the sword.

“It says take the sword.”

“Me, take the sword?”

Terose didn't look enthusiastic on the surface, but he was secretly excited as he reached for the sword.

If Weed had been there, he would have been suspicious five times over already! With such easy battles, they should have been suspicious of their surroundings. Considering how smoothly everything went, this A-class quest was too easy. They had only encountered a few dangerous battles.

In contrast to Weed, who had commanded his troops and led them into battle; that in itself, was an achievement. However, neither the Orcs nor the Dark Elves were able to use their full potential.

The enemies were far too weak. The difficulty of this quest couldn't even compare to the Undead Legion's quest. Furthermore, this quest stated nothing about acquiring a sword.

That moment Terose just grabbed the sword.

Flash!

The place was filled with treasures made out of gold.

“What's going on?”

“The area is getting brighter.”

The people could not find where the light came from. After looking up, they found the source.

The Golden Scorpion had awakened.

“Fearlessly entering the tomb of Belsos - the great emperor of fire - with greedy intentions. The king is fed up with you fools. Those who trespass shall not be forgiven. A Fiery Retribution shall consume every one of you!”

Hwareureuk!

While holding onto the sword, Terose's body burst into flames. Within moments, he turned to ashes and died.

Another disaster befell on the expedition.

Fire spirits!

Countless fire spirits appeared and attacked them all at once.

The expedition party failed to respond to the sudden situation and its battle formation became disorderly, until it finally collapsed. While observing the expedition turning to ashes, the Golden scorpion said: "Foolish mortals! You have aroused the wrath of King Belsos and have brought a curse of fire upon the continent."

\*

CTS media was broadcasting their adventure to millions of people.

The Crimson Wing guild crumbled at that moment. Greed caused the Crimson Wing guild to fail the quest and led them to their downfall.

At first, they didn't understand what the golden scorpion statue was saying. Then they realized that they had failed the quest.

People on Royal Road began to start posting furiously.

- Humidity is on the rise.

- The rays of sunlight suddenly intensified.

- It seems like the temperature rose by about 5 degrees.

The curse of King Belsos!

It created a heat wave.

The continent was hit by a sweltering heat wave all year long, turning it into a place of death.

Albeit briefly, it was a good moment for those who controlled the Elements of Fire, because the fire magic became powerful and prosperous. Even if they liked the fire element, that only lasted until the sweat ran down their spine. Before leaving on a hunt with colleagues, it was great to breathe in the cold air of dawn, which is now impossible because of the

heat.

There was a tremendous outcry from users!

Accusations were made that the Crimson Wing guild caused this situation. The Crimson Wing guild, who was affiliated with the A-Class quest were punished for their pride and arrogance. The guild became stigmatized by their failure, so they were recognized anywhere they went.

Merchants and Traders alike refused to sell any of their merchandise to them, and players refused to party with them.

Allied guilds left one after another, turning their backs on them.

The once high reputed guild had now collapsed.

\*

With his spare time, Lee Hyun washed his face and took long baths.

“I like summer.”

It was quite difficult to take a bath in the winter. First of all, the boiler had to use more power to heat up the water. With extra cost added to the electricity bills, he would never get rich. In contrast, the summer was really nice. He had the option of taking a cool bath.

After he finished taking a bath, he went onto the auction site.

Orc's Glaive, loads of Elven headbands, rare herbs that can be used as a special poison, and japtem.

With his tailoring and blacksmithing skills, he intended to use the ores and leathers he had accumulated during his journey throughout the Yuroki Mountains and Plains of Despair, so he didn't post them on the auction site. Rather than selling an unprocessed ore, he wanted to sell the items he made to players, as it was easier to find buyers for them.

He took a short rest and then he sent his sister to school.

Lee Hyun spent almost 24 hours daily, exploring Royal Road.

To gain experience and items in order to make money!

“Can I finally login to check what I got?”

It had been exactly 24 hours since he died.

\*

The Director of KMC Media had been trying to contact Weed by making phone calls, and sending dozens of e-mails and private messages.

But to his distress, he had not gotten a single reply.

“Please read your damn e-mail!”

The KMC media director was a man of little patience. He was using every method available to him.

Then in the car, his eyes widened as he saw items from the Lich Shire available on the trading site.

“This is it, That’s what I’m talking about”

Weapons from Dark Elves and Orcs, leathers from Giant Monsters.

There’s no doubt about it.

The director immediately made a bid on the items.

He bid as much as 30 million won for just one Minotaurus’ claw japtem.

\*

Because Weed had died, he respawned in the nearest human village which was called The Village of Exiles.

The residents were busy, moving around with purpose and bright and vibrant expressions on their faces.

Hunter Kokundo was maintaining a shield.

“Hey, Weed. You’re back”

“How did the war against the Undead Legion go?”

“We won, the Lich is dead.”

“And then?”

“After the battle ended we returned here, the villagers who once were

slaves, came back as well. For now, the orcs and humans can get along without conflict. Although it's only a temporary truce. Right now the Orcs are looking for their hero; Karichwi, and the necromancers are looking for you. They hope to depart for the world as soon as they are able to gather."

With that last bit of information, Weed knew what to do in order to finish the quest.

"I see. I'll go see them."

"Thank you for protecting our village. It may not be much, but you will find open doors welcoming you in the Plains of Despair. We owe you a favor."

Kokundo went back to polishing his shield.

Weed decided to pay the Necromancers a visit first.

"Stat Window!"

Character Name	Weed	Alignment	Neutral
Level	<b>286</b>	Profession	The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor
Title	Artisan With Exceptional Dexterity		
Reputation	<b>13645</b>		
Life	<b>19230</b>	Mana	<b>9760</b>
Strength	715+65	Agility	575+65
Stamina	134+65		
Wisdom	136+65	Intellect	154+65
Fighting Spirit	323+65	Endurance	180+65
Fortitude	374+65		
Art	447+145	Charisma	212+65
Leadership	492+65	Luck	5+65
Faith	96+435	Charm	39+65
Attack	<b>2211</b>	Defense	<b>640</b>

Magic Resistance			
Fire	13%	Water	15%
Earth	25%	Black Magic	50%

He had gained 7 levels.

Even though he had not personally killed the Lich Shire, Weed had played a fairly decisive role. Thanks to that, he leveled up simultaneously. Even after dying his level had still been 286. However, contrary to his level, several other things had fallen.

Combat classes receive a rapid increase in strength, dexterity, or wisdom stat during their second job advancement. But sculptors didn't have such benefits, they had their craftsmanship instead.

A Sculptor is a class based mainly on art production. The fastest way to develop craftsmanship is to learn the different production skills, and then utilize their respective abilities and talents to create a variety of products.

Thanks to this, their physical and mental capabilities could be improved to be equal to those of the combat classes.

If one invested enough time, he could become strong enough to overpower any other players of the same level. However, the sculptor class had a downside: the skill levels.

When you die, the hard earned production skill experience would drop: Advanced sculpting 13%, Cooking 10%, craftsmanship 16%. Sewing, blacksmithing, herbalism, fishing, sword grinding, armor polishing, bandaging, Ironing. These skills had all dropped by 5 to 7%. In terms of levels, it was comparable to losing two or three.

“Euu.”

Weed trembled with sadness.

How could the skills he had earned through all his grinding fall so much! But for now, it was time to confirm the most important thing. The items he had acquired from killing the Lich Shire!

He had to confirm what he got.

In silence, Weed stuck his hand inside his backpack.

One staff!

One jewel!

One Magic Tome!

It would have been an impossible task without nimbleness that allowed him to loot items in any situation.

Weed also lost a few things due to his death.

A small brazier used by Blacksmiths, and threads and needles used for sewing.

In terms of money, it hadn't been that big of a loss.

"There is no Vine's Robe. I'm guessing the magic book is a quest item..."

Weed was still anxious.

Even if there were a lot of dropped items, if they were useless, then he would have done all that for nothing.

"Identify!"

Weed decided to check the magic book to calm himself down.

Ttiring!

Bar Khan's handwritten Necromancer's Tome of Magic

Durability:30/30

A book of Black Magic that allows you to gain the ability to summon the Undead.

It contains methods of summoning the Undead, from the easiest ones to the most advanced.

Since it was written by the genius magician Bar Khan Demoph himself, it isn't too difficult to understand. However, to create and control the Undead, large amounts of mana were necessary, so use the skill with caution.

Restrictions:

- Magic related profession.

Level: 300

Wisdom: 500

Mana: 8000

- Able to advance to the Necromancer class.

Option:

- Black Magic Resistance +25.
- Ability to create undead +2.

With high intelligence, you will be able to create Undead Boss-level monsters.

Improves the Undead's vitality and increases resistance to holy magic.

It was an item worthy to be called the greatest in creating and training the Undead.

‘I can get a lot of money from this.’

Weed returned the tome to his bag, as it would be difficult to sell until there were more necromancers.

Although he had gained an elite item for the Necromancer class, in reality, the interest in the class was still minimal.

Even if the interest is small, it would still take time for people to advance to the Necromancer class, and no one would be able to use the tome for a while.

Once the advantages of being a Necromancer became known to the public, a large amount of people would change their class. However the physical weakness of the class was a serious issue.

Necromancers were unable to receive blessings or healings from holy magic. This was a big problem because of the low vitality most magic based classes possessed, which resulted in increasing their chances of dying by three to four times. Therefore the typical mage wouldn't be able to successfully become a necromancer.

With their faults, Necromancers might not fit into the typical party setting. Because Necromancers would summon many undead, the undead would be doing most of the killing. As safe as it may be, the experience gained would be lesser than normal. The Necromancer population would slowly bleed out, and eventually only Mages who enjoyed that play style would choose it.

Weed slowly took a deep breath and identified the staff.

“Identify!”

Saint's Staff:

Durability: 90/90

Attack: 15-20

The staff said to have been used by the Great Saint Gorian whenever he'd have a bad leg. It was crafted using light but sturdy Elf tree wood, but because of the thick layers of dirt, the engravings had become unrecognizable. It is imbued with the force of life.

Restrictions:

Holy type professions.

Also available to criminals and warlocks

Options:

If used by Priests +150 Faith.

Charm +30

Endurance +20

Reduced stamina consumption in rugged terrain.

Improve fame by 30% more when making donations.

Able to use devotion or sacrificial magic.

When used by a villain, the staff increases the power of darkness.

Devotion:

Consume all but 1% of life and mana.

Gives all members of the party a level higher tier blessing and protection magic.

Sacrifice:

By sacrificing your own life, up to 50 party members can be completely healed.

The staff that held the highest expectations!

“As I thought!”

The item was enough to make Weed release a sad sigh.

“Where am I suppose to sell this thing?”

A weapon even more evil than the bone-staves the Necromancers cast magic with. Before he had identified it, he had thought that it could be a good weapon for Priests. Because of their low strength, Priests were unable to use mace type weapons. They usually carried staves or holy items that increased their faith.

Who would want this staff?!

If it had been a sword, then its damage would have been increased, but this staff didn't do anything other than augmenting personal stats.

“In this selfish world, things like values, devotion or sacrifice don't exist.”

Weed punched the ground out of anguish.

“I'd have rather not picked it up.”

Even so, the thought of throwing it away never crossed his mind.

He didn't have to sell it to a priest. Since it increased black magic as well, he could sell it to a villain or a warlock.

"Tools are tools. It's not the knife that's in the wrong, it's the person behind the knife."

Finally, he looked at the gems he looted. When creating weapons or armor, gems enhanced their power!

They were tier 1 gems.

Tailoring, like blacksmithing, could recycle a variety of leathers. Depending on your skill mastery, the difference could be big. As for the value of the metal he had found, it required a lot of effort to be melted, even for an expert.

"With this I barely break even"

Weed's mind was set to some extent.

Although the quest was complete, he had to invest 20 levels, 100 art stat, 70,000 gold. Quests were different from hunting, since performance had to be taken into consideration.

"If this was a chain quest, I'll have to go to the necromancers to get it."

Weed left the village and headed to the Yuroki mountains. Scattered debris and dug up dirt lay where the battle had been fought.

The ground showed obvious signs of struggle from the orcs, dark elves, and paladins.

The rhino horns had been looted, and the witches were gone by now.

After Weed had died, he had disappeared for 4 days, so all of the loot had already been taken.

"Still, I'm glad."

He would be able to get his hands on special herbs. Higher quality herbs could be sold for a better price.

"I'll be able to make more profit"

Weed's eyes lit up when he found the herbs.

Deep in the mountains where herbs grew well, he will carefully harvest them all without missing a single one.

Pabababag!

With a knife, he dug the soil around the herb until its the root was uncovered. Then with a swipe of his hand, he pulled out the herb with a clump of soil still attached to it.

In the past, he would've found this job to be too tedious. The money made from herbs was marginal and it wasn't necessary to put in so much effort. However, Weed had used up almost all of his money, so he was more covetous than usual.

“Money, money, money.”

Weed diligently inserted the herbs into bottles. Soon, his backpack was filled with bottles of herbs that needs to be fermented.

In the Yuroki Mountains, liquor was hard to come by.

The soldiers of Rosenheim and the Orcs were drinking together. Exploiting the Helaine Cup by mixing Holy water and fruit juice to create an artificial liquor.

Using the Sacred relic of the Church of Freya for personal pleasure!

The holy water combined with herbs, produced a sweet aroma and flavor. When drunk, it went down well.

Since the quest had progressed well, gaining a lucrative income became a possibility. The mastering of various kinds of production skills had always helped, no matter which environment Weed had treaded upon.

“Sculptors live on the edge, if you don't make money on the side or sell your sculptures then you'll starve to death.”

This was why he dug out herbs so diligently.

- Weed!

Mapan whispered him.

Perhaps he survived the war after all and since then, he had been trying to whisper Weed.

-Yes, go ahead.

- I finally got through! Where are you now?

- The place where we fought the Lich.

- Oh, that great. I'll be there soon. Let's form a party when we get there.

- Party?

- Pale and the others are riding to Plains of Despair in order to see you. Let's meet up. I'll be there soon.

Weed was deeply touched.

'Too bad I didn't live up to the world'

The party traveling across the plains show their friendship and loyalty towards each other!

\*

"Phew, this is hard."

Pale wiped the sweat off his forehead.

Riding and changing horses, Pale wanted to watch at least a part of the war against the Undead Legion.

The Priests came and gave them their blessings. Their exhausted stamina recovered, and as a result, they were able to continue riding.

When the going gets tough, smile.

"It's just like what was shown in the video, this must be the right place."

"This is east of Rosenheim Kingdom. Explorers have yet to venture to this land."

"We'll be the first ones to see the result."

Romuna and Surka felt overwhelmed, as they had never set foot outside of Rosenheim Kingdom. In search of adventure, you'll find yourself in the midst of various civilizations on the Versailles continent, and experience

the depth of their culture.

When royal road first opened, many people were worried about others entering the game just to indulge in selfish desires. After the game became well known, people got to it completely addicted. Young gamers were at risk of becoming shut-ins, narrow-minded, and timid of the real world. Such a result would have become a huge issue. However Unicorn Corp. was able to placate people with such concerns.

A player's experience varies with the continent they initially chose. From cultures of different places, to events you'd never see in real life. Such as cultivating a land and running its government. So instead of become weak minded, people appeared more human. And strong ties of friendship could be built while battling with your companions.

Surka said.

“Hehe, let's ask Weed to cook for us.”

Hwaryeong smiled and nodded

“I'll have him make me a delicious dish.”

The Geomchis were also in the party.

“I want to drink.”

“I'll get you a cup, master.”

Geomchi2 quickly complied with enthusiasm.

The Geomchis 1 to 5 immediately followed the party! They had originally decided to scatter throughout the continent in order to hone their swordsmanship, but Pale and the others were going to see Weed, and they decided to tag along.

For the sake of food and drinks!

\*

“Weed-nim!”

“We're here!”

Weed was harvesting herbs on a cliff overlooking the bottom of the

mountain, when people came rushing in.

The crowd rushed up the desolate mountain.

Pale, Surka, Irene, Romuna, Hwaryeong, Zephyr!

Unexpectedly, the Geomchis also arrived.

Weed welcomed them and a multitudes of conversations seemed to sweep over him, demanding his attention. Only now, that he was done fighting the Undead Legion, was he ready to talk.

In the middle of the plains, Mapan waited impatiently, as he felt no different from the parties that just arrived. He wanted to hear what had happened.

Mapan immediately came running to hear the story.

“And, so...”

Weed leisurely gathered herbs as he explained.

Just listening to the story about the war against the Undead Legion was exciting. Pale felt like he was on an adventure.

Mapan, having seen the battle first hand, was the envy of all.

“Was the quest successful?”

Pale cautiously asked.

Likewise, Mapan was unsure of the results of the quest since he had seen Weed and Lich Shire dying together.

If the Lich Shire had died even a second before Weed, the quest would have been a success, otherwise, it would have resulted in failure.

“Well...”

Weed’s expression conveyed endless depression.

Loneliness and solitude!

Deep sadness exuded throughout his body.

Even a lovestruck man dumped by his girlfriend wouldn’t look so crestfallen.

“I thought it was okay to ask” Pale apologetically said.

Weed dug into the earth, pulling out herbs, and spoke.

“The items...”

“Yes?”

“I lost my chance obtain the all items dropped by the Lich Shire”

“Keoeog!”

Eventhough he had successfully completed an A-rank quest, Weed was a man who would grieve over the inferior Items he hadn't looted!

‘Weed’s the same as always’

Hwaryeong grinned.

Despite not having seen his friends for such a long time, he diligently harvested herbs in order to make even just one more penny, rather than catch up with them. But that was Weed’s mindset. Even if he acted differently now, he would never change his lifestyle.

Pale and Zephyr quickly jumped into the herbal field.

“Weed, we would like to help.”

However, Weed modestly shook his head.

“No. It is not your job to do this tedious job, it’s mine”

“But still...”

“Just sit there comfortably and watch me.”

The usual Weed would never hesitate to take advantage of other people!

Pale obediently sat down on a large rock after Weed declined his offer to help.

Nevertheless, Hwaryeong and Surka rolled up their sleeves to try and help Weed, but they were stopped.

“This is my job, and I’ll finish it”

Seeing is wanting!

Weed was more worried about the women than the men.

Theoretically, herbs were more coveted by women as it enhances vigor.

“Wow.”

“The wind feels great, Master”

“There’s an available spot on this side”

With the stamina enhancing herbs completely cleared out, the Geomchis took a seat on some rocks.

After a while, Weed's bag was filled with bottles of herbs

“Whew, I’m finished. Thanks for waiting for me to finish gathering herbs. I’ll start cooking some rabbit meat stew.”

“Wow!”

The news that Weed was going to cook led to cheers.

“Ahem!” Geomchi cleared his throat.

“My throat is parched.”

“As if a knife was shoved down my throat,” Geomchi2 quickly added.

“Weed, we’ll catch a rabbit for the Stew. In the meantime, I hope you can make us something cold to drink with the herbs you harvested.”

“Yes. In fact, I’m going to brew a drink good enough to die for”

“Why don’t you?”

If it’ll makes you feel better, I’ll let you drink as much as you want!

“There are dishes to eat and wine to drink beyond the valley.”

“Won’t our travel be in vain? Wouldn’t it be faster if you start preparing now?”

“Enough said. Alcohol is better drunk cold. Depending on the atmosphere, the original aroma and taste varies greatly. So if you drank it in a relaxed atmosphere from high up in the valley, how much do you think the flavor will differ?”

“Yeah?” Geomchi thought to himself, 'even just one cup would've be fine...'

Weed decided to head to the other side of the valley together with his companions. A far distance from the decimated battlefield was a clear, flowing stream, full of fish.

“This will slightly increase my cooking proficiency. Anyway, let me fill the pot up with water from the river”

“Ha, go on then.”

Within sight of his companions, Weed took out a pot and filled it with water from the creek. Then he added the rabbit meat to the pot, and brought it to a boil. Finally he took out a few herbs and seasonings, to create a rich stew.

The food revitalized their tired bodies!

“Great!”

“It's really delicious.”

The dish Weed cooked was a success.

The rabbit meat stew disappeared as soon as it was ready. The entire group literally waged a war for for the remainder of the soup. The Geomchi's appetite was merciless! Surprisingly the combined efforts of Pale's party was overcome. In the end, their master won, and everyone else was fended off.

Weed gave them generous servings

Of course, none of this would be free.

‘One way or another. I will have you guys return the favor.’

In the case of livestock, pigs are raised as an investment and then slaughtered for profit!

“It burns my throat a little.”

He handed Geomchi a cup of alcohol to drink.

Gulp!

Some swallowed their saliva in anticipation.

Geomchi wasn't the only one who wanted a taste of Weed's brewed alcohol.

"Now, I'll let everyone have a taste of my drink"

Weed used Zahab's engraving knife and made mugs out of the surrounding trees and handed them to everybody.

Spliiish

Clear emerald liquor filled the cups. Any sane person wouldn't be able to withstand the sweet aroma that filled the air.

The Geomchis drank a sip and were ecstatic.

"Kyaah! this is nice."

It's better to drink something cool when your body is warm. Your body will feel refreshed after a good drink.

"This liquor is priceless and it's worth every penny."

Geomchi said, and Mapan agreed.

"This liquor is so good, I feel bad taking it without paying. It must have been hard making it. Here we are, spending Weed's hard earned quest money."

"Everytime I drink a sip, I feel like I owe you an apology, we'll pay for the liquor. I'll buy two bottles"

After Pale tasted the drink, he decided to buy some too.

"Yeah, I live for this this kind of drink. I'll buy ten bottles."

Since the Geomchis were no longer beginners, they were able to pay for their drinks. Weed will finally able to make money from selling alcohol.

But modesty in his words must not be forgotten.

"Really, you don't have to."

"We're out. Would you bring us four more bottles of your famous alcohol. Sorry to say this but we've run dry, can we have another round of

drinks?”

“Yes, right away master.”

Weed enthusiastically brought out more liquor.

The Geomchis and the others happily drank the alcohol made from the cold valley water.

Irene and Romuna decided to get up and help and said.

“Weed-nim, we’ll help.”

“No. Please allow me to make it. Alcohol tastes different depending on the skill of the person who brewed it. This way the drink will deliver the most delicious taste.”

Weed had his own reasons for doing so and continued to bring out the alcohol.

Therefore, the Geomchis and the others drank Weed’s delicious liquor like water. They deliberately conversed since the reason they travelled with Weed in the valley was to drink. They talked until the liquor was completely drained away.

# Chapter 5: The Power to Reject Death

After the drinking party, Weed headed for the village of the Orcs. Weed shapeshifted into the Orc Karichwi again, who had a massive and vicious body.

“Kyaaaaah, so cute!”

“This is how you look like as an Orc!”

“Look at those forearms. So muscular”

These people had an unusual taste.

Hwaryeong and Surka liked Karichwi’s appearance.

Yellowish teeth coming out of his mouth and a big nose.

Eyes brimming with confidence!

He had a bulging beer belly, proof overeating!

It looked nothing like a human or, for that account, like any other race you’d normally see. He was so ugly, that the word ‘monster’ was too genteel to describe him.

Weed had found the Orc village without much difficulty.

Orcs came to the Yuroki mountains, to hunt around the area, only a few months after the quest had ended.

“Chwichik! Selling zombie teeth for 5 million gold. Chwichik profit. Please buy.”

“Rotten Ancient Soldiers’ sword. Good condition! For only 20,000,000 gold.”

“Wear a cursed bracelet for the low amount of 8 million gold. Chwiik”

The Orcs were selling items they had acquired after the victory against the Undead Legion for absurdly high prices. But only a crazy person would buy it for those prices!

Some Orcs spoke in earnest with Weed.

“Good stuff. Buy some. Chwiik.”

“I’m not interested. Chwiik.”

Usually, that was enough to make them give up, but some Orcs were persistent.

“Do you want to buy this, Kari? You seem interested, see if it fits”

The Orcs were aggressively soliciting customers!

“Well, come take a look. Chwiik!”

Weed didn’t even have to take a look. He knew how the Orcs tried to ensnare their customers.

The Orc Village also had another characteristic.

They were completely devoid of any intelligence.

“Kari. Kari.”

“What’s the matter. Chwik.” Weed, showing no interest, replied.

“Hold on, those are humans. Chwit.”

“They are my prisoners. Chwit.”

Therefore, that reason was good enough to get them into the village. Because of the Orcs low intellect, they couldn’t follow complex reasoning.

“Oh, who cares. Congratulations. Say chichichit. Mmm this one looks good, you going to eat it?”

The Orc soldiers were drooling over Hwaryeong, Irene and Romuna while looking at him.

In the eyes of the Orcs, Surka was so small she wasn’t even considered food.

Sensing prey before them, the Orcs erupted into a hearty laugh.

As Weed was used to dealing with them, the situation wasn’t of much concern to him.

“I’ll eat later. Chwiik!”

“Oh Yea? Count me in. Chwiit.”

“I’ll pay 2 gold. Chichik.”

“No money. Instead, how about 80 zombie eyeballs? Chwik.”

Zombie eyeballs were high quality japtem worth 5 silvers each.

“Deal. Chwik”

“As usual, arms for me Chwichik”

“I’ll save them for you. Chwiik!”

However, Hwaryeong and Irene’s complexion went pale as they listened to Weed’s and the Orcs’ deeds during the war.

It seemed as if they were going to be hawked and eaten!

Weed brought his party to the Orc Elder’s home. The house was made out of roughly chopped wood, and when it rained, water leaked through the roof.

“Kari, you're home." The Orc Elder greeted Weed with eyes full of affection.

“Elder, as requested, I accomplished my quest, and returned. Chwiik.”

“Yes. Your contribution will not be forgotten. We, the Orcs have defeated the Dark Elves and have proven ourselves to be the rulers of Yuroki Mountains. Chwichichik!”

Ttiring!

Prosperity of the Orcs quest has been completed.

The Great Orcs were willing to make sacrifices.

To the highly fertile Orcs, life holds greater significance than death. It was a great honor for the Orcs to have fought against strong enemies. Fight to death against any enemy.

For a period of time, monsters in the rough terrains will no longer struggle for power because of the Orcs’ victory over the war against the Dark Elves and the Undead Legion. The Orcs had been crowned as the rulers of the mountains.

- Fame has increased by 230.

- Familiarity with the Orcs has increased by 19.

- Your influence in the village has risen by 950. You can now access the domestic affairs window.

- Influence in the Orc Village: 2,790

- You have leveled up.

- You have leveled up.

He gained 3 levels by completing the quest given by the Orc Race.

The Orc Elder continued saying.

“Here are the promised goods. Chwit!”

Quest reward items! For completing the quest from the Orc Village, the reward was either Gem or an Ore.

‘I hope I would get an expensive gem’

Processed gems from sculpting sells for more money. Weed held considerable expectations.

However, what the Orc Elder brought back was a black lump

“Chwichwik. This ore was discovered a long time ago. We found this being used in parts of some armor we took during a hunt. You can take it to a Blacksmith and have it applied to your armor to enhance it. Chwiit. Take care of it.”

A black lump!

At first, Weed did not know what the item was.

It was neither a type of equipment nor a mineral ore.

After examining for some time, faint traces of an armor was found.

It could be used to make gloves, boots, shoulder pauldrons, and belts. Things that were partially made out of mithril could be sold for a hefty sum.

The mithril could be melted in a furnace, but without proper skill proficiency, the process of hardening the metal would result in an unusable piece of junk metal.

‘Mithril. To handle this properly, I definitely have to go to the City of Artists. I also have to pay the city a visit to obtain more knowledge of the Moonlight Sculptor profession.’

The City of Artists, Rhodium!

Many Guilds of the artisan and production classes gathered there.

“I sincerely thank you, Elder. Chwit.”

Weed placed his reward inside his backpack.

Without missing a beat, the elder continued talking.

“Now the Orcs can hold their heads up with pride. Chwitchwit. We have proved to the arrogant Dark Elves that we are the masters of Yuroki Mountains. Chwiiit. Up to the last moments, through tough challenges, the Orcs survived.”

\*Ttiring!

The existence of Orcs in the continent of Versailles was revealed.

- Ferocious, selfish, and enormous race!

However, they are also honest and straightforward. The Orc race boasts a large population and the strongest members in terms of raw power. An overwhelming force!

With their enhanced physical abilities, the results of the Orcs' growth is physical strength that rivals that of a Barbarian.

For the Prosperity of the Specie.

The Orc race is now available at the start of Royal Road. New players can now choose the Orc race as their initial character.

‘It’ll be a busy time in the Yuroki Mountains’

After some time, Orcs with the appearance as handsome as Weed were made.

Curious of the new race, a lot of people were interested and chose Orcs as their initial character. Multitudes of new players arose in the Village of the Orcs. There were a lot of Orc players with “Chwiik” in their name!

Thanks to expensive prices and unconventional commerce in the village, the Orc players ran around the mountains hunting while looking heinous and selfish, but it also produced many opportunities.

Spacious hunting ground of Yuroki Mountains!

Infested with high-ranked monsters!

When they chose to start as an Orc in the Village of Exiles, they were

able to get many value experiences. They wouldn't have been able to if they chosen the human race.

Weed bowed his head slightly towards the Orc Elder and walked out of the village.

\*

With his party, Weed went to the castle of the Dark Elves to look for the Necromancer and submit his report.

“Commander!”

In the castle were Dark Elves and the Soldiers of Rosenheim Kingdom.

Royal Knights and Centurions alive and well.

Buran, Becker and Hosram!

Weed noticed that Dale was missing.

"Buran, where's Dale?"

“Da, Dale... Heuheuk!”

The Royal Knights had somber faces, both Buran and Hosram bursted into tears, while Becker was trying hard to hold back his tears.

“Dale, along with the Wyverns, got swept away by the Lich's magic spell.”

“How'd it happen!”

Weed eyes turned red and began to cry.

Deep sorrow, sadness, regret, bitterness and pain!

These were the feelings that Weed felt.

With a glum look, Weed sat to the spot next to Hosram, where Dale would usually sit.

Dale was hardworking and reliable, he got promoted to the rank of Centurion, and was given charge of the main force. ‘Dale.’

Rosenheim Kingdom soldiers were sorrowful, but Weed took the chance to increase intimacy.

“Nevertheless Commander, as a parting gift, he and the wyverns sent one of Barr Khan’s main forces straight to hell.”

“I’m sure he regretted nothing, we all would have followed you anywhere.”

Hosram, Buran, and Becker’s affinity and loyalty was at its best. To other soldiers of the Rosenheim Kingdom and the Royal Knights, Weed’s order was absolute.

It wasn’t unusual for a commander to mourn for the loss of a subordinate. Weed’s ability, charisma, and leadership that allowed him to complete the quest earned deep trust amongst the soldiers.

Weed’s companions thought that they had mistakenly judged him.

Pale reflected.

‘Although he cares a lot about money... he also has a tender heart.’

Surka and Irene had the same thoughts as Pale.

‘What an affectionate response Weed, having to mourn for fallen soldiers.’

‘The fallen Kingdom soldiers, even the careless ones, are being cherished.’

With tears silently forming on the rim of his eyes, Hwaryeong and Romuna tried not to smile. Weed had lost a lot of subordinates, but they believed his pain would come to pass.

In regards to depression and loss, these were some of the feelings that the world did not allow Weed to have. But reality was a little different. Weed was sad about something else.

‘My contribution!’

If the soldiers of Rosenheim Kingdom were sent back alive, the contribution he spent to borrow them will be returned. If their levels were higher than he first borrowed them, he will receive extra contribution points. Contribution was related to rewards and money.

He felt great regret because the death of Dale, the Centurion, had lost him a lot of contribution points.

Weed's eyes were still sore as he faced the Rosenheim Kingdom's soldiers.

"In addition to Dale, who else died?"

Amongst the soldiers, 25 people have lost their lives as they fought with the wicked Lich. However, our fallen comrades will be honored.

"Not anymore. Although they are no longer here, they will remain in our hearts forever. We should never forget them."

"You are right. Commander"

Its a miracle that all the soldiers didn't die fighting in the quest against the Undead Legion. The healing power of the priests contributed greatly to the success of the mission, a lot more than he would have thought.

Buran, Becker, Hosram, and others who were ranked as Centurion leveled up a lot. Thanks to his quest, the soldiers' level had grown by an average of about 70 levels. They would probably be promoted when he returned them to Rosenheim Kingdom.

The once ordinary soldiers would climb at an unprecedented rate. The Royal Knights had also leveled up by about 10 to 20 levels or even more.

After checking on the Rosenheim soldiers and the Royal Knights, Weed went to the Black Temple to meet with the Necromancers. Weed's companions followed up to that point and stopped.

The black-skinned Dark Elves were walking around the citadel and had sparked Weed's party's interest.

"Weed, we would like to walk around the castle and take a look"

Weed considered Romuna's request, and then nodded in agreement. He didn't have anything else to do other than to report the success of his quest.

"Yes, please do so. I'll report the quest and then I'll come meet you."

Alone, Weed went into the Black Temple.

\*

Underground of the Black Temple!

Necromancers were still wearing their robes with neutral faces, waiting for Weed to arrive.

While waving a Bone Wand, they said.

“We have waited for thee. Thy ability as commander was truly remarkable and will eternally be exalted.”

“It was no big deal. I had found their weakness” Weed replied politely.

Actually, I did not consider myself to be doing so well with the quest. If fought alone, the Legions of Undead would be similar to beating an egg on a rock. However, maximizing the Orcs’ and Dark Elves’ abilities was a great investment. It was not a big deal, thanks to them it wasn’t hard to claim victory.

“Thanks to thy ferocious spirit, we were able to defeat the Legions of Undead and put Shire to his eternal rest. To hell with ambition where it’ll burn with fire. Thanks to thee, the continent will no longer see works of Shire and the Undead Legion.”

Ttiring!

Lich Shire’s Undead Legion quest has been completed.

- The Lich Shire tried to conquer the world with darkness, but has been stopped and shall never again return.
- The continent of Versailles seems to be safe for now, because Shire who devastated the world in darkness and tried to cause an endless war, has been defeated.
- Your fame has increased by 2,750.
- Familiarity with the Necromancers have increased.
- You have leveled up.
- You have leveled up.
- You have leveled up.
- You have leveled up.
- You have leveled up...

Messages of his level increasing continued appearing. He had simultaneously gained a whopping 17 levels. To some extent, the quest

limits the experience gained depending on the allegiance of the recipient.

Completing a A rank difficulty quest meant receiving a lot of experience. Weed noticed that his level went over 300, to level 306.

‘I’ve regained all the levels I’ve lost.’

He has lost a significant amount of levels from creating Wyverns, yet he had gained all it back.

The Necromancer raised his thin hands and said.

“On behalf of all Necromancers, I will bestow upon you the compensation.”

Weed would never dream of refusing them. With an A rank quest, the rewards you received were bound to be enormous. Receiving the Lich Shire’s book of Necromancy would be just the icing of the cake.

‘At least a unique item! Or 3-4 rare items should be fine too.’

Looking back at the quest he had completed for the Church of Freya, receiving something similar to Agatha’s Sword was to be expected.

“But I’m sorry, we have absolutely no proprietorship of treasures.”

"..."

“Acquitted as hermits who could not attend to the world, we have no treasures to award you with”

“Isn’t there at least a treasure that you’ve saved that could be awarded to me?”

“For hundreds of years we have lived in the shadows of obscurity. Treasures of the Necromancers are scattered throughout the world, secluded from the sun.”

"..."

In the end, it all made sense. Looking miserable, Weed felt like curling into a ball.

Weed’s robes were so tattered that he was close to being naked, and his boots were so ragged his toes were sticking out.

The Necromancers looked no different from beggars. It was enough to make Weed fall into despair. However, the Necromancer shook his head.

“Do not be discouraged, there is something that we would like to give to you.”

“What is it?”

“As the leader of the Necromancers, I would like to present you with a special gift for all your assistance. This power is exclusive for to the Necromancer class!”

The atmosphere was very solemn.

Ttiring!

The skill 'The Power to Reject Death' is a high ranked skill unique to Necromancers, and passed down specifically to Blood Necromancers.

When attained:

- Health will increase by 500.
- Mana will increased by 1000.
- All stats will increase by 3 (+3 All Stats)

Would you like to accept?

The message window appeared before his eyes.

Weed did not worry so much.

‘For a prestigious A rank difficulty quest, the reward wasn’t so bad.’

The increase in health, mana and stats made the skill a great supplementation for Weed.

Unique to a former high rank wizard profession, the necromancer!

It wasn’t such a bad thing as long as he received the skill of the second class advancement of the Necromancer class, the Blood Necromancers.

“I will accept it.”

“You chose well.”

-You have accepted the skill 'The Power to Reject Death'.

When attained:

- Health will increase by 500.
- Mana will increased by 1000.
- All stats will increase by 3 (+3 All Stats)

pajijjik!

Weed's hand transformed to the shape of a Death Knight's.

“Skill description. The power to reject death.”

Power to Reject Death Beginner Level 1 (0%) Blood Necromancer's Unique Skill.

It is automatically triggered and activates when your health reaches zero. At the crossroads of life and death, avoid being put to rest by thy foes, and seek revenge.

You are immediately revived as an undead, ready to rage across the battlefield.

While in the undead state you gain two times the amount of life and mana. After a day, you will return to being human.

When your Vitality as an undead is completely exhausted, your skill levels decline and you will be unable to log in for 24 hours.

- The type of Undead will vary depending on the mastery of 'Power to Reject Death'.
- You can take advantage of the Undead's abilities.
- In the undead state, you are completely immune to black magic curses.
- For 1 day, you will be able to hunt as an Undead.
- In your undead state, you are vulnerable to Holy Magic.
- Blessings and Healing from Priests are impossible.
- Undead also experience the death penalty normally, and lose skill and experience levels like a normal player would.

‘In battle, the person whose life drops to 0, dies. However, using the power to deny death, I'll be able to continue fighting’ Weed thought that his new skill was pretty useful.

A skill that allows you to die and return as an undead while retaining your level before death. Not to mention that turning into an undead will help him prevent item loss on death.

Stamina and vitality were both doubled, and depending on which undead he transformed into, he would gain different skills.

Above all else, death can turn into a strategic advantage now with which he could continue playing.

'I no longer have to wait for 24 hours to play the game.'

Dark Gamers such as Weed made their money through quests.

Dying meant a substantial loss of experience and items and it deprived Weed from the opportunity to make money for 24 hours. The delay on the one day suspension means less monetary loss.

Although that came with formidable advantages, there still existed side effects. Even if he always revived as an Undead, he could not necessarily be sure of having victory in his grasp. On the contrary, he would suffer great consequences from dying twice.

All this is said.

"We necromancers have suffered greatly because of misunderstandings, forthwith it can be resolved. We the disciples of Black Magic, will once again prosper in this land."

"May you be successful."

"It may be a stretch, but we have suffered a great plenty while not trying. But there is one thing I would like to know. Is the continent of Versailles really peaceful?"

"Yes?"

"Unknown to most, evil hidden beneath the world has begun to move, this evil is known as the Embinyu Church. There are 12 leaders of this religion."

"Religious leaders?"

"The churches of Freya and Rui are different from the dark group hiding in Valhalla's temple. They believe in the evil god and will try to dye the world with darkness. Amongst them is the 12th leader who is hiding in the land of Baseurin. Although peaceful in daytime, during night, demonic festivals unfold. As a result, the entire city is under their control"

- You have learned information about the Embinyu Church.
- Learned information about Baseurin

‘Baseurin.’

It seemed to be an undiscovered region, and information was always helpful.

Weed said his farewells and exits out of the Black Temple.

\*

The people of the central continent looked up at the sky with resentment.

Cloudless sunny weather!

The Sun was blazing hot.

“It’s hot, it’s hot.”

“Damn. Where have the rain gone to.”

For the past few days, there had not been a drop of rain. A haze had settled over the land as the heat continued to skyrocket. As the atmospheric temperature continued to rise, flame type magic became dramatically stronger. A 20% increase or more, was granted due to effect of the weather. Seeing as magical power varied depending on the surrounding environment of the caster. As a result, Wizards didn’t have you use the full extent of their power to cast a powerful spell.

“Level 272 Wizard specializing in fire magic. Can I join your party?”

“You don’t have to cast a strong magic flame. What are you trying to barbecue?”

Wizards who specialized in Fire Magic received their share of inhospitality. However, Wizards who specializes in Ice Magic, even those who were just becoming proficient with their magic, were in the spotlight. Even if their magic was a little weak, they were taken to many exhilarating places.

Scorching Heat!

Sweat running down his spine!

Even during short battles, stamina descended quickly. Surprisingly, there were only a few people who left the continent of Versailles in frustration. Instead of complaining, more people seemed to arrive in the continent of Versailles. It seems like the world had a twisted sense of fun. Dynamically changing the land.

The pleasure of overcoming difficulties to weave a new path.

The fact the original temperature of the Versailles continent has not returned was not surprising.

“Apparently this is the curse of King Belsos, if so, there’s a way to solve it”

“Let’s go find a way before anyone else finds it!”

“Maybe, if you overcome the heat, you’ll earn an enormous amount of fame.”

The members of the Crimson Wing Guild were shunned by the people who had witnessed their downfall, while other guilds fought for the place that had been opened by their demise.

On the other hand, people were gradually adapting to the heat. Inside the Kingdoms and Cities, some people lingered near a fountain. Before people left to hunt or to explore, they would buy a bucket of water. Drinking cold water while walking, the heat was forgotten for a short time.

Those who were intimidated by the prospect of hunting under the sun, plunged themselves into underground dungeons. The cool underground dungeons and dens became very popular hunting grounds.

Many users sought cooler temperatures and traveled north. But it was difficult withstanding the cold ground, recently almost everywhere seemed lost to the cold.

The Curse of King Bellsos affected many players on the continent.

\*

“Looking for party without success...”

Rosetta who chose a profession with Fire affiliation and looked around while sitting by the fountain.

People were searching for parties so they could start hunting.

“My fire attacks is effective as any magic attack. Fast and powerful, although not as much range as spells.”

There weren't many wizards who chooses to hunt alone because it was difficult to overcome their disadvantage of having low health and defense, but majority parties were prepared to defend them.

“If there's an opportunity, would it hurt to learn an Ice attack? Since I am fully qualified to advanced to a Necromancer, I am forced to wait for it. The problem with learning a new skill is that the system can only raise it a little bit, but by joining a party, it can be raised significantly...”

It was then, when one of the nearby NPC villagers opened their mouth and spoke.

“Rosetta. Did you hear the rumors?”

“Yes?” Rosetta was slightly acquainted with the locals.

“The story of an amazing adventurer named Weed. The Lich Shire full of hatred led a Legion of Undead but was stopped by a single man named Weed.”

“Umm, which Weed are you talking about?”

“Yes, he has sent the Lich Shire and his Legions of Undead to their everlasting rest, and will never again be able to conspire evil. Although many soldiers and paladins had lost their lives, we can finally rest our eyes, eh?”

So far no one knew of the quest progress other than Pale's party!

Everyone had come to hear of the news of the defeat of the Undead Legions.

“Weed! Weed completed the quest.”

“The Lich Shire is dead!”

“Necromancer, I can now advance to the Necromancer job!”

Rosetta too, took part in the uproar that swept the entire subcontinent by shouting here and there like an erupted fountain, everywhere, a similar scene was taking place.

\*

The Versailles Continent story.

Shin Hye-Min was in the middle of today’s broadcast.

“Yes. Sources say that monsters who had invaded the Reuwan village were eradicated. People have once again begun to resettle in the village.”

Oh Juwan continues where she left off.

“We are indeed fortunate. This is result of many mercenaries who worked hard to defeat the monsters, is it not? Crisis is opportunity! Thousands of mercenaries who fought the battle gained a lot of experience. Although the village was ravaged, congratulations to all for winning.”

Shin Hye-Min and Oh Juwan had bags under their eyes.

All kinds of random events seemed to pop up around the Versailles continent. Not resting, ever vigilant, the broadcast was extended.

‘I could not travel with Pale-nim yet again.’ Shin Hye-Min felt pain in her chest.

Because of the broadcast, Shin Hye-Min hasn’t logged into Royal Road for several days to meet with her lover, Pale, yet alone talked to him!

‘Ah, Pale-nim and the others should have departed for their trip to Plains of Despair.’

She too, wanted to go along but had been no time. Fortunately after completing today’s broadcast, she would receive a three day holiday. ‘You can finish this broadcast.’ She thought sorrowfully.

Putting up a smile while casting her feelings aside, Shin Hye-Min continued the broadcast.

“Now let’s talk about the heat wave that’s been occurring these days, do you think that the Crimson Wing Guild are responsible for this and caused them to disband?”

“Yes, in fact, I don’t think anyone could have anticipated just how large the ripple effect that this event created.”

“At the center of this is Crimson Wing Guild, which boasts a formidable power.”

“It wasn't by chance that they have achieved their place as one of the top ten guilds of Versailles continent. They were a huge guild, owning 7 castles in 25 different villages. The guild has 150,000 available for immediate deployment in case of any form of emergency. The collapse and dissolution of a strong guild was very unexpected.”

“It is as you’ve said but it can’t be helped”

“As Hye-Min-ssi said. All their allied guild turned their backs on them, and avoid socializing with them. Other guilds who had been attacked by them, did not miss their opportunity for revenge... Their gate was reinforced only by ten thousand Archers! The way Terose commanded his army was electrifying, but it didn’t stop the morale from falling. On the other hand, allied forces was became more powerful adversaries. Which forced the Crimson Wing guild to choose their last resort and disbanded”

“Truly Heartbreaking.”

“However, the guild master Terose, with Dane, Do-Gwang, who all played a pivotal role in the guild, was seen together with other players, and seemed to be recovering. Perhaps their credibility will not disappear completely.”

“Indeed! Many guilds are looking for a way to stop the intense heat, isn’t that right Oh Juwan-ssi?”

“There is an increase of interest in recruiting new players to find a way repel the heat. In hope of doing so, will trigger a quest or find some treasures. To try and find a trail, they will start from the north and make their way to the deserts in the south where King Belsos ruins are.”

“A great adventure to the Northern continent.”

“Myths and legends always revolve around a boss type monster. I can't even imagine how strong the monsters flocking towards villages are or how frequently they invade. There are only a few high level players who are at the forefront of this, pioneering new hunting methods. It's actually quite amazing considering the monster's levels.”

“I'm surprised that you know so much, have you been pioneering north?”

“I haven't been there myself, but more likely than not, people will gain interest in exploring the North.”

There were not many people in the north due to the cold. However, there were adventures who were not deterred and traveled on foot.

Shin Hye-Min's eyes shone.

‘I think it would interesting if I get a chance to travel to North with Pale-nim.’ Shin Hye-Min said quietly.

“The northern part of the continent is currently warm. Don't you think it's a good time to travel?”

Then Oh Juwan face emerged with an outrageous expression.

“That is still not enough Shin Hye-Min-ssi. I cannot begin to imagine how cold the north of the continent is. I assume that even with the heat wave, majority of the area is still covered in snow. Because of the frozen grounds and snow over at the northern Kingdom, adventurers have a hard time looking for signs. However, those adventurers that managed to arrive at their destination, left tangible evidence, but had a hard time leaving again.”

“They had done a good job”

Thereafter, Shin Hye-Min concluded the first section of the news, she proceeded to the 2nd section of what's happening in the continent of Versailles.

The second part was progression of professions from various sectors. On

important issues, the professionals were called in for interviews before the show.

With this, he said with confidence.

“The Legions of Undead clearly seems to have failed. Until now, we have not receive any news of success.”

“I have already suspected it. I am not surprised.”

Each experts were allowed to voice their own opinion. They received a lot of criticism from viewers because they emphasized on the failure.

Shin Hye-Min said cautiously.

“The likelihood of success is remains, don't you think so?”

“It's impossible. Someone of Shin Hye-min-ssi's low level wouldn't be able to understand, the quests difficulty level is extraordinary.”

“It becomes more obvious as ones level grows higher. We also once were like Shin Hye-Min-ssi when we first started playing”

“Rosenheim Kingdom's Red Mercenary Guild has been dispatched. Please rest assured. The Undead Legion will be stopped if they try to invade.”

Shin Hye-min was embarrassed being unable to rebuke the veteran players' claims.

They didn't know the identity of Weed, as the company refused to disclose any information, but she was also reluctant to bring up her personal relationship with him. Shin Hye-Min's face showed the slight frown.

Everyone was clearly betting that he would fail, despite all the incredible things he had already accomplished, they still scorned him. These things were gradually beginning to pile up under the surface, bringing her temper to a boil until a sound in her headphones indicated that a message was being conveyed.

News!

Shin Hye-Min addressed the broadcast with a genuine laugh.

“We have just received new information concerning the topic that everyone wants to know. The results of the Legions of Undead quest.”

"...?"

“Is it as we have said, a failure?”

The experts were clearly puzzled when Shin Hye-mine said.

“The Lich Shire has been killed, and the Undead Legions had been put to rest.”

“That’s not possible!”

The experts stood their ground.

It was completely against common sense that something like this could happen.

“I can’t believe it! Are you sure about your sources?”

“It is the common story throughout the all residence of the continent of Versailles and amongst Rosenheim Kingdom’s Red Mercenary Guild.”

“Yes?”

“We’re gonna have to come back to you another time.”

"..."

# Chapter 6: Into the World

Weed had been busy preparing for the previous battle; and now, affairs had returned to normal for the Orcs and humans. After Weed had reported to the black temple, he wandered around the marketplace.

“So, here’s the market.”

Mapan acted as his guide.

After living in the citadel for a several days, the Dark Elves had a rough grasp of the geography, and many Dark Elves were opening up shops in the area.

“We Elves sell fruit that we planted and grew ourselves.”

“Buy medical herbs to heal your wounds.”

They had black skin and black eyes that shone like pearls!

Though the Dark Elves weren’t very tall, they had flexible bodies, overflowing with health and beauty.

“I am surprised. Mapan-nim is wandering around various market stalls to meet the Elves”

Surka said to Mapan, but Mapan awkwardly scratched his head.

“Actually I haven't met that many.”

“Then...?”

“The first time I saw Dark Elves, Wood Elves, and Half Elves, was when I was traveling to the center of the continent with Hwaryeong.”

“How are Wood Elves different?”

Surka asked the question that was on everyone’s mind.

Pale, Irene, and Romuna, had never stepped outside of Rosenheim Kingdom, the Geomchi were the type to listen as they were very ignorant.

“Half Elves have long pointed ears, other than that, they are no different to humans. Half human, Half Elf, they’re a mixed species. Wood Elves live deep in the woods and have excellent attack power, but are weak to

magic.”

“There are other Elves too?”

“Grey Elves or High Elves, Shadow Elves, Night Elves... There are many varieties of Elves.”

The description that Mapan had given to Surka was the full extent of his knowledge.

Geomchi turned and poked Geomchi3 and asked

“Geomchi3”

“Yes, master.”

“Do you know a lot about Royal Road?”

“Yes, of course master!”

Geomchi3 replied gallantly. He pretended to be the Royal Road specialist amongst the Geomchis.

“Where do the Elves come from?”

“Yes, the Elves, sir?”

“Yeah.”

“The Elves...”

“You do not know the answer?”

Geomchi and Geomchi2 had eyes filled with disbelief, and Geomchi3 stirred his hand.

“Of course I know. From the Elf village.”

“Village?”

“Wood village, Dark village, and Half village. It’s simple once you understand it, right? Their skin is black because this is the Dark village.”

There was a grain of truth in that strange explanation, Geomchi nodded his head.

"Oh ho, so it’s like that. You are wise, as expected, Geomchi3."

“You’re too kind, master!”

\*

The party went to the market to buy medicinal herbs and simple souvenirs. There were plenty of cheap, good quality medicinal herbs.

The party indulged themselves in the fun of sightseeing.

Mysterious items were common in grocery stores and trading posts, and with the Dark Elves walking around proud of their black skin, it was an extremely mysterious existence.

The scenery of the surrounding landscape from the citadel located at the mountain top was delightful.

Standing above the castle walls, the world unfolded underneath their feet. Azure skies, thick clouds accompanied by a calm breeze made the mountainview exceptional. Refreshing strong wind blew and cliffs were visible from the distance.

Irene was the first person who spoke out, with a smile on her lips.

“All of this walking around is worthwhile.”

“I know. I need to get out more often.”

Zephyr shared the same sentiment.

He usually fished along the river, so it was his first time to come to the mountains. He felt refreshed coming to the top of a high mountain and enjoying the sights.

“Well, let me take you to the weapon shop then.”

Mapan and his companions decided to look at weapons. They entered the weapon shop.

“Hello.”

Mapan bent down to greet the Dark Elf, who merely tilted his head.

“Why are you here?”

A haughty Elder Dark Elf!

The Elder Dark Elf who ran the shop had an arrogant look. Customers were not his concern.

Mapan asked politely.

“Do you mind if I look around the shop?”

“Knock yourself out.”

The party went around and looked at weapons individually.

The Orc Village had decent shops, but here there were plenty of rare things.

Zephyr found a fishing rod. Elves took pride in the flexibility, elasticity and rigidity of their cultivated trees, so it was perfect for fishing.

“How much do you want for it?”

“8000 Gold. If you’re thinking about saving and not buying then put it down.”

The value was inexpensive.

Zephyr paid for the item without a word.

"Wow! So much money."

Irene said, and Zephyr burst out laughing.

”It’s only money...”

"..."

Instantly, Zephyr became public enemy of the party!

The party was about to walk out the door to search for another shop which sold other types of weapon, however, the Dark Elf called out to Pale and stopped him in his tracks.

“Are you an archer?”

“Yes, esteemed elder. Do you have something you wish to tell me?”

“Compared to your talents, your bow is lacking. We Elves will never draw a bow that will put us to shame.”

Pale's face reddened with embarrassment. It was a fact that his bow was considerably worn out, and it was time to replace it.

“Buy one here, there are lots of bows so you can buy for a cheap price.”

Most of the weapons in the shop were daggers and bows. Daggers were in showcases, while bows were hung on walls. However, in the citadel of the Dark Elves mostly sold weapons primarily made by the Elves.

The first bow he saw was barely level 200, but the rest were more powerful. The prices of the items were not suited for the weapon, as some looked like they were just there as displays.

Not to be overconfident, Pale chose a regular bow. An antique bow decorated with sky blue hue. Although the Elven bow was not rare or unique, nor did it provide longer distance, it easy to use.

“How much is this one?”

“25,000 gold.”

“I only have 24,000 gold on me.....”

“If you're not going to buy it, get out”

Methods on how to save money that he learnt from Weed didn't work. Hard to please Dark Elves, when dealing with humans, they had a very unfavorable impression!

‘All my earnings amounts to 25,000 gold’

After a difficult struggle, Pale eventually bought the bow. Archers did not differ from Swordsmen in that they wanted better weapons right away. In some way, there's a fiercer competition for Archer weapons. If you shoot a good bow, the range is further lengthened, showing an evident difference.

“Hu-hu-hu”

Pale let out a hysterical laugh after purchasing his new bow.

Then Surka looked at the owner and said.

“But you look cute indeed. Not like an old man but like an oppa.”

“Surka!”

Romune cried out in astonishment. Hard to please Dark Elves, you had to take extra caution not to anger them.

Being in a neutral zone made no difference. Unlike humans, depending on the intimacy levels, one could be attacked at any time.

But such concerns seemed groundless as the Elder Dark Elf shyly smiled.

“Girl, you really think so? That I truly look young?”

“Yes. You do not look older but truly super cute. Dark Elf-nim.”

“What a very cute girl. My name is Granbell. I hope you will call me Granbell.”

“My name is Surka. Granbell-nim.”

Zephyr and Hwaryeong's mouths dropped at what was taking place. First having him give his name, afterwards it was possible to form an acquaintance relationship to some extent. Dark Elves like to look cute and young!

Surka's words by chance formed proper intimacy.

Romuna's fists trembled.

Pretending that the elderly Dark Elf was cute like an idiot. Depending on the perspective it should be different, but enough to say super cute. The same Surka that knocked out monsters with her bare hands was pretending to be cute.

“Surka you....”

“Shush!”

Rumuna tried calling out to Surka, but Mapan quickly stopped her.

“This is an important moment. So leave her alone.”

“What?”

“It seems this is a way to create intimacy with Dark Elves.”

Mapan knew better than anybody about the importance of intimacy and commerce in kingdoms.

As the intimacy with villagers rises, more serious dialogue with them becomes possible. One could possibly be asked to perform quests or earn important information.

In fact, when Mapan heard of Weed conducting the Orcs and Dark Elves of the Yuroki Mountains, he had big expectations. Via Weed in the Plains of Despair, he hoped to get quest information, but unexpectedly with little luck.

The Orcs were simple and ignorant so they did not know much about anything. The only information they had was about hunting grounds. Where and how to encounter strong monsters.

It was the Orc's way to send out several warriors for every one that falls. 100 could be brought to fight but only one might survive. This was no help to merchant Mapan.

In addition to that, Orcs were not very fond of humans. They found even basic conversations difficult. The gold needed to bribe them or feed them was enough to make Mapan have a nervous breakdown.

In this situation the Dark Elves were no different. They were arrogant and reluctant to have any conversations with humans. Shopping or hearing basic stories was possible but the profit was minimal.

Weed hated Dark Elves considerably. They were picky, lazy and had to be constantly pampered like they were some kind of nobility.

Mapan was isolated in the Citadel of the Dark Elves. No words could describe how delighted he was when the party arrived.

A guide plays an important role, giving detailed information about the Plains of Despair.

They were not disappointed by Granbell when he said.

“If you head to the east of our province, you will encounter tall mountains. The terrain is uneven, and you will be able to hunt lots of monsters but it's the scenery that's the best. It's a little tough to climb Horom Mountain on foot, but the story is you'll be in for a surprise at the hunting grounds although I can't give you any information.”

Weed came back from the Black Temple and saw the party's excited faces.

“What is it?”

“Well...”

Mapan went ahead and spoke of what happened in the weapon shop.

“A high mountain. Maybe you can you get fame for climbing it?”

In fact, until now Weed was fighting the Undead Legions so he did not know about the Dark Elves' story. Money might be around too, so feeling it was a necessity declared.

“Let's fly up Horom Mountain!”

Pale strongly disagreed.

Irene and Romuna also did not wander around because of their low fame.

For them, this was a great opportunity to earn fame.

Weed looked at the other party members.

“Everyone in favor of climbing Horom Mountain?”

“Mountain. I've stayed in the rivers for a long time, spending some time in the mountains seems fine to me Hyung-nim.”

Zephyr quietly spoke with impudence and Hwaryeong smiled with interest.

“For the sake of having a scenic walk of the breeze blowing the lush, let's climb the mountain!”

Geomchi said and clasped his hand together.

“Sounds like it'll be fun.”

Geomchi2 said.

“Eating grilled meat in the mountains has a special taste, seems like it will be refreshing, fine by me, I'm coming.

Geomchi3, Geomchi4 and Geomchi5 had similar opinions. They had not

many adventures this year, so climbing Horom Mountain seemed like it would be quite interesting to see. If you climb a really high mountain, you will be able to look around at the surrounding landscape. The entire party left the Citadel of Dark Elves and were intoxicated being in the mountains. Climbing the mountain, they had completely fallen for the story of the weapon store owner.

‘Somehow, I’m getting nervous’

Weed’s companions felt that this was somehow too easy.

‘Well, I’m sure everything will be alright.’

Everyone was content that nothing was there to oppose them, which wasn’t strange because there was no reason to do so. With a high fame, a player’s status in kingdoms and villages are easily recognized and quests can be easily obtained.

Because of Weed’s high fame, he didn’t have any trouble commanding the Dark Elves and the Orcs.

Weed nodded.

“We climbed the mountain from the bottom. Everybody should be tired, so how about we take a break and regroup?”

Pale and the rest were tired as they already rode a horse en route through the Plains of Despair. So far, they had yet to sleep properly. Drowsiness was forcing them to their knees. Hwaryeong agreed in a hurry.

“That would be lovely. Let’s meet again after we’ve all slept.”

“In that case, so be it.”

Pale sighed and then he told his party to meet up in 12 hours after getting some sleep.

Weed impatiently terminated the connection after the Geomchis logged out.

\*

Lee Hyun got out of the capsule to organize the household finances.

There was a need to meticulously organize the income and expenditures if it meant saving even a penny.

“This month’s profits...”

Lee Hyun’s hands were trembling while writing the household ledger.

Maybe other people would buy the items he had acquired this time.

Lich Shire was difficult to beat, his level was at least 470. No one had ever defeated a boss-class monster of this caliber, yet only 3 items were obtained. Nevertheless, Necromancer’s Tome was unique compared to the other 2 items he obtained.

One enchantment stone and a seemingly useless staff.

“I’ll put aside the enchantment stone rather than dispose of it, eventually I’ll sell if I need something to eat or drink which leaves only the staff.”

He decided not to sell the enchantment stone unless it was at a sufficient price. Perhaps if he uploaded it to the auction site, people would stand in line to buy it. Other blacksmiths can be entrusted to buy the enchantment stone because they wanted to process it!

They were more than willing to directly reinforce items as there will be further benefits when selling. Raising skill mastery made them able to get a higher price. Even so, the income was far less than expected.

“Should I sell the staff first?”

Lee Hyun went to the auction site and wrote articles for his items. Still, the staff did not seem to be a lot of money. Priests wouldn’t buy goods labeled with useless options like Sacrifice and Devotion. If it became a known fact that the staff had such features, it would be used only when necessary.

“I wonder what my earlier items are priced at?”

Without any big expectations, Lee Hyun looked at the prices put up for the goods. He had given up altogether early on because of vicious buyers that raised the price by only 1 won.

In fact, it was not a law to hold the auction till the due date. By setting a determined target price in advance, when the price is exceeded, purchase is made. Generally if a reasonable price is set, stuff is often sold in 1 hour. However, in order to make even a penny more, Lee Hyun did not set a target price. Playing around by raising the price by 1 won was very common.

“By now though, it’s got to be over 5,000 won right?”

Lee Hyun thought realistically for the most part before looking at the price of the items. Glaives and Elf Headbands were a little more than 1 won. In the first place, there were few buyers for glaives so he wasn’t going to hope for an expensive price. If the Elf Headbands sold well enough, he predicted he would be able to get at least 300,000 won. But then something toxic entered his eyes, it was one japtem.

Minotaur's claw: Number of bids 6. Price 30,000,000 won

“What the hell.”

No outrageous words came from Lee Hyun’s mouth. Joke bids could not be made in auctions. That is because when you bid on goods, at least 10% of the total amount must be registered as deposit.

“But 30 million won?”

Lee Hyun thought it was ridiculous but he quickly confirmed the bid in an instant. He decided to sell the goods to the buyer for no less than 30 million won. Even if the other side doesn’t purchase it out of hesitation, he would still receive the equivalent of 10%, which was 3,000,000 won.

“Made 3 million won.”

Lee Hyun promptly put the additional income into the household accounts book.

Titri Ring!

A loud ringing sound echoed. Lee Hyun felt uncomfortable and was wondering whether or not he should pick up the receiver.

‘There’s no way they’ll say it was a mistake and cancel the auction.’

It might just be phone call like that. Biting his nails, Lee Hyun heartily spoke into the headset.

“Hello.”

- Ah, I'm the person who won the auction. Minotaur's Claws, you placed this item on the site did you not?

The voice coming from the phone was mixed with impatience. Lee Hyun's eyes darkened.

‘Of course!’

Hearing that, he thought the person wanted to ask to cancel the auction altogether rather than just give up on the purchase. Lee Hyun raised his voice and replied.

“What are you talking about, such people don't live here!”

Lee Hyun's instantaneous wit! With these words you would normally step down, but the other side did not oblige.

- Is there anybody there that plays Royal Road?

“Yes? What road?”

- Royal Road, using the character name Weed, is there someone like that?

Lee Hyun replied bluntly.

“I don't know those people.”

-There's no doubt this is the correct number.”

“I don't know what business you have but I'm busy so I'm hanging up.”

- Come on, wait a minute! The item trading credit rating is high and a few transactions are listed so this can't be the wrong number.

"..."

The rationale of the other side was talking about him. Lee Hyun hesitated for a second and did not give an answer.

-Right now I very urgently need to speak with him. If not in person, then

please arrange for me to talk with him at any time. Really, my mind's been so restless that I forgot to introduce myself. I am KMC Media's Planning Department's Manager Kang Han Seo.

"KMC Media?"

There was probably no one among those who played Royal Road that did not know this highly popular broadcasting company.

- I really need to speak with the person that uses the character name Weed. Can you contact him for me?

Again the request came, Lee Hyun's mind wavered.

'His words don't seem like he wants to cancel the auction.'

He noticed that it seemed like some very important business. Lee Hyun, conflicted for a moment concluded.

"I am Lee Hyun. I use the character name Weed in Royal Road.

- Oh, so it's like that. But a little while before why?

"..."

- Well, that's not important. I need to speak with you about something important.

"Go ahead."

- I'd prefer not speaking about this over the phone, so do you think you come down to the broadcasting station?

Lee Hyun replied without any hesitation.

"Difficult."

- What?

"Going that far will take quite a lot of fare and I would have to change buses three times."

He would not use transportation expenses if he could help it. At Lee Hyun's words, the other side was stunned into silence for a moment and did not answer. But soon a voice came.

- Then ... please tell me the address and I'll send a car there. Do you think you can take a car here?

“That is possible.”

-Then I'll see you shortly.

# Chapter 7: Profit and Loss

KMC Media wanted an appointment as soon as possible, so a vehicle was dispatched immediately.

The vehicle was an imported car.

Lee Hyun opened the door with both hands and boarded the car politely. It was the first time he'd ever rode in an imported car.

The door was closed carefully to prevent any scratches from happening. Even during the arrival at the station, Department Director Kang was waiting for him at the entrance.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Kang Han Seo.”

“I’m Lee Hyun.”

The bald, middle-aged Director Kang’s eyes lit up as he inspected Lee Hyun.

‘He’s a lot younger than I thought.’

The Hall of Fame video was magnificent, exciting, and dynamic. What he had in mind was a man in his mid-30s, but unexpectedly, the man was relatively young in his early 20s.

Director Kang casted his doubts about Lee Hyun aside.

“We can continue our conversation in the Planning Office. Right this way.”

“Yes.”

As they walked inside the broadcasting station, Director Kang told stories of the birth of KMC Media and its attempt to establish real-time broadcasting of games.

As more players joined the game, even more information is required. Royal Road’s success can not only be credited to its large continent but also its diversified jobs of over ten thousand different available professions.

There are information are unobtainable on the Internet. There were a handful of rare and hidden professions, obtained through excruciating efforts. So naturally, players who had acquired them would not want to share the information. Thus, only the common professions chosen by famous people were selected by starting players in overflowing numbers.

Through quest rewards and broadcasting, several promising new jobs were uncovered. Not only Professions.

Unexploited areas throughout the vast Versailles continent, where you can be introduced to a quest with specific rewards. By doing so, players can experience different kinds of enjoyment in Royal Road.

The Department Director Kang said with conviction.

“One of the ways to inform players is through broadcasting. Overall, it is beneficiary. It has attained great accomplishment by allowing secondary or tertiary players to enjoy playing together. Royal Road and broadcasting are already inseparable.”

Director Kang continued talking about the new role of broadcasting and its concept, which Lee Hyun did not pay much attention to. Broadcasting was soaring thanks to their high amount of loyal viewers.

In the end, the conclusion he came to a conclusion.

‘Broadcasting earns money from stories.’

There is money where people gather.

Broadcasting programs associated with Royal Road was popular in Korea and abroad. It was not limited to broadcasting. It extends to various industries such as movies, comic books, novels, and toys based on famous characters. Lee Hyun was, in a sense part of the industry by selling items from the game to make money.

“This is the Planning Department.”

Director Kang then led Lee Hyun into a private room.

Lee Hyun could’ve sworn that the employees eyes lit up as he walked to the private room in the Planning Department because he was the

protagonist with the character named Weed, and he was young.

The room had comfy couches where the Director can meet with guest. Lee Hyun sat on the opposite side of Planning Director Kang and his staff. Director Kang immediately began asking him some general questions.

“Excuse me for asking Lee Hyun, but could you tell us your level?”

“Do I have to tell you?”

“You don’t have to tell us, but I recommended that you do because it could be helpful”

“Well, let’s say it’s 306.”

“306, huh?”

Director Kang and his staff had eyes that showed disbelief.

“Are you sure it’s 306? If you don’t want to disclose it, you can tell us privately.”

“It really is 306. By completing that last quest, I’ve gained a total of 20 level which caused by level to rise.”

“Impossible!”

“Is there something wrong with that?”

“No, I’m just a little surprised.”

Planning Director Kang and his staff were stunned.

KMC media had seen a lot of high level users while working in the industry. The majority of the users were above level 370! Of course it is surprise that Lee Hyun, with his level 306 character, was able to complete a quest of an A rank difficulty.

‘No. Prior to this, all quests that were given were reported to reflect the user’s level or lower...!’

Director Kang and the rest of his staff shook their heads, calculating the probability of this situation because it was too absurd.

‘No matter how the Orcs and Dark Elves were commanded, clearing the

quest was ridiculous.’

After drinking a glass of water, Director Kang said.

“Anyway. May we ask what your profession is?”

“Profession...”

Lee Hyun hesitated. It was embarrassing to reveal that his profession was a Sculptor!

Director Kang and the staff completely misunderstood his hesitation.

‘Oh, he must have a very good job!’

‘Yeah! It was because of his profession that he was able to complete the quest!’

‘An Adventurer, maybe? The quest does require the innate ability of an Adventurer.’

Lee Hyun hesitated at that moment before speaking.

“I’m a sculptor.”

“What?”

“My profession is Moonlight Sculptor.”

"....."

The planning room went silent.

A Sculptor!

It was an Artist profession that everyone had forgotten ever existed, that completed the quest? Project Director Kang could barely hold his laughter.

“Cool. It is great to hear that you are a Sculptor. Recently, Production and Art professions are becoming more popular in Royal Road.”

“I’ll have to agree. The profession of a Sculptor seems really fancy.”

While the others were either embarrassed or ashamed. They didn’t think that a Sculptor could accomplish such feat.

Various growth progress.

Many Artisan professions, such as a Sculptor, have low combative skills; therefore need to join hunting parties and survival techniques. If directly involved with the battle, those with higher stat held the advantage. With a high Endurance stat, it allows them to fight for a long time and not get tired.

As something popped in his head, Director Kang said.

“Oh! Come to think of it, a while back, a Sculptor shamelessly exploited the labor of players in Rosenheim Kingdom. Building a pyramid and savagely ate grass porridge.”

“That really happened? The world is an odd place.”

Lee Hyun blurted out in surprised.

“Yes, thanks to that, there was quite a rise in viewership. So how long have you been playing Royal Road?”

“For a little over a year”

"....."

This time the silence lasted a little longer.

Royal Road has been released for 2 and half years. Most accomplished players began playing during the beginning stages.

‘1 year, in a short period of time, he had grown enough to complete the prestigious A rank quest?’

‘How did he do to be able to gain over 300 levels in a year?’

Director Kang and the Planning Department staff’s opinion of Lee Hyun was depreciating.

‘Great, a total charlatan is just what we need.’

‘A guy with severe pretentions.’

‘Maybe it’s because of his young age.’

In a case where one plays for 18 to 20 hours a day, can lead to a misunderstanding.

Lee Hyun's level growth was not an easy thing to accomplish. Though it might take some time, the best way to level up is to increase their abilities.

Only someone with great patience can attempt to be a Sculptor and get to an adequate level. Spent a month sewing, a month of smithing, and three months fishing. Alternating with the ability to endure boredom!

Sometimes hunted monsters without breaks. Created sculptures in between break times. It was almost impossible to endure hard labor and succeed.

After asking a few more trivial questions, Director Kang got down to business.

“Actually Lee Hyun, the reason why we asked you to come down to the broadcasting station is to have you sign a contract with us.”

“Contract?”

“Yes, a short-term broadcasting contract.”

“Broadcasting contract. Specifically, what is its content?”

“It was you who joined forces with the Orcs and battled against the Undead Legion, right?”

Lee Hyun nodded in agreement.

“I figured as much.”

From time to time, there are people who came in contact with broadcasting stations. They would be questioned about their levels and professions, and it is always certain they would not hide it.

Director Kang showed great delight.

“I saw the video that was posted in the Hall of Fame. Your quest is enough to make lots of players fascinated. Do you think that our broadcasting station could broadcast your quest? Truth be told, our generic earnings and profits are all based on the ratings and viewership of our programs. When Lee Hyun's quest is shown during one of the broadcasts, the viewership will increase.”

“And in case the ratings are low?”

“Although that is unlikely, we will be happy to pay you the basic amount.”

After pondering, he concluded that it wouldn't cause him any harm. By giving rights to the broadcasting station, he would earn more money than posting it on the Hall of Fame.

“I see. That's good.”

“That's great. If you are willing, we'll have you sign an exclusive contract with our station.”

“How is an exclusive contract different? Do I have to come down to the station and make appearances? Chat with beautiful hosts like a Singer, or go to meetings in order to get viewership?”

The people in the room had astonished faces when Lee Hyun finished speaking.

‘Does he even look in the mirror?’

‘Celebrities can attract millions of fan girls scattered in the garden...’

‘All for increasing viewership!’

Director Kang wiped the sweat off his forehead with a towel.

“Not really. There's no need for you to make an appearance in the broadcasts. Lee Hyun, you have a recording of your quest, right? We'd like for you to send it to the station.” [1]

“So it's like that”

“Lee Hyun, by having an exclusive contract with us, Lee Hyun's quest progress can be seen here at the station and broadcasted immediately.”

“Ah, that's what you meant.”

Lee Hyun smiled briefly at his good fortune.

When it comes down to it, every time viewers laughed and enjoy the broadcasting station's show, that's when hard work really pays off. Director Kang and the rest of the Planning Department staff breathe a sigh of relief.

‘Whew, it was a misunderstanding.’

‘What a relief.’

‘Somehow, we passed the critical moment.’

Director Kang took out the documents.

“Here’s the contract. Please sign this document if you agree to broadcast your quests in our broadcasting station. You should know that we will not broadcast all of your quests. And we might also adjust the broadcasting time if necessary.”

“Why is that so?”

“It will be difficult not to disclose an important quest. During those times, the broadcasting station will adjust their schedule to give way to broadcast the quest.”

“The ratings of the program would be important.”

“It is not the only factor with take into account Lee Hyun. As you know, broadcasting stations are considered a company. Even if the quest is successful, the broadcast of the quest will be intentionally delayed which benefits both sides. Depending on Lee Hyun’s decision, the rewards of the quest would be revealed.”

“Then that’s not too bad.”

“For more information, you should first read the contract. And if you have any other question, please ask me.”

Lee Hyun contemplated and then read the contract.

From an unknown source of information, broadcasters can usually find information of rare quest, hidden quest, and a B rank difficulty quest. Programs were broadcasted were based on such information. Being bold in the field of broadcasting pays off as shown in the program ratings.

‘Sounds good.’

Until now, he’s only focused on the loot. If he has already got what he wanted, any rewards he receives from the quest would be meaningless.

If you've obtained a complex quest, spent a lot of time on it, there's a chance of failing. But you will be able to earn money through these kinds of quests.

"I'm ready to sign the contract."

"You have to answer some basic personal information and sign it."

Lee Hyun signed the written contract.

\*

The Director of the Planning Department saw Lee Hyun off and had just returned.

The employees said in unison.

"Director."

"What?"

"There is one significantly minor problem."

"What is it?"

The staff showed Lee Hyun's signed contract and saw how hard it was to read his lousy handwriting.

Director Kang narrowed his eyes.

"This person's handwriting is difficult to read."

"I find it hard to read as well."

In any case, once the written contract has been signed, the contract is established.

Spending a couple of days checking the Hall of Fame and the auction site, Director Kang sat on his chair, exhausted.

"Now I feel completely unrestrained."

"Congratulations, Director."

Likewise, the Planning Department was also at ease. Because they were always extremely busy with their job, without these small senses of accomplishment, they would have already quit.

“Director. How long would it take for the video to arrive?”

“1 hour perhaps? It will take him that long to get home from the station and when he arrives home, he’ll send the video”

“It would be great if it arrived sooner.”

The Planning Department had all been waiting for Lee Hyun to send the video. As soon as Lee Hyun got home, he had sent them the video of his gameplay and the quest.

Just as the lunch hour had approached, Director Kang left all the Planning Department staff to do their own things and simply waited for the video's arrival.

Soon after, one of the employees who was looking at their computer, shouted.

“It’s here!”

“Really?”

Director Kang was delighted. The Planning Department staffs were pleased.

“Play it on the main screen for us to watch.”

“Alright, Director.”

One of the Planning Department staff maneuvered the computer to play the video on the screen, but Director Kang felt his tummy grumbled.

“But shouldn’t we have lunch first?”

“Director, may we watch and eat at the same time?”

The staff knew that Lee Hyun’s video was something they wouldn’t want to miss. Director Kang was eager to find out if the results of the Legions of Undead quest were true.

“Why not? Let’s order some take-out.”

“Yes. I’ll order it immediately.”

Director Kang sat down with the rest of the staff.

Just as the video was about to play on the screen, the door opened and the Station Director walked in.

“Director Kang, I trust you have acquired the contract?”

He had heard that Lee Hyun came to the station.

“Yes. It went very well.”

“Will you be the one to organize the broadcast?”

“I also want to edit the video and the audio, if necessary, so it’ll fit the time schedule of the broadcast.”

“It’s not good to delay it for too long. I want it done as soon as possible.”

“Yes. We will do as you say, Director.”

Director Kang inclined his waist and bowed. A thorough worker’s attitude.

“But what is the hurry Director Kang? The employees have all gathered here when they should be eating lunch.”

“Actually, the video had arrived. I told the staff that that we will watch it while we eat.”

“Is that so?”

Director Kang revealed the video’s content. It was about the Orcs and Dark Elves battling together, and he was excited to see it.

“Director Kang, could I possibly watch as well?”

“It would be an honor if the Station Director would watch it with us.”

“Well, in that case, I’ll also call the Program Director. Actually, except for those who are busy, let’s call everyone who participated in the last meeting to the conference room.”

Nobody opposed to the Director’s suggestion. It was much better to watch the video in the Conference Room with state of the art surround sound and screen rather than watching it in the Planning Department.

The Station Director, Director Kang, and the Planning Department staff

went to the conference room, ordered a meal, and sat down. The Program Director also arrived and sat down, and waited for the movie to play.

Soon the lights went out and the sound from the video began to reverberate. With surround sound, the feeling of immersion can be felt.

- Black smoke obscuring the red sun. Chwiik! In the land of darkness, where the birds do not sing. Chwikchwik!

The ugly Orc Karichwi appeared.

“Ohhhh!”

“Karichwi!”

Some female fans within the staff cheered quietly.

Their behavior is understandable if he was charming but it's a puzzle when he has an unattractive face.

Overnight, Karichwi became popular among females everywhere.

The Director laughed with satisfaction.

‘It's good that Karichwi was popular even amongst our employees.’

It's intolerable if the staff and Station Director do not enjoy the video. They're like a person's immune system. Needless to say, if it's not popular with the staff, the viewers will probably not like it.

“Director Kang.”

“Yes, Station Director.”

“Could you tell me the duration of this video?”

The Station Director asked as Karichwi began to sing. Director Kang took a moment to check and then replied in a small voice.

“It is twenty one hours long.”

"....."

“He sent us the original video. It looks like it hasn't been edited. What would you like for us to do? Do you want us to skip to the important parts or would you like to play it a little faster?”

“Let’s just see what happens.”

The glaive gave off a reddish depressing light overshadowing the sky and Karichwi.

What an atmosphere!

\*Kukwakwakwa!\*

Burning Skeletons and Zombies began to emerge from the valleys.

“Kyaa!”

Some female employees began screaming at the bloody appearances of the Undead, but it was a scream of astonishment. Their eyes were glued to the screen, as their lips formed a curious smile.

As the Orcs and the Dark Elves’ battle with the Legions of Undead progresses, Director Kang gasped and clenched his fist a couple of times.

The eight Castle walls didn’t seem sturdy and their anxiety reflected in their eyes. Relying on such walls during an important battle was nerve-wracking. [ii]

Then the lunch they had ordered arrived.

However, because of the intense video, there was only one person who laid a hand on the packed lunches.

The battle begun when the Burning Skeletons and Zombies arrived. And then the second and third branch of Legions of Undead army came out for an ambush!

Thousands of Silver Arrows were shot out of Elastic Bows.

“How much is all of that?!”

“He must be a rich!”

They were led to misunderstand the frailty of the walls.

Under the commands of Karichwi, the Dark Elves defended the walls with the help of the Wyverns, by flying around the sky while sprinkling Holy Water without care of getting their hands wet.

Not to mention the bravery of the Orcs.

Ancient Giant Monsters were fought by Soldiers who worked side by side with Orcs!

Without a single one killed, the Necromancers played a big role.

Even without showing their true powers, the Necromancers were formidable opponents, which was evident from the rate they were summoning Undead.

And then finally the Shire Lich appeared!

The Lich's power was overwhelming. Being able to rapidly fire and area of effect magic, was completely devastating.

Among the Orcs, Dark Elves, and Undead an order to come forth was heard.

A vampire and Death Knight appeared.

It was an amazing scene.

The Lich Shire pounced against his enemies like tiger, creating absolute havoc. As a level 400 boss monster, his overwhelming power was evident.

The Lich Shire roared, as he faced countless enemies!

Rampant Area of Effect magic.

Wyverns risked their lives sprinkling holy water on the ground.

The tremendous power that the Lich Shire had shown gradually weakened.

The Lich Shire tempted the Vampire Lord.

Only then did Karichwi join the battle. Without a doubt, the situation turned sour and the Lich Shire did not die in the hands of Karichwi. It was the Dark Elves who casted a large Area of Effect magic that ended the battle.

The Station Director unwittingly murmured.

“Was it a success? A failure?”

Director Kang replied.

“A source reported that the quest was a success.”

“I see.”

The Station Director took a look around.

The clock hanging on the wall showed it to be precisely 9 in the morning. They had stayed up all night watching the video. This caused them to have bloodshot eyes.

It wasn't surprising that nobody wanted to go bathroom in the middle of the video. If they did, they went quickly. It's the first time in several decades that they had to hold it in.

Station Director and Director Kang opened yesterday's lunch, which has already grown cold, and started having a conversation.

“Director Kang. How does our broadcasting schedule look?”

“Today, there are some important broadcasts scheduled.”

“Can we possibly cancel it?”

“Let me see if that's possible.”

Director Kang examined the matter.

The Station Director agrees that we should broadcast this video as soon as possible!

The Director added.

“It will not be enough to just briefly introduce this amongst our other broadcasting programs.”

“Yes. Special programs must be organized separately.”

“As soon as possible.”

Unfortunately, Director Kang inconveniently said.

“If possible, I would like to have it broadcasted before dinner. The audio and the video will only need some minor adjustments. We certainly lack the time. I'm sure it's worth having it broadcasted before dinner and have

it run overnight.”

“Please edit the video to a minimum. You don’t have to cut down on the hours. Broadcast a short segment of the video, and then post information on our broadcasting station’s website.”

“I’ll do just that. Although I think it’s possible to broadcast the original copy of the video.”

“There wasn’t a single dull moment.”

Station Director and Director Kang smiled satisfactorily.

\*

Lee Hyun was happily writing on the household bookkeeping ledger.

“Easy money. I haven’t calculated a budget yet, but money keeps rolling!”

The broadcasting station's incentive contract!

The money he would receive varied greatly depending on the audience. Nevertheless, he received the Broadcasting Company’s contract deposit from the bid on Minotaurus Claws.

“However, I still need to earn more. This will only last for a while.”

For now, there was no need to worry about his grandmother’s medical bills and living expenses. The problem was his sister’s future.

University tuition is rising annually. For one year in University, it cost 10,000,000 won. Therefore for 4 years, it’s quadruple the amount, 40,000,000 won! [iii]

In addition, the Student Association decreed that students have to pay for their own textbooks.

Money that could be spent elsewhere was spent only on school. Money spent on Membership Training and University Festival isn’t included. You’ll also need money to join clubs, cosmetics, and clothes to keep basic dignity of University students.

People don’t want to live with the feeling of having someone superior to them.

To meet up with friends cost money, but it cost even more money to pursue knowledge and education in school.

“I could buy a new computer with this money.”

A very small portable computer.

Lee Hyun’s handwriting differs from a computer because it’s so small that it’s hardly legible. Many of the school’s lesson and clubs depend on computers.

The price varies. For a really good one, it could cost billions of won, and a cheap one is at least 5 million won. It was an essential item for University students.

“It doesn’t end there.”

He dropped out of school to seek employment. Nowadays, if you wish to find and a job and live in luxury, you have to graduate from University. It was worth the sacrifice to develop the slightest ability.

“If I didn’t learn, I couldn’t earn money in this world.”

\*

Lee Hyun recalled a painful memory.

He had tried to forget the bitterness against others during his younger days. Stitching clothes in a sewing factory while listening to countless lectures. Mistakes were present no matter how hard he worked, followed by insults of his incompetence.

He also had to work late at night, doing some odd jobs, while not being paid overtime.

He had a fixed monthly periodic salary!

Even if he worked hard, he received less money than those people who sleeps on the job, Lee Hyun swore as tears flowed out.

Although it was common to report cases of mistreatment, he couldn’t. The Vice President of the company cleverly used his illegal age of employment against him and threatened to report him to the Ministry of

Labor.

If you get reported to the Ministry of Labor, you will not receive your salary. Furthermore, you will be blacklisted and from then on, you will not be able to find a new job.

Because he had to earn money in harsh conditions, he wanted his sister to find a proper job in a normal business, preferably a corporate job.

“In order to do well in school, absorb everything. A portable computer is something she must have.”

Lee Hyun decided that everything he earns will go towards his sister's education. There are a lot of things needed as a college student. For a time like that, an emergency fund is needed.

“Ah, I have to visit Grandma at the hospital today.”

Lee Hyun budgeted the household finances and kept the book.

He had been busy lately trying to complete the quest that he had not had the time to visit. But today, was the day they had promised to visit Grandma.

Lee Hyun left the house to visit Grandma.

\*

Grandma and Hayan were already together.

“Is this really an acceptance letter for a university? You're not lying?”

“Achaa! I would never lie to my grandmother. Look the name's clearly written here.”

“Even though, I still cannot believe it.”

Grandma could not hide her surprise over the acceptance letter to the University of South Korea. Lee Hyun was accepted to University!

This was something beyond her imagination.

Although it came as a surprise, she and Hayan were glad that it occurred.

'I never thought he'd get this far when he had the interview...'

Who would have thought he'd get accepted.

Lee Hayan did not rejoice, instead she thought.

'Ah, if oppa only knew the truth, it'd be a big deal.'

He'll be mad if he found out that I lied to him. The real problem was Lee Hyun would grind his teeth if he has to spend 100 won daily to go to University.

Grandma smiled and then laughed.

"It's not as complicated as you think, sweetheart."

"Really?"

"There's nothing to worry about, I have an idea."

"If that's the case, I will trust Grandma."

\*

When Lee Hyun got to his grandmother's hospital room, Lee Hayan's head was bowed. His grandmother was about to say something, but stopped.

Lee Hyun quickly came to her side.

"Grandma, what's going on?"

"You don't have to know."

From his grandmother's attitude, Lee Hyun could feel an unusual aura. In addition, his little sister still had her head bowed.

"Did you give Hayan another scolding? To my knowledge, she has been studying properly, and she hasn't hung out with any shady people."

"That's not it."

"Then, what's the matter..."

"Why don't you go to University."

Grandma said it as if the matter was already settled.

“Did you say something?”

“Yes. You should go to University to have a better livelihood. You haven’t made decent money since you dropped out of high school.”

“Surely Grandma! There’s no difference, now that I’ve passed my GED and graduated from high school.”

Lee Hyun tried to convince his grandmother with soft, gentle words but she didn’t budge.

“You have worked hard to earn the money, how could you not spend it? As the head of the family, it’ll be difficult to make money if you don’t attend University and gain an education.”

“University is useless, Grandma. If ever I want to learn about something, I could always study about it in the future.”

“Hyun - ah, let’s say you didn’t have to take care and protect your sister. Would you have not gone to University?”

Lee Hyun tossed the thought aside and nodded his head immediately.

“Obviously. But I still think you should go to University.”

“What?”

“It is as I’ve said.”

You can’t get full off of one spoonful of rice.

Grandma and Hayan’s eyes met each other. But Hayan shook her head slightly.

‘It’s a little lacking.’

This was certainly not enough to persuade Lee Hyun. It needs to be done properly, without leaving any loopholes of escape.

Grandma paused for a moment.

Her expression was filled with distress.

Lee Hyun was an expert on flattery, so how in the world would Grandma convince him.

After selling goods in the market for decades, it did not occur that Grandma was a veteran. She had more experience in flattery, to get people to buy her items.

With an obstinate wayward expression, Grandma said.

“It’s a different story if your sister has already been accepted to University. Right now, there is no longer a need for you to save up for your sister’s education. I explained it to Hayan, and understand this as well.”

“Grandma!”

Lee Hyun was startled.

His grandmother sounded opposed to having his sister getting accepted to University.

“What are you saying? Hayan going to University is a good thing.”

“Do you really think that this is a good thing?”

“Of course. If she goes to University, she could study Liberal Arts.”

“But you’ll have to spend a lot of money.”

“I don’t care if I have to spend a lot of money. Because if you study hard in University you will reap a lot of benefits from it.”

“Then if you also get accepted to University, you should certainly go.”

“That is ...”

Strangely enough, Lee Hyun couldn’t any words to say. He felt disadvantageous but it was too late to retreat now.

‘What’ the hell is happening?’

As if it was natural, Lee Hyun replied.

“Of course. If I get accepted to University, I would probably go. So I would spend the money to send my sister instead. Hayan is very talented when it comes to studying. Her grades improve on every exam.”

“Is that so? You’ll go to University if you had the chance. However, your words will mean nothing if you don’t attend University.”

“Yes?”

Grandma lips formed a satisfied smile. She handed him a notice written on a sheet of paper.

“Here’s the acceptance letter to University of South Korea.”

“This is really..!”

Lee Hyun’s hands trembled.

An acceptance letter to University of South Korea!

‘At last, Hayan got accepted to University of South Korea!’

He left thrilled and glad that it left him out of words.

Grandma said.

“Hyun-ah, congratulations on your acceptance to University of South Korea. You’ll be a college student next year.”

\*

The forum of the broadcasting station was frantic because of the Legions of Undead video. Although the quest was a success, people were wondering why they still haven’t released the video.

KMC Media did not use any additional promotion. Nevertheless, there were rumors that a contract has been signed regarding the Legions of Undead. Just between the Station Director, the Planning Director, and other employees, caused the news to spread.

- Please show us the video quickly.

- Why haven't you broadcasted it yet?

People who posted on the forums were quite anxious.

KMC Media were worked as quickly as possible. But to edit the original length of the video and cut it down to 1 hour before broadcasting it, would take a couple of days to accomplish.

So they were forced to make a decision without the Program Director.

“Let’s just do the broadcast.”

“I’ll take responsibility for it.”

Actually, there wasn’t a need to work on the video.

They didn’t to interfere with certain scenes by giving it some special effects or subtitle on the original footage. So, they had to abandon the idea.

“It’ll be broadcast as it is.”

“However, some people might lose interest quickly.”

They also enjoyed watching the video very much. They didn't regret watching it. They think that the viewers would also find it interesting, and started the broadcast.

The broadcast started without any notice.

Because there was no schedule, the viewers couldn't have known that it was going to be shown and its duration. The broadcast suddenly started. Nevertheless, they somehow knew. The news was soon spread throughout the Internet.

The viewership grew exponentially. And when the broadcast ended, the viewership count was more than twice as usual.

Again, the forums were in overflowing with posts.

- I wasn't able to watch from the beginning. Please broadcast it again.

- When would be able to watch this again?

The broadcasters who were observing revealed a cold smile.

This brought in more profit for KMC media because awareness is equivalent to money earned. There were a lot of people who wanted more information about the Orc Karichwi and Weed.

\*

“I have to get out of this situation.”

Lee Hyun was troubled. He never thought this would happen. What kind of University would accept someone who is only good at playing games?

“Are they some kind of a scammer group? Those shameless bastards who extort tuition fees out of students?”

In this day and age, multimillion businesses only sought out the students from the best Universities. Truthfully, Lee Hyun has little benefit from this admission. It would be similar from extorting money from him.

“They’re probably hiding somewhere around the corner waiting for the chance to take the money.”

Nothing in the world can change regrets.

His grandmother already said that he has to go to University. His sister was also there to listen.

There were a lot of things that Lee Hyun abandoned because he promised himself that he would do anything to get his sister accepted to University. Lee Hyun didn't want to go to University because of the money and he didn't have anything he wanted to pursue.

It was her third year in high school. It’s the most critical moment of her life, but he couldn't figure out what was going on in her head.

Lee Hyun had no choice but to compromise.

‘Even if I got accepted to University, it doesn't mean I have to attend. However, if I give up on the acceptance to University, Hayan will also not to enroll to one. But if Hayan gets admitted to a University with full scholarship, I will attend University. That sounds like a nice compromise.’

He was able to think of an ultimatum.

Grandma and Hayan were persuaded with the idea. They took some time to think about it and then agreed.

‘If she studies really hard, it’ll be sufficient enough to get a scholarship.’

Lee Hayan was pretty smart, unlike him. However, even if she was to study real hard and get accepted to University, there it wasn't certain that she’ll be able to receive a scholarship because there are other factors. But nowadays, scholarships are based on grades. It will not be a surprise for

her to receive one.

‘Wait a minute! It’s good that Hayan will be studying hard to get a scholarship, but doesn’t this mean that I’ll be attending University next year?’

There was less than one year until enrollment day. Only seven months away before you receive the admission letter, there wasn’t much time left.

Lee Hyun's face looked rigid.

University, overflowing with youth and romance!

This fantasy was something he had long abandoned.

“Other brother and sister studying together.”

Lee Hyun’s currently 22 years old, 23 as of next year.

It cost a lot of money to go to University and back. Lee Hyun was already getting worried. Of all things, University was one of those places that motivate youth to turn into mature working adults.

The meals in the cafeteria were expensive and tasted disgusting in contrast to food he cooked himself with cheap ingredients.

“It must be the age.”

Lee Hyun was definitely not in the normal age group to attend University.

# Chapter 8: Trail of Death

When Weed came online, the hard working Mapan, Pale, and Irene were already connected. Romuna, Surka, Hwaryeong, Zephyr, and Geomchis soon came online as well.

“Now, what should we do?”

Pale looked at Weed. Weed didn't have anything special to say so he talked about general things.

“We should buy the supplies needed for the trip and go to the Horom Mountain. What else do we need?”

“Snacks! We should buy lots of snacks.”

Geomchi made an opinion, and that was soon made into a consensus. Irene and Surka missed Weed's cooking skills so much.

“It's been awhile since Weed cooked for us.”

“That's right. I want to eat Weed's delicious food.”

“Wouldn't eating meat in the mountains be the best?”

Zephyr's appetite grew larger. Then, Geomchi3 tapped his shoulder.

“Huh huh, It seems like you know the taste of meat very well.”

“Yes, of course. Doesn't meat taste better in a wide open environment rather than eating at home alone?”

“Right, right! That's true.”

Zephyr and Geomchi agreed on eating.

Former fisherman Zephyr! In fact, you can only become a fisher if you are not lazy.

You had to sit in one place and enjoy fishing while eating fish dishes!

Zephyr remembered every dish Weed made.

Weed decided to follow the aggressive opinions of the party.

“Then I will simply buy condiments and cooking tools.”

“I’ll guide you.”

Mapan accurately remembered the vendors of the Dark Elf Castle. As a merchant, it was a necessary skill.

Weed and Mapan circled the Dark Elf Castle once. The purchases were usually some spices and condiments. They bought twice the amount of a day’s worth of groceries.

“We can find meat there so we should buy roughly. Fresh meat is good.”

It was Geomchis’ opinion. Weed also didn’t buy ingredients from stores often.

“Then should we do it like that?”

Weed and the party left the Dark Elf Castle as if they were on a light picnic.

“Now, let’s go.”

“Wa, it’s mountain hiking!”

“Let’s go! We should go and eat grill meat!”

The party excitedly headed towards the direction where Horom Mountain is said to be located.

It was really enjoyable to climb up the mountain. The gentle breeze was cool, flowers bloomed everywhere. Butterflies flew, birds chirped.

“It feels like we really came here to play.”

Hwaryeong was very happy. The feeling of strolling in the mountains like this was the best.

Walking along the path made in between the trees carefully, following the person in front. Telling stories while walking, seemed like it was going to be a great memory.

Everyone else felt the same way.

'Who knew there was a peaceful place like this?'

'We only tried to level up so far so we lived too deserted.'

'We should have times like this.'

'Walking while gaining fame and information, it's not too bad.'

Then Surka was impressed when she saw a deep hole in the ground.

"Wow! It's amazing! How can a big hole be in a mountain like this?"

Weed replied casually.

"They are the footprints of a monster."

"Th, This is a footprint?"

"Yes."

When they travelled a little further, trees were scattered everywhere.

"It's the mysteries of nature. I wonder if a tempest came."

Weed glanced and identified the situation. It was a familiar terrain.

"It looks like the monsters fought here."

"A Monsters fight?"

"The damage indicates a fight between mid-level monsters."

"Hiccup"

The party then noticed the seriousness of the situation a little bit.

'The place we are in is the Yuroki Mountain range'

The Rosenheim Kingdom is a relatively safe place. At least there is a low chance of dying there. However, in the Yuroki Mountain range, you have to risk your life.

"I will look around."

Pale headed first, Zephyr and Surka also went into the surrounding range. So when a monster appears, they can perform their best. Geomchis also took out their swords.

Weed didn't find it necessary to do that, but he didn't stop the party from doing so. In the territory of the Dark Elves and the Orcs, there was not that many strong monsters. Strong monsters only appear in the far

and outlying park of the mountain range.

Really dangerous monsters lived in the red forests or gorges.

While hunting with the Orcs, Weed knew well about the dangers of the Yuroki Mountains. There were a lot of places he hasn't been, but he at least recognized the types of the monsters residing in it.

'They say the Yetis live in the Horom Mountain. We have faced Yetis before.'

The Elder of Orcs did not ever talk about the Horom Mountain. They said that the trail was a little harsh, and monsters did not reside much.

'Yeah, Yetis are no big deal.'

Weed could move freely because he acquired a lot of information about the Horom Mountain.

You could easily find the Horom Mountain due to the many mysterious trees and rock.

The movement of the party resembled a light walk!

They thought of the Horom Mountain as a simple neighbourhood hill. But when they saw the actual mountain, the height was enormous.

They tilted their head way back, but they still couldn't see the top. It was covered entirely by clouds.

"It's pretty high."

The slope was fairly dangerous. It almost looked as if they were climbing stairs. It's like a mountain with more rocks than trees.

"Wow! If we make it up to the top of the mountain, the view is going to be great."

Everybody agreed with Hwaryeong.

'We will be able to see the view on our way up.'

'The sun is hot but the wind is fresh, it is the best weather for mountain climbing.'

The party started climbing.

It's been 2 hours since they entered the mountain!

The monsters are nowhere to be found, they only repeated climbing flatly.

Geomchi stretched and spoke looking bored.

“Weed.”

“Yes.”

“Shouldn't we eat since we've climbed so far? We were going to eat at the top.....”

“Should we?”

Weed looked around. The everyone seemed hungry so as soon as he said it, they sat with a plop.

“Then we should eat here.”

“Irene, Hwaryeong. Please prepare to grill meat. Mapan please collected some firewood, Zephyr pass out the plates. It would be great if Pale would light up the fire.”

“Yes!”

Everyone hurried to make preparations to dine.

The bonfire was made, dishes and the meat from the Dark Elf Castle were soon prepared. Surka spoke as if something was missing.

Everyone hurried to make preparations to eat.

“By the way, are we only having meat?”

“No. Since we came all the way to the mountain we have to eat noodles!”

“Noodles? Where can we get them?”

“Wait a moment. I will make it quick.”

Weed added the wild greens and meat into the pot and boiled them. He was making a broth.

Then, relentlessly pounded the kneaded flour.

Tata Tak!

Touch of Weed pounding the flour!

The flour mixed into the water was kneaded. When the batter was nearly completed, he spun it around and lengthened the noodles.

He made Ramen noodles.

The handcrafted noodles were tangy and they were overflowing with richness. Weed added the Suta noodles into the boiling soup and waited a little longer.

“Now, eat before it is completely cooked.”

“Wow! It looks delicious.”

It was when Surka quickly tried to put in her eating utensils. The Geomchis put in their whole bowl into the soup.

“This is the best.”

“We have to have ramen in the mountains.”

“Yes sir! What would be better than grilling meat in the mountains and eating ramen.”

“So refreshing. Cool!”

Weed’s popular food!

In the mountains, ramen with meat and refreshing soup is the best.

“Zzup zzup, but master.”

“What’s wrong, Geomchi2.”

“At this rate, we are going to eat all the food supplies.”

For Geomchis who ate all the Barley bread and starved, they were always sensitive to the amount of food.”

“It’s okay. We have Weed.”

“That’s right.”

“Let’s eat without worrying.”

“Yes! Master!”

Shamelessly, the Geomchis ate all the food.

The other companions also ate two or three more times the usual amount. They were in a picnic, hence they ate more.

“I ate well. Kkeueuk!”

With their bellies filled, the party felt satisfied.

“So should we start climbing again?”

Geomchi stood up taking the lead.

At this time, the tension around Weed and his companions lessened. It was a mountain. They climbed step by step and will soon reach the top.

Suddenly a thick fog began to cover the area. It wasn’t long, when clouds were in view.

“Its damp.”

Hwaryeong opened both her arms.

“It’s refreshing.”

Zephyr wiped his forehead. It wasn’t sweat, but moisture from the high atmosphere.

“The water is cold and refreshing. If I came here with Maylon, it would’ve been great.”

Pale spoke with a feeling of loss.

The foggy area stimulated a mystical feeling. If you came with your lover, it will be one of the best memories.

They passed the foggy area, and the view became clear again.

Weed glanced towards the top.

“We’re are almost at the top...Keuk!”

Everyone thought that they had reached the top, but no matter how

much they looked up, they could not see the summit.

The clouds were blocking the view!

The people saw a breathtaking view of the mountain appearing on top of the clouds.

Even though they had walked for a long time, some might say that it was impossible to reach the top of the mountain.. At the snowcovered area, the Yeti was there.

A steep cliff!

The slope of the mountain was sharp and steep!

And there in the middle of road Yetis were living there. Because the Yetis were here, they could not advance any further.

'This is why we haven't seen any monsters so far.'

The gigantic Yeti monsters, with white fur, were ready to face their opponents.

"From here on lets get ready to fight."

Weed received the party's equipment and clothes.

Swords were sharpened, armor was cleaned and ironed.

The Handicraft Skill enhanced his abilities.

Since they had already eaten, their strength and stamina were perfect for the situation.

"Ok, Irene, please bless us. Pale will distract them with his arrows. When we break up, fight them accordingly."

The battle soon began!

Pale shot some arrows and as it descended, 3 Yetis were provoked.

"Kuwuuhhhh!"

"KulukKuluk!"

Level 340 Yeti monster!

But it was different from the monsters he hunted with Seoyoon.

“KyaoKyao!”

With his sword, Weed blocked the white furred Yetis’ attack. But chilling hex was passed on to him.

Your body is freezing.

Your strength has been reduced.

Your attack and movement speed have been slowed.

Addition effects:

- You are more likely to catch a cold.
- In severe cases, you can freeze to death.

High level Yeti monsters each had the special ability to deliver coldness. Indeed, this is really Yetis’ breeding ground! The climate is warm, but with the elevation of the Horom Mountains, the Yetis ability to deliver coldness proved to be effective.

JjeoJeoJeok!

Weed’s sword which bumped into the Yetis’ claws, turned into ice.

“Beware of the Yetis claws!”

Even without warning them, the rest of his party members were already having enough trouble.

Whenever Yetis attacked, extremely cold temperature could be felt. The ice damage attack was horribly frightening, it immediately damages their vitality, strength, and slows down their movement speed.

“Bless!”

“Why is it so cold.”

“However, it’s refreshing.”

Although they were also cold, the Geomchis felt glad about it.

On the other side of the Continent of Versailles, across the Plains of Despair, people had to endure the scorching weather. But depending on the person, attacking while sweating profusely, could also feel good.

Grin!

Geomchi3 and Geomchi5's eyes met. Over the years, they were able to understand each others' thoughts.

'I'll take the front.'

'Then, I'll take the back.'

Geomchi5 and Geomchi3 focused on 1 Yeti.

One person jumped out from the front, and the other one at the back. Avoiding the Yetis claws, Geomchi5 and Geomchi3 attacked mercilessly, and killed the Yeti.

A method of fighting that risked their lives!

Geomchi3 was directly in front of the Yeti, attacking its large stature while moving his body to avoid its claws. Inevitably using his sword to attack at an angle while reducing the damage taken.

Anyone would be surprised if they saw this.

With the Yetis big stature, Geomchi3 had to avoid its attack and counterattack with a margin of a needle hole!

One critical attack, and he'll die instantly. The act was dangerous and similar to tightrope walking.

However, every time Geomchi3 landed a hit, everyone applaud.

"Wow! That is really cool."

Geomchi3 became tolerable and immune to pain!

If you receive a direct attack in Royal Road, you'll also feel the pain. Although the maximum pain you receive is only 20% the original, it was enough to make to sting and someone sore.

Because of Geomchi3's real world experience of getting beaten up, he was able to laugh off the pain.

Geomchi was also attacking the Yeti eagerly.

"Slash, Slash, Stab!"

He targeted only the fatal vital parts.

Such as parts of the spine, and near the top of its head!

Geomchi enthusiastically wielded his sword. The power of his attacks became even stronger.

“This is fun”

“We should fight too!”

After they saw that, Geomchi2 and Geomchi4 went behind the Yeti.

Geomchi3 resentfully exclaimed.

“If you’re going to help me, you should attack the front!”

“Sorry, attacking from behind seemed more fun”

“You are doing a good job, so we thought that you didn't need our help. We thought you could easily beat that monster.”

“Of course.”

Geomchi2, Geomchi4, Geomchi5 violently attacked the Yeti’s back. The angry Yeti changed his plan. When they attacked, it would turn its back.

Geomchi3 switched into a defense position and caught the Yeti’s attention. Doing so, his health was slowly draining away. The sword and his feet became frozen. Thus, even a little damage would result in a significant injury.

If it weren’t for Irene’s blessing and Weed’s armor polishing skills, he would’ve died ages ago.

It was Geomchi3’s battle of life and death with the Yeti!

Geomchi2, Geomchi4, and Geomchi5’s amazing strength and their hitting the same spot at the same time eventually killed the Yeti.

Kuuung!

The sluggish body fell to the ground.

“Wow! We won!”

For Geomchi3, the ice reached the scabbard of this sword. He was frozen

up to the leg and was unable to move.

While they were fighting one Yeti, Weed and Geomchis were also fighting, using the same strategy the Geomchi's used.

"Me, I'll take the front."

"Well, do as you please."

Weed's endurance level surpassed 400; it was unparalleled to none other. Even though the Yeti hit him multiple times, the endurance level was high enough so that it barely scratched him.

Weed had already seen the attack movements of the Yeti while traveling with Seoyoon. It was dangerous, but he was able to attack the Yetis one at a time. All he had to do was take care of the cold and he would be fine.

Whenever Weed was attacking the Yeti, Geomchi also took out his sword and attacked the same place.

Instead of weak, successive attacks, the Yeti would attack Weed and hit a very strong attack. At this time, Geomchi attacked the head and the Yeti lost all its health.

Weed also defended and counterattacked so the 2 of them were able to beat the Yeti.

For the last Yeti, Zephyr took the damage while Pale, Romuna, Hwayoung, and Surka attacked it.

The Yeti was a strong monster so it was able to withstand much damage, Hwaryeong's dance did not affect it. Thus killing the Yeti took quite awhile.

But slowly, the Yeti began to lost health; eventually it died. All 3 Yeti's were killed!

We won!

Difficult monsters seized!

Powerful monsters have been slain!

Such strong monsters, if they did not combine their strengths, it would

have been impossible to kill the Yetis.

Mapan lifted his head.

‘Of course as a merchant I can’t do anything, so I avoid all fights.’

While watching Weed fight, it was impossible not to be amazed.

The way he was able to handle 3 Yetis all at once was overwhelming.

Even for Weed, fighting Yetis were a difficult task. Even with Irene’s blessing, Weed’s HP bar was slowly decreasing. However, the Yeti’s health disappeared first.

If other Yeti’s rushed to attack Weed while he was fighting, Hwaryeong and Pale would finish off the monsters.

However, Geomchi3, Weed, and Zephyr split the 3 Yetis. They had to fight each of the strong monsters individually. With quick wits and speed, these were attributes that no one else had. If one did not have complete faith in themselves, fighting the Yetis was an impossible task.

In these types of emergency situation, the competence of the party can be measured by how well they can adapt to the circumstances.

“The experience is no joke.”

Irene called out for her character information window and smiled. Although it was difficult to killed them, the Yetis gave tremendous amount of experience. From the dead Yetis, they were able to acquire a large stick and some ores.

Mapan took the japtem first, and placed it in his bag.

“Now, lets take on the next Yeti.”

When Pale said that, Weed discouraged the idea.

"Wait a minute Pale, there's something I must do first."

“Something you must to do?”

“We gotta take care of the loot”

Weed took out the Engraving Knife.

SagakSagak!

From the Yeti's corpse, he extracted leather and meat. He then separated the bones according to its classification.

It was only through luck that meat or leathers would dropped, but with intermediate sewing and cooking skills, he was able to extract them.

The level of his dexterity and the level mastery of his skills attributed to how much of each loot he could extract.

“I understand why you are collecting the meat, but the leather?”

Hwayoung asked, taking a seat next to Weed.

But Weed did not stop his knife.

"It's cold around the Horom Mountains. You would never know when they would become useful. And bones could be used to brew refreshments."

Weed was extracting meat, leather, and bones

There was nothing thrown away from the corpse of the Yeti. At that very instant, the Yetis' big corpse was disassembled.

Whenever Weed fought the Yetis, he collected the leather.

A hunt overflowing with thrills and suspense!

With just a small mistake, the party could be entirely wiped out. So the party was forced to focus solely on the hunt.

As often as possible, Pale would try to attract the attention of 4 or 5 Yetis all at once, but sometimes a few would try to attack Pale. When that happens, Hwaryeong would help out. She would use her special confusion skill, a technique that would put the Yetis to sleep.

“Enchanting Dance!”

An immense offensive attack!

It was foolish to dance in front of the Yeti, knowing that there is a high risk of losing her life.

Geomchi's eye lit up.

"The young lady is awesome. Her movements are very flexible."

Geomchi2 said.

"Do you think so too, Master? There's no unusual movements of the ankles and waist."

"You're right. It's a very cool dance. It seems to be at an advanced level. It cannot be learned within a day or two."

The Geomchis were analyzing Hwaryeong's movements. To the Geomchis, the body is inscribed as second to none!

However their concentration only lasted 10 seconds.

While watching Hwaryeong's dance, the Geomchis' mouth got wider little by little, and finally, they started salivating profusely.

"Heh."

"That's so cool!"

The Geomchis were not interested in the fight, but rather Hwayoung's dance!

Fortunately, at that moment, the party's great crisis came to an end, and Hwaryeong's dance concluded.

The Yetis who watched the Enchanting Dance all fell asleep with their faces flushed.

"Keuheoheom!"

The Geomchis killed every Yeti that were not affected by Hwayoung's dance.

Although Geomchi5 also thought of the situation the same way, he did not show his agreement to the same degree as Geomchi2, Geomchi3, Geomchi4, and Geomchi.

"It is an honor to die by my sword."

"Let's get married!"

"You must not be greedy. Young Lady, how about you try being my girlfriend just once!"

Geomchi, Geomchi2, Geomchi3, and Geomchi4, were in their fighting spirits, and the party were able to hunt the Yeti safely.

Weed was extracting leather and meat, Geomchi2, Geomchi3, and Geomchi went up to Pale.

"Pale-nim."

"Ye-Yes!"

Pale's attention quickly diverted.

Geomchi2 and Geomchi3 looked like thugs and criminals because of their faces and their muscular bodies. The normally gentle demeanour was nowhere to be seen, and the color of their eyes were different.

The impregnable fortress which is said to hinder other people's combative spirit to the degree of no return. Something that is only attainable to normal people by going through extreme training.

Then Geomchi2 and Geomchi3 approached with a rigid face.

Geomchi5's face was flushed.

"Next time, can you bring as much as 5 Yetis?"

Geomchi3 saw Hwayoung and broadened his shoulders.

"6 is fine too."

Geomchi2 wrapped both his hands around his face like a shy boy.

"No, you can call 7. Its not like we wanted to see Hwayoung dance."

"....."

\*

They ascended high up the Horom Mountains and the party was feeling extremely cold.

The soil ground was covered up in snow up to their knees. A sharp wind came blowing in, penetrating their necks.

“The wind is cold.”

Surka shivered.

“Winds such as that will give us the cold.”

Pale's body was all curled up while walking.

Coldness, compared to the rest of Versailles continent, felt like another dimension! With the immense cold, while standing still, you could turn into ice.

The Yetis intensified the cold even more.

Pale recently pulled 3 Yetis, 2 of them were put to sleep by Hwaryeong, and 1 was safely secured.

“Its cold here.”

"I'd like to go to a warmer place quickly."

The party was getting tired of the cold and wanted to leave.

Geomchi then looked up at the peak of the mountains. They had walked for quite a while, and yet the peak was still not visible. It was getting increasingly colder, and the trail was becoming steeper.

“Its really amazing that the mountain is this tall.”

Geomchi has traveled to a lot of mountains around the country.

Among those who took the path of a Martial Artist, there were quite a few people who deliberately seclude themselves in high steep mountains. And from his experience of his retreats, proves that Horom Mountain is formidable.

You can feel the severe coldness, and in more extreme cases, stats relating to combat—stamina, vitality, strength, and agility—decreases.

“Achoo!”

Surka sneezed then.

Finally, the initial symptoms of the common cold.

You have caught a cold

- Physical strength is decreased by 20%
- Skill effectiveness is decreased by 30%

A cold can then lead to other complications.

Maximum health and mana has been reduced.

The use of combat skills are likely to fail because of the cold.

"Although it's summer, I caught a cold. \*Sniffle\*!"

While sneezing Surka was seriously suffering.

The party was not capable to go any further.

Because of the cold, Yetis became considerably harder to handle, you'll catch a cold, and then lose all combat capability because of it.

Weed took out a needle and a thread, and then got to work.

He took out the leather from the Yeti that he packed before, and started cutting to make clothes.

"It doesn't need a design. Just make us warm clothes."

It was a request from Hwaryeong who is unusually exposed to enjoying different types of clothes. Irene and Romuna just wanted something warm to wear.

"Please wait a bit."

The first clothing that Weed produced was given to Surka. The Yeti's leather was absurdly big and durable. The first part of the leather was completely cut out because it was too thick and hard, therefore the material was not appropriate clothing.

For sewing, the lighter the fabric, the more luxurious the clothing. Thus, making clothes out of rabbit or deer leather was a much better option.

Weed's sewing skills were still insufficient to sew clothings out of rustic brute leather.

'Although it looks shabby, it'll still gives some warmth.'

The clothing Weed made out of Yeti Leather had basic designs. There were three layers added to the leather, it was thick and durable, and was

made to withstand the cold outdoors.

The Yeti fur was attached separately, which gave it the finishing touches to the clothes. It looked like a white fur coat, made to withstand even the cold from the North Pole.

‘Fur clothing is good for cold climates.’

Weed completed the clothing.

Ttiring!

Clothes made from Yeti Leather:

Durability: 60/60.

Defense: 25.

Yeti leather were cut, altered, and attached to make the clothing.

Clothes were made with a delicate touch.

It prevents the coldness and the chilly winds from sipping through.

The white fur attached to the clothing will help maintain body temperature.

Requirements:

- Level 150.
- Strength 600

Options:

- Cold Resistance 40%
- When dressed in this clothing, all Yetis will be hostile.
- Because of the weight, vitality decreases.
- Agility 80 reduction.

If you look at the defense or the options of the clothing, it might seem useless but it was enough to keep warm.

Weed created Yeti leather boots, gloves, and hats, and handed them out to the party.

“Thank you, Weed-nim!”

Surka bowed and nodded.

Irene and Hwaryeong said their thanks and gratitudes with a big smile on their faces.

“Wow! Thank you so much. Now I think I’ll live.”

“It was nothing. It’s only natural that I would do so.”

Weed said words of humility, but deep down, he thought differently.

He had already experience the miserable cold from provinces such as Morata and it plagued him. Catching a common cold because of lower temperatures, cold winds blew throughout the night. When the snow storm came, all he could do was moan and grunt from sickness!

He barely had the courage to beat the cold by creating a statue. He was lucky a few times thanks to his sewing skills, if not, he’d already have frozen to death several times over.

If he had frozen to death under any circumstances, there would not have been any possibility of winning the battle against the Vampires.

Because he had already experienced it before, he already knew that the coldness in Horom Mountains will get worse, little by little.

When he made the right clothing, the party could not possibly feel the coldness anymore.

Drastic and freezing temperatures!

There was no need to fear the cold wind, or fear catching a cold!

Weed deliberately made the clothes for that reason.

The party did not know how warm the clothes could be if made with sewing skills. Granted, if he had made those clothes the moment they entered the Horom Mountains.

If it was a little uncomfortable, his insufficient sewing skill is to blame.

When hungry, any food served would taste delicious and be appreciated.

“I’ll wear it well.”

Weed evenly distributed the clothing he made to the party.

Geomchi 3 and Geomchi4 wore the clothing made out of Yeti leather and were amazed at its quality.

“After wearing these clothes, it’s not cold anymore.”

“Master, these are really warm!”

The Geomchis were wearing white fur clothing.

Weed and his entire party wore thick white fur clothes. At first glance they could be mistaken as a Polar Bear.

The Geomchis' body recovered from the cold, and their strength returned.

“Then, let's continue the climb.”

Geomchi2 vigorously replied.

“Master, shouldn't we fight first and the climb?”

“Good. It's a start.”

The Geomchis went running up the mountain eagerly. It was possible without any Yetis around.

Weed and the rest of the party were hesitant to follow the Geomchis, but they eventually ascended after a short while.

Geomchi5 suddenly looked down at the bottom of the mountain.

‘A world covered in clouds.’

The clouds flew by depending on the movements of the wind.

They were at a place much higher than the altitude of castle of the Dark Elves. Lands and blue clouds stretches far and wide.

Geomchi5's bosom was filled with great morale. So in the spur of the moment, without being conscious of it, he cried out.

“Yahoo! I made it!”

From the top of the mountain, with a loud voice, sounds of screaming cheers!

“YaYaYaYa!”

“HoHoHoHoHo!”

The echo of the screams could be heard.

It was exactly what Geomchi5 had pictured in his mind. The sounds of the echo gradually got louder.

And then.....

Kureureureureureung!

\*Ujikkeun! Kwangkwang!\*

Suddenly, an audible roaring sound can be heard.

Geomchi5 turned around and looked at the summit of the mountain and his face went pale.

Not too far away, the snow that were piled up was destroyed. The crumbling snow came rolling further down.

A tremendous amount of snow has been swept away. An Avalanche occurred.

Weed and Pale quickly hid behind some rocks to avoid it.

The ground clattered and trembled, they felt like an uncouth outrageous power had struck them.

Long after the Avalanche ended, the Geomchis were nowhere to be found. They had lost their lives to the Avalanche.

Weed and the rest of his party members inevitably had to stay and hunt the Yetis that were there.

Because of the cold climate of the Horom Mountains, they had been looking for a good place to hunt, but they could not do so until the Geomchis come back.

Normally the others would not touch anything and wait for Weed's order, but now it was a little different.

'One person alive, counts as one life saved...'

Geomchi5 could be said to be the prime culprit of the situation, now it's the rest of the party who would suffer the consequences.

Weed spent his time diligently hunting Yetis.

Geomchi had a much harder time hunting, but it was just that much more rewarding.

All except for 2 or 3 people, who were level-cautious, ran up the Horom Mountains right after Weed.

Weed could only fill about 30% of his EXP. At level 306, the experience was very difficult to obtain. Although the hunt would go on smoother with a party, the experience was less than what he would get by soloing.

When Weed was taking on the formidable Vampire Lord, Tori, he was forced to hunt to gain experience and level.

‘I’ll take care of these guys just like I did with the Death Knight.’

And Vampire Tori.

Although he might not like others to know, he could create a useful subordinate with a sculpture and then give it life. But because he would have to pay with his experience, there was no need to constantly use it.

Also, recklessly summoning the Vampire Lord Tori was also not a possibility because a supply of blood from living create must be continuously given to him.

Although to Weed, the desire was not completely abandoned.

‘Without a doubt, it was related to his quest.’

The Fargo’s crown and the Helaine’s Grail lead to the Legions of the Undead Quest!

He intuitively knew that the Vampire Lord Tori, and the Death Knight, Van Hawk, will be associated in his end quest.

In six days time, the Geomchis were back in the Versailles continent.

In exactly 24 hours from their time of death, they logged back in.

With his head bowed bow, Geomchi5 said.

“I’m so sorry. It’s my fault that our time was delayed.”

The Yeti with his waist bent, walked toward the party. Geomchi5 and Hwaryeong greeted him with a dance and a Sword.

“It’s alright. You don’t need to be so sorry. However apologizing is really masculine.”

“Yes?”

“It is really a macho apology. It is great to honestly apologize for what happened.”

“Hwayreong-nim”

Geomchi5’s eyes were bloodshot.

With Hwaryeong's gorgeous appearance and perfect body, there wasn't a possibility of not believing her words. Hwaryeong was so beautiful that they would not dare talk to her.

The Geomchi2 quickly bowed.

“I’m sorry. Since I like eating, until now, I have eaten more than everyone else.”

Geomchi3 bowed respectfully.

“Please accept my sincerest apologies. While you will preparing the meals, I was being lazy.”

Geomchi3 was demonstrating a manly apology to Geomchi2!

The young Pale and Zephyr’s eyes saw something that wasn’t pleasant, they seemed desperate.

‘To try and capture a woman’s hand is in a far distant world.’

‘Should I tell them that a woman’s hand feels like a wooden sword? It felt similar to the the feel of the master’s sword.’

They apologized desperately hoping that they would be able to hold Hwaryeong’s hand Hwaryeong liked it nevertheless. Irene, Romuna, everyone welcomed her.

Then Hwaryeong and the others looked in surprise. They didn’t know that the many Geomchi and Geomchi3 were like this.

Plus, the very noticing Geomchi4 climbed on top of a rock and yelled.

“Yaaaaaaaaho!”

Ashamed, Geomchi2, Geomchi3, and Geomchi4 started to climb the mountain with Weed and the party.

Thanks to the Avalanche, most of the snow were swept now, and the soil can now be seen.

Arctic plants grew underneath the rocks!

Weed diligently dug out the plants and used them as ingredients. They were tired of constantly eating Yeti meat.

As they ascended, it was not easy to find Yetis. The terrain was probably too difficult for the Yetis to live in.

The party only knew that they lived in high mountainous places.

Their only memorial of the Yuroki Mountains, is climbing it. Nothing more, nothing less.

However, the higher they climbed, the more they felt they had reached their limits.

A human being in Mother Nature’s vastness!

A strong wind blew, it was almost enough to cause their bodies to fly off the mountain, but they endured it until it subsided.

With their stamina almost depleted, each step taken was more laborious than the next.

They climbed the mountain on foot, but the moment they turned their heads, another world unfolded. They finally reached the summit.

Ttiring!

You are first to climb to the peak of Horom Mountain!

The highest mountain in the Yuroki Mountains!

Fame : 150 increase

Earth affinity increased by 1 %

Luck raised by 3

Because they were tired, the party found some rocks over the valley and laid down on them.

“Uwaahhh!”

“Ahhhh, it hurts!”

Their stamina was almost depleted and their legs were throbbing with exhaustion, but they endured the journey.

It was obvious that the acrophobic Surka would not have been able to climb the mountain without help.

The higher up the mountain they went, the greater their sense of accomplishment was. Thus, not a single one of them complained.

Pale said.

“Our fame increased.”

Surka checked as well and nodded her head.

“It has increased by a fairly large amount.”

It wasn't easy for them to raise their fame. It was only possible by doing quests and fighting very strong monsters.

However, the quests that could raise their fame only raised it by a marginal amounts.

Pale gruelingly said

"At first, we only climbed the mountain for the fame, but it was a great idea that we climbed it. It was indeed a rewarding experience."

Although none of the other party members voiced their feelings out loud, they all agreed with Pale.

Weed and the rest of the party took a break and laid there on the summit for a long time and rested. They looked at the scenery around them.

A lot of mountains in the Yuroki Mountains were all spread out.

The clouds and the mountains, and even the plains far away, they were all part of nature.

"This place is amazing."

Hwaryeong's eyes turned red.

The sight provided by nature was amazing.

Versailles Continent's naturally fickle climate! But because of the amazing sight, they can't be blamed for dismissing the thought.

Walking up here was more emotional than simply looking at the mountains.

The Geomchis took out their swords. They began to write on the rocks next to them.

Geomchi were here.

Without fail, Geomchi2, Geomchi3, Geomchi4, and Geomchi5 also wrote on rocks. It was a Korean tradition to mark their accomplishment every time they reach a new level.

"That seems fun."

"Shall we do it too?"

Pale and Surka laughed and wrote a message.

I want Maylon to see this.

Next time, let's come here, just the two of us.

Surka was here and left!

The party realized that they were uselessly wasting their time so they descended down the mountains.

Compared to the strength used to go up, going down was much easier. Then the party logged off one by one to take a break.

They were all mentally fatigued from climbing the Horom Mountains.

Sweeeeeeeakkkkk

The wind blew like knives in the Horom Mountains!

Weed wore his thick Yeti fur coat, and traveled back up again. He had a purpose.

'Making a sculpture of nature here would increase my skill greatly.'

An act of creating blooming art in any gloomy places.

It was hard to breathe at the top of Horom Mountain due to the coldness and severe wind. If that can be overcome, it will be the a place with an amazing, incomparable scenery.

Weed took out the Zahab Engraving Knife.

'If I were to build a sculpture here, maybe it'll turn out to be a Masterpiece.'

Weed went to find some big rocks at the summit.

It was currently night time. The night sky, without pollution, the stars were shining brightly.

He had to sculpt, relying on the light of the night sky.

The wind was too harsh to light a torch. In fact, the main problem was the darkness, not the cold strong winds.

The winds were so strong that it would blow you away. The winds were so strong it would freeze the sculpture.

Thankfully, he was certain that he could make the sculpture.

'If I carve Seeyoon, I would definitely get a masterpiece.'

But Weed decided he wouldn't sculpt Seoyoon here

He had no intention of being apologetic if he coincidentally meets up with Seoyoon. He no longer wanted to be frightened of her.

He wanted to create some other sculpture this time.

"Grandmother, Hayan, me. I want to make a sculpture of my family."

The fact that he never sculpted this always stayed on his mind.

Although, he promised not to sculpt his family until he raised his sculpting level. He began to cut the rock and began sculpting.

In the past, life was hard right after his parents died. He had to raise his younger sister which requires money. Although he had nothing, he always promised to take care of his sister.

The lighting was horrible and the air was musty and it was damp in the basement. It was his biggest dream to live in an elevated housing.

"It's high up here. You can see the sun rise and the mouse walk everyday."

To depict life's wisdom was hard, but Weed tried his best to not think of his story.

In the wrinkled hands were anxiety and pain.

Weed looked directly and began to reminisce as he moved his Engraving Knife.

When he was carving his Grandmother's eyes, he paused for a moment. It was overflowing with emotions that he didn't know where to begin.

"But, I should do this before it gets too late."

Weed moved his Engraving Knife diligently.

Eventually, after cutting the statue, a shape began to form.

From afar, the sun began to rise.

The sunlight shone on the sculpture and its surrounding.

The dense fog began to disappear, along with the dark features of the night sky. The sky began to lighten up, it was yet another mysteries of nature.

Weed was so focused on finishing his sculpture, that he did not realised that the sun had risen. It was different from the time when he was able to leisurely carve Wyverns. But when it's completed, the results of the advanced sculpting should grant similar rewards.

'Looking at the sunrise will not give me a single penny.'

Perfect sense of impoverishment!

When Weed sculpts, he tries to forget his sense of time to help him concentrate.

To sculpt, he needed to gather rocks, which took up a lot of time.

While carving, he had to watch every stone he carved with his knife, and think about the sculpture. What he should created that would show emotion.

The statue of Grandma, her form was sculpted without taking any breaks.

He did not think more about the finesse details of sculpture representation. It was bound to be insufficient compared to a Professional Sculptor.

Weed included it in his thoughts. Carving until emotions could be felt. As he carved, in his mind, he started imagining and a perfect sculpture unfolded.

The Sculptor of Royal Road!

The profession of a Sculptor differs from a typical artisan profession.

Blacksmith melt ores such as iron in the hearth, and then uses molten metal to create weapons and armors.

Chefs knew recipes to some extent, but if their cooking skills were polished, they can roughly figure out what kind of dishes to cook based on the ingredients.

With Tailoring, you only need to know the basics such as cutting and stitching clothes, so it is not difficult.

The people from the Arts Profession had to work firsthand.

Only if you produced Great Works or Masterpieces, will you obtain increase in skills, which is impractical. This is the desecration of art.

A Sculptor must first draw a picture, and then carve it out to complete the artwork.

When Weed first started out, during his break times from his battles, he would spend most of it carving. He would always carve out dozens of basic artwork a day, while learning the basic fundamentals of sculpting.

Near Serabourg Castle, he carved popular sculptures such as Rabbits and Foxes, and sold them to the public, but soon after, he started carving more diverse monsters from different kinds of wood to gain more experience.

Therefore it was rare for someone to choose Sculptor as their profession unless they've gone totally insane.

Clang Clang

Grandmother's body, including her face was almost complete. But both her hand parts was deliberately connected to the other rock.

Followed by the creation of his sister's statue.

'From here on, there shouldn't be any mistakes.'

After his Grandmother's statue, Weed began working on his younger sister's statue.

Rather than a photo, in his mind, he recalled an image of a perfect family!

When he got hungry, he ate Yeti's dried meat because he didn't want to take time to eat a proper meal, just to finish his work.

When creating a sculpture, it was important to retain one's sensibility.

Weed concentrated all his efforts to create the statue of the family, and

nothing else.

The statue of the family were holding hands firmly. His Grandmother's statue, she was wearing a fine dress. Thanks to his sewing skills, it wasn't hard for him to create clothing for the statue he had made.

Once he finished sculpting the statue of his Grandmother and his sister, it exudes a subtle radiance.

An Advance Effect of Sculpting!

All statues with an Advance Sculpting Effect all had different distinctive radiance depending on the climate of the statues' surroundings, and the type of materials that was used.

Weed got another piece of rock and placed it on the other side of his Grandmother. He has to now create a statue of himself.

Gracious, fine elderly Grandmother and beautiful sister!

And a statue of Weed, himself!

Creating a statue of himself was something he didn't like.

'My eyes are originally not this small.'

Weed's statue had significantly large eyes.

'In fact, the nose should be a little straighter, and the forehead, shouldn't it be slightly wider on this side? Yeah, that's right. And it should be taller!'

Weed had a height of an average Korean person, and had a rather ordinary look. However, self satisfaction was carved into the statue.

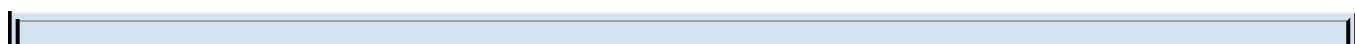
The overall composition of his statue's image was a Hottie. Almost at the level of Celebrity hotties!

“Yeah. That’s me alright! The equally freakish me. Boohoo.”

Weed laughed with delight as he completed his statue.

Ttiring!

Right when the sculpture was finished, a message popped up in front of Weed.



Please set a name for the finished sculpture.

A precaution was given. Last time when he made a sculpture of Seoyoon, there was also a message that asked for a name.

When a sculpture is made and the creator is asked to give it a name, it was one of the greatest honors for a sculptor. Weed paused for a moment and said.

“Harmonious Family.”

Is Harmonious Family correct?

“Yes”

Grand Masterpiece! You have completed the Harmonious Family!

The Horom Mountains can be called the world's roof!

At a colossal height, the glorious work of a sculptor was added.

Because it was created regardless of all adversities, the delicate statue shows the creativity of the Sculptor, and it is valued even more.

Artistic value : 9,400

Special option :

- Those who see the Harmonious Family will have health and mana regeneration increased by 30% for a day.
- Taking a break near the sculpture will recover stamina and health very quickly.
- Passing through rough terrain consumes less stamina.
- Cold resistance increase by 50%
- Resistance to ice magic.
- All stats increase by 25
- Three attributes increase by 24%
- These attribute bonuses will last for a whole day.
- It stacks with other blessings.
- Does not stack with other sculptures.

Up till now, the number of Grand Masterpiece complete : 2

- Sculpting skill has improved.
- Sculpture understanding skill has increased by 1.
- Advance handicraft skill reached level 3. Efficiency of using any handicraft skill is increased by 8%. It will have various effects.
- Fame increased by 40.
- Because the statue was made out of basic materials such as rocks and trees, although it is an advanced statue, the amount of fame awarded was not large.
- Art stat increase by 34
- Fortitude increased by 9
- Endurance increased by 4
- All rights to the sculpture is given to Master Weed. If this sculpture is given life, it will be loyal to him.
- For creating a masterpiece, all stats increase by 3

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

Weed burst into joyous laughter. Laughing at the summit of the Horom Mountains.

“Grand Masterpiece!”

Although he has yet to master Moonlight Sculpting, he could still be able to produce some great works. He felt really good after completing the statue of his family.

It would only caused troubles if he gave life to all three of the statues.

When the 3 statues are given life, they would be hand in hand, and their efficiency level will decrease.

He has already decided not to give life to the statues. He will only give life to statues when they serve him purpose. He had only created this statue to commemorate the occasion.

'I've seen the sunset, sunrise, and many rain clouds passing by the mountains.'

\*

Hwaryeong logged in earlier than usual and waited for the rest of the party. She had longed to see the view from the summit of the Horom Mountain.

“How will I get back? It'll also be hard to get back down.”

Hwaryeong climbed the mountain alone.

Soon, she was not far away from the place where the Avalanche occurred. Because she had experience of the climb, it was difficult to climb back up.

Hwaryeong reached the summit and found a statue that was not previously there.

“It's beautiful!”

Hwaryeong couldn't stop admiring it sincerely.

The statue stood still and quiet on the summit of Horom Mountains.

It seemed like warmth was wrapped its surroundings in the world's

highest summit. To add to the mystery, there was a light surrounding it. It was no doubt that the light came from the Advanced Sculpting Effect.

The statues made from ordinary rocks showed off their beauty like gems.

“It’s awesome.”

Hwaryeong guessed that the person who created the sculptures was Weed.

"This is a genuine statue."

Besides the Pyramid and the statue of the Lion Monster, this was the one of the first statue she had seen made by Weed.

“What a marvelous sculpture.”

Hwaryeong slowly viewed the sculptures.

The grandma and younger sister statue was overflowing with liveliness.

“The guy is so handsome.”

Hwaryeong’s eyes shone as she saw the statue of the tall man.

Because she sees Celebrities considerably often, she appraised its appearance to be fairly passable. But of course, when she looked at the statue, she would imagine it to be Weed.

# Chapter 9: Hall of Fame Expedition

The guilds in the Central Continent were starting to use cutthroat information warfare.

They were looking up about the Scorpion King while also finding a way to lower the temperature around the continent.

Wizard or Sage, Nobles meet in the library presenting legend and myth from old books.

Then in the Barbarian's village a hint was found.

“In the continents North Edereun village disappeared. That in the village’s altar a legend was passed down by the devoted saying that the heat would disappear. More contents from Edereun were reported in the investigation to me”

Edereun village disappeared!

Historical records states that it is located somewhere in the Kingdom of Kaldeath.

In the Northern parts of Kaldeath Kingdom, the land was literally frozen for a long period of time. Edereun and several other villages were not listed on the map.

“I already knew that.”

For the leaders of each guild, a goal appeared.

Go to the coldest part of the continent and seek the Edereun village!

If any other guild was able to solve the quest that led to the Crimson Wing Guild’s collapse, they will be able to gain more prestige.

On top of that, they had other plans as well.

‘We take advantage of this opportunity, and can be the first pioneers of the north.’

The plentiful quests in the north. If you can obtain them and secure the hunting grounds, it would greatly increase the prestige of our guild.

‘There are many quests in the North. We can occupy the hunting grounds and expand the influence of our guild.’

‘A great opportunity to expand our guild!’

The guilds in the Central Continent have been fighting over the ownership of the land.

There are problems when occupying castles and fortresses, and even minor hunting grounds!

But you could change the balance of power by exploring the north.

Some guild leaders announced their guilds would go on an expedition to the North, without forcing those who don't want to go. It was a tolerable risk for their guild to venture to the North.

The Era of Pioneering the North is about to start.

\*

The Dark Gamer’s Tavern.

A number of high-level users were commissioned by the Crimson Wing Guild to participate in the failed quest. They were in recession for a while, but now they were active again.

Various guilds came to look for them to commission them on an expedition to the North.

Being a high-level user does not guarantee they will be an asset in battle. They should have experience and be able to exert the best of their abilities.

In any kind of battle, Dark Gamers knew how to use their abilities to survive tenaciously. At the same time, they bring out a sense of responsibility and competitiveness from other guild recruits.

“Do as I say!. Don’t go to places you are not told to go to.”

Keuu. I thought it’d be ok.

“I died vain on a high level quest, and because of that people hate me.”

“Ok, I get it so stop.”

At the end of the day, Volk couldn't bear listening to his wife.

Many others lost their lives following the Crimson Wing Guild on their A rank quest!

It was very bad venture for them, not only did they lost two levels, but they also lost skill proficiency.

The Dark Gamers Union had suffered significant damage to their reputation from the event.

However, as an excuse, Volk said.

“Regardless, we've made money from it. So far we've made a total of 110,000 gold.”

“It's not that much compared to the value of your life. It hurts me to think you've died.”

“You...!”

Volk's eyes were filled with sudden emotions.

“I also feel the same way about you.”

“Sweetheart.”

Volk held her hands affectionately. A thought struck Darelyn and she asked.

“Surely, you didn't lose any equipment, did you?”

“Of course not. I wore some cheap equipment purchased from a shop. The place seemed dangerous, so I took precautions.”

“You did well.”

Dark Gamers would always obtain additional equipment and wear them if they find they are likely to die during the quest. They only wear items that they wouldn't mind losing.

It was obvious that to a Dark Gamer, their equipment are treated as their second body.

Volk and Darelyn were resting, when a man approached them.

“I have a commission. Will you hear me out?”

Volk nodded at the man politely.

“We would listen. But once you tell us about it, we’ll decide whether or not to accept it.”

“Well of course. I come from the Cold Roses Guild. Our guild is taking this opportunity to explore the Northern Continent. The level requirements is 320 or higher. The salary is 40,000 gold.”

“The salary is rather generous.”

A man shouldn’t complain.

“Yes. The current fee for Dark Gamers have risen recently. If we find any important quests in the town of Edereun or any other town, additional money will be compensated.”

“I don’t mean to be disrespectful, but the Cold Roses Guild are able to lead an expedition without additional help, right?”

The Cold Roses guild was a mid-size guild who ranked in the top 40s in the middle continent. They owned 4 forts, but they were located in remote areas.

Furthermore, there was a kind-hearted Dwarven Warrior who was the head of the guild called Oberon, it was a decent middle-ranked guild.

Although Volk had his concerns, he accepted the man’s request.

"Of course it's not just us. The guild's alliance, and some of the people of the general public are going as well. It is the first time that the Northern Continent is being explored, so we have to move faster and work faster than others to gather information."

“Then i guess there will be a large amount of people.”

"That's right. We want to take this opportunity to explore the Northern towns and Kingdoms. In the North, there are still a lot of places left unexplored. Would you like to participate?"

Darelyn poked Volk in the side.

The conditions weren't all that bad.

Dark Gamers lived very prejudiced lives. In fact if they travelled alone, they will go to more dangerous areas.

To get there first, they had to venture ahead ambitiously and take lots of risks.

Pioneers of the Northern continent!

New hunting grounds and quests were not enough to satisfy their desire.

Volk and Darelyn accepted his request.

\*

Weed and his group returned descending Horom mountain to the Dark Elves castle They wanted to dispose of their japtem before climbing the Horom Mountains.

Surka listened cheerfully to the Dark Elves Granbell.

“You really were able to climb to the summit of Mount Horom, that is impressive. Let me tell you about a good hunting ground. Have you heard of Karaka forest?”

“I have not heard of it.”

“It is about a day's walk from here. There you will encounter monsters of various levels. There is an abundance of monsters, a good place in many ways. And if you defeat the King Snake boss you'll be able to access an amazing place.”

“Amazing place?”

“You've heard of the Undead Legion?”

Granbell lowered her voice.

Granbell was not aware that Weed was Karichwi, after he transformed using Shapeshifter.

“The Undead Legion were very strong.”

Surka saw Weed's eyes and replied. Weed associated with them and

listened with interest.

Granbell started to boast.

"The Legions of Undead are strong, but not as strong as the Dark Elves. Talented in Elemental Magic and Archery! There are a lot of things the Dark Elves succeeded in!"

"Yes, of course."

"Although the Legions of Undead caused a lot of chaos and disappeared, the dungeons of the Lich Shire remain. Who knows what treasures the Lich Shire might have left inside."

"Treasure?"

"It is not for certain. But it's the type of things you would want to check out, is it not? Now the Dark Elven warriors are gathered at the entrance of the dungeon."

The hollow place where the Undead Legion emerged!

Granbell was talking about the place, in favor of a hunt.

The Rosenheim Kingdom Soldiers, Freya's Priests, Weed, and his party, headed into the forest of Karaka.

According to Granbell, various types of monsters appear randomly in the Yuroki Mountains. However, Weed recently became familiar with the types of monsters that could appear.

Weed travelled there with the Rosenheim Kingdom Soldiers and his companions to hunt if it only to raises just one level. Although the soldiers and his parties level differ slightly, it wasn't a big problem.

In any case, it was still a long way from being one of the strongest. He has leveled his production skills by contributing to the hunts with the soldiers.

But after a few days, Becker, Buren, and Hosram approached him.

"Commander, we have to go back to our hometown."

"We are part of Rosenheim Kingdom. We cannot be absent in the army

for too long."

No matter how high Weed's intimacy was, he could not hold soldiers belonging to the kingdom indefinitely. Now that we've completed the Legion of Undead quest, it was natural that they wanted return to their Kingdom.

The church of Freya was also missing its priests.

'It's regretful that I cannot use my contribution points to retain them.'

Weed headed to the teleportation gate inside the cave in Plains of Despair with the Priests and Soldiers. His companions decided to continue hunting in Karaka forest.

"To Serabourg Castle."

The teleportation gate was operated by the Priests.

The inside of the cave was suddenly covered by light, when it was gone, nothing remained.

When Weed, the soldiers, and the priests teleported to Rosenheim Kingdom, they appeared near the central fountain. Where they inevitably became the center of people's attention.

"They appeared to be the Kingdom's Soldiers. The Royal Knights."

"Where did those people come from?"

"They're Priests of Freya."

"What quest were they doing?"

Weed caught the attention of the people, fortunately, troublesome things did not occur.

The Royal Knights and Guards immediately came out.

"His Majesty is waiting for you."

Under the guidance of the Knights, Weed headed inside the Palace. He was to once again meet with the King in his Royal Court.

The old King of Rosenheim Kingdom has passed away. A new King has

been crowned. The King's first son, Archduke Winston has taken his place.

“You are the Sculptor, Weed, who built the tomb for His Majesty, the late King.”

King Winston's eyes were very sharp. There were many Nobles and Knights inside the Royal Court. King Winston's evaluation was belligerent. Because of their nemesis, the Kingdom of Brent, He planned on enriching and strengthening the Kingdom's army.

In fact, those intentions were already implied on several occasions. Weed had collected data from the Dark Gamers Union. Weed had tried to read all he could about the newly appointed King of Rosenheim.

Weed kneeled on one knee.

“Yes. Your Majesty.”

"We heard from sources that you borrowed a few of the Kingdom's soldiers and Royal Knights. Is that correct?"

“It is so, Your Majesty.”

"However, they our soldiers were gone for a long period of time. What business did you have to conclude to take Soldiers and Royal Knights outside of their Kingdom?"

King Winston looked down at Weed's eyes.

The King was known to have the best military strength. He has special interest in monster subjugation to expand the frontiers. But on Sculptor's appeal, they were forced to retreat from the enemy.

The judgement of King Winston did not end there.

‘I too see that.’

However, Weed was familiar, inhospitality, life suffering, and sorrow. But now he knew how to be more proactive to reverse the situation.

Weed stood up on the spot and said.

"It was honorable for His Majesty's soldiers to fight against the Legions of

Undead that might have done harm to the Kingdom of Rosenheim."

After Weed had spoken, he tried to leave. This was all part of a plan.

It is the law to deliberately say something interesting, and then disappear. Once they have gained interest, they will be more willing to listen.

King Winston asked.

"What has happened."

"It wasn't that much of a big deal. We only prevented the Undead Legion and Lich Shire from doing harm to the continent."

"Did such a thing really happened? Let me hear more of the details."

Weed told the story of how he brought the Soldiers of Rosenheim Kingdom to the front lines and fought with the Legions of Undead.

He also mentioned vividly how the soldiers did outstanding job of fighting without neglecting their lives.

But the truth was, it was the Orcs and the Dark elves who were the main source of power to fight the Undead Legions.

The Rosenheim Kingdom's Soldiers were also present listening to everything Weed was saying.

Weed praised the Rosenheim Kingdom's Royal Knights and Soldiers for efforts, and they said thanks.

It is necessary to have intimacy with the King and his courts, even more so than villagers. Because of the story of how the soldiers fought, Weed was able to raise his familiarity with King Winston.

King Winston's assessment of Weed was also altered.

"You know, I also had many great adventures."

"No, your majesty."

"I also like people who enjoy challenges and adventure. It's been a long time since I've had a companion with similar interest to chat with. Would you like to work with the Royal Family of Rosenheim?"

## Ttiring!

You have received a job offer from the King Winston.

The Kingdom's Sculptor.

If you work for the Royal Courts, you get to live with the Royal Family, and meet any Nobles and people of Royal Blood.

300 Soldiers will be put under your command.

The Royal Family will provide you with a private room.

You can receive training from Royal Knights, and you will a monthly salary of 2000 gold minimum.

You will receive additional salary every time you create a sculpture.

While hired as a Royal Sculptor, all sculptures made during that period will be property of the Royal Family.

Would you like to accept this job?

### Employment as a Royal Sculptor.

If he can meet Royals and Nobles, quests are much easier to obtain. It is easier to raise his reputation with men under his command.

If you gained enough reputation, you may receive a town or a castle.

For the sake Kingdom, one would need to contribute large amount of money, rather than building up reputation or public value.

However, without losing his courtesy, Weed said.

“I am sorry, your Majesty.”

“Why the expression.”

“My skills are still insufficient to be the Royal Sculptor, and I would like to have more adventures.

A royal sculptor could get more quests from Nobles and Royalty. But the number and type of commissions is usually limited. But the variety of quest are limited to creating sculptures.

In such quests, he can improve his sculpting skills abundantly. But, wandering freely and independently is precisely the shortcut to improving Sculpting.

“If that’s so, then it cannot be helped. If you ever change your mind, come find us and We’ll be happy to entrust the job to you”

“Yes, Your Majesty. Also unfortunately the Centurion Dale was killed in the midst of chaos. Although he will not be returning, along with other soldiers, it was all thanks to their sacrifice that we were able to become victorious. He will remain as one of the bravest Soldiers in the history of Rosenheim Kingdom.”

“We are also saddened by Centurion Dale’s death. But because of this event, other Soldiers are stronger, and the Kingdom and her residents are safe. Adventurer Weed, Rosenheim Kingdom will not forget what you have done for us.”

Rosenheim Kingdom’s Royal Knights and Soldiers have been returned.

Due of the growth of the borrowed Soldiers, you have earned 3705 Royal Contribution points.

With this Weed’s work at the Royal Court was mostly finished.

‘Contribution points have been returned after leveling them up’

Weed came out of the Palace and headed towards to the Church of Freya. The guards no longer stop him.

Weed was able to meet with the High Priest Immediately.

“Congratulation to defeating the Legions of Undead.”

The greeted Weed in reverence, because there was no one who had higher contribution to the Freya’s Church.

At least in Rosenheim kingdom, there was nobody with more fame than Weed.

Weed took out the Helaine’s Grail from his coat.

“I’m here to return the Church’s Relic.”

“It has been received. And please go to Somreun Liberty City sometime soon, the High Priest is expecting you.”

“I will go when I have the time.”

In reality, he regretted returning Helaine’s Grail because it provided infinite amount of Holy Water. However, the item must be used with discretion.

If you use holy water from Helaine's Grail for personal gain, you will lose Faith. His Faith had dropped 4 times from drinking Holy Water.

'Then I am done with the errand from Freya's church'

After returning the Helaine's Grail to the church, Weed stood in front of the teleportation gate.

The next destination was the City of Artists, Rhodium.

On the Versailles Continent, it's the place where culture blooms like a brilliant flower.

The city is the birthplace of the Production and Art profession.

Weed imagined.

'Talent artist don't need to hone and polish their skills. Musicians flooded the streets, giving great performances.'

Sounds of beautiful music, discussions of art throughout the city, and a brilliantly illuminated night sky.

Weed imagined Rhodium.

"Travel to Rhodium."

The Freya priests operated the teleportation gate and Weed was engulfed in an instant.

\*

Rhodium's Central Square!

Weed appeared under a light, and a crowd formed around him immediately.

"A person!"

"Someone came here through the teleport!"

In a very desperate and urgent voice.

Weed quickly looked around.

Many people appeared to be gathered in the square.

‘Did something happen in the city?’

Weed began to observe the situation.

People in the square began to rush towards Weed.

Their reaction was comparable to when he appeared in the center of Serabourg in Rosenheim Kingdom with Soldiers and Priests of the Orders of Freya.

Everyone in the crowd came running towards of Weed, with heads bowed.

And at the same time they quickly held out their hands.

“Please help.”

“Please spare some coin!”

“I’m really hungry, Keuheuk! Mister help a starving friend out.”

Rhodium, the City of Artists!

It was the poorest town riddled with beggars everywhere.

“Please give me money.”

“Only 10 coppers and you could be the savior of my life.”

"People once lent a helping hand!"

“I won’t ask for a lot. Only enough to buy some bread to feed myself.”

Weed was surrounded by approximately 1000 people asking for money.

At the same time, new people appeared through the teleportation gates. Weed swiftly escaped.

The beggars approached the newly emerged travellers, and bowed their head until it almost touched the ground.

“Just 1 copper. Please. Please help me out a little, we’re living in a harsh world. Help a poor man just this once.”

It was as if they haven’t seen the light for one year!

Pathetic tears come out with gloomy disposition!

They were struggling from hunger as they begged!

# Credits

Translator: [Royal Road Weed](#) / [Japtem](#) / [Jawz Translations](#) / [Weeds Royal Road](#) / [Clicky Click Translations](#) / [LMS Machine Translations](#) / [Ark Machine Translations](#)

Epub: [Estevam](#) / [dotNOVEL](#)