

The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

(달빛 조각사)

Volume 09

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Story Description:

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

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

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

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

Chapter 1: Night in Morata

As the moon emerged in the night sky, Weed was stirring with a ladle.

In the past, the True Blood Vampire Clan inhabited the bleak and luxurious black giant castle in the background, but now he was cooking in the middle of Morata village.

In the north, traveling in the night was no better than suicide.

Because he didn't know the area very well, it was best not to move around and risk stumbling into strong monsters. It was also much more tiring to endure the cold, during the night.

Even though he had eaten the sweet potatoes he was given by the village elder, the fullness bar was gradually disappearing. Thus, Weed decided to cook some food in Morata.

'Better make some nice, hot food that can defeat the cold.'

The meat of the various beast he had hunted in the Yurokina Mountains, vegetables and seasonings were all mixed to make a soup!

'Mixing makes it much more delicious.'

The open-air fire burned majestically, with a pot hanging above it to be used for boiling the broth.

Depending on the fire, the food can be prepared in numerous ways.

Weed started slicing the meat, before dropping it into the pot.

As soon as he dropped the toppings into the broth, it changed to a reddish colour.

A spicy smell exploded into the area.

Gulp

He saw the Pope candidate, swallow his saliva. Even though he was a priest of Freya, it was hard for him to resist his appetite in that situation.

'This time I will be able to give you some real cooking for a change.'
Weed thought as he glanced a look at Seoyoon. She was squatting next to

the fire, watching the broth boil.

In the past, they had never had time to cook any meals properly, as they were always in a hurry to get back to the Yurokina Mountains.

Being an Orc decreased his craftings skills tremendously.

As Karichwi the Orc, his dexterity was also weakened a little, which also affected his cooking skill. It was however sufficient for grilling meat.

Seoyoon delightedly ate the grilled meat.

'Previously whenever we met each other, we were so busy hunting that I didn't get an opportunity to cook. We just ate the bread that I had made beforehand. Therefore, even if it's this meal, it might still appease her.'

'Through the means of this meal I could apologize to Seoyoon.'

Paladins and Priests started gathering around the place where Weed was cooking.

The paladins started exerting divine power, in order to keep a straight face! The noble priests drooled at the look of the mixed soup. The ideal of maintaining dignity was lost in front of a temptation this big.

Then the villagers of Morata started to come out of their houses, even though Weed had thought they were sleeping.

"This savory smell....."

"I don't know how long it's been since I smelled anything this good."

The villagers started to stare at the pot with greedy eyes. The children were grabbing their stomachs.

Weed shook his head.

'I can't give this to anyone.'

'To obtain the seasonings and cooking ingredients costs money. Therefore I have no intention of handing any of it over.'

At this moment, the children started to cry.

"Mom, I'm hungry!"

“Bear with it for a little longer. Your father’s going to be home soon.”

“Is it grass again?”

“Yes, he said he’ll be going a bit south of here where you can easily pick up good tree bark and grass roots, so just wait a little longer.”

“WAAAH!!!”

The children burst into tears.

Even though Morata was no longer in ruins, it was still really poor. Due to the cold they could not grow crops, and since it was inhospitable like the towns in the areas around it, trade wasn’t improving either.

The town was just barely scraping by!

It wasn’t truly dead, but only by living off the distributions from the church of Freya, did the village manage to survive.

In actuality, for the village elder to hand out the sweet potatoes was an astounding act of kindness.

Weed frowned.

‘Why did we, out of all the places have to come somewhere this poor.’

Memories of barely being able to feed the paladins in the past started to surface.

‘I struggled so much in order to fill their bellies. If this had been a normal situation I wouldn’t even have been noticed.’

However, the children were starving.

In the past, there had also been a time when Weed had starved. It wasn’t because he didn’t want to eat, but because rice had run out. Therefore, without any other options, he had just clutched his stomach.

After such an experience, even though he could endure many other things, he couldn’t endure hunger.

With tears of regret he called the children over.

“Hey kids, I think the cooking is all done. You can come and eat now.”

“Can we really eat it?”

“Of course. This uncle put a lot of effort into making it, just so I could give it to you...”

“Thank you!”

Because Weed had put plenty of rice and herbs into the mixed soup, there was enough to be divided.

“Wow! Wow!”

Because the children had already been starving for a few days, they ate the meal very fast.

The villagers also slowly walked up to the fire. They were too proud to say it, but their faces gave off a touching expression, showing that they would be very happy if they were given food.

Weed was very conflicted with this.

'If I want to feed them all, a great supply of ingredients and seasoning is required, and I don't want to personally provide that.'

However you looked at it, it was a huge loss. Making food for everyone would mean spending a great deal of money.

'If only I hadn't learned cooking... then I wouldn't be in this troublesome situation.'

Until now, he hadn't regretted learning the cooking skill.

However, the villagers of Morata were severely starving.

'At least I'll be recognized, and relieve my conscience. I was confident that I would live without these kind of situations. However, the paladins and priests of Freya are watching.'

Alveron came and said “In this difficult situation you made food, and gave it away. You are a very good person.”

“ ... ”

“Even if you only have a single proper meal, it will bring you hope. Hope that anything can be achieved. If you don't have hope in your hearts, it will

be as if you are dead. Devotion and hope brings will. I, the paladins, the priests and the Morata villagers will never forget the kindness you have shown us.

“ ... ”

Weed wanted to find a way to stop Alveron's mouth from prattling on.

The priests and paladins had great respect for him.

Benefactor of the village, and the great adventurer who found the holy treasures of Freya!

Weed's eyes began to tremble.

'There will eventually be some damages, so it might as well be here.'

Avoiding to spend money now was impossible, so there was no need to stand idle.

Weed smiled brightly as he stirred the soup.

“If there is anything I can do to increase the prosperity and peace of the continent of Versailles, of course I will do it.”

“Now that is a true response from Weed.”

Alveron's, the paladins' and the priests' respect for Weed increased even further.

Weed pulled out all the food ingredients he had. He took out all the meat, grass and vegetables he got from hunting in the Yuroki Mountains.

“Just wait a little bit longer, then I'll cook up some food that will fill your stomachs.”

With all of the ingredients, Weed started to cook.

Anchovies boiled moderately, thick gravy seasoning mix to create a broth, and he put in plenty of meat into the stew.

Whenever the soup was distributed he could feel his heart breaking.

Trickling.

Out of Weed's two eyes tears were coming out.

“It’s Saint Weed’s tears!”

“Weed would even shed tears for us.”

“He’s the real deal, doing this for the peace of the continent.”

The surprised villagers of Morata exclaimed.

The tears that trickled down were tears for the precious loss of money, but the villagers had misunderstood.

‘My precious money.’

Weed impatiently pulled out a small piece of paper, and quickly wrote on it.

For the villagers of Morata that were starving I have cooked them food using luxurious ingredients. Consumption amounts: Seasoning: 7 Gold 47 Silver 98 Copper
Currently the average price of meat in the Versailles Continent: 38 Gold 80 Silver 7 Copper
Various vegetables: 9 Gold 10 Silver
The effort to cook the food 20

He wrote down the value of food ingredients he used to feed the residents of Morata.

Weed beat the ground with grief.

‘In order to recover the amount I have spent I would have to work harder.’

By looking at the expenditure statement he resolved to work harder and make more money. ‘From now on I’m going to hunt even if I’m tired. When I’m doing a quest and if I ever want to pull out, I can look at this statement and get strength from it.’

The purpose was not only this.

I could not sit still while doing such a good job. While I’m walking I can secretly drop this paper and it will attract the attention of people.

Especially if it was dropped during a party.

“Huh, why did this fall out?”

And you hurriedly pick it up as if it was nothing. Of course, nearby co-workers would be forced to wonder what it is. Weed was never going to

show it straight away though, cause if you hide the information the greater the value of the information would be.

And when curiosity peaks that's when you hopelessly show the information. Even then, you hesitate to show it around three times then you slowly take out and show the expenditure statement.

By doing this you would be boasting to you co-workers.

The villagers that received the soup, that contained the oiled fish, were overly rejoiced.

"You really are the savior of this village."

"Thank you. How do we repay you gracefulness?"

One by one the villagers thanked Weed, while he smiled back at them as if it was nothing.

"It's nothing. The road I've been walking on has always been like this. Now I think that this is to be my destiny. I will do whatever I can to help people in trouble. That is a life that I can live without regret."

"Now that is a response from Weed."

Since he liked to hear praises, he gave more food to anyone who praised him .

If colleagues who knew him saw the appearance of the current Weed, they would not believe it was him.

In the past, it was a time a pyramid was created.

After he completed the pyramid, in the castle of Serabourg, there were a lot of people in tears of joy. The majority were novices with no money and low levels. Malnourished, at the end of the exploitation of the labor they were glad to receive the money from the quest.

Finally they would be able to at least buy a piece of bread!

Till now, that's how Weed lived, now he had a boundless natural look. It was a skillful law to not have done charity even once.

Alveron, Freya's platform of paladins and priests did not value gold.

“Freya will bless Weed.”

It was like the attitudes of the Paladins and Priests, could not get any better. Watching the non-righteous and inconsiderate Weed would of given him immense respect.

The priests urged.

“The Freya religious order needs a lot of people. We know of Weed’s loyalty and all the great acts you have done for our religious order. Even though you might have not walked in the path of faith you are more than qualified. Now why don’t you become our Bishop and work for our religious order?”

Ding!

A religious position has been proposed. Freya’s religious order of Bishops.

Given jurisdiction over a temple, you can oversee the finances and also expand the policies. It is a similar position where you oversee a castle’s finances, but there is a difference where you have the jurisdiction over the works of the religious order.

You can foster new Paladins and Priests, and also use the donations to buy land and erect new temples.

The higher up you go up in the hierarchy, the more responsibilities you get.

However, if you lay siege to a castle or town then your reputation will plummet.

If you use your power for bad then you will be judged.

Which province you will be responsible for will also be determined by your reputation and contributions.

Do you want to accept the seat of Bishop?

The Bishops of Freya was a special place that even the world didn’t know that existed.

Take on the important position of the order and have authority over the Paladins and Priests!

No one has ever been proposed a position like this until Weed had appeared.

Coming back for the church, the contributions that have been steadily built up through the Legions of Undead War, and the high reputation and the place of bishop.

The opportunity to walk the path of a religion that has succeeded.

However, Weed shook his head.

“I am honored to be given the opportunity to serve the church of Freya. However, even though it may not be me, I have found that there are many others that would be willing to serve the church. I am willing to use my life to help people who are in a worse position than here.”

The position of Bishop for the Order of Freya has been refused.

The priests withdrew themselves.

“The goddess Freya will acknowledge your wonderful mind.”

Even though it was a once in a lifetime chance, the reason he refused was simple.

If he became the bishop, like now, there would be extremely large cases where Weed would have to live for others. Even though reputation and influence might increase, Weed thought money was more important and thought that it was not worth losing the money.

“Then enjoy.”

As Weed poured out the soup and rice he smiled a bit.

With sad eyes he shed a tear but forcefully spread a smile on his face!

Pain and frustration, and resignation. Resentment and anger in a rotten smile was a step forward.

Nevertheless, to people it looked like he was a person who liked a lot of people.

Then a resident who was wearing red, came holding a bowl and said.

“Have you ever made clothing of the Niflheim Empire?”

“Pardon?”

“Empire clothing are clothes that you wear when you enter an empire. It's suitable for working, and for fighting in. It is complicated to create, and you also need special material. I know the method to create the clothing.”

The villager handed to Weed a book.

“I only give this to benefactors.”

You have acquired the foundations for making clothing of the Niflheim Empire.

A sewing item!

The rise in closeness made him able to receive the secret to create regional clothes.

The Morata province was a master of leather and cloth in the past, and he had high skills in sewing.

“Something like this.....”

Weed quickly took the book in his arms.

“Then we’ll give you this.”

Other residents of the village gave 2nd grading deer leather or cloth. In exchange for receiving the good food they provided items for sewing.

“If you want to go to the Valley of Death, then you will need to follow the Pahel River. All year round the river is frozen thick with ice, and monsters don’t come out there.”

“In the past, if you went north for about three days, you would reach the Sabi Village. They have unusual methods that are passed down from father to son, and they love to carve things. Even though you will have to pass through dangerous roads, if you’re a craftsman it would be best to go there.”

“The closest fort to the Valley of Death is the Vent Castle. Once it was a thriving with knight during the Niflheim Empire, but now we don’t know what has happened to it.”

The villagers were able to give additional information. Weed had started to think.

“This is definitely not a coincidence. Of course, to someone as kind, and compassionate like me such blessings would come. ‘

Weed started to cook.

But it was not easy to create a hundred bowls. Even though there were enough ingredients, the number of hands that were needed to make the food was not enough!

It was vital to make food quickly. If the food line was to be cut off, the people who haven't been able to eat would fight over the food. Even though moderate hunger is the best side dish, if it goes too far then it could cause a revolt.

But he could not ask Seoyoon or Alveron to help.

If someone with no cooking skills helped, then the taste would only worsen.

If it was just an everyday situation, then he would ask Alveron to at least do the dishes, but with the paladins and priests watching him he could not use Alveron as his servant.

However Weed had enough experience.

When he was in large hunting groups, he made food for a lot of people. This experience!

In Morata, he had to make food in bulk for the paladins and priests. Therefore he was familiar with how to make large quantities food.

'I can't make stew. I need to create a menu that I can make quickly!'

In a large pot put in all the ingredients and whisk them all together. Bring the water to boil then slowly adjust the amount of water. Then create a lot of rice, and distribute the rice bowls.

Weed looked after Seoyoon and Alveron, so that they would receive enough food. It is natural to look after your partners when you're about to venture into a dangerous place.

But the villagers who were being well fed shed tears.

"When was the last time we were able to eat like this....."

"Since the invasion of the monsters, I think this is the first time."

"Can we return to how we once were?"

They each were locked out in grief.

The village elder started to speak.

“It is possible. If we gather up our strengths and work together, then we will be able to live like we have in the past.”

“I hope that a day like that would come.”

“It will definitely come. Rather our village, from when it was freed from the monsters has never once shared our joys. Such a joyful day we could not stay still. Let’s put on a festival. A festival that will celebrate the rebuilding of our village.”

“Wow!”

Ding!

The Morata village Night festival has taken place. Morata Village's Unique Night Festival. Throughout the night there was singing, dancing, they shared their joys and hope. The productivity of the Moarata villagers increases by 300% for 1 month. The town’s culture and technology advances rapidly over a period of time. Goods will be sold in shops without a margin. There is a significant increase in the number of young children after a certain period of time after the night festival. Residents change to a more hard-working, industrious people. You can participate and enjoy the festival.

Night Festival!

Festivals happened on a regular basis in big cities, but for a festival to take place in a small village was rare.

The satisfied villagers gathered together at the fire and started a festival. The women started to sing, while the men beat on their drums.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The villages danced to the beat of the drums. Every time the wind blew it made the dance seem more dreamy.

The women took their clothes off and danced wearing only their undergarments.

Even though it was cold, the heat of the festival made you forget about

the cold.

Thanks to that, Weed could have a nice show.

“Festival’s aren’t bad.”

Men and women danced, while the music poured out. In a pleasant atmosphere the night had passed.

“Hoo, it’s finally finished.”

Weed quickly finished the dishes and sat down.

Weed was tired from busily preparing food for thousands of people. Weed himself, couldn’t eat a lot therefore he was hungry as well. However, after seeing Seoyoon’s face his hunger dissipated. In the daylight when looking closely at Seoyoon’s face, there was no place for her. Always looking cold was a bit of a waste, but her mysteriousness and charm were enough to stir the heart.

But now, the light of the moon and the fire gave a proper atmosphere. At this point, Seoyoon’s beauty even surprised Weed.

He made a lot of sculptures of her and he faith that he could make her with his eyes closed, but as he saw Seoyoon now, it surprised him to the point that his faith was nearly broken.

“Beautiful.”

He could do nothing but compliment her on her beauty.

Seoyoon was sitting with her legs wrapped. However, unlike usual, she was watching the festival with soft eyes.

‘If I miss this chance I might not get another.’

While Weed was fully immersed in Seoyoon, he took out Zahab’s Engraving Knife and the ore he had received from the Rhodium Sculpting Guild.

“Identify.”

With a tiny whisper, Weed confirmed the information on the goods.

White crystal set.

Is made out of special materials that absorb radiating light. Very hard substance, therefore it won't crack or break.

It is known as a tool to engrave and polish, unless you have excellent workmanship it is impossible to deal with. If you still want to carve it, then a good knife is needed.

Restrictions:

- Sculptor.
- Quest item.

Option:

- Variety of hues.
- You can make the sculpture of this century.
- There are other special options.

It was a quest item in order to obtain the Moonlight Sculpting!

Durability was a whopping 1,000. If you tried to trim it with a normal knife, then the teeth of the blade would wear out.

'It should be ok, because I have Zahab's Engraving Knife.'

If you're a sculptor everything can be converted into a unique item.

'No matter how hard it is, even if it is a hard ore, there should be no reason that I can't cut it.'

Weed finally had a target to create from this ore.

Seoyoon!

He would create an image of her from these pieces of ore.

'I don't have to be greedy here. I should live by this feeling.'

Weed knew if he was discovered it would be a disaster. Until now, if it was discovered that all the statues he made were of her then she would want revenge on him.

Even though he was afraid of the aftermath, because it was a small sculpture, he could hide it with his hands, and then it would be difficult to recognize it.

'Before making the specific face shape, I don't know where to cut.'

Even if he's been noticed, with the atmosphere Seoyoon was showing, it

was worth it. Before the current feelings disappeared he needed to hurry.

Weed pressed the carving knife against the moon rock. Because it was a hard ore, using ordinary strength was not enough.

‘I can’t think of doing it all at once. I need to do it little by little. The night is long.’

A task that requires great strength and a fine-grained sense!

Proficiency is also essential.

Little by little Weed started to carve it from the head of the moon rock.

First is not to be greedy and make the shape of a person.

The armor that Seoyoon was wearing now, it didn’t fit the atmosphere.

Weed envisioned Seoyoon wearing a white dress.

She is not here where the ground is covered by snow. She is in a flower garden with bees and butterflies flying around.

Surrounded by many people, the little girl who is bursting with laughter!

Even though it was an atmosphere that didn’t suit Seoyoon, the aspiration that Weed felt from her now was this.

Weed slowly started to move the carving knife faster.

Full Immersion!

Weed did not calculate what he should cut in his head.

His hand moved with instinct and from the ore he carved the feelings he wanted to show Seoyoon.

Par ah aht!

Every time he cut the moon rock, flashes came out. Like uncovering old layers of dirt, the rock shone brightly.

Whenever Weed pressed the carving knife against the rock, a little more light began to shine.

Under the shining moon, the villagers danced. Trying not to attract any attention from the festival, he created the sculpture.

A brilliant light came from the rock.

It was almost a magical sight.

It seemed like Weed was carving from a sphere of light.

“Wow, what’s that?”

“He’s creating a sculpture.”

As word got by, villagers and paladins gathered around Weed. But they kept their distance and did not come any closer. When creating a sculpture it is best to not be obtrusive.

Fortunately, Seoyoon was near the bonfire and was more interested in watching the festival than watching Weed carve a sculpture.

The abyss of beauty.

Moonlight Sculptor!

However, Weed didn’t have any other work.

‘Well, it wasn’t a rock that could be carved easily.’

Since the sculpture gave a light that stung your eyes, in the situation that he had to carve the rock, it was difficult.

To a certain extent he got more familiar with the engraving.

Since he made a considerable number of sculptures every day, if you add all the sculpture he made, it would be a huge amount.

But even then, since he could not confirm the details, it was difficult to carve.

Even though it might have a good form, in the inside it was just dead.

Because you moved the carving knife wrongly, you have hurt your fingers.

Vitality decreased by 30. Dexterity temporarily decreased by 3.

Because you moved the carving knife wrongly, you have hurt your arm.

Vitality decreased by 100. Damage done by hands or arms temporarily decreased by 8%.

There were instances when he made mistakes he had not usually made, which made him hurt his hands. If he was being decent then he wouldn’t

have hurt his hands like this. But since the rock was so hard and he had to apply a lot of strength, even if he didn't get hurt now, he would have been bound to get hurt soon.

It was then that Weed finally realized the difficulty of this quest.

'Trying to make sculptures out of pieces of moon rock is not as easy as it seems. A little mistake might be ok, but a big mistake is not.'

After information was gathered from Rhodium and given to the Sculptor Guild, he thought the quest would be finished. But to completely make the sculpture, that would be the peak of the quest.

Since the moon rock had tremendous durability it would have a hard latency. But when you try to carve it with a carving knife, mistakes can be easily made. Because you can't see it well, and you have to give it excessive strength when carving, it could be spoiled without seeing it.

If important parts like the body or neck is damaged, then the sculpture can be nothing but a waste.

If the only rock is lost, then I might not be able to learn Moonlight Sculpting.

'Of course, there is not a thingy that is easy to do in this guy's job!'

For other professions you can obtain skills by obtaining the necessary items or learn skills by testing them out.

But other professions aren't as stunning as the sculptor.

The urgency that he might not be able to get another challenge.

Even though it was challenging to master sculpting, to familiarize yourself with Moonlight Sculpting was formidable.

Weed's heart was shaken.

'If I hurry like this I might end up damaging this sculpture.'

I can't just let this opportunity fly. If I leave time to study the form step by step, then the chances of making a mistake will be reduced.

However Weed shook his head.

‘No, there is no way to make a sculpture mechanically. There will come a moment when I have the confidence to make the sculpture.’

When I try to attempt the challenge again later, then there will be too many ideas in my head. Because of the obsession to not make a mistake becomes bigger, composure disappears.

Even though it might be lacking something, since I laid a finger on it, it would be better to finish it now was what I had judged.

‘If I do it carefully..... I can do it!’

Because you moved the carving knife wrongly, you have a big cut on your fingers.
Vitality decreased by 250. Whenever you deal damage with your hands or arms, the cut will become bigger.

As soon as he was motivated again, he messed up.

Even though the knife was carving the sculpture, the strength he had left over fizzled.

However, Weed changed directions and didn't damage the sculpture.

After that, as he was carving the sculpture he made a string of mistakes.

Little by little his vitality disappeared.

By heading down this path he could die before finishing.

Weed tried to relax

‘The worst case is that I’ll die. My level will be lowered, and skill proficiency levels will be lowered as well. The skills that I worked up to build with difficulty will all be lowered.’

His view was becoming more and more pessimistic.

Dry saliva was gathering in his mouth.

Weed held the sculpture in his hand, felt it and carved.

But he was glad of the fact that he was making a sculpture of Seoyoon. Even though the size was different, it was less difficult since he had created a lot of other sculptures of her.

Weed literally hugged the rock and carved it with his knife.

And finally he was able to create the form he wanted.

Ding!

- You have created a sculpture from the moon rock.
- Fame increased by 450.
- Sculpture Understanding skill has increased by 1 level.
- Sculpture skill proficiency has increased.
- Handicraft skill proficiency has increased.
- Arts stat increased by 60.

Bursting with thankfulness.

Completion of the sculpture!

The moon rock changed into a sculpture of Seoyoon laughing.

As time went by, the rock was still shining brightly.

The sculpture started to glow clearly.

As the sculpture was just carved, you could see the smooth form.

However, since the rock was emitting a bright light, it seemed more noble.

Ding!

Search of the lost light completed. Dealing with the mysteries of the light sculpture, you should know how to tune the light through sensations. Been handed down only to a handful of sculptors, the technology is very dangerous, and at the same time it is outstanding.

Quest Reward: Gain of Skill.

Moonlight Sculpting has been learnt. Moonlight Sculpting Level 1 (0%) : Sculptor's skill Sculptures will be able to emit light. However, the shape and color of the light will depend on the material. As time passes, the value of the finished sculpture will increase depending on the signs of the years passed.

You can handle light in everyday life. Light can be sprinkled as an attack, or it can be put on the body as a defense. It uses certain levels of mana to prevent magic attacks rather than physical attacks. An affiliation to nature, it's weaker than a wizard's shield but it uses a lot less mana. Can be used to light special places. Can light dark places.

Your affiliation with light has increased by 3%.

You can create light sculptures.

Luminarie. Fantastic light of the three-dimensional sculpture using a large number of jewelry.

Skill Sculpting Blade has been transformed. Sculpting Blade has developed into Moonlight Sculpting Blade.

Mana consumption will be tripled.

Using light as an offense will be possible.

Where there is moonlight, the attack power will be doubled.

Current expertise in Sculpting Blade will be transferred to Moonlight Sculpting Blade and will be reduced by half.

Moonlight Sculpting Blade skill is Intermediate Level 2 (43%).

Acquisition of the Moonlight Sculpting!

Now he could be reborn as a true Moonlight Sculptor.

With the completion of the quest, one can understand more facts.

‘I now know why it’s called Moonlight Sculptor.’

The finished sculptures will shed some light.

The sculpture Weed made was also emitting light.

There is no mistake that the light must be placed into the sculpture.

If the light is like that of the sun, then you would not be able to see it.

If you put proper light into the sculpture it would raise its dignity.

If it is too bright then the sculpture’s mystique will fall.

Sculpture completed in the northern part of the moonlight!

Weed retained the sculpture of the smiling Seoyoon into his bosom.

*

Dr. Cha Eun-Hee was looking hard at the monitor in the Great Society Rehabilitation Center.

She was watching the images coming out from the capsule Seoyoon was in.

The festival in the small northern village.

People were bursting with laughter, singing and dancing.

The romantic atmosphere.

Insurance would not be these things.

Cha Eun-Hee was at an inconvenience.

‘It was an opportunity to go on a trip with Orc Karichwi.’

The adventurer with a great reputation, Weed.

If you could go on an adventure with Weed, you would not hesitate to accept.

Orcs aged in battles!

Being a female Orc, fighting battles was a pleasure that went to heart.

The pleasure of being able to freely run around the many places in the mountains was unspeakable.

However, to Cha Eun-Hee, the adventure in the north was more interesting.

The events that occurred as soon as they arrived in the northern village.

Cha Eun-Hee envied the pair.

Chapter 2: Operation Acquire Food

After the night of celebration, Weed left Morata along with Seoyoon and Alveron.

“From now on genuine travel?”

He gathered as much information in advance as possible about the region he was heading to.

He meticulously learned the general direction and the paths he had to cross.

But food supply was the one thing he needed the most at the moment.

“Let’s see, how long will the food last?”

Shuffling through his bag, the food supply that was always filled to more than a certain size was now frozen into one piece. Nowhere in that piece remained essential food.

At the Morata Festival, he could only spend it all on villagers eating and drinking in large quantities.

Fortunately, the alcohol bottles were still there.

Before leaving the Yurokina Mountains, he plucked and immersed the wild grapes in them!

Sitting there, it silently ripened.

But Weed shook his head.

‘Alcohol will not fill the fullness factor.’

Alcohol cannot fill one’s stomach. Of course, you will get some degree of fullness, but there was a problem. As the amount of alcohol rises beyond a certain point, strength and agility declined. In more severe cases, disabled in battle! In the worst case scenario, you may die due to excessive drinking.

‘Still, later on drinking just a glass will be fine.’

In life, alcohol is absolutely a useless thing! However, alcohol also had

its advantages. In Royal Road, after getting attacked, it doesn't end with only just a temporary drop in life.

You should give immediate treatment by rubbing herbs or potions and wrapping bandages. Also, when there is swelling in the wounded area, it has the effect of disinfection that will help prevent additional damage.

Furthermore, alcohol is good medicine against the cold. When it's cold, drinking about a cup of alcohol will allow you to withstand the cold much better.

'I can't use this precious alcohol. Conceivably, when it matures quite a bit, I'll be able to receive money.....'

Leaving the wines in his bag as they were, Weed went to obtain food.

*

Sarak.

Terose felt refreshed stepping on pure white snow.

'Finally the beginning of our resurrection.'

The imposing Barbarian Warrior Pline's forehead frowned slightly.

"It's very cold here."

Dane covering his face with a robe spoke.

"It's fine. Fighting will warm you up quickly."

Terose looked at his colleagues that believed in him and followed him all the way here and nodded.

"We must fight for sure."

Scorpion King's Tomb Quest!

Due to that incident, the Crimson Wing Guild disbanded, but the people that formed the core did not leave.

Magma Witch Psyche and Light Bearer Mako. Assault Captain Bastien. The elite of Crimson Wing Guild hid their names, switched armors, and took part in the Cold Rose Guild's expedition.

From the beginning, the last thing in the world they wanted was to mix in with another guild's expedition. Crimson Wing tried to directly set up their own expedition group. But bad things happened all at once and the situation continued to worsen. Guilds seceded from the alliance. As a result, the towns they held were attacked from the front and because of the Scorpion King's Tomb, they were pressured with funding.

This chain of bad events was enough to crash Crimson Wing from the top 10 guilds in Versailles Continent. As a result, the guild inevitably had to disband. The heads remained till the end defending it to the death, but the slowly crumbling guild was seen to not even number in the tens of thousands.

'But we will rise once again.'

Terose wanted to regain his honor and revive Crimson Wing.

'The place will be the North.'

To reverse everything and revive the guild, the expedition!

'To return the continent to normal is our responsibility that cannot be passed to anyone.'

Terose smiled coldly.

*

The expedition led by Cold Rose Guild was still in trouble. They confidently brought a large number of people, but all kinds of problems appeared one after another.

The expedition brought a massive number cooks! Nothing went well in the early days of the expedition. To raise the morale of the expedition crew, they made lots of food to give them. Eating delicious food would bring up their spirits.

To Oberon and Drum, it looked like they bought enough supplies to not be overburdened. But the amount of food ingredients used by the expedition was beyond imagination. Those who had nothing much to do in this cold place relieved stress by eating food the cooks made.

“Delicious.”

“Wherever you go you have to eat good food.”

“Yeah. It was a good idea to follow the expedition. There’s a reason the Cold Rose Guild is famous.”

The expedition gave their thanks as they reasoned about the name of the guild.

Cooks also became enthusiastic.

“People are eating the delicious food we made.”

“Opportunity is knocking, we must imprint on to them that the Cook Job is important.”

“Of course! The ingredients aren’t even ours so let’s use them to our hearts’ content!”

The cooks, due to the abundant food ingredients, had peace of mind and instead of what they usually created they dared to develop novel fine cuisine.

“Matsutake mushroom and crab dish!”

“Snail in honey!”

Making good food improved their cooking mastery even more. Therefore, the cooks spared no expense in ingredients to make food. Since the expedition also gave a positive reaction, they didn’t hesitate.

Ingredients were rapidly consumed. At that time, at least those managing the supplies should’ve stopped them. But those responsible for managing supplies were completely relaxed.

“Well, we can get food materials anytime we want.”

“Captain Oberon did order us to raise morale so give them supplies in large quantities as they want.”

They did nothing even though the food ingredients were decreasing very rapidly. When they realized the remaining ingredients had been reduced to almost 30%, the mood finally changed a bit.

“From now on, save a little food before the main course.”

“Need to get food ingredients.”

“Right now it will be better to generously fill the inventory stock.”

Then the big problem occurred. It was very difficult to obtain food ingredients in the cold North. In the mountains of the center of the continent, chestnuts, acorns and fruits like apples were readily available, and they could even hunt.

Even if there was a food shortage that made their stamina decline or stiffen their movement, cases where they died from starvation were quite rare. With money, it was possible to buy food ingredients from passing travelers. But in the North, because of the cold they couldn't get fruit. It was also impossible to obtain food from travelers.

Inevitably, the only option left was to hunt, but this was a formidable task. The monster infested areas were limited. It was unreasonable to provide food for the many number of personnel in the expedition through hunting. It could only be attributed to them overlooking the importance of food.

As the food ingredients rapidly decreased, the morale of expedition fell as well. Food quality declined and the situation of saving food to eat later came up. Not only did the quality of food drop, they had to save as much food possible.

“I'm hungry.”

“Please bring me something to eat.”

The expedition wallowing in hunger! If they started off poorly in the beginning instead of stopping in the middle of eating well, in theory it would be much more difficult to go hungry. The Cold Rose Guild took the initiative and starved themselves.

However, even in the midst there were those that did not starve. They were not part of the elite Cold Rose Guild. There was no way the righteous and highly respected Oberon would give them permission to eat their secretly packed food.

The Geomchis! Geomchi 306 pulled out barley bread that had been hidden away in his backpack and secretly chewed. Old, cold, hard and frozen bread, but as saliva moistened it, he ate as it gently dissolved.

“No matter what, barley bread tastes best.”

Ever since starving to death, they decided to always have a plentiful amount to get ride of hunger. So barley bread always generously went in their backpacks. Basically, in Royal Road there was an inseparable relationship between the Geomchis and barley bread.

However, a majority of the expedition was forced to endure as they clutched their empty bellies. They realized this fact at the end of such a failure.

‘Difficult to find food in the North. Must conserve food ingredients as much as possible.’

*

Weed embarked on gathering food.

'Have to gather as many edible things as possible.'

Since enough seasoning remained, he just had to gather food ingredients.

'No choice but to hunt.'

Weed thoroughly set the principle of local procurement in the past. Apart from not having to pay money, it was easy to obtain fresh gredients. Piling up food ingredients for a long time in one place will just end up rotten and uneatable, that's law.

“Alveron, let's go!”

“Yes.”

Using Alveron like a subordinate, Weed moved to the mountain behind Morata Village.

Woof woof woof!

Aooooooo!

Usually wandering like lost souls in the mountain behind Morata Village, Wolves! Their wild instincts sparkled as they acted in packs eating animals nearby, however, the Wolves trembled at the advent of Weed.

‘This wicked bastard.....’

‘He’s looking at us as food.’

‘He ate our parents. My mother met her end at his hands, he didn’t even leave the leather. Woof woof.’

‘My brother got cooked whole. He has returned.’

Weed’s high fighting spirit!

It had the effect of decreasing morale of monsters similar to or lower than his level. In addition, Weed hunted Wolves several times already. For monsters, Wolves have fairly high intellect and excellent memory. Hunting and extracting the meat and bone, then stripping off the leather for sewing, the Wolves did not forget the cruelty of Weed and trembled in fear.

‘Still, we are wolves.’

‘To protect our pride.’

Woof woof woof!

The Wolves rushed as a pack while Weed lightly drew his sword.

“Moonlight Sculpting Blade!”

The enhanced and definitive version of the Sculpting Blade! A sword of serene light. With a far longer range, Weed brandished the sword of light and slaughtered the Wolves. Weed’s level could not be compared to before, Wolves originally weren’t even considered as opponents.

Slaughter!

He separated bones, meat and leather of the Wolves he caught on the spot.

Seoyoon simply watched.

Weed gently told her.

“Don’t just stand there and watch, help me.”

Seoyoon didn’t say anything. But through her eyes the feeling of sorry was passed. She felt sorry for Weed suffering alone in this cold weather, but if the Wolves did not attack her first, she would not attack them. Weed shook his head.

‘This person can’t be called an ally.’

Somehow he needed to improve his position over Seoyoon through power, because if she just folds her arms every time there’s a fight, it won’t be helpful. The predicament was enough to put pressure on him.

Like the saying being powerless is a sin, Seoyoon’s fighting ability was far superior to Weed’s.

Weed was still struggling in the early level 300s. In order to proceed with the previous quest, he inevitably had to give life to sculptures so his levels hadn’t risen.

‘Wouldn’t have made it through the quest if I didn’t grant life to sculptures.’

Though he hunted hard in the recent months, because of this reason his level didn’t rise. Still, while his level went up and down, various skill masteries went up. Getting hit by monsters whenever he had time also raised his toughness a lot.

Weed’s method of faithfully raising stat and skill mastery built up substantial foundation, so it wasn’t some unspeakable plight like no income at all. Stats and skills certainly help when hunting monsters. But Weed surmised Seoyoon’s level was at least in the late 300s.

‘Maybe even over 400.’

Hermes Guild’s BardRay unveiled his level at his coronation. Surprisingly, his level was revealed to be no less than 412. In Royal Road and on the Internet, there was a lot of excitement. Even when considering the amount of time passed after his level was known to be in late 300s, his level up speed was still fairly rapid.

‘Probably because the guild is herding monsters for him. As the head of the Hermes Guild, of course he’s receiving benefits.’

Actively utilizing supplies and equipment, as well as collecting information on hunting grounds. Blacksmiths crafted for him and Bards were always on standby. In addition, in most of the battles BardRay would deliver the finishing blow to the monsters. Receiving such strong support, it was no surprise his fast leveling speed remained unchanged.

Originally, BardRay was a famous gamer in other games. There were a lot of forces that would follow him. In Continent of Magic, those who followed BardRay were very common.

Weed did not clash with BardRay because he was the first to quit the game. BardRay in Continent of Magic was one of the top 5 Warriors and his guild was the strongest force there. According to an unconfirmed rumor, his actual fortune was so enormous you could hear the sound of wealth.

The scene of BardRay revealing his level at his coronation brought about a large topic in the Hall of Fame. Not only that, all game broadcasters treated it as a major news issue. Furthermore, the revenue of bars and pubs in Versailles Continent increased by more than 5 times.

“Bastard looks good at whatever he does.”

“We slowly walk and he just flies off the shelves quickly.”

“I’m still level 357. When will I be over 400?”

Bitter soreness!

Crowds tried to resolve their so called bitterness with alcohol. Immediately known up to the present, BardRay received all their attention. King of the Continent. Officially named Emperor, he challenged for supremacy with his apparent ability. Of course, Hermes Guild’s scale and breadth of their forces had just as many enemies.

In the wide Versailles Continent, though not as strong as BardRay, users with the level to restrain him numbered at least a dozen people. There was also quite a lot of tension between Hermes and other guilds. Single guilds

capable of standing against Hermes were only 7, but when considering guild alliances, more than 15 were able to deal with Hermes' hegemony.

Although not as desired, all users in Versailles Continent focused their attention on BardRay. They all envied the strongest on the continent. Such was the person BardRay.

*

'The Dark Gamers Union revealed combat videos. Compared to the Mercenaries in the late level 380s, Seoyoon was by far stronger. The monsters the Mercenaries took quite a while to hunt, Seoyoon would murder in an instant.'

Depending on the method of battle and the primary used skills according to the hunt, a speed difference was bound to occur. But even when considering those points, Seoyoon was far stronger than Weed himself.

'Between a minimum of 390 to beyond 400. It probably won't stray too far from that range.'

An estimation made by Weed. Comparing combat abilities based on monsters would probably not be wrong. Combat abilities rarely went counter to his eyes' intuition. As such, he couldn't force Seoyoon to do this and that. He needed to make her into a companion who would help him voluntarily.

'It'll be pathetic if I get beaten by a girl!'

Weed spoke in an insinuating tone passing through. Like a merchant selling self-preservation food!

"You never ate Northern Wolves before right?"

".....?"

"Actually, they're so thin they don't have much meat. Their bones are uselessly strong too. But the taste is incomparable. This is an absolutely true story!"

"....."

“Firmness and longevity together in the meat. The pleasure of eating after carefully separating them from the bone!”

Weed reproduced the appearance of tearing ribs with both hands. Truthfully, Wolf Galbi covered in spices was the best. Weed licked his lips imitating the feeling of not being able to forget the taste ever again. Weed added these final words.

“And the delicacy that comes from immersing the bones later on. Drinking one sip of the piping hot broth in the cold is just.....”

Seeuk.

Listening up to that point, Seoyoon headed toward wolves with her sword unsheathed. Meaning to hunt. Without a single flaw, clear eyes and white jade like skin, her beauty was only really expressed in the morning dew.

After Seoyoon went out and hunted Wolves, Weed extracted the leather, meat and bones from the bodies of the Wolves. With the proper division of labor, they could gather food ingredients quickly.

“We can eat for a long time with this much.”

Weed smiled with satisfaction as he looked at his bag full of Wolf meat. In the past, he had the experience of feeding dozens of Paladins. The Paladins liberated from the statues. To handle even 1 more growing mouth, he had to increase hunting. Through it, he learned of locations where you can gather lots of meat. That memory was helpful even now.

Weed didn't gather Wolf meat only.

“Cannot eat only one thing for too long.”

You would be concerned about loss of appetite as well as the dish effects. If you eat only food made from the same ingredients, its efficiency will reduce until it dies.

Cooking Wolf meat dishes was simple. You either boil or grill it. Eating Wolf meat dishes increases health by 300 and increases strength and vitality by 20. It also has the advantage of making health regeneration 2%

faster than usual and improved fighting spirit.

But when eating only similar foods, the cooking effects are reduced until it only gives the feeling of fullness. At such times, other delicacies are needed to provoke the taste buds.

“This way.”

Weed took Seoyoon and Alveron and went beyond the mountain behind them. There was very broad ice path. The land did not consist of soil and stone but of pure ice! Originally, this area was a huge flowing river. However, due to the far too low temperature, thick ice covered it.

“Well then, let’s go get something to eat.”

Weed along with Seoyoon and Alveron walked to the center of the ice.

“.....?”

Seoyoon and Alveron were both curious. Basically, food ingredients are bought at stores. It was usually enough to buy from there. Few people had become proficient enough in the Cooking skill to obtain ingredients from the wild like Weed. In addition, the thick, frozen ice was devoid of any kind of herbs or fruits. To make matters worse, there was not even 1 monster nearby. So preparing food in a place like this sounded like nothing but nonsense.

Shuaaaaa!

Tremendous winds were blowing.

Kuleuleuleu.

The ground rang minutely.

‘What’s this?’

Something unknown. It wasn’t like earthquakes did not happen in Versailles Continent. But the situation around seemed far too peaceful. The mountain they just came down from did not shake even the slightest bit, gradually their bodies moved toward the minute sound.

‘No way.’

After looking downward, Seoyoon's face became pale. Below the thick ice, rapids were flowing! A huge river was flowing beneath the ice at a furious pace. Through the currents charging at the ground of ice, the minute sound emerged. Seoyoon and Alveron were instinctively engulfed by fear.

If it was just monsters, they would not be afraid of dying. But if the ice breaks and they fall into the river below, they would helplessly freeze to death.

'Down below is going to be incredibly colder.'

At their current location was a sharp cold, the temperature of the river down below need not be said. Seoyoon and Alveron were completely tense.

Gedeukdeukdeuk!

Weed pulled out a sculpting nail and chisel, scratching the ice to draw a circle. Then he pulled out a Blacksmith hammer and began ruthlessly slamming the ground.

Every time Weed slammed down the hammer, the ice rang. Blood drained from Seoyoon and Alveron's faces.

'If you want to commit suicide, do it alone.'

'Goddess Freya bless him. Grant me salvation.'

Then they heard Weed's muttering voice.

"Very solidly frozen and not even cracked. Then with greater force....."

At the end of this, a tremendous fear surged upon Seoyoon and Alveron. Soon, Weed swung the hammer with all his might. He accurately concentrated the force toward the center of the circle he made.

Kuaaang!

Kuaaaaaang!

Every time Weed slammed down the hammer, Seoyoon and Alveron felt faint. Goosebumps encroached all over their bodies. After looking at each other and nodding, they located a safe place and backed up. Meanwhile

Weed swung the hammer several more times and the ice finally broke off, making a round circle. Around the line made at the beginning with the sculpting knife! A big hole formed there. A hole where the cold river flowed through!

Weed squatted down on the spot and sat, pulling items from his bag one by one. A long fishing rod, pots and a net capable of holding fish.

“Shall I go catch some now?”

Weed cast the fishing rod into the ice hole. Smelt fishing in the dead of winter. Weed became proficient in the Fishing skill to the point he could procure food to survive in this place. Through the cracked ice, the riverbed seemed transparent. Inside the river, fish were swimming energetically.

“Big catch!”

Weed busily moved the fishing rod.

You have caught a 20cm long Sweet Fish.

You have caught a 22cm long Pond Smelt.

You have caught a 57cm long Fresh Water Eel.

You have caught a 1m 20cm long Gold Fish. A catch that'll remain in the history of fishing!

Fishing skill mastery has risen.

Luck rises by 1.

Unrivaled fishing spot! Catching completely defenseless fish. Guys spirited enough to rise out of the tempestuous rapids! Above the ice ground nearby Weed, it was filled with fish splashing vigorously.

“Identify.”

Sweet Fish A fish with thin and flat body. Only lives in clear water. Dark blue color.

Can be caught in various ways. Thrives in a fairly wide region.

Sweet fish is common, but people can never forget the taste.

Food 3rd Grade Fish Ingredient.

Pond Smelt Body is thin and flat on the side. Light fishy smell. Can be made into good sashimi.

Fish tastes best in winter. Can be cooked in a variety of ways.

Food 2nd Grade Fish Ingredient.

Fresh Water EelEels are great for male stamina! Common fish, but many people seek it due to its effect and taste.

Usually caught during winter, but sometimes there are odd ones.

Taking care of the many bones is tricky, but incredibly delicious after seasoning and eating.

Food 2nd Grade Fish Ingredient.

Gold FishA rare fish that shines with golden skin. Luck follows those who catch.

Inhabits living and breathing nature. Likes cold places.

Enhances flavor of any dish, improves stamina by 1 and helps with detoxification.

Taste in any cooking, and increases vitality by 1 and helps with detoxification.

It is a rare fish that all anglers want to catch at least once in their lifetime.

Food 1st Rate Fish Ingredient.

Watching the lively and fluttering fishes, Weed's mouth was filled with a heartwarming smile. They couldn't be compared to rare Blacksmith or Sewing items, but still, in their own way, the fish he caught were valuable. In the case of the Gold Fish which permanently raised stamina by 1, its value was indescribable.

The first fish Weed pulled out he gutted and stored separately. The one advantage of the North was that valuable food did not spoil because of the low temperature. Since it had a very long shelf life, it was possible for him to collect food to his limits.

From time to time, he also gathered dry branches separately for lighting a fire. Fire was needed not only for cooking, but also for melting snow to make water. Snow was everywhere so he filled the canteen with only a little bit of water and instead put the branches in his bag. Fishing learned for survival skills!

Eating too little food for a long time, he learned the secret of survival. Weeds that survived anywhere, Weed's appreciation of such life was evident.

While Weed was busy procuring food through fishing, Seoyoon and Alveron checked for safety and slowly approached.

“.....”

Seoyoon and Alveron now had considerable interest in fishing. They slowly put the fishing rods into the cold water and before long the caught fish emerged toward their forearms. The act was quite marvelous, but the

fish were also considerably beautiful.

Priests were generally opposed to death, but Alveron was a follower of the Goddess Freya that believed in beauty and abundance! Like delicious and pretty things. Alveron swallowed his saliva as he watched the fish.

Seoyoon stared down at the flapping fish with curious eyes. Seafood was quite expensive in Versailles Continent. It was not that she didn't have money, but she was not deliberately picky with the food she ate. She had never experienced eating fish in Royal Road.

Weed asked while wiping the pot with white snow.

“If you're hungry, I can fix you something to eat?”

“.....”

Seoyoon thought for a moment and then nodded. She wasn't that hungry, but she had expectations on what kind of dish he would make.

“Then wait for a bit. It'll take some time.”

Weed started a fire with the branches he collected in advance. Cooking over the river, to prepare for the off chance of unknown danger, capable of blocking heat, he took off the cape he was wearing and laid it on the ground.

Vampire Cape!

Although it did not have very good stats, it had the strong attribute of blocking fire so he used it as a mat underneath the fire. The fire quickly became large. Weed hung a big pot over the fire and poured in plenty of oil.

“.....?”

To cook fish dishes, would you take out a pot and use it that way, it was incomprehensible. Instead of boiling several ingredients to make fish stew, he filled it to the brink with oil.

While increasing the temperature of the oil in the pot, Weed eagerly prepared the newly caught fresh pond smelt into sashimi. He extracted the meat from the bone and after covering the meat with tempura powder, he

placed them in the pot.

Jigeul jigeul jigeul!

The fish meat fried in oil turned yellow.

‘What kind of dish is that?’

Seoyoon tilted her head.

The food Weed wanted to make was none other than fish tempura. Fish tempura was not common. Separating the meat into thin layers and then frying. All that remained was the crunch and deliciousness. What was burdensome was you had to reduce the tempura part as much as possible.

“Now, let’s eat.”

Cooking was completed quickly. Lightly frying thin meat so not much time was needed. Seoyoon carefully put the fish tempura into his mouth.

‘Delicious. Really good.’

The flavor of the light, crispy fried fish harmonized exquisitely. The freshness was best when eating shortly after the fish is caught. In addition, there was the atmosphere since it was outside where the cold wind blew.

Seoyoon usually hated fried stuff. But this time, she ate as many as 8 until her stomach was satisfied.

“.....”

Seoyoon blushed.

‘What did I just do?’

It was so delicious that she ate without thinking.

Seoyoon stealthily glanced at Weed. But he did not say anything.

‘Lucky.’

Weed in his heart smiled with satisfaction.

‘She enjoyed eating a bunch.’

Now he felt more comfortable going around Seoyoon in the future. As long as he cooks for her, she wouldn’t attack or kill him.

Body and equipment equaling property, Weed was fearful of the bloody presence of a killer. But there was a bonus. Seoyoon would now aggressively do battle with monsters. If she knows the taste of a monster that appears, she will hunt even more thoroughly.

Feed them well. Handle them well.

Suddenly, Seoyoon was being treated similar to the Geomchis.

Chapter 3: The Wonder of the Northern Region

Seoyoon logged out at the same time routinely.

It was to follow the schedule set for her like eating and then taking a walk.

Compared to that, Weed goes to the market early and cooks.

He minimized the time used onto most needed things for his social life such as going to the Dojang to train his body and sleeping.

Other than time used for utmost necessary things, he spends most of his time in Royal Road.

Thanks to that, Weed could use the time when Seoyoon wasn't around.

When Seoyoon wasn't there, he headed toward the highland of Morata.

Weed's own secret place.

"It's right here."

Weed felt very refreshed looking back to past.

The first giant sculpture!

The great sculpture made using the nature of Northern region.

The Wonder of the Northern Region.

This was where the grand piece Ice Dragon Sculpture was.

Ever since he came to Morata, he wanted to come here but he couldn't because he was with Seoyoon!

Before he made the Ice Dragon, he made the Ice Sculpture of Seoyoon using her as the model.

Since it was right next to it, he couldn't bring Seoyoon with him.

Full of excitement, Weed almost ran there.

'Ice Dragon Sculpture! I'm finally back.'

He was full of expectation.

Even in this ridiculous coldness, much of it is reduced to the point one can endure upon seeing the Ice Dragon Sculpture.

He could say that it was one of his few masterpieces.

But when Weed reached the top of the hill, he could only see a gigantic mountain.

A very steep ice mountain!

It was an ice mountain that did not exist before.

The height was pretty low, but since its slope was so steep, it could be seen as a gigantic ice block.

“No way! I’m absolutely positive this is where the Ice Dragon Sculpture is.”

No matter how much he looked, it was nowhere to be seen.

“I was here.....”

Even when he thought back very carefully, it was definitely here.

There’s no way he could mistake the location.

As he spent much of his time here, he could never forget the place.

But the Ice Dragon Sculpture wasn’t here.

‘Could have someone possibly brought my sculpture to life and took it?’

Weed shook his head.

There is the possibility.

Nowadays, there’s an increase in the number of sculptors but there aren't many who reached a high level.

Even by coincidence, there’s no way such skilled sculptor would come here, and there’s a low possibility of the sculptor possessing the skill to bring sculptures to life.

One can bring life to others’ sculptures, there’s huge penalty following it.

Since it's the same as destroying another sculptor's piece, fame decreases and notoriety increases.

Additionally, since Art or Luck can decrease as well, it's rare for a sculptor to touch another's.

Then, he found the Ice Sculpture of Seoyoon.

Ice Sculpture of Seoyoon covered with considerable amount of snow!

If the ice mountain didn't protect it from the blizzard, it could've been buried under snow.

"Then, could it be...."

Weed moaned. Then suddenly looked at the ice mountain.

"Then this is the Ice Dragon Sculpture?"

Looking at it carefully, behind the ice mountain, the Ice Dragon's tail was sticking out.

Because it was left untouched for a long time, it became unrecognizable, covered with snow and ice.

Tons of snow and ice stuck onto the sculpture, so the size increased by twice or thrice of the original as well.

He stood in front of the ice mountain.

"So that's what happened. Well, doesn't matter since I found it. O, my precious sculpture. I have shared my life to you who was made with holy art spirit, now awake from the deep slumber and join me. Sculpture Life Bestowal!"

Weed touched the ice mountain gently.

Crack!

The outer ice cracked and split.

Inside of it, something moved.

Kururururur

Strong vibration!

You have brought a sculpture to life.

- The ability of the sculpture will be adjusted to level 382, according to current Art stat 812.
-

However, according to the ability of the exceptional Grand Piece, 10% of level will be added. Level is increased to 420.

Additionally, because it is a monster with wings that can fly, 10% of the level will be decreased as penalty.

Due to the special material formed with ice, 15% of the level is added.

Instead Stamina and Health will be weakened.

Three attributes will be given to the lifeform.

The quality and ability of the attributes will differ according to the shape and level of the sculpture.

Attribute of Water (100%), Attribute of Ice (100%), Attribute of Magic (100%) Water submits to none.

Possesses very strong Fighting Spirit with high Defence and Magic Defence.

It can freeze opponent using the power of coldness.

It can use magic with Ice property.

It can increase its ability to a maximum of 30% in cold regions.

However, it will weaken under warm weather.

Having high intelligence, it can use magic.

It can use any type of magic, but additional damage is added when using magic similar to its attribute.

Since it was a sculpture that was once the Wonder of the Northern Region, a special ability is added.

Ice Breath!

It can be used once a day. It will be the strongest attack.

- 5,000 mana is used.
- 10 Art Stat is permanently decreased.

The decreased stat can be recovered by creating sculptures or other artistic activities.

- 2 levels have dropped.

Due to the decrease of level, most recently raised stats will decrease by 10.

Decreased stats can be raised again when level raises again.

Please care for the sculpture with life.

When it loses its life, life has to given again to recover the soul.

When destroyed completely, it cannot be revived.

Kurururung! Kururung!

The vibration of ice mountain never ended.

Whatever happened, Weed just continued to wait for the Ice Dragon to awake.

Then his wish came true.

“Master. Master who has given me life, art thou there?”

“Yes. I’m here.”

Weed felt proud.

Unlike the Wyverns or Geuminu, the Ice Dragon seemed to have high intelligence.

But, the next sentence it said was enough to make Weed disheartened.

“Save me. I can’t get out. I can’t move because of the thick ice frozen on my body.”

“You useless idiot!”

For a moment, Weed seriously considered leaving the Ice Dragon like this and return.

‘I’m an idiot. Just why did I give life to this kind of...’

It was huge only in size and was extremely weak!

‘But it’s bit of a waste to just leave it.’

Weed ended up working himself.

Relying on a rope, he had to clean snow and ice climbing up and down the Ice Dragon.

After working for a day and night, the Ice Dragon’s head finally appeared.

The dignified face of a dragon.

Ferocious, strong looking eyes.

Long, white beard.

The Ice Dragon looked handsome.

“Master, please get rid of the ice covering my body quickly. I want to taste the freedom.”

“Alright. Wait a bit more.”

When Seoyoon logged in, Weed went to where she was, preparing food; in his spare time, he cleaned the snow covered Ice Dragon.

Simple and repetitive labor!

It was a labor where you had to hang on a high altitude getting hit by cold wind all you want.

All day, the Ice Dragon was moving its only free part, the head.

Weed pitied himself.

'Now I end up doing all kinds of labor.'

After clearing out ice and snow, he finally made one third of Ice Dragon's upper body free.

"Master."

"What."

said Weed coldly.

"I think I can get out with my strength."

"Yeah?"

Weed climbed down the Ice Dragon's body and backed up a bit as if to watch Ice Dragon free itself.

"Kuwuwuwuwuwu!"

Ice Dragon roared very violently.

And tried to move its body to escape from the pile of ice.

"Urggg!"

The sound of giving all it got and trying all it could!

Weed watched the scene as nervous as to get his palms full of sweat.

'Please get out.'

If the Ice Dragon can't get out by itself, he had to get rid of more ice and snow.

Since he didn't want to anymore, he was praying with hope.

The Ice Dragon's body had a thick upper part and got thinner as it went toward lower parts.

name easy to memorize!

“Thank you Master.”

Bingryong was very happy.

Then the face expression changed to a smiling one.

If it was a sculpture, it wouldn't be able to, but since it was given life, it could change facial expression as well.

“Master, you don't have to be that disappointed about me. My strength is slowly coming back.”

“What do you mean?”

“This land, this energy is giving me strength.”

Ice-formed Bingryong's body became even more white and clear.

Cold-absorbing Bingryong's body!

He could exert even stronger strength.

He raised its upper body using legs and arms and opened up tens of meters of wings.

Then the piled snow around it scattered right away.

The overflowing Bingryong's dignity!

Weed nodded.

‘Although it's only useful in the Northern region, he's not that bad.’

Although strength and health is pretty weak, Bingryong that fights using magic and breath!

Weed got a pretty excellent servant.

Seoyoon and Alveron were quietly collecting fishing rod and tools needed for hunting.

The work they've been doing to collect food finally ended.

After the preparation was finished, Weed breathed out deeply.

“Can't do anything else. Never knew this would happen.”

".....?"

Seoyoon tilted her head, confused about Weed's ambiguous words.

Alveron asked directly.

"Do you have some trouble?"

Weed turned his body toward where wind was coming.

Then his cape fluttered.

"Well, I'm not trying to show off or anything but..... just watch comfortably.

No need to be surprised either. Since this is nothing to me.

Huhu. Really, this kind of thing is like everyday life to me."

"Sorry?"

"Bingryong!"

Weed yelled out loudly. He was trying to call his servant Bingryong.

"Master, I'm coming."

Bingryong was curled up behind the farside mountain and flew up toward the sky.

An Ice Dragon that suddenly appeared out of nowhere!

He was waiting at an appointed place until Weed called him.

At where wind and snow came down harshly, a dragon made of ice opened up its wings widely.

Even Weed who made it and saw it over and over got goosebumps.

The electrifying appearance of the dragon.

The pressure and charisma from its terrifying size!

It was as if a mountain was moving.

The horizon was becoming red with the sinking sun.

Bingryong flying across that sky.

The body made of ice exerted a speechless mysterious aura.

Seleuleung.

Seoyoon took a step forward.

Bingryong was coming and she tried to fight it fearlessly.

Weed stretched out his arm and gently stopped her.

She looked back and silently nodded.

Then Bingryong opened up its mouth.

“Kururarara!”

It was a terrifying roar.

A roar that made Weed or Seoyoon shake from a far distance!

As he did it, Bingryong flew in the sky beautifully as planned priorly.

Every time it moved its tens of meters of wing, a great wind pressure occurred.

Bingryong flew down in a quick speed and landed in front of Weed, Seoyoon, and Alveron with dignity.

It was the appearance of an over 300 meter long dragon.

“Kuhum!”

Weed approached Bingryong as he cleared his throat.

In reality, it didn't have as much dignity as it showed.

It looked nice, but it wasn't very efficient.

Even though it was humongous, because it had weak strength and stamina, it started to breath heavily if it walked just for a bit.

Leg that shakes when standing up for a long time. Sometimes it had a hard time just opening up its wings.

Even all that wouldn't have been possible if it wasn't in the Northern region.

Since it couldn't even take care of its own body, there wasn't much

physical ability in reality.

Still, the presence Bingryong left was far from nothing.

“Don’t be surprised too much. He’s my servant.”

Weed easily climbed up to Bingryong’s body.

He only climbed up Bingryong, but his sight became more wide.

Seoyoon and Alveron looked very small.

They were looking up at Weed for a long time.

“Huhuhu.”

Weed made an arrogant smile.

He thought his current self would look very cool.

Weed riding on an Ice Dragon!

Cape was fluttering with wind and the Armor of Tallok had more shine as well.

To make things even better, the sky was turning red with the sunset.

The scenery was perfect with lighting and items adding onto the effect.

There’s no way to look anything other than handsome when looking up from below.

Of course, he wasn’t considering Bingryong, who was barely able to endure having Weed alone get onto his back, at all.

Weed suddenly had the urge to sing.

“I can’t resist singing in such a place.”

He took out Serena’s Harp he got from Rhodium.

Diriring!

Weed’s hand moved skillfully on the harp.

The harp sang with a clear sound.

Under the sky with sunset, playing the harp while sitting on an Ice Dragon.

Isn't this the look of a hero!

It was a beautiful scene that would only appear from a drunken poets' stories.

Weed glanced at Seoyoon.

'If it's this much she might get fantasies about me.'

If he showed such capability and sense, it was possible.

Plus, if it's this beautiful of a scenery, maybe she'll come to like him.

Diriring. Diririri!

Weed continued to play harp looking at the sinking sun.

Drunk in the mood.

Weed's harp playing skill wasn't really bad.

He played few songs with the harp he had for a long time, so his skill increased.

After he played the harp Weed smiled.

His heart beat. To become a hero of this beautiful scenery. He felt excited.

Weed yelled toward Avelon and Seoyoon who were on ground.

"Let's go to the Valley of Death. Ride on this Ice Dragon!"

"....."

Seoyoon didn't say a word. She just took turn looking at Weed and Bingryong and stirred her head.

Weed offered once again.

"It's fine. He's my servant, so none of what you're worrying about will happen. You don't have to be afraid. You can ride him without any worries!"

They rode onto Bingryong and flew straight to the Valley of Death.

This was the transportation Weed planned on!

Alveron rode onto Bingryong without any problem.

But Seoyoon stood where she was and didn't ride onto Bingryong.

“Hm!”

Weed felt a bit disappointed.

‘It would be a lot of help if I could bring her.’

The Berserker's focus in a battle!

He could never forget the way she massacred the monsters.

But he didn't really think Seoyoon would be necessary.

‘I completed all the quests no matter how hard they were.’

Of course, he had to go through all kinds of hardships.

All the effort he put to somehow complete quests starting from nothing went by his head.

The memory of him fighting against the Death Knight to recover Freya's holy item in Lavias, and the memory of taking care of the Paladins for months to exorcise the True Blood Vampires.

The exciting moment when he fought against the Legions of Undead, commanding Orcs at the Plains of Despair.

There was Mapan's indirect help, but he was always alone in critical moments.

There was no need to be disheartened because Seoyoon wouldn't be with him.

Weed decided.

‘If she doesn't want to, there's no need to force her. It's bit of a disappointment though.’

If she says she can't go with him, he can't force her to go with him.

Weed told Seoyoon after making the decision.

“Rest at Morata. I'll finish and return quickly..... Let's go, Bingryong!”

That as a signal, Bingryong opened up his wings.

Bingryong was barely standing at that point.

Since he didn't have any strength left in arms or legs, flying in the sky was comparatively easier for him.

With Weed and Alveron on his back, Bingryong flew up to the sky.

After about 3 hours!

“Achoo!”

“Cough!”

Weed and Alveron returned to where they started riding on Bingryong and shaking.

You have caught a serious cold. Physical ability decreased by 45%
Skill effect decreased by 60% The cold can develop into other sickness.
The maximum possible health and mana decreased.

When using Sculpting skill, there's a possibility of sculptures breaking due to the cold.

With the cold that he never wanted to get again as a bonus!

The reason why everything turned like this was simple.

Bingryong was pretty fast in the sky.

The problem was Weed or Alveron who were riding on top of it had to shake in the cold.

It was cold enough just standing, but they flew through the sky at an incredible speed.

The higher the altitude, the temperature dropped and the wind got harsher.

In the end, they returned unable to endure any more.

As if she knew, Seoyoon was waiting at the spot with a campfire lit.

“Achoo!”

Weed approached the campfire as he coughed.

The old saying was right. If the head was bad, the body had to go through hardships.

Seoyoon thought as she lit campfire.

She was used to camping alone.

Watching carefully if there's monsters around, she collected wood, lit the fire, and cooked an edible food.

She learned how to cook in the wooden house from the Instructor's wife.

Since that was when she first met Weed, she can say there was some sort of deep relationship.

Cooking for only one.

She only ate to make hunger disappear, so she only had to cook little.

Recipes were simple too, so she used what she got from hunting.

If she got sick of it, then she ate bread she bought from store or picked wild berries.

Due to such, her cooking skill didn't go over beginner level 3.

Then, she ate more than necessary as she ate Weed's cooked food.

'Delicious.'

It wasn't so bad to eat food made with someone's care instead of food made to just rid of hunger.

'pfft.'

When she was lightly thinking of such, she almost laughed out loud when she saw Weed and Alveron appear.

Their faces and whole bodies were covered with frost. They came back looking like poor frozen rats.

Even if it was Seoyoon, their appearance was horrible enough to make her laugh.

Weed walked with Seoyoon and Alveron toward the Valley of Death.

Using the information gotten from Morata, they moved only using safe

areas.

He enjoyed fighting against monsters, but there is a right timing for everything.

They couldn't slow down to hunt while not even knowing what monsters come out from what area.

In the morning they walked while eating, and at night, they crawled into a cave or raised a tent to escape the coldness.

March full of hardship!

Since he still had a cold, he wore layers and layers of wolf leather clothes.

Additionally, there was a fierce silent mental battle.

Weed took one step back.

“Cough! The scenery here is great. Go ahead. I’ll walk slowly enjoying the view.”

Clear ice was standing out from the ground here and there.

Ice on such a wide plain was very mysterious.

Harsh wind blew on the earth covered with ice and snow.

Weed was planning to walk behind Alveron.

Alveron opened his mouth.

“Godess Freya has... achool!... told me to be modest.”

Then took three steps back. Avelon slowly hid behind Weed.

“If you’re a Priest of the Church of Freya, you should lead the way for others.”

“My mission is to help Weed-nim. I’m sorry but I cannot stand in front of you.”

“Kuhm!”

Weed coughed very loudly.

Truthfully, the wind was coming from the front right now.

Since the one in the front would be the coldest, they were trying to stand at the back.

But the wind changed its direction and now it came from behind.

Alveron hurried his steps.

“Goddess Freya has told me to lead the way.”

“I think I heard that too, Alveron.”

“Still, you wouldn’t have as much responsibility as me who is a Priest.”

“What are you saying? Monsters might appear. I’ll take the lead.”

There was nothing around, but Weed used danger as an excuse to walk in front.

Alveron hurried his pace to avoid the cold wind.

Only Seoyoon walked silently; sometimes looking at them dumbfounded.

The wind was cold.

“Achoo!”

Faster one runs, faster stamina runs out and thus faster the coldness comes.

Weed and Avelon were buying their own misfortune.

Just like that, during the day, when it’s relatively warmer they walked; during the night they rested in a cave or at the bottom of a hill to take refuge from the wind.

Every night Weed showed off his cooking skill.

“Fish stew with plenty of garlic!”

It sounds terrible but in reality it’s a stew that tastes great.

The stew gave warm a feeling throughout the whole body.

If they didn’t even have such food, it would’ve been crazy to move while they had a cold.

Sometimes when the cold got worse because of the weather, they ate meat soaked in wine.

Countless stars shone in the unusually clear night sky.

The mealtime was the only time when they could rest and get rid of some tiredness from the harsh traveling.

Then one day after finishing their meal in a cave, Weed tried to take plates like usual.

Dalgrak.

But Seoyoon suddenly took away the plates from him.

The wooden plates that Weed created himself with currency used in Versailles Continent carved on it!

He carved in the picture to not forget that he should never forget to gain money even when he's eating.

Weed raised his head. Seoyoon's clear eyes were looking at him.

"....."

Weed's chest hurt.

'So she's taking away my precious plates just like this. She has some good eyes for items.'

They're not the best silver or gold plate set.

Just simple wooden plates good to hold food in.

According to rumors, there are some with jewels on them.

Verjua plates which had a price of over 6000 gold.

Unless it's someone with overflowing money, they're not plates that anyone can use.

Like this, good plates are often expensive.

Weed made plates himself to save money, but Seoyoon took even that from him.

But that was Weed's delusion.

Seoyoon wasn't trying to take it away from him.

Without saying anything she took it outside and wiped it with snow.

Seoyoon washing dishes!

Since she always got food from him, she was in her own way showing gratitude.

Bingryong!

He gracefully opened his wings and flew around the sky.

Then when he saw a monster, he landed and attacked whatever he saw.

“Kurarara!”

He fell down from the sky and viciously stumped on monsters or bit them.

There was almost no monsters left where Bingryong attacked.

It was to hunt for meals, but it was more to increase experience and fighting ability.

“I can't stand anyone stronger than me! To be able to open my wings under this sky and over this earth, I need to be stronger.”

Bingryong knew by himself that he was a great being, but the fact that he couldn't even move his own body properly was very painful to him!

Since Bingryong's Fighting Spirit was high, ordinary monsters froze right away.

Bingryong didn't overlook anyone and hunted even those monsters.

Monsters gain skill experience and experience through killing.

Since it was possible for him to become even stronger depending on the effort put in, Bingryong did not rest.

“A stronger monster! To make myself stronger I need a stronger opponent! Appear, an opponent who can make my heart shake!”

Bingryong's roar shook the ice covered earth.

The Northern region's strong monsters

There were plenty of boss level or strong monsters in each ice mountains.

By level, there were many over level 400 here and there.

Furthermore, in the Forest of Massacre, strong monsters that are usually very hard to meet formed a food chain and lived there.

“Kuwuwuwu!”

In the ice mountain, Bingryong stumped on weak monsters and when boss level monster really appeared he opened up his wings.

“Then see you later.”

Bingryong was a coward unlike his huge size.

Therefore, if he met an opponent similar to him or stronger than him, he ran away. He was growing in such a way.

Weed walked while clearing the snow busily.

“Alveron, just a bit more.”

“Yes.”

Last night lots of snow fell.

Thanks to that, it was harder to walk with snow piled up to their knees.

Serious cold doesn't get better easily.

Their stamina dropped easily, so they took turns to move forward.

“Weed-nim I'm sorry. I can't continue anymore.”

Weed and Seoyoon can manage somehow, but Alveron who was a Priest became tired easily.

“Oh well. Let's rest for a bit.”

Progress became slower because of Alveron.

Walking on cold, frozen land consumes lots of stamina.

Alveron who had weak stamina, couldn't walk much under normal circumstances either.

But since there's a pile of snow, he's having more difficult time.

Around them, there were only wolves who wandered around, looking for food.

'There should be a way. A way to move faster. We need a transportation method.'

On the Versailles Continent there are various transportation methods.

Most popular method are horses!

They're traded commonly in towns or cities. Moreover, there are professional horse trainers.

A great horse that follows owner's command well, or a fast horse like lightning.

Due to horses that can be used even in battles, transporting time between hunting grounds or towns could be reduced.

'In this kind of coldness, all horses will freeze to death. Even if they survive, they wouldn't be able to run well.'

Horses are made to run well in plains as a basis.

To run on snow and ice covered land would be too much.

Then, an idea appeared in Weed's head!

'That's it! Why didn't I think of it earlier? There's saying chicken instead of pheasant.'

Wolves were wandering about.

When they meet Seoyoon or Weed they slowly go away. There was exceptionally a lot of wolves in this area.

Weed pleaded Seoyoon.

"Please help me catch wolves around this area."

Seoyoon silently pulled out her sword thinking that it was for meat.

But Weed's request was something bit different.

"You have to catch it without killing. But if possible, beat them up so

they'll think dying is better.”

"....."

Seoyoon took out her sword and beat up the wolves just enough.

To hunt wolves they didn't even need to use skills.

Woof! Woof!

If monsters have intelligence, they choose to run away when against an impossibly stronger opponent.

When life dropped, scared wolves started to run away.

Seoyoon chased after wolves and broke their legs without any hesitation. It was to immobilize them.

Wolves sliding on an ice rink.

After becoming unable to fight, they were only waiting to die.

Then Weed approached them.

“Oh my, you poor things doesn't it hurt?”

Wolves showed cautiousness.

It was human. One of the humans who made them like that approached them.

But Weed did not kill the wolves.

He applied herbs to the wounds and bandaged them.

Grrrrr!

Most animals would feel thankful.

But still, wolves did not abandon their violent side.

When their body recovered, they bared their fangs to bite off Weed.

Like a wild animal, it couldn't trust a human.

Weed backed up silently.

“Look like you're better, I will be going. Someone of your kind may be in pain somewhere after all.”

Usually he would hunt wolves down with joy, but Weed backed up without getting too greedy.

Grrr, Gr Gr Gr!

Wolves tried hard to stand up using their four legs.

It was time for them to go back to the base.

Then Seoyoon came again. Then she beat up the Wolves without a word. Like that, the Wolves got beat up and Weed cured them for several weeks.

So one hits, then one cures to make them feel thankful to them.

lick lick.

A young Wolf looked at him and licked his hand.

“Yeah. Good boy.”

Weed touched the wolves head.

He gave him a specially dried fish

Now, most Wolves wagged their tail.

Sometimes they showed their stomach.

They've been tamed!

They came to follow Weed.

But still, there were some who did not accept Weed until the end.

In a way, those were captain level of wolves.

Those kinds of ones Weed silently took them to the back of the hill, holding their neck.

“Hooohoo, you good boys. You must be hurt a lot. Then I should treat your wound with even more care.”

I think it's better to treat you over there than here.”

Soft smile and caring eyes!

There is no way to know what happened there, but when Weed came back his bags were a bit more packed.

The amount of meat and leather increased.

To the wolves, nightmarish events were happening.

GhingGhingGhing!

Wolves cuddled up to Weed when he returned, not knowing anything.

Alveron and Seoyoon felt a chill going up their spines, but Weed only had angelic smile on his face.

“Yes, you cute little things.”

They were wolves that already got used to Weed’s touch and food.

“Eat lots.”

Weed gave wolves more than enough food.

When wolves were eating, he quickly made something using wood and monster tendon.

“I should make the bottom with steel blades to make it move forward easily and I should tie the tendon three times so wolves can’t get away.”

The object Weed made using his Smithing and Sewing skills to the fullest!

Even when it was put over their bodies, wolves did not resist at all.

Then it was completed.

Sled led by wolves!

It had different a shape from the chariot.

Tens of wolves lead from the front in a group, and the sled was made to slide over ice.

Since it was low, there was less resistance from wind, and because there were no wheels, it could slide over ice.

He made transportation that fit to the Northern region.

Weed commanded wolves to move forward.

The sled moved fast, sliding over snow and ice.

It gave incomparable joy to horse riding or any other transportation.

Fast enough speed and stability!

Alveron and Seoyoon could relax and enjoy the scenery.

Still, even if there's a sled, moving during the night was risky.

Not only were there strong monsters, the Versailles Continent was very unpredictable, so if they got swept away by a blizzard, it would be hard to survive.

At times like that, they needed to rest in warm caves.

Awoooooo!

Remorseful cries of wolves that rings every night.

After four days like that, they could arrive at the Valley of Death soon.

Weed first checked the geographic shape of the valley.

'It's high, and it's very dangerous.'

With the valley in the middle, there were very steep cliffs.

After the valley, there was a huge mountain.

Although it was not as dangerous as Yuroki mountain, it was a mountain covered in snow and ice.

Plus, plenty of monsters were on the top of the cliffs as if to prove that the name the Valley of Death was not for nothing.

"Keukuakuakua!"

Ice Troll with exceptional physical recovery with its body most fit to cold environment.

Ice Trolls that usually are active in one or two numbers, were gathered in the hundreds in here.

Unlike the green ordinary trolls, Ice Trolls were white like snow, but their long arms and disgusting muscle body were the same.

The Ice Troll is a high level monster of over level 320.

Additionally, because they live in cold region, there are not many who have hunted them before; and due to troll's exceptional recovery rate, it was a very difficult monster to hunt.

“Kyao! Kyao!”

“Kuahahh!”

After finding Weed and Seoyoon, the Ice Trolls yelled out in disappointment.

The Ice Trolls that enjoyed violence and massacre wanted to fight Weed and Seoyoon, but since the cliff was too steep, they couldn't go down and could only yell.

“Come here. Come up. I'll hug you. Do you have the confidence to spend the night of temptation with me? Then come.”

“Spend the long night with us. It's so cold here. Please hug me with your warm embrace.”

Lamia with female humanoid body!

With bright attractive smile, they were tempting Weed and Alveron.

They point using their slender fingers. As if they'd make any man's dream come true!

But if your eyes drift down to their lower half, one can only shake their head.

Lamia's lower half was like a snake.

Gradually thickening snake's body plus a long tail!

The Lamia had a fighting ability like the Ice Troll and high intelligence as well. She was a highly difficult monster to handle.

Like this, there weren't only Lamia and Ice Troll.

Lizardman and Lizardking!

Evil Spirit Soldier that are protecting the Valley of Death.

Servant Evil spirit tracker, Priest of Diverse, it was full of local monsters

as well.

“I have nothing go easily.”

Weed muttered unconsciously.

There was no way such fun will happen like massacring all the monsters at bottom of the valley.

Rather, reversely, they needed to attack monsters on the top of the valley.

Weed and Seoyoon started to investigate around the Valley of Death.

Then, they were able to find a castle not far from the valley.

Niffleheim Kingdom's Vent Castle!

This was definitely what the Morata residents were talking about.

‘They said the Kingdom's knights reside there.’

The old castle was build using rectangular rocks.

Although there were many broken places due to time, but... yes.

“Do not come near!”

yelled the soldier on top of the castle wall.

There were some places where human cannot live.

The Soldier's Armor was on the verge of collapsing.

Weed could wear such armor. He had no intention letting items go to waste.

“Do not approach me!”

“ We have come to help you all!”

Weed yelled, but no one listened.

“I don't know what kind of monster you are but I'm not getting fooled anymore!”

“We are human and we would like to enter.”

“Shut up! If you come any more near, we'll attack!”

Then an urgent bell sound came.

The soldiers were aiming at Seoyoon.

"....."

Weed became speechless. They had no trust.

In such situations, the most necessary lesson is now.

Weed looked at Alveron. Alveron knew those eyes...

"As a Priest of the Church of Freya, I have learned recovery and blessing magic professionally. I will stand for them."

"The Church of Freya? We don't trust anyone. We'll attack if you approach any more."

Vent Castle did not allow anyone to approach.

Even if Weed is famous, it didnt reach the castle.

For Fame to spread, it needs to be passed from person to person, but since Vent castle has no communication with the outside world, it is useless..

'I can't go in here.'

Weed could do nothing but to leave Vent Castle behind.

There was no way to get in, and there was no need to.

'It's a poor castle anyway. Even if I force my way in, I'll just get robbed like in Morata or cut down to pieces.'

Weed came back to the Valley of Death, preparing to attack; at that moment, they found him.

"Kuahahahahahahah!"

Wyverns screamed due to coldness.

The expensive Geumini flew through the sky and they finally arrived.

"Yes, you worked hard."

Weed touched them both.

Then using the wolf leather he had, he made clothes for the Wyverns. Just that due to poor the condition of the materials, the quality of the clothes was way lower than usual.

Wah-il, Wah-thul, Wah-sam, Wah-oh, Wah-yook, Wah-chil!

Originally Wyverns have vicious personality, but the ones born from sculptures were different.

“My clothes are more pretty!”

“Look at my leather clothes’ color!”

As expected from artistic Wyverns they were showing off their clothes.

Wolf leather that hasn’t been properly taken care of.

Ripped loose, low level leather made cover-up cloth.

Wyverns were very happy wearing it.

“Definitely, our master’s the best!”.

The gift cleared away all the hatred they had toward Weed for making them fly all the way to the Northern Province, and even made them feel thankful to him for making them the clothes.

In truth, Weed complained while he was making clothes with wolf leather.

“Unable to do anything because the weather’s bit cold. Useless bunch!”

For them to move normally, he had to make them clothes.

So, he was forced to make them without putting even an ounce of care in making them.

“GolGolGol.”

Geumini whose body is entirely gold got some clothes from him.

The clothes that Weed wore during his noob years!

He gave Geumini the sword and armors which had the lowest possible durability and could only be sustained through countless numbers of fixing and fixing again.

Equipments handed down for generations.

The Wyverns and Geumini had pathetic appearances for having a cheap and stingy owner.

Still, the Wyverns held their heads up.

“My clothes are prettiest!”

“Nope. My clothes. My clothes are even more pretty!”

“Wanna fight me?”

“Yes, fight!”

Violent Wyverns trying to fight each other saying that their clothes are the best!

“My clothes are the best. GolGolGol!”

Even Guemini joined the fight to not lose its pride and took out his sword.

One was a Clay Sword. The useful sword Weed acquired in Lavia!

Another sword was a great one.

Agatha’s Sacred Sword from the Church of Freya!

He auctioned away another one, but he gave the one left to Geumini.

Using both swords and attacking opponent like a lightening was Geumini’s specialty.

It was when Weed’s underlings were trying to fight with their pride on line.

“Kururururara!”

Bingryong appeared with an amazing roar!

The long humongous body that is hundreds of meters long.

The open mouth that looks like it’ll launch out a Breath any time!

Detailedly depicted beard.

Moving its long tail left and right, Bingryong flew through the sky in

high speed.

“Kururarara!”

He roared with force once again.

Due to the force of the moment, the Wyverns and Geumini couldn't move.

Compared to the enormous Bingryong Wavyer's huge body looked like a child's toy.

As Bingryong approached, the Wyverns and Geumini bowed their head.

They have completely accepted Bingryong as the top in their league.

Kuung!

Bingryong landed heavily with force. The ground where he landed shook as if an earthquake happened.

He was showing off.

That confident and pompous appearance!

But Bingryong's legs couldn't bear the weight.

CheulPuDuk!

Bingryong feel on the ground right then.

It desparately moved its short legs. It tried to get up using its wings too, but it wasn't easy.

Not only was the ground slippery, it lacked strength to make its huge body stand up.

Suddenly the mood became cold.

Where the Wyverns, Geumini, and Bingryong were, an endless coldness flowed.

Chapter 4: Conquest

After resting for a day, Weed started to focus on attacking the Valley of Death in the morning, right after the sun came up.

Although his condition was worse by 20% due to cold, he didn't have the luxury to rest and fully recover himself.

"It's common to get a cold. To avoid getting a cold in the Northern Province is only a luxury. Alveron!"

Alveron was sitting there when Weed turned around.

A dependable companion he can always trust!

As expected from the candidate of Pope, he had immense amount of holiness.

Unlike most strong characters, he was comparatively nice and obedient, he was very useful.

"Yes."

"We're confronting a very important battle. Bless Wah-il, Wah-thul, Wah-sam, Wah-oh, Wah-yook, Wah-chil, Geumini, and Bingryong.

"Yes, I understand."

Weed called out the names of each and every one of the sculpture creatures.

This scrupulous consideration!

But in truth, they get sulk easily because they're life forms full of jealousy and selfishness.

'Just for what good did I make those kind of things.'

Weed couldn't do anything else than to sigh whenever he looked at his sculptures.

Bottom-low intelligence!

Greed towards food!

Greed towards money and items!

They were servants he could never trust.

But sculptures couldn't do anything about it. Like the saying children take after their parents, their level is comparatively high thanks to Weed's high Art stat; but Weed's intelligence and wisdom stat are pathetically low.

Due to that, only simple and idiotic ones came out.

Alveron cast holy magic.

“Undermine the dark power which tries to weaken him. Divine protection. Maximize he who fights against evil darkness. Bless!”

A white light poured out from Alveron and wrapped around the Wyverns, Geumini, and Bingryong.

A Priest's special skill that raises Defence and Strength.

It also raised various Element Resistance.

Alveron cast another holy magic onto this.

“Help his breath of life to not leave him. Hand of Life.”

Skill that adds great amount of health!

Alveron became stronger while Weed wasn't with him.

‘Yes, he's very useful.’

Weed showed a disappointed expression.

Compared to when they arrived at Morata, lots of time passed, so he became much stronger.

But Alveron was his companion only for a specified quest.

Since he can't order him around once the quest ended, it was such a waste.

“Master I will attack.”

Wah-il fluttered its wings.

After getting various blessing magic, he became full of strength and showed his vicious nature that enjoys battles.

Weed didn't necessarily stop him.

"Alright. Just be careful. Geumini."

"Master. Why call me? Gol gol gol."

"Fight riding on Wah-il."

"It's cold. Can't I rest nearby camp fire? Gol gol gol."

Geumini was made of gold.

Just like his expensive gold body, he was very lazy.

Weed replied very honestly,

"If you don't fight, I'll melt you."

"I will follow my Master's words. Gol gol gol."

"Take this bow."

Weed gave him the bow he was equipped with.

Flutter!

Making a bit frivolous sound, the six Wyverns flew up to the sky.

The skilled Wyverns that survived fighting against the Legion of Undead.

Wyverns circled in the sky with dignity.

Just like an eagle preying, looking for a moment of opening!

But Wyverns quickly switched their minds.

"Gosh I'm gonna freeze to death. Let's attack."

Although it was morning already, because of the cold atmosphere, the Wyverns' physical capability was being held down.

Thus, the Wyverns decided to not circle the sky out of unnecessary.

With Wah-il as a lead, they flew up the sky.

After continuing like that, they dived straight toward the monsters on

the top of the Valley of Death.

The Wyverns attacked while diving down with thrilling speed.

Using steel-hard claws, they scratched Ice Troll or Lamia.

“Kill!”

“This is our land!”

“Fight!”

Ice Trolls yelled warcries and attacked using tridents while Lamias used their spell, flicking their tongue like a snake.

“Eye of Temptation!”

Spell of Lamia. Regardless of race, it weakens all the men’s strength.

On the bottom of the valley, Weed though he made a big mistake.

“Did Lamias have such ability?”

Lamias are usually considered as rare monsters, so not much about their abilities are known.

Only that their level is around late 200s, but there’s nothing about how they battle.

The spell Lamias were using was a kind of curse, but it couldn’t be dispelled with holy magic. They were tricky opponents to face.

This was the Lamia’s specialty that wasn’t known to the public.

But the Wyverns were not one bit effected.

“Why aren’t we effected?”

“What the heck.”

“Couldn’t it be because we are great beings?”

“That should be it. Because we are so great, we’re not getting affected by such petty curse.”

“Wait! But are we male or female?”

No Wyverns could answer the sudden question by Wah-sam.

Weed then realized.

‘There are no males among them!’

When the Wyverns were sculpted, Weed was busy warring against the Legion of Undead.

There was not much time, but he had to sculpt fast without caring about quality.

Bulging belly and angulated face!

Because he was on a race against time when sculpting, he couldn't make that something that defined their sex.

Thanks to it, the Wyverns had a body that cannot tell their sex.

Then what of Geumini?

In the case of Geumini, starting with the face, he clearly was made looking like a male.

But Geumini was also not affected by Lamias' temptation.

Somehow, sometime, Geumini was busy looking himself in a mirror.

“This shining aura. This golden face. There will be no one more beautiful than me in the world.”

Telling himself how beautiful he was, he was in love with himself!

In the end, no one fell for the Lamias' temptation.

“Poison of Eucla!”

Since their spell didn't work, they started spraying deadly poison all over the place.

Some stung poison needles.

Blue poison smoke spread with the wind, Ice Trolls swung their spears all around.

Wyverns were flying in the sky and diving from time to time to scratch and peck with their claws and beaks to attack Lamias and Ice Trolls.

Thanks to the incredible blessing effect, the Wyverns' physical ability

expanded unusually.

They could fight on equal terms against one to two Ice Trolls!

But there were tens of Ice Trolls.

“You dirty birds! Die!”

“That way!”

Whenever the Wyverns went close to the ground to attack, Ice Trolls gathered around.

When that happened, Wyverns flew upward to avoid focused attack.

“You cowardly birds!”

“Come down again. Let us fight!”

Ice Trolls yelled, full of rage.

If they were Orcs, they would've went down to fight fairly.

But the Wyverns had a terrible and cowardly personality.

“You lowly lives who don't even know how to fly.”

“Why don't you guys try to come up here?”

Wyverns cleverly scratching with claws and attacking!

It didn't do much damage to Ice Trolls.

The Troll's special immense physical regeneration.

Most scars recover with a speed that can be seen with the eyes.

Since they had monstrous recovery speed that would allow them to grow new arms and legs when they were cut, it was impossible for the Wyverns to kill Ice Trolls.

“They're going that away!”

“Let's hurry up and kill them!”

When Wyverns approach the ground, Ice Trolls run towards them without even getting a bit tired.

Trolls that are much taller than Orcs.

That tall body ran with full speed on icy paths and slipped numerous times.

When tens of Ice Trolls fell, they got tangled up by themselves, so they wouldn't be able to get up for awhile.

At those chances, Wyverns would scratch and peck viciously.

Although Ice Trolls recovered fast, stamina was used up very fast.

This, rather than direct attacks, was the main method of weakening Ice Trolls.

Only picking out the Trolls that fell on ground, Geumini shot with great accuracy.

Due to the wind caused by huge flying Wyverns, snow stacked on a side of the valley crushed down.

On the other side of the valley, there were Lizardmen led by a Lizard King, Ghost Soldiers, Servant and Ghost Followers were waiting.

“We just have to face one side at a time.”

Weed sent the Wyverns purposely to where Ice Trolls and Lamias were.

It was impossible to fight against swarming monsters on top of the valley.

But thanks to the geographic factor of the Valley of Death, they didn't have to face them at the same time.

They just had to face enemies on one side of the valley.

In other words, divide and conquer!

“Master, we can't win by ourselves.”

At then, Wah-il was asking for help.

As Wyverns who can fly, they rarely got into a dangerous situation.

Because if their wings were fine, they could fly away anytime!

But due to numerous monsters on the ground, dealing critical attacks was impossible.

Against 5~6 Ice Trolls whenever they dived, only a few Wyverns had trouble just trying to shake them off.

“Bingryong, it’s your time to shine.”

“Alright. Master.”

Finally, on Weed’s order, Bingryong who was waiting opened up its wings widely and flew.

“Kurarrarara!”

With impressive Dragon Peer, Ice Troll and Lamias became atrophied.

Roaring Bingryong flew and stumped on Ice Trolls.

Pudeudeuk!

His weight was an attack ability itself. Bingryong flattened trolls by simply stepping on them!

Whenever Bingryong moved its wings and kicked, Ice Trolls and Lamias fell away.

Although Bingryong was scolded how useless and strength-less he was, it was only because he was too heavy!

Against light enemies, he had great potential.

When Bingryong moved his wings or legs, Ice Trolls fell without any chance.

“Kurarrarara!”

When he roared from time to time, surround shook.

Bingryong, whose strength increased with Alveron’s blessing, was on a roll.

“Kill him.”

“Destroy that bulk of ice!”

Ice Trolls charged.

Although there were many who slipped and fell from getting tangled among themselves, more than five of them stuck onto Bingryong and

swung spears and axes.

And from deep within the Valley of Death, a countless number of Ice Trolls appeared.

The number was over 100!

More Ice Trolls than what they were facing appeared.

There was reason behind as to why this place was called the Valley of Death.

At then, Bingryong stretched his wings and flew up.

Then breathed in deeply.

“Huuuup!”

Atmosphere got sucked into Bingryong’s huge nostril.

His normally bulging belly became even more bulged.

Then the body made of ice became more and more white.

Then, Bingryong’s mouth became wide open.

“Puwaaaaaaa!”

Ice Breath!

He used his ultimate skill that can only be used once a day.

The Ice Trolls that were charging froze on the spot.

They were frozen, stuck with the ground.

“Run.”

“Run away!”

Ice Troll and Lamias became confused.

Monsters that got directly hit by Bingryong’s breath were on the verge of death, and the ones that was around the main attack spot partly froze and became very slow.

The intense aura spread by the dignified dragon.

Sadly, it was a skill that could be used only once a day.

Although it froze a considerable number of monsters, even more Ice Trolls showed up. Bingryong was busy trying to defend.

“Bingryong, drop them to the bottom.”

Finally Weed gave an order.

There's more than several monsters crowded in the Valley of Death; he couldn't just leave those endlessly appearing monsters to Bingryong or the Wyverns.

“Master, I will execute your order.”

As Bingryong thrashed on the top of tightly spaced valley, Ice Trolls got pushed away and rolled down the valley.

“Gueheak!”

The Ice Trolls that fell down the cliff was Weed or Seoyoon's to fight off.

“Ahchoo!”

Weed took the lead even when he could barely stand due to the cold.

“Gosh it's killing me.”

His body was hot from fever.

Really, the Valley of Death was just too cold. Not only because of monsters, the temperature was basically too low.

A strong wind that can even freeze any living beings blew.

The wind that came from the center of the valley worsened Weed and Alveron's cold for every little second it was blowing.

Enduring his shaking legs, Weed took out his sword.

“I can only try my best. Moonlight Sculpting Blade!”

The sword skill with holy light flowing around it.

Whenever Weed swung his sword, the trajectory of the light remained for a long time.

Unlike usual straightly slaying or stabbing an enemy, a sword that synchronizes body and sword to flow freely!

The sword skill Weed trained for a long time remained and appeared as light.

Wobble!

Whenever his strength loosened from his hand and foot, Ice Trolls approached dangerously.

Wounded Ice Trolls.

Along with loud chest pounding sounds, they came, holding spears and axes high up.

“Kyao!”

Ice Trolls breathed out heavily and swung axes.

‘It’s dangerous.’

Weed ducked and dodged the axe.

Then, at the lowered state, he rolled forward, passing after slaying their knees.

He doesn’t usually use such method, but he was in a pinch.

Over ten Ice Trolls fell down the cliff.

Although their Stamina dropped considerably, it did not mean their attack did as well!

They had higher levels than Weed as well, so he had to take caution.

“Kurrrr. Cowardly bastard.”

“Kurrr. You will die by our hands.”

Ice Trolls breathed out rapidly out of anger.

Whenever they breathed out, white foggy breath came out.

‘Too many.’

Weed’s eyes lowered.

When danger approached, he can judge the situation rationally with a panoramic view.

If his body was in his normal state, he would be able to get by, but in his current state with a cold, his Strength, Agility, and Health were overall very weakened.

Since his combat skill mastery was lowered as well, it was the same as to say all his strong points were gone.

“Still I can’t give up. I can’t back up now.”

Weed held up his sword.

If he can’t finish them off quickly, he can drag the fight on although it would be a bit risky.

Even if he got damaged a bit, he had to wait for an opening and deal them one-by-one.

“Since I can’t let Alveron die.”

Behind Weed, there’s the slow-at-running Alveron.

So he had to hold his ground no matter what.

Phusuk!

At then, a light flashed in between a group of Ice Trolls.

Seoyoon took care of the monsters that went toward her and helped Weed.

The formation of Ice Trolls that were surrounding Weed fell apart.

“Kurrrr!”

“There’s the human female who have murdered our friends.”

“Kill the woman.”

As Ice Trolls attacked Seoyoon, Weed could rest for a short moment.

‘The real battle begins now.’

Although Weed’s condition wasn’t normal, he continued to participate in the battle.

Sharp and exquisite lines of light overlap and creates ominous beauty.

Offensive side of Moonlight Sculpting!

Like the originally artistic class job, the sword skill was beautiful as well.

Compared to it, Seoyoon used much more simple attacks.

She dodges monster's attack with refined, dancing-like movements.

Then when she sees an opening, she cuts away the opponent right away.

If it doesn't die because of its monstrous recovery rate, she hit the neck again.

It was a cruel method, but in truth, it was much more gentle compared to Weed's.

He got confident when good amount of Ice Trolls were taken care of.

Weed said to Ice Trolls.

“Try to hit me.”

“Kuaaaa!”

Raged Ice Trolls attacked Weed.

Whenever they did, Weed closed his eyes.

Closed Eye skill mastery has increased.

Toughness raised by 1.

Weed was using Ice Troll's hits to raise his skills!

When his life became minimum, he would finally hunt the Ice Trolls.

Then when he kills an Ice Troll, he held a cup carved out of wood near its body.

“This precious blood! Blood keep on coming out.”

Ice Troll Blood was an important material needed for making healing potions.

Compared to money, one bottle would equal almost 1gold. It was a rare item.

A rare item wanted by many and sold by few.

A bottle of such valuable potion ingredients could be gotten here when they hunted 3~4 Trolls.

An item placed highest on the Dark Gamers' must-get list, Ice Troll Blood.

That was literally taking even a last drop of blood (for selling). Such was Weed's method of hunting.

*

To gain money, Yurin was doing small quests.

"If you clean these dishes in an hour, I will give you 3 copper more"

In the restaurant Yurin was working, used dishes were stacked up like a mountain.

They had food leftovers disgustingly stuck on them and they smelled very bad.

To the point where no one would dare clean them.

"Well, I'll have to try."

Yurin rubbed the dishes very hard.

Cleanly, to the point they would shine.

'Let's get money. For the future. To buy a skill book, I will to save bit by bit.'

Yurin wanted to take the greatest and honest path.

Her target was to become a great mage who can kill ten thousands of monster with crowd control magic!

Covering an open field with flames, causing floods to sweep away enemies.

It was a dream like story, but it was still possible.

In the beginning of Royal Road, there was a mage who fought against a tens of thousands of monster army on the commercial from Unicorn Inc.

Due to that, there were many players who chose to be a magician.

They had weaker physical ability than warriors.

They did not have a high Health that would allow them to survive even after several beatings.

Even when monster a comes, they'll be busy running away, and it was magicians who unluckily got into a trap and would die from it.

Rather, it's weaker than in reality, so they wouldn't be able to carry a bag with enough items in.

A job that has to wear a thin leather robe and walk around with a cane and cannot even wear cool armors like warriors!

Despite all that, it was mages who had infinite magic attack and the highest attack power.

Ding!

- Fame increased by 1 due to cleaning dishes thoroughly.- Because you have completed a chore, you're now known more in the village as a person who's good at dish washing.

The restaurant owner came.

"Thanks for your hard work. I will give 3 more copper as promised."

"Phew. Thank you."

Yurin smiled and took the money.

After this, she could get more jobs easily.

"I heard you take importance in sanitary. The items in our item shop are buried under a pile of dust. Could you clean it for me? I'd like you to finish within five hours.

I will give you 30 copper for an hour."

"Yes. Just trust me."

Yurin moved her working place to the item shop.

It was a job to clean the items that people don't usually look for.

As Yurin cleaned up the place, she studied up various items she didn't know about before.

She could just clean away dust she can see.

But Yurin cleaned each and every item very thoroughly.

She cleaned the items overnight, changing the dry cloth tens of times.

Ding!

You have cleaned the items in the Item Shop completely.
Fame increased by 2.

The Item Shop owner looked at the shining items and became overjoyed.

“You’re the first person who took care of the job this thoroughly... I will especially give you 20% more.”

“Thank you.”

“Ah, should I introduce you a job? See that armor shop over there? Although it’s doing well, there seems to be items that don’t really sell. Who knows if someone will buy them if they’re cleaned up and displayed. I heard the owner was looking for someone to hire so try the place. If you tell him that I introduced you, he wouldn’t reject you.”

“Yes, thank you.”

Yurin cheerfully said farewell and went to the armor shop.

Nothing was much different there either.

It was again, to clean old armors.

Now, she became a master at cleaning.

“They’re armors and shield that protect one’s life, so be extra tenacious.”

“Yes, I will.”

“I don’t really trust you, but since a good friend of mine introduced you, I will trust you with the job. Careful to not get metals wet. I will pay you 50 copper for an hour. Compared to the job you have to do it’s not too little right? Since there’s lot to sell, if you finish in a day, I will give you some bonus. Since the work you have to do is limited, work hard.”

The owner of the armor shop was a huge person with a mustache and

meticulous personality.

Yurin worked there successfully as well.

She cleaned the armors to the extent that not even a grain of dust would be left.

Rhodium had lots of beggars.

Those who tried to live with ease by getting even a bit from the tourists who came to look at splendid art works and scenery!

It wasn't such a bad choice.

Since Rhodium became a tourist city, one can expect generous treatment.

Although art is recognized as a hungry job, one can earn as much as doing a chore even when one becomes a beggar.

But one can only gain fixed amounts of money.

Getting bigger and bigger jobs as she went, Yurin worked anywhere doing anything she could to gain money.

'After buying a spell book, I should buy a ring that raises magic attack. I'd love to have a robe too, but that'll be hard to buy.'

To become a mage, lots of money is required.

So Yurin worked like crazy.

She tried to work off anything to gather money.

If she became a store clerk, she could gain money more easily, but those kind of job don't give much.

Thus, dreaming of becoming a great mage, she jumped into the harsh road of labor.

Then one day.

Now she raised friendliness with most of the store owners and raised fame.

When she was washing dishes, the restaurant owner called her.

“Yurin I have a favor to ask of you.....”

Yurlin replied as she smiled.

“Yes. Ask me for anything. Is there more to wash?”

“No, it’s not that. When you go near that river over there, an old man comes out alone every night when moon comes up. I borrowed something from the old man. Can you return it for me?”

The restaurant owner showed her the book.

“What is this?”

“It’s about most recent pictures and drawing that’s popular in the kingdom.

I borrowed it several days ago, but I just can’t return it because of busy restaurant work.

I hope you can return it for me.”

Ding!

Cook Balon’s Request

Balon is a very prideful cook.He is famous for not making food just for anyone.

Go to the Hesny River and return the book to the person Balon talked about.Difficulty: E

Reward: 30 copper

Quest requirement: A person Balon trusts.

Chapter 5: In the Cave

While inside the small, rusty cave, Weed's body was getting hotter with fever.

His already serious cold became worse.

-You are fatigued. Physical ability is lowered by 62%
You cannot use battle skills.
Due to the decrease of Life and Stamina, you cannot move.
You may experience dizziness.
If not treated properly, you may die.

The Northern Province was much colder than the Central Continent. Four out of seven days in a week it snowed, and a strong, cold wind blew. The Valley of Death was even colder, so his Stamina dropped to very low as he pushed himself too much by travelling and battling.

The Valley of Death Quest required the participant to not only fight against strong monsters, but against difficult weather too. It was hard to endure even in a normal, healthy condition, but since he had this cold, his situation became much worse.

The cold had worsened as he progressed, and now he couldn't even move anymore.

His forehead and back were already wet with sweat. He couldn't even control his shivering body properly.

'I'm going to die like this again.'

Weed wanted to cry out.

It's not like he was fighting deadly monsters, yet he was about to die from a mere cold!

Normally, he would at least have been able to recover life with Alveron's holy magic. If he recovered life, there would be a greater chance of getting rid of the cold.

But even that was impossible now.

"Cough. Cough."

Alveron was huddling in a corner, coughing.

Just like Weed, he got the terrible cold and was on the verge of death.

Even when you're a candidate for Pope, a cold didn't look over you.

'I'm really going to die now.'

Due to lowered Stamina and Life, he couldn't even raise a finger.

Surrounding them was just ice and snow.

They somehow found a cave near the Valley of Death and came in, but it didn't help much to shield from the iciness.

If they got terribly cold in such a place, they had no other way out but to die.

Since his ill body would remain and freeze away, even if he logged out it would make no difference. It seemed like he could not avoid death.

'I was careless.'

Although he was filled with regret, it was not something he could undo.

He used up all the herbs that may have been useful against illness when cooking soup in Morata Village.

'Now I can really do nothing.'

Weed closed his eyes silently.

The rocky ground felt as cold as a sheet of ice, and cold air came in from everywhere. In these circumstances, a cold could only get worse.

His hands and feet were already getting numb. Death was approaching.

'Just why did I have to get sick.... so pathetic.'

With his eyes closed, he looked back to his past.

Ever since he was little he took any job for the sake of money. To help his grandmother who was working in the street market, even at such an old age, he would work anywhere as long as they took under aged employees, when he should have been playing with friends of his age.

Since it was illegal, the working conditions were the worst possible, and

he never got paid on time.

Still, because he worked over vacation without sleeping, he could gain a bit of money.

But now he had a type of work that he have never done before, and by pushing himself too much, his body couldn't endure.

"You weakling! Are you acting because you don't want to work?"

"If you're going to work like this, then give up right now!"

The boss, who hadn't paid him his three weeks' worth of payment, yelled at him.

Even when he was sweating all over from fever, and dark rings forming around his eyes, the boss never admitted that Hyun was sick.

Back then he couldn't eat much, so his stamina wasn't very good, and because of that he was always scolded on.

Other employees, too, scolded him whenever he did something wrong, whether big or small.

"Useless one."

"Why should we use someone as brainless as him?"

"It's better to not have you here at all. You only cause problems."

"You trash! Because of you we have even more work now.

Just go steal or something instead of working here."

He endured those countless snarling comments.

On that day, he wanted to get up and work if possible, but his body just couldn't move.

But no one worried about him nor did they tell him to go to a hospital. When he was young, he curled up and cried in a corner where no one was. It was very painful.

After that day, he hated getting sick the most.

To someone like him who had to support his sister, getting sick was an

unthinkable luxury. But, he couldn't help but feel sad and pathetic when pain came.

“Damn.”

Weed felt his eyes getting watery.

‘I’m as weak as the amount of tears I let out. I’ll never cry.’

He gritted his teeth and endured. This time his pain wouldn't stay much longer.

His body was weak all over and his Life status was still decreasing.

He was alive so far thanks to his monstrous amount of Endurance, but soon, he would die.

He just had to wait a bit for the nausea to die, and then he too will die completely.

Only, death is not the end.

Right away, a special skill activates as a Blood Necromancer.

Revival as Undead.

According to his level and skill mastery, he's going to revive as an undead. As an undead soldier who rules over black magic and the power of death.

When he dies, at the least his cold will disappear.

‘I’ll just have to level up and get masteries back up like a mad person for a while.’

With his eyes closed, he waited for death.

Without hunting or using his sculpting skill, this was first time he just lied down and rested completely like this. When fighting or resting for Life and Stamina to recover, he was always making a sculpture. The reason for Weed's fast growth was because of such focus and effort.

But even as time passed, he didn't die.

‘What's happening?’

Weed opened his eyes partially.

His body ached all over and opening his eyes caused dizziness, but he wanted to check the situation.

And now he could see the reason!

Seoyoon!

She disappeared to somewhere and brought mountainous amount of firewood.

‘It wouldn’t have been easy.....’

Around here, there isn’t much wood that can be used for a fire.

To get firewood, she would have had to go through blizzards and walked far.

Seoyoon stacked up the wood and lit the fire.

As the surrounding air became warmer, Weed could feel a bit of warmth seeping into his flesh.

Seoyoon took out a small iron can.

It had become black from using it so often for cooking over an open fire.

It is sold for 4 coppers in a general store, but it was dropped when hunting a fox near a castle. It was something not even beginners used.

Seoyoon glanced at Weed as if she was embarrassed for taking out beginner's iron can.

Weed closed his eyes again.

It was because his dizziness became worse as his body temperature rose.

‘Thirsty.’

Weed had a serious thirst and lots of pain. The thirst was due to the sudden burning heat of the flames.

But soon, something touched his lip.

‘What is this?’

An unknown scent came from it.

Weed opened his mouth.

Then, something dripped into his mouth little by little.

It was porridge.

Using the cooking skill she had, Seoyoon had made porridge and was feeding Weed. The problem was that the porridge was extremely salty and spicy! 'Stop feeding me that stuff!' Weed screamed inside his head.

She was feeding him the worst porridge possible, and it didn't even taste right! Plus, the porridge smelled fishy.

Weed could guess what she used to make it.

'She put smelt in it.'

Seoyoon put rice she had for emergencies into water along with smelt to make porridge.

The porridge was made as if she tried to fry the smelt, but because she didn't clean the smelt properly, the fishy smell remained strongly.

The rice wasn't fully cooked either, and tasted terrible.

Seoyoon was forcibly feeding Weed bad porridge such as this!

"Urgh!"

Even when Weed closed his mouth, Seoyoon opened his mouth with force and poured the porridge in.

If he had strength to speak, he would've stopped her.

But Weed's dimming strength was literally halted right before he died, so he couldn't speak even a word.

After eating bit by bit, his hunger disappeared.

It was a torture to eat, but his hunger and thirst was still satisfied.

But Seoyoon didn't stop at just feeding it to him.

Weed realized then.

'You murderer!'

All along, listening to him obediently and acting nice must have been an act.

'She was looking for an opportunity! She was planning to torture me like this while I didn't have the strength to resist,' Weed thought.

He could do nothing but to regret the situation.

In his defenceless situation, he had to endure Seoyoon's tyranny.

The porridge she kept feeding him, spoonful after spoonful!

A great danger approached Weed.

'Let's just die. I just have to die. Then everything will be over.'

Weed wished he could die now. He hated suffering from fever and dizziness. If he revived as an undead, his level or skill mastery would fall, but at least he would be more comfortable.

But even if he wanted to die, he couldn't.

'Someone please kill me.'

Weed's cheeks were filled with food.

Seoyoon fed him 150 spoonfuls of porridge. It equaled four full bowls!

She fed him not only to be satisfied, but to the point right before he would explode from being overfed.

After eating enough, anyone wouldn't want to eat anymore, but she was feeding him more forcibly. No one would understand what a nightmare it was.

Step. Step. Step.

He heard Seoyoon walking towards Alveron.

Because of the heat, he felt dizzy, but he could hear the sounds very clearly.

Since it was the sound of the devil that was torturing him, he just couldn't help but hear it.

Weed prayed. 'Amen. Alveron, you suffer a bit too.'

Even in such a situation, another's misfortune was Weed's happiness.

Opening his eyes a bit, he watched Seoyoon feeding Alveron her porridge.

She carefully fed Avelon.

Weed shivered.

'Really cruel. She's a devil in human disguise.'

From the effort to not spill a drop and feed everything, Weed saw pure evil.

The way how Seoyoon moved her hand reminded Weed of the careful way of handling poison.

But, it didn't take that long to feed Alveron.

She cooled the porridge by blowing on it when she fed Weed, but she just fed Alveron.

And there wasn't much left either. Weed was force fed almost two-thirds of the can, so Alveron didn't have to eat as much.

Weed thought, 'So I was her main target. She wanted to torture me more.'

Although he ate some porridge, he still had no strength left. His fever and dizziness became worse.

It was worse than the flu. It took away the ability to move.

If he had fallen in a place that was full of monsters, he would've died soon afterwards, but because he fell after moving into the cave, he didn't die as quickly.

He recovered some life because he ate some food, but as if to prove that the cursed cold wanted to be stubborn, it only became worse.

Due to his worsening condition, Weed closed his eyes, unable to endure anymore.

‘Yeah, there’s nothing more depressing than getting sick.’

When he closed his eyes and rested, sleep overcame him.

The thought that he’d die made him feel comfortable.

Since he couldn’t do anything anyway, he relaxed and fell asleep.

If he wanted to, he could sleep in Royal Road.

There were many people who slept at a place with great scenery, listening to birds chirping.

Virtual reality had many uses, but it was first time Weed fell asleep.

Since he always had something to do, he thought sleep was a waste. But that is why he dreamt a dream so sweet; a dream that no one would want to wake up out of.

Someone nursed the sick Weed.

She melted snow to make water, and put a soaked cloth onto his forehead.

When Weed woke up from time to time from his fever, he could feel someone’s care.

Although he almost reached the end of his life, he didn’t die. Someone nursed Weed like a mother would her child.

This someone was the most beautiful but also the most evil woman. Seoyoon was looking after Weed.

*

When Yurin heard of Balon’s request, she felt happy.

‘So this is the real quest!’

After building up the relationship, she got a quest.

Although the reward wasn’t much, Yurin became excited at the thought of her first real quest.

“I will return this book for you.”

You have accepted the quest.

Carrying the book, she walked towards the river.

Lights are turned on brightly.

The roads were decorated with paintings and sculptures.

From a distance, a Bard can be heard singing.

Fantastic night in Rhodium. Each individual artists were flaunting their own unique talents.

The heart of the Rhodium river is extremely clean.

Many people especially lovers, were walking around at night.

‘Elderly.’

Elderly people were unexpectedly easy to find, as there were many elderly people by the river having a conversation.

‘Balon said he was someone who likes to be alone.’

Yurin found a lone elderly person. But still, there were many elderly people.

There’s only one elderly who owns the book!

If she had given it to the wrong person, she would fail the quest.

Looking carefully Yurin noticed one person. It was a man that watched the flow of the river endlessly. Boundless solitude and sadness was reflected on the old man’s grieving face.

‘That person appears to be the right one.’

Yurin walked up to the elderly person and said.

"Hello, do you by any chance know Balon?"

The man replied without looking at her.

“Balon? I don’t know such a person.”

For some reason, the man’s voice faltered.

‘This man isn’t the right one?’

However, Yurin persisted. Because unlike other elders, the man had a heavy atmosphere surrounding him.

“Balon’s restaurant minutes away from here, and is visited by many travelers, are you sure you don’t know him?”

“Oh, that friend. I know he’s a Chef.”

“Balon asked me to return this book for him.”

“Oh, it’s my book. He borrowed that book, and now it’s returned to me.”

Yurin held the book with both hands, and gently handed it over.

“Thank you so much for returning the book. I hope Balon gets well.”

Ttiring!

You have completed Chef Balon’s request. The Elder has received the book.
Please see Balon to receive compensation.
Quest Reward: Return to Balon’s restaurant to receive the rewards.

Because it was a simple request, she did not receive any experience or reputation. The reward was a free meal in the restaurant.

Yurin sat beside the elderly after finishing the quest.

‘He seems desolate.’

The desolate Elder man was sitting alone in the river.

She wondered by the Elder man was staring blankly at the river.

Yurin asked cautiously.

“What are you staring at?”

“Young lady, it’s been a long time since someone has shown interested in this. In the past people did not believe my story, but you brought my book so I will tell you. What do I see there? Probably a canvas.”

“Canvas?”

She glanced at the river, but could not find the canvas amongst the water.

Where is the canvas?

"Water canvas. I've had an idea to draw a picture for a long time. But then I asked myself, why should it be drawn only on a piece of paper. Pictures can be drawn anywhere such as earth and stones. If you want to use Nature as a canvas, it harmonizes with the world, that is the basic qualities of a painter."

Yurin was curious of the profession of the elderly painter.

She asked the elderly painter with a serious expression.

"Young Lady, would you also be thinking that it's impossible to do?"

Yurin shook her head firmly.

"No. That's not it. I also think it is possible to paint anywhere."

"As I thought, it's like that? It's a rule that the true nature and harmony of paintings can newly express nature. I've only lived my life by clinging to paintings. The time I spent trying to draw inside the designated margins of the paper. Young lady, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Sure, go ahead."

"A legend is passed down amongst us painters. It's of great painter that painted on a flowing river.

Could you please look into this?"

"I think I'll be able to do it."

Yurin had no confidence.

This could be useful daily activities, but she was not sure know where to start looking.

"No, it shouldn't be so difficult. I grow old, and it has become harder for me to travel around please investigate the rumors in Rhodium Kingdom please. I don't have much but I have a little money I can give you."

Ttiring!



The favor for the Elder Painter. The rumors described the Painter to be absurd.
For painting a Legendary picture on top of the river.
Investigate the authenticity of the rumour.
Difficulty: E
Reward: 3 Silvers
Quest Restrictions:
Delivered Balon's item, people who listened to the old painter's story.

A chain Quest!

Yurin could not ignore the reward.

'3 Silver requires 15 hours of dish washing to earn.'

After reaching the higher levels, one could make 3 silver by killing 1 monster. But in the beginning 3 Silvers was a considerable amount of money. A small hat and a fire bolt spell book can be purchased with that amount.

"Sure I'll find out"

You have accepted the quest.

The old man nodded.

"Thank you. I must know the truth. If the rumours are true, I will not have spent my time here in vain."

After leaving the Elder, Yurin headed straight to the painter's guild. There should at least be some information to be found there.

'The instructor of the Painter's Guild would know, right?'

Thanks to having taken on several jobs finding the painters guild was not hard. But the instructors wouldn't talk to her.

"I'm sorry, but I would rather not talk to a nameless person if i don't have to."

Yurin hopelessly starting talking to different members of the Painter's Guild. However, the only conversational partner she had was the gatekeeper.

The gatekeeper listened to Yurin's requests and, after a long time of consideration, he carefully spoke.

“There’s a rumor I heard not too long ago. It was long time ago, and I do not remember it well. If you seek the whole truth then you must find grandmother Bellopaix. Since she is a famous painter she should be able to clear all doubts.”

“Where does grandmother Bellopaix live?”

“The Kiam family mansion. You will be able to meet her if you go there.”

“Thank you.”

Yurin looked for the Kiam family’s mansion. The dignified mansions were all gathered behind Rhodium.

Yurin was also denied access to the inside of the mansion at this place. The reason she was denied access to the mansions was because Yurin had no fame and was not acquainted with anyone.

However, Yurin did not budge and said what was on her mind.

“I came because I have to talk with grandmother Bellopaix about a painting.”

“You said a painting? Grandmother Bellopaix has always been a person who holds great affection for painters. Enter. She should be at the garden.”

The gatekeeper let Yurin pass. Because she mentioned the painting, we didn’t require any other decorum.

As grandmother Bellopaix was taking care of flowers in the garden. Yurin approached.

“Hello. This is the first we’ve met. May I ask what you know about the rumors about the painting that was painted above the river?”

“The picture above the river? Hulhul, there are even people who have heard the surfacing rumors and came to find me. When I was young, I went to see the fantastic form personally.”

“Then the truth behind the rumors of the painting...”

“Of course the rumors are true. I've seen it with my own eyes, it can't be phony. The brushstrokes of the painting are so amazing that you will

never forget for a lifetime. I got into a hobby of collecting paintings from then on. Paintings of flowing water. I can't see the painting anymore, but the paintings harmony and composition were perfect. Hulhul, the paintings around Rhodium do not give the same impression. Perhaps such works will never be seen again.”

Yurin wondered.

“If it is a picture, you can take it out and look at it at any time. However, since it was a short-lived piece of art, maybe it was too much to give it such high praise?”

“Lady who is still young, the strength of time is tremendous. If a person has no happy memories, then their past and future prospects look bleak. The painting was significant to me for a long period of time that I've lived and it will be forever embedded in my memory.”

Ttring!

Completed Quest of the old painter
Rumors about painter that painted on the river were proved true. The painting currently does not exist, but is still praised as one of the best paintings ever.
Quest Reward: Please receive it from the elderly painter.

You have leveled up.

The quest was successfully completed.

Thanks to the experience from the quest, she was able to level up.

‘Wow, the second stage of the chain quest is complete.’

At that moment, Yurin released all her tension. As soon as grandmother Bellopaix knew that she finished the quest, she spoke with a pensive face.

“It would be difficult to behold such a beautiful sight again.

Due to too many people assuming paintings can only be done on paper. Young lady. Do you think I would be able to see such a spectacle one more time before I die?”

- You are able to become the hidden profession ‘Aqualight Painter.’
If selected, the class related skills that are special that you don't have will be usable.

Would you like to select this profession?

Yurin would have never imagined herself being a painter. However as she saw the tears in grandma Bellopaix's pleading eyes she unconsciously nodded.

"I'll draw that picture once again."

Yurin was suddenly engulfed in light.

Change profession to Aqualight Painter.

- New skill: Painting

Painting: You can draw anything.

You can raise your reputation depending on the type of level of artwork you create.

- New Skill: Coloring.

Coloring : You can use color on paintings whenever it is necessary.

Your skill level rises the more you use different colors.

You can extract dyes from grass and flowers.

- New Skill: Doodling

Doodling: If doodled on the face or the body, it can weaken enemies or fear them.

At night, this effect double.

However, if you continually draw weaker monsters, it will not be as effective.

-New Skill: Quick Hand Movements

Quick Hand Movements: Able to draw moving objects using rapid hand movements.

Mana can be used to increase the speed of hand movement, and this can be used in combat.

- New Skill: Artwork Emotions

Artwork Emotions: Can be used to determine value of basic art.

- New Skill: Illustration Identification.

Illustration Identification: Can only be acquired by Aqualight Painters.

Chapter 6: A Man's Romance

Weed gently opened his eyes and saw a bonfire burning nearby.

‘Are there any survivors?’

Although he had no more strength and had little health left, he did not die.

-You have caught a cold
Physical strength has decreased by 36%
Skill effects have decreased by 40%.
With some rest, your body will stabilize and return to normal.

The vestiges of the cold still remained in the body. If you overburden yourself, the chance of the cold returning was high.

He overcame the cold that he thought he was going to perish from.

The warm heat started to fill up the cave.

‘The cold air is coming in?’

He saw the ceiling of the cave was collapsed, completely blocking the entrance with large rocks.

“These imprints are?”

Trembling, Weed confirmed the ceiling had collapsed.

When he confirmed that the ceiling had collapsed, Weed trembled out of terror.

A strong skill had completely destroyed it.

‘She fully intended to bury me alive!’

As if force feeding him with food is not enough, she wanted to bury him alive.

Weed laid bare his chest.

“Somehow, I’m alive.”

Escaping was too difficult to do.

The entrance was completely blocked and although he used his

Sculpting Skills to cut through the rocks and metals little by little, escape seemed impossible.

In the worst case scenario he could call out to Bingryong. No matter how feeble-minded Bingryong was, these rocks could easily be cleaned up.

The area was still clogged with rocks, and was not big enough for a person to fit through, but you could breathe fresh air through it.

Suddenly, Weed had other concerns.

“Alveron! What has happened Alveron?”

Similarly, Alveron suffered from a severe cold.

Priests had various skills which provide a lot of support.

Moreover, he was a Pope Candidate for the Church of Freya. If he died there would be serious repercussions.

Not only would he fail the quest, but he would also lose his contribution points to the Church of Freya.

That would be the worst outcome.

“He absolutely cannot die!”

Weed went further into the cave to check on Alveron’s condition who was lying nearby.

“You’re alive.”

Weed examined his condition and was relieved.

Alveron who survived the cold, had a smile on his face. Despite that, it wasn’t a good enough reason to ignore his cold.

He saw an odd shape on the ground.

Weed touched it by tapping it with his foot.

“What the hell is this?”

The ground was covered with a long thick mantle. It was the mantle he had not seen in awhile, but it had something baggy in it. It was in the shape of a human.

“I don’t think it’s a monster?”

Weed was surprised to see a cloak peaking out.

Weed was surprised on what he saw after peeking under the mantle.

Seoyoon was covered in cold sweat under the mantle!

Weed speculated.

“Although she did not bury me alive, she tormented me instead.”

When he was laying down with a cold, she could have harassed him at any time.

What a wicked trick!

Alveron, who was taking care of Weed, also caught a cold, leaving all his responsibilities to Seoyoon.

She spent countless hours outside in the snowstorm to collect firewood. She thought that Weed and Alveron might die, so she made them food, but forgot to make some for herself. In the midst of things, she felt her physical body weaken.

A slight feeling of a cold.

If she went back to rest, she would not get sick enough to be incapacitated.

However, Alveron was okay up to a certain extent, but Weed was at the brink of death, so she watched him throughout the night and nursed him. She replaced the cloth on his head with a cool one, and stoked the fire.

Because she was not able to rest, Seoyoon’s cold became worse and then she collapsed.

Weed thought of different situations and came up with a theory.

“I’m sure it was to harass me!”

Anyway, he was alive.

Weed took cooking tools out of his backpack. He was going to create food that will supplement his stamina.

This was a good time to cook.

Weed used Eel, Sashimi, and Goldfish to make the soup.

Bouillabaisse. (It's a name of a French Dish. [Click here for information.](#)) Eels, and several other fishes were some of the ingredients used to create this French Specialty. Eating this healthy dish is exceptional when it comes to increasing digestion.

In the proper home, one could experience the rich taste of seafood, but because they did not have the necessary equipment, the dish was incomplete.

Weed looked at the sick Alveron and Seoyoon and fed them the Bouillabaisse.

“Now I feel a little better.”

Extreme selfishness!

A man who cooks and eats his meals alone loses his appetite, and, because he becomes apathetic, it becomes harder to eat.

But you should always eat delicacies alone!

If destroying an apple tree would end the world, Weed would still eat the apples. If he had to choose between destroying the world or to plant an apple tree, Weed would immediately choose the Apple tree and eat all of its fruits by himself.

You have regained your Stamina and Health.

Bouillabaisse increases cold resistance by 15%. Weed divided the food between Alveron and himself.

“Eat this, so you can regain your health faster. Then we can resume working.”

After that was Seoyoon.

“I will definitely repay my debt.”

Revenge for being fed food that was difficult to eat.

Weed sprinkled the remaining salt, red pepper paste, and garlic into the remaining Bouillabaisse. But he became heartbroken when he saw Seoyoon's face.

She caught a cold and was unconscious but even asleep her face was incredibly beautiful.

Her clear skin was completely free of blemishes.

A high nose and red lips.

Beads of sweat covered her nose and forehead.

How perfectly her neck and collarbone lined up!

No matter where, there was not a single ugly spot.

Complete harmony was achieved in her exhilarating beauty!

Charm flowed from her eyes, which were slightly open due to her dizziness.

Seoyoon held a fairy-like beauty even while sleeping.

'I'll endure for now. No matter how it was prepared, I lived by eating her food. And I suppose there was a reason the precious seasonings were wasted.'

He lifted Seoyoon's upper torso and tipped spoonfuls of the Bouillabaisse into her mouth. Weed felt his heart clench while looking at the Seoyoon who was eating with her eyes closed.

'Even though I only have to get revenge... Even though I had to eat that disgusting food...'

He ate and rested that day.

It was to recuperate his fallen Stamina, which was due to the sickness.

Weed felt refreshed after resting completely for a day. However, because Seoyoon and Alveron were still lying down due to their severe fever, Weed could not resume his activities.

'This awful cold. It still hasn't gone away.'

The power of the Valley of Death.

It was an even harsher place because they had to fight not only the monsters, but also the cold.

For now he would cook food little by little until his body returned to normal, and would rest while carving some sculptures.

The romantic scene of carving a sculpture of Seoyoon's sleeping form in a small cave.

'This isn't too bad.'

Weed was content as he was. After all, it was not common to be able to sneak a look at the sleeping form of a girl as beautiful as Seoyoon.

He was sleeping in the same place with a beauty, and also the happiness of feeding her three meals a day while supporting her head. Weed was enjoying the situation every man dreamt of.

After regaining her consciousness, Seoyoon tried not to eat due to her embarrassment. Her cheeks were bright and red and she was quickly blinking her eyes. She was clearly trying to oppose her caretaker, but Weed would not back down.

As much as he had been through, he did not want to seem like a pushover.

"You already ate this earlier."

"..."

Since it was already cooked, he had no choice but to give it to her!

The woman was one of the many temptations to men.

'Only her hands are small and fine.'

It'll be a brilliant strategy to try and use its effects.

Seoyoon slightly parted her lips and ate the food that she was fed.

After feeding her a few more times, she became used to being fed.

'Even though I fed her often yesterday.'

Weed recalled the past again.

After his parents' death, he directly raised his younger sister. While the age gap between the two siblings wasn't very wide, back then it was large.

When his younger sister was younger, the biggest problem was food. They did not have decent side dishes, and, when times got really tough, they ate rice sprinkled with salt at night.

Most families as poor as his sought aid from the government or social welfare services. They usually provided the most basic necessities to survive.

However, the government usually gave only very basic supplies, like rice.

The people who controlled the economy were pessimistic about the impoverished grandmother and the two young siblings living together with her.

That was why, in order to send them to an orphanage or to split them up through adoption, they did not provide support.

Thanks to that, they only had rice and salt to eat.

Of course, the younger sister tried not to eat.

"Eat. If you eat something, your stomach will at least be full."

As he said this, Weed gained the responsibility of feeding her.

Weed unknowingly began to feed Seoyoon the food kindly. He also stroked her hair.

"Eat a lot."

"..."

Seoyoon instantly became stiff!

After she ate her meal without saying anything, she laid down and slept again. Facing the wall, she had no need to say anything while her face became redder than a ripe persimmon.

- Big brother, what are you doing right now?

Just then, a whisper came from his younger sister.

Weed was as surprised like a criminal getting caught red-handed. It was because of Seoyoon's presence. Although this was due to a quest, he would never be caught with a girl alone, even in his dreams.

If one meets a girl, it will take up money. Luxury and pleasure, an easy way to overspend.

'In order to save even a bit more, you have to live as a bachelor.'

It was Weed's outlook on life. That was how much he distanced himself from women while growing up.

His younger sister was the center of Weed's life. That was how much he distanced himself from women while growing up.

Weed answered his little sister.

- I'm in the middle of exploring.

Typically, people had to meet up and add each other as friends before being able to whisper to each other. However, family members were able to immediately send and receive whispers.

- Exploring? Is it related to a quest?
- That's right.
- What kind of quest is it?

Yurin showed a great deal of interest.

Because it had not been long since she had first started Royal Road, she was buried in quests.

- Hm, It's nothing much. I'm traveling around a bit in the North.
- The North? I had heard that there was barely anyone who was able to go up there, and the people here say the same thing? That it's a place that is too cold to bear. Are you okay, big brother?
- Of course. If it's about this cold, I can take off my coat due to the heat. I even broke some ice and took a bath a little while ago. Ah-choo!

- Big brother, didn't you sneeze just now?
- No, what are you talking about! It's so hot that I'm dripping sweat from my forehead.

Weed stoked the fire and went closer and sat down while talking.

Bluffs and bravado.

Even if he was to die, he would never show weakness in front of his little sister. He wanted to leave behind the impression of a strong older brother.

- I see; if you're doing a quest in the North, it must be hard.
- No, something of this level is nothing. I was always doing quests of this difficulty.

Huhu. Weed laughed haughtily.

- Then, what kind of quests are you doing?
- I'm looking for the 'Valley of Death' in the North and investigating the treasure it holds, and I'm sowing seeds. More importantly, hasn't it been 4 weeks for you as well? Can you leave the city now?
- Yeah, today marks the 4th week.
- Congratulations. It looks like you can now travel the wide continent of Versailles to your heart's desire. Take care to not underestimate even a rabbit. And don't bother the wolves, because they're strong.
- Thanks, big brother. I'll take care.
- By the way, what's your profession?

Weed slyly planted some expectations in her.

What kind of era is the current era? Most families were usually dual income. It was a world where a family could not survive with one source of income! The truth was Weed, alone, could send his sister to university, and was earning enough to support their current lifestyle. He showed his frugal mind through making whatever he needed, and sold all of his items. In addition to the ad revenue he collected through quests and the Hall of Fame, the revenue from the gold made him rather rich.

However, if they became a dual income family, they could look forward even more money than they had.

‘I’d be glad if it wasn’t a weird profession like mine.’

His little sister answered.

-My profession! I got it from this chain quest that I obtained through a very unusual association. Can you believe that I got it through a quest the owner of the restaurant gave me after I finished washing the dishes?

- I see.

Suddenly, the quest the Instructor gave him came to mind. The chain quest he obtained while he was eating the Instructor’s lunchbox.

- That’s how I obtained the profession of ‘Aqualight Painter.’

Weed’s face turned grave.

- Aqualight Painter?
- Yeah. It’s a Hidden Profession.
- ...

Weed felt as though the world had collapsed.

‘It seems like our fate won’t allow us to obtain a normal profession!’

Aqualight Painter.

Just hearing the name made the jobs that could earn a fortune unobtainable.

At least with an adventurer related profession, like Grave Robber, one could obtain some items and earn some money. However, without fail, both siblings ended up with an art related profession. And, in the case of the younger sister, the title of “Legendary” was not even applied.

‘I can earn money on my own. It wasn’t like I had big expectations from the beginning. If it’s a job that she can have fun with, it’s okay.’

However, the art related professions was atypical, so his little sister

could have sufficiently enjoyable travels.

- More than that, I hate the cold, so I guess it would be too much for me to go there?
- It will most likely be hard. If your Stamina is low, then you will immediately freeze to death.
- I see.
- However, don't be disappointed. I'll introduce you to some people who can help you.
- Who are they?
- The Geomchis. If it's those people, they can probably help you a lot. The Geomchis are currently wandering around the continent, undergoing undisciplined training. If you contact them, they'll put all other things aside and come running to help.
- Those guys can probably give you some fitting basic beginner equipment. I will settle the debt afterwards, so don't worry and get what you want.
- Yeah, I got it. But big brother, didn't you say that you had friends that you often went hunting with?
- Are you talking about Pale-nim, Irene-nim, and Surka?
- Yeah, introduce those people to me too.
- Of course I'll introduce you. I'll tell them to contact you later. Although, as things are, they can't meet you since they're far away.
- The distance doesn't matter... Anyway, I got it. Then, I guess I should go out of the castle. I'll whisper you later.
- Alright, be careful of the rabbits.
- Yeah, don't worry about me and take care of yourself.

After Weed finished talking to his younger sister, he brought some firewood to feed the campfire with, while trying to be careful so that even his footsteps did not make any noise. Even while he was cooking some food, he spent extra time to make sure that he did not make any noise. Only when he was sculpting could a small sound be heard.

In this way, while, two weeks past and Alveron's body recovered.

“Weed-nim, I am ashamed.”

“Don’t worry, it’s okay.”

“Since my Stamina has recovered somewhat, I think I can exert some divine power.”

“Oh, that’s a relief.”

Weed nodded his head.

If one had private access to healing magic, it was much easier to get rid of diseases.

“O goddess Freya, please cleanse away the pain and distress of these who follow you and depend on you. Cure Disease.”

Alveron first used a disease cure magic on Weed.

Due to holy power, the physical resistance ability toward sicknesses increases. Most sicknesses can be healed.

The cold is healed.

Physical resistance returns to normal.

Resistance against colds permanently rises by 2%

Resistance against ice magic permanently rises by 0.2%.

Along with being healed from the cold, Weed gained a bit of permanent resistance against it.

Alveron used the same disease cure magic on Seoyoon and himself.

Since they had the cold more severely than Weed, it didn’t cure them completely.

But after eating food that was good for health and resting for a day, they could move around again.

“It was the worst cold ever.”

Weed moved the boulder that was blocking the cave entrance.

Now, it was time to make the monsters of the Valley of Death taste bitterness.

Zephyr yawned.

“Huaam! So boring.”

“Still, you’re hunting a lot.”, Hwaryeong said as she braided her hair in two plaits.

“Not like we used to. It was real fun when hunting with Weed-nim.”

“True, it was just an endless repetition of charging and charging.”

“When I think back to it, I feel as if my body is still covered with bandages.”

The death hunt they did for eight days when they were with Weed and the Geomchis! The terrifying memory of intense labour was becoming beautified as time went by.

After that, most hunting didn’t feel tiring.

Looking at a mob of Skeleton Knights running toward them, Romuna snorted “Something like this is a piece of cake.”

“I don’t feel the excitement like I used to,” Surka said, as she punched Skeleton Knight’s face with her cutesy fists.

The tension that makes one’s spine and neck chill!

Such tension had disappeared.

Now, they chat while hunting monsters and even when monsters pop out from somewhere while they’re resting, they don’t get surprised.

Romuna, the magician, moves between monsters, binds them and casts magic.

Pale’s arrows never miss, and he can shoot three arrows at the same time and make them hit different targets.

In Hwaryeong’s case, she can now fix her make-up when fighting a monster.

Zephyr said, “Irene-nim. It’s boring. Bless the monsters. I think I’m going to fall asleep from boredom.”

“Yes, I will. I was going to for skill mastery. The strength that burns one’s fighting will, will bring out the strength that exceeds one’s limit. The whole party will strengthen.”

Irene raised the monsters’ strength.

She raised their ability by 20%.

Even though a priestess raises a monster’s strength, no additional experience points are given, nor do any special items drop.

Just for fun.

To have more fun fighting, Irene and her party raised the monsters’ ability.

Seechwi’s face turned blue.

‘You monsters!’

She never thought she was weaker than anyone else.

But, Skeleton Knights are monsters over level 320. They’re not easy to hunt even when in a party.

They were hunting such monsters in a very dangerous way.

Seechwi became very alert.

“Unni, now.”

“Yes, alright! Chichik!”

On Surka’s signal, Seechi dived into the group of Skeleton Knights.

To someone with a low level like her, she could only pick up items.

Picking up items while moving between Skeleton Knights!

Because of the huge number of monsters, it wasn’t very easy. And since they didn’t succeed in every hunt, they had to get all the items when they were available.

Although she had Orc Commander as her job, her Charisma or Leadership stat didn’t give much to benefit the party because of their large level difference.

Only to the point of raising physical damage by 3% and recovery rate by 2%!

Her ability would've had a bigger effect if she was leading orcs, but she was the only Orc in the group.

*

But who would have thought that a sister-like girl painter would want to beat cute rabbits mercilessly?

“Die, die!”

When rabbits resisted, Yurin used her feet to beat them up.

They worked for money during the day, and hunted at night.

Hunting at night was to gather more experience points.

But to Yurin who was a painter, her life and attack wasn't very strong. It was hard for her to hunt just a rabbit.

“Hunting is harder than I thought.”

After hunting a rabbit, she rested.

Before she levelled up, hunting was hard for her even when she had good equipment.

At that time, she got a whisper from Pale.

- Hello. I'm Pale.
- Yes. Hello.

Yurin politely greeted him. She always acted politely towards people she didn't know.

- You're Weed-nim's sister, right? I'm a friend of Weed-nim who hunted with him ever since we were beginners.
- Ah, the one who is skilled at shooting arrows!
- Hahaha! Seems like Weed-nim already told you about me. Skilled at shooting arrows, that's an overstatement. Did he say anything else?
- Yes, he told me never to tease you. That you're very timid.

- Ah, is that so. I'm a bit timid. Other than that...?
- I heard you sometimes play alone digging in the ground.
- Kuuk!

Yurin had fun talking with Weed's friends. The polite, gentle way he talked gave her the feeling that he was a nice person.

'Still, to hunt with Oppa, even I didn't get to do that yet.'

Out of jealousy, she played a prank that had no ill intention.

But she was smiling, enjoying it.

- Anyway where are you?
- Rhodium.
- You're at the city of artists. We're at Yuroki Mountains.

It'll take about a week to get there.

- You're coming here?
- Of course. If there's anything we can help with, we will.
- You don't have to. I'll go over there.
- Sorry?
- Could you explain the surrounding?

Yurin took out charcoal and paper and readied herself to draw.

Pale became speechless at Yurin's absurd idea.

Just how long did it take to come from Rhodium to the Yuroki Mountains?

Plus, because monsters came in groups, it wasn't somewhere a beginner could go.

Still, Pale answered Yurin's questions.

- Behind us, there are two tall trees. There's a boulder in front of us. It's a normal boulder, light grey in colour.
- What's the ground around you like?
- There are a lot of weeds around. There are also plenty of wildflowers,

there's more on the right side. A mountain we can see far away that isn't very steep, and it has lots of trees. There's the Dark Elves' Castle after going over about two mountains.

- Weather?
- Clear. There are some clouds though.

Pale was confused even when he was explaining the surrounding.

"Pale, what're you doing?" Romuna asked

"I don't know. Yurin-nim is asking me to describe the surrounding, so I'm describing it for her."

"Is she that curious of this place?"

Romuna tilted her head, unable to comprehend.

Judging solely by the scenery, the place was quite extraordinary. When the sun came up in the morning and went down at night, there was nothing more beautiful.

The mood when it fogs over or rains was great. Looking at the rain forest, one can fall into one's own thought.

To those who are sensible, it was best place to spend their time.

Zephyr approached Pale.

"But what is her voice like?"

"Huh?"

"Is her voice gentle?"

Zephyr, who didn't have a girlfriend yet, was naturally curious about Yurin.

'If she's Weed-nim's younger sister, she would have strong ability to maintain livelihood. She wouldn't starve me in any situation.'

So far, he had met various women.

Beautiful, confident women!

Still, they were busy giving their numbers when they learned of Zephyr's

background. Zephyr didn't want to meet women like that again. A woman he can meet heart to heart without a care for money or status.

Like the naive heart of a man who just started dating, he wanted to make a girlfriend.

Pale looked at Zephyr as if he pitied him.

There were things that cannot be done even with a handsome face, sharp eyes, and elaborated speech.

"I'm sorry. Zephyr-nim"

"Hm?"

"To prepare for such a situation, Geomsamchi-nim told me."

Zephyr's heart became heavy.

He remembered Geomsamchi's angular face and muscles.

He was a man scarier in real life than in Royal Road. If there was an Orc in real life, the one who would be able to catch it with ease, would be Geomsamchi.

"What did he say?"

"I will relay the message as it is. If anyone dares to touch Yurin, he'll kill him."

"....."

"Geomshachi said more than that. He said that if a man makes Yurin cry, he'll break his spine."

"....."

"Geomwuchi and Geomwubakchi also said something along those lines..."

Zephyr wanted to block his ears.

"I-I can't dare hear them."

Pale looked at him as if he pitied him.

"It's hard for me to say them as well. I don't want to remember them

either. So when I heard something I just added them up in numbers.”

“Numbers?”

“Death 309 times, vegetable state 68 times, at least a month stay in hospital 93 times, lower-body paralysis 30 times, deaths that I cannot describe twice. Something that’s not alive neither dead... If you still want to, I can tell you what Yurin-yang’s voice was like though.”

“Kuhuk!”

Zephyr would give up on Yurin completely.

His confidence to approach Yurin, who is like a sister to Geomchis, vaporized.

Additionally, if he thought carefully, Yurin was Weed’s sister by blood.

If he considered the continual revenge coming from Weed unlike simple, short revenges from Geomchis, she was someone he absolutely could not approach.

Based on Pale’s description, Yurin painted. Her drawing skill wasn’t very good. Rather than art or music, she was someone who only focused on studying academics. Although she didn’t have exceptional talent or sense; she tried to be as descriptive as possible.

She considered overall positions as well as the details of them.

A feminine sensibility and soft curve were drawn with warm colours.

And, she finished drawing just like how Pale described.

Yurin stretched out her arms over her painting.

“Picture teleportation!”

The special skill of an Aqualight Painter.

The scenery on paper started to wave.

Skill: You have used Picture Teleportation.

Maximum mana is halved for four days.

A fantastic skill that allows one to teleport to anywhere on the continent

as long as one can know the exact geography.

On the painting, Yurin drew herself.

When she drew herself, her physical body was mystically disappearing from the plains of Rhodium. Legs, body, and finally head.

If Yurin closed her eyes for a bit and opened them again, she would meet Pale, Irene, Romuna, and Hwaryeong.

They were surprised to see Yurin, who appeared suddenly.

To Zephyr or Seechwi, she seemed to pop out from the earth.

It was special skill that only Aqualight Painters could use.

*

Weed decided to thoroughly understand the surroundings of the Valley of Death first.

“I can’t solve the quest directly.”

He had high hopes because he had Seoyoon and Alveron with him. But unfortunately, there were problems to solving the quest speedily.

Strong Ice Trolls were part of the reason, but the climate and geography were bad as well.

“At the least, I should grasp the geography.”

Enduring the cold, Weed flew to above the Valley of Death riding on Bingryong.

He could see the whole Valley of Death after flying high up into the sky.

Snow and ice covered it until it met the horizon.

Mountain, river, frozen cities and towns.

They were part of special scenery that can be only seen in the sky of the Northern Province.

There were lots of undiscovered places in the Northern Province.

The quests that can be gained by going to such towns and castles were like heaven to adventurers.

“If they can endure this cold air.”

Weed wrapped his body in his cape as much as he could.

Although he ordered Bingryong to fly slowly, the wind was far too fierce.

If he didn't want to catch a cold again, he had to end his surveying of the area as soon as possible. Weed focused on the Valley of Death. In the middle of the mountains, the place that looked like a pair of long snakes stretched on the ground was the Valley of Death.

On the mountain tops, there were countless monsters like Ice Trolls, stationed like soldiers defending a castle.

Only when he beats them, can he complete the quest.

“The dead end of the valley is where snakes' heads meet.”

Although he was estimating with his eyes, the length was only about a kilometre.

The valley itself wasn't very big. And when they would pass about one-third of the valley, he could see frozen soldiers and knights waiting there.

“They're Nifleheim soldiers.”

Around the soldiers' feet, there were lots of rusted weapons.

Whiiiiing!

Anymore surveying would be dangerous.

His condition was about to get worse, as small ice particles started to blow with the icy wind. “Anyway I can understand the situation.”

Weed stopped surveying.

He found a larger cave around a nearby hill where the Wyverns could stay.

Until they conquered the Valley of Death, the place would be their base.

The chill would even freeze their skin!

They didn't know when snow would come and the hardened earth limited their movement.

On top of all that, monsters become stronger at night. Wyverns and Bingryong are classified as monsters, so they become stronger at night as well.

But, while the cold doesn't concern Bingryong whose body is made of ice, the Wyverns cannot fight.

Weed shook his head.

"It's not an easy quest."

He somewhat understood how to deal with an Ice Troll or Lamia.

Using Bingryong and the Wyverns, they were hunting Ice Trolls little by little.

But since they had to stop at night, they were giving Ice Trolls time to recover in the end. They are monsters that gather again like ants after a day. They had idiotically strong life stats, and their reproduction rate was exceptional as well.

So, at night only Bingryong and Weed fought, while Seoyoon, Alveron, and the Wyverns rested in the cave.

Seoyoon always logged out from Royal Road at night to get some rest.

When that happened, neither Alveron, Weed, nor the Wyverns had anything in the cave.

"Alveron."

"Yes?"

"Look after the fire."

"Understood."

Alveron put in sufficient amount of firewood to keep fire from going off.

The Wyverns cuddled up near the fire with their wings folded.

"Too cold."

"I thought I was going to freeze to death when I fought during the day."

The Wyverns talked about their sympathetic situation and warmed their

bodies near the fire.

“Kurarrarara!”

From time to time, they heard Bingryong’s roar from outside the cave.

‘Since he’s strong against cold and has strong life, he should be fine.’

Weed didn’t worry about Bingryong at all.

In truth, Bingryong was very timid, and cowardly.

Although he had a big body with dignity, in reality, he ran away when only a bit of life dropped or when he felt a bit of danger.

Therefore, he almost never got into dangerous situations.

When his Health dropped to only 20% of his maximum life, Bingryong drew near Alveron and goofed off.

Weed analysed the situation critically. ‘If we continue like this, it’s impossible to beat the quest.’

Even if they reduced the number of Ice Trolls during the day, their number just increased again at night.

There were numerous monsters in the valley. If they struggled against only Ice Trolls, it was impossible to complete the quest.

It was a great place to hunt and raise his servants, but he couldn’t stay there forever.

‘Anyway, we have to do something about this cold! If we do, then I might be closer to an answer than I think.’

Ice Trolls, Lamia and other monsters couldn’t show their full ability due to the cold.

Weed used all the wolf leather he had to make patched up cloth and ate properly.

Fish stir-fried in sweet wine... But the cold was too severe to use food as a distraction to forget the discomfort.

Sewing and cooking had limits.

Weed held up his sculpting knife.

Chapter 7: Moonlight Magnum Opus

“Finally, it’s time to start sculpting.”

The material for sculpting was a big boulder inside the cave.

After his sculpting mastery rose quite a bit, normal materials didn’t raise the fame stat that much.

Although he could have used ice instead, there were limits, and it wasn’t so good for expressing details, so he chose to work on a boulder instead.

Weed stood, staring at the boulder.

“What should I make?”

In the past, he wouldn’t have hesitate.

Fire!

Fire!

Or something warm.

It’s always the most effective to make something simple and straightforward.

It was easier on the mind when not considering the added benefits that were desired from the finished product and just focusing on the sculpture. But as his experiences built up, the eye for making sculptures became different.

“A sculpture doesn’t exist by itself. It’s more important to consider the situation.”

Even if he sculpts a campfire, it will only give a small warmth factor.

Sculpting is not that simple.

It is made to reflect genuine passion and the spirit of art!

Weed realized how his skill wasn’t on par with a master artisan.

But at the least he now knows the most important element of making a sculpture.

“The sculpture is as good as dead if it doesn’t contain emotion.”

He sculpted for his grandmother once in real life, in front of her who had aged with him for his entire life.

Of course, his sculpting skill was pathetic.

Even if he sculpted hundreds or thousands of times in virtual reality, it’s different in reality.

Considering how he was experimenting with sculpting, where the small touch from his fingertip made a huge difference in the sculpture itself, it was a very risky thing.

The sculpture he completed had many flaws.

When looked at closely, it had many places that weren’t properly finished and had scars because he put too much strength when carving.

Critical flaws to sculptures!

Still, it moved people’s hearts.

Because the sculpture had his grandmother’s life stored inside.

To someone who didn’t know, they would only think of it as a sculpture of a grandmother.

But to an elderly woman who had gone through various difficulties throughout her entire life, it would feel differently.

A face that became so familiar to the point that it almost came alive.

As he completed the sculpture, the face that had the trace of life melted in and gave the elderly expression various feelings.

Even if it was a famous artisan’s sculpture, it wouldn’t move people if it was only made with skill and without purpose.

In sculpting, time and life had to be invested into it.

Therefore, it was critical to match the sculpture to his situation.

‘Definitely, I can’t ignore the setting. I need to put in as much of my life as I can into it. I need a sculpture that honestly expresses the situation I

am in.'

Then Weed thought of an idea.

A man and a woman were left in the cold, earth-freezing North.

A couple pained by extreme coldness.

Nature was nothing but cruel.

A blizzard came every day and hungry wolves cried.

Aohhhhh!

"Come this way."

The man had the duty to protect the woman.

After going through many difficulties, they found a safe cave and took refuge inside, away from the vicious wolves. However, even if they managed to escape from dangerous enemies, hunger and cold still followed them.

The woman with bottomless beauty and immense kindness, the only one of her sort in the whole world, said to the man.

"I'm cold."

The man could do nothing but watch her with sad eyes.

Because he was useless, he couldn't protect the woman he loved.

Their lives stood on the verge of death.

If only I could sacrifice my life to save this woman!

The man would definitely have done it if it would save her life.

But the reality was that it would not change the situation, and the woman knew.

The woman did not blame the man.

"Still, thank you."

"For what?"

"For staying with me until the end. And I love you."

To the man who had a soft and gentle heart, her words were the best gift possible.

Wharak!

The man folded his arms around the woman.

“I love you too.”

No matter how cold the sky and earth was, it couldn't freeze the hearts of this couple. They could feel a thread of warmth as they hugged each other.

“Yeah, this kind of concept would be the best.”

Weed took out his sculpting knife and approached the boulder.

Seeuk.

Rock powders fell.

Cutting the edge of the boulder, he slowly gave it shape.

Accenting the feeling of the couple who worry about and care for each another, he sculpted.

Of course, the story had different facts from the real situation.

It's true that Weed and Seoyoon came to the North. But they were never separated and alone by themselves. Alveron was there, as well as the Wyverns and Bingryong.

“Can't you fight well! You powerless, useless things!”

Weed harassed Bingryong and the Wyverns, and even forced the holy priest Alveron to work. But he hid all those truths.

And, the truth didn't end with just that. The powerless woman who stirs up the instinct to protect and the woman Seoyoon were far different from each other!

The strong female warrior who can slay just about any monster, Seoyoon.

The appearance of hungry wolves was true at least, but the reason why

they cried was different.

They were crying, pleading for mercy, merely tasty food that got slaughtered for food as soon as they were seen.

Even when they came to such place, Weed adapted instead of starving to death.

“Well, art needs some ignorance of reality from time to time.”

Even if it's a hero who saved a country from danger, he will have to go to the restroom too.

One can sculpt about how he led a war to victory, but one can't really draw or sculpt such a scene.

Whenever Weed moved the sculpting knife, rock slithers were sliced away.

The basic form took place.

Then, Seoyoon logged in and it became morning.

Depending whether it was night or day, battles happened periodically, so Seoyoon logged in when there would be hunting.

As the sun rose and bright light filtered in from the outside of the cave, the temperature rose a bit over night.

“Then, let's go hunting.”

With the Wyverns, Weed headed to the Valley of Death.

Hunting when the sun's up, sculpting when the sun's down.

Like that, the sculpture started to take form after several days.

A man and a woman were hugging each other with the expression that they were about to cry out in inexplicable sorrow.

But Weed felt it was incomplete.

“It's not enough with only hugging each other.”

Although the couple was so close to each other, there wasn't much feeling coming from the scene.

They were just a couple that had great sadness and pain.

Weed carefully thought what was missing.

“What would I feel if I was the man?” he asked himself.

He would be desperate and feel powerless.

Looking at the lover who was slowly dying, trying to warm her up, the man would feel very sad.

The fact that he himself could not endure any more, and that he would have to say farewell to his lover, his heart would be heavy with sadness.

Farewell and death.

He lost family members before, so he knew how much sadness it brought.

Weed decided.

“This is failed product.”

Although he worked very hard for several days, he decisively abandoned it.

When knowing that it would be a failure, he couldn't continue to make it.

Weed started sculpting a different boulder.

This time, the couple was hugging each other again.

As if he was trying to waste his time, there was not much difference from the other one.

Even if he makes a similar sculpture, Weed's sculpting skill wasn't as pathetic as before, so it would raise the mastery of it a bit.

If there were any difference, the man and the woman were smiling now.

The most loving smiles they could show to one another.

“If you're about to leave this world, you should smile. That's the last thing you can show to the person you love.”

Weed's parents passed away when he was small.

He saw his parents for the last time when they were going into the surgery room in the hospital.

At that time, Weed cried and cried.

He cried because it was heartbreaking.

But, no one would know how much he regretted it afterwards.

“I should’ve smiled. I should’ve shown them the best smile.”

He should’ve smiled. Shown that it’s alright, and that he would live happily with his sister and grandmother.

Not being able to do it always remained as one of his regrets.

“Yes, a smile is the best.”

Weed made the sculptures have the happiest smile toward each other.

A smile with abundant love and trust.

Still, it had a somewhat sad and ominous mood.

With their two arms, they embraced each other as much as possible, to share a little of their warm between each other, and to never separate from each other.

Please name the Sculpture

Weed said as he pointed the sculpting knife.

“Warm Lovers.”

He decided on the name simply because they were hugging each other in a cold place.

But it came out to be a good one, going mysteriously well with the mood of the sculpture.

Would you like to name the sculpture Warm Lovers?

“Yes.”

In truth, he had some guilt as he named the sculpture.

Because of the man and woman’s faces.

He didn't realize it in the beginning, but the man resembled himself a lot.

Because he became emotional and sculpted as he thought back to his regret, he unconsciously carved his own face.

Because he went through so much hardship, he couldn't smile purely.

It was not a rotten smile, but a reliable and bright smile that he only showed to his family.

If it was only the man that resembled Weed, there would be no problem.

But the problem was the woman's face resembled Seoyoon so much so that it was as if he brought Seoyoon's face and placed it there.

Seoyoon's beauty was such that it would be no exaggeration to say her beauty was absolute.

To the point where one's own taste or preference wouldn't matter, Seoyoon was beautiful.

After sculpting her several times, to the point where he would be able to sculpt her with his eyes closed, he naturally sculpted her.

'How troublesome.'

It would be problematic to deal with afterwards, but Weed decided to leave it for now.

No matter what, Weed liked the finished sculpture.

It's not like he can edit a sculpture that is this complete.

Because the woman's or rather Seoyoon's face was turned toward the cave wall, it wouldn't be easy to look at unless one purposefully put an effort into it.

Ding!

Moonlight Magnum Opus.

You have completed the Warm Lovers!The warm lovers from the place where even breath would freeze. The work expresses the lovers' passionate love that even death cannot separate.Due to its impressive expressiveness, the work deserves to be displayed even in a king's personal museum or in a palace.

This great work will have more value as time goes by.

The creative and highly artistic sculptor has learned and recovered the forgotten skill, Moonlight Sculpting.

This work will leave its name in the continent's history of sculpting.

Artistic value:

- Exceptional sculptor Weed's work.
- 2,600.

Special options:

- Those who have seen Warm Lovers will have 20% increase in Health and Mana regeneration rate for a day.
- Resistance to cold increased by 40%.
- Maximum Health increased by 25%.
- All stats have a 20 point increase.
- - The sculpture fumes out hot air that would make one burn oneself when touching the sculpture.
- - Party experience gain increased by 6%.
- - When lovers hug one another in front of the sculpture, they can receive the blessing of Warm Lovers.
- - Does not stack with other sculptures' effect.
- - The number of Moonlight Magna Opera completed: 1

- Advance Sculpting skill level rises to 2. Sculpting becomes surprisingly detailed and delicate.
- Dexterity skill mastery rises.
- Sculpture Understanding skill level rises by 1.
- Fame rises by 460.
- Art stat rises by 30
- Charm rises by 7.
- Warm Lovers was recorded in the history of sculpting.
- When talented sculptors look at this sculpture, it will help them improve their sculpting.
- For making a Moonlight Magnum Opus, all stats additionally rise by 4.

Like always, Seoyoon logged in when night was about to end.

Unless there were dishes to clean after eating or leather to sort that was stacked up to be done from hunting, she logged in on time.

She didn't log in much in the past.

But after coming with Weed to the North, she was never late.

A place where freezing air flowed about.

But today, warm wind came from deep inside the cave.

".....?"

After looking around, Seoyoon found a sculpture that wasn't there before.

There was a man who was dressed lightly.

There was a woman who was wearing short sleeved clothes, unfitting to the climate here.

‘Such a great sculpture.’

From where Seoyoon was, she could see the back of the woman sculpture and the man's face.

The man's face resembled Weed quite a lot.

‘How can he smile like that?’

Seoyoon tilted her head.

Although the sculpture had thin clothes on, they had smiles that warmed the heart.

The warm wind came from the sculpture.

"....."

Seoyoon kept on looking at the sculpture.

‘Such a well-made sculpture.’

The expression and detail made it hard to believe it was made of rock.

The sculpture that emitted gentle light was very beautiful.

Although their faces were smiling, they were trying hard to embrace each other a bit more in such harsh conditions.

It was a sculpture that filled the heart with affection.

‘Only a person with a warm heart would be able to make such sculpture.’

With gentle eyes, Seoyoon looked at Weed who was sleeping near the

sculpture.

He was a person with various talents. He cooked well and could survive well. A cheapskate who tried very hard to get even a penny more.

Still, he had one thing that not many people had. A warm heart.

She thought he was a good person.

Then Weed suddenly sprung up from his sleep.

“I guess I fell asleep after working so hard. She wouldn’t be here yet right? Gasp!”

When he looked up and found Seoyoon, his face became as pale as a sheet, as if he had seen a ghost.

He shivered as well.

“W-When did you...”

Weed’s fear did not cease.

If she saw the face on the sculpture, she wouldn’t let him go easily!

But Seoyoon stood there expressionless. She thought Weed was a great person, but she didn’t show her feelings.

‘I cannot be loved by anyone.’

Seoyoon always felt pain in her heart.

For years, she lived not talking to anyone.

She wanted to talk, have a conversation. But fear always came first.

The fear of not knowing when she’ll be scarred and that she will never be loved.

She was used to not expressing her emotion.

If she hid herself from everyone, the pain would be less.

Still, she spent a considerable amount of time with Weed.

The happy Morata town’s festival.

The time in the cave.

At least Seoyoon wasn't uncomfortable hanging around Weed.

Still, she didn't express herself.

She had to hide herself especially more because he was one of the few whom she knew.

'Phew, she didn't see yet.'

Looking at Seoyoon's reaction, Weed could only guess she hadn't seen the woman's face yet.

"So," he said hurriedly. "Let's go hunt!"

Since Seoyoon didn't have reason to refuse, they headed outside the cave.

Before going out, Seoyoon turned around.

She wanted to hold the sculpture in her eyes once more.

The face of Weed holding the woman, smiling so brightly.

Chapter 8: Korea University

Hayan went into the Kumdo dojang.

Inside the dojang, there were hundreds of trainees swinging swords. Men who seriously focused on swinging wooden swords while proudly wearing the dojang uniform.

She came during afternoon, while it was sword skill training time.

Usually, they would show a casual side of themselves, but when holding a wooden sword, they would become as serious as if they had met a life threatening enemy. They were people who dedicated their lives to the sword.

Choe Jongbeom who was teaching trainees saw Hayan and approached.

“Come on in. But your brother already left, after finishing his morning training.”

“I’m not here to meet my brother.”

“Then why?”

“I have something to discuss.”

“Really? I’ll listen. Wait in the lounge. I’ll go as soon as their training ends.”

“Sure.”

Hayan headed to the lounge where guests could wait. Immediately after, Jeong Ilhun, who only has his strength to trust, dropped his wooden sword.

“Master.”

“What?”

“I don’t feel good today so...”

"....."

“Can I rest in the lounge for a bit?”

As if he's dizzy, Jeong Ilhun held his forehead.

It had never happened before. Then, other trainees started to speak up.

“Ah, nowadays I feel like crying just from watching a leaf fall.”

“Since even a gust of wind can shake this body, the sword cannot find its path. Master, can't we rest for a bit?”

“I think I now understand what the sword is trying to tell me. In order to listen to its story, I want to rest my head inside the lounge for a bit.”

“Actually my body's a bit weak...”

Their eyes burned with passion!

The trainees made excuses, wanting to get to the lounge no matter how!

Hayan would be surrounded by 500 males in a moment.

In the end, Choe Jongbeom personally brought Hayan to the instructor's room.

Jeong Ilhun prepared tea for her.

“Here.”

“Thank you.”

In the instructor's room, other than Hayan and Jeong Ilhun, three other instructors and 20 trainees have gathered.

Because the trainees liked Hayan like their own little sister, they didn't want to be left out.

Hayan finished the tea.

“The tea's very tasty.”

“A former student of mine sent me this. Before that, you had something to say?”

“Yes.”

“Could it be about Lee Hyun?”

Jeong Ilhun asked sharply.

Ahn Hyun-do was thinking of taking Lee Hyun in as a disciple.

Then, next after Jeong Ilhun, Lee Hyun would become the youngest disciple.

But, since it would mean they would become like family, he was sensitive towards it.

Hayan nodded.

“That’s right.”

“What happened?”

“It’s because of brother’s birthday.”

“Birthday?”

“Yes. Brother’s birthday is only a month away. I want to hold a birthday party for him.”

""

Hayan was planning her brother’s birthday party and came to the dojang to get assistance.

Lee Hyun never cared for his birthday before. With their difficult life, remembering his birthday itself was a luxury. But his sister and grandmother never forgot his birthday and even prepared a small gift.

This time, Hayan wanted to prepare a surprise birthday party for Lee Hyun.

Jeong Ilhun, Choe Jongbeom and Ma Sangbeom’s eyes became huge.

“Birthday party? Like the ones on television?”

“Don’t you just celebrate your birthday by eating Seeweed soup?”

“After I became eight, I never did anything special on my birthday.”

“Birthday is, when the insurance company makes a thank you call....”

Those who dedicated their life to the sword!

They almost never have spent their birthday in a proper manner.

Even Jeong Ilhun, who looks after members as the eldest, was being pessimistic as well.

“Celebrating birthdays doesn’t suit us.”

Choe Jongbeom agreed.

“True. Rather than a birthday, victory in a sword skill competition is a better reason to celebrate.”

Ma Sangbeom nodded.

“Winning a competition is more important than one’s birthday. Since you can show off the sword skills you trained by yourself to the whole world.”

Everyone spoke their opposition.

Although Hayan, whom they liked like their own sister, was making the request, celebrating an occasion like that didn’t fit them.

It was an example as for why they weren’t popular with girls.

Like this, it seemed the birthday party plan would end as nothing.

But after Hayan’s next sentence, everything changed.

“I will introduce you to my Unni’s when I get into college.”

“A F-Female college student?”

“Yes. I’ll introduce pretty Unni’s. How about a blind date?”

“Blind date. The ones you can see in a drama?”

Jeong Ilhun gritted his teeth. Then, he looked around his companions.

Choe Jongbeom firmly nodded his approval.

“Instructors, let’s throw a birthday party! Can’t we do at least that much for Lee Hyun?”

Lee Indo moved his butt as if he was about to get up in excitement.

“Of course. Since it’s his first birthday party, shouldn’t we do it properly?”

Enthusiastic agreement from the instructors. And there's nothing to be said about the trainees.

"To think I'd have a blind date with a college student during my life."

"I don't even need for it to go well. If I can just date for a day like others..."

The trainees were struggling with loneliness.

Since they trained in sword fighting, apart from their passion, they lived a life far from women.

Even sharing a word with girls was awkward and uncomfortable.

Rather, fighting yakuza was much more comfortable.

Others may be used to dating a girl and separating, but to them, those were moments that will remain with them for the rest of their lives.

Hayan promised.

"If you help me with the birthday party, I will set up a group blind date."

"Ohhhhh!"

Trainees cheered. Then they started to plan for Lee Hyun's birthday party one month later.

Absolutely in their own style!

*

"Welcome."

"We welcome all newcomers."

In front of the front gate of Korea University, there were clubs that were trying to have newcomers join them.

With his head lowered, Lee Hyun quietly headed towards the front door.

'No time for things like clubs. The time I use for school life is a waste in itself.'

After going to school, the time he can invest in Royal Road decreases accordingly.

So, even if he's a college student now, he can't do club activities like others.

The job of sculptor showed many good points as time went by, but it needed more time investment.

Lee Hyun was set on never joining a club, even if he goes to a university. Tadadadak.

With his heart set, Lee Hyun quickly walked by.

But no one stopped him.

Most newcomers got caught by the seniors, but no one approached Lee Hyun.

'Phew! Thank god.'

Lee Hyun walked towards the main build, where a briefing for newcomers was to be held.

There he overheard a conversation.

"Unni, should we catch that person?"

"Leave him. Can't you tell from his face? He's probably a reject."

*

At Korea University a briefing session for newcomers was held to explain the basics before entering the university.

Since it was still two months away most newbies did not attend.

But Lee Hyun took his time to come here.

'I need to tell Hayan about this.'

Like parents worrying about their child's education, it was purely for his sister.

The briefing took place in something like an auditorium.

A bit countryish style man seated himself next to Lee Hyun.

He talked to him first.

“Nice to meet you. Are you a newcomer?”

Lee Hyun nodded and turned to face him.

“Yes.”

“Korea University is so nice. I came from the countryside to visit the school. I’m Bak SoonJo from virtual reality major.”

“Is that so. My name is Lee Hyun. I choose virtual reality major as well. Since we’re in same major, let’s speak casually to each other.”

“Is that ok? You seem older than me.”

Bak SoonJo carefully asked Lee Hyun.

Lee Hyun shook his head.

“No way. I’m 20 too.”

“Your face doesn’t look like...”

“Hmm Hmm!”

Lee Hyun cleared his throat to show that he was uncomfortable.

Thanks to it, he could move on without much trouble.

“Yes, well. Lee Hyun! Let’s get along.”

Bak SoonJo lightly beat Lee Hyun’s shoulder as he said that.

Almost at the same time, people started approaching Bak SoonJo and Lee Hyun.

“I’m also virtual reality major. My name is Lee Yu Jeong. Nice to meet you.”

“Me too. I’m Min Sura.”

“I’m Choi Sang Jun. Nice to meet you.”

Lee Hyun and Bak SoonJo shared light greetings with friends of the same major.

Afterwards they listened to the briefing together.

On the first day, after attending the briefing session, they formed a

“family”.

During the briefing’s break time, there was a hot debate among the friends.

“The virtual reality motion system used in Royal Road allows different level of physical movement depending on the user’s level.”

“Not only the basic five senses, but to be able to use potential above it. It must’ve used studies on brains as research basis.”

“To save such an enormous amount of data...”

Lee Hyun didn’t get involved in their conversation.

‘It’s a simple problem if you look at it.’

Before he started Royal Road, he read various research papers about virtual reality.

There were many words he didn’t know, but he memorized everything in its entirety.

As such, Lee Hyun’s knowledge about virtual reality was over normal students.

When Royal Road was first made consideration for safety was very high.

Lee Hyun was very considerate on this point as well.

It’s fine for something to go wrong with him, but his family would have a hard time.

Therefore, he studied about virtual reality.

“But Sura, what job do you have?”

“Me? I’m an enchanter. I’m in charge of wind and electricity.”

“Whoa! That’s a rare job.”

Enchanter is a job that gives strength to an object or a lifeform.

It’s basic is similar to a priest’s blessing magic, but it’s better in a sense because the given strength doesn’t disappear afterwards.

Mostly, it was job that takes necklaces, earrings, rings, etc and uses

magic on them.

Even if it's hard to raise the level in the beginning, it's a job that brings in lots of money when successful.

“What about you?”

“I'm just a normal warrior. Level is 216.”

“That's not normal at all. The level's really high. I'm still only 140.”

“It can't be helped since enchanter isn't really a job for battling. But let's go hunting together later on.”

“Yes. OK.”

After the girls revealed their level and jobs, boys started to reveal theirs as well.

Choi Sang Joon spoke first.

“I'm a warrior too. Thanks to hunting with a guild, I'm 278.”

“Which guild?”

“Black Lion.”

“Wow! The most famous guild in Thor Kingdom!”

Lee Yu Jeong didn't hide her surprise.

It was very difficult to join a huge famous guild.

Your activities are limited while in a guild, but everyone still wanted to join a good guild.

It's because of the benefits. Such as entering a guild war to take over a castle or hunting ground and the chance to borrow items easily.

Especially being able to borrow good items was a great advantage.

Not only that, if their activity is beneficial, they can receive some gold for monthly payment.

But even if there weren't such benefits, famous guilds had their own pride.

When going to a field, city, or a castle, everyone will recognize their guild mark.

They get respected and commented by people and they can even get good amounts of giveaway items.

Sometimes, even if someone does a great thing, they may not even get a comment.

The Versailles continent is a world where strength rules and the famous guilds were the source of it's strength.

“It’s nothing. My brother is Black Lion guild’s founding member. He was one of the first 30 members, so I could join.”

“Then your brother’s level must be insane.”

Lee Yu Jeong looked at him as if she was jealous of him.

Choi Sang Joon nodded.

“He doesn’t tell me his level, but he should be at least over 340. I was able to raise my level easily following my brother around.”

“Whoa, really?”

While girls were jealous of him, Lee Hyun thought otherwise.

‘He trained his character like all the others. It’ll only get harder once he gets further along.’

In Royal Road the skill level was very important.

If he just gathers up exp fast and levels up, he’ll only go through hardships later.

Especially if he raised his level tagging behind someone else, then he’ll be barely able to do his share of work if a really dangerous hunt began.

Min Sura and Lee Yu Jeong approached Lee Hyun and Bak SoonJo who hadn’t revealed their job yet.

“Soon-jo what’s your job?”

When Min Sura asked blinking her eyes, Bak SoonJo answered,

scratching his head.

“Me? Level 342 and the job is thief.”

"....."

The level of Bak SoonJo who had a naive appearance caused great ripples.

Royal Road couldn't be understood from its cover.

It depends on how many monsters you've slayed and how much time one spends in a dungeon.

Although Bak SoonJo looked like the quiet type, because he had a competitive nature, he caught monsters while almost living in a dungeon.

Lastly, Min Sura looked at Lee Hyun.

“Lee Hyun, what's your job and level?”

He didn't really want to hide it.

But he didn't want to show off either.

To those who simply enjoy virtual reality, level may be something to show off, but to dark gamers, it was just exposing their cards.

‘They wouldn't ask in detail anyway.’

Looking at the experience until now, they probably wouldn't.

Expecting what would happen, Lee Hyun slowly opened his mouth.

“Sculptor.”

“Hm?”

“My job is sculptor.”

“Oh my.”

It was only a split of a second for people's eyes to be full of pity.

Choi SangJoon beat Lee Hyun's shoulder in encouragement.

“Try hard. I heard people choose sculptor a lot nowadays.”

“Yeah.”

Chatting from time to time like this, they listened to the briefing.

Lee Hyun wrote down important details in a notebook he prepared separately.

They were mostly subjects that would be helpful to study before school life, information about studying abroad and financial aid.

He parted with studying after dropping out of high school.

Although he passed the GED test, it's impossible to get financial aid in the middle of university life.

Still, he wrote them down just in case.

When the briefing session ended, the friends stood up.

*

“Ah, it's over. I'm hungry.”

“Let's go eat something.”

“Yeah. Let's eat at the school cafeteria.”

Lee Hyun followed his friends.

‘It wouldn't be so bad to experience what the school cafeteria is like.’

The cafeteria was within the campus.

Korean and Western style food came out depending on the days of the week.

The girls chose Korean and the boys chose Western style.

“Looks delicious.”

“Let's eat.”

In case of Korean style, there was rice, soup, and about five types of Banchan.

In case of Western style, there was fried pork or fish with salad and noodles.

Min Sura smiled after trying rice and Banchan.

“Good enough.”

Choi SangJoon and Bak SoonJo sliced fried pork and put it in their mouth to savor the taste.

“School lunch isn’t bad at all.”

“It’ll be fun to go to school.”

When everyone was enjoying it, Lee Hyun alone ate with his expression wrinkled.

‘Food materials are terrible.’

It may be obvious, but the fried pork wasn’t made there.

Frozen product!

Additionally, because it’s been long since it has been cooked, the freshness was very low.

‘If it’ll be like this, it’s better to bring lunch.’

The price was 2500 won, it wasn’t very cheap. [\$2.5]

It’ll be much healthier to make lunch with freshly bought ingredients from the street market and bring it with you.

Lee Hyun finished lunch thinking of packing the best lunch.

At that moment, bulky men gathered in the student cafeteria.

They were martial art major students.

The man with great built and sweat came to eat and found Lee Hyun.

Then they bowed.

“We greet hyung-nim!”

When a student in the front bowed, other tens of students bowed as well.

“We greet hyung-nim!”

Lee Hyung sat still with an expressionless face.

He turned his face the other way as well.

He was using the ignoring-by-doing-other-stuff skill learned from

Seoyoon.

But the martial art major students did not leave and stayed bowed.

Friends next to him were surprised and sat with their mouth dropped open.

A fly could've flew into Choi SangJoon's mouth.

Since martial art major students with healthy body build bowed, they could do nothing else but become confused and surprised.

And although it seemed like Lee Hyun didn't like it, he was taking their bow very naturally.

The four people there were so surprised, they took turns to look at Lee Hyun and then at the martial art students.

Lee Hyun responded to the bow as he sighed.

Lee Hyun and his friends relationship changed. Since an upperclassman bowed to him, he had to be the same age or older. Not 20 like he had claimed.

Finally the martial art students walked away from Lee Hyun.

"SangChual Hyung, who is he? Just who was he, for you to bow like that?"

Truthfully, most of the students bowed without knowing why. Since their senior Han SangChual suddenly bowed, they bowed along with him.

Han SangChual had sweat running down his forehead.

"I told you before."

"Huh?"

"I told you which dojang I go to right?"

"Yes. Don't you go to that one?"

The one they were talking about was the dojang where Ahn Hyun Do was working as the master.

The famous dojang that produced world swordfight competition

winners.

It was a place where monsters that had nothing to be afraid of with a sword gathered. Not counting the official trainees, just the beginner trainees numbered over 5000.

Han SangChual was one of the beginner trainees.

“He is the place’s trainee, no, he’s master’s official best disciple.”

“Gasp! The best disciple?”

“Probably. Almost sure. Mostly the instructors teach him, but sometimes he fights against the master, so it should be.”

“But he looks younger or similar to our age, there shouldn’t be any need to be as formal as you were, is there?”

The students tilted their heads.

Those who train the martial art have a very strong sense of pride.

Even if someone was higher in status in a dojang, there was no need to bow one’s head to him.

Han SangChual shook as if he felt a sudden chill.

“You should’ve seen it. You think I treated him like this from the beginning? In the beginning I didn’t admit his strength. Just one year. It felt very unfair for a person who only learned sword for a year to become master’s best disciple. Even I, who went to Kumdo dojang for over 3 years, couldn’t become an official trainee. I thought he was an arrogant bastard.”

“Then shouldn’t you have beat him up to put some sense into him?”

“I was going to! Seeing how a newcomer was pushing aside all original trainees. But I saw him fighting with a wooden sword.”

“Just what was it like....”

“He fought, fought, and fought. Even in front of the wooden sword that could easily break his bones, he showed no fear. And the sword he swung had life stored inside.”

“Is it that great? Isn’t it normal to not be afraid of a sword when

swinging and to bet one's life on it?"

"It's great. It's very great. I realized then. Although physical strength could be build up by training, mental strength you have to be born with. Truthfully, just how many would really fight with their life on the line in a world like this?"

"....."

"A person who can throw one's life away for a belief. A mentally strong person. Leaving physical conditions behind, I then realized that his heart was the strongest in the world. After that, my sword skill became much stronger."

Han SangChual's freshman finally understood.

A sword swung with sincerity.

If it was a person who could swing such a sword, leaving the time spent for learning aside, they could bow to him.

'A ridiculously strong minded person.'

'Memorize the face and never touch him.'

Han SangChual told the freshman to pledge to him.

"There has been word from the dojang's Sahyung. From now on, if you meet him, bow to him. If you don't, I'll be killed."

"Yes, sir."

Chapter 9: Planted Seeds

Thanks to the “Warm Lovers’” statue effect, Weed had more resistance to the cold. Although he still had the remnants of a cold, his condition would not get worse.

Thereafter hunting was much easier. Along with Alveron and Seoyoon, they had spent nearly fifty days in the Versailles Continent, continuously fighting Ice Trolls.

“There’s no end to killing them.”

Ice trolls have frightening regeneration ability. If a limb was cut off, it would be grow back in just a short time. When their Health drops really low, it will only require them a few minutes to regenerate it.

With 1-2 people it seems like going up against an invincible army. It was a good thing that there was a cliff and the Ice Trolls couldn’t get down from it.

“Now we know why the quest had high difficulty.”

When he fought with the Legions of Undead, he used information he had against them. But the Ice Trolls were different level, and thus, they were harder to deal with.

Weed had to change his strategy.

"It's too difficult fight Trolls if we separate. Wyverns, fly up into the sky and grab a hold of the Ice Trolls! And from there, drop them down here."

The Wyverns brought the Ice Trolls down from the cliff one at a time.

I'll be able to get a lot of the Ice Troll's blood which is used to create potions that restores Health!

Divide and Conquer!

With Weed's instinct, he was able to form a great strategy.

“Listen, you have to bring them into a secluded area so we subjugate them!”

Since early childhood, Weed had already mastered the art of hard work. Because of the fall and their teamwork, the monsters' morale dropped quite significantly.

Ice Trolls weren't like other monsters, so when they are not mobbed together, hunting them was a lot easier. They caught it and killed it before they had a chance to use their regeneration ability.

“Moonlight Sculpting Sword!”

Weed raised his sword.

The Ice Trolls were overpowered by the beautiful ornate sword. Now the situation of the battle has been reversed.

It was by no means a fair fight. He killed them all before they could try to regenerate their health.

“Kuooooo!”

Even as they were about to die, the Ice Trolls resisted and swung their Axes aimed at their feet.

Ignoring the incoming strikes, he shouted.

“Cold Eyes!”

He closed his eyes from the Ice Trolls' incoming attacks.

If you do not try to predict the occurrence of the battle, winning would be impossible. That was Weed's way of battle.

Trapping the monster quickly and decisively!

“Ahh! Die. I'll kill you!”

With his eyes closed, he swung his wielded sword.

It looked like an ignorant action that even a novice wouldn't do.

It was tantamount to the most disgraceful behavior in battle.

Whenever Seoyoon attacked, her sword leaves an afterimage of a black hue.

A Berserker's attack to kill Ice Trolls.

The profession that gets stronger as one slaughters and sees blood!

While they are weaker in shorter fights, the longer the battle goes on for the stronger they get. During combat, although briefly, she could forget about her pain.

Although the tension on Seoyoon's face showed that the battle was difficult, she never once looked towards Weed.

'No, no, don't look...'

She did not want Weed to see.

If he saw her fighting, he would start laughing. Because of this she desperately turned her head away.

With his eyes closed fighting, Weed turned towards where Seoyoon fought.

Alveron silently healed the Wyverns and Bingryong's Health whenever it got low.

Hunting in the Valley of Death for over 50 days! Finally, the number of trolls decreased. No matter how they tried to escape the Wyvern's grasp, their efforts were in vain.

Weed looked up at the bright blue sky impatiently.

"I can't believe all of them disappeared!"

As if looking for chicks in a chicken farm, it was hard to find Ice Trolls, even after rubbing one's eyes. Although it was because he was earnestly hunting them, he was filled with regret.

"Now it looks like I will not be able to procure the Ice Troll's blood, which I'm certain I can make money off of."

But when he suddenly spotted a large group of Ice Trolls, he was happy. Like a farmer who saw a well grown grain in his field, even though it was possible to be crushed to death for that single grain.

For every bottle filled with Ice Troll's blood, Weed earned approximately 5,300 gold.

Rapid recovery potions. It increases Stamina and Health recovery, and they were produced in large quantities and placed inside his bag.

Because of limited supply of potions, it was worth an arm and a leg. During hunts, it was rare for people to use such potions, but it can be extremely useful during a Guild Siege.

“Heu heu heu.”

Weed laughed at the sight of blood! He laughed with joy to the extent that his stomach began to hurt.

“ ... ”

Alveron and Seoyoon showed no reaction while they watched Weed.

After seeing it for a day or two they got used to it. Although Weed’s behavior was strange, he was trained in disciplining himself. And soon, Weed returned to his usual attitude.

“Would you want to go hunting again, Alveron?”

“Yes.”

“Use your holy magic. From now on, we’re going to need it for the upcoming battles.”

“Okay.”

Alveron blessed both Bingryong and the Wyverns.

First, Weed commanded Bingryong and the Wyverns so that they would attack the Lamias. Up until now, the strategy had been to attack only the Ice Trolls in order extract their blood, but from now on the plan had been changed to capture the Valley of Death.

Weed’s current level was 312.

From the time Bingryong and the Wyverns were brought to life, their skill levels had risen significantly. Now, they didn’t have a hard time defeating the Lamias.

Weed's level would have risen beyond level 300 a long time ago, but because he had given life to many sculptures, he constantly lost levels.

Although he hunted to death with Pale and the rest of his party, he was only able to get his level a little over 300. His levels were mainly gained through battles he fought in the Valley of Death.

Weed's eyes shone.

'It is finally time to aggressively conquer the Valley of Death!'

The Wyverns and Bingryong were fighting extremely well. Compared to dealing with the Ice Trolls, Lamias had relatively weak defense.

"We are the elegant Lamias."

"Try not to fall for our charm."

"Venom of Eucla!"

"Shoot them with poison stingers!"

The Lamias opened fire and fought in turmoil.

The icy road allowed the Lamias with snake like bodies to move quickly by gliding across it.

Although they provided formidable resistance to ice attacks, they fell quickly to the Wyverns' offense. Bingryong lifted itself off the ground with its big wings and used its claws to attack.

"My body is huge. But why are my legs so short!"

Venting his dissatisfaction, he continued to complain.

Compared to his enormous body, his feet were abnormally short. Because of this he hesitated to walk even during battles.

"There's no law stating that great works of art must have convenience in action."

Weed's excuse was because there were problems with the nature of the ice.

In order to properly distribute the weight, short thick legs worked better than long legs. Thanks to Bingryong's huge body only short thick legs could support him.

Nevertheless, Bingryong and the Wyverns cornered the terrified Lamias. Without the protection of the Ice Trolls, the Lamias downfall was inevitable.

A one-sided massacre!

Groups of mere level 200 Lamias came and died quickly.

Initially, without the cluster of Ice Trolls supporting them, Lamias were nothing but a small threat.

The Lamias died leaving spoils such as snake leather, gold, silver, poison stings, and some ores.

“We did it.”

“Keurwawrawrarwa!”

The Wyverns and Bingryong flew up in the sky and let out a loud roar.

Weed’s eyes were focused on the opposite cliff. In between the valleys, there were a bunch of clustered groups of monsters.

The Lizard King, Possessed Soldiers, Dibase’s Priests, Demonic Followers, and Puppets.

These various kinds of monsters formed into one large army.

Chuk!

Weed raised his hands summoning Bingryong and the Wyverns.

“Alveron, heal and bless them so they can continue to fight, the battle is not over.”

“Ok, I will regenerate their exhausted Stamina.”

The Wyverns and Bingryong set out again.

“Kuooo!”

Bingryong and the Wyverns were flying around while fighting the Lamias and other monsters in the Valley of Death.

The Lizard King wielded an axe, while the demonic followers stabbed their enemies with spears and swords.

“The roughly flowing melted snow, through the dark and moist power, will strengthen your flesh. Bloodlust!”

The Dibase Priests casted blessing spells on the monsters. Unlike Alveron’s divine magic, which had no side effects, the aftereffects were huge. It was similar to curse magic that temporarily enhanced attack.

“Dibase ordered us to cast flame magic on the huge lump of ice.”

“Dibase ordered the Possessed Soldiers to attack the Wyverns without delay.”

“Dibase commanded his minions. Behold, we will demonstrate what will happen to those who dared oppose us!”

The Dibase Priests commanded the Legions of monsters. Monsters who were void of faith, overflowing with evil and greed, followed the Priests.

Since they became united through the accurate command organization, the army of monsters were able to block the Wyvern’s attacks with ease. Bingryong’s attacks were also not very effective.

Once on the ground dozens charged devoid of fear. The monsters commanded by the Dibase Priests did not completely dwindle.

“Ice Bolt!”

Even though Bingryong used his prided Ice Magic with enormous power, the Priests were able to counter it by casting flame magic.

The Wyverns circled the sky not fighting properly. While Bingryong was too scared and didn’t want to continue fighting.

“It looks to be going alright. However, this isn’t the end.”

Weed’s eyes were glinting coldly.

Going by the Versailles Continent’s time, he had spent more than fifty days. If you add the days it took to get to the Valley of Dead after arriving to the North, the accumulated days would be greater.

Weed’s perspective, those who diligently earned money, could not afford to struggle in a place like this.

“Call forth Death Knight Van Hawk. Call forth Vampire Lord Tori!”

Weed summoned all of his statues.

He even called forth Van Hawk and Tori!

A black vortex appeared when Van Hawk was summoned, holding on to a sword.

“M..ma..ma..Master! You called!”

He stuttered with his words.

It was a misconception that, because they were pale, the undead were unaffected by the temperature. The cold from this place could freeze their bones!

Ttak. Ttak. Ttak. Ttak!

Death Knight was making a clattering sound with his teeth.

The contrast between his pale white skin and his bright red lips! However, Vampire Tori, who was wearing a red and black cape that was pretty laid back.

“This place is not too far from my hometown. Morata! I miss it. The frigid winds, snow, the ice storms, and the place where loneliness and hot passions are alive and breathing. It’s a place where the beauty of the brilliant light is alive. It would have been perfect if I had a beautiful maiden by my side. What a pity.”

The Vampire Lord Tori was delighted by the cold, while looking for a woman to turn into an artwork.

Weed glanced at Seoyoon.

On Earth, her beauty unmatched.

Even though he saw Seoyoon, who even had countless sculptures in her image, Tori showed no reaction.

‘Is it because we were in the same party?’

Weed and Seoyoon were in a party. Thanks to that, Tori did not harbor any attraction towards Seoyoon.

Nevertheless, for Weed, it was another nuisance out of the way.

Tori wrinkled his nose and sniffed.

“What is this smell? It’s very vulgar, but it’s a smell that leaves a sweet taste in my mouth.”

When it comes to the smell blood, Tori was an expert.

Traces of Ice Troll’s blood exquisite scent were the cause of his sniffing.

He could have summoned Tori earlier. He could have cleaned up the Ice Trolls faster had he done so. However, in exchange, he would have had to give up on extracting the Ice Troll’s blood.

Because of that, Weed did not summoned Tori.

Since the Ice Trolls were defeated, he could now mobilize Tori in battle.

“Tori, you go out and fight as well.”

“You dare command me?”

Tori asked arrogantly.

Since he had not been summoned for a while, he could not recognize his master.

It was the same Tori, who had the time of his life as he fought the Immortal Army along with the Wyverns!

His self-esteem grew along with his abilities and his level.

Weed wrinkled his brow.

“I am commanding you. Now go out and fight.”

“Then I’ll say something as well. Since it’s a bother, I would like it if you didn’t summon me for such trivial tasks.”

Contrary to his ability, Tori was an irritating boss monster! However, this doesn’t mean that Weed had no use of him.

“It seems like you haven’t been beaten enough.”

“ ... ”

“Shall we chat again once after I’ve beaten you continuously for about ten more days?”

The ruthless violence that Weed used when flattery and appeasement failed!

Shink.

Nearby, Seoyoon also sent a silent threat. She was going to help Weed since the Vampire he summoned did not seem like it would obey.

Since even Alveron was preparing his divine magic, Tori had no choice, but to unwillingly start walking towards the enemies.

However, after walking a few steps Tori turned around with a serious expression and said.

“Master, I have something to say.”

“What is it?”

“Have you ever heard of the Vampire Kingdom?”

“Is there such a place?”

It was the first time he had heard of it.

The history of the Versailles Continent only gave a brief description of the Vampire Race.

“Vampire Kingdom Todium! It exists below ground. An everlasting Kingdom of Darkness. Thanks to Master, I have grown stronger so I should be heading back.”

“... Heading back?”

“It is my obligation as a Vampire. In a month’s time in the Versailles Continent, the entrance will open for 89 days.”

“Doing that would breach the contract...”

“The contract will end. However if you desire, with my name, I will pledged my immortal life to you.”

Tori wanted to rid himself of his constraints. But he could already guess

what the next words would be.

‘When it comes to hunting, there is a limitation where Tori could be useful.’

A level 400 high-levelled boss monster. He was very useful thanks to his Vampire characteristics. However he could only use it to feed himself.

‘He always had this limitation from the beginning.’

Weed shook his head.

“I do not want your life.”

He had no intention of taking Tori’s life.

He had seriously considered killing Tori just so that he could get his items. However, Tori’s equipment was pretty useless.

All his equipment were limited to Vampire Lord, and unlike with Orcs and Elves, other than Dark Wizards, monster-only items had no sale value.

“Thank you. When I leave for Todium later, if you want, I can guide you there. It might be the first time any human has gone there, and even in the future you won’t be able to find another person who would be able to enter the tomb of the Vampires who are Nobles of the Night.”

Ttiring!

Vampire Lord Tori has invited you to the Noble City of the Night, Todium! Ancient artwork and gems, a City not found on the ground, inhabited by beautiful women and hundred millions of rats and bats.

In three months’ time, Vampire Lord Tori, has invited you and your colleagues to Todium.

Weed tilted his head slightly and nodded.

‘As expected, my prediction was right.’

Death Knight and Vampire Tori have grown excessively.

They would not always simply exist as a burden. If one raised them above a certain level, they could obtain a special quest or gain access to a certain area.

Tori headed towards the Valley of Death.

“My family, reveal yourselves.”

“You have called, My lord.”

The beautiful Vampire Queens, and young Vampires wearing mantles, suddenly appeared.

“The blood-filled enemies are over there.”

“My thirst is rising. Lord.”

“Although we may not be able to increase our family yet, we can look forward to drinking blood. Let’s go!”

“Yes, My Lord.”

“Veil of Darkness!”

Tori and the other Vampires hid their bodies in the darkness.

And in a flash, they appeared around the Priests of Dibase and the Demonic Followers that were above the valley.

“The Nobility of the Night!”

“Evil Vampires appeared!”

Tori extended his nails and greatly damaged the Priests of Dibase, while the other familiars were appearing and disappearing. The young Vampires were also moving diligently, and the Vampire Queen snared the Demonic Followers using their spells.

However, the young Vampires were no match for the Possessed Soldiers. If they were fighting humans with blood and life, they could use their powers to their hearts content, but these enemies were ensnared by evil. Even though they were fallen possessed soldiers, the Vampires’ powers were not shaken.

“Tornado Blade!”

Crash!

Tori created an enormous tornado around the area where enemies were gathered and killed several people.

Because the large Tornado Blade swept throughout the area, the bodies of the Priests of Dibase were battered and ripped apart. Snow and ice were strewn everywhere. Because the strength of the storm was so strong, the impact made the Wyverns stagger.

“Blood Drain!”

Tori consumed a large amount of mana with each attack.

Only when he was drained of mana would he weaken, but he could replenish his strength by feeding upon the Priests of Dibase.

Tori’s eyes would also turn grey.

“You lot that don’t take me seriously, those whose blood was sucked by me, turn to stone.”

Crack!

The gathered Possessed Soldiers’ bodies hardened and turned to stone. It was the effect of the Vampire’s Curse.

Van Hawk brandished his sword and led his subordinates. Bingryong and the Wyverns, with Geumini, claimed the skies. Weed and Seoyoon also joined the battle. They climbed up the cliff and fought the monsters.

“Moonlight Sculpting Blade!”

Relying on the trustworthy defense of Tallock’s Armor, on top of cliff, he wielded his sword. As he did so, his sobering eyes searched every direction.

During a close combat, one’s gaze must not be fixed on a certain place. It must always be appraising the situation of both allies and enemies.

Especially in a situation similar to now when there were many monsters to fight, the skill was necessary.

The Priests of Dibase were on the verge of dying from the fangs of the Vampires.

“7 Celestial Steps!”

It’s been awhile since I’ve used this footwork!

He could use his full speed and change his directions in the middle of

each of the 7 steps.

Since the skill completely ignores common knowledge, it makes it difficult to use during battle.

But if you could utilize the skill well, you could gain far superior attacking power than others.

Weed ran in between the Vampires.

With the dazzling footwork, he was able to get in front of the Dibase Priests.

“Die!”

Weed swung his sword in the direction where his body was moving.

The excessive sword barely grazed its neck, but, as it returned, it sliced its chest.

You have dealt a fatal blow!

As its blood was flowing down, the Priest of Dibase, who was in front of him in the brink of death, died.

You have gained experience.

Because they weren't regular monsters, the priests gave at least 30% more experience.

But before he could check how much experience he received, a mace-wielding Evil Spirit Follower had followed him closely behind, attacked.

“Kkiyaaat!”

While shouting a battle cry, it swung the mace.

Weed lowered his body forward without even looking backwards. He rolled on the ground, and got up immediately. When Weed got up, his hand held a bag full of gold coins. Some time when he was on the ground, he had picked up the loot.

‘As expected, there’s plenty.’

Dibase was a deity of the rich. That was why the Priests of Dibase had a

lot of money.

One could also tell that from the way they spoke while they fought against the Vampires.

“I’ll give you plenty of money if you follow me.”

“I’ll give you this jewel so believe in us.”

“All I have is money...”

They tried to appease and lure them with money.

Although the Vampires, being Nobles of the Night, were too prideful to fall for it, if they were money-loving Orcs, they would have undoubtedly sided with the priests of Dibase.

Weed looked around carefully with keen eyes.

He had no interest in the evil spirit followers, who only dropped japtem.

He grasped the general location of the priests of Dibase, and took their Stamina into account to try and squeezed out every last copper from them.

“Seven Celestial Steps!”

Weed was quickly moving through the monsters and quickly picked out the Priests of Dibase! He was disciplined to acquire the best items from any monster.

Chapter 10: Raid

Sswaaaa!

Under the breathtaking waterfall, five men were brandishing their swords.

"14,930,641!"

"14,930,642!"

"14,930,643!"

The sword-wielding men were shouting astronomical numbers!

They were the Geomchis.

Geomchi, Geomchi2, Geomchi3, Geomchi4, and Geomchi5!

After parting with Pale and the rest of the party, they went deep inside the Yuroki Mountains to practice their sword.

Geomchi3 swung his sword blissfully.

"Only strong men are popular in the world! Strong men don't need to be afraid or suffer from anything."

In reality, strong men weren't the lady-killers they believed in from the stories. Of course, women of the same age were afraid of them, even their mothers and little sisters were afraid.

Every day, they practiced their swordsmanship with earnest.

"Mom, please give me some food!"

Geomchi3 yelled the moment he reached home. he was very hungry.

"Oh, alright, I'll make you some. Just wait for a short while..."

However, while cooking, his mother trembled with fear.

Mastering the sword also disciplined the mind and body, and was meant to help live righteously. Although there was no case of severe malice behavior towards his family, the change in his look and voice was enough to scare his mother.

This was only the beginning.

Some days he just shouted thoughtlessly.

“I'm hungry!”

“Kkkkaaaaaaaaaaackk!”

Crash!

She dropped the bowl she was carrying and shrieked.

Although she adores her children, she suffered from fear watching her child getting tougher day by day.

Because of that, Geomchi3 actively considered abandoning the sword and sat alone to have a talk with his dad.

“Father.”

“Yes? Speak. Tell me. Whatever you want.”

“Will you hear me out?”

“Why are you so serious? Father will listen...”

“I was planning on stopping to learn the sword and follow in your footsteps and work.”

“Keoheok!! You're saying you want to be like me?”

Geomchi3's father ran a rice factory.

The store receives many orders via internet, including from large supermarkets. They used to hire many workers to help them with the store.

According to Geomchi3's judgement, the family business seemed to be doing well.

But his father just shook his head.

“That's not right. You have to do what you want. Learn the sword. What are your thoughts about studying abroad? For about 10 years...”

“ ... ”

Geomchi3's childhood mental traumas did not end there. It was hard for him to look at himself in the mirror after washing his face, but his family were careful not to hurt his feelings.

Geomchi4 wasn't any different.

In junior high, walking through the alleys.

"Hey! You come over here and take a look at this."

He was called by the neighborhood bully and he was part of a High School gang. He was smoking cigarettes and chewed gum.

Geomchi4 slowly lifted his head. And looked at him straight in the eyes.

"I'm sorry."

"I've made a mistake."

"Spare me..."

The bully quickly put out his cigarette and apologized.

The rumors that were spread about Geomchi4 being a thug that no one should ever mess with, during his childhood days. Geomchi5 also had his situation.

National Id cards came out not too long before his sophomore year of highschool, and the government began large scale cleanup operations against gang members.

Because of his threatening scowl, while he was walking on the road, there was a time when he was arrested and dragged to the police station.

It was definitely a situation he should be angry with, but he held himself back. Mainly because among the thugs who were dragged to the police station, many were punched around by Geomchi5!

The Geomchis, who were all hiding away painful experiences, found hope in Royal Road.

Geomchi2 spoke.

"This place could be our paradise."

“That’s right. Sahyung.”

“If we raise our level then we can meet girls!”

Geomchi3 and Geomchi4 said out loudly.

There were a lot of single men in modern times. However, to these guys who have never dated even once, a “woman” was a very urgent problem.

The only women they knew were their mothers and family. They were naive men who had never kissed a girl.

Geomchi3’s eyes shone brightly.

“Therefore, let’s give it our all. We can’t spend our time idly.”

“Okay. I understand!”

Geomchis trained deep in the mountains and valleys.

They hunted monsters to raise their levels. They embraced the advice that Weed had given them.

At their inquiry of the method to becoming a master, Weed answered.

“You only have to work hard.”

It was a very simple advice.

Geomchi2 was the one who came up and personally asked. Since he was asking a much younger disciple, although it hurt his pride, the pressing desire was greater of importance.

The hope of the old bachelors to get married even a day sooner!

“Is there any way we can raise our levels and fame even a bit faster?”

“Um, If that’s what you’re after, there’s no other way than to work hard. You have to put in much more effort than others.”

“What kind of effort do we perform? If it’s hunting monsters, we have confidence in that.”

Fighting became second nature to Geomchi2, as much as sleeping or eating was.

The monsters of Royal Road had a set attack pattern. The wolves favored

frontal attacks, and the thieves used poison-coated daggers. In cases where monsters wielded axes, one had to watch out for fast and straightforward attacks.

Because the Geomchis figured out their individual weapon's timing and the enemy's movements, they were able to hunt more efficiently.

Weed spoke his personal secret.

"You must sincerely work hard. In the master's or senior's case, you can raise your defense to a certain extent by wearing better gear."

Geomchi2 nodded his head. After wearing the defensive items, the damage dealt by monsters lessened tremendously.

"You're right. It's much better wearing armor."

"Since it's heavy, it'll dull your movements, but it's a sacrifice for better defense. Also, if you take a lot of hits every once in awhile, you can raise your Fortitude and Fighting Spirit, which will help you in the long run. Though it will hurt a bit."

"Getting hit many times... If you want to master the sword, it is something everyone has experienced. And what else?"

"It should be fine if you can supplement your weakness this way. However, to raise your level really quickly, you must have high damage."

"Hm, You're right. You have to have high damage to hunt quickly. But how do you go about doing that?"

"You have to raise your sword skill."

The importance of skills in Royal Road could not be overemphasized. It was revealed that even the highest leveled player, BardRay's, sword skill was only at Advanced level 4.

There could be many reasons for that.

While leading a large party mainly to hunt monsters that gave a lot of experience, there was not enough opportunity to swing a sword. Because he favored using powerful skills rather than basic swordsmanship, the proficiency of these skills were on the lower end.

The art of swordsmanship was the basics of battle.

Depending on the Sword skills level, it may exert enormous attack power.

The Geomchi's had only one goal.

To master the sword!

Also to pave the road for the next generation of swordsmen.

The goal was to challenge the unthinkable.

The plan was simple. While mastering swordsmanship, they would also increase their levels.

Always hunt monsters at the same level or slightly higher than yourself. After mastering swordsmanship the damage done during hunts was overwhelming. This made level ups come faster.

Although Weed spends a lot of time on other skills, he does not lag behind others due to this.

Weed gave this advice. This advice was nothing special. If you played Royal Road then you would have already known this.

But not everyone could follow this advice.

Most people who played Royal Road were doing so just to enjoy it. Only less than 10% of the players played with the purpose of hunting. This was not a number to ignore, the amount of effort done by this 10% was much larger.

Not many people could wield a sword for 18 hours straight. Who can for 1 month, 2 months, three months?

Most likely, many will not be able to.

But to the Geomchis this was possible.

“When there were doing our most favorite work, it does not feel fun.”

“I've held a sword every day since I was 7 years old up till now at 35 years old.”

While the Geomchis were near the waterfalls of trees, monsters would sometimes spawn, and they would brandish their sword. Becoming the true monsters.

While learning the way of the sword, Geomchi3 occasionally saw the teacher's questioning stares.

The Sword!

He was the most enthusiastic student when he held a sword. Whenever he felt the stares of the other students he blushed.

“Royal Road has no law restricting old people right? We aren't married yet...”

*

Weed hunted day and night.

Due to the “Warm Lovers” statue, they did not catch a cold and they've increased their hunting speed.

Since fighting the Ice Trolls, Lamias and the other monsters on the cliffs, four days had passed. Because of the Dibase Priests, the Death Knight and Vampires had lost about half their forces.

The situation where the threat of the monster decreased!

“Those monster trampled the plants and most of the herbs have disappeared.”

Early in the morning Weed had went back down into the Valley of Death to plant herbs.

“Identify!”

Wood Elf seeds:Durability 1/1.A seed of variety of flowers, trees and herbs.

Although the seeds are quite rare, majority of the seeds are in good condition.

Due to the blessing of the elves, they can be planted anywhere, but they grow faster in fertile places.

Quantity: 100,000.

There was as many as a hundred thousand different seeds.

Weed pulled out Zahab's carving knife and looked up at the sky.

The Myriad of stars were glittering.

The fresh air and a cool breeze..

This was a very warm day in the north.

“This is good weather to plant seeds.”

Weed squatted on the ground and began to dig a hole with his knife. Weed used Zahab’s knife as a trowel.

Breaking the ice, digging up dirt and then planting the seed.

“You should grow well.”

He moderately divided the seeds and planted them according to their size.

For the big seeds, he sparsely planted them, for the lighter plants, he carefully gathered them and planted.

Weed had some experience. In the past, he cared for a small plantation.

The truth be told, he could not even imagine buying the ingredients for the side dishes!

Lettuce, bean sprouts, these were vegetables that were grown in a small yard and then eaten.

Maintaining plant sprouts was very easy. Once they were germinated, the plants grow very quickly. When these vegetables were mixed with rice and hot pepper paste it created a wonderful dish. Ten thousand won does not go very far at a restaurant but this way it could be used efficiently.

Even for an apple tree, two trees would be planted and all the fruits would be eaten.

Having lived like that, made planting seeds in proper ground easy.

Only for those people who are tolerant and used to hard labor!

Weed planted seeds from place to place and after 1 hour he got worried that the sprout had not broken the surface. The seeds germinated and absorbed the nutrients around them and grew at remarkable at a speed.

1 day, 2 days, 3 days!

As time passed and the monsters in the Valley of Death decreased, the area where seeds were planted increased little by little. Green plants grew bewilderingly here and there like weeds. Most grew into flowering plants, but some grew into trees.

Weed fought monsters while he waited for the trees and plants to grow.

It was not necessary to wipe out all of the monsters. But in order to make sure that no monster trampled on the plants he had to wipe them all out.

Weed planted around the area that the Vampires, Death Knight, Bingryong and the Wyverns defended. They laid out the defense for the plants. At this time Alveron was also a big help.

Alveron carefully planted the seeds.

“Weed-nim.”

“Yes?”

“The goddess Freya likes the birth of new life. Do you mind if I pray for bountiful harvest?”

The goddess Freya was the symbol of abundance. Therefore if Alveron prayed it would increase the effect of the harvested plants 2 fold or even 3 fold.

“In order for them to grow quickly please do.”

“Yes. Merciful Goddess Freya, by the power of the earth grant these crops thy bounty.”

The trees started to grow quickly after Alveron’s prayer. When the sun hit them they sucked up the surrounding nutrients and grew at a remarkable speed. With just the blessing of the Elves this speed would be impossible.

Soon the trees held abundant fruit. There was common fruits like apples, grapes, peaches, plums, banks, walnuts, acorns, and chestnuts. The trees

held a large variety of fruits.

Weed was also able to harvest wheat and rice.

“Finally, it’s time to eat.”

Weed gathered up the fruit.

Ice apples. Ice peaches!

After carving the hard layer off the rest of the fruits were delicious.

Weed dug up potatoes, sweet potatoes and even medical herbs.

Red herbs help wounds heal faster. The most abundant were the yellow herbs that increases Stamina recovery.

“Fruit salad! Plum tea and bread can be made with chestnuts.”

As a cook Weed could make many dishes. Desserts could raise stats even more when eaten. As the trees blocked the cold wind, the area became more convenient.

As if filled with Weed’s desire the ground in the Valley of Death became over run with flowers and trees. Plants grew up to the border of the monster’s territory, trees did not grow over a fixed boundary.

Where the strong chilling wind of the Valley of Death blew, plants would not grow.

“There is something here.”

Weed looked down into the Valley of Death from the cliffs above.

The area was blocked with ice.

Inside the deepest part of the Valley there was a huge chilling wind blew..

As accessible as the cliff was he could not get any closer. Most of the cold wind blew upwards into the sky.

Even with the effects of the warm food and the statue, the wind was unbearably cold.

“To complete the quest we have to travel farther in...”

Weed could not advance from the cliffs. He had to enter from the front of the Valley of Death.

Two quests in one. In order to investigate the wind that was blowing onto the plants in the Valley of Death Weed would have to go inside.

“The problem is the monsters...”

The native monsters of the Valley of Death!

They were around the mid level 300s. But it would be a whole different story when the boss came out.

With this many strong monsters, the level of the boss monsters were bound to be stronger. You cannot even imagine the problem at the moment, it would be different depending on which monsters showed up.

“This is a special region in the history of the Nifleheim Empire’s downfall. So it wouldn’t be unusual for extraordinary monsters to show up.”

Weed felt a sense of alarm.

The bosses should at least be as strong as Tori, or even as strong as the Lich Shire!

*

Meanwhile the Northern Expedition led by the Cold Roses guild suffered as they moved. Then one of the Rangers scouted out a path.

"The position of what was once the largest Castle of the Northern Village has been found. But we've yet to acquire any information related to our goal. Maybe more information can be found by walking around in the town and Castle."

Drum made the report in a weak voice. Guild master Oberon listened to Wizard Drum as he finished.

“We can’t explore in that way. They’re already talking about us resentfully.”

If not for Oberon’s reputation and guild’s power, the saturated

complaints about the expedition would have been enough to break the expedition apart.

Doreum nodded in agreement.

“Then there is only one way.”

“Only one?”

“The best option is to move to a higher elevation. Sendeim Valley. We will go to what the Northern residents call the Valley of Death.”

People gazed, wide-eyed, at their new destination on the map.

The terrain map of the Northern Region has been completed by direct reconnaissance. The villages were listed but the interiors had not been explored. Indeed, only the name and location could be seen on the basic map.

Kerberos found the Valley of Death. It was a secluded place in the very North of the Northern Continent.

“A place close to the capital of the Nifleheim Empire. It’s close to Bent Castle. Is there a reason we need to go?”

The ranger simply replied.

“Because that place is very cold.”

“It’s freezing?”

“Yes. It is the coldest part of the Northern Continent. Try to recall if you have something that can lower the temperature of the continent. Judging by the rumors, perhaps the Serbian Witch's necklace is broken.”

“The broken glass bead necklace of the Serbian Witch!”

The Serbian Witch that appeared in the Versailles Continent’s history.

She made many things. Serbian’s broken beads were among the highest grade of unique items ever recorded.

“I can’t be sure, but, according to the information we received from the travellers and the locals, the Northern Continent was not an area that was originally this cold.

“You’re saying that the reason the North is this cold is due to the broken beads of Serbian, right?”

“It is likely the case.”

Oberon, Drum and Kerberos’s eyes met.

At this point, they had no better option.

Oberon decided.

“Okay. Let’s head to the Valley of Death.”

The expedition clutched their hungry bellies as they marched.

There was not much food supply remaining.

Although the Rangers could have moved away from the group to hunt for food, they were the only ones who knew the precise location of the Valley of Death, therefore staying together was less risky.

Whiiiiing!

Every time a cold wind blew, the expeditionary forces shrank their bodies. Especially during the ice storms, they weathered under a hill that left the expeditionary force shivering in fear.

“If this keeps up we’re going to wiped out.”

“It’s fine. Just make sure to watch out for incoming storms.”

"Of course! I will be watching carefully with both eyes. Don't worry about me."

Pavo and Gaston stuck together.

An Architect is needed to dig a hole. Therefore if you were beside him during an ice storm, you can crawl inside the hole until it is safe to come out again.

There were a lot of artisan surrounding Pavo. Artisans such as Blacksmiths, and Tailors.

“Whew, we are going to need the Architects to survive.”

Pavo did not think of this and shook his head.

They had dreamed about an adventure. If they wanted to build strong building they would need them. However he did not want to rely on other people and felt bad. Around Pavo the cooks were getting cold stares.

“They should have some food to spare....”

“They irresponsibly used up all the food ingredients.”

The cooks thought differently.

‘They eagerly ate when we cooked for them.’

‘Lets try to make something tastier.’

‘We just cook its not our fault!’

However it was not the time to complain, the Cooks could only hold on their complains.

Hunger forced the expedition into the Valley of Death. Though they expected snowstorms and ice, they met neither one.

But as they moved deeper into the Valley they were met with a tremendous cold wind.

“Ah-Choo.”

“Bless you!”

The expedition much like a group of refugees went through many hardships but finally arrived at their destination. They were surprised yet again.

“There are flowers that bloom even in this cold ground.”

“There are trees growing.”

The yellow flowers that did not match their surroundings were blooming everywhere. The trees were blocking the strong wind that the Valley was so proud of.

The rangers did nothing but gawk.

“When we came before we didn’t.....”

“This wasn't here before, where did all of the ice go?”

Oberon asked in a calm but serious manner..

“What's going on?”

Doreum shook his head.

“I'm sorry. I do not know.”

They were happy to see a valley filled with flowers instead of ice. In fact this scene was burned into their memory for some time.

Any expression of coldness and clattering teeth dissipated. To them, the place was unlike any other.

The expedition was surprised that it was really happening. The people stood at the entrance to the Valley of Death!

They sighted Weed.

Weed, Seoyoon, and Alveron all stood downwind. Oberon and the expedition came slowly through the snow.

But all their eyes, filled with surprised, settled on Weed.

“That man, is Weed right?”

“That's right. I saw Sculptor Weed in Rodium.”

Gaston and Pabo knew of Weed

Dark Gamer Volk also heard of him.

“A Sculptor named Weed?”

“Honey! You said the Sculptor of Rosenheim Kingdom went by the same name, right?”

“The name Weed is not uncommon. But the face... is the same! Weed. It's the Weed who carved the bouquet I confessed with!”

Volk's eyes were open wide surprise.

His attire was different from what he wore in Rhodium. When Volk initially met Weed he looked like the most wretched of beggars. He only noticed the similar face when Weed was dressed in rags. But after hearing the name Volk was quite certain.

“We finally meet again, Weed.”

Volk wanted to see Weed. But he would have never thought that he would find him in the Northern Continent, where no players ever ventured. He began to run towards Weed.

“Weed!”

“Hey it’s Geomchi320!”

“Come here and make me some food. I’m starving. The food you make is incredible tasty.”

“Euheoheoheong”

The hungry Geomchis made their way towards Weed. Oberon, Kerberos, and Drum listened to the conversation of Volk and the others.

“Sculptor?”

Drum said with interested.

“So it seems to be.”

Oberon nodded in agreement..

“That guy is the famous Sculptor who carved the Sphinx?”

After making the Sphinx statue, all the guilds wanted to recruit him.

Oberon also sent people to recruit him but by then Weed had already left the Rosenheim Kingdom. He had wanted to somehow meet Weed, but had not expected to see him here.

Kerberos smiled brightly.

“If he is the Sculptor Weed then we are fortunate indeed.”

Drum readily agreed.

“If he created a sculpture somewhere here, it’ll be a big help to the expedition.”

As usual, Weed was not pleased of their arrival. The expedition had sprouted a new awareness of the Artist Professions and the Production Professions.

Especially in extreme weather conditions, struggling to live is bound to take a toll. Open appreciation to the professions!

Other Productions and Art Professions did not have the opportunity.

They had been ignored and were not able to adapt to a normal hunting party. However, even for himself, it was difficult to survive in the Northern Continent, therefore it showed their remarkable ability.

The novice Sculptor Depp had made a fire sculpture!

A large number of people benefited from that sculpture.

The usefulness of sculptors was recognized.

Weed took the expedition to the place where his statue was.

“It’s warm.”

“Now I feel like I’ll live.”

The Geomchis were able to lie down and stretch their legs.

Oberon and the rest of the expedition saw the Geomchis and the statues.

“Could this be the effect of the statues?”

Oberon and the rest were surprised.

The air around the statue was different. It was easier to breath and gave off warmth.

Because it was cold earlier on, they were not able to use their full strength in combat. But now, they no longer felt the cold.

“Sculptors, what an amazing profession.”

But the surprise of the expedition did not end with this. When they ate the food Weed made they realized just how much their stats went up by.

The blacksmith Truman came up to Weed sneakily. He was an old man with a white beard.

“Sculptors are awesome. The dexterity behind these works is amazing, what’s skill caused this?”

Truman had knowledge about other Production classes, including the

Artist Profession.

Sculptor itself was very hard to level up. But if it was leveled up, they can reveal to be a prominent profession throughout many areas.

With keen eyes, Weed scanned Truman up and down.

‘Hammer of Palmoru. It increases the effect of items forged by a Blacksmith by 20%.’

It was a unique item that could be sold over a few million won over the auction site. A Sculptor's engraving knife, unlike Blacksmith Supplies, were fairly common.

Wearing an armor exclusive to Knight Profession.

‘A blacksmith could wear any armor. Is this a person from the expedition? This was old man must be Truman.’

Weed was much happier after identifying the other person.

“I've seen you before.”

“Oh, this is amazing. You're probably at the forefront of the Sculptors.”

Seamstress Cadmus also came up.

“Amazing Mr.Sculptor. You don't know how much I appreciate your sculptures.”

Weed spared them no favor, only because they could be useful to him.

“Although its not much, here is a gift.”

Weed handed Truman and Cadmus some small statues as souvenirs.

They were dazzling trinklets.

It was a simple commodity that would not sell for much. But it was all that was needed to buy the favor of an opponent. It was a trivial piece with no name , but it was still made by Weed.

Weed shared friendship with Pavo, Gaston, and other Production personnels who were part of the expedition.

Then Oberon came up to Weed and introduced himself as the leader of

the Cold Rose Guild.

“I have some things I would like to ask.”

“What is it?”

Weed asked politely.

It's Weed's principal to determine their goal before trying to become friendly with them!

He had guessed that the purpose was the expedition.

Oberon said.

“We intend to occupy the Valley of Death with military force. But to be honest I don't think it will be that easy. I wish for you to help us in this matter.”

“What can I help with?”

“A lot I hope, I'll pay any cost. At the very least I'll pay for the effects of the statue, to share it amongst us. That statue is very important for us.”

Oberon eyed the “Warm Lovers” statue.

The eyes of the Cold Rose guild members were filled with half envy and half admiration. Many of the higher levels tried many things to overcome the harsh environment but suffered, and here a simply Sculptor created a statue to do what they could not.

Weed was halfway dead from the cold, but the members of the expedition only saw a great Artist.

Working their way to their favorite Sculptor.

Artists that travel the continent making beautiful statues were highly respected.

Weed happily allowed this.

“Its fine. Use the statue as much as you would like.”

“The price... How much will it be?”

“I don't need any. Meeting in a place like this must have been fate. We

will cooperate fully."

"I cannot just take it. If you want anything tell me whenever."

"No. I did not create this statue in the hopes of getting money so how can I ask for it?"

"But..."

Anyone who knows the usual Weed would never believe what was happening here.

Pavo and Gaston took this opportunity to glance sideways to send a signal to Weed, but it was ignored. He was looking nowhere but at Oberon.

Eventually Oberon nodded.

"I do not want to take it for free. It would be immensely helpful to us. So how about this. I noticed that as a Sculptor you don't have wrist protectors. I will give you these ones."

Weed took the wrist guards as if he had no choice. He could not look at the item information while so many people were watching, but he could tell that it was made from rare material.

Weed then asked.

"There are level and job restrictions to wear this, right?"

Oberon kindly answered.

"The level restriction is 200 but it can be worn regardless of profession. It has good magic resistance and 2 properties. We obtained it from the Holden dungeon boss monster."

High class!

Weed smiled widely.

"Thank you for the wonderful gift."

Rare and unique class, depending on the properties each had the difference could be enormous. But Oberon was not the kind of person to wear luxury items if they were not good.

‘Holden Dungeon Boss monster? A rare monster that only appears once a month! And good drops don’t happen very often.’

Perhaps they discovered the dungeon before too many people knew about it and got good loot before the hunting picked up. It was Oberon’s policy to exchange things of equal value only.

‘I judged him correctly.’

Weed had very quickly analyzed Oberon.

‘A Righteous Warrior.’

He had a exceedingly good reputation known throughout the Royal Road. People assume that with good reputation, the person’s attitude is also righteous, however, it is often not the case. Oberon was one of rare people who lived up to the rumors.

Polite request!

In the Versailles Content, those who have the power, rule.

Even though he was just a Sculptor, he asked first rather than taking by force if need be.

Oberon was a loyal and respectful warrior.

For some people, it could be counterproductive if they acted in a roundabout way. Some people might try to negotiate, but end up bailing out. That's why most of the time, negotiations often lead to taking by force.

After analyzing the situation, Weed responded accordingly.

As a Sculptor, there were some skills that must be acquired!

To be able to sell goods for even 1 copper more helps greatly.

Weed wore the wrist protectors while smiling brightly.

“It fits well. Thank you very much.”

"One more thing, I have a question. What are you doing in this place?"

“Im.....”

Even if the central content was hot due to the curse, Oberon and the expedition found it weird for a Sculptor to be here.

“Wondering to many different places help awaken the soul of an Sculptor. Then in the midst of my travel, I received a request from a girl.”

“A request?”

“She asked me to plant flowers and trees in the Valley of Death.”

“Ah!”

Oberon, Drum, and Kerberos finally understood the sudden changes to the valley.

‘This person was doing a quest.’

A sculptor doing a quest in the North!

A quest to turn a barren land into something beautiful. Oberon asked about the quest’s difficulty rank.

“That’s the way it turned out. We will try to explore the Valley of Death. That is, if you don’t mind the expedition exploring this region?”

Weed answered his question with a soft smile.

“I am a professional sculpture and I have pride in my work. But I feel guilty about destroying nature.”

He broke a branch off a tree and started to make a sculpture from it. In order to save money Weed always used the base of a big tree as he carved into it with his knife!

Weed showed the feelings of an artist who loved nature.

“Now all that’s left is to plant some more trees and flowers. If you would get rid of the monsters it would make my job easier. And.... can we follow the expedition?”

“Follow us?”

“Yes. The expedition is heading deeper into the Valley of Death, correct?”

“Yes we are.”

“I would like to see the expedition fight bravely.”

“I would not recommend it. In case of an emergency we could not protect you....”

As Oberon said this, Drum elbowed him and sent a whisper.

- Captain, I'll look after him. As far as i know he has not joined a guild, after he sees our guild in action we could take the chance to recruit him.
- But I do not know of the danger that might await them. You may not be able to keep them safe.
- It's alright. They aren't' beginners. They can take a hit or two without dying.
- But still...
- Captain, your sense of responsibility is too strong. Do you want this person to feel rejected?

Kerberos the Wizard, noticed they were sending whispers to each other and intercepted by sending his own mini whisper.

- Captain this person is already part of a quest in the north. Words can be dangerous, you cannot take them back.

The move was eventually left up to Oberon.

Oberon nodded.

“You may follow if you want, that's fine. But if there is an emergency we will not be able to guarantee your safety.”

“Thank you.”

With this Weed was able to ride along with the expedition.

As the expedition pressed farther into the Valley of the Dead he could plant the seeds, and he would be able to snatch the secrets of the Nifleheim Empire.

Weed, along with Alveron and Seoyoon, joined the support units in the back and followed the expedition.

The expedition was proceeding with haste.

“Move! Capture the Valley before nightfall!”

"Support units to the rear of the formation, Drill Scouts lead which way we should go!"

"Use protection magic, while Knights prepare to dominate the core area. Drive the monsters towards one side. Make sure to protect the Archer! Wizard prepare to cast a spell."

The expedition formed a spearhead and swiftly advanced. From the all the time they spend in the North they worked together well.

Assassins, Thieves, and Archers were paving the way forwards. Their mission was to trap and kill any monster they found.

“40 traps set. Preparations complete.”

“Go to the next area.”

“Come on, come on, lets go.”

Doreum was tolerable enough to handle scouting monsters and lead the way. But he was shocked to see a relatively large demanding monster.

The monster used Curse Spells to assassinate some players.

“Forward!”

“The enemies are now Lizard Soldiers, and Lizard Kings.”

“Wizards, suppressing fire. Attack!!”

“Uoooo”

The Knights spearheaded the attack.

They were holding shields and swords as they rushed towards the enemy. Weed had to admit these charging knights exerted a tremendous pressure.

Kwa-gwa-gwang!

Archers and mages fired heavily onto the enemies.

They were supporting the front lines.

Large explosive magic landed.

The wizard group in the center led by Oberon had a considerable size.

Dark Gamers and Cold Rose guild members participated in the expedition while the support Professions remained in the rear.

The monsters in the Valley of Death were slain in an instant.

Meanwhile the charismatic Weed went to the rear.

“There are newly planted plants spaced out back here. Please try to be careful!”

Pavo and the other Architects were digging in order to build. The Geomchis were also shoveling to plant the seeds. Even cooks who had nothing to do joined in.

Cadmus the Tailor and Truman the Blacksmith, who were famous all over the Continent joined in as well. They had received souvenirs from Weed, therefore could not afford to hang around.

“What the hell are you doing?”

Sometimes members of the expedition looked back at the priceless scene of nature. But the production classes in the back did not seem interested.

Weed followed the expedition and plated seeds along the way. Once planted they grew fast and started to bud.

Weed just finished planting all the seeds he had.

Ttiring!

Quest Complete: Plant Flowers. Seeds have been planted in the Valley of Death, to fulfill Prina's wish. The growth of the plants and trees will create a forest in the future.

Since ancient times, Dwarves and Elves have fought over the Valley of Death!

On the edge of the Valley lived a particular race. They made a Village for themselves and produced many things. But they never forgot to give thanks back to the land that provided for them.

Quest Reward: When you return to Morata Village you will introduced to Prina's friend.

Quest Complete!

Now all that's left is the quest related to the lost honor of the Nifleheim Empire.

Weed's tension loosened.

'It took a little time to deal with the monsters, but the quest wasn't so difficult.'

They almost died due to the vicious cold. However thanks to the help of Tori, Seoyoon, Alveron and the others they were able to solve the quest.

He was also lucky to be able to travel along with the expedition.

Still his nervousness remained.

'The expedition had been attacked by monsters countless times. If it hadn't been for the expedition I would have had to waste 40 more days. But why were there so many monsters in this area?'

The expedition entered the Valley of Death.

Weed had visited the upper parts of both sides of this Valley! This was another whole area he had not been to.

"Humans. You dare step foot in here."

"We are the ones who erased the Nifleheim Empire off the map."

"Kyareureureu! Kill the intruders!"

"Blood, Curse. Blood flow like a river through this valley."

Suddenly Priests clad in black and monsters began to appear.

Using magic, the Priests commanded the monsters.

Alveron watched them grinding his teeth. It was the first time he made such unsophisticated reaction.

"Huh?"

"It's a bunch of Cultists who worship Evil Spirits! These Priests are devoted and faithful to the powers of evil and gained their strength by slaughtering the innocent. Each Church of the Continent have been long specified by the public. However, the Continent has excluded the Embinyu

Church to prevent confusion. I would have never imagine them being in a place like this..."

Weed looked around.

Fortunately the expedition was so focused on the battle they seemed to not hear Alveron's story. The battle intensified as more Priests of Embinyu joined.

Seoyoon was close by. Close enough to hear Alveron's story.

"..."

But Weed did not worry about it. Because she was not a person who would carelessly run her mouth! In fact, so to say, she cannot speak at all, so she could not speak of it even if she wants to.

Weed remembered the words of the Necromancers from when he had fought the Legions of Undead.

The necromancer looked around and said.

"We necromancers have experienced great suffering throughout our lives. But now the misunderstanding will be cleared up, and we will be able to formally accept disciples and develop the Black Magic.

"I pray for success."

"You've suffered because of our selfish request. In return, I'll teach you one secret. Do you think that the Versailles Continent is actually peaceful?"

"Huh?"

"An unknown darkness builds around evil deep within the cities. The Church of Embinyu. There were 12 recognized leaders."

"Leaders?"

"Based on the Church of Freya, the group have been hiding in the shadows, otherwise known as the Valhalla Temple. They believe in the Evil Spirit of Water, and they want the world to be covered in Darkness. Among those 12 Leader, one of them lived as the founder of Baseurin. It is

peaceful during the day, but when the sky turns into night, a festival of Cultists unfold. The overall achievement goes exactly as they wanted."

Baseurin is not safe. The Embinyu Church was more of a threat to the peace of Versailles Continent than the Legions of Undead.

'As far as the story goes, it seems like this might be Baseurin.'

It was a clue to a great quest. At least a hidden rank A or higher quest.

'Until now there has been no information of anyone having acquired on an S rank quest.'

Typically fame gained differed greatly depending on the quest. A quest that requires a great clue to get usually has a higher difficulty and better rewards.

'The land of Baseurin.'

Weed recalled the memories with ease.

This battle was much more difficult for the expedition. The Priests of Embinyu did damage constantly.

"Damn it. Where did those guys...."

"Protect them! No matter what, block it!"

Since coming here, the expedition was virtually unharmed but now about 10% of them had died.

The Scouts and Assassins were wiped out, and many Wizards were killed by the Priests of Embinyu because of their low Stamina.

"O gatekeeper of hell, descend here and cleanse the sinful!"

Embinyu Church's summoners had arrived. A large number of monsters including summoned Cerberus damaged the expedition.

The expedition was embarrassingly on the verge of collapse.

Quickly mobilizing the Wizards at the beginning of the battle could inflict massive damage on the enemy. However the night before the battle after a long advance the Wizards' mana was depleted.

Demonstrating that power at the beginning of the battle was impossible.

The priests were exhausted.

“Do not give up!”

“We have to destroy those guys!”

Oberon had the courage to move forward. Displaying the trust that as commander for his expedition not caring for his own life.

The allied guilds and Dark Gamers that had been watching the battle from the rear finally joined the fight. Aside from the Merchants, all combat profession and the Bards joined the battle.

As a result the Church of Embinyu’s numbers slowly began to dwindle. The Knights that went through hell and the Rangers; one or two died to the Archers massive attack.

Weed’s face relaxed but soon became serious again.

‘This isn’t enough to win. These are only the weak monsters and bosses.’

The Priests of Embrinyu were not everything. Weed was sure he had heard something. It was then.

At the end of the Valley of Death a huge shape of a shadow appeared!

A large pile of bones was rose from the ground.

The expedition members’ jaws dropped at the sight. An unimaginable thing appeared.

A Dragon.

A dragon, the strongest creature on earth, after its death and being frozen into ice, it was revived with Dark Magic as an undead.

“I can not believe it!”

“I never thought there would be a Bone Dragon here.”

The Bone Dragon was an undead monster. A real dragon could not be compared with it. Nevertheless, there was no group that could say they had captured a dragon.

Padadadak!

The Bone Dragon stumbled as it flapped its wings. It was just as flippant as before. The Bone Dragon was over 400 meters long and the force created by simply flapping it's wings was enormous.

Hwi-ri-ri-ri-ri Hwi-ri-ri!

Wind raging through the bones made a strange sound.

A cold-blooded threatening noise!

You are in a state of fear.

Stunned temporarily

Agility reduced by 15%

Wisdom reduced by 30%

Fighting Spirit was lowered just by the dragon roaring.

“Whoa!”

Some people turned and tried to escape.

They did not want to die fighting the bone dragon.

It was understandable. However, Dragons were creatures who did not know how to show mercy.

The Bone Dragon unfolded its wings. Flying without hesitation it attacked the expedition.

With rotten teeth the bone dragon preemptively moved his body and neck and swallowed members of the expedition whole.

“Kkeu-a-ak!”

Knowing that the formation was on the verge of collapsing, Oberon shouted.

“Do not falter! Don't give up! If you want to be a coward then run away! If you want to be a hero lift your sword and fight!”

Oberon led the charge to attack the Bone Dragon.

The monsters and Priests of Embinyu still remained, but it was imperative to restore the morale rather than deal with them.

“Follow the Guildmaster!”

“I will die with Guildmaster Oberon!”

The focus of the expedition became attacking the Bone Dragon with Oberon.

The Dragon faced an all out assault.

The Bone Dragon banged around as it charged!

The force was so great it cause the ground to shake.

Screams erupted as the big feet trampled over the expedition.

The Dragon’s act of battle was simple, but those who befell it were surely dead. Whilst to some extent the expedition and monsters were still fighting.

The Dragon opened it’s mouth.

Weed noticed its behavior and knew what it was about to do.

‘Breath! It’s going to use its Dragonbreath.’

Because of Bingryong, he was able to guess what was going to happen. But the dragon was targeting the rear end of the expedition.

Puhwahahak!

A powerful acid like breath poured out like water.

Poison that melted everything!

Breath Spread wiping out Weed and all the others belonging Production Profession. Not one survived. Death awaited those who met the Dragon’s breath.

Architect Pavo didn't even try to dig a hole at the moment of his death.

“Attack!”

“Let us avenge our fallen comrades.”

The expeditions attacks became more heated. Yet the Dragon dealt enormous damage, whilst also have to fight the remainder of the other monsters.

More than 10 minutes had passed.

Peoseuseuk. Peoseuseuk.

Where lives were once lost, bones began to take form.

Skeleton Soldier!

Thanks to his power to deny death, Weed was reborn as a skeleton soldier.

Chapter 11: God of War Weed

The History of Versailles' Continent is KMC Media's most popular story.

Shin Hye Min concentrated on the program that held the interest of many Royal Road players.

“Yes, during today's program, we will be informing you of the prices of several the basic goods in each Kingdom. By the way, Oh Juwan, I've heard that you have something very important that you wish to tell us?”

“That's right. Many players have their attention focused on Bikeijeu Kingdom.”

“Why is that? What's happening there?”

“For example, there is a massive legion of monsters heading towards Bikeijeu Kingdom. These monsters came down from the Beurukei Mountains, their detailed travel route is unknown, but we are urgently gathering information.”

Anything befitting the Versailles Continent, they will even provide the most basic information. Information on prices, monster and travel routes of legions, they had it all.

If a novice was near a legion they would not be able to stop trembling.

Tens of thousands of monsters were slaughtering people as they travelled.

For traders this was hell but, for Mercenaries, it was very good news. When you participate in a monster suppression quest given by Royal or Feudal Lords, the rewards and contribution points were tremendous.

Although many did not participate, there were many higher leveled Mercenaries that attended. It was an extraordinary experience to be able to watch the movement of monsters in battle.

Therefore, there was massive interest in urgently subduing the travelling monster army.

However, not many viewers were interested in the travelling Monsters

heading towards Bikeijeu Kingdom.

"Yes, this will conclude our story of Bikeijeu Kingdom."

Shin Hye Min proceeded with the news broadcast quickly. She was well aware of what the viewers were all waiting for. On the host's monitor, she could see thousands of viewers commenting.

- When will that person be appearing on-air?
- When he appears, please ask him about the latest news.
- Please ask him about the Legions of Undead, and what item he acquired after defeating Tori.
- I am a level 380, one of the Maul Knights. My strength is a force to be reckoned with wherever I go. Can he keep up?
- I am a level 385 Monk and I want to at least watch him hunt. Please tell him.

These were the comments in the viewer section.

A few days ago, KMC media even released a trailer as an advertisement stating that they would do a telephone interview with the player who was famous in Continent of Magick and now in Royal Road.

Because of this, many people's interests flared, which resulted to doubling the usual view count. Even a skilled host like Shin Hye Min could not help from having her mouth dry.

"We have released a notice that today, we will have an interview with the person who has the character named "Weed". Once again, Weed was known to be the strongest and highest level in the Continent of Magick! With the Legions of Undead defeated, Weed was available for an interview."

"Really Shin Hye Min? I was skeptical when you said you were going broadcast his interview, but is Weed REALLY going to appear?!"

Oh Juwan couldn't hide his excitement.

"Yes, it is true. We have already set up the telephone connection. It is all good to go."

"Of course. There is no other hero like Weed."

Oh Juwan had heard a lot of stories about Weed.

In one of the Continent of Magick's dungeon, it was known to be unconquerable, but he cleared it and even defeated the boss monster! This had become a legend.

Because he was able to conduct an interview with the very same Weed, Oh Juwan was bound to be glad.

The Production Director was looking at Shin Hye Min through the monitor, ready to type.

The phone call.

“Yes, then I will start the interview with Weed-nim.”

Shin Hye Min did not waste any time. Too many people were waiting for this.

In Royal Road, she would sometimes whisper Weed to have a conversation. Even still, she had times where she trembled because she was with the Weed that everyone talked about, how much more would other people be looking forward to this?

- Hello?

The moment the voice came through the studio, hearts leaped.

- He came at last!

- Weed is speaking.

- The phone call with Weed went through!

For every 10 seconds, there was at least 100 comments. This shows how much people were concentrated on the broadcast.

Shin Hye Min effortlessly kept the conversation going.

“Hello, Weed-nim. During the course of the interview, I'll be referring to you with your character's name. Is that alright?”

-Yes.

Weed replied simply. Being called by his character name than by his full name would be best. How much of a pain would it be to be remembered as

the Princess Knight!

Oh Juwan is in the studio, please say hello to each other.

“This is Oh Juwan. It is an honor to talk to the highly renowned Weed.”

- It’s a pleasure to meet you.

“Please greet the viewers.”

- Hello there.

Lee Hyun replied succinctly.

Shin Hye Min’s insides burned.

‘His answers cannot be short like this!’

This was a broadcast. Viewers were definitely looking for a more smoother broadcast than this short one.

There were ways to read the script that the writers prepared before that would increase the dramatic effect, but this was not the case. A real time interview does not have any lines prepared beforehand.

Shin Hye Min asked while laughing.

“Weed-nim, is there any matter that is making your mood bad?”

- Just a little bit.

“Yes? Is it because of me?”

- Yes.

At this unexpected answer, Shin Hye Min and Oh Juwan were embarrassed.

When you do a interview you do not want to have the involved parties complaining. Although they had wanted it to remain that way, Lee Hyun did not reply did not comply.

‘This broadcast is a failure!’

Shin Hye Min felt sweat on her palms. However, she had to continue the interview.

“How would you like me to reply? If you want an apology, I'll apologize, if something needs to be fixed, I'll fix it.”

- That is, is it okay to be like this?

Hmm?

- You asked me to call you at 7 in the evening, but if you were going to hold an interview like this you should have called me. The phone bill is so expensive.

"..."

The skilled host, Shin Hye Min was lost for words. Oh Juman, who was also lost for words, wasn't any help either.

They thought that it was some great inconvenience that the station would have to apologize for!

‘He's so cheap!’

Only the frugal Lee Hyun could surprise them like this.

Soon, Shin Hye Min got a grip of herself.

“Yes, that was our fault. But we are very curious about Weed's action. First, selling your Continent of Magick's account. When it happened, the internet was in a huge uproar.”

There was nobody who didn't know that Lee Hyun sold his Continent of Magick account.

At that time, the game was no longer as famous as Royal Road.

For many years, Continent of Magick was very popular, but it started going downhill as Royal Road became popular.

After purchasing his account, CTS media immediately halted the program which covered virtual reality games to hold a big event.

The items Weed had and even the records of him clearing the dungeons were broadcasted!

Because of there were still many who played Continent of Magick, this event gained high ratings.

Likewise, for the company who owned Continent of Magick, this was a huge help for them to try and overtake Royal Road.

Continent of Magick once again became very popular and in time, more and more famous accounts were sold to the media.

Shin Hye Min said it in a jealous way.

"I heard that when you sold your account, you earned a huge amount of whopping 3 billion won. That is a lot of money. Did you buy a foreign car with the money or bought something excessive?"

Lee Hyun's reply was very concise.

- I no longer have the money.

"Yes?"

- If you earn 3 billion today and you want to keep that 3 billion, you have to do so by working hard when tomorrow comes.

"Ah, those were really good words."

Next to her, Oh Juwan asked a question.

"No matter how much money you have, it could not be compared with money you earned through accomplishment. Deep."

It was true that Lee Hyun earned 3 billion. But at the same time, he lost it to loan sharks.

Because most people had the luxury of not knowing those circumstances, they misunderstood.

"Ok, then here is question #2 for Weed."

Shin Hye Min was ready for a short answer, so she prepared another

question.

“In the continent of magic, you leveled at a fast rate, outleveling everyone else. Is this true?”

- Yes

“Could you perhaps share your secret?”

- Hunt every single monster. Find a place where it is overflowing with monsters and kill them all.

Oh Juwan could not believe what he had heard.

“Weed, I also played Continent of Magic for a long time. But Weed’s growth was particularly exceptional, you sure you had no other tricks?”

- It is because I hunted everyday.

“Wouldn't it have been boring, hunting? I can understand a couple monsters, but hunting for a couple hours gets boring no?”

- I’ve never felt that way.

"..."

Lee Hyun said he never got bored of it. He replied well to Oh Juwan. Shin Hye Min asked the next question.

“Did you play Continent of Magic all day?”

- Whenever I had free time, yes

"When you sit down and play, how long many hours did you play for?"

- It is 204 hours.

"Pardon? The question was, how long did you sit down and play continuously."

Shin Hye Min and Oh Juwan thought he had misheard the question. But

Lee Hyun heard the question correctly and gave his answer.

- Would you be asking the longest time that I have played continuously?

“That’s correct.”

- It is 204 hours long.

"..."

The message boards were in an uproar.

- No way!
- It looks like he's lying.
- How would anyone be able to play for 204 hours straight?
- I was a fan of Weed in Continent of Magick. Weed did not log off until he had cleared a dungeon once he entered it.
- Even so, there is no way I am trusting his words that he played for over 200 hours!
- His words just don't make sense.

Shin Hye Min and Oh Juwan became embarrassed by their mistake.

It was an essential requirement for a host to tolerate whatever the interviewed person says. But after hearing this unbelievable statement her facial expression tighten. The message boards were heating up as well, making it unable to be ignored.

Eventually to recover from the awkwardness Shin Hye Min asked.

“Weed-nim, is it possible that you did not keep track of the time properly?”

- I'm not mistaken. When I logged off the message said I had been playing for 204 hours straight.

“Oh did you mean you were logged on for 204 hours? Like if you were powered up your computer and left yourself logged on for 204 hours?”

Shin Hye Min was trying to make sense of his answer, but she wasn't

able to.

- No. I spent 204 hours inside the game.

"..."

Shin Hye Min eventually became completely lost. Oh Juwan, who wouldn't stand the atmosphere, finally inquired.

"How is it possible for a person not to sleep for 204 hours and play a game instead?"

As for eating, you could eat in front of the computer. However, people needed to sleep.

Lee Hyun replied, recalling his experience.

- If you play games, sleep can be overcome.

"How is that so?"

- When you are hunting or doing quests, you are fully engaged, thus you do not become sleepy.

"Yes?"

- In the beginning, I was really sleepy. But after 50 hours, sleepiness did not come easily. Even then, one hundred hours later, my eyes still stayed open, so of course I kept hunting.

"..."

- It was a situation where I could no longer differentiate between playing the game and sleeping! However, one could continue playing without feeling sleepy or tired.

"204 hours of gaming. This seems to be the maximum a person can play continuously?"

- No not at all. I only stopped because my mouse broke...

Shin Hye Min sighed a breath of relief.

‘We are normal.’

People pride themselves with playing for a day or two. But for Lee Hyun, staying up one or two night to play a game was child’s play.

Shin Hye Min then asked with anxiety.

“When you play games to that extent, do you properly eat your meals?”

- No. There is nothing to eat at our house...

In fact there was not much food in the house.

But Shin Hye Min and Oh Juwan had different views on this.

‘I guess he couldn’t prepare and eat his meals because he was diligently playing the game.’

Oh Juwan asked in tone mixed with anxiety.

“How long did you play the game like that without sleeping?”

- For about 3 years. I wasn’t only playing games. I was doing a variety of jobs, and played the game only when I had time.

Shin Hye Min asked carefully.

“Didn’t your body deteriorate somewhat?”

- After not eating and sitting in a chair for so long, walking around became awkward. Should I say that my legs became atrophied? Since my body was hurting all over at the time, I make sure to thoroughly exercise now. It’s important to manage your fitness.

“They say that the I.C.U. patients who have been hospitalized for a long time have similar symptoms...”

- It would probably be similar.

“ ... ”

- Other symptoms appeared after I washed my face.

“Washing your face?”

- Yes. As soon as I washed my face the nose bleed...

“ ... ”

- I had no other choice but to spend some money and go to the hospital. There, the doctor told me something. He said that the ventilation from the fan was also dangerous if you spent too long playing games...

Shin Hye Min’s and Oh Juwan’s faces turned pale.

The Weed they called the God of War! They got a small glimpse at the reality of the crippled form.

To be continued...

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