

The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

(달빛 조각사)

Volume 10

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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: Skeleton Soldier Weed

Royal Road's website came up again and again. The first movie posted by the Cold Roses guild started.

"Look! It's the battle of the Northern Expedition."

After going into the Valley of Death from the white snowy fields, the fight started! The expedition had been fighting evil soldiers and servants, as well as Lizard Kings. The battle royal was going on in real time, uploaded by Oberon, a registered Hall of Fame user, but the responses were doubtful.

"Will we actually see some battling in the valley this time?"

"With nothing to hit, what are they even doing there?"

People had abandoned the expedition, only few lingered. The expedition was subjected to ridicule because for more than two months in Versailles Continent time, the only thing they did was wander around. However, people's reactions changed after the video progressed a little more. From the moment they entered the depth of the Valley of Death, the number of monsters that appeared increased exponentially. The identity of the expedition was still unknown, yet the Embinyu Priests stood before them, filled with feelings of rage, and casted their magic.

"So worth it"

"Fighting like that while whistling, as expected of the expedition led by a prestigious guild."

"Great tune."

As the expedition reached its end, surrounded by white snow and ice in the Valley of Death, the exciting last-ditch breakthrough attempt unfolded. Seeing real people fight in a thrilling action movie, you feel as though you have become one of them. While watching the video, the rumours people heard increased rapidly. The Hall of Fame's audience was always growing because it only takes a single moment to get people's attention.

"You mean you think it's related to the atmosphere?"

"Hey, wake up."

"Monster levels appear quite high. In the north, it's not uncommon for such strong monsters to appear in groups, this doesn't look good"

"Will it go right this time?"

People were dubious, yet they held their emerging hopes on the expedition.

"It's not the first time a courageous expedition has left to explore the northern continent. Let's wait and believe."

"I hope you have a successful expedition."

"It's way too hot, I'm dying here. It's hard to move, sweat's even flowing from my forehead. Stamina is consumed too quickly."

"We can't go to places like cool dungeons or mountain-rivers because of the prestigious guilds occupying the areas."

"It's better for wizards and clerics to move less, they can't really survive like warriors."

The Versailles Continent was harder and hotter since the failure of the last A rank quest.

The value of hunting in dungeons and mountains skyrocketed. Stamina became much more difficult to preserve, and guilds fiercely fought wars to expand their area.

Meanwhile, people of course had to enjoy themselves and so tailors had a never before seen rush of bikini orders. Muscular men removed their black body armour and burned their clothes while enjoying the glamour of tanned women.

The scene in Royal Road changed.

As the festivities ended, there was a significant increase in people swimming in rivers as people struggled to forget the summer heat by hitting the beach! Normally, if you wanted to relax and enjoy yourself,

places could be found anywhere, but because of the crazy heat, they were rare. Crowds all gathered in river towns and seaside castles for the eye candy.

Even at the rivers, by noon you could no longer swim because of them.

Most people were forced to endure the heat. They were bound to be a little annoyed.

"I hope this expedition is successful."

"I really hope for the best too."

"Please make it"

People began to cheer for a successful expedition and a home return.

"But if they really succeed, what will happen?"

"Well, the Cold Roses guild will gain tremendous fame. They will also gather massive wealth and power from the new users flocking to join them."

"Will it really end that way? Oberon is a benevolent guy and trusts his guild, but I imagine they are growing way too daring. Think of how reckless a challenge this is"

"They could jump into the top 5 of the guild rankings though."

Below the video in the Hall of Fame, users posted their views.

Then someone posted an article.

It was a user with the nickname Chase. People knew him as a celebrity in Royal Road.

"About one month ago, in the middle of a quest, I heard the story from a pub owner."

Everyone focused on what Chase wrote.

"Chase-nim?"

"The high-level user ranked in the top 100? He normally doesn't write here, what the hell is going on?"

After stimulating the curiosity of a bunch of relaxed viewers, he finally posted: I heard a simple story.

'To create the continent's cool weather again, you must acquire the things the Witch presented to the altar of the God.'

Edereune God's altar. I investigated by reading the history of the Versailles continent for information about witches. As a result, I found the records of the Serbian Ice Witch.

The Broken Beads of the Witch.

Through the information I learned from the history of the Versailles continent, the beads are in an unknown location in a valley... and from what I have heard, it seems that the expedition is probably battling around that place.

Chase's article was like pouring oil onto a roaring fire.

"The expedition is at the place where the broken beads of the Serbian Witch can be found!"

"Chase said the expedition's battle is associated with the heat in the Versailles continent!"

"The quest to blow the heat away from the Versailles continent is finally in progress?"

The Broken Beads of the Serbian Witch was a kind of item that corresponds to accessories.

It is known for its special power of manipulating the surrounding climate, but it constantly eats away your life. Unless you are a master wizard specializing in ice, just touching the cursed item will freeze your body.

The spotlight was focused on the Hall of Fame as the video came up.

All professional stations -including KMC Media and CTS Media- interrupted regular news broadcasts to show the video. The real-time news was not to be missed; its purpose was to tell exactly what the big issue in the Versailles continent was.

The TV screen showed the expedition finally venturing deep into the Valley of Death.

Then something gigantic emerged.

One of the most powerful undead creatures, the Bone Dragon!

With every roar of the Bone Dragon, the earth underneath already shaking feet trembled.

Kuah ahang!

"Damn! Run!"

"Divide the party!"

"Don't stick close to the wall! Ice blocks will fall from above!"

The expedition fell into disarray.

Bone Dragons have never once appeared before, let alone been hunted.

It is usually much easier to fight in the plains. You can put your feet on the life filled earth and stay steady until the enemy is defeated.

But here, the ground is made of slippery ice, making it very unstable. To make matters worse, whenever the Bone Dragon moved, the earth shook.

"Knights, please clear the rocks!"

"Damn it! It's so difficult to keep balance!"

Swordsmen, knights and warriors ran off with their swords, dislodging the ice every time they slipped and fell. No matter how strong the thrust was, it could be easily stopped by a twisted foot.

Complaints burst out across the expedition.

"Stand united, together we will have a better shot at killing it. Wizards, attack with magic!"

"Damn it ... can't use magic! The body's not listening due to the Bone Dragon's roar."

Roar of the Bone Dragon. Dragons are peerless. They inflict psychological pressure on inferior creatures!

Even if thousands of animals such as foxes gathered, they would end up lying on the ground,

dead.

The mentality of the magicians got disturbed with fear of the Bone Dragon.

- Magic failed. Mana reflux.

A number of hands started shaking. Words did not come out properly. More than nine tries failed in succession.

"Fireball wave! Keuaaag!"

While trying to attack, the wizard's magic failed and his body caught on fire, burning him afterwards.

Such a sight made the mouths of wizards freeze.

"Oh my god. What in the world....."

"Never seen that monster before."

The Bone Dragon's level was known to be in the late 400s.

Many users in the expedition had a level in the late 300s. It had incredible strength for a difference of only about 100 levels.

Significantly higher levels reveal greater gaps in power.

Furthermore, the Bone Dragon was one of the large boss monsters able to fly and use magic!

Because of these reasons it was an even more difficult opponent.

"Stupid human race!"

The Bone Dragon was communicating.

A body made only of bones.

The area where eyes should be shined a dark blue glow.

"This will be everyone's grave!"

Whenever the Bone Dragon roared, the ice spontaneously ruptured.

"Behold your sanctuary!"

The wings folded over the large body spread wide out.

Parararak!

The Bone Dragon unfolded its bony wings.

Its broad wings completely covered the Valley of Death.

The Bone Dragon majestically soared into the sky. It reversed directions and descended, all the while using its feet to pick people up and its head to swallow them.

"Oh shit."

"We're trapped. We're all going to die!"

Despair filled the eyes of the young users that believed in the Cold Roses guild and followed the expedition.

Bone Dragon!

They were legendary mythical creatures fought against in ages past.

But Cold Roses was a rather ambitious guild and went straight into the fire without a glance at the frying pan. The guild alliance had not lost any of their will to fight.

"It is a Bone Dragon."

"A golden opportunity to hunt one."

Bone Dragons have not yet once been hunted.

The reason was not because they were invincible, but rather Bone Dragons were never seen in the continent until now. They are very rare in nature, making them hard to encounter.

Usually, as soon as boss monsters over level 400 appeared in dungeons, guilds joined together into hunting groups to dominate.

In the end, the Bone Dragon is just a monster!

"Forward!"

"Sacrifices are necessary to take him out! Otherwise, it is pointless for us to be here."

The expedition led by Oberon marched towards the Bone Dragon and tackled it.

Kureureung - kwangkwang!

The Bone Dragon used a fire spell and exploded the ice. Swordsmen, knights, warriors and paladins bravely rushed right through it.

"Keuaaaaa!"

Roar of the Bone Dragon.

Unhindered landslides of snow and ice occurred on the hills of the Valley of Death.

"Wizard forces, attack with magic! Use whatever's necessary to take down the Bone Dragon!"

Following Oberon's command wizards put their lives on the line.

"I collect all the mana here"

"Bright burning fire shall"

"Rage against the enemy and strike."

"Mana burn!"

Wizards used all their mana at once for their magic attacks.

After mana depletion, you would take a long break before using magic again, but the situation was urgent.

The ground of ice was divided and snow and ice poured down from the cliffs on either side. In this confusing situation, there was a need for a strong blow to the Bone Dragon.

Pillars of light generated by wizards flew in unison toward the Bone Dragon and exploded.

Many wizards lost their lives due to their magic failing, but it was a necessary sacrifice.

Kkwaahahang!

The Bone Dragon flying in the sky crashed to the ground, shattering the

ice ground significantly as it got stuck upside down at its destination.

"Now."

"Now is our chance."

"Before it is able to fly again."

"Attack!"

The warriors of the expedition rushed toward the fallen Bone Dragon.

"Keuoooo!"

The Bone Dragon brandished its tail to protect itself.

"Strike!"

-Cried Oberon as he bravely jumped with his stocky body. With 2 sharp rotations in the air, he slammed the body of the Bone Dragon with his hammer.

That single strong pound attack was filled with the power of Oberon.

"Wing Smash!"

Only great warrior skills create enough damage for a chance at stunning the opponent!

As a large monster, the Bone Dragon was nearly immune to physical stun attacks.

Nevertheless, the damage went beyond its threshold.

Other swordsmen, warriors, knights, and paladins approached the Bone Dragon and began hacking away.

"Straight cut!"

"Smite!"

"Holy Attack!"

Nearly 200 high-level users held on to attack. Rain had soaked their clothes, forcing them to go step by step to strike the Bone Dragon as it moved its huge body, but the warriors at the forefront resisted the attack from its body.

Priests with poor Stamina were busy repeating their cycle of restoring declining health.

The spirit of the other members of the expedition started to rise up.

Non allied guilds stood alongside the Cold Roses guild, nevertheless, those courageous enough to come along to the north fought with as much strength possible.

"Killing the Bone Dragon will be hard, but we can handle the rest of the monsters after it."

"The evil priests, soldiers and followers are our responsibility."

The expedition started to eradicate some of the monsters, starting a melee inside the Valley of Death.

Oberon shouted.

"Drum!"

"Yes, sir!"

"How much more do we have to hit?"

"I'll check it out."

Drum swiftly slid straight down the ice to the bottom while trying to cast magic at regular intervals.

"Bursting with vitality, show me everything. View Life Force!"

The magic revealed the monster's status and remaining life.

In front of Drum, the Bone Dragon's status was displayed.

Tiring!

Bone Dragon KurenbereuSinister spirit could not forsake the power of hatred and was revived as an undead. Originally a savage Red Dragon, since turning into an undead it became even more berserk.

Health: 74%

Mana: 12%

"Keoeog!"

Drum was breathtakingly surprised.

While hitting the Bone Dragon, Oberon excitedly asked.

"How much left?"

"Still 74% left."

"What?"

"The Bone Dragon's life is tremendous. We've got a long way to go before it dies."

Until now, only about one quarter of its health was decimated!

As expected of a large monster, the Bone Dragon took pride in its enormous life force.

*

Weed struggled free to find something out of place. He was both energetic and light in his body and legs.

"This is?"

Weed was shocked after looking down at his body. Bony skeleton ribs with neither flesh nor muscle attached anywhere.

"Did I turn into a skeleton?"

Skeleton soldier.

After being fed to the boss and dying, he turned into an Origin of the Skeleton.

Weed recalled the past.

When he completed the quest to destroy the Undead Legion, he gained the power to reject death.

The Bone Dragon's breath blew away all his health and he was reborn as a skeleton.

"I have more urgent matters."

Weed took comfort in confirming that Alveron and Seoyoon were still alive.

The Bone Dragon's breath, despite sweeping throughout the cave, did not spread to Seoyoon because she had already decided to wait and save her energy to fight monsters later.

Alveron was also fortunately still all right.

Priests, merchants and other production jobs gathered together to see if they could accomplish anything.

Every time Alveron elevated his skill levels, the Church of Freya's public values rose. Through his blessing and treatment of the expedition at the place where priests gathered, he was able to obtain many thanks.

Weed whispered to Alveron through the created party.

"Alveron."

Alveron was busy treating the injured people around him yet he immediately reacted to Weed due to their familiarity and listened closely.

"Hi Weed, you're alive. I thought you were dead."

"Thank to Goddess Freya that I was able to rise again due to the ability of the Necromancer. This could not have been possible without having the blessings of the Goddess."

"All according to the will of the Goddess of harmony."

"All according to the will of the Goddess of harmony."

They splashed flattery at each other to establish a sense of respect. To be the target of flattery meant you were useful.

Flattery came out spontaneously from Weed to compensate for his disadvantage.

After being changed into an undead, it was pointed out that his familiarity with Alveron, the priest from the Order of Freya, would be reduced.

As his familiarity with Alveron was below a certain level and he had turned into a skeleton, confidence in him was low. Alveron, however, accepted Weed as he was.

"Rather Alveron, I command you. In the Valley of Death, stop all treatment and support activities."

"Yes, I shall follow your words Weed."

"First, carefully come to the back unnoticed."

In the midst of the battle, Alveron left from the back of the group.

Even for clerics and wizards that took a lot of breaks separately to replenish mana through meditation, it was the picture of suspicion.

Weed spent some time whispering to Geumini.

"Geumini."

"Master. Golgolgol!"

"Come with Wyvern 1 and take Alveron to the hiding place."

"Understood master!"

Weed mobilized Geumini and a Wyvern to take Alveron to a safe location.

'Cause I turned into a skeleton, divine power no longer works on me.'

In addition, he wanted to drop Alveron in a place safe enough from the fighting.

"Keuag!"

"Block their magic curses!"

"Start taking care of the priests."

The priests and monsters of the Embinyu Church.

Due to the roar of the Bone Dragon, they took control of the Valley of Death.

Alveron might be endangered from the blindly executed attacks. If Alveron died, not only would the quest fail, but worst would be the loss of friendship with the Church of Freya. The risk of losing experience and skill levels was also tremendous.

Not until Alveron was safe in the rear could Weed finally afford to

breathe.

"Stats Window!"

Character Name: Weed	Status: Undead
Level: 319	Job: Origin of the Skeleton
Health: 35,080	Mana: 28,210
Strength: 1050	Agility: 969
Vitality: 713	Wisdom: 663
Intellect: 655	Fighting Spirit: 598
Stamina: 497	Endurance: 406
Charisma: 387	
*Power to reject death is currently enabled.	

Skills usable in the undead state are dependent on the skill level of the power to reject death.

However, for the first eight beginner levels, skills will be given.

Stats were changed.

Health, mana, strength and agility had increased abnormally.

"It's a characteristic of the job."

As Weed spoke, his jaw was seen moving.

Art, leadership, luck and faith were lost, and instead the basic combat stats went up significantly.

-Holy natured Tallock's Armor made by the Church of Freya is best not worn in an undead state. The created body is rather weak to it.

"Items off."

Weed took off Tallock's Armor and put it in his backpack. He then removed all the other equipment the undead couldn't wear as well.

Although his well-trained intermediate blacksmith skill lowered the limit to equip things, they needed a status other than undead in the first place.

"It's better not to use things with the good properties."

There were not many particular things to wear besides the armour of the Church of Freya. Weed instead rummaged through his backpack for some other things.

Saint's Staff!

One of the things dropped by the Lich Shire.

Tiring!

Saint's Staff equipped. The property of the staff changes according to the undead property. The real power of the staff shall be revealed. You can use black magic.

After equipping the Saint's Staff, dark energy spread rapidly through the remaining bones in Weed's body.

"Identification!"

Saint Taranhan's Staff

- Durability 90/90. Damage 79-98.

The great saint revered by humans received a dawn ring with a hidden secret, demons could be heard from within. Saint Taranhan enjoyed blood, carnage and corruption! Nestled among his bribes was a powerful magical staff.

Restrictions: Dark series job.

If worn by a priest or paladin, power of the staff varies.

Options:

-600 Faith

-200 Charm. +100 Stamina.

+80 Intellect. +100 Wisdom

35% increase in spell damage.

Reduced stamina consumption in rugged terrain.

Notoriety rises by 30 for every human killed.

Devoted living sacrifice can restore health and mana.

Black magic is available.

In the hands of the wicked, evil forces will further ascend.

The undead status awakened the real power of the Fallen Saint's Staff!

Weed was significantly satisfied.

"Too bad the world's about eating and living well. When various good young men are being used by others, hatred is destined to accumulate."

He who strikes first wins.

Hit even more with devious tricks.

Especially if they are sleepless.

Guys wealthier than most!

Non applicable gem like sayings.

The world is too fast to live straight up.

Weed had a few more wearable items.

"Identification!"

Necromancer tome directly written by Bar-Kahn

- :
- Durability 30/30

The second written tome dealing with the difficult discipline of black magic that manufactures undead. All undead recipes ranging from basic level to advanced level are listed. Written directly by the genius wizard Bar-Kahn, it is not difficult to understand.

Dealing with the creation of undead requires a huge mana supply and cannot be carelessly used.

Restrictions:

Wizard Job. Level 300. Wisdom 500. Mana 8000

Only available to Necromancer job.

Options:

Resistance to black magic +25.

Ability to manufacture undead +2.

Can make undead bosses with intelligence.

Vitality of the undead will improve and immunity to divine power will be built up.

"Not bad."

Origin of the Skeleton.

Thanks to the balanced characteristics of Skeleton Warriors and Skeleton Mages, Necromancer magic could be equipped and read.

Numerous spells were written in red.

It contained a bunch of Necromancer magic. In addition to undead manufacturing magic, many magic attacks were also written.

Weed first read about Bone Dragon manufacturing magic.

Easy undead recipes directly written by Bar-Kahn.

Bone Dragon:

The ultimate undead all wizards want to see and create.

Dead body of a Dragon is required and many magical reagents must be committed. In contrast to zombie or ghoul like monsters that instantly appear, one hundred time-consuming days are required to generate it. Magic defence and intellectual ability are significantly dropped compared to a normal Dragon, but the bodily ability to take advantage of is the health increase. However, the weaknesses of the Bone include...

Weed zealously read the magical book.

Chapter 2: Origin of the Skeleton

KMC Media told the story of the Versailles continent.

Shin HyeMin and Oh Juwan's job in the program broadcast was to tell the latest information.

"Mr. Oh Juwan, you told me that if certain conditions are met and special quests are done, something specific would happen?"

"Yes. Unicorn Company reportedly said: 'in the case of production jobs, after their skills reached a certain state, they can embark upon a unique generated quest'."

"The quest isn't like the primary 3?"

"It's a little different from them, for example, in the case of blacksmiths they can operate their own studios as a reward."

"Even jewellery workshops?"

"Yes, on the basis of accumulated technology, their own studios can be opened. It is also possible to employ operators."

Until now, blacksmiths were only able to erect castles for kings, lords and nobles. The blacksmith was a form of employment run by others.

After acquiring skills to a certain extent, blacksmiths can forge under their own name and create their own story.

"In the future, towns and countries will want more workshops to improve the speed of technological development. Production jobs appear to be the hope of the future."

"It's a positive thing. Many people with production jobs can now go out and dream."

"Returning back to the story about job quests ... we do not know specifically what will happen with the generated quests. For example, I have heard of the blacksmith quest that allows for the creation of studios as well. There are just so many alternatives for job related quests that I advise people to never give up."

Oh Juwan explained while sweating. He had been reading from the script for nearly two hours.

"That's right, what would happen if those job skills are mastered Mr. Oh Juwan?"

"Unicorn Company, in a private interview, reportedly said people are close to crossing that line. Such a person has yet to appear though. Royal Road is a game very large in nature. Furthermore, it is based on the physicality of reality. When you think about it, mastering a skill is very difficult."

"But if they master job skills, will they get something?"

"Great fame, and if they belong to a kingdom, I would guess that they get a title."

Oh Juwan tried to proceed with an ordinary expected remark, but Shin HyeMin did not miss his expression change.

"We have been broadcasting together for over a year Oh Juwan, do you know you have a habit of blinking whenever you try to hide something."

"Haha, yeah?"

"Please let us know what's going on right now."

"Here's the truth. Well"

Oh Juwan smiled albeit embarrassed and quietly talked.

"It doesn't end when they master their profession."

"It's not the end? Once skills have been mastered, they have reached the final stage of the production process, is that not it?"

"No. It is said that at that time, there will be a new beginning. Their given skills will be used for something related to the continent. For those jobs to carry out their master quests, they must form parties able to break information reminiscent of the main story of Versailles continent. As far as I can tell, quests have had no association with races ... until now. I really do not know any more than this."

"It's a lot more fun when things just come out."

"I'm sure you would think that. I'm still a while away from mastering my job; I still make mistakes with it."

"Job skills during the high growth period are very difficult to level. Thank you for telling me."

"I had the honour of talking to the beautiful Ms. Shin HyeMin; I am the one who should be thankful."

"Oh, I appreciate the compliment. That reminds me, today I ate the fruit you brought for me."

"I will have to buy more fruit when I go home today then."

Shin HyeMin and Oh Juwan were now ready to shut down the broadcast. Part 1 was inviting people from the panel to talk to. Part 2 was telling them the information they had. The broadcast that lasted for over two hours was finally ending and it was time to rest.

'I should go out with Pale-nim and have fun.'

Shin HyeMin followed the scenario and prepared for the moment to shut down the broadcast. Suddenly, the PD signature for a broadcast extension shined.

'Isn't now time to end this thing?'

The appearance of the TV screens mirrored the sudden fight of the expedition in the Valley of Death. Battle of the Northern Expedition was linked in real time.

Oh Juwan was in a panic, but Shin HyeMin quickly responded.

"Viewers, it is our pleasure to try and give you the stories of Versailles Continent. Timely and accurate broadcasts! Without ending the broadcast, we will send you the news as soon as it comes in."

Oh Juwan had learned how to adapt to fast-paced situations. By looking at the contents of the illuminated TV screen, he guessed it was related to the expedition so he quickly gave an explanation.

"Before the people in the audience, what we will tell you is never before heard information about the expedition in the north. The expedition led by Oberon, its Captain, seems to have finally entered the Valley of Death."

Oh Juwan boasted of an extensive network in Royal Road.

Through good fortune, he was acquainted with the prestigious Oberon, allowing him to hear news about the expedition directly from him.

Shin HyeMin and Oh Juwan read what was written in the PD just then and told the story through their headphones.

"Chase told me the news. Currently in the valley where the expedition entered, there is a very high probability that the Broken Beads of the Serbian Witch are there! The Serbian Witch's Broken Beads will blow away the current heat in the main continent."

Shin HyeMin and Oh Juwan's fatigue from the 2 hour long broadcast was gone.

Like anyone else that liked Royal Road, giving new information to viewers filled the two with a sense of pride.

Shin HyeMin opened fire first.

"The expedition is on an adventure to find the Serbian Witch's Broken Beads! It's currently being streamed in real time. Regardless of the broadcast time, the story of the expedition's adventures in Versailles continent will continue until the end for our committed viewers."

The broadcast was to last till dawn to show the viewers what they wanted. The story about the Versailles continent had already become the top priority in the timetable in the station. If necessary, hours of the show would be extended on top of any other program!

Shin HyeMin and Oh Juwan saw the base of the Valley of Death on the viewing screen created from the chunky dwarf Oberon's adventure.

The bloody fight of the expedition.

As they battled against evil looking Priests of the Embinyu Church and hordes of monsters, the Bone Dragon was flying around in the sky eating

the expedition.

All these things appeared through the dwarf Oberon's vision.

Shin HyeMin thought to herself.

'Pale-nim's gotta see this.'

All users were sensitive to information about Royal Road. The very rare quest occurrence that could quickly lead to the outbreak of war, millions of people were watching. Within just a few minutes, there was an explosive growth in ratings, crowds of tens of thousands gathered on the street in front of large television screens.

In fact, for Shin HyeMin and Oh Juwan, it did not matter how long the broadcast took. They thoroughly enjoyed themselves because it was about Royal Road!

Shin HyeMin said her expectations.

"Well, I hope the expedition takes out the Bone Dragon and acquires the Broken Beads of the Serbian Witch."

Oh Juwan nodded.

"Seems possible. The Cold Roses guild is not alone and there are a lot of outstanding users in the expedition."

"I am guessing that the expedition primarily formed for the reward. But Mr Oh Juwan..."

"Yes?"

"How powerful is the Bone Dragon?"

"The Bone Dragon is a very powerful monster. Only guilds that dared to enter dangerous monster zones would be able to tolerate it. When walking alone at night, if you meet it, run right away."

"I can only imagine how terrible it would be to meet a Bone Dragon at night."

At night in the Versailles continent, monsters grow stronger by 50%, therefore reducing the number of emerging monsters that people were

capable of hunting. People usually tended to take a break from monster hunting at night.

In the first place, hunting a boss class monster at night was no different from a suicidal act. The items and experience rewarded were not necessary, considering all the risk present.

Then on the screen, they listened as it showed the Bone Dragon's torso on the ground, studded with axes.

Dwarves threw them like firewood with an unrelenting hand!

Shin HyeMin excitedly made two fists.

"Hopefully, the efforts of those who struggled in the expedition will end in success."

"Yes. Wizards are getting ready to cast large spells again. They appear to be targeting the body of the Bone Dragon."

"I think it's a massive Fire Field."

"The kamikaze attack led by the wizard Drum has been launched!"

And so Shin HyeMin and Oh Juwan explained the fight like a football game broadcast.

*

Weed was also watching the expedition fighting the Bone Dragon.

'A Bone Dragon. Certainly stronger than Tori.'

Tori was a Vampire Lord. The Vampire power of transforming someone into stone was a very strong and destructive magical attack.

But the Bone Dragon, as a large monster, literally trampled over numerous members of the expedition. It was relative to an elephant versus a group of ants.

"They will be used to the fullest, keukeukeu."

Weed scored a wicked smile.

He won much when the expedition perfectly ignored him as his job was

a sculptor!

‘The misfortune of others is my happiness!’

Although Oberon recruited a few other people including Weed, he gave preferential treatment to his guild.

Most of the terrible battles were won, but the expedition ignored the sculptor department.

It had become common for production jobs workers that made weapons and armours to be ignored. Even for those with high level skills, only a little respect was shown and what did not essentially change was that people only looked for them when they needed something. The labour force workers just wanted money so they could eat at any time.

It goes without saying that production and art series jobs were at least sometimes useful in treatment.

While cooks, sculptors and architects assisted the expedition crew, the fundamental change recognized was not enough.

The currently slain production and art series jobs revealed that fact to be true.

Weed recalled the time the Bone Dragon's breath flooded the chambers.

"They could have provided full protection."

The priests and wizards had time to spread defensive magic around. Quite a few production series jobs including the cooks and merchants would have lived if they had done so. Weed had the advantage of monstrous health and would have survived somehow, but no one was protected by magic.

"We were not worth saving."

Consuming mana to keep countless people alive who would not directly help in the battle would end in annihilation. Since they didn't need to keep giving assistance, they could concentrate more on distributing power for fights.

It was not attributed to the wizards or the clerics' decision but rather

Oberon's judgement at the time. Still, Weed did not blame him.

In the first place, that's how the world is.

"The Bone Dragon's pretty strong too."

The Bone Dragon struck the earth, increasing the martyrs of the expedition.

A dangerous situation!

The Geomchis' and Dark Gamers executed surprising plays.

"Honey, I'm hurt!"

Volk went through the gaps of the Embinyu Priests while brutally wielding his Great-sword.

"Hang in there baby. We can't meet our end here!"

Lin Der treated her husband and the other Dark Gamers.

The Dark Gamers, rather than recklessly tackling the Bone Dragon, dealt with the monsters, steadily reducing the enemies.

Each of the Geomchis were also scattered throughout.

"These guys!"

"Taste this!"

Thanks to the improved attack and defence via Weed's sword grind and armour polish skills, the Geomchi were now able fight evenly against the monsters.

Other people also noticed it was not normal.

"It's dangerous Geomchi 350!"

"Yow!"

Geomchi was not surrounded by monsters. By thoroughly analyzing the situation, he showed only the most optimal movements.

He faced only the scattered monsters and overwhelmed each of them.

Geomchi individually battled each of them, even without the support of

a wizard or priest!

Weed nodded his head.

"At this rate, the Bone Dragon will be finished off without a hitch."

No matter how strong a monster was, it could not take on all the forces of the expedition.

In the icy northern continent red blood flows through the valley. The unwelcomed Bone Dragon will never stop the advance of heroes.

The people listened to the voice of bards as they took songs to new heights.

Dancers danced accordingly. Sometimes they slipped and fell on the ice, but even then they did not stop dancing.

Bards received assistance from the dancers.

Shamans', summoners' and elementalists' were each dedicated to their own missions.

The expedition took heavy losses, but appeared to be winning the battle itself.

"While dealing with the monsters, they encountered the Bone Dragon. Roughly half died, but it still wouldn't be that hard to win."

Weed decided not to intervene until the end of the fight.

The Geomchis were not people who would die in this battle, their lives were based on taking care of their bodies, and therefore, there was no need for Weed to go.

"Anyway, I can't just embark with this body."

His appearance was currently changed into a skeleton.

To be mistaken for a monster would not be at all unusual in this situation!

Also, the magic treatment of priests would bring adverse effects. Therefore, it would be good to be hidden from the eyes of the expedition.

Weed concealed himself and simply watched the situation unfold.

"But what is that woman doing?"

Seoyoon strangely caught his eye.

Even when the enemy of life, the Bone Dragon appeared, she kept dragging her sword to the forefront of the expedition.

While the barbaric Oberon withdrew his forces to an extent, Seoyoon viciously attacked with ongoing momentum.

The berserker characteristic of continuous attack was applied to the Bone Dragon.

She sustained numerous injuries while fighting at the forefront, all the while causing the battle to erupt into more chaos.

It was then that the situation reversed itself.

Monsters were reduced to some extent when a big calamity took place within the expedition.

Part of the expedition aimed their swords at the back of their colleagues.

"Keueok!"

"Why all of a sudden"

"We are on the same side. Stop attacking!"

"Priests dispel the seduced status. Come on, hurry up and cast the divine magic!"

They knew they had to use divine magic on their colleagues caught in the seduction magic from the sacred writings of the Embinyu Priests.

Meanwhile, people in the expedition did not stop attacking. Those caught up in defending died.

Priests burst out screaming!

"The removal magic's not working!"

"They are still attacking our allies!"

It was not the monsters that dazed people.

Betrayal at the decisive moment!

Tero Seu of the Crimson Wings Guild was holding his sword inverted.

All this time, the Crimson Wings Guild had been patiently waiting. They purchased appropriate equipment, namely special face changing items, armour and swords.

Then at the crucial moment, they revealed their true form.

Terose's disguise changed back into his original armour and the figure drawn on his face was removed.

"We scoured this cold land in search of the Bone Dragon!"

Flavio, the barbarian warrior next to Oberon immediately intercepted him.

"Keueuk! Why"

"For our Crimson Wings, it can't be helped. We will take care of the Bone Dragon, but worry not. Your role won't be in vain."

Flavio slashed deeply into Oberon.

A fatal blow!

Oberon's nerve was not prepared for the sudden outbreak of civil war in the expedition during the battle with the Bone Dragon. His injured, defenceless colleagues met a complete end.

Unlike his usual character, Oberon was extremely outraged.

"Until now you have been waiting to go rogue!"

"You people should not have been tricked. Just because we belonged to the expedition, didn't mean we shared the same goal."

"Cowards, I will not go down like this"

As expected of a strong warrior, Oberon tried to stand his ground, but then a shadow rose from his back.

"This will definitely kill you."

Fear swept over his face as he glanced at the assassin Dane as he struck

with his dagger.

Assassin's fatal blow!

Paralysis of the body!

Poison has spread rapidly throughout the body.

If you do not stop the bleeding wound, health will continue to decline.

Dane's poison dagger was buried in him. Oberon could not move his paralyzed body.

The eyes of Flavio and Dane met.

"If he recovers, all that trouble will be for nothing."

"All that's left is to finish him then."

Flavio and Dane kept striking with their weapons. They gathered near the Bone Dragon and finished Oberon off in a joint attack.

With his body paralyzed, Oberon could not withstand both of their attacks.

"Cowardly bastards! I will have my revenge someday!!!"

Oberon vowed revenge and died.

The expedition was notified of the death of Oberon.

"The captain is dead."

"Damn traitors killed our captain. They must pay for this!"

The expedition fell into a state of disarray. A fierce battle erupted between Oberon's allied guild forces and Terose's hired mercenaries.

Terose did not directly participate in combat and instead went to the place where the Dark Gamers gathered together.

'They move for money anyway. Even though Cold Roses is a larger guild, we just need to offer to pay them.'

Crimson Wings Guild was officially gone, but instead of reasonably finding a new place, they remained attached to their legacy.

"Volk, I want to contract you."

Terose looked for Volk among the Dark Gamers.

King Bersos' Tomb. They became acquainted while participating in the difficult Rank A quest together.

"We stand here before you with a purpose. We will pay you if you come and help us instead of the expedition. If you want, we are even willing to give you half of the items from the Bone Dragon."

Terose believed Volk and the Dark Gamers would accept the offer. Lives for money, they recruited people to die at any time for money. Rather than vague feelings of friendship, the mercenaries were faithful to reality!

But Volk shook his head.

"I'm sorry, I cannot do so."

"Why not? Do you have a problem with my proposal? We are suggesting a contract with better conditions than Oberon's."

"I am sorry. I got an advance."

"Seriously....."

Chapter 4 of the Law of Dark Gamers.

Take the money, keep the promise. No matter how many benefits there are to reap, you must absolutely fulfill the contract.

Most people do not know that when Dark Gamers take money, they do not break their contract.

When a group has an incredibly low reputation, they cannot earn money, therefore, for the benefit of the Dark Gamers a rule was implemented.

The moment you accept the contract, you promise not to abandon it.

Being told they would not act accordingly when presented with money sounded like a bunch of crap to Terose.

A grimace appeared on his face.

"We can give more than 2 times the amount they promised. No we will pay you 3 times as much."

"I'm sorry but we can't. We are bound to the contract. When the contract expires, then we can help, but not now."

The Dark Gamers were unable to accept Terose's offer.

"Keuooooo!"

Meanwhile, the Bone Dragon and monsters became increasingly active in attacking.

The expedition could no longer concentrate as the senior users were busy fighting among themselves.

Regardless, the Dark Gamers observed neutrality and fought monsters, but they were unable to block everything.

"Kiyoooh! Humans, kill them!"

"Believe in evil. Ride Evil!"

Although wounded, the Bone Dragon and monsters released vicious attacks.

The Valley of Death literally became the graveyard of many people.

At one point, the balance began to collapse. The axis of power shifted from the dominant humans to the Bone Dragon and monsters.

"Oh fuck!"

"It's because of those traitors."

It was already too late to stop fighting each other and concentrate on monsters.

To make matters worse, the situation did not allow them to believe in each other.

It was difficult for the expedition to trust Terose's men that killed the Cold Roses guild. If they once again combined their full strength, they would have had a chance, but they were unable to do so and took increasing cumulative damage.

Finally, the Bone Dragon broke the inhibiting line of defence.

In order to catch the Bone Dragon, its movement must be sealed by constantly attacking; but due to a lack of attacks, it managed to free itself.

"Keueoeoeo!"

The Bone Dragon flapped its unfolded wings.

As it flew away, the wind pressure knocked down Terose and his men, along with the warriors of the expedition.

"Damn!"

Terose tried to stand up in a hurry.

Gleem!

At that moment, the Bone Dragon's eyes lighted up.

The Bone Dragon took a deep breath, expanding its mouth.

Puwahak!

With a powerful breath, it destroyed Terose and expedition warriors.

"Aaaaah!"

"Please help me!"

"My body ... my body's melting!"

The Bone Dragon's released its most powerful weapon, its breath.

Concentrated in one place, priests, elementalists and wizards with weak stamina literally forced their way through.

"Make it!"

"Come on!"

Frightened, they tried to run away like flies while casting defensive magic. Then, a sweeping breath passed through.

The survivors quickly tried to avoid any incidents by attempting to stop those who suffered significant damage from dying.

As their bodies turned black, their health exponentially declined.

This was the result from being fed poisonous breath.

Initially united, they casted defensive magic on the warriors to slowly weaken the breath, but they could not prevent it from swallowing them up.

"Treatment of the hand!"

"Heal!"

"Recovery!"

The priests' hurriedly casted recovery magic.

Reducing the poison while recovering health!

"Anti-Poison!"

"Poison Cure!"

The priests aggressively cast detoxification magic.

Thanks to their diligent effort, their colleagues hit by the breath survived, but the situation had already turned desperate.

The remains of the expedition numbered in the 400s. The number of survivors was still quite significant; nevertheless, they could no longer fight the Bone Dragon.

They lacked direct combating warriors. The remaining priests, wizards, elementalists, archers, bards and dancers were physically vulnerable jobs.

"Damn! It's happening again."

Volk scored a complaint.

Like the last request he took, he would lose his life again. You would receive a large reward if you died for the promise, but for the Dark Gamers, death itself was a huge loss.

The Dark Gamers including Volk and Lynn Der united in one place.

"What should we do?"

"Contractually we cannot escape."

"So"

"Cool, let's fight!"

Blood started flowing in the Dark Gamers after a long time.

Royal Road was a job for Dark Gamers to make money, but they basically loved the land.

When fighting monsters, they were generally forced to be passive to get home.

However, by the invisible hand of god, they ended up fighting the Bone Dragon and monsters, making their chests burn with spirit.

"Euaaa!"

"Kill him now!"

"Hack them! Hack them!"

In a frenzy, the Dark Gamers ignored the insignificant monsters and charged exclusively towards the Bone Dragon.

"Woo hit hit hit hit!"

"All right! Exciting ain't it?"

When the Bone Dragon knocked them down, they simply laughed. The Dark Gamers stood right back up like zombies and charged again!

In the meantime, the Geomchis' had to deal with the monsters. Wizards and priests fought carefully while observing their surroundings, but they did not take full advantage of the Geomchis.

After fighting dozens of monsters until he was ragged, he could no longer take anymore.

"Keueuk!"

Geomchi emerged injured and collapsed as he died.

Weed decided to intervene in the battle after receiving the report.

"I wish I had not been forced to embark."

Geomchi's death, however, could not be overlooked. Thus, Weed first sent a whisper.

"Brother Geomchi 16."

"Huh? Weed?"

Geomchi 16 said with a very serene tone of voice as opposed to his grim, fighting face.

He was the eldest after Geomchi. Having gone through quite a lot of chaos in reality, he never lost his calm reasoning.

"I heard about the breath attack. Does this mean Ahn Hyundo died?"

"Died. Some circumstances from a while back allowed me to survive. Anyway, let me help you. Please get safely to the back."

"No, there's no need."

Geomchi 16's words were rather unexpected.

"Please wait until I die first."

"Yes?"

"If you are not in front of her, I will have a chance to show her I'm a great man."

Near Geomchi 16 was a beautiful, crying and trembling priest casting treatment magic.

In this cold and dangerous place where hungry and unmatched monsters lurked, she watched a man risk his life!

Geomchi 16 decided to sacrifice his body.

In reality, this situation would never happen. Geomchi 16 typically beat up bullies on sight.

Eventually, Geomchi 16 gloriously collapsed while fighting evil soldiers.

His life had fallen to a dying level, rendering treatment magic useless.

"I'm sorry, my skills weren't good enough. It would have been better if I died instead..."

"...It's fine, you did everything you could."

Priestess Yevhen's big eyes filled with tears.

She focused her eyes on Geomchi 16.

With a strong presence on the battlefield, he always looked after her.

Now he lost his life.

"Again stay away, one day we will meet again. Even then I would like to protect you, would you do me the honour?"

Geomchi 16 had spent a few days preparing for this moment. He specifically trained under the playboy master, Zephyr.

He said for women, a grieving voice lamenting over not being able to protect them was highly effective in touching their feelings.

"Yes, my name is Libby."

"Geomchi 16."

Register friends!

Having accomplished his goal, Geomchi 16 could finally die.

'I did it.'

Weed arose from his hiding place.

A body made up of only bones!

A figure in the shape of a skeleton advanced on the expedition.

Chapter 3: Rise of the Undead

Weed in one hand held the Staff of the Fallen Saint and in the other hand, the Magic of Bar-Kahn.

"Wyverns, to the battlefield!"

Wy-1, Wy-2, Wy-3, Wy-5, Wy-6, Wy-7.

The Wyverns pushed their proud wings and flew.

"Ah-choo!"

"Damn I'm getting cold."

"My sin is that I met the wrong owner, now I suffer and suffer!"

In the upper levels of the Valley of Death, cold winds blew ice particles. Weed was afraid of being unable to take the cold just from approaching it!

The Wyverns flew while trembling in the cold. If not for the colorfully dyed wolf leather clothing, they would not have been able to come anywhere near there.

Survivors of the expedition fell into despair as they saw the newly emerging Wyverns.

*

"Oh shit, Wyverns are coming out."

"Now I can't even run away."

However, their complexions quickly brightened up at once.

"What the hell is that, I swear those Wyverns are in clothing. Why are Wyverns wearing clothes?"

"Answer me this, the Wyverns' appearance, doesn't it look a bit weird?"

"That angular face, exceptionally short neck and protruding belly, I've clearly seen it somewhere"

"The Plains of Despair!"

"Wyverns helped the Orcs fight against the undead army."

"So

"Weed! Weed's here at this place!"

The expedition fell into celebration.

Hero from their dreams!

When asking about the adventurer and champion of the continent, the name Weed would appear.

"Dumb Wyverns, do not miss the food!"

When Weed issued the command to drop him off, the Wyverns vigorously flew to find a place for him observe the battle.

The Wyverns narrowly avoided the gathered expedition to attack monsters. Geumini in the meantime fiercely shot arrows.

The Geomchis, priests and wizards gathered around monsters and started fighting.

Even with the extended help, the situation would still be difficult to reverse.

Weed unfolded the Magic of Bar-Kahn.

In order to deal with the number of monsters, allies were needed. Usable allies were plenty here.

"Rise sleepless spirits living here undetected by eyes. Take revenge on those that killed you! Dead Rise!"

The land of ice that the expedition stood on darkened in color.

The land produced Zombies, Ghouls and Skeleton Soldiers!

"Kiyahoo!"

"Keuhehel."

As the undead army moved over a distance, Weed pointed and commanded them.

"Fight. Kill them. All your enemies!"

"Keurererel!"

Under Weed's command, the undead sluggishly walked towards the Embinyu Priests and monsters.

Thudding.

With those unnatural movements, they slipped on the ice.

Nevertheless, in the fingernails brandished by the rising zombies contained tremendous strength.

They were strong monsters slow on speed.

"Weed produced those undead!"

"The undead are fighting the monsters."

Said the expedition that had fallen into chaos.

Undead are enemies of the living, yet they only destroyed monsters!

The Necromancer job had long been open to the public, but people had yet to finish changing jobs, so seeing the undead summoning skills with your own eyes was simply amazing.

"Call Death Knight Van Hawk! Call Vampire Tori!"

The summoning of a Death Knight and Vampire Lord!

A stacking Death Knight and pale faced Vampire appeared.

"Today must be very lucky for me to meet my favorite master."

The Death Knight began flattering as soon as he was summoned. Now that Weed had become an Origin of the Skeleton, there was a sense of intimacy.

Weed acknowledged that it had been a long time.

"Death Knight!"

"Master, give your orders. Which one do I fight? Just demand it and I will bring them in front of you as an offering."

The victory loving Death Knight replied confidently, but Weed shook his head.

"It's not that. Take off your helmet and give it to me."

"....."

"Did you not hear me? Take off your helmet and give it to me. I'm going to wear it."

In the world for only five seconds and already facing perfectly cruel behavior!

Returned only to be snatched again.

It was originally owned by the Death Knight, Weed was just going to steal it.

"This is my stuff."

The Death Knight stood upright and tried to protect his magic helmet.

Weed made a fist.

"Would you rather I beat you?"

Choose between a mix of coercion and violence!

Weed did not exercise patience.

"Don't make me tell you twice."

"... I'll give it to you."

The Death Knight was forced to gently take off his magic helm.

For others, this fearful atmosphere would simply be considered as intimidation, but Weed had reached a stage of mastery in physical beatings. With his skill proficiency, a few days was all it took for him to knock someone into submission!

It would be nice to see people like that without free will.

"Don't worry. I'll return it later for you to use again. Go fight."

"Understood master."

The Death Knight rushed towards the Embinyu Priests.

Weed then looked back at Tori.

"You take the Bone Dragon."

"Understood."

"Focus on defense rather than attack it. You don't need to defeat it."

Tori was given orders to challenge the Bone Dragon and fight to the end.

"Vampire Queen and Vampire children, don't stick together. We are the nobility of the night."

"Yes my lord!"

Tori also turned into a bat with them.

Sharp vampire teeth!

Flapping their black wings, they clung on to the giant Bone Dragon and incited an attack.

You cannot defeat the opponent, but you can at least earn some time.

Weed in the meantime wore the magic helm.

"As long as it is written, let it be seen."

The magic helm made of cursed iron.

In the area drilled between the eyes, a brilliant yet insidious light burst out.

Glowing eyes like the flames of hell!

The Magic Helm of Van Hawk was among the items obtained from the Death Knight in Lavi.

At one time, he always wore the item, but not long ago, he created the Mithril Helmet of Noble Grace. Although he returned it to the Death Knight, he found himself in need of it once again.

- - Resistance to Dark Magic is increased.

- - Affinity with undead is increased by 10.

The magic helm granted options.

Weed once again used magic to summon the undead.

'Quite a lot of mana left.'

Step 1 of basic undead summoning magic.

Creating hundreds of dead bodies consumed about 4,000 mana only.

Staff of the Fallen Saint!

Thanks to the immense effect of the weapon and his remaining mana, Weed decided to equip it.

'The physical force of the Origin of the Skeleton tends to be on the stronger side.'

Even without mana, you can engage in hand to hand combat.

Weed opened the Magic of Bar-Kahn and used step 2 of undead summoning magic.

"Ye who have returned to the land of living. This black and corrupt land is a dark place. The eternal dark law will never disappear, engrave this upon yourself. Undead Rise!"

Bureureu.

Vibrations arose from the Staff of the Fallen Saint.

Weed saw numerous bodies being produced.

They did not have any necks, Dulahans!

Combat loving warriors.

In addition, a number of Skeleton Mages rose.

There were hundreds of undead. The large scale made it hard for them to be controlled.

Thanks to the Staff and Magic Helm, Weed had command of the forces, but he could not afford to create more undead as most of his mana had been used.

Only about 200 mana remaining!

A flash of light came from the Magic Helm Weed was wearing.

"Fight! War! Unfurl your hatred towards the enemy!"

Weed's yell intensely radiated. His advanced Lion's Roar skill exhausted his remaining mana.

The undead jumped towards the Bone Dragon and monsters under Weed's command to fight.

The zombies fought with broken bones and even resorted to using flying limbs.

The Dulahans embraced their ghoulish heads next to their torsos and in the other arm, they brandished swords.

"Fight!"

"Enemies everywhere!"

Weed also created several boss class monsters!

Boss class Dulahans and Skeleton Mages gave rise to a dazzling performance.

For the first time in the battle, the expedition stood frozen, transfixed on the true power that was Necromancer magic.

"Unbelievable!"

"So many undead."

Usually in the game you avoid hunting undead!

During the expedition, most people saw undead for the first time.

A few people, however, could not believe that their eyes could shine like that.

"Don't you think that undead looks somewhat familiar?"

"Hmm? I guess so."

"Maybe it's Oberon?"

It was an unusually short Dulahan. Rather than avoiding the enemies, the Dulahan with a small body fought fiercely.

Necromancer magic used bodies in the place of elements. In other words, if there were no bodies, the power of the Necromancer spells was

bound to decline.

The bodies of the expedition that died during the fight against monsters resurrected as the undead.

Tons of zombies and their exposed defects ran towards the enemy, stumbling on their dead limbs.

Their skills were nonexistent, but they had an appearance very similar to those killed in the past.

"But what are they?"

Rusty soldier armor. Dulahans also consisted of soldiers wearing old patterned armor.

These were Soldiers and Knights of the Nifleheim Empire.

All those that had fallen in the Valley of Death thus far were awakened by the call of Weed.

"Kyaohoh!"

The scary undead cornered the monsters.

Weed saw information silently emerge on the message pane.

- - You have acquired experience.
- - Dulahan has killed an Embinyu Priest with amazing power. Due to the unbelievable victory, fame rises by 1.
- - Ghoul has been killed.
- - Concerning the Skeleton Soldiers destroyed in the attack, if you use the Dead Rise Again magic, the mana cost will be halved.
- - Skeleton Mage's remaining mana is 35%.

Undead were differed from sculptures.

Unlike sculptures, they consume mana, but as soon as they are created, they can fight. In addition, they were typically stronger compared to the general levels.

The undead did not get that much stronger so instead, you produced a significant number of undead whenever possible.

From the undead came a certain percentage of their fame and experience gain.

Necromancers have to assess the situation faster than other jobs to know what to do with their monster army. In other words, it was a job that required considerable leadership.

Weed summoned amazing boss class undead!

"Kiwowol!"

"Corpse explosion!"

"Bone shield!"

Some of the Skeleton Mages used corpse explosion. Bodies were scattered in front of a bunch of enemies without mercy.

The ghoulishly strengthened Dulahans went wild, too wild.

They differed from humans. Nothing good ever happened with those from beyond the grave. After collapsing onto the ground, they crawled on their bellies and chomped on your ankles, trying everything to accomplish their goal!

The horror of the ruthless undead army.

They attacked with unexpected methods. Fighting style based on crumbling bodies.

Royal Road Hall of Fame!

Hundreds of thousands of viewers were already looking at the rumors spread through the internet. Every room in society received a broadcast report. Considering the millions of people following them, the number might even have exceeded twenty million.

- - Bone Dragon hunt.

- - The heat and drought will be removed from the continent quite soon.

Joy and pleasure!

People enjoyed watching the exhilarating moment of victory.

Then Terose's betrayal of the expedition was shown.

If it was just a simple betrayal, it would not have been that important, however, because of the betrayal, the battle became extremely disadvantageous. Oberon also lost his life.

- - That's what those guys are like.

- - Cowardly bums, why go that far?

- - What jerks.

- - Worthless scum!

The expedition crew was filled with anger over the death of their leader.

However, they lacked the power to rule the world. Morally, they deserved to be blamed for the betrayal.

Besides, if they failed, the heat would have to be endured for a longer period of time!

Reckless insults fired off.

Hundreds of thousands of insults fully enveloped bulletin boards. Quite a few videos had to be shut down because so many people watching complained.

Then he appeared.

Weed!

- - Dude, dude, it's Weed from Continent of Magick!

- - Weed is leading the undead.

- - No, he produced the undead!

People were excited.

A name heard everywhere. Weed!

Many people wore the famous name Weed, but there was only one true

Weed.

The top ace in the Continent of Magic that defeated both the blood sucking vampire family and the undead army.

Weed was already a celebrity.

Thanks to the fuss from made from various media, when he sold his account at a high price, he was all the hype.

The appearance of Weed alone was sufficient to thrill the people.

Weeds commanded his created undead soldiers to claw and bite the Embinyu Priests and the evil soldiers that followed them.

"Attack! Fight! Devour away!"

Weed thoroughly ordered his undead army to target only those monsters.

- - You have acquired experience.
- - Ghoul followers have picked up 3 gold and 15 silver.
- - Dulahan has obtained loose cloth.
- - Skeleton Mage has picked up a red herb package.

Every time they killed a monster, you received income. Experience tended to climb up pretty quickly as well. Whenever the undead fought, you received a certain percentage of experience, so engaging in direct combat would be fine without the situation turning into a mess.

'It's a combat series job too!'

As Weed's hunt progressed smoothly, tears of sadness seemed to flow.

True combat series job.

Necromancer job boasts of the highest known growth rate and a taste in the dead.

Necromancers accumulated experience four times faster than other professions.

Of course, the hunt was limited to the moment. Necromancers usually

roam around solo as most parties are never comfortable around them.

Necromancer is a job making undead bodies. Therefore, in order to utilize their skills, they need bodies.

The first undead!

To make it, you had to first catch and kill a monster with poor magic attacks. As the number of undead increased, earlier problems became much easier to deal with, but there were still some complaints. They had a vulnerable weakness to priests and paladins. Besides that, after a fixed amount of time, you could no longer maintain the undead and they turned back into corpses. To restore the bodies required an enormous amount of mana.

Commanding groups of slow undead into battle was tricky as it burned mana that required spending tedious hours to refill.

In addition to the magical skills of the undead, the quality of the material was important as well. Depending on the body used, the power of individuals varied with worlds of difference.

If the level of the body was over 300, even with low magic skill, you could still create a strong undead.

"Death Knight, Lacerator, Wight, Banshee or Spector. I wish I could call those monsters, but"

The Origin of the Skeleton had the tendency of a wizard, making the primary and secondary steps of the Necromancer's undead summoning magic spells simple to use! Only step 3 of the Necromancer's undead summoning magic spells had a limit.

Nevertheless, excellent ingredients showed outstanding plays.

Corpses from the expedition, bodies of the dead soldiers of the Nifleheim Empire, and even the bodies of enemy monsters arose as undead. The opponents outnumbered them 1-4, but this much was sufficient enough.

"Chances are you'll die."

As the battle continued, the undead were unconditionally bound to increase. The Necromancer job had a tremendous advantage.

"Awesome!"

"That guy's the master, Weed-nim."

The expedition looked on with eyes full of envy.

A true adventurer of the Versailles Continent.

An absolute existence that showed no quest was impossible.

The people in the expedition crew were bound to revere such a figure.

"Hmm."

Weed also felt the attention as he stood cross-armed while watching the battle. In order to not expose his body of bones, he stood in a dignified manner as he watched the battle.

"Hu hu, my undead army's fighting well."

Weed stood moderately above the 50,000 minions.

Of course, the expedition concentrated all their attention on the situation at that place. They were extremely curious as to how others besides themselves came to this place.

Weed heard the babble from the expedition crew through his ears. (no ears tho, skull joke) "Why a skeleton though?"

"I don't know, maybe he offended someone somewhere and got cursed for it?"

"I don't think so. The curse is still fully intact."

"Anyway, is he going to show us an authentic black magic show?"

"If that's true, we should wait for him to demonstrate the power of Necromancers."

"Weed the master will definitely show an amazing scene."

Weed's ears tingled. It was not embarrassment, but rather he could not disclose the fact that he ran out of mana!

'Can't use Necromancer skills anymore.'

Blood flowing.

The staff held in his hand added strength.

As always, bodies will suffer from an evil mind.

Weed aimed his staff towards the body of monsters.

Pabababak!

The motion of the staff was smooth. It moved freely under the palm of his hand and lodged itself into moving monsters.

His fantastic swordsmanship debuted in front of people with a staff.

There is a big difference between swords and canes.

The sword was a sharp weapon that slashed opponents, while the staff was simply something that smashed your opponents.

The attack of the Staff of Saint Taranhan was much better than that of his sword!

Weed indiscriminately smashed the monsters in front of him.

'Experience! Experience is calling me.'

Items and money picked up by the undead all returned back to Weed. More than half of the experience, however, would be lost to the governed undead.

Therefore, Weed thoroughly picked out monsters with their lives at risk.

With his supreme broad field of vision, he noticed everything!

Although Weed could not afford to die, he attacked multiple monsters at once.

Wherever he passed through, monsters turned into carcasses.

Weed swept through the camp like a storm.

'Anyway, once the Bone Dragon dies, I'll have to diligently fight to make up for the lost experience.'

In addition, the mastery of many valuable skills needless to say was a big loss.

To make up for his low damage, Weed picked only the monsters with little remaining life left.

"It's really Weed-nim!"

"Even without magic he can fight."

"Damn! I want to hunt monsters by moving my body like that."

"With that degree of skill as a wizard, what kind of damage is that"

"What level is he?"

Admiration deepened in the eyes of the expedition.

This view was unavoidable as there were significantly less monsters everywhere he passed through.

Like the wind, he swept away the monsters, the stem of the problematic situation.

Weed did not leave their eyes.

The undead fought in place of the inactive people as Weed ran straight into a crowd and instantly destroyed a number of enemies.

Mysterious movements of the staff.

Remarkable moves and smoothly connecting actions.

It seemed the continuous melee until now was simply fiction, for the battle had now become clean and organized.

In fact, Weed planned to release the near death undead for the people to finish up, but their views were completely opposite.

"You're so strong!"

"Battling like that, so cool!"

The expedition continuously spat out praise.

Weed's artistic movements were sufficient enough to garner admiration.

Origin of the Skeleton was a thorough job, fairly strong in battles.

In the finest combination with the weapon, the Staff of the Fallen Saint, Weed's damaged shined even more.

For ordinary people, it was difficult to imagine the violence and intense skills Weed demonstrated.

30 meters away, an Embinyu Priest was dying away.

About to collapse!

However, the sword above the Dulahan was ready to descend.

At this, Weed snapped one of his ribs and angrily shouted.

"Bone-throw!"

He threw his broken rib toward the target.

The sharpened bone went flying! Only the Origin of the Skeleton had such a unique skill.

The bone flew with strong momentum and claimed the life of the target before it died. (KS FTW)

- - You have used part of the body.
- Until the bone is recovered, damage is reduced by 1.3% and defense decreases by 2%.

Weed very busily moved to fight, acquire items, threw bones and often direct the undead army. He moved at all times without ceasing, striking all the monsters like an endless gale.

In a sense, the spirit of Geomchi also fought with the expedition.

As a result, the Embinyu Priests and Evil Soldiers could not withstand the onslaught.

"Kuaaaa!"

The roar of the Bone Dragon!

All that remained was to deal with the boss-class monster, the Bone Dragon.

Vampire Tori was also fighting, but he took devastating damage. Of the

Vampires serving under him, only half remained!

Countless of undead roared on the ground, but they would not help much in the battle with the Bone Dragon and the expedition was now exhausted without strength to fight anymore.

Weed was in conflict.

'Should I retreat to the side now?'

He had already secured an escape route. If he sacrificed Tori's life, he could escape.

'But I won't know the truth of the history of the Nifleheim Empire that took place in the Valley of Death.'

The quest took precedence.

Seeing as the quest was one of a kind, he had to somehow clean up the situation on the ground!

The Bone Dragon had emerged from a big cave. Perhaps in there contained a true secret of the Nifleheim Empire, but going into the cave while avoiding the Bone Dragon's sight would be a formidable task. In addition, while it fought, the larger surroundings of the cave might collapse, trapping him inside. When it is time to come out, there might even be a bigger problem.

'To step back here would lead to a more difficult opportunity. Kill the Bone Dragon now!'

Weed made a decision.

As far as fighting monsters goes, he never stood in the back. Sometimes working meticulously for long hours may not be rewarded, but challenges have never been successful without putting in effort.

Weed revived the spirit of the tireless fighter from the Continent of Magick.

'Looks like it will need a sharp blow.'

Weed confirmed the mana gathered during the fight. By fighting only

with his body, he conserved mana and recovered 43%.

"Gloomy darkness falls upon the spear. Spear born from the darkness, penetrate the enemy's heart. Appear, Dark Spear!" (Frankenstein anybody) Weed opened his side arm and caught the spear of black life in his hand.

Insidious fog streamed from the spear.

The spear was created through Black Magic.

Among the most powerful magic attacks usable, it was a skill that consumed lots of mana.

More than half of his remaining mana was consumed.

"Go!"

Weed through the power of his soul directed the Dark Spear towards the Bone Dragon.

Tori helped Seoyoon toward the few surviving Dark Gamers fighting the Bone Dragon.

Declaration of war.

Regarding the Bone Dragon as game, he faced it with a determined expression of wanting to inflict pain upon it.

Chapter 4: Single Point Attack Arts

Sswaeaeaeaek!

The Dark Spear tore sharply through the air and rushed in a straight line, piercing the Bone Dragon's wing.

"Kkeueoeeo!"

Howled the Bone Dragon greatly. It screamed painful groans.

"Only just the beginning."

Weed on the other hand just smiled. Before killing the Bone Dragon, he enjoyed watching it writhe in pain.

His happiness is relative to its suffering!

Normally, he would have undoubtedly given away a rotten smile, but now that he was a skeleton, he was free to cruelly laugh. Thus, he laughed, significantly spreading his temporomandibular apart. (jaw joint) More bastardly than anyone else.

"Keuheuheuheu!"

Weed suddenly burst into laughter.

He took out a large number of red potions from his backpack.

Rapid recovery potions.

They were refreshments that rapidly healed injuries. Indispensable as one could not buy them.

"Elder brothers, try to gather over here!"

55 Geomchis were still alive. With life surpassing that of cockroaches, they survived the battle with the monsters.

"What's the matter?"

"What's going on?"

The Geomchis hanged around at the gathering place.

"If you're in danger, drink it."

Weed gave each of them 9 red potions, not forgetting to add a few words.

“What a lovely aroma.”

“Oooooo.”

The Geomchis cheered.

To them, such things were considered the same as tasty delicacies!

Geomchi 39 opened the cap of a potion.

“Oh, this soft scent.”

The potion of life was refreshing and simple.

Made out of troll’s blood, the potion was undeniably a great drink.

The Geomchis viewed this as eating a delicacy.

“Yummy.”

Geomchi 39 had no immediate need for it, so when he was about to drink the potion, Weed said something insinuating.

“But....”

“Hmm?”

“Geomchi 16 was such a glorious warrior elder brother.”

“Uh, what do you mean?”

Geomchi 39 was quite surprised, his eyes narrowing. The dead man was intolerable due to deliberately escaping danger.

“What the hell happened?”

“Well... the fact is, it worked out with a woman he liked in the expedition, elder brother.”

“What went through the woman’s mind that made her like dead senior?”

“He fought to keep the monsters away from her and died bravely, so the woman registered him as a friend.”

Register friends!

Geomchi 39's eyes sparkled and thousands of photos came into view. The Geomchis that had gathered around to get potions also stumbled.

“Disgrace to register friends.....”

“You fucking with me?”

“Until now, I thought us men only had the ability to register friends with each other.”

Geomchi 39 dubiously asked.

“Are you saying he really registered a woman as a friend using that method?”

“Yeah, definitely.”

“You saw it with your own eyes, not in a dream, right? It’s not some story based on ridiculous rumors you heard?”

“I heard the report directly from him. Women like strong men. Fight the Bone Dragon while looking awesome, even if you fail, you demonstrate your courage so their minds will certainly have positive thoughts.”

Geomchi 39 grabbed his weapon.

“Weed.”

“Yes, elder brother?”

“Good information, thanks for the heads up. Euaaa! This old bachelor owes you his honor.”

Geomchi 39 ran toward the Bone Dragon with all his power. No matter how strong the Bone Dragon was, it was not as frightening as washing dishes all alone!

Lonely Geomchi 39 howled. The other Geomchis that subsequently followed rushed fiercely as well.

“Kill that thing!”

“Must die as beautifully and elegantly as possible!”

‘They did not have the mind to back off anyway.’

More than anyone, the Geomchis enjoyed combat, there's no way they would ever perceive the opponent as a burden.

So far, the expedition was quietly taking a rest when a change occurred in the army of wizards and priests.

"All the mana I collect here ... let this bright light burn straight towards the enemy and be a strike of fury. Mana Burn!"

Wizard's Mana Burn attack!

The Bone Dragon flying low in the sky crashed to the ground once again by the Mana Burn attack.

Priests also joined forces.

"Ionizing powers. Please grant me the power to make things right and defeat the monster. Grant thy servant the strength to reclaim the luminosity. I fear neither the sacrifice nor the counsel against me."

The ultimate divine magic was available only to priests that had completed their second advancement.

Noble Sacrifice!

It was a technique that sacrificed all health and mana in order to attack the enemy.

The damage was more than wizard's Mana Burn, but priests could not endure casting it.

They lost their lives after a single use.

Even after the death of the priests, parties of the expedition still continued to fight hard.

Truly a last resort!

"Kyao! Cowardly humans! Stake your pride in this battle and fight honorably!"

The Bone Dragon's body blazed. From the inside of its body, hot flames rose and bloomed thanks to the priests' Noble Sacrifice.

The Bone Dragon on the ground struggled with the pain from the strike.

Unfortunately, the sacrifice of the priests exerted deadly havoc upon undead and vampires.

“Disgusting hot lights shining. They have robbed the power of us nobility of the night.”

Noble Sacrifice also adversely affected Tori.

Tori and the Vampires that fought by turning into bats until now were turned to ashes by the priests’ Noble Sacrifice.

The death was not complete, but they received a strong blow and were reverse summoned!

However, there was now an opportunity.

The Geomchis and Dark Gamers caused a rampage with the Bone Dragon by brandishing their swords and weapons at it.

Kill the Bone Dragon!

But the Bone Dragon did not succumb.

"Stupid humans! Learn what it means to anger me!"

It brandished its whip like tail meters in length to attack the humans.

“Icebolt!”

Icebolts fell like rain from the sky. The Geomchis, Dark Gamers and Seoyoon also met with the Icebolts.

The Bone Dragon sustained damage from the magic at the expense of the whole region.

Narrow Icebolts went beautifully down at random.

"Kkyaahak!"

"Help me!"

The Wizards, Elementalists and priests that lost their powers were the first to die.

Across the Valley of Death, there was no place to avoid the falling Icebolts.

You could only absorb it with your body!

"Sacred doom spear descend. Spear born from the darkness, penetrate the enemy's heart. Appear, Dark Spear!"

As soon as Weed recovered his mana, he summoned the Dark Spear again and then silently approached the Bone Dragon.

'It's better to be up close to that enormous body.'

Weed violently pierced the Bone Dragon with the spear.

No need for special attacks.

Hack!

The gigantic figure lying on the ground was assaulted by many attacks.

Moving at spectacular speeds, the Geomchis arrived, but were met with resistance magic at that moment, rendering them unable to slash the Bone Dragon.

Rather than level or skill, it was instinctive behavior.

They combined their movements and slashed the Bone Dragon.

"Kill it!"

"We can win this way."

Thanks to the sacrifice of the wizards and priests, the Bone Dragon's huge body was trapped on the ground, allowing it to be attacked.

Nevertheless, the enormous Bone Dragon still had over 20% health remaining.

Suddenly, the Bone Dragon's eyes shone with brilliance. It opened its mouth and took a deep breath.

"Damn!"

"Everybody out of here!"

Weed, the Geomchis and Dark Gamers wielded their weapons and stood back as everything burned.

Breath!

The Bone Dragon's strongest attack skill, the breath bursting from its mouth was a sign to escape.

"How many times can it use its breath?"

Deep down in his core, Weed's first priority was avoiding.

The Bone Dragon got its head off the ground, readied its incomplete breath and fired.

Puhwahwahwahwak!

Breath was fired toward the ground!

The land of ice below melted.

Using the recoil from its breath, it rose into the air and soared. Once in the air, breath began flooding everywhere. It was extremely weaker than the first breath. Nevertheless, there was more than enough power left.

Up until now, the Geomchis and Dark Gamers had just barely dodged, now they were melting away.

The Geomchis as a last resort invigorated their energy by drinking the potions, but the potion essentially just granted a brief moment of stimulated health recovery rate.

The amount recovered by the potion could not compare to the health lost by the attack.

After the strong attack, the Geomchis were bound to weakened and could not cope with the life lost to the breath.

The Dark Gamers and Geomchis were the last remaining warriors responsible for direct combat.

First and foremost, Weed and Seoyoon noticed that there were only a few surviving Paladins that could heal themselves, so they quickly fled.

However, suspended in the air, the floating Bone Dragon appeared to have remaining reserve power.

"I will destroy everything! Demon Spear!"

A huge spear appeared in front of the Bone Dragon. (oh the irony)

However, compared to the Dark Spear Weed created, it was a higher level Black Magic!

The high ranked magic attack required at least the 3rd advancement in a Black Magic job.

It was very likely that due to the Bone Dragon using its breath up till now and virtually depleting its mana, it was now forced to use its best skill.

Weed did not forget to aim at the gap between the Bone Dragon's wings and ribs.

The distance was enough to strike the idle monster.

Sswaeaeaeaek!

The Demon Spear released a ferocious sound as it flew toward Weed.

A storm was left in the wake of the massive black spear.

Using its power of control, the Bone Dragon did not miss its target.

"Damn!"

Weed stepped back and ran.

"Death Knight! Undead in front, block it!"

With few undead remaining, the crowd was useless.

They somehow managed to offset the power of the Demon Spear in an effort to survive, but the Demon Spear still pierced right through the bodies of the undead!

It appeared highly unlikely that the Death Knight and undead had enough defense to withstand the attack.

The perforated bodies of the undead vanished like dust.

"Sorry master!"

Even the Death Knight Van Hawk was reverse summoned.

The Demon Spear now approached virtually right in front of Weed.

'Never thought I'd die twice in one day. Today's really the worst day

ever.'

Power from the Blood Necromancer, the power to reject death!

Its biggest weakness was emerging.

"Cold Sealed Eyes!"

Weed closed his eyes.

Finally, everything would end.

'If I'm lucky maybe I'll survive.'

But even after a few seconds, no pain was felt.

"Did it miss? Impossible."

Weed opened his eyes. Then he saw the woman in front of him blocking.

Seoyoon!

She sacrificed her body to block the Demon Spear, but in exchange for that, Seoyoon was dying.

Weed took out his bandages in a hurry, but her life was already nearly exhausted.

No matter what the Bone Dragon used thus far, Seoyoon was able to withstand it.

However, with an anxious and impatient face, Seoyoon opened her mouth.

"Friend"

Doing something unimaginable!

Never in his dreams did Weed did think she would say that line.

'Wasn't she mute?'

Even Seoyoon herself gave a startled expression at the word.

As if coming from heaven itself, a clear and brilliant voice.

Weed then heard the voice of a stiff person.



• - Seoyoon has requested to register you as a friend. Will you accept?

Weed quickly nodded.

“Yes.”

• -Seoyoon-nim has been registered as a friend.

It was only for a brief moment, but Seoyoon died with a rather relieved face.

When Seoyoon found out about the first breath the Bone Dragon emitted, part of heart seemed to collapse.

‘Weed. He’s dead.’

Actually, the time they spent together was not long, but her feelings quietly grew.

Looking at the sculptures he created, she discovered warmth.

Eating the food he created, she learned of a simple happiness.

Anywhere they stayed together, she was able to feel comfortable.

That was a friend.

Seoyoon knew Weed was dead because of the Bone Dragon, she did not know why she felt such a dense anger.

As expected of a Berserker, for the first time she surrendered her body to rage.

Without caring for her life, she attacked the Bone Dragon!

But somehow, Weed survived.

His shape changed a lot, but Geumini and the Wyverns that appeared alongside Weed were unmistakable.

From the sounds of the expedition crew, she heard the story as well.

‘You’re alive.’

Seoyoon herself felt a little joy. In a warm corner of her heart, she felt relieved.

‘You needlessly worried.’

Blushing alone in vain, she silently devoted herself to the battle.

‘Anyway, I am not someone who can receive love. Again I’m not questing with others.’

In a corner of her mind and heart, she planned only to remain with Weed until the end of his quest where they would separate from each another.

From the start, it was the natural choice for someone like her unaccustomed to hanging out with others.

Such a conclusion had already been made.

But when the Demon Spear flew toward Weed, contrary to her thoughts, her body moved first.

‘No!’

Seoyoon blocked in front of Weed.

It was normal for her not to continue to fight after the critical hit from the Demon Spear.

‘Dying.’

Seoyoon had a premonition of death.

There was no regret about level or skill.

In any case, the gaining of such things was not even for hunting.

While hunting alone, she suffered countless deaths.

Access restricted for the day, because of the time, she changed and tried not to die if possible, eventually the fear of death itself disappeared.

If you died near villages or in caves, you would be conjured up in a safe zone. However, the problem was where that place is and where to go in order to find Weed.

‘To meet this person now and again is very unlikely. If by chance we don’t overlap in this vast land, I’ll be unable to see him. Eternal separation...’

Seoyoon was puzzled by her heart’s sudden disturbance.

Separation with someone.

Having believed she had not received love, she did not know eternally separating with someone would break her fragile heart.

She faced him. Then, unknowingly she said.

“Friend...”

|| -Weed-nim has been registered as a friend. ||

Seoyoon came and took Weed by surprise, making him tremble in fear.

“What in the world was that evil woman doing there! She’s definitely up to something vile.”

It’s said that beautiful roses originally have thorns.

Seoyoon's level of beauty was comparable to the art of the century. The skin, body and face. A place where a flaw could be found did not exist.

Even her loosely flowing ebony hair exquisitely matched her fantastic figure.

No matter who, be it a painter or a poet could not skilfully express her charm. To properly depict the beauty and atmosphere she radiated was truly difficult.

Lightly loose hair down to her shoulders and clear skin, eyes, etc. it was impossible for anyone to keep their eyes off her face.

Weed on the other hand was concerned about the poison that matched her beauty.

“Until now she was able to speak but didn’t!”

There were numerous opportunities to speak, even when cooking or hunting, but so far, she had never so much as spoken a word, making the

other party mistake her for a mute person.

“This must be a cruel trap. She will accuse me of ignoring her when she spoke and not doing something that I knew nothing about. Bad taste, such bad taste. How could there be a woman with such bad taste like this.”

Weed further raised his vigilance of Seoyoon.

“But why did she suddenly ask me to register her as a friend, why? So far, no deal had been made yet.”

Weed grew rapidly suspicious of her pure intentions.

Darkness, backstabbing, conspiracy, plotting or fraud, Weed thought of everything possible.

Suddenly, a sinister tactic passed through his mind.

“No way... that’s right! I knew it.”

Weed hit the palm of his hand after coming up with a solid reason.

“She said register friends right before she died! Female, you’ll have to find me first.”

Everyone drops items when they die. Weed believed that when Seoyoon died, she worried about her dropped items and assumed that by adding him as a friend, she could leave her things with him who would never lose or sell her stuff!

“That must be it. You’re a wicked woman.”

Weed once again trembled after suggesting how human beings employed such calculations in order to thrive. Perhaps it was merely coincidence that the Demon Spear struck her. This place is the land of ice. It might have been bad luck and by chance she slipped on the earth, who knows! Weed closed his eyes at the end, making what he knew even more unknown.

“Deliberately sparing me on purpose because you believed you could afford to die and take advantage of me later. That’s right. No way was it a slip.”

To protect Weed was mostly Seoyoon's impulsive decision.

Weed did not see it that way and thought about why as he examined the place where Seoyoon died. He then observed the promised items that dropped!

“What the hell.”

At Seoyoon's gravesite was thick leather created from pork leather. It was Weed who made these clothes for the winter. Only this dropped.

“Unique items of high caliber didn't even drop. So pitiful, when I try, I just don't have any luck.”

Weed picked up the leather clothes while complaining. Then the Bone Dragon arrived to deliver mockery.

"O foolish and presumptuous man! This is your limit."

The Bone Dragon's immense wings flapped as it floated in the sky! Heavy wind pressure struck the surrounding snow and cracked the ice into regions.

Weed, as well as the few remaining survivors of the expedition saw the power charge up within its stomach. The expedition crew was frustrated.

“Now we're finished.”

“It's nearly dead thanks to the priests and wizards, but we have no method of fighting the Bone Dragon while it's flying in the sky.”

They felt thoroughly helpless.

“If not for the betrayal...”

Even when it was too late to regret, one could not help it!

Up till now, Weed created many undead from the ground.

Dulahan, Death Knight, Zombie, Ghoul, etc.

However, typical monsters are known to be of little help when fighting a Bone Dragon flying in the sky.

It was possible for Skeleton Mages to use magic, but they would not

inflict any significant damage to the Bone Dragon.

The expedition felt desperate as they watched Weed. There was no one else that could fight.

“Go back to your origins. Return undead!”

Weed memorized the spell. All the undead struggled with the force of the earth as they lost their power and collapsed. The reason was to recover a source of mana.

The expedition believed Weed abandoned them, increasing their responsibility.

“Ah. Finally!”

“Unless you die, you’re not leaving.”

The Bone Dragon laughed at the ludicrous humans.

"Foolish human race! Feel the transgression of time!"

But it was then.

“Bone Dragon, has your mind still not noticed? Can you not see what is happening?”

Weed did not back down in the slightest as he taunted the Bone Dragon.

"It is ludicrous that I will meet my end here, who do you think you’re talking to?"

“You, you idiot!”

Weed aimed to intimidate the Bone Dragon with this.

To the Bone Dragon, terrified food was unnecessary.

Of course, it was recognized as a difficult to capture monster. Normally, it would be like hitting a rock with an egg. The fight itself would never have been started!

But now the situation had changed a lot.

‘Due to the battle, its health has fallen below 20%. And with that multitude of spells, there should not be any mana remaining.’

There was no reason to panic.

Due to excessive loss of life, a significant amount of physical strength and power shall be reduced.

Apparently, it boasted of outrageous grandeur, when in fact, it had weakened significantly.

The fight felt worthwhile.

Weed cried out.

“Battle, Bingryong!”

Using Lion's Roar, Weed's cry shook the Valley of Death.

Wareureureu!

Once again, the ice above the valley shattered and snow poured down.

"Keurwarwarwarwa!"

And in response, a sky ripping scream was heard from far away.

Something was coming.

At first, it was thought of as a little bird, but it grew larger and larger in shape!

Bingryong!

Enormous at a size of hundreds of meters, Bingryong emerged. It was almost as large as the Bone Dragon.

“Forward! Destroy him!”

On Weed's command, Bingryong flew at a tremendous speed as it rushed the Bone Dragon.

Kwaaaaang!

Bingryong smashed into the Bone Dragon!

The Bone Dragon once hovering in the sky had fallen to the ground.

Bingryong welcomed the great opportunity!

However, Bingryong too wallowed on the ground.

Such a huge impact also weakened his condition.

"I'll kill you."

"The owner has ordered to fight. I'll kill you!"

Bingryong and the Bone Dragon hated each other and fought fiercely.

The Bone Dragon was the first to attack.

As a skeleton with a large head, it took a bite out of Bingryong's side.

Blindly shattering the ice into debris, the axial wings were finally injured.

Attack of the mighty Bone Dragon!

But that did not stop Bingryong. He slammed his hind legs and tail into the Bone Dragon's body and recklessly slashed it with his front foot.

"Keuaag!"

"Ahh! It hurts!"

The Bone Dragon screamed at Bingryong's barrage. While his massive body was still up in the air, he bit and slashed his opponent.

The fighting between the two dragons turned the ground into tornado wreckage. Tremendous winds brought about a flurry of snow and ice as well as an earthquake that made standing up impossible.

Weed calmly watched the battle between the Bone Dragon and Bingryong.

'The Bone Dragon has weakened.'

Bingryong's power was strong enough to draw. Nevertheless, he was to some extent eager to fight the Bone Dragon simply because he was tired of waiting.

If the Bone Dragon was in perfect condition, it would have overwhelmed Bingryong in an instant by ripping his neck off.

'The fight's a simple matter of which side dies first.'

Weed was not the type to just sit back and watch.

"Wy-3! Come forth!"

“At once master!”

The Wyverns were not brave enough to dare stay around the perimeter of the Bone Dragon. They only came and accepted their fates as a ride to avoid dying by the hands of their master.

Weed climbed on top of the Wyvern.

“Fly. We fight.”

“Understood master!”

There was an emergency when they spread their wings. Weed inquired about it.

- Strength is reduced due to the cold.

The chill of the northern sky was too harsh to cope with. In the past, there was a severe cold as they hovered in the skies. But if they waited, it would be uncertain if they would be able to kill the Bone Dragon.

‘Do not expect good luck. Fight yourself!’

Weed aboard the Wyverns recalled the Dark Spear.

To ensure the destruction of the Bone Dragon’s life, he directly involved himself in combat.

“Fly at full speed!”

Upon Weed’s command, the Wyverns flapped their wings even more violently.

Wind maddening!

Weed then viciously launched the Dark Spear towards the Bone Dragon’s ribs.

Piercing through the battlefield, it penetrated the wind barrier surrounding Bingryong and the Bone Dragon.

Pakagak!

Tremendous resilience as sparks sprang up.

‘The source of the Bone Dragon’s life is its defense. Because of its

tremendous defense and health, it will not die. If so, how can I kill him?

Weed recalled from long ago when he learned the sword in the dojo.

“Lee Hyun, can you topple that tree so big that you cannot wrap your arms around it with your sword?”

At Ahn Hyundo’s question, Lee Hyun shook his head.

It was impossible.

No matter how sharp swords are, there is a limit to the thickness of trees before they can no longer be cut down. Especially in the case of living trees, they have withstood dozens of ax methods.

Relatively light and dark weapons are not suitable for cutting wood.

“Slashing with a sword is... unreasonable I think.”

“Really? It is difficult but not impossible. Your elder brothers can do this. With a sword they can cut down huge trees. Among the trainees, it’s possible for about half of them?”

Lee Hyun’s head was puzzled.

“How is such a thing possible? No matter how good they are at wielding a sword, the strength required to accomplish such a task is unreasonable.”

“It’s cutting the grain of the wood.”

“Grain?”

“In both heaven and earth, all things possess grain, so you simply cut along the flow. Without having to expend great strength, you can cut down anything you want. Even if it is rock or metal, as long as you cut along the grain, it is not difficult to cut it down.”

“I can do it too?”

“If you make the effort. A great sword is not born, it is tempered dozens of time. A sword alone is nothing, but a sword inscribed by people through decades of hardship can slash through anything in the world.”

Ahn Hyundo actively spoke of his past where he honed his sword proficiency directly from the battlefield during his youth.

Then by accident he came about a different story in Royal Road.

Ahn Hyundo burst into laughter.

“Royal Road, in the Versailles Continent, there are many interesting elements. We looked and found a similar result.”

“Are you telling me if you follow the grain, anything can be cut down?”

“It’s significantly different but yeah. After many experiences the best method we discovered was basically concentrating power on one spot.”

“I would like to know what you mean by this.”

Without hesitation Ahn Hyundo turned to tell Lee Hyun about Royal Road. You can wield a sword anywhere in that place. It was a virtual reality game that did not ignore this virtue.

It is written that swords are to protect oneself, discipline oneself and care for one’s family.

He knew why Lee Hyun played Royal Road, so there was no reason to condemn him.

“I’ll tell you. The way we wield the sword is different every time a monster receives damage. I believe you know this?”

“Yes, the power of the sword varies when cutting different areas.”

In Royal Road, you must directly move your body.

Because you have to move your body to wield the sword, damage is dependent on several factors.

Balanced stance and circumstances, power and speed, technique, attack and defense of the monster, are all major elements in determining damage along with numerous minor elements.

“Yes, that is the primary reason. Stats and level are important, but the way to deal maximum damage is through focus.”

“Would that be to attack a vital point?”

“That’s a decent way, but some have no vital point to strike. However, even the mightiest monsters are bound to succumb to cryptanalysis. Be

warned, this method is not easily executed.”

Lee Hyun always had questions about the Geomchis’ outrageous attacks. No matter how similar a job was to martial artists, the damage was typically too strong to compare.

When their levels were around 50, they acquired the combat series job and quickly took hold of monsters forcing him to wonder. Lee Hyun asked.

“What is cryptanalysis?”

“Where you strike the same place over and over again.”

“That I know. When you continue to hit one part, you can cause slightly greater damage to some extent.”

He had obtained information on how to hunt before starting Royal Road. In other words, Lee Hyun had been using this method to battle relatively well. This secret could not be called special.

Ahn Hyundo simply laughed and spoke of the underlying story.

“Have you ever seen concentrating hits on a single point?”

“But that does not reap such a large effect. However, I’m sure there is another meaning to those words. Do you mean precisely hitting that one point again?”

“You’re quick to understand. The place once attacked, attack it again and it will severely weaken after. Smaller than a fingernail, smaller than a grain of rice, focus all attacks to that point. Even if you lack strength, you can still destroy the monster.”

Ahn Hyundo knew his teaching wasn’t something anybody could use. You must wield a weapon with all your might and attack a point smaller than a grain of rice repeatedly.

Even against nonmoving targets, there are times when you aren’t confident of success.

To target vigorously active monsters, you must predict and understand the relative movements in advance and at the decisive moment, you must align every action to explode simultaneously.

An exceptional human being, it is difficult to even dream of such a state.

Ahn Hyundo said this without hesitation.

“Tens of million of milliseconds. To bring the sword into combat, for life to vanish, the time is to be determined. At that one moment, it is not impossible to bring about your will. It is possible because human beings are not machines.”

Chapter 5: Treasures of Nifleheim

Kaaaang!

Weed slammed the Dark Spear into the Bone Dragon's ribs.

Devastating stab!

The Dark Spear was perfectly wedged into the ribs, but the Bone Dragon's body remained intact.

It remained strong and its appearance was largely unchanged, but at least its health declined slightly.

Weed thrust the Dark Spear again. Just before the attack, he precisely aimed again!

'I must match my breathing to it. Relax the muscles. Forget everything else. Only one point is shown. Wide. Boundless.'

Kaaaaang!

This time there was an even greater resonance.

- Fatal blow struck. Adds 29% damage

Weed wielded the Dark Spear freely in his hand.

'Till it is destroyed!'

Swinging, chopping, and stabbing.

All attacks can be concentrated onto one location.

Single focal point.

Peoseoseok!

At the end of five attacks, the Bone Dragon's rib shattered into pieces.

"Keuaaag!"

Bingryong was fighting the Bone Dragon as it screamed in agony.

"You fucking coward! Die!"

The Bone Dragon swung its tail but it was too late, for Weed had already

escaped with Wy-3.

“My attack has only just begun.”

Weed boarded the Wyvern and quickly flew off into the black sky.

Bingryong and the Bone Dragon were intertwined in their aerial battle as they dealt attacks at each other.

Still damaged from the prior attack, the Bone Dragon’s shattered rib remained exposed.

Actions already difficult on the ground now required balance in the air, creating a small gap to aim at.

It was time to give the Bone Dragon a nightmare, but it would require amazing control at close range.

But Weed was not confident given the situation.

-Due to the cold Strength will be reduced by 16%.

From the cold winds blowing at the top of Death Valley, the body reached its limitations.

The Undead state allowed him to withstand some cold, but due to the freezing weather, his Strength and Stamina declined rapidly.

The cold also made the Wyverns dizzy, causing them to slip several times already.

If they fell onto the ice ground, their lives could not be guaranteed.

‘Not much remains now though.’

Weed read the movements of the Bone Dragon.

It finally reached its limit after receiving tremendous damage from the expedition and Weed breaking many of the bones in its body. Apparently, the Bone Dragon’s time was coming to an end within moments.

The Wyverns and Geumini chiseled away at the Bone Dragon here and there as well.

“Pesky flies, be gone you bastards!”

The Bone Dragon struggled fiercely from the hits. Nevertheless, the decisive attacks from the Wyverns, Bingryong and Weed did not cease.

Because its body was entangled with Bingryong's, escape was impossible.

With solemn dignity the Bone Dragon appeared, but the expedition wizards brutally dragged it to the ground. Nonetheless, it actively demonstrated its greatness on the eve of its death.

"Let's go!"

Weed controlled the Wyvern and landed upon the head of the Bone Dragon.

"Time to finish this."

It was a rough struggle hitting the Bone Dragon whilst standing on its head. Simultaneously, Weed aimed the Dark Spear exclusively at a single point and attacked in rapid succession!

Kwak! Kwajik! Kwagwagwak!

- Fatal blow struck. Adds 46% damage
- Fatal blow struck. Adds 95% damage
- Fatal blow struck. Adds 129% damage
- Fatal blow struck. Adds 167% damage
- Fatal blow struck. Adds 215% damage

Hitting the small point successively increased the damage exponentially!

"Keueoeoeo."

The Bone Dragon's resistance almost disappeared completely. With its health falling below 10%, it became even more difficult to move.

Nevertheless, some time remained until the end of the Bone Dragon.

If it was a normal monster, it would have lost the will to fight immediately, but as one would suspect when dealing with large monsters, particularly named boss monsters of a region, it held on tenaciously.

'You know, all you're doing is making me tired.'

With the cold wind blowing, Weed's stamina rapidly declined as he fought.

Given the variables, if the battle was prolonged, the Bone Dragon might choose self-annihilation.

Weed yelled at the visible body in the air.

"Bingryong, use your breath!"

"Understood master!"

Bingryong took a deep breath and exhaled.

Ice breath that froze everything!

With no place to escape, the Bone Dragon dove towards Bingryong's feet as the breath was released.

Jjeojeojeojeok!

At that moment, the Bone Dragon's body was frozen stiff instantly!

In its usual state, it would have warded off the attack to some extent due to its magic resistance, but with its abnormal status, the ice breath literally froze the Bone Dragon's body.

It was then.

Weed jumped into the air and as he landed, he thrust the spear down with overwhelming force.

- - Fatal blow struck. Adds 122% damage.

The target of the past, the point was hit precisely again.

"Keueoeoeo!"

The crack on the Bone Dragon's skull spread over an increasingly broad area, all the way down to its tongue when the whole skull shattered into ice debris.

- You have leveled up.
- You have leveled up.
- You have leveled up.

- You have leveled up.

- You have leveled up.

- You have leveled up.

- You have leveled up.

- The Bone Dragon Kurenberu which once dominated Death Valley has entered its eternal rest.

- Due to great achievement, fame has risen by 230.

- Charisma has risen by 3.

- Fighting spirit has risen by 2.

Many message windows flashed through Weed's head. Some indicated his level had risen. With the Bone Dragon hunt successful, tremendous experience would be acquired. Even with Weed's current level of over 300, his level should have risen by at least 10, but since he hunted it along with the expedition, the experience was divided and he received a total of 7 levels.

However, there was something even more urgent.

Acquire items!

Weed descended to the ground and ran to the spot where the Bone Dragon crashed.

On top of a hill in Death Valley, items were all over the place.

Some ancient books, a bunch of bones and a shield!

Syasyasyak!

His hands moved rapidly towards the items with battle mentality.

• - Current weight has exceeded strength capacity.

Penalty: 35% increase in stamina consumption rate.

Despite transforming into Origin of the Skeleton, he lacked the strength to acquire items.

“Now, time to find the truth about the Nifleheim Empire.”

Weed finally came down the hill to finish his work.

Slowly.

Crawling like a turtle.

Due to the heavy weight, each step was done with the utmost caution. His legs had to be perfect to compensate for his insufficient strength.

‘With all that suffering, I better get something good.’

Earned income was a case of big business!

When weed arrived at the bottom of the hill, he determined his reward.

“Identification!”

- Emblem of the Nifleheim Empire:

Durability: 5

Meaning of the emblem is based on the imperial family.

The loyal royal knights of the once noble Nifleheim Empire garnered respect from everybody.

Can be attached to weapons and armors.

Options:

+100 Dignity

+50 Charm

+200 Fame

- Nobles of Nifleheim #2
- The manor blueprints of the Empire of nobility are described in the book. After ages, it is unknown whether they are usable.

- Rotten Dragon Bones:
- Durability: 250/250.

Large amounts of dragon bone. In the past, it was speculated to be harder than Mithril due to its own mana supply, but as of now, it is extremely corrosive. Even so, it is unparalleled against normal ores as precious material.

Blacksmiths will garner exceptional experience from handling the dragon bones.

First class blacksmith item.

Options:

- Helps raise blacksmith skill.
- When crafting a weapon, poison attack will be added.
- Can create armor with specialized resistance.
- Slightly foul odor.

- Ancient Shield:
- Durability 300/300. Defense 86.

Old shield crafted with a delicate touch. Never before been used. Made of Mithril and unknown animal bones. Originally possessing a shiny mirror-like surface that captured light, grime now covers

it after many years. Due to deep corrosion after being stored for too long, it is beyond any further repair.

Restrictions:

- Priests cannot use it.
- Level 400.
- Must be able to utilize shields.

Options:

- - 40% Physical Defense.
- - 35% Magic Resistance.
- - 30 Agility.
- - +45 Fighting Spirit.
- - All combat related stats rise by 7.
- - Increases additional effect of skills by 20%.
- - Chance to confuse the enemy.
- - Control over undead enhanced by 25. When durability is reduced, cannot be repaired.

Four types of items were left behind by the Bone Dragon.

Refused to abandon even a single item!

Particularly the ancient shield, an exceptional unique class item.

Tremendous defense was extremely helpful in battles.

Because it cannot be repaired, it will be abandoned when durability runs out.

“Given its extremely high durability, I suppose I can use it for a few months at least.”

If it is not used in normal hunting, it can be used for even longer periods of time.

Items that cannot be repaired are difficult to deal with. Every time it is used, your nerves are on edge as its durability decreases.

People look separately for rare items at relatively cheap prices, but given the Ancient Shield's degree of defense and many options, it could be sold at an expensive value.

“The rotten dragon bones can contribute considerably to blacksmith skills and it can create a lot of necessary equipment to wear or sell.”

Weed made a heartfelt smile as he slowly descended down the hill and entered the cave he saw the Bone Dragon emerge from.

Creepy cave.

A cave made with ice as clear as glass.

“So this is the source of the cold.”

After being sent to the north, it was the first time in a while that Weed encountered such a cold place.

“If this drags on too long, I’ll freeze to death.”

Weed hastened his pace as he walked into the cave. The deeper he entered, the colder it got.

Paintings were drawn on the walls.

Knights of the Nifleheim Empire appeared to be fighting monsters. Vivid scenes depicted knights and wizards attacking their way through hordes of monsters.

The last figure was a blue robed wizard opening a box containing some beads.

Then all the monsters and humans froze.

Looking at the paintings, Weed speculated.

“Is it talking about the final battle of the Nifleheim Empire?”

Not far away at the end of the cave were boxes placed side by side.

Heavy iron boxes.

The inscribed patterns revealed them to be noble Nifleheim Empire treasures.

‘Jackpot.’

Weed stretched out his hand.

The box is locked. A key is required.

Severe tremors sprang up on Weed’s skull bone.

‘No way... they can’t be serious. I don’t think so.’

Weed once again tried to force the box open.

However, it did not go as planned.

The box is locked. A key is required.

Adventurer or thief’s unlocking skill!

It was an essential skill for opening closed doors and boxes. But there was no such skill for Weed.

Cursed with the job of Moonlight Sculptor, there were no skills from the adventurer series.

‘This damn job, it’s so fucking useless!’

Weed struggled to beat the sadness. However, near the boxes was a small paper. Weed read through it.

Events chronicling the last six years of the Nifleheim Empire.

Our Nifleheim Empire was invaded by hordes of monsters.

Northern forests, there is no doubt the monsters descended from the dark forests.

The burning imperial capital collapsed.

Loyal Knights and Soldiers laid down their lives, but it was not enough to handle that many monsters.

Thus, as a last resort, we lead the monsters into the center of the valley.

Serbian Witch’s Broken Beads.

Passed down from generation to generation within the Empire’s Royal Family, the cursed object used to fight monsters.

And finely wrapped inside the paper was a golden key. Weed opened the boxes right away with the key.

The first box contained gold and jewels filled to the brink. The gold sparkled and the jewels dazzled.

‘That’s gotta be at least 150,000 gold.’

No matter how powerful you may be, you cannot overlook treasure.

Weed pocketed all the treasures inside the box without reserve.

- -Current weight has exceeded strength capacity.
- Penalty: 59% increase in stamina consumption rate.

In the second box, various materials were gathered.

Ores for blacksmith handling as well as cloth and leather for sewing.

‘Nothing must be left behind.’

- -Current weight has exceeded strength capacity.
- Penalty: 78% increase in stamina consumption rate.

The third box contained weapons and armors of the Nipelheim Empire.

Old antique weapons sprinkled with dust. With rusted blades, a terrible performance was sure to follow.

The clothes were also outdated and seemed to crumble when touched.

“Even old clothes can be used well!”

Weed pocketed them too.

Within the last remaining box contained the Serbian Witch’s broken beads.

The goal of the expedition!

From the Serbian Witch’s Broken Beads flowed an unimaginable chill.

Weed was well aware that he had to give up on the beads.

If you are able to sell, you can get quite a lot of money, but rather, life was more precious.

“The moment I touch that I die.”

Serbian Witch’s Broken Beads possessed incredible ice magic. The body would be turned to ice as a side effect from touching it without protection.

Thus, in order to prevent the worst, he had to abandon his excessive greed.

“Too bad though.”

Weed glared at the Serbian Witch’s Broken Beads.

Special combat capability object not classified as japtem, but it was also the item targeted by the expedition.

Cannot help lingering regrets.

“It’s gotta be a unique item at least... contrary to rumors, you could possess a skill even if you have no knowledge about it.”

You risk your life to grab it, but with every step, you move towards death meaning you cannot move.

“Should I pick it up anyway?”

Weed was greedy as expected.

When facing dead ghosts, caution should be used.

He took the small beads close at hand. Extremely slow speed.

Hwaaaag!

Then a chill poured out from the Serbian Witch’s broken beads.

- -Due to the cold, paralyzed for 13 seconds.

After paralysis is released, likely chance of developing a cold increases by 25%.

Degree of cold!

"Ah-choo!"

Weed was finally able to give up on the beads.

In fact, even if he obtained them, he would have no other option but to lay the object upon the altar of Gods to fend off the heat in the continent.

Although devoted to the expedition for only a while, Weed still belonged to it so his contribution would be rewarded nonetheless.

Weed waited until the paralysis was released and escaped from the cave.

There was considerable burden on his footsteps upon leaving.

*

Hall of Fame!

The number of viewers increased exponentially until it exceeded one million. Considering each broadcaster and their real time relay, there were at least 20 million viewers.

"Hugelgelgel!"

“Where is my head?”

“Humans. So many living humans I want to eat.”

Unbelievable battle of the undead.

- - That's necromancer magic?
- - I never thought creepy undead would have so much advantage in battle.
- - Corpses continue to pile up, creating more undead servants...

Through the video, the Necromancer job exploded in popularity.

Whenever the army of undead monsters led by Weed dominated, the forums erupted in cheers.

But after the monsters overwhelmed the expedition, not many people that could continue to fight remained.

- - Seems really difficult.
- - It's too hard, even for Weed. The Bone Dragon's really strong.
- - Goddamn it. If not for the betrayal...
- - Still, it was a wonderful battle.

Nothing was expected of Weed because it was simply too unreasonable.

The activities of the undead army and the Geomchis were of such great quality that many were satisfied for a long time.

However, it did not pan out as they expected.

Out of nowhere, an Ice Dragon appeared!

The glorious fight scene where Bingryong got entangled with the Bone Dragon was unforgettable.

“Please. Please!”

They were praying to the Hall of Fame movie with Drum and the wizards.

In order for the expedition to succeed, they had to somehow catch the Bone Dragon.

When it did not fall, they were horrified.

Then Weed appeared holding the Dark Spear as he flew in the air on a Wyvern.

It was tricky to fly through the air on Wyverns. It was extremely difficult to do it while using magic simultaneously, but this was only part of it.

No matter what attack, the Bone Dragon’s bones were not expected to shatter.

In the forums there was a huge uproar unlike any other.

- - It never happened when Oberon and the other warriors hit the Bone Dragon. What the hell is its level?
- - It looks to be over at least 400.
- - How did he do that? Using magic to inflict physical damage, I can't believe its health would drop like that!
- - So far the Bone Dragon had weakened considerably from the battle, but to damage the body to the point of breaking was totally unexpected.

Stats, levels and skill mastery, it is natural to use them as reference points to some extent.

The scene Weed showed in the video broadcast was so unbelievable to such an extent that it shut the mouths of all the viewers.

But they soon uncovered the reason. Weed was seen repeatedly hitting only a certain area in succession.

- - Attack the same point! That will increase the damage dealt.
- - Cryptanalysis, it increases damage and thoroughly neutralizes the opponent's defense. Theoretically it's possible, but I can't believe he can use it in practice like that!
- - Does hitting in one place really make your damage stronger?
- - Did he really hit that one point only?

Some people showed up and addressed the questions.

- In my experience, I somehow attacked the same place and it did additional damage. It was so amazing that I've been trying again after that but to no avail.
- You must hit the point perfectly again. If there is even the slightest error, it will most likely fail.
- This is usually not applicable to petite monsters. It is easier when dealing with large, sluggish monsters because you're more likely to weaken specific areas with the same attack.

People looked closely at Weed's actions. Indeed, unerringly he repeatedly struck only one point.

While in the air on a Wyvern, he quickly wielded his weapon and precisely hit the same position!

It was by no means an easy task.

Using all his power to wield his weapon and hit only one point exactly. Perfectly chopping, swinging and stabbing continuously.

Lightning attacks with incredible precision!

Excellent flexibility and movement, it was a fabulous technique.

- - Well...
- - That's Weed-nim.

Every time the Bone Dragon's bones shattered, admiration came out.

And finally at the end of the struggle when the Bone Dragon died, thrill and excitement filled the air.

It felt like a lie that the humongous and dangerous monster died.

The expedition, Bingryong, the Wyverns and the vampire Tori all attacked, but it was Weed who finished the Bone Dragon off.

At the sight of the incredible reality, the survivors of the expedition stood there dumbfounded.

Weed in the meantime moved slowly. He entered a cave inside Death Valley and after a while came out, walking slowly away from the snow covered ground.

Lonely and reclusive shoulders of an adventurer.

Far away, he left heavy footsteps as he departed.

Those still alive from the expedition woke up and began to move. In the cave they saw Weed enter, they discovered the open box with the Serbian Witch's broken beads.

Chapter 6: Birthday Party

Lee Hyun accessed the internet. He checked out the response on several different websites, including the Royal Road website.

“It’s in an uproar.”

The number of posts increased far more than usual, including on the Hall of Fame.

Over half of them were discussions about Weed.

- Weed! Weed appeared again!
- I was a user from the Continent of Magic. Weed has appeared, once again, to make a legend in Royal Road? As we expected of him.
- The God of War, Weed!
- It’s probably not going to be long from now. 1-2 monster groups have increased their influence and activity throughout the continent.
- I believe that it’s in response to Weed.
- Have to see Weed’s quest. It’s unbelievable.
- It was difficult to fight the dragon, would have they succeeded if Weed hadn’t been there?
- When will the broadcasters rerun it?

A considerable number showed admired him.

- I just saw all of Weed’s fight. How do you learn to attack like that?
- In my opinion, it seems to be a master level of martial arts. I guess you have to concentrate all the attacks.
- I succeeded against an elephant!
- Theoretically, hitting the same point more than 10 times will increase the damage 2 times, and it seems to be able to increase up to 3 times more damage.
- The additional damage to stack differently depending on the type of weapon.
- I think you don’t need to do this for general hunting though.
- It’s too tough to be picky. It’s unreasonable to only attack the same spot since it would increase the hunting time.

It was not easy to attack the same spot over and over in the middle of a life-threatening battle. In that situation, being greedy would result in

taking a lot of damage!

- So Weed's class is a necromancer.

- What are some of the Necromancer skills?

The necromancer class was becoming more popular.

This was not bad for Lee Hyun.

“Bar Khan’s Tome and the Saint’s Staff will worth more money if a lot of people start to convert to Necromancer.”

For first job of the wizard class, the cost of weapons and items were very expensive. There was an item scarcity because they were different from warrior weapons that could be obtained from hunting monsters. It was not easy for blacksmiths to craft wizard weapons. Blacksmithing skills needed to be at least intermediate to learn how to craft them and then it required several special materials such as Blessed Wood.

Therefore, the supply of items was far lower than the demand for it. In other words, not only was it expensive to buy but it was difficult to purchase an entire set for their class.

“In about 5 months I should get a decent price if I sell.”

Lee Hyun decided to use the items while waiting.

For some items, like the Ancient Shield should be sold quickly as the durability declined over time but that was not something he wanted to do.

The Ancient Shield had a limitation attached. If he placed it in an auction, there would be very few users that were over level 400 and there would not be much competition over it.

“If I had sold the items made from the dragon bones I’m sure I would have made a lot of money.”

Lee Hyun could not conceal his regret.

“The Ancient Shield just had to have the special option of not being able to be repaired...”

If repair had been possible, then selling it would have been a good idea

since a lot of people would want it. Regretfully, he was unable to acquire the rest of the treasures of the ancient Nifleheim Empire.

“It they could have been repaired then they would have sold for a lot in antique shops and large cities like the capital.”

Lee Hyun skimmed through the rest of the post on the Hall of Fame. A high level adventurer party was challenging the Land of the Exiles.

- Does anyone know about the Village of the Trees? There has not been anyone that has been able to complete the quest yet.

Join us and we can be the first ones to complete it!

Their public declaration to challenge the Shadow Lands!

In addition, they would put up quite the challenge.

Plenty of well-known high level players sent their requests for the challenge.

More than 300 players signed up for the expedition.

“Ha, these guys are trying to do the quest without knowing anything.”

A fair number of people criticized the challenge but their comments were dismissed as useless.

The quest was described in detail, asking to find something or hunt some monsters that appeared somewhere. Lee Hyun considered the information and the value of the money to be earned. The quest did not state the rewards for joining!

“No point in working for nothing...”

Physical labor was the basis of all quests. Information about the monsters was pretty useless. Even if you searched the internet it wouldn't help much. People were still searching for fresh information about various hunting grounds.

Knowledge is power!

Some information would be conveniently kept unknown.

“I'll check through my mail.”

Lee Hyun was roughly reading through his mail.

Ttiring!

A new mail has been received from a family member.

There were very few people in his address book and it could only be either his grandmother or his sister that sent the message.

“Who?”

Lee Hyun looked to see that the mail had been sent by his grandmother.

“What’s going on?”

Lee Hyun clicked on the mail.

Lee Hyun, My waist is okay now and it doesn't hurt anymore.

The hospital is very comfortable.

You've seen the old lady in hospital room 203, haven't you? Her grandson brought a massage machine as a gift. Moreover, it has shoulder massage options and it can also heat up and cool down. I have never received anything like that. Do not worry about it. I do not mind.

*

Chung Il Hoon, as usual, asked them coldly.

“Today is the day. We have planned for this, are you ready?”

Choi Jong Bom nodded frightfully.

“We need to be perfectly prepared. Two, no three times the amount will be necessary.”

“How about only once...”

“That will create an absolute mess of the plan.”

Chung Il Hoon eyes dimmed. He had trouble believing Choi Jong Bom's words who had payed for the other brothers before.

“It certainly would, wouldn't it?”

“If necessary I will lead.”

Choi Jong Bom could feel his heart being smashed. Next to him however, was Chung Il Hoon smiling brightly.

“Brother, you’re not planning to do that are you?”

“That’s right. Unless we carry it out, we will never succeed.”

Nevertheless, Chung Il Hoon did not change his countenance.

“You know the emphasis of today’s importance.”

“I do.”

He nodded his head.

It was Lee Hyun’s birthday today.

Since he had never once had a birthday party ever since the day he was born, they wanted to give their brother the best birthday party ever!

‘Isn’t it such a moving sight?’

Both of them trembled. Without a doubt they would share a meaningful experience.

They did not mind that they were going to use some of their income.

They were going to get to meet with female college students!

It was everything they could ever hope for in their dreams.

It was also a good opportunity since Ahn Hyundo was on a business trip.

Chung Il Hoon said again.

“Everyone do your best. If all goes well then it should succeed. How many years do you think that we have left of our lives?”

“Maybe about 50 years or so?”

“Yeah, during that time you have to eat meals by yourself and sleep alone when you’re tired...So keep in mind that depending on how things work out today, you may either live alone for 50 years or with a harmonious family.”

The expressions on Choi Jong Bom, Ma Sang Bom, and Roi Lee’s faces changed.

Chung Il Hoon was able to give them some courage.

‘The plan is incredible. It was able to make those kids willing to help out!’

They always went to ask for help.

Ever since they started Royal Road, they would always ask Pale for help.

Since they knew it was Lee Hyun’s birthday, they promised to come.

‘The girls were difficult to get.’

Lynn, known as Hwaryeong promised to come have lunch.

Kim In Young; known as Irene, Yeon Hee Park; known as Romuna, and Yoon Soo Park; known as Surka, would all come in the evening because of family reasons.

‘This will be an enjoyable birthday.’

Chung Il Hoon gave a satisfying laugh.

*

Lee Hyun visited the dojo early today to train.

But without knowing what his brothers were planning, they brought him somewhere else.

“Let’s go!”

Dojo Instructor! In addition they were joined by a massive number of 70 practitioners with hardened faces, eyes, and overflowing courage.

“Brothers where are we going?”

Lee Hyun asked in a low voice.

Roi Lee replied in a grim voice.

“Going to the amusement park.”

“What are we going for? Are you going to fight?”

“We’re going to go on rides and play games. Even we have rest day sometimes, don’t you think? Go along with it.”

“Yes.”

Lee Hyun shook his head.

Even if they were going to the amusement park, the facial expressions of the people going did not fit with it. A heavy atmosphere was made as they passed by.

‘Do not fail.’

‘Happy birthday, birthday.’

It was too heavy of a responsibility to remain calm. They were carefully dressed in black suits, feeling vaguely uncomfortable and awkward.

The group rode on the subway. The dojo owned a vehicle for transportation, but they deliberately decided to use the subway.

‘People going to amusement parks use public transportation.’

None of the practitioners or instructors have been to an amusement park since they were kids. Consulting the internet, there was going to be a lot of traffic and other transportation would be recommended. With that in mind, they decided to board the subway.

“Hey, today are we going to your house to play some games?”

“Last night I was dancing at the club with a guy...and I held hands with him!”

There was a deep silence in the subway as the cars were filled with broad sturdy shouldered men in black suits.

“ ... ”

The students from before and the all the men stopped talking. When there were many passengers on the subway there was bound to be a fierce battle over the seats. The struggle for more comfortable seats!

But some people stood quietly in place. Everyone didn't know what was happening.

“Keuheum, it feels more comfortable to stand.”

“Yea, it's better to exercise...”

40 to 50 men stood in place. Even the elderly seated nearby were getting

worried.

“Huh? Why are they standing?”

“Yeah.”

Roi Lee and Ma Sang Bom did not sit down in any of the seats. Being accustomed to comfort made the body increasingly weak. It was necessary to work the body out everywhere. Therefore, it was normal for them to stand around in public transportation. The instructors and the practitioners stood alongside the ordinary people.

‘Are these guys mafia? The look in their eyes...’

‘It looks like their muscles are going to tear through their suits.’

‘I think they’re going to do something illegal.’

‘The police. I think it would be a good idea to call the police...’

When they arrived at a station, the subway doors opened.

“Huh, there’s empty seats?”

“That’s not very common. Maybe we’re lucky this time.”

The new passengers were delighted to see the empty seats, but then they saw the practitioners.

“...”

The passengers stood around quietly. They would not dare to sit down looking at the hard faces of the instructors and practitioners.

‘Why does it feel so bad to take a seat?’

‘I would rather sit down. Then I can be comfortable.’

More passengers were forced to be worried. However, the practitioners could not afford to care.

They needed to entertain Lee Hyun somehow!

They did wonder about the people standing for a bit, but they didn’t care so that was overlooked.

‘It must be some kind of fad to stand around in subways huh?’

‘Come to think of it, it’s good for their health.’

Nobody sat down in the subway until the group had reached their destination.

“Lee Hyun, over here!”

“This way!”

In front of the main entrance of the amusement park.

Hayan, Oh Dongman, Shin Hye Min, Lynn, and Choi Ji Hoon were waiting together.

“Hayan, what are you doing here?”

Lee Hyun asked weirdly. He noticed that there was something strange that he wasn't informed of.

Other than the abnormal behavior of the practitioners, Oh Dongman, and Jae Lynn, he did not expect to see Choi Ji Hoon.

Hayan opened her mouth and smiled.

“Oppa, It’s your birthday today!”

“Birthday?”

Lee Hyun began to calculate the date. It was indeed his birthday. Since he never celebrated his birthday, he had forgotten.

“Isn’t that why we’re here for your birthday?”

“Oppa has never gone to an amusement park before so...”

“I mean, amusement parks are exclusive to the wealthy...”

Jae Lynn, Oh Dongman, and Shin Hye Min were puzzled at Lee Hyun’s words.

‘When did amusement parks become reserved for the upper class?’

The instructors and the practitioners took it quite literally.

“In fact, you don't go to an amusement park unless you make a modest amount of money. It’s a big decision about whether or not to go.”

“A lone martial artist in an amusement park...”

“Isn’t it more than 5000 won a ride?”

The instructors spend a considerable amount of their money. For room and board in the dojo, they don’t make much money to spend. Therefore it was difficult for them to spend more than 10,000 to 20,000 won for something.

Lee Hyun sat down, since whenever he spent money on something, even going on rides, his heart broke a little.

“Keuheum! I prefer just relaxing at home.”

Hayan grabbed Lee Hyun’s arm and led him inside.

“I already have a free pass. This way you can play games and go on rides for free.”

Hayan already knew what to do with Lee Hyun. Since he disliked wasting time and money, with this he would not have an excuse not to go. The others followed after Lee Hyun in an instant.

Shin Hye Min asked them.

“What do you want to ride first?”

Jae Lynn didn’t waste any time.

“The Viking? Or the roller coasters?”

Roller coasters were high speed mechanisms that move along the rails in the air. It was the most popular rides.

Shin Hye Min was mentally tired from constantly being busy with the daily broadcast and secretly wanted to taste the thrill of the ride.

“Let’s go on the roller coaster first right?”

Ride the roller coaster first!

A considerable number of people visited the park in the earlier hours so thanks to this they can get their turn sooner.

Lee Hyun sat in the front with Jae Lynn, followed by Oh Dongman and

Shin Hye Min, and Hayan and Choi Ji Hoon was paired together.

This was unavoidable because of the guy to girl ratio.

‘That’s great.’

Today was the first time that Ji Hoon had met Lee Hyun’s younger sister.

Not just hunting and exploring in Royal Road. It was different meeting her in reality.

In other words, he was attracted to her.

He had met with numerous women, but he had never felt emotions like this before.

‘Doing this and spending the rest of the day with her. Yeah, not bad.’

Ji Hoon had a bright smile.

Then he receive a light tap on his shoulder from Ma Sang Bom.

“Watch your back.”

“What?”

“Recognize who that is first...”

The horror hit Ji Hoon in the face.

“Hooo hoo hoo.”

At this Roi Lee smiled.

The practitioners did not try to get close to Hayan, since it risked their lives.

To them, Ji Hoon seemed pretty cool.

Then the roller coaster went up to the top and when it came down Oh Dongman, Shin Hye Min, Jae Lynn, Hayan, and Ji Hoon all began screaming.

“Kyaaaaah!”

“Wheee!”

Lee Hyun and the practitioners were more blase about it.

'It was really scary when I was sculpting Bingryong's head.'

Sculpting chunks of ice hundred of meters high and hanging on a single wire. The body hangs there, with the wind constantly interfering. Compared to that experience, sitting here could be thought of as medicine.

The instructors were also calm.

"The angle needs to be steeper..."

"If we fell from here, even in the worst situation we could be okay if you give up the legs."

"We can reduce the falling speed by rotating the body a few times to diminish the force."

"Can we jump off from here?"

Talking about such things was scary in its own way.

Thanks to that, a few people were screaming because of the bizarre roller coaster ride!

'What on earth are you?'

The people in charge of the rides wondered.

On the Viking, the same thing happened.

Lee Hyun and the practitioners sat still doing nothing. Same as the first ride without any change.

'Oh this isn't worth my money! Since I'm not using money, I need to enjoy this.'

But Lee Hyun still looked angry.

Eventually they gave up on the longer rides.

"If he's not scared of the rides then we have to go on something else."

Jae Lynn said unfortunately.

It was a long way from Lee Hyun and the practitioners to enjoy the thrill and suspense of the amusement park.

Then Oh Dongman had an idea.

“Instead of going on the rides...what if we go to the zoo?”

Hayan’s eyes twinkled in expectation.

“The zoo?”

“Yes, this place is very big but so is the zoo. Wouldn’t it be more fun than sitting in a wheel as it spins?”

“Undoubtedly.”

So, changing their goals, the group decided to go to the zoo this time.

*

There was a giraffe.

Kids that were barely six years old were watching the giraffes.

A kindergarten group had come to watch.

Small and cute boys shouted.

“Look, it’s a giraffe!”

“It looks so cool.”

The pretty young girls smiled with bright eyes.

“It’s beautiful.”

“The animals are so cute. Whoa! Look at it’s long neck!”

It was a harmonious sight.

They were peacefully walking around with the giraffes.

Then an insidious voice came from behind!!

“Giraffes, are they tasty?”

“It may be uncomfortable since we may need to cook it for a long time.”

“But with some salt, it may be quite delicious to eat. The other day, I was training in Africa. I was so hungry. If I could have caught a lion, then I would have eaten it.”

“Do you feel comfortable eating herbivorous animals?”

“We can come and get it at night...”

Sseueuk!

The instructors and the practitioners!

They were looking at the giraffes while they talked.

“Waaaa oooooohh aaahhhh!”

This made the kids cry.

The completely innocent area was completely destroyed by them.

The instructors and the practitioners had to go to the other side.

Camels and ponies.

“Hey, what do these guys taste like?”

“I think I’ll have fun choosing what to eat.”

“It may be a good idea to bake and eat it.”

They looked at the polar bear while blatantly showing off their distasteful appetite.

“Well, look at him.”

“Wow, looking at it makes my mouth water”

“Gallbladders and feet...it eats whatever they throw him. If someone ate it, they could eat nonstop for a year...”

The instructors’ and the practitioners’ eyes shone with blood.

To such a degree that even the polar bear fled in fear.

The otters, the dolphins and the crocodiles suffered the same fate. Understandably, it was even worse for the birds.

But it didn’t include the expected animals.

Monkeys, gorillas, pigs!

The practitioners liked watching their sweet antics and bananas.

“Somehow I like it.”

“I just can’t seem to stop looking.”

Lee Hyun enjoyed the zoo.

It has been so long since he had taken a break.

He had never taken a break after he had started Royal Road. The thought of taking a day off was unbearable since monthly fees were expensive. However he did not regret coming to the zoo with his sister and friends.

“Someday I will visit here with my family again.”

That would be in 10, or maybe 20 years.

But now he was peaceful and happy.

Even when it was time to leave, Lynn refused to leave Lee Hyun's side.

She was on a quest to get closer to him so that they could be lovers.

Oh Dongman, Shin Hye Min and Ji Hoon tried to stay as estranged as possible from the instructors and practitioners.

“Not everyone wants to know what they like...”

“Let’s walk farther away from them.”

“We don’t know them.”

*

They left the amusement park by public transportation and returned to the dojo.

The last plan of Lee Hyun’s birthday party was completed.

A meat party with pork ribs and pork belly!

Kim In Young, Yeon Hee Park and Yoon Soo Park served the precious meat.

“Bon appetit.”

“Thank you, young lady.”

Ma Sang Bom took the dripping greasy meat wrapped in lettuce and put

it in his mouth.

“You just have to eat meat for a birthday.”

The instructors had set up the meat for the end of Lee Hyun’s birthday party.

The amusement park was to be followed with meat!

This is what they were planning when they set up the birthday party.

Choi Jong Bom diligently picked up a piece of cooked meat with a stroke of his chopstick.

“Meat is more delicious when you eat it with others.”

Roi Lee also struck onto that comment.

“The more people there are, the tastier it is.”

The birthday party was neither at a nice restaurant nor did they prepare any special gift, but it was a warm experience nevertheless.

Chung Il Hoon brought out the soju.

“Here, take a cup of liquor.”

Lee Hyun listened to him and carefully took the cup with both hands. Chung Il Hoon filled up Lee Hyun’s cup with soju accordingly.

“To our lives!”

“To life!”

The men gave a clumsy toast. Looking at everything, Hayan was the one that planned everything in advance.

A group meeting with college woman!

Chapter 7: High Elf Bow

Weed returned to the Versailles Continent after two real life days. In the Versailles Continent, six days had passed by.

“Oooh, we drink to him.”

Drinking alcohol was common for laborers. After a hard day of work, they were loosening up with a few glasses of liquor. One bottle of wine after another and the atmosphere would be considerably friendlier. But here they were drinking all of the previous night. Weed was with Pale and Maylon, who were both weak against alcohol. He didn't even want to mention Zephyr.

“It was a bad idea to bring soju.”

They drank for over four hours with over 200 boxes of soju. Words could not describe the fearsome sight. The number of practitioners, no matter how many, could not be human to consume so much alcohol.

He would have wanted to be unconscious instead of being awake.

“Now that we're finally back, we're still suffering from a bad hangover.”

Weed looked around.

A cave in a safe location not too far from the valley of death. Alveron slowly stood up from his prayer.

“Weed-nim have you just returned?”

“Yeah.”

Weed had returned to human from a Skeleton Soldier.

Night had fallen and the wolves became active.

Alveron was inside the cave. Since it was well hidden, the wolves were not able to find it.

“Moreover... I wonder what happened to the expedition?”

Weed wondered about the Serbian Witch's Broken Beads.

After such an arduous climb, Oberon and the Cold Roses Guild could not catch their breath after walking all night to the town of the altar of the Edereune God, stopping only to eat. At the end of it all they could finally reap the fruit of their efforts.

Run down houses with broken walls. The desolate village was entirely in ruins. The wind was blowing over the town of Edereune, but the members of the expedition felt that their troubles would soon be over.

The small dwarf Oberon climbed over the rocks.

“Here is Edereune, the final destination of the expedition. Everyone I want to thank you for following and believing me, though I may be lacking.”

“Captain, even though we ran into trouble, we did succeed and it was rewarding.”

All of the Cold Roses member in the expedition nodded.

‘I doubted coming to the northern expedition a few times since it seemed in vain.’

‘This is the first time that I put up with such a troublesome quest for such a long time.’

They were now unspeakably thrilled since they managed to finish such a difficult quest. The eyes of the people in the expedition sparkled with excitement in anticipation of what happens next.

Oberon was close to the end of his speech.

“I would like to thank all of you...Drum.”

“Yes, Leader.”

“Restore the item.”

Drum removed the cherished treasure from his inventory.

Serbian Witch’s Broken Beads!

It was obtained from the center of the continent; a treasure obtained after the end of countless battles, now to be locked in the north.

In the center were the broken beads. From the cracks of the broken beads was a constant chilling cold.

Everyone in the expedition was trembling from the cold. If it had not been for Drum weakening the strength of the beads then they would have frozen to death.

Drum presented the beads to Charon.

“Thank you.”

Charon did not even dare touching the beads. Since he was an enchanter that dealt mainly with jewelry, the beads effects would curse him.

“I accept.”

“I am sorry for making you do this.”

“Dwell on it later and buy me a drink.”

“I will.”

Charon looked at the Serbian Witch’s Beads.

“Identify!”

Ttiring!

Witch’s Broken Beads.Durability : 1.
Made of an unknown material. Originally it contained a great force.
Due to the cracks, that force has erupted outside.
The beads are a source of incessant chill.
Options:
Restore the beads to seal the cold.

The Enchanter class had to ability to use magic to grant power to gems and minerals. They were very rare since it required a large amount of effort to get a high skill level.

That was Charon, and he was a high level wizard.

“Damn it! This honor is not that honorable.”

Charon touched the broken beads.

“Restore the marbles!”

A hand shone dazzlingly as the cracks were neatly repaired.

Enchanter job skills.

The ability to revert the durability of magical gems and materials to the original value.

The cold chill from the breads that was extending indefinitely disappeared mysteriously at that moment.

“Ohh!”

“Now I can finally stop holding my breath.”

From then on, everyone in the expedition was able to breathe much easier.

The numbness left their hands as the cold went away. Charon, from the instant he touched it with his hands, turned into ice but the Serbian Witch's Broken Beads were intact.

“Save him, resurrect him somehow!”

“God damn it!”

They checked around but most of the clerical classes had already lost their lives.

From the staircase the expedition could see the surrounding landscape.

Since the cracks were fixed, a warm Northern wind blew.

They turned their eyes slightly towards the sky to see a slight rainfall.

A little warm rain.

However it seemed that the ice would not be melted. His character was alive and trapped with his health bar turned blue.

“Later on, I'll buy whatever you want.”

Drum's voice cracked as he spoke and then he turned to the Witch's Smooth Beads.

At that moment, some scenes from inside the beads were shown.

In an area with a surrounding landscape of a thick layer of snow.

The young girl had to learn magic.

Whenever the girl used magic, tiny snowflakes were born. Sometimes small chunks of ice were made.

Every time she succeeded with her magic, the girl smiled.

Serbian Witch.

Perhaps it was the girl's inner talent. The girl's skills grew increasingly.

The young cute little girl wore a robe. She was too small for it at first, but eventually it fit her.

However, she had heard that proper mages used staves.

After a while, invaders set foot onto the peaceful snowy land.

A legion of monsters fought against human soldiers.

The Serbian Witch fought against the enemies.

Monsters would freeze whenever she used her magic. Human soldiers could not withstand the cold and died as well.

The legend of the Serbian Witch spread throughout the continent!

In the history of the Versailles Continent, there once was a legendary master of Ice Magic.

Wind and rain heralded the coming of a storm. The Serbian Witch would wave her hand and everything froze.

The ice type magic, Freezing Storm!

- The magic of the Serbian Ice Witch has been restored. Forcefully altering the climate to subdue enemies. Those familiar with ice based magic can now learn advanced magic.

“Ah!”

Drum sighed.

Serbian Witch's Broken Beads. They had managed to restore the beads. Now it was possible to learn new types of magic without the need of a spellbook or materials. The beads contained the skills for highly advanced ice magic. For Drum, a professional ice mage, it was one of the best

magical treasures.

Oberon approached him and put his hands on his shoulder.

“There’ll be another chance.”

Drum lamented for a while.

“I’ll have a chance again?”

“Perhaps...”

“ ...”

The beads were obtained by the expedition after a lot of hardship.

Drum inevitably raised the Witch Beads to the altar of the gods.

*

The live internet feed ended at sunset as the expedition dedicated the beads to the altar.

It was not just in reality. Taverns all across the continent of Versailles with magical screens installed could see the footage.

“The heat wave is going to disappear?”

“How could they do this?”

People had already given up trying to adjust to the heat.

They found it incredibly hard to believe that the heat would be gone so easily.

Nevertheless, they had some expectations.

At that moment, there was no event more important than this.

The Witch's Beads disintegrated into dust when they were placed on that altar. However, the powers within the beads began to cycle and create its impact on the entire continent.

The sweltering heat caused by the Curse of the Scorpion King on the continent began to change.

The atmospheric temperature lowered until it was how it used to be.

A refreshing breeze blew past, cooling the lukewarm beers.

“Bravo.”

“Cheers.”

Many people threw festivals, indulging in their excitement over the success.

You could see people yelling in pleasure across almost every city or town in the Versailles continent.

Weed rode on the Wyverns with Alveron and took to the skies. They were escorted by Bingryong. They had left to check on the remnants of the Valley of Death.

The place was teeming with monsters.

“Kyawoo. It’s a human!”

“Kill him!”

Weed shook his head.

“Looks like it’s gone.”

The Valley of Death was covered in snow and ice.

The sun was in the sky, but it did not feel hot and a warm breeze blew. Since the Serbian Witch Beads had been restored, chilling air no longer permeated from the cracks.

The source of the curse.

The heat wave that covered the entire continent was proving extremely useful.

The snow and ice, that never seemed to melt, dissolved instantly into water. Because of the Valley of Death, it flowed through like the rapids. But because the land was so barren, it quickly sucked up the moisture that was being offered.

“Gaaahh! The heat! It’s burning my body! Master!”

Bingryong was suffering as he struggled to beat his wings in the sky.

Droplets of water dripped and fell from his body of ice.

For most people the increasing temperature was a blessing, but to Bingryong it led to weakening his strength.

“Please, spare me. Master.”

Bingryong was overwhelmed with pain and tears. His eyes held the most heartbreaking glance.

“Useless!”

His penetrating glance told Bingryong to knock it off. This much was not enough to be out of breath. Even with the hot weather, he would not be pampered. Even with his tremendous Stamina and Health, he struggled with his wings. It takes a lot of time to recover. He was weakened even more so, considering that it had not been long since his battle with the other dragon.

Weed finally messaged Seoyoon.

A normal person would never pretend to be unable to speak!

“Since she hasn't messaged me, she must have found a decent quest or a good hunting ground.”

Weed nodded.

Weed guessed that Seoyoon was not a good natured person or she would not have fed poison to him when he was sick.

“I'll see if I can contact her next time.”

Seoyoon was lingering around in Morata.

People were wandering around within the bustling town.

“The weather is getting warmer.”

“Maybe it's time for the town to start getting some new clothes? It's not going to be easy to work in winter clothing.”

“Monsters are going to get more active in this kind of weather. We need to get the walls repaired to stop monsters from invading.”

The townsfolk were working and talking. They were doing things from smithing farming tools to making fabric for clothes.

Productivity in Morata had increased significantly because of the recent festival and many houses in the local area were reconstructed.

Alveron politely addressed him.

“Weed-nim, I will return to the village with the rest of the priests and assist the townspeople.”

“Thank you for all the help.”

“Yes. You can call us anytime if monsters invade.”

The village was under the protection of the Church of Freya so many priests and paladins were staying in Morata.

The village elder was roasting a sweet potatoe as Weed came back from his travels.

“Welcome back, hero-nim.”

“I have returned.”

“Are you here to turn in the commission I gave you?”

“Yes, but more than that I am hungry.”

Weed loved food.

But he did not excessively eat it. If fullness was excessively full, then stamina was quickly exhausted. However, he did not give up a situation where he could get free food!

Beggar instincts.

The ability to find food in any situation!

“To give the hero of the village a mere sweet potato...”

“That’s fine.”

“Well, the polite thing would be to serve food so...”

“Thanks, I appreciate it.”

“No, the pleasure is mine.”

The village elder, with tears in his eyes, offered him the sweet potato.

As Weed ate the sweet potato that was soaked in kimchi.

- - Satiety has been filled.

Stamina has increased by 10%.

It was a simple dish of sweet potatoes.

Compared to Weed’s intermediate cooking skills, the food wasn’t very good but the effect to fully fill satiety was priceless.

Weed ate the sweet potato quickly.

“The Nifleheim Emperor did not run away. He pulled the cowardly monsters into the valley and he overpowered them with the Serbian Witch's Broken Beads.”

Ttiring!

The King’s Glory quest has been completed!The Divine Emperor Nifleheim IV sacrificed himself to protect his people.But the results were not as he had wanted.

The weather in the northern lands went out of control until the Serbian Witch's Beads were restored.

- Fame has increased by 3200

- Friendship with Morata's citizens increased by 100.

- Public value points with Morata village increased by 3200. Regional public value points for Morata village can be seen in the public service values window.

- Morata village public value: 9800

- You have leveled up!

...

The level gain was huge, but even more so was increase in fame.

Weed thought.

‘Quests related with the honor of a kingdom are in a whole another level

of rewards.'

The village elder took something wrapped in a cloth from the depths of a drawer.

“At least in the end I retain my honor as a noble of the Nifleheim Empire.”

Frankly, Weed found it a little hard to believe. A nobleman of the empire was so desperate now that he could barely keep a sweet potato for himself. But even that Weed took away from him and ate. To think this was the condition of the leader of the village.

“The day that the Empire fell, the Imperial treasures were scattered and all that remains is this bracelet. Hero-nim, since you found the fate its true owner, I feel you deserve this.”

Items earned as compensation for the quest.

It was hard to get good items such as rings, necklaces, and accessories.

Weed's heart was beating so fast as he hurried to check it.

“Identify!”

Ttring!

The King's Bracelet:

Durability 30/30. A treasure of the Nifleheim Empire. Refined beauty and a variety of magical abilities. An incredibly finely crafted piece of jewelry embedded with gems. Restrictions: Level 450.

Reputation 100,000.

Options:

Maximum mana increased by 55%.

All stats + 15.

Mana regeneration increased by 20%.

Charm + 30.

Typically it was unassociated with combat abilities, but it had the precious option of increasing mana and regeneration so that substantially increased its value.

Much better than what Weed lost when he died.

‘Never thought I'd get something this good.’

He regretted that he didn't get any better items from the dragon.

However, the rewards from the quest did not disappoint him.

It was incomparable to his current armor and items.

If he put the bracelet on the item trading site, it would turn the place upside down.

A considerable amount of people would start a bidding war.

The quicker the mana regen, the more often you can use skills.

You would be able to hunt and raise skill mastery faster.

He had gotten a few rings from Lavias.

Later on he had gotten the Ring of the High Priest.

Each increased his mana regeneration by 10%.

The village elder was about to finish his speech.

“Under Hero-nim's mighty shoulders the fate of this village may be changed.”

“Yes?”

“Hero of the village, you are our glimmer of hope. Please do not refuse.”

Ttiring!

Elder's proposal to become the Count of Morata. Morata was a renowned producer of high quality cloth and leather for generations. The True Blood Vampires took over the territory once, but now humans inhabit once more. The village elder has offered the position of ruler to one of the two heroes of the village. Great adventurers with high friendship with the people will not be able to refuse.

Able to tax crops and trade monthly. Able to strengthen military power. If the lord occupies another city or castle of a certain size or population by force, the rewards will increase.

-You have become the Count of Morata.

-The title Count of Morata is now available.

-Fame has increased by 2500.

-Charisma has increased by 30.

-Leadership has increased by 20.

Proposal cannot be denied!

Familiarity with the residents increased its effects. On the spur of the moment, he became the ruler of the province.

Weed went out of the village Elder's house and saw a little girl.

She was making a very small outfit.

"Oh, you are?"

"Yea. What are you doing?"

"Baby clothes. Haven't you heard that there are a lot of kids in our town? It's my dream to make clothes but we need to farm since we don't have enough farmers."

Weed nodded. Morata was historically known for its famous sewing productions.

'That's right. I still have the quest for having I planted flowers in the Valley of Death.'

"Have the flowers of hope chased away the spirit of death?"

"The seeds you have given me have grown into grass, flowers and trees that have soaked its surrounding around in a sweet scent."

"Thank you, thank you very much."

Ttiring!

You have completed the Plant Flowers quest. In the valley, flowers and trees now grow and can safely be passed without the danger of monsters. The seeds cultivated by man will spread widely by the wind and grow into a forest.

-Fame has increased by 1600.

-Friendship with Morata citizens has increased by 120. Residents will more or less heed your orders.

-Morata Village public value: 10,400

-You have leveled up.

-You have leveled up.

-You have leveled up.

Once again he leveled three times.

He was a bit disappointed. He had huge expectations of the quest. Not everyone was able to do an A ranked quest.

'However, to think it only gave three levels.'

Weed breathed a deep sigh.

‘This is the kind of luck I have. What was I expecting.’

Still levels did not mean everything.

Leveling only meant a slight rise in stats. He would need to raise his skill masteries and other stats or else he would end up dead later on from being underskilled!

Weed was well aware of this, but still it was a quest. At least the increase in fame and public service points were far higher than usual.

Then she said again.

“You have to wait.”

“Huh?”

“I wanted to give you something.”

She hurriedly went inside her house. Afterwards she brought out two things wrapped in paper.

A map and a bow!

“This is my friend’s map that I promised you. For helping me, please accept this bow as compensation.”

Items have been acquired as compensation for the quest.

It was a poorly drawn map that looked like a child drew it.

“Identify!”

Freely drawn map: Durability 3.A map of some place.
It seems to locate an area.

The problem was the lines on the map and the triangles for mountains.

“I have to go find this thing.”

He let out a sigh. However, the bow felt a little bit different. There seemed to be a big difference between normal bows and this bow’s materials and composition.

“Identify!”

High Elf Bow:

Durability 65/65. Damage 98. Range 18. A High Elf creates one bow in their lifetime. Due to its scarcity, the rarity of it is uncomparable. Finding elves were very difficult in the human world and even more difficult for a human to befriend one and receive this bow as a gift. Imbued with the power of Sprites. Restriction: Level 400.

Agility 1000.

Archer related profession.

Options:

+40% chance to hit

+40% range.

User can move very rapidly.

The damage done by arrows is elemental damage.

Affinity with spirits +5%.

For a short while he didn't say anything.

‘Jackpot!’

As of yet, this was one of the most superb items!

The High Elf Bows were one of the most coveted items of the archer class.

Chapter 8: The Tower of Light

As soon as Lee Hyun came out of the capsule, he logged onto the item trading site.

- Buying Elven Bow.
- Looking to buy an Elven Bow, regardless of whether its a dark elf bow or a wood elf bow.
- Paying large amounts for a rare or unique level 300 bow. Willing to pay a lot more than the usual market value.

The posts bombarding the board reflected the number of archers there were in the game. Prices were very high because of the limited supply.

Weed smiled at this.

‘This is good.’

The High Elf Bow!

If he placed it on the auction site then he could get a very high amount for it.

The value of level 400 weapons were high. Then there were the various options it had on it, such as high damage and long range.

There were too many advantages on the elven weapons to count.

“With that kind of money, it would be 2 to 3 months of savings spent on living.”

Lee Hyun was excited.

He would have registered the King’s Bracelet and the High Elf Bow on the auction site, but he decided not to on impulse.

It was not an exaggeration to say that unique items could be cashed in at any time.

However putting them on sale came with a price.

“Other people can’t be the only ones with good items.”

The purpose of good items was to be worn and ultimately become stronger!

He decided to keep it for himself for the time being.

Instead of looking further, Lee Hyun stood up and left the house.

“Its been awhile since I’ve felt this good.”

Lee Hyun headed off to the supermarket.

*

The supermarket was built on the fifth floor of a department store building, with many customers coming and going.

It was highly unusual for Lee Hyun to be in this place.

‘Discount stores seem to advocate low prices but the quality is cheap.’

The usual Lee Hyun absolutely did not go to supermarkets. Generally the price of produce and poultry was expensive. With goods like meat and eggs, it could not compare to street markets. The only exception was inexpensive items and buy one get one free sales.

‘Looking around there’s a lot of useless things. Most of them are priced higher than usual.’

He could not believe his eyes. Looking at the prices, shopping at a supermarket would often exceed his budget. Even arguing its advantages that it was convenient did not make up for how much would be save from shopping at a street market. Lee Hyun came to such a store.

Lee Hyun grabbed a cart.

“Okay, time to shop!”

He was shopping to celebrate his good luck!

He chose items that you could not imagine people usually getting.

He chose a large number of inexpensive goods instead of brand names.

“Maybe two more boxes of Chewy Choco Pies. I think I should be fine with three boxes. Three boxes. Hm, maybe I should get four?”

Lee Hyun was conflicted for a moment then shook his head.

“Oh, of course. I can get four or five boxes, but four boxes will be

sufficient and I bet that I won't need more. Hahaha! These sweets are delicious.”

However, it was different for the grocery purchases.

Olive oil was twice as expensive as normal cooking oil!

He bought a container of salt that was individually packaged.

He wanted to see the difference in salt that was 200 won more expensive!

“It's a little bit of luxury.”

*

Every bit of Seoyoon's gameplay was recorded by Cha Eunhee.

“I'm a little envious. It would be nice if I could go on adventures like that.”

She started to investigate Weed whenever he appeared.

It was very hard to find people that were famous on the internet.

She knew his name, but not what he was like in the past.

The only information she found was that he did unbelievable things in the Continent of Magick, and that he was now on a quest in Royal Road.

The information in front of Cha Eunhee was insane. Here was a person, with as small as a one in a million chance, that somehow got lucky and became famous worldwide.

“A great user...and he's very famous.”

She didn't want to believe it until she saw it with her own eyes.

It was then that she found and saw the quests in the videos. Hunting down the True Blood Vampires, the creation of the pyramid, and the great battle on the Plains of Despair that everyone was talking about!

It was then that Cha Eunhee became a fan of Royal Road.

Because of this she became more enthusiastic.

“Weed really is the most favorite adventurer.”

A passion of hard work!

Cha Eunhee was immersed in the idea of drowning herself in patience in order to solve a quest.

This was true in many of Weed's adventures. Whether it was the fight against the True Blood Vampires or the Plains of Despair, he experienced and won over the tough quests. However, they were not the only important quests on the Versailles continent.

An expedition from a kingdom going to explore an unknown jungle.

Adventurers going off to explore new ruins and dungeons.

Taking on a quest to clear out a den of thieves, who were former nobles.

Traveling to new kingdoms and having thrilling adventures and quests were some of the most important elements that comprised the Versailles continent.

But Weed's adventures had something special in them that others usually did not.

That was what Cha Eunhee wanted to find out.

“Even with a step-by-step approach and passion, unforeseen circumstances will forcefully interfere with their efforts. That's why people readily give up.”

Most quests fail. With higher difficulty quests the probability of failure increases. Weed was as human as anyone else but people can't help but watch his quests.

Unexpected behavior was a unique aspect of Weed's.

Unlike most people, he solved his quests with not just his strength or levels but with something innovating.

The excitement and the tension.

The passion he had when he was commanding the Orcs and the Dark Elves.

People were surprised with his fighting abilities, but it was the way he

behaved, his spirit that fascinated people.

“He’s been gaining popularity for a reason. In the aftermath of his supremacy in the Continent of Magic, he’s now forging a new legend in Royal Road. People can’t help but look on fondly.”

Cha Eunhee had to admit it. She did not remember how many times she turned back to the scene of Weed fighting against the dragon. Most people watched it about a dozen times or more.

Weed was going to be more famous than ever.

It was then that Cha Eunhee got a surprise when she was watching a video that was in Seoyoon’s capsule.

- Friend...

Even if it was only for a single syllable, Seoyoon opened her mouth to speak.

Unless someone loved torturing themselves, Seoyoon did not want to be separated from Weed and had to speak.

Weed then responded to her words.

Seoyoon didn’t have the time to say anything else.

“I guess it’s been so long since she’s said anything that she couldn’t reply.”

Cha Eunhee felt bad for her. For someone like Seoyoon who lived for so long without speaking would forget how to talk to others. Talking would become awkward and she wouldn’t want to say anything embarrassing.

*

After Pale and Romuna returned from the Yuroki Mountains they warmly welcomed Yurin.

‘So this is Weed’s sister.’

Hwaryeong had not known that Yurin was his favorite family member. Everyone was a bit skeptical that Yurin was joining the party. Pale scratched his head.

“This is too dangerous...Yurin are you going to be fine coming along with us?”

As the leader of the party he asked carefully so that she could avoid getting hurt.

“Look...the Yuroki Mountains are not easy places to hunt. There’s a lot of monsters and sometimes we get killed. Wouldn’t it be better if we to go to a place that helps beginners?”

Yurin thought for a moment and then shook her head.

“No, it’s fine. It’s better if it’s more difficult.”

“It’s going to be really dangerous...”

“I understand. I’ll just look for somewhere safe to paint the monsters.”

“Well, go ahead then. Call us if you’re in danger. We will protect you.”

“Okay.”

Yurin sat down on an empty spot and took out a bunch of painting materials.

A few moments later she drew a picture of Pale shooting a monster with arrows.

Shah syasyasyak!

Yurin moved the pencil quickly across the canvas. She then painted a piece of murderous ogres running around.

Ttiring!

-You have used drawing skills.

You have painted an ogre. A big success!

The piece has been named Ogres.The drawing has made the Ogres more brutal.-Drawing skills have improved.

With that, the Ogres evolved into named monsters.

Monsters with names are 20% stronger. However, this was done intentionally because named monsters have more experience and better drop rates.

This was a hidden skill of the painters!

“Oh, named monsters.”

“Surka, buy me some time so that I can prepare a strong magic spell.”

“Okay, Unni.”

The party had to fight fiercely against the monsters that got buffed from the painting.

Yurin began to scribble over the picture of the ogres.

She gave beards to the scarred murderous faces of the ogres. She also gave them glasses and made them hold a book as if they were conducting a performance.

- -You have used the Doodle skill.

The Ogres will now become lazy and gentle natured.

The enemy is suffering from a wound on his sides. This area will be his major weakness.

Yurin was very helpful with her paintings even though she did not engage in combat. Looking at her silently hold the painting to herself, wearing her cowl hat, made people want to give her a hug.

But the images she was painting were quite bloody. It was quite a sight to see the ogres, known as the lords of the forest, being tossed around like rabbit. The heads of the ogres were skewered by 3 beautiful golden snakes.

Yurin was a very pretty girl but the picture showed the cruel reality.

Inhumane abuse!

Pale nodded a little.

‘Her brother really is Weed.’

In Yurin’s veins flowed the same blood as Weed.

*

Viewership was always rising over news about the Versailles Continent.

Oh Juwan and Shin Hye Min were on a program having a discussion with a number of experts.

“A few days ago a combat based profession player took over a castle.”

“Warriors and Knights seem to be the most popular classes to own

castles. There are a few mages but they aren't exactly many."

"Professions that are good with leading others into combat seem to be good."

"However, for the first time, a blacksmith has appeared with enough money to become the lord of a castle."

The specialists for the Versailles Continent argued about their opinions.

"Impossible."

"I have no idea how that could have been done."

"Was it merely a coincidence? Or maybe there were special circumstances?"

Several things changed after the castle was bought.

An increasing number of residents were interested in metal. Residents would talk about metal and hand out quests related to it. Usually smelting a certain ingredient or making a special item.

The number of quests for blacksmiths were limited. Most of the time the quest was too hard for the blacksmith to complete. There was also the fact that a lack of fame made it more difficult for blacksmiths to receive quests. Because there were hardly any quests available, blacksmiths had to work for days to increase their skill proficiency.

In the blacksmith's castle the quests were very basic. But the rewards for those quests were quite decent. By making the appropriate armor and weapons for the quest, fame raised quite quickly. The weapons depended on what the quest referral wanted and may require more skill than available. Even if the result was poor, the blacksmith would still receive a considerable amount of training. This lightened the burden considerably.

"I think, thanks to this castle, the blacksmiths class and other crafters will receive better treatment."

"Crafters?"

Han Gil's eyes shone.

This did not happen often.

“Yes. My guess is, with the heightened interest thanks to this new castle, the value of blacksmiths will increase considerably.”

“Then that means...”

All eyes were looking towards the expert.

“The castle lord’s profession will have a large impact on the continent.”

All of the conclusions were converging towards a single point. Otherwise people wouldn’t be able to understand the situation.

Shin Hye Min asked cautiously.

“What kind of changes can we expect to see because of the new blacksmith lord?”

“It’s a little early to make any definite conclusions.”

With that they began beating around the bush with idle conversation. Then he said.

“The first development we should expect to see in that castle is the the level of technology should advance more quickly than other cities. The blacksmiths will sell a larger number of weapons and armor. Moreover, the quality of these items will constantly improve.”

“In other words, this means that this is going to be that castle’s specialty?”

“That seems to be the case. From the information gathered so far, the standard of weapons is currently higher than usual and there are signs of positive effects. Raising soldiers in the castle will be considerably easier than raising mages.”

Shin Hye Min nodded at what the experts said.

With combat based castle lords could raise strong soldiers easily. Wizards lords increased the overall magical power. Yet blacksmiths were able to have a similar impact as a combat related profession.

When Weed returned to the Versailles Continent, the sun had already gone down and it was evening already.

The clear jewel like stars were twinkling in the sky.

Dark clouds loomed overhead of Weed. Harsh thunder bolts rained down from the sky. The entire rest of the Continent was busy watching the televisions.

“Damn! This cursed profession forcefully made me into the Lord.”

His complaining and lamenting over his cursed profession did not disappear.

Rhodium City of Artists.

In reality it was a city infested with beggars.

There was no guarantee that someone would try and overthrow Morata after Weed took over.

Exploiting high taxes!

Ripping off the residents and squeezing out large taxes.

Raising soldiers to fight monsters to earn him items and money!

For Weed being a vicious dictator was truly his dream.

“Honestly, what is peace... there is no need for any of that. Anything beats being a beggar.”

Weed wanted to be a dictator.

But a lot of traders did not come through Morata because it was far from being a metropolis. Famous fortresses did not border it nor were there well developed hunting grounds.

“But being a Lord should come with some benefits right? Regional status window!”

Lord Weed was allowed to use that command.

The Province of MorataA province belonging to the Nifleheim Empire.

In the past the Emperor brought the land prosperity but now it is hard to imagine it.

Military	20	Economy	90
Culture	120	Technology	190
Religion	80	Urban Development	62
Security	98%		
<p>There are currently no soldiers so a regiment of vigilantes exists in its place. For one year the province will have the protection of the Church of Freya. There are few buildings. The residents are very poor. Merchants used to visit this land. Needs rapid development to quickly improve the livelihood of the residents. Festivals and sculptures make the residents more happy. Requires more cultural facilities for the residents to put behind their harsh past. Former cloth and sewing industry is on the decline.</p> <p>The local population believe in the Church of Freya as their religion.</p> <p>In the future, it is likely that it will become the central faith of the Kingdom.</p> <p>Specialties:</p> <p>Leather and Cloth.</p> <p>Total Territory Population: 7863</p> <p>Monthly tax income: 2300 gold</p> <p>Village operating costs and expenditures:</p> <p>Military 20%</p> <p>Economic Development 20%</p> <p>Village Maintenance 45%</p> <p>Donations to the Church of Freya 15%</p>			

The information he got was in itself.

“Its not even at the level of Baran Village in the kingdom of Rosenheim!”

The towns in the southern part of Rosenheim were constantly being attacked by monsters.

Now that he thought about it, the town had been reduced to ruins by the vampires and that halted its development.

Weed quickly regretted it. He usually had a lot of regrets but he could feel this one tingling in his bones.

“I even got the salt that was 200 won more expensive. This must be my punishment.”

Developing the military and the economy would require a large sum of money. It would take hundreds of thousands, no millions, of gold to advance Morata into an enviable city.

Weed did not have the time or money to afford it.

“The position is nothing more than a luxury for a Dark Gamer.”

At this time, seventy six of the lords on the Versailles Continent in the various kingdoms were users. Most of them have and are attending college.

By governing and improving a town you get fame and fortune! However, it was not an easy task.

*

There were various mountains around the town of Morata.

After the ice that had piled up melted, the surface of the rock was exposed.

Weed climbed the mountain while holding Zahab's Carving Knife.

“I have to force my body!”

Extreme physical labor!

No matter if it was day or night, Weed never forgot to make sculptures.

When the sun rose, he had made many sculptures. There were strong tough men with weapons such as swords dancing around. When the moon rose, there were women as well. But Weed did not stop there.

“Moonlight Sculpting!”

The unique sculpting ability to emit light.

The difficulty of sculpting went up when using the skill.

Jjeojeosal!

He worked on the rock to make a slender arm.

It was softer, unlike the other rocks he had used in the past. To keep the feel of the sculpture he had to pay attention to the materials.

Seoyoon.

He had spent several months with her.

It was very difficult to sculpt various people doing different things such as dancing.

A girl dancing on one leg.

Four soldiers brandishing long spears.

It was very easy to break.

It was inevitable since he had yet to master moonlight sculpting.

“I can’t help it if it fails.”

Weed boldly took the loss. But it was worth it.

Shirtless men showing off around the campfire.

Women doing sensual and provocative dances.

The dancing was full of energy!

The Memory of the Night Festival in Morata had been created.

It took over ten days to complete.

- Please set the name of the statue.

Weed had thought in advance and gave it a noble name.

“A Night in Morata.”

Somehow he made a titled piece! He was reminded of a movie he saw when he was a kid. Weed couldn’t quite remember the name but he went with it.

- A Night in Morata, correct?

“Yeah.”

Ttiring!

A moonlight sculpting masterpiece! You have completed the piece A Night in Morata!

A piece that represents people dancing! An astonishing dance full of passion and energy was born. Unfortunately the sculpture was damaged a few times during creation. Incomplete sculpture.

Because of the reputation for being an excellent sculpture, it does not appear to be a mistake.

The sculptor gave this piece endless possibilities.

This piece will be talked of for many years.

No one will forget the creative and artistic skills that the sculptor used.

The name of this sculpture will remain in the history of the Versailles Continent.

Artistic Value:

An excellent work created by the Sculptor Weed. 6300

Options:

The statue A Night in Morata gives

15% increased Health and Mana regeneration during the day.

30% increased Health.

All stats increased by 10.

All chef, dancer, and bard skills are one level higher.

Other statue effects do not overlap.

Number of Moonlight masterpieces so far: 1

-Sculpting skills have improved.

-Handicrafting has increased to advanced level 4. An additional 8% increase to all handtools and it will affect various areas.

-Sculptural Understanding has increased by 1 level.

-Fame has increased by 110.

-Art stats have increased by 5.

-Stamina has increased by 1.

-All stats increase by 2 for create a Moonlight masterpiece.

“Kuehuehuehue!”

Weed had a wicked smile.

Advanced handicrafting level 4!

Every time the skill rose, his damage increased by 8% and his crafting products would have better effects.

The sculpting class was amazing because of the ability to learn all crafting skills and access to the handicrafting skill, as well as the amazing two times growth rate for skills.

Royal Road's hope for below average classes.

A skill that displays true physical effort!

Handicrafting!

He recently learnt the truth.

Handicrafting rapidly raised the Sculpting skill. It also widened the number of skills affected by Handicrafting.

It boosted all manner of production skills with more gentle handling, such as picking herbs. It made sewing more elaborate and helped to

restore the durability of repaired items. Even mages needed some level of Handicrafting. One could not hope to increase the Handicrafting by focusing on one skill and repeating the same thing over and over.

Therefore, one needed a large variety of skills and training to boost the Handicrafting skill.

In other words, endless physical labor!

The embodiment of physical labor in all skills.

Whenever he got a level in Handicrafting, Weed could not help but smile.

“Handicrafting increased a level. Hehe, I should work hard and make another light sculpture.”

Weed looked to see that there was no one else around. Then he started to dance around vulgarly with the carving knife using Moonlight Sculpting.

“It’s like winning a lottery ticket after getting dealt a bad hand. It doesn’t mean that you can’t have fun.”

Simple and easy! Sometimes he expressed his delight like a crazy man. It was his one act of comfort from having to constantly repeat the same thing over and over.

“204 hours of hard work yet it came out flawed.”

Weed painfully reflected on his work.

He was not sleeping or eating properly and it had affected his work.

“If I worked 6000 hours this month, my goal for next month should be 6001 hours. That is what it means to be truly devoted to hard work.”

If he was given a lot of money, he would sew on doll eyes for 100 years!

The finished work however would have to be successful compared to the effort involved.

Weed put a massive amount of work into his sculptures but a few still ended up as failures.

“There’s still time left.”

Weed went towards the rocks without a break.

He had to go to Todeum but he could afford a little time.

For the next sixty days of the Versailles continent, Weed sculpted from the rocks in the mountains. He managed to make a couple dozen classic pieces, four grand pieces, and one masterpiece.

With that, he managed to reach Advanced Sculpting.

*

A large number of adventurers arrived in the town of Morata.

People used to stay away because of the severe weather, but now it had subsided.

Since the air and weather was refreshing, it was no surprise that monsters and adventurers started to appear.

“It’s a village!”

“According to the map, this is Morata.”

“Let’s check out the place.”

Villagers looked at the town in amazement.

Most of the northern towns had been devastated. With all the monster attacks, public security was a mess. In most towns, the monster had invaded too far.

They were less than villages and more like hunting grounds.

Monsters would trot around freely, eating and killing humans!

“In case something happens, I will lead the group. I leave healing up to you.”

“Okay. I’ll take care of the treatment.”

The party of five cautiously approached the village.

This party was quite famous in the Versailles Continent.

Behind the party was a total of 300 people.

People sought to explore the northern continent. They thought it would be safe once they entered a town. However it was early in the morning and that was the time that monster activity peaked!

The party raised their vigilance whenever they entered a village.

“Welcome!”

“Welcome to our village.”

The Morata citizens greeted them in unison.

“We sell tough durable clothes in Morata.”

“We also sell armor with high defense and clothes for women.”

The adventurers went around Morata’s specialties shops. They looked around at the trees and the ground. One of them nervously asked.

“What is that over there?”

This was usually not seen in a village.

The reason was soon revealed.

The adventurers saw a bunch of cute boys and girls holding a bunch of pretty sculptures!

“Selling sculptures of flowers, rabbits, deer, as well as high quality pieces! There are also sculptures of monsters from Morata, such as the wolves.”

The residents were trying to make money somehow. They were trying to earn money like how Weed earned chump change in the beginning.

Then they saw a vacant lot where Weed was sitting.

“Gear for sale, traditional antiques from the Nifleheim empire, as well as iron armor and clothes! There is no doubt about the elegance of the antique patterns!”

Weed piled swords and armor next to him.

“Swords! Iron goods from the master blacksmiths of the ancient

Nifleheim Empire! Get this chance now before it passes. It's not going to be here tomorrow!"

The treasures of the Nifleheim Empire. After so many years, the weapons and armor deteriorated and are now sold as antiques.

"Men, show off to women your love with these clothes and this sword. As for women, this dress was worn by the third princess of the past lord of Morata during a ballroom dance where she was proposed to. Imagine it..."

Weed built up on the items with story.

"What is that guy?"

"A merchant?"

"Let's check it out."

The adventurers found themselves interested in Morata village.

They were surprised at the unexpectedly good performance of the stockpiled rusty swords and armor.

"What is this."

"The damage on the rusty longsword is so good. I wonder how great it used to be?"

"That sword!"

"I like the dress."

People flocked.

It was after they heard and saw the unexpectedly good performance of the items.

"Ajussi, how much is this dress?"

Weed smiled brightly as he answered.

That rotten fake smile!

"3600 gold."

"Aegyae! I could buy clothes in the central continent for 3200 gold...and besides these clothes are old."

Some people were reluctant to buy after finding out the price.

The performance was fine but it was overpriced!

The equipment was old so the durability was 20% lower.

Weed picked up the clothes.

“It looks like I did not repair it yet. Repair, polish, ironing!”

Repairing old clothes!

Using his sewing and blacksmith skills he could return them to their original state. Of course it was impossible to do complete repairs. The polishing would also disappear over time. Repairing them gave the treasures of the Niflheim Empire durability equal to common items but there was more. It had been so long since they have been repaired that the increase of durability and the change in the appearance of the items were spectacular.

“Please decrease the price a little more.”

“You know the clothes are too shabby.”

The guests complained while trying to beat him in a price war.

Weed also actively utilized engraving.

There was the sculpture of the beautiful woman that Zahab loved his entire life.

As well as Emperor Geihar Arpen that united the continent.

He was selling food along with the items.

“Original old styles are fashionable these days. I’m in a good mood so I’ll alter anything you want. I’ll carve whatever you want into it.”

This boosted the value of the items. Equipment performance was not the only aspect. No matter the performance, people wanted to look nice as well.

Nicely engraved equipment and sculptures worked to give a slight stat boost.

“Come! Come! Cheap! Cheap! Celebrate coming to Morata with a new set of equipment! It will be hard to find equipment like this anywhere else except here in northern Morata. An opportunity like this passes by in no time!”

Weed’s hands and mouth were moving non-stop as he advertised.

“What do you think?”

“The quality is not that bad. It’s hard to find stuff like this in the stores.”

“It looks comfortable and lightweight.”

Weed sat by quietly wondering how many people were going to buy.

“Customers should think about purchasing now rather than later! There’s limited stock so if you don’t hurry it might all run out!”

When there were limited amounts then price went up.

Weed sold the equipment so well that he sold food of the Nifleheim Empire for the rest of the time.

*

Adventurers in Morata Village!

They were all wearing similarly designed weapons and armor.

Dirty, old, and colorful clothing and armor!

It was questionable whether or not the swords with cracks in them could cut a tree.

Nevertheless the adventurers were satisfied.

“I think that for equipment this good it was reasonably priced.”

“Yea. It’s good even if the durability is a bit low.”

“It just means we have to repair it a little more often.”

Weed wickedly sold low durability equipment after repairing them to temporarily give them more durability and defense.

Of course it was still less expensive than the plated armor sold in stores.

The adventurers did not have much money left.

“I don’t have any money left on me.”

“Then let’s go hunting.”

“Let’s see if we can get some quests.”

The adventurers split up to talk to the residents.

They didn’t know whether or not it was dangerous outside the city. Therefore they went looking for information about hunting grounds in the surrounding area.

If you raised your friendship level with the residents then you would get better quests and clues about dungeons. Fortunately the villagers were very kind to the adventurers.

“Behind the village is the Lord’s black castle. Sometimes monsters gather near there every year.”

“Did you know? East of the village there is a river made from the melted ice and snow. Rumor is that if you bathe in it then your charm will increase.”

“Hunting grounds? North, East, South, West; no matter where you go the ancient Nifleheim Empire is infested with monsters! Can you go hunt down the monsters and collect their skin so I can turn it into leather?”

“There’s a famous band of robbers northeast of here in the mountains. They started to become more active. There are going to be wagons coming through there as well. However, there will be other monsters that attack. It would be nice if you could go assist them and clear out the bandit base.”

Quests related to Morata’s specialty of cloth and leather were available too. They would easily exchange materials for money.

Some of the residents said.

“Have you been to the mountains to the east of the village? There are many great sculptures that fill us with pride and confidence.”

“Sculptures?”

“Can you help me? My husband went to see them in the middle of the night. I hear that its dangerous there at that time.”

The adventurers were curious.

“Which residents have we not spoken to yet?”

“Should we go check it out?”

The adventurers went to that place in the rocky mountains that they heard about.

Hundreds of thousands of rocks were piled on the mountain.

Surprisingly many of the rocks were crafted.

Rock sculptures. Nothing comparable to something like a mountain, but there was quite a lot of them.

A sculpture of the villagers entertaining themselves in a festival!

Many of the sculptures symbolized the paladins of the Versailles Continent’s Church of Freya.

The sculptures were gradually built up along the mountain on each level.

It all led to the pinnacle of the sculptures.

You have seen Morata’s symbol.A tower built for the well-being and development of the town!An excellent and skillful sculptor crafted this with all his heart, greatly increasing its artistic value.

- Health and mana increased by 10%.
- 3% increase in the town’s productivity.
- Monsters are less aggressive in the area around the sculpture.

Morata’s warriors has been seen.Strong health and tenacity!The appearance of the warriors of the Versailles Continent is enough to fill you with courage to fight the monsters.

Stamina and Strength increased by 3%.

Monster’s Fighting Spirit does not apply.

Increases the chance of gaining Fame when you defeat a strong monster.

The effects of various sculptures!

The sculptures on top of the mountain would be considerably helpful for hunting.

The adventurers gaped in surprise.

“Why are there so many sculptures here?”

“Who do you think made all these sculptures?”

Questions began to pop up.

Buildings and other works gradually age with time.

In other words, it was not possible for these to be remnants of the ancient Niflheim Empire.

These sculptures were still fresh!

The sculptor that made these had created them recently.

“Weed! It was Weed!”

“Sculptor Weed?”

“That’s right. Who else but Weed would do such hard work?”

Weed was the most famous sculptor that was named in the rumors. He was known for the hard work in creating the pyramid in Rosenheim Kingdom.

Among the adventurers, many of them had heard of Weed.

“Perhaps it was the guy that sold us the items.”

“After making sculptures in Rosenheim, now he’s here.”

“Since he disappeared for six months, do you think he was making sculptures here?”

“I think he was a part of the expedition.”

“I see. Did you see his sword and armor?”

“They’re exactly the same.”

It was rumored that Weed had blacksmithing and tailoring skills during the expedition.

“He raised blacksmithing and tailoring...”

“Both of them are very difficult to do...”

“Its like he’s the true god of hard work.”

Not many people had that kind of tenacity.

They still had a few doubts though.

“But Morata Village is where Jeoshin Weed fought against the True Blood Vampires. I’m certain that was his quest.”

“Yea.”

“Then why is Sculptor Weed here? Is it just coincidence?”

“What are you trying to say?”

“Maybe they just have the same name or...”

The rest of the people laughed at those that were seriously considering it.

“To think that Jeoshin Weed and Sculptor Weed are the same is ridiculous. Want to find him to see for yourself?”

“Think about it. There are a lot of people named Weed.”

“A sculptor wouldn’t learn blacksmithing and tailoring, right?”

“Well, they would be too busy to learn other crafting skills...”

“Also remember a little back. During the Necromancer quest with the Legion of the Undead, they briefly showed the armor that Weed was wearing.”

People did not know that the blacksmith skill lifted the restrictions on wearing items as the skill rank increased. That was because there were few intermediate level blacksmiths.

A fierce debate broke out over the topic.

“After the defeat of the True Blood Vampires, Weed, at that time, was of the Paladin profession. But Jeoshin Weed received a special Necromancer quest and he was the Orc Karichi. So they can’t be the same.”

“There’s no proof that Jeoshin Weed stayed in the village. He wouldn’t just sit around all day and craft stuff.”

“Hm, you have a point.”

“Yea, you’re right. There is no way that they could be the same person.”

Everyone had their suspicions and were saying something different.

Never forget the value of a single won!

Because of Weed’s telephone interview with CTS broadcasting, many people were not sure whether or not it was him.

“The Jeoshin Weed!”

“He made a major contribution towards the quest to get rid of the heat on the continent.”

“The expedition suffered through much difficulty but thanks to Weed it succeeded.”

“The continent’s savior...there’s no way he can be. Never!”

“I bet he’s in some unknown dungeon doing a quest or killing a monster that no one was able to before.”

“He’s like a hermit, always in places where people will never, ever find him.”

“Yea. That’s right.”

That was what the general conversation was becoming.

His supporters would never dare to imagine that Weed was a money mongerer.

It’s as believable as a pretty female celebrity saying that she’s going to the restroom!

Still, the adventurers had yet to see the most important sculpture.

You have seen the Tower of Light!A great masterpiece made by a skilled sculptor!Sometimes a sculptor leaves behind a work so great that it stuns the continent.

The tower takes on a grander appearance at night and its full characteristics are displayed.

- Health, Mana and Stamina regeneration increased by 25% for the entire day.

- All stats are increased by 15.

- Maximum Health and Mana increased by 15%.

- Movement speed has increased by 20%.

- Luck increased by 100.

- Increases the power of Holy and Elemental Magic.

Statue weakens the nearby forces of darkness, strong monsters will weaken.

When the sun goes down, then a light show will occur.

The Tower of Light sculpture increases defense to 1.5 times the original value.

When the people saw it they did not leave to hunt. They sat down and waited for the sun to set.

“What is this light show?”

“Light sculptures? Are there such things?”

“Either way, the monsters are 50% stronger at night so there’s no point in leaving.”

They sat around relaxing and chatting.

Then night fell.

A pitch dark night.

There were clouds in the sky so they could not see the moon. Nevertheless, the tower radiated warmth and light.

It was as if it was bright jewel, a beacon of light.

“Pretty.”

“It’s like we’re in a dream...”

“I did not know that it would be this good.”

Most people did not like the idea of sculpting.

“The rating is quite high so I suppose it’s decent.”

“I guess it’s a fairly famous sculpture. It’s quite hard to say if its good.”

For those without prior knowledge of art, it was difficult to feel the inspiration.

Even if it was a world famous sculptor, some people can’t be impressed by what it’s supposed to mean or realize why it is special.

However there were people that could appreciate the Tower of Light.

‘Such a profound work of art.’

‘Oh, such an amazing work of art. But how does one learn to make such a thing...’

‘What a sculpture. I saw the other ones nearby but this is a first...it wouldn’t be bad to go to a sculpture exhibit on a date once in awhile.’

‘But why is it so different compared to the others along the path?’

The Tower of Light.

It was solemn and somber; in the cool, pale moonlight there were 7 brilliant hues of clear and transparent light.

Suddenly the clouds over Morata parted. The moonlight poured onto the surface of the tower and scattered. Everywhere around the tower was bathed in the moonlight.

“Oh!”

Sounds of amazement came out of the viewers’ mouths. The tower concentrated light in the center of the tower and dispersed it through the small towers in a mixture of light.

The concentration of light!

Light reflected from the small towers to the central tower.

Reflection of light!

The small towers scattered the light at various angles.

It changed and distorted.

Many rays of light could be seen in the sky.

It spread increasingly as the tower generated light.

Soon it covered the entire mountain!

Therefore they were exposed to the sheen of the light sculptures.

The light danced.

Every time the clouds or the moon moved, the light would dance.

A dance of light that could not be expressed with words.

It was a fantastic sight.

Usually sculpting showed a shape directly. However light sculpting was different as it was not the sculpture being displayed but the light itself.

A piece of art that can be seen but not felt!

The people did not think about leaving that spot.

*

A great sculptor made the Tower of Light!

“Morata has a lot of amazing sculptures.”

“The Tower of Light has such a beautiful light display! Anyone that sees it can’t help but be fascinated.”

“The light was spectacular.”

“It was the most wonderful scene I’ve seen by far.”

“If you’re going to a hard dungeon then you will regret not coming to see the tower.”

It did not take a long time for rumor to spread throughout the Versailles continent.

It improved and made his name more well known. Weed worked for the people in the past and had a reputation in sculpting.

The people that were impressed told their friends.

A video was put on the Royal Road website about the Tower of Light so users could watch and talk about it.

The users began to appreciate the production classes.

“Weed is a true sculptor.”

“His sculptures are popping up all over the place. It must be his human desire to constantly have inspiration.”

“I heard that he has a touch with sculpting beautiful woman.”

“He created such an astounding piece of art.

Bards eventually sang praises of Weed.

Sculptor Weed,
He has a tough job but he broke the confines of poverty.
Soul of sculptures.
The sculpture that rules the light.
Oh, it's so beautiful.
He leaves behind everything he makes.
Like a fairy elf singing and dancing in place.
The legend of gathering the light.

*

Other people were thrilled when they saw the Tower of Light.

But the people that know Weed found it hard to believe.

“How is it that Oppa has such a delicate sense of beauty...”

Yurin was suspicious so she asked Hwaryeong.

“He’s very good with his hands right?”

“Yes. I like to eat the apples he peels.”

“I wonder how he made that.”

Pale fell into anguish.

‘Maybe we were wrong about Weed all this time?’

They wanted to see him. Artists are often misunderstood for their sense of aesthetics.

‘Weed! I really love the sculpture you made. You’re right. Without enthusiasm and affection for the sculpture there is no way you can make such a beautiful piece.’

Irene apologized to him tearfully.

‘I though Weed kept talking about how he dislikes his profession... I think in the future the complaints are only going to increase.’

Zephyr grinned.

‘Weed is someone that’s really hard to be proud of. This might be something of an accomplishment for making something like this, right?’

Hwaryeong was mistaken about Weed’s mindset.

‘The creation of a new innovative piece of art requires painstaking effort and passion. Along with a wealth of emotions and affection. Weed really is someone that can warm your heart.’

*

When Weed was making the tower he had no idea what to do and was going to make a normal tower.

Moonlight sculpting!

It boasted a high level of sculpting difficulty.

The sculpture itself emits light so it was hard to think of an idea.

“Damn it. There is no end to sculpting’s curses.”

Weed was annoyed with his harness.

He was able to use moonlight sculpting to make small sculptures, to some extent, by outline the shape. But for such a large object, he had to think of one or two things else.

“This damnable sculpting!”

Weed dealt his frustration of hanging on the peak by slashing the rock.

He was dangling high above the ground with the sculpture.

As he was smashing the snow with moonlight sculpting, tears trickled down his face.

So far to note, in the sunlight the effects of light sculpting was greatly diminished. Then night came.

Morata village had a full moon.

The moon shone on the sculptures crookedly. The mirror like surfaces of the rocks reflected the moonlight.

“The light is reflecting off the sculptures and onto the snow!”

Weed was irritated as he clung onto the mountain. He spent hours trying to position the moonlight correctly. Gradually he just slashed to cut the sculpture at more angles.

Chapter 9: Gathering

In the past, the other villages around Morata were devastated from waves of monsters. In the streets piled up with snow, around the buildings with patched up ceilings, many people were gathering around. The thing that captivated everyone's attention was the glorious statue!

“So Morata is somewhere around here.”

“That's the place with the Tower of Light!”

“People can't come to the Northern area without hearing about it at least once.”

“I like how there's a lot of good monsters to hunt too.”

The number of tourists visiting Morata increased exponentially each day.

“Looking to hunt over at the hills!”

“Going to rescue the fire wizards from the insects in the cave.”

“The name of the quest is ‘Lisa's Handkerchief’. You can get a high quality handkerchief as the reward for finishing it.”

“Buying food! Is there anyone selling food that lasts longer than a week?”

The vacant lot in the center of Morata village was in an uproar.

Ever since the ice melted in the North, hundreds of thousands of travelers from the central continent moved over. Some of them came to Morata.

Morata was one of the most important geographically positioned paths to the rest of the Northern Continent.

Still, no one expected that such a large crowd of travelers would come.

Moreover, they did not expect to be able to use the town as a base when they were hunting.

The Tower of Light had changed everything.

Wonderful sculptures!

Women were the first people to come and see the beautiful Tower of Light.

“So pretty!”

“I almost feel like I would have regretted it if I didn’t come here.”

They had seen the video, but standing directly on top of the rocky mountain in front of the light choreography was an experience of a lifetime that one would never forget.

It was impressive to see it shining in the moonlight until the sun rose over the plains.

“So this is the sculpture.”

“Even if the class’s attack power is quite low, it’s amazing they can make something like this.”

“I know. There are a number of pieces like this on the Versailles continent.”

Over time the popularity of sculptors grew.

Most of the tourists that came to the rocky mountain was due to the Tower of Light.

There were still a lot of female users, but there were a lot of males as well.

There were couples everywhere!

These men were forced to visit by the women, but there were some classes that visited for more practical reasons.

The life-or-death hunting.

However, less than 10% of the entire Versailles continent actually hunted to this extent.

“Health, Mana and Stamina regeneration are all increased so we can hunt monsters without taking as many breaks.”

“It’s thanks to the Tower of Light that the hunting time has sped up so much.”

“Increased elemental? Have you seen the Tower of Light?”

“Looking for a cleric that has visited the Tower of Light last night!”

The dance of lights.

The effects of the statue eased and hastened hunting.

They wanted to hunt but didn’t want to leave the proximity of Morata Village.

The statue was the symbol of Morata Village!

Because of the advantages of the sculpture they were forced to stay around the village.

The church of Freya was also affected.

The priests and paladins were readily available if one wanted to receive blessings or dispels.

Morata was the only village at the center of the Northern Continent with a church.

As the number of tourists steadily increased, the effects of the statue will continue to develop the amount of quests and hunting grounds.

Weed could not watch over it for long.

Time was approaching for him to go to the Vampire Kingdom of Todeum.

“Call Vampire Lord Tori!”

“You have called me.”

Tori was dressed in black clothing as well as a black cloak.

A handsome pale face!

He was tall and overflowing with grace.

Weed looked over him with his eyes.

“It seems that you have grown since you no longer call me master.”

“Well I mean, in four more days, I’ll be free.”

Vampire Kingdom Todeum!

Only three days left until it was time to go there.

Weed did not forget to remind Tori about the last three years he had him for.

“The last three days can feel longer than the last three years. In the course of the last three days, it wouldn’t harm you to say it.”

“ ... ”

“Hey, tell me more about Todeum.”

Weed wanted to gather more detailed information about Todeum.

“Todeum is our Holy Land. Every three months we get together and celebrate.”

“Celebrate?”

“Yes. The nobility of the night get together and celebrate our eternal lives with blood.”

“What else?”

“Compared to the crude and childish technology of human civilization, the nobility of the night have cities boasting a long history.”

Tori had a tremendous amount of pride and self-esteem for Todeum.

Weed judged.

‘Vampire Lord Tori grew up there so he’s probably embellishing it a bit.’

If it takes a considerable amount of effort to go somewhere then you can expect to be something special there.

It was true for the prestigious kingdom of the dwarves and the kingdom of the elves.

In the kingdom of the dwarves, the bellows and the hammering never ceased.

Elves were aligned with nature so they planted lots of trees and flowers.

Vampires were the nobles of the night so you could seem to expect luxurious and fashionable lifestyles.

‘In addition, this is an exclusive opportunity to get quests and hunting grounds that nobody else have been to before.’

According to Vampire Lord Tori, Todeum was a place that humans haven't been to in the past and will not be able to go to in the future.

So it was only available for Weed!

The number of quests in Morata increased but there were too many tourists. Even for a simple quest, there was a lot of competition.

It was hard to have a monopoly on a hunting ground. It'll be easier to find people to party and go hunt monsters.

Even though it was worth it to hunt in Morata, it did not even cross Weed's mind. He could not ignore the doubled experience and benefits of hunting for one week.

Weed wanted more information.

“You can only take a few people, can't you?”

“It depends on the situation.”

“Situation?”

“Yes. I recall that I have a total of 200,000 bats to take with me to Todeum. It takes about 200 to take a human so I can only take 1000. But if you're bringing stuff with you then we would have to reduce the number of humans.”

“Is there any limit to the number of people that can go to Todeum?”

“As long as the human being is prepared for death.”

“And what if you die?”

“Anyone that dies in the kingdom of the night is banished to the world of men.”

That meant that there was a significant penalty of dying once since they would not be allowed to respawn in the nearest city but rather expelled from the kingdom.

‘This is going to be very dangerous.’

Weed frowned.

It was not uncommon for people to die in the middle of a quest or hunting. This is because there are others that have already experienced it the first time.

In other words, that was the risk of hunting somewhere this rare since he could die since he didn’t know about the hunting grounds or quests.

Nervous because of not knowing what there was to come!

The situation was unpredictable.

To make matters worse, he couldn’t take along the Wyverns or Geumini. They wouldn’t be able to come back since, when they died, they had no way of reviving.

‘Safety first. It would be crazy to hunt without gathering information. Doing it alone will be difficult. I need to get my most trusted companions.’

Weed sent Pale and three others a whisper.

- Would you like to take the risk of going to Todeum with me?

*

After Pale received Weed’s whisper, he asked the others for their opinion.

“The Kingdom of Vampires Todeum. It’s still an undisclosed location so we don’t know how dangerous it is. Weed is trying to find people to go with him and I’m going with him, so what does everyone want to do?”

Currently Pale has the position of leader and this adventure had a significantly high probability of death so he had to see what his companions thought.

Considering what he had said, Maylon answered.

“I want to go.”

Since they were lovers it was no surprise that she was going with him. In addition, whenever Weed went on an adventure there were opportunities to be had.

‘This time we’re fighting under pretty high stakes.’

Maylon had gone hunting with Weed a few times, but she had never truly gone on an adventure or quest with him.

Surka nervously asked Romuna.

"Unnie, are you going?"

“Yes, of course. Won’t the vampire kingdom be very beautiful? It seems to be worth it. Come on, what do you say?”

“I wanna go with you. It’s my duty as a priest to go along.”

Romuna and Surka were vampire fanatics.

When they were young, they were mesmerized by vampire movies.

Pointed fangs!

Black cloaks!

The girls were even fond of the little bloodsucking vampire bats.

Now only Yurin, Hwaryeong, and Zephyr were the only three left to make a decision, as well as Seechwi.

Of course, Zephyr was going along loyally.

“I’m going. Hwaryeong, what are you going to do?”

She already made her decision to go along the very moment Pale mentioned Weed. She wanted to go with him for the Northern Expedition but unfortunately he had refused.

“I’ll be there.”

Now the party turned their attention towards Yurin and Seechwi.

In this case, it would be very dangerous for Yurin since she was very weak.

“I’ll go.”

Yurin wanted to go to Todeum with Weed.

“Chwiik, I’m going too.”

Seechwi decided to go.

It was an Orc’s nature to fight, even if the damage was insignificant.

For a monster, it seemed appropriate to go to dangerous places!

‘But...this time I’m going to get to kill something for sure.’

Seechwi had sorrowfully been a member of their party a few times.

Pale’s party was mainly comprised of young people so she seemed to be an old maid.

The generation gap!

Irene and Surka treated the elderly warmly so that made the sorrow even worse.

‘I don’t have a choice as long as Seoyoon is still like that.’

Not too long ago, Seoyoon had finally managed to say something again but since then she had not said anything else. She wasn’t suddenly going to get better, so to get her normal again it would take time for her to regain her words. So in order to recover Seoyoon, Weed’s presence may be an important role. So for her sake, she must go. It was an important reason to stay near Weed.

Mapan was a shameless trader preying on the Orcs!

Mapan always told others.

“Weed is like a teacher to me.”

Obscure means of making money from customers.

Acting like a nice guy to rip people off.

It was essential to use flattery to sell stuff.

An insatiable greed for money!

He had learned the fundamentals of trade from Weed. He even looked in

the mirror and practiced until he had a rotten smile.

Mapan was going to participate in the adventure to the vampire kingdom.

It was a huge gain for merchants to go to a new area. It was a great opportunity to exclusively get money, skill and fame from selling. For the Vampire Kingdom Todeum where no one was able to go to, it was something a trader could not pass up.

“This adventure can be an opportunity.”

Mapan did not forget.

Weed had led the Orcs and the Dark Elves against the monsters in the Yuroki Mountains.

Weed had invested tens of thousands of gold in order to affect the battle.

Mapan could not help but feel nervous.

There were benefits to be had in an unfavorable combat situation.

The Lich Shire and the Immortal Legion!

His heart jumped every time as the large number of enemies dwindled.

There was so much tension, excitement and thrills and then it was over.

Mapan wanted to go on such an adventure again.

Geomchi, Geomchi2, Geomchi3, Geomchi4, and Geomchi5.

Instead of hunting in a party like Pale, they were deep in the Yuroki Mountains with their swords.

Every day, from morning until evening, they would wield their swords.

“We have dedicated our lives to the sword. Aside from the sword, I want the opportunity to meet with women.”

A sense of urgency was contained in Geomchi2's sword.

The sword was his way of life.

He did not regret it.

If he could, he would walk down the path of the sword once more. It was not about making the body stronger but the mindset of it.

Geomchi had said.

“A man’s home is in the hilt of a sword. Even if the years pass by and one becomes old, the sword will remain young.”

Do not throw away the sword.

Through the sword, you will meet a girl.

But only if you are strong!

The teachers wield their swords their entire lives as single men.

Martial Artist!

It was a job that could use any weapon.

It did not matter if the durability of the sword was going to break from hunting.

Just pick up a weapon and attack the monster.

They ate as if they were starving.

“The mind is clouded when one is hungry.”

That was the mindset of Geomchi, Geomchi² and Geomchi³.

In reality, they had no problem fasting for three days.

‘I’ll get the ladies by being overwhelmingly fast and powerful.’

‘Famous rare items! You have to get the attention of the ladies.’

‘I want to protect. I want to be taken care of. I want a woman!’

Their thoughts were filled with selfishness as they wield their swords.

It didn’t matter if they were sweating profusely as if it were raining, they did not even think of quitting.

They were completely immersed.

They swung their swords 100,000 times a day.

They wielded their swords even when they were not hunting.

Strength depended on Skill and Stamina, so they only took breaks when they were exhausted.

It took time to move to another hunting ground, and it took considerably more time to find party members.

Even if they got into parties with others, the hunt did not last very long.

But for the Geomchis it was more of a hassle.

Fighting by themselves!

They swung their swords 100,000 times a day.

They did not need any rationalizing.

Once they set a goal, all they did was train.

They did not bother with complex calculations.

It was enough to shed sweat until breathing became difficult.

Such was the only life they knew.

Geomchi2 swallowed his saliva from hunger.

“The right woman for me. I don’t need much. Barley bread and corn today, rye bread tommorow. Any woman would be fine for me.”

Geomchi5 was even lower.

“Kimchi three times a day, Shin Ramen, if you boil in hot water then it’s fine.”

Their standards were getting lower.

“I would be fine even with just eggs.”

Geomchi2 would not be moved and pressed on.

“Keuheu! The eggs do not need to be made do they?”

“How can I meet a woman without this level of devotion? For love one must make sacrifices.”

Geomchi2 had asked.

And then there was Geomchi5.

“Sahyung, I think I would be able to give up meat.”

“Meat!”

The sahyungs admired each other’s determination.

Then almost at the same time their skills rose.

Ttiring!

- - Weapon mastery has reached Advanced Level 6.

The base damage of all weapons increased to 360%.

There is a 3% increase in attack speed. Mana costs for skills decreased by 4%.

Advanced level 6!

As a martial artist they could learn all weapons instead of just swords.

The weapon skill was becoming closer and closer to the master level.

“If we keep this up, then we will soon reach our goal!”

Geomchi2, Geomchi3, Geomchi4, and Geomchi5 replied back in a shout.

“Yes!”

Increasing the Weapon skill was far from tolerable. Normally people would get sick and tired of swinging a sword all day. Nevertheless, they steadily remained devoted.

On top of the cliff, they continued their monotonous lifestyle.

Geomchi put his sword into the ground.

“Men!”

“Yes Master!”

“Come over here.”

Geomchi2, Geomchi3, Geomchi4 and Geomchi5 quickly gathered around.

“Tell us what it is Master!”

“Look at how long we had stayed here.”

Others would be appalled to know that they had stayed up there for the

past few months.

“Every now and again don’t you suppose we should quench our burning desires by going off into the world?”

Geomchi asked his disciples for their opinions.

“Yes, I think that sometimes.”

Geomchi5 opened his mouth to laugh and grin.

The moment separating decisions and actions.

In the past they were thought to have unbelievable combat skills. It was scary to think how much they have improved since then.

Now the Geomchis could enjoy the fight.

Geomchi5 blindly followed the Master’s words.

“Master, that is a very good idea. Do you have a place in mind?”

“We do not know much about the Versailles Continent. Don’t you want to go to a place that no one else is able to go to?”

“That would be nice.”

“This time we are going to go along with Weed.”

“So this place is the one with the vampires.”

“Let’s get all of the kids together!”

The Geomchis had separated once to seek individual training.

Now it was time for them to reunite.

Geomchis gather!

The Geomchis that had spread to the far corners of the continent to seek the way of the warrior gathered back together.

They had a wide range of purposes. Some went to find strong swords, others drifted, and few went on quests. Most of them went around trying to find strong people to challenge.

They moderately raised their levels by hunting.

Some even gathered to help the devastated town of Morata.

“My sword skills have reached Advanced Level 3 so I’m a lot stronger now.”

“By doing quests I managed to get 10200 fame.”

“I went to the Northern area and fought along with Bingryong.”

The practitioners were proud of their accomplishments and assembled individually.

They learned to never give up and all manner of tricks to fighting.

Geomchi⁵ saw in the eyes of the five hundred trainees the spirit of a warrior.

Earlier he had be quietly laughing.

Now he had somewhat of a sneaky smile.

“Youngest one, where were you and what did you do?”

“Kuhuhuhu! You don’t need to know how much pain I was in. But if you need to know, I will tell you.”

“Tell me what has happened to you.”

“Well, Sahyung, the continent has been really hot lately right?”

“I know.”

The practitioners nodded.

Stamina consumption became worse and they began to sweat profusely as it got warmer. Many gathered at the center of the continent because of the surplus of monsters and quests. Others rested after they hunted.

They would not have withstood the heat if it wasn’t for the mentality of the practitioners.

The five hundred Geomchis laughed insidiously.

“The continent was hot so I immediately went to the Selrun River.”

“River?”

“What was there?”

“What sort of monsters attacked you?”

The practitioners were curious.

They had listened to Geomchi2 about the way of the sword.

Their fighting instincts were stimulated many fold while fighting strong monsters.

But he shook his head to show it was not as ridiculous as the five hundred Geomchis were thinking.

“I mean, I didn’t get to see any monsters at all. Selrun River is famous for being pure and transparent. The river flows very quickly so it’s very suitable for swimming.”

“Swimming? You went to the Selrun River to swim?”

“Well, lots of women were there because of the heat wave. Tens of thousands of girls in bikinis.”

“Gulp.”

“Tens, tens of thousands!”

The five hundred practitioners had eyes as if they were sparkling.

“Explain to me in detail what happened and why the hell you were there!”

“Well because of the heat, women were enjoying themselves by splashing around in the river and sprawled over the sand. In the clear and transparent river she was wearing a bikini...hehe I went there with a girl that I’m seeing.”

“So, so envious!”

The instructors and practitioners admitted it.

It seemed much more rewarding than the five hundred and five of them training their swords as warriors!

Lee Hyun visited the item trading site on a daily basis.

“The High Elf Bow. It’s sale price is gradually increasing.”

As demand increases and supply is short then prices increase.

Lee Hyun took a look at the item trading site and then went to the proud Dark Gamers Union.

On the Dark Gamer’s site you could see a mountain of information based on your rank.

You didn’t have to say anything that you didn’t want to disclose to the public.

It was natural for people to monopolize information.

Needless to say, information was valuable to the Dark Gamers.

The Dark Gamers had access to information that the public generally did not know about.

Lee Hyun’s rank was “C”.

The grade was set at the initial sign-up.

He could not see the hidden information for the important quests and hunting grounds.

Nevertheless, there was still quite a bit of information that could be obtained through the Union.

In general, the information found publicly on the internet was very lacking.

Here it was possible to view information on kingdoms and castles, characteristics of a city, and evaluations of hunting grounds and analysis on materials.

It was a considerable difference from low level articles.

“Sooner or later I have to upload some information to increase my rank.”

Second law of the Dark Gamers.

Give as much as you receive!

In the meantime, for the sake of rewards, Lee Hyun uploaded some information about the North.

Dark Gamers enjoyed hunting and receiving requests to go on adventures.

It was extremely rare to find hunting grounds that weren't owned by guilds and that you had to pay a fee for.

It was difficult to make money when they constantly had to pay off the guilds.

It was better to go down the more difficult path.

He calculated the amount of information he had from Morata to as far as the Valley of Death, so the information about the wolves would be useful for the Dark Gamers.

Then Lee Hyun checked the commissions on the Dark Gamer's Union.

There was a number of commissions from purchasing goods, escorting goods, and commissions for the Dark Gamer's Union to participate in wars.

You could purchase a commission based on rank.

- Red Rank. Number of purchases 12. Metson's crafted emeralds. They are required for a quest. Looking to receive them within 3 days.

- Blue Rank. Number of purchases 7. We are the Elementals Guild and we are looking for people to save the Elemental Spring.

- Blue Rank. Number of purchases 2. Looking for people to kill a certain person. Message me if you are willing.

Murder was an occasional commission. For Dark Gamers, it did not matter about personal feelings or fairness but simply as a lucrative source of income.

Of course these commission are not always accepted unconditionally. It was harder to make money in Royal Road due to the various constraints of a killer.

So people did not usually take killing commissions unless they are in the need of money.

The killing commissions were the most eye catching ones on the board.

- - Diamond Rank. Number of purchases 183.

Obtain the Paskran's Lance. Do not ask why...

I beg you to help me. We can negotiate price after.

Paskran's Lance!

Even the name of the item was unknown. There were rumors about the person disclosing the information. Just from the name they could tell that it was a unique item. With things like these, there is only one in existence.

"It looks like a quest. Probably he needs to find Paskran's Lance for the quest."

Unique items.

A commission from a diamond rank user usually had a minimum pay of a million won. Given the rank of the user, it could very possibly be millions of won.

Lee Hyun kept the information about Paskran's Lance in his head.

Those in the Dark Gamers Union tried to remember the items that were being bought. That way if they are hunting it, then they would remember that they needed to collect 300 red hearts. That way they could collect enough for the commission.

It was an essential measure to earn money.

A lot of Dark Gamer's commissions don't get the attention of the hundred of thousands of gamers. But this one commission caught Lee Hyun's eyes.

Diamond Rank commission!

The number of requests for it did not even reach 0.1%.

- - Diamond Rank. Number of purchases 289.

We are a party of six. Average level 360.

Looking to spend two weeks on a vacation throughout the Versailles Continent.

Either quests, vacation, or an adventure.

Five million won.

“Five million won.”

Lee Hyun’s mouth took on a look of ridicule.

Given the number of purchases and the level of the user, it was possible to guess the nature of the person posting.

“These guys think they can do anything with money!”

Lee Hyun looked at the monitor while cursing for a while.

Then he moved his mouse to send a mail.

- Hello.

I have contacted you from the Dark Gamer’s Union.

Are you currently available?

It is not a problem if you are not available... but reply back if you are interested.

I would like to invite to visit a city in a new kingdom, of the Immortal Vampires.

Please come. Thank you!

Bow.

Chapter 10: Todeum

This was the day that Vampire Lord Tori had announced!

Early in the morning at Morata village, the Geomchis, Pale, Irene, Seechwi, Mapan and their other companions were there waiting.

“So this is Morata Village!”

Mapan had eventually become a mid-level merchant. Because of his skill level, he was now able to trade in precious metals and gems.

A small blessing given to merchants. A very luxurious wagon. It was a large wagon that was drawn by 8 horses and was capable of carrying a lot of cargo and groceries loaded within would not spoil as quickly.

“Buying food! Buying battle supplies!”

Mapan bought supplies that he thought they would need for Todeum.

He went around Morata Village, buying and stockpiling supplies in his wagon from the residents and adventurers.

In the meantime, Weed was at the village entrance earning himself some quick money.

“Wonderful carved sculptures for sale! Each are one of a kind and give stat benefits!”

Sculptures carved by the great Sculptor Weed!

Almost all the tourists that visited Morata wanted to get a souvenir. There was a long line of people in front of Weed to buy sculptures.

A small girl said.

“Ajussi, I’ll take the sculpture that looks like the tower of light.”

Weed said, smiling cheerfully.

“It’ll be 10 gold.”

“Ehh, it’s so expensive: I can’t buy it.”

“ ... ”

The small girl left since it was a rip-off.

The next customer, an old grandmother with gray hair, walked forwards.

“Well young man. I would like the sculpture carved like the Tower of Light near the rocky mountains.

"Yes. That will be 9 gold."

Weed gave a her a small discount.

He had a weak spot for the elderly!

"What?"

“8 gold...”

“What sculpture is this expensive? You’re not disregard this elderly lady, are you?”

“No, that’s not it...then how about 5 gold.”

“Elders don’t have that kind of money. How about 2 silver!”

“That’s hardly the price anymore...sigh okay ma’am.”

"You should have done so earlier."

Tears fell from Weeds eyes as he watched his sculpture disappear.

His innate skill of flattery!

The prices of his sculptures were right to some extent.

‘Damn. It’s so hard to make money with sculptures.’

The money he got from selling the weapons and armor he made through the blacksmith skill was more than he was expecting.

But here buying sculpture is considered a luxury most people can’t afford.

It is rare for people to buy sculptures as gifts because the prices for sculptures keep rising due to rarity.

The next customers were slightly older Ahjummas.

The Ahjummas hurled sharp questions at him.

“If I order one sculpture, can I get a discount on another?”

“That’s...”

“You created it from a piece of wood that can be found on the side of the road. Isn’t the cost too much just for this level of service?”

The customers thought sculptures were like things that were mass produced and could buy one get one free like in supermarkets!

Sculptures were still recognized as a souvenir.

This was a situation Weed could not get out of.

No matter how much a great sculptor is praised, realistically he still doesn’t earn any money.

‘Sculptor is a horrible profession!’

Weed was forced to concede earning him a little less. Thanks to his fame, he was fortunate enough to earn, on average, 5 gold a sculpture. Yurin was drawing paintings nearby.

“Get in line!”

There were even people flocking near Yurin, comparable to that of Weed. However, the big difference was that they were all men!

“What would you like me to draw?”

“Relax...just write down your contact information for me, please.”

“That’s difficult. I’ll just draw you something cool.”

“Thank you.”

There were a few customers that came multiple times.

“This is already the third time Mister Customer.”

“Just call me Hans.”

“Then, Hans. What kind of drawing would you like?”

“I would like a picture that Yurin has drawn with her heart. If you want, Yurin, you can leave the canvas blank.”

“Oh thank you. As a painter, I only have a little bit of money...”

“I know. Are you having trouble? I can give you 7 gold of my money.”

These customers gave her items.

“I thought you might need some leather gloves...”

“I think it would be a good time for you to get a new hat.”

Men flocked with much liveliness to see his little sister, the beautiful Yurin!

She was far more popular than Weed’s sculptures.

Weed had to make huge sculptures or sculptures using expensive materials to get good effects. That was what it took in order to make a sculpture with tremendous effects.

Sculptures contributed to the development of cities and kingdoms! However because sculptures, are by nature, hard to transport due to its weight was the reason that people did not buy such sculptures.

Fine sculptures don’t even sale for much, unless they are at the level of Grand or Magnum pieces.

Pure passion, and the ambition to create great pieces of art!

So a true artist will immediately choose the sculpting job skill.

Weed fell to the ground in regret.

‘Since this was how it is, it would have been better if I had been a painter.’

To immerse himself in his work and the joy of getting his blood boiling towards a finished product brought him a sense of accomplishment! But then again, it couldn’t be compared to the feeling of one licking their fingers to finger through a stack of stiff million won notes.

He was thoroughly a sculptor that thought about money!

Rather than trying to sell heavy sculptures, it seemed that it would be better and easier to sell food to the people buying paintings.

Finally all the food supplies had been gathered.

Mapan approached and said.

“Weed-nim, it is ready.”

“What about Master and the Geomchis?”

“They are waiting in a vacant lot in the center of the town.”

“Then shall we go now?”

Weed folded up the stand he had set up.

“For today for all those waiting for the next sculpture we will give a discount.”

“Eh, we’ve been waiting for nothing. For about 20 minute that is.”

“I really wanted one”.

People who were waiting in line to receive a sculpture were given apologies before their face of yearning dissipate in disappointment.

“Than Mapan-nim, please wait here for a bit.”

“Yes? Yes. Goodbye.”

After requesting Mapan to wait, Weed then went to the barn, where he took out Talrock’s armor.

His new piece of armor made out of mithril that shines.

When Weed equipped the armor, the armor gave him a decent amount of stat bonuses.

Wearing nothing but black, black armor, black cape, looking like a black knight!

Thanks to his intermediate blacksmith skills, he could equip other job class’s armor, despite him being a sculptor.

Weed came out of the barn, fully equipped in the armor to emerge onto Morata’s street.

"You're kidding."

"I don't think so."

"Then what?"

"There's no way."

Weed was being a bit excessive.

High level warrior.

He was wearing armor that was made out of mithril.

"Armor like that has high level restrictions."

"He must be high leveled."

The way other people saw Weed changed.

He had spent a few days on the side of the road with a carving knife and a piece of wood or stone and now he was the center of attention and envy.

He walked past the pedestrians and over to where Mapan was waiting.

"Did you wait? Let's go then."

"Yes? Yes!"

Mapan walked with him to where Yurin was waiting.

'There's gotta be a deeper meaning to what Weed is doing.'

He could feel the constant cold gaze of envy.

It was a piece of armor made of a material that absorbs light. They walked endlessly. It was a special and luxurious item that only a few adventurers had and it was rare just to see one.

"He must be a great person."

"Really, who the hell is he?"

"Perhaps he looks a little like the sculptor from before?"

"No, I feel they look alike but..."

"It looks similar."

“Yes. That’s Sculptor Weed.”

The saying birds of the same feather flock together was not wrong.

The other people could barely notice that it was Weed’s face.

The face that seemed to say poverty and need!

Weed looked rather ordinary so he was relieved that others would not recognize him. However, the pedestrians’ reactions were different.

“That armor must be fake.”

“Well, mostly. It must be coated with Mithril on the surface only or something.”

“It doesn’t even look that good.”

Weed and Mapan ignored the reaction of the people behind them and went to Yurin.

“Yurin, let’s go.”

Yurin was in the middle of painting a picture when she looked up.

“Yes, Oppa! But, your clothes...”

“Huh?”

Weed looked over his clothes slowly.

“Why do you say that? Is it because I’m wearing the Talrock armor?”

“Oh, it’s nothing really. It’s just a little unique...”

"...."

Blatantly showing off his armor!

In fact, he had worn the armor so that his sister could be proud of him. Weed, Mapan, and Yurin walked towards the center where they heard the people chattering.

“Did you see the vacant lot in the center? Where are you preparing to go hunt at?”

“The party has Orcs, a high level trader, and Geomchis...what quest is

it?”

“I heard Sculptor Weed is coming too.”

They had already seen the battle against the dragon that was aired on the television.

A bunch of muscular guys fought together closely in a group, mainly using swords. The Geomchis were not unknown.

Many had become famous by going around challenging people in the pursuit of martial arts.

Now the people’s attentions were focused since the Geomchis had now gathered in Morata and were now ready to leave for somewhere.

“That’s an enormous amount of supplies!”

“Has a new hunting ground developed near Morata?”

“I don’t know, maybe.”

If you came to the northern village of Morata then you shouldn’t be a beginner. Most of them caught on quickly and realized something was going on.

They noticed the strange signs that were going on in the village.

The massive hoarding of groceries and the Geomchis were gathering!

Not to mention Pale’s conspicuous party adorned with pretty good weapons and armor.

The third fact was by far the most attention grabbing.

The new Orc species!

Orcs could speak human tongue and they traveled between villages, but this was the first time they have seen one.

“It’s really ugly.”

“Look at the ass. Every step is like a joke.”

“It’s bigger than my head!”

Seechwi felt delighted.

It was more comfortable for her now that people could approach her more easily rather than looking cool and glamorous like an ice queen.

“Look at this! Chwichwit chwiit!”

“Those nasal sounds!”

Weed, Mapan, and Yurin went to the vacant lot in the center to see that it was overflowing with thousands of onlookers. Because of the rumors people had come from all over Morata.

All sorts of people were waiting to see where they were going to go; from adventurers, travelers, hunters, clerics, and bards.

Surka felt awkward from all of this attention.

“These people are really looking at us a lot.”

She moved away and hid behind Irene. She could never handle so many people focusing their attention on her.

“It’s still less than the number of people in Rosenheim, but it’s growing fast.

They agreed about that.

“Yeah, doesn’t it feel exhilarating to explore a new part of the continent?”

Morata was the key city in the North!

Over a thousand people came a day and they were always going off on adventures in new hunting grounds.

People were currently active in exploring the North and the number was increasing. They came in earnest from the central continent and soon the number of people in the north will be equal to everywhere else.

There were approximately 50000 users in the North. Given the large size of the continent, the remote areas were largely unexplored. People would form parties to go on quests, hunting, or adventures. A lot of people would gather in the cities to share information. Other people rushed to Morata to sightsee.

Looking around, Weed asked.

“Are you all prepared to go?”

“Yes.”

“Yea!”

Hwaryeong and Zephyr replied confidently.

Pale lightly patted Maylon on the shoulder.

“No matter what danger we’re in, I will protect you.”

“I’ll always trust Pale-nim.”

Romuna, Irene, and Surka were also ready to go.

More often than not, they would go with Weed to hunt. The feeling of being short of breath and the excitement in their chests.

Irene’s eyes were twinkling.

‘Whenever you go hunting with Weed, something interesting always happens.’

Every time someone died, priests would always feel sad about it.

Weed’s rate of hunting was 2~3 times faster than normal. However, such high paced hunting was always rewarding.

‘I have to do my part...so that no one dies.’

On the other hand, the Geomchis did not seem to be nervous at all.

“Ahem! Departure is taking quite some time.”

"Since it’s taking some time are we going to eat?"

Weed shook his head.

“That’s not it. We’re leaving soon.”

They were about to leave.

The onlookers were waiting to see what they were going to do with anticipation in their eyes.

Morata’s village elder quickly ran up to him.

“Count!”

The village elder called out to Weed.

"Did he say Count?"

"Did he call him the Count?"

The surprised onlookers were in an uproar. A user was the Count of Morata! But even more surprising for them was that the village elder called Weed the Count.

“I don’t believe it!”

“A sculptor has never made it to even a Baron or Viscount but he’s a Count.”

"If he’s the Count of Morata, then that means he’s the ruler of the entire province."

Looking around, Weed replied.

“Village elder, if you make such a fuss then you’ll trouble the village guards.”

He took on the personality as if he was a character in a historical drama.

Counts were considered one of the highest of the nobility. They had more authority than almost everyone in the kingdom.

The village elder said.

“The village is almost out of food.”

"..."

“Due to the increase in the number of tourists and residents, there is not enough land so we need to expand. You have to build a trading post for the commercial development of stores for grocery and fabric exchange.”

Weed was listening to this story and realized that it was dangerous.

He could only come to one conclusion.

‘Money! It could only be that he’s asking me for money.’

The village elder was shedding tears.

“We need money. There must be more funds to invest in building and repairing houses for the town.”

Zephyr and Pale felt bad for the village elder.

‘It’ll be hard to get money out of Weed with that kind of story.’

‘It’s impossible. You have a higher chance of finding a whale in a well than getting money from Weed.’

Instead it would have been better for the village elder to talk to Mapan about such matter. Traders often collected money and would usually be able to spend about a thousand gold. But then the unthinkable happened.

“Oh! If you only needed money then why didn’t you just say so earlier?”

Weed let out a long sigh as he opened his backpack. He then pulled out all of his money.

By saving his money by using it as little as possible, he managed to save 30,000 gold. By selling the gold and silver treasures of the Nifleheim Empire, he managed to earn 230 thousand gold.

That meant he had a total of 260 thousand gold.

He handed every single bit of it over to the village elder.

“If you must, try to use as much money as necessary for the residents.”

“Is, is this really okay? This is far too much money..”

“Of course. It is your responsibility to judge Morata’s needs.”

“Thank you. Thank you very much.”

Ttiring!

Large scale investment in the Morata Province. It will allow Morata to flourish to the days of the old Nifleheim Empire! Its past glory was long gone in the flow of time leaving it bare and starving.

Only its residents and frail houses remained.

But now these new investment will fund the effort for the residents to become diligent citizens.

For three months, productivity will increase by 30%.

The area of the village will expand.

Use of the castle has become available.

The population growth rate has improved.

Buildings will be constructed immediately depending on the characteristics of Morata.

<p>Bar :</p> <p>Increases tax revenue and satisfaction of residents but affects Public Security adversely.</p>
<p>Blacksmith :</p> <p>Increases the technology of the town. Increases the productivity of the residents.</p>
<p>Trading Post:</p> <p>A place where you can trade with merchants. Brings in tax revenue as well as supplement the town's needs.</p>
<p>Inn:</p> <p>A place where travelers can stay. Travelers become more lively than if you simply left them in the village.</p>
<p>Textiles :</p> <p>Cloth weaving and leather polishing. Morata's specialty increases the amount of leather and textile related quests.</p>
<p>Vigilantes :</p> <p>Residents will form groups to protect public security. They can't fight the nearby monsters but they will be enough to catch village shoplifters. Help with public security increases commercial development.</p>
<p>Mercenary Guild :</p> <p>Investigates the surrounding village and gives quests on a regular basis to combat the monsters. Operates largely on taxes. Whenever successful, public security is increased and fame will be given.</p>
<p>A small Church of Freya :</p> <p>A place of the believers of the Church of Freya to pray. Sacrilegious buildings cannot be build in the village.</p>
<p>Due to the blessings of Freya, the residents will have increased grain production. Urban development increases, you can now build more buildings. Proposed Maintenance - Once the village has produced enough buildings, tax rates can be set, commercial, military power, technology, security, and public policies for increasing residents can be set in the budget.</p> <p>Currently 50% of the budget has been set in regional development and state budget, the rest will be distributed.</p> <p>To raise funds for investment, you can reduce the amount of control you have over the region.</p> <p>Improve or expand the province to gain more control. Stats that can affect the local politics have been generated.</p> <p>After the first stage of development, you can raise taxes. Excessive investment in welfare of public security may increase the satisfaction of the residents however, as the town's deficit grows, the position as Count will be compromised.</p>

Weed put in a huge amount for wide scale development of Morata. It was an essential component for a village like that of the cities in the central continent.

Thrilled, the village elder said.

“My Lord, as you know, the amount of investment for half of the area has already been managed. The question is what do you wish to do with

the remaining 130 thousand gold. First, how much do you wish to spend on village maintenance?"

It was used for the maintenance and construction of houses and roads in the village. If basic buildings are not made, then resident satisfaction, commerce, and public security will worsen. Developing these facilities help somewhat.

Judging the amount for buildings, Weed said.

"Ten thousand gold!"

- Ten thousand gold has been invested for town maintenance.

He only had about 130 thousand gold to work with. That was because the village elders would never work with a small amount to invest with.

"100 gold for each house should be enough."

He judged that would be enough money to spend on the residents for now. Having to use the money he had saved up made him sick.

The village elder asked again.

"How much money do you want to spend on Security?"

Security reduced the crime rates in the village.

It made a big impact, since it affected the villagers' satisfaction.

If crime occurs too frequently commercial development and production would degrade.

National emergencies.

In times of war, the citizens could be mobilized.

There are a number of elements affecting public security and residents with high crime rates would not participate.

Weed said cautiously.

"300 gold."

A timid investment!

The amount was very small, but thanks to the Freya Church policing Morata it was not a bad choice.

“How much money do you want to invest for Military?”

Political and military power increased whenever the region expands. The military would manage Morata’s affairs. They would train knights and soldiers to fight monsters and defend the kingdom from enemies of other regions. They were loyal to the village. It was the cost to maintain a strong military power, but ultimately it was a means to increase territory.

Weed said simply.

“Zero gold!”

The village elder carefully checked.

“Do you mean that you do not want to invest in Military at all?”

“Yes.”

- No money has been invested in Military.

The village elder’s face became more cautious.

"Please set the amount that you want to invest in art."

As art develops, the villagers become more happy.

Free imagination and creativity was the basis for the growth of culture...

Weed didn’t even have to think.

“Zero gold!”

“Do you mean that you do not wish to invest in art?”

“Yes.”

Even if someone had put dirt in his eyes, he would never invest in art.

Art did not bring in any money!

Now one area remained.

“Please set the amount that you wish to invest in commercial development, which can be subdivided into several areas.”

As productivity and commercial development increased, so did the town's tax revenue.

It supported livestock and agriculture as well as the town's technology. It was also used to develop mines and construct buildings, increasing the town's productivity. Grocery stores increased the number of goods and quantity available from the trading post.

Blacksmith development increased the quality and production of weapons, armors, and tools.

The production of specialty items will increase.

It was important to make conservative investments in the most specific areas as possible.

Weed flatly replied.

"119700 gold!"

"Such a huge investment in commercial development? I am concerned that you are too preoccupied with economic development."

"Please invest 119700 gold in commercial development."

- 119700 gold has been invested in commercial development.

Mapan shut his mouth.

"So there is this side to Weed!"

At first he had thought that he was just a really cheap person.

"We didn't know how he truly was all along."

Once again this was the time to gauge Weed's leadership. However, the truth was very different.

Weed's judgement.

'Morata is going to be an important city in the northern continent.'

The growing number of tourists!

Morata was safely under the Church of Freya's protection for another year, so there was no risk to the village or residents from monster attacks.

Other users could attack Morata.

However, they were not willing to attack Morata because of the strength and influence the Church of Freya had.

Paladins from the Church of Freya were known to be some of the most strongest and unforgiving people.

'So it'll be safe for at least one year.'

Morata was set to develop.

Then in the future he could recover the money he had invested through a tremendous rate of exploitation!

Truly a vicious lord's dream!

*

While he was delayed by the village chief, Mapan, Pale and Geomchi were waiting.

Weed said.

"I'm done now. Let us depart from town!"

"Finally, let's go."

Surka said, smiling brightly as she took lead.

Mapan got the wagon. Whenever the wagon moved it left deep ruts in the ground. This was because the wagon was filled with different types of fabric and leather, jewelry, mountains of food, combat supplies, and other products.

If you pack too much it wouldn't move, but he had calculated and carefully placed the items so that the maximum quantity could be taken.

"I'm going to see."

"Let's follow them."

"I don't wanna miss where they're going!"

Onlookers followed along closely.

Once they found out Weed was the Count of Morata they became even

more anxious.

It looked as if they would follow them to hell if they must!

Weed was moving in the direction of the west canyon.

“The area over there is unexplored?”

“I don’t know. There are a lot of hunting grounds and dungeons that have not been explored yet.”

The spectators were puzzled but they still followed. They had witnessed the large amount of supplies that brought along.

Weed’s party headed into the foggy woods of the west canyon.

Thickly grown trees blocked out the sky.

It was hard to see through the dense water vapor in the fog so visibility was bad.

Jjireureutring!

Swarms of insects buzzed ominously.

Monsters did not pop up from the fog in the forest. But the daylight was getting dimmer and sounds were getting closer.

“It’s okay.”

“There’s an exit on the other side, so we just have to wait until they reach the end.”

The people circled around cross the foggy forest.

Only one group continued into the forest while the others avoided it.

The people waited as Weed and his companions went into the fog.

They waited for one hour, two hours but they heard no news.

“Even if they’re moving slowly because of the wagon, it should be enough time for them to cross.”

“It doesn’t make sense that they’re not coming out.”

“Let’s go back to the entrance.”

Some people waited at the end while the others went back to the entrance. But they could not find any trace of Weed or his companions.

*

The Forest of Mist in the Eastern region!

Water vapor rises from the land, the trees releases the savage wind.

Hwaak! Hwaaak!

There was a strange feeling flowing from this place.

Even for a short while it was an unpleasant place to stay in.

Weed summoned Tori here.

"I call forth Vampire Lord Tori!"

Chatringtring!

They heard something as the ground shook.

A swarm of black flying bats!

He had red, bloodshot eyes with sharp canine fangs protruding.

There were a large number of vampire bats swimming throughout the fog. However, they did not attack Weed, Pale, or Geomchi.

They flapped their wings and flew lower. Some of them hung upside down on trees while others on the wagon.

Looking closely, each of them had the signs of nobility of the night from the protruding fangs and the elegant wings.

Maylon, Irene, Romuna, and Surka were surrounded by 200 thousand vampire bats.

"Oh my god! Look at those fangs."

"Look how lovely and adorable they are."

Surka and Romuna had a joy that no one else could quite understand. Some would say that bats are ugly creatures but they found them very cute.

Irene slowly went and put a bat on her hand.

“Pretty wings.”

"..."

Irene also had weird tastes.

Maybe it was because she didn't have to worry about them trying to attack and eat her.

Vampire Lord Tori knelt down respectfully.

“Master, I've come to take you to Todeum.”

Tori gave the the utmost splendid manner towards Weed.

Weed nodded in approval.

“Yea, let's leave now.”

Tori was also glad to hear that.

He could finally get away from Weed's outrageous tyranny!

Tori circled around them.

“Take care Master, once we get to the kingdom. If we, by chance, meet again.”

"Is that supposed to be a threat?"

“Well, more like intimidation...”

Weed gently hit Tori on the shoulder.

“Do you want to get beat?”

“That, that is not the case.”

“Now you're going to live your life with pride and good fortune?”

“That would be more comfortable.”

"Then do you want to get beat then?"

"..."

Weed scared Tori again, beating him here where there was no doctor to

heal him.

The Geomchis', Irene, and all the party were waiting here, where they wouldn't use up their Stamina.

'It's just like a van with bad brakes! The fact that you make a single wrong decision could mean death at any time.'

According to Weeds philosophy, if he didn't beat them enough, they would get rebellious.

Beating that rebellious spirit out of him.

Being beaten at any time leaves an aftertaste. And being caught so suddenly one day.

The times between beatings were very short.

Soon you start acting more positively.

Just like how Death Knight Van Hawk was compliant.

Weed stuck true to his principles and threatened Tori in their last moments together.

"Let us go, Master!"

"Yea."

Weed, leading the way, climbed on top of the vampire bats. Then he slowly rose into the sky.

The humans were flying as well as the carriage!

The vampire bats stuck to the lower part of the carriage to carry it.

*

A shaman with long straight hair and a violet wand walked into the entrance of Morata.

She looked around and said.

"Is this where Weed is? I wonder if I came on time?"

Her name was Da'in.

In Lavias she was the woman who played around with monsters with blessings, curses, healing, attacks, and magic!

She was now focused on going around the Versailles Continent and playing in party hunting quests. She had heard the rumors about the village of Morata and its outstanding Tower of Light.

Weed was said to be the one that sculpted it.

"Maybe it will be that Weed that I know."

Da'in could remember that Weed was a sculptor as well as a great fighter.

The sculptures he had made were meager. Since his carving skills were low, they didn't even become fine piece.

There were sculptures that resembled monsters.

"He must have gotten a lot better by now."

Listening to a rumor, Da'in had guessed that this was the Weed she was looking for.

A lot of people had the username Weed, but it was uncommon for them to be sculptors as well.

Thus she came to the northern continent and mingled into the village of Morata.

*

Gaston and Pavo arrived in Morata village.

"There it is."

"So difficult. It's even harder for people like us with low Stamina to come such a far distance."

"True, if it weren't for those generous merchants who gave us a ride in the middle of the trip then we would never have made it."

Pavo looked back in reminiscence.

During the time in the northern expedition they faced annihilation at

the hands of the dragon's Breath.

Pavo thought they were bound to lose their lives.

"I really regret it. I should not had such high expectations in the first place. What could an architect and a painter do in such a battle anyways? We went along, suffered all kinds of difficulties, and didn't even get to see it properly."

"Yea. It was harder for us to go into combat when we're so powerless."

Architect and painter!

They were saying all sorts of complaints about their profession.

When they turned on the television they had seen that the expedition was a success, but they were stuck back at the City of Art, Rhodium. They missed out on the chance for fame and the savory rewards.

"Yea, there's a limit to how much growth we can get in Rhodium, Pavo."

"Yea, that's true. Our reputation won't grow in a place like that."

A characteristic of artists.

Repeated works in one place gave less fame. The difference is negligible at first, but difference between the first and the tenth work was considerable.

A faint light was in Gaston's eyes.

"How about we go see other cities?"

"Other cities? Are you suggesting we settle down in a new city?"

"Let me persuade you how it is more rewarding. Its uncommon for painters and architects in Rhodium to get jobs but there is the whole Versailles Continent. There's nothing keeping you here."

"I understand what you mean. What city do you want to go to?"

Gaston already had a place in mind.

"I'm going to Morata."

"The village with Sculptor Weed? That's bringing back the bad

memories that I had in the northern continent.”

“I was also there but I did have fun.”

“Damn you’re right. But can we go?”

It was difficult for people to go to a new place. It was even more difficult for production classes.

Gaston sighed.

“We can at least try. See it that way.”

Then the two middle-aged men underwent a number of challenges to get to Morata. They had to go through dangerous zones that were teeming with monsters and sometimes they were chased by bees. Several times they barely escaped and made it safely to a town!

They lay down in the street, exhausted, until they got the help of a passing by merchant.

Gaston shook his head.

“It’s really hard for profession like ours to get by.”

Pavo laughed at that.

“We did arrive safely though.”

If it had not been for the digging skills, then they would have almost died. They would dig a hole in the ground and hide until the monsters left. This would not have been possible if they did not see the monsters approach in advance.

Thankfully for Gaston, the skills worked exceptionally well in the snow.

They could just dig a hole anywhere and hide.

Painters and architects with poor survivability but they had their ways to cope.

Even so, it was important that they had caught a ride with that merchant or they would not have been able to survive their crisis.

Fortunately they met in the middle of the northern continent where it

was still relatively safe.

Gaston looked at his clothes.

“Wow, your clothes are so dirty.”

“You didn’t even wash it once.”

Gaston and Pavo were basically wearing rags, but the people around didn’t seem to mind.

“They must be travelers that are new to the town.”

“Look at how much they have suffered.”

It was difficult for thousands of the people that had come to Morata. Many people would arrive looking as if they have not bathed in days. Gaston was a little surprised about Morata as he washed his face.

‘This city is lively.’

Pavo thought the same.

‘There’s a lot of people. Judging by just this there are more than 3000 people in the village.’

They did know that this was just the entrance to the village and that people flocked daily. Quite a number of people were busy walking around the village. Merchants had opened stalls and were selling to people as were chefs selling food.

“Pavo, I think it was a good idea to come to Morata.”

“This is an all-new frontier of a developing city! It’s not bad and I don’t know if we can do anything here but it’ll be fun.”

Then an issue came up.

A Morata resident walked up quickly and grabbed Pavo.

“Are you skilled in architecture?”

Pavo trembled as he replied.

“Yes, I am an architect.”

“Good! Did you know that my wife has recently become pregnant? The

child is going to be born soon and I need a new house. I'm busy and I don't have time to do it. Please help me out, you won't regret it!"

Ttiring!

The village house for a couple. The home for his wife and a young baby. Relieve his concerns by building a durable house as soon as possible.

He wants his house build two to three places in one of the vacant lots west of the apple tree, wood and stone can be used as building materials.

Difficulty : D

Compensation : 26~309 gold.

Varies depending on the size of the completed house and the building materials.

Quest restriction:

Architect profession only.

Pavo nodded his head.

"Please leave it to me. I'll build you a very sturdy house. It will withstand all sorts of storms."

- You have accepted the quest.

Houses made by digging out stone.

A lot of the city was busy in building new houses for the residents.

The villagers were even building a shopping district.

The residents were able to somewhat construct this much.

But the quality of the houses affect the villagers' satisfaction and improve public security. On a certain level, productivity increases.

Even with a few people helping out, you still needed the professional help of an architect.

A kingdom. The construction of a wall around the town of Morata.

In order to ensure the safety and stability of the town, they built a wall and expanded the city.

A lot of people were interested in participating.

It was announced that there would be a new village made outside the wall.

Morata village was still underdeveloped. They had to create new fields and waterways.

Large scale investment in Morata was rapidly changing the environment for the poor.

Opportunity.

These were the best kind of quests for an architect.

The opportunity to actively participate in the development of a city!

Pavo pulled up his sleeves.

“We need to work fast! Hands on jobs are very scarce. We’re going to need people to work on this.”

“Haha, I’ll help.”

Gaston could not conceal his envy as he saw Pavo working.

Having issues with your profession was a most sorrowful thing.

Quests were very few and you work for next to nothing so often you end up starving.

However, in Morata, they were in great need of an architect. There were god knows how many jobs for him.

‘Architect was so much better. I’m never going to get recognized as an artist.’

However, things then changed for Gaston.

Residents came up to him.

“Can you help me? I need a signboard for a shop that I’m going to open.”

It was not a very difficult job to do.

Then the village elder came.

“I want you to draw a picture on the city gates as a symbol of the village.”

Various doors of opportunity opened up for Gaston.

He was even asked to draw a map about monsters in the vicinity. When the map was completed, it could be sold to adventurers and he would get fame.

He even got jobs to make paintings for the castle.

The village elder said.

“Our lord is a lover of art. I think that my Lord would want to give some support to the artists in his city.”

Tons of Weed’s investment was used to develop the town.

Aside from donations to the Church of Freya, the village elder put large sums into art and culture.

*

Weed and his companions flew on the vampire bats.

“Kyyyaaaah!”

The acrophobic Surka screamed.

The bats did not have as much power as the Wyverns, who had large stature.

Cluster! Cluster!

Whenever she made eye contact with the ground she would be overcome with fear.

It was very shocking.

“So this is how the adventure starts...”

It was a grandiose start to the adventure of a lifetime. This was the kind of adventure that Maylon had fantasized about.

Pale was at a loss.

“Maylon-nim.”

“Yes?”

“Aren’t the bats scary?”

“Well...”

“Then again, we are heading to the kingdom of the vampires so riding on bats will be an experience that we can't miss.”

Maylon was convinced.

It was slightly different than how she imagined but one does not ride on top of bats often!

It was incredible to think if there were people flying above the ground on bats.

‘So this is Weed's adventure.’

Pale was expecting the same thing.

This was the next place that they have gone to since the City of Heavens, Lavias. They spent a long time going on quests and adventures.

The bats flew for a long time until Morata was out of sight.

The faraway lakes and mountains looked smaller than their fingernails. They were so high up that the village looked like a dot.

Then they stopped in place!

The vampire bats were flapping in place.

After waiting for a few moments, Weed asked.

“Tori, are you lost?”

“No, Master.”

Tori replied in a relaxed voice.

“How much longer do we have to go?”

“That's not it, the place is right here.”

“Then why?”

“Master, the noble Vampire Kingdom Todeum is in the world of the night. We will never be able to get into Riga during the day!”

“Then...”

“We have to wait until it is night.”

They remained hanging in the sky listening to the sound of the air.

Weed let out a deep sigh as Tori said it so naturally.

‘I brought my entire party. I wasted an entire day because of this ignorant bastard!’

Weed was regretting. A whole day had been lost.

“Tori.”

“What’s with the look?”

“Come over here, closer.”

“I don’t want to go over there.”

Tori had finally noticed. Weed was smiling brightly.

“Didn’t you say that you would send me and my party there shortly?”

“Yes.”

Tori revealed his fangs and laughed grinning.

“This is the last time I think I’ll have to say goodbye. Weren’t you fond of my sculptures?”

“A sculpture you say, Master? Master’s sculptures are very beautiful.”

Tori came over.

His face showed was one without any sign of doubt.

‘You are an ignorant man.’

Weed narrowed his eyes finely. Then he started beating him.

Papapapapak!

A cool and playful sound was ringing in the air.

There was the scene that Mapan always remembered seeing. Pale and Yurin just looked on.

Hwaryeong's calm eyes lit up.

“So strong. He’s so cool.”

He firmly hit him around. Weed’s actions were good.

Geomchi nodded.

“It seems I taught him correctly.”

The Geomchis sympathized with Weed.

“He’s only smacking instead of punching.”

Geomchi3 had a tingly sensation in his hands.

“I want to try hitting too...”

Geomchi4 agreed.

“It would be nice if I could get a vampire I could hit around.”

“Geomchi4, we’ll see if we get a chance to get one.”

“So I will.”

Irene was forced to sit in the front.

This kind of thinking was certainly not normal!

‘One only thinks about money and the others are narrow minded and violent!’

It was just what Irene expected from Weed’s philosophy. Nevertheless, she felt bad for Tori.

Weed could feel the beating he was giving.

He used high number of attacks in rapid succession giving off big and strong echos.

Weed honed his techniques by beating Tori!

His sword fighting involved increasing the number of basic attacks.

Whenever the skills were used correctly against a monster, he dealt huge damage.

But if the attack was a bit off or if he lost the flow of the attack then the skill was canceled. It was necessary to properly activate and use combat

skills.

Because of this, it was a skill that you needed to use in Royal Road.

Surka was impressed.

'He's punching properly!'

She checked for anything that she could learn from Weed. Given her character class, she watched to see if she could learn to deal more damage. Daytime had passed and now it was night.

The door to Todeum was now open.

They were standing on ground instead of the sky!

Kurururang!

Deeper and deeper they went into the unknown swamp.

Tori said.

"This is the entrance to the Kingdom of Todeum!"

At the end of the description he plunged into the hole and rapidly descended.

"Kyaaaaaaah!"

Surka's feminine scream!

Almost at the same time, a snaky voice erupted forth.

"The kingdom of the nobility of the night! You are welcome to enter Todeum! Kuehuehuehue."

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