

The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

(달빛 조각사)

Volume 13

Nam-Hi-Sung

(남희성)

Story Description:

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

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

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

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

Chapter 1: Skeleton Knight

Ttadadadak.

Weed knocked on his jaw and looked at his body.

The appearance of a perfect bone set devoid of any flesh!

This was all due to the Power to Deny Death that he was able to resurrect as an undead.

The body looked weird with nothing but bones, but comparing to the last time, this set seemed to be thicker and more nutritiously filled with power.

Ding!

1. Have returned from darkness of the abyss. The skill level of the Power to Deny Death has increased by one. Reached Beginner level 2.
2. Health will gain an extra 3%, 1% derived from the Power of Darkness.
3. Additional effect will be granted by fighting more wickedly.
4. Possibility to raise the Undead increases.
5. After resurrection, the number of available type within the category increases as well as the skill level.

It was impossible to gain experience for the Power to Deny Death any other way.

The only way was to die.

“Character information!”

Character Name	Weed	Alignment	Undead
Level	354	Class	Skeleton Knight
Reputation	7904		

HP	146800	MP	6400
Strength	1265	Agility	1130
Stamina	Infinite		

Wisdom	70	Intelligence	65
Fighting Spirit	922	Endurance	Infinite
Perseverance	665	Physical Resistance	470
Leadership	459	Guilt	96

*Due to the unique characteristic of the Skeleton Knight, You do not feel fatigue.

*Sword skills +2.

*Due to the power of darkness covering the entire body, add additional damage and Defense.

*Extremely vulnerable to Holy magic.

*Weakens before the sun and fire.

Weed's original level was 355. Having died, his level dropped by one.

Mastery of skills also dove considerably.

Having already died plenty, he took a deep breath and could somewhat calmly accepted it. Hard work will refill the proficiency once again.

"Skeleton Knight. Been a while since I can move my body, need to get this off my chest."

Weed drew the sword and cut the Ghost Knight that killed him.

"Keueuk!"

"Enemy."

All the Ghost Knights suddenly blocked each and every one of his potential paths.

Still, they had not attacked Weed just yet, because they could not tell whether he was an ally or an enemy.

He was an undead that had a cursed skeleton for a physical body.

But due to Weed's preemptive attack, they all raised their rusty sword, rotten shield, and broken lances towards him.

“Painful, so painful.”

“Painful. The suffering came from humans, that skeleton too isn’t one of us.”

“We were betrayed. This traitor. Unng, I’ll kill ya.”

Large number of Ghost Knights took place.

To finish the fight and return to their slumber.

As time passed, more and more Ghost Knights and Soldiers spawned from the ground.

These ghosts!

They were those who were betrayer of friends, sinned against their king, and committed treason against their country.

Within a few seconds, 30 or more enemies returned and ready to fight.

Even after having been reborn as a fleshless being by the Power of Darkness, the answer for his resurrection was as clear as day.

“Stone Skin.”

Weed’s white bones hardened like stones.

The amount of Mana was too small so he could not use his attacking Skills anymore after that.

“You’re a traitor, buddy. You’ll suffer like us!”

A Ghost Soldier came running in first.

Weed quickly leaned to avoid the oncoming lance, then he stretched his sword toward the assailant’s neck.

A fatal blow!

Puseuseu.

The ghost became a blurred smoke then disappeared.

When he was alive, as a fault of the Sculptor class, his stats were evenly distributed matching to his profession. Art, Faith, and Appeal all played a

role on his low Strength.

But after having been reborn as a Skeleton Knight, his damage output was incredibly high. Similarly with Agility, his moving speed has gotten noticeably faster.

His base defense had also increased greatly.

Pababababak!

Weed continued to advance while taking a beating from all direction.

There was no need to be cautious of distant enemies.

‘I only need to concentrate at this point.’

With multiple attacks coming in at the same time, he countered them by hitting the weapons, and then uses the technique to disarm the lot of entangled weapons.

Still, colleagues of those adversaries did not stop the assault.

Puwak!

Lances pierced through Ghost Soldiers’ body as they attacked.

Weed brandished his sword as if he had already anticipated the attack coming from the rear.

He fought as if he was possessed.

He had a constant flow within the battle.

Having already fought for a day or so, the number of them kept growing for at an enormous rate.

Synchronized breathing with the attacks of the enemy and his own movements.

He assimilated himself at this point.

Weed’s movements had surpassed his earlier ability with the sword.

The possibility of this was no less owe to the role of the Skeleton Knight.

Because of the physical limitation of being human, commitment made to vigorous movement at every time seems moot. With quicker

movements, more stamina is consumed and will soon tire oneself out.

Let's say at the earlier part of the battle, 100% of the damage can be carried out; however, along with the decrease of Stamina, the damage output also decreases.

In the case of Defense, Stamina plays a small role even if it had been severely depleted; but Physical Resistance, Perseverance, Wisdom, and many others all will be greatly affected by Stamina.

However, thanks to the unique characteristic of the Skeleton Knight, he never gets tired. Even an hour of constant battling, Stamina remained as it is without fail.

Furthermore, he doesn't get hungry.

Weed was immersed in the fighting, but he felt so miserable.

"Because of the Sculptor I miss out on the Skeleton Knight!"

Grief and chagrin!

In exchange, he fought vigorously with every bone in his body.

With the countless of combat experiences in here, as well as the learned swordsmanship in real life.

Even with the Skills, he still must confront in direct battles.

As a reward, Weed gained his body perfectly under his control.

Although not akin to that of Geomchi's, his mindset was nothing short of comparatively.

The fourth floor of the Tower of Heroes tests one's sword skills and determination.

If he flinched from the enemy's attacks, more and more of these ghostly adversaries would gather and wouldn't allow him to penetrate.

This stage was not meant to be passed by those with weak heart.

'Give ma flesh and whittle to the bones.'

Whenever Weed's heavy stride stepped forward, huge number of Ghost

Knights and Ghost Soldiers falls in its quake.

“Uhaaaaaa!”

From Weed’s mouth, shouts of excitement erupted.

During this impossible challenge, he was having fun. Whether it’ll be successful or end in failure, he no longer cares!

Chwararara!

In return, Weed’s elbow and wrist violently broke.

Spectacular sword wielding. In contrast to the impossibility in reality, it was possible here.

With the usage of Skills, the attacks can be even more bizarre; but without having Mana to use, he mainly fought by brandishing his sword and stabbing.

‘The sword should not be stopped; to retain the state of force when cut.’

After acquiring the Heraim Sword Skill, he pretty soon discovered the gist of this since experiencing it.

With the scream of the sword coming down from an attack, the repulsion force of blocking forces him to be in a momentary delay. But now under the same situation, he no longer block but instead attack.

Weed’s Swordsmanship Skill was at Intermediate level 4!

Of course, it was not something comparable to the Geomchis’ Skill which was at the Advanced levels. Due to the nature of a Sculptor, the growth of the skill was twice as slow as theirs.

But now, the rate lined up due to the fact that he was a Skeleton Knight; and along with this attribute, his power was also flawless.

“Kkirikkirik!”

“Though a Skeleton Knight, still he’s a great knight.”

With the ongoing battle, the attitude of the Ghost Knights has changed.

“Our mission is to stop you here.”

“Pain, this sucks... In exchange for the betrayal I have to undergo this eternal torment.”

“We are of the Knights. So I acknowledge your strength and courage.”

“But we cannot allow you to pass here.”

Nearing the 8th time he penetrated through the hordes of ghost knights on the fourth floor, they began rushing in more violently.

Weed faithfully relied on just his sword.

There was no other option, and with the given infinite amount of Stamina, the only thing to do was to wield the sword.

Similar to the scarecrows back in Saraborg Castle!

Except for brief breaks in between, he had never wield a sword so tirelessly before.

So neglecting everything, he fought on.

Finally, there wasn't a single Ghost Knight or Ghost Soldier blocking his way any longer.

Before Weed, a white staircase was seen.

He passed the fourth floor challenge!

With one step at a time, he proceeded to the end; climbing the stairs leading to the fifth floor of the Tower of Heroes.

“Keukeukeukeu.”

“A great knight.”

“It has been an honor.”

With that, the ghosts no longer rushed at him, showing proper etiquette. Though having been battered, they acknowledged their defeat.

‘Seems like even though they have been ghosts and specters for a long while, they still retained some of their codes even after death.’

Weed checked on the state of his body.

63% remaining HP.

Thanks to the Power to Deny Death, the base health was enormous.

He shed the Talrock Armor and Divine Integral Rings and such; and in their places, he wore the armor made of the dragon's bones as well as the Payrote's Ring, which increases his mana recovery.

Normally, he maintained all of his equipments in their best state by means of repairing. Thanks to his constant care, though having been through a lot just now, their Durability were still above 80%. Now he donned a much harder armor that was made from dragon's bones.

The Durability of the sword was still at 75%.

'It's enough.'

Weed turned away from the stairs in front of him. And from behind, the Ghost Knights rushed with their swords swinging in slow motion.

"It hurts!"

"Wh...why is this plaguing us!?"

The knights and soldiers clamored and struck.

They were barely hanging on and were suffering.

They passed through the gateway after having climbed the stairs in order to pit themselves against Weed.

Weed did not speak of an answer.

'I have never refused any quests, monsters, or challenges to fight.'

Back on Continent of Magic, Weed did not know how to refrain himself.

If it was something obtrusive, whether they were people or monsters, he simply shattered and pierced through all.

Smash everything, crushes all.

Those were the days where he would stand alone amongst all those eradicated.

On the stairs of the fourth floor leading to the top, that disposition of the Jeonshin Weed was resurrected.

Jeong Ilhun was staring at the phone.

“The time for the phone to ring is coming.”

He was Geom-2-chi in Royal Road!

Jeong Ilhun hospitably took care of Orc Seechwi. And yet his feelings deepened as he got to know more about her.

The Jeong Ilhun who would make a complete fool of himself in opposition to a woman, but somehow he could comfortably deal with Seechwi.

Eventually, the two became lovers in Royal Road.

And today, she had said she would call Jeong.

“How long must I wait.”

Jeong Ilhun joyously spoke.

The expensive dating service phone call, the old bachelor that was difficult to pull away from the phone call with a woman that would require a card to talk to.

But he never thought he would have a girlfriend to give him a call!

Ddareuu!

Jeong Ilhun heard the phone rang once and immediately picked it up.

“Yes! I’m Jeong Ilhun!”

His voice tightened to that of a recruit in the service.

‘Forgot that I had 7 raw eggs, is my voice gonna be ok?’

He never once been troubled over this fact. But still, being on a call with somebody he loves, anyone would start to care a little.

-Hello, Mr. Ilhun.

Over the line, a melodious voice of a woman was heard.

Jeong forehead began to furrow.

'It's not her voice.'

She was suppose to have strong nasally sound. Groggy like a man, rusty voice.

Her voice was not pretty.

Jeong Ilhun spoke quickly with a harsh tone.

"I don't want to sign up for a card. Don't want to use a loan phone. Don't want to join a high speed communication network. Please disconnect because I urgently need the phone."

For a bachelor on the phone, with calls that comes, it needs to go instead of having being hung up on. He believed the phone call right now was for a lending or some subscription, and told them off!

But this was Joeng Ilhun's mistake.

-I'm guessing you're busy, Mr. Ilhun. I insisted to make a call at this time...well, I guess I'll go. I'll try and call again tomorrow.

"Ah! Wait! Could you be Seechwi?"

-Yes, that's right.

He could hear a light laughter coming from over the phone as she answered.

The call with Orc Seechwi was a bit awkward.

That was her race in Royal Road. So of course, her voice there was not something common. Just like an Orc, she'd chwiichwii, along with a stale and groggy voice.

Because of that, Jeong Ilhun mistook that as her original voice; but still, he did not realize the truth.

'The voice on the phone seems to be in pretty form. Maybe just like me, she ate a few raw eggs.'

However, having received his first call from her, Joeng Ilhun was already happy with that fact alone.

Five minutes of talk!

Even though he could easily hold the heavy metal sword with just one hand; he held the receiver with both.

This was the most intense of time ever in Joeng's life.

His calls always simply to the point; even when he spoke to his apprentices, it never once passed the seventh syllable mark.

Come.

Let's go!

Keep it up.

Get them!

Seal the door shut.

Let's eat.

He primarily spoke in short and concise answers; and this was the most interesting time he ever had on the phone. Though just the talk was about the little stories in Royal Road, what they had for breakfast, and a bit of catching up to some extent, he was happy.

'Free 300 minutes. I can see why they gave out this service.'

Now the call must end.

Hearing her sweet voice was good, but now his heart filled of delight made it hard for him to continue the call.

The lack of topic was another issue.

'Talked about the weather, abusing politicians, military stories, even talks about soccer; I've ran out of things to talk to her.'

He finished all the conversation prepared to talk with a girlfriend already, he figured he should end it neatly and take a rain check for another day. Knowing that he could share a conversation with her at any time, there was no need to be impatient.

"To have shared the dialogue with you, it was an honor, miss Seechwi!"

-No, it was good to hear Ilhun ssi's voice for me too.

“Phone call is good but it’d be nice if we can meet directly.”

Without much forethought, Jeong Ilhun spoke clearly unconsciously.

She readily agreed.

-Well, shall we?

“Yes?”

He took in a deep breath as he heard it. It was something incredible that he could listen tens of thousands times over.

-Let’s meet tomorrow at around noon. Our first meeting...I would like this very much. I’ll pack kimbap and liked to have lunch with you. Is it alright if we meet at the Dojang?

“Ki, kimbap?”

-Why, do you not like kimbap?

“N, n, n, no, no ma’am! I really love kimbap. I look forward to meeting you! If by chance you’re late, or something came up tomorrow, and even if you don’t come, I’m looking forward to it!”

Jeong Ilhun screams into the handset!

The call got cut off.

“.....”

He sat in a daze. After a long while needed to clear his mind, the other instructors came out and the lot of apprentices could be seen.

Choe Jongbeom, Ma Sangbeom, and Lee Indo!

Though not the violent types, they were sturdy guys that deserved to be called monsters of the human species.

Some while after he initially saw his brothers that he could finally hear them.

Rather than a dream, it was his reality.

“Sahyeong!”

“Did the call with Seechwi nim go well?”

At their questions, Jeong Ilhun nodded his head.

“Yea, it went well. Though tomorrow she’s coming with kimbap.”

“Heok.”

“Ki, kimbap...”

An explosive reaction from all the practitioners.

Lee Indo remained the calmest of the lot.

“Did you mean she’s coming with bought food from Kimbap Haven or hand-packed one?”

“The latter. She said she’ll also put in tuna.”

“Including tuna!”

The entire body of people was envious of Jeong Ilhun.

*

The final fifth story!

Ding!

1. Reached the final stage of the Tower of Heroes.

Charisma increases by 10.

Strength increases by 15.

Fighting Spirit increases by 60.

1. Having been able transcend the limit, You will obtain valuable EXP.

Level has increased.

Level has increased.

Improved permanent stats, along with two levels.

Weed’s level once again hit 356.

With the given levels accolades, he granted all the stat points to Agility.

Passing through the fourth floor has leveled his sword skill, and now it has reached Intermediate level 5.

Fighting against the undefined number of spawning specters improved his proficiency considerably.

Only after the completeness of the battle that he realized his sword was down to 23% Durability. It was his willingness to fight against the Ghost Knights and Ghost Soldiers that the drop was so much.

“We succumbed to a great warrior.”

“Our life, concluded.”

No longer did they want to receive Weed’s damaging blows and having to revive for more.

Fundamentally, the specters having been at the receiving end of the endless suffering, their mind was already weak. And now, their pride, confidence, fighting spirits, all collapsed.

On the fourth floor, Weed repaired his equipment and waited until he was in perfect condition before climbing the stairs to the fifth.

‘Some great thing awaits.’

He refused to be scared or dreaded.

There was no doubt that the fifth barrier of the Tower of Heroes was something difficult.

He took in deep breaths and had already put an end to the jittering.

When he arrived to the fifth floor, the expectation of a Monster filled area broke into nothingness; instead, a round table could be seen.

There laid different copies of books.

《Knight》

《Blade Master》

《Champion》

《Fighter》

《Warrior》

《Paladin》

《Kung-Fu Master》

《Archer》

《Ranger》

《Hunter》

《Thief》

A total of 11 books of golden glow.

“Well that’s vague.”

Weed realized he must select one.

If he was an adventurer type of class, he could have use either ‘Research’ or ‘Observation’ skill on them. Which could allow him to see if there was some hidden trap, or permits him to investigate on the books.

It could be said that this was one of the privileges of being an adventurer type.

Understandably, this was not a skill existed for the Sculptor class. And while being the Skeleton Knight, he had no such skill either.

“Make no difference to me then.”

Weed agonized for a moment then opened up the book for the Knight.

He reserved a bit of interest in either the Thief or the Hunter. But in his current self as a Skeleton Knight, he picked up the matching class's book instead.

From a distance, it seemed as if a skeleton from an anatomy class was inconceivably reading a book.

“Times of war. The Kings fought in competitive wars of invasion. Due to the expanding human’s territories, the Goblins, Demons, Elves, and Dwarves resisted terribly. From all across the borders, the aggressive Monsters made life on the huge continent impoverish to all. Incompetent

rulers and corrupted noblemen, and the brutality of the Monsters all drove lives into those of rotting corpses, lain out everywhere. The fate of all Humans, the other species, and that of the Monsters rested on the battle at the Jagsen Plains, located at Bromba Kingdom of 102 years in the past.”

Weed read the book up to there.

Then the area around him was engulfed in light.

“Kill him!”

“Dirty bastards! Cut up the garbage of the Bromba Kingdom!”

“Elite warriors of the Mapon Kingdom! Fight and win!”

“For the glory of Her Majesty!”

Weed awoke in a place filled with noises. Not only that, it was too chaotic of a place.

Drakes soaring in the sky while pumping out fire; while from a distance, Archers and Magicians were pouring out their attacks.

A gigantic battlefield!

Weed fell in the middle of a large scale battle that was taking place.

“Keulelele!”

“Hueumcha!”

Shouts from afar along with the sounds of incoming collection of rocks.

Weed thought that mobilizing onto his feet wasn't a good idea, but that was a mistake. There were giant one eyed Cyclops pulling stones from dug into the ground and tossing them as hard as they could.

Suuuuuuuuung-kwakwakkwakwang!

The stone flew in the sky ripping through the wind, landed on the ground and shattered apart.

Soldiers and Knights who were the unfortunate souls that caught the rocks clamored.

“Please save me!”

The commanders remained undeterred.

“As Bromba Kingdom’s soldiers, die with honor!”

“Don’t let them get slaughtered like that!”

The soldiers were at war with themselves.

Humans versus Humans; as well as the Enchanters attacks.

Along with a massive march of legion of Monsters coming toward them from a distance.

Puhihing!

Suddenly, a white horse was next to Weed.

Though not being able to fly like the Pegasus, it was still a well defined and muscular horse.

The horse stuck his tongue toward Weed’s skull.

Chyabchyabchab!

His skull was slobbered like having a dog putting sunscreen on him with its tongue. The white horse showed a sign of affection towards Weed.

Weed reassessed his situation.

‘I was reading the Knight’s book on the top floor of the Tower of Heroes...then this place must be the Palrangka Conflict on the Jagsen Plains.’

His immediate situation was in one of the fiercest battle on the Versailles continent, the Palrangka Conflict!

Seven kingdoms that held powers on the continent fought at this battle on the Jagsen Plains. Especially those of the Bromba and Mapon kingdoms, who fought as if to devour one another.

At the climax of the Human made battle, the Monsters army intervened. They marched toward the smell of blood from a long distance to be included in the conflict.

Other species were also involved.

The Elves and the Barbarians, who no longer want to lose anymore of their nests, also came to the plains.

Cumulatively, all resulted into this.

Each race, with each respective flags held high, attacked everything in order to live.

Sturdy Barbarians swung their swords and clubs while the Elves penetrated the troops with their emanating bows.

But they weren't secured either. From behind, these species were rushed by Monsters who gathered like the clouds.

In the midst of this battlefield, standing at its center, was Weed.

To make matter worse, there was a girl riding on the white horse that chewed him.

The girl was even prettier than the beautifully grown flower that came from Morata!

She delicately looked at Weed and opened her red lips.

“Knight nim, I believe that you are the one. Please take me to where it’s safe.”

Ding!

The request of Princess Remy

The first Princess of a small country on the frontier with a population of 80000 people, Isran.

She likes the sea and wanted to live at home. But she was scheduled to become the Crown Prince of Bromba fifth concubine.

However, due to the sudden outburst and the escalation of the war, the two could not be wedded because the Crown Prince had entered the fray of the battle.

She wants to go home again.

Quest difficulty

Heroic History Quest

compensation

Experience in the combat of History, may become the Hero of History.

quest Restriction

Having gained the Princess's favor, the Knight cannot refuse.

Weed was conflicted for a while.

‘How should I do this?’

Weed had received a lot of seemingly impossible quests before, but he could see route for each to some extent.

He was in a temporary standstill, so Princess Remy red lips puffed up and spoke.

“For me, there’s no one else but Knight nim. Even now, in your current cursed form; though strange, I can still tell. All I know that it is Knight nim who will help me.”

You have accepted the quest.

Completely option-less!

The quest had just accepted itself.

For the Knights, some of these cases do occur.

Whether it was the frail women, aristocratic women, or their enshrined lord’s will, they could not refuse.

This was a characteristic of the Knights!

‘Terrrrrrific.’

Weed felt the cold wind blowing through his ribs.

He looked around; the place was flooded with Monsters, Humans, Elves, and Barbarians.

One of the most intense battles in history, the Palrangka Conflict!

He was to deliver the Princess away from here.

The beauty and the white horse.

Enemies everywhere!

This perfectly fits into the romance of the Knight.

And there were even the high-leveled fire-breathing monster Drakes.

Along with the fact that the current human Knights who were fighting seemed to be at level 300 at the very least.

The ordinary Soldiers were also formidable. Beings of the warring age,

they were high level soldiers.

Not to mention the Barbarians, Elves, and Monsters ranking from lower tier to the top, along with giant monsters, all presented.

Plenty of them, if not at the rank of Lich Shire, were about the class of the Vampire Lords.

Extensive range magic blasts all around; huge rocks flew for a great distance and when lands, dented the earth and ruptured as easily as an egg spattering.

He must work alone and survive while escorting the Princess on the white horse to breakthrough the battlefield, ranging in miles.

Chapter 2: The Princess's Knight

Weed's eyes shone sharply.

'Anyway, I can only do my best.'

Having received the commission, he could not back out.

As the fight goes on, he would not have a single moment of rest; Weed courteously bowed to the waist.

"Remy; no, Princess."

"Yes, Knight nim."

Princess Remy's starry eyes were looking down on Weed.

In Weed's eyes, he saw her small and delicate feet and calves.

To some men, the women's feet were poisonous things. But Weed did not have such a hobby.

"You must be willing to believe in me. Do not be alarm of whatever happens, you must trust only in me."

"Yes, I understand. My life, I will leave it in thee."

Weed ended it there and did not talking anymore.

The Human troops approaching were increasing in number all around them; and flying rocks as well as magic spells were at their doorstep.

This place they stumbled on was on the verge of becoming a vortex of the war.

Weed modestly accepted the rein to become the master of the white horse.

He then pulled the Princess up and placed her behind him.

Puhihing!

The horse lightly neighs.

While one hand holding onto the rein, the other pulled out a sword.

Ding!

Have equipped the Knight of Kallamore Kingdom Koldrim's sword;
Reputation will increase by 2500.

1. Attack Speed increases.
2. Strength increases.
3. Agility increases.
4. With the powerful Charisma, will overwhelm weaker Monsters.
5. The power of the Ice Daemon retained in this blade.

Weed tapped the horse to accelerate towards the center of the enemy's camp.

“Go, giddy up!”

With each of its propagating steps, the white horse accelerated to a scary speed.

This steed was in another dimension when comparing to the colt he had to accept back in Rosenheim Kingdom, during the operation in the Lair of Litvart.

A Knight's assault is significantly affected by the charge of the horse.

A good steed isn't all based on its stamina or speed, even its gene is deliberate when raising one from conception.

For the most valuable of horses, the beginning of the deliberation starts at the horse's lineage!

He did not know, but he could tell that the horse he was currently riding must have been extremely expensive.

Due to the horse's terribly rapid sprint, the wind was getting sliced up before them.

A speed comparable to an arrow in flight.

Weed's eyes widened and held out his sword.

From now on, the only thing he felt was the hilt of his blade. He did not feel the tender and delicate warmth of the Princess who was hanging onto his back.

Swordsmanship Dojang.

Jeong Ilhun, dressed in his uniform, was waiting for Cha Eunhee.

“Yo.”

“Yes, Sahyeong.”

“Women say, appearance isn’t everything. So you shouldn’t mind that, k?”

Cheo Jongbeom made haste and spoke.

“Your words are right.”

Ma Sangbeom also patted him.

“I believe Miss Seechwi is fair in nature. And she seems to like you. She’s even coming to the Dojang to meet you, you know?”

She'd even bringing homemade kimbap over too.

The appointed time was approaching.

“Calm your heart for the moment, yo.”

For Jeong Ilhun, it was his shyly first love. He had more butterflies in his stomach due to this first actual meeting than any of the swordsmanship competitions.

It was the same for Cheo Jongbeom, Ma Sangbeom, and Lee Indo.

It was something really unexpected. Their first Sahyeong got a girlfriend.

Although the subject in question was an Orc: a foul, ugly, and a fat Orc, it was something they could congratulate him on.

They all watched them during their adventures in Royal Road; Seechwi’s wisdom was something that could rival Jeong Ilhun’s heart.

“It's time for her to come now...”

Jeong Ilhun was anxiously dreading during the wait, when a lady carrying a lunchbox wandered into the Dojang.

“.....”

Cheo Jongbeom, Ma Sangbeom, Lee Indo all gasped.

‘It’s that woman!’

‘She resembles a bit to Seechwi.’

‘But her age is wow...late 30, 40 maybe?’

The plumped body auntie continued to walk toward the Dojang.

Jeong Ilhun’s face still retained a great smile and went out for a face to face.

“You’re just in time. Thank you for coming. Was it tough coming here?”

Jeong Ilhun was the first to extend out his hand.

Though the action was miniscule, the courage it took was tremendous.

In order to not make her feel awkward, he smiled and asked to shake hands.

It wasn’t her appearance but her heart that was important; so he tried to welcome her.

However!

“Who are you?”

The women’s face squinted. Then from within the Dojang, someone who looked like an elementary student came running out.

“Mom! You brought my lunch?”

“Here. Don’t you go forgetting it the next time.”

“Um, ok. Ah, Masters. Hello!”

The little boy bowed like a cute pup before Jeong Ilhun and the other instructors before scampered back into the Dojang.

The boy’s mother went away.

“Keuheum~!”

Jeong Ilhun embarrassingly cleared his throat for a long time, and once

again waited for Cha Eunhee.

Then, an eye contact with a woman coming from the street made his body stiff.

‘Is that her?’

She was coming while carrying kimbap luncheons. If she was empty handed, he wouldn't have looked otherwise.

She had fair skin, sparkling eyes, and a beauty that was noticeable within the thousands.

A single person within the lot of thousands. He could stay still in the mid of the center of the city while facing the beauty.

She held two large shopping bags and was walking toward the Dojang. Jeong Ilhun thought.

‘That’s not her.’

The other instructors also had similar ideas.

‘I don’t think it’s that lady.’

‘But she is coming this way.’

‘What’s going on? Maybe a solicitor for the credit card company? Or to sell stuff. If she tells me to join, then maybe I will. Let’s see how she is with a few words...’

Lee Indo was the most eager.

All of their mind weren't on the heavy shopping bags. If they had seen her grunting due to their weighs, they wouldn't have just sat there in daze.

Their eyes all attached to the young and beautiful lady approaching and couldn't open their mouth edgewise.

‘Why is she still coming this way?’

‘What does she have to come in this direction?’

‘Did we somehow do something wrong?’

In all four men’ head, a myriad of thoughts was blowing through their

mind.

She came and precisely stood before Jeong Ilhun; then fondly spoke.

“Hello, Ilhun ssi!”

Suspicion flew across Jeong Ilhun’s eyes.

“How did you come to know of my name? Could you perhaps be a scout from another Dojang coming to make a proposal...”

Even if they tried to lure him away with a beauty, he wouldn’t leave the Dojang.

No matter whom they received the offer from; whether it was the instructors or their students, none would accept it from anybody. With the time they’ve accumulated learning the way of the sword; the depth of their honor outweighs any amount of the money offered.

Her bright smile formed a slight dimple and she asked.

“What? I’m not a scout, but weren’t you waiting for me?”

Now Jeong Ilhun was really surprised.

“Wa, waa, wha, what?”

The Dojang eldest Hyeong!

Even when facing someone carrying a real blade unarmed, he maintained his cool; but now, he was really in shock.

“N, n, nuh, no way...suh, suh, some, something...nuh, uh, uh, couldn’t be! Fo, fo, for, for you know what I’m doing...”

“Goem-2-chi. Are you not Jeong Ilhun ssi?”

“T, th, tha, thaa, that’s...right...”

“I’m Seechwi, Ilhun ssi!”

Jeong Ilhun had lost his soul looking at Cha Eunhee’s human form.

The other teachers were also frozen still.

‘No way.’

‘That’s impossible.’

‘The hell is happening here.’

‘The girl...Orc Seechwi.’

‘Wait a sec. We can change our appearances in Royal Road, can’t we? We remained the same, but in her case, she changed her appearance. Why didn’t we think of that?’

Even up till now, they were still relatively unfamiliar with Royal Road.

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

There was a long silence inside the Dojang.

Jeong Ilhun, the other instructors, along with the grand master An Hyeon Soo, all were silent.

The trainees also did not spoke a word. All were simply looking at Cha Eunhee blankly.

‘To think Ilhun have such a talent.’

An Hyeon Soo was more surprised in this than when he unearthed Jeong Ilhun’s talent with the sword.

‘A pretty woman like that is First Hyeong's girlfriend.’

‘No. I don’t think this is reality. Let this be a dream, I’ll wake up soon.’

An Hyeon Soo, the instructors, as well as all the practitioners, did not eat Cha Eunhee’s wrapped kimbap. No, they wanted to but could not muster the courage to do so.

Because the faces on the rolls were too cute. But they were compelled by the rolls and as soon as the first one entered, its taste spread.

‘Keueuk! These cute and daintily kimbap rolls.’

‘She's even good with cooking.’

‘I would definitely give up a lifetime of Ramyeon for these.’

An Hyeon Soo, the instructors, and the trainees all saddened, making the rolls seemingly hardened as they were becoming difficult to chew.

This was the first time since birth that they were hesitant with food.

After a while, the one with the most age, An Hyeon Soo drew a long sigh.

“Wheww~! So, you are Seechwi?”

Cha Eunhee politely replied.

“Yes, sir.”

She wore a gorgeous beige blouse, along with a cute skirt that ran down to her knees. Her entire body had all the right curves. She exuded the pinnacle beauty of a lady.

Although it was not a beauty comparable to that of Hwaryeong and Jeong Hyorin, she was extremely beautiful among the general public.

An Hyeon Soo nodded his head.

“Well then. Continue treating our Ilhun well.”

He got up and quietly headed toward his office.

In a neat manner.

But in actuality, his stomach aches to an extent that he had to get out of there.

For the remaining instructors, Cha Eunhee the object of interest.

Words escaped Cheo Jongbeom’s mouth.

“Hyeongsu nim, may I ask you of something I was wondering?”

Just then, Jeong Ilhun had leaked out a grin that couldn’t be stopped.

“Fufufu.”

He said ‘Hyeongsu nim’! A term he had no idea was so enjoyable.

Cha Eunhee revealed her sparkly white teeth while smiling slightly.

“Yes. Please ask.”

Cheo Jongbeom asked cautiously.

“Umm...what school did you graduate from?”

“That is...”

Cha Eunhee attempted to answer but Jeong Ilhun’s strained and rebuked.

“Dude, Jongbeom! Why is school important here?”

Jeong Ilhun was a high school dropout.

The other instructors and students were also in some form, middle school or high school dropouts. It was not something they'd (proudly) put on the end of their belts.

If someone graduated from high school, that person would be classified as an elite here.

So when Cheo Jongbeom threw out this question unconscious of its hidden notion, Jeong Ilhun thought differently.

‘She must have been embarrassed for not being able to graduate due to some incident.’

A caring man’s consideration.

The reason why Jeong Ilhun had captivated her mind.

Cha Eunhee replied with a smile.

“It’s fine. I have no reason to not answer. I graduated from Harvard.”

“Huh?”

Cheo Jongbeom was confused.

“You mean the Harvard institution in downtown for cramming to repeat college entrance exam?”

“It’s the University in Boston, US.”

“Keoheok!”

Which resulted in a flurry of screams, then a deep silence.

The instructors and practitioners alike just inadvertently know of someone from Harvard University.

This time, Ma Sangbeom asked.

“Excuse me for asking, but what do you do now?”

“I’m in the hospital.”

“Oh, you’re a nurse.”

“No, I’m a doctor.”

“Do, doctor?”

“Yes. I’m a psychiatrist.”

Ma Sangbeom eyeballs alarmed.

For Jeong Ilhun to get a girlfriend, the mid 30 year old instructors breathing had become clogged.

The trainees too, were desperate.

‘No no. This is not a time for us to aimlessly eating away.’

‘We’re in our late 20s, while 30 is just around the corner. To be able to land a beautiful and intelligent girlfriend...’

The future was looking bleaker and bleaker for them.

Within, falling rain and thunderous crashes pounded away at them.

‘It can’t be this way.’

‘There is no time to waste.’

The instructors and practitioners all shot up.

“We have to connect to Royal Road!”

“C’mon and let’s connect!”

“The Orc village! We should go to that village!”

All of them gave birth to a great goal all at the same time.

At the time, An Hyeon Soo’s capsule was already occupied and connected. As soon as they spawned into Morata, all of them violently charged toward the Orc village.

It was a state of urgency inside KMC Media cinema room

“Toppled the second line of defense!”

“He’s fighting with the third perimeter.”

“Seven Spearmen slaughtered, he can’t be stopped.”

“Killed a Bromba Kingdom’s Knight! Level estimated to be around 360.”

Director Khang was busy checking the Broadcasting Schedule that he couldn't watch the screen at the moment.

“He killed them in just a few minutes?”

The staffs inside the cinema room hesitated for a bit before replying.

“Almost instantaneously really...didn’t even get up to one minute.”

“Are you talking about the situation on horseback? I think you all know how strong a single level 360 Knight is. Aren’t you all mistaken?”

“The horse didn’t stop at all. It ran toward one direction and he was fighting while on horseback...in a brief moment, he slashed over 10 times.”

“Is that possible? Swinging sword while on horseback will disturb the rider’s balance.”

“I too...in my shoes, I couldn’t fathom it. But he did it.”

“What a monster.”

Nothing outside of admiration on the continuing battle!

From the beginning, Weed, while on the white horse’s back along with the Princess situated behind him, rode toward the enemy’s lines.

The Archer units fired arrows at an enormous rate, but he boldly charges through. Even before the arrows lands at the targeted spot via above, he had already crossed past the space.

The enemy’s Magicians cast their magical attacks, but the horse exquisitely dodged them by redirect his body.

Explosive flames, ice shards, and storms of lightning!

The Skeleton Knight demonstrated his trustworthy riding skills and

penetrated aboard the white stallion.

He then came face to face with the Spearmen and Archers' line.

By just adjusting the hinds of the horse, whenever the stomps landed, pikes and swords cracked up, and the Spearmen at the end of the romp stomping without a doubt lost their lives.

An irresistible assault!

A Knight on horseback's base damage is so much higher during the charge.

At least, by two or three times.

It can get to the maximum of seven times the damage depending on the speed of the steed's assault.

A shield to prevent it will result in broken pieces; armor plates are crush, shatter, or even tears off.

Regular infantry troops cannot stop the galloping speed of the Knights.

On foot, Knights have reliable strength and very good defense, along with high vitality; but, to really display the true strength of a Knight is when he's ridden on horseback.

Weed with the aforementioned speed attached, charged and penetrated the perimeter.

Above calling forth the terrific speed of the horse, Weed's movements were notoriously flamboyant. The sword within his hand seemed to be dancing about.

Formidable strength and speed.

He dove into the heart of the enemy's territory with just himself and swung his sword through the infantries.

Also, in spite of a duel against a full-fledged Knight amongst them, he still triumphed.

Even though he was under the effect of the Power to Deny Death, it was nothing short of greatness.

Director Khang suspiciously asked under a cold tone.

“Could he possibly have experience being a Knight...originally?”

“Maybe, but we don’t know.”

“The application said he’s a Sculptor.”

“Might just be a side hobby.”

Mere speculations, but the broadcasters determined that was something sensible enough.

In fact, with the images being sent over, there was no point dwelling deep into the character’s information. Something along the line of a principle to the broadcasters.

Things such as Weed’s circumstances were also unknown.

For the broadcasters to beseech things such as items, skills, or character information in order to form a contract was something nearing the border of an unreasonable request; because they were important secrets.

“He’s versatile everywhere on the battlefield.”

“I’d like to have a Knight saving me like that too...”

“Romantic, so romantic. The excitement of having a Knight on a white steed is something I can enjoy...”

The female writers indulged in the battle.

A naïve Princess wanting to return to her home country! She entrusted herself to a Knight with a white horse.

It was something out of a romance novel, or something of a yearned-for dream.

Of course, within those stories, the Knights were often handsome young men; in contrast, the Knight was a skeleton without a single flesh attached.

“Don’t you just want to be held in that chest?”

“I think the Knights in Royal Road are soo reassuring and cool.”

On the other hand, seeing Weed's battle, Director Khang spearheaded the lot in the cinema room.

"We don't know what will arise, the production team members, don't you dare miss a thing!"

"Yes!"

"The investigation staff. Depending on the work for today, you could be set with bonuses for this year. Do not fall asleep. Even if you are sleepy don't you dare."

"We absolutely won't do so until the end of the battle, Director nim."

"Other staff members too, if you saw something unique or have question regarding something, you have to speak."

The battle that was noted in the history of the Versailles Continent.

A battle of the past that was unbeknownst to all except for what was written in the continent's history book.

But now, the scenes from the fiercest battle of the past could be seen again.

"Found a rare robe! Don't know what it is but the Magic Defense is outstanding."

"There is also a race of giants. Seem to be over 200 of them or so."

"Special ability?"

"Demonstrated marvelous strength...doesn't use weapons or magic."

"Alright. Let's see...so far, this founded species haven't been recorded. On the skill side, is it obvious?"

"Now? sorta. On the magician side, there are 57 new, no, undiscovered spells used."

Their eyes were filled with Magicians' magic or the Knights and Warriors' skills during the Palrangka Conflict.

At the present time, the magic that weren't passed down by profession was too large a number.

Here, those lost magics' effects and their powers were able to be revealed.

For Magicians, trying to recover past practical magic or developing new magic, it was something along the line of spending days and nights hoping for a rain drop in the middle of a drought.

In line with the characteristic chosen for those Magicians that had completed the second job advancement upgrade; they can choose to either create their own magic through the proper channels, or to gather information to restore ancient magic.

Magical data, items, species, etc.; all were rare.

It was more special for these types of adventurers.

From those chasing to attain information on rare quests, special requests of information after having seen the Palrangka Conflict would most likely be a high number.

Along with the species, and kingdoms participated at the time of the war, who are now extinct.

If it was toward these, those adventurers will definitely respond to the Palrangka Conflict.

“Jackpot.”

“An enormous amount of information; and look at the scale of this battle.”

“It doesn't even matter where the viewership is at anymore.”

“There will be at least 2 months worth of controversy over the Palrangka Conflict.”

The investigation staff members cried out with joy.

Since the show of Weed in Toodom, they've held their disappointment calmly inward for so long!

However, it was clear to them as to why Weed's course of actions was as such during the adventure.

For others, if they tried to forcefully breakthrough a hard quest, they would fundamentally cause more hardship onto themselves rather than anything else.

‘Sunbain Kingdom. I’ve just arrived to the Herotai Province of the place... I wonder what kind of quest I can get from there?’

Director Khang body was getting twitchy and it was becoming difficult to endure.

A few minutes passed.

“Weed. What’s he doing now?”

He was scanning the hastily written analysis papers from the investigation staff that he did not raise his head when asking.

“.....”

Though he waited for a long time, there was no answer.

There were over a hundred people inside the cinema room, but not one had answered him after he inquired. Sure there were those who were in the other departments which meant it wasn't their place to answer; but among those presented, more than 50 people were under his command.

Then, there was a sudden silence in the cinema room.

“Why is nobody answering me?”

Director Khang raised his head.

This time too, it did not take him long to behold the huge spectacle.

He turned his attention toward the screen.

Weed was flying in the sky.

More surprisingly, he was above a Drake.

“Wha, what, what happened?”

It wasn’t the employees who answered but Odong Man.

“That is, he was severely attacked by several Drakes. Along with the fire attacks from the air, they also used their claws to scratch him up; he

struggled considerably to avoid these.”

It was amazing to avoid the onslaught of arrows or magic attacks with just his riding skills. But as for the Drakes, not only did they breathe fire, they irritatingly chase him down; making it a tiresome task.

Even if their pace on the plain was decent, it was still difficult to throw the Drakes off; along with the fact that the ground surface was filled with Monsters and enemy soldiers.

“Then what?”

“Then at one point, he jumped up above a Drake and ridden the thing.”

The Drake wasn't domesticated by humans, so it fiercely resisted. The beast tried its best to get rid of Weed by shooting off fire and rolling its body in mid air.

Fellow Drakes also sighted the scene.

They collectively helped out by huffing out fire through their snouts.

Whenever they did that, Weed moved like lightning onto the opposite side aboard the Drake and attacked the others within his vicinity.

Airborne dogfight!

Amidst the bunch of Drakes in the sky, the battle was a breathtaking one with every single movement.

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

With Weed's hit, explosive hollering rang out.

The Drake urgently fluttered its wing and began soaring to greater heights.

Along with the lot of ascending Drakes, the spirits of the people watching was also high.

“Keoeoeok!”

“Oh my gosh!”

“This here, 20%, 30% viewership is not even enough.”

“Jackpot, jackpot! With this done properly, our bonuses this year is set.”

On the ground, the historic Palrangka Conflict was still going on.

Tens of thousands of Humans and of other races quarreling over the supremacy of this world.

Somewhere in the sky, the airborne battle with the Drakes is still taking place.

Amidst the irritating sunshine, alongside the drifting clouds.

The Drakes has tremendous speed and incredibly erratic movements, and the one fighting against them is the Skeleton Knight Weed!

Their excitement was so high that they forgot to gulp.

“This is really like a painting. The heroic knight fighting like that in order to protect the princess...”

The tale was good.

Because it was so romantic, for those with only a decent amount of sensitivity, they would have no choice but to be submerged into it.

Then suddenly, one person clapped.

“Ah!”

“Why, what happened? Find anything?”

“That...is...”

“Is what?!”

“The Princess died.”

“Wha, what?”

“Umm...look at the bottom of the screen. She got neglected so she died; along with the white horse.”

“.....”

Apparently, the Weed who was completely immersed in battle had abandoned the fact that he was to take care of the Princess and the white horse!

He alone jumped on the Drake and boldly fought the exciting fight while the Princess ended up dead within the lot of Monsters.

The female writers were frustrated.

“Princess Remyyyy!”

“Ahk! Our princess died!”

They had given their full empathy to the Princess so the shock was as huge as the collapse of the heavens!

The staff members gathered in the cinema room were just as discouraged.

They had such high expectation placed on Weed; then saddened when he was unable to keep the Princess alive.

“Our bonuses.”

“My vacation...”

“The promotion too...”

While sounding sickly, the staffs still had hopes.

With this Palrangka Conflict, and Weed’s participation in it; they did not know how this will reverberate among the audiences when they broadcast.

Though at the moment, they all felt rewarded working in KMC Media after having seen the Jeonshin Weed’s feat.

Chapter 3: The Historic Battle

That night, Lee Hyun's evening started as usual.

Homemade spicy sweet-and-sour pork.

At other times, due to it taking a good amount of time to cook, it was difficult to prepare.

"It takes in too much oil so I can't cook this often."

Frying dishes annoyingly uses a lot of oil. At home, they wastefully consume the oil, making it harder for him to make.

Even to the miser Lee Hyun, it was already barely tolerable that he had to use it; he too, did not recycle it.

"If it's deficient to my sister, then it's no good."

Although it was just something as simple as boiling food to eat, he tried to make his best sweet-and-sour pork for the sake of his younger sibling.

Then after dinner, Lee Hyun accessed the homepage of the Dark Gamer Union website.

-Buying Jackal Sword.

-Buying Golden Candle Stick. Need it immediately for the 'Rural Wolf' quest; please email me.

-Looking for group to hunt with. Still nubby but better than the rest. Level 312. Occupation hand combat series.

Today too, many articles were posted.

Lee Hyun looked at the item pricing.

"Have plenty of time now to properly spend them."

Anyway, he was not able to log in during the next 24 hours.

Lee Hyun couldn't hang on and also lost the second life he was given.

*

Palrangka Conflict was literally the gateway to death.

Endless ranks of enemies.

While battling the Drake and its ever climbing heights, he was able to catch a glimpse of the entire field of enemies.

The Orcs he encountered in the past were led by leader so they have never gone to war; but the number here surpasses the current number and was waging war with the others.

The matter in the sky was also similar, with giant Monsters that resembles dragonflies flew in.

He was about to have control of the Drake, but it was not possible to escape the area. It was due to the fact that even the aerial Monsters were waging war amongst themselves.

Monsters' relationship was often no good in the first place; from things such as being one another's natural predator, or be it over territories; they fought.

Weed was aboard the Drake so he was locked into such a fight. And unfortunately, he did not last long within the battle due to the wounds.

He fell out of the sky, and the bones of the Skeleton Knight got smashed and scattered due to the huge impact of the fall.

It was a large loss of vitality and combat ability.

His aim was to hunt the Drake, but other vengeful Drakes kept harassing him with their fire breaths.

Looking toward the sky, his sword wielding actions moments ago seemed meaningless.

It seems as though with just one hit, the Drakes became wary and never even descended near the ground again.

Weed changed his objective and blew a whistle loudly.

Hwiiiiiiik!

If it was a trained steed, it would return from anywhere once having heard the whistle.

“.....”

He waited for the figure of the white horse to breakthrough the hoard of Monsters for him to hop on.

But over time, there was no response.

The Princess had died, and the white horse was also already dead.

There was no way out for about 10 Kilometer radius.

“The skull rider that escorted Princess Remy.”

“The ugly culprit incited the Princess with his insidious words and tried to escape! By the honor of the Templar of Bromba Kingdom, cut him!”

“Charge him. Charge!”

The powers of the Templar Knights rose to an outrageous degree.

Whether it was Monsters or magic, they just went on and slashed away at them.

Once recuperated from his loss of words, Weed was unable to escape, and all the paths converged to a single passageway: to fight and win.

His bones were badly cracked and broken because of the fall from the air, and although his vitality somewhat lingers, it was dissipating as time passes. Weed calmly stood in one place, and he roughly estimated the number of the Knights belonging to Bromba Kingdom.

Weed's skull ophthalmic optics flashed.

‘Sword. The Knights, has to be the sword, huh. At least levels of 270 or more. While providing defense against arrows and throwing weapons, I think it can restore wounds using divine powers too.’

It was just a feeling, he couldn't have truly know.

He was observing the scene of the Knights fighting against other Monsters, and he identified the information of the weapon via that method.

He contemplated with his broad perspective over the entire battlefield.

In this massive Palrangka Conflict, he had to learn of the exact location of good swords and armors in order to seize them.

‘But for now, it’s too much of a fight to face them head on.’

Even if he had a great and tough body, the weapons with Holy powers caused the Undead him to be uneasy.

He had been revived thanks to the Power to Deny Death, but along with the advantages of being an Undead, he was at risk with several weaknesses.

Weed picked up a stone in his immediate vicinity and threw it in between the Cyclops.

“Kyaohoh!”

“Kuwaahahang!”

They treated the stone as an annoying insect and yelled loudly, they picked up a collection of rocks and hurled them as hard as they could.

BAAAAAAAMM!

Few feet away from Weed’s location, he could feel the earth trembled whenever each of them landed.

“Kill!”

“Knights of Bromba Kingdom do not know the meaning of defeat!”

The Templar rushed off at the forefront, while Weed rushed off to catch up to the Cyclops.

“H, hu, humans.”

“Bad tasting humans!”

“Cheeky bastards.”

The Cyclops changed their positioning, and threw rocks towards the Templar.

Clearly in Weed’s eyes, the Templar who were struck by the rocks suffered enormous damage.

The charging Templar, regular infantry troops, or even the Knights trying to defend their position, the rocks weren’t something they could

stop. But unlike those of arrow, the thrown weapons had relatively weak range.

And arrows could even pierce through the cracks in the helmet; speaking bluntly, it will kill.

In contrast, the huge stones thrown by the Cyclops toward the Knights not only hit; but when they lands, it shattered and dispersed, causing tremendous damages in the immediate vicinity to occur all at the same time.

However, the flags of the Bromba Kingdom continued to rise to further heights within the Templar grasp.

“Wipe them all out!”

“For the glory of the Kingdom!”

Like moths drawn to the flames, to protect their honor as well as their pride, they bravely jumped onto the giants who were 10 times their size.

Making use of the number one assault of the Knights; ridden on their galloping horses, they charged furiously with their lances tightly within their grasps.

“Keoeoeoeo!”

The Cyclops fell from their wounded feet.

The Knights with their plunging lances and their cutting sword attacked the Cyclops.

The remaining Cyclops brandished their wielded rocks as if they were clubs in resistance. Horses got struck and collapsed at once...there wasn't a melee battle like this one.

‘Now, opportunity.’

Weed hopped on the Cyclops back and dealt with any charging Knight.

Surprisingly it was too easy for him to avoid the Cyclops' rocks.

Not only did having just one eye lowering their accuracy, there also were plenty of blind spots.

For throwing, they simply lift a rock over their heads. Then looked to their predetermined trajectory to throw; the forewarning makes it not impossible to dodge.

Because of the risks of being crushed coming from the dropping airborne stones, his hamstrings were prohibited from yielding!

“I’m Bromba Kingdom Silver Knight...”

“Me, Skeleton Knight Weed.”

Weed made a short greeting, then he and the Knight clashed for the victory.

Only very short time gaps in between the Cyclops rock throwing that they had the time to duel.

The moment he subdued the Knight, the others came over to help out; but by throwing his body in the apertures of the pouring rocks, he escaped.

He rushed deeply toward where there were healthy Cyclops had attracted many Knights.

Even if the place was lacking of disasters, he could formulate much confusion within the area; and in the midst of it, he will fight.

In the location of the Cyclops, Knights of the Mapon Kingdom jumped in.

“Beat up the Bromba Kingdom’s henchmen!”

“Cut up the one-eyed monster’s throat!”

“Yaaaahhh!”

A large confusing fight was going on.

While the two kingdoms at war, Bromba and Mapon, were going at it; Humans of other countries also intervened.

This naturally attracted the attention of other Monsters who head toward the commotion. The Cyclops stomped their feet and crushes with picked up column like boulders. The once tossed up into the sky stones

fell and the feeling of shattering Human bodies could be felt; aside from that, the Cyclops also simply threw the stones straight downward.

In the massive confusion that took place, Weed snuck to the front and clashed one-on-one with the Knights and came out winning.

He killed as many as 17 Knights before kneeling on the ground.

His HP was only at a mere 30 points; there was nothing left.

“Oooooowoooo!”

“C’mon!”

Even though they had easy access to the readily-given Weed’s life, soldiers of Bromba Kingdom and soldiers of Mapon Kingdom were busily backing off.

They looked to the sky and continued to recede.

Weed too looked up at the sky.

Then he saw a small dot that was growing rapidly.

It was a rock of more than 10 meters in diameter falling toward where he was located.

‘Ain’t it great for the final moment of a jackal to be soooo colorful.’

Weed waited with the sword dug into the earth grasp in hand.

BAAAAAAMM!

1. You will leave a distinctive mark in one of the fiercest battle in history, the Palrangka Conflict.

History Book of the Versailles Continent. Original Palrangka Conflict.

It was a time where greed and jealousy were at their peak.

The Humans, in order to hoard wheat and iron for themselves, held expansion wars that did not stop.

The other Species joined forces with the Humans in order to avoid disputes; but their similar intentions deteriorated.

Having received the Humans' influence of pursuing what they desire, the other Species gathered up their own members and fought for self interest.

As if corresponding to the Humans territorial wars which undermined their powers, the highly fertile Monsters spread across the continent like a poisonous mushroom.

Newly restored content.

Palangka Conflict Secret History.

Can only be deciphered by adventurers who reached Mastery in Linguistics and Archeology.

Even at the time, Monsters' Intelligence was pretty exceptional, so coarse language was possible; and with that, they formed larger groupings for activities.

And on the plains of Jaksen, they fought a decisive battle over who will dominate the continent.

The eventual winners were the non-Human Monsters.

But the few remnants that came out alive from the fray of the dangerous battle spread tales of a Skeleton Knight's role on the battlefield.

Having received the favor of the Princess of Kingdom of Isran, Remy, he tried to rescue her.

He was very brave; and had amazing horseback combat skills. But having been distracted in between the lot of winged Monsters, the white horse and the Princess lost their lives.

The angry Knight fought on the very spot in order to fill the sadness of losing the Princess; and eventually lost.

Geographically, the Bromba Kingdom location was on the Jaksen Plains.

It was a vast fertile plains; the most extensive canary of the Versailles Continent.

But along with the downfall of Bromba, its territories were torn apart; and became that of the Kingdom of Breman.

At the time, it was said that more than a million of corpses of Humans, other Species, and Monsters were collected separately and stored in a

massive underground tomb.

Then, over the course of three decades, along with the continual fighting over the wheat, ownership of the kingdom undergo constant changes.

The plains of Jaksen also disappeared; its terrains all changed due to the Humans incessant effort to build barrier and forts.

Now, in unison, the name of the Palrangka Conflict is more widely known among the Monster groups.

《History Book of the Versailles Continent.》

From the Records of the Palrangka Conflict.

*

Lee Hyun continued to complain.

“If I had not been revived as a Skeleton Knight...”

He was still regretting over the fact he was revived as a Skeleton Knight.

Due to the fact that the being didn't really demonstrate the level of an Undead.

The first revived skeleton was nearing that of a Boss type level.

Aside from having great physical abilities, its magic ability was excellent above all else.

Powerful Black Magic!

With being able to utilize the Necromancer's skills, he could fight more pleasantly.

With fallen bodies, he could conjured up Dullahans and Death Knights, he could even summon the skeletons of the long deceased to make the fight more exciting!

In contrast, the Skeleton Knight was a skull head who was ignorance with magic.

It had even weakened out in the sun, and severely vulnerable to Holy magic.

It was an Undead who was vulnerable to being hunted in broad daylight.

He felt slightly weakened during the fight in the Palrangka Conflict in the broad daylight.

If it was back on Continent of Magic, he would have welcomed the Knight. Relying on their mighty force, he would have wrecked all the enemies in his way; there was nothing wrong with the Knight.

But then again, there was no destructive Necromancer fighting in the battlefield of the continent either.

“If I could have used the Necromancer’s magic...”

Lee Hyun did not conceal his contemplation.

If he was reborn as an Undead with Necromancy, the results of the Palrangka Conflict would have been brilliantly flipped upside down. The spacious battlefield was something good for the Necromancer, something along the line of being in his own front yard.

Reviving Cyclops, producing Zombies and Ghouls. Skeleton Soldiers and Knights weren’t impossible to raise either.

By using the Ender Saint’s Cane along with the Necromancer’s magic; it was like icing on the cake.

“Come to think of it, I don’t really have control over the kinds of Undead I can revive with necromancy, huh. It’s entirely possible for me to revive things such as ghosts or winged beasts. The risk that comes along with this skill is too great.”

Since it wasn’t something that goes according to his will, it was rather disturbing to use the skill based on luck.

Lee Hyun now emptied his mind and searched for pricing of items.

He intended to sell the weapons and armors that he doesn’t use after resurrecting on the Versailles Continent.

“It’d be better if I put these on the auction side of the site.”

Lee Hyun then got a price quote, went onto the item trading site and

registered the items for auctions.

-Bromba Kingdom Knight's Sword. Starting auction price: 1000 Won.

-Mapon Kingdom Knight's Sword. Starting auction price: 1000 Won.

-Honorable Knight Armor. Starting auction price: 1000 Won.

-Gloves of Blessing. Starting auction price: 1000 Won.

-Armor of War. Starting auction price: 1000 Won.

-Cyclops' Helmet. Starting auction price: 1000 Won.

He went ahead and registered the items obtained from the Palrangka Conflict.

Most of the items he got in Todoom were ingredient items or the lot of japtem.

From the Pegasus or the Unicorns. Things he happened to obtain almost inevitably during the battle with these divine creatures.

In Morata, he can directly manufacture these and can sell for a fair market price, or even tagged them with a high price.

But things such as complete items like weapon or armor, it was easier for these items to find a buyer by putting them on the auction site.

The weapon he acquired from the Vampire treasury was limited to level 440 players, Koldrim Demon Sword. He suspected that it wouldn't sell for a high price if he had putting up to sell.

With the competition between the players making prices rise heartily; it was better for him to use it in the meantime and sell it for a reasonable price after a wait for these competitive individuals.

“Of course I can just sell it right now...oh that reminds me, the Paskran Lance.”

The lance he identified but did not take from the Vampire's treasury!

Clearly, he recalled that somebody had posted an article on the Dark Gamer Union asking to get it.

Lee Hyun failed to best a fight against his curiosity, found the author of

the post and sent a message.

In the past, you're the guy that wanted to get the Paskran Lance, right? How much were you willing to pay for it?

Lee Hyun had things to do so he ended it with that.

It has been quite some time that he was able to rest comfortably for a day, then the feeling sunk into him.

“It’s been almost 100 days since i last posted huh.”

For Dark Gamers, their working hours wasn’t something belonging to the five days a week category. They must play well with others, have to be eager to hunt or lose out, and must raise their skills.

Before turning off the computer, Lee Hyun went to the information page and posts an article.

Information on Monsters in the North.

Together with Seoyun, they found the Valley of Death when crossing into the northern borders.

From things such as procuring food, routes, and information on habitats of Monsters.

For the Dark Gamers who primarily hunts alone in order to get more money; needless to say, these were valuable information.

Give as much as you receive.

At the expense of gaining information from the Dark Gamers, Lee Hyun too had to give a bit of something back.

As for the current information given, grade ‘C.’

Lee Hyun published the self-written article, then got up and headed toward the kitchen.

“On a rest day like this, I gotta soak a bit of kimchi.”

Thinking it was a bit too early, he quickly immersed the kimchi.

“The common salt is just as good as any. Pricier salt isn't even a good thing.”

Today as well, millions of people have accessed the Royal Road webpage. The lot of them were watching the live feed on the Hall of Fame page.

-The Tower of Light Guild went into the Cruel Urolba cave.

-In just a bit, Urolba will appear.

The Tower of Light was a guild with a towering number of 30000 members.

It wasn't a guild filled with high-leveled personnel, but the number was something of a huge force.

They occupied a territory that contains the Urolba Lair.

Cruel Urolba.

A typical Boss Monster, an evil spirit whom revives itself once every month on the Versailles Continent.

The power of the Electric Whip it wields was not something comparable to that of a Dragon's breath; but if having been struck, one's body will be Paralyzed as well as being depleted of Stamina. Preceding its emerging familiars, the Evil Spirits, which does so in an extremely quick manner, their resistance made the hunt much more difficult.

The Tower of Light Guild mobilized a massive scale of personnel to raid this Urolba.

"We are in a position to establish justice on the Versailles Continent. The cowardly monster Urolba, it hides itself instead of coming out. It is in my position to punish this wicked being for the sake of all!"

The Guild Master Hertz proudly exclaimed in the huge cave. Then, Urolba emerged.

And the appropriate battle began!

The focus of the battle for the Guild was to obtain a new item; the Blessing of Enormous Wealth from the God of Battle, Tyr.

'This is an opportunity to elevate the guild's honor that we can't afford

to miss.'

Until now, the number of guilds that have hunted Urolba didn't even reach six. Among all these prestigious guilds, only the Hermes Guild's hunt came out successful.

The Tower of Light Guild didn't hold back on investing their all on this gamble.

"Take Urolba treasure. Let's get his whip too."

The warriors too, craved for the stats.

The person who bears the occupation of a Sculptor, Weed, his stats rise when he is able to create Masterpieces, Classics, or Magnums. This method was only available to the Sculptors and not to any other occupation.

In cases with the melee's lot, if it was a successful hunt after risking it all with Boss Monsters, Reputation and sometimes, stats, could be obtained.

Though this was something easier said than done.

Their targets were often something terrible; most times, they would risk their lives and fight with their all.

The Cruel Urolba fits the category.

As for the non-melee type adventurers: in this case Grave Robbers, there were rumors that their stats would rise if they identify locations that haven't been discovered, a grave belonging to someone who once was a celebrity, or when they investigate dungeons.

While the clergymen can gain Piety stat points by treating someone in deadly condition, and gain Faith through deliverance of monks from the grasp of evil.

Art occupations such as professional Painters, can simply gain stats by drawing qualifying pictures. Architects gains stats by creating architectural marvels. Of course, Blacksmiths that produces luxurious weapons and armors can gain stats.

The advantage of being a Sculptor and other blue collar occupations is

that they didn't need to risk their lives in order to gain stats.

At the very least, constructions and creating a huge artwork poses a bit of risk; but it was nothing really dangerous to one's vitality.

Nevertheless, the warriors that has to face higher risks by hunting dangerous Bosses obtain a lot more stats, more spoils, more Reputation; while are continually able to fight stronger and stronger Monsters.

"Iyaaahh!"

"Watch his hand."

"Melee, spread out to prevent getting hit by the whip!"

"Going head to head is our only way!"

The warriors rushed Urolba.

Meanwhile, the Evil Spirits within the cave made their appearances.

Out of the rocks, Cave Worms appeared and overtook the Clerics and Wizards.

"Save me!"

"Help us here!"

They cried out insanely, but the melees who were locked in the battle with Urolba did not heed their calls.

Though the size of the guild was big, due to the lack in ability to lead its members, as many as 2000 of the Tower of Light Guild members lost their lives outright.

The people who were watching the stream on the Hall of Fame page had already determined their debacle before Urolba and its familiars.

-Waste of time.

-In my eyes, seems like they already gave up.

-Although it's their first time hunting this Boss Monster, I think the Tower of Light Guild fell too easily.

They did not conceal their disappointment.

Then on the forum, someone posted on the bulletin board after checking out the auction site.

-Weed! Weed came back. Check on his auction site!

The fact that Weed was selling off Bromba and Mapon kingdoms' Knights' weapons and Cyclops' helmets was widespread.

-What the hell happened?!

-I wonder what Weed went through again.

When it came to Weed, raving fans flocked like the clouds.

There was no news regarding Weed after he had bested against the Dragon, so the mysterious disappearance as well as his activities were bound to stimulate people's curiosity.

Again, they checked on the goods he registered on the auction site.

-The performance on the weapons is quite excellent.

-The auction price had already surpassed 500000 Won.

-Weed huh. Oh my, he hunted Cyclops...! Alone, I wonder? I think he musta have colleagues.

-As I understand it, Weed is almost always alone. Even with strong Monsters like the Cyclops, even Dragons, for Weed, abnormal opponents are normal to him.

-Keuu! There ought to be a movie of the hunt. Weed's combat capabilities and the Single Point Attack skill just swept by like a storm; I can't get it out of my head.

-But does anybody know where the Bromba Kingdom is?

-I have no idea on Mapon either.

-Maybe they're new kingdoms in the North?

People plunged into questioning the location of Bromba and Mapon on the central of the continent. The number those that deduced that they were small countries in the north wasn't small either.

But, those that were in the north refuted the possibility of the kingdoms being there.

Then someone on the forum found the answer.

-Bromba Kingdom, Mapon Kingdom. They're ancient kingdoms that existed centuries in the past.

-Really? I don't believe it.

-It's an irrefutable fact. You can find them on the Versailles Continent History Book.

Some other user then posted by quoting the whole history of the continent. Then and there, they found out about the war waged between the Bromba Kingdom and Mapon Kingdom.

Most of the people, unlike Weed, did not go and memorize the whole history of the continent.

-How'd he get ancient kingdom's weapons...?

-What kind of adventure was it? Like, did he unearthed the remains of the ancient kingdoms? Or like, he explored an ancient dungeon?

-Grrr. I want to see. I want to see.

The people's curiosity reached their peak.

Nobody can really escape the ponderosity weighing down on their body.

So with the craziness, they herded themselves toward the homepage of KMC Media.

-Is there any truth that Weed went on an adventure, or anything at all relating to the matter?

-Did he cross into the ancient kingdoms?

-Do you plan to broadcast Weed's adventure? If yes, please do it tomorrow.

-I believe in the ability of KMC Media. My channel is fixed and I'll wait; even if it's just a special, please show it.

In writing tantrum, the viewers commented page after page!

*

KMC Media staff members' feet were on fire.

"Overtime, working overtime!"

"Order boxed dinner. We can't go home before editing all the material."

The staffs' tears faded as they must indulged in their work.

Due to the nature of Weed's adventure, even with the short section of the Palrangka Conflict up to his termination, it could come out to be at least a few hours.

Meeting with Princess Remy, assault on horseback, battling in the air, the fight against the Cyclops and Knights!

There were many prominent scenes that were indispensable.

In addition, this was the historic Palrangka Conflict.

Not only are they broadcasting the adventure of Weed, they are to provide information on skills, items, and monsters on the spot.

Due to this, all hands at the station were on deck.

Prior to the final edits, the MCs were also preparing.

The writers had to write the script while watching the video playback in real-time at the station, the hosts had to stay up all night busy memorizing the established information on the battle.

They tried to shorten the time to the broadcast in consideration to the viewers' degrading attention span as well as to live up to their collective expectation.

Shin Hye Min reads the confirmed script on air.

"This is the battle of the Jeonshin Weed, the being who is unique in virtue and the embodiment of adventure himself! We will introduce the viewers to the breathless passion and chest pounding jubilation of a romance with the Princess within the Palrangka Conflict."

*

Bwakk bwakk!

Half Seasoned Half Fried!

The chicken that betrayed Lee Hyun and went to Seoyun haven't eaten anything.

The hospital nurses gave it rice, millet, sesame seed, as well as other different types of chicken feed they've obtained, but all were in vain.

"Why don't you eat?"

"He's going to starve to death."

The nurses in Seoyun hospital room watched the rooster with anxious eyes.

To be precise, they were worried about Seoyun.

The tenderhearted and kind Seoyun, for if the chicken that was kept by her dies, she would be greatly damaged.

Half Seasoned Half Fried just lay there weakly.

“.....”

Seoyun sadly stroke the chicken.

She lamented that there was nothing else she could give to the chicken outside of this.

‘Do you want to go back to your owner?’

Seoyun’s eyes filled with fret.

It may have been a mistake for her to take Half Seasoned Half Fried.

She believes that she could not have the love of anyone!

More so, she couldn't even gain trust and love from a chicken.

‘Lee Hyun. I have to take it to him.’

Having decided, Seoyun tried to lift Half Seasoned Half Fried.

But the chicken strongly resisted as she attempted to lift it from its roost.

The gesture of never wanting to go!

The nurse who were observing the situation were quite impressed.

“Chickens are also more intelligent than most creatures. They're able feel and think more than what people believes.”

“It's a really good chicken; it like the heart of its new owner while it also misses its old home. It would be nice if it could take just a bit of food...”

While filled with wrenching sympathy, Seoyun and the nurses tried to be quiet so Half Seasoned Half Fried could go to sleep.

Then, in the middle of this, another nurse opened the door and came in.

She brought Seoyun's meal on a platter.

Vitamin rich vegetable and pork dishes.

Bwakkk!

At that moment, Half Seasoned Half Fried flapped its feathered wings and flew straight toward the tray. It then began pecking up the pork to eat.

Ttototototok.

It was just going at it on the tray.

"...!"

After eating a huge amount of food, the chicken peacefully fell asleep.

'I have heard stories of chicken eating pork, but...'

'This wasn't about separation anxiety. That chicken is just a pig.'

The nurses have realized it.

Seoyun was also in deep thought.

'I just wanted to receive love; but I have never tried reaching out first.'

The only person whom she felt comfortable with was Lee Hyun.

In Royal Road, he was the one who made the food for her to eat. During the MT too, she also ate the food he cooked. But she did not offer a word of gratitude.

'There's nothing I can do for him.'

Seoyun then nodded her head.

From now on, she wanted change, even if it just a little.

'Next time...I'll give him my food.'

She knew where he would go to eat during lunch.

'On my own...not some cheap already-made lunch. I want to make the food to give to him.'

Seoyun fell into deep thoughts, for she was busy determining what to

prepare.

*

“Guys, come here.”

Lee Hyeyeon came into the yard.

She had prepared the portion of food for the chicken that Lee Hyun have started raising from long ago. She wanted to directly and tidily give the chickens their meal; and as a brother, Lee Hyun could not reject.

Lee Hyeyeon happily gave them the feed she worked on.

“Today’s meal is kalbi.”

Bwaaaak!

The first, Boiled Egg, pecked at the little strings of kalbi as he eats.

Afterward, Sunny Side Up, Mother Hen, Soup, Fried, Seasoned, and even the newly replaced Half Seasoned Half Fried went at the remaining kalbi.

The chicks that were recently hatched!

The growing chicks had already eaten the worms that Mother Hen gave them, but they’ve smartened up and hovered towards the kalbi.

“A very harmonious scene.”

Lee Hyeyeon felt happy.

The chickens and the chicks were gathering along side the kalbi. It was a very cute sight.

A considerable amount of leftover of meat on the bones after the chicken had finish eating.

Not one to abandon food, Lee Hyeyeon called forth for one more animal who was sitting in wait from a distance.

“Boshin, come here.”

Woof woof!

It went at the leftover portion of the kalbi.

The dog's name was Mohm Boshin!

She brought in a young stray pup in the neighborhood to eat, but did not do so because she had grown attached to him.

[TL : Mohm Boshin(몸 보신): This term here has 2 meanings that are nearly identical to each other. The verb 몸보신하다 means to 'improve[build up] one's health,' with the 몸보신 as 'nurture, restore' in the compound. The second meaning is when you break up his name, 몸 means 'body' while 보신 means 'self-preservation.' That is, 'for my preservation.' Oh and, 보신탕(boshintang) means 'dog soup'; take that with a grain of salt. Won't add this to Glossary, since it's a name.]

“You must have been hungry.”

Lee Hyeyeon stroked Mohm Boshin's head.

It's a known fact to not touch a dog while it is eating; but Mohm Boshin was fine with it.

Arf arf!

As if asking to be petted some more, after finishing up the kalbi, it rolled over and assumed the belly up position with its limbs held high.

Usually not that clever of a dog, it can still chase birds and even knew where to take care of its business.

Whenever he does this, Lee Hyeyeon lets out a brilliant smile.

“Our Boshin is very sweet.”

A girl and a dog.

A very peaceful scene.

But, Mohm Boshin have not forgotten.

During the days when he was younger, she personally named him as such with her wickedly staring gaze.

Chapter 4: Weed's Return

In Morata, on the Crimson Mercenary Guild's wall, the Bounty's board was packed tightly with wanted posters.

“What, what happened?”

“Where are the good requests?”

Departing and returning adventurers flocked to the board.

Wanted: Geomchi

Bounty: 550 Gold

Crime: Corruption, Murder, Evasion

Appearance: Aged fellow

Body style is similar to a Barbarian

Known for wearing a strong odorous armor

Strength: Enough to fight on equal standing with a Hell Lord Knight.

Skill and Strength are excellent Special note: Sided with the Vampires and massacred Humans Location last spotted: Morata South Entrance

Wanted: Geom-2-chi

Bounty: 548 Gold

Crime: Corruption, Murder, Evasion

Appearance: Could not stop his incessant laughter

Great muscular body

Known for wearing a strong odorous armor

Strength: Can hold and win a fight against five Vikings

Special note: Sided with the Vampires and massacred Humans Location last spotted: Morata South Entrance

From Geomchi, Geom-2-chi, Geom-3-chi, and so on and so forth until Geom-505-chi.

Despite the fact that the description did not match their characteristics to a tee, their names were still exposed due to the bestowed Murderer's mark.

To reiterate, in exchange for doing quests for the Vampires, they were deemed wicked.

“They appeared yesterday and rampaged off.”

“I heard they hastily departed southward.”

A considerable number of their tracks could be witnessed.

In fact, there was an attempt to apprehend the lot.

Besides the bounty assigned; Reputation, Public Value, as well as Mercenary rating could all be obtained along with the gold. In addition, if one was lucky enough, he could steal the equipment they donned. As a result, people promptly jumped on this.

“Ah, hells.”

“We aint like that.”

“AH! girls!”

“Keugg! Even women are trying to kill me.”

Alas, the Geomchis paid little mind to their immediate situation and quickly rushed off. Whatever urgency they were in, they looked so furious as they were rushing toward the south; so much so that those tried to pursue them didn't want to stand in their path.

There were many people whose level were higher than the Geomchis in Morata. If the Geomchis had been just one or two of them, then these people would have been surrounded them. But with many of them appearing and suddenly bolted off as if they were sails with wind pushes on them, people simply backed out of the way.

And now.

From Morata's West Gate, one person with his name inscribed in the crimson Murderer's mark approaches.

“On the subject of killers, there’s one trying to enter the town fearlessly.”

“Is he crazy?”

There’s no army in Morata. Instead, Paladins of the Freya’s Church stationed and were standing guard at every gate.

“Damn, I wanted the kill. Miss the opportunity to raise my Reputation.”

Freya’s Paladins were known to be unforgiving.

Merchants and adventurers alike were watching the oncoming person whom was without a single measure against the Paladins.

In a few moment, he will be caught by the Paladins and he will be beaten mercilessly.

Everybody have expected this since they’ve witnessed how the Freya Paladins treated the rebelling monsters and sinners near their vicinity.

However, as the Murderer advances toward them, they hoist up their swords and performed salutations as if they were greeting an aristocrat.

“May all harmonizes according to the Goddess’ will.”

The visitor too, lightly saluted back.

“May all harmonizes according to the Goddess’ will.”

Then, without a single sign of resistance from the Paladins, he casually passes through the entrance to the village.

*

Weed was the person that came into Morata.

After journeying to the Vampire Kingdom and passing the Intermediate Training Center, he returned once again to the Versailles Continent.

Wherever Weed step, people just scampered off out of his path.

“What?”

“What’s going on?”

“It’s a Murderer. A Murderer came into the town.”

“How? I know Morata has poor public security, but...aren't there the Freya Paladins?”

“Dunno. It's hard to believe, look there. The Paladins around the town doesn't bother him at all.”

The crowd gathered and was pondering about the terrible fact, Weed continued his stride toward the center of the square from the entrance of the village while people continues to part.

The they all followed him immediately as he passes.

For one donning the wicked mark of a Murderer to be walking so unabashedly inside the town, they felt an intensive interest and curiosity towards Weed.

‘It has developed a lot since I left for Todoom.’

The large-scale investment of 260000 Gold!

The roads widened and were filled with decent pebbles, making it convenient for the carriages as they make their way through the streets without having to pay expensive tolls; unusual for a village.

Along the street: pubs, smithies, trading posts, textile shops have been completed. The Freya Church's post could be seen from a distance as well. Mercenary Guild and Vigilante spot were also created, each crowded with people.

A spectacle that haven't been seen in any other villages or provinces (in the North.) ‘The number of people have grown by a lot.’

Even before Weed left for Todoom, there was quite a lot of travelers who paid Morata a visit. But now, due to the rumors circulated by words of mouth regarding the Light Tower, a lot more people came and always set Morata as a Starting Point for their adventure in the North.

The number wasn't as large as when Weed started in Rosenheim Kingdom, but people were filled with vigor just the same.

As for the reason, this was all due their adventurous spirit as well as their will to face challenges, along with the fact that this was the new

frontier for exploration.

Splash splash splash.

A waterway was also made from the river. And in the center of the path, an artistic bridge have been made and was filled with sculptures and works of art.

All thanks to the Elder for his endless and aggressive investments into art and cultural activities; for he took the fact that Lord of Morata, Weed, was a Sculptor.

Weed was satisfied while looking at the artwork.

‘These are also nothing like cheap decorative artwork.’

But still, artwork were still dirt cheap!

Though, artists weren’t just some cheap laborers.

Sculptures, pictures, building, all are things to elevate sightseers’ satisfaction who stands before them.

The money they sprinkled on this in order to stimulate Morata's economy, in which it will eventually return back to Weed’s pocket.

There was no need for Weed to fret over this, because the travelers will in turn recompense them with money from on Morata's resident to the next.

He's like a delighted IRS agent watching the birth of a newborn!

Or the feeling the joy of a loan shark with its newly found first time customer.

Weed, who inadvertently attracted a crowd, sat down on a vacant spot in the square.

“Selling manufacturing goods. Sewing, smithing, sculpture; and although it's weak, I'll paint if am commissioned. Chaa! pick, pick! Whatever material you have in mind for custom-made work, I'll do it.”

Weed wanted to produce items while donning Murderer mark!

Reasoning flew past the users head.

“What the, this guy.”

“I thought you can only take one, but a Tailor, Blacksmith, and a Sculptor?”

“I’d imagine he’s no good, there no prospective seen in the combination.”

The users were appalled.

While he marred with the Murderer’s mark, the users were being considerably conscious around him.

‘The Ranker i heard about.’

In the spacious Versailles Continent, it was difficult to even meet just one user with a ranking position.

They weren't viable to come across even in the Central continent’s largest provinces; for they were usually in the nearby villages or mining towns that were close to dungeons or hunting grounds.

‘He’ll be very strong.’

‘He won’t attack me all of the sudden, will he?’

They trembled in fear while following behind him, but in fact, there was no need to worry about the range in power.

The clue has been provided by the Paladins; for they politely make way as he passes and have not once made an attempt to attack.

Although, if the regular users attack Weed, they would overwhelm him and his situation would have been difficult.

As a matter of fact, there was no beginner among the Morata’s user base.

Surely, the level of those who were here wasn't as high as Weed, or are they as methodical as him; but they absolutely had the majority.

If someone made a simple pillory, things could spark into a huge event.

But as he subdue the initiative and showing no erratic behaviors, the attacking mood would simply diffuse itself.

In fact, Weed have had a lot of experiences being on this side.

Back in the days on the Continent of Magic, if the scattering of broken glass bothered him just a bit, Weed would kill all.

He would even kill the soliciting Merchants for nagging him. And there was no exception when it came to hunting grounds, as he wanted it all to himself.

There was no forgiveness even for a couple having discreet conversations in some corner of the dungeon either.

All the challengers who dared rise time and time again were crushed thoroughly.

The notoriety he had then wasn't just there, for it had shifted in location.

'This is why the fact that I'm 'that' Weed should not be known.'

The accumulated reputation Weed gained back in CoM was huge.

Due to the tremendous widespread of his name by the stations, he was revered by the adventurers and regular users alike on the Versailles Continent.

As a result, he was the target of many people.

The Jeonshin Weed's killer.

A glorious title.

Along with the people with grudges back in the days of CoM, a huge number of them who are high-level users on the Versailles Continent haven't been constantly grinding their axes contemplating the day.

He must not be recognized; for these people have scattered about, lying in wait to have the honor of intercepting Weed.

To make matters worse, Information Guild, Assassin Guild, Dark Gamer Guild, etc. made a lot of attempts to find his location as well as his (ingame) identity.

As long as they know who he was, hundreds of Rankers would swarm him and challenge him as soon as tomorrow.

Even large, prestigious Guilds would trample one another trying to get at him.

Assiduously with the logic of power in mind, a rather simple way to increase the guild's influence was to hold that title. While not on the same level as the famed adventures of chasing after the presence of myths or legends; but all in all, to maximize the guild's strength, Weed was a good prey.

With the Invincible Gambler, the God of War and such titles following him, he was at risk as he walked on such thin ice.

On the subject of Royal Road, while the game poses as enjoyment for many others, this was Weed's livelihood.

'Without this, warmth and a full belly isn't possible. All these weak guys wouldn't mind ratting out a person like me for all the food to survive. There's no such person who is sweet, naïve, and modest.'

Then, a girl raised her hand.

"Sir."

"Yes?"

"I want to align new attire...a Robe that's trendy and fit me perfectly. Also, if you could, I'd like to have high Magic Defense."

Although a bit reluctant, the girl placed an order.

He sifted through his backpack to look for the mats.

He had already memorized the kind of mats he has as well as the amount of quantity, but he wanted to confirm it at least once more before doing anything.

"I have Strong Pegasus Leather, as well as Strong Unicorn Leather. And I also have Premium Vampire Leather. Note that if you decide to pick this type, I'd charge you a bit more for repair charges."

"The premium leather?"

"Yes, the leather that the Vampire uses. I could dismantle the cape again

and gain the mats to create the garment. A short enough skirt can lose out on Defense, would you like me to make a tight fit that runs along the curvatures of your body?”

The new skill he obtained upon reaching Intermediate level 2 of Sewing, Raw Material Extraction!

Recycling from clothing that have already been made, he could essentially create new items through this skill.

Making good items from older items was a high gamble though; but being able to make more diverse items as well being able to correct it with all the necessities, the skill's advantages was not a small matter.

Weed continued ahead without stopping.

“The prices are subjected to the materials. And I charge 10 Gold per hour for the labor fee.”

Weed’s proposed price of labor was sufficient enough to cause rejection from the users.

From the rear of the crowd, one person bluntly protested.

“If it’s 10 Gold then that's too expensive. Don’t you know that the Sewing prices from all over are cheaper in comparison, you complete crook.”

Though it had a tone of cynicism, it incurred the responses of other users.

“That right. He did that and became a Murderer.”

“I know right. Having no decency like a crooked taxi driver.”

For a skilled tailor, receiving 10 Gold per hour price wasn’t something so expensive.

Because comparing to the vocational profession, others could hunt for even more money during that same while.

However, due to the excessive competition of the blue-collar workers, as well as the decline of the delivery of goods, it was uncommon for a person

to request that price.

The people who crowded around Weed began to lose interest and were starting to disband.

Weed then spoke.

“My Sewing Skill is Intermediate, Blacksmithing Skill's Intermediate, and my Handicraft Skill is on the Advanced level. Whatever item it is, I will make them to the best of their ability. Believe and please leave it to me.”

The reaction from those people changed at once.

“Intermediate Sewing, Intermediate Blacksmithing, Advanced Handicraft? Did the Versailles Continent ever have a user like that?”

“That’s impossible, it’s a ridiculous combination.”

“Maybe he’s a person who sits all day in a cave just to increase his manufacturing skills?”

“If you look at the equipment he’s wearing, its level seems a bit low. I don’t think he’s a user of the blue-collar job who reached the Advanced stages of the Handicraft skill yet...”

“Then, the stature of his craftsmanship is unknown. He’s a scam artist, an impostor.”

“By the way, his name’s Weed. No way, could he be the Sculptor Weed?”

Weed’s name has been openly revealed in red. Murderers are unable to hide their names as it is a forced exposure.

“If he’s that Sculptor Weed, then he’s that famous user who is the Lord of Morata, similar to that of an Earl?”

“Weed was the said user who overstepped the Intermediate stages of the Sculpturing Skill long ago. That means he's just returned from his trip to the Kingdom of Vampires Todoom...”

“He must have returned just now!”

“Morata’s Lord is back!”

The Sculptor Weed’s name had significant recognition across the

Versailles Continent.

At least, everybody in Morata knew he was its peculiar Lord.

“No wonder the Freya Paladins didn’t attack him...”

“And the residents too, were amicable even when seeing a Murderer.”

The space between Weed and Morata’s inhabitants was very small.

A result of the power of Reputation on the Versailles Continent!

The users with all their completely uncoiled doubts rushed together.

“Please make me the Robe!”

The girl from a while before, followed by the lot of denizens.

“Me too. Please make me a pair of Boots. Is it possible to grant it Options? Boots that is as light as possible.”

“I’d hope you can make a coat...for Warrior that is. Something that can be worn over the armor, please produce a good fit for me.”

It was still rare for a user to attain Intermediate Sewing, even with Morata’s expedition on Tailoring. Because of that, most of the items the users obtained were through hunting or were things they bartered for by trading necessary items.

Since a user with Intermediate level in Blacksmith and Sewing appeared, they swarmed together with their own Advanced materials.

Furthermore, the user’s Handicraft Skill attained the Advanced level, this was something they couldn't fathom.

“For me, a Sword.”

“I need a Shield that protects, could you make it?”

The users’ ordered goods were very diverse, the mats Weed saved up from Todoom ended up selling as manufactured goods.

*

“Excuses me...I understand you are a Sculptor.”

A male user approached.

“That’s right.”

Weed replied as he beats the hammer. It had just turned the evening, so he didn’t see to too many customers.

In contrast, during the morning and in the afternoon, he was manufacturing ordered goods without a single break.

“Could you carve me a bouquet of flowers for commemoration? For my girlfriend?”

“.....”

It was a prime time for him to make money, so Weed wasn’t very enthused.

“I have orders backed up at the moment; I might finish with them some time tomorrow evening...”

Noticing a sign of discomfort coming from Weed, the user held out an item.

“This is Pure Iron. I’ll pay for the fee along with this here.”

Pure Iron!

Compare to the Common Iron, this has higher intensity of iron packed in.

Weed suddenly clasped the man’s hand.

“I’ll make it!”

“.....”

The Sculptor class really isn’t one to rely on to make living.

Since the fee for the work is really cheap in comparison to anything else, any tip that come with an order is something they cannot refuse.

‘I’m used to using the Sculpturing skill anyway, this’ll just a bit and I’m done.’

As usual, he took out a piece of wood and began to carving a flower.

Since he manufactured so many floral merchandise in the past; the

output would still result to something desirable even if he had kept his eyes closed.

But soon after he had activated the Sculpturing Skill, whispers from unknown beings could be heard.

-Please sculpt me.

-Carve us!

-Human sculptor, I'm sure you're able to do it.

-I say hurry and sculpt us!

Ever since attaining the level 5 in the Advanced stages of Sculpturing, he could hear the voices of these unknown presence without fail.

Not only can they be heard, they can impart themselves.

-If you do not free us...

-If you are not willing to give life to us...

-It would be better off for this fool of a Sculptor to die.

Weed's body suddenly went ablaze.

His whole body caught on fire and roaring of the flames ensued.

This happened in the center of the square, at midnight in Morata.

Received the Curse of Fire.

Will sustain continuous Fire damage.

All Durability of worn good will deteriorate quickly.

While his body was burning, Weed's Health was defusing out of him at a rate of 300HP per second.

The wood he was carving also caught on fire without a moment of delay.

"Stone Skin!"

Weed reflexively used his protection skill, and the decline of his HP decreased by 65%.

"Waah! Look at him."

“That’s cool.”

“How’s he doing that?”

Morata’ square got nosier again.

Thanks to the spectacle that is Weed!

“Bright.”

“He’s beautifully on fire.”

The number of users watching Weed as he burns was quite large. But of course, there were well meaning Clerics there too.

Noticing something bad had happened, the Clerics simultaneously casts treatment and curse removal Holy magic.

“Cure!”

“Recovery!”

“Round Heal!”

Weed was being treated with several different types of divine magic used over and over again.

“Iron Protect.”

“Holy Shield.”

Along with the overlapping protection magic bestowed onto him, the fire covering Weed finally dispersed.

Weed was discouraged.

“Now it looks like I’m putting on a circus act.”

He became the eventful and suffering Sculptor on the move!

Who would have though the road of a Sculptor could be so colorful?

When he started carving again, he took on a Curse of Ice.

He slowly carved the bouquet in on piece while being frozen in the block of ice.

“Th, thank you.”

The one who ordered the item received it then hastily disappeared.

Now it was raining atop of Weed's head. The large clouds just over his head without targeting anything else, and thunders within the clouds could be heard.

Kureureung, kwawang!

The other users in the square deviated from him.

“Strange things are happening around just that guy.”

“Look at the cursed character.”

“Shh. Don't get close, you might get infected by the curse.”

Still, Weed was released unharmed from the curses with help from the Clerics.

As a test, each time he tries to sculpt: either burning fire, infectious poison, falling rain, shaking earth occurs.

Sewing Skill proficiency increased by 0.1%.

Weed gave up working on sculpturing commissions for the foreseeable future and just focus on the received smithing and sewing orders.

Skill mastery and money, as well as building up reputation while manufacturing goods!

There was no less coming from the recognized Weed's preaching either!

The essence of the products increased rose higher due to his great articulation.

“This may just be clothing, but I'm not selling you just some common dress. Sedona nim, was it? This is made tailored specifically to Sedona nim. This pleasingly fits over the base line of Sedona nim's chest, waist, and buttocks with Defense and Durability fundamentally in mind. Thanks to the luxurious Unicorn Leather, the clothes appearance won't fall short at any time. This thing can essentially save Sedona nim at least 10 times over the course.”

“What about the prices?”

“Price...it really doesn't have a thing like a price tag attached; but if you trust in me and regard me to a status in mind, then please give me what you think is right by that standard.”

He looked toward the person while talking about the prices.

Any exhilarated and goodhearted man would willingly shell out money after watching the work that took place. Rather than presenting a specific price for the service, Weed got more revenue this way.

For those who were sensitive with money, they were not forced down to a predefined cost and in turn believed they received a bargain.

For the users who wanted to use Advanced material, Weed sold imported items obtained from Todoom without care for the money.

Unlike the fairly affluent goods in the Central continent, the prices for Leather and Iron in Morata were still more expensive. Here, while selling according to the prices set for each material, Weed's pocket was growing and growing with more money accumulated.

Unlike doing sculpturing on the fly back then, he received more money and more skill proficiency thanks to the positive response from the people.

This was infinitely impressive!

‘Not as an artist, but I'm more befitting of a simple hard working technician, huh.’

While seriously thinking about his vocation, Weed's hand was moving as he calculates money without a misstep.

In the midst of creating the armor piece, his mind ventured on next order: calculating the materials needed, pricing on the said mats, and the cap the customer payment for the item; the scale of workload he put on himself that could be considered as amazing.

Traveled by the words of mouth, the armor or clothing Weed made obtained greater responses due to their performance.

“Look at this, the Durability is no joke.”

“How vigilant is his work to get the Durability of a Robe to such an extent?”

Even from cheaper fabric, he was able to generate something out of it.

While the Lord of Morata Weed’s produces premium goods, people congregated.

Through this method of disposing the mats, Weed’s Tailoring and Blacksmithing skills were able to gain a level each.

The revenue obtained was a larger sum when he manufacturing goods out of these material items; and this method earned him a stagger profit of 340000 Gold.

If he had disposed them as individual item, this path wouldn’t make as much money as he did.

Receiving these materials in place of creating the armor set out of bones for the Geomchis, the payoff was huge!

This earned him more money comparing to when he sold the treasure of the Nippleheim Empire.

Additionally, Weed’s popularity varies.

“Hey, I came here from Rosenheim Kingdom to eat porridge!”

“Are you planning to build something like the Pyramid again? While making it, I got a lot of points for Public Value for the country...”

“Whether it’s grade B or C is fine with me. If you can accommodate the porridge during the work, I’ll make sure to work to the bone.”

There was a considerable amount of users from Rosenheim Kingdom that liked Weed.

Every time he sees them, Weed felt very satisfying.

*

It was when Weed finished with his business that the Freya’s Paladins together with Alberone approached him.

“Weed nim, you have sinned a lot in the time we have not met.”

Weed spoke matter-of-factly.

“Yeah. I was rescuing the Vampires and it became so.”

He didn't hesitate to speak so informal towards the Pope candidate because they have gone through quests together, as well as once having treated Alberone through food; so naturally, Familiarity between the two was high.

Alberone had a look of pity.

“How could that had happ...ahh I understand. It's all due to the fault of Weed nim's compassionate heart, is it not?”

“.....”

“Obviously, the Vampires pinpointed Weed nim's goodness and used it to their own gain. You must have thought their preordained fate was too much, even for them; your mercy surely has no end.”

“.....”

Weed figured it was best to let Alberone theory to run its course in order to keep Familiarity with the Freya Church.

The Church has a very high Public Value.

There are faith stalls built in Morata village for the villagers as well as the contribution made by the Church to the village.

Owing much to the close relationship between the two, they decided to put their trust in Weed, even if he was on this side.

Rather than right or wrong, sometime the influence of Familiarity is heavily relied on.

“I'm going to pray for you, Weed nim. By the mercy of Goddess Freya, I believe She will forgive you.”

But Weed coarsened.

‘Prayer!? I don't have money to eat or to die and you want me to make a donation?’

The fastest way to get out of the Murderer state is to donate money to

the Church.

For the sake of receiving more quests with the lessen notoriety as oppose to more. In this state, chances to have a dialogue with the residents is slimmer because they will choose to avoid you, additionally blowing one's chances to commence business transaction.

The more pressing matter beyond such consequences of Infamy is that under the status of a Murderer, it'll be more likely for users to initiate the attacking.

Weed made it looked as if he hadn't eaten anything while being embarrassed.

“Alberone nim, I understand your intention. But I don't have much money. I'm even worried about what I'm going have for food tonight...”

“By the blessing of Goddess Freya, She has filled those with hunger. The development in the Morata province has been many. Thanks to Weed nim's excellent decision making in spreading the wealth, there are not many who are in need.”

“.....”

Weed was driving at trying to compromise at getting a discount in making donations, but thanks to Alberone simply genuine trust in him, he just swerved for nothing.

‘Morata's development...excellent decision making?’

During the time he was in Todoom, he was getting bits of information regarding the matter. Talks on the Versailles Continent and such, and also through the Dark Gamer Information Network; he read a few articles written how people significantly like Morata.

‘In order to get concrete information on how good it has been, I should to meet up with the Village Elder.’

The idea brushed past in Weed's head as he walked toward Alberone and knelt down, with both of his eyes closed.

Weed was praying.

His surrounding filled with divine power.

“This being here fought against the Vampires on behalf of the Goddess. Although his actions have been deemed as something comparable what humanity's standard regards as atrocities; he believes that the Vampires are also your beloved beings and they too deserve the Goddess's prosperity and richness...”

The candidate for the next Pope spoke with no less inferior in faith and divine power to anybody!

Ding!

Due to the mercy of Goddess Freya, 45% of Your outrageous sins were saved.

Infamy have been reduced to 500.

The loss of Infamy also resulted in the decrease of Leadership by 10.

In many ways, Infamy isn't completely useless.

Through means of threatening the NPC residents, you'll be able to obtain quests they won't give you otherwise; and you can also impose on the price set for items in stores. If and when you meet with fur trading NPCs at a secluded location, if your Infamy is high enough, even without the need to pose for a brawl, you'll be able to get your goods intact.

Subsequently, also affects Leadership when dealing with your own subordinates.

But due to having received Freya's blessing through praying, along with Infamy, his Leadership also decreased.

A side effect of the prayer for salvation.

After the prayer finishes, Alberone readily extended out his hand.

“Weed nim, let's go out to dinner. Let me go instruct them to set supper at the dinning hall.”

Weed replied.

“Thanks, Alberone.”

Having received what he yearned for, his tone changed slightly.

In Freya's Church, the meals aren't something light such as potato or sweet potatoes. There will be more than three or four main courses, as well as deserts, salads, and wine that will be served.

Lead by Alberone's hand and disappeared, Weed was admired by the gawking users.

"Ahh! Come to think of it, there's no need real need to question this... from the Light Tower to how he is Morata's Lord, after all."

"The relationship he has with the Freya Church is no joke."

"Might also be about money, isn't it? As a Lord, he had heavily invested in Morata."

"Maybe it's because he's heckla rich; he was able to be in a close knit relationship with the Church using the money."

"I heard they were pretty tight ever since Rosenheim Kingdom."

*

Weed was leisurely enjoying dinner at the Freya Church. There were fresh and plentiful foods all around.

Back in the cold and bleaker days of Morata, the residents wouldn't even have the homemade food to hold a celebration.

During those days, they didn't even have a rotten potato to fill their bellies. A stark contrast to the present, where food are bountiful.

All thanks to the due diligent of the Village Elder with expansion of the irrigation of food.

'Morata's truly having an revolution.'

If comparing to the provinces in the Central continent, Morata was just a minuscule portion of them; nonetheless, this was very impressive.

A town of mixed residents and users were living happily together!

He couldn't help but be pleased due to all the taxes coming in from all the commerce.

Weed chomped on and on till his Satiety became full, and the Alberone

talked to him.

“Weed nim, the Freya Church have been looking for you for a long time.”

“What for?”

“Actually, it’s about of the eradication of Monsters...”

After the ice melted in the North, Monsters with atrophies to the cold were coming out gradually.

It was because of these Monsters who have seemingly risen from their slumber that the northern exploration was in a state of stagnation.

From the story coming from Alberone, it seemed other developing villages were blindsided and got looted, and there were cases where the villagers decided not to leave for greener pastures. Merchants, on a large scale, did not travel for their businesses.

Weed anxiously asked.

“Is Morata going to be ok?”

In his position as Lord of Morata, the invested money that he earned with his flesh was the reason for his fretting.

“With the trustworthy Paladins of Freya here, we’ll try to maintain.”

Fortunately, Alberone’s words assured him.

At Morata, aside from the Paladins, there were also quite a few of adventurers as well as mercenaries available.

As a matter of fact, Morata have quite a force due to the users’ tendency to consider the place as a strategic pioneering location. Quite frankly, if this place is to be overrun with Monsters, then the result would spell the fall of the whole northern region to the Monsters.

“Subsequently, there is something I need to ask of Weed nim. It would be greatly appreciated if we have your permission to gain reinforcements of Paladins and Priests of Freya Church from Somren Liberty City.”

Weed saw that there was nothing wrong with the proposal.

“If there are unrests because of Monsters here in the North, I would be thankful to have more Paladins come and make certain of the excellent work of ensuring the public’s safety thus far.”

“And...”

Alberone reticently slurred.

“In addition, there is one more thing that’s a bit difficult to ask. The High Priest nim necessarily asked of Weed nim to listen and work on this.”

“What is it?”

If the talk wasn’t about his money, then Weed would want to listen to any decent proposal.

The quests he received from the Freya Church, though a bit difficult, were all good ones. Such as the Jin-Hyeol Vampires, the war with the Legion of Immortals, all were quests that led to the second tier.

The question is how to avoid spending the substantial income he raised.

The commission coming from Freya Church was something he must accept as he did not want to just abandon the pile of contribution that comes along with it.

“Morata is a place known for its culture and art. However, there is no statue to symbolize the Goddess Freya anywhere to be seen. This can lead to the disappointment of Priests whom dedicated themselves to the Goddess. Due to this reason, the High Priest nim chose Weed nim to erect a colossal statue of the Goddess Freya.”

Ding!

The Statue of the Freya Church

On the northern part of the Versailles Continent, a statue that symbolizes the Goddess Freya is to be made.

The Freya Church want this to be a symbol to subtly state that it doesn't want competition from any other churches.

If successful in making the statue for the Church, the Sculptor's name will resound greatly throughout the Versailles Continent.

Workers can be coordinated with during the creation of the statue.

Diamond is given for the expenses of the operation.

Quest difficulty	Religious Quest
compensation	<p>The faith of the believers towards the subject will become three times more effective than usual.</p> <p>For those involve, they can be compensated with skill proficiency as well as Reputation three times the norm with the successful completing of the statue.</p> <p>If this fails, the Freya Church dependency on them will decline.</p>
quest Restriction	<p>Because the Monsters will hate the object that represents the Freya Church, they will try to break it before completion.</p> <p>The statue must never be destroyed.</p>

Chapter 5: A Symbol of Prosperity that is Morata

Needless to say, Weed was going to accept the quest.

The current state of his body was not normal, but he cannot deny a request made by the Freya Church. Above all, there was nobody else in which he could forcibly impose the request onto.

He could not turn a blind eye to the compensation either.

A quest that can't be dissimilar to that of a Grade A difficulty where he can gain Reputation and rewards through creating the best of sculptures.

An opportune for the Advanced level 5 Sculpturing and Handicraft skills to rise!

In particular, if the piece is a large religious symbol, one can ask for assistance from the Subject with every changing season through prayers. In the Goddess's case, they can ask for an increase in grain yield, even if it's just a small amount; and even ask for the reduction of raiding Monsters.

In order for Morata that was trailing behind to progress further, the sacred statue was a necessity.

All in all, he did not miss the chance to able to take the credit for it.

“The difficulty of the labor is all the same regardless, but if it's Alberone asking for the favor, I cannot refuse.”

Have accepted the quest.

The Murderer state disappeared with the acceptance of the referral from the Freya Church.
Infamy has decreased by 30 with the successful acquiescent.

“I'm sorry, Weed nim. There is nothing else our Church can offer outside of providing this for the difficult task.”

While being apologetic, Alberone offered up the Diamond.

The size of the Diamond was larger than that of any coin.

As he gratefully accepts the money-pot that the Freya Church put up for the commission, the trembled Weed pondered.

‘If I hand this over to the Jewelers, I can get over 130000 Gold. The most expensive of jewelry to make a living out of is the Diamond, after all. I’m going to finish the statue with care.’

It can take one week at the very least to create a large sculpture, and can span as long as three months. However, if you have a lot of people helping out during the process, it can be much shorter a time period.

‘All the Sahyeongs went to the Orc village.’

The Geomchis who ran off to the Orc village were busy. He sent them messages but none had replied.

“I’ve gotta ask for help from Fail nim.”

Weed decided to send a whisper to Fail.

-Fail nim.

-Yes, Weed nim!

-Where are you now?

We're still at Todoom.

Fail and the others were still doing some remaining quests there.

As a result of not being able to qualify to climb the Tower of Heroes, they were performing commissions from the Vampires until experiencing death.

-When are you returning to Morata?

-I don't know really. If Weed nim call for us, we can go anytime. But what do you need us to do?

-Well...

Secretly, Weed hesitantly reconsiders.

If he tell them that he was just commanding them to create the statue, they can chose not to come immediately. This was due to the fact they have already suffered a similar experience during the creation of the Pyramid.

-I have an ok quest, you know? Like the quests I once took up from the Freya Church led to the Jin-Hyeol Vampires and the Legion of Immortals.

-Gulp! Is that so?

-I received a quest from that same division of the Freya Church this time too. If you like to do it, then please come.

-Please wait there. We'll go now.

Weed smiled.

“Got a group liaisons.”

Still, to create the statue, he needed more help.

“It is essential to get help from workers with vigorous vitality in order to finish the sculpture in a short amount of time.”

He didn't know the magnitude of how many Monster will come to attack; but assuming there will be a significant amount of them in the raid, he can't afford to be lacking of people.

In order to create it as quickly as possible; from this standpoint, Weed was filled with motivation.

Who do you think he is?!

He's a Korean!

Driving taxis at the speed of bullets, not to mention buses too.

The buses that closes their doors even before passengers can get on; or have already zoomed off before they could even get off.

The culturally excellent transport that rushed its unfortunate passengers to their destinations while its gears settled at a single place.

On the construction industry side. Once they passes regulation, the building of however million of apartments will pretty soon be constructed.

Even though collapsed department store and broken leg of bridge had happened as a side effect, the pace is unmatched.

Nothing like them beside the nations of the economic beasts that are the Jewish and Japanese!

The Korean that care about a relaxed and easy-going labor hour is not going to happen here either.

“Gonna go to the South Entrance of Morata. That’s where I’m gonna see oncoming visitors from the Central continent first!”

*

Weed once again returned to the square to obtain more workers.

“Pick pick! Cheap pindaetteog!”

“Armor for sale. A piece of work by Warlord Olsen! Who is Olsen? Just me. A Blacksmith that fully understands steel.”

“Looking for a person that knows where Rubelin is! Is there a guide to go with to catch the Blue Beetle? I’ll even compensate.”

The square was in turmoil with people trying to deal at the stalls, obtaining colleagues, asking questions regarding information on the terrain or things for quests.

Busily moving feet and face filled with energy. Comparing to the Central continent, there was a lack of goods; but the spirit of adventure and vitality of life was nothing short of.

The blue collar jobs were festive as well.

The Monsters in Morata’s vicinity never dries out.

Monster’s head that is covered with green fish-like scales.

Crocodile monster that walks on two legs.

As the day warms up and the coming rain, new Monsters will spawn.

“Kui. Kuu!”

“Pwapapwa!”

Emerging weapons and armors using Monsters’ materials made by the craftsmen sold like hot cakes.

“By making these, I gain money and skills proficiency too.”

“Here, this place is heaven.”

The artisans were ingenuity without any distraught.

*

Mishya bought a rod from them for Staff Techniques.

“Ah, feels really good.”

She twirled it to her heart content. There was no hiding her excitement.

Recalling the first time when she bought the latest rod and was in the mood for her first hunt!

She received praises from her colleagues as she overpowers the Monsters.

Rods were longer than swords, and were useful for defense. Along with sharing about 80% of Lancing Skills, of which were widely diverse with a huge range of weapons.

When she tried to leave the center square, Mishya met Weed.

“Eek!”

It was like a school girl screaming when meeting with a pervert!

“Morata Lord!”

Mishya’s words were able to pull the attention of the people who were absorbed in their own affairs.

“Sculptor Weed.”

“Morata’s Lord has returned.”

“Wait, he doesn’t have the Murderer mark. It’s gone. His name no longer shows.”

Momentarily, the crowd all noticed that the noticeably crimson mark has disappeared.

“Ya ya. Watch your words. You’re talking about the Lord of Morata here.”

“Morata’s Lord! Ack, you’re right, I forgot.”

“A wrong word toward a Noble or a guild Master spells death, you

know.”

“Lower your voice. Be careful.”

Creator of the Pyramid and the Light Tower, the Lord of Morata Weed!

In Morata, whether they're of the trading or of the hunt, people can't help but be wary of Weed. If they somehow seemed to be opposing in the Lord's eyes, he can mobilize the province's entire army just for the sake of punishment. Of course, these were the cases of those who weren't residents of Morata.

Weed looked at the square filled with people.

Because of the developments in Morata, a lot of people coming to visit meant that the town was a nice place to live.

Weed wasn't just its loving Lord, he was just as much a user and its resident.

‘My lovely tax piggies.’

Whether they were users or the residents, he saw them as money.

Due to it being the middle of the day, a dramatic influx of users could be seen.

These people concerning about their commerce made the market an uproar.

“The method of a good ruler is to only to reveal himself during the tough times. I'm the Lord of Morata, Weed, who have made all the governing decisions. I welcome all those who have gathered.”

The reaction of the users gathered in the square wasn't all that welcoming.

“Che, what kind decisions have you make? Every decision was done by the grandpa Elder alone. You were just playing somewhere else and just returned.”

“Earlier you were ripping people off selling the stuff.”

“I thought you were selling at the listed price but it seems to be a stretch.

'Cause comparing to the friend who knows of the right price, it wasn't even off by a few. So why didn't you offer the information to those who didn't know?"

The users were getting more agitated with the increase in murmuring.

In a short period of time, he became the subject of their distrust, their Lord!

Weed can understand the suffering of politicians during those 10 minutes.

'Here, I have to be a bit more vulgar and cunning. I thought it was going to be easy tricking them by feeding them a bit. Here as well, only those that want an honest living life loses out.'

He broke out a Yell in order to quell the increasing disturbance.

"Keu..ha.heu..heuu heump! Uhh, I have a Religious Quest in Morata. I need helpers to create a colossal statue for the Freya Church. Unlimited number of people, providing free room and board! Accepting those who would work for the whole duration."

Gathering as much workers as he can was a good thing for Weed.

But he would only take those that could shoulder the responsibility.

For the people who were busying trading, manufacturing, hunting, it wasn't for them. Because then, the production of the statue would just be leisure work!

In aspect, those who have never participated didn't know how much compensation there were for the sculpture quest.

"Me! I'll do it!"

Then from behind, there was a number of beginners!

Supposedly, they were tourists, but they were those from Rosenheim Kingdom who had a hand in making the Pyramid.

Or users who heard from these guy came running together.

"If you have Porridge then I'll join!"

“What are you going to create this time?”

“Do you remember me? I’m Lemon!”

The cute girl seemed to still be in her mid teens.

Weed navigated within himself to remember and showed her his rotten smile.

“Ahh, of course I remember. You’re the Lemon nim that moved stones 39 times to build the Pyramid. I will offer my porridge as well as Gopaegi too.”

“Yes! That’s right!”

Weed made greetings with those who returned.

*

Morata’s large-scale construction!

Ever since the first dig of the shovel, it went very smoothly.

There were 20 people who participated in the production of Rosenheim Kingdom’s Pyramid.

These Mana lacking personnel were rather lacking in comparing to the necessary number, but they wind up shoveling at a good pace.

“Do it quickly and we can eat porridge.”

“Hurray! We’re also creating something this time around.”

They were rejoicing while humming and singing along; at the same time, the more dubious participants numbering in 300s who wanted to try experiencing in sculpture creation were rather embarrassed.

“What’s so good about this to be in an uproar?”

“This isn’t even Rosenheim Kingdom ffs.”

Rosenheim Kingdom was still classified as a new kingdom.

Because a good proportion of the user base were still novices, thus it was obvious that quest sharing made them very enthusiastic.

The further lagging behind of development in the north did not have the

beginner starting point option for the users. Although it was renowned for tourism following the influx of adventurers, the number was still modest.

Nevertheless, more than 300 people joined up to take on the new experience together through Weed's quest in collaboration with the Freya Church as the Lord of Morata.

Ever since the initial dig of the workers have gather, the composition of Morata's South Entrance change dramatically from then on.

*

“Well, I'll die if I go too far from the gate. Hence, that's why I'm working here.”

“I came to Morata to adjust my equipment, but between here and there, my money is meh; so receiving another hunting quest right now is too big of a risk...I figured I might as well dig, whatever this is?”

“Yulha, wanna do it together? I think it'll be a good monument.”

“Yea, lets.”

These kinds of conversation were shared with the participating workers that uncover their intentions.

Those who came from Rosenheim Kingdom also shared their source of pride.

“The Pyramid in Rosenheim Kingdom! Any of you who directly worked on it? I moved the stones 56 times horizontally AND 19 times vertically.”

Rumors of the piece becoming a wonder of the Versailles Continent circulated among the diggers.

A tavern where men and women eat and drink in!

“Hwaryeong nim, have you heard?”

“Hm? What is it?”

“Before Sculptor Weed sculpts something, he usually doesn't have a clue of what to do.”

“So the sculpture is still a mystery? I hope this statue would be just as

wonderful as the ones before it.”

“It’s the work of the Sculptor Weed after all, it’ll certainly come to that.”

“But Jaffe nim.”

“Yes?”

“Actually, this is kind of a secret.”

“What is it? It’ll be just between us...”

“It’s something that's absolutely must not be publicized.”

The woman spoke in a very low tone.

“It’s ok. I will not tell anybody, so let me know.”

A rather crowded pub that was once boisterous with shouts; now, the volume had dim down as people were listening to the man and woman's conversation. Even the drinking drinkers stopped doing so as they were interested in listening of the content.

Inside the tavern, it quickly became still.

“The item he has to create, it was commissioned by the Freya Church.”

“That I know.”

“Typically, the Church doesn't give out commission to anybody to make anything. Because then, the Church has to grant credits to those who do. Now what do you think will happen if you join up in making the statue?”

“Gulp! So this is what Hwaryeong nim means...”

“That’s right. First of all, isn't the contribution made to the Freya Church is greatly boosted? It’s three times the norm. And, in exchange for participating in creation of the most iconic symbol of the Freya Church, you’ll get free blessing and treatment; and even able to arrange a way to get to the Clergymen that you don’t know before, in anywhere there is the Freya Church. For a lifetime.”

“That’s like, befriending with the Freya Church. Being friends.”

“It’s not even fair, you know. If there is the contribution, then it could

even be beneficial to the possibility of receive a quest from the Freya Church.”

“Yea, to think of it, the reward is too much...”

“It’s the Church, you know. To the Clergymen, what could be more important than piety? Taking a few Monster’s head? No. If the person that creates the statue know of this, then he wouldn't have spread the commission quest to a lot of other people, you know. And above all, it’s a rare chance. If it’s something like hunting, then you can go anytime. Dungeon? It’s not like it's going to collapse if you don't show up! But do you think it’s a common thing to have an opportunity to participate in the creation of a statue?”

Mhmm mhmm.

It was coherent enough for the users in the tavern to agreed.

‘So that’s it. Although it’s a bit hard and cumbersome, if it’s for the sake of the contribution, wouldn’t it be nice to take the quest on the side?’

‘I don’t know if there’s a lot of contribution to the Church...but it’s three times the usual. Even if it’s just a sculpturing quest, there’s not much reward out there that as decent as this.’

‘It’ll become a monument, huh. I’d feel proud of it for sure. I can hold Monsters no matter how high their levels are, but it’s an unlikely event that any opportunity of creating a sculpture will happen again. It’s something I’ve never experienced before even up till now.’

‘Hwaryeong in it too? She’s really pretty. Like beautiful women on them sculptures. Making this statue, it’s an important experience!’

People at the pubs were messaging their friends, families, and guild members in privates ; men and women were disappearing quietly.

During this while, a similar conversation were shared when they went to the weapon shop.

Groups consisted of Fail and Meiron, Romyuna and Sureuka, and Mapan and Irien were doing similar activity.

Manipulation of information!

Forming public opinions, spreading fuzzy logic, thus forming a consensus among the crowd; towards this end, suckers will fall.

Pretty soon, the attention of Morata turned to the creation of the statue at the South Entrance.

Workers flocked to volunteer due to the Royal Road forums, the Hall of Fame movies, as well as coverage by stations.

Even though Weed charges 10 Gold per person; nonetheless, there was a growing number of registering workers.

Participating users who were high-level had the highest working efficiency.

A gesture of the hand from a Wizard beckon the earth to dig, while Warriors can move five or more bags all at once.

Weed was selling warmed porridge.

“Some porridge to eat.”

“Kyaa! Good.”

“Delicious food to eat. Could I have another please?”

“I don’t know how many times I have had this now.”

The workers did not forget to give their thanks.

The tasty porridge was gulp down quickly in their times of hunger, and it quickly recovers their Stamina!

Weed was a working bee going at a tremendous speed.

This first step was where the entire vast area of soil was now hollowed out.

“Soil is essential as material for any type of construction. It’s going to be biggg money selling this to a guild for construction.”

Working on his plan for self-interest!

He’d grab the chance the change the large-scale public work and put it

into his back pocket.

Creating a vast lake, then a road in the center of the lake, imposing tolls on the five lanes street on carriages that would have to come through.

“Harmony with nature is important for the sculpture. Therefore, the statue needs to be where there is a large body of water for it to be most effective.”

He was the most outstanding Sculptor on the Versailles Continent, so nobody can really question his point-of-view.

The majority of people remained silence because they were the usual type that had no interest in sculpting.

“Well, his words do have a point.”

“He’s the person in the Advanced stages of the Sculpturing Skill after all...I guess he’s right.”

They had their doubts, but he seemed to be a Sculptor passionate enough to take care of the details to make his work a good piece; so they let him to his own accord.

In fact, the higher the level of the sculpture, the higher the reward they’ll be compensated with.

The number of those who assembled, those who considered him as most outstanding Sculptor on the Versailles Continent, who wishes to do his best, wasn't just a few.

Reacting on their conversation, Weed formed a smile.

“Smart people are much easy to fool, huh.”

Having a good head on their shoulder meant they did not ask questions!

While being pampered, they generously dug out the road. From there, the composition was given the same effect as installed moat and canals.

In order for Morata to be attack now, aside from the narrow transit, enemies would have to swim across a lake.

Not only can it narrow down their perimeter, but during their swim, they

were left defenseless against arrows and magic attacks!

Also, normally, canals are used by houseboats for tourism, a resource that was available to be developed.

Jaffe had already drawn plans for the moonlighting business.

“Ima catch fishes and set them here. If you create some sort of a fishing spot, then it’ll be really good.”

If they create a fishing hole next to Morata, it wouldn't be so bad.

Even if they weren't truly interested in it, it can still lead to a positive image with the involvement of the general public.

Having moved more than a whopping 10 Kilometers area of land; but after only four minutes of digging work, Weed suddenly stopped.

There was no limit to his laborious self. The number of workers was sufficient, but he determined that the losses were too large.

“It’s becoming too severe for people doing this kind of work. They have to stop now for the sake Morata’s other economic activities.”

At this point, he stopped the work on the lake at its current size, because it seemed to have disrupted the smooth tax income from the people going to the hunt.

Now, in the center of the authentic Lake Park, it was the right time to create the statue!

He didn’t have to worry about the bricking materials due to all the help stacking it up.

Weed confidently held onto the carving knife, however, a more worrisome problem started from here on out.

-Carve me.

-For God’s sake.

-Make a representation of me. Unless you’re as stupid as before, I’ll exert my talent on you again. Keuhahahahaha!

-What reason do you have to ignore us? If you ignore us, then we’ll

forever remain away from the world.

-Why are you sculpting Freya, but us...

The whispering in his ears of those with unknown circumstances was giving him an epilepsy.

“Why don’t you talk about what you want me to carve you into?!!!”

Weed, who could not repress himself struck a Yell, but then turned to the nearby users.

“What was that all about?”

“His true nature is no good huh.”

“Leave it be. All artists are like that.”

“It must be the anguish of a Sculptor to think of something to sculpt.”

Fortunately, the users showed understandings and moved on.

Still, Weed was almost sick with the party going on inside him.

-Make me a piece, me!

-You’re not going to carve me? It’s would be a great honor to you...

-Ignorant Sculptor, free us.

While not telling Weed what they wanted to be carved as, they constantly bugged him to use his skill to create them.

Although he took on as many as hundreds of curses, his life was by no mean in danger with the help of protection skills.

Later on he was able to be released from the curses with the help of the Clergymen; but due to the great amount of suffering, he could not carry out the normal pace he could have had regarding sculpting.

Others may have not been able to withstand the complaint; but to Weed, the sounds weren’t just some random noise.

‘I feel like, since it’s not some obvious sculpture, it must be a quest of some sort.’

Weed noticed that it was something unusual, but it was difficult to relate

the subject to something specific.

Ever since Todoom, after his Sculpturing Skill reached Advanced level 5 that he began hearing these voices; so he figured that there must be some sort of correlation.

But he did not know of what to do.

Back then, during breaks in between creating and repairing statues, he took his time and calmly sculpt statues of both men and women.

-No. this is not it.

-How does any of us look as shamelessly shabby as these shits...

-You're not a very talented Sculptor.

The unidentifiable voices revealed their disappointment and anger as soon as they saw.

Weed felt that the mystery must be solved soon.

'If whenever I start to sculpt and the curses break out, this will make it hard for me to concentrate in the long run.'

He would carve little sculptures during the time he takes breaks in between the hunt.

Even if one's profession is a Sculptor, it is still rather hard to sculpt; as each sculpture that he'd make can take a long time to reach completion.

Even though Weed did create Masterpieces, Classics, and even Magnums, it was all due to the foundation he accumulated by making so many statues.

-Kuekeokeokeo. Foolish guy.

-This Sculptor that doesn't even know of our gloriousness, he's overworked to make us.

Weed's anguish, as he takes on more and more damnation, deepened day by day.

He was struggling with the progression of making the Statue of Freya.

Weed was forced into using the Stone Skin skill as he worked stiffly through the ordeal.

His body was heavier by the thousands.

Ttaddak!

Eventually, due to the curses taxing on his Stamina, he scratched the statue he was carving with his chisel.

‘This is a huge deal.’

Sweats were falling down Weed’s spine.

If the statue fails, he will ruin the quest.

There will be a decline of his reputation as a Sculptor, as well as Familiarity with the Freya Church; not to mention the grievances that will be brought up by the many users who participated.

Weed reassured himself that the scratch wasn’t that big of a deal, but it was a mistake as he continued.

The agony!

With the poor health his body was in and the curses causing him to stiffen, causing minor mishaps to happen in rapid successions.

‘I can tell that this is far from being a Magnum. But please, don’t let this fail.’

Weed was force to pour even more concentration as he sculpt.

*

Near Morata, black shrouds were forming.

The sun have not risen as night continue to dominate the land; the ominous looking darkness looms as it intensify the Monsters’ power.

“What is that thing?”

“Dunno. I think something big will happen.”

“I can feel an unusual aura coming from those shrewd users. They're making a commotion for something.”

“This region is ours.”

“This is not a place for the Human to invade.”

Beast-type monsters covered with fur from head to tail, magically inclined Goblins, Werewolves that transform with the appearance of the moon, groups of Thieves living and hiding in caves along with other predators like a cloud descended on Morata.

Monsters in the north have increase by a huge number; and as if to prove this point, while numbering in the hundreds of thousands, they foray towards Morata.

“A Monster Legion.”

“They’re targeting our village.”

For everybody who was on the outer walls, sweats were running down their spines.

This was something similar to the few sieges they've watched before. And for the lot of them, the sieges they've seen on television was already enough excitement.

However, for them to be directly confronting the horde of oncoming Monsters, they were completely appalled.

“Could Morata army defend against this?”

“Nah. Morata doesn’t have an armed force...”

There were Paladins and Clergymen of the Freya Church, but they alone could not prevail against a force of this magnitude.

“Why the hell are Monsters suddenly attacking like this? There a must be reason why even races who had bad affinity amongst themselves come together like this...”

“The statue! Do you think the statue have anything to do with this?”

The users who once accepted the referral without a single worry finally grasp the risk pertaining to this production of the statue.

“This is a really dangerous quest.”

The situation increased to something even scarier than mounting on a tiger. At the same time, it was a waste of effort if they have given it up in the middle of the quest, nor was there a place where they could hide from this invasion.

Fail and the other Archers clustered on the wall.

“You have to survive.”

Meiron, Fail’s lover, was holding onto his hand.

“Yes, Fail nim too.”

Romyuna went on the offensive while staying close to the Archers. Irien was busying doing a thorough blessing of all the users who were taking part in the battle.

Which included Surka, who was near the gate to intercept them.

The users who were fighting for the Freya Church as well as protecting Morata rallied!

“We cannot back down in the face of these Monsters. Fight! Fight for victory!”

“This is the pioneering town of the North! If we lose this place to them Monsters, then we essentially loses the North; afterward, they will push toward the the Central too.”

Knights who were on horseback bellowed for encouragement.

Similarly, the legion of Monsters charges. However, as oppose to the vulnerable spots in Morata's walls, they hurdled themselves toward the statue.

Plop. Plop.

They plunged into the lake in their attempt to crush the statue.

The vast lake which was dug for its soil; the soil that will be sold at a later time for landscaping.

“Eopu, eopu!”

“Kkororeuuu.”

Though, the Monsters needed a considerable amount of time in order to cross the lake as their bodies were much heavier than that of the average Human.

After making a third of the way to the statue, the Monsters were subjected to the Archers arrow flying freely at them.

“They’re slow targets. And in water.”

“Shoot!”

Densely packed arrow attack.

The magic troops also moved vigorously.

In comparison to the weapon wielding Warriors, damages coming from the Magicians are stronger than physical attacks by 5~6 times. Additionally, if Magician uses even stronger magic, the differences in damage can get up to as much as 30 times.

Of course, they were subjected to the disadvantage of having to take up a lot of time preparing those stronger grade magic for usage.

“The incessant blazing flames of pain at the bottom of hell. Flame of Hell!”

The flame enveloped the head of the Monsters that were trying to keep afloat.

Still, even in water, there were Monsters who made an attempt to attack the residents that were in their striking distance; though the attacks could easily be avoided as the residents spread themselves out.

In between the time the Magicians have to recuperate and to wreak havoc.

There were those who didn’t have anything to do.

“Damn.”

“Wanna jump into the lake?”

The battleground deep within the lake!

Among the Monsters, there were those who knew how to fight

underwater, such as the Lizard-type.

The heavy clad Knights and Warriors flocked out.

“Let’s shoot them. Hopefully we can hit somebody.”

To that end, arrows flew into the lake.

The oncoming Monsters faced near annihilation; insurmountable number of arrow and magic blast flew into the lake, added the effect of great splendor.

“This is new.”

“It’s interesting.”

There weren’t many opportunity for these guy to experience something new.

Some Monsters came close the vicinity of the statue, but facing the fiercely impenetrable resistance of the Knights and the likes, they were defeated in an instant.

The Monsters army had to withdraw, leaving many casualties; but repeatedly, they kept on invading night and day.

In the meantime, Weed was facing an increase in difficulty with the increasing ascension; having completed the hips and the waist, now he was going to create the chest and the shoulders.

From the roughly constructed form, he was going to give the regions the finer details.

“Moonlight Chisel!”

Gentle light trailed the path of his carving.

Ever since attaining Advanced level 5 of the Sculpturing Skill, he was able to use the skill to carve by weakening the output.

Strike by strike, the shape of the statue mellowed out with soft curves and flown with more refinement.

Since the statue have a direct effect on when the invasion of Monsters will come to an end, Weed continued on ceaselessly as he carved in the

middle of the night.

He clung onto the rope as he work, the vicinity of the to be completed statue was filled with crowding shimmers.

A dreamlike spectacle was given to the statue as it collect the moonlight and stars to the ground.

“Sculpturing is beautiful.”

“It’s really romantic.”

Single men, women, and couples among the user base picked out good locations to sit while watching Weed’s sculpture to unfold.

The left hand of the statue was holding a money bag, while its right held up high in the sky.

The statue was holding a torch!

The Freya Statue of Liberty.

“Waaa! Awesome.”

As they watches the form of the statue becoming more defined, their gaping mouths were falling all at the same while.

Mere moment before its completion, the statue towered at a height of 160 meters.

The statue’s head donned a huge jewel embedded in the carved crown, its figure seemed to be covered in fur.

It was decorated with a luxurious watches, jewel rings, necklaces, and of course, not to be without earrings.

It was truly a symbol of wealth, and Weed branded each of its adornment.

The Music Box Plaza Merchants Association.

Supply and Demand Association.

Merchant Mapan.

He received advertisement fees from active merchant associations from

Morata, as well as the entire Versailles Continent, to inscribed what they wish.

Here, the received advertisement fees came out to be more than the Diamond the Freya Church paid for the expenses.

No matter how painful the never ending curses continued, he persisted on in order to get at this.

Weed once again found another way to make money from sculpting!

He would even tenaciously pocket money from other sources if they choose to put socks and shoes on the statue.

Lastly, the finished face of the statue was a direct depiction of Hwaryong's face.

The face of a westernized person fitted well to the luxurious feel of the statue, and he only proceeded after asking her for permission in advance.

When Weed told her that he wanted to sculpt her face, Hwaryong's face lit up like a ripe apple.

“It's Weed nim...so.....”

She have consider Weed to be a rather insensitive being. He was too busy making a living to ever consider luxurious things, such as love. His worries and inner thoughts weren't very forthcoming, which made it difficult to generate a deep conversations with him. He was a man in which things such as Event or romance were something impossible to expect from.

[TL : Event(이 벤트): This term here is a sort of a a loan word from English, it actually vocalizes as 'event'. This symbolizes as a 'setting up a romantic event' in this context.]

‘I was wrong about everything.’

Hwaryong could not sleep that day.

Morata giant statue. Massive waves of people seeking answers from the Sculptor as to why he sculpted her face!

‘This is the greatest Event on earth.’

Even though it seems that the phases of their relationship have skipped a few steps; but to Hwaryong, this was a very auspicious moment.

And now, the Freya Church’s statue reached finalization.

Ding!

The Freya Statue have been completed

The goddess of beauty, Goddess Freya.

At the request of the Freya Church, the statue was erected in Morata; and will poses as the exemplification of thickened Faith, and make this region more fertile than ever before.

To commemorate the Statue commissioned by the Freya Chuch, annual pilgrimage to the Church will be made.

The effect of the Statue

1. Crop yield in the surrounding area will increase by 45%.
2. The rate of commercial development will accelerate by 3%.
3. The rate of industrial development will increase by 2%.
4. Will be alleviated from drought, flood, and storms damages.
5. The residents' rate of increasing Faith will be doubled.
6. Residents happiness increases.
7. Willingness of residents to pay taxes increase by 12%.
8. Freya Church’s Paladins and Clergymen’s Divine power increased by 30% in Morata’s Province.

Chapter 6: The Sculpture of a Daughter

Lee Hyun logged into the Dark Gamer Union website.

Fortunately, production of the statue was completed safely. Videos related to it were posted on the Hall of Fame and appeared to be sensational; but he could not afford to watch the video.

He changed his daily routine of checking of prices to heading straight toward the information forum.

“I can’t put up with this anymore.”

The tantrums of these unknown entities!

Not only did they tax on his head and ears, his concentration was affected by them as well. The curses dampened the creative side regarding sculpture's inception; and what made the interim intolerable was that he noticed the rate his Stamina recovery was also disturbed by this.

“There must be a hidden secret about the Sculpturing Skill.”

He knew what the problem was, but he did not know the answer of how to resolve it. Thus, he came to the Dark Gamer Union lurking for the information.

Lee Hyun’s disclosure of information was adjusted to ‘Grade B,’ which now entitled him to see more resources.

-Expected fluctuation of materials of precious metal.

-Price of Iron Ore in Uto Kingdom’s Gamal town is scheduled to plummet.

Information from Merchants popped up.

As for the Dark Gamer Union, there were a variety of classes.

For most of them, the commonplace profession such as Hunters and Warriors was hard for them to make money. Since they weren’t aptitude to the combat scene, and if they didn’t want to hunt in dungeon alone each and every time, then it was best for them to adopt a non-combatant occupation.

As a result, many of the dark gamers chose to be Merchants.

Additionally, they also chose a secondary class such as a craftsman, a metal smith, or a tailor of sort could spell something lucrative for them. As for the reason why, they could utilize the skills from the secondary class for the collection of materials, as well as making them; then selling them to the stores in their Merchant-persona.

Converting bought japtem by reselling them back to users, through such ways while gathering capital, which accrues in a large profit.

For the Merchant, depending on his capital or even the fortune he will eventually earn, he could hire Mercenaries by means of the forming a trading company; which in essence, forming his own armed force. It's even possible for them to form contract with Mercenary Guild or even guilds; so to reiterate, there were many dark gamers who were Merchants.

As for them, they had the highest frequency when it came to exchanging information; but still, there was a wide variety of classes within the Dark Gamer Union.

-Jorbin Earl is recruiting Mercenaries. Generous compensation. High risk.

-Kemal Mountain Monsters rebel activity. Very high possibility of finding dungeon. Seek for adventurer Uten. Want support.

-In the capital of Meda Kingdom, urgently looking for an NPC who used to give the level 300 or more Rare Grade shield. Must show quest.

“These aren’t it.”

Lee Hyun looked further down on the information that were coming-up in real-time.

-The Lancing Skill’s secret skill book. Bestow from Terian from the Thor Kingdom. Level 250, he only teaches those who are at the Intermediate level(or more) of the Lancing techniques.

-How to nurture Accounting Skill: Classify more than 12 kinds of precious stones, mastery of Lapidary Skill will increase about 5%. After that, if you deal the jewels to a Noble-type NPC for more than 15% of its worth, then you can earn a lot for the skill’s proficiency. And you also gain Reputation as a Jewel Dealer.

-Quick examination of weapon, Saber. A very wide body and short weapon...

There were a lot of information of various occupations shown, but only a little bit of information on the Sculptor class was actually posted.

-The study of the relationship between the Sculpturing Skill and Handicraft.

-Study on the synergistic effect of Handicraft.

-Distribution of sculptures on the Versailles Continent characteristic and effects.

And, they were only basic information too. There was no information on the presence of these unknown beings who were related to the sculptures that Lee Hyun wanted to find.

“Figures!”

Lee Hyun tossed his head.

Though, he'd actually feel disappointed if the Dark Gamer Union had these information on Sculpturing Skill instead.

“It'll be troublesome if there's a more outstanding Sculptor than me out there.”

While a side of him feel relieved, Lee Hyun was searching for more information.

Even if the information wasn't directly related to what he wanted to find, they could help him indirectly by providing some clue.

-Skill gap of Blacksmiths between each kingdom.

-Unresolved craftsmen's quests.

-Characteristic of wandering NPCs.

-Blacksmith of the legendary kingdom.

-The birthplace of art.

Lee Hyun stored the information carefully in his head.

Once the appropriate information is obtained from the Dark Gamer Union, all that is left is to solve the presented problem.

Afterward, whether it was the library, the Sculptor Guild, or anywhere else, he had to find out the reason as to why these unknown beings have to be carved.

Lee Hyun knows of the possibility that there is a solution to the presence.

He figured there must be lost traces of the Sculpturing skill.

“Need to get back Royal Road.”

But before that, he checked on his messages. Last time, he sent a message to a person looking for the Paskran Lance.

Sent by: Hyperman

Subject: Do you have the Paskran Lance?

Was the replied message.

“You replied fairly quickly.”

Lee Hyun clicked on the title he saw.

If you have it, please, pleeeaaase sell it to me.

I will send you the money.

The amount of cash I have right now is approximately 1500000 Won.

If your intention of selling for more than this, then we can somehow negotiate for the price.

Please reply quickly because I'm very anxious right now.

“Keoeok! 1500000 Won!”

Lee Hyun's heart jumped out of his chest.

The experience he had when selling his account for 39000000000 Won. The price was rather too extreme to be consider as something realistic. But pretty soon, it was something that was quickly deprived from him.

However, 1500000 Won seemed more pragmatic.

A whopping of 15 crispy 100000 Won bills to receive.

“If I put this money into savings, then at an interest of 7% on the money...I can get more than 100000 Won in return...I missed a jackpot!”

Lee Hyun was so sad.

Adults often say that money isn't everything in life. Lee Hyun too, concur with this sentiment.

“Money is not everything in life. It's roughly 98%. The other 2% are desires, consideration, friendship, and promises.”

Lee Hyun reflected on the painful memory he retained about the 200 Won he wasted by buying the more expensive salt.

But he just missed out on the chance of getting 1500000 Won!

Lee Hyun could not sleep that night.

“Ahhhh my money! ohhh God noo! 1500000 Won!”

*

Along with the Light Tower, pretty soon, the Freya Statue was referred to as one of the two main attractions of Morata.

“This is the Freya Statue huh.”

“This statue that swept the entire continent isn’t even rare. But even though each denomination had their statue built, this was the first a thing like this was made by a user.”

“The Clergymen told me they received substantial benefits.”

“I heard that those of the melee classes doesn’t even want to leave Morata’s vicinity because of the Light Tower.”

“Even if there is a better hunting ground elsewhere, with the effect of the Light Tower, you shouldn’t even bother going anywhere far. By the time you get there, hours of the effects’ duration will be gone.”

“Yep. If you’re talking about effectiveness of the hunting grounds, then the places near Morata are the best. You can even find members for the party immediately in town.”

While looking up at the Freya Statue, the users were impressed.

Having come to Morata, they had thought the region was completely underdeveloped. Besides the pub and smithies, it was lacking of many essential buildings.

Merchants and craftsmen were also low when it comes to the supply chain.

The addition of the beautiful statue was an excellent touch to this lacking town.

About 300 meters from the statue, the Architects created a stairway toward the Goddess.

Climbing the staircase meant that they could see the statue in a closer proximity.

Of course there was an admission fee, but there was a line of visitors.

The scenic view high, above the staircase, it was something meant to be commemorated with pictures or video.

“It’s by the Weed that made the Light Tower; I think it’s more amazing than I initially thought.”

“Not only Sculpturing Skill, he also raised other skills to significant levels too; in this field, he can’t not be the most significant presence. He’d have no problem receiving proposal to join a prestigious guild.”

“Isn’t it harder for him now? Other users are going to learn Sculpture too.”

The user who said that was spurn back the other users.

“I know, ‘cause I’ve seen the tremendous, physically laborious work that he did. Can you put in just as much labor as Weed does?”

“IF that, then yes.”

“There are limits, dude, even for a Sculptor. Like any other classes out there.”

Warriors persistently have it tough because they are always in the front line fighting for survival.

If Knights loses Honor, then they’re weakened.

A fatal weakness of Archers is being seen by their opponent in close range.

Magicians have great offense, but they have lousy defensive stats. They'll die if something simply brushes pass them.

Even if Merchants have the power if they have the money, they don’t have the Strength to keep it for themselves.

Mercenaries has the ability to survive under any condition, but as their contractors increasingly increases in difficulty of each request, their equipment are soon to be ready and over with; and eventually, they'll be at the poorhouse.

Adventurers should enjoy the adventures. The spirit of exploration, that something that doesn't give up even after ten days in a labyrinth as you struggle on trying to find a path out, is required. If it's successful, then you get all fame and money; but if after the end of it you get nothing from the dungeon, then you'll become one of those many cases that collapse from suffering.

Including these professions, all the others have their advantages and disadvantages.

In the Sculptors' case, they can make massive sculptures.

They can bring forth wonders in a region, with Classic and Magnum pieces!

Obviously they have amazing effects, but there are limits to it also.

Usually, they put in massive efforts and not all the sculptures end up as rare pieces. Without the help of others, then the Freya Statue too would be at a standstill for at least a few months.

In order for the sculpture to be successful, you must discard all other interruptions and only concentrate on just sculpting.

Absolutely never lose concentration in any work or else the job will all be for naught.

1. ***

Weed approach the Freya Statue.

It was in the middle of the night when he reconnect; he could see the Light Tower from afar, marking the village's boundary, as it collect the moonlight to the center of the tower. Numerous rays of light shot into the sky as if they were dancing about.

A choreography of light.

It was a time to appreciate Morata's artistic beauty.

Light that spreads into the night, similar to gradual development of the changing Morata village!

The statue was also topped with Moonlight Chisel, so it was also collecting luminescence in the night. Upon receiving the moonlight, rich light was illuminating all around the statue.

Because of the Light Tower and the Freya Statue, Morata didn't give an impression of a desolate area.

Weed also saw what it had become.

"This is like a night club now."

A woman holding a torch while dancing under the radiance!

If you don't have Weed's susceptibility, then it's a bit difficult to see.

Anyway, he had something he must do.

Weed sifts his course through the visiting crowd, making his way closer to the statue.

"What the."

"Doesn't he see a line of people waiting here?"

Tourists protested crazily; but then, hearing that it was Weed, they became silence.

He was the Sculptor that directly made the statue, as well as the Lord of Morata.

So then, he came closer to the altar below the feet of the statue.

"What's he doing?"

"Dunno. Appreciating his own work?"

Many onlookers around the statue paid heed to Weed's behavior.

Weed settled a ripe apple atop the altar.

Offering to the Goddess Freya!

Afterward, he bowed.

“To the Goddess Freya, the Lord of Morata prays to thee.”

Once per changing season where you can pray!

Around the statue, hundreds of auspicious light gathered.

The light now was in a different dimension comparing to those collected through Weed's sculpturing skill.

The Treatment of the Goddess.

All the bad energy of the body is purified.

HP is restored to maximum.

Mana is restored to maximum.

All physical abilities rise for one week.

The level of Luck will rise for one week.

Brief gain in production and involvement of the ability to rule.

Faith increases by 10.

The treatment of the Goddess to undo all negative plight!

While praying, people in this situation was hoping for this additional effect to be granted.

If Weed knew of this beforehand, he would have brought people he was friendly with here; then again, he haven't seen anyone of them making prayers.

Not anybody can make a wish, only a local ruler of the area that have the landmark can make just one wish depending on the season. Only another religious symbol in Sudona Liberty City behaves this way, and even the head of the prestigious guild there can not make the wish. They have only heard of so from the Clergymen and Priests there.

Weed was the first of the users.

“What’s happening?”

“Let’s go closer.”

The users try to approach the statue, but some unseen force pushes

them away from the altar that Weed currently was present.

-Master of Morata, speak of your desire.

Behind the statue, a revelation made of light could be identify.

The reincarnation of Goddess Freya!

Weed raises his head to look at the vision.

‘The Goddess must look immensely beautiful.’

The Goddess Freya that was deemed to be of abundance wealth and beauty. A beauty said to be enough to make men go blind.

But despite Weed’s expectation, he could not make out the exact facial features of the Goddess. However, an impression of her seemed to be chubbier than expected.

Weed told her of his desire.

“I would like to know more about the Sculpturing Skill.”

Weed’s wish wasn’t of an abundance harvest, benefits from mining, or a faster pace of development of commerce. Although he very much wanted to achieve such things, he was more desperate about the skill.

“I would like to know about the unaware method of how to carve the unknown existences.”

Due to the disturbances caused by the nearby users, belatedly becoming aware of the appearance of the Goddess Freya, everywhere in Morata, users rushed in like the clouds.

“Hey!”

“Wait!”

“What’s happening right nowww!?”

Only Weed could hear of the Goddess’s answer.

-They...from their beginning, were beings without forms. The people that love sculpture, you need to make your way toward their kingdom, a place of pride of these stubborn and delicate people; that is your destination.

The surrounding area was getting darker.

The sacred light that took place around the statue was disappearing.

When the light was totally gone, the sight of Goddess Freya was no more.

Weed also made his escape from the congregation of people there.

‘The kingdom of these short people, a place where they feel proud.’

Weed needed to get to that destination.

But before he leaves, he had to meet up with the Village Elder.

Morata’s Black Castle!

He approached the only-bearably done maintenance of a lord’s castle.

Dawn had slipped past and now it was a brightly lit day.

The place was always crowded, packed full of users; but now, there was an upset of people watching the statue which made it difficult.

Members of the local watchmen saw Weed and displayed their interest.

“Lord nim, are you returning to the castle?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll let people know of Lord nim's return.”

The crew went to pull on the rope hanging from above in order to strike the bell.

“No need. I don’t want to make them feel uncomfortable in vain since they’re busily working.”

“Yes but it’s Lord nim's return though...”

“Hahaha, it’s ok.”

Weed slowly climbed up the entrance way.

He could feel the euphoria of the increase in power!

He would hate to drop it after having grabbed hold of this power.

“Is there a village-wide feast?”

“Huh?”

“An ox or a pig or so, where everybody can eat as much as they want.”

“.....”

Weed was speechless.

The educational standard of Morata is indeed pathetic!

Not only the watchmen but the formal soldiers also, they weren't disciplined nor did they show loyalty. Even towards Weed, who should have the highest Familiarity with them, but their gestures showed nothing of such.

If their level of education is low, then the technical and commercial development will slow down by a bit. Also, residents will have a harder time becoming Knights and Magicians because of this. As much as the belief in religion is spreading quickly, the deterioration of public security was just the same.

It has been told that residents among those other town would essentially opt out to become renegades or bandits.

Whether it is a village, castle, or metropolitan; all are difficult to develop.

“Keuheum. I'll worry about that in the future. Pigs...not only them, but I'll catch rabbits too.”

“Thank you, Lord nim.”

Weed coughed and went around checking the lord's castle.

When he first came here in the past, the castle was then occupied by the Jin-Hyeo Vampires led by Torido.

Broken apparatuses, residents made of stones, or even cobwebs that filled the place, all neatly cleaned.

“I came to receive quest.”

“I came to take the transport.”

Having heard of the rumor about the Statue, the Lord's castle was filled with Merchants and Mercenaries.

Adventurers were preoccupied with reporting their spoils.

Since it had finished with basic maintenance, a surge of residents and adventurers made their way here. Village management, Monsters subjugation, migration, upgrade registration, settling tax rate, reporting spoils and reporting for duty; all were possible.

The Lord's castle needed more extensive care; but it was a necessity, even at this current state, in order to rule.

Even with just the spoils reported by the adventurers, each of their reports lead to improving the information on the surrounding areas. Local control was also on the rise, as well as affecting other vicinity politically.

Weed toured the castle slowly.

Although there were many users, there weren't any of them on the second floor.

There were many vacancies on the first floor also, but the second floor was closed off altogether. It was the place available only to the Lord.

'Castle's maintenance seems minimal here.'

Weed returned to the first floor, making his way toward receptionist's desk. At this place, he must wait for a while to get the order.

"Aren't you Lord nim?"

Weed cough significantly.

"Keoheom!"

"Currently, the remaining commissions are monsters subjugations, escorting the currently leaving cargo, and commission for mining development. There is the crop protection too, but I don't think it's something for you, Lord nim."

Because the staff at the reception desk was taking care of it, he was totally on wait.

Having privileges of a Lord, he could proceed to take on any commission in Morata.

The easiest one being the cargo transport on the move for a long distance. Because it was much more comfortable sitting in a carriage, reducing the cumbersome of the work.

For the mining development, party had to be formed with other miners.

While being protected, you can go down the tunnels. You'll hit jackpot if you find Jewel, Mithril, Gold, Silver, Iron, Coppers, and the likes!

The profit would be distributed amongst all those participate in the mining development, but it was still a bonanza of a dream.

The role of crop protectors was to prevent Wild Boars, Sparrows, Elks, etc.; it was rather a beginner's quest.

Instead of receiving a referral, Weed asked the receptionist.

“Where is the Elder?”

“The Elder is patrolling the outside walls of the village with the Freya Paladins.”

“Patrolling?”

“Yes, there is a large scale influx of migrants. Lots of smaller towns formed outside of the walls.”

“When is he returning?”

“He said he would come back today seeing it's finished. Would you like to wait here? I can serve you a bit of food.”

Weed did not mind waiting since he had nothing to do.

He intended to eventually stuff food in his pocket from the castle before returning back to the streets.

*

Weed secretly visited the newly constructed buildings.

The pub!

“Kyaa! Good.”

“After coming to north I did not expect to taste these good drinks.”

“It’s good that I can drink alcohol in Morata freely.”

There were a lot of drinkers among the tourists.

Mercenaries and adventurers also stave off their thirst with simple drinks.

Pristine country maiden of Morata carried drinks and snacks to these guests.

‘Excellent.’

Weed nodded.

The tavern was an essential building to the development of Morata.

The market, trading posts, and travel information windows weren’t required buildings. Because of the 60% tax on alcohol, the pub had enormous value for profits and income tax.

Weed used the command only available to the Lord.

“Tavern management window!”

Adventurer’s Haven(Tavern)

The only pub located at the Morata Square. It was built soon after the cleaning. Large interior space, more than 500 seats; able to get alcohol and snacks at a reasonable price.	
Selling	All basic munchies Fermented fruit drinks Force boiled Barley booze Beer
Employees	Chef Jenna, Mia and 10 residents
Maintenance and Management Cost	600 Gold
Daily Visits	Average 7200 Guests
Latest Weekly Net Income	2642 Gold 43 Silver 56 Copper

This was the only bar in Morata.

It could possibly be the only pub in the entire Northern part of the continent.

In the port city of the Central continent, they mainly just serve Aquavit,

they do not sell alcoholic beverages such as rum, or the more popular drinks such as fermented alcohol, distilled alcohol, nor do they sell beer. Nevertheless, they still enjoy the economic boom due to its exclusivity.

The seats inside the pub weren't enough for the guests who experienced back and forth along with the waits.

Following that, Weed turned to the Inn.

Here also, there were many people coming and leaving.

There was not another village in the North that have a larger Inn than the one in Morata. It was difficult to have one sizable in term of room number, in which this Inn has 300 of.

And the rooms could be sold if one pays the premium.

The room activates to fully recover a sleeping being from Fatigue and their physical abilities. After a night in the Inn, the recovery rate of Fatigue increases and because of the tastiness of the food, nobody left for another inn.

The weekly net profit of the Inn was more than 4000 Gold.

The figure could possibly due to the food sales.

The foods in the Inn were easier to digest unlike those in the Tavern, and they were things that easily boost Satiety.

“Later on, I'll make a restaurant. If it's that, then more money can be earned.”

He seemed to be in acquaintance with the joy of a Lord whenever a new building pops up.

Taking advantages of the residents and users to develop estates, he could cultivate the mighty momentum produced through such means.

Adventures and quests can be call the interesting elements on the Versailles Continent; but as for the Lord, there was a more satisfying feeling.

The pride of ruling a place on the Versailles Continent!

While having direct management of the town and castle, it was like everything was bending to his will.

Next step, Weed headed toward the Farmhouse and the Granary.

The vicinity of Morata had long cleared its land and was cultivating wheat. In the barn, wheat bags were stacked alongside and among each other, and the farmers were working on the farmlands.

While the crops were harvested by them, the food prices in the village was reliably controlled, while excess food were shipped by Merchants' wagons and carried to other frontier towns in the North and sold at a premium value.

The effectiveness of Faith by the Freya Church bumped the crop yield up for this year.

Grain Warehouse

A warehouse storing harvested grains. Stockpile of Wheat and Barley are reserved.	
Inventory	32000 Ton of Wheat 19000 Ton of Barley

Morata's agricultural space of 197000 Py^[1]!

To relieve the food shortages, the policy was passed for an aggressive expansion of farmland.

Since the land that was once covered by the thick ice, fertile soil was created in its stead as the ice melts. While residents and the newly introduced nomads comfortably farm, there was a boom of farmlands.

“For Barley, the number will hit 1000000 fast.”

It was a far cry from being painful.

But that is not without problems.

Immigrating residents to Morata was excessively increasing.

The number of area and houses protected the walls of Morata village was only at 5400 houses!

Currently the number of residents was more than 60000.

Of these, the number of unregistered users was at 100 people.

The pure number of residents was a large number. Excluding the number of those who originally have lived in Morata, the number was 53000.

While they're comfortably farming wheat, they built shabby houses out of straws to live outside of the town.

In which they formed a shantytown in Morata's vast reclamation of land.

"Housing management window."

Morata Village Housing Distribution

Morata Castle	1
Wooden Houses	960
Poor Thatch Cottages	12953

With the deteriorating hygiene of the Poor Thatch Cottages, there is a great concern of an epidemic.

When the weather becomes cold in the winter, more than half of the people will be dead due to freezing.

Since Morata doesn't have good public security, they are extremely vulnerable to Monsters' attacks.

If there is an emergence of Monsters, then the Freya Paladins will diligently intercept them to ensure the residents' safety. But there is still many unknowns in the North, if there is a major march by the horde of Monsters, they will be extremely vulnerable.

"Regional information window!"

Ding!

Morata Province

A province once belong to the Nippleheim Empire.

In the past, it was a place for the Empress to live to relieve Herself from exhaustion.

Since the fall of the Nippleheim Empire, it was governed by Vampires.

Currently, gathering Mercenaries and adventurers, along with the protection under the Freya Church, residents are working together to revive hope.

Military	22	Economy	260
Culture	570	Technology	190
Religious Influence	83		
Local Politic	6	Influence on Neighboring Vicinity	83
Influence of the Nippleheim Empire*	2%	Urban Development	97
Sanitation	36	Security	72%

Recently, there were concerns of the frequent raid of Monsters, however, residents no longer fret due to the completion of the Freya Statue.

Lack of water facilities and housings for residents to live.

There are many people with memories of the festival that took place a long time ago.

May make the lives of resident happier if they're given multitude of sculptures.

The elegance of the town rose due to the trust and support given to the Artists.

While the residents are proud to have many more artworks than any of the other towns, they hope for a broader range of cultural facilities.

Industrial sewing techniques from the past are progressively transforming.

Techniques in the field of Iron are fairly rudimentary, Blacksmiths creation of weapons or armors are very immature.

The local faith believes in Freya. The faith of the residents is a good thing, and will not be easily sway.

The impact by the Freya Church takes appropriate forms: love is abundance, and characterized the people as hard-workers.

Specialty	Leather and Cloth
Population of the Entire Province	61689
Monthly Income from Tax	27860 Gold
Village Operation Expenditures	Military 2% Economic Development 34% Investment in Culture 12% Commissioned paid for Monster Subjugation 15% Conservation of the Town 22% Offering to the Freya Church 15%

*Influence affect area such as Military, Economy, Culture, Technology, Religion, Population, and Commission.

1. ***

Even though currently, there are few problems, Morata had grown beyond its past self.

'Investment in Culture? What's going on here? I've never invested in

such category.'

Weed was going around the vicinity of the South Entrance in the town, spending time locking himself in wonderment about the reason. In the midst of this, A bandit-like man with great physique and bloated beard approached him.

"Excuse me, are you a Sculptor?"

Weed reflexively scanned the man's body in his Jeonshin mode.

Mithril Boots!

On the other hand, leather clothing and cloak that weren't suitable for traveling had layers of debris.

'In most cases, people dislike trouble so they change their clothing to something non-distinguishable when coming into a town, in order to hide their high levels.'

Including the Mithril Boots, the man didn't change his overall appearance like the norm. If the Mithril Boots had Movement Speed effects, then the expensive item's base price would be at least 3000000 Won!

After Weed completed his quick scan, he carefully replied.

"That is correct."

There were few things in his mind that would be the causes for alarm. Nevertheless, there was a willingness to answer due to one thing; and that was the man asked of the Sculptor. Since it was a question whether Weed was a Sculptor or not, then most likely, the request of him would somehow be associated with sculpting.

Weed doesn't go a day or two without leeching off on others to survive.

'Maybe it's about when I ripped him off with before? Maybe I gave him a defect? If it's not these, then what other business does he have with me?'

The man who was similar to a bandit breathe a sigh of relief, oblivious to the uneasiness of Weed who was currently filled with several intentions.

“Finally, I found one after searching the entire village. I searched for you after seeing the video of the sculpting of the Freya Statue. I need to ask a favor of you. If it’s true that you’re the Sculptor Weed, then I would appreciate it greatly if you carve me a sculpture.”

Weed gave an impression of being apologetic and shook his head.

“Thank you for looking me up, but I do not plan to make sculpture at the moment.”

Since the other side's rank seems high, Weed can try to extort a few pieces of Gold from him; but at the moment, it was difficult for him to sculpt anything at all so he refused.

And then, the bandit-like man cuffed Weed’s wrist in his hands and pleaded to Weed.

“It’s a vital request. Please, sculpt my daughter.”

“Daughter?”

Weed’s eyebrows narrowed.

There were a variety of targets to carve, but requests of doing a family member were the most difficult.

‘If it’s too pretty then they don’t like it; and if uglier than what they are in real life then they’d go crazy.’

When it comes to their cubs, parents won’t remain prettily, just like a hedgehog.

Wanting deliciously cooked food for the kid, or nag on and on at tailors to make pretty and comfortable clothing.

“Yes, that is so. My daughter, please carve her for me.”

The man blared out desperately.

“I understand.”

Weed wasn’t very enthused, but he supposed he might as well sculpt. He could see the urgency coming from the man; in addition, the Village Elder have not return as of yet.

Also, the by-standing users were clicking their tongue spouting harsh words.

“I feel sorry for that uncle.”

“That Sculptor usually only light up for the money huh...”

“One misstep and that (bandit)man can rip even the clothes off your back.”

There were many among the user base of Morata that has the same mindset as Weed. They too, like him, assumed the man was a high level user from noticing just his boots.

‘I can just ask Alberone to remove the curses anyway.’

Weed cemented his mind and said.

“Then, please bring you daughter here.”

The man shook his head dejectedly.

“That’s impossible.”

“Well, a picture of some kind...”

“There isn’t any.”

“If that’s so, then, you describe what the child is like.”

Weed pulled out a generously thick piece of wood. As he listens to the descriptions, he will try to come up with a concrete image to sculpt.

It was an impossible attempt if you have never taken on several hundreds of sculpture requests inside the village!

Due to the characteristic of sculpturing, he can essentially detailed out rough estimates before going onto the finer aspect of things.

‘I can’t do the eye, nose, and mouth well since I haven't heard anything about it.’

It can be said that is the woe of making a small wooden sculpture.

Going by the man’s description alone will not be enough, and there’ll be a concession of what the man ultimately want to make.

'He'll try to make it difficult as possible so there'll be a lot of things to cover.'

However, instead of describing features, the man who had the appearance of a bandit began a dialog.

"The child's mother is really beautiful. Her eyes are very clear, kind...a wife that's...really too good for me."

"....."

"It was when she and I have been married for five years. Although it was a bit late, she had our long awaited pregnancy, we had a day set to give birth too, you know. But..."

"But?"

"We went to the hospital to have a screening done, and found out that she had become sick."

The man began shedding tears.

"We went through the surgery and cure her of her illness, but we had to give up on the child. Due to the shock at the time, her body became unable to carry a child again."

"....."

"Please carve her for me. Then she could have had a child. Our daughter, our world most beloved daughter, I would be happy with just a look of my daughter's appearance...carve her for me. Euheoheoheoheong!"

The man dropped his neck and cried.

The users who were listening nearby in the middle of the street were also moved to tears.

"D, da, damn it!"

"Ima go hunt as much as I can."

"Damn the Monsters. Ima kill you all."

Filled with such overwhelming emotion that they wanted to take it all out on the Monsters.

Weed's face paled with tension.

“My sculpture...are you going to keep it for yourself? Or will you show it to your dear wife also?”

“I will show it to her.”

“So she is on Royal Road...”

The man wiped his tears with his sleeves.

“Yes, she's on with me. And I came here hearing of Sculptor nim's reputation. But us...don't worry about us. We are not crazy. Simply, our daughter, we just want to see our most beloved daughter in this game world, because we want to at least share our goodbyes. This way, we can have our peace of mind as well as something unforgettable...our daughter, we want to see her for the first, and the last time. I know, this is foolish and awkward and stupid. I know, but, I..but...”

The bandit-like man assert once again.

“What do you want in return for carving my daughter? I'll give you the amount of your choosing, just please carve our daughter for us.”

Again, the man shed oodles of tears as he begged.

Weed spoke as he sighs.

“I will not make you a piece right now.”

“Money, is it because I lack money? I will pay you 10, no, 20 times more than other people.”

“That's not what I mean. For me also, in this case, I'm not ready; and I don't think a stick of wood is appropriate to carve your daughter.”

“Then...”

Weed once made an ice sculpture. It was of ice: sharp, and pretty, but was still cold. The coldness even penetrate him through his chest.

He realized then that the material of the sculpture influences the atmosphere of the whole composition.

“A lifeless piece of wood is a hardened thing that does not the disburse

warmth. Even though, even if it'll be just once, it need to somehow represent family. Then, toward that goal...a piece made out of wood cannot do so.”

Weed continued on decisively.

“Something that's not cold...something that the warmth of life can be felt...not some hardened material. Through that mean, for the two of you, the piece can really be your beloved daughter. So I must prepare. I will do my best, but I cannot promise when it will be completed.”

The man sigh dramatically.

The situation was somewhat different than what he expected, but he could feel that Weed said what he did by no means was to avoid having to do it.

He sincerely intended to sculpt the daughter that was meant to be birthed by the man and his wife.

“Thank you. My wife and I look forward to it in Selchium of the Ritten Kingdom. And my name is Mandol.”

“My name is Weed. Upon the completion of the sculpture of your daughter, I will bring it to Selchium.”

“Even if you don't bring it over, I will not put the blame on you. However, what is the price of the sculpture?”

Mandol asked in a slightly nervous tone.

Weed replied with a soft smile.

“It's 1 Copper.”

Chapter 7: The vicious Morata Lord

Tenbain, an unknown dungeon in the North.

Against the breakouts of sickle carrying Ghost-type Monsters, there was a troop advancing to oppose them.

“Complete dismantling of the traps!”

“A horde of Monsters, 30 meters ahead. Approximately 25 of them.”

“Clerics, Blessing. The Warriors equipped with full sets, lead the advance.”

The Champion of Blood, Deimond, leading the Predators of the Land guild.

A force of one of the top 50 guilds in the Central continent.

In possessions of three castles, all with high tax rate set.

Users living there had issued their complaints, but they were all suppressed by the guild's overwhelming force.

Those that resisted were often punished.

But that's not all. Whether they were users of other guilds or of another kingdom, the Predators of the Land slaughtered them all indiscriminately.

“Kill them. So they can't get a foothold on our land again!”

While growing and lacking of equipment and money, the so-called outlaw guild.

Based of their forces, they were triumphant, but at the end of the attack from the alliances of the guilds, they faced their destruction!

Now, they were forced to become wanderers, away from the Central continent.

They wandered and made their way toward the north.

“Yesh. This, it must be the Boss Monster Death Lord's place.”

Deimond's motivation soared.

Owning castles or towns, that was the easy part. Not needing to mind about maintaining guild alliances with others nor care for the sizeable growth of the guild; all they needed to do for now was to concentrate on only hunting and questing for themselves!

The Predators of the Land's growth of power was continuing in full swing, without having to care for influencing the fattest of castles or towns, nothing can beat their enjoyment of playing Royal Road.

“Suban, pay full attention. Maban, Attack!”

The Barbarian Warrior Suban fiercely wielded his ax with both hands.

Monsters were flocking to him.

The Thief Maban stuck out of the Monsters' shadows and attacked them with poisonous daggers.

Predators of the Land, although numbering many more than any of the other guilds, the working relationship between them was excellent.

While leading the combatants of the Predators of the Land, Deimond led then up till the end of Tenbain dungeon, and hunted the Death Lord.

And then, as a reward, they received one statement.

1. Will instill fear in all - If you want to walk on the Road of Death, then find the temple that has disappeared from mankind's memories.

Deimond wrack his head and began to investigate.

“Create fear. Lost temple. What the hell is this?”

Though he enjoyed plundering and killing, Deimond was not slow-witted. Even if this was something seemingly trivial, the phrase had somewhat of a presence; thusly, not negligible.

“If we go and check on the history of the Versailles Continent, it aint going to be helpful. It states here... 'disappeared from mankind's memories'...”

Suban also showed signs of being intrigued.

“Quite unique, huh. Wherever we will look or ask, there isn’t going to be some concrete explanation regarding it.”

“Then it’s better to shift our focuses to the missing temple, yea? If not, then we have to collect more clues on it.”

Deimond, together with his colleagues, covertly probed the hidden rooms in the dungeon seeking for information. They casually picked up random unknown written objects and assembled the lot.

1. Ohhh! This world is shrouded in darkness. The empire's destruction, and it seems like the Versailles Continent may meets its end on this year.

1. There is nothing at all that can escape from the hands of death.

1. Their prison of death and their followers are exponentially growing.

They listed the many strange legends from an array of residents from various nearby towns.

“My grandfather’s grandfather, rather, the story have been passed down long since the time before my grandfather’s; for some reason, people could not carelessly talk about the past of the earlier days of the Nippleheim Empire.”

“There are unusually a lot of traces of the destroyed castles that are at the ruins of the Nippleheim Empire. Why are there a lot of traces? If it weren’t for the lot of Monsters invasion, then their fort or castles wouldn’t have fallen.”

They got more and more clues.

In some Grandfather’s home, he showed a booklet that has been handed down.

-Leading the road of death.

It was a time when the human’s desire and greed to have mightier powers went too far.

The spell that shouldn’t have been made, the magic that shouldn’t have been spread; of plague and death, the prohibition of Priests that dominate Monsters!

Trailing those who walks on the road of death, the continent will fall into darkness along their path.

-Empire history XX year XX day.

They are coming.

The town fell into a state of panic.

The lord who took his family and fled returned in a rotten body; his body was infected by some unknown soldier. It was rotting away.

-Empire history XX year XX day.

Food dropped.

Been here for 200 years at the barren bottom of the well that haven't been exposed.

Now crowded with mice.

-Empire history XX year XX day.

Finally, they revealed themselves.

The Soldiers and the Knights tried to fight them from the castle's walls.

Although there was no prior, this was a final struggle to survive.

Yes. From my point of view, this is a struggle.

Their army...

At this writing, the castle's walls have collapsed.

They shattered it through the use of wicked magic. Piles of crushed Soldiers and screaming Knights begets our continuous dwindling of power.

Ding!

The Priest of Death

Of blood and the reaper, the legend of the Priest that gained the Power of Death.

Find the lost temple from human's memories to unlock the secret of the Priest of Death.

For those with greed, he will be offered the strongest power befitting them.

For those with wisdom and courage, glory and honor awaits them.

If You should choose the path of the obsessed with greed Priests of Death for their power, then You will be subjected to fear and hatred from the Humans and every other species alike.

The map of the vanished temple have been divided among the Monsters who took it.

Quest difficulty	Grade S
compensation	The followers of the Church of Death.
Quest Restriction	No restriction on Reputation or Level. Find the temple before others find it.

“Difficulty Grade S!”

Deimond bursts with ecstasy.

Grade B quests were typical to them, as they have encountered a substantial amount of such.

Difficulty Grade A quests were commissions that gave huge rewards or power, or even affecting the balance of the Versailles Continent.

Therefore, this was not something one can conveniently obtain, because there was the issue of risking the very life of the guild that needed to be addressed.

The reason Jeonshin Weed received a tremendous amount interests from public was due to being the first to solve a Grade A quest, the Legion of Immortality.

The emotion of the Elemental Shaman of the guild, Imperial, was also sparked.

“It’s a difficulty Grade S of a quest, it’s something needed to be unconditionally accepted.”

The Witch Nardo was being cautious.

“Our current power right now has been stretched thin. This isn’t like the Central continent.”

The Predators of the Land guild was currently isolated from the Central continent; but if needed for a fight, the number of support they can gain for cooperation wasn't small.

In example, fighters that fights for their spoils! They could request the help of the Mercenaries or request help from an army.

It was difficult for them to judge the success of the quest if they guild went alone.

“So it’s better for more to accept the quest huh. Since this came from a Monster like a Death Lord, then it means that this is an amazing quest. We will likely receive a huge reward if we solve it on our own.”

“We don’t know how many Boss Monsters will come into play...if the Monster is a Dragon, then we’ll be annihilated.”

“Annihilation? You’re frighten of something like being annihilated?”

“I don’t mean that, but...”

“Since it’s adventurous, let’s not mince words any longer.”

The opinion of the gang was gearing toward embracing the quest.

They may have ran castles and towns, but each and everyone of them have not abandoned the pure joy of a challenge and of a fight.

Deimond’s ambition pulsed.

‘We’re going throw away everything.’

Their castle in the Central continent has been taken, and they can no longer take up the shame-filled flag of the Predators of the Land anymore. They might as well put the times where they had influenced the Versailles Continent and memories of the past behind them.

‘I think my chance has come.’

An opportunity to turn everything around after from returning back to square one!

Through the use of the Priests of Death quest, they can stand again in the midst of everything.

Deimond strongly clenched his fist.

“As for me, I want the power of the Priests of Death. Anybody that will defy me will be swept away, and I want to grasp the Versailles Continent within my hand!”

You have accepted the quest.

*

Only when the rising sun indicates that it was noon, that Weed could meet up with the Village Elder in the Lord’s Castle.

“The old me could have taken on many things, but for you to go play around and only to meet up with the me now, wow.”

As soon as the Village Elder saw Weed, he complained since.

“A sudden advent of people coming into Morata...with the increasing residents, there are mountains of things that needed to be done...”

He was nagging.

Weed's unique secret of how to get along with those who nags in the world!

At times like these, you do not pile it up more with vain excuses.

'Nothing to say here.'

In one ear and out the other!

Only after the long lecture ended, the Village Elder hurriedly say.

"You must take hold of Morata's affairs and security. Now that the castle became somewhat sustainable; now Lord nim must directly take a stand on what you want of our Morata. The remaining fund of the Morata province is 39845 Gold."

Ding!

1. Do you want to use the Affairs of the Lord Mode?

The mode to enable the Lord to maintain the domestic state of affairs!

Weed accepted.

"Yes."

1. The on-screen view will switch to Affairs of the Lord Mode.

From the empty room in the castle where Weed had a conversation with the Elder. Suddenly, things changed.

Now, he had an overview of the region of Morata.

The thing he saw below him, as he remained in the sky, was a view of Morata.

"Well, now what should I do."

Weed silently looked down on Morata. Everything was apparent to him, from the movement of people on the streets, buildings, even up till the landscape from the castle walls.

If he wanted, he could change his view point and take a closer peek, it

was even possible to hear people's voices.

The Domestic Affairs Mode that was only available to the Lord!

Military	22	Economy	260
Culture	570	Technology	190
Urban Development	97		
Sanitation	36	Security	72%
Fund	39845 Gold		

A message window popped up to inform him the current state of Morata.

From things such as construction, commercial, military, change in taxation; currently, all were in Weed's command.

"First, I have to take care of the poor residences in Morata, hmm."

Weed searched up buildings that needed construction.

Then at this time, more than 300 names and shapes of buildings popped up before him.

From things such as maintenance of the Lord's Castle, and a number of building of specific types for residents were coming up.

Weed looked at the top priority of the list, the palace, and read its descriptions.

Palace of the Lord

The peak of luxury and revelry! The palace made befitting only the Lord, widespread of the Lord's authority and reputation will increase. While reduces the loyalty of the soldiers and the residents, the threat of creating friction with those affiliated with the kingdom can increase.	
Construction Cost	70000 Gold

Morata does not belong to any kingdom.

Though it did said that the land once belonged to the Nippleheim Empire, ever since the fall of the nation, every village had to survive relying on themselves.

Therefore, there won't be any friction with those who affiliated with the kingdom.

But Weed lightly shook his head.

'I don't need such a thing.'

The state of the village was in its early development, no good conscience of a reason to be building a grand palace for just the Lord. It sounded more like a waste of money, while planted trees on the roadside seems better looking than a palace where the Lord could freeze to death.

While living the simple life as a Lord, he absolutely had no interest in showing off his best.

Golf course only for the Lord

Everything taken care of by the maids while you comfortably golf.

Can boast to other Lords or Nobles.

Need a large area for the course, will increase people's hatred.

Construction Cost

At least 40000 Gold

"The hell..?"

Most of the facilities available for the Lord, Weed immediately turned them off.

Now, on top of the priority list, there were only necessary buildings to be constructed.

*

The Haven for Adventurers.

The only location for liquor in Morata where people were standing in line waiting for vacancies.

Fail, Meiron, Mapan as well as other colleagues too, were waiting so they could eat and drink.

But, they have been waiting for an hour now and still no vacancy.

"Boy, can we even sit down to have a drink by the end of the day?"

"It's lunchtime too and so it's full of people."

While complaining, they couldn't leave their positions.

There was no other place in Morata where they could enjoy alcohol if they leave the Haven for Adventurers!

If there was a hunting party in the North, then the first place they'd come to in Morata once returned was the Tavern.

While drinking coconut, fruit wine, beer and such, they can shoo away their Fatigue and loosen up, as well as catching up with colleagues in many of the other parties.

“About when can I get a spot...”

Jaffe was complaining with a sigh that follows.

He was in a serious predicament since this was the only location where girls didn't mind him placing himself near them to chat them up.

Then, the roof of the bar suddenly gets torn away.

A whole side of the wall disappeared altogether.

“What the?”

“What's going on?”

The users who were eating food and getting drunk were wholly surprised, as if they were struck by lightning.

A perfectly natural reaction to something so sudden.

Since the completion of dismantling the pub, walls, pillars, and ceiling were recreated in expanded form.

Now it was able to seat as many as 2000 people!

It had converted into a super tavern.

Only then the users understood.

“The Lord.”

“Morata's Lord is working on domestic affairs!”

Using vacant land, Weed extended the Tavern and the Inn, while also building a large Dining Hall.

In the more compartmentalized lands, hundreds of buildings were still being erected.

Renovation of the Tavern was 12000 Gold, the Inn was 9300 Gold, and the construction of the large Dining Hall was 16000 Gold.

Various windows informing the status of Morata popped up.

1. With the expansion of the Tavern: Economy +2, Public Security -1%.
1. With the expansion of the Inn: Economy +1, Hygiene +3.
1. Along with being able to afford the construction of the Dining Hall: Culture +3, Economy +2. For the next 3 months, the town's Productivity will increase by 1%.

Military	22	Economy	265
Culture	573	Technology	190
Urban Development	97		
Sanitation	39	Security	71%
Fund	2545 Gold		

As he modifies, he could see the immediate effect taking place.

It was revealed from things such as the current Military, Economy, and Hygiene that accompanied the addition of the new Dining Hall which were all severely low, affects the influx of people negatively.

When public Security is low, crime rate will increase as well as problems in the development of commerce.

“The next thing...”

Weed's eyes turned to the Central Square. And with 100 Gold, he opened five stalls.

Stalls that sell simple snacks!

Although they have minor economic impact, they play an important role to enhance the town's income.

Along with the momentum of this act, the Central Square was having a riot.

“Lord, please make a Blade Master Guild!”

“Adventure shop...”

“I hope you build private homes and warehouses.”

“A traveler’s association must be presented in Morata!”

Everyone was talking about their specific needs.

Just like noisy young birds chirping with both limbs raised wanting some food.

Evidently revealed they longed to have many great things.

Even if the Lord doesn’t commence the constructions, the residents or the Architects are capable of building the things they need themselves. But on the Versailles Continent, the number of Architects is uncommonly low; because it isn’t easy to build stores and houses to put up for sales.

Generally, as for the Lord, if they want to go ahead and build buildings according to the town and castle, it was meant as a development to create a city.

If the Lord of the castle was a Magician, then he would make a lot of Magic Guilds and Magic shops in line with his traits. If it was an Elemental Shaman, then wood and water would be abundant in the dominated castle, along with making it eco-friendly.

Development under the accommodation of the Lord!

While merely listening to the breeze of users, Weed also had to choose.

However, the fund of the village was only 2045 Gold.

Leaving just 100 Gold of his private fund, Weed began investing wholly in Morata.

Until now, the lot of money he used for the construction was Morata’s

own Fund.

Shacks!

New houses were needed because of the explosive increase of population of Morata.

Hill and mountain trees were simultaneously disintegrated together forming Shacks.

Each Shack was a mere 30 Silvers per household.

“Make it a Shack of dreams as well!”

Weed made an investment of 3000 Gold into 10000 furnishings.

The Morata’s users were surprised by the changes made.

“Woah!”

“This crazy Lord!”

“They’re just Shacks but they’re huge!”

Shacks also appeared in the Central Square.

Shacks that were built near atop the mountain were packed tightly together.

The next thing Weed chose to build was the Commodity Exchange.

This played a similar role to that of the trading posts, but this has the possibility of carrying out large-scale commerce.

Morata has already exported their stuff to other places, and this building can effectively supply to those insufficient towns!

Traders’ warehouses and pickup areas were widened.

This was warmly welcomed by the Merchants.

“Morata lord knows whatsup.”

“If you ignore the Merchants then the growth of the city is a no go.”

He also conceived a Union for the Merchants.

Even when there is a large amount of work or procurement required,

they can divide the commission up among the Merchants within the Union!

The building is the cornerstone of the Merchant Guild.

A lot of building arose in the vacant lot near the Morata Central Square.

Weapon shop, Armor shop, Tourist shop, Adventurer shop, Cartography group, Fruit store, and including Grocery store were made.

Rows of buildings were built on the once empty streets of Morata caused the users to cheer.

“Hurrah!”

“It’s going to be much convenient now, huh.”

The other competitive town was of poor quality at a time. Even with the advent of some famous guild dominating the towns, which attained the users’ awareness for a while, the number of users was not something comparable to that of Morata. Being able to purchase items from Morata made them a bit more comfortable; hitherto everybody was delighted.

But this was not the end of Weed’s construction.

Kuuuung!

The land rang out in a thunderous noise while materials were piling up on the vacant lot next to the Smithy.

“What, what is that?”

“What is he trying to make?”

As a place to manufacture weapons and armors, the Smithy boasts a pretty spacious area. A building five times larger than the Smithy was being assembled on the vacant lot.

A large building with a large chimney.

As soon as the building was complete, the Blacksmiths who were unable to overcome the curiosity nimbly navigated towards it.

They went inside then jumped and screamed all around.

“Huge hearth!”

“The hearth can pull out high quality Iron from just Iron Ore!”

If there isn't a large fireplace, then only skilled Blacksmiths were able to extract Iron, and even so, it takes a lot of time. Because of this reason, if they want to fabricate what they want, then they will have to dissolve a lot of other swords and armors in order to do so.

But now, when they obtain just simple Iron Ores from the hunt, they could come to this large furnace and quickly after, they can extract high purity Iron from them.

If the supply of Iron shoots up, Blacksmiths could potentially make weapons with improved quality, as well as increasing quantity.

This was something the fabricators desperate needed!

Although it took up 50000 Gold, Weed did not hesitate using the money.

Because with more Blacksmiths and Jewelers(Jewelry cutter) flooding in using it, there will be an increase in the production of weapons and armors, needless to say the influx of the tax revenue that comes with them!

To the unaware users, outside of the village of Morata, other construction projects were going on.

The Iron mines, Copper mines, and Silver mines that once belong to the Nippleheim Empire of the past!

Weed was trying to transform the mines that were neglected.

He repaired the tunnel system again; some villagers have moved to the locations while holding pickaxes. Paladins of Freya were also included among those villages in order to hunt Monsters who were currently dwelling in those abandoned old mines.

“He's been slacking off from Morata, finally he returned with the mindset of its Lord.”

“I guess now we're having a bit of progress.”

The user base as a whole all wore smiley faces.

But the changes did not stop there.

Kuuuuuung!

This time too, piling materials were appearing at another vacant lot.

The lush weeds grown there were cleaned off with the founding of a guild.

Tailor Guild!

There were a lot of Tailors who were far ahead in the mastery of the skill and could take advantages of Morata's Advanced Fabric and Leather.

While they were skillfully experienced, several other guilds were built that can could help them out as well.

Farmers Guild and Freya Church's Altar were constructed.

If their offering to the altar exceeds than what was asked for, curses can be lifted in addition to the temporary increase in Luck.

While the Freya Church's Clergymen were well liked; user Clerics, Priests, and Adventurers fervently hope for this building.

"Even the Altar! That's really excellent."

"Hunting in Morata is good."

Blade Master Guild was also created.

"The Lord musta used a bit of money."

Thief Guild was founded.

"This crazy Lord, he's just throwing money from one place to the next."

The users that were in the village greatly cheered.

It wasn't their village, but a place where they mainly stay while adventuring becoming more developed was making it comfortable for them.

A Warrior Guild emerged as they were blindsided by their chatting.

Bard Guild, Archer Guild, Assassin Guild, Kung-fu Master Guild, Fist Guild.

Guilds of the Magician series were not built because each of the trait was 40000 Gold. However, almost all of the basic combat classes' Guilds were built.

An enormous amount of Weed's hidden asset was invested into the village.

All the material items he earned from Todoom resulted in 340000 Gold attained by utilizing his Tailor and Blacksmith skills.

And the Diamond he received in exchange for making the statue appraised for 145000 Gold.

Together, the sum of Gold was 485000.

While the money obtained from those who he receives for their participation in the creation of the statue along with the sales of porridge exceeded 150000 Gold, the production cost of the statue came out to be 160000 Gold, which bled him.

But still, the money earned from hunting, combined with the money he previously have come out to be more than 500000 Gold.

Ding!

Has triggered the development of a New City in Morata Province.

Morata has distinguished itself in the area of the former Nippleheim Empire!

The softly blooming flower of Culture and is firmly instilled with Faith.

In places which are economically underdeveloped, a lot of money has been invested.

The inhabitants of Morata, with the teachings of the Goddess Freya, will try to enrich their lives.

Productivity will increase by 45% for 2 months.

With Morata's expansion and development, it is heading towards urbanization.

Along with the development, influx of migrants is growing. The number of residents is rapidly increasing, but until they can get jobs, public Security will decline and funds will be spent supporting them.

There is more need for food due to the increasing residents, but at the same while, the town's proximity will increase.

Following the improvement of the Lord's Castle, one will be able to exercise political leadership to other provinces though diplomacy in addition to the town of Morata.

Military	22	Economy	297

Culture	579	Technology	196
Urban Development	108		
Sanitation	42	Security	68%
Fund	79014 Gold		

Weed still did not leave the Domestic Affairs Mode.

As there were still many necessary buildings remain.

“There are as much as 12 mine-able mines...”

To bring forth the development of one mine took 50000 Gold.

While Morata does not having the money to develop the 12 mines, but when it does cultivate them, the value of every Ores will most likely to crash and discarded.

Regarding Hygiene, much of its value will decline more so in comparison to when the residents were just farming; and in other areas, work productivity will also drop because of the mining they will do.

Material production, economic strength, and the source of military are all important resources consisted of the residents.

If there was such a thing as a Mithril or Mana Stone mine, they would unconditionally excavate it, but unfortunately, such high grade resources did not exist in Morata or will they ever be found.

But still, it was lucky that they had Ivory.

While he was observing the province of Morata, in a grassland located north-west of its vicinity, Weed found a large herd of Elephants. If they were authorized to hunt these Elephants, then they would be able to obtain high quality Ivory.

Ivory is something that could be called the 'jewel of the living.'

“Gotta catch them sparingly.”

It was now time to nurture the Soldiers.

Morata still have seven months remaining of the received protection from Freya Church, but the Soldiers need much more time than that in

order to grow.

“I need to recruit about 100 Soldiers and 10 Knights.”

Recruiting station and training ground were built to recruit Soldiers and to give them basic training.

It was not possible to have a proper training facility for the Knights, so he ordered the hired Knights to venture out.

Weed was done with the army.

Frankly speaking, the head of any guild was the leading user of any group. However, it was different for the Lords of any town or castle. By using the fund to drive the town, he will possess his own army.

*

It was when the users of Morata were bursting with cheers as the town was going through with its development.

Users amidst light appeared in the Central Square.

“Ah!”

“Is this the way how I move the body?”

“This is Royal Road!”

They were complete novices.

Morata had become a place where new users could start out.

“This is the North?”

“Wow! So this is how the villages in the North look like.”

New users accompanied by light were constantly being generated.

This was the only starting point for beginners in the North.

An explosively large amount of new users who saw Morata village chose the place.

“Uwahhhh!”

“Newbies.”

In the midst of the beginners' bustling, the general users who once felt lonesome and forlorn also became more delighted.

Even though they are just beginners, their worth is very large.

While hunting for fox, deer, rabbit and the likes, they can deal with the town with the meat and leather they saves.

This isn't similar to the high level users who hunt meat and leather for production purposes, these were useful materials for the beginners to obtain money and weapon.

Thus they become a force to procure a huge quantity of food, weapon, and armor materials for the town.

Whether it was a chip of Wood, a rolling Ore, or cheap Herb, they serve as a driving force to develop the town as these new users sell what they can.

This also makes it easy for the Merchants and production classes to save time in collecting basic materials, making it great for them to comfortably make the goods and sell the lot.

Although there wasn't a place that the beginners could get help immediately, the normally specific combat job venues became convenient shops to sell out of miscellaneous weapons and armor to the beginners to use.

The novice users felt greatly welcome while the Clerics, Priests, and Knights were able to earn Honor points, Faith, Devotion as they helped out.

*

Kang Jin-Cheol was in great anguish as he scanned Royal Road's board.

“Is this really alright? Is this fine letting it grow?”

On the Versailles Continent, he went by the handle Mapan, and had a bit of commercial success.

But he was feeling severely remorseful at the moment as his conscience beat down on him.

“Even beginners are coming to Morata...”

On the bulletin board, he could see many articles coming up regarding the subject.

-Information on the birth of the frontier of the North village.

-Beginners, start in Morata.

-Basic map of Morata, and information of buildings and basic quests.

-A rich hunting ground. Please note that although the information has risks, hunting in Morata is an opportunity to have an adventure.

Information about Morata accumulated the board.

Users' reactions were enthusiastic.

-Just starting Royal Road now, is Morata really that good?

-I'm creating a character in Morata. I'm tinkling with a Champion. Looking for people to go together.

-Me!

-What are the traits of the officials of Freya?

-I heard that if you go to Morata, they gives you free porridge...

Questions and answers took place in real-time. Much of the people's core interest was toward Morata.

The town was a hub covering the entire North's trading, hunting, and commissions!

It was still a small town that had little development, though still there were a lot of people wanting to start in this Morata.

Kang Jin-Cheol lamented.

“These poor souls are continuing to migrate.”

The Smithy, Tavern, Trading Post and such that were established by Weed denotes that prices were cheaper.

At the large Smithy, the residential Blacksmiths were regularly employed to produce stuff. If they continue to make increasingly growing luxurious goods, then their skills can climb resulting in better and better goods.

In this way, the Lord who directly built the buildings can earn a share as each location reap in profit.

Prices in the Tavern can hardly be called fair already, while the Inn has its own pulls.

As the town welcomed the poor novice users and gave them a peace of mind, it was a critical juncture to lure them in for them to start in Morata.

But like a sudden storm coming in at any time, so will their future be exposed to exploitation!

“I cannot let them go!”

Kang Jin-Cheol dramatically decided.

It was not a bad thing for him if Morata was becoming more developed. As a Merchant who had invested here and there in Morata, it would only increase his income further.

He wrote, having already prepared himself for this penalty.

Title: Beginners, do not EVER start in Morata.

You all have greatly misunderstood.
Morata is a place that can indeed be called a den of evil.
The boundary of the town is tiny, and if you go out of it, there is a plethora of Monsters; it's too dangerous for the beginners.
The Light Tower or the Goddess Statue?
Do not expect much from these.
If you happen to see the sculptures every single day, then pretty soon you'll have had enough.
And now, although the prices are on the medium or low side, later on, the Lord will raise the taxes significantly; so absolutely, do not come to Morata.

“It's done now.”

He was anxious with the written article, but pretty soon, malicious comments piled up.

-Other people who are this way don't concern me, but are you actually trying to have a leisure hunt in Morata?

-This post was written by a person, so it's apparent that he was slapped with huge tax by the Lord in the Central continent.

-He must be some kind of Lord! Prolly a headman of a small village or something!

-Seems like a complete novice trying to dirty the water to me. Anyone who even know just bit about Royal Road knows how advantageous it is for beginners to start out in Morata.

-Should I inform you? Widespread of sculptures, hunting grounds, high level users, there is nobody who does not get a quest. Take my word for it's worth, Morata is a place of hope and is a haven.

-Get out of here!

“Keuheuk!”

Kang Jin-Cheol grabbed his pounding chest.

Since he was only reading the negative comments coming in real-time in real life, he wasn't hurt externally.

Despite him being slammed, extremely strange things were going on.

Besides Kang Jin-Cheol, different articles from other people trying to discourage the user base from starting in Morata or coming to Morata.

They were posts that weren't possible if they didn't know the little things about Weed!

But as such articles appear, they were heavily struck down by negative comments.

So much so that they deleted the posts since every single one of them were fed up with the accusations; as the authors made out to be antagonists.

“Ahh.”

Realization dawned him.

It wasn't just him that had a conscience, but Fail, Meiron, and the others as well.

They too, tried to be saviors but could not turn the tide.

They were hardly able to change the current.

By means of attacking Morata, they faced a procession of users!

The definitive definition of evil was winning.

The world is dominated by the ill-intent.

And standing in the apex of all the swirling wickedness is Weed!

Chapter 8: Dwarf Kingdom

“...class is over.”

They stood to bow to the leaving professor, and only the students needing to unwind remained.

“Wheww.”

“Barely made it.”

It was a day of a quiz regarding the technology of Virtual Reality. The beaten students who studied for the test the week before slumped and groaned onto their desks.

Lee Hyun still had a good countenance without a hint of fatigue. And as if they had truly know, the others thought to themselves.

‘Must be good knowing the fundamentals.’

They thought he knew of the content at a previous instance and was back learning again, sparing no cost paying for the tuition.

The lessons were on the principles and developmental potential of Virtual Reality; along with the results of dying and living in VR and how they affect the motor nerves in reality. It was fortuitous for him that he could write down the answers without having to cram as they continued to believe he was repeating the class.

But in comparison to the countless histories of the Versailles Continent, heroes, locations of villages, items, magic, and skills he had already memorized in his mind, he could answer a quiz on this level with his eyes closed.

“The test is over, do you guys want to get on Royal Road?”

The proposal came from Min Sura, who had been wanting to play.

Choe Sang Jun accepts.

“If you’re thinking about the going to the capsule room, I could not agree more. Since there's one here to for rent, let’s go to that place?”

Popularity of the capsule room, a place where people can connect to Royal Road was widespread. There were a lot in the university; from there, they resumed their conversation.

Lee Yu Jeong said.

“Rather, we should do that class assignment, the one about having an adventure in VR.”

“Ugh! We just finish with the test and here I thought it was all good and well; but there’s still this assignment.”

Their assignment was to have an adventure in Virtual Reality, specifically for them, it was to explore an actual dungeon in Royal Road.

An exploration in a team of seven, with the deadline being in two months!

Alternatively, they could opt out and take a midterm instead; but as the team members were scattered around various regions on the Versailles Continent, they were given a generous amount of time to do such project.

Lee Hyun was in group C.

“Anyway, let’s go to the capsule room. We’ll decide the rest later on.”

At Choe Sang Jun’s suggestion, the school buddies grabbed their bags and was getting ready.

“I...have busy work to do...”

Lee Hyun tries to get out of going to such a place, but Min Sura grabbed him and wasn't about to let him leave.

“Oppa is also in the same group with us, and you've never once went with us to the room...today, come with us.”

“That’s right, if we’re in the same group, we should be comfortably cooperating with each other. Come together with us to the capsule room.”

Lee Hyun did not want to go to the capsule room.

The place was an expensive alternative just to log into Royal Road!

He had trouble understand why people would pay to go to the capsule

room when they could access Royal Road anytime at home.

*

It was break time at the university, and the capsule room was crowded with students hanging about.

“Spots, for seven please.”

“You've come today too. Will you be playing Royal Road?”

The part-time student at the counter asked, and Choe Sang Jun gently nodded.

“Yes, is the capsule I always use available?”

“It's empty. I'll show you to it.”

“K.”

This was a good indication that he would log into Royal Road whenever the class was over, or sometimes, he'd even skip classes to do so.

Min Sura's eyes narrowed.

‘His attendance must be bad, his exam score must also be a mess.’

While his friends looked at Choe Sang Jun with pity filled thoughts, Lee Hyun had a different viewpoint.

‘So jealous.’

The capsule room regular!

The hourly rate of the capsule room can be as much as 5000 Won.

Because of the price of the capsule was expensive, the fee calculated of about this much must be correct.

Hence, Lee Hyun could not enumerate the pocket money he must have had to become a regular of the capsule room.

‘I'm not like these deep pocket guys.’

He admired Sang Jun's plentiful boldness and ambition.

In the capsule room, there were capsules with special purposes. The

main screen inside the room launched with their individual gameplay.

Choe Sang Jun of the Black Lion Guild confidently disclosed his appearance; thanks to that, the capsule room attracted a lot of strangers.

“Oooooooo.”

“New armor.”

Along with the footages that came out just as Choe Sang Jun connected, the exclamations could be heard.

“Water Elementalist armor. Just for a level 280, the set costs more than 1.4 million Won.”

The set was recognized as something a lot of top users typically wore.

‘Because we have Sang Jun, we’re going to be able to do the dungeon exploration assignment easily.’

‘Such relief. We can leisurely prepare.’

Lee Yu Jeong was a level 200 Blade Master, but she was uneasy knowing of Min Sura, an Enchanter by trade who could not provide good enough assistance in combat. But now, she was relieved while looking at the reliable Choe Sang Jun.

Lee Hyun also approached the part-timer.

“Will you also get on Royal Road?”

Lee Hyun agonizes while nodding.

“Yes. Please get me a capsule.”

It was like throwing money away, but since he was already present, it was better than acting out a fool.

He decided if he was going to use money, he would raise even more on Royal Road than what he had spent.

His capsule was right next to Lee Yu Jeong and Min Sura.

“Then Oppa, cya later.”

“Have fun.”

Spending money in the capsule room!

Lee Hyun gave a light nod then entered capsule.

*

When Weed connected, peace was absent in those in Morata.

There was multitude of beginners looking for hunting parties consisting of just them; and going on quests together.

“Level 1. All the classless come here.”

At someone's beckoning, dozens of people gathered toward him.

“Looking for people to catch Rabbit.”

Currently, over 100 beginners gathered up.

There was no bothersome distinction to be made.

These people who didn't even dress up in combatant's clothing accumulated and proudly crossed the gate; hitherto, it seems to be the Merchant's dream.

“In order to make camp, we need to build a bonfire...does anybody have a flint?”

“With our power, we'll be fine even with Wolves.”

Even though they were beginners, the number was frightening.

A crew of more than 100 novices!

Without exception, more than 10 parties consisted of nothing but beginners went to the field and hunted in front of the village.

More than a week in real life slipped pass since Weed was in the Domestic Affair Mode of the Lord.

He had intended to make ways toward the Dwarves Kingdom immediately after logging in, but the Soldiers seems to be starting their training a bit late at this time.

“Ven, Stam, Yuple.”

“Yes, My Lord!”

The Soldiers came to Weed and saluted ceremoniously.

“You guys must lead the others well.”

“Understood, My Lord!”

“I will follow the Lord’s command.”

The light in the Soldiers’ eyes were adamant, giving them enough validity.

*

Weed went hunting with these Soldiers four weeks earlier on the Versailles Continent.

Needless to say the hunt wasn't even decent for him. They were just catching Foxes, Rabbits, or Wolves in front of the town, and then traveled together to some easy dungeon.

Basic dungeon that has Kobolds, Rogues, Lions, Skeletons, and Ghouls.

In there, Weed displayed his absolute ability to conduct.

“Do not hesitate to draw your swords for the sake of the innocent residents.”

“Yes!”

“GO! Do not rest your body! You must remember that in order to make the village safe, you have to hunt a lot of Monsters.”

Weed led the Soldiers and ceaselessly hunted.

There was no need to use the method like he had in the past, where he would bandage and cook in order to gain the trust of the Soldiers.

“Do it this way to cut away the Kobold.”

When Weed used the Sculpturing Blade and sharply cut it at the waist, the Kobold literally turned to gray.

The strength of one hovers above level 300!

“Wow!”

“He is indeed the Lord!”

“He deserves to be an important Knight among the Knighthood with power of that extent.”

In reality, the current level of the conscripted Knights in town wasn't even at 10.

Because of the disposition of the Soldiers, they were loyal to the Lord and respected his powers, and that was enough to gain their trust.

“Looks like the sword's Durability is nearly gone. Don't you know how to take care of the sword?”

Weed threw in a comment, the Soldiers bowed while they were reprimanded.

“Sorry, Sire.”

“Here, let me see.”

Subsequently, at occasions, he would take their swords to repair, and he would only bandage the Soldiers liberally just before their death.

The eyes of the Soldiers changed.

Twinkle twinkle!

‘There is nothing our Lord can't do.’

‘We need to become Soldiers with good judgment to protect the village.’

Loyalty quickly hit 100%.

Ven, Stam, and Yuple had the fastest growth; their levels were in the 30's and rose to Denarions.

Weed's rapid hunting method.

While the routes taken shortened, breaks were also reduced.

The quickening result was achieved by working in combination with the Spearmen, Swordsmen, the Shield, and Archers.

The second week.

Weed led the Soldiers further into the depth of the dungeon.

When they were camping at night, flock of Monsters attacked.

It won't make a bit of difference to Weed, not even as an after meal snack; but for the Soldiers, they were fighting for their very survival.

“Strike!”

“The Skeleton's too strong!”

“These Monsters are like in a different dimension comparing to those we fought till now.”

While listening to clamors of the Soldiers, Weed was sitting in the back sewing. He was manufacturing clothing as a hobby with fabrics Mapan brought him.

Nevertheless, he was never completely withdrawn from taking care of the Soldiers as he would immediately intervene at any dangerous juncture.

If it was not a time where he would have to draw his sword and jump in, he would just send commands in their direction.

“Swordmen, Spearmen, to the rear. Take a break. Shields, form formation and push back the enemies. Archers, fire the silver plated arrows!”

Weed took care of the Soldiers one by one, trying to keep them from dying. He tried to keep them from taking risks before combat, but still, they were barely able pull it through.

With the effects of the Light Tower and the blessing of the Clergymen of Freya, their growth quickens much faster with each hunt.

“Charge! No time to rest. Fight. Only one minute of rest after you kill all of your enemies.”

Weed used Lion's Roar while pushing forth his Soldiers.

The Soldiers grew stronger with the intensity of the training along with further increase of Familiarity.

Finally, at the end of four weeks, they became full-fledged Soldiers that lack nothing.

Ven, Stam, and Yuple levels were beyond 60, and became adept with the

flow of battle and were able to make judgment for themselves.

They were promoted to Centurions.

“In order to defend Morata, more Soldiers are needed. From now on, you guys are role models for future Soldiers.”

“Yes!”

To conclude the four weeks training, Weed gave them that speech.

The undisciplined Soldiers.

They underwent the hellish training and learn the minute details about battles as Soldiers.

It was an effective measure.

The Authority of an Experienced Instructor.

Having directly trained by His Majesty and under his Leadership, the Soldiers will dedicate unconditional Loyalty to Lord of Morata, Weed.

1. The effect of Leadership rises by 3% permanently.

“Cherish the lives of your fellow colleagues. Along with them, you are to take care of the village.”

“Yes Sire! We will follow the Lord’s command.”

After them, Weed reeled in an additional thousand Soldiers. Because Morata’s proximity was has widened, they needed to have more Soldiers.

While only actively invested commercially which resulted in the explosive growth of the economy; now it was time to invest in the military.

At this time, the territories of Morata were half of Rosenheim Kingdom, so they needed more Soldiers in comparison to before.

Keeping the peace is also one of the important tasks of the Lord, after all.

Consequentially resulted in a slight reduction of bold investments into technological development, increase housing, improving crops and industrialization.

It was just an eventuality: he was stepping closer day by day towards an evil Lord's dream of future exploitation through the adjustment of the tax rate.

*

Regaining himself after revisiting those past four weeks, Weed moved to a remote hill away from the village of Morata.

“Wah-il, Wah-thul, Wah-sam!” [1]

He called forth the Wyvern sculptures he once infused life into.

Far beyond the mountains of Morata, six dots emerged. Those flecks expanded with huge wings and were approaching at a high velocity.

Along with the group of Wyverns, the glittering golden Geumini[2] was riding atop Wah-il.

Weed was thrilled witnessing their imposing appearances.

“You're all alright!”

He looked relieved, the look of those who place their money into a safe!

As soon as the Wyverns landed on the ground, they waddled toward him and nudged him using their bodies affectionately.

“Master, good to see you.”

“We missed you too, too much.”

While in Todoom, Weed's Leadership and Charisma didn't have a significant growth.

However, for the Wyverns, his existence was that of a parent!

They showed intimacy that was no different than that towards a biological father.

“Hmm guys, I think you've gained a little weight.”

“Kkyaruk?”

The Wyverns eyes blinked and shook their heads.

The kind of attitude of pretending not understanding when someone

speaks English.

In reality, they got fatter once they became too lazy; and later on it became harder for them to fly. They hunted preys while mainly staying on the ground.

Due to the retreat of the cold in the North, the Wyverns also felt a sense of crisis with the large scale of Monsters activities.

‘The preys are also serious business.’

‘We have to stay alive here.’

The Wyverns original disposition was that they could take to the sky.

Their inherent specialty was aerial combat, while Geumini was to shoot arrows.

They noticed that the Monsters in the North were stronger, so they fought with the mindset of defending their territory.

The territories of Morata!

They lived everyday while hunting Monsters.

When they were first granted life, their levels were around 323.

They battled against the Legion of Immortality, and with the Northern Expedition, they fought against the Bone Dragon!

While experiencing most of their battles with Weed, their levels also reached the 360's.

Facet accumulated on their lustrous wings and such effects. Their bodies were scarred, giving them an imposing appearance.

“Well, it’s not like you’re severely obese or anything. It must have been hard during the time I wasn’t around.”

Weed carefully applied bandages to cover up the inscribed wounds they received during those time.

“Kkyakkkyakkkyak!”

The Wyverns thanked frivolously as he rub their bodies.

The clothing he made for them to cope with the cold of the North from Wolf Leathers had become tattered.

However, comparing to the Monsters that did not have the armor, the Wolf Leather clothing gave them a considerable effect. They boast significant help in tight victories against other sizable Monsters in their territorial disputes.

Weed spoke faintly while collecting the Wolf Leather clothing that had severely past their expiration date.

“You must have had a lot of troubles. Eat more.”

The happy Wyverns showed extreme elation to the Weed who had returned!

They had thought with his homecoming, so would the abuse and smacking, but this was really a good thing.

‘The owner has become a human now.’

‘I knew that he was not a rude master.’

The affinity of the Wyverns seemed to have risen dramatically.

Wah-sam turned around and extruded his back.

“Master, if you want to ride, ride on my back. Is there a place where you want to go?”

“There is so let’s finish it here.”

Weed immediately got on Wah-sam’s back.

“The goal is southward. It is now time for a trip!”

Whenever the Wyvern flapped his wings, Weed climbed higher and higher into the sky.

Daylight was fading away far behind the sky, and they flew in the night sky among the scattering stars.

Kureungreung-kwagwagwang! Kwangkwang!

They flew into an area where a bunch of clouds suddenly amassed,

pouring rain and thunderbolts struck.

In the cold rain, Weed and the Wyverns' bodies were soaked.

The frustratingly rain continued to pour; falling onto some brightly lit nameless villages and castle.

The lush weeds' bodies tilted to the will of the wind, while the rain was stirring on the surface of the river.

The risen river flooded to and fro at a place where fishermen congregated.

Members of hunting parties, as well as individual Adventurers could be seen running through the prairies.

Hanttam. Hanttam.

Weed was sewing while seated on the back of the Wyvern.

He was creating new armor for the Wyverns by recycling the torn Wolf Leather they were using.

He was hard at work without a care in the romanticism of the splendor of Mother Nature!

Only Weed could understand his sentiment.

'No need to be hasty, working hard step by step and the number will accumulate making this a joyous trip! The real enjoyment, not like those fake happy glued-on eyes on those dolls for 10 years old. The excitement is similar to the thumping in my chest at this high elevation. In this way, when I work hard, I'm really unaware of the time.'

The endowed innate temperament which was perfected through accumulated experiences; now he was taking pleasure in the steps of laborious tasks!

"Is that the Mubain Castle?"

Weed shot up on the Wyvern's back.

On the ground, a castle with pointy spires and huge walls could be seen.

The castle that was currently occupied by the Lord Crescendo of the

Black Serpent Guild!

It wasn't the capital of a kingdom but many users have gathered in the huge metropolis. The number of users was unparalleled even to those of the Rosenheim Kingdom Seraborg; Mubain was something comparable to that of the Somren Liberty City.

“Master, is that place the destination?”

Wah-sam asked while flapping his wings strenuously.

Weed shook his head.

“Nah. We only have a little more to go till we get there.”

“Alright, Master.”

Wah-sam continued on.

They passed by Mubain, along with several other towns and castles. But Weed did not tell them to descend to those locations.

‘The secret of Sculpturing Skill. If I go by the Goddess Freya’s revelation, I might be right if I just go there without checking Human's towns.’

He thought it'd be in vain if he stops to investigate, so he wanted to directly go to the location he initially assumes to be correct from the get go.

They flew for three more hours.

About five hours have passed after they flew over Mubain Castle.

“It..it’s hard, Master. Substitute someone else to get there.”

“Just hang on.”

“Ho...how much longer is ther...”

“We’re almost there.”

Wah-sam was flapping with his dying strength.

The tip of his wings were shaking hard, informing him that exhaustion was reaching its max.

This might be the first time that the Wyvern’s wing power was about to

give out.

Two more hours passed by and Wah-sam was essentially pleading.

“Master, please, let’s take a break!”

“We’ll be there soon.”

Another hour passed.

“I...I’m really tired...so...can the other sibling switch in for me, Master?”

The other Wyverns were flying at a distance from where they were. From the time when Wah-sam first got tired, they distanced themselves in advance with this specific situation in mind.

The Wyverns’ intelligence when it comes to this, was excellent.

Whether they were horses or Wyverns, their momentary acceleration was extremely fast, but their endurance was rather low. In addition to the duration of the flight, they would be hard pressed to keep afloat while carrying Weed.

“Annoying. If it’s just a bit more, why are you making it such a hassle getting there?”

The tone that relays that affection was running dry!

If Weed wasn’t the parent figure to him, Wah-sam would have betrayed Weed already.

This is the reason why children put up with their parents hypocrisies!

So Wah-sam endured a little more and gently asked again.

“Master, how much longer?”

“Now, we just got a bit more to go.”

“.....”

Weed’s indifferent words cruelly spat out.

If it was just ‘a bit more to go,’ then they would have been done by the time they passed by the proximity of Mubain.

From then, they flew for four more hours.

The mountains and mountainous ranges on the ground were huge.

Dense forest with plenty of trees, tunnels drilled in on the side of the mountains, and Dwarves that had no difficulty crossing said mountain could be seen.

The scenery of the lustrous green mountain that could be seen from the sky was breathtaking, but Wah-sam's optics had long changed to yellow.

“Whew, just 2 more hours now and we're there.”

“.....”

*

Unlike the other kingdoms that were on the plains or beside a river, the Thor Kingdom was unusually lined throughout three mountainous ranges.

Norn Mountain, Ulta Mountain, Saigorn Mountain.

The kingdom that grew alongside the Dwarves over 600 years.

The kingdom of those with extremely dominating specialization.

Gold, Silver, Platinum, Amber, Sapphire, Jade, Diamond, Malachite, Rose Quartz, Amethyst, Ruby, Opal, and countless other gems. As well as minerals such as Iron, Copper, Bronze, and Mithril.

From these, along with the Dwarves' refinement and carving abilities, they were manufactured into good befitting the Thor Kingdom's notability.

Innately, Dwarves were given the Handicraft skill; and because of the fact that they were abundant in metal, a lot of whom became Blacksmiths that creates swords and armors.

The goods that were made by the Dwarves could sell anywhere at a premium without as much as saying a word, and they even give out additional commerce Experiences.

For that reason, Merchant never cease from visiting the Thor Kingdom.

However, Dwarves of the Thor Kingdom does not feel even the slightest euphoria. Their one and only agonizing fault.

NOTE

1. [1]" 와일아, 와둘아, 와삼아!" : Basically, their names are just WAH(colloquially) and a number, in this case 1, 2, 3. The reason I chose to spell out the numbers unlike going with numbered Geomchi is because there's only six Wyverns, whereas there are 505 Geomchis. If I were to spell out Geom-499-chi, it'd be Geom-sahbaekkushipku-chi, rather long winded.I seem to remember that the Wyverns' name has this suffix "ii" to it though, so i may have to change this later.
1. [2]Geumini(금 인이) : His name in English is Goldman. Opt out going with the romanized Korean since google translate won't translate this either. Personal preference, really.

Chapter 9: The Dwarf Art Hand

There was someone accompanied the Wyverns that flew over the hills of the Thor Kingdom.

The man's identity was none other than Weed!

Weed walked with the carving knife out after he sent the Wyverns into the sky.

“I gotta find me a small rock.”

When he carved the Orc Karichwi, the rock was a sizable one; but it shouldn't necessarily be at that size this time around.

However, it was difficult for him to find a worthy rock.

Due to the lustrous forest dense with trees, the rocks were well hidden by the mountain.

“Ima just go with wood then.”

Weed cut a branch from the tree and cleaved the foliage on the upper part of the branch to make a Log.

He was prepping the material with the Sculpturing Skill.

After that, he used the Carving Knife to give it finer details.

At first, the overall composition of the head and torso were made, from there he pondered about the measurement of the legs.

“If I make it about 30% shorter than normal, it should be right.”

Weed worked while squatting down in order to use it as a comparison.

He carved thick and ample legs, no waist from the hip to the chest; resulted in a thickly built figure.

“I have a feeling the Log's lacking...”

Despite the thickest wood he obtained nearby as material, he felt it was rather deficient.

Weed reluctantly held the piece with both hands and continued to carve.

He made bold short arms, and decided on how to carve the head as the last remaining region.

“Dwarf. I have to match the Dwarves’ properties.”

Dwarves, stubborn and never abdicate.

Possessed by the excitement in a battle against Monsters and never backing down, for the ones who chose their profession as Champions or Warriors.

Naturally, they were the strongest of species, disregarding the standard set with their small stature.

At the same time, with the innate Handicraft Skill, anything placed in Craftsmen’s crude hand can be fashioned into something beautiful.

The interpersonal relationship of the Dwarves is not something harmonious.

In many cases, those that have decided their lives to their goal as a craftsman, stay inside their workshops and do not come out.

Because of this, in contrast to their great works, they do not get along well with others unlike the other species.

The Race have said to brighten up with exceptional quality of ores, gems, Mithril and the likes; the Race that said to have an unusual greed for equipment and materials.

The species that loves molten metal and purely adorn nothing.

Weed carved the stocky figure of the Dwarf.

With a wayward mouth and despising saggy eyes even at times with no other to stare at.

Long and full beard that ran down to the chest.

By one strand to another, the hair seems to be given life within the beard.

If the Sculpturing Skill hadn’t reach such a cultivated state, such finer detail was not possible.

Similarly, at this point, the short and thick arms and legs were fashioned.

Weed was pleased with the self-made sculpture.

“At this level, it’s pretty good for a dwarf I haven’t even seen, huh?”

It was not scary to look at night comparing to the Orc Karichwi he made.

“It’s not bad at this level. Shape Shifting Sculpture!”

Used Shape Shifting Sculpture.

For having infinite affection toward the Sculpture, the Sculptor and the Sculpture will resemble one another!

Weed’s body changed to assume the divine figure of the sculpture.

His stature was getting shorter, legs thickened. His trunk got thin and his arms also thickened. On the other hand, his head grew larger and his beard was growing longer. And wrinkles formed around his eyes, making his age unknown.

1. The shape of the body have gotten smaller, many equipment the body is wearing at the moment is impossible to use.
2. The armor plate or the body armor accidentally slipped to the mouth.
3. Depending on the form of the race, new necessary equipment are needed.

Due to the impact of the Shape Shifting Sculpture, Endurance, Strength, Luck will increase slightly.

Effectiveness of the Handicraft Skill increases by 5%.

Art stat is rising dramatically.

Shape Shifting Sculpture skill will be effective until it is lifted.

“Keoheoheoheum!”

Weed gave a long cough as a Dwarf.

And he walked toward the direction of the targeted Dwarf village.

Being a short legged Dwarf, the center of gravity that came along with it made it very easy, but with every step taken, he was panting at a lot of spot

during the distance traveled.

Nevertheless, Weed diligently moved with each step while being lost in thoughts.

“This time, what should the Dwarf’s name be, hmm?”

In his head, several names flashed by.

Just as Orc karichwi, he needed a name that leaves a strong impression.

“Art Hand. This is a name that can express the delicate world of art.”

*

When Lee Hyun was released from the capsule, his school friends were sitting in the lounge drinking beverages while watching TV.

Heroes of the Versailles Continent.

It was the CTS Media’s own information program.

It report news quickly and introduces information of castles or villages of starters; a more in-depth analysis oriented kind of program.

MCed by one with a comedic background, with wits and humor that came along with him, the show had a considerable audience.

“Oppa, you’re done?”

Min Sura asked pleasantly, Lee Hyun nodded his head.

“Yeah.”

“Did you do a lot of hunting?”

“No. I had to go somewhere so I didn’t hunt at all.”

“Where did you go?”

Choe Sang Jun cut in the middle and asked with a sudden interest.

“Thor Kingdom.”

“When you say Thor Kingdom, you mean the Dwarves kingdom?”

Choe Sang Jun asked in wonder.

The other school friends who barraged each other seemed to also be

quite interested.

“It’s one of the places I want to go to if it’s that Dwarves kingdom.”

“What does the Thor Kingdom look like?”

However, Lee Hyun didn’t have an apparent answer to that question.

“I’ve only just arrived in the vicinity of the kingdom...I have yet to enter the village so I can’t say.”

“Ah, so that’s it.”

Lee Yu Jeong nodded her head.

The Versailles Continent was really extensive, to move from one kingdom to another logically shouldn’t take just one or two days.

Even if he does ride on a horse or carriage, he'd still have to climb mountains and take the winding roads, so it will take a long time before reaching the desired location.

Therefore, it was understandable the he had not entered the Thor Kingdom as of yet.

Park Sunjo said with concerns.

“I’ve also went to the Thor Kingdom. But Hyeong, are you some kind of Merchant?”

“Why is that?”

“Those that are of the warrior series occupation doesn’t go well at Thor Kingdom. Magicians and elementalists are also just like that. They are seriously territorial. But if you’re a Merchant that takes the goods of the Thor Kingdom to sell, then you’d be fine as you’re greatly benefiting the south.”

Lee Hyun answered after a bit of hesitation.

“I’m a Sculptor.”

“.....”

“.....”

Just telling his occupation had the power to silence people.

Additionally, they gave him pitiable and apologetic eyes.

It reminded them the first time ever since they've talked to him.

Min Sura strive some courage upward and said.

“Cheer up. Nowadays, there's even a famous person who is a Sculptor. Maybe Oppa also heard of him. Weed.”

“.....”

“Ah, you haven't heard of him? He makes a lot of really amazing sculptures, and he also a user that traveled to the world of Vampires.”

And then, Lee Yu Jeong said while smiling.

“Sura, that Weed was born with the innate ability to sculpt. He's a person that was imposed by art at his very soul. So does it really matter that he chose to be a Sculptor in Royal Road? That person is also the Lord of a province, so it'd be discourteous to compare Oppa to someone like that person.”

“Keuheum.”

Lee Hyun coughed.

For them to talk like that about the person in question was rather embarrassing.

There was even a broadcast about the Weed that came to the land that was occupied by the Vampires, but because his face and equipment were obscured, it was difficult to recognize him.

If his Dark Gamer identity and the said Weed were found out to be synonymous with the Jeonshin Weed, then he'd had to pay the high price of facing numerous challengers and his subsequent adventures would also be impossible to carry out.

Choe Sang Jun spoke as a-matter-of-fact.

“If you're a Sculptor then it'll benefit you a lot by going to the Thor Kingdom huh. There are a lot of mineral there, and there will be a good

amount of commissions for you there too. Please try and work hard.”

Choe Sang Jun was implicating that because Lee Hyun was a Sculptor, he wouldn't be any help at exploring dungeons, so he told him to be vigilant.

‘It'll be fine if I just lead the dungeon exploration.’

When Choe Sang Jun put on a contented smile, the broadcast of the Heroes of Versailles Continent resume after the commercial ads.

Lee Hyun had little interest, but the broadcast with contents related to him was shown.

“Daejin ssi, if we change our conversation to talk about the north, then definitely, we cannot leave out Morata.”

“Yes. It's exactly as you said, Yu Dambi ssi. Many adventurers went to the north since the melting of the icecaps, but still a vast majority of the comments said it's still premature. The reason being the unknown land made it very difficult to settle.”

“I have heard that the northern region was dangerous because of how active the Monsters are.”

“That's right. However, with the people gathering at Morata and its rapid development, it was constructed as a foundation where one can settle down to some extent. Someday it will also be able subjugate the Monster grounds; as more and more people emigrate, the era of full-scale development in the north is expected to come.”

“Yes. That's so, Part 1 we will talk about the north and Morata. Well then, what information will be covered in Part 2?”

In the Part 1 of the broadcast, information about the north were commented.

With emphasis being on Morata, trend of the users and hunting grounds were the usual ingredients.

Lee Hyun thought of this positively.

‘It'd be good if they talk more. If more people come to the north through

the broadcast, then so will the income coming to me.’

Lee Hyun figured with the audiences coming to Morata to spend money, so will the growth of his income.

“Well now, here’s a fresh supply of news flash that we’ll show our dear audience. Daejin ssi!”

“Ok, Dambi ssi.”

“This here is the hot new adventure of the Jeonshin Weed that has been disclosed to the public.”

“The record of the historic Palrangka Conflict that has recently climbed the Hall of Fame. We will show a brief clip directly from it.”

The TV screen changed and Weed appeared in the form of a skeleton. Compilation of shots of Weed accepting the request of the Princess, ridden on the white horse as they raced through the battlefield that was clamoring with enemies everywhere appeared.

“Holy cow...”

“Even my heart is pounding.”

Min Sura and Lee Yu Jeong clenched their hands and did not avert their gaze from the broadcast.

They were watching the pretty nifty scenes by Lee Hyun.

KMC Media was the first to air the Palrangka Conflict, and landed first of the weekly viewership rating. Five days later, the original video of the Palrangka Conflict was posted and ranked first in view counts, first on recommended, and first on the number of comments.

Indeed it had the best popularity. And this, spawned exuberant speculations.

“If we look at these footage of the Jeonshin Weed then there are a looot of unascertained points. And I've heard a lot of controversy over these points.”

“Judging from either the national symbol or from the soldiers’ cries, it is

certain that the underlying place is the Palrangka Conflict. But the point of how was he able to jump into this battle evoked a lot of suspicions.”

“What specific notions are there?”

“That maybe it’s just a quest. Whether this fight was the end of some obvious tier quest or not, after that, then there are many other questions regarding it remains.”

From KMC Media, the information they investigated from the Palrangka Conflict such as the dynamics of each kingdom, Monster groups’ relationship, magic and skill were air on TV.

After the full broadcast that went on beforehand, Lee Hyun was then allowed to show the original source to the public.

Even so, the original footage also began at Palrangka Conflict.

The part of him getting through the Intermediate Training Center up till when he picked up and read the Knight’s book was removed.

If he show this section to the public, then on Royal Road, everybody will be on the same wavelength and kimchi will be known as jimjang instead.

[1]

The situation that may arise is that they will claim ownership of the known tower and wages wars over them, they will also devote everything they have to pass the training center.

It was one of those adventures where one will surrender himself to it.

If too much information is disclosed to the public, the situation will become lines of people waiting at each training center; and that would have been the wrong way to enjoy the pleasure of Royal Road.

Because there is a need to keep secrets of the unfinished adventures of Lee Hyun that the broadcasters also reliably kept it a secret.

“I’ve also heard of a lot of inconsistencies about the combat ability of Jeonshin Weed.”

“During the Legion of Immortality war, he demonstrated the ability of an excellent conductor. He dealt with the Orcs and the Dark Elves smoothly.

Thanks to the loud Lion's Roar Conducting Skill, we assumed that he has very high Leadership and Charisma. Speculations of his occupation of a Paladin at that time was thrown into the wild.”

“Because the best class to raise the Leadership and Conducting Skill is of the Knight series, huh.”

“It’s the point that's widely accepted, since the time he went to battle with the Jin-Hyeol Vampires, there were circulating rumors of him being a Paladin of Freya. But when he appeared after a break and began battling against the Bone Dragon, he used magic of the Necromancer, and also showed remarkable fighting abilities.”

“But this time around, we know for sure he didn’t use Necromancer magic.”

“And I think because of that, that I feel that this controversy was staged. There must be a reason why he couldn’t use Necromancer magic, or he might deliberately chose not to.”

“That power...he deliberately not shows it to the public?”

Yu Dambi widened her eyes.

How much overflowing confident Weed must have had, fighting with just a bayonet without using any magic.

Dambi had the expression of not knowing how come or for whatever reason why Lee Hyun didn’t use Necromancer magic.

Choe Daejin, who was temporarily distracted from his job when he looked at Yu Dambi who was oh-so pretty, hurriedly said.

“Heumheum. It’s a possibility that we can’t rule out. But now we’re talking about how fierce the battle was...”

“But if it’s Jeonshin Weed then couldn’t it be that it wasn’t deliberate that he didn’t use magic?”

It was unavoidable as Yu Dambi too was a fan of Weed.

While covering Royal Road, there weren’t many people that could give her so much excitement and heat her heart.

Not Guild Masters or Ranked Players. If they obtain airtime, then they are too busy showing themselves off.

It goes without saying that they are Castellans or Lords.

They practically use NPC Soldiers to take care of their property whose powers were far beyond the normal users instead of guild members.

It was commonplace that there were many cases where they used tricks, buy, vile blackmailing, backstabs to horde; and beginners and weak users weren't even treated as people.

There were good Lords too, but on the Versailles Continent, there were many more Lords in comparison who only advocate for themselves.

Because of this, she mainly deals with adventurers that has her respect and envy.

Those that continuously searching for challenges such as treasures or fetching a promise!

She had known the God of War since Weed was on the Continent of Magic, but he solved many impossible and herald quests on RR too.

He was the very symbol of adventurers doing commissions that others could not, and a symbol of the hunt itself.

“I'd only be guessing at this moment. His physical ability to fight is a bit superior comparing to the last time. I can't repress my astonishment seeing things such as his reflexes, instantaneous judgment, resolution, and accuracy while fighting. The footage seen of him being able to keep balance and fight may even be questionable for martial artists to do so in real life. However, some users provided fair and highly credible comments as to that.”

“What is it?”

“When he meets some certain condition, the Jeonshin Weed monster, by that I mean Undead can emerge at that time. Because apparently, his appearances at time of the Bone Dragon and of this time in the Palrangka Conflict had a significant difference; and this ideology spread and gained

convictions.”

“I too think there aren’t that much a number of users wandering around in the form of a skeleton.”

“Common sense can’t fit here. If someone comes into the town in a form of a skeleton, then pretty soon rumors about him will spread.”

The Power to Deny Death is a higher ranking skill belonging to the Blood Necromancer vocation.

There were still not many that wanted to become a Necromancer; the Magician’s second tier job. In other words, the third job that should be the Blood Necromancer was still only mere conjecture.

At this time, Lee Hyun tried to leisurely stand up from his spot. Unfortunately, the rest of the broadcast was also associated with him.

*

“This time, the news will be on the war between Kallamore Kingdom and Kingdom of Haven on the Versailles Continent. The Knight of Destruction Koldrim. Has he done anything with the ruthless army that he leads?”

“Yes. This time, in the wake of the Kallamore Kingdom’s march, the helplessly slaughtered Kingdom of Haven lost its Sustain Fort as it meets its fall.”

“The Sustain Fort siege. I’d like to watch this. Do we have footage of this?”

“Of course, we have some newly obtained juicy videos. We will now show the power of Koldrim leading the Kallamore Kingdom’s army and the actions of their Knights. Let’s watch together with our viewers.”

The screen of the broadcast was changed to the siege of Sustain.

Puhihing!

The horses coarsely exhaled as they shot off.

“Hit! Destroy! Do not leave a single foundation of the Kingdom of Haven unturn and sweep them all!”

“For the glory of the Kallamore Kingdom!”

“Use your sword for honor and victory and for our King!”

Immediately, the greyly lit sky poured down a thick veil of rain.

By the ladders and ropes, the soldiers of Kallamore Kingdom seized the walls of the Sustain Fort.

Siege weapons and battering rams were mobilized to knock down the gate; and from the rear, attacks were hurled from the Archer troops and the Magicians.

The Sustain Fort looked so pathetic among the colossal firepower concentrated there.

Attacks were pouring in with the literal intention of not leaving a brick left undeterred.

“Fight with courage!”

“Die here for the future of the kingdom!”

Although the Kingdom of Haven's Soldier fought hard, it did not look like they were going to win the fight.

The well-trained forces of the Kallamore Kingdom slowly but increasingly breeding their forces, and have already reached 150000 members. Along with making use of slaves made of the Haven Kingdom's residents and surrendered soldiers, who were placed at the forefront of their troops, their number grew.

Condemnation of the slaves and random looting.

Their Knights engaged combat behind the enemies' line, throw them into confusion, guerrilla warfare, melee, as well as sieges.

They were cruel being who would not accept a single surrender when the battle begins.

Knights of Destruction.

The being that was born for war.

These were the evaluations of the commander in chief Koldrim through

his won battles.

“Ah! Completely awesome.”

Choe SangJun said as he seemed to admire it.

The Sustain Fort was neutralized before the concerted movements of the Kallamore army.

“How much Leadership points are required to fully handle that many soldiers there?”

Although he did not know how strong the individual soldiers of the Kallamore Kingdom were, he evaluated the commanding ability of Koldrim as excellent.

The battle was composedly carried out.

Koldrim first surrounded the fort as to prevent reinforcements from providing support.

With the forces of the Sustain Fort being just 20000, without reinforcements, it was impossible for them to defend it against an army that was 3~4 times larger in size.

At most, they could at least delay the inevitable until reinforcements come.

Thus, Koldrim first struck around the fort, leaving the road to go to the capital of the Kingdom of Haven wide open. Because of so, it completely disrupted the army of the Kingdom of Haven from ensuring their fort.

Although the troops of the Kingdom of Haven weren't on the lacking side, they could not prevent it from happening.

Considering in the war, usually the ones attacking were at much of a disadvantage; but for those having been trapped indoors, they will not escape from their enemies.

*

When the Kallamore Kingdom first declared war, users of the Kingdom of Haven were glad.

‘Declaration of war? It’s a good opportunity to raise contribution.’

‘War between countries. This is going to be great. I ought to participate.’

The participating users who were without doubts of being victorious went together to defend the Kingdom of Haven.

However, the Knights of the Kallamore Kingdom.

Before the large assault of the Knight troops, the users of the Kingdom of Haven got goose bumps.

The 9000 horse ridden Knights and cavalries charged with their lances held out, summoning a cloud of dust in their power rush.

Even with steady foots on the ground, the earth shook, and the sound of their battle cries could even tear off eardrums!

“Wha, what the.”

“Let’s avoid this. If I’m going to the front, it’s an unconditional death for me.”

“But, the soldiers...”

“You idiot! If you die, what do you think will happen to the soldiers after that?”

The forces at the forefront consisted of users panicked and escaped the battlefield in embarrassment, making the morale of the troops of the Kingdom of Haven drop further into the abyss.

Centurions, Chiliarch, and even Knights of the Kingdom of Haven excused themselves to the back in the wake of the Kallamore army’s frontal assault.

As they could not see those who would often give command during the struggle, the ranks naturally collapse one after another.

As oppose to the Haven’s users, those who mingled themselves among the Kallamore Kingdom’s Knights gained further intensity as they watched the spectacle. They poised themselves on the offensive, looking to devastate the already collapsed army.

At this point, they slay their enemies without sparing a single thought.

In the midst of the main force's thorough desecrating assault, Koldrim commanded the Archer troops to fire arrows into the battlefield from afar.

Echelons of the Kingdom of Haven subsequently plunged into further disarray as they were besieged by the storm of arrows while not having a single command issued.

The belief that they could withstand the Kallamore members' assault was an indescribable delusion.

Kallamore Kingdom's army was definitively winning, while the Kingdom of Haven was suffering a heavy defeat.

It wasn't easy for those that tried to defy and escape the Kallamore Knight's pursuit, as they were attacked till the brink of death.

Lastly, Magicians of the Kingdom of Haven burned all their Mana as they resisted until their end, but their impact on this war was rather insignificant.

Koldrim also commanded part of his army to concentrate on breaking through their enemy's camp decisively.

Under the brutal assault by subjects of Koldrim, souls of the users of the Kingdom of Haven simply dissipated from within.

Thereafter, the Kingdom of Haven did not have a single decent attack and was forced to be on the defensive.

The Kallamore Kingdom went on plundering for however long afterward in order to secure materials; as for Koldrim, he was dubbed as the "Reaper of the Battlefield."

And now, during the Sustain Battle, not a single stepping stone has left unturned since the skirmish started.

Choe Sang Jun spoke without removing his sight from the monitor.

"Knights of the Kallamore Kingdom is really strong...I suppose it isn't called the Kingdom of Knights for no reason. And it seems they also have the support of many users also..."

Similarly, Lee Yu Jeong and Min Sura nodded in agreement without removing their gaze.

Seems as though their hearts also wanted to cheer for the Kallamore Kingdom.

The Kingdom of Haven has an unusually large amount of prestigious guilds. From their claimed exclusive hunting grounds along with their excessive taxation, those that do not receive unjust treatment from them are rare.

So for these guys, they cheered on vicariously within their hearts for Koldrim's pleasurable assault.

For normal users who did not opt to participate in the war, there was nothing for them to lose even if they were users of the Kingdom of Haven.

In fact, those that did give their support to the Haven army contributed little for the situation.

It was hard to remedy the situation even if they tried as videos of Kallamore Kingdom overly dominating the Kingdom of Haven were already spewing out from everywhere.

Also the impact of the current news broadcast was not something that could be ignored.

The underlying truth of the matter was that the tide of the war was ultimately tipped toward Kallamore Kingdom's favor.

Lee Hyun felt satisfied.

'It was a good thing to release him after all...'

This was the same guy that was revered as the 'Knight of Destruction' who was trapped by the Vampires.

Lee Hyun was proud to recall the huge contribution made to Kallamore Kingdom with his release as well as intimacy with Koldrim.

The Sustain Fortress could not halt the Kallamore Kingdom's army advances and was eventually taken down.

The confined space made their siege weapons hard to be utilized, while their Magicians had to sit through their cooldown.

“Men, march!”

Koldrim chose the simple tactic of piercing through without a moment of hesitation.

Even with the disadvantageous position of being those that are committing the siege, soldiers of the Kallamore Kingdom attack in unison.

“Please leave me be!”

“Gotta get inside.”

Kingdom of Haven members' morale fell further. For their self-interest, they created a tangled mess as they tried to get inside.

At their heels, soldiers of Kallamore Kingdom cemented their victory as they pull closer to the entanglement.

And then, a massive wave of Kallamore Kingdom Knights entered!

They were heavily tired from combat, but it wasn't so hard solidifying their success in an already won battle.

Fervent cheers arise with the descent of the Kingdom of Haven flag and the climb of the Kallamore's.

*

“We should decide on what dungeon to explore and what kind of adventure to have.”

After finish watching the broadcast, Lee Yu Jeong spoke in a clear tone.

As a student targeting scholarship, she wanted to successfully complete the challenge as oppose to be taking a midterm.

“So let's get everybody's class and level at this point, yeah? Let me go first. I'm a Swordsman and of the Dale Kingdom. My level's 237.”

Min Sura introduced herself following the lead.

“I'm in the same place as Yu Jeong, Enchanter. Level is at 144...it's higher

than the last time.”

The lowly level Min Sura shyly extruded her tongue.

She was at 140 at the freshmen seminar when they first introduce themselves, so the level climb was only below average.

“Swordsman 297. I belong to the Black Lion guild. My current position is in our guild’s territory, Nehalles Castle.”

Choe Sang Jun confidently introduced himself.

His level and guild influence was the source of self-confidence.

Park Sunjo awkwardly spoke.

“I’m a Thief, and at 355. My current place is...King Suna’s Tomb.”

King Suna’s Tomb!

Abundant in traps and is haunted by Ancient Mummies. It was not a place where even high level users could carelessly enter. Due to the scale of the tomb, aside from the grand entrance, the place has not been excavated. This includes the resting place of the King and Queen.

“That tomb huh...”

“Your level is much higher than the last time too.”

“Are you exploring it alone?”

“I’m focusing on the trap dismantling skills and nurturing the profession’s surprise attacking skills. I’m barely able to manage.”

With Park Sunjo attracting the attention, Lee Hyun sneakily introduces himself.

“I’m a Sculptor. My level is...just so. I’m on my way to the Thor Kingdom.”

He didn’t mean to lie.

But as a Dark Gamer, he could not go around publicizing his level, characteristics, and skills.

“Oh, I see.”

Lee Yu Jeong didn't bother dwelling into it.

Originally already knowing that he was just a Sculptor, it was not necessary going after other separate information.

But this struck to the low level Enchanter Min Sura.

“Lee Hyun Oppa?”

“Hmm?”

“I know you keep to yourself on most tasks, but this time please do exactly as required. Though we still need to take on two more people for a total of seven on this challenge, if you do not participate then it'll be hard to get the proper grades.”

“Yea.”

Lee Hyun nodded.

The usual assignments weren't problematic for him to complete, as he was simply aiming for the minimal letter grade for the graduation credits.

For a considerable amount of college students, there weren't much hours in the day for them to even play around or to eat because of school.

‘But it's a different story for me when it comes to Royal Road.’

Royal Road was his job.

He had to do his best in order to make a living, and also work just as hard with dungeon exploration within the game.

Despite him giving in, Lee Hyun remains a source of worrisome.

Min Sura forehead furrowed.

“But for a thing like exploring a dungeon...our classes aren't really for this.”

An Enchanter and a Sculptor.

Among the lot with two Swordsmen and a Thief, the level differences were severely high.

While the combination did not seem fitting, they also have to somehow

adjust for differences in experience.

“We have to somehow secure two Clerics for the other slots, or at least get a Shaman on hand.”

“Mhm. Otherwise the ordeal is going to be hella hard.”

“The other condition of this is that we need to be exploring some other undisclosed dungeon rather than an already well known one, else we won't be able to get the credits for this assignment.”

“Difficulty of the dungeon needs to be rather high, so we have to come up with some skill combination or cooperation to increase our collective power.”

“But how many Shamans or Clerics are there that doesn't have a group yet? And after this assignment, there's the festival too...”

“What's the class planning to do anyway?”

“I don't know the specifics, but the level of preparation has to be a lot to be fitting of a school like this.”

The size and range of recreation activities of the University of Korea's festival garnered great popularity.

A lot of other school students as well as many of the general public attends, even singers and performers comes to hold small events.

Highlight of the festival being the students' collective themed events.

Lee Hyun thought.

‘The hassles of the damn college never seem to end!’

Piling upon the class assignments, there was the MT, then this current group project that they have to solve together; and immediately following this is the school festival.

‘This is no different than that of a chain quest in Royal Road.’

Lee Hyun was extremely depressed.

The considered golden time of a festival or that of a school project!

The Korea University is to be envied by other school's students precisely because of its festivals, dance parties, and concerts where pretty women come.

A place filled with insurmountable flushing vitality of the youth.

But to Lee Hyun, this was just a nuisance.

'I hope this ends quickly.'

The festival is going to take more than five days, and things such as preparation for the event between now and then was going to keep him real busy for a long while. The seemingly cornered Lee Hyun frantically searched for an exit, but the outlook on escaping seems grim.

NOTE

[1]Jimjang(짐 장): jimjang what ppl calls kimchi in some region. Basically, this line is saying with common knowledge, it will spread.

Chapter 10: Akryong (Evil Dragon)

Kaybern

Dwarven Village Iron Hand.

Thor Kingdom was famous for having many Dwarven Masters living in their villages, who could mass produce high quality goods from minerals in a nearby mine.

Residential areas had small little houses. Blacksmith shops were sparse in the village, making it prominent to others that artisans made up the village.

The majority of people who were present in the downtown area were Dwarves.

People from other villages frequently visited the central square, and the place of commerce, the marketplace, making it a rare sight to see Traders camping near the village entrance of Iron Hand.

Humans, and Elven species dragged their wagons (and were) sifting through town to solicit with Dwarven Merchants.

“I am one of Roen’s top traders, Mithras. If you have any of the weapons or armor that you created, would you be willing to sell them to me?”

“This completed product has been imported in large quantities. Please take care of it...”

“I will supply any items that you might need in bulk. In Thor Kingdom, iron and copper are expensive, but how about Noid Kingdom’s more affordable 3rd grade iron?”

“The price will skyrocket. How were you able to find out?”

The solicitation of persistent Merchants!

As the day turned into night, these Merchants continued to persevere.

Goods such as weapons and armors that were obtained in the village of Iron Hand were sold at other places in the Versailles Continent for a very

high price.

Merchants deliberately came to the village, desperately trying to obtain anything the Dwarves had made.

“Please sell it to me.”

“I’m a Dwarven Warrior...”

Any Dwarves who had finely groomed beards, were having a hard time.

In fact, if you want to look for a Dwarven artisan, you shouldn’t come to Iron Hand. The Artisan who lived there had unsophisticated Blacksmithing skills, and would only look for Merchants who did not know of the value of items, and scam them.

Then Weed walked into Iron Hand.

Merchants who swarmed the place only watched and nodded at Weed from afar because compared to his body, he had a relatively large head.

‘They are Merchants, and this seems to be the right place, the Dwarven Village.’

Some of the Merchants peddled a long distance from Morata, looking for items to buy and make money. They buy in bulk, and sell in bulk.

Because the Commodity Brokerage collected by Kingdoms for the development of villages did not help improve the trade industry, the Merchants frowned upon it. Similarly, solicitation fees were arbitrarily calculated to cater to guests, therefore the quality of goods sold were meager.

Traders who travelled from afar, saw Dwarven Weed.

'He's my prey.'

'That Dwarf is mine.'

The group of hungry Merchants ran towards Weed.

"Buying or selling goods."

"I'll buy anything."

“Please sell the items you have cheaply. I came from far away. Please!”

“I'll unconditionally offer a higher price than others. If you have something to sell, please sell it.”

The successful Dwarves had no way to escape when the traders gathered into a group and started begging.

All the Dwarven craftsmen that came to Ironhand were low-levelled and they were physiologically intimidated by the crowd of people surrounding them.

Weed ran off like the wind.

Taking advantage of his small height, he ran in between the legs of the traders using his excellent sense of direction to evade the hands of the traders.

“Ah!”

“He ran away.”

The traders who worked in vain stood there devastated.

To easily be able to break through a crowd of people.

The career of evil traders left a bad reputation.

*

Real merchants did not budge as they sat at the entrance of the town.

And Weed passed through the village entrance when words were passed/said indirectly.

“You won't find anybody who will buy for a higher price than me.”

“Out of money...”

Their own business strategies, in accordance with their will, was to differentiate themselves from the other merchants.

Weed then ventured in even further into town, into the village of Iron Hand *

Dwarven blacksmiths were proficient in creating weapons and armor

due to their naturally high dexterity stat.

It's claimed that even Dwarven warriors could create simple things such as a torch or an arrow without difficulty.

Dwarven warriors were renowned for fighting in battles to the death but it was not an exaggeration to say that most Dwarves chose the path of the artisan.

This is because of the characteristics of the Dwarves who were born blessed with art and dexterity needed for production skills.

Those who chose the life of a craftsmen should take into account these benefits when picking their species when starting. This was a race most skilled with dealing with iron.

Being able to make durable goods from the beginning with high productions skills, they were sought for and respected.

Human blacksmiths could make almost any weapon but the expertise was reduced by a lot.

Elf blacksmiths made the best and strongest bows.

But Elves were masters of magic, and were a species proficient in archery.

There weren't many Elf blacksmiths. They created bows from special wood materials but it was not traded frequently enough.

The life of a Dwarf species blacksmith was one that was envied but their lives were nowhere close to being rich.

"Wow, this month the price of iron ore has risen."

"You think so too? Recently i've been thinking that increase in prices are going to kill me."

"Blacksmith skills will increase, but without middle merchants busily striking the prices...This is really hard."

Many dwarves were complaining in the tavern.

Weed sat at a low table, and listened in to their stories while drinking

milk.

‘Everyone in the world says it’s hard to live.’

He continued to complain about the hard life of a dwarf compared to artists, economical hardships were forced on the dwarves, but there were no stories.

“That Akryong Kaybern further raised taxes.”

“But wasn’t it raised just three months ago?”

“That’s why I might want to decorate with rare gold.”

“Ugh! Another hunting quest? His demands are endless. What kind of monster is it this time?”

“What is the matter with you. How does one or two legions under his command make him a monster?”

“It’s not what he’s got or gotten, though.”

“Listen, the Minotaur guards have been useless.”

*

Akryong Kaybern.

Thor Mountain, like other neighbouring mountains, was ruled by a dragon.

The Dragon's desire for treasure was not easily satiated; the dwarves had to constantly pay tribute or face its wrath.

The Human Villages were invaded by monsters, even if that was not the case, there were attacks from other kingdoms.

Even Morata was not safe from the invasions of monsters

While the Dragons dominated the Dwarf villages, they were safe from monster attacks but it was necessary to offer tributes in return.

It was just unconditionally bad, but it wouldn’t be confiscated. Sometimes Dragons managed monsters under their command and gave consideration for the new mines that should be developed. More than half

of the mithril and iron ore from these mines as well had to be paid up.

In addition, Dwarf warriors were allowed to hunt in the mountains, and even in this case, the dragons did not punish them.

Dragons view Dwarves as troublesome and taken only for any work, whether it was one or a few, it was viewed as only one worker. The monsters were just worms living in their own area.

There was no reason to interfere or bother.

There were five dragons known to live in the Thor kingdom but it was said White Dragon/Akryong Kaybern had the most treasure.

Thor Kingdom had a phase transition where it repeatedly had earlier development, but even then it was not the top country because of the Dragons.

Thor Kingdom gathered mercenaries and periodically raised the heat in the fight against the Dragons and ended up with no income at all. Currently, even having one mercenary participating in the duty was rare.

Weed left the pub after eating a simple meal of bread and milk

‘Nonetheless, it’s the Dwarves’ life.’

All you’d hear from the dwarves were exaggerated.

When poverty strikes, it was a habit to spend time where there was beer and meat!

In the Dwarf village it was necessary to overcome the high taxes in order to live.

Using the highest quality ore in the continent as foundation to make weapons, there was growth in skills and the famous Dwarf artisans continued their infinite orders.

Dwarves who left Thor Kingdom to make a fortune sold weapons and armor, and even managed to become lords in the kingdom with the money.

Guilds supply goods in order to build a strong network of high level

players to expand their forces.

There were a considerable number of blacksmiths with ambition on the Versailles continent.

Weed entered the Sculptors' guild

The Sculptors' guild was generally used by the majority of Thor kingdom's Dwarves.

Understanding how important dexterity was, they learnt sculpting as it was a fast way to raise this stat.

There were many Dwarves in the guild but they did not pay attention to Weed thanks to the perfect sculpture shapeshift.

“Tsk Tsk, you're still nowhere near perfection, you have much to learn.”

The Dwarf Instructor was consistently dealing with the Dwarves with a prickly attitude.

“You craft weapons with little care for art, didn't you know doing this will cause you trouble in time? With lack of art you can make strong weapons but they will be far from perfection.”

“Learning about breathing life into weapons by coming to the Sculptors' guild? Looks like the Blacksmith guild taught well. But it's too early. At least the weapons will be created properly after coming. The stuff will be full of defects, how would they breathe life into it without having expression.”

“These Dwarves are incompetent”

The words of the Instructor did not budge the Dwarves.

‘How many more of these actions does this navy mean.’

‘Tired, sick and tired of this. This guy's way of production is so long.’

Bowing his head respectfully while lamenting, he withdrew.

The higher the blacksmith skill, the better the created goods, and (they are) recognised from around the land.

Even if they had complaints, the Dwarves endured it.

In order to have the blacksmith skills to create any kind of weapon, fast improvement of dexterity was essential.

For such dexterity, it was best to familiarise yourself with sculpturing. Sculpturing did help a bit to make and develop/become other items, but it was outright intolerable.

The Dwarf instructor told Weed to await his turn.

“Art Hand is here to create a way of expression. To ask for new instructions in cultivating the way of art.”

“What?”

The Dwarf Instructor listened with an unbelieving look. On the face full of wrinkles, convulsions were taking place. He was stroking his beard and forgot his grumbling attitude.

“What did you just say.”

“I said I came here to learn about new techniques.”

Ungseong-ungseong.

“What did that Dwarf just say?”

“New techniques, what on earth does that mean?”

“What level of sculpting does he have?”

The Dwarves could not believe it. This is because they had yet to see a user who said that..

As sculpting mastery increased, better skills could be learnt!

Until now they had not considered bothering to learn, but at the Sculptors' guild in the Dwarf Village, they oddly decided to come and learn. Compared to the benefits of learning the skills at other Dwarven guilds, it was not even a third of the cost.

The Dwarf Instructor guided Weed towards the Elf Neck sculpture that was on display.

“I'll give you a chance to prove that you have the sufficient qualities of a Sculptor. Then...let me see a display of your craftsmanship.”

“What’s the theme?”

“Whatever’s good, if the mind is flexible the sculpture will turn out well.”

Weed was already familiar with the Elf’s Neck.

‘Sculpture pieces sold in stores were usually made of expensive materials rather than superlative wood.’

Making wooden sculptures were really boring.

One should not try to craft as quickly as possible such that the representation turns out bad.

As trees age, the wood grains start forming patterns, when you create a sculpture in a certain direction of the flow of the pattern, it is very beautiful.

Masterpiece sculptures from this wood as the material was very expensive and could exceeded dozens of gold.

The Dwarf Instructor presented the superlative wood that the Elf Neck came out of as the test.

“That Elf’s Neck is not easily sharpened. Creating an impromptu wood sculpture, this test is difficult...”

“What if I fail?”

The Dwarves in the Sculptors’ guild stopped their actions and watched Weed.

Weed silently laid the Elf Neck on the chair below. Due to becoming a Dwarf, he had become smaller. So, a chair was required as the key to a smooth sculpturing.

Weed boldly took out Zahab’s carving knife and stuck it in the Elf’s Neck.

Puukg!

Since the test required a sculpture, the onlooking dwarves were trying their best not to look shocked!

The carving knife cut deeply into the Elf's Neck.

In such a state, Weed cut diagonally with the Zahab carving knife and made a division of the Elf's neck and head.

Whenever Weed moved the carving knife, he would undoubtedly cut the outline of the Elf's Neck.

“What does this have to do with carving?”

“To treat a carving knife with the same mastery as a sword, how can this be....”

“Usually I don't use it as a carving knife.”

The tool was surprising, but the decisive workmanship was a greater surprise.

What kind of carving knife could stab, slash, and slice a number of strokes mercilessly on wood without ruining it.

Nevertheless, more of the wood was carved out and surprisingly began to take a form.

It seemed to have been cut at random, but there were no mistakes. Having made things with the hands several times, at this time the skill to work easily without hesitation was achieved.

To use a carving knife, if the master stage wasn't fulfilled, then it would be inferior.

The trust in the strength of the blade is necessary when working on a piece of such difficulty.

The dwarves were not ashamed as they stared in astonishment at Weed while he was performing the test. In Weed's mindset while working on the test was simple.

‘There's no money anyways, so roughly!’

Not many were allowed to take the test, and it was not made clear of the requirements to pass.

‘I have hurry up before the curse returns.’

The spirits of the unknown beings had been whispering in his ear. Any moment now, the curse could kick in. Time was of the essence.

‘If this is successful, I can make golds off of it even if I have to lower the price, every bit of money counts...’

Making pieces was desperate in the days of the novice.

The situation improved now, there was confidence to raise the degree of grandness of the sculptures made.

The dwarves around town began to stand around to see the test and watch Weed carve, he gave off inspiration.

‘You have to see a life-like structure in your mind’

Weed was worried as to what he should make.

How many seconds it took did not worry him.

This is the Dwarves’ Village

It was decided from the beginning that the sculptures could move the hearts of Dwarves.

“It’s a Dragon.”

“Those wide and flat wings, well-developed hips and thick legs...That’s Akryong Kaybern!”

Due to the limited size of the wood, the sculpture had to be smaller than the real, living thing.

But the overall composition of the sculpture was quickly and finely carved out on the wood once Weed had determined what it was to be.

Greedy mouths were gaping.

For the human vocal cords, if the structure of the upper and lower lip becomes a circle, it is except to say one word.

Money!

Holding up jewels with short arms, eyebrows and beard naturally reached forward.

Recklessly running on land trying to soar on the wings of Akryong Kaybern.

“That’s better than the other dragon I made.”

“For him, even if it wasn’t the Dragon, to eat Salmon would have meant quite a bit.”

The Dwarves that watched the sprouting picture of Akryong Kaybern become annoyed.

Sculpture was the three-dimensional representation of art.

Only hearing the name caused the anger to well up, so that seeing and feeling the target has doubled.

The Dwarf Instructor spoke.

“You’ve passed the test. To make such a sculpture in a short period of time is impressive because you were not overconfident with your skills.”

The Dwarf Instructor saying this could be considered the highest praise.

To be seen as a Sculptor with an ego was a bad thing.

Weed quietly excused himself.

“It was my sincere intention that I did not want a sculpture that was related to the theme.”

“I understand. Since I see that it is a great sculpture that comes with precise workmanship, you are well-qualified. You did not know that in the way of our Dwarven society, Akryong Kaybern sculptures are taboo.”

“I’ve carved a dragon only once before.”

The Dwarf Instructor laughed, satisfied.

“In my heart, he’s a great guy.”

The faces of the dwarves watching went rigid.

Many insulted and cursed him, to become so acquainted with the instructor with so few words!

“A user who managed to befriend the Sculpture Instructor has

appeared!”

“Where did you learn such flattery?”

Seeing Weed’s technique for the first time, the Dwarves had a desire to get close to him and it was a fact that was worthy of the sky collapsing.

‘We live in such a difficult world’

‘The debt is settled with words, the crafty tongue eats freely in life.’

Anyway, due to the effect of the familiarity with the Instructor, price of teaching Sculpturing was given a discount of 20% .

“Sculpture can move people's' hearts, if you don't close your mind you can understand the sculpture”

Ttiring!

- Acquired Sculpture Communication

“Sculptures are not immortal. Over the years, they are damaged. If the damage is worked on to restore them, they will be happier. If you manage to learn the art of turning back time on sculptures, you can learn a lot about the past. Unfortunately this technique is lost in the past.”

- Acquired Sculpture Restoration

Weed immediately decided to find out the information of the newly-acquired skill.

“Skill info window. Sculpture Communication, Sculpture Restoration!”

- Sculpture Language/Communication 1 (0%) :

It is impervious whether the conversation is with monsters or humans, these two kinds of sculptures can converse. If they are a fine work, their hostility will be alleviated and there will be spells that are favoured. When fame or skill level rises, more species beyond the current limits will be able to converse.

Reaching intermediate Sculpture Communication, adventurers acquire special emotion skills.

Sculpture Restoration 1 (0%) :

Depending on skill level, damaged sculptures can be restored to their original appearance.

Weed already had high fame, and with flattery and divine help, the skill was not necessary. Learning was placed first.

Originally, Weed was here partly to learn.

The presence of the unknown sculptures that were continuously clamouring themselves at him, accepting the words of the oracle of the Goddess Freya to come to the Dwarf Kingdom.

The way he sliced the wood as he crafted bore the scent of doubt.

It was not a common occurrence.

But what the Instructor had to say was unexpected.

“What do you think of the carving? Is this not the dream of a Sculptor?”

Weed, unconflicted, had an easy answer for this moment.

‘Money, fame, power, what more is there to say?’

Grazing the conflict that momentarily came by, whether there was an answer was not important, and the Instructor continued talking without waiting.

“The Sculptor’s dream is to eagerly aspire for sculptures, creating better sculptures shows the purity of the heart. The Sculptor’s words, isn’t it romantic?”

“...”

“Well.. when it’s time, you as a Sculptor will get to choose which path you wish to follow.”

“My own path?”

“Sculpture is more noble and difficult than other areas in the field of arts.”

Weed realized this.

Sculpture. Money did not come easy if your art was dreadful.

“Devoting life to making sculptures... indeed it is not easy. Reaching great heights of sculpturing, but at that single view level, it is still infinitely feeble.”

Since reaching Advanced Sculpting, the skill proficiency progression was

very slow. Not only the reduced skill proficiency increase, sculpture skills associated with swordsmanship, Grant Life to Sculpture, Sculpture Shapeshift were staying at low levels.

“It’s hard to give it your all when sculpting. Stopping now would be disheartening and after all the trouble so far, there should be a reward.”

“Is it worthwhile?”

“Sculpture Mastery is recognised in the field of arts, and famous nobles are one of those. If you can, visit a noble of the human kingdom.”

Weed was already a count so the advice wasn’t very valuable to him.

“So far, what’s been acquired in sculpture, I could take advantage of in other areas. You may or may not choose the easier one. This actually causes that sort of thing. But I should also be able to see the end of sculpture, in the meantime, for ourselves, should be able to take it easier.”

“ ... ”

“Sculpting is not difficult unless you don’t appreciate art. Take your time and enjoy it, who will blame you? Now that may lessen your burden.”

Ttiring!

- Chosen Sculptor Dwarf Instructor has been waiting for someone like you.
*Sculpture Attributes: When 5 or more sculptures are created daily for more than ten days, after that, the Sculpture skill expertise rating increases faster.
*Sculpture Features: Growth of Art and Attractiveness Stat increases. It would be helpful in the creation of big, beautiful sculptures.
*Versatile Artist: It will be helpful when learning dexterity-based skills. But more than sculptures, learning production skills, including skills that use the hands, there will be 25% increased growth. However, for any other production, there is no artistic skill to master.
*Eternal Sculptor: Sculptor that devotes his soul to the sculptural world/world of sculpture. In addition to the division of Masterpiece, Magnum Opus, Masterwork, other characteristics of the sculpture create spells.
Characteristics of sculptures are enhanced. Historical works, incomprehensible works, treasures of the continent, and spells are created.
Effects related to sculpting skill are increased by 20%. Magnificent artistic quality and skill make the sculpture of a higher grade, and due to the special effects, there are many rewards. But when what is created is a failure, the drop/decline is greater.

For a long time, Weed was not conflicted.

'It's always been like this.'

Sculptor was selected and several times, there were chances to change careers. Whenever it was time to select one, Weed went the way of the Sculptor.

Basically, the fact that he was warming up more to sculpturing could not be denied.

If a person has superior workmanship skills, then he will always make a great sculpture. However, detailed parts of a sculpture does not impress.

The skills must be insufficient.

Concentric sculptures made by a child. Course workmanship made it feel clumsy, everything felt different than it should be.

Curiously, others are happy with the sculptures made, as joy is delivered and smiles are put on their faces.

Pleasantness, that was what rewarding sculptures were made of. Filled with love for sculptures and being faithful to yourself every time you carve.

'My sister's smiling face, grandmother's loving eyes ... I think those were times when I was most happy.'

Weed was being paid while enjoying his task. It was pure bliss!

Carving Seoyoon smiling.

A murderer, times when she was scared, times when she was happy, all those contributed to the beginning of a real sculpture.

The risk of freezing to death in an icy cold snow storm, it was overcome with the creation of Bingryong.

Sculptures were the only companion that travelled alongside Weed during his adventures.

Having a painful dream.

Unfulfilled dreams become reality through sculptures.

Unfolding life by investing in sculpture and swordsmanship, this was

another transformation.

It created a sense that sculpting was not difficult.

Sculptors had to stay close to and be clear of people's feelings, but nevertheless, sculptures had various forms.

The fear of failure was often time-consuming for Sculptors, mainly the large ones, but a good sculpture was the only one that could deny it.

Sculptures made with the heart and soul.

Weed was trying to forget the poetic memories but the dreams for the future of sculpting unfolded to him.

'Well, terribly cheap, so far the value that was placed so far... What if it can be done even better, but tiresome so just choose what is presented.'

Weed spoke.

"I will go the way of the Eternal Sculptor."

*

- Oppa, how are you?

- That...

Zephyr was alone in Todeum and was answering Yurin's questions in whisper.

She did not know what answer she should give, though if suddenly connected, even between the whisper, a greeting was shared.

'I know, at least on the day that Geomchi was killed.'

It was so devastating that when Geomchi was mentioned, the mood and heart was heavy and had to sit down!

However, there was no denying, the answer was kind.

Then while in the car, Yurin suddenly asked him.

- Where is Oppa's home?

- Gangbuk. Pyeongchang.

- Where is Pyeongchang?

- The description is hard... It's north of Bukhansan.

- Oh, Brother's life is difficult. Does water from the tap come out well?

Does the bus to town pass there?

-

- Later I will buy for you an energising seaweed rice cake.

Business cards could/were not even be handed out as Pyeongchang was treated as an upstart mountain town.

- What does Oppa intend to do when you graduate from school?

- What?

- Isn't there anything you want to do.

- Because what I want to do...Don't have to think that much. My parents would just have me take over the family business. So far, it's turning out that way with a lot of studying.

- What is your family business?

- It's Sung's

Zephyr was hesitating about whether to tell the truth. This was because he had never told anyone in Royal Road about his family.

- You're from Sung Electronics?

- Huh? Mmm.

The established former five-star world record holder in annual revenue and net income company, Sung's Electronics was the center of a group of affiliated companies.

'It's not wrong to say that Sung Electronics is one of our affiliates.'

- The Sung Electronics that sells everything from computers, cell phones, kitchen appliances and so forth?

- Th-That is true.

- Heh! That's great.

Zephyr had met an extensive number of women, and he noticed that she was on the unusual side.

‘That reaction was a little weird though.’

Surprise and admiration, but it was a proper attitude.

He then heard Yurin whisper.

- Tonight could you come to my house? Don't tell my brother Today I'll make my brother a painting.

Yurin suddenly asked in a clear voice.

*

Choi Ji-Hoon was cardioplegic when he saw the suffering, his face was haggard as his car was driving into the neighbourhood Lee Hayan was living in.

“What is happening.”

An invitation to a woman's home was welcomed, but if the opponent was Lee Hayan, the circumstances would be different.

Conversation and intimacy with their lives at stake, invited to the house at night I must do whatever it takes....

“Life or death. There was no room for excuses.”

Choi Ji Hoon was obsessed with a myriad of delusions and was forced to back off.

The location was not hard to find thanks to the simple directions given by Hayan.

A bit of a distance from the roads and stores was a small house located in a secluded area.

The yard was full of flowers in bloom and in the corner were jars.

“Really.”

Choi Ji Hoon smiled.

“Theres a pleasant atmosphere about the house as if she was raised

well.”

But he had not the slightest idea.

Lee Hayan was in the kitchen, working hard to make it clean.

“Kitchen maid and even later, married. Cooking kimchi and side dishes will be continued to be carried with you even as you prepare to die.”

Be that as it may, the dishes and the laundry were not forced completely, but most of it were the tasks in Lee Hyun’s life.

The house was saved.

Years of newspaper delivery had trained a sense of geography. For a long time, the sun was good they found a house in a quiet secluded area and bought it.

Ding dong.

Choi Ji Hoon rang the doorbell and the front door opened.

“Excuse me.”

Seeing as it was the first time visiting a woman’s house, secretly his heart trembled a trifle. His two arms were holding flowers and a fruits basket as a present for whatever was to come.

Bark!

Soon after, the barking dog ran into the yard.

“Heog!”

Choi Ji Hoon faltered and stepped back.

“What is this veal dog.”

The big dog came running up while wagging its tail, licking and desperately rubbing on his body.

An excessive display of intimacy.

He realised its behaviour was because it knew he was a guest.

“Come in.”

Lee Hayan, wearing a white t-shirt came out on the porch modestly dressed. Even then, Choi Ji Hoon was trying to pretend to be friendly.

“Boshin, go ahead and relax.”

As soon as Hayan said this, the tail stopped wagging at once and the dog quickly retreated to its kennel.

Choi Ji Hoon’s spirit was in turmoil, he held out the flowers and fruit basket.

“It was awkward to come empty-handed so I brought something.”

“Yes, thank you.”

Hayan received the fruit basket and led Choi Ji Hoon into the house.

“The flowers?”

“What about the umbrella stands....”

“.....”

Lee Hayan served the meal with side dishes that were food boiled down in soy sauce or other seasonings.

“Bon appetit.”

Impetuously showing up, taking dinner at the table that was already set, Choi Ji Hoon raised the spoon.

“Although it’s not much, have your fill.”

Eating at home was different. Side dishes were carefully pick so they would not put a strain on the stomach.

The immaculate Choi Ji Hoon was struck with the taste of the food.

“Delicious. I enjoyed it.”

His words were not empty, even the rice was great. The dishes were more delicious than eating a full course in a restaurant.

As soon as you ate the rice, you’d feel as if you were on air.

“You prepared the food for me, so I’ll clean up.”

“No thank you. You’re the guest. I’ll clear the dishes so stay in the room. I’ll be back.”

“I-In the room?”

“Yeah. Why don't you go there.”

“.....”

Choi Ji Hoon was intrigued as Hayan pointed to an open door and entered.

Stepping foot into a 20 year old girl’s room.

Pink wallpaper, posters of celebrities, photos, was what he expected. Rather it was filled with shelves of books mostly related to science and medicine and in the midst of these, mystery novels.

«The world will be destroyed with 10 technological advances»

«Human Anatomy»

«A serial killer's invitation»

“She’s reading really good books.”

Even the written language of the titles, Choi Ji Hoon could not carelessly pass by to read.

“She’ll be here soon... What am I doing?”

Hayan’s room, it bore a haunting and amazing atmosphere that overflowed, causing him to be afraid.

‘But...I can’t settle with this girl. At least other women who come will be similar, in one’s eyes.

There was a refreshing fragrance in Hayan’s room.

Just a while ago she was studying, there were books and notes spread all over the desk.

After a while, she came carrying tools including a screwdriver and hammer.

“Have you rested? The television isn’t working well so please fix it.”

“Yes?”

“You said you were part of Sung’s Electronics. Please fix it.”

“Sung...Electronics, but I’m not sure if I can repair the television. Just because South Korea has cars, does it mean we can make cars?”

Choi Ji Hoon, although puzzled, disassembled the TV with tools and luckily was able to find the parts of the circuit that required fixing.

“Ah! Here comes the screen.”

The nervous Choi Ji Hoon wiped the cold sweat off his forehead.

It was an old vintage television but he hadn’t taken one apart before.

‘This experience will be helpful.’

Choi Ji Hoon had a smile plastered on his face.

‘Now all I need to do is to wait for a lovely conversation to happen.’

In that moment, he felt himself reliable as Lee Hayan smiled a bright,innocent and perfectly natural smile.

“Really it’s fixed. I’m amazed.”

A little dramatically, Choi Ji Hoon gestured to his pounding heart.

“In the future, if you need any help, please call on me.”

“Can I really do that?”

“Sure.”

“In fact there might be other things broken.”

“...”

“Even imported things? Oh but I don’t think you know how to fix those...”

“No. Bring it.”

Hayan actually brought it.

Gas stove, oven, air purifiers, humidifiers, vacuum cleaners, cell phones, laptops, printers, computers, monitors, cassettes, telephone, fan, rice

cooker, a bidet!

“This, is this all?”

“No. There’s more. The refrigerator in the kitchen too.”

“.....”

“You can’t fix it? Do you have to bring it to the depot?”

Choi Ji Hoon vigorously shook his head.

“No. I’ll give it a try.”

He started with the easiest one, the telephone.

Old parts wear out and end up unusable, but generally parts tend to just break.

After the repair period, it looked newly bought because even a small failure could not be detected.

“Where did you get all this stuff?”

“I got it from our original house, some of the things were brought by brother. He found it during his newspaper routes.

“I see.”

Repairing was difficult, but Choi Ji Hoon was comfortable because he was having a conversation with Hayan who was sitting right next to him.

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