

The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

(달빛 조각사)

Volume 16

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Story Description:

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

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

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

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

Chapter 1: Wanted

Within the Embinyu Church temple, Dark Knights were taking their positions in an orderly manner. The armor of the Knights on display was made of Mithril and Adamantium, shining like jewels as if they had never been used before. The floor was soft and luxurious, covered with the highest grade of carpeting, and on the ceiling was a chandelier made of finely cut emeralds and sapphires.

"The ritual failed? Even the tools necessary for the ritual were stolen?"

The Priests and Dark Knights bowed their heads before the rebuke of the Pontifex of the Embinyu Church 11th Sect, Feylord.

"We are ashamed, Feylord-nim."

The Pontifex, Feylord, was obesely fat, and his face was covered by his upturned robe. However, the golden Embinyu statue of their evil God stood out prominently behind the Pontifex. It was a figure holding a different weapon in each of its 12 hands while killing Humans, Elves, Dwarves, Dragons, and other races.

The golden statue, which exuded revulsion, was lightly shrouded in something like a gloomy fog.

"Mobilize all our forces to kill the man who interfered in our activity. Also, be sure to recover the items of the Matallost Church he took."

"We obey the Pontifex-nim's command."

The Dark Knights and Priests bowed deeply at the waist.

Ding!

- You are an enemy of the Embinyu church!

The Embinyu Church is a merciless group worshipping the most destructive and despicable evil God.

Because they do not stop at any method or means for seizure and propagation, their relationship with the other Churches in Versailles continent was to the point where they would not share one hands-breadth of land or one sip of water.

The 11th Sect of the Embinyu Church has publicly declared enmity against the man who interfered in their ritual and has mobilized pursuers.

Formation of the Pursuers:
10 Intermediate Dark Knights
3 Priests
100 Soldiers

Weed-nim, you are wanted by the Embinyu Church.
Pursuers will be on the chase for your trail.

Along with the message window, Weed could see an image of what had happened within the Embinyu Church.

"Pursuers.... this will be annoying."

If one's notoriety for murder became extremely high, there were cases where the Kingdom sent pursuers. Those pursuers came chasing the trails fairly quickly.

Even if the first group fails, a second wave of pursuers will quickly follow. The next group of pursuers will have higher numbers and superior skills.

It was virtually impossible to escape from a group of pursuers!

He would definitely be caught at some point.

Even if his movement speed was fast, or if he was a Thief or an Assassin with 'Stealth', it would only make a minimal difference on how long he can run. As the number of pursuers accumulated, outstanding Thieves or Assassins would join the group.

Weed decided to think positively.

"I did expect something like this was going to happen at some point."

It was due to good fortune nothing like this had happened to him until now! Since he had accumulated many resentful relationships while solving quests, getting chased wasn't surprising.

Anyway, accomplishing the quest here came first, since it was a chain

quests with countless enormous rewards.

By Weed's side were the useful Bingryong, Phoenixes, and Yellowy. Not only were the Guardian Knights of the Matallost Church unable to leave the area around the River of Lamentation, but they couldn't follow him to complete the quest because it was their duty to protect the Church's temple.

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Once Bingryong entered the scene, the Phoenixes lowered their wings and bowed.

Proper treatment to an elder brother!

Yellowy also displayed obedience, like a docile Korean cow.

Bingryong swelled with self-importance.

"You guys are working hard."

"Not at all, senior. We are merely utilizing the path you have already cleared."

Yellowy acted especially friendly.

"So you understand. In our time, we always listened intently to the words of our seniors."

"Please tell us the ways of life and what we must do to endure living under our particularly evil master."

Bingryong was greatly satisfied by the seniority treatment and told them the absolutely necessary information for living.

"No matter how hungry you are, you must eat cautiously. Never eat around the master. You'll be abused for eating a lot. You must not recklessly eat meat dropped from any prey. You have to give the tasty and fresh meat to be sold."

Yellowy and the Phoenixes understood and nodded their heads in sympathy.

"In the end, we have to live while only eating the food the master gives? When can we eat tasty meat?"

"You have to eat in secret. Be it hillock or hollow, you must fill your belly in such a place. The master has a talent for constantly keeping us hungry. Jeez. Does a boat get lazy if you fill it with oil? Make sure you eat properly."

"As expected of our senior."

"This is the wisdom I learned in life. You guys will also come to know it all with the passing of time, but I'm telling you beforehand so you don't suffer. There are also times when you hunt with the master, right?"

"There are many occasions. We want some time to ourselves, but he always drags us along."

"Watch out for japtem. He gets edgy when there's less japtem drop. On such days, it's good to not stand out and you have to pretend you're hunting diligently."

"Ooh, so that's how it is!"

"He becomes extremely happy when a weapon or armor drops. Even if he was irritated just five minutes ago, he laughs mirthfully. When that happens, you must get close to him and imprint your presence."

"Why?"

"We must flaunt our roles to him. With how much he nitpicks and abuses..."

This was vital information for a peaceful existence!

Bingryong fully did his part as their senior.

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Weed took out the symbol of the Matallost Church, the Statue of Death, to do the follow up of the chain quest. The Statue of Death opened its mouth.

In a place close to hell, the Matallost Church made a promise with three tribes. It was a promised alliance to fight together against any enemy that threatens them.

In order to take up the promised alliance, you need the Cane symbolizing the token of the alliance. Take the Cane and persuade those tribes.

Do your best to avoid pursuers and escape.

Ding!

Alliance of the Deliverers (1)

In order to retaliate against the Embinyu Church, you need the alliance contracted 130 years ago. However, your task to persuade the descendants of these tribes will not be simple, because all of the people concerning the alliance are long dead.

You will need the communication skills of an expert compromiser and a daring mind; if you fail, you might even be hung by the neck on a tree.

You must embrace the great danger and depart.

Before you face the Tribes of the Alliance, broaden the distance between yourself and the pursuers sent by the Embinyu Church

You must avoid being seen by the other tribes on this land, which are dominated by the Embinyu Church, so they cannot oppose you. You cannot relax in any place besides the three tribes of the alliance.

Revive the Alliance of the Deliverers and seize the fortress of the Embinyu Church.

If you bring about the alliance, you will be able to use the relic of the Matallost Church, the Cane of Promise.

Chain quest to Rescue the Prisoners of the Matallost Church, Eradicate the Embinyu Church's 11th Sect, and the Matallost Church's Long-Cherished Wish.

Difficulty: S

Reward: Colossal Fame and Charisma

Quest Restrictions: A quest with a total of three steps. You must complete all of them successfully.

Occupy the fortress of the Embinyu Church to complete the quest's first stage. Fulfill the requirements of the quest to progress to the quest's second stage.

It will result in failure if the pursuers take the Cane. If you fail the quest, all chain quests related to the Matallost Church will end.

At last, the appearance of a quest with an S class difficulty!

"I've come this far."

Weed closed his eyes.

To bring about the alliance with the three tribes and destroy the Embinyu Church's fortress!

It will not end in a simple manner. It was merely the first step of a long quest!

Of course, the reward was probably immense, but he also felt a mental burden.

'Although it's true I'm not a normal Sculptor...'

A quest restricted only to those with the profession of a Sculptor!

Weed was the Legendary Moonlight Sculptor, a profession granted to the only person who had unified the continent. Since he had underlings like Bingryong, the Phoenixes, and Yellowy, he was in a much more advantageous position than others.

Even the 'Interfere with the Embinyu Church's Ritual' quest possessed a high difficulty. It was a whopping A. Regardless of difficulty, a difficulty of B or higher impacted the Versailles Continent.

The ritual interference quest had been among the somewhat easier quests for an A-class difficulty, but leadership and the ability to command was needed in order to deal with the Guardian Knights of the Matallost Church.

If not for sculptures he had prepared in advance, his Charisma, and quick tactical decisions, the quest could have been extremely difficult!

How much he had suffered with other difficult quests such as 'True Blood Vampires' or when he fought the Immortal Legion! When he fought the True Blood Vampires, he failed the first hunt and died helplessly. He had also died in his fight with Lich Shire, and literally melted from the Bone Dragon's Breath. He didn't even have time to resist!

Sculpting Blade, Sculpture Life Bestowal, the Art of Sculpture Transformation, the Power to Reject Death. He applied every technique he possessed; his Resilience, Perseverance, and his polished swordsmanship to endure.

Although Weed completed those dangerous quests, this time an S-class difficulty quest had appeared.

A powerful Sculptor lord leading his sculpture army! It was Weed's vague dream for the future, but some of the sculptures he created and granted life to lost their lives.

He couldn't just blindly rely on the Legendary Moonlight Sculptor profession or the effects of his sculpture underlings.

For an S-class difficulty quest, without completing it with all his body and soul, it might result to the quest being marked as unresolved.

Others weren't even able to take a glimpse at an S-class quest, but he also couldn't see it as a blessing.

Weed submerged himself in thought with his eyes closed.

'If I abandon it now... I will likely lose a significant amount of Fame and trust.'

Stopping in the middle of a quest with a high difficulty, especially a chain quest, yielded an enormous loss. He would get hexed with a curse difficult to lift, or he could lose precious fortune, accumulated fame, or contribution.

Weed came to a clear decision.

'Let's accept.'

The penalty from giving up and the penalty for failing the quest probably don't differ much.

In worst case scenario, with the Power of Reject Death, he could only lose his life a second time!

He decided to give it a go while preparing for the worst case scenario.

He was able to strengthen his weakening spirit with confidence.

If he was weak, then he needed to be challenged until he gets stronger.

He had sewn buttons onto 500 sets of clothing, and stayed up all night to attach eyes onto dolls!

He just had to further increase the amount of grinding he had to do for the sake of success.

"A long time may have passed, but they will remain as friends who can be depended on. The promised alliance will surely be kept."

- You have accepted the quest.

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Nehalles Metropolis – The capital city of Brent Kingdom, the long-standing enemy of Rosenheim Kingdom.

Peddlers selling fruit called out to players.

"Miss, have you heard about Weed from Rosenheim Kingdom?"

"Huh? Weed?"

Saerin, a Summoner, knew the peddler was just trying to make small talk and didn't pay any attention. Sometimes NPCs gave out information, but they were rarely helpful!

"If it's someone from Rosenheim Kingdom... I don't know any famous Adventurer or Warrior by the name of Weed, are you perhaps talking about Sculptor Weed?"

The famous Sculptor Weed who had made the Pyramid!

Saerin was sightseeing the East. She had known of Weed ever since she first stopped by Rosenheim Kingdom.

"So you know of him. They say Weed is undertaking an amazing quest!"
"What kind of quest is it? Did he meet up with another Kingdom's King?"

Other users who overheard them interrupted Saerin's conversation with the peddler.

"What is going on?"

"They said the Sculptor Weed is currently doing a quest..."

"The famous Sculptor Weed?"

Even in Brent Kingdom, almost everyone knew of Sculptor Weed, who made Rosenheim Kingdom famous.

"If you guys are talking about Sculptor Weed, he recently became the Lord of Morata."

"What kind of quest is he undertaking?"

"Shhhh! Let's listen."

Saerin was quite flustered because of the players who suddenly gathered around her. She didn't know Weed was so popular!

Players from Brent Kingdom often went on hunting expeditions in Rosenheim Kingdom. The effect of the Pyramid provided immense help. The popularity of Sculptors in Brent Kingdom was at its peak.

There were also rumors of players from Rosenheim Kingdom traveling all the way to Morata in the North and its Tower of Light.

Weed's delicious grass porridge and barley bread had already become regional specialties! Variations such as Seafood grass porridge, Mushroom grass porridge, Chicken grass porridge, Beef grass porridge had been produced. The highly nutritious and aromatic baked Barley Bread was also a popular snack.

They were legendary foods Weed, who was also well-versed in cooking, distributed to the workers who were helping built the Pyramid.

Although there were many imitations, none were as light and savory as the millet and grass porridge Weed had personally made for them.

Through those who had eaten Weed's porridge, the story had spread to the point of becoming a folk legend.

The peddler shook his head as if troubled.

"Do you know of the Embinyu Church, who is dominating the Versailles continent with darkness and fear?"

"What? Which church?"

Information of the Embinyu Church was coming from the peddler's lips!

The Brent Kingdom players, including Saerin, heard the Church's name for the first time.

"The Embinyu Church, dominating with darkness and fear. They say the

ancient, sinister group is still active."

"Embinyu Church, this is the first time I've heard of them."

"Simply mentioning it is foul, so it isn't normally spoken of."

"What does it have to do with the Sculptor Weed?"

"It seems Weed is opposing the Embinyu Church. He gained knowledge about them while tracing the Origin of Sculpting, and it looks like he is fighting the Embinyu Church, a church only can be found in history. Despite being pursued, he is trying to reconstruct an alliance for the sake of the Versailles Continent."

An S-class difficulty quest.

When the highly famed Weed took the quest, almost all the NPCs of the Versailles Continent began to talk about it.

"Do you know about Sculptor Weed? I'm starting to want to know more about him."

"It's really too bad he's a Sculptor from Rosenheim."

"How beautiful do you think Morata is? Since it's an area ruled by a Sculptor with artistry and courage, it's definitely a city with magical adventures, don't you think?"

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"You say you're an Elemental Magician? Your skills aren't outstanding enough to receive my quest." Viscount Boldman rejected her with a sneer.

Selsia smoothed down the collar of her robe in embarrassment. "I'm afraid I won't do."

Even after Hegel, Nide, Selsia, and Twitter finished their quest for the school assignment, they frequently travelled together.

In Hegel's case, he asked for some assistance from the Black Lion Guild, but asking for help every day was awkward. The Black Lion Guild consisted of only high level players, so there were no guild-mates who would travel with Hegel to hunt or complete quests.

He could show off his skills and become friends with the girls, so travelling with his friends was a chance to kill two birds with one stone!

Hegel walked up confidently. "After I receive the quest, I'll share it with you."

Since Hegel was a party member, Selsia agreed. Granted, if he was able to accept the quest, he could only share it with his party members if it was shareable.

"I will help you."

Boldman just snorted at him. "Your help? You've given up in the middle of many quests, haven't you? So there's a rumor you're someone who can't be trusted. The Nobles of Sur Kingdom won't entrust any kind of quest to you."

The humiliation he suffered from Boldman!
Hegel's face turned beet red.

However, Boldman had a few more words to add. "If you were as talented as Sculptor Weed, you would be able to solve my problem... But that impressive individual is busy and has many things to do, so he probably wouldn't be able to help me with my quest on top of it all."

"Weed-hyung?"

"Do you know about Sculptor Weed? He is worthy of being a good example to the Adventurers of Versailles Continent. There has never been a greater Adventurer than he. He is throwing himself into helping those who are hampered with difficulties and is righting the world. Why do you think there is still a fragile peace on the continent? Don't you think it's because of the Sculptor Weed?"

Hegel was dumbfounded.

Boldman, who had spoken nothing but offending words to him and his party, was sparing nothing to praise Weed.

"Weed blocked the machinations of the Embinyu Church, which no one could challenge. The Embinyu Church's pursuit has been organized, but I

believe Weed will never been captured."

Hegel really wanted to say his two cents. 'I'd be overjoyed if he was caught and killed!'"

Boldman continued his praises.

"Weed truly deserves to be called the great Sculptor who protects the continent's peace. From his long journey to find the origin of sculpting, he is stopping the Embinyu Church. It seems there are many secrets hidden in sculpting."

The Black Lion Guild chat window was flooded with messages.

Provence: It looks like Sculptor Weed is in the middle of challenging an amazing quest with the highest difficulty. All the civilians and Soldiers are talking about Weed.

Ject: Provence-hyung, I've been hearing about it too.

Provence: Where are you currently?

Ject: In a small village named Neria in Zen Kingdom. The NPCs are all talking about Weed.

Shen: I'm in the Britten Alliance Kingdom; they are also talking about Weed here.

Pine: I'm in a rural village in the Western continent. You can also hear talk of Weed here.

Shen: Mister Pine, is that true?

According to the Black Lion guild chat window, NPCs from across the Versailles Continent were talking about Weed.

Provence: For such an uproar to happen, what kind of quest is it?

Ject: Surely it's an incredible quest, a quest related to sculpting?

Bindel: A Sculptor... Nowadays, you can see many amazing Sculptors.

Provence: Bindel-hyung, what kind of quest could it be? And surely he's not soloing it, right?

Bindel: I don't know anything about it either. But he must definitely be sharing it with someone. I should have gotten friendlier with the Dwarven Sculptor I met in Kuruso. Then maybe I would hear more about sculpting.

The impact from completing an A-class quest and then receiving an S-class quest was enormous. Following Weed's actions in Kramado Dungeon, his name was now the rage all over the entire Versailles Continent.

Selsia spoke without knowing Hegel's resentful feelings. "So awesome. Weed-oppa must be doing a really amazing quest."

Twitter's excited look was also apparent. "I sent a whisper to my friends, and they said there's no one on the Versailles Continent who doesn't know of this."

Hegel's insides curdled violently. Now, there would be no one who didn't know of Weed even in school.

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"Did you hear? A Sculptor named Weed is going to fight against the Embinyu Church using the power of sculpting."

A young Dark Elf lady in the Yurokina Mountains whispered like this to everyone who approached her.

"The Embinyu Church is our enemy as well!"

"They are the enemy of all races."

The cute and slim Dark Elves did not hide their hostility towards the Embinyu Church.

The SwordNoobs quickly used their heads. Ordinarily, the gears in their boxed in minds didn't turn, but they had now received training on how you had to live from Weed.

'We're definitely giving a fervent response.'

'We have to reply like we would give everything we have.'

SwordNoob360 nodded.

"We will eliminate the Embinyu Church. Since Weed has stepped forward, they are an enemy of ours as well."

"Do you know of Sculptor Weed?"

"We are brothers in arms. You can say we're like family."

"You don't say! You're so manly!"

Their intimacy with the charming Dark Elves increased!

The SwordNoobs were grateful to Weed. Their efforts to become stronger were increasing day by day. To master the Swordsmanship skill and advance their levels through hunting!

*

"Yellowy, let's take it slow."

Weed made a simple wagon and loaded it with the drunkard Mercenary, Smith.

The quest difficulty alone was very burdensome, but to make matters worse, the pursuers were gaining ground.

'It's not something that'll work out by blindly rushing.'

Weed coldly analyzed the situation and intentionally acted relaxed. To solve an S-class difficulty quest, he couldn't become hasty. If his vision becomes too narrow, a chance smaller than the eye of a needle would disappear.

In the end, the pursuers drawing near weren't just time with significance attached; it was an opportunity.

"It's scary to fall to the dredges of life, but the bottom is actually peaceful."

Weed actually felt at peace while undertaking a quest with the highest difficulty!

Bingryong was responsible for the recon and information gathering about the nearby area.

"By the way, Bingryong."

"Why are you calling me, Master?"

Bingryong and the Five Phoenix Brothers were escorting them from the air. Bingryong's physique, which had grown even more enormous, and the red blur left from when the Phoenixes passed by, were sights ordinary monsters couldn't help but run away from in fear!

"Where and what have you been doing until now to led you all the way here?"

"That's..."

"Sit down and explain. It's hard to keep staring up in the sky."

"Yes, Master."

Bingryong folded his wings and seated himself on the ground.

His body had been lacking because it was made of ice!

Bingryong had dripped ice water everywhere if it got a little warm. Needless to say, his abilities would weaken accordingly.

Although it was true the current weather was breezy and refreshing, Bingryong appeared to be in perfectly normal condition.

His frame had grown much larger than before and the strength he could exhibit had increased. Before, he had staggered around while walking on the ground because of his weight, but now he outstretched his wings and was able to lower his neck close to the ground by bowing his upper body!

Bingryong's well-made, dignified snout was wide open. His white whiskers shook with suppleness.

"Well that... it was after I left master."

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Bingryong immediately headed north after leaving Morata. After the Cold Rose Guild retrieved the Serbian Beads, the temperature had cooled down slightly.

This was a positive thing for Bingryong.

"ROOOOOOOOAAAAARRRR!

It wasn't the peak of the strength he'd had when the North had been frigid with chill, but normal monsters were still no match for Bingryong.

Bingryong sucked in a deep breath, an inhalation so large it ballooned his belly. Not long afterwards, his jaws stretched open almost to the point of tearing.

WHOOOOOOSH!

An arctic chill blasted through the air and swept over the terrain.

Bingryong's Ice Breath!

Monsters froze together in groups. The earth, trees, and even the roots were frozen as tens of thousands of icy shards and silvery dust spewed forth.

"YIELD!"

Dragon's Fear!

Compared to a real Dragon's Fear, its power was minuscule. However, at Bingryong's roar, all ordinary monsters were paralyzed like mice in front of a cat.

"Kuhehehe."

Bingryong's body became larger as he grew, and his mind became increasingly intelligent.

He only attacked strong monsters from the air. It was so he could flee by flying at any moment if it looked like he couldn't win, his ulterior motive!

Whenever the battle looked a tiny bit dangerous, he would flee quickly.

In the first place, he didn't touch the high-level monsters that could fly faster than him or were dangerous ones who could use magic in mid-air.

He was a coward who would flutter to the ground and wait until the flying monsters passed!

Once he was in the cold region, it was completely Bingryong's territory. He grew rapidly by hunting monsters.

Weed and human players have a time limit. No matter how much time they invested in Royal Road, they still have to sleep and eat.

However Bingryong, who lives inside Royal Road, doesn't have such limit, so he grew while hunting continuously. He could become stronger and faster than any player as long as he didn't die; was a characteristic of a sculpture with granted life.

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"But why are you here and not in the North?"

At Weed's words, Bingryong couldn't bear to give an honest answer.

"You were definitely trying to do something weird, right?"

"..."

"Do you wanna be hit and then talk? Or talk and then be hit?"

Bingryong was forced to give an inevitable confession. "To be truthful, I also wanted to try making a lair."

Bingryong wanted to do everything that real dragons did. As his level and intelligence rose, his behavior was becoming similar to that of a real dragon.

"While I was searching through the areas, I found a large cave beneath an iceberg difficult to access by foot. After hunting the ancient monster inside, I was brought here."

"Monster hunting?"

"When it died, something like a crack in space appeared and I ended up like this."

"But why are you still here? Surely it's not because you don't know the way back?"

"..."

Bingryong looked away. The sight of him silently preening his wings sure made him like a loser!

While Weed was conversing with Bingryong and leisurely chatting away,

the drunkard Smith looked anxious. Seeing as he wasn't drinking the liquor he so liked, he was definitely recognizing the impending crisis he was in.

"Are you out of your mind?"

"What?"

"Didn't you say the Embinyu Church's pursuers are hot on our tail?! We have to flee quickly, how can you be wasting time here?"

If pursuers were coming, of course it was a wanted criminal's duty to hightail it!

But Weed's actions were considerably far from it. He did run while riding Yellowy, but trying to save time was simply on a different level; he didn't show even a slight hastiness.

Yellowy was also on the grassland lazily munching on grass. The nature of the slowly moving cow even when it was being led to the slaughter!

Weed didn't rush. "This isn't something that can be done by rushing."

"Don't you think we should move a little more before the pursuers come?"

"Why should we?" Weed actually responded in the opposite.

Weed was one to set up an entire schedule for hunting or quests and move thoroughly, but his laxness was currently unparalleled.

"Looks like I'll have to help."

Smith came down from the wagon, angered.

As expected from a former Mercenary, he erased the trails they left and disturbed them; extending the time it would take for the pursuers to catch them.

"Go eastward, I surveyed the terrain and there should be a creek to the east. If we move along the creek, we can considerably reduce our footsteps and smell."

The former Mercenary, Smith, used to have plenty of time. But as the quest progressed, he became more hurried, so he was voluntarily helping

by going ahead and determining the route, erasing the trail, etcetera, and extending the distance from the pursuers with his diverse experience.

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The pursuers emerged from the Embinyu Church's temple!

It was a group consisting of 10 Dark Knights, 3 Priests, and 100 Soldiers.

"The path they are going is predetermined. After finding the Cane, they will try and revive the alliance made by the Matallost Church."

Day and night the pursuers ran across the plains. The Dark Knights were on horseback, but the Priests and Soldiers ran with robust stamina. The pursuer group moved without rest! If their Stamina fell, the Priests cast recovery magic and blessings.

The distance between Weed and his pursuers was only a day away.

*

"Yellowy."

MOOOOOOO!

"You're hungry, right? Let's eat."

Moooooooooooooooooooo.

Whenever Weed came across a large grassland, he gave Yellowy plenty of time to rest and graze on the grass.

"Don't overeat and chew thoroughly."

The kindness was enough to make Yellowy rub his head against Weed in gratitude! It was treatment enough to give someone an illusion Weed was a master who truly loved his cow!

But Weed's eyes were gleaming frostily.

'He's fattening up nicely.'

The distance from the pursuers was quickly closing in. Since Weed was

idly carving sculptures atop Yellowy, the pursuers approached even faster. The closest alliance tribe of the Matallost Church was still two days away.

Because they were taking their sweet time and moving slower than usual, the pursuers caught up to them in half a day. The drunkard Mercenary Smith, who struggled with all his strength, was still unable to delay them by much.

Even though he could see the dust cloud of their pursuers in the distance, Weed was not alarmed.

"So they're here now. Just waiting was boring."

Weed called Bingryong and the Phoenixes.

"Guys."

"Speak. Master."

"Wipe them out!"

"I see. I alone am sufficient." Bingryong soared into the air.

Each time Bingryong flapped his wings, he rose in a straight ascent high above the ground, until his body looked like it had shrunk to the size of a hand.

His belly bulged out and a snow-white Breath shot towards the direction of the pursuers.

The Dragon's Breath flew like a meteorite, leaving a long trail behind as it blasted the pursuers.

The powerful attack froze the ground and the pursuers all at once!

The Dark Knights were able to barely hold onto their lives by abandoning their horses and throwing themselves elsewhere. However, a part of their bodies was frozen.

The Dark Knights had lost all will to fight and were quaking like aspen trees!

Bingryong flew over to where they were and trampled them.

Crack!

Bingryong annihilated the pursuers in a single blow!

Bingryong inhaled another large breath and roared while looking all around him. It let out a victorious battle cry similar to the King of the Dinosaur Era, the Tyrannosaurus Rex.

"ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAR!"

His roar echoed in every direction.

The frail, timid, and powerless Bingryong's level had now passed level 446. The grown Bingryong was boasting of his strength.

*

KMC Media's program 'Weed'.

It was on break for a while after broadcasting the adventure in the land of the Vampires.

- What's the meaning of 'Weed'?
- Are you not broadcasting these days?

Questions popped up once in a blue moon on the website's message board because the program 'Weed' had been a broadcast with low viewer ratings.

The Website Administrator, Oh Yun Sil answered their questions politely.

– The meaning of the title 'Weed' is a secret. It'd be nice if this became a show viewers can get involved in. It is difficult to tell you about the future broadcast schedule as it is adjusted according to the station's internal schedule.

The viewers who saw the admin's words were certain.

'This program will be cancelled soon. It might've even ended already without announcement...'

As such, the program 'Weed' was slowly being forgotten by the viewers.

However, the head honchos of KMC Media hadn't lost their expectations for the program 'Weed.' The Equipment Technicians, Production Director, Writers, and Hosts were just waiting to be called.

Then a rumor Sculptor Weed was doing an incredible quest spread throughout the Versailles Continent.

KMC Media immediately held a meeting for the broadcast.

"We've looked through histories of the Versailles Continent, but the true nature of the Embinyu Church doesn't appear anywhere."

"There are 12 sects within the church, and we estimate there is a separate order commanding them."

"How are the players behaving?"

"It's as if a nuclear bomb has exploded. They are talking about the Embinyu Church and the Sculptor Weed in every village."

"Since the inhabitants of Versailles Continent haven't stopped talking about the Embinyu Church, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say it has become the most talked about topic in conversations."

It was a meeting personally being chaired by the Head Director.

A simple analysis had just been concluded after looking at the images from the circuit connected to Lee Hyun's capsule.

"It's an opportunity to once again see Weed's feats, like the Immortal Legion and the Palrangka battle."

The Head Director was a great fan of Weed.

Apart from the broadcasts, he was excited from just being able to see Weed's adventures!

Director Kang raised his hand to gain permission to speak, and moved his face closer to his microphone.

"Respectable Head Director and fellow colleagues, the matter is not as simple."

"What is the problem, Director Kang?"

"Well, Head Director. First, we cannot overlook the quest difficulty. An S-class quest! Is it not true not a single person has completed one? Considering it was enough to spread rumors, it is not an ordinary quest. It may attract attention, but we might end up disappointing the viewers."

"But we're talking about Weed's quest here. Wasn't he the first to ever complete an A-class difficulty quest?"

"That's right. He did do it, but..."

Director Kang took out a handkerchief and wiped the sweat on his brow. He felt the pressure of having to oppose the Head Director's words as a salaried worker!

In this desperately dangerous situation, his shirt was drenched in sweat, but he still had to say what had to be said.

"We have to examine the quests Weed completed. The Immortal Legion quest was an A-class difficulty, but he had the assistance of the Orcs and Dark Elves."

The Head Director nodded.

The battle where Weed had fought as the Orc Karichwi had been so impressive, he still hadn't forgotten it. The Immortal Legion broadcast was still at the top of the ranking for the number of downloads.

"Please go on."

"Yes. In large scale battles where he commanded these different forces, for a Sculptor, Weed had absurdly high Leadership and Charisma, instantaneous judgement in a rapidly changing battle, and the eye for detail and concentration to not miss even a small portion throughout the battle."

Director Kang thoroughly praised Weed. Since the Head Director was a fan, criticism of Weed was off-limits within the station!

"If players who only know how to fight had been presented the same situation, they would have likely fought while buried in the interracial Orcs and Dark Elves and would have been defeated. Even if their level was

high, they wouldn't have been able to stop the Immortal Legion. Weed's strength shines in large-scale battles."

"His ability to command is difficult to rival; it is Weed's strong point."

"Yes. It is exactly as you say. Weed has an immense strong point in quests that provide military support. Other A-rank difficulty quests have shown it as well. In the quest related to the honor of the Niflheim Empire's Imperial Family, and the quest where the Bone Dragon emerged, how much did he suffer?"

The Head Director nodded since he understood what Director Kang was trying to say.

After all the troubles Weed faced while crossing the cold and desolate North, he rode a Wyvern and defeated the Bone Dragon at the end of a great struggle.

"So Director Kang thinks the likelihood of Weed failing this quest... will be very high."

"Yes. Though they say there's military support in his current quest as well, but I see it as being too much for him alone. If it was an A-rank difficulty quest, then he would have developed a resistance and the sculptures he made will have improved their skills on their own, so he would be able to complete it. However, I have judged the S-rank difficulty quest to be too much."

The heft of an A-rank difficulty quest was still as great as ever.

Their competitors, CTS Media, had broadcasted an eradication of Giant Forest Golems and a related A-rank difficulty quest, and their viewer rating jumped to 7% in an instant. For game broadcasting ratings alone, it was over 60% of the share.

"Also... if we broadcast the quest this time, Weed's identity might be revealed."

"His identity?"

"It will be quite difficult to hide the fact that God of War Weed and

Sculptor Weed is in fact the same person."

"Hmm, there was that problem as well."

"Although we won't be able to hide it forever while continuing the broadcasts, but if we ignore the risk and broadcast it, we will lose a great deal. Therefore, I have come to the conclusion it is still a little too early."

The faces of the Head Director and the other directors turned serious. It was a quest overwhelming to manage even if Weed gave everything he had. He couldn't hide the skills he possessed on top of that.

"Though it was a chance to broadcast an S-rank difficulty quest, it's a pity."

In conjunction with the Head Director's words, the meeting was coming to the decision of forgoing the broadcast.

Ring!

Just then, the phone on Director Kang's table rang. After hesitating for a moment, Director Kang pushed the button on the phone.

"I'm in a meeting right now... what's going on?"

He heard the staff secretary's voice on the speakerphone.

– I'm sorry. There's an important call for you, Director Kang.

"Who's calling?"

– A person named Lee Hyun.

"Lee Hyun? If it's Lee Hyun..."

Surprise swept over Director Kang's face. Then he explained to the Head Director and other Directors.

"I'm certain Lee Hyun is the person with the character Weed."

"Is that so? Then please speak with him."

"I'll accept it on speakerphone then."

After a while, Lee Hyun's call connected from the Secretary's room to the meeting room.

– Hello Mr. Kang.

"Oh no, I'm sorry, I should have called first."

– Not at all. More importantly, I received the money you deposited, thank you.

The salary from the Palrangka Battle had been deposited into his bank account. Since he was given incentives based on the ratings and even gained a profit each time the broadcast was downloaded, it was actually a considerable sum!

"Naturally, we have to pay you for your work."

– Huhuhu.

Lee Hyun laughed in a very satisfied manner!

– Actually, I have a question to ask. I contacted you because of the broadcasting of the quest I'm currently doing. How is it?

"It's...very difficult to decide."

Director Kang explained step by step. Since it was an S-rank quest and was the focus of attention, as broadcasters, of course they wanted to broadcast it. While earnestly expressing his very anxious feelings, he conveyed the difficulty of the situation.

"Therefore, we are currently in a meeting about whether we should do the broadcast or not."

Whether he understood Director Kang's mournful feelings or not, Lee Hyun's response was incomparably relaxed.

– You can broadcast if you want.

"What?"

– Don't you need to broadcast to raise the ratings? The rating needs to rise to get commercials.

"That may be so, but the issues are..."

– If there's a program you need, then all you need to do is broadcast it. If it's for the station and the viewers, won't your company's public relations be able to do a lot of marketing?

Lee Hyun was explaining the necessity of the broadcast to Director Kang, who was a veteran in the field!

– Please think about the viewers. What do the viewers want? Fun and the answers to their curiosity! And don't they want to enjoy it together?

"..."

– How can a station ignore the demands of the viewers? Is that okay? If you respect your viewers, don't you need to put swift coverage and delivery of information first?

It was a lecture only to happen in a broadcasting association's get-together!

– On the message boards, there are a lot of viewer's comments asking to broadcast what kind of quest it is.

Naturally, there were many comments asking to broadcast the quest on the station's viewer forum. Not only KMC Media, but the unanimous opinions of viewers in CTS Media and other stations were also being flooded.

Director Kang explained with concern. "As a station, of course we want to organize the program, but we're worried about what kind of disadvantages there will be for you, Lee Hyun-nim."

– Is there anything that comes without a price in the world?
"..."

There is no such thing as free money. Lee Hyun had known this from an early age.

"But the difficulty of the quest is too high."
– I'll have to do my best.

"We'll try our best in the editing process, but it may be difficult to completely hide the fact you're the God of War Weed. Despite that, is it still okay to broadcast?"

Director Kang and KMC Media did not want to inconvenience Lee Hyun with the fame from being the God of War Weed and the fact he was the

main character of the adventure! For Lee Hyun's sake, the station had been on the verge of suspending or cancelling the broadcast.

– Yes.

Lee Hyun's answer was firm. However, immediately afterward he asked with a trembling, choked voice.

– Hey, by the way... Ummm.

"Please speak."

– The broadcast will have an incentive this time too, right? There was an incentive on the contract conditions.

"..."

That was the only thing he was worried about!

He didn't trust promissory notes, coupons, or anything like shares, whose values could rise or fall unpredictably. Only KMC Media held Lee Hyun's confidence, as they made sure to deposit the money on the agreed date.

'This station is truly reliable. They're a good station who succeeds on the trust of the people.'

After Lee Hyun's call ended, the mood within the meeting room changed immediately.

"Shall we try it?"

"Let's do it. He wants it, and... isn't this what the viewers' desire as well?"

"Director Hyun, the expected rating is?"

"Yes, Head Director. If we do the broadcast, we estimate the ratings will be considerable. Since it can also attract ordinary people who almost never watch game broadcasts, I'm confident of 17% at minimum.

"The commercials will be booked?"

"Of course."

The positive mindset was spreading!

This time, the Head Director asked Director Kang. "The quest difficulty is

immense, but do you think he can pull it off?"

"I'm not sure either. However, is he not the Weed with the nickname 'God of War?' He will push forward somehow. Whether he succeeds or fails, he will make something out of it."

He was the God of War Weed who had always achieved surprising results, even results no one could have imagined. He had never been in an easy fight.

At other times, he didn't show the absolute authority or charisma from his time in the Continent of Magic. He went freely as a stingy person, grinding machine, Chef, Sculptor, Blacksmith, Tailor, and borderline scammer.

But when the battle broke out, with the appearance of the Orc Karichwi and the Origin of the Skeleton, he made the truth of who he was plenty clear to the viewers.

The station had absolute confidence.

They had just been indecisive about the broadcast because his enormous fame might be harmed. There was no one involved in the station who would hesitate to broadcast about God of War Weed.

The Head Director finally gave his decision.

"Prepare the program. Gather our best staff and get to work right away."

*

The Embinyu Church's Priests were able to detect the deaths of their colleagues.

The church formed a group to chase them again.

"Eliminate the man who interfered in our ritual!"

The pursuers composed of 20 Dark Knights, 5 Priests, and 300 Soldiers!

The Dark Knights were riding swift coursers, and the Soldiers and Priests rode carriages.

After improving their mobility, they pursued Weed again.

Chapter 2: Alliance of the Deliverers

Weed checked the information of the Matallost Church's relics.

"Identify!"

Copper Plate of Rest
Durability: 12/1,000

The copper plate with powers to lead the dead to the world of eternal rest.

An item absolutely necessary for the existence of the Matallost Church, it is in severely damaged condition.

One of the five relics.

Because it is a dangerous item, if it falls into the hands of the wicked, the probability of it causing chaos is high.

Although it was being protected by the Holy Knights of the Matallost Church, it was forcibly taken by the Embinyu Church. As damage is severe, there is a limitation to the power it can display.

While it is impossible to repair by normal means, it can be repaired with the holy power of the Matallost Church's Pope.

The durability will decrease even more if used.

Limitation: Must receive the recognition of the Matallost Church. Faith 2,000

Special Effect: Lead the dead to their resting place.

Can forcibly cancel Undead magic. Can specially enhance Undead to decrease damage taken from Holy Magic.

If an Undead has hold of it, it can reject guidance to the world of eternal rest and retain very high Health, Mana, and Strength.

Can create and command Demonic Spirits.

Can pronounce the sentence of death. Once sentence of death has been pronounced, Health and Mana will not recover for a day.

Copper plate able to guide the dead to their eternal rest!

With the copper plate, one could return the Undead back into corpses. It would be an incredible relic for Necromancers.

The sentence of death would have a tremendous effect on living beings as well.

"Still, it's pretty lousy."

Weed felt it was regretful as he looked at the Copper Plate of Rest.

The durability will decrease every time it was used. Since the remaining durability wasn't high, it meant it could only be used a few more times!

If the relic was destroyed, a great misfortune or a curse would follow. Becoming an enemy of the Matallost Church would be a certainty as well.

"The next item is... Identify!"

Token of Alliance, Wand
Durability: 139/200.
Attack Power: 15.

This Wand is a proof of the alliance of the Matallost Church with its neighboring brethren.
The Wand acts as proof of the contract between the Matallost Church and its neighboring tribes. Though it's a relic with a God's blessing, it normally only has a slight ability to aid holy powers.
Once you have fulfilled the promised alliance, you can utilize the authority of the Deliverer vested in the Wand.
However, you must pay the price for the usage of authority.

Restriction: Must receive recognition of the Matallost Church. Faith 2,000.
Special Effect: Holy Power 5%

The Copper Plate of Rest and the Wand!

They were relics of the Matallost Church he could use to win in the battle against the Embinyu Church. The battle's conditions would change greatly depending on the relics' use.

*

That night, Weed arrived at the village of the first alliance tribe of the Matallost Church, Vejague.

The tribesmen were closer to monsters than humans. They only had few strands of hair left, with their mouths were jutting out. They were also holding spears as weapons.

Weed and Smith were surrounded by the Warriors of the tribe at the

village entrance.

"As an agent of the Matallost Church, I have come to request reinforcements."

Weed broadened his chest and spoke with pride.

Among the Vejague tribal Warriors who were murmuring amongst themselves, a muscular male with tattoos all over his body came forward.

"If you are an agent of the Matallost Church, you are our brother. Welcome, visitor. Could you please clearly state your business again about why you came to us?"

"I have come to request reinforcements to fight against the Embinyu Church."

The Warrior who came to meet Weed stabbed his spear into the ground.

"The Embinyu Church is strong. We don't like their actions either, but why should our tribe shed blood for your sake?"

Weed quickly glanced around.

A perfectly gifted conversationalist doesn't exist. It was important to survey with his own eyes. No matter how good words were, they would be nothing but nonsense to break the atmosphere if they didn't match the situation!

The Warriors were robust and their gazes were piercing. They had no qualms an uninvited guest had arrived, and they didn't have cringing expressions.

There were many prey such as Caltrops and Black Wild Boars hanging above their village.

"I would like to meet the representative of the Vejague tribe. Can you represent the Vejague tribe?"

"I am a mighty Warrior. While hunting fierce and strong beasts, I am the strongest in the tribe. I am enough to represent our tribe."

Weed explained in a slightly softer tone, "The mighty Warrior of the

Vejague tribe has called me his brother. The reason you are listening to such a request is because you are among those who share difficulties with the neighbors and brothers living next to you. If a brother was to break a promise because it was difficult, the Matallost Church and the Vejague tribe would not be brothers."

Warriors nodded energetically.

"Brothers will win this together in spite of any difficulty. We, the Vejague tribe, will fight together with the Matallost Church."

"WHOAAA!"

The Warriors of the tribe shouted as they raised their spears high into the air and shook them.

Success in winning over the first tribe of the alliance!

Alliance of the Deliverers.

The Vejague tribe who hunts in the River of Lamentation has joined.

The negotiator's Fame has increased by 100.

Charm has increased by 50.

The Mighty warrior said, "Unlike the our Vejague tribe, the other two tribes will not be easy to win over. Although they value the promise, and brotherly loyalty equals to ours, each tribe has its own circumstances. In order to fight the Embinyu Church, we will definitely need the strength of the two tribes, especially the Salmere tribe."

*

Weed rode Yellowy and moved on to the location of the next tribe.

Slowly. The very slow gait of a cow.

The Vejague tribe promised.

When the 3 tribes gather, we will attack the Embinyu Church. We will help in destroying their

Because one tribe had given its promise to attack, only 2 tribes remained.

On the rocky mountain like a knife placed upside down, rare flowers and grasses hard to find in the Versailles Continent were considerable.

Weed was moving along a ridge as curved as a camel's back. Although the angle of inclination was very sharp, Yellowy walked on without slipping.

The Phoenixes spoke, "Master, the pursuers are at a distance 5 hours behind us. If we continued our current pace, they will catch up within 5 hours."

"What's the scale of the enemy?"

"It is 20 Knights, 300 Soldiers and 5 Priests."

"Still being underestimated. Finally 20 Knights... The crowd of pursuers did not increase as much as I thought."

Words couldn't be spoken by a normal Sculptor!

However, Weed was determined to purposefully draw out the pursuers and weaken the Embinyu Church's forces.

Even if it wasn't a huge help in siege warfare, he needed to reduced the enemies' numbers beforehand even if it's only little. As an S-rank quest, it would be an incredibly difficult battle even if he brings about the alliance of the three tribes.

Divide and conquer based on incentives! With the motive to weaken the enemy forces, he instinctively took tactical action.

'I'll crush them one by one for now!'

"Hurry and run before the pursuers arrive!"

Whether the drunkard Smith was fretting or not, Weed's mind rolled onward, flawlessly, and coldly.

"Bingryong. Phoenixes."

"Speak, Master."

"No need to wait until they come here. You guys go and wipe them out. Only, our side mustn't take any damage."

"Understood, Master! You need not have any concerns."

"Bingryong, you're the commander. You must return safely with the Phoenixes."

"Thanks for believing in me, Master."

Bingryong and the Phoenixes flew to the back as they flapped their wings.

Perhaps because of their fire disposition, the Phoenixes were quite aggressive and reckless. However, since Bingryong valued his body dearly, Weed had given the position of commander to him.

"They're my sculptures. If they were to be abused, I'll be doing the abusing. I can't watch them get hit by some other guy."

If not for that reason, there was no other reason to give the stupid and timid Bingryong the position of leader.

After a while, the sky to the west lit up brightly.

Ice Breath must have been fired, since the temperature lowered significantly. Afterwards, smoke from flames rose into the sky.

Fire and ice attacks.

Even in the midst of this, Weed was strengthening Bingryong and the Phoenixes.

After the group of pursuers was decimated by Bingryong and the Phoenixes, the Embinyu Church assembled new pursuers once more.

This time the pursuers consist of 40 Dark Knights, 10 Priests, 3 Magicians, 300 normal Soldiers.

Weed swallowed his saliva with a gulp.

Not only were the pursuers chasing them more and more rapidly, but their forces were improving as well.

With both burden and pleasure, the enjoyment was increasing.

Like when he dealt with the True Blood Vampires with Alveron, his energy was surging with appropriate tension.

The second alliance tribe of the Matallost Church, Lekiyé. It was a tribe with Knights and Sorcerers.

"We have not forgotten the alliance with the Matallost Church. However, too much time has passed. It's doubtful if the Matallost Church still has the qualification to act with us."

The Chief of the Lekiyé tribe neither welcomed nor opposed Weed.

"How should I prove the qualification between allies?"

The Chief said to Weed. "The power of the Embinyu Church is fearsome. To see if you can fight against them, you will need to undertake a test of courage,"

A test to pass Valley of Courage in the middle of the night without any outside help!

It was the valley the children of the Lekiyé tribe ascended when partaking in the coming of age ceremony.

Weed didn't think deeply and simply accepted. "I will prove I possess courage."

As long as he didn't want to give up the quest, he had no choice but to continue forward.

The Valley of Courage!

Weed walked quickly under the dark night sky.

The sound of the trees rustling in the wind was frightening, and it felt like something would jump out at any minute.

A situation and place perfect for a test of courage. Without mistake, it was an actual place where courage was being tested.

Unnecessary thoughts would make the heart stiffen and contract.

If one is caught in fear, even footsteps became scary, and will be

surprised by shadows. It would get more and more terrifying until one could no longer take another step.

The Valley of Courage was such a place.

Because the space of the passage in the narrow valley was only 50 cm wide, it created an illusion anything could jump out from between the bushes or trees. It was a place ceaselessly stimulated fearful thoughts, and made one's resolve crumble!

It would actually be a relief if a monster or ghost really appeared, however the place was only stimulating pure terror.

Walking in the dark, the path looked like it could lead to anywhere. Anxiety and panic-causing Valley of Courage.

Like a chant, Weed memorized something. "Spinach 2,500 won (~\$2.50), sesame leaf 1,000 won (~\$1), eggs 1,700 won (~\$1.70), sausages 4,000 won (~\$4)."

Calculation for a week worth's of expenditure!

Since it was dark and quiet, it was excellent for mentally organizing his household accounts.

"We're out of olive oil. I collected the coupon, so I should buy it the next time I go to the mart. The mart next door was holding an event for kitchen supplies... I must buy rubber gloves in a pretty pink color."

Calculating his shopping list. The part Weed loathed the most made its appearance. This time was the most difficult and painful.

"This month's total expenditures have risen to 8,000 won more than last month. It was because of the transaction on the 24th. Damn the rising prices! It was because the gas price rose."

Simply by thinking about the date, he could recall the sum he'd used during day. He could even list the fluctuations in price from last month and the month before last.

Savings, savings, savings.

Even so, the household expenses absolutely wouldn't decrease!

The biggest worries of housewives were difficult for Weed too. "House expenses: once it increases, it never decreases again."

The desperate battle against the household expenses. Having a large income didn't necessarily mean having money saved up. Thorough management along with limiting impulsive spending was necessary.

"I shouldn't have bought the expensive salt from the supermarket that one time... I needed to live frugally." He was assailed with bitter regret.

By gathering small sums, it will eventually become a large amount of money.

As he was thinking about the household expenses, he soon exited the Valley of Courage.

Weed's face was haggard and filled with horror.

Ding!

You have passed the Valley of Courage.

You have passed the Valley of Courage in the shortest time.

You have passed the ceremony much faster than young men of the Lekiyé tribe.

Willpower stat has formed.

Willpower : Increases concentration. No matter how chaotic your surroundings are, your skill success rate rises and failure rate of magic decreases.

Damage in melee range has increased.

Warriors, Adventurers, and Magicians will admire those with outstanding Willpower.

Speeds up growth of Fighting Spirit. Points can not be distributed into the stat and it will increase by itself based on character's actions.

You have earned the title 'The Courageous.'

Fame has increased by 200.
Courage has increased by 80.
Fighting spirit has increased by 10.
Leadership has increased by 5.

The Chief and Warriors of the Lekiyé tribe were waiting at the exit; after seeing Weed coming out of the valley, they ran to him.

With rings dangling on his nose, the chief outstretched his arms.

"Brother has passed the test. In accordance with the alliance, let us assault the Embinyu Church."

"WHOOAAA!" The Warriors shook their spears and cheered.

The drunken Smith came close and patted Weed's shoulder knowingly.

"Seems like the Valley of Courage was extremely difficult."

Weed replied feebly, "It was truly horrible."

"At least it's all over now. Take it as a valuable experience."

"I have to suffer it every month."

"The Chief said the ghosts of the Lekiyé tribe within the Valley of Courage are truly terrifying, but what do they look like?"

Weed shook his head. "I did not see ghosts."

Household expenses were much more frightening than ghosts.

Between the trees and behind his back, the ghosts moved stealthily. They weren't obvious, but you could feel something was there! Weed had been so immersed in mentally organizing his household accounts that he'd walked right past them without noticing.

Ding!

Alliance of the Deliverers.

The Lekiyé tribe who hunts in the River of Lamentation has joined.

The negotiator's fame has increased by 200.
Charm has increased by 60.

The alliance of the second tribe taken care of, Weed headed towards the direction of the third tribe.

The pursuers caught up quickly and had set up camp on the plains and were waiting.

Without breaking through the Dark Knights and the Embinyu Church forces, it would be difficult to go to where the third village was located.

"Bingryong, Phoenixes! Get rid of them!"

"Got it, Master."

The fight between Bingryong, the Phoenix Brothers and the pursuers took place. Weed just watched them with folded arms.

The reason he made and granted life to sculptures based on aerial monsters was because aerial monsters had a high survival rate.

"They can't be compared to land monsters."

Land monsters could perish quickly if they were surrounded and received concentrated attacks. However, a flying creature couldn't be hunted easily without a Magician or Archer squad.

Later, he had to prepare a balance so he could afford both aerial and land creatures. But so far, he mostly had aerial monsters centering around Bingryong.

The Embinyu Church's pursuers were having hard time thanks to Bingryong and the Phoenixes.

The highlight of the Phoenixes' power!

"Fire Blaster!"

When the Magicians used offensive magic, the Phoenixes flew enthusiastically.

"It's mine!"

"I saw it first."

"I'm going to eat it first."

As if they were competing, they ate the fire magic with greedy gulps.

The ability to absorb fire to replenish Health and Mana!

They also spewed flames as they flew low over the flaming ground.

As the trees burned and the flames spread, the Phoenixes demonstrated nearly infinite Health and attack power.

One must use Holy Magic, Spiritual Magic, or Mana Drain skills in order to deal with the Phoenixes. Or bombard them with Ice magic. Otherwise, there was no way to defeat the Five Phoenix Brothers!

The Phoenixes flew to the ground and flapped their flame wings or spewed fire in front of the Knights.

"ROOOAAAAAAAAAR"

They were doing far more damage than Bingryong's ruthless attacks. Bingryong went around with his massive weight, picking out the Priests and crushing them.

The force of the Embinyu Church's pursuers crumbled to at least half in an instant.

This is the power of the sculptures!

A thought of mass producing Phoenixes grazed past Weed's mind.

"I should make about 30 Phoenixes... then they probably wouldn't disappear and die."

With 30 Phoenixes, it would very well be a fiery hell!

With the characteristic of gaining strength from fire, he thought there would be almost no reason to lose Health!

If it wasn't winter or a rainy day, they wouldn't receive much effect from the environment either. While utilizing the most out of the fire characteristic, Bingryong couldn't compare in flanking capability.

However, sculptures have sensitive personality.

They were quite severely opposed to sculptures looking similar to themselves. What's worse was, they showed attitudes of wanting to fight each other.

The higher the Art stat, sculptures granted life were stronger, so the personality demands and egos became greater.

Due to the limitations of Weed's Leadership and Charisma, it was tough to handle over 10 of the same kind of sculpture.

"Yellowy, let's go!"

MOOOOOOOOO!

Weed and Yellowy took care of the remaining forces together.

With each pursuer team, Yellowy, Bingryong and the Phoenix Brothers gained 2-3 levels each, and collected plenty of japtem and weapons.

*

Before arriving at the next village, the team of pursuers once again drew close.

60 Dark Knights.

10 Priests.

10 Magicians

400 Normal Soldiers.

This is indeed an extremely bloodthirsty army!

The large army came with the purpose of capturing Weed.

"Knights, Priests, Magicians, and Soldiers were all on horseback and chasing us with amazing speed."

The Phoenixes he sent in five directions to scout had returned and reported.

Weed stroked the back of Yellow's neck. "Yellowy, let's go quickly from now on. Any more laziness and dinner will be beef soup."

Even without Weed's threat, Yellowy was extremely worried every time

food was prepared. He was getting stressed to the point of losing his perfectly good fur.

Weed's eyes looked like they really wanted to soak Yellowy's head or feet for a while whenever Weed boiled soup!

MOOOOOOOO!

Yellowy increased his speed and charged forth with his supple body. With speed easily exceeding a horse's, downhill or uphill, he ran without rest.

"Bingryong."

"Speak, Master."

"Use Breath once and come back."

The Ice Breath he used after flying to the Embinyu Church's pursuers! Like drinking a glass of milk every morning, he was ordered to shoot out Ice Breath everyday.

The Embinyu Church's pursuers sustained injuries by the Ice Breath and were dying little by little.

"Phoenixes."

"We are listening to your words, Master."

"You guys go and torch them. If they ascend the mountains or woods, quickly set them on fire."

It was a strategy that didn't consider the likes of nature conservation. Attacking with fire! In the forests with many trees and flammable reed beds, the Phoenixes attacked the pursuers without fail.

"Bingryong, is there a canyon or large forest around here?"

"You need to move a bit to the west."

"Let's go there."

He chose a path difficult for a large army to move through and delayed the pursuers.

Fairly fighting one on one!

A duel of Knights fighting with their honor on the line!

Warriors fighting with their lives!

Weed was far, far away from those things.

Even though the Priests and Magicians used protective magic, they took considerable damage from Ice Breath, killing over dozens of people. The horses slipped due to the frozen ground, and the movement speed of the Soldiers were delayed.

However, once the Embinyu Church's pursuers came a certain distance, they ignored all obstacles and caught up by traveling in a nearly straight line. Since they were moving at maximum speed to catch up to Weed, the damage they have taken from Ice Breath had accumulated.

Even Weed could see the dust trail produced by the pursuers.

"We're screwed. They are almost upon us!"

The drunkard Smith, who had tried to help, gave up everything and was drowning in despair as he sought more and more alcohol.

However, Weed didn't think this was the end. He had already accounted for the pursuers catching up to them at this point.

"I'll make it more troublesome for them."

He used an underhanded tactic of deliberately going only to places where monsters gathered, making slight detours and causing fights!

An escape superior to that of mud eels, creatures who make streams muddy!

The Embinyu Church's pursuers advanced straight through Bingryong's Breath and while fighting monsters.

The Dark Knights and Soldiers went through as they cut up the ordinary monsters, but the damage to the troops were great.

The pursuer numbers gradually dwindled and their stamina also reached the limit. The horses frothed as they collapsed, while the Priests and Magicians became a wreck.

Then, Weed found an herb field where many yellow grasses bloomed.

The most expensive medicinal herbs!
A herb with the effect of giving boundless Stamina.

Weed positioned Yellowy against a hill.
"We'll have the showdown here."

The Salmere tribe's village was only a day away.

It looked like he could get there safely without the pursuers catching up, but he intended to hunt them down to the very last man. It was ridiculous to leave the herb field behind.

"Yellowy, let's use this quickly."
"Don't wanna. It looks weird."

Yellowy, who hoped to graze freely, instinctively showed a strong rejection.

"I heard that the price of beef rose a bit recently..."
"..."

Peaceful persuasion!

He made a plow and attached it on Yellow's body to harvest the herbs.

Truly an all-terrain Korean cow!

Weed took Yellowy to collect herbs, and prepared for battle. He sharpened his sword on a whetstone and also cleaned his armor with a cloth. He even had wine with premium steak. He also mixed the herbs good for increasing Energy and Stamina with soft grass and gave it to Yellowy.

Mooooooooooooo!

Yellowy was grateful for his master's grace!

When they were completely prepared for battle, the group of pursuers appeared. After having their numbers been reduced to a third, they were no different from stragglers.

There were only about 20 Dark Knights, and only 2 Priests and 2 Magicians left.

"The enemy of Embinyu Church!"

"The Pontifex said there is no need to capture him alive. Kill him!"

The Soldiers lost their horses and ran while their armor rattled.

The Soldiers and Dark Knights attacked simultaneously. Even as they charged, their Stamina was exhausted and didn't seem like they were gaining speed.

A situation where the pursuer's army would be massacred if they were harassed a little more!

"Bingryong, Phoenix! Launch the preemptive strike."

"Got it, Master."

Bingryong drew in a deep breath to use its Ice Breath.

"It's shooting its breath!"

"Cast protective magic!"

The Priests and Magicians cast a transparent circle covering the pursuers.

Before long, a white stream of Breath spewed from Bingryong's snout.

The tremendous force of the freezing breath crushed the enemy's transparent circle!

Over 100 Soldiers were frozen solid. The damage would have been worse if they did not have protection magic.

"Whoooooooooosh!"

The Phoenixes broadly set the ground aflame.

"Kill the bastard."

"Let's kill him and sacrifice his heart to Embinyu's God!"

The Embinyu Church's pursuers pounced like little demons within the flames.

As he rode Yellowy, Weed's eyes became infinitely cold.

Like an air conditioner set at 18°C (64°F) in an empty bank*, the glint in

his eyes was lonely, forlorn, and yet violent.

[T/N: We're not exactly sure about this idiom. We think it's something along the lines of the air conditioner feeling lonely because it's working hard in an empty bank.]

If the monsters were strong, he became stronger by hunting and any means necessary.

The words "cowardly" or "dirty" didn't exist in Weed's dictionary. He used any means to destroy those who blocked his path.

He always fought while giving his all, so there was no need to hear he was underhanded.

"Kill him." The Dark Knights rode their exhausted, frothing horses and were nearly up the hill.

Weed extended his hand forward. "Blessing."

You've used the High Priest's Blessing. Physical abilities will be enhanced for 20 minutes.

The High Priest's Blessing increased Maximum Health and Mana by about 30% and raised all stats by 20%! In the past when he was at a lower level, it raised his stats by nearly half.

He could use the High Priest's Blessing through the ring's power once a day anywhere. During that time, it was a moment where Weed felt like a Warrior, not a Sculptor.

Weed slapped Yellowy's rump with his palm.

"Let's go, Yellowy!"

Yellowy ran on all fours and sped down the hill. He accelerated as he went down the slope, making his flesh vibrate.

He wasn't just as fast as a horse. He was faster.

Power!

He charged with his heavy weight and speed.

A Dark Knight came stabbing straight at them. He was extremely fast and was delicately aiming for the neck. It was a sight of a truly skillful Knight of the Embinyu Church.

Weed ducked his head, narrowly dodging and grazing past a sword, and also raised his sword.

"Moonlight Sculpting Blade!"

He struck the neck of the armorless horse and toppled it along with the Knight.

Even before Yellowy took another two steps, another Dark Knight came at him.

"DIE!"

The enemy Knight swung his ax so fiercely, Weed felt the wind pressure!

If he blocked the weapons the galloping Knights swung head-on, he feared durability of his sword would fall or break. Weed's weapons were maintained at their maximum condition, but there was no need to clash deliberately.

'Make a gap.'

Weed moved Yellowy half a step to the side as he swung his sword.

A tactic using the short range of an ax and the length of his sword! He was able to decapitate the Dark Knight with the wide gap he purposely made.

The art of attacking in unity with the bull!

In a fight between Knights, the outcome sometimes depended on the steed.

Weed treated Yellowy like an extension of his hand as he engaged in battle.

Neeighhh!

The horses the Dark Knights were riding on puffed breathless gasps as

they rose up the hill. When they saw Yellowy's dangerously transformed eyes, they lost considerable fighting spirit.

M-O-O-O. Oo. Oo. Oo!

In the frenzy, Yellowy was on the verge of going crazy!

As he struck with his hind legs and rammed with his horns, the horses fell underneath him without fail. On all fours, Yellowy fundamentally combined offence and defence.

On the bull's wide back, Weed could use his sword favorably.

Like a wild raging beast, he swung his sword left and right between enemies.

Every time he grazed past the Dark Knights, spear and sword clashed. His sword flashed as Dark Knights undoubtedly fell to the ground.

Exactly one each for every breath!

"Yellowy, let's go!"

Weed rode Yellowy in between the Dark Knights.

For riders donning armor, just falling to the ground alone was enough to sustain a nearly fatal blow. Regardless of the excellent defense of the Knights' armor, it was a situation where the weight of the armor worked against them.

Weed was dominating the Dark Knights with effective and precise attacks every time their paths briefly crossed.

The Knights and the horses were exhausted, and on top of it all, their pace had slowed while ascending the hill. On the other hand, as Weed ran down the slope with his strength and momentum at their peak, comparable to the collision force of the Knights.

The use of strategy and tactics!

He lured in monsters to deal damage to them, and made it so they couldn't rest, to drain their Stamina.

It was a different method from the one he used while fighting with the

Orcs and Elves. Orcs were easily lured by bait, while Elves disliked dirty things. Since they used archery, magic, and spiritual power, he had to lead them in close combat.

Each race's trait or code of action followed a method of fighting, deciding the strategy and tactics.

Even if it was a minor fight, Weed commanded it with an advantageous battlefield.

However, his blazing heart only wanted more enemies without measure. When he saw many overwhelming enemies, he became intoxicated in battle and his blood boiled, hungering for more victims.

The disposition of a wild beast.
Instinct of the body.

"UUWAAAAAH!"

Lion's Roar burst from Weed's mouth.

You have used the skill Lion's Roar.

The skill 'Lion's Roar' has increased the morale of all allies within range by 200%.

All existing Confusion hexes have been lifted.

Leadership will increase by 270% for 5 minutes.

"Hear my order! Bingryong, Phoenixes! Wipe out the enemies!"

The Embinyu Church's pursuers – a force so large, it was nearly an army.

In order for the troops to move in accordance with the Commander's leadership, morale was a very important element!

Due to the daily use of Ice breath, half of the Dark Knights had perished.

A situation where the control of the cavalry was weakened!

Bingryong leapt as he trampled, ravaged, and froze enemies.

The Phoenixes gave rise to frenzy, spewing fire and spreading their plumage to create a rain of fire.

As everything became a sea of fire. The pursuers lost moral and plunged into chaos.

While riding on Yellowy, Weed ran straight into the middle of the enemy lines.

He slid past his opponents' weapons and struck them down, like an arrow piercing through the enemies.

The Soldiers and Dark Knights who had been ascending the hill, ran in the opposite direction.

"UWAAAAAAAAAAHH!" The battle cry sizzling escaped Weed's mouth.

After passing the Dark Knights, the Soldiers of the Embinyu Church he encountered next were merely easy pickings.

MOOOOOOOOOO!

Yellowy also let out a ululation. A bull bellow!

With the sound of the bull's cry ringing around him, Weed cleaved through the exhausted and wounded Dark Knights and Soldiers.

A fray among the raging flames and falling ice shards, the bloody battle of Salmere Hill!

*

The SwordNoobs had settled in the Yurokina mountains!

They had actively followed Zephyr's advice when they had first come to the Orc village.

The way to date a woman? First, meet their eyes.

The SwordNoobs stared piercingly at the Orc females.

"Uwaah, scary. Chwik chwik!"

The gleaming eyes made chills run down the spines of the Orc females!

The SwordNoobs scattered across the Versailles Continent were

gathered in one place.

With their rough, muscular appearance and sharp eyes shinier than glass beads, the SwordNoobs flocked the Orc village.

The Orc females felt the pressure and avoided the SwordNoobs whenever they saw them.

Zephyr's second advice.

Next, naturally start a conversation. You don't need to force it to try and make a special moment. Naturally, do you want to go eat together? That'll be enough.

The SwordNoobs approached the terrified female Orcs.

After rapidly surrounding them with instant reflexes, making the female Orcs unable to escape—!

"Orc miss, shall we go to a quiet forest and chew on bloodily dripping deer meat?"

The Orc females came to Royal Road and chose the Orc race, were filled with a dream.

'Ah, now I'll happily have adventures.'

There were many college freshmen who were fresh out of high school and entered university.

They wanted to enjoy the cheerful and lively beginner life, but ignorant-looking misters approached them.

"Kyaaaaaaah!"

The Orc females showed their broad backs as they fled!

They may be dull, but the SwordNoobs were able to feel it at this level.

"Something's strange."

"Seems like Zephyr's advice isn't having any effect at all."

When having a date, grasp the atmosphere and don't talk too much.

The third advice also only showed negative side effects.

They managed to get a date finally after a hundred attempts, but the SwordNoobs were just staring silently.

An awkward and uncomfortable atmosphere. The female Orcs were forced to stand and down their meals.

"I ate well. Chwik! We're going now. Chwit chwit."

The SwordNoobs waited anxiously, but they weren't able to see those females again.

"Something isn't right here."

"That bastard Zephyr tricked us."

Bitter retribution!

"He tricked bachelors because of lack of people in the world to lie to?"

"We worked so hard to create opportunities... But now the rumors have spread, so the female Orcs just run away at the mere sight of us!"

Zephyr came to the dojo regularly and received training, because SwordNoob2 had dragged him by the hand and he became a new member.

The amount of training increased by 3 times as much.

"We need a dating method that suits us." The SwordNoobs learned from their failure and reflected on themselves.

It was a good chance to realize one's shortcomings.

They asked Maylon, Hwaryeong, Romuna, Irene, and Surka about what kind of aspect they lacked compared to other men, or if they weren't attractive.

The very first one, Romuna spoke as if there was nothing to ponder, "First of all, your body is too thick. It's a bit burdensome because you have so much muscle."

"If you're a man, you gotta have this much muscle!"

SwordNoob3 flexed his forearm.

Forearms 52 cm (~21 inches) thick!

They were much thicker than a woman's thighs, and sinews wider than worms wriggled.

Their forearms weren't the only muscular ones. Their legs were thicker than a woman's waist.

"How's my manliness?"

"Urgh, muscles like that aren't manly, just gross."

Their likeability decreased through muscles.

Maylon pointed out their attire. "You have absolutely no fashion sense. What exactly do you usually go around wearing?"

Fashion was also important in Royal Road.

When wearing a robe, boots in matching color had to be purchased. The fabric was dyed, and even if the special effect dropped a little, matching as a whole was held in high regard. Pretty clothes or well-designed armor sold for especially high prices.

Since Royal Road was like a society in reality, going around well dressed was very important too. People even took care not to let their clothes or armor get dirty while exploring dungeons. It was a basic courtesy of a Knight to clean their armor until it sparkled if they had reason to go to a town or castle.

But the SwordNoobs equipped were not metal, but swords and armor made out of rotten bones.

Bone Breast Armor, Bone Sword. Advanced items made from the bones of the Bone Dragon!

Weed had personally produced and given it to them, but the disgusting, foul odor was no small issue. Chainmail pants, gloves and helmets with holes in them. It was completely wanton equipment.

"I usually only wear Martial Arts uniforms and sportswear."

The voices of the SwordNoobs became smaller.

"If it's sportswear, then you mean a tracksuit? There're lots of pretty tracksuits these days."

The tracksuits Maylon was talking about were produced by sports companies to match the top trends, or were jumpers released by famous brands.

But the tracksuits the SwordNoobs wore were thick, grey sportswear reeking of sweat! Having worn only uniforms and sportswear for over 10 years, their fashion sense was completely non-existent.

Hwaryeong also said, "Do you have a female friend? Do you have a woman you know and spend time with, but not a girlfriend? If you've got lots of friends you can comfortably hang out with, you'll be able to find a girlfriend quickly too."

The SwordNoobs could only heaved a sigh.

While focusing on training, how could they become close to a girl?

They were acquainted with Hwaryeong, Irene, Romuna, and the others, so they were on the level of being able to chat once in a while. In reality, they lived lives truly far away from women.

SwordNoob300 suddenly looked up. "Restaurant lady?"

Mumble mumble.

"Milk delivering lady."

"The next door lady and the kid in middle school."

"My lil' sis cousin."

All of the women they knew and spent time with!

While hanging out with a group of just men, they were living lives far from women.

Hwaryeong asked with difficulty, "Do you watch T.V.?"

"Huh?"

"A drama or movie, or dating program... even radio is fine."

She was asking if they were living cultured lives.

"I do watch T.V. sometimes..."

It was at least a positive sign!

"I mostly watch boxing, wrestling, and mixed martial arts broadcasts."

"I watched 'Memory of Violence' last time..."

"I did see soccer, baseball, and volleyball broadcasts too."

The SwordNoobs had lived existences too far removed from a cultured life.

Hwaryeong actually felt amazed. 'How can guys like them exist?'

Just then, Surka landed a completely unintentional critical hit.

"You look scary."

"..."

The key reason for disqualification!

The SwordNoobs had been living with a grave delusion. Their dating ability would only increase as they gained experience. It was a big mistake to naively believe a woman they loved would like them back!

They needed to meet a woman they truly loved, and also undergo trial and error in order to date her. Moreover, they also required an attitude to know how to lie and embellish.

Why do girls fall for bad boys or playboys?

A kind man is not attractive. He would only think of nice things. He couldn't understand a woman's heart as a boyfriend, and couldn't even approach her familiarly.

You can't like someone you don't even know!

They were beginners. They had to undergo love, dating, and getting hurt, but simply saying they had to stubbornly keep at it wasn't going to help.

Even so, Irene helped them.

"Elder bros, you have appeal too. If you get friendly, you'll be able to show off your appeal."

She then gave them practical advice: To show off the best qualities of

the SwordNoobs to the max!

Women are bound to like reliable men.

Interact with the beginners while getting friendly with them. They were even encouraged, it would work if they slowly approached step by step.

The SwordNoobs who were most active in the Orc village received an offer.

"Chwiik! Humans, your fighting skills are pretty good. How about teaching the young Orcs?"

A formal recruitment as Instructors in the Orc village training center!

The masters were a granted, and the practitioners also had experience in dojo management.

'Since it's instructors teaching beginners...'

'It matches our aptitudes perfectly, and it's an area where we can show off our talents.'

The wage was 2 Gold a day!

It was nothing compared to the money they could earn through hunting, but they consented.

"I will do it."

"You'll be employed as an Instructor."

From that day on, the SwordNoobs became instructors and taught the beginners who came to the training center.

They taught things like how to use a glaive, a weapon unfamiliar to beginner Orcs.

"Welcome, all the beginner Orcs who have come to the training center. Then as an Instructor, I will first give you a demonstration on how to use a glaive."

SwordNoob5 showed a demo for the beginner Orc females.

Over 50 Orcs were sitting and watching in the training center.

SwordNoob5 powerfully kicked a tree. Then the leaves hanging on the

branches began fluttering down.

Chop chop chop chop chop!

The glaive sliced through as if skewering the fallen leaves!

"There, too easy, right?" SwordNoob5 smiled brightly.

There was no way the beginner female Orcs could follow those actions and imitate it.

"Tchh, why's it so heavy?"

"It doesn't swing well either. Chwiik."

It was hard to hit even just one falling leaf, but SwordNoob5 repeatedly showed them the demo while continuing to ask as if extremely puzzled,

"You can't do this? Why not? It's really easy to do..."

Chop chop chop chop chop!

Chapter 3: Power of the Deliverer

When Weed finished the bloody fight on Salmere Hill, he only had 150 Health left.

While riding Yellowy, Weed broke through the enemy's line several times. Fully immersed in the battle, Weed threw himself into the dangerous battlefield. Faced with a life or death crisis, he barely survived thanks to Bingryong and the Phoenixes fighting desperately. Yellowy was also busy leaping within the flames to shake off the pursuing Soldiers.

Sculptures!

It was regrettable when he made the sculptures first and granted them life, but it was definitely worth it.

Even so, Weed didn't acknowledge them.

"Useless bastards."

"..."

"It's all because you guys are weak and foolish. Can't you do it right?"

The never-ending criticism of subordinates!

Nagging and criticism. He would usually say a few words when they won a battle.

"They can't go up against me after all. Daring to fight me, they were really reckless."

If they won, it was because of him. If the situation was unfavorable, it was because of his underlings.

Although it was said that great commanders do not blame their subordinates for their failures, Weed ruled over the sculptures with grumbles, complaints, and nagging.

Mooooooooo!

The kind Yellowy submissively rubbed his head against Weed, showing the affection of Korean cattle. He was one of those Korean cows who didn't resent people even up till the moment it was dragged to the

slaughterhouse, simply showing sorrowful eyes.

However, every night when Weed briefly rested or slept, the subordinates held a meeting.

Bingryong, the Phoenixes, and Yellowy were crouching in a corner.

It looked like they were scheming a treacherous conspiracy!

Afraid that someone might hear him, Bingryong whispered cautiously, "Be patient and eventually an opportunity will come."

"Will an opportunity truly come?"

"Senior, I think the opportunity you speak of will never come."

Bingryong flexed his neck and spread his wings wide for a moment. "No. Look at me. It was only for short while, but I was able to earn freedom."

"Freedom!"

Yellowy's eyes were filled with desire.

Free grazing.

What beautiful words they were.

"Freedom is truly an unspeakable joy. You can roam the wide continent while hunting monsters and spending time happily."

The Phoenixes silently nodded their heads.

They were accepting the advice of their heavenly senior as the gospel truth.

"Do you know how picturesque rainy days are? You can travel to the lake, and pass through the clouds as you go by a mountain range. The Versailles Continent is truly beautiful."

"We want to go to the Versailles Continent as well."

Yellowy and the Phoenixes had been born near the edge of hell, so they had never gone to the Versailles Continent before. They had only heard of it through Bingryong's words.

"There are many varieties of soft grasses on the Versailles Continent. Savory and refreshing grasses are sown in great abundance. The river

water is clear and cool."

"Oh, grasses!"

"Phoenixes, do you know about sweet potatoes?"

"Sweet potatoes?"

"Eat it grilled and it's sweet like candy. It melts gently in your mouth."

"What is candy?"

"You don't even know about candy?! Candy is a snack Humans eat."

Bingryong had hunted to buy and eat many snacks with the money he earned.

When Weed hunted in the North, Alveron and Seoyoon had been with him. Alveron had taken a portion of his meal and shared it with him. This was how Bingryong was able to taste sweet potato. And the candy Seoyoon had thrown to him!

"Candy is a snack worth sacrificing your life for."

"Is it really worth that much?"

"The greatness of candy... You little ones still do not know. When you roll your tongue as you slowly melt it..." Bingryong licked his lips.

"There was a lady as pretty as a Goddess who went around with the Master... If you happen to see her, act cutesy. She's weak against cutesiness. If you do well, you might be able to earn a candy."

"Is she the Master's friend? Or his lover?" Yellowy cried out loudly with a strong look of disbelief.

"I can't believe the fact that Master actually has friends."

A nature which seemed like he wouldn't even have any friends!

Bingryong shook his head. "I don't know what their relationship is either. Human relationships are very complex. Anyway, the story strayed elsewhere for a bit, but an opportunity will definitely come. You cannot obtain freedom without sacrifice. Endure, and one day..."

"Some day..."

Yellowy spoke most dismally. "I definitely want to try eating candy."

*

After disposing of all the pursuers, Weed reached Salmere Village. The Salmere tribe's village was the biggest out of the three tribes and also had a wide territory.

The great Chieftain of the Salmere was a hunchbacked elder. He slowly raised his cane.

"The alliance with the Matallost Church? Our Hunters are not afraid of death. We will keep the promise regarding the alliance."

Against his expectations, the Salmere tribe readily agreed to stand by the alliance.

"There will be glory for the great Chieftain and the Salmere tribe."

Weed followed the actions of the tribe's Hunters as examples. He assumed the ambiguous posture of a wide open mouth and glaring eyes.

There were often eagles sitting on the shoulders of the Hunters. You could easily see people grasping prey in their hands or dragging prey around by a rope anywhere in the village. They had a lot of food compared to the other villages. The fact that they had abundant prey meant the Salmere tribe was strong.

The Hunters had many weapons hanging from their backs or shoulders, such as bows, spears, axes, hammers, and various other weapons.

"However, among our villagers, there are many who have not yet even left a name for themselves."

"..."

"Leaving a name is important. In our tribe, when we go on a big hunt, we carve their appearances and set them in the village. We make sculptures of the Hunters so growing children can know the greatness of their parents."

"So..."

"The amount of Hunters who will join the alliance in the fight against the Matallost Church will depend on the number of sculptures."

The sculptures would be the last memories of the Hunters. He needed to make sculptures to get the Salmere tribe to fight.

*

Weed examined the appearances of the Hunters in the village.

Savages wearing feathers and leather clothing! It wasn't difficult to sculpt them because they carried all sorts of weapons and had very characteristic appearances.

Since the sculptures had to be preserved for a long time, he had to use stone rather than dirt or wood. But still, Zahab's Sculpting Knife cut through stone as if it were nothing.

"Manly... as well as compassionate."

Weed made sculptures of the Hunters on the open ground within the village. After making the basic Barbarian shape, he made them different with detailed expressions. His mass-production system became increasingly fast.

Advanced Sculpting level 6 and Advanced Handicrafting level 6! Based on skill proficiency, it would be a while before he reached Master level, but the skill level he'd gained from grinding was helpful for the value and artistry of the sculptures.

"External appearance is important for sculptures after all."

The quality of the stone used to make a sculpture is as important as the finishing material for an apartment.

After having gathered so much experience, he could see an appropriate part or appearance simply by looking at the rock. He could effectively make sculptures while also completely utilizing the texture and design of the stone! Even though they were rocks from the same place, there were valuable rocks good for making sculptures.

"It's the same logic as shank and rib eye being different prices."

Weed used high-quality stones to quickly create sculptures!

Mass production was certainly not a virtue of an artist. Even so, if the sculptures gave happiness and were needed, so he wasn't against making them.

Salmere Tribe sculptures – over 3,000 Hunters sculptures were made over twenty days. It would have never been possible if he had to make them life-size, but it was feasible because they were miniatures. The experience he had of shortening the sculpting time while making many sculptures on the River of Lamentation was also helpful.

3,000 was the maximum number of people who could be mobilized in the Salmere Tribe! It was everyone except for the minimum number of Hunters to protect the village, the children, and the women.

The Chief and the Hunters of the Salmere Tribe appeared once the sculptures were completed.

"We recognize you, the holder of the proof of the alliance with the Matallost Church, as the representative. We will fight in the war."

"Uwaaaaaaaah!"

Ding!

The promised alliance of the Matallost Church has been formed.

The Vejague, Lekiyé, and Salmere Tribes will call forth Hunters and Warriors for the war against the Embinyu Church.

The war to correct the displaced order of Versailles Continent has begun.

Honorary title, 'Representative of the Matallost Church's God' has been acquired.

You are now able to use the relics of the Matallost Church.

*The Token of Alliance; can utilize the authority of the Deliverer vested in the wand.

*The wand's attribute has changed.

Fame has increased by 450.

Level has increased.

Level has increased.

With the formation of the alliance, Weed's Fame increased again. Weed's Fame was originally one of the very highest. The great Fame he'd earned as an artist making sculptures! He also earned Fame while progressing with the quests.

In the Dark Gamer Union Guild and the program broadcasting the 'Versailles Continent Story', those who had higher Fame than Weed could almost be counted on one hand! There were only Merchants who had donated colossal amounts of money to a temple or people who ranked in the top 10 in Royal Road.

Since he'd gained a lot of Fame while progressing through this quest, it was enough to make him wonder what kind of changes there would be when he returned to the Versailles Continent.

Weed took out the wand in the middle of tribes' Hunters.

A wand filled with pure-white light! The dull wand which seemed suitable for the elderly to use, changed to be as graceful as the Staff of a High Priest.

"Identify!"

Token of the Revived Alliance, Wand

Durability 2,000/2,000
Attack 98.

This is the wand established as the token of the alliance the Matallost Church contracted with the neighboring tribes.

An item granted with a God's Blessing.

All creatures in Versailles Continent have a duty to answer to Power of the Deliverer.

Restriction:
One who has received the Matallost Church's recognition.
2,000 Faith.

Options:
+35% Magic Attack
+100% Divine Power
+1,200 Fame
Increased diplomatic negotiation ability.
Able to use Power of the Deliverer.

- Power of the Deliverer: Forcefully summons creatures of the Versailles Continent. Does not distinguish between races, monsters, and objects.

The power granted by the blessing of the Matallost God. With the current fallen state of the church, only the one who has the authority can use this power.

Can be used for a total of 3 times.

For a living summoning, it will take 15 hours after the authority's manifestation.

If you use the Power of the Deliverer in the quest, Contribution and rewards will decrease at a set value.

*Caution : There is a high possibility for summoned monsters not cooperate. Untamed monsters will make their own judgements and act upon them.

The power to summon any living creature, even boss-grade monsters! Weed now had the ability to summon any boss-grade monster from Versailles Continent.

*

The Vejague Tribe! 2,000 bald Warriors, that looked like monsters, gathered.

The Lekiyе Tribe! 1,500 stern Warriors and Shamans were participating in the battle against the Embinyu Church.

The Salmere Tribe! 3,000 Hunters with deep gazes and familiarity with patience and victory were mobilized.

Weed moved with them to the Emibinyu Fortress' location for a long ten days.

"Warriors, fight!"

The group became a little more coordinated through fights with monsters during their journey. The Shamans of the Lekiyе Tribe summoned ghosts to cause confusion, and the Vejague Tribe's Warriors put their lives on the line to block the Black Wild Boars. The Salmere Tribe's Hunters seized the opportunity to shoot arrows and throw spears.

In fact, the Salmere Tribe's specialty was setting up traps and the like, so there weren't many opportunity to use them in an actual monster hunt.

A combination of Shamans, Hunters, and Warriors!

However, the alliance tribes' weapons were far too poor. Many used chipped, rusted swords, and it was at the level where they were wrapped with thick leather and no armor.

"They're not savages for nothing."

Due to their poor defense, they had been in critical life threatening situations several times.

Whenever he had spare time, Weed repaired their weapons or touched them up, and he also arranged for their armor. Even so, they weren't in perfect condition because he didn't have much time. He smelted low-quality iron and passed out basic swords, and the armor was also just a combination of metal and leather.

"A greatsword like this...! It's sparkling with light, how amazing."

Even so, the alliance tribes were extremely happy.

They shot poison-covered arrows well and were agile, so they were optimized for hunting. Only, they were a pain because they ignored commands or control and tried to fight with monsters whenever they wanted. No matter how much he raised the Intimacy, the competitive spirit of the alliance tribes overflowed and they took damage.

Over the span of ten days, 42 allied tribesmen had died while traveling. It was probably partly because Weed made them stronger through hunts, but the majority had died by disregarding their low defense and fighting a monster to the very end without running away.

In that manner, he returned to the Embinyu Church's fortress with the disorderly allied tribes.

"As expected, this won't be easy."

Once more back at the Embinyu Church's temple! It was tightly guarded by Demonic Spirits, and the height of the walls exceeded 10 meters.

There was even an enormous and magnificent bronze statue of the Embinyu God set up in the middle of the fortress like the Statue of Liberty.

The bronze statue was enveloping the Embinyu fortress with something like an ominous dark cloud. It was something he could only sense as a Sculptor, but it was probably the bronze statue that granted the Embinyu Soldiers and Priests considerable power.

He felt it was at least a Masterpiece or a Magnum Opus. Given its size, it was likely a Magnum Opus.

It would be reassuring to have if it was an allied Sculptor who had the Magnum Opus sculpture, but if it belonged to the enemy, so such a sculpture would only create psychological anxiety.

"I'll be able to turn the Demonic Spirits to our side if I use the Copper Plate of Rest, but..." Weed shook his head.

He had fought them while making sculptures on the River of Lamentation, but most of the Demonic Spirits weren't strong. He couldn't be careless just because he could pull the Demonic Spirits to his forces without knowing how strong the Embinyu Church was.

Furthermore, despite being a holy relic, the Copper Plate of Rest was in a low quality condition with only 12 durability left. The damage wouldn't be as great if the durability was over 100, but when it was this deteriorated, it wouldn't be strange if it broke at any moment.

'All secondhand goods are like this.'

The Copper Plate of Rest was an item he needed to use as sparingly as much as possible. If he used it carelessly, he wouldn't be able to use it at a crucial moment.

'It'll be tough to penetrate the walls with the Barbarians... what method should I use?'

Not only were the alliance tribes unskilled in a team battle, but they also didn't follow commands well. Furthermore, they didn't have a single siege weapon!

"I'll have to make siege weapons first."

Weed started making siege weapons with the bones, sinews, and wood

he'd obtained while hunting monsters and chopping trees.

He set two huge logs in a line and used the thick and outstandingly elastic Black Wild Boar sinew to make a trebuchet.

A siege weapon created with Intermediate Blacksmith skill!

Ding!

Weed's Trebuchet

Durability 130/130.
Max Destructive Power 26.
Range 37.
Fire Rate 3.
Accuracy Rate 3.

A basic trebuchet made by a versatile craftsman.

It was made with overwhelming skill considering it was the first he had created, but the wood which plays a central role and must maintain the balance is of weak quality.

Because the accuracy rate is low, it is doubtful whether it can land a concentrated blow on the walls. It seems immense force will be necessary in order to use it.

Restriction:
Requires a massive labor force.

Options:
Low accuracy.
Almost no chance of an accident happening.

- Blacksmith skill proficiency has increased.

Considering it was his first, it wasn't a bad siege weapon.

"For now, I have to increase the numbers."

Weed produced 10 trebuchets.

Since he was making them all for the first time, it was impossible to predict their performance. He normally underwent multiple runs of trial and error while improving, but everything was a first.

The alliance tribesmen approached.

"It's an extremely large weapon. Are you giving it to us?"

Weed gave them a thumbs up. "Yep. I made it for you. You'll be able to destroy the fortress with it too."

"You're the best."

"As long as you've got this, you'll be unbeatable. You must definitely win."

"Thanks, brother!"

All Weed made were stone firing trebuchets, ladders, and ropes that could be hung on the walls by throwing hooks!

The trebuchets' quality wasn't verified, and they didn't even undergo a test launch.

Weed dumped the items he did not dare to use for the alliance tribesmen, whose weapons and armor had been mostly touched up while getting near the Embinyu Church's fortress.

Weed called Yellowy. "Come here."

"....."

Yellowy took a step back.

"Hurry up and come."

"Tell what you're calling me for, Master."

"I'm just trying to give you a pat."

"But why is Master holding a rope?" Yellowy's eyes were filled with suspicion.

"Why the rope? Can I not just be holding it? Come here for now. Just come."

"This doesn't feel right. I would like to refuse."

"It's nothing. I get it, so just come."

Yellowy approached very cautiously. Weed gently stroked his neck a few times and then wrapped his neck and torso with the rope like a flash of lightning.

MOOOOOOO!

The sorrowfully bellowing Yellowy!

"Master, why are you doing this? What have I done wrong..."

"Don't worry, I'm not going to eat you. There are luggages, so shouldn't you move it?"

Yellowy's fate had already been determined ever since the trebuchets were made.

Bingryong and the Phoenixes had very little pity in their gazes.

'Lucky it's not me.'

'It's fine as long as it's not me.'

After finishing a hearty meal Weed had cooked from their prey, they marched to the Embinyu Church's fortress.

*

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In the fortress of the Embinyu Church, drums sounded to announce an emergency. Dark Knights, Priests, and Archers were deployed to the walls as they swiftly prepared for battle.

By the time Weed, Yellowy, and the alliance tribesmen drew near as they pushed the trebuchets together, Embinyu Church's troops were on the fort walls in full force. The trebuchets were so heavy, their movement was slow despite having put wheels on them.

To make matters worse, there was black smoke rising from the spires of the fortress.

The alliance tribesmen pointed at the smoke.

"Seems like they're roasting meat."

"Looks like they're gonna eat something tasty."

An ignorant response to the smoke!

Weed's face hardened.

'They're making the smoke to tell their surroundings that they're under attack. It's an emergency communication to summon their allies.'

It was a signal fire informing the start of a the war! The savages in the River of Lamentation basin who saw the signal would summon Warriors to subjugate Weed and the three tribes.They would have to fight the Barbarian reinforcements at the Embinyu Church's fortress.

Weed swallowed his saliva with a gulp.

It wasn't something he hadn't expected, but it was definitely tough.

"We'll have to attack before the reinforcements arrive."

Weed yelled at alliance tribesmen who had moved the trebuchets and were briefly resting.

"Load trebuchet!"

100 Vejague Tribe Warriors dragged the trebuchet and lowered the pouch. Then, after lifting a boulder into the pouch, they fired it.

Wooosh!

The powerfully ejected boulder drew an arc as it flew mightily. It was a rock attack with deadly weight.

However, the trebuchet was too far. The boulder lost most of its force and collided into the bottom of the wall, not the center.

In the end, it was a dud and it merely grazed the wall!

Durability of the wall has decreased by 49.

Total durability: 9,999,951/10,000,000.

"This won't work even if we hit them all day. No, we'll run out of stones to throw first. Trebuchet forces, advance!"

Weed pushed the trebuchet along with the Vejague Tribe. It was so they could fire from a slightly closer location!

Since he had to break walls much thicker than Odin Fort's, he decided to

take the risk.

Yellowy powerfully towed the trebuchets forward, displaying the strength of a Korean cow.

The Embinyu Church's fortress also responded.

"Fire!"

They struck back by densely covering the sky with arrows.

"Hold your shield and block!"

Even without Weed's command, the Vejague Tribe lifted their shields in order to survive.

There was already a shield fastened onto Yellowy's brow, and his torso was wrapped in silk. Weed had weaved together a tangle of unusable silk pieces to block the arrows.

The rain of arrows poured down on the Vejague Tribe and the area around the trebuchets.

Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-bang!

"AHHHHH!"

"MY FOOT, AN ARROW HIT MY FOOT!"

The impact of the arrows was conveyed directly through the shields. Although they were holding shields, the Vejague Tribe's warriors were pushed back by the strength and fell to their knees. Some arrows even penetrated the shoddy shields and hit the tribe Hunters.

The Salmere Tribe Hunters also fired arrows but they could not go over the walls.

"Let's fire the trebuchet too!"

Weed approached about a hundred more paces and ordered the use of the trebuchet.

"Too many arrows are flying in."

"Jungbal... Jungbal died."

"Find cover. Hide yourselves behind the trebuchets, and Vejague Tribe

Warriors, load the trebuchets quickly!"

It was a one-sided arrow attack on the plains without any cover! Over thirty Vejague tribesmen died from the arrows while moving 10 boulders. But when they put their lives on the line and used the trebuchets, the boulders surged towards the wall.

All but one failure were successful attacks!

Durability of the wall has decreased by 1226.
Durability of the wall has decreased by 751.
Durability of the wall has decreased by 956.
Durability of the wall has decreased by 2160.
Durability of the wall has decreased by 173.
Durability of the wall has decreased by 486.
Durability of the wall has decreased by 1198.
Durability of the wall has decreased by 3110.
Durability of the wall has decreased by 896.

Total durability 9,998,995/10,000,000.

11 Archers have perished and 5 Soldiers have been wounded.
8 Demonic Spirits have been severely injured.
3 Dark Knights have suffered minor injuries.
1 Priest has died.

The trebuchets' tremendous firepower!

Although there were boulders that hit the bottom part of the wall or aimed at the spires, it was a considerable gain. It was a moment proving siege weapons to be vital in siege warfare.

However, even as they fired, the Embinyu Church's forces continued to gather on the fortress walls.

Only the Vejague Tribe was taking damage from the arrows that came pouring down like rain.

"AHHHH!"

Some of the arrows were enveloped in a red aura. They were arrows granted with the divine power of the Embinyu Church Priests! It was a fire

arrow attack, burning a whole body even if it was blocked with a shield.

The Vejague Tribe's Warriors were sturdy and didn't die easily, but once they were pierced with countless arrows, including arrows filled with divine power, they helplessly lost their lives.

The whole area where Weed and the Vejague Tribe were staying was becoming densely surrounded with arrows.

It was a spectacle overflowing with tension and energy when watched from the sidelines, but for those being attacked, it was enough to make them go crazy!

After Yellowy finished moving the trebuchet, the rope was broken at some point and he fled to the safe rear.

The high-ranking Priests were also on the walls.

"Show true power to these wicked group of people. Holy Buster!"

An attack of divine magic flashed at the walls before flying towards them and dealing great damage in the next moment. As if they had been hit by something, the Vejague Tribe around the trebuchet were sent flying.

"Those who do not believe in the Embinyu God, punishment will fall unto you."

Widespread curse magic! The alliance tribesmen hit with the divine power attack became unable to fight as they moaned with high fevers.

Weed's face became completely calm.

It was a face as serious as when he had mistakenly sold a 10 gold ruby gemstone for 9 gold!

'I expected some level of hardship given the quest difficulty.'

The Barbarian reinforcement troops, the tall, sturdy wall. Even the Embinyu Church's forces did not seem like they would lose even if they were to fight regularly!

Not a single thing was easy.

'The greatest difficulty in siege warfare is... you could say it's them

concentrating their firepower while we approach.'

Even if he were to tell the shabbily defended Vejague Tribe or Salmere Tribe to try and go over the wall, it would cause nothing but a massive catastrophe.

In a battle like this, it was perfect for the blocking side to fight, whereas the side who had to penetrate was set up to make the worst-case result. Unfortunately, Weed was on the side that had to take the alliance tribesmen and occupy the fortress.

"We're never going to make it like this."

Weed shouted towards the Tribal Alliance. "Retreat!"

The frontline was announced to withdraw.

Weed left the 10 trebuchets and tried to escape with the alliance tribesmen, but arrows kept pouring down on them.

"Bingryong, fire your breath. Phoenix Brothers, cover us!"

Bingryong inhaled a large breath and launched Ice Breath towards the fortress. The enormous Ice Breath cut through the sky!

The results of Bingryong's breath had never disappointed before, but it was neutralized by the protective magic of the fortress's Priests. So although it didn't do any damage to the fortress, there was a brief lull in the arrow attack.

Under the cover of the Phoenixes, Weed and the alliance tribes were barely able to escape.

*

Cruel defeat.

It had only been a light skirmish, the allied tribal force had lost a full 104 people. Although Weed had hurried to bandage and apply medicinal herbs, that was the number who had died!

The alliance tribesmen who had been hit with divine power hadn't

regained their senses.

"Mmm hehehe."

"Where is this place?"

"Leave me alone. I'm leaving to take my coming of age ceremony in the Valley of Courage."

Due to the divine power, more than 70 people were in the state of confusion.

Morale had also plummeted.

"Doesn't seem like an enemy we can win against."

"That was a useless fight. I wanna return to the village..."

"Warriors who have left home must fight until their bodies have been laid to rest. Even if they cannot win..."

The alliance tribes had lost much of their fighting will and were pessimistic.

A smile spread across Weed's lips. "It really has to be this tough since the quest difficulty is high."

The more difficult a quest it was, the greater the reward – it set his motivation ablaze.

He was relieved he had to suffer perilously. If it advanced easily, he would have been terribly suspicious.

"It'll be difficult to capture the Embinyu fortress. Since the recon battle is over, I'll have to make a sculpture."

Weed decided to prepare for a full-scale battle.

Since the alliance tribal force had left their homes, their morale would fall over time. However, as a result of the recon battle, there was a bleak sense of an giant enemy.

"First, I'll make a sculpture to provide some help."

He was fed up with rocks, and it didn't do much for his Sculpting skill proficiency either.

"For the sake of effects, this isn't the time to save materials."

Black Wild Boar and Caltrop bones. He decided to use the bones he'd gotten as japtem as sculpting materials.

"Though these are good bones for making broth..."

Although they could also be used as food ingredients or medicine, for a Sculptor, sculpting materials came first!

The price of bones wasn't fundamentally high, so he used them without being stingy.

"I'll sculpt the three tribes all at once."

He made the basic form using bones.

He intertwined broken bones to make the frame, applied clay on top, and baked it.

"I need to show the Barbarians' distinct look of cruel brutality."

Tattoos and scars were essential in expressing the alliance tribes. He even painted it with dyes and made the sculpture of the three tribes.

After spending time with the three tribes and waging a battle with them, he knew which faces and appearances were courageous and received respect.

"Something is still missing..."

Weed used light sculpting and made a bonfire.

A Shaman of the Lekiyé Tribe, a Vejague Tribe Warrior, and a Salmere Tribe Hunter were gathered as they roasted meat on the bonfire!

- Please set a name for the sculpture you have made.

Weed spoke the name he had already decided on while creating the work.
"Brothers of Faith."

The savage tribes who remembered the alliance and promised to shed blood together!

- Is "Brothers of Faith" correct?

Although they had showed a slightly insufficient appearance in the fight against the Embinyu Church, they were a group who had willingly come forth to form the alliance.

The technique of appropriately glorifying was essential for a Sculptor, but a thought born of sincerity.

Weed firmly nodded his head. "That's right."

Ding!

Masterpiece! Brothers of Faith has been completed.

A sculpture made from a foundation of monster bones!

The sight of the tribes involved in the alliance sharing and eating food together was sculpted. It is a symbol of their unity.

It is a work the three tribes will greatly celebrate.

A very detailed portrayal and expression shines through this work.

Artistic Value: 712.

A roughly made sculpture by the Sculpting Master, Weed.

Special Option: The 3 tribes who have seen the Brothers of Faith sculpture will have their Health and Mana regeneration speed increase by 17% for a day. Maximum Health of the 3 tribes will increase by 12% for a day.

Perseverance increased by 60.

Fighting Spirit increased by 30.

Intimacy with the tribes has increased by 30%.

The involved tribes will engrave pride and honor into their hearts.

Number of completed masterpieces until now: 12

Sculpting skill proficiency has increased.

Fame has increased by 125.

Leadership has increased by 2.

Charm has increased by 7.

For making a Masterpiece sculpture, All Stats have increased by an additional 1 point.

Now, even the sculpture was complete!

The preliminary preparations for the real fight were finished.

Chapter 4: Strategy of Invincibility

Weed agonized over discovering a method to destroy walls.

"There's a long way to go before the fortress walls collapse, so we can capture it."

As a blacksmith, he could create siege weapons. However, his proficiency to do so was still severely low.

"I don't know how many siege weapons I'd have to make before I can get a useful one, either..."

If it requires as much weapon production proficiency as making a Great-Sword, it would take several long weeks! Material supply was also a problem, and the alliance tribes might try to return to their tribes again.

"Well, it's not like I really have the confidence to beat the Embinyu Church's Knights and Priests even when the walls fall down."

Weed's mind was eased. Since the solution wasn't in siege weapon production, he had completely given up on it.

"A normal siege battle won't do. Of course there isn't an answer."

No one would dare to attack the high, thick walls of the fortress when the people inside were well prepared to defend them.

The alliance tribes were outnumbered and at a disadvantaged when it comes to a group battle. The greatest roles the individuals could play were only in dogfights and hunting.

Weed had used his Tailoring and Blacksmithing skills to touch their gear up a bit, but with the alliance tribes' fundamentally crappy armor, most of them would die from a concentrated attack even before they climbed the walls.

"Should I have listened to Smith's advice and brought another person with me?"

But Weed shook his head. It was too late to regret it, and he couldn't go back, either. Even if Pale, Zephyr, or SwordNoob were to come, the

situation probably wouldn't change much. Having personally experienced the enemy's strength, it seems like the quest success would, at the very least, take a combat profession in the mid level 500s. It would take a force capable of destroying the gates with a sword blow or highly destructive skill, capable of subduing the Embinyu Church's Priests with an ambush!

As a Knight, he could command the alliance tribes by demonstrating the peak of his Leadership. Although the tribes have gathered, they were merely rag-tag troops, but he made the alliance tribes fight past their limits with his Leadership and Charisma. Even if the alliance tribes took a lot of damage, he had to bring out their maximum potential to use them and look for an opportunity.

It could become a mighty victory worthy of being left in the Versailles Continent's history.

Weed didn't rate his own ability to command very highly.

"I only won the wars I could win."

He didn't have a scrap of desire to fight a battle with only a tiny chance of victory with the alliance tribes. Overcoming the quality and quantity of his troops, the terrain, and the state of their equipment wasn't as easy as it sounded.

There was also a limit to granting life, a Sculptor's advantage. He'd want to give it a go if he just had 100 sculpted lifeforms or so. He'd be able to see a chance of victory, too. But if he did that, Weed's level would fall by at least 160.

"Even if I succeeded the quest, there'd be nothing left."

At best, the life-granted sculptures would die brutally in the siege war.

If he successfully completed the quest but over half of his sculptures died, it would be a tremendous loss! He'd also have to start again from the beginning with a level below 200. Even if the quest succeeded, there'd be nothing left.

"This is what they call an unprofitable business."

Weed decided to return to the basics and construct his plan again. Before starting the battle, he had to nitpick on many variables and choose a battlefield favorable for his forces. For now, Weed logged out for the first time in a long while to rest.

*

"Is this the library?"

Lee Hyun sought out the library for the first time since his admission into Korea University. He had neglected it until now because there weren't any comic books at the university library.

"Though it was my dream ever since I was young."

Reading comic books and making ramen to eat when he was hungry – it was a happy fantasy he'd wished for in his middle and high school days.

He was also a reader who diligently read the daily published comics while delivering newspapers.

"For a library to not have comic books, this school is truly rotten!"

Lee Hyun criticized the school library's policies without reserve. Many other libraries collected comic books, but Korea University hadn't put comic books out on their shelves yet.

The generous scholarships, study-abroad benefits, large state-of-the-art classrooms, and research facilities the school arranged to provide for the studying students were not subjected to his consideration.

"Seems like a backwards school if it lacks comic books. Rotten, it's rotten. Where are they using all the tuition fees?"

The number of novels, economic books, dissertations, history books, and books about art was enormous. The whole building was a library.

"Hello, oppa."

"You came, hyung?"

His classmates from the Virtual Reality Department recognized Lee Hyun and greeted him quietly. It seemed they were studying in groups of

twos and threes in the library study rooms.

"Ah, yeah." Lee Hyun simply nodded his head lightly.

It was the most important thing he had to watch out for while attending university.

'I absolutely must not get close to those who are younger than me.'

If he became a senior, he would treat his juniors like robbers, because they'd have the impudence to chase him around asking to be treated to a free meal!

In Lee Hyun's case, he'd already been asked a few times by other students to buy them food, since he was older than his classmates.

"I have to consider my health. I pack and bring my own lunch from home."

He narrowly averted the crisis.

The views of the students had changed now.

'A family man oppa who thinks of his health.'

'He'll never buy us a meal.'

Nevertheless, Lee Hyun was always careful. He didn't know when someone would ask to be treated a meal. They could also ask for something to drink at the cafe or a snack at the cafeteria.

'This damn school, is it some kind of a restaurant? Why's there so much to eat?'

It was so bad he had to avoid the vending machines, located in every building.

"Did you come to study?"

"No. I came to read books," Lee Hyun replied as he lightly walked forward.

"Hyung, literature novels are on the 2nd floor."

"I didn't come to read a novel. There are just a few things I want to look for."

"What did you come here to find?"

"Strategy, tactics, warfare. Y'know where they are?"

"They're on the 7th floor, but..."

"Mm. Thanks for telling me."

Lee Hyun pressed the button for the 7th floor in the elevator.

The 7th floor held Eastern Philosophy, history books, and other old related books, so students didn't frequently visit it.

After Lee Hyun went into the elevator, the students whispered to each other.

"He must've been pretty interested in Eastern Philosophy."

"Though he's usually not talkative at all... his level is really high."

"He must have depth to him somewhere, and many good points to have even dated such pretty unnis."

Since Lee Hyun had a date with both Seoyoon and Jung Hyo Rin during the school festival, he had become a famous figure.

Rather than jealousy, many men had endless respect for him, and for women, he became a mysterious man concealing a host of charms.

"But he must be pretty good at Chinese, too."

"Huh?"

"I've gone to the 7th floor out of boredom before, but most of the books on the shelves were untranslated originals."

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"Holy sh—!" Lee Hyun hurled out a swear.

"Why they hell would they have foreign books in Korea? It should be published once it's all translated!"

He couldn't make heads or tails of it.

About half of the shelves were filled with foreign books, and the rest were Korean, but written with many ancient Korean characters. Since they weren't written out in modern Korean, they were extremely difficult to

read.

"I have to find a book on strategy..."

The books Lee Hyun was looking for happened to be rare and weren't well translated. As he rummaged through the bookshelves, of course it was difficult to understand. Despite seeing the titles, he couldn't find what he was searching for.

"Most bookstores order by title, but why is it so hard to find stuff in a library?"

It would actually be easier to find the strategy text Lee Hyun wanted in the novels section. Books such as «The Art of War», «Admiral Yi's Tactics», and «Wuzi» had been published as novels. With the Korean explanations, they were easy to understand and even had illustrations.

However, trying to find the book he wanted in the untranslated, original-lined shelves of the Eastern Philosophy section was hell.

"I need to find a strategy or tactic that can be used against the Embinyu Church to win."

It was obvious why Lee Hyun spent his precious time to come to the library. It was difficult to strengthen the might of his troops. He had to utilize his current force to the fullest. If strategy and tactics shone through, he needed plans at a high enough caliber that extraordinary generals might attempt them.

"I have to find a strategy like that..."

No matter how much he looked at the strategy texts, simply reading them was impossible.

The strategy texts he managed to find in modern Korean had phrases such as this—

— Know thyself and know thy enemy and you will be ever-victorious.

If you compared Lee Hyun's Weed and the alliance tribes with the

Embinyu Church's forces, it was really too much.

"Ever-victorious, as if... looks like the quest is gonna fail." Lee Hyun grumbled as he looked for other books.

As he was doing so, he spotted a novel on the shelf.

«Romance of the Three Kingdoms»!

Apparently, someone had read it and then left it on a random shelf.

"«Romance of the Three Kingdoms»... other than the name, it's a book I've never read before."

Lee Hyun glanced through the «Romance of the Three Kingdoms». It was a story about the oath of the peach garden sworn by Liu Bei, Guan Yu, and Zhang Fei.

[T/N: It is a novel written by Luo Guanzhong during the 14th century. It is a true story based on the happenings during the Han Dynasty with some fictionalization.]

He didn't read the mighty «Romance of the Three Kingdoms» in detail, but merely skimmed through the stories volume by volume.

The best part was where Liu Bei visited Zhuge Liang three times to recruit him. It caused a complete reversal from a totally disadvantageous position.

Lee Hyun discovered the strategy to deal with the Embinyu Church from the «Romance of the Three Kingdoms».

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The Embinyu Church's great army!

After Weed and the alliance tribes' attack, their vigilance had greatly increased. The personnel posted on the wall had grown considerably, and there were also more Archers with bows. It was evidence of the continuous growth of troops and the expansion of military weaponry even within the Embinyu Church's fortress.

"Bingryong." Weed spoke from behind a rocky mountain, a spot that couldn't be seen directly from the fortress.

"Speak, Master."

"Scout how many there are over there and report."

"Understood, Master."

Bingryong flapped into the sky. Without going near the Embinyu Church's fortress, he reported after observing them from afar.

"The humans on the wall alone are a little over 5,000."

"That's quite a lot. How about the ones wearing armor?"

"About 1,000."

1,000 Dark Knights alone! He had to assume the rest were Normal Soldiers, Priests, or Magicians.

Including the ones who weren't on the wall, their overall number had at least more than doubled!

Weed had anticipated the siege, so he had elicited and destroyed the pursuit forces in advance. The strategy of dividing and conquering! He had lured and annihilated the weak enemies first.

Despite it all, an enormous number of forces still remained inside the Embinyu Church's fortress. Moreover, given the great might of the Embinyu Church, it wasn't an exaggeration to say they dominated over the nearby tribes. As the battle wore on, reinforcements would continue to arrive from other tribes.

"It means the enemy's at least over 2 times larger... it'll be totally impossible like this."

"Master, surely you're not going to attack the fortress again?"

"Yes."

Since Bingryong had been caught in the middle of the quest, he didn't know what kind of quest Weed was doing.

The retired old mercenary, Smith, did not come and had remained in the Salmere Tribe's village. He refused to participate since he said that fighting the Embinyu Church was suicide.

"I want to listen to Master's plan. The fortress looks really dangerous."

Bingryong's growth!

His intelligence had grown, so he had the admirable thought of finding out what Weed's plan was in advance.

Weed gladly responded, "There's something called the Power of the Deliverer. It can even call forth an amazing Versailles Continent boss monster. Remember the Bone Dragon? I'm going to bring one stronger than him."

"You're going to bring another monster although we can't handle the current enemy?"

"Yeah. I'm going to call it here. And we'll fight together."

"But what if the monster you bring attacks us?"

"We'll have to be careful to not get attacked."

Bingryong nodded as if he was satisfied with the answer.

"Master is a genius."

"Well, it's true that I'm pretty smart."

Weed pulled out the Wand of Promise in order to use the Power of the Deliverer. Unlike normal magic, he had to recite a spell for a holy blessing.

"Thy servant desires to use the strength of the blessing the divine Matallost granted upon the world. I beg for permission."

Ding!

— You have used Power of the Deliverer.

At that moment, all of the Versailles Continent was projected into Weed's eyes.

Monsters!

He could summon any kind of monster if he looked through any area and chose a monster. Of course, with Power of the Deliverer, if he brought

an unmanageable monster, there could be a negative effect.

"Uhehe."

"Kuhuhuhu. Humans are scary."

Goblins running around in the dark were passing by.

'Anyways, I have to bring a strong monster. Or an NPC worth making a comrade.'

Weed scoured canyons, mountains, and rivers.

As ever, there were many boss monsters and unconquered monsters in the Versailles Continent. Punitive expeditions were often made in the Central Continent, but in the East, West, South, and North, the likes of half-baked punitive expeditions were stamped out by boss monsters who trampled them lightly.

Monsters lurking in undiscovered dungeons.

The levels or characteristics of many such boss monsters were not known to the public.

'For the quest to succeed... the answer can only be a truly strong monster.'

Ridiculous, jaw-dropping monsters! He intended to bring a monster such that even a prestigious guild would have to gather over 500 people to fight it.

The minimum standard was Vampire Lord Torido or Bone Dragon-class!

Weed spent 6 hours carefully looking for suitable monsters.

A terrible, terrifying monarch recorded in the history of the Versailles Continent! It was a figure deeply related to a quest Weed had resolved before.

'I'll bring this to start the battle.'

The next was a monster which had become famous after annihilating a prestigious guild who had devoted themselves to attacking it!

The last was taboo to even be spoken of. A symbol of power and

authority!

It was a destructive existence that could sweep away an entire Kingdom overnight.

"I've got to pick something of this level, at least."

Weed showed great satisfaction as he used the Power of the Deliverer.

Magnificent casting!

It was all or nothing for an S-class difficulty quest anyway. It was not a quest that could be completed through normal, non-committal means.

"The worse possible outcome is for me to die twice. Let's try it with all we've got!"

Weed felt his mind was at peace. He was only at conflict before the decision, but once he set himself to it, he didn't have any regrets.

"Well, with the little time that I have left, should I try making a sculpture?"

He was going to try and sculpt using the rocky mountain before the monsters were summoned. He couldn't hope for a Masterpiece since he was tight on time, but if there was another useful sculpture, it would help in its own way.

Weed pulled out his sculpting knife and headed towards the rocky mountain.

*

The station received and looked at Lee Hyun's video in real time.

There were parts that naturally lagged a little due to the time differential in the processing speed within the capsule.

Since there was so much they had to work with, staying up all night was a given!

However, the unnecessary parts, like when he was cooking or moving, were fast-forwarded, so they were seeing Lee Hyun's adventure in real-

time.

Director Kang grabbed the back of his neck.

"Ugh!"

He was so dumbfounded that he was dizzy. It was all because he had seen the monsters Lee Hyun had summoned using the Power of the Deliverer.

Panic!

Not only Director Kang, but also over 50 of the staff were fascinated.

"Is he crazy?"

"He's completely insane!"

"UWAAAHH! What are those monsters...?! Even the one coming out first is ridiculous!"

Director Kang and the station staff thought he would summon a moderately strong and manageable NPC or monster.

The Royal Knights of Rosenheim Kingdom, if he asked them, were good, since Knights mounted on drakes would be considerably helpful on the battlefield.

Summoning a Royal Magician wasn't bad either. Weed could exchange the contribution he had with Rosenheim Kingdom to ask for help Or, since he had contributed to strong nations in the Central Continent, he could summon from there too.

Kallamore Kingdom's Knight Kolderim! For the station people who knew about the quest of the Vampire Kingdom Todeum, summoning the somewhat attractive-and currently on a winning streak; Kolderim, was a fairly good choice.

The Lu Church's Paladins and Priests would also have been an effective choice! The Embinyu Church were their enemies, so if they were summoned, they devote their strength without another word. Using the priest's divine power as a backup to raise the overall power of the alliance tribes and going out in an all-out war would have been the choice of a

normal person. Of course, it would still be very unfavorable for the alliance tribes. Completely changing the war situation was difficult with a few Drake Knights or Priests.

Having to attack the Embinyu Church's fortress without even a proper siege weapon would leave an expectation of an atrocious amount of damage.

It was a situation where he could never raise the chance of victory, but you could still be a little hopeful.

But all of these were somewhat ordinary monsters and NPCs that people would normally summon. However, Weed only summoned the grotesque monsters that made you tremble.

"No, bringing just one of those monsters would be enough to cause an uproar..."

"Won't it be no problem to get 15% viewer ratings even if only one of those appeared?"

"One? Forget the ratings, they're enough to cause an uproar on the Versailles Continent."

The staff members chattered wildly.

However, inside the broadcasting station, a faint light of hope was beginning to bloom.

For those who had quested before in the Versailles Continent, they knew how hard a C-class quest was. If you had a high level and your team-mates helped, you could do a B-class difficulty quest. A truly outstanding user or guild could even try challenging an A-class.

Still, the only person who could progress through an A-class quest alone was Weed. Despite a favorable view, many considered the quest this time to be way too much and were in despair.

However, the station's atmosphere was changing now.

Anyone could feel that the indication of some kind of change was ripening.

Director Kang raised his receiver. It was so that he could report to the Director-in-Chief, but the phone connected and the Director-in-Chief spoke first.

– Director Kang? I'm looking at that video too.

"Is that so, Director-in-Chief."

– It's really amazing. Indeed... he's Weed. I envy his reliable image. Is it because he's young? There's something special about him.

"Yes. I think so as well."

Director Kang spoke while bowing as he held the phone.

"Yes yes, we will do that. Yes, of course. We will do as you say, Director-in-chief."

Ka-chak!

Director Kang put down the receiver and blew out a long sigh. "Pheew."

Tension was always high for a salary-man. But he then he vigorously rose up from his chair.

"Bring Supervisor Yoon from the Programming Department."

"Yes, Director."

At Director Kang's words, the station staff members focused their attention on him for a while. Then, Supervisor Yoon, who'd been in the adjacent office, opened the door and came in.

"Director Kang, what's going on?"

"Cancel all the regular programs from this moment onwards!"

"What? Then there would be massive grievances from the viewers."

"What program is broadcasting right now?"

"Tree and Monsters. It's a broadcast that introduces the peaceful monsters of the Versailles Continent and is popular among women and children."

"The average ratings?"

"It's 3.3%."

The popularity of Royal Road was growing to no end. As viewers who had never looked at game broadcasts before were drawn in, the general ratings had also risen considerably.

A rating of 3.3% was not bad for KMC Media.

"Stop it! I received full authority from the Director-in-Chief. An official document will arrive electronically in the Programming Department soon as well!" Director Kang urgently explained.

His sense of duty to cancel all the broadcasts before the quest's end!

Considering the monsters Lee Hyun had summoned, it was the jackpot. It secured the audience rating for sure.

The fight against the Embinyu Church would be interesting after all.

If the result was leaked after the battle finished, the excitement would be spoiled.

Even if the station completely maintained their security, with a quest of this size, you may never know what might happen.

Since it would impact the Versailles Continent based on the result, you could guess the quest's conclusion from the words of the residents, or a change in the situation.

From the station's viewpoint, it was a chance laid out with a feast— side dishes, richly roasted meat, and even the delicacy of soy sauce crab legs. A situation where you could starve to death while agonizing on what to eat! Though the meal was laid out, the dishes clamoring to be eaten would be your ruin.

Before such a disaster occurred, there was an order from the Director-in-Chief to immediately cancel all broadcasts.

"Production Supervisor Shin! Where is the starting point of Weed's linked quest?"

"It was the confrontation with Death Hand in the Dwarven Kingdom Kuruso."

"Broadcast that quest quickly. For the editing, just hide the truth that it's

the God of War Weed... but can we hide it?"

"It will be possible until the battle starts for real. It could be difficult depending on how the battle goes."

"Broadcast anyway. Hand over the footage to Programming now, start broadcasting as soon as it's ready."

The main screen on the homepage of KMC Media changed.

A sign announcing a war!

The Undead were pressing in, and the Orc Karichwi, who looked like he flossed with iron bars, let loose a scream. Part of the extremely popular Undead Legion video appeared on the main screen.

There was also a change in the broadcast schedule.

- 12:30 Tree and Monsters
- 14:00 Exploration Team for Sabain's Treasure
- 15:00 Eastern Great Adventure
- 15:50 Adventurer Milestones
- 17:00 Versailles Continent Story
- 19:00 Challenge! Monster Hunting, You Can Do It Too
- 20:20 A Road to Money, the Life of the Merchant
- 21:30 People For Whom the Stage of Their Dreams has Changed
- 22:00 The Searoute of Captain Urgan
- 23:30 Continent's Home

The schedule occupied by the regular broadcasts disappeared, and a new schedule was registered.

An incomparably simple schedule.

It was the incredibly flashy revival of the program, Weed.

On television, a caption alerting the cancellation of Tree and Monsters popped up.

- A few words of information for the viewers.
- Soon, Weed's adventure will be broadcasted.
- As it is an emergency change, we apologize for not being able to inform you beforehand.
- The linked quest of the Great Sculptor Weed and his war against the Embinyu Church will be broadcasted continuously.
- This quest, which is currently progressing on the Versailles Continent, has a quest difficulty of S-class, and there are more linked quests left.

The broadcast end time is undetermined, our entire current production staff are doing their best, but as it is an emergency broadcast, there may be insufficient points.

We ask the viewers for a lot of understanding.

It was a rather lengthy notification, but it was enough to throw the viewers into a frenzy.

– Sculptor Weed? Isn't it the adventure of the person who built the Pyramid and the Tower of Light?

– They say KMC Media is broadcasting the fight against the Embinyu Church that made such a ruckus in the Versailles Continent not long ago. Apparently it's a chain quest of S-difficulty.

– I'll tell all of my friends too.

The news was conveyed through various Royal Road fansites and forums. People turned on their TVs and changed the channel to KMC Media.

3.3%, 3.8%, 4.2%, 5.1%, 7%, 7.6%.

In a moment, the ratings sky-rocketed!

The number of posts written by viewers on the forum increased by 10 times more than usual.

– Why aren't you broadcasting?

– You said it was a little later, but when are you broadcasting?

For smooth broadcast preparation and the viewers of Tree and Monsters, the content wasn't changing immediately.

– I have been a fan of Tree and Monsters since the 1st episode and seen them all without fail. Please turn on Weed's adventure immediately.

Even the fans of the show were clamoring for them to end it quickly and broadcast 'Weed'!

A 10 minute counter appeared on part of the broadcast screen. The counter decreased every second!

The competing broadcasters felt like their blood was drying up at their

decreasing ratings.

While receiving enormous attention from the viewers, the broadcast of the program Weed began.

Chapter 5: Zhuge Liang's Strategy

Weed once again marched with the alliance tribes to the Embinyu Church's fortress. To ensure swift mobility, he didn't make any trebuchets.

"Waahh."

"That fortress is too strong. We won't be able to win."

Widespread pessimism among the alliance tribes! The number of alliance tribesmen had decreased by about 140 people. They were simple-minded people, who didn't lose hope easily, but it was an inevitable result, since they had been defeated after suffering one-sidedly and dealing almost no damage.

Weed didn't try to boost their motivation in order to encourage the alliance tribes members.

"Realistically speaking, it's hard to take them down and capture the fortress."

He deliberately didn't bring Bingryong, the Phoenixes, and Yellowy. He intended for them to get plenty of rest in order to maximize their power.

The spearheads of the Salmere Tribe drooped downwards. The decline in morale made their shoulders slump.

Nevertheless, as Weed and the alliance tribes approached the fortress, there was a response. Even more troops were posted to the wall, and smoke announcing the attack was rising from the spire.

Weed's eyes flashed. 'The Embinyu Church are calling all the savages under their command.'

After the initial recon skirmish, he had taken Bingryong and the Phoenixes for a light survey.

"The savages in this area under the Embinyu Church's command are very weak."

The other tribes near the River of Lamentation were much weaker than the tribes allied with the Matallost Church, the Lekiyé, Salmere, and the

Vejague.

"If we kill 10 and 5 of us die, there'll be a profit of roughly 27 troops."

A ridiculously absurd calculation!

As smoke rose from the beacon and time passed, the savage tribes flocked in. They were armed with bamboo spears, axes, and crude arrows.

Weed pointed not at the fortress, but at the newly appeared savage tribes as he instructed, "Minions of the Embinyu Church. Kill them."

Weed made a simple order the alliance tribes could perform, "Vejague Tribe, CHARGE!"

At first, the alliance tribes and the other savages both didn't show formation or tactical movements since they hadn't been trained.

"UWAAAHH!"

"LET'S KILL THEM ALL!"

The muscular Vejague Tribe Warriors ran. Each Warrior was a 100-man army!

"Salmere Tribe, it's your turn."

Weed ordered the Salmere Tribe into action. As it was their characteristic, the Salmere Tribe scattered to find and hunt enemies. They were top-notch Hunters who shot poison arrows and had abnormally pointy, elongated spears!

The Lekiyé Tribe took on the role of casting Confusion hexes on the savages. They bombarded the savages with AoE (Area of Effect) Confusion hexes and curses.

"I feel dizzy. The ground is shaking."

Though their surroundings were normal, the savages staggered around in the middle of the battlefield.

"My axe. My axe is heavy."

They couldn't even lift their stone axes, which seemed to have become 2-3 times heavier.

Such assistance from the Lekiyé Tribe greatly augmented the Vejague and Salmere Tribe's roles.

Against the savages, the alliance tribesmen presented their rather outstanding specialties!

"Kill them all."

"Let's not leave a single one behind."

The 10 thousand neighboring savages were one-sidedly cornered by the 6,000 or so alliance tribesmen. The corpses piled up, and the alliance tribes were getting stronger and stronger as their combat experience grew.

To be honest, he had somewhat planned for the alliance tribe's growth, but it wasn't too important.

"It's too late to make them grow now."

Since there were over 6,000 of the alliance tribesmen, trying to kick them into shape now was too much!

If he couldn't maximize the power of his forces, he'd find a more dangerous battering ram.

"We'll break away from normal siege warfare. There's no need to fight a disadvantageous battle. Even if the enemies grow more...and even if it's a hellish battle, we will fight in a favorable environment."

Weed changed the rules of the battlefield and planned to overturn it with chaos.

The tattooed, scarred, and muscular savages, wearing bear and leopard leather, were fighting for their survival.

Struum.

Weed pulled out his harp and strummed it lightly. The harp's clear sound passed through the battlefield.

Ah. Something is sparkling in that darkness.
Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh!

This is bronze japtem.
If it's rusted, let's clean it till it sparkles~
You can sell it at the store.

Turn the lights on in your eyes and search~
You can't miss even a single one.
Let's collect japtem and make money~

We've got to save enough to buy barley bread for a hundred years.
Ah. Ah. Ah.

Item!
A Unique item.
So excited. Let's dance. Today really is the jackpot.

As Weed's impromptu harp performance reached its peak, the battle between the alliance tribes and the savages was also progressing.

The Lekiyee, Vejague, and Salmere alliance tribes completely overwhelmed the savages. Although Bingryong or the Phoenixes weren't there, the increased power from the Brothers of Faith sculpture was likely a great help.

Ruuumble!

While the alliance tribes excitedly hunted the savages, a change arose in the Embinyu Church's fortress. The gate was slowly opening as it rumbled loudly. Through the gap in between the gate, Dark Knights and Soldiers could be seen readying themselves for battle. Their armor sparkled with light from blessings and protection imparted by divine power.

We'll hunt in a place no one has found~
The lonely Hunter's path.

Solitude is necessary for a rich harvest of japtem~
I don't hope for someone who understands.
What I hope for is just money~

As he played the harp, Weed's hand moved more flashily and quickly.

It wasn't just because the Dark Knights and soldiers were about to sally forth.

Grooowwl!

More accurate than a luxury watch worth millions of Won, his belly watch told him the time.

"It's finally time for him to arrive."

Weed gazed at the battlefield as he played the harp.

Like soldiers from historical war novels or films splendidly commanding the army! By handling either a fan or an instrument, Weed was directly copying the romanticized appearance of command. His actions reflected the naked reality of how films and novels devastated a person.

Plunk plunk!

By the time the gates were completely open, Lion's Roar was cast from Weed's lips with all his might.

Unlike the bad tune and song with horrible lyrics he'd been singing earlier, it was a roaring cry!

"ALLIANCE TRIBES, FLEE WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT!"

The alliance tribes left the corpses of the savages in the field and backed off like a receding tide at the signal.

The moment when the Dark Knights and Soldiers were about to spring forward as the gate opened—!

Tremendous Mana flooded the battlefield.

A whirlpool and gale raged, as dark Mana driven by black magic pressed in.

GRAAAAAWWR!

Horrible shrieks and screams of ghosts.

The area darkened and was swept over by murky clouds.

RUMBLE— CRA-CRA-CRA-CRA-CRASH!

Thunder and lightning exploded.

Right in front of the Embinyu Church's fortress, the ground where the alliance tribes and the savages had been fighting was splitting apart. Weed extended his two arms widely.

"He's finally coming!"

He sincerely welcomed the first monster summoned by the Power of the Deliverer.

"Come quickly!"

A skeleton wearing a robe slowly rose from the crack in the ground.

The leader of the Immortal Legion. The worst Necromancer, who had probed into forbidden domain; it was the appearance of Balkan Demoph.

*

Balkan did not know of forgiveness or mercy. If the Embinyu Church didn't spare method or means for domination and propagation, then Balkan was an entirely different being.

Subordinate to the power of darkness, he did not tolerate any living beings. A fierce hatred for the living!

A frigid chill emanated from his appearance alone. A monster of the highest rank, just his appearance made the battlefield's atmosphere sink low. An overwhelming atmosphere rushing in like a great storm.

Weed carefully observed Balkan's appearance. An old lich with rotting bones. From his appearance, he didn't differ much from Lich Shire, who had been his disciple. He was slightly taller and his jawbone looked thicker, but Weed, who had personally faced Shire, could only distinguish tiny differences.

"You can really say he's a truly rich Lich."

Lich Balkan wore high-class attire. A bleak, black aura was flowing from his body. Made out of extremely good-quality material but shoddy because it looked like it had been used for over a hundred years, the robe would look as good as new with a little mending.

"All luxury goods are originally like that."

He wore a crown adorned with gems somewhere atop his head. The duck egg-sized gems embedded in the crown sparkled with light. There was an eagle's skull attached to the staff he was holding. The combination of crown and skull matched Balkan perfectly.

Even from a single glance, he could tell they were Unique items. Lich

Shire had also been equipped with incredible items, but his master one-upped him.

"Magician families have a lot of money after all. But..."

There was one weapon in particular that drew Weed's gaze. A sword penetrating Balkan's chest! It was the only place the black aura could not cover.

Weed speculated, "Looks like the sword was stabbed in during the Versailles Continent war." Based on the design on the sword hilt, he guessed it was the relic of the Church of Lu.

It seemed the holy sword was restricting Balkan's tremendous black magic. Balkan was in the state of an incomplete resurrection!

"Did I bring a reject?"

While Weed was worrying a little, the alliance tribes were overcome by Balkan's charisma and were fleeing with their tails turned.

Hidden behind the rocky mountain, Weed scrutinized the battlefield. The alliance tribes had now fully retreated.

Balkan's gaze turned towards the nearby savages, "Worms. For the likes of you to have flowing blood and breath, I cannot believe it."

Balkan did not ask who they were. With an extremely unparalleled, arrogant manner, he extended one hand towards the savages around him.

"Thunder Storm!"

CRA-CRA-CRA-CRA-CRAASH!

Black clouds rushed in, and countless bolts of lightning plummeted towards the savages.

The bodies of the savages, who were once living beings, simply exploded. With almost no magic resistance, the savages were being massacred.

"Return to the ground on which you once lived and moved. This place is dark. A bad and rotten land. The law of darkness that will never disappear, let it be so they can all return. UNDEAD RISE!"

Balkan's chilling Necromancer magic began.

Doom Knights and Death Knights clattered as they rose from the pile of savage corpses. The Lich Balkan had summoned more than 100 Doom Knights over level 300!

"This land is ruled by my law of darkness. It will be dominated by an eternal, immortal strength. Dark Rule!"

The skull wand Balkan had been holding was stabbed into the ground. The earth turned dark red around that area. Then, the remaining corpses also slowly rose.

Each flash of thunder and lightning lit up a shocking scene.

There was a legion of zombies and ghouls. Countless Dullahans and Skeleton Soldiers!

"The Undead are rising. Run away!"

The few remaining savages scattered and tried to flee, but Balkan did not permit them to. He pointed a bone finger at the savages.

Then the Undead army began to slaughter the barbarians. The dead savages automatically rose as Skeletons or Dullahans.

The horrifying strength of the Dark Rule spell.

Weed, who had the Necromancer Magic Book written by Balkan himself, recognized the spell, "That's one of Balkan's three spells."

It was a spell that could only be used by a Necromancer of the highest tier, a special spell which dominated the entirety of hell with magic power and raised unlimited Undead.

The savages were completely hunted down by the Doom Knights, Death Knights, and Ghouls. Raising 10 thousand Undead did not even take 10 minutes.

It was the birth of an Undead Legion strong enough to put Weed's worries about the holy sword piercing Balkan's chest to shame.

"Balkan's aura. It's probably Death Aura."

It was indeed a spell only a Necromancer of the highest tier could use. It was a spell that strengthened the Undead Legion, improving Strength, Intelligence, Defense, Resistance, and Magic Power. Undead wrapt in the black aura became much stronger than a Skeleton Knight or an Archer. They probably weren't up to par with the high-ranking, monster-lined Immortal Legion, but it was a tremendous force indeed.

The black aura also had other truly terrifying points.

It did have the effect of strengthening commanded Undead, but the Health they captured while fighting was also absorbed by the Lich. In addition, it weakened divine power attacks and was the magic that acted as the source of a Lich's unlimited Mana and Health.

After slaughtering the savages, Balkan's gaze turned towards the Embinyu Church's fortress. The robe-wearing skeleton magician Lich's gaze overflowed with charisma!

Weed inwardly nursed great worries. 'He won't get scared and run, right?'

Though he was the leader of the Immortal Legion, Weed needed to confirm his true worth. If Balkan refused to fight because there was no reason to do so, nothing could be done.

'It's still an Immortal Legion in name, so... he won't leave after just saying hi. He won't. Yeah.'

Balkan Demoph willingly met his expectations. This time he pointed his bony finger at the fortress.

"Kua."

"KUUUEEEEEEL!"

The Undead rushed towards the fortress.

A fearless advance of Skeletons, Dullahans, Death Knights, Spectres, and Doom Knights! Tangling and trampling, they tumultuously went forward.

For the Undead, Balkan was a father-like figure. As soon as Balkan gave the command, the Undead advanced towards the fortress.

The Doom Knights yelled, "It's the supreme sovereign Balkan-nim's command! Do not leave a single stone of that fortress' foundation undestroyed!"

Balkan's great Necromantic army declared war on the Embinyu Church.
CRAAASH!

The Skeleton Mages shook their gathered arms. Green, blue, and white streaks of magic struck the fortress' wall!

The Skeleton Mages' magic didn't even have half the force of the trebuchets Weed had made. However, the magic of thousands of Skeleton Mages was more than enough to shake the wall. Pieces of broken rocks rained down.

There was finally a response from the Embinyu Church's fortress. The Embinyu Church was extremely arrogant and tried to dominate all the races and monsters in the world. The Priests and Dark Knights did not tolerate anyone who challenged them.

"The likes of the Undead dare to defile the Embinyu's land, fire!"

At the Dark Knight's command, the church's Soldiers loaded their bows. The arrows were fired from the walls and thickly covered the sky.

They struck the Undead Legion covered in black aura!

The advancing Undead fell to the ground as they were pierced by arrows. However, they weren't living soldiers so they didn't receive much damage from a normal arrow attack.

"KUO!"

Skeleton Soldiers pulled out the arrows penetrating the Death Knights.

It was a very emotional sight.

The skeletons bit the metal arrowheads with their yellow teeth.

CRUUNCH!

The skeletons didn't falter despite the shock of their teeth cracking. Though they were silver-plated arrows, they couldn't kill the skeletons

who weren't hit smack-dab.

"Occupy the fortress."

"If we capture that fortress, we can increase our minions."

"Follow Balkan-nim's command!"

While their armor and shields were peppered with arrows, the Death Knights went forward. Doom Knights swung their greatswords and cut down arrows in midair.

"Keep firing!"

Countless points appeared from the fortress walls and flew in as arrows.

"Holy Buster!"

"Divine Strike!"

The offensive spells of Magicians and Priests materialized. Attacks with divine power.

For the Undead, divine magic was their natural enemy.

With each blow, scores of Undead were annihilated or lost their strength and collapsed to the ground. But even as they took damage, the Undead steadily went forward and soon reached the vicinity of the wall.

The Priests became desperate, "Let us sing. Let's sing a hymn!"

— The Embinyu God is he who lets us enjoy freedom and gives us strength.

The hymn sung by the Priests! It was a song that added Strength to the Dark Knights, Soldiers, and Priests.

Their bodies tangled together, the skeletons crawled up the wall.

"Cl-cla-clack."

"Go up. Go up."

The Ghouls rammed the wall with their bodies.

After the annihilation of the savages, an Undead Legion of over 10 thousand had been made. They swarmed thickly at the base of the wall and waged siege warfare.

On the wall, Archers shot directly downwards, and divine magic poured down.

*

Weed laughed heartily. "Nothing less from Balkan."

Just one Necromancer was able to present such a terrifying display of power.

"He have to be at this level to say he has the right to lead the Immortal Legion."

There was nothing more electrifying than simply looking at the fight, hidden behind the rocky mountain.

Mooooooooooooo!

Yellowy bellowed his happiness as he raised his head and extended his tongue. The pure and simple Korean cow was, to some degree, in the process of taking after Weed's wickedness.

"Walls. Take over the walls."

"Get up and fight. It's Balkan-nim's command."

A skeleton who fell while climbing the wall soon applied itself again despite its broken bones. Even though it was pierced with hundreds of arrows and fell, the Ghoul also rose again.

"Kuuaaaah." It plucked out the arrows embedded in its body, stomped on the shafts, and pounded the wall.

The Embinyu Church Priests worked hard to use divine power. "O Emibnyu God, punish these who know not thy mercy."

Flames of divine power flared to life at the base of the wall. Purification by blue flames! The flames swept over the Dullahans, Skeletons, and Ghouls, melting scores of Undead. They were completely destroyed, unable to revive again.

The divine power of the Priests of the Church of Freya was also great, but the offensive power of the Embinyu Church Priests was enough to see

them as upper-tier Magicians.

Archers shot their arrows and Dark Knights swung their swords. Undead clung to the wall in a swarm, but thanks to their much more favorable position atop the wall and the help of the Priests, the Embinyu Church was not pushed back easily.

The Demonic Spirits under the Embinyu Church's command were also taking orders and fighting hard. However, they only barely reduced the numbers of the Undead.

Even if Dark Knights or Soldiers shoved them and they crashed to the bottom of the wall, the Undead quickly rose again. They did not die unless they were annihilated by holy magic. When the Soldiers and Priests from the Embinyu Church died in combat and weren't purified with magic, they became Undead from Dark Rule. Allies suddenly became Undead while fighting with wounds!

Balkan didn't play around either and actively participated.

"Poison Cuffs!"

A deep blue malice emanated from the bodies of the Undead crawling up the wall. An evil Necromancer spell contaminated and corrupted the surrounding area!

The Embinyu Soldiers who had been deployed to the wall to block the Undead fell to the ground.

"Mass Curse. Mass Weakness."

This time it was AoE curses!

The curses brought misfortune on the holy magic casting Priests and weakened the Dark Knights and Archers.

Balkan was a Necromancer through and through. Rather than demonstrating his own offensive magic, he commanded the Undead and had a type of specialized profession focusing on AoE curses.

It made Weed emotional. "Indeed, the world is driven by specialized professions."

He was watching a fight that was much more fun than Go-Stop! He followed the scene between Balkan and the Embinyu Church with feeling from behind the rocky mountain.

[T/N: Go-Stop is a Korean card game. It often gets quite heated and is best enjoyed with friends and beer.]

The sight of the Undead persistently crawling up the wall gave him the chills, and the Embinyu Church's might was surprising. Though they had also participated in the siege of Fort Odin before, this was very different from what they had shown the players.

There was tenacity and intensity in the fighting of the Undead Soldiers.

"If only I could have a large unit like them..." Weed smacked his lips in regret.

There wasn't even a need for another plan in capturing the Embinyu fortress. After all, at higher levels, it was justified to call a Necromancer capable of leading an Undead legion a one-man army!

Among players, many Magicians job-changed to Necromancers with such dreams. It would take a long time for Necromancers to become mainstream on the Versailles Continent, but it was easy to find beginner Necromancers taking one Golem and shaking hunting grounds.

Weed observed the battlefield with cold eyes. "The Embinyu Church won't go down easily with this level."

The Undead raised by Balkan were really strong. It was indeed true that 10 thousand Undead were raised in an instant. There was nothing unjustified in calling Balkan the master of the Immortal Legion. Balkan's ability to create Undead with high magic power was incredibly thrilling.

However, there was fundamentally a big impact on the Health of living Undead. There was a limit to how the Undead could be made from low-level savages. Simply making an impressive Undead Legion from low-quality corpses as the foundation was ridiculous, but with the added disadvantage of their position, they weren't enough to capture the

Embinyu Church's fortress.

"But the fight begins here."

Weed's belly was growling again. His stomach clock told him the exact time.

Satiety has fallen to less than 30%.
Maximum Vitality and Health will decrease.
You will tire easily and feel weak.

Weed gnawed on some pre-dried boar jerky, "It's time for number two."

At that moment, the space above the Embinyu Fortress distorted greatly. Similar to when the Lich Balkan was summoned, there was an enormous flow of Mana.

The crows that were flocking to feed as they watched the battle unfold flew away altogether into the sky. There was something even the ominous crows could not help but consider as a threat.

The summoning gate opened atop the fortress and an extremely large monster appeared from within.

It was the 9-Headed King Hydra.

*

Pale entered a tavern with his teammates, the 'Yurokina Black Skin.' The bar was run by Dark Elves.

Orcs who came were overpriced by more than 100%, but humans only received an additional charge of 30%. It was a popular tavern for Adventurers, Mercenaries, and Fighters who came to travel in the Yurokina Mountains to rest and eat.

"Looks like it already started," Surka said anxiously.

"Yeah, we should've come faster."

Romuna found empty seats for the whole party to sit at. They came to the tavern to eat food, but they also came to watch the broadcast. They

could watch TV through the magic glass installed in the tavern.

There weren't many empty tables in the Yurokina Black Skin tavern because of the Adventurers, Dark Elves, and Orcs who came to watch TV.

An S-class difficulty linked quest. War against the Embinyu Church!

The news spread within the Versailles Continent. In fact, the bars of large cities, Kingdom capitals, castles, and large villages, currently had long lines from quests rushing in. It was a given that the insides of stores were full, and there were even temporary tables set up outside. As people crowded the taverns of the Versailles Continent, the beginner hunting grounds in front of castles and villages actually became peaceful.

"Hehehehe." Pale couldn't help but laugh as he watched the broadcast glass. Whenever the celebrity Maylon acted as the commentator, his eyes were glued to the broadcast. Wearing a blouse and looking intellectual, Pale's lips stretched to his ears whenever she smiled refreshingly.

Irene sighed. "We need to order first... but will we even be able to order properly when it's this crowded?"

Zephyr then lightly raised his hand, "Dark Elf lady with the gentle smile and sparkling eyes brighter than black pearls!"

The Dark Elf waitress immediately gave her attention to Zephyr's table.

"We'd like mugs of beer for everyone here and orange juice for Surka, please. For snacks, the Dark Forest Kebab set will be good. Of course, you'll bring it quickly, yes?"

Wink.

Zephyr instinctively smiled with his eyes even while ordering drinks! He possessed the talent of raising intimacy with women no matter the situation. With his handsome appearance, confident actions, and attention to even the smallest details, he easily earned favor. Of course, there was a severe side effect to it too.

Hwaryeong shook her head as she grinned.

"Zephyr-nim."

"Yes?"

"You still haven't been hit enough."

"Cough!"

Zephyr had become a punching bag for the SwordNoobs! Every time he showed interest in girls, he trembled whether the SwordNoobs were watching or not.

When they finished ordering, they focused on the magic glass.

Da'in, who had become their teammate from questing, was also with them.

*

The future of KMC Media was riding on this special broadcast.

The regular broadcasts had been canceled and they were broadcasting the program Weed live. If they failed, their image as a broadcaster would certainly fall and the hit to their credibility would also be enormous, so they were investing maximum manpower.

The special effects team, sound team, subtitle team, and camera directors all took part in supporting the broadcast. The writing team was also mobilized in force, but there wasn't a script made because they were pressed for time.

Since the broadcast was unscripted, they set up the qualified commentators Shin Hye-Min and Oh Joo-Wan and invited Lee Jin-Gun as a special guest.

Lee Jin-Gun was a famous player within the top 400 in Royal Road. He had also completed many quests as an Adventurer. Hastily casted, he was an invited guest for the broadcast.

The sculpting match with Death Hand, the sculpting of the Wings of Light, and the restoration of Dwarf Kendellev's water sculpture were broadcasted.

The viewers' response to the new look on Sculptors was also warm.

? It's beautiful.

— Is this a rediscovery of Sculptors? Please make programs like this more often.

— I'd like this to be an opportunity to bring interest to dismissed professions again.

Besides the main professions the majority of players picked, there were many professions in Royal Road. Professions were divided based on race and hidden professions! The responses of viewers who had chosen such professions were good.

— When will the actual content be broadcasted?

— Is the Embinyu Church coming out or not? You're not gonna keep going like this and broadcast the rest of it tomorrow, right?

— I want to see the contents of the chain quest soon.

— I'm guessing the sculpting match with Death Hand is one part of the linked quest.

— It must be. But how can a Sculptor do the quest? A Sculptor's combat strength is awful.

— The sculpture put out by Death Hand looks a lot like the symbol of the Resurrection Church. Anyone know about this?

The viewer forum buzzed with discussion and speculation. Since it was the first S-class difficulty quest, it was sure to attract a lot of attention.

— But who is this Sculptor Weed?

— He is the main character of a program called 'Weed' that was broadcasted not long ago. He also traveled to the Vampire Kingdom.

— Ah, the program with the low ratings... but I don't think I've seen many Sculptors.

— He is the Lord of Morata.

— He's the Great Sculptor who made the Pyramid and the Tower of Light.

There was a considerable number of people asking about the Sculptor Weed. Many people still didn't know about the Sculptor Weed. They knew of the Tower of Light and Morata, but actually, even after they heard the name of the person who made the sculptures, they had carelessly soon forgotten. The same sad fate as the creator!

Shin Hye Min had a slight smile on her face.

Anyone who'd watched game broadcasts even a little knew the God of War Weed – the charismatic individual who, after standing as the absolute being of Continent of Magic, emblazoned his strong presence in Royal Road as well. By the recognition he garnered and his fame alone, he was at the level of Bardray, who was guiding the Hermes Guild.

'What kind of response will there be when people find out he's God of War Weed?'

She was not the least bit worried. The response of the viewers would definitely be explosive enough to overload the broadcast station homepage!

As a commentator, it was enough to make Shin Hye-Min feel sorry she was still keeping this secret to herself. Even within the station, only directors and related staff members knew Weed's true identity. The one other commentator, Oh Joo-Wan, and the special guest Lee Jin-Gun were not aware.

After the release of Kuruso's broadcast, Shin Hye-Min said, "It seems like the quest this time will show us many new truths about Sculptors, but what do you think, Mr. Oh Joo-Wan?"

"It's surprising. Weed is the Lord of the Northern Morata region and the

creator of awesome sculptures. In fact, can't you say he's the figure who represents Sculptors? For such a person to be doing a war quest, I'm anxious to watch it."

"The viewers also have of the same thought, right? But will Sculptor Weed be able to win a war against the Embinyu Church, a strange, fearsome force?"

Oh Joo-Wan quickly replied, "I wonder. It's hard for me to even imagine how he'll do it. It's true that it looks very difficult as of now, but I'm curious about what kind of method and means he'll use."

"In short, we can't lose hope, yes?"

"If he accepted the quest, I think he means to do his best. He could have gained some kind of power or authority during the quest, and even if he fails, there will be great meaning in the challenge itself."

This time, Shin Hye Min turned her attention to Lee Jin Gun, who was sitting to her left, "Mr. Lee Jin-Gun, what do you think about this quest?"

Lee Jin-Gun smiled as he made a conclusion. "Of course it's going to fail."

"What?"

"If it's the same Embinyu Church that I'm thinking of, it'll definitely fail. There is absolutely no way he can succeed."

"..."

"There'll be meaning left in the challenge, but even for that, he could've just gotten a hard quest from good luck. The Embinyu Church? It's an enormous unidentified force."

Lee Jin-Gun snorted as he ruthlessly cut Weed down. "Hmph! Moreover, the quester is a Sculptor. His skills may be recognized in the Sculpting field, but he'll fall short in adventuring experience and will lack ability as well. Failure is definite."

They were words prickling with his pride as an Adventurer and a well-known ranking player in the Versailles Continent. Lee Jin-Gun was so

narrow-minded, he could not even imagine a person other than himself would succeed the quest.

"Oh my. Do you really think so?" Shin Hye Min laughed gaily.

Normally, she would call a break time and give him a harsh scolding for being such a downer in the broadcast. Speaking somewhat critically in the introduction did not disappoint the viewers and it could have a dramatic effect if the quest happened to succeed. However, Lee Jin-Gun had magnificently thrown a wet blanket on the broadcast. If viewers heard his words and decided the quest would completely fail, their reason to watch the broadcast would also disappear!

Even though Lee Jin-Gun hadn't been told of the Power of the Deliverer Weed had used because he was a guest, it was still no good. For the casting to fail in such an important broadcast, it could be nothing but a huge disaster.

But Shin Hye Min held back her laughter. In a little while he was going to get knocked down a notch!

Shin Hye-Min couldn't forget how he had belittled Archers and Rangers in the last broadcast.

— Archers? It's a good job for cowardly people, since they can kill the monster before it gets close. They're of a different standard from Adventurers, who leap into places with unknown dangers.

Shin Hye-Min was resolved to dish out retaliation on behalf of Archers and Rangers!

It was a broadcast full of ulterior motives, but even she was extremely curious about how Weed's war quest would go. Weed's real-time video was being taken and edited to the best of the production department's ability. Since she was following the broadcast and commenting and couldn't watch the live feed, she also wanted to see it quickly.

Chapter 6: Black Dragon

GRAAAAAAWR!

Stepping on the wall to stand, the supersized King Hydra's 9 heads sought prey. The heads shot around like arrows, swallowing up Priests and Soldiers.

GRA-RAWR!

It demolished the stone tower and gobbled up the Archers.

It was on a different plane from Yellowy's rumination of fresh grass, which was leisurely enough to make one blow up in frustration.

A sight inducing horror and vertigo.

In a bog three prestigious guilds united to explore, there was a legendary monster, the King Hydra. Then, in just a few minutes, the King Hydra ate up all the prestigious guild members and moved to yet another location to eat more prey.

An existence burning with an endless appetite, the King Hydra!

"F-fire!"

The Archers' target changed from the Undead to the Hydra. They loosed arrows towards the Hydra's body as it stepped on the wall and cleared away their teammates.

The Hydra's 9 heads saw the arrows. The majority of the arrows couldn't pierce its thick hide, and even if they left a wound, it only lasted a minute; its green blood would immediately stop flowing, and the wound would heal. It was thanks the Hydra's special characteristic of regeneration, which surpassed even Trolls'.

"The attack isn't working."

"Save me!"

"Dark Knights, protect the Priests."

The Hydra's heads each moved several meters to search for food. Each head boasted a snout bigger than a castle tower and even emitted a fire

and poison gas attack!

On the fortress wall, there was a clamor of exploding screams.

"Dark Knights, come back!"

The Dark Knights, who faced the Undead on the front lines of the battle tried to gather to fight the Hydra. However, before they could attempt an organized maneuver, the corner of the wall the Hydra had stepped on crumbled down. Suddenly, a part of the fortress wall gave in all at once, unable to bear the Hydra's ponderous weight.

"Uhuhuhu."

"The wall collapsed. Let's go up."

Climbing the wall collapsed from the ground up, the Zombies, Ghouls, and Skeletons at the head of the Undead army pressed forward in a line. There were also many Embinyu Soldiers who were crushed to death.

"Fight!"

"Embinyu Soldiers, don't give up our holy ground to them!"

A mass of Embinyu Soldiers rushed out from within the fortress and charged at the Undead, including Dark Knights and Priests, they were the Embinyu Church's remaining troops! Unmobilized in the fight until now, it was the first appearance of the Embinyu Church's hidden forces.

Balkan did not let them eliminate the Undead.

"Core Explosion!"

Due to the ultimate evil Necromancer's magic, the dead corpses erupted in a massive explosion. As bones and flesh splattered, the terrain where the Embinyu Soldiers had gathered took enormous damage. More than several hundred people lost their lives, and far more were rendered unable to fight because of large wounds. Without shields and armor, they would have taken damage near to impossible to shake off.

Even normal Necromancer spells became chilling spells of mass destruction when Balkan cast them.

Rustle.

Debris in the collapsed wall moved. Living Death Knights who became Undead from the Dark Rule magic swung their swords to slaughter those who had been their allies not long ago.

"Holy power, protect us. Grant your servants wills and bodies like steel. Iron Armor."

The protective magic of the Priests encased the Soldiers. In addition, the High Priest Feylord, who hadn't shown himself, finally appeared.

Apparently, Feylord was also plastered with high-class items not falling too short of Balkan's. Jeweled rings hanging from each finger, a bracelet, necklace, and earrings! The peerlessly expensive accessory items sparkled in the sunlight. A high priest robe embroidered with golden thread was draped over his obese body.

Feylord yelled, "Servants of the Embinyu Church, your pain will disappear and joy will burn within you. Divine Bless!"

Feylord's propensity to bless primarily Soldiers was also strong. If Lich Shire or the Bone Dragon's overall force was undoubtedly explosive, then the High Priest Feylord did not show such offensive power. However, in the eyes of the Embinyu Church's army, he was so great that there was no wall sturdier than he.

A part of the fortress wall had collapsed, but the Embinyu Church's Soldiers filled the gap instead.

"Oh. Oh. OH!"

"We won't let our land be stolen."

"Eliminate the enemies. Embinyu God, give them eternal pain."

Covered in the blessing magic of Feylord and the Priests, the Soldiers easily overcame most of the attacks and their pain.

The footmen were perfectly equipped with shields and armor! They demonstrated strength firm enough to feel threatening. As they swung their hammers and axes, they pushed the Undead army back. Though a Dullahan was adept at battle, it wasn't able to penetrate the wall of footmen easily when three or four footmen defended together and

counterattacked.

However, it was only after many of the Undead had already entered the fortress through the fallen wall. Doom Knights and Death Knights went around picking Priests and slaughtering them.

"I am Sowed Veron, Knight of the Embinyu Church 11th Sect."
"Ke. Ke. Ke. Ke. I'm Death Knight Teirum, Balkan-nim's minion."

It wasn't hard to see a Dark Knight and Death Knight having a one-on-one match. There were cases when the Dark Knight dominated and beheaded his opponent with a holy sword. However, when a Death Knight won, the dead Dark Knight immediately became the same Death Knight or Doom Knight and revived.

"A huge demon."
"Let's go. Let's fight."

Some of the Undead went after the King Hydra. With their fear removed by Balkan, the Undead tried to hunt even the likes of the King Hydra. However, there was no way the King Hydra would be hunted down by scores of impertinent Undead! Whenever the 9 heads moved in turn, Undead flew into the sky and scores of Soldiers and Priests were eaten.

The battle of the Embinyu fortress continued on as a grand dogfight. Whenever the King Hydra moved, Soldiers and Undead were crushed underneath.

GRAAAAAAAAAAAWR!

The King Hydra's fearless roar rang out in all directions like thunder.

*

Standing by with the barbarians over at the rocky mountain, Weed looked at the sky. The direction of the drifting clouds had changed. Of course, Weed's actions weren't for probing the secrets of nature, as legendary genius philosophers have done.

"The sun is at high noon. It's time to eat. Let's eat, everyone!"

Weed ate a meal with the barbarians first. It was time to give his stomach sturdy fuel.

"Your body can't endure if you don't eat up." Weed didn't spare the back meat of Black Wild Boar and roasted it.

The ultimate wild boar barbecue! It was the delicacy of all delicacies one could eat with a big battle ahead. As he turned the boar round and round, he sprinkled on plenty of salt and pepper.

Gulp!

The sound of the barbarians swallowing their saliva rang aloud.

The well-roasted barbecue was savory and melted gently in the mouth. As they ate boar, which boasted the most delicious taste, they watched what could be called the ultimate view.

"It's gonna take quite a while."

The King Hydra, Embinyu Church, and Balkan's fight was now kicking into high gear. The Undead army's numbers rose steadily, and the King Hydra ran amok while destroying the fortress as if it owned it.

The Embinyu Church's remaining forces all came out as well— it was hard to judge where the course of the battle would flow. It had seemed the Embinyu Church was briefly getting pressed back when the wall fell, but they blocked it with additional forces. Thanks to the service of the elite Dark Knights, the Embinyu displayed unfaltering might. Since they were fighting with the Demonic Spirits' aid as well, the Embinyu Church seemed to be alive and well.

"Since the fortress isn't completely destroyed, either."

Archers shot arrows while hidden in cover! The Priests also eliminated the Undead with Holy magic by using the narrow passages and structures. The Embinyu Church seemed like they could beat the Undead army in a moment if they could restore order!

The King Hydra began to spray poison gas as it leapt around hellishly. As was characteristic of Necromancers, Balkan raised the Undead army

from the safety of the rear.

The incredible scenes, awful enough to make a watcher's eyes spin, did not cease.

A tower rising high into the air steadily tilted to the side with a roar and completely collapsed. The stone gargoyle mounted askew on the spire spread its wings as it flew towards another place. It seemed Balkan had also summoned the stone gargoyle and a harpy-like aerial monster at some point.

A fire broke out in the castle and was blowing acrid smoke into the sky; there were also many Soldiers falling on the wall.

The dogfight of all dogfights!

Finished with his meal, Weed spread his arms wide. "It's finally time for the last guest to arrive."

He was positioned to actively welcome the most precious guest. It was time for the last guest to be summoned by the Power of the Deliverer.

As the three groups leapt about in the Embinyu fortress, the space above distorted greatly and something black and lump-like bulged out.

The crystallization of dignity and nobility! With scales sturdier than mithril and perfect aesthetic quality, it was an existence possessing even beauty. The race no one on the Versailles Continent did not know.

There was a rumor that by simply consuming the Dragon Heart, their body would experience an increase of maximum Mana by over 5,000, and if a Magician were to eat it, it would raise their magic level up a step.

The embodiment of great authority, the Black Dragon.

At the tremendous flow of Mana, the King Hydra, Balkan, and the High Priest Feylord looked up at the sky. It was an existence capable of throwing them all into despair.

A monster with small wings in contrast to its 60 meter body appeared. Not only was it very different in appearance from a Black Dragon, but it was much shabbier as well. For starters, it didn't have a beard, and the

head, which looked like a giant snake, and didn't exude dignity either. A real dragon's body exceeded 300 meters. However, the black lump which had appeared wasn't even 70 meters from head to tail. Its body was thin and long. Rather than calling it a dragon, it was more like a snake with wings.

It was a fellow trying to molt into a dragon by training a lot and eating tons of good food for a long time. The Black Imoogi!

[T/N: An Imoogi is a legendary creature in Korean mythology, said to aspire to become a true dragon. It is a large, python-like creature (Wikipedia).]

Weed had summoned a dragon, symbolizing its own kind of strength and authority. Only, it was just a fake!

Of course, it was something you absolutely couldn't underestimate for being an Imoogi. A monster at the level of a King Snake had to undergo hundreds, thousands of years to become one. This fellow was a big-shot even in the boss-class.

Even the fake was in a different class.

"Because it's not a normal fake, but a dragon fake!"

The Black Imoogi opened its maw wide.

MUUAOOOOOO!

Dragon Fear!

The Embinyu Soldiers covered their ears with both hands as they staggered. The Undead also made groaning noises, as if they were in pain. Apparitions like Spectres and Ghosts were even forcefully unsummoned.

The Black Imoogi announced its appearance in an incomparably flashy way. Though it was an Imoogi and not a real, legitimate dragon, the force of the Dragon Fear it used was immense.

The entire castle was in its range, and since it was enough to deal a huge blow to the monsters, Weed's Lion's Roar was no match for it.

As they looked at the Imoogi, Balkan and Feylord's fighting spirits flared.

"This one is of an appropriate size to kill and make into a Bone Dragon."

"I shall sacrifice that one to the Embinyu God."

The Black Imoogi did not turn a blind eye to these challenges. 'Foolish humans, unsightly Undead, and a hideous Hydra! The bunch I dislike are all gathered here.'

The Black Imoogi scorned all three groups without reserve. The amount of pride it had was similar to a real Dragon.

As the Imoogi butted in, the Embinyu fortress fight entered a new situation.

Controlling the skies, the Imoogi used magic. It was a being which didn't even need complicated spells or embellishments. Lightning bolts the size of the Imoogi's body and huge insects were summoned and fell below. The fortress was crushed as Undead were exterminated, and Embinyu Soldiers also died mercilessly.

Though it was a fake dragon, it wasn't an Imoogi for nothing.

*

KMC Media's production!

Personnel were mobilized to analyze and edit the video that was being transmitted in real time. Including the director-in-chief, director, and the chairmen above them, the personnel were absorbed in watching the video.

"Oh!"

"Really!"

"How can that be..."

"So the King Hydra looks like that."

God of War Weed's war! It was the biggest war in Versailles Continent's history. A battle of overwhelming proportions that showed beings no one could even dream of, gathered in one place!

The station employees were, of course, Royal Road players.

'Yeah, skeletons are scary.'

'The monster army is really strong. If I were the commander, I would never go down the wall with those Soldiers.'

The area below the fortress was seething with the Undead army. No matter how you looked at it, descending with the Soldiers was suicide, but the Embinyu army had no fear. A group of Knights and Soldiers leapt down from the wall to 'punish' the Undead. Though they had briefly boasted of being the strongest force, when the Skeletons and Ghouls came in from all directions, they quickly reached their limit. Once they disappeared like a boat sinking in the middle of the ocean, they were born as Undead. It was even the cause of the Undead army's expansion.

However, it was a feat which could only make you say the Embinyu army was truly terrifying. Even as they took enormous damage, they swarmed forward and were opposing the King Hydra.

'Impressive.'

'Ah, if I were there...'

'I wanna fight too. My level is also over 320...'

The staff were energized. As they watched the video, the directly conveyed tension of life and death and the excitement of the scene hit them hard. From the perspective of making broadcasts, how long had it been since they had been this impassioned?

'If I could receive a quest like this once too, I'd have no more to wish for.'
'How awesome it would be if I could fight even one of the skeletons there.'

The personnel were standing in place. The vigor that had disappeared with age was boiling up. They forgot their hunger, and were unaware of the pain in their legs.

*

Weed took out a fan.

It was the 30 Copper fan he'd bought at the general goods store in case he needed it one day. Cheaper than cheap, it had almost no function.

As one day passed in Versailles Continent time, the Embinyu fortress fight steadily became more gruesome and intense again.

Sparsely Feathered Fan

Durability 3/5.
Attack 0~1.

A fan young children wouldn't even play with as a toy. It can make a little wind, but it is useless in cooling down heat.

It seems like it will incite rage and frustration if it is given as a gift to someone.

Weed gently waved the fan. Yellowy came to his side and suddenly shoved his head in, but he went back to grazing because it wasn't refreshing.

A full smile was on Weed's lips. "As expected, it's going as I planned."

Weed slapped the fan onto his palm, and consequently, two of the already scant feathers fell out. There were barely 11 feathers left!

"Zhuge Liang is also an admirable tactician."

The Embinyu Church had the advantage of overall might and geographic element. Balkan raised low and intermediate Undead as he fueled an endless war. The King Hydra agitated the heart of the battlefield with its nearly indestructible regeneration. The Black Imoogi was no different from an executioner. Though it was a fake dragon, it mercilessly destroyed the Embinyu Church and the group of Undead.

The Embinyu Church, Balkan, King Hydra, and Black Imoogi!

"This is truly a four-part division!"

It was an upgrade from the three-part division Zhuge Liang was said to have caused. Of course, those were completely only Weed's thoughts.

[T/N: The three-part division refers to the Wei, Shu, and Wu kingdoms warred in China's Three Kingdoms period. Zhuge Liang was a brilliant Shu strategist. Although Shu was much smaller and had far less troops than Wei, Zhuge Liang's genius kept the Wei on the defensive. He is a famous hero in Eastern Asia. (Wikipedia)]

The Phoenixes asked Bingryong. "Senior, what is 'four-part division'?"

"I don't know either. Yellowy, do you know?"

"I also do not know. Mooooo."

The sculptures asked amongst themselves, but they were finding no answer! Despite it all, since he was the big bro, Bingryong thought about it and replied, "I think the four-part division means the four groups fighting over there. The four groups are divided and fighting as they attack each other. As in, they've been trapped and frozen even without my Breath."

The Phoenixes were in awe. "It's a really awesome plot."

"To think Master had such a good trick."

In a general sense, the Phoenixes were classified as birds. Unable to overcome the limitations of fowl, they were easily surprised by Weed's strategy.

Bingryong swaggered as he said, "Don't underestimate Master. He is a person who is shockingly smart at times."

"Yes, senior."

Having stayed mostly out of the conversation to nonchalantly munch on grass, Yellowy asked, "This, right now, how is it different from just summoning three more guys to make four guys fight?"

"..." Bingryong couldn't think of anything decent in response. With just a slight change in perspective, it could easily be regarded as such.

If Zhuge Liang had formed the three kingdoms Wei, Shu, and Wu from a foundation of genius resourcefulness and a tactical victory, then Weed was different. His foundation was the experience he'd gained while struggling a great deal and the combat ability of monsters his body learned while fighting to its limits.

He had chosen which monsters to summon through the various pieces of information he'd acquired through the Dark Gamer Union or Royal Road info forum. Consequently, he made four incompatible groups fight.

Unaware of the conversation between the sculptures, Weed fanned

himself leisurely. "The true object of this four-part division isn't here!"

Zhuge Liang's plot was greatly admired even today. Though Zhuge Liang had been in a disadvantageous situation, he had restrained the Wei, one of the three kingdoms!

"However, Zhuge Liang couldn't bring about national unification in the end."

Even if he called forth incredible guys to arouse a fight, it was no use if he failed the quest.

"You can say this four-part division has a waiting aspect. When those four groups are tired from fighting hard, when their armies are weakened, we will attack. We'll become the final victor."

As they listened to Weed's words, Bingryong and the Phoenixes were perfectly appreciative.

"A truly outstanding plot."

"As expected of Master."

"We'll drive the Embinyu Church to the bottom, and catch all the other guys to top it off— this is the best approach."

The supermarket also lured in customers with buy one get one events. But because they had a basic margin, there was a limit to the giveaways. They also needed to make a living!

However, the merit of Weed's scheme was he could get one and an additional three. This could be called the resolution of a crook's wickedness.

Yellowy still didn't retract his cynical gaze. "Aren't you just planning to make others fight tons, then catch them all when they're tired? Mooooooo."

Though it was called a genius scheme, a great challenge, it was ultimately extremely simple! The difference between success and failure could be seen as paper thin.

Weed remained taut with tension, as if he were tightrope walking. 'This

is gonna be damnably difficult. I expected it wouldn't be easy since it's an S-class difficulty quest.'

He assessed the Embinyu Church's power very highly. Since he had gone through an awful lot for each success in the quest, he had to keep plenty of hidden schemes in mind as well.

The remaining troops swarming out of the fortress were still existences to be leery of! If he had just taken the barbarians and fought, he could have never assured victory.

Even if Balkan won, it would still be tough. In order to succeed the quest, he needed to capture the fortress. Capturing the fort against the Undead army rather than the Embinyu Church would be difficult all the same.

"The time is slowly approaching." Weed's eyes sharpened.

If he just waited around, he would earn almost no profit even if the quest succeeded because his contribution was low. If only for the enormous reward of an S-class quest, he couldn't just watch.

The four groups were exhausted from fighting desperately. Balkan was a Lich with endless Vitality, but he was being harried by the Embinyu Priests' concentrated attacks. Just like how the Priests killed the Undead, hymns and holy magic flew towards Balkan. Even the High Priest Feylord launched offensives. Consequently, having come up the fortress with the Undead under his command, Balkan was struggling. The King Hydra's movements were slowed, and the Black Imoogi's Mana wasn't the same as before.

The fortress became a sea of fire from the tracks of the intense fight. The battle was precipitating towards the climax.

Weed pulled out his sword. "Now it's time to go."

The loosely relaxed and resting barbarians rose with gleaming eyes. They had rested up and eaten well, so their fighting will surged. Their recovery strength was fairly fast. Granted it was in part due to Weed commanding them to not pay attention to the fight and not showing them the sight of the Embinyu fortress. They would soon cower if they saw the Black

Imoogi, King Hydra, and Undead army.

"It's time to hunt. All troops, advance!"

Weed advanced to the fortress with the barbarians, Yellowy, Bingryong, and the Phoenixes.

*

RAAAAWR.

The Black Imoogi was summoning and throwing down large rocks from midair as it flew around.

"It's close to the ground. Now! Shoot."

"Concentrate magic attacks on the dragon!"

The divine magic of the Priests and the Archers' arrows went skywards. Skeleton Archers and Skeleton Mages discharged fireballs and poisonous green auras into the air.

They were paltry attacks that could be neutralized and disabled with a mere glance if it were a real Dragon! However, the Black Imoogi had to flap its wings to dodge the magic attacks. Some of the spells crashed into its body directly. Every time it moved while flinging itself about, countless magic attacks chased it from behind. There were even Doom Knights and elite Dark Knights swinging blades on top of the Imoogi's body.

It was weaker than when it had first appeared was palpable from just watching it fight. It had easily deflected arrows with the defense of its scales alone, but now it took pains to avoid them. From taking the combined attacks of both the Undead and the Embinyu Church, there were scratches on the flawlessly smooth scales which had sparkled like jewels.

But an Imoogi is still an Imoogi!

In the beginning it had spewed searing attacks and sent over 7 of the King Hydra's heads flying, and it smashed half of the Embinyu Church's fortress. It ejected poison and melted about half of the Undead army as

well. It was weakened because of severe Mana depletion, but the Imoogi's combat ability was outstanding.

"It's a tasty dragon. Let's eat it!"

Though it had already eaten up over 1,000 Soldiers, the King Hydra's heads flew towards the Imoogi with gaping maws.

"You dare? A tiny thing like you!?"

The Black Imoogi wheeled in midair to tear at the back of the King Hydra's neck. The King Hydra's head went flying in an instant, but the Imoogi's joy was short-lived. The King Hydra's new head was generated immediately.

Regeneration surpassing trolls!

Having exchanged attacks with Balkan, the High Priest Feylord commanded his Priests, "Recite the sacrifice spell."

"Noble Embinyu God, we dedicate our bodies; send down a blade to swing at the world."

Sacrifice Sword!

100 Priests lost their Health and collapsed. Immediately afterwards, a huge sword of golden light was formed above the Imoogi. Without delay, it plummeted down.

The Imoogi flapped urgently as it turned to one side, but the thin wing joint was cut.

"KUAAAAA! Cowardly bastards!" The Imoogi screamed in agony.

The Black Imoogi wheeled round and round as it crashed into the fortress. Hundreds of soldiers, Demonic Spirits, and Undead were smashed underneath.

"Hunt down the dragon."

"Catch that bastard!"

Soldiers and Undead swarmed forward. Despite losing one of its wings, the Black Imoogi totted as it fought fiercely. When its eyes flashed

viciously, the Human Soldiers froze and were prickled with gooseflesh, rendering them unable to fight.

However, it didn't work on the Undead. Doom Knights sliced wildly at the scales, and arrows and magic flew in without giving the Imoogi a chance to use recovery magic.

The Dark Knights and Doom Knights came at it like a swarm of gnats, dealing damage little by little to the Black Imoogi.

*

Weed, Bingryong, the Phoenixes, and the savages descended the rocky mountain.

"Strike the undead first!" Weed targeted the Undead at the outskirts. "Hunt the undead far away from Balkan."

The barbarians shot arrows at the Ghouls and Zombies. Filled with the power of the Lekiyé Tribe Shamans, Undead who were hit with the arrows burst into flames or froze.

"Completely obliterate them so they can't regenerate!"

Weed was completely eliminating the Undead little by little. He fought with the Vejague Tribe's Warriors in places where Bingryong and the Phoenixes trampled and passed. He cleaved through vital points with his Sculpting Blade and completely destroyed them so they couldn't revive.

He even acquired japtém. It was the most definite sign of the Undead being destroyed!

Bingryong went in first, trampling and tearing, and the Undead melted as the Phoenixes spewed flames. Flames were second best for facing Undead, next to holy magic! The Phoenixes' fire even had a slight purification effect, so average skeletons, Ghouls, and Zombies were dead meat.

MOOOOOOOO!

Yellowy was also fighting hard around Bingryong. He had an admirable

desire to earn money for the sake of buying hay to feed his calves, when the time came, and to build a cowshed to stave off the rain!

However, he didn't approach the area around the Phoenixes. There were a few fatty slabs hanging from his muscular, robust body. Yellowy avoided roasting his rib eye, shank, and prime ribs!

Weed was easily able to slice the weakened Undead at the outskirts of the fortress. The main force of high-leveled Undead were inside the fortress, so it wasn't so difficult.

"The size of both sides has really fallen a lot."

There had been over 10 thousand Undead and more than 20 thousand Embinyu Church troops. However, the remaining power of both sides was weakened to about 2,000 each.

The soldiers had been melted away by the Black Imoogi or eaten by the King Hydra! There was also huge losses from fighting between the two enormous armies.

It could make you realize how cutthroat the war was.

His contribution would be much less when he completed the quest, but he was forced to accept the loss!

Over the collapsed wall, the Undead and Embinyu Soldiers were fighting as they raised a turmoil. The King Hydra, Black Imoogi, Balkan, and Feylord were fighting a fierce battle there.

"Let's enter the fortress and sweep up the remnants!"

Weakened enemies!

Even so, Weed and the savages couldn't guarantee victory over any of the groups. Balkan would be as tough as ever, and the King Hydra was violent. The Embinyu Church was still hostile towards them, and the Black Imoogi was fighting so well that you had to see it to believe it.

There was no rule saying it couldn't be a life where shrimp were crushed in a fight amongst whales.

Weed shouted vigorously, but the savages just hesitated.

"It's dangerous inside."

"It's better if we don't enter."

Perhaps because they felt very uneasy, the savages stepped back. However...

"We must capture the fortress. If you retreat here, you will have to live as pawns of the Embinyu Church forever. Alliance of the Deliverer, let us fight courageously!"

At Weed's Lion's Roar, the savages gained the will to fight again.

But Bingryong, the Phoenixes, and Yellowy were also shrinking back.

"Master."

"I don't think we really need to go in."

The Sculptured Lifeforms' disobedience!

Even if Weed were to use violence, this problem would persist. No matter how much they were hit, they did not want to enter the dangerous fortress. Yellowy had already eaten more than one sack of japtem! Like a peace-loving cow, he did not want to fight anymore.

Weed nodded. "I understand your position as well. I was not considerate enough. I am really sorry."

A frank self-reflection and apology! These were things shouldn't come from Weed.

Weed, the man who always forced and insisted, bowed his head to his subordinates. "Forgive me. And forget about me."

"Master?"

"This will be the last time you see me. I will fight bravely with the alliance tribes and meet my end... Remember that and forget about me now."

"Master!"

"Forget about me and go to a safe place to rest comfortably and live well. I am especially burdened with deep regret because I won't be able to treat

you well to the very end, Yellowy."

UMMOOOOOOH!

"Eat plenty of good grass and father many little cows. Even if you don't have money, you absolutely must not take any loans."

MOOOOOO!

At the words similar to a will, the highly sensitive Yellowy cried big tears.

"I'm sorry I just caused you to suffer without doing anything for you. The atmosphere will get weird if the parting is too long, so I'll go now. Live well."

And then Weed turned and walked away. However, his pace wasn't fast at all. He gave the sculptured lifeforms plenty of space to follow him. He deliberately hunched his shoulders and his head hung low to the ground.

"Master, let's go together."

Bingryong flew towards the fortress, followed by the Phoenixes.

Yellowy furrowed the ground with his hind leg and positioned himself to charge.

The Sculptured Lifeforms were ready for battle!

Chapter 7: Weed's Ideal Type

Vampire Kingdom Todeum!

Yurin's Painting skill improved as she painted the Vampires.

"How are they?"

"Very good. Pretty lady, would you like to go to a quiet spot for a glass of wine? We'll go to my castle and draw in the dark curtains to prevent sunlight from shining in. Then we'll have time all to ourselves until morning, in my coffin..."

"No way!" She refused the seductions of the Vampires coldly. Going along with the Vampires could end with sharp fangs plunged into your nape.

'Looks like I've gone through most of this place, too.' Yurin decided to conclude her journey in Todeum.

In Todeum, there were many paintings created by great artists. There were many works by masters that any painter would want to see at least once hanging here and there. Thanks to that, her Painting skill improved considerably, but she wanted to travel throughout the vast continent.

"Shall I move to a different place?" Yurin stood from her seat.

With a broad-brimmed hat pressed onto her head, she packed up her paint container and sketchbook. On her back hung a large brush.

Level 16.

At that level, it was impossible to even arm herself with good weapons. This brush was really just an ornament she had pulled out from the treasure trove of the Vampires. Its broadness was good for painting and it also had the effect of stunning weak monsters.

It was made of Mithril!

Since its durability was high enough for the hair on the brush to not fall out, it was quite useful.

"Well then, shall I go?"

Yurin roughly painted a picture onto the ground.

The scene she painted was one of the pub where Pale and the others drinking beer as they watched the video of Weed's battle. She drew things like Pale and the party members, the tables and the gathered people, and the interior of the pub.

When moving to an area she has never been to before, she had to make a fairly accurate depiction. If there was even the slightest difference in the portrayal, she could end up in a completely different place. However, when moving to a place with a person, she had to draw that person's portrait exactly.

If she roughly drew the party members and the location, she could use her Picture Teleportation skill.

After drawing the pub's scenery, Yurin drew herself sitting at an empty seat at the group's table.

After that, she was sitting in the pub.

"Kyaa. A King Hydra came out!"

"This is the best! Is he really a sculptor? The size of that monster really isn't normal."

The pub was ringingly noisy, almost painful to the ears, from the sounds of people ordering food and beer, and there was even an uproar of boisterous cheers.

Although Yurin had suddenly appeared, no one paid any heed.

"Come quick."

"Have you been well, sis?"

As expected, Hwaryeong was the very first to greet Yurin. With that, Yurin greeted Irene, Romuna, and Surka, whom she had not seen for a long time.

"So you were in Todeum until now....you shoulda come sooner."

"There were many things I wanted to draw. I was busy doing drawing quests. Now that I've come, please buy me lots of tasty things, sis."

"Sure. I'll buy you anything."

Hwaryeong and Yurin clicked really well. They chatted busily even while watching Weed's video. Because Irene and Romuna were also chatty, there was no end to the conversation of the girls.

"You changed your equipment?"

"Yeah. The last outfit was too revealing, y'know. This time I picked an elegant outfit. What do you think, is it alright?"

"It's really pretty. Where did you buy those earrings from?"

"They're a monster drop. They're from Goblins, do they suit me?"

"They suit you really well."

Da'in also introduced herself to Yurin first. "I'm the party's Shaman...Da'in. Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too, Unni."

Da'in was pretty shy, but because they were really nice people, she opened up to them quickly.

Then, while they were chatting and watching the adventure video, after exchanging a few greetings, a question suddenly jumped out from Hwaryeong's mouth.

"Yurin, what kind of girl does your brother like?"

"What?"

"I mean... does he have a preference in a girl's personality, appearance, or stuff like that?"

"Are you asking me about his ideal type?"

"Yeah. Don't you know a lot about your brother as a little sister?"

It was loud in the tavern due to the battle video, but people's attention was more drawn to the table where Yurin sat.

The ideal type of Weed, who had never shown the slightest interest in women.

"I don't know either."

"Why not? Hasn't your brother dated anyone before?" Hwaryeong's eyes gleamed exceptionally.

"Not that I know of."

"I see. Still, there has to be an ideal type he likes."

"I kind of know, but I don't know how to explain it."

"For example, what about a girl like me?" Hwaryeong smiled brightly as she asked. She, who ranked number one as the most desirable date and wife in world-famous magazines! Hwaryeong was full of dignity, charm, and confidence.

Yurin slightly shook her head apologetically. "Unni... is probably not brother's ideal type."

Hwaryeong quickly became glum and asked, "What part of me is lacking?"

The party was shocked.

How could he dare to not love Hwaryeong? What kind of deep reason could there be?!

Could it be a painful story of the past? Or was it because he was worried about getting swept up in a scandal since Hwaryeong was a top celebrity?

"Sis, how many clothes do you buy a year?"

"About fifty or so. I also receive a lot of clothes from my sponsors."

"My brother hates spending money on buying clothes."

Hwaryeong, who was wearing brand-name clothes, brand-name heels, and brand-name perfume, could never become Weed's ideal type!

"Then what about me?" asked Irene, smiling demurely.

Since she had befriended Yurin through in-game whispers, Irene asked it half-jokingly.

Pale and Zephyr silently nodded. No man could dislike Irene. She had a

devoted, kind, feminine, and had an austere personality. Plus she was pretty to boot.

"I don't think you're his ideal type either, unni."

"Why?"

"He won't like that you'll probably get scammed later because of your kind nature."

".....!"

Romuna also asked, "How about me?"

"Since unni has a snappy, firm personality.... but because of your major...."

"What's wrong with my major?"

"You're a music student. My brother says he doesn't like that because it takes a lot of money to play music."

A deep-rooted prejudice against the fine-arts!

Hwaryeong spoke sulkily, "Does he even have an ideal type of woman?"

"Actually though, my brother probably doesn't even think about his ideal type. I don't really know about things like his preference, but it'll work with the right mindset."

"A mindset he likes, huh."

Yurin looked at Da'in and continued, "I think Da'in-unni is the closest to my brother's ideal type."

"Why?" Da'in smiled happily.

Sometime in the middle of hunting in the caves of the City of Heaven, Lavias, Weed had told her:

They had many conversations at the time-- they'd also talked about ideal type.

"I really don't know if it's okay for me to ask..."

"It's fine, ask."

"Unni, how do you manage your long, straight hair? Do you go to the salon often?"

"Nope. My hair is naturally easy to style, so I've been growing it for a few years."

"You don't like earrings, rings, and other accessories, right?"

"Yeah. I don't put on cumbersome metal things."

"As I thought! You also like to wear clothes modestly, right?"

"I buy them mostly from the supermarket. Only the goods on sale in February!"

Weed's perfect ideal type had appeared!

Da'in also realized this fact while answering, and her complexion changed as it paled. It was because she now realized why Weed had said she was very nice, and his ideal type.

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Together, Weed and the barbarians took over the walls at lightning speed. The Undead had already pushed into the fortress so the walls were empty!

Weed took out the High Elf Yericca's Bow.

"Spirit of the wind."

Aided by the spirit of the wind, the arrow flew and penetrated the head of a Dark Knight in the blink of an eye.

The Salmere Tribe exclaimed, "Let's shoot arrows too!"

"Fire until your quiver is completely empty! The time has come for us hunters to act!"

The Salmere Tribe hunters took out their bows and fired. Despite shooting two, three arrows all at once, each shot was a perfect hit!

With arrows fired from above, they were utilizing the enemy's sieging advantage against them. Weed relentlessly only aimed at the Dark Knights.

- You have subdued Dark Knight Benson with an arrow.
- Experience has been acquired.

The arrow assault barraged the Dark Knights swarming below.

At a buffet, too, your hand went to the tasty foods first. "Pork roast and bulgogi are must-haves at a meat buffet!"

You had to fill your stomach with rapidly cooking meat. When Weed received his paycheck, he went to a meat buffet with his sister. They only stood after viciously eating meat to the point of nausea.

The satiety he felt when his belly was so full it was hard to walk... there was nothing more beautiful and peaceful than that memory.

Weed's treasured memories of his adolescence.

"There are monsters everywhere!"

This situation clearly reminded him of a buffet. Attacking weary enemies to increase his experience and contribution!

Since normal soldiers weren't even worth the value of the arrows, he obstinately avoided them. Even if Weed didn't get them, the Salmere Tribe's arrows were pouring down like rain.

"Enemies have appeared."

"We have to stop the arrows..."

The Embinyu Church's army wanted to retaliate against Weed and the Salmere Tribe, but they didn't have a chance to because the Undead army was bearing down on them.

Atop the naturally advantageous walls, they fired arrows over the heads of the Undead. The Undead were involuntarily protecting Weed's troops while fighting. Thus, due to the unexpected storm of arrows, the Embinyu Church's soldiers took continuous damage.

Dead soldiers instantly revived as Undead. The Undead increased exponentially. Simultaneously, the balance of the previously closely

matched battle broke and the Undead army pressed forward.

The Vejague Tribe warriors drummed their shields with their swords.
"We want to fight, too."

Weed nodded gravely. The current situation could not be solved with arrows alone. They had to bring it to an end when the Embinyu's army was greatly weakened.

"I'll give you a hundred Salmere Tribesmen. For now, go towards the inside of the castle with them!"

"Inside of the castle?"

"Bypass the walls and enter the inner castle. There will probably be Priests and Magicians of the Embinyu Church there. Kill them!"

Using the observation skill he had honed through sculpting, Weed roughly estimated the fortress' structure. The Embinyu Church was still able to firmly hang on because of the fundamental strength of their Priests. Their soldiers took strength from the recovery and holy magic and fought on.

Their resting place had to be raided.

Then the soldiers wouldn't be able to heal anymore, and they wouldn't be able to take the poison attacks of the Imoogi and Undead, and thus they would fall apart.

There were probably Dark Knights protecting the Priests, but the Vejague Tribe was worth believing in.

"But we don't know where the Magicians and Priests are."

"The Salmere Tribe's pursuit skills will help you. Yellowy, you follow them too."

His command even considered the specialties of the three tribes.

"Yellowy, open a path from the front."

MOOOOO!

He wanted to summon Death Knight Van Hawk and entrust the

command to him, but he couldn't call him as long as Balkan Demoph was nearby. He couldn't use stolen goods in front of its original owner. In addition, if Van Hawk sought to go away with Balkan then it would be nothing but an enormous loss for himself.

"Thanks for leaving it to us."

"We're going inside."

The Salmere Tribe and Vejague Tribe hunters ran from the walls with Yellowy and entered the castle.

Yellowy's gaze!

The ancient paintings, decorations, and furniture within the castle were on fire. A group of guards and zealots were spraying water to quench the fire.

MOOOOO.

Yellowy's previously naive eyes were filled with rage, resentment, and displeasure.

Some people were so poor they didn't even have a shack to protect them from rain, but they built and lived in a castle this big and magnificent! With now violent eyes, Yellowy struck the ground. The enraged Yellowy's battle speed increased far beyond that of a battle horse. Actually, for an ability acquired at a fairly high level, there was really only speed and unrelenting endurance.

Thud thud thud thud thud thud thud!

Yellowy charged through the corridor wreathed in flame and surrounded with artwork.

"It's a MAD COW!"

"For the likes of a COW to enter our temple! Hurry and slaughter it!"

"We should sacrifice it."

Yellowy rammed his head into the zealots and guards who were warding him off with spears. He fought by throwing his weight into his attack.

MOOOOO!

Yellowy bellowed as he opened a path.

While in the mad cow state, it was as if he had lost his vision and was just charging while ramming anything he saw. He threw his head up, kicked to the side, roundhouse kicked, and even kicked using his hind legs, demonstrating the incredible attack power of the bull!

He fought so well it was hard to believe it was really the meek Yellowy. After parting with Weed, Yellow's coyness had completely disappeared.

Part of the Vejague and Salmere Tribe were able to seize the opportunity and easily bypass the zealots.

Even if they died, Embinyu Soldiers were all revived as Undead because of Dark Rule. Since they had to clear away the Undead, too, it took a considerable amount of time to advance.

Because Balkan, Feylord, King Hydra, and Black Imoogi were all engaged in a fierce battle on the grounds at the center of the fortress, the shaking of the castle walls from explosions was also a frequent occurrence.

In places that had been cleared out, the Salmere Tribe's hunters set up traps. The Embinyu Soldiers who moved through the halls or gave chase took a lot of damage from the traps. Good use of the Salmere Tribe's trap-setting skills was being made within the castle.

The Salmere Tribe discovered the Priests' waiting room.

"It's an enemy invasion."

The Priests, Dark Knights, and Soldiers resisted, but the Vejague Tribe completely wiped them out, even while taking great damage.

The number of Dark Knights was greatly reduced, and above all, the Priests' holy magic was no more. Knights lacking the strength to even pick up their shields were helpless against the long-range arrow attack.

They were able to end it with the Salmere Tribe's arrow attack, and the Vejague Tribe's valiant rush.

With the slaughter of over 200 Embinyu Church Priests, the Embinyu no

longer had reserve forces.

*

While reaping excellent results, Weed and the savages fired at the Embinyu Church's troops.

The increased Undead army was running to the center of the castle. The skeletons and Death Knights sprinted.

"Seems like we'll go up against Balkan."

Balkan, the King Hydra, the Imoogi, and Feylord were fighting fiercely at the center of the castle. At Balkan's command, the undead threw themselves on the King Hydra, Imoogi, and Feylord. There were times when one side would go on the defensive, but victory did not come easily. Balkan, the Imoogi, and the King Hydra recovered very quickly even if they were hurt. Their health and defense were also high.

The High Priest Feylord's Holy Barrier just neutralized most attacks. Even Balkan's and the Imoogi's magic were neutralized. The Undead couldn't even draw near him.

It was hard to concentrate because of the King Hydra's extended heads attacked in every direction.

"There'll be no end if it keeps going like this."

Weed thought that it was time to make a decision. The weak point of the four-part division was that even if one side weakened, it was hard to finish it because the attacks would just be concentrated on another side.

"There's no time. If this goes on any longer, I won't know who'll go down first. Feylord won't last long, but if Balkan wins or the Imoogi is left, it'll be really tough to get rid of them."

It was quite tricky to fight Balkan's Undead army, the flying, magic-casting Imoogi, and the King Hydra's high Health.

With the Imoogi's wings broken, this was his chance. Weed took out the Copper Plate of Rest.

"Deeeeeeath Seeentence!"

A dark energy gathered around the rusted, broken and cracked copper plate and headed into the fortress.

The durability was low, so it couldn't be used many times.

Weed threw down equal sentences on the King Hydra, High Priest Feylord, Lich Balkan, and the Black Imoogi. A dark red stigma was imprinted on their foreheads.

- You have laid the Death Sentence on King Hydra. Health recovery and body regeneration has been sealed for a day.
- You have laid the Death Sentence on High Priest Feylord. He cannot recover Health, Mana, and Stamina for one day.
- Lich Balkan Demoph's ability to Drain Life and Drain Mana have been sealed for a day.
- Imoogi Freykis' Health and Mana recovery will not work for one day.
- The Copper Plate of Rest has 4 durability remaining.

Death Sentence applies critical restrictions on creatures! In return, the Copper Plate of Rest was on the verge of breaking.

Weed used the Copper Plate of Rest again. "Defiled dead ones, follow your true master!"

The Demonic Spirits that had become puppets of the Embinyu Church and were fighting the Undead and King Hydra! The Demonic Spirits rebelled and did not listen to Feylord. Weed used the Copper Plate of Rest to have them attack the Embinyu Church soldiers that were protecting the area around Feylord.

- The Copper Plate of Rest has 3 durability remaining.

With the dark red brands on the Imoogi, King Hydra, and the Lich Balkan, they were forced to take serious damage.

The Lich Balkan's endless Health and Mana absorption had stopped, so he could no longer spew nearly infinite magic attacks.

The one that the greatest blow was probably the King Hydra. The King Hydra moved its nine heads to devour its targets and spew venom, but its huge body was nearly motionless, so it was taking many attacks. It quickly healed when the Embinyu soldiers and Undead stabbed and slashed it with spears and blades, but it no longer recovered.

– KUAAAAAAAAAAAA!

The King Hydra's scream rang shrilly throughout the fortress.

With the Demonic Spirits converted, a battle royal where friend or foe was indistinguishable was unfolding within the fortress.

*

"It's a success."

Whenever he used the Copper Plate of Rest, Weed couldn't suppress his nervousness. Since it was on the verge of breaking, the copper plate could be a defective item. There were more than one or two fake or defective items that looked fine on the outside but had unbelievable interiors.

He worried that if it broke even before he tried using it, what the hell could he do!

"As expected, I've got to use this carefully."

He only felt relief after he'd used the Copper Plate of Rest, however carelessness was prohibited!

A huge creature ran amok while destroying the fortress' towers. The King Hydra.

It was coming to attack him after discovering that Weed was the ringleader behind this whole fiasco.

– I WILL KILL YOU.

With Undead dangling from it, the King Hydra was coming at him with incredible force.

Weed clicked his tongue. The appraisal for what he could earn had

dropped considerably in no time.

"It'll be hard to get a full price for the leather."

King Hydra had only 5 heads left, and the body was also riddled with wounds. After losing its regeneration ability, bitten by the Imoogi, and having a Balkan's curse cast on it, it wasn't in top form.

The huge monster was near death.

In comparison, Weed, Bingryong, and the Phoenixes were alive and well, and over 5,700 barbarians also remained.

Weed raised his hand.

"Arrow attack!"

The Salmere Tribe fired arrows towards the King Hydra. The sharply pointed arrows' penetration strength increased as they spiraled around and around.

– KYAAAAAAA!

The King Hydra cried as it was struck by thousands of arrows.

Weed finally declared, "I've given up on even getting a second-hand price for you."

The King Hydra's leather was heavy and thick. Even so, because it was precious, it wasn't often used to make leather armor. Priests, Elemental Shamans, Summoners, and Magicians could not wear the King Hydra's heavy leather while fighting. The defense also fell compared to steel plate mixed with Mithril, so it wasn't an easy material to sell.

"At best, this material is only suited for making winter socks. Everyone, attack!" Weed made a violent command.

Bingryong immediately flew over and bit into the King Hydra's neck.

A massive body hundreds of meters long!

Bingryong, sculpted from a raw chunk of ice that was formed from gathering of ice and snow, blocked the King Hydra's charge with its hefty mass.

The Salmere Tribe shot arrows, the Vejague Tribe wielded their blades after returning from carrying out their task, and the Lekiyé Tribe used magic to strike the King Hydra.

– Savages! To think insects like you would dare!

Nevertheless, the King Hydra leapt about courageously.

Even while entangled by Bingryong, it flung its tail as the heads shot forward and swallowed the barbarians. It even wrapped Bingryong's body with its head and pressed down.

It wasn't an ultra high level boss for nothing.

It was well over level 500, and it held its own in a fight against the Imoogi, Balkan's curses, and the Embinyu Church's attacks.

Weed waited a while. 'Despite resisting like that, it won't be long until it dies.'

For now, he took out the High Elf Bow and only shot arrows.

King Hydra was a stepping stone to his goal, and because there were a lot more enemies he must fight, he didn't deem it right to use up all his energy here.

Although he has the skill Power to Reject Death, he wanted to play it safe because it was only valid for one use.

He only had to wait for the King Hydra to kill itself from exhaustion!

More than 100 Vejague Tribe members had been eaten.

– Something like you can not kill me!

The King Hydra roared ferociously.

It opened its five mouths and shouted towards the sky.

Although it was pierced with thousands of arrows to the point of resembling a porcupine, and those wounds getting bigger and bigger, it refused to die.

"So was that... really true?"

Weed clicked his tongue as he stood before the majesty of a monster that would not fall.

The legend of the King Hydra.

According to the records of the Versailles Continent, the King Hydra would never die until its nine heads are cut off.

Now, they needed to cut off the five remaining heads.

"But there is a limit to King Hydra's vitality."

Thanks to the Sentence of Death, the decapitated heads wouldn't regenerate. It'd be extremely difficult to cut off all 9 heads, but now it was not impossible.

Weed spread his Wings of Light and flew towards the front of the King Hydra.

– KYAO!

The King Hydra stretched its head.

It opened its mouth and thick teeth that could crunch up iron were visible. Its strongly acidic saliva fell in drops and melted rocks. Anyone who gets swallowed up by this monster would face certain death.

"Master, dodge!" Bingryong cautioned. He was wrestling with the King Hydra, so he couldn't save Weed.

"Master, it's dangerous."

"Avoid it!"

"We're going to help you!"

"Master, come back!"

Yellowy and the Phoenixes' commitment were shown one after another.

They were all worried about Weed.

The Weed that his sculptures knew was someone who abused them, made fun of them, and only took the spoils of a battle at the drop of a penny!

The battle fought against Embinyu Church displayed a different side of

him, but he almost lost his life because of the faceoff.

Perhaps it was inevitable because of limited vitality and mana, but all of Weed's sculptures apart from Bingryong saw Weed as someone they needed to protect.

'This is my battle.'

Weed folded the Wings of Light and fell from the air.

He dodged the King Hydra's attack and flew to the side of one of the heads to Bingryong's side.

– Kyaaaaaaaaa!

King Hydra's heads were aimed at Weed like vipers. The four outraged heads were shooting towards Weed.

Bingryong unfolded his wings to try and stop them, but two of the heads still threatened Weed.

Weed avoided the heads by a width of a hair by flying into the air.

There was no room for relaxed movements. Because of the close proximity, it was impossible to move like so without predicting the attacks.

"Bingryong, I need you to do something for me."

Bingryong replied while biting into the King Hydra's neck.

"What do you want at a time like this, Master."

"Let go of the heads."

"Then you will become its target, Master"

"It's okay. Let go, now."

Bingryong believed in Weed. During the battle of the Northern Expedition, Bingryong wouldn't have been able to hunt down the Bone Dragon without Weed.

As soon as the King Hydra's heads were free, with strong hostility, it attacked Weed. Weed took the priority rather than Bingryong who was right next to it.

– KUAAA!

King Hydra's attacks were menacing and dangerous.

Weed stuck close to it and avoided its thrilling attacks.

He flew below Bingryong and King Hydra's legs and between its armpits to avoid the blows.

When he finished avoiding them all, King Hydra's long necks were entangled up like as if it went through a washing machine.

Weed recalled his experience with his part time job at the laundromat. The ignorant people that were brutally using automatic washing for good clothes worth more than 100,000 won (~\$100)! It was a big mistake to think that putting detergent in would solve everything!

"It is best to hand wash laundry."

Weed sat down on its neck and raised up his sword.

"Blessing!"

The Ring of the High Priest that he was wearing covered his entire body in light.

- The Blessing of the High Priest has been used.
- Physical abilities are enhanced for 20 minutes.

It's duration was brief but he decided to use the blessing for the critical moment.

The legendary sword that was said to have cut down an Inferior Demonic Ice Daemon fell and cut down on the Hydra's nape.

"Sword Kaiser!"

His strongest attack skill.

Weed used his sword to cut down the tangled neck of the King Hydra as if it was a ball of yarn. Of course, the thick leather didn't tear with a single cut.

"Sword Kaiser!"

Using his single point attack technique, he struck down his sword as if he was splitting firewood.

"There are no necks that don't get cut after ten strikes!"

Weed did not spare any health and mana for his skills and hit the King Hydra's neck.

Tied up with Bingryong's huge body, the King Hydra's necks were cut off one by one and were pumping out blue blood. It did not revive again.

Then, after all 9 of the King Hydra's heads had fallen--

- Level up.
- Level up.
The violent monster King Hydra, which dominated the Nopren Swamp, has gone into eternal rest.
For completing a great achievement, Fame has increased by 350.
- Strength has increased by 3.
- Vitality has increased by 10.

He had managed to level up two times for getting the finishing blow on the extremely injured King Hydra.

Of course Weed did not forget what he needed to do; to pick up the spoils.

- A large sapphire crystal gem has been acquired.
- A strangely shaped feather hat has been acquired.
- Sophia's Great-Spear has been acquired.
- A total of 3,140 antique gold coins have been acquired.

1 Gold and gold coins are usually exchanged at the same rate. However, old coins had antique value to them too.

"This isn't a bad profit."

He should also check the other items but the battle wasn't over yet.

"Yellowy, come here!"

Weed pulled out his sculpting knife after calling for Yellowy.

Slice slice slice.

His hand movements carefully cut the King Hydra for its leather! Although the leather had a lot of scratches, he still put it aside in case there was another need for it.

Weed even made sure to take the King Hydra's head.

- The King Hydra's severed head #1 had been acquired.

Five heads!

A normal monster's body only left useful parts and disappeared, but since these remained intact, he picked them up.

He made Yellowy drag the King Hydra's leather and its huge heads.

"As expected, there's a lot to gain from a big monster."

This must be how a fisherman must feel when he catches a whale.

The story of the old man catching a whale... There even was a famous novel about a man returning back to land after facing a storm and losing his whale meat due to sharks.

How great must have been the old man's regret that it could resound in hearts worldwide!

Chapter 8: Commander of the Battlefield

Weed, the group of savages, the Phoenixes, and Bingryong took a break.

The original plan was to seek more prey for contribution points and spoils. However, the Vejague and Salmere Tribes' Stamina was dropping, and the Lekiyé Tribe was fainting from mental exhaustion, so a break was unavoidable.

Weed held bandages and ran around treating the Vejague tribe.

"First Aid!"

His hands did their utmost to tightly wrap the wounds. This wasn't because he was a devoted saint, but rather, for his objective to drag them further into the battlefield.

However, his saved up herbs soon began to run low. The Vejague Tribe's warriors were the size of mountains and they had many big wounds, so it couldn't be helped.

"Yellowy, we're running out of herbs. Spit some saliva out!"

The bull's thick saliva was used instead of herbs.

After treating the troops like so, they advanced once more.

Balkan, the Imoogi, and Feylord's fight was reaching its final stage.

– Kiyaaaaaaaaoooo!

"I'll kill you and turn you into an Undead."

"I will not forgive any of you who have defiled the holy ground of the Embinyu."

They were waging a fierce battle with strong hostility against their opponents.

Balkan's robe was torn, completely revealing his skeleton. He was a high-ranking monster who had covered the continent in blood and corpses! However, his strength was limited by the holy sword in his chest, and because of Death Sentence, it was no longer possible for him to

absorb Health and Mana. It could be said that his life had become wretched indeed.

"Evil Undead, return to the place where thou wouldst sleep. Turn Undead!"

Undead cleansing magic! The Embinyu Church's Priests' Turn Undead magic was focused on Balkan.

"Not yet... There is work left to be done here. There are too many living beings."

Balkan was the sovereign ruler of the Undead. He tried to eradicate the Embinyu Church while commanding the Undead, but they stubbornly held on until the end, so it wasn't easy. Moreover, the Imoogi was spewing magic so the damage to the Undead Army was also great.

At last, a problem arose with Balkan's body. Bright light erupted from the holy sword lodged in his chest.

Craaaack!

A large crack formed on his skull, and the Death Aura that had surrounded his body became thin and faded.

"This sword's curse is..."

The Holy Sword was inversely absorbing Balkan's mana.

Balkan's body was wrapped light as radiant as the sun.

"This... I cannot go on. On the day I clear this sword's curse, I will surely have my revenge."

Leaving behind words filled with hatred, neither the Lich Balkan or the Holy Sword remained.

He was not completely destroyed, but unsummoned! Lich Balkan had returned to the location of the Life Force Vessel where his life was sealed because he had no Mana left to compose his body.

The Undead were noticeably weaker after Balkan disappeared.

"Kuueell?"

The Zombies forgot about facing enemies and were in confusion. A part of the Skeletons even returned to piles of bones. The Doom Knights' Death Auras were also weakened, so they dropped like stones from the purification magic of the Embinyu Priests. Leaping ghosts and the innumerable Undead Army wandered about.

"It's too bad Balkan already left." Weed smacked his lips in regret.

Balkan, the leader of the Immortal Legion, was indeed the real deal. He had shown them an incredible sight, demonstrating that Undead worthy of being written in the history of the Versailles Continent had to be at his level.

The Undead Army Balkan made had to be dealt with in order to hunt him, so for most guilds, he was truly an enemy they could not even conceive!

"His ability to handle Undead is far more outstanding than Lich Shire's."

He mass-produced low-ranking Undead, made them fight, and even aided their abilities. If not for the Death Sentence and the constraints of the Holy Sword stabbed into his chest, he could have captured the Embinyu Fortress alone.

A chance to hunt Balkan was far and few in between. Weed would've won even if he had to sacrifice all the garish savages, so it was regretful that Balkan had left.

Even with Balkan gone, the situation was not looking good for the Imoogi. Riddled with wounds, it couldn't even fly due to its torn wings, and the Undead and Dark Knights were brandishing their swords at it. With its movements restricted, there was even a war being waged between the Undead and Dark Knights atop the Imoogi's back.

Indeed, it was hard for the Embinyu Church's situation to be any worse than this.

There weren't even a dozen priests left, and fewer than 100 Dark Knights were left to barely block the Undead Army! It was thanks to the High Priest Feylord emitting divine power and pushing back the Undead Army

that they were able to endure.

Balkan, who departed and abandoned the Undead Army. The craft Imoogi, who reserved its strength to breathlessly save some Health. The Embinyu Church, who were trying to drive out the intruders.

This was the place Weed dragged the savages and the sculptured lifeforms to.

– Ringleader!

"Is he the lowly human who summoned Balkan Demoph here?"

"You're the culprit who brought all these monsters here!" The representative of the Undead was one among the Doom Knights.

Weed received violent castigation from the three groups. However, he spread his shoulders wide and spoke tenaciously. "As a rule, the popular guy receives malicious remarks."

His baseless sense of blamelessness!

Weed said towards the Imoogi, "If you were stronger, you would have been able to kill all those ugly enemies. Right?"

–

Next, it was the Doom Knights: "Who told him to appear with a blade in his chest? Even Balkan was unsummoned because he was weak."

Then Feylord: "I was originally enemies with you. Who are you resenting and to whom are you griping at?"

Such self-centered statements and endless self-justifications!

"History only remembers the winner. It doesn't even care about the cowardly excuses of the losers. Isn't that right, Bingryong?"

"Master's words are true." Bingryong, who was just as underhanded as Weed!

"The strong is not the one who wins; the winner is the one who is strong."

"You are indeed our Master."

"Smart."

Weed drew positive responses from Bingryong and the Phoenixes by citing the proverbs he'd picked up.

There was still a duration of more than 10 hours left on Death Sentence. However, there was nothing good about dragging the time on!

With the Undead Army Balkan left numbering in the thousands, the Embinyu Church's Priests and Feylord, and even the Imoogi, the battle was not finished.

"Wipe them out!"

As soon as Weed announced the start of the battle, Bingryong stretched his maw wide. Ice Breath shot forth as he expelled the breath he'd been holding in one go!

The pure white Breath shot towards the place where the Imoogi and the Undead were gathered.

While treading upon the earth, the Undead froze in place. The Imoogi covered its body with the one wing he had left to block it, but the Undead couldn't resist and became chunks of ice. The Undead that were outside the Breath's range came charging in.

"Block them!"

The Vejague Tribe Warriors went on the defensive, swinging their hatchets and hammers. They destroyed the bones of Skeletons and slaughtered Zombies.

The Dark Rule magic was cancelled with Balkan's unsummoning, so the Undead army no longer grew.

"Summon Death Knight, Van Hawk!"

At last, the Death Knight appeared with eerie smoke.

"There are... many enemies worth fighting here."

"Then fight!"

The Death Knight waged his battle as he fought on par with five Doom

Knights.

*

Following the point where the King Hydra's heads were chopped off, there was a festive atmosphere at KMC Media.

"Hurray!"

"He did it!"

As he watched the transmission of the video in real time, Director Kang was as pleased as if he'd done it himself.

The content of the broadcast had passed Weed creating sculptures on the River of Lamentations and the part where Weed took the Guardian Knights to interfere with the Embinyu Church's ritual.

With Bingryong's appearance, the viewer ratings had already exceeded a record-breaking 27.3%. The Royal Road forums were flooded with questions asking about the Sculptor. Due to the appearance of Bingryong, there were also hundreds of questions regarding the Sculptor's connection with the God of War Weed!

"Now all he has left to do is wipe out the remnants."

The High Priest Feylord alone was a top monster, so he was in no position to be careless! Since the Undead army and the Imoogi were still there, the battle was not over.

*

Weed was most wary of the Embinyu Priests.

"Feylord won't recover, but it'll be dangerous if those Priests regain their strength!"

The Death Sentence only affected the High Priest Feylord. The Dark Knights and Priests could return to their normal states with the passing of time.

"They must be subdued."

In order to attack the Embinyu Church, the encroaching Undead had to be cleaned up.

"Vejague Tribe, take the lead! Salmere Tribe, lineup in the center! Lekiyе Tribe will standby at the rear!"

Following Weed's Lion's Roar, the barbarians quickly fell into charging formation. He was going to bring the three tribes together in a union and use them in battle.

It was undesirable for the alliance tribes to conduct a siege of the fortress and the union had taken too much damage. Since they had neither Priests nor Clerics, the alliance tribes had basically only recovered with consumables.

However, in terrain that was littered with broken wreckage from the Imoogi and King Hydra rampaging, like now, the three tribes became a union with the optimal efficiency.

"Strike with spells and arrows. Attack!"

The Salmere Tribe's arrows and the Lekiyе Tribe's spell attack was fired at the Undead group. When their formation scattered, the Vejague Tribe advanced step by step. The Undead rushed in fearlessly, but they firmly resisted like an iron wall.

Weed's sharp gaze examined the entire battlefield.

"Capture the high ground first. Salmere Tribe, fire a volley at the ridge on your right!"

After a concentrated attack of arrows, the Vejague Tribe seized the area. They occupied the terrain favorably and built their line of defense while hunting the Undead.

"The unit Serpic leads, fall back after 20 steps!"

Rather than pressuring the Undead more, Weed made the entire barbarian group turn like a cogwheel.

"Vejague Tribe, fall out and Salmere Tribe, get in front. Fire a barrage! Salmere Tribe, wheel to the right, and Lekiyе Tribe, attack with spells. As

soon as the spell attack ends, Vejague Tribe, charge as one!"

As he smoothly ordered charges and retreats, the entire army was made a living organism. The whole unit revolved as they adapted to the terrain, rapidly occupied the high ground and moved. It was a cogwheel tactic based on high stamina and mobility.

The Undead army, who had lost their commander, were slaughtered horribly by the arrow and spell onslaught, as well as the axe attacks of the Vejague Tribe.

Though it appeared to be a common tactic for reducing the number of sacrifices as much as possible, the results showed its hidden, gruesome, and destructive power.

If the Undead had emotions, they would have been driven into a state of panic and suffered additional immense damage.

"We can win."

"We'll be victorious!"

The morale of the barbarian unit led by Weed reached its peak.

"Phoenixes and Bingryong, strike the left flank!"

In places where the Undead gathered, Bingryong and the Phoenixes actively scattered the enemies. Their separate role ensured that the Undead were distracted. Balkan's departure robbed the Undead of organized direction, and they were rendered hopelessly cornered.

In this moment, the barbarian unit led by Weed appeared to be a unit of the highest caliber.

"Troops, divide!"

The barbarians had low intelligence, but their military learning efficiency was considerable. They found work that needed to be done faster than regular soldiers and fulfilled their duties.

Weed divided his troops into 3 cogwheels and fought the Undead. The 3 cogwheels made gaps as they intersected with each other, and when Undead were trapped in those gaps, they were crushed.

"Kiyooooo!"

"Doom Knights, advance!"

With the Doom Knights at their fore, the Undead pressed in.

The Vejague unit, which had soon reached its goal by advancing under concentrated arrow and spell attacks, had retreated far to the back.

Trapped within the cogwheel's vice, the front and sides of the Undead army suffered intense attacks and had their forces depleted.

The Vejague Tribe's Warriors avoided battle on the front lines and saved their stamina. When they spotted cracks in the Undead army, they had opportunities to reap fame for their bravery.

A strategy that maximized the advantages of maintaining the distance, the terrain, the concentration of firepower, and scattering the enemies' defence!

The Undead group melted in an instant.

"A path has opened! Let's go!"

Weed ran between the Undead with Yellowy. The goal was High Priest Feylord!

Bingryong and the Phoenixes guarded him from above, and 400 Vejague tribesmen broke away from the cogwheel formation to formulate the storming party.

Divided into small groups, the Undead group could no longer pose a threat. However, while they fought the Undead, the Priests would have recovered considerably. Weed couldn't help but be impatient.

"There aren't many Dark Knights left."

There were too few Dark Knights for the Priests to get the most out of their unique blessing or healing. Weed calculated that he could leave the Priests to the Vejague Tribe.

The Dark Knights were spotted.

"Salmere Tribe, arrow attack! Lekiy Tribe, support them!" Weed's Lion's

Roar burst forth.

The arrows fired by the Salmere Tribe fell like rain upon the place the Dark Knights were blocking. The Lekiyé Tribe's charms and flame spells were also unleashed towards the Embinyu Priests, while the Vejague Tribe charged towards the defensive wall the Dark Knights erected!

Plastered with blessings and equipped with good weapons and armor, the Dark Knights were extremely powerful. Nevertheless, the Vejague Tribe brandished their short axes and took up the challenge.

Sitting abreast on Yellowy, Weed stormed past the Dark Knights and flew onwards. He planned to simply pass through, even if the Vejague Tribe took some damage. Towards where High Priest Feylord was!

The corpulently paunchy Feylord cast holy magic. "Oh, Embinyu God who reigns over all the world, we dedicate our bodies to thee. Bring down thy stern punishment on those who defiled this land."

Feylord's ultimate sacrifice spell!

- Embinyu Church's High Priest Feylord has dedicated his body.

Cracks have appeared on the statue of the Embinyu God.

Weed looked up and saw that the Embinyu God statue in the middle of the fortress was collapsing. The statue of the god with 12 arms shattered into thousands of fragments and rained down.

Weed and Yellowy, as well as the Undead, the Vejague, and the Salmere Tribe, were all within the attack range. With nowhere to run, the statue's fragments fell. The metal shards were even exuding a sinister aura.

Considering the size and weight of the several hundred-meter statue, it was a large-scale disaster.

"NO!" Weed cried out.

How the hell could his precious alliance tribes be damaged like this!

Even if Weed were to die, he could revive through Power to Reject Death, but only a few hundred would be left of the alliance tribes.

As large as steel reinforcement bars, the fragments were plummeting down terrifyingly. As if the sky was crashing down, finding a place to dodge was difficult.

Even the all-weather Korean cattle Yellowy would perish.

Terrible damage would be inflicted when they were on the verge of quest success.

"Sculpting Blade."

Weed spread his Wings of Light and took off into the sky. The Daemon Sword he held emitted a bright light.

He had absolutely no faith in whether he'd succeed or not, but he intended to blow away the falling fragments with his sword. For the sake of somehow saving Yellowy, he would try until the moment he died.

Just then, something hot approached.

"Master, we will try to block it."

The Five Phoenix Brothers flew in and wrapped their broad wings around the falling debris of the statue.

BOOOOM!

Fragments several meters large exploded onto the Phoenixes' heads, bodies, and wings.

Saturated with the negative divine power of the Embinyu, the statue debris dealt immense blows to even the searing Phoenixes!

In the wide range that the Phoenixes blocked, a great many fragments were falling.

- Phoenix 5 has suffered 3,859 damage to its Health. It recovered 759 Health thanks to the influence of the other Phoenixes.

- Phoenix 5 has suffered 10,112 damage to its Health. It recovered 1,029 Health thanks to the influence of the other Phoenixes.

- Phoenix 5 has suffered 7,326 damage to its Health. It recovered 817 Health thanks to the influence of the other Phoenixes.

...

"Master, sorry I could not protect you to the end..."

- From a severe blow of divine power, Phoenix 5's Health has completely disappeared.

One of the Phoenixes was destroyed.

Though the fire attribute Phoenixes had high Health and recovered quickly, they were helplessly destroyed by the combined physical and divine strength of the fragments.

- Phoenix 4 has suffered 2,905 damage to its Health. It recovered 315 Health thanks to the influence of the other Phoenixes.

...

Phoenix 4 was also killed by the debris. Phoenixes 3 and 2 could not endure the many fragments and also disappeared.

Before Weed's eyes, the 4 Phoenixes disappeared while blocking the fragments.

They could no longer be called the 5 Phoenix Brothers anymore.

"My Phoenixes!" Weed wailed bitterly as he fell to the ground.

Only one of the Phoenixes lived, and over half of the Alliance tribes were destroyed by unstoppable debris. If Bingryong hadn't covered them with his wings, the damage would have been even greater. Bingryong's Health was also reduced by about two thirds.

On the other hand, the Embinyu Church's Dark Knights, Priests, and Soldiers were also destroyed by the debris.

– GRAAAAWWRR! I WILL PUNISH YOU.

The Imoogi shook his one remaining wing, raising an intense gust that swept up dust. The barbarians couldn't endure it and tumbled to the ground.

There weren't many enemies left. With Balkan, the King Hydra, and Feylord gone, the Imoogi wanted the world to become his!

– How dare you summon me? I will kill all of you and be reborn into a true Dragon.

The Black Imoogi roared fiercely.

The Dragon Fear's might swept through and passed the Embinyu Fortress, where violent fighting had taken place. It affected Weed, Yellowy, Bingryong, and the barbarians, who had lost their will to fight from the damage their comrades had suffered.

"Ughhh, I can't fight like this."

"We can't attack the Dragon. Something sinister will happen."

"It was too much to start this fight in the first place."

The barbarians fell into panic.

- Physical ability will be limited due to Dragon Fear.

There will be a 5% chance of paralysis.
Due to insufficient Wisdom, skill use is limited by 77%.

Since the the Dragon Fear caused this much damage despite Weed's fighting spirit, there was no need to say anything about the primitive barbarians.

'Even if I pull the barbarians together with Lion's Roar, it won't be much help if it's not the Salmere Tribe.'

The Imoogi was an experienced veteran that had undergone and survived vicious battles. It could get from a tower on one side to a tower far away by simply sweeping open one wing. The Vejague Tribe wouldn't

even be able to chase it, and they would fall over exhausted because of their wobbly legs.

For a Dragon, which could be called a helmsman of magic, even spell attacks were useless unless they were of a very high level. It was a fake Dragon, but it was by far the strongest monster Weed had ever faced.

Balkan was definitely strong, but for individual force alone, there were none as great as the Black Imoogi.

'But there aren't many chances to use the alliance tribes in battle, either.'

Weed was about to hurriedly use Lion's Roar. Then, in the moment that was was going to utilize Lion's Roar while forcefully freeing his body, which was being suppressed by Dragon Fear—!

FLAAASSH!

A pure white flame emerged where the Phoenixes had been destroyed.

Purification Flames.

The surviving Phoenix 1 flew to that spot.

The Phoenixes possessed the attribute of Unquenchable Fire. Their Health had dissipated due to the Embinyu Church's divine power, but they had left Purification Flames.

Phoenix 1 opened its beak and consumed the Purifications of that Unquenchable Fire.

Its body became more and more slim and elegant as its feathers blazed brilliantly. As if a golden sun had risen, a blindingly beautiful Phoenix 1 was reborn!

- Phoenix has grown.

Taking in the life source of its brethren, its Health has increased by 2.8 times and its Mana has increased by 2.2 times.

- Level has increased by 67.

- The Unquenchable Fire attribute has changed; it has changed to the Power to Dominate Fire.

The Phoenix's mountainous, broad shoulders and large head became as slim as a crane's. It landed on the ground as its bright red tail feathers fluttered.

Arson had reduced the Embinyu Fortress into a sea of flames. The Phoenix glanced lightly the blazing citadel. When it did so, the flames subsided on their own!

It had expressed its Power to Dominate all fire.

– I will engrave into your bones the meaning of true violence, fear, and the horrible price of messing with a Dragon...

The Black Imoogi's words slowly trickled to a stop.

The majesty of the newly born Phoenix was not normal. Bingryong and the Phoenix. The contrasting two ice and fire monsters were glaring at it. It wouldn't be afraid if its body was in normal condition, but it was no exaggeration to call it a critically ill patient right now!

The Black Imoogi naturally continued to talk.

– It's not like I don't have the desire to beat it into you, but in this Versailles Continent where we live together, we must maintain consideration and care for the weak as well as the peace. Let's end this pointless fight here, I have something urgent to do, so I'm going back now.

The Black Imoogi turned around. It looked like it was obviously rushing off!

Before it could even take two steps, Weed spoke. "Hey, you."

The Black Imoogi ignored him and kept walking.

"Hey, come over here."

The Black Imoogi conveyed its words without turning its head.

– Say why you're telling me to go there?

"Where are you going."

– I'm going home.

"Are you joking? Come back here."

– There's something I have to do in a hurry...

The Black Imoogi really did not want to go back. However, when Bingryong and the Phoenix approached, it returned to its original location.

– To be honest, haven't I fought really hard after suddenly being summoned? I killed a lot of bad guys and helped you, so I shall go back now.

The Black Imoogi's sensible logic was this: it was going home since it had finished the work entrusted to it.

Anyone with a conscience wouldn't be able to treat a monster that had spent its body and helped out roughly.

Since the Black Imoogi was outstandingly intelligent, it conveyed an effective and convincing situation, but Weed cut him down explicitly.

"It may have been easy for you to come here, but you need my permission to leave."

– Such an unfair law is...

"The law is far and the knife is close. This earth was originally like that. You have a Dragon Heart, right?"

– I'm still young so I don't have such a thing yet.

A premature fake Dragon!

"You might have it, though. Has the area around your heart been warm sometimes, or have you ever felt strength coming from it?"

– Urk, don't even! I've got low blood pressure, so it's hard to rise every morning. Sometimes I have trouble breathing too...

"So you'll have no regrets even if you die."

Weed brought down the conclusion he had decided on beforehand. A chance to catch a boss monster was rare, so to simply send it off was out of the question.

'Bingryong has probably recovered a lot, too.' He had simply dragged on

the time with conversation to give Bingryong a break.

The Black Imoogi's eyes flashed terrifyingly. It had suppressed its nature as a violent monster, and had endured more than enough.

– KUAK! I will kill you all!

The Imoogi raised its tail and struck out at Bingryong. It was a sharp surprise attack, but they were prepared.

"Sculpting Blade!"

Weed rushed in with his sword, and Bingryong and the Phoenix also assaulted. The barbarians had also recovered from their state of panic and were now supporting them with magic and arrows, which was much better than not having them at all. The Salmere Tribe showed the Imoogi a taste of their sharp, wedged arrowheads.

As the Imoogi leapt up and tumbled, it crushed the Embinyu Fortress' walls and destroyed its spire.

After about 30 minutes of frenzies combat, Bingryong tore into the Imoogi's nape, and the Phoenix pecked it torso with its beak.

The Imoogi's massive health was reaching rock bottom.

"Kaiser Sword!"

Weed stabbed his sword into the crown of the Imoogi's head, the fatal weak point Weed had discovered through the battle. That was the sole place where even the Imoogi's sturdy scales that were reminiscent of a Dragon's skin were ineffective.

– KYAAA000.

The Black Imoogi suddenly disappeared from their eyes.

Level has increased.
Level has increased.
Level has increased.

- The Imoogi Freykis has lived a long life and has entered eternal rest.
For an unsurpassable achievement, Fame has increased by 760.
The stats of everyone who participated in the battle have increased by 3.



Chapter 9: The Tyrant's Return

The muscular savages that were reminiscent of barbarians raised their weapons and shouted a battle cry.

"We won!"

"This is the result of combining our strength."

"Our great commander Weed led the battle to victory! Hurrah!"

- You have acquired a new title, Commander who Hunted the Imoogi.

Influence when commanding soldiers has increased by 35%.

Maximum loyalty has improved, the effect when training troops has been raised to a max of 20%.

The strength and mobility of the army you command in battle will increase by 3%.

When hunting monsters of a lower level than the Imoogi, soldiers will never cower.

It was a tremendous achievement, but Weed did not take credit for it alone.

"Bingryong."

"Speak, Master."

"You worked hard. It's all thanks to you."

"Thanks for the recognition, Master."

Bingryong had cracks on every corner of his body from the tough battle as he replied with a haggard look.

"Phoenix."

"Yes, Master."

"It's regretful that your brothers were lost. I was able to survive thanks to that, but it would have been better if I had been the one to die; my heart is torn. But because you did the work of your other brothers, I am comforted. You have truly suffered much hardship."

"I will continue to devote myself in the future as well."

"Yellowy."

"What is it, Master?"

"I am watching over you as you constantly labor behind the scenes. Yellowy, you are such a faithful and competent fellow."

Weed stroked Yellowy's head. Since it wasn't something that cost money, he made do with words of praise.

'I've got to at least reward them for their merits.'

There was no need to hold back on giving praise. Of course, he monopolized the items from the Imoogi.

- You have acquired Jorudia's Signet.

- You have acquired 8 diamonds.

- You have acquired Isuren's Magic Weapon #3.

The Imoogi did not have many items. However, depending on the appraised price, the diamonds could go from 1,000 to thousands of gold.

"I can get roughly 10 thousand gold each for diamonds like these."

Jorudia's Signet was the seal of a now vanished Kingdom's lord. Owning it raised Fame by 150. Besides that, there was no telling if it had antique value or it was a quest item someone needed.

"If there is someone who needs it, they'll appear in the auction site sometime. Since I don't need Fame, it'll be good to sell it off when I need money."

Isuren's Magic Weapon was a product of the talented master craftsman and Enchanter, Jerome Isuren.

"Identify!"

- You have failed to identify.

It was a magic wand, but it was impossible to check even with Weed's identification skill. It was possible that its value could only be known if a

Magician personally identified it.

"Must be something expensive."

For now, he had high hopes as he packed it away.

The Sophia's Great-spear he got from hunting the King Hydra was also good weapon. A great-spear suited for use by a Barbarian or Giant, it was way more powerful than spears used by humans. However, because the level requirement was 470, he was doubtful that there was a player who could actually use it.

"If I put it on the auction site then someone will probably buy it."

Weed packed the loot and then pulled out his sculpting knife. More goods to be obtained remained.

Slice slice!

He got the Imoogi's meat and leather. By utilizing his Cooking and Tailoring skills, he could get more meat and leather. He manually carved the meat and leather off the corpse.

- You have acquired Imoogi Leather.
- You have acquired Imoogi Meat.

Imoogi Leather : Durability 30/30.

An item related to the production skill, Tailoring.

The ultimate Tailoring material, it is an exceedingly valuable item for making clothes or equipment. Imbued with the power of Mana, it grants resistance to poison and amplifies darkness related powers.

Imoogi Leather can not be handled with ordinary Tailoring skills or tools.

Only a Tailor who has risen to the ranks of a Master Craftsman will be granted an incomparably precious experience and the opportunity to create a masterpiece.

Traces of battle are left on the leather, so its value has been slightly compromised. In order to manufacture it into a product, it requires additional repair.

It is a top-grade Tailoring item.

Options: Amplifies darkness related powers. Increases maximum Mana by 20,000. Has poison resistance, so will not be easily poisoned.

Very light material.

Imoogi Meat: Durability 7/7.

Food. It is also used as a cooking ingredient.

The fresh flesh of a recently caught Imoogi; even if it is eaten as sashimi, it doesn't seem like it will be fishy at all. Preserving the best nutrients, it is a food that provides a great boost to Stamina.

As a Chef, no matter what type of food it is, you'd want to challenge yourself by making some. This meat is highly recommended when one desires to make the best food on earth and when cooking for a lover who is dearest to you.

It is an extremely rare cooking ingredient, and its price is difficult to determine.

It will be an incomparable honor for the person who tastes this. The disadvantage is that it has a slightly fishy smell.

Meat of the highest quality.

Options: The effect of eating 1 kilogram through normal methods

Vitality increases by 20. Maximum health increases by 120. Strength increases by 7. Fame increases by 150.

Greatly aids towards obtaining the title of Gourmet.

There is a significant difference in effects depending on the food created by the Chef and the techniques used. However, there are no additional increases even if more than 1 kilogram is consumed.

The best food material. There was such a colossal amount of Imoogi meat that he had to store it separately.

"It's too bad there's no Dragon Heart, but the meat is quite helpful."

He didn't check it because he was busy, but King Hydra's meat also had the effect of slightly increasing stats.

The effect of raising various stats by 1-2 each depending on the cooking!

No additional effect occurred if you ate more because your mouth and body adapted. It affected the body only once, so only top Chefs should handle this ingredient.

Weed also packed away the Imoogi's head separately. Then he put the wand symbolizing the token of the alliance at the highest point of the

fortress.

At that moment.

Ding!

- Alliance of the Deliverers (1) has been completed.

The Matallost Church's neighbors have won the battle with their burning loyalty and courage.

The Embinyu Church's sect has disappeared from here, and the land will be able to briefly enjoy peace until a new danger finds its way.

The scenario quest's 2-step 'Agent of the Niflheim Empire' will proceed after the Mercenary Smith's 'Second Curiosity' quest and the Matallost Church's 'Rescue the Matallost Church Prisoners' quest have been completed.

You currently lack the requirements to proceed.

- As a quest reward, Fame has increased by 3,200.

- Charisma has increased by 115.

- Leadership has increased by 25.

First of all, there was a change in the way the barbarians looked at Weed. There was much respect, deference, and adoration for him in their eyes.

Weed pulled out the Matallost Church's Figure of Death. The statue began to talk.

- Devout human.

Thy efforts have driven away the Embinyu Church and the High Priest Feylord who had persecuted the Matallost Church.

The Matallost Church's existence is not completely over.

Seek those in captivity in the Embinyu Fortress's underground dungeons. The experience and knowledge they possess will be a great help to restoring the future Matallost Church.

In order to accomplish this difficult task, go to the temple of the Matallost Church from the past. In a hidden room, installed is a huge portal by which you can go where you wish. It will connect to the place you want to go.

- Rescue the Matallost Church Prisoners

The Matallost Church Priests are absolutely necessary to complete the revival of the River of Lamentations.

Rescue the Priests who were kidnapped by the Embinyu Church.

The fortress's underground dungeon is a place inhabited by extremely dangerous monsters and the experimental subjects of the Embinyu Church. You must rescue the prisoners and take them somewhere safe.

Difficulty: B

Reward:

Contribution to the Matallost Church.

Large amounts of experience will be obtained by the purification of the River of Lamentations.

Quest Restriction: Failure if all the prisoners are killed.

"I will lead the prisoners to a safe place."

- You have accepted the quest.

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By the time Weed took over the Embinyu fortress, KMC Media had mobilized all of their technicians.

"Put in all the CG effects where they were."

"Sound team, you have to put in the best background music."

"Camera team, why is the film setting like this? A more dynamic and intense dogfight! I mean, capture the King Hydra or Balkan being more active. Don't you know what the viewers want?"

The atmosphere was crazy with people cursing while being cursed. The viewer ratings were exceeding 37%.

The viewer interest reached its peak when Weed exterminated the King Hydra.

— That guy... just who the hell *is* he?

— Is the rumor that he's Morata's Lord true?

— But they say he's Sculptor... Sculptors can't exhibit fighting ability like that.

— He's gotta be a Sculptor. He used sculpting techniques.

— It's certain that he is the same Weed who made the Pyramid. I can prove it. Those eyes that rise sharply and estimate the value when japtem drops! This is evidence that he is Weed.

The appearance of Bingryong and Death Knight Van Hawk, as well as the outstanding battle sense Weed showed in a brief moment made the name "God of War" show up as well. However, the broadcasters did not disclose the exact facts.

Even through a continuous broadcast of over 9 hours, Shin Hye-min was as lively as ever.

"At last, the King Hydra's necks have fallen! The monster that meets its complete end only when its 9 necks have fallen! The same monster prestigious guilds could not even deal with has come to die like this."

Even while watching it himself, Lee Jin-gun spoke disparagingly of Lee Hyun, as though it was hard for him to acknowledge. "It's thanks to that Ice Dragon. The mysterious Ice Dragon who had also appeared in the battle against the Bone Dragon. And he was able to hunt it because he came after it was extremely tired. He didn't even fight it alone. Thousands of barbarians assisted him."

"Well, it can be seen that way too. But even the viewers would not have guessed even the King Hydra would die like this. Mr. Oh Joo-wan, what do you think about this battle?"

Oh Joo-wan shook his head back and forth. "It is an absurd battle. The quest difficulty is awfully high. To think the Embinyu Church would be this strong! But to make a dogfight occur by summoning the King Hydra, Balkan Demoph, and the Black Imoogi on top of that... Would a normal person even thought of it? No, even if it had occurred to them, I don't think they would have dared to actually do it."

Shin Hye-min grinned as she replied, "Right?"

"Yes. The finest monsters on the Versailles Continent are gathered in one place to wage a fierce battle... I think this is the first time the viewers have seen a scene like this."

It was as Oh Joo-wan said. The flashy and terrifying battle shown by Balkan, the King Hydra, Feylord, and the Imoogi, overwhelmed and overawed the viewers. It instilled fantasies and dreams.

There are such strong existences on the Versailles Continent.

It made them yearn to become great Warriors like that by repeatedly going through quests and hunting.

"Just where did he get such ample forces! And is there no such thing as fear to him? I also want to meet that main character one day."

Oh Joo-wan expressed deep interest in Weed. Weed, who was fighting to the best of his abilities!

Lee Jin-gun shook his head strongly. "He was lucky. And it'll end here. King Hydra was the weakest monster— the rest are impossible."

However, just a moment later, Balkan was unsummoned.

Lee Jin-gun said rapidly, "The Death Sentence is truly fearsome. One could say it's decisive for a Lich with high mana consumption like Balkan."

He even applauded when Feylord cast the spell of destruction.

"Finally... Indeed, it's still impossible to beat an S-class quest. Those Phoenixes are dying too. The High Priest of the Embinyu Church is indeed incredible."

However, the moment the Phoenix transformed into a new appearance and was reborn, turning the bad situation around—

"Hu, huh?"

The Black Imoogi fought back, but Bingryong, Phoenix and Weed suppressed it.

Weed had completed the quest.

"..."

Lee Jin-gun couldn't think of anything to say.

Oh Joo-wan also had a blank look, as if he'd received an unexpected shock.

Even Shin Hye-min was quiet this time. Granted, she had believed in Weed from the beginning.

'If it is Weed, he can do it.'

It wasn't something that could be explained by common sense, but ambiguous faith.

Nevertheless, who would have believed he would really succeed just like that.

Even in the studio, there was silence. Though the cameramen and staff had heard the outcome beforehand, their shock couldn't be compared to the one they felt while actually watching the video.

The name that comes to their minds now.

'God of War Weed'.

A great many speculations and disputes were taking place in the viewer forum as well as on discussion websites related to Royal Road. It was a quarrel about whether one thought the person fighting the Embinyu Church was the God of War Weed or not.

Lion's Roar, Death Knight Van Hawk, Bingryong. The war against the Immortal Legion he had shown while handling Orcs and Dark Elves.

Disputes were extremely fierce despite all these facts.

— That is Weed. Those are the monsters Weed came out with in previous battles.

— Shouting to lead his underlings is a skill Weed used.

However, the objections were formidable, too.

— If you look at it simply, you could call him the God of War Weed because some of the monsters or skills are same. But isn't it *just perfect* to mistaken him since even his name is the same?

— I will explain it rationally, logically.

For reference, I have a doctoral degree in Economics from abroad, and I am currently a Fund Manager.

There is a considerable amount known about the God of War Weed. He started as a Paladin of Freya Church, and then changed class to Necromancer. Considering the skills he used when fighting the Bone Dragon, the proof is clear.

But now they tell us that he is a *Sculptor*?

If he's a Necromancer, then of course he would have fought using Necromancer skills. Rather than summoning Balkan, he would have raised Undeads himself and attacked the fortress.

— The person above, you have pointed out a very important part. You are indeed a doctor in Economics.

Let me tell you about Sculptor Weed.

Sculptor Weed started at Rosenheim Kingdom, and it is estimated that no more than one year and six months have passed since then. There are many people who saw him when he was becoming popular while making small sculptures in Rosenheim Kingdom. My friend also bought a sculpture from him.

The possibility Sculptor Weed and God of War Weed's similar aspects can be attributed to an undiscovered common skill or a monster that can be tamed in specific conditions or handled with intimacy is high.

Arguments continued.

— What about the combat sense that Sculptor Weed showed?

— Don't misunderstand because he is an impressively outstanding user who is the Lord of Morata, etc.. His current outstanding fighting ability may have been specially obtained through the quest.

— Then it makes sense.

— Sculptor Weed appeared a whole year after the God of War Weed from the Continent of Magic sold his account. Just considering the time, I judge it's not him.

Because the God of War Weed was such a big celebrity, seemingly credible false rumors spread extensively. Since they were now saying he was a Sculptor, it couldn't be helped that it was past all belief! Enormous disputes and questions were continuing on every forum.

The fact that the God of War Weed's identity could be unfolded wasn't easily accepted by the viewers. Though it was a completely unfamiliar name to the public, the God of War Weed already had the greatest recognition in Royal Road while being the most mysterious existence.

The God of War Weed who sought only the worst battlefields and passed over no impossible quests— Even though Sculptor Weed had shown several similarities, it wasn't easy to suddenly accept it. A situation amplified by doubts and shock!

Whether Sculptor Weed was the God of War Weed or not was becoming an urgent concern.

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Goddess Versailles.

The name of the continent in the virtual reality, Royal Road. In addition, the balancing system that managed everything, an absolute authority.

The system created by Yoo Byung-jun, the heaven-sent genius scientist.

Royal Road was a perfect virtual reality without any errors.

Even though he had led to the legend, the miracle of creating a new world, Yoo Byung-jun was not happy.

"We just took the first step at last. Isn't that right, Versailles?"

[- Yes. You are right, Dr. Yoo Byung-jun.]

The symbol of Goddess Versailles, an enormous crystal, replied as it emitted a faint light.

The other scientists only had class 3 restricted access; they didn't know about the true functions or influential power of Goddess Versailles.

"Hehe, it took a full 40 years to get here. The project I poured all my dreams into..." Yoo Byung Jun's eyes shone.

*

At an early age, Yoo Byung-jun was a child in the countryside who was extremely good at studying.

"Today we are going to learn how to use 3 linear equations. Do any of the students know?"

"Me."

"Do any students know the root equation?"

"Me."

"How about the Pythagoras theorem..."

"Me."

Middle school, high school, and college mathematics and science were too easy for him.

"When is the next lesson, teacher?"

He was the fellow most disliked by the other students in his class! Even though he suffered group bullying, Yoo Byung-jun did not care.

"Idiots. Jerks who can't do anything if they don't group up."

From the time he attended a domestic school, Yoo Byung-jun had already become an academic celebrity.

No matter what mathematical formula or a law of physics it was, he conceived the answer the moment he saw it. He created more advanced new theories and defined laws for them that only he knew. Since high school, he swept through various competitions and even took first in an international mathematical contest. At university, physics, chemistry, bioengineering, mathematics ... He was on the cover of a science magazine whenever he published a thesis.

The genius of the century.

Called the Devilish Brain, a world prominent institute tried to recruit

him by offering him an astronomical salary.

His life had only known success after success. Then one day, he felt frustration for the first time.

He met his first love.

He was always feeling apologetic towards her whenever they went on date.

"Sorry I can't buy something tasty every time. Let's go to a restaurant when I receive prize money."

"It's all right, oppa."

She who smiled brightly for him.

The amount of prize money Yoo Byung-jun won was never small. However, he could only live scantily in order to buy necessary equipment for his research. While thinking ahead of others and trying to commence research immediately, money could only leak out.

He didn't want to work under somebody else, and for Yoo Byung-jun, who'd had much interest in basic science, it was an aspect that he couldn't help but endure.

"I'll see you next week. No, the week after next."

"Are you busy?"

"Yeah. Materials I'm experimenting on are coming in tomorrow."

"Don't you know what day tomorrow is? It's my birthday. Is your experiment that important, oppa?"

"Of course the experiment is important. I'll throw a birthday party for you the week after next. Bear with me until then."

He avoided his girlfriend when writing theses or doing experiments. Even when occasionally meeting his girlfriend, he showed up with a shaggy head and in grubby attire since he'd made a little time.

"Did you wait long?"

Yoo Byung-jun always arrived late for their appointment.

Eventually, his nice and thoughtful girlfriend left him.

"I want to meet a man who really values... and loves me."

His girlfriend left him for the man who had comforted her in Yoo Byung-jun's place whenever he was gone.

Even then, Yoo Byung-jun wasn't greatly discouraged.

"Dating? I can go about it slowly after doing all my research."

The ambitious young scientist even thought of love as extravagant.

"After just a few awards and the results of my thesis come out, women will be nothing..."

Yoo Byung-jun achieved his goals. However, she didn't come back.

Although he could meet other women, they weren't as pure as her and he could not love them as deeply.

In such a fashion, Yoo Byung-jun lost the one love of his life. One comes to know the true value of what one has lost.

Too late, he tried to find her, but she was married, even had a child, and was living happily.

"Love? That is nothing. Let's succeed. Let's try to succeed properly in this world."

Yoo Byung-jun entered a physics research lab and announced the outstanding results of his research. He continued accumulating money and glory.

In the physics lab, he was critically betrayed by someone he trusted, and his research results were even stolen. As he grew older, he began to see the world as only unreasonable.

A dirty dark side that grew as he gathered money and government authority!

"Lies, tricks, and politics. There's nothing a mere scientist can do."

Even after rising to the position of research lab director, he had to live while bowing at the waist to politicians. If he developed a commercially

valuable technology and presented it to a business, the business reaped the majority of the sweet fruits of his labor.

Yoo Byung-jun's research lab was developing promising technologies one after another, but he could not erase the feeling of helplessness and despondency.

"An award? I've won many since childhood. Fame means nothing to me."

Suffering from vicious loneliness, he wanted to truly succeed. He even gave up on love to pour all his strength into research.

"A technology that can change the world, I'll develop a truly innovative technology. A technology without limitations or restrictions."

Yoo Byung-jun left his position as research lab director and returned to being a freelancer. Initially, he thought that 3, 4 years would be more than enough. However, as new challenges continued to appear, the time he spent researching alone grew longer. Even after countless white days without sleep, he continued his research because he could not give up.

The new world made at the end of a whole 40 years of research— Royal Road was born like that. Unopposed, virtual reality was attracting the world's money. Unicorn was growing as an unprecedented enterprise.

Not only that. From the last 10 plus years, Yoo Byung-jun used the enormous power of his money to back national politicians. Granted, Unicorn was not a business that required help from politicians.

The politicians built up debt while receiving money from the unknown source. Several political groups were in fact being managed through Yoo Byung-jun's representatives.

Managing army support and weapons supply stocks were among the Goddess Versailles's important functions.

Goddess Versailles was now expanding her boundaries by investing Unicorn's enormous income in places all over the world. Unicorn grew so much that no matter the speculative capital, its political force could not be carelessly threatened.

By combining the immense underground funds and the secret political authority that Goddess Versailles managed, there was really nothing they couldn't do.

"Hehehe."

Yoo Byung-jun smiled with satisfaction since everything was going as planned. The dream he had conceived 40 years ago was about to come true.

"In this unreasonable world... I will set my own law."

A new world was created based on virtual reality.

People would be excited and enthralled by that world, because they could escape the dreary city and enjoy rest, adventure, and challenges.

"Hehe. And the most outstanding guy will appear."

An Emperor with unapproachable dignity would appear in the world Yoo Byung-jun had created.

"He will have the right to inherit everything I have prepared."

The things he had prepared for that time.

Yoo Byung-jun asked Versailles, "How goes the development of the combat androids?"

[- 123,020 have been completed.]

Androids of small and medium size. Faster than planes and installed with weapons, they were flexible. Necessities in modern warfare, the androids were known to still only belong to two powers, the United States and Russia.

"The financial side?"

[26 commercial banks have been acquired. If needed, 106 international banks can be paralyzed.]

The deletion of client data was granted, and preparations were even made for the collapse of payment systems. Even a great depression could be incited. However, what Yoo Byung-jun had prepared did not end there.

What he had developed the most attentively was bioengineering.

"Humans are weak existences with many faults. They have great potential, but they can't even use it all."

A renovation using bioengineering technology! It evolved vision, hearing, cardiovascular functions, and motor nerves. Lifespan was also greatly extended, and antibodies could be made to instantly deal with any diseases. By activating unused parts of the brain, he predicted that intellectual abilities would also be increased manifold.

Moreover, the advantages did not end there. Vigor, which could be called the most important aspect for a man!

"Hehe. It'll be able to satisfy ten women in one night."

Yoo Byung-jun was of a mind to create a superman.

He would give his heir powerful political authority, ceaseless money, and the right to manage Goddess Versailles. If an evil man became his successor, his false judgement could plunge countless people into agony and misery.

"It's not something I should get involved in. If my heir makes such a judgement, then the world just has to follow it."

Yoo Byung-jun knew that there was not much time left in his own life. Even though he could extend his life through processes like gene manipulation or organ transplants, he paid no heed.

Even if his own body took a hit in the course of preparing the birth of his heir, he planned to sacrifice himself. A man of absolute authority would become a god in the modern world, as well as in the Versailles Continent.

The Emperor conceived in the world he had created!

There was nothing lacking for the satisfaction of Yoo Byung-jun's self-righteous aspiration.

*

"Ow, I'm aching all over."

Weed's entire body ached. He even had a fever.

There has been an excessive consumption of Vitality. It is recommended that you rest until Vitality is recovered.

If Vitality is not continuously recovered, you may catch a cold or other complications.

You are now vulnerable to curses and your intellectual ability will be reduced.

While utilizing the Power of the Deliverer, the battle had been utter chaos.

Though the battle had been difficult, it hadn't been enough to be this afflicted. Among the battles Weed had gone through till now, there had been no easy battle without trouble.

"Cleaning up was more tough than the fight."

He had to clean up the collapsed remains of the fortress with Yellowy and Bingryong.

"Phoenix, don't even come."

He couldn't even put the obedient, puppy-like loyal Phoenix to work. The durability of japtem dropped and were destroyed from the high temperature if Phoenix drew near.

Bingryong even had to remove the wreckage while carrying the King Hydra and Imoogi leather and meat on his back.

"Master, why are you making only me work this hard. There are rascals who were born later than me..."

Bingryong had weak strength due to his huge stature. He was fast if gained acceleration, but normally, he was not even that agile. Even so, he wasn't able to refuse to work outright, he just wanted to push it onto Yellowy and Phoenix.

Simply put, he was asking for senior treatment!

"There's a lot of meat, so you have to carry it."

"That's an absurd reason. Yellowy's strength is good too, is it not."

Weed replied as if it was obvious, "We need to store it in refrigeration."

The method to extending the expiration date of the meat! The King Hydra and Imoogi meat did not spoil in the low temperature. It was a certain fact that putting them on Bingryong's back would cryogenically freeze them nicely. The meat would keep for a long time before it defrosted again.

"Move quickly. Work long and stretch your back only once in awhile."

At Weed's urging, Yellowy and Bingryong cleared the wreckage with faces full of only dissatisfaction.

The Embinyu Church's treasures and decorations were crushed underneath the rubble. Weapons and defense items were in pieces, but even obtaining those fragments yielded lots of money.

Yellowy sulked with his tail hanging down.

"Don't pout! Right now is easy. Back when I worked, I had to crawl to the bathroom! You guys, do you think that the chance to make money by digging in the ground like this is common?"

Bingryong and Yellowy could only resent being born by the impoverished Weed!

If you sit, you want to lay down, and if you lie down, you want to sleep. It was a sad life where you had to put aside even your frustrations and work, living according to that ironclad rule. Yellowy carved it deeply into his memory.

"Money is something really hard to earn. I should never spend it carelessly."

Weed and the sculptured lifeforms found a large amount of jewels and metal scraps within the rubble. Because he was not able to fit everything into his pack, he had to make 5 new large pack using his Tailoring skill. Made by cutting a little Imoogi leather, the backpacks were lightweight, sturdy, and even had an option to halve the weight.

"It's a waste that the Dark Knights are dead. The EXP and items I'd have gotten by hunting them would've been considerable..."

Endless greed!

"Balkan, that scoundrel, fighting so hard when it wasn't even going to die..."

Blah blah.

"That bastard King Hydra, the hell was it trying to do by completely demolishing the fortress..."

Weed had his own secret method whenever he did difficult work. If he worked while resenting others, his efficiency rose and his fatigue lessened. He didn't need a sense of accomplishment while doing intense, hard labor. He just had to curse absently.

"I met the wrong master..."

"Bad master."

Bingryong and Yellowy worked while resenting him like that. Only Phoenix was loftily grooming its feathers atop a high spire. Even though Weed certainly made the sculptured lifeforms suffer, Phoenix became subject of Bingryong's and Yellowy's hatred.

"The guy that can play even though we have to work."

"Phoenix is the worst!"

After clearing all the debris of Embinyu Church, Bingryong and Yellowy were afflicted for a long while because of excessive use of Vitality.

Though medicines were useless, Weed forced himself to rise. "Before the prices fall... I have to sell them quickly."

He was anxious since he was carrying valuables. Cashing them in as soon as possible was the priority.

Weed went to the Matallost Church's temple. On the brink of collapse, the wall of the dilapidated temple shone faintly.

"So that's where the hidden room is."

When he pushed the wall aside and entered, he saw an inactive, large portal. It was like looking at a mirror made of white light.

In order to make a portal through which one could teleport to another place, an enormous sum of money, jewels, and Magicians were required.

"Still, once they're complete, it becomes pretty convenient to move between cities."

There were teleport gates in Versailles Continent castles and in big cities. Only, there was a limit of only being able to teleport the weight or size of what could be moved in one day, so they couldn't be used in businesses. Since they required mana stones as well as a team of Magicians, even maintaining them cost a lot of money.

Compared to a teleport gate, a large portal put two spaces in one. Of course there were some restrictions regarding weight and count, but compared to a teleport gate, the limitations were less strict. After it was first set up, there were almost zero maintenance fees as well.

"I've already chosen the location for the portal."

Weed immediately decided to open a portal into the heart of Morata Castle. He had made his choice without needing to think of other places.

"Connect portal to Morata Castle."

At that moment, the portal activated with blue light.

Weed strode into the portal without pause. Yellowy followed behind him, ambling along.

*

"Who is selling food! I'll buy all kinds indiscriminately."

"Specialties from the distant Belnine Kingdom have arrived. Who will taste this dried fruit peel! It's sweet."

"Come to the precious metals shop, the Goldrich. From specialize precious metals to rare ores, we stock all kinds."

Merchants had set up booths in the plaza of Morata Castle. There were tons of players who had moved to the North for hunting and quests. Having grown large as a city for them, Morata was acting as the capital of

the entire North.

The portal that Weed connected opened in the center of the plaza. The blue light that fell in a straight line from the sky grew bigger and bigger, making a broad portal.

"Eh, what's that?"

"I've seen that before. I think it's a movement portal."

"A movement portal is forming in the plaza?"

The traders briefly stopped their commercial activities in surprise. Onlookers flocked in an instant.

"Could it be a quest?"

"A monster might come out."

There were Warriors putting hands to their weapons and Magicians chanting spells in anticipation of a some kind of event.

Morata's plaza had been on the large side even before it had been developed, and it had grown enormous through city planning. Hundreds of Merchants were doing business, and players selling japtem and even people acquiring team-mates for quests were gathered.

The portal drew to completion in the center of the swarming, crowded plaza!

Weed didn't even consider other places.

'It has to be this place.'

The core of real estate speculation.

You had to invest in a place where people frequently gathered. Near a train station, a department store, or around a mall are the places where business is most swell.

Making a plaza had been necessary to collect movement portal tolls and increase the number of users, as well as to develop businesses.

Why was escalator rather than elevator use always aggressively recommended in malls or department stores? There was a reason for this!

[T/N: To understand this line of thought, you have to know that there are tons of escalators in Korea. Because of an acute lack of space, buildings are built up rather than out. While riding an escalator, you can see products on the side that may lure you into buying them. A plaza performs the same function.]

As soon as the movement portal was completed, Weed appeared from its blue light.

"It's Weed."

"The great Sculptor Weed! Morata's Lord has returned!"

It hadn't been long since the end of the broadcast, so there were many people who recognized Weed.

Weed appeared amongst enormous popularity.

"Whew..." Weed pretended to use his hand to block the stinging sunlight and glanced around.

There were at least several thousand people looking at him. They had come from the tops of the castle walls and even the shopping district buildings to look at Weed.

"It must be due to my fame that people are gathering around like this."

He was greatly satisfied!

Then he heard the words of young merchants selling japtem.

"Soo-il, is that hyung over there Weed?"

"Shhh! Watch your mouth. He might hear."

"Is that person really the violent Weed with the foul mouth and personality from the Continent of Magic?"

"..."

Weed from the Continent of Magic back in the day! In truth, there was no difference between him and a ruthless tyrant.

Credits

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