

The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

(달빛 조각사)

Volume 23

Nam-Hi-Sung

(남희성)

Story Description:

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

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

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

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

Chapter 1: Low Class Skeleton

“Tak! Where is this place?”

Weed grabbed his rusty long sword and woke himself up.

In the waste land where even weeds couldn't survive, there were skeletons wandering around.

“Chuckle.”

“Kooehhh.”

Skeletons just passed Weed without attacking him because his body was also turned into a skeleton. Balkan Demoph's Summon brought him here as an Undead.

“So I finally ended up here.”

Weed was pretty used to Undead regardless of its figures.

As he looked around calmly, he caught voices of surprised skeletons.

“Whoa, what is this place?”

“How did we even get here? I was hunting with my golems...”

“Skeletons? Who can summon this many skeletons?”

Similar to Weed, these skeletons near the graveyard were having a conversation.

“I came from a graveyard near Vitum Castle, you?”

“I came here while hunting in Xerathium forest.”

“I got dragged suddenly from Bisbek dungeon.”

“Xerathium forest... Is your name perhaps Jeanne the Necromancers?”

“That is correct.”

The skeleton with a little bit of hair claimed her name to be Jeanne. Jeanne was the first one to choose an occupation after Weed enabled Necromancers occupation. She was a famous user as a corpse summoner in Xerathium forest.

Jeanne admired Necromancers. The power of raising up so many dead bodies and commanding them.

She fell in love with the Undead plays of Weed, that she recorded the quest and watched them over and over. After changing class as a Necromancers, she turned small animals into Undead and swiped the hunting grounds. As an advanced Necromancers, summoning abundant Undeads and ruthlessly hunted.

“My name is Bohram the Necromancers.”

“Wow, all celebrities. My name is Otem. Anyone perhaps know me?”

“Who wouldn’t know about the golem of Otem? You are one of the best Necromancers as well.”

“I’m Rashi, just turned Necromancers only one month ago. Nice to meet you all.”

Skeletons having cheerful conversations often be seen in a coffee shop!

The short, narrow skeleton introduced herself.

“Hello, my name is Harien.”

“Didn’t expect to see you here.”

Harian, was a female user, who had different bone structures from male players.

“Why do you think we are all gathered here?”

“We were summoned for some Undeads out of sudden... But I don’t know what’s really going on either.”

“Whoa, there is something wrong with status. Class changed, stats all different. Everyone check yours.”

As Otem finished his sentence, skeleton players brought up their status window.

Weed checked his as well

“Stat window.”



Character Name	Weed	Alignment	Undead
Level	390	Affiliation	Undead Legion
Class	Resurrected Skeleton		
Health	87,389	Mana	41,821
Strength	1,453	Agility	1,293
Vitality	766		
Wisdom	663	Intelligence	655
Fighting Spirit	541	Endurance	453
Perseverance	753	Physical Resistance	455
Charisma	414	Leadership	706
Power of Undead	165		
+Death Aura is Active			
When becoming Undead, Weed's Art, Faith, Charm has been converted to combat related stats.			

'Class seems understandable...'

Gathered Necromancers must be surprised.

Because Weed is the only one with 'Power to Reject Death', a skill only higher Blood Necromancers can get. Weed have revived a lot from death

enough to not be surprised at having his class changed.

“Death Aura, huh.”

One of Balkan’s three skills.

The might of enhancing Undead is active in him.

A skill that shares a part of life, giving monstrous power!

“What’s with the class? It says Resurrected Skeleton.”

“Isn’t this some kind of a quest?”

Then a message popped out suddenly!

Undead Legion Outskirt Guard

**In the Navir’s wastelands there are many monsters looking for food.
To protect the Undead Army, take care of the monsters.**

Difficulty: D

Limitation: Undeads Only

- Quest cannot be refused.

You have accepted the Quest.

“Balkan?”

“Isn’t Undead Army the most powerful group among Undeads?”

“Oh, it’s the Undead Army from Weed’s adventure. Balkan is a man, no, a Lich known as the best among Necromancers.”

“Before I came here I saw a message saying that Balkan is calling... We must be summoned by Balkan.”

Necromancers finally realized why they were all gathered here. He couldn't blame them for being so slow. They were fine having fun and hunting, then out of sudden being dragged to this place as Undead because of Balkan’s summon. It would sounds absurd to anyone!

Instead of chatting with them, Weed scouted around on the hill of the wasteland.

‘There are so many monsters wandering around’

The place where the Undead Army resides is full of atrocious monsters.

Monsters like sharp beasts, rhinos are moving around in a lane. Not far from the waste land is a river. Way past the river, there is Vargo Fortress where Undead Army stays.

Witches, Death Knights, Ghosts, army of Slayers born to battle. Order of Bentler, once a glorious order that came back from the grave after being abandoned by the king and annihilated. Because Undead Army was the best army among the Undead, they consisted of many legendary knights, sorcerers, and monsters from Versailles Continent.

In Vargo Fortress, the Bone Dragons from the Valley of Death were seen. 3 of them!

‘Anyways, what I should do right now is...’

Monsters as big as rhinos. Morghis and Nukalis were drinking from the river, and some were moving to the place where Undead Army fortress stood.

‘It must be to block them.’

Skeletons near the river found monsters. Raising up their rusty long swords, they ran towards Morghis and Nukalis.

“Kueeehhh!”

As they advanced roaring out loud, other skeletons ran toward the river as if something was swaying them.

“For the great Balkan!”

“Undead Army, kill them!”

Weed was able to see the scene from afar. Skeletons ran, getting rammed by Morghis and Nukalis, flying in the air. Morghis and Nukalis were very vicious gigantic grey beasts! They stomped skeletons and lifted them with horns. But as long as their body isn't completely crushed, they stood up again and ran in!

“What the, a battle?”

“The quest started already? I’m not even prepared...”

About 450 skeletons, all Necromancers players, reacted as well. It’s hard to see a single Necromancers in a castle and village but when all of them from the Versailles Continent are gathered, they are relatively many. They didn't even get to see each other. They only knew or heard some famous Necromancers. While they were busy talking about Undead and Necromancers, the skeletons already started a battle.

“Shouldn’t we fight as well, for the quest?”

“Let’s go!”

Necromancers joined the battle at the river.

“I’m unable to cast any magic...”

“It’s because we are skeletons now. What should we do?”

“Let’s slice them with swords.”

Necromancers were in the form of standard skeleton Undead, therefore they have to fight with basic swords. Necromancers had characteristics of normal magicians. But because they fight alone along with golems or skeletons under their orders, they learn basic swordsmanship. Because it’s hard to get the very first corpses and sometimes enemies break into the rank of Undead, Necromancers were also excellent in running away!

Necromancers was once a best occupation because they could quickly hunt but monsters were adverse to Necromancers. Because enemies swarm in with such a hostility with intent to kill, Necromancers required combat skills and responsiveness.

“Chaaaa!”

Players attacked but they got rammed in and flew for a moment due to the Morghis and Nukalis. Some succeeded giving damages with swords and the monsters were soon surrounded by players and skeletons.

“Block them!”

“If they get through, we all die!”

On the other side, unsurrounded Nukalis were going rampage. Out of chaos, skeletons were swinging long swords!

“They are fighting pretty well.”

Weed didn't join the Necromancers group rashly. It was more convenient to fight alone and it was advantageous in picking up items. He hated non-party people having to compete for drops with each other.

“If I accepted Lich Shire’s quest...”

It wouldn't have turned out like this. He would have lead Undead Army's overall strategy and tactics as Lich the commander not joining the battle as low rank skeletons of Undead Army.

Maybe he shouldn't step into a battle like this.

“Regardless, I should participate in this quest.”

Weed picked up the rusty long sword as if it was a treasure and stepped out “Kieeehk!”

Following other skeletons, he moved toward the monsters. One thing he was different from others is that he didn't leave the other rusty long swords lying on the ground! Rusty longsword's attack point varies by monsters and active poison or curses. But they valued at least 3~4 golds. If Weed uses his smith skills to melt it, cleanse with fire and forge a new sword, he can get 1000 golds.

- You obtained a Rusted Long Sword.

- You obtained a section of a Skeleton's rib.

- You obtained a Rusted Long Sword.

- You obtained a bone from a lower limb.

It was vital to pick up any items around. From his past experience as a skeleton, he knew that when you take damage, your life gets reduced along with losing bones. By filling in with other skeleton's bone you can heal some portion of health, and it can be used for a unique skill, Bone Throw. It's nothing compared to arrows of archers but in a short range, it's very powerful!

Weed ran next to the monsters, butting them from sides and slashed with the Rusted Long Sword. Morghis and Nukali become more violent when they take many damages but they get narrow sighted at the same time. Watching how other Necromancers players and skeletons fight, figuring out monsters' weakness, and attacking Morghis with their life barely gone was hunting 101 for Weed.

- You gained experiences.

- You obtained a Morghis' skin.

Weed didn't stop, he continued moving. These monsters are fast and rammed a lot so it's important not to face them from the front. This place was flat area near the river but because there were so many skeletons, it wasn't so smooth for the enemies.

“Quadruped Run!”

Even if he ended up a skeleton, he was still able to use his movement-type skills. Circling around the outskirts instead of being at the centre, Weed assaulted the damaged monsters! He joined the battle a bit later but achieved the most. Not to mention 120 Rusted Long Swords and bunch of bones.

In a place only known being closed to the Undead Army. Skeletons succeeded in killing all Morghis and Nukalis.

“Kwaaao!”

“For our father, Balkan!”

Skeletons picked up rusted swords, broken swords or pebbles and roared in triumph.

Weed followed the skeletons, and Necromancers did so as well.

Immortal Legion Outskirt Guard Successful

Monsters wandering around the wasteland has been eliminated.

Skeleton's can get some rest now while standing guard.

-Fame risen by 71

-Power of Undead risen by 19

-You gained a bit of experience.

-Promotion of rank in the Undead Legion.

Your new rank: Rotting Skeleton

Depending on your rank it is now possible to get weapons, armours, and magic skills.

As Weed completed his quest with the other skeletons, a captain skeleton appeared.

“Well....Done... A new.... Battle..... will....begin....”

With his jaw clattering, the Captain Skeleton spoke annoyingly slow. He said that until next battle begins, they could rest.

Necromancers players sat down on the ground.

“Phew. We barely won.”

“I thought I was almost dead, although physically I’m dead since I’m Undead.”

Even though you get used to the battle, it’s hard to adapt to the energy used during a fight where your bones got crushed in close range. Although it’s was piece of cake for Weed.

“Based on position, I can get better items huh.”

Weed was interested in the item itself rather than his new rank Rotting Skeleton. Of course he can create his own weapon, but who wouldn’t like free weapons?

Even after the battle was over, Weed scouted the movements of other skeletons. Most of them were roaming in certain range but some entered a crater leading to a basement. Dragging his rusty longsword, Weed infiltrated in the group and walked toward the crater.

‘Even if I put my head into lion’s mouth...’

As long as you focus, you can get lion’s skin. That’s a famous quote among Dark Gamers.

--- Tombstone: Soldiers’ Graveyard ---

It was a huge graveyard these skeletons were entering! Inside the grave, skeleton guards were standing as well as skeletons selling stuffs.

“Hurray for the great Balkan! You are skeletons with sands still sticking.”

If you are looking for something, come and look.”

Weed looked around.

Traditional Rusted Spear:

Durability: 13/23

Attack: 9~31

Sword that survived over 100 years.

The body is bent a little, the centre of gravity isn’t balanced.

Because of low durability, don’t be surprised when it breaking suddenly.

In the hand of an Undead user it will gain poison attributes.

Restriction: Undead

Option: 3% poison damage.

Dugged up Axe

Durability: 6/33

Attack: 6~11

This axe was discovered after it has been buried in the ground for a long time.

The blade is as old as it can get and no longer function as a weapon.

Perhaps you are better without this.

Option: When you have dual handed axe skill attack will increase by 230%

Power of Undead 4%

Rusty Shield of Misfortune

Durability: 17/29

Defence: 14

Still usable shield.

As long as you can watch out for the holes, you can still block arrows.

Though unknown there is a feeling of misfortune coming from the shield.

Restriction: None

Option: -15% Luck

Decrease resistance against magic

Weak Rusty Armour

Durability: 17/44

Defence: 19

Wrinkled and full of cracks

Can be equipped for battle but not safe.

Will become the laughing stock of all.

Restriction: 20 Strength

Option: Decrease reputation, charm and charisma.

Of all the shops he's been through, he has never seen such useless items.

Despite all those garbage, there were some better-looking weapons with unexpectedly strong poison and curse attributes on them.

‘It really is for skeletons.’

As Weed went in without buying anything, a ghost handed him a breastplate.

-You must be the skeleton with most contribution. Take this.

The breastplate these ghosts gave was little bit better than what can possibly bought from these store.

Besides rusty parts, the steel shined a bit!

‘I guess I’ll be given better items if my position elevates more.’

For now he is a skeleton but if you can at least become Dullahan or Death Knight, you can get much valuable equipment sometimes.

Since Weed can melt, remove impurities and recycle, this can be a business beneficial in many ways.

“So this is the shops?”

“Let’s see if they hand out some materials.”

As Necromancers players came in, the shops became crowded.

Some players saw Weed wearing a breastplate and pointed out with fingers.

“He already has a breastplate. Is that skeleton a player as well?”

There were no reason to keep distance between them, so Weed tried to say hi to them.

Suddenly,

• DING!

Continuous Battle at the Outskirt

- More enemies appeared at Navir’s wasteland.
- Either kill the monsters looking for prey or drive them out.

- This is a tough mission for skeletons but if you kill many monster you will be acknowledge more in the Undead Army.

Difficulty: D

Restriction: Undead Only

- Quest cannot be refused.

- You have accepted the Quest.

Another battle!

With his breastplate, Weed swung his rusted long sword and fought among the skeletons.

At first, he only knew Death Aura but around this area, Balkan's Undead summon magic Dark Rule was widely spread.

Taking corpses as nourishment, more and more skeletons arose.

“Bone Throw!”

With waves of monsters coming, Weed gained substantial experience. Because this was not some hunting party in a safe dungeon with teammates, you need to look at the whole forest, not a single tree. To obtain a lot, one needs to figure out either the formation of skeletons or monster's main attack paths.

While busy fighting and picking up items, Weed saw Necromancers players taking an active role with decent achievements. They took out monsters by forming a party among themselves, protecting each other, attacking together. Although their appearances looked all the same, these Necromancers players spent money on almost every rusty equipment in the shop!

When they succeeded driving these monsters out, Weed's position got promoted. Not only was he able to obtain a bit bigger sword, he picked up a cape.

“It's going to take a lot of sewing to fix this.”

He didn't get any hopes up for skeleton equipment. It is impossible for lower rank skeleton to be wearing high class equipment.

But because monsters continuously came to Navir's wasteland, it was overflowing with monsters.

Monter's levels varied from late 200 to early 300 and it was well distributed.

Every time he succeeded the quests, he gained decent experience and rewards so it was becoming a better hunting ground for Weed.

Also he was able to get information about Undead Army that went to Morata, which he had vested interest.

"Enough strength to turn human city into a ruin right away."

"Undeads with about 4 armies' worth."

"Sufficient to make sure humans breaths doesn't touch the great Balkan's land."

Relatively well-shaped skeletons talked easily about what he knows.

Their pride as Undead and loyalty to Balkan was extraordinary.

"This is going to be a pain."

Thinking about all the Undead that went to Morata made him sigh.

According to the skeletons, about 4 armies worth. Then it was going to be approximately 120 thousands Undead. Even though most of them are going to be skeletons or zombies, it's still huge. Too much army for trying to punish a single individual Weed.

"But Morata will be able to defend."

They had Sculpture Lifeforms and an army guarding the area. Players will be safe and by the time the Undeads arrive, the Holy Knight from Freya order should be there too. As long as highest rank monsters like Hasilis isn't coming, it's fine.

Hasilis who is the same rank as a weakened Balkan, is currently leading

battles against united army of dwarves, elves and fairies.

“Undeads are super strong when gathered together, but without a Necromancers to command them, they are bound to fall apart easily. With priest and holy knights at the centre, they will be able to defend.”

Weed was relieved. If Morata turns into ashes by Undeads, he wasn't the only one that would be doomed. Thousands of players will fall all together and the trade network in the northern continent would be destroyed.

Hermes Guild's combat army stayed more than a day's distance from the Undead Army. Even for them, keeping a close distance between Undead Army is too risky. They sent a scout to see their movements from an unnoticeable distance.

“So Weed isn't coming?”

“We haven't heard from him yet. If he went past, someone would have noticed him.”

“The lord said he hasn't come out for two days now.”

“Two days... it's too short to be certain.”

Since he's class is a sculptor, he could be stuck in a small room making a sculptor, or wandering around continent focusing on his pieces. Leaving straight after the order from the Hermes Guild's executives, Polon was worried if he was wasting his time as afterwards he heard news about Weed travelling the continent, making sculptures.

After all Weed didn't have to accept the quest from Undead Army.

Chapter 2: Sword Master Ash

Weed reached level 392 hunting in the wasteland.

“Have to admit. This is a pretty nice hunting ground.”

The place was now swarming with skeletons.

Since monsters came to wasteland often, all you had to do was to fight with all you got among all these skeletons.

When these poor skeleton fight and end up hurt, Weed took their places, kills the monster and monopolized the items not caring whether the other skeletons had their bones crushed.

“Now this is what I call a hunting ground.”

Even decent hunting dungeons wouldn't be this good.

“Stat window!”

Character Name	Weed	Alignment	Undead
Level	392	Affiliation	Undead Legion
Class	Battle Crazy Skeleton Warrior		
Health	87,411	Mana	41,829
Strength	1,463	Agility	1,293
Vitality	766		
Wisdom	663	Intelligence	665
Fighting Spirit	541	Endurance	453

Perseverance	753	Resilience	455
Charisma	414	Leadership	706
Courage	127		
Power of Undead	264		
+Death Aura is Active			

With continuous battles, Weed's rank became a Skeleton Warrior.

'Regardless, skeleton is low class in Undead Army.'

Opportunity for class promotion was given again.

Weed chose skeleton warrior among the choice of skeleton soldier, skeleton mage, and skeleton archer.

Few more battles later, Necromancer players gained qualifications for promotion as well.

"Phew, it was really hard, but finally I can become a mage."

Jeanne, Otem, Bohram, Harien and players named Gruzed, Varena who fought with such passion chose to be skeleton mages and could now summon Undeads along with most of players.

"I accept the power of intellect from the great Balkan.

With great loyalty to Undead Army, I shall fight for the great Balkan."

By taking an oath of loyalty, they were able to finish the promotion process.

Because skeletons were able to change class freely, some chose to be an archer for a moment. Newbie Necromancers needed to fight with intellect and mana but in early stage, they weren't able to achieve a lot.

Therefore they just supported Undeads with bows and chose to be archers.

Skeleton mages also obtained spell books.

“We can use basic attack spells that skeleton mages use.”

“This is a curse spell I haven’t heard of... It would be nice to use on summoned Undeads.”

“Let’s try these in hunting.”

Players threw combined fire or ice balls and performed Undead summoning in a battle.

In a simple battlefield where only skeletons existed, there were flames, glaciers, with ghouls, zombies and basic skeleton being summoned.

Their physical appearances were of skeletons but their levels and skills remained same. Thanks to that, they were able to perform their true power and achieved greatly in the skeleton army.

In the early to mid phase where battle is fought directly, Weed monopolized all the monsters but Necromancers showed their skills as if was a fierce competition.

“Gather hear, skeletons!”

As their ranks went up, players gained authority for giving commands to skeletons in Undead Army.

Necromancers players loved this as they can now control skeletons in a battle.

Jeanne, Bohram, Otem, Harien, Gruzed and Varena excelled in battles.

When they first came, they revealed their whole body structure but as they obtained rewards and items, they wore grey robes.

Weed just watched their hunt and did his part.

‘Ordering Undeads is way too slow at the critical moment.’

As number of skeletons increased, the difficulty of quests raised to C.

Big boss-material monsters appeared often but when they were about to die, ordering ghouls and zombies to attack it slowed things down.

Weed used his entire body hunting for experience and drops.

Because he was dressed similar to normal skeletons, it was hard to realize that it was Weed wiping out monsters cunningly from far distance.

Weed's title became from 'Skeleton Knight with Painful Past Memories' to 'Purely Rotten Skeleton King' which was the highest rank for a skeleton.

It was when he finished the quest 'Skeleton Guardians of Navir'

- You have earned a qualification for higher ranked Undead position.

He could now become a high rank Undead and not just a simple skeleton.

But Weed continued with his skeleton-related quests, waiting for other players to get the qualification.

Of course it wasn't some sympathy for those far behind from him.

'You never know which could be better'

He assumed he can decide after seeing the other players make their choices.

Additionally, this is a satisfying place due to continuous large scale battles.

"It says I can be a higher ranked Undead."

"Really? Congratulations!"

"How did you manage to get it so early? Give me some tips."

"I don't know, maybe because I controlled the Undeads so well?"

Necromancer player named Jeanne left after obtaining a qualification but Weed didn't go with her.

'I'm pretty sure it not to different from the skeleton quests.'

It was obvious since the ranks of Undeads are fixed.

Other players left one by one after getting qualifications.

From then on, he gained informations from conversations between the other playerse.

“Harien told me secretly. Jeanne and Otem became Banshees now.”

The roaring ghost Banshee.

Spreading malicious energy, with a bit of supernatural skills, they were able to cast magic.

“Where do they hunt?”

In a village where no one lives. There are haunted houses and a fortress but they haven't looked in too in that much.

“How about the monsters?”

There were many players trying to get information about monsters besides Weed.

Since Necromancers handle corpses, they especially wanted many information about monsters.

“It's awesome. Undead Army store their battle supplies in the fortress storage and so mass of monsters invade more than 30 times in one day.”

“Holy... They must be getting all the monsters they can ever want.”

Necromancers preferred place where many monsters appear.

Rather than waiting for few strong monsters, it was much better to gain experience and raise Undead summoning skill level from the swarming monsters.

“If that's true, I guess it's ok to change hunting grounds.”

Weed chose his class when 4 player chose their class.

Everyone chose Banshee but he chose to become a Ghost Skeleton Warrior.

Over 30 thousand players were assigned in building the cathedral and library in Morata.

Not all villagers and players were involved in the construction. Some contributed by bringing materials while hunting or proceeding their quests.

I have found a place rich in Eplyn stones in Navi forest.

-Adventurer Kashoo

Adventurer's announcement was placed at the wall of the lord's castle.

"It seems there are many stones in Navi forest."

"Let's dig them out."

Players gathered with pickax and dug up all the stones.

After they left, Navi forest was devastated!

"Stones"

"I brought wood."

Beginners brought materials they could at their level.

Thanks to swarm of architects and stonemasons, towers and walls of the Grand Cathedral and Grand Library was built. At the ceiling of cathedral, they put a huge dome, making it high enough to be seen anywhere in Morata.

"Did we really build this?"

"How in the world were we able to build these buildings by stacking up bricks and rocks?"

A grand structure even those participated in the work couldn't believe with their own eyes!

At the ceiling of the dome, they inserted stained glass so that light could enter inside the cathedral.

"It's not over yet. We still have a lot more to work to do."

Magicians helped sculptors and painters with their works.

With flying spell, it became much easier to paint and sculpt at the ceiling and higher part of pillars.

Since they were able to participate in a large-scale project with robust supports from all levels of society, Artists didn't save on their efforts.

Holy knights from Freya order were built as sculptures and paintings were drawing on the ceiling.

Goddess Freya who has endlessly wide grove and granaries!

Men were sitting on their knee and making confessions to the Goddess.

With top-class paints, not being thrifty about it and painting fully, with hundreds of colors, they expressed scenery of grains, Goddess Freya's dress and even men in a colorful, detailed manner.

Showing richness and beauty with confident.

Of course, Goddess Freya's appearance was based on the statue of Goddess Weed built.

Painters also paid attention to the exterior of cathedral.

"Let's paint the origin of Morata here."

The origin of Morata. Painters from the Central Continent or who started out their career in here have only heard about it.

How Weed saved this village by defeating vampires with Alveron, the pope candidate of Freya order.

Defeating the Northern cold, Weed officially became the lord.

Freya statue of Goddess was sculpted, the population increased, the village expanded.

The history up till the building of the Grand Cathedral and Grand Library was drawn as a mural.

The library lacked in artistic beauty but it was built with huge and sturdy stones to be able to store enormous resources in it.

For now, the only books available for display are common history books sold in a general store or books of folktales of northern Versailles Continent.

But when it officially opens, it will be filled with scrolls or pieces of map

from hunting monsters and books of adventurers' stories.

If information of Northern part of the continent is gathered, more quests will be active and it will be much convenient to resolve requests. This made players in Morata to get thrilled for the completion of the library.

“I heard something weird thing from the flower lady before... Could it be a hint for a quest?”

“I gave up a quest due to lack of information. Maybe once the library is complete, I can try it again.”

Everyone had few quests that was difficulty and made them quit.

Quests only occurred with special triggers or sometimes meaningless requests lead to linked quests. Therefore they can't help getting excited for the completion of the library.

Players from the Central Continent liked it as well but players who started from Morata had their pride and self-esteem.

Morata lacked in many ways compared to other metropolises but the fun of achieving things one by one with their own hands cannot be explained in words!

The attachment of living in a shack, and the energetic square and streets.

“This is truly the best city.”

“No other city is exceptionally beautiful or developing so fast.”

“I'm gonna make sure my friends start in Morata.”

“I'm bringing everyone to Morata.”

Geomchis that decided to swim across to Morata!

“I think we just passed half point.”

“Whooaa, already!”

If they got in the ship, they would have arrived already but the fact that

they are half-way from their destination made them so happy.

“It’s kinda exhausting swimming for such a long time.”

“It’s hard to swim exactly how I want to because of the strong waves, sahyeong!”

These Geomchis must learn obvious things the hard way with their bodies.

If it’s rainy or windy, it was a harder fight for them!

But still, the distance they have come is fairly long.

Few days later, they could see a land.

“Did we arrived already?!”

“The tides in this area helped us a bit, eh?”

“Yep, it was much more convenient swimming for us.”

As they get close to north, they were able to swim faster thanks to tides even though the water got cold.

To say that they are near Morata, it seemed like they arrived way too early as the beach and trees were a bit unfamiliar.

“Sahyeong, let’s go get something to eat. Who cares if it’s not the continent? We can just swim again.”

They couldn’t worry when they were hungry.

Geomchis had a value of worrying only after filling their stomach.

They gathered around, ate some clams and fish on a bonfire.

“If Weed was here, he would have cooked us delicious foods.”

“Don’t forget alcohols.”

“One sip of Weed’s fruit liquor and you are done for!”

It was Malaska Island they were taking a brief rest on.

A swordsman staying in the island first smelled them and walked to the beach.

His name was Ash.

One of the nine sword masters in Versailles Continent.

Unlike the Sculpting Master, they were nine Sword Masters.

Three of them were very famous that their whereabouts were well known.

Croma the head of the knight order, Evirathan the paladin of Lugh and Percia who left to search for the treasures of the kingdom as promised with the king.

To meet Croma, one needs to a great reputation, elegance, honor and loyalty.

Since it was easier to meet the requirements as a knight rather than as a swordsman, many met Croma and learned his swordsmanship.

His skills were an honorable promise. It enabled one to have triple the combat power briefly and contained unique horseback swordsmanship.

Evirathan was easier to meet since he was one of the paladin of Lugh.

The only downside was that because his skills were based on holy power, paladins from different orders could not learn his swordsmanship.

Percia was searching Navier Lake for the lost treasure, so anyone could meet him there.

His skills were unknown to normal players but it was on the bulletin board of Dark Gamer Union.

- **Another Sword**
- **Sword formed from mana fly around and defend the player.**
- **Cannot control it directly and the size, durability, defence varies by the skill level.**
- **Low mana consumption.**
- **Effectively blocks arrows or targeted magic.**

Dark Gamers who didn't fear adventures and players of the highest-rank learned Percia's swordsmanship.

Other than these three, no one knows about the other six.

If by any chance one finds them, they kept it to themselves as they had no reason to tell others about it.

But right now, these Geomchis encountered Ash a new Sword Master right in the middle of the ocean.

“You came here to learn swordsmanship?”

Ash spoke with low-pitched tone.

Just as expected from a Sword Master, he released a fierce aura of a beast.

“If you want my swordsmanship, you must be qualified for it.”

Clang!

Ash drew his sword, posed for a combat.

But these Geomchis eating roasted fish didn't reply.

Nothing is more annoying than someone showing up and talking while they are eating something.

Their personalities became violent when someone bothers them during a meal time!

“Those who look for extreme of swordsmanship, shall see what the strength of a sword is through me, Ash!”

He was the sword master Ash. Anyone who wanted to master the sword desired to meet him.

He couldn't possibly be someone to be treated so coldly but Geomchis just kept ripping off their fish.

“What on earth is that guy talking about?”

“I don't know, I think he is challenging us?”

“Geez, why is he bothering us when we are eating? Ask him if he has salts for the fish.”

To be honest, this was a chance of a lifetime for them.

Because they were martial artists, they were able to learn any skills

related to any weapons.

Sword, spear, axe, bow, dagger, you name it.

Attack skills depending on a weapon types had things in commons so it wasn't necessarily good to learn as many skills as you can. As by focusing on using a single weapon the attack skill level and proficiency increased.

Of course for Geomchis it was swords!

As their weaponry skills reached advance level 6, the destructive power of their swords increased scarily.

They are able to decide the amount of mana used on skills freely.

They can increase the power of skills up to five times and if mana is low, they can perform skills with low amount of mana.

Also, they can run faster, jump higher or even form mana barriers with their swords.

If they showed it to other players or take a video and upload it in internet, they could get pretty famous but for these Geomchis, it wasn't interesting.

Anyhow, it was truly a great event for them to encounter Sword Master Ash.

Geomchi17 spoke.

“Well, since it's a challenge, I'll accept it. Geomchis505, good luck.”

“Yes, sir!”

Geomchi505 tooth dropped his fish stick and stood up.

“I request a match. My name is Geomchi505.”

“Come, I will awaken you to the world of swords.”

Geomchi505 bent his knees a bit and posed defensively.

‘Guard first, then counter.’

Since it was a sword match, one needs to bring out one's full potential even when not knowing enemy's abilities.

While Geomchi505 was waiting for enemy's attack, Ash's body cloned one by one, ending up with thirty bodies.

As thirty Ashes lifted their swords and posed attack stances, Geomchi505's tension rose even more.

-WOO HEE HEE HEE HEE

-OOKIKIKIKIKI!

Creepy laughs were heard in a village where ghosts lived.

Weed got assigned to this village with ghosts in United Army and other players.

- **Ghost of Kapua**
 - **Ghosts are treated as a nuisance in the Undead Army.**
 - **If you succeed protecting the war material in Kapua, you will gain a bit of trust.**
- Difficult: C**
Restriction: Undead Only
- **Quest cannot be refused.**
 - **You have accepted the quest.**

“Wheeeee, arrrrrrrr, issssss, thisssss, playyyy ceeeee?”

Players who became ghosts even sounded like one with echoes.

“Weeeeeee, arrrrrrrr, attttttt, Kapooooo, ahhhhh, caaaaaaa, stleeeeeee.”

Players such as Jeanne, Otem, Goshu who arrived here first were relieved that the reinforcements came.

Weed moved his ghost body around.

If you consume mana, you can fly high and move faster.

‘Will this be possible to?’

He went to the wall and reached out with his hand. It didn't stop at the wall. It went through.

‘So it's possible.’

Weed moved forward and completely went past the wall.

- You have passed through the wall.

By moving through an obstacle, health and mana decreased by 200.

A Ghost's specialty.

Weed have summoned many ghosts among the Undeads so he knew.

“Whaaaat, theeeeeee?”

Players paid attention to Weed's behaviour.

It was hard to distinguish who's who when they were all skeletons but now that he was the only Ghost Skeleton Warrior among the Banshees, he stood out.

It's not uncommon for a ghost to pass through obstacles since it's their specialty.

But Weed, he's adapted way too quickly.

Plus, ghosts' legs didn't touch the ground so they float around in the air.

Because it feels like they are walking in water, they feel physically unnatural.

Jeanne and Otem were still getting used to the feeling but Weed adapted to the changed body fast.

Weed's longswords and armors turned into ghostly appearance as well.

Legendary Rusted Sword

Durability: 34/51

Attack: 29~41

- Monster slaying sword.

- A sword bestowed by the Duke.

- Used for a long time without any maintenance by the Undead. But it still has sharpness.

- It will be difficult but if repaired there is a possibility to return to its former state.

Restriction: Undead

Option: Fame +34

Elegance +30

Notoriety: +170

Attack grades of Undead in the Undead Army increases.

He already had the best sword among the rusty swords.

It was same for armors but he repaired it to the minimum and equipped it.

But as it ghostified, his sword and armors' status have changed.

The attack got reduced to more than half but when it hit the critical points, the critical chance increases and did double damage.

Not being able to be destroyed anymore was an obvious change.

Suddenly sounds of ghosts wandering around in the castle and village disappeared.

Jeanne spoke.

“Gettttt, reaaaa, dyyyyy, theyyyy, areeeee, commmmm, ingggg.”

Grotesque green monsters appeared and advanced on Kapua castle.

Banshees screamed in a hard-to-understand way and initiated the battle.

Necromancer players fighting with summoned Undeads!

Weed performed great achievements in a battle that took place in haunted houses in the village.

Only he moved freely even when Undeads, ghosts and monsters were in a dog fight.

“Assiiii, milateeeeeee”

Weed's body went through the wall as if to hide.

Using the ghost's specialty, he hid and ambushed for a pre-emptive strikes against the monsters!

Using covertness as a main tactic, he took care of few monsters but the real event started when the battle became more intense.

Weed rushed through the building and walls.

- You have passed through the wall.

By moving through an obstacle, health and mana decreased by 200.

- You have passed through the wall.

By moving through an obstacle, health and mana decreased by 200.

His vision completely changed every time he went past walls.

Swinging sword on every monsters on sight, he kept moving.

-Critical strike!

Slashing at the very short moment, and he even took items!

Monsters came after him but obviously failed as Weed just went through the walls.

Not only was it very effective ambush, it turned the geographic features into his shield.

'I knew it. It's much better to play solo in a place where Undeads and monsters are rampaging.'

Injured monsters were everywhere. Therefore he was at the upper hand in drops and items when he was alone.

A fortress and a village, now this is a best battlefield for ghosts.

When he succeeded defending for the seventeens times, he obtained a horse.

Neighhh!

A ghost horse!

Weed's armor was grey resembling deep darkness and he also wore a helmet to conceal his face.

Among rampaging ghosts and Undeads, he rode his ghost horse, sweeping experiences and items.

In Kapua, not only monsters came more often, they were at higher standard compared to when he was a skeleton.

It was such a great hunting ground to make achievements without not being seen.

His title elevated greatly from Ghost Skeleton Warrior.

- Pale Rider

According to his title, he gained 500 fame and a skill that fiercely intimidates enemies emotionally by releasing his mettle.

Unfortunately but obviously it could only be used when he was a ghost.

Chapter 3: Kapua's Ghost

Number of Necromancers players, turned ghost, protecting Kapua village increased.

“Looksssss, likeeeee, weeeee, didddd, allllll, theeeee, workkkkk.”

Otem spoke with a hint of discontent but he didn't hate it so much because many players looked at them with envy and admiration.

Magicians respect high wisdom and intelligence.

It allowed abundant mana and magic spells that others couldn't use!

In case of Necromancers, it was directly related to the number and types of Undeads that could be summoned.

Summoning dozens of Dullahans or Death Knights in rank and file seemed much better and awesome compared to an unordered line of skeletons and zombies.

Number of ghosts that swung skeleton sceptor along with companion golems increased in Kapua village.

Weed promoted again, becoming Untangible Slayer.

- **Monster Assault of Kapua completed**
- **Furgol's invasion was repulsed.**
- **Undead Army will revalue the existence of Ghosts.**
- Revaluation: Still noisy, annoying and useless but can be helpful sometimes.**
- **Fame +101**
- **Power of Undead +14**
- **Gained experience.**
- Obtain permission to enter Kapua Castle.**

Since other players weren't talking about entering the castle, it seems like Weed was the first one.

“Battle supplies are stacked in the castle...”

An expectation that it will be filled with full of Undead weapons and equipment!

But Weed couldn't leave the village this easily.

Less than five players chose to become ghost knight so he stood out.

Not only did he battle atop his ghost horse, his mettle and charisma made monsters shiver in fear.

It wasn't that much when he was a human but now that he was a ghost that spread terror, weak monsters couldn't even fight back.

The scene of monsters trembling in fear of death when Weed was simply staring at them on top his ghost horse!

Other Necromancers couldn't help but get curious.

-HUEEEEEEEEE

-EEEEEEEEEEEEK!

Therefore Weed went to the castle by mixing in with monsters when the battle was about to be finished.

THUMP THUMP THUMP!

Monsters hammered on the castle gate with steel hammers.

Skeleton soldiers in the castle killed the monsters by shooting arrows and pouring boiling oil on them.

The battle wasn't easy even with the increased number of players and summoned Undeads.

As more supplies head to the castle, more monsters were attracted to it.

'Oh you lovely experience and items.'

Monsters that managed to reach the castle were fairly high in level.

Green creatures with their heads bulging out like crocodiles, they were either Furgol's mid-commander or assault captains.

Every time Weed swung his sword on his horse, these Furgols fell spraying green body fluids "Iiiii, Loveeeee, youuuuuu, exxxxxxxx, periiiiiii, enceeeeeeee."

Weed made a confession and killed them without any hesitation!

As a Warrior and not a Necromancer, his stamina didn't drop at all.

On his horse, Weed rushed forward with 15 chain strikes.

It was extremely hard to hit with a continuous pin point accuracy when riding on top of the ghost horse running full speed and passing by the monsters.

It required terrifying focus, momentary judgment, wide vision, and control of breaths.

‘Items, items, items, items, items.’

Weed slashed continuously in a rhythm.

15 chain strike cannot be stopped in the middle. Therefore you need to handle your horse precisely.

His ghost horse wasn't a legendary horse but it gave absolute obedience to him as a high-rank ghosts and also enjoyed the slaughter.

So it followed Weed's lead.

- Maximum charging speed reached.
Ø With speed the enemy cannot resist you have inflicted a critical hit.
Ø Attack increased by 245%

Because he was slashing monsters at while moving at a high speed, most of attacks lead to critical strike with additional increase in attack points.

Spear on the other hand could release a super strong destructive power with a penetrating force but it was not useful for a continuous attacks.

The sword slashed the monsters around in arcs was a truly beautiful sight to behold.

Increasing the mana consumption and energy he slayed any monsters near him, riding in synchronization with his horse.

“Runnnnnn!”

Weed and his horse, united as one, ran towards the steel gate.

He could get fatal damage due to the crash!

But Weed and his ghost horse turned into mists and passed through the

steel gate.

- You have the right to enter Kapua Castle
- Ø The castle defenders will not attack you.
- Ø You have passed through the thick castle gate.
- Ø By passing through an obstacle, health and mana decrease by 2000 each.

NEIGHHHH!

Beyond that castle gate, he could see ghosts of skeleton soldiers in a line.

It looked like they were in a defensive formation just in case the gate was penetrated.

Weed pulled the bridle with full force gradually slowing down the ghost horse to a stop.

NEIGH

After riding hard the horse breathed heavily, snorting and clopping the ground with his hooves. The skeleton ghost soldier approached and spoke, raising his broken rusty sword.

“Welllll, comeeeee, toooooo, Kaaaaaa, puuuuu, ahhhh, caaaaa, stleeeee.”

Taking a look around Kapua Castle, Weed was able to see all kinds of ghosts.

From ghosts of noble and dukes to ghosts knights, soldiers, archers, and villagers.

Even a ghost of a maid was moping a hall.

“Ittttt, keepssss, getttt, ingggg, dirtttt, eeeee. Mayyyyy, beeeee, llllll, dontttttt, haveeeee, tooooo, moppppp, ittttt?”

It was annoying to listen to them but Weed strive to converse with the maids and the villagers.

Soldiers kept complaining about monsters invading and the duke was getting all warmed up for battles at the king’s command.

In this context, the king was Balkan Demoph, the King of Undeads.

‘I thought they were all screwed but having ghosts defending the castle, the Undead Army is pretty an amazing force.’

Weed felt sorry for a bit as with several quests he may have been able to take all of this if he came here as Lich Shire.

It wasn't an easy decision to give up a quest that was assigned to only one person, Weed.

But the possibility of Shire's quest being tilted to the evil side was most likely.

Even though he was fighting for the Undead Army he could still stop and quit any time.

The body of Undead could be fixed by benediction at the Freya order.

Regardless, hunting grounds here, flood with monsters, were excellent and Undeads were constantly enhanced due to Balkan's Death Aura.

For Weed, he was able to wield much stronger power and that was reason he was still continuing with this quests and hunts.

‘It's definitely not because of the money I have to pay to the Freya order.’

Weed went up the tower.

Seemed like monsters were invading as there was an ongoing battle.

If monsters got through the village, their next objectives would become this castle.

If the castle collapsed completely, the chain quest would failed, and who knows what would happen next?

‘Anyways, I should get back to the village after a quick look.’

There were more opportunities of fighting monsters in the village than inside Kapua castle.

You couldn't let your guard down just because more players were showing up.

As battle supplies were piling up in the castle, more and more monsters swarmed toward the village.

In the village, players hunting the monsters were having a conversation in their party chat room.

Bohram : I haven't seen the ghost skeleton guy since a while ago.

Harien : He chased the monsters going towards the castle but I guess he hasn't come back.

Varenna : I don't know what that guy is thinking not choosing a class with Undead summoning skills when he is a Necromancers. But he seemed pretty strong.

Bohram : Still, that's a wrong decision. It looked like he hasn't been able to hunt that many monsters.

To be honest, these players didn't really have a chance to spectate Weed's hunt.

First of all, they had to make sure that their summoned Undeads don't act as they please and obstacles blocked their view of Weed.

Also there were many ghosts in the village so they couldn't keep their eyes specifically on Weed.

If there was a cleric who is supposed to grasps the party members or battle situations, they would have noticed Weed's sneaky movements but Necromancers just had too many things to do.

Harien : By the way, Jeanne is truly amazing. She is performing more than two of us combined.

Bohram : I just saw her summoning seven additional Death Knights, meaning that her Necromancers skill has reached intermediate level 4.

Gruzed : the golem-related skill level looked high as well.

Since these Necromancers had same occupations, they were more a competitors rather than co-operators. So they were busy spectating the

best Necromancer, Jeanne.

Bohram : Is it just me did the experiences increased a bit?

Harien : I had the same feeling. Even the items, they are more useful items drops now.

Lee Hyun wanted to yell out in joy.

‘Finally it’s over.’

With the last exam taken care of, it was the start of the winter breaks.

The campus was covered with romantic white snow but he was just happy that he didn’t have to come back here until spring.

Other students were chatting in the hallway.

“How was it?”

“Introduction to virtual-society was way too hard. I totally messed it up.”

It was all irrelevant to Lee Hyun.

‘As long as I don’t fail.’

He was pretty optimistic about his grades.

Lee Hyun saw Seo Yoon sitting on a bench as he was trying to head home in a hurry.

Even in her winter outfit, her beautiful looks drew the male students toward her.

Incomparable lineage, outstanding looks, attractively tall and guaranteed future lying ahead.

Lee Hyun didn’t feel at ease hanging around with Seo Yoon.

“Some freshman named Lee Hyun in faculty of Virtual Reality is having a meal with her?”

“He is a freshman but I heard he’s a little too old to be a freshman.”

“Why in the world is she hanging out with guy like him?”

There were so many rumors floating around the campus.

Even the seniors in the faculty of Virtual Reality looked at Lee Hyun with discomfort.

But Lee Hyun wasn't someone who gave in to these kinds of views about him.

He just hoped this dream of her wouldn't last so long.

'She doesn't deserve a guy like me.'

Someday, an awesome guy that would be perfect for her will appear.

All he had to do was making sure she talks and protect her until she did not fear human interaction anymore.

Seo Yoon spotted Lee Hyun and stood up.

She walked toward him with rosy cheek perhaps caused by cold weather.

"Were you waiting for me?"

Seo Yoon nodded at his question and then spoke.

"Because of the winter trip."

Her words were becoming more natural.

Lee Hyun didn't mind it so much but to her he was the very person who grabbed her hand and pulled open her heart to the world.

Every time Seo Yoon spoke to him, she embraced the expectation and romance.

"Yeah, trip, huh."

Lee Hyun clearly remembered what he said before.

Seo Yoon said she want to go on a trip with him.

It was a simple trip heading to seashore but he told her it would cost a million Won, which was complete nonsensical excuse to avoid the trip.

"Well, promises exist to be kept."

Seo Yoon nodded in agreement.

“Yes, that’s right.”

“I wanted to take a trip anyway. Plus I’m on a break now with plenty of time.”

She smiled in a happy, yet awkward way.

Of course Lee Hyun was planning to devote all of his time in Royal Road.

The hunting speed in Kapua Village was super fast compared to any other hunting grounds.

With plenty of quests, it was the best place to raise experience.

Lee Hyun continued softly.

“A promise is a promise. I’m just as sad as you are but I guess I’m going have to give you a rain check.”

Lee Hyun was trying to delay this trip indefinitely.

Suddenly, Seo Yoon opened her bag and grabbed out money.

“I earned expenses for the trip.”

It was at least 600 million Won.

To think that she earned this much in just little bit more than one month!

“Did you sell your items?”

He didn’t think of it when he made his promises but if Seo Yoon sold her equipment in Royal Road, it would be a piece of cake to earn that much.

“I earned by selling packed lunches.”

Seo Yoon earned this money purely with labour.

On her hand where she was showing the money, he could see blisters.

And some scars from getting cut and burning herself while cooking.

A woman who never had a hard time got hurt and exhausted for money.

“Will you go with me?”

With mixed feelings Lee Hyun couldn’t possibly reject her.

Lee Hyun decided to go on the trip after 4 days.

Now that he was really going, there were so many things to pack.

“A frying pan, a pot, a burner... It would be nice to make Kimbap and boiled eggs in advance. And sikhye in a plastic bottle just in case we become thirsty.”

If he was on a trip alone, he could just bilk a restaurant. He didn't want a way-too-luxury trip.

She earned the money in a hard way. He couldn't possibly have the luxury of wasting it.

Sesame oil, kimchi, seaweed, fresh vegetables and a fishing rod should be enough.

If he catches some fish on the spot, then meal was ready.

“I should prepare some more just in case I think of something.”

Even in a deserted island, it was more than enough to survive!

Leaving your house was suffering, it also costs money.

He couldn't possibly understand why she would want to take a trip but to save as much as he can, 4 days later was just ok.

“Monday should be less expensive avoiding the weekend peak prices.”

After he arranged everything, he went into the capsule.

It was time for Royal Road.

Weed spotted scibbles while wandering in Kapua castle.

.I saw something shiny.

.Why are there... so many things that humans enjoy, dumped?

.There is a path next to the bookshelf...

It was an enigmatic scibble about hidden treasures in the castle.

If you can solve the mystery then you could find the treasures!

'I guess it's worth coming here first.'

Before other players came, Weed scouted the castle.

Collecting information from maids and servants, finding treasures in chimneys, sewer, and stable.

These relics were as old as it can possibly get so you can call it antiques if you wanted to!

Treasures worth hundreds, thousands of gold gave great satisfaction to Weed.

'Ghost's body is just perfect for a scavenger hunt.'

As long as you knew the exact location, it was easy to find it since he could just go through any obstacles.

He found items in between bricks and behind a staircase using ghost's specialty.

.The girl I saw at dawn, what did she lose that she cried so sadly?.

With this quote in mind, he met a female ghost child running down the hallway fast.

And by finding her lost doll, he got an enchanted necklace in return.

· **Necklace of the Undead**

Durability: 29/43

- **Necklace that contains strength of Undead's growth**

Restriction: Necromancers Only

Option: Necromancers skill level +1

Effect of Summoned Undead +8%

Items that benefit Necromancers were very rare.

That was why Necromancers often equip a magician's equipment but Weed just obtained an item that increases Undead summoning skill.

After sunrise, Weed turned into human and came back to Morata with Yurin's help.

After making sure Kapua castle was safe, he used Picture Teleportation in a small room to move about.

But as he gained more Power of Undead, he stayed as Undead longer even after sunrise.

“Power of Undead increase a lot with the quests and battles.”

Weed didn't consider Power of Undead to be a burden except when he was making sculpture it was a minor discomfort.

But in fact, it was truly dangerous stat that made the Necromancers special.

He learned exactly what the Power of Undead did in a conversation between Necromancer players.

“My Power of Undead increased again.”

“Already at maximum? At first I thought it was an awesome stat...”

“The dizziness made me fail Undead summoning spells.”

Not only does Power of Undead enhance Undeads, it strengthens the power of black magic.

Black magic was much stronger and complicated compared to normal magic.

That is why Black Mages are treated with more respect among magicians.

In case of Weed, it enhanced his strength and agility when he was hunting as Undead.

Superior stat that grows on its own with quests and battles!

Necromancers had Power of Undead and Black Mages living in their own world had authority of darkness. That made them much stronger than normal magicians.

But both Power of Undead and Authority of Darkness causes serious curses and illness if it exceed one's faith and willpower.

In worst scenario, one became wicked, raised up Undeads without being

able to control their own spells and body and hurt those around them.

In case of Dark Mages, devils could steal their bodies!

When one reaches that point of ruin, not only did they lose substantial amount of mana, they suffer from all kinds of curses that were hard to cure.

That was why you need to raise stats such as health, strength, willpower for overall balance.

If you didn't raise enough faith and willpower thinking it was a waste of points, it would seem fine at first but as time goes, side effects will be critical.

Necromancers and black mage become stronger quicker than normal occupations but they are moving back and forth on a dangerous border.

Weed felt it was a waste to invest stats into faith or willpower so he collected floral and grass leaves and built a sculpture.

Petals weren't a fit material for a sculpture.

It was too tender and it withers fast. But if Nature Sculpting was used, materials' freshness stays unchanged for a very long time and it challenge Weed with a new kind of work.

"Looking at just the materials, this sculpture is harder than any of my previous works."

During night, he hunted and in the morning he sculpted.

The completed work created with such an effort was a real-sized chariot led by eight horses.

Even horses and horseman were decorated with pretty petals. It expressed a beauty that only existed in a fairytale.

Inside the chariot, he sculpted his little sister when she was a little lady.

The finished sculpture was truly romantic and beautiful.

- Set a name for the sculpture you just made.

“Birthday present for my little sister.”

He created this piece of art as a birthday present for Yurin.

It will be unforgettable birthday present when she rides this chariot in Morata.

Of course production cost of this sculpture made of petals and leaves was zero!

- 'Birthday Present for my Little Sister', correct?

“Correct”

· **Magnum Opus!**

You completed a 'Birthday Present for my Little Sister'.

∅ Sculpture made from the petals of wild flower spread around Morata!

∅ Created by connecting leaves with excellence patiences, it was a sculptor who knows how to use the power of nature.

∅ Creativity is outstanding but due to the characteristics of the materials, it will be hard to maintain for a long time.

Artistic Value: 9, 814

Effect:

Anyone who see this piece will have 30% regen of health and mana for a day

All stat increase by +15

Elegance and charm +45

Once a day, an extraoridanary luck will occur.

Movement speed in flat area increase by +25%

Increase propagation of wildflowers used in this sculpture.

Talking to someone about this sculpture you intimacy will increase.

Maximum life of sculpture: 3 months

After expiration, this piece will be recorded in the history of sculptures

- **Number of Magnum Opus created: 7**

- **Advance Sculpture Mastery reached level 8**

Your sculptures will now become amazingly delicated and detailed.

Your insight for arts broadened, wisdom and intelligence increase by 37 each.

Charm increase by +62

Using Nature Sculpting, affinity with nature increase by +31.

- **Handicraft skill improved**

- Fame increase by +1,841
- Art stat increase by +13
- Endurance increase by +9
- Fortitude increase by +21
- Charm increase by +7

Weed's sculpting skill level finally reached advanced level 8.

"That was really hard."

With every skill level the requirement for the next level of proficiency increased exponentially, the master piece he created now only increased his proficiency by 3.7%. Even then there was still 2 level left until Sculpture Mastery.

"Once I sculpt Helium, I won't be too far!"

If your reputation hits high by sculpting, you can easily receive sculpting quests from nobles and kings.

By getting these quest they gave best materials to work with and will be easy to increase his workmanship.

"Also, I will be able to increase with Disaster Sculpting or Elemental Creation."

He will soon be mastering sculpting skill, hardest skill to increase among arts-related skills.

"I couldn't have done it if I tried to get this far if it was all for arts."

To make the pieces, he collected complicated materials through many adventures and quests.

He devoted a long time on sculpting his work, suffering for creativity.

It was all thanks to money that he got this far.

"Finally... our hard works will come into fruition."

"This moment will be broadcasted on gaming media for at least one month."

"Thousands, no millions will see this."

Villagers and players of Morata stopped working and came out to streets, square and roofs.

They were holding hats and flower petals.

Players with wood and stone plates on their back came from outside the city.

With sweats pouring down, they moved step by step.

Last materials need for the Grand Cathedral and Library. Just a few steps away from the finish line.

“Cheer up.”

“Just a little bit more.”

Cheering each other, they head to the Square of Light and Bingryong Square.

Construction materials were stacked up and where villagers and players have been working together, there was the sight of the Grand Cathedral and the Great Library.

The Grand Cathedral was magnificent, with colorful beauty and the Great Library had solemnity and grandness.

These great architectures in huge scale had been built by the village's own people and players.

They placed decorative trees on empty spots in the garden and placed refined block of stones.

At last, with last materials finding its own places, the Great library and Grand Cathedral have been completed.

The completion date has been deliberately managed to finish the buildings jointly to make it a commemorative day.

Not only Morata players have been waiting for this moment, but many tourists as well who came from northern and other area.

* Grand Building, Freya church's northern continent Grand Cathedral has been completed.

Total construction period: 5 month and 11days.

Cost of construction: 1 million 678 thousand 291 gold and 25 silver.

Number of participated worker: 299 thousand 362 people.

* Building Value: 189, 614

- From the Cathedral the religious denomination will spread in the Northern Continent.
- The gaze of Goddess Freya is focused here, chance of a golden harvest increased, natural disasters will be prevented.
- The priest and paladins of Freya in the Northern Continent will receive a greater divine force.
- Priest's can now be placed in the 2nd tier, Cardinals can now be elected.
- Paladins will now live in the Cathedral, suppressing monsters in the vicinity.
- Morata residence are now qualified to participate in Freya churches business.

* **Grand Building, Morata's Grand Library has been completed.**

Total construction time: 5 month and 11days.

Cost of construction: 1 million 074 thousand 412 gold and 78 silver.

Number of participated worker: 218 thousand 302 people.

* Building Value: 127, 939

- Can collect adventure related text. Can help with the recovery of lost magic through the excavation of dungeons.
- Magic and academics will develop faster.
- If you display or publish found items, maps, historic facts, monster records, you can receive fame and compensation.
 - For the need for library archives a quest has activated.
- Archeologic quest is now possible to find rare records.
 - As the archives grow, the residence knowledge will increase.

“Hooray!”

“It's finally finished!”

“From now on let's party all night!”

There was no need to mention the greater convenience thanks to the completion of Northern Cathedral and the Great Library.

A message popped up for players who participated.

- For participating in the construction of the Northern Cathedral you have received an achievement and experiences points.
 - Proficiency in building skill increased.
 - You gained knowledge of special building, stats will increase.

- For the achievement of leaving behind a painting in the Grand Cathedral
- Fame increased.
- Proficiency in related skill increased.

Due to the religious experience, however marginal you can now paint Freya churches

holy figures.

- For the achievement of leaving behind a sculpture in the Grand Cathedral
- Fame increased.
- Proficiency in related skill increased.

You can now sculpt Freya churches holy figures. But you have to use the wood blessed by Goddess Freya.

- * Morata's Freya church influence has risen
- The intimacy with Morata's residence increased.
- The people who participated in the construction are now religious.

The 2 Grand building will now represent Morata.

By telling stories about the Northern Cathedral and the Grand Library in faraway cities and castles you can receive fame.

They were rewarded fairly for participating in the construction of great buildings.

And a message popped up only visible to the lord.

- Morata's regional political influence increased.
- Morata's regional fame increased.
- If the conditions are met, three special product of Morata will spread fast through word of mouth.
- Villagers looking at Freya Cathedral can find peace in their heart.
- Public order is increased.
- Plague is suppressed.
- Morata's culture is being spread throughout the continent. This helps the art created in the city to gain additional fame and influence.
- Tourism industry is developing, wealthy tourist will come to the city.
- Due to the Northern Cathedral the number of art orders increased.
- The contribution to the Freya church increased by 1,639.

∅ You can now receive the title, 'The Call of the Goddess'. If you receive the award you can now represent the Freya churches paladin.

∅ Elegance, charm, faith, charisma will increase.

Weed felt mentally exhaustion while working on the construction.

"I never imagined it would cost this much..."

It was impossible to build the Grand Cathedral and the Great Library as planned with the assigned budget.

Weed assigned a very wide area for it to be built on and suggested high

quality materials. So it was impossible not to have gone over budget even with astronomical budget of 900,000 gold and 700,000 golds for the respective buildings.

“It would have been ok to take out some steel frames and unnoticeable pillars...”

Weed desperately wanted poor constructions.

However, Morata’s architects tried to build sturdy buildings that could last hundreds of years.

Because so many people were participated, workers made frequent mistakes.

Rain leaking through the roofs was nothing.

Often, pillars would tilt and stone plates would collapse.

Every time this happened, construction cost increased and even if they did fund raising in the city, the project always lacked money.

Morata’s three months worth of taxes had to be put into the construction budget.

“It’s ok. It’s at least completed now.”

Weed looked at the buildings and let go of any lingering attachment.

It was a grand building built by a decent architect Parvo along with noob sculptors and painters and a lot of novice players’ efforts.

Because of the leakage in the roof, the artwork on the ceiling was partially blurry and engraved corner parts on the walls were shattered.

There would be hundreds of things to find fault with but the Great Library and Grand Cathedral looked awesome and majestic overall.

“Not bad. In fact, it will be a building with history and tradition after a long time.”

Weed grinned with delight.

It’s because these great buildings will bring a lot of money in.

His Power of Undead grew and his title became much higher in the Undead Army.

Death Knight!

It was a high rank in combat ranks it would be similar to a commander.

“Hehe, I guess I’ll be getting more tax income.”

Weed, the Death Knight, cackled evilly in his castle while looking at the Grand Cathedral.

“Let’s begin the recital.”

“Light the bonfire!”

A bonfire was lit in the square and bards performed on their instruments as celebration of completion of Grand Cathedral and the Great Library began.

As it got darker, the lights and music made the city Morata even more beautiful!

- **Morata’s residence started a commemorative festival**
 - The residence are praising their hero Weed.
 - All credit are given to the lord for the religious race, solid public peace and food production in the Northern Continent.
 - They do not doubt about the bright future of Morata.
 - The Villages crime will drop by half.
 - The children’s academics increased.
 - The productivity of the Village residence will increase by 330% for one month.
 - The residence are happy, they can now get better jobs.
 - You can participate in the festival.

There were several festivals in Morata.

But players from Central Continent considered a festival in a city to be weird.

There isn’t a single place in the continent where villagers’ loyalty and moral toward the lords are so highly maintained.

In the Square of Light and Bingryong Square where the Grand Cathedral and the Great Library stood, people continuously gathered.

“Here comes the wild boar and deer.”

They roasted them on bonfire, seasoning them with salt, and shared it with the onlookers.

“Those who participated in the transportation of wood, please come here.”

“Grass porridge! Grass porridge!

“We Grass porridge religion is leaving for a group hunt in two hours. No level or class restrictions. Those who want to join, come to the east gate after two hours.”

While players were having fun, merchants were devastated.

“I should have bought it early...”

“If I built a building this side, it would have been a jack-pot.”

“This area will continuously increase in population.”

As more players and villagers increased in Morata, there is no doubt it will lead to greater commercial supremacy in the region.

It was nice for merchants but the only lingering attachment they had was on the lands near the cathedral and the library.

Priests and paladins would visit the Grand Cathedral often and people preparing for adventures and quests will visit the Great Library frequently.

It was obvious that people will come to the Great Library for information about quests, maps and monsters.

“They said these lands are already owned by someone. Who in the world has the ownership of these lands?”

“The land is just way too good...”

While merchants were dispirited, buildings popped up suddenly from the empty lands next to Grand Cathedral.

Rapid construction in Domestic Affairs Mode was something only the lord could perform!

The Original Northern Cathedral Priests Shop

Original Paladin Store

Cathedral Souvenir Shop

Also, buildings popped up next to the Great Library

Pre-adventurers Closest General Store

Dungeon Exploration Shop

The landowner was Weed who was waiting for the right moment for to strike.

Chapter 4: Uncollapsible Sand Castle

“Geez, what’s taking her so long?”

Lee Hyun was waiting for Seo Yoon at the train station.

Having just turned into a Death Knight, he was extremely busy hunting.

He was able to wear iron plated armors, use dark energy and enhance his swordsmanship.

The strength of the knight class was tremendous!

Many players choose this class as it was well balanced with many advantages.

With his outstanding horse-riding, his movement speed was pretty fast.

Maintaining his horse was inconvenient but being very helpful in battles it was worth taking care of.

The only disadvantage would have been that the stamina dropped too quickly compared to a different class such as swordsman but it didn’t matter as Death Knight was an Undead.

“It was perfect timing for levelling up as well...”

Lee Hyun decided to keep his promise and left his house a little bit early.

Seo Yoon arrived ten minutes before the 8 am meeting time.

She brought two travelling bags with her.

Even wearing a simple white T-shirts and jeans she was gorgeous.

People at the station couldn’t get their eyes off of her.

Glimpsing at her face briefly, he was left with impressions of clear beauty.

He couldn’t help look at her face again, staring at her piece by piece.

The phrase, ‘the eyes are the window to the soul’ was absolutely right.

Her eyes were deep, pure and dazzling.

It was like her eyes were the world’s most clear jewels.

Her eyebrows were straight, nothing to find fault with.

He couldn't find any flaws in her nose, lips, cheek, forehead, ear lobes or anywhere on her body.

When looking at her, it felt like everything was in its place.

Her body expresses an unbelievable beauty.

“Were you waiting for me?”

“No, I just came. Let's get the tickets firsts.”

After arriving in train by the big city in the north by the seashore, they planned to rent a car.

Seo Yoon said she had a driver's license.

“When did you get your license?”

“I received it just yesterday after passing the test.”

“.....”

On the train heading to the seashore, they had kimbap and soda which he brought from home.

Lee Hyun fell asleep while staring out at the window.

Travelling relaxed his tension and stress.

“I.....”

Lee Hyun was muttering in a low-pitched tone. Seo Yoon brought her ear close to listen.

“...tem....”

Lee Hyun was sleep talking!

Seo Yoon didn't get enough sleep because she was busy preparing early in the morning.

She leaned her head on Lee Hyun's shoulder and fell asleep as well.

Every time the train stopped, passengers saw that scene while getting on

the train.

‘That guy doesn’t deserve her.’

‘Why is she with a lame guy like him...’

‘This is so unfair! What is this!’

When the train arrived at their destination, they picked up their bags and got off.

The car rental place was found near the train station.

After renting their reserved car, Seo Yoon sat on the driver seat and Lee Hyun on the passenger seat.

“Shall we go?”

“After starting the car.”

Seo Yoon started the car and then spoke.

“Let’s go now.”

Lee Hyun was nervous but Seo Yoon seemed strong in real life as well.

Now that she started the car, she drove very smoothly.

But then suddenly the wiper activated!

“Where is the signal lamp for turning?”

“On the other side.”

Lee Hyun regretted not getting a driver’s license before hand.

After leaving downtown, North Sea of Korea became visible along the national highway.

East or west seas had their own charming points but North Sea had a lot more to take in with its warm climate. Also it wasn’t as expensive.

By driving along the seashore, they were able to go around the big islands.

There were flowers growing on the crooked roads right beside the sea.

When they arrived, Seo Yoon took out her camera.

“Can we take a picture here?”

“Of course we can.”

Taking pictures was a must-do while travelling.

“I’ll take a picture of you.”

Seo Yoon took picture of him with the sea as the background.

In the photo he seemed like an awkward tourist stuck on a beautiful scenery.

“Ok, now it’s your turn.”

Lee Hyun received Seo Yoon’s camera and pressed the shutter.

Every time her picture was taken, it was a like a photo shoot.

She just stood still like Lee Hyun but it was a whole different kind of images.

He felt like the sands were shining and a gentle breeze coalescing around her.

She didn’t smile or held many poses but she looked great with the winter sea as the background.

There were also many tourists at the seashore.

Lee Hyun asked the tourists for a favor.

“Excuse me... Do you mind taking a picture for us?”

It looked like they were on a graduation trip.

“Sure, I don’t mind.”

These men took a picture of Lee Hyun and Seo Yoon standing together.

SNAP!

They put their focus right on Seo Yoon, blurring out Lee Hyun!

‘What an unmatched couple.’

‘That guy must have saved the universe in his past life.’

Going to several places while riding in their car, they went to popular

tourist spots and took photos.

They spent plenty of time together in Royal Road but this was different, no hunting, no quest, it was like two of them were dating.

Soon, it became dark.

The temperature dropped fast after sunset so they began looking for a place to stay.

“I’ve found a place... Was it this way?”

After roaming around in their car, they arrived at the camping site.

With minimum price, they were able to use this place freely.

There were groups of families having set up their tents already.

“We are late. We better hurry.”

Lee Hyun took out the camping equipment from his large bag.

He borrow it from Ma Sungbum from the dojo,

After setting up the tent, he took out the burner to boil water, which he was able to obtain in the camping site, and prepare dinner.

While Seo Yoon was washing the raw rice for cooking, Lee Hyun grabbed a fishing rod and head to the coast.

“I’m going to catch some fish for dinner alright?”

There were middle age men concentrating on fishing while their wives and daughters watched on.

“Geez, not a single fish.”

They wanted to show off in front of their families but unless you were some natural-born fisherman, it wasn’t easy.

Lee Hyun opened a small container.

These energetic worms were caught directly from his yard this morning.

Every time he threw his fishing rod with the baits on, he was able to catch the fish quickly.

63cm flatfish!

“What a waste of worm.”

49cm rockfish!

“I needed something for fish stew. This will do nicely.”

The rockfish were known delicacy of this area.

“Aren't you guys tired? Stop taking my baits.”

Fish were crowded in the bucket Lee Hyun brought.

Middle age men comforted themselves thinking about their wives and daughters.

‘As long as I have a happy family...’

‘Even if my wife nags often, the joy of going on a trip with her is...’

Lee Hyun murmured holding his fishing rod.

“I should be getting back for dinner... It would be nice if a black porgy took my bait. What are they doing, geez.”

The men thought in their heads.

‘Hey kid, black porgy isn't some kind of carps that you can just catch easily.’

‘I've been here for twelfth time now and even I haven't seen it.’

At that moment, Lee Hyun's float sank a little bit.

Picking the right spot was the heart of fishing, shaking your fishing rod slightly and make it look like the worm was wriggling was advanced skill!

And with that, another fish took the bait.

Unfortunately, it wasn't a black porgy. It was a sea eel.

“This will be nice when roasted.”

When Lee Hyun was about to return, Seo Yoon came out from the tent.

“Did you catch a lot?”

“Not enough in my life time. I caught just enough to be full.”

After Lee Hyun and Seo Yoon went back to their tent, the men's eyes were moist with tears.

“Daddy, there are so many mosquitoes biting. I don't like it here. I wanted to watch TV at home.”

“Honey, can't you do this hobby of yours alone?”

They could barely get to talk with their daughters after school and their wives left their home frequently to take a trip with their friends.

These men reminisced their golden age when they were in high school or university.

‘Sigh... If only I could go back.’

With his nimble hands, Lee Hyun made charcoal fire and placed a grill on top of it.

Until the fire was stable, he made doenjang soup and when the fire was hot enough, he roasted, not pork or beef, but variety of fish!

“Do you want to trade for a rockfish?”

Roaming the other tents, he traded for clams, crabs, sausages and even some cheap wine.

Flipping the fish, he also boiled fish stew.

With gentle crashing of waves in the background, they saw stars shining from the clear sky.

“Let's eat.”

Eating fish outside was excellent.

After the filling dinner, Lee Hyun even cleaned the dishes.

“You want some coffee?”

“Sure.”

They sat on the beach, savouring a cup of coffee.

When it was completely dark, they could hear chirps of crickets.

All other tents had turned their lights off.

“We should go to sleep as well.”

It was a tent for four so there was sufficient place for two people to sleep in.

Despite that fact, it still felt cramped.

Once in their sleeping bag, they could hear each other’s breath coming from the other side of the tent.

Seo Yoon’s nervous heart was beating fast.

Even in the tent, in a separate sleeping bag, it felt like they were sleeping in the same room.

Seo Yoon was worried that her heartbeat might be heard along with the crash of waves and chirps of crickets.

However, she could soon hear snoring from Lee Hyun.

Lee Hyun woke at dawn to the sound of bird chirping.

Even in an unfamiliar place, he didn’t toss and turn. Rather, he slept soundly.

Lee Hyun turned and found Seo Yoon was still asleep facing in his direction.

Getting out of his sleeping bag, he went outside quietly.

‘Should I make some crab stew for breakfast?’

Lee Hyun preped the ingredients and waited for Seo Yoon to wake up.

Thinking Seo Yoon was still exhausted from the travel, she didn’t wake up even after sunrise.

But the truth was, Seo Yoon slept late staring at Lee Hyun’s sleeping face.

Her first impressions of him, the thoughts she had every time seeing him in Royal Road, the appreciation of going on a trip together.

She opened her heart out and speak about it, but Lee Hyun had no clue as he was busy snoring in his sleep.

“Maybe I should take a walk.”

Lee Hyun walked alonged the sandy beach breathing in the fresh morning breeze.

‘The weather is really nice.’

Birds were chirping as they looked for foods.

And there were a gathering of childrens on the beach, building a sand castle.

‘I want to give it a try.’

Anyone who went to the beach did it at least one time or another.

Lee Hyun never did have a chance to do it but it would be nice way to kill some time.

Ten minutes later the other kids were gathering around and looking at Lee Hyun.

The sand castle he was building was becoming life size reaching about 1.5 meters.

Adults came as well as they watched the ramparts and towers getting built.

This was all thanks to the skill he had mastered in construction sites and sculptures in Royal Road.

An hour later, the sand castle was complete.

People around him complemented him for the perfectness, but their words didn't reach him.

‘Not like I can trade this in a real estate... or get money from it.’

A complete utilitarian!

Once the tides came, it would collapse and get wiped out.

It was just a sand castle that would fall even against a little bit of strong

wind.

With the sand castle finished, people left one by one, leaving for breakfast or going home.

Lee Hyun watched the coming tides and the sand castle in vain.

“We’ve gone on a trip together now... But someday, she’s going drift apart to the point where I can’t even get close.”

Lee Hyun was willing to let her go for her own sake.

All the time spent with her will remain as memories later.

That was why he wrote something under the castle.

Lee Hyun and Seo Yoon’s house.

When he came back to the tent, Seo Yoon was cooking with the prepared ingredients.

After a filling breakfast they planned to take a look around North Sea a little bit more, before take a train going back home in afternoon.

Lee Hyun packed his stuff and spoke to Seo Yoon as he was tidying up the space.

“I’ll take care of this. Why don’t you get some rest?”

Seo Yoon walked toward the sandy beach.

Once she got back to the city, she would most likely will not be able to see it anymore.

As she barely went outside she decided to pick up some kind of small souvenir, such as conches or pebbles.

“After today, I’ll be going back to my normal life.”

Walking on the sand, she noticed a particularly giant sand castle.

She had no idea who built this but it was a very well-made and sturdy sand castle.

Seo Yoon headed toward it.

Four armies from the Undead Legion advanced toward Morata.

But only two army's worth made it to the one week distance away from Morata.

Due to some of them having no legs and walking uncomfortably, majority of them were coming late.

Not to mention some of the Undead going off the main route, falling into a well, or circling around a forest.

Because Undead armies disperse a lot when they are on the move, more self inflicted casualties arose.

And with the many ordinary monsters in the north, they disappeared as monsters like goblins, trolls or ogres protect their territories.

“An Undead army is coming this way.”

Players on adventures and hunting ground spotted the Undead army and raised the alarm in Morata.

It was a huge event for the novices and merchants.

The church knight from Freya order was dispatched right after they were assigned to Morata.

“Looks like the church knight is moving out to hunt Undeads.”

“Lu's order and Freya's order jointly commissioned an Undead-hunting quests.”

Parties hunting in Morata joined priests and the paladins on the quest.

In the lord's castle, a punitive force was organized to eliminate the Undeads.

There were weak skeletons among the enemies so anyone over level 30 could participate.

“Let's go have some fun.”

“Let's beat those Undeads!”

For novices, this was a good event and they could get a lot of experiences for participating in a large-scale suppression.

450 units of the paladins from Freya's order gathered.

These holy knights were unbelievably strong compared to Morata's knights.

Because they do not belong to a city or a village, not even the lord can give them orders.

They only fought for the church when there was a religious crisis or a threat from monsters.

Additional 840 men joined from Lu's priests and Freya's priests respectively, to fight the Undead army.

The manpower was somewhat excellent but there were over 3,000 priests in the punitive force comprised solely of ordinary players.

People with priest class in Morata participated in this quest as it could increase their faith.

Those who were busy or on some quests rushed toward the battlefield.

"Yay, Undeads!"

"God, I love the Undead."

Priests were filled with joys when they saw all the Undeads.

Priests came fast, almost at the same time as paladins, riding on horse to engage the Undead first. There were many other priests in the punitive force who would come later.

Because of the fairly high reputation compared to other cities because of the Goddess statue and the Grand Cathedral, tens of thousands of players chose to become Freya's priests.

It became the reverse with them advancing on the Undead Legion!

Paladins were mobilized, along with players with class like mercenary, warrior, magician, summoner and bard to join the punitive force and defend against the invasion from the Undead armies.

Compared to the high-level players across the central continent, their overall average level wasn't very high.

This was due to the high number of novices starting out in Morata every day.

Due to such advantage, Morata became one of the greatest city next to other metropolises.

Early players of Morata had memories of their village being silent and secluded but now, even in the middle of night, merchants were camping out in every square.

Anyone could feel that the village was changing day by day.

Fifty thousand men in the punitive force came early!

It lacked the manpower compared to the two Undead armies, which was approximately over sixty thousand.

But being camped on the hill they had geographic advantage over the battle.

Their morals were striking high with area-of-effect blessings from the priests.

Zaffran, who was assigned as the captain of the punitive force for this quest shouted loudly.

“Let's defeat these Undeads invading our new home, our land!”

“Attack!!!”

Paladins, the punitive force, and the Undeads charged each other.

More players in the punitive force were arriving continuously and the Undead Legion were flowing with Undeads.

The war between two armies, had finally begun.

Polon obtained information from the Hermes Guild.

-Necromancers were summoned by an unknown force and are now

fighting for the Undead Legion as Undeads.

Even Necromancers from their guilds were aligned with the Undead Legion.

They had great talent filling in several occupations in the guild but unfortunately, the Necromancer was a recently created position.

The Necromancers who were part of their guild didn't even have high levels and their hunting speeds was slow. They were currently still stuck at the rank of High Level Skeleton.

Zabrin : Seems like every Necromancers in Versailles Continent have been gathered there.

Zabrin reported all the information through the guild's long distance communication channe.

Polon, knights, magicians and rangers in the army including the executives of the Hermes Guild could listen to the report.

Zabrin : I'm seeing every famous Necromancers such as Jeanne or Bohram.

Polon : What is their current quest?

Zabrin : I'm not so sure but they are continuously on battles related quest for the Undead Legion.

Zabrin felt good reporting in.

In Hermes guild, they were given full support if they thought it was necessary.

Not to mention the guild providing good equipment and hunting grounds, they even provided troops for quest and other needs.

If he achieve something this time, he just might be able to participate in a hunting party that was above his current rank!

Since he reported that with his current rank he could not join the other Necromancer who advance further then him on the quest, any help from the guild would be huge help for Zabrin who wasn't even level 300 yet.

The only reason Zabrin joined the Hermes Guild was the greed of receiving support to easily level up.

Zabrin : If you need any kind of information, I'll look into it. I've made many Necromancer friends so I should be able to get any information you want.

Polon : It would be nice if you can create some influence among the Necromancers.

Zabrin : Ok, I'll try. But the most famous and strong Necromancers got promoted to higher rank and is fighting some place close by. Unfortunately my level is low and I cannot follow them right now.

Polon : Can you wear equipment for magicians?

Zabrin : Yes I can. It's much better if it's a cursed item.

Skeletons and ghost could were able to wear equipment without any race limitation.

For example, a cursed item that reduces life and increase mana, could increased both for the Undead.

For Zabrin the cursed items were much better off.

Polon : Whatever you need, you will get it. But you must provide daily reports and inform me immediately if you hear anything important. Any information on Weed takes priority.

Zabrin : You can trust me. As a member of Hermes guild, I will not let you down.

After coming back from the trip, Weed reconnected and was at the canyon where the Undead Legion was situated.

With successful promotion to Death Knight, he was placed in the canyon for battle.

· Garrison of Kilizar

∅ The Undead Legion have great faith in your abilities.

Ø Having succeeded every mission so far, the Undead Legion expect you to annihilate the enemy in Kilizar canyon.

Difficulty: B

Restriction: Undead Only

The difficulty went up drastically.

Luckily 33 other Necromancers including Jeanne, Otem, Bohram, Harien, Gruzed, Varena and Goshu came before him.

As they were magicians or summoners before becoming Necromancers their level was already high.

Jeanne would have leveled up many times after becoming a Necromancer and her current level was presumed to be about level 408.

Because each individual had different stat and skills, it was difficult to assume one's level just from the number of Undeads one could summons.

Also taking into considering the possibility that they were hiding their true power, it's was much more complicated.

Varena revealed her level to be 390 and considering her enormous mana consumption when summoning and casting black magic, Jeanne had to be at least level 408 in comparison.

'No wonder they are considered as one of the best Necromancers.'

Weed acknowledged the Necromancers standing before him.

Not only were they excellent in controlling their Undeads, they didn't hesitate using their perfect skills in battles.

Weed chose a class with direct combat skills while in comparison their class specialized in summoning Undeads.

Death Wizards and Death Witches!

The other players chose class as wizards and witches.

To control the Undeads, corpses need to be raised up and enhanced before battle began.

Also all kinds of curses need to be cast on the enemy, weakening, slowing and confusing them.

Necromancer was a very busy occupation, exploding corpses or summoning guards to defend them.

Compared to other magicians and clerics who could depend on their party members to protect them in battle while steadily setting up magic, Necromancers had a lot to do all the while observe the battlefield.

As a one-man army, they had to support the Undeads, with variety of stats and skills also needing to be increased.

Necromancers' strength differs a lot depending on their own sharp observation, quick reaction time and abilities to grasp the situations but their overall capabilities were beyond expectations.

'Not bad, not bad at all.'

Weed was very satisfied with him being Death Knight.

'It's nice to have great allies.'

When these Necromancers brought the Undeads into the fight, all he had to do was killing off the monsters and obtaining experience and drops.

With thousands of Undeads and monsters tangled up in the fight, there were so many enemies to kill.

'They are coming endlessly.'

This place is what people would have call a paradise of strong monsters.

There was a reason the humans couldn't come here to hunt.

The monsters reproduced fast and had the intelligence to move in groups.

Undead Legion were extremely strong but these monsters were of high standards as well.

These Undead wore the weapons and armour plundered long ago after the fall of Niflheim Empire.

Monsters considered the Undead Legion as a serious threat and continuously attacked them. And it was not like Balkan could come and

rain endless spells on the monsters.

This was how the chaotic and fierce battlefield for Undeads and monsters was prepared.

Weed hunting deep inside the monsters side, levelled up to 394.

Less than ten minutes later, groups of monsters were coming again.

He saw the rising sand dusts and felt a warmth of life approaching far from here.

“Enemies are coming soon. Use enhancing spells on Undeads.”

As Jeanne spoke, they woke up from their mana-charging meditations and quickly got ready for the next battle.

Necromancers acknowledged Jeanne as their captain.

Because Undead armies needed to cooperate every time they battle, they were specifically given their duties.

“Fight! Do not retreat!”

“Kill them all!”

Undeads summoned by Otem, Bohram, Harien and Gruzled picked up their weapons and shields.

“Bone Strike!”

“Ice Field!”

“Poison Cloud!”

“Unholy Weapon!”

On the canyon, Jeanne, Varena, Goshu and other players continued to casted offensive spells.

All kinds of curses and spells from high-level Necromancers struck the army of monsters heading toward the canyon.

Skeleton mages and archers rained their respective ammunition.

Another battle starting deep into the night!

Undeads had their geographical advantages but these monsters were impressive as well.

They were breaking through, slicing Undeads with axes.

“Sumon Ghost Horse!”

Weed got on his horse.

- Horse's morale is at its maximum
Fighting spirit, charisma and agility increase by 10%.

As his ghost horse appeared, it increased his stat as Death Knight.

“Go!”

NEIGHHH!

On his horse, Weed ran down the cliff.

His horse-riding skills weren't that great at first but it continue to improve when he was a Skelton Knight and Death Knight.

Even so, the courage to run down a cliff on a horse!

“Here I come my experience and items!”

He charged into monsters trying to climb the cliff riddled with arrows and spells.

Chapter 5: Canyon of the Death Knight

Weed hunted over 45 Barit monsters.

Running down the slopes of the canyon on his ghost horse, every slash dealt a precise killing blow on these Barits!

“Who is that Death Knight?”

“I don’t know. Choosing to be a combatant rather than an Undead summoner and still coming this far. Does anyone know that guy?”

“I think I’ve seen him in Kapua. There was a ghost knight that made monsters shiver just by looking at him. Could it be him?”

“Oh! That ghost knight.”

The Necromancers stared down at Weed’s action from the end of the canyon, admiring his movements.

Sword rotated freely in his hand as he slashed every Barits in his way.

On a horse, the knight’s charge was one of the most useful skill available.

The skill increased the attack multiple times thanks to the additional speed and weight.

However, attacking with a sword or skill while riding on horseback at full speed was extremely hard.

And this was not a flat plain, but a canyon with uneven surface.

One needed a perfect balance between the riding the reckless horse and measuring the attack distance to the enemy.

This was difficult even for players who chose to be knights and spend thousands of hours practicing horseback riding.

“How can he fight so well?”

“It’s like he has eyes at the back of his head. That’s absurd.”

“His combinations of skills and dynamics, word can't describe it. I am really curious about who that person is.”

Horses weren't always helpful.

Even if your charge attack was successful, it created a backlash.

If the backlash couldn't be withstood, there is a chance of falling off from the horse.

If heavy armour were worn when thrown off the horse, the impact caused confusion or paralysis status so it could become highly dangerous.

To fighting like that on a horse... The Necromancers were amazed.

It looked as if they were watching a beast.

Barit was a tough monster.

They were big as a bear, these aggressive monsters lived in a herd and their level even exceeded 350.

With their excellent instinct their sense of combat was outstanding making them difficult to hunt.

Most hunting parties avoided facing groups of Barits exactly for this reason.

But Weed, he charged the Barits with no fear or hesitation.

In the battlefield littered with Undeads and Barits, he fought with most optimal movement.

Of course these Barits were dangerous and often inflicted serious damages but Balkan was someplace close from here.

Due to this the effect of Death Aura was more powerful allowing him to fight continuously as it constantly regenerated his health.

After defending the canyon for the third time, Necromancers were finally able to catch a break with the coming of the dawn as the number of monsters appearing dropped.

As Weed was coming up the canyon riding on his horse, Otem spoke to him.

"Hey, excuse me."

“Yes?”

Weed answered with his face still covered by his helmet, this was out of courtesy since his face was just a skull.

It was not only him, most Necromancer players concealed their body with robes. It made for a pretty weird scenery.

“Not many people chose combat related class... you are very nimble. Do you like fighting in such manner?”

“.....”

Weed was not used to complements.

‘Is he saying that I fought well? I shouldn’t have stood out so much, it’s going to affect how much items I can pick up.’

In his conscience, he only picked up items from monsters he defeated himself.

But to be honest, he did kill plenty of near dead monsters.

Under the canyon it was a cluster of mess and craziness that attacking Barit one-by-one with full health was an impossibility.

So fighting the Barits that were distracted by the other Undead, the curses and Corpse Explosion spells flying about helped immensely.

He didn’t know exactly which Necromancers decided to help him but calculating the mana use, there were about two.

While he was charging in between the Barits, they frequently summoned Bone Shields or Bone Walls to block the incoming attacks.

Truthfully many of the Barits he defeated were already near death.

In return there were many other Barits that were left stuned in his wake that he couldn’t finish off.

Regardless he was on the constant look out for the boss Barits to kill.

Since he was fighting down the canyon, it was different from Kapua village where it was impossible not to stand out.

“I observed the whole thing.”

“.....”

“You seem pretty strong. Wouldn't it be convenient to join forces in this canyon?”

Otem suggests to team up and fight together.

One of few female player Harien also chimed in.

“That's right. You should join us there won't be any harm in it. We could use some help and it looks like you need some summons there too.”

It seemed that as Weed was a combat class rather than a summoner they did not think he was part of the competition, with their expression lacking any jealousy or anger.

In this canyon co-operating with others was key to successfully completing the quest, also the Necromancers need to be on the constant look out for corpses to raise up a first rate Undead.

Usually Necromancers tried their best to recruit any level of mercenaries, even low-level ones at a high price. Even so as Necromancers had bad reputations in general it was hard to recruit mercenaries.

They did this as if someone could fight for them in the front line it was a tremendous help to them.

It was same for Weed, with monsters swarming all over the canyon it was hard to block everywhere.

Though it was called a canyon, in terms of size it was only wide enough to allow seven chariots to pass at one time. And if he was to fight alone even after 24 hours of non-stop fighting, it would not be enough.

With the monsters also flinging arrows and stone at him, it was too much to handle alone.

“In the best interest of defending this canyon, I think it would be best to help each other. You never know what is going to happen next, so why not team up?”

Even Jeanne was saying her piece, so Weed could not refuse the offer.

“Alright.”

Deploying the Undead equally it was agreed that Weed would fight freely just as before.

Necromancers weren't fit for a party in the first place and this method allowed the best tactic considering the geographic features of the canyon.

“Uuhihihihih.”

Zabrin arrived at Kapua village equipped with items from the Hermes Guild.

“They sure have a lot of items.”

In Hermes Guild's safe there were piles of rare and cursed items.

Zabrin was in a state where cursed items were useful so he picked the most effective ones.

A ring that reduces luck by 140 but protects the user against specters, armor that spreads rotten mephitis in a body, necklace that creates mana and strength by sacrificing health and a denture for skeletons!

It was too bad that he couldn't take everything he wanted but these items for Undeads were truly excellent.

Zabrin managed to double his weak magic power.

Even the rod he was holding was an item specifically for Necromancers!

It made the summoned Undeads rough and fast while shortening their lifespan but in here where corpses were plentiful, it wasn't a problem.

‘Now it will be a bit easier.’

Joining the Hermes Guild was truly an excellent choice.

Siding with a guild of terrifying strength, power and authority came naturally.

Even after he was promoted to a ghost, Zabrin did not stop participating

in quest using Undeads.

There were so many items he could get if he could just be qualified for it.

“Arrg!

Geomchi287 fell down on the ground.

“I lost again.”

The match that started with Geomchi505 continued on with higher ranking trainees participating but they continued to lose.

Sword Master Ash’s Sword-cloning skill!

Once it was activated, the player’s body multiplied up to 40 times.

It was hard to distinguish the real from the fake bodies, as the clones had mana and about 15% of the original’s strength.

It was a fantastic skill proving the reason for player’s eagerness to get a hold of the Sword Master’s skill.

Every time Ash won, he spoke.

“To master my skills, you need supreme swordsmanship. You have met the qualification. I shall teach you my Sword-cloning skill.”

It was an unbelievable offer.

Though they could not defeat Ash, they lasted a long time against him. With their combat response, instinct and weapon skill they met the qualification to learn the Sword-cloning skill.

Geomchis also respected the strong.

“If you will teach me I will learn it.”

No reason to refuse someone who was willing to teach a strong skill!

- You learned the Sword-cloning skill.

They didn’t have to fight seriously but the Geomchis wanted a fair fight.

Fighting with all their strength and skill a lot of time had passed.

Geomchi5 fought Ash evenly.

After a while of attacking the clones who had low life, he struck a direct hit on Ash.

Though he succeed slashing Ash with his sword, Ash's unbelievable defense and life made barely a scratch.

However, Geomchi5 wasn't an idiot that only touted his strength.

Before he became an instructor he spent all his teenage year fighting.

When he reached his twenties the fight became life or death battle so he knew how to fight well.

'Damage the real one to weaken the clones.'

CLAAAAANG!

Geomchi5's sword clashed with Ash's blade and continued to slide down.

The moment the swords clashed and joined, he twisted his wrist in a split second and crushed Ash's blade.

Not even a legendary sword's durability would survive when a thick sword pressed passed it.

In reality, it would be fine as long as it was not completely broken but this was Royal Road.

- You reduced Ash's sword durability by -4%
Ash's attack is reduced by -11%

And then he pressed the attack!

- You have inflicted a critical strike.
- You have slashed Ash's chest.
- You have slashed Ash's knee through his armour.

With Ash's sword becoming dull, the clones weakened as well.

Geomchi5 proved that the Sword-cloning skill was not an almighty skill.

"You are truly an amazing swordsman. I would like to remember your name."

"I am known as Geomchi5."

- You have shown excellence in your duel against the Sword Master Ash.

Ø With an outstanding duel that would be enough to be recorded in the history of swordsmen, all combat related stats increase by 6.

Ø Fame increase by +5,800

Ø Proficiency in weapon skills have increased.

- Having fought Ash with lower rated weapons and armour, all stats will increase additionally by +3.

- Through the match you learned the swordsman skill, Sword cloning.

Geomchi4 inflicted critical strikes six times in a row.

Geomchi3 left a hole in Ash's armor.

They chose different methods of reducing Ash's life so they could take care of clones faster.

They all acknowledged Ash after their fight.

"That guy is really strong. No matter how many times I hit him, there is no mark."

"Yes hyeognim. His stamina is endless."

"Even without his skill, it would be hard to win against him one on one. Unless you level up 200 more times."

Ash always managed to adjust his strength and fight them on an even level.

If he didn't do so, they wouldn't even be able to clash their swords with Ash.

"But I don't think it will be impossible to beat him."

Geomchi487 spoke after fighting Ash.

His sword and armor have become like rags.

It reached a point where the swordsman had to fight with his bare fists.

If all the Geomchi's jump on Ash at the same time, no one could promise if Sword Master Ash could survive.

When hunting a high-level monster with a guild or party, it was obvious double up on the enemy.

All kinds of blessings and rear supports from clerics were compulsory.

But these Geomchis fought one by one fairly and were satisfied with it because their opponent was a swordsman.

“Well, we had a good time. Anyways, I think had enough rest. Let's get back to swimming.”

Geomchis jumped into the sea to start swimming across to the Northern continent.

They received an ardent farewell.

They became really close enough to catch and eat fishes together.

“Farewell. Please you my skills to good use.”

“We won't use our swords on those weaker than us.”

But they didn't reveal what was going on their minds.

‘I need to beat this guy someday... But I don't know where this is.’

‘Next time I am definitely going to kill you with my sword.’

Co-operating with the other Necromancers, Weed was able to defend the canyon successfully for the eleventh time.

The contents of the quests kept changing bit by bit but the main objectives always remained the same, to defend the canyon.

‘The central station of Undead Legion is located behind here.’

By getting information from the quests, Weed was able to assume its whereabouts.

As reinforcements came sometimes from their central station of the

Undead Legion.

Weed raised himself as a front line fighter ever since he was a skeleton.

That was why he didn't have a high expectation for the Undeads.

But as battles continued, he was given underlings.

"Please give your command, lord!"

Every time he made received an achievements, nearby Death Knights, Dullahans and Skeletons were swearing their obedience to Weed.

With every successful quests, either his rank got promoted or he obtained a Death Knight.

"Hmm!"

Weed had zero attachment to his Undead underlings.

No matter how much you raise them, it's over once they die.

"It's a dog eat dog world."

Thus, Weed's true colours came out.

"Fight in the front line. Do not step back. Fight until you crush them. Kill them all!"

"Yes, lord!"

"We will follow the lord's command."

"We will carry out the orders of the commander of the dark army."

With Undead underlings in front of him, Weed killed monsters left and right.

"Attack, attack, attack!"

The tactics he would often employ was no where to be seen here.

He just encouraged the battle onward.

The fiercer these monsters and Undeads fight, there were more chance of rich hunting opportunities.

These Undeads could be revived by Necromancers players anyways and

there was the Undead Legion nearby so there was absolutely no need to value them.

All he did was ordering them to fight fiercely but something suddenly happened that even Weed didn't expect.

- As a Death Knight by ordering an aggressive assault on the enemy, Knight's leadership is activated.

Ø The item you are storing, Emperor of the continent's seal is activated.

Ø By the emperor's authority, maximum loyalty and morale of the Undead increase by +25%.

Ø By supplementing the Undead's morale their attack increase by +17%.

Ø Your command to assault is sent to the Undead Legion.

With the Emperor of the continent's seal, which was the royal seal of the emperor of Arpen, Undeads were fighting the monsters with amazing attack capabilities.

Compared to when Weed was a sculptor, these commanding skills didn't activate fully.

But now that he was a Death Knight a type of a knight class, his commanding ability increased by 100% with the activation of its effects.

"Lord, I offer you my loyalty."

"Everyone, attack on the order of our commander!"

More and more Dullahans and Death knights swore their loyalty to Weed.

With that the Undead army, on Weed's orders, managed to take down monsters with monstrous strength.

The Undead could only show their full potential while attacking.

- Leadership increased by +1.

Infrequently, Weed's leadership related stats increased as he fought alongside his underlings.

There was no doubt that the summoned Undeads from the

Necromancers and the reinforcements from the Undead Legion made the bulk of the army.

But under Weed's presence, the entire Undead army became a whole new force.

They were so loyal to Weed that they carried out his orders immediately.

"Death Knights, fall back."

"Falling back my lord!"

Weed instructed a withdrawal.

As soon as the Death Knights withdrew, the heavily wounded Barit leader swung around its whip insanely.

"You are mine!"

Weed satisfied his selfish interest and desires!

Just like other stats, a sculptor had uniquely high charisma, leadership and fighting spirit.

Though the Emperor of the continent's seal was active he did not bother to stack up the effect by taking out the Demon Sword of Kolderim or the Horn of Treserk.

So far, Weed collected almost every good item drops possible in this hunts and quests.

He could just imagine what could happen if he put all these high value items on auction!

But for now, he decided to wait.

'I'm not wasting these on the Undeads!'

Power increased proportionally to the equipment. Weed didn't even need to use the Lion's Roar skill, these Undead who lacked intelligence followed his command loyally.

They did whatever Weed told them to do and gave their loyalty even after the monsters vanish.

Before Weed came to the canyon, not every quest was successfully accomplished.

When these monsters broke through the defence line and entered the Undead Legion's central station, the quest failed and fame and reputation decreased.

When they were begging in their minds for strong allies, Death Knight Weed arrived.

They had no expectations of him so they were amazed at Weed's fighting skills.

When they had free time to gather mana by meditating once they were done with their duties of summoning more Undeads, strengthening the defensive line with bones or using Death Plant spells, they all watched Weed's actions.

Every time Weed gave a command, the Undeads responded as fast as possible.

He desperately resisted against these monsters with his Undead underlings!

He was truly a king of Undeads! Or could it be said knights of knights?

The horse riding knight! Whose class was characterized by strong defence, attack, loyalty and honour.

It was amazing to see him lead such battles even though Undead had very low intelligence.

“GULP!”

“Wow, amazing.”

“How can he be that strong? Was he originally a Death Knight?”

“If he commanded humans rather than the Undeads... There is a no doubt that he would be able to control tens of thousands soldiers. If someone like him initiate a siege warfare, it would be a sight to see.”

Undeads listened to Necromancers fairly well.

Even if their leadership or charisma were low, the summoned Undeads had to listen to them.

But still, they didn't understand complicated instructions such as battle formations.

In contrast, Weed fought even while considering the dullness of the Undeads.

A combined force of Death Knights, skeleton archers and a skeleton mages.

Using them to their individual strength and taking them deep into the enemy line, he would use them remorsefully as a sacrificial goat to shoot spells and arrows at full power.

Chasing after the retreating Barits and instilling fear into them.

The focus in attack, baiting of enemies and demolishing anything in their advance... The whole thing proceeded very fast.

Having experienced many large scale battles, his usual tactics melted into his attacks.

"His really amazing."

"With a person like that how far along the quest could he go?"

Necromancers were half jealous and half curious at the same time.

No one knew when the Undead Legion's quests end.

The only thing that was known was that by succeeding more quests, the rank in the Undead became higher.

Looking back, they were gradually given more important quests. How far would it go on for?

There were so many Undead summons and Undead related skills that these Necromancers players haven't been able to master yet.

Necromancers were considered a sin and with whole schools of guilds were called to bring them down, the only magic that could be learned was the ones recorded in books long time ago.

But being in the Undead Legion, depending on the achievement they received gifts from Balkan which sometimes contained Undead related spells.

It was after all Balkan Demoph who mastered every Undead related spells.

Players wanted to meet the legendary Lich.

Therefore while there was a great competition between the Necromancers, it was Weed the Death Knight that was making the greatest achievements.

“I am beginning to slowly hate this guy...”

Gruzed casted spell near where Weed was fighting down in the canyon.

“Corpse Explosion!”

Corpse Explosion at close range could inflict damage several times the value of the health of the corpses.

Casting the spell on purpose and seeing how strong Weed was, he was confident the spell wouldn't kill him.

‘Have a taste of this.’

A spell casted purposely on Weed to inflict a huge damage on him.

But it was as if Weed knew that already, he hid between the Barits and avoided all the damage from the explosion.

The awesomeness of Weed hunting bravely even with corpses exploding!

Weed was aware of the hunting methods among the Necromancer players.

To supplement the reducing manpower, Undead needed to be summoned endlessly to replace the number from the increasing number of corpses.

But with corpses piling around him and not being raise up as Undead again, he was on a caution and when the spell was activated, he hid between monsters right away.

It was an obvious event for Weed, who hasn't been welcomed for a quite a while due to his superiority.

While continuously defending Killizar canyon, Weed's quest changed with it.

- **Rise of the Death Knight's Leadership**

Through battle you need to raise up:

30 Elite Skeleton Archers

5 Big Dullahans

15 Royal Death Knight bodyguards.

By completing this mission you will gain a deeper trust with the Undead Legion.

Reward: Undead's loyalty.

Qualification for the next rank in the Undead Legion's hierarchy.

Restriction: Death Knight Only

"The babysitting never ends!"

Because it didn't have a deadline, Weed didn't care about the Undeads.

"Fight, no charge, charge!"

After giving a command, he actively attacked the Barits with a squadron of Death Knights and Dullahans.

Undeads around him collapsed but he didn't feel anything for them.

'They can always be revived anyway.'

Once Necromancers players re-summoned the collapsed Undeads, they could be revived.

If that happens, they were no longer Weed's subordinates but he didn't feel a smidgen of sympathy for them.

Who gave a mind when this place was already filled with Undeads?

"I want to follow orders from you commander."

"I heard about your reputation and came from the Undead Army. I, the Death Knight Tedra, want to fight with you."

He accepted every incoming Undeads.

- A Skeleton Archer has been promoted as an elite.
Additional skills, 'piercing arrow', 'poison arrow', 'high-flying arrow' has been added.
Skeleton's agility has been increased by 15%.

With each battle, Weed's Undead underlings promoted to an elite and he completed the quest.

"Now I understand the commander's orders."

"I lost myself in the rage while fighting but I will prioritize commander's orders from now."

- Death Knight's wisdom and intelligence increased by +2%
- Dullahan's field of vision expanded.

Their overall combat abilities increased.

Weed's army comprised of 142 Skeleton Archers, 57 Elite Skeleton Archers, 11 Dullahans, 29 Big Dullahans, 9 Death Knights and 24 Elite Death Knight bodyguards.

Considering the enhancement caused by Balkan's Undead blessing spells and Death Aura, it was a significant force to be reckoned with.

It was similar for in the canyons, as the time passed more and more players appeared and the number of Undead that was summoned increased.

Barits were tough but as number of one-man army Necromancers increased, their hunting rate became extremely fast.

Except for the players that just turned into Necromancers in Versailles Continent, every other long time Necromancers was gathered here.

· Undead's Furgol Expedition

- Ø Witches in the Undead Army are getting annoyed by the invasions of Furgol.
- Ø Advance toward the Furgol habitat, this quest will only end once they have all been killed and turned into Undead.
- Ø However, according to the information these witches obtained, the Furgol warriors noticed the suspicious behaviour of the Undead and will only arrive a week later.

Difficulty: A

Reward: Either a magic spell from the witches or promotion to the next rank.

Restriction: Undead Only.

A party quest for players in the canyon!

Weed and the other players wondered how far these chained quests from Undead Legion would go.

‘Wouldn’t it lead to unbelievable rewards?’

‘Maybe I can learn forbidden Undead summon spells or black magic from Balkan himself...’

‘It would be nice if I could get a unique Undead from the Undead Legion!’

Necromancers wanted high-level Undead summon spells or a unique Undead that could be summoned anytime like Van Hawk.

“As the quest difficult is so high, I suggest everyone need to team up now.”

The gathered Necromancers voted Jeanne as their leader and captain for the expedition.

“Having given me the responsibility for this difficult quest I will do my best.”

“With Jeanne-nim in charge, I’m feeling relieved.”

“First of all, I believe we should all decide on the time.”

They decided to start the quest nine days later, when most Necromancers were able to connect.

They also talked to remaining players in Kapua, helping them out so many players could join them 9 days later.

They didn’t waste any time waiting till they agreed for the quest. Jeanne, Otem, Harien, Goshu along with some players went on ahead to scout out the Furgol’s habitat.

Their plan was to target the spam the Furgol’s habitat with as many people and Undead as possible!

It seemed simple but nothing more could be done.

Weed heard about this later but he could not find fault with the plan.

‘High level players sure know how to take care of themselves.’

Until then, all he has to do is keep himself busy with hunting.

‘With so many gone scouting my share just become bigger!’

Kaaaa-ak!

Kerururururara!

In the mountains and forests pretty far away from Morata, it was filled with monsters.

Some players from Morata came to hunt in a party but no one dared to go deeper. High level adventurers gave it a pass as they were only interested in dungeon explorations which brought in treasures, fame and experience.

As monsters in the mountains or forests reproduce, they came down to the village, sacking and degenerate public order.

But one day the monsters have been hit by a bolt out of the blue.

Several living sculptures such as a Bingryong, Wyvern and a Phoenix started their hunt.

“They are yummy.”

The monster devouring savagery.

“They give a lot of money as well.”

No one could resist the allure of money.

“We must survive.”

They cared about their safety especially.

When Arpen Empire still existed in the past, there were many Sculpture Lifeforms around the continent.

As time passed, they lost their origin, became monsters or settled down as a new race with new culture.

Some didn't prosper and disappeared all together.

With such history behind them, these Sculpture Lifeforms put everything into their growth to save themselves.

“Gol Gol Gol Gol, I’m here!”

Riding on Yellowy, Gold Man appeared to the place where Bingryong, Phoenix and Wyvern were.

“Gold Man!”

Wy-3 came first and welcomed it rubbing against its face.

Wy-3 assumed it lost his memory after being reborn but Gold Man embraced the Wyverns with joy.

“It’s nice to see you Wyverns again, Gol gol gol.”

In fact it was all an act to fool Weed that he lost his memories.

While these Sculpture Lifeforms were having a touching reunion, Wyvern sharp eyes noticed the change in Gold Man’s appearance.

“Gold Man’s eyes have changed.”

It was bigger than before. It even had double eyelid.

It was a special reward from Weed for throwing his body out to save him.

Necromancers scouting the Furgol’s habitat came back.

“This will not be an easy quest. It’s not a habitat. It’s a kingdom.”

They said it was a fortress protected by warriors, guards, magicians, shamans and the great Furgol king as well.

“It was built on a cliff. Climbing all the way up will be impossible for the Undeads.

One thing good about the Undeads was that as long as there were corpses, their numbers could be infinite.

However, not only was it hard to revive completely shattered Undeads that fell from the cliff, they would have to climb back from the start.

It was a quest where Necromancers had to initiate a siege warfare and take the fortress!

“For now, it’s impossible we should find another method.”

Jeanne and Necromancers were in a serious discussion.

At a time like this, Weed just watched as usual.

‘Do just enough, just follow what others are doing!’

If he shows great abilities, he would be assigned to a tiresome role.

“I was just lucky.”

“I have some power to control Undeads. But all these Undeads lack intelligence so anyone can do this much.”

“Me? Fighting in the front line? Not at all. I was just supporting standing beside so many Undeads. Even if my horse-riding skill and attack looks strong, it wouldn’t be a match against the might of a united Undead.”

Even though they saw it with their own eyes, by keep repeating disparaging remarks and his weakness it was hard to acknowledge him seriously.

To be honest, these Necromancers thought Weed was a great Death knight but they thought he could only achieve this thanks to their summoned Undead.

Weed cleverly used modesty to avoid any tough duties!

Their debates continued.

“Can’t we collapse the fortress completely with a spell?”

“I only developed Undead summoning spells, Corpse Explosion and curse spells...”

“Anyone here with high level attack spell or black magic?”

“I don’t have a strong enough spell that could collapse a fortress or destroy walls...”

Necromancers were able to learn black magic.

But the moment they learned it, it came with many penalties.

Among them was high notoriety and faith reached zero.

Reputation and morality went into the negative, and it was also possible to partially lose wisdom and intelligence.

The process of mastering black magic was unique compared to other magic.

As proficiency in black magic increase by using live animals as offerings, notoriety increased while other stats decreased as black magic level advanced.

Necromancers already had several side effects just by Undead summons. It was rare to find a Necromancer players with black magic.

“I did learn black magic up to level 2...”

“That wouldn’t be of any help in a large scale battle. Is there no one with more powerful black magic?”

Out of 43 Necromancers, only 12 knew black magic.

A simple black magic was good enough for enhancing their Undead summons so they learned it.

But there were only two players among them that could use it directly in battle and inflict some damages.

“I guess we have no choice but to bring all our Undeads and fight.”

“If someone reaches there and bait them, maybe these Furgols will open the gate and come out.”

“That would make things much easier... First, let’s set up a time and when most Necromancers are gathered then we will all go.”

With no one assigning any role, Weed just stood and watched.

He could raise blacksmith skill by creating siege weapons but it wouldn’t be very useful at this point.

He could gather all the necessary material around here to build it but on one could operate the siege weapon.

There were too few Necromancers and it was not like they could make their Undead handle the siege weapon.

Skeletons had low intelligence and they only move on their instincts. They were completely useless outside battles.

Dullahans didn't have their heads in the right place. They move around with their heads in their hands so it was impossible to aim for them.

Death Knights with their, relatively speaking, high intelligence would be useful but they were busy enough leading the other Undeads into battle.

On top of that, once the siege weapons were built, there was a problem with logistics.

Necromancer's critical weakness was that they lacked any decent shielding magic, so these siege weapons were vulnerable to enemy spell fires.

Siege weapons were completely useless if there is no one to operate it or protect it.

In general, a siege warfare was a battle where the attacking side was at a disadvantage by three fold.

Chapter 6: Furgol Fortress

Otem was leading the way with the other Necromancers following him while dragging along their Undeads.

Looking from far away, the sight of large contingent of the Undead following them could be seen.

Weed and his Undead underlings also followed from the rear line.

Skeletons, Dullahans and Death knights marched with Weed, who was riding boldly on his ghost horse.

It could not be said that they had a large number but they were elite soldiers forged through difficult battles.

Elite Skeletons and Elite Death Knight bodyguards!

“Keuuu, the Lord has ordered us gather up and follow him.”

“Everyone move faster.”

Undeads were afraid of Weed.

It was not only due to his charisma and leadership but the strong will he demonstrated in battles!

It was also because they witnessed his reckless behavior in taking down enemy forces even if it means putting the Undeads in danger.

- Fear felt by the Undead contingent: 87%

Exerting just enough fear helped motivate them in battle and made them follow Weed loyally.

In large battles when one point collapsed, it could cause a chain reaction and collapsed the entire formation. Though this didn't happen often, fear helped prevent such situation from occurring.

“Cough, the distance is quite far.”

Just hearing Weed cough caused the Skeletons to shiver like trees in

winter.

Skeletons walked dragging their swords on the ground, while the Dullahans and Death Knights protected the sides and rear.

It wasn't necessary but looking at it he judged that it would be better to move in format so he ordered them to do so.

Other variety of Undeads were scattered about or gathered around, lagging behind the others and generally doing as they please.

It was uncommon for Necromancers to drag their Undead with them.

They had set hunting grounds and did not move around far from it.

Necromancers had to focus several times in controlling Undeads.

Weed told them to gather up follow him but there were still few breakaways.

“Hurry up, get moving.”

“The lord has spoken. Do not get out of your position!”

Death Knights and Dullahans repeated Weed's orders and commanding them.

While on the move, they spotted Furgol search party but the Necromancers poured their magic to clear them out.

“We have to save mana so please fight moderately.”

As they encountered more scout parties, Necromancers reduced their use of attack spells to save mana.

As a result few Furgols survived and ran away.

“Alert the castle about the Undead invasion!”

“They are coming!”

There were some distance between Furgols so they had to attack with them with magic.

Weed frowned while looking at the surviving scout fleeing back.

“Nothing good will come of this.”

The Necromancer's tried to calm their worries.

“Don't worry about the search party. No matter what we do, there is no way they wouldn't know we were coming.”

Otem was in charge of the march.

Other high level Necromancers were riding on wagons dragged by the Undeads and refilled their mana with meditations.

Beside the quick mana regeneration, meditations also doubled the player's maximum mana temporarily.

It could be said it was a must-have skill for using a high rank spell or preparing for a huge battle.

“When the scouts are close, send out a unit of Undead to hunt them. For now, let us save mana while on the move.”

Following Otem's instruction, Necromancers focused on advancing with their Undeads and left the Furgols alone.

Some search party came too close and got hunted down but most of the time, they kept their distance and just watched the Undeads move.

‘We shouldn't have let the Furgols aware of our approach.’

Weed had a bad feeling about this.

The Undead army moving right now was humongous in number.

Their advance were slow and they did not know the terrain well enough to camouflage their movement.

Even so if they prepared well it would have been possible for the Furgol Kingdom to be aware of their advance much later.

They were not humans who would light a signal fire on top of a mountain when they noticed the enemy's advance. By hunting the scouts as fast as possible so they won't be any survivors left, the Furgol Kingdom might not have noticed.

Letting the survivors go was something that would have never happened under Weed's watch.

Even if the search parties weren't that strong, once the war began they would be facing them again in the fortress.

There was no need to increase the number of enemies.

Hunting them when you can and wiping out everything, that was Weed's method.

'Whatever, they can manage by themselves.'

Weed just kept on following them silently.

Necromancers were competing among themselves to be the best, so the rivalry and jealousy was beyond normal.

It wasn't a favourable time to join in and the majority of the force here were Undeads led by the Necromancers.

'Compared to overall composition of the Undead, I am on the weak side.'

Being constantly observed by Furgol search parties, they arrived at the location of the fortress.

The Fortress wall were stacked with bricks made by baked mud, and it was situated on a steep slope making it very difficult for the Undead to climb up.

Furgol soldiers were already preparing for battle on top of the walls.

When the battle began it became clear which side was stronger.

Jeanne stopped her meditation and opened her eyes.

"Undead armies, attack!"

Following the command of the Necromancers the Undeads ran forward.

Skeletons, ghouls, zombies, Dullahans and Death Knights!

Weed's army followed after the Undeads but never went up to the front.

It was because Weed ordered them to not fight and wait.

It's was easy to revive Undeads but when they were revived, all the abilities developed till then would disappear.

He had to prevent losing his forces in a reconnoitring skirmish!

The arrows shot by Furgols rained down on the Undeads.

A small portion of Undeads with low life such as the Skeletons died but the rest arrived at a narrow corner leading up to the fortress.

“Kiyauu!”

“Advance!”

Undeads ran uphill.

The Furgol’s arrows were focused on the narrow path and boulders rolled down, crushing the Undead in its way.

While trying to avoid them some of the Undead fell down the cliff.

They only suffered huge casualties with none of them being able to reach the fortress.

“Forget the path, climb up the cliff!”

Jeanne screamed.

With her current leadership ability, it impossible to command the Undead army as a whole.

But other Necromancers gave the same orders and the Undeads started climbing up the cliff with their two arms and two legs.

The Undeads had excellent physical abilities and they still had a semblance of instincts remaining so it wasn’t impossible for them to climb up.

Jeanne and other Necromancers thought of attacking the fortress through the path where the enemy’s attacks was concentrated was impossible.

Even if they reached the end of the path, it would be difficult to get pass the gate without suffering huge casualties. So they ordered the assault by climbing the cliff to divide the enemy’s attack.

“Let’s buy some time so the Undeads can climb up.”

Necromancer's casted attack spells toward the fortress.

Fireballs struck the fortress and dark smokes of black magic arose getting bigger every time it touched a Furgol, draining their essences.

The attack spells were on the weak side and it didn't have the power to destroy the walls.

It was only strong enough to make archers in the fortress dodge for a moment and after a while continue shooting arrows again.

The black magic state was also low, stopping and disappearing after a short while later.

During this time many Undeads were able to climb up the cliff but as their hands slip or they lose their footing, they fell off the cliff crashing to the ground below.

When they fell down, they bumped into other Undeads. As they were blitzing the enemy many of the Undead were crowded below.

The defenseless Undead received damages every time they are hit by arrows, when one fell down, tens of them bumped into each other, all falling down and getting crushed.

Climbing walls clearly wasn't a bad tactic and it was worth trying again but they just lacked the preparations.

It would have been nice if Undeads wore helmets, armours or at least a wooden shield but for Undead it was the same without it.

With all the adversity, the Undeads tried to climb up to the fortress but it was impossible for Skeletons, Dullahans and Death knights to use their bare hands to climb this tightly stacked brick walls without ladders.

They slipped a lot and when they were tried not to fall, they were hit by arrows and died.

"It's not possible. Retreat!"

Jeanne at the end gave up and recalled the Undeads with other Necromancers.

Coming down the cliff wasn't easy as well as the Furgol did not just stay still.

Counting the number of Undeads that came back safely, about third of the army was damaged.

Of course Weed's unit barely had any casualties and had to take glares from many others but they were not in a situation to quibble about it.

"Are we going to give up the Undead Legion's quest like this? At this rate the Furgol warriors will be coming back and it will become much harder."

"Well, we should definitely try few more assaults. But without any good plans right now don't have any big expectations on the outcome."

"It looks like the quest will be cleared if we have more Necromancers. Was it not enough with us?"

"Maybe this is our end."

It was just too much to let Balkan's Undead Legion quest to end like this.

Because it was a quest that were given to all the Necromancers, it was not a simple quest with the difficulty being that much higher.

If Necromancers grew up fast and number of Necromancers increased, it would be a lot easier than now. However, the situation wasn't like that at all.

While these Necromancers lost their will and were discussing what's going to happen next, Weed sewing up a fallen button like usual.

"Really getting a free ride is not possible."

It would be really good if he could just observe and the quest ended like that but the situation was not that favourable.

Necromancers were very clumsy in cooperation and group battles.

It was suffocating to see them judge that by summoning as many Undead as possible to fight was enough.

"What naïve people they chose to be Necromancers and yet haven't even

invaded, sacked or carried out an arson...”

If Weed was a Necromancers from the beginning instead of a sculptor, it was possible that he would have gathered Undeads and devoured few industrial cities already.

These naïve and conscientious Necromancers didn't know a basic thing about invasion, it was clear to see with their clumsy actions.

When the Furgol's fortress gate opened the first thing he planned to do was count the treasures, starting from a spoon. But he had to worry about how to conquer the fortress first.

“There are many possible options.”

Thanks to his experiences from many battles, he came up with tactics exploiting the weakness of the fortress right away.

Weed murmured one of his tactics near Harien.

“... have to do that.”

“Pardon?”

“Even if the main objective is to conquer the fortress... There no need to hurry until their supports arrive...”

Weed was not starting a conversation, he was murmuring, pretending to talk to himself.

“Move faster! I heard news that our kingdom is being attacked by the Undead.”

Furgol's reinforcements!

The Furgol warriors that dispersed to hunt were running back to their kingdom.

Their number was over 9,000!

If all the Furgols gather, their forces would be able to surround the Necromancers and eliminate them.

“Attack!”

But instead of losing their forces on the siege warfare, the Necromancers ambushed the Furgol warriors on their way back.

They used the best places to hide the Undead and ambush the Furgols, wiping every single one of them.

When the Furgols died they were revived as Undead inflating Necromancers' forces.

The best part was the number of reinforcement heading back decreased.

“Knowing that the reinforcements were coming, rather than falling in danger trying to conquer the fortress as fast as possible, just hunting the reinforcements first was right!”

On flat lands, it could be said that the Undeads strength were extraordinary.

It was possible to overwhelm the enemies with the number of Skeletons and every time Furgols died, they could inflict more damage using Corpse Explosions or turning them into Undeads.

Necromancers lead their armies from every direction and eliminated the Furgol warriors.

Not just for the purpose of the quest, they gave fairly good experience and items.

“Catch them all. There are many other places to go so hurry up.”

Weed led his forces, hunting down Furgol warriors while getting experience.

The strategy he told Harien indirectly was not a genius strategy or anything like that.

“Hunting the monsters fast or slow, there is no difference. Leave nothing behind!”

Not caring about the front and rear he only saw them as experience and items!

Necromancers were able to hunt down about 80 percent of the Furgol warriors.

They completely recovered the force they lost and added more on top.

They reorganized them as light yet tough Skeleton warriors, mages and archers suitable for siege warfare.

With no reinforcements coming the Furgol's trapped in their fortress could not hold out forever against the Necromancer's siege.

They spread contagious diseases inside the fortress and by repeated battle the walls collapsed little by little.

When the Furgol soldiers came out to repair they continued to attack, causing casualties and finally they managed to conquer the fortress.

Quest completed!

The bigger the battle the difference in tactics was like heaven and earth.

"Thank you. With your advice we were able to win the battle comfortably."

Harien came and gave her gratitude but Weed was watching dried logs and fruits piled up in Furgol's treasury with despair.

He turned around chewing on the dried skins of the fruits ruefully.

Weed ranked up as one of the leading commanders in the Undead Legion.

It was a position allowing him to lead a unit of Undead in the Undead Legion!

"I've heard about your great achievements in the battle and came here. I give you my loyalty."

More Undeads came to become one of Weed's underlings.

It was annoying for the Skeletons to walk up to him with the joints rattling.

“You guys figure it out yourselves and line up.”

Even about Dullahan level were becoming slightly tiresome.

“Do you know how to draw a sword? If you can fight well enough its okay.”

Weed didn't even blink when even Death Knight came to work under him.

“Oh, you came.”

Just so-so!

No matter how much effort was put into raising them, he wasn't a Necromancers and the Undeads couldn't be made into his real underlings.

Weed was someone who washed disposable chop-sticks to reuse, but once the quest ended it was not known if they would turn back into enemy Undead.

Actually, the first army sent by the Undead Legion to conquer Morata were annihilated.

It was a huge armies of 120 thousand Undead but the number that wondered off were staggering, with the rest of them stopped by the church's paladin and Morata's players.

Players were happy as they could raise their faiths and obtaining long-time-buried antique armours, swords and items.

But according to the rumours from the Undead Legion, a larger force of 190 thousand Undeads were mobilized and dispatched.

The war between Morata and Undead Legion was ongoing.

If Balkan ever get back his full power, Morata would turn into ashes and the city conquered by the Undeads.

The public order of Morata was dropping at a fast rate, feeling the unease the inflow of beginners and residents decreased.

If it weren't for the Grand Cathedral, they would have be in a much worse situation.

Anyway, Weed's Undead army wasn't so bad either.

Although there were a discrepancy in ranks or classes, the number of Skeleton reached slightly over 600, Dullahans 123 and Death Knights 89.

From then on the quest Weed received was about leading his forces into battle.

Orders were given to him, such as to suppress monsters on hills or in caves and securing a path for the Undead army.

As Weed's charisma was high the Undeads obeyed him well, there was no problem solving C ranked quest.

"One way or another this is doable. Not much good about the reward compared to straight out hunting."

While Weed was solving the quests, a Necromancers player dragging his Undead contingent came up to him.

"Greetings."

Seeing that the other side greeted first, Weed nodded back.

"Hello."

Usual Necromancers cover themselves up with robes up till their heads and carried around staff with skull on top.

Weed was wearing a full armour with a sword clasped on the side, and a person dragging around their Undead greeting normally was a bizarre sight with no comparison.

but it was very awkward to say fresh hello to each other

'Did he say Marey?'

Compared to the other players in the canyon, Weed was a new arrival so he only knew their name.

Necromancers did sometimes cooperate but most of the time they were in competitions, hunting and questing endlessly. They did not have any party and so knew very little about each other.

Marey, in a quiet voice, introduced himself first.

“My name is Marey. I am sure you have seen me many times passing by, when we were Skeletons and Ghosts and now once again in this canyon.”

“Yes, I know that.”

“I see. But my original occupation was a bard.”

“Yes?”

Weed was of a personality that didn't get surprised easily but this time, he was greatly surprised.

Marey Stanbard, if his original class was a bard than it was no mistaking it. The Ranker who had a position with the Halsburg Kingdom, known as the very best among the bard class, he was a very famous player.

“How are you here....”

“I guess you are curious? Explaining it complicatedly there would be no end to the story, but should we say that I arrived here riding a breeze and now am composing a hymn for the Undead?”

“.....”

Bards often took enigmatic adventures.

Unlike the adventurers who dug deep into legends or dungeons, bards wandered around aimlessly.

It was a class that knew all kinds of stories and rumours, while playing instruments!

Even if they had low fame, they could draw out sympathetic feelings towards them and make villagers' tell their stories.

When the quite a quest halfway through even their penalties were few.

Many chose this class for its charm and even in Morata, the bard was really a popular class.

Marey in wonder asked him curiously.

“But are you by any chance Weed the God of War?”

If Weed uses a Sculpture Transformation skill to conceal his identity, his

appearances completely changes. Even if the other had keen eyes it was difficult to notice.

Right now he's not using the skill but even when he was turned into a Death Knight, Marey noticed him.

"How did you know?"

"One thing good about bards is that they have very good ears. Even through the sounds animals make and vibration of grounds we can hear stories. We can eavesdrop information this way. Right now, you are making the greatest achievements incommensurable with other Necromancers."

The competition between the players were on an incredibly fierce side, intending that the one advancing ahead the most was Weed.

Necromancers were busy focusing on their battles and dragging their Undeads that they weren't able to pay much interest to others.

But because Marey had a lot of experience in adventure, just by listening to the background stories about a person with the most distinguished exploit he realized that it was Weed.

"The naive Necromancers can't show movements like that in battle. The only person who could advance so far without summoning Undead is Weed. I've been watching you for a long time and was completely sure it was you."

Even among Necromancer players, there was rumour that Weed was working on the quest was spread widely.

By continuously completing the chain quest they were curious if they would meet Weed as well next to Balkan!

But really, they weren't aware that Weed started from the bottom as a Skeleton with them.

"Your deduction is most impressive."

Weed's hand slowly reached for his sword.

Truthfully he had built up grudges almost everywhere, anywhere vacant

that wasn't a village or a city he could not be so absentminded.

Even if the other person was the best bard, he himself was one of the most brilliant sculptor among players.

A bard was more agile and could equipped more armours or swords, so it was closer to a combat related class. But that much disadvantage was easily blown away.

Also he was a Death Knight right now and had many Undead following him.

'Should I take him out?'

In the wide continent of Versailles, with so many people in it, Marey approached Weed in friendly manner.

But in Weed's mind, the temptation was getting closer.

'If I kill him, he will probably drop some good items. At least one unique item that can be used by level 380 will drop?'

Weed already made an estimate!

In fact, Marey was on the side of good reputation among rankers in Royal Road.

While travelling liberally he occasionally had accidents, but he was very friendly to novices and has an outstanding abilities with instruments.

'Must be all groundless rumours. How can I believe all that?'

It was a deep swamp of mistrust that was hard to swim out of.

'Yes, even if it's not unique there will be decent item drops. With the money I make selling it, I can buy rice and cook it, then I will be happy while eating it...'

In his mind he already disposed of Marey and was deciding on the duration of the internet auction for the items.

But murdering other high level players was ultimately not Weed's way of earning money.

It was much better to earn a steady income while hunting and raising

levels.

But in front of him an incredibly delicious prey appeared.

Marey's life was being threatened every second he came closer.

But Marey stretched out his hand first.

“Will you not hunt in a party with me?”

“What?”

“To be honest, compared to Weed-nim and the others here I have a different aim. Do you know about bards very well?”

Of course Weed knew about bards as well as other people.

The class characteristics, the instruments they used, the price of equipment, even to the point about the income of their performance based on the singing and instrument skills.

“My aim is to make a hymn about Undeads. And if possible, I can make an epic poem if I stay beside a person on a big quest. So, I will give up any rights regarding items obtained from hunts and quests.”

If their hymns or poems became famous, it will spread all around the continents.

Bards can earn fame and money and if their songs becomes popular, stats such as charisma and charm also increased.

It was bard's romance to roam around the continent and experience quests and battle, they were able to receive quests beyond their abilities and limitations.

Marey held his ragged cape with his right hand to cover his upper body and bent his body down a little bit.

“Wandering around continents and writing a songs, it could be said that it's the destiny of all troubadours. I don't know what you request you want to accomplish but I won't be of any distraction. Will you form a party and hunt with me?”

Bards could gain rewards just by watching others' adventures with their

own eyes.

It was an offer that wasn't disadvantageous to Weed at all.

But Marey approaching to Weed first was like getting an instalment fund from a bank robber!

“Alright, let's go together.”

Just by looking at their class, it was the birth of a very awkward combination of a bard and a sculptor.

Zabrin raised his accomplishment abundantly in Kapua village.

As he got promoted to a ghost, Hermes Guild delivered any item he told them were needed.

“Itemmmmm, arrreeee, theeeeeee, besttttt.”

Although his level was low, he was able to get great effects from items.

Two black magicians arrived from Hermes Guild and casted a blessing spell on him, Zabrin was able to hunt monsters in bulk.

He actively made use of the ring of lightning and ring of destruction only usable by Ghost or Undead.

About half of all Necromancers in Kapua Village gathered.

“Iiiiiiii, willlll, shareeeeeee, itemsssssss, yooooouuuu, nnnneeeeeddd.”

Through the generosity of the items, Zabrin was able gather the players to him.

It was true that Polon, knights and mage troops came to catch Weed.

But different to their intention, the Necromancers became their interest.

It was not an ideal class for party hunting or adventures.

There were times they couldn't enter villages and the villagers abhorred them, complaining about the smell.

Necromancers had great powers but had comparable experience in discriminations.

But in a battle, they were the most useful.

In the Central Continent there were endless battles still ongoing, large and small.

Hermes Guild, after conquering the kingdom of Haven, was taking a break supplementing their forces but it was known widely it would not be a long wait.

Even if Hermes Guild didn't act first, the guilds from nearby kingdoms would form a union and strike first.

If they could bring in the Necromancers into Hermes Guild in a situation like this, they would become great assets in battles.

In the meeting of the chief executives of Hermes Guild, they instructed Zabrin to give out items to recruit as many players as he could.

“Could we obtain... the Undead Legion?”

Of course the Hermes Guild desired Balkan's Undead Legion as well.

Armies of Undeads already completed!

The endless number of soldiers that didn't even need to food.

According to Zabrin's reports, after they arrived here there were endless number of quests.

They didn't know what will be at the end of the quest but they had their hopes up.

Becoming the best Necromancers and heir to Balkan.

And then inheriting his Undead Legion.

“If that happens, there won't be any problem hunting down Weed.”

There is a high possibility that Weed was somewhere in this area but it didn't matter if he wasn't.

They could bring the Undeads and turn Morata into ashes, inflict heavy damages to those opposing the Hermes Guild.

It was a reckoning that could give wings to Hermes Guild, supplying the

items to Zabrin was worth every bit.

Polon talked frequently to chief executives from the guild.

-How do you want to handle the advance Necromancers in the canyon?

-Such as Jeanne and Harien?

-Yes, that's correct.

-If it is possible recruiting is most ideal. They will be closer to the authority controlling the Undead Legion than Zabrin.

-I will try to recruiting them then.

Most Necromancers players, including Jeanne, were already in guilds.

But you never know what would happen when Hermes Guild gave out a recommendation to join them.

-If they refuse to join the Hermes Guild...

-Then I will handle it appropriately.

-Also there will be Necromancers that are not completely checked out. The possibility is high that one of them could be Weed?

-Yes, it's possible. Necromancers are active while intentionally conceal their names.

-Look into it and kill anyone who's unidentified. It will make a good example to those who won't follow us.

Hermes Guild hated passing things over vaguely.

If they couldn't have it, they destroyed it.

It was one of the reason why their evil reputation was inflated but in the kingdom of Haven nothing existed that could go against them.

Even if there was dissatisfaction, there was not one case of anyone daring to come near Hermes Guild and take revenge on them.

Chapter 7: Song of the Death Knight

Marey was a cheerful, incessant prattler.

“Having to mingle with the Undead and hunt... ah, it reeks! But if I tell this experience in a bar later I could become really popular. Have you ever been to Vannosa castle?”

Though Weed didn't reply back, he chattered on well by himself.

“In Vannosa castle, there are many restaurants with delicious foods. If Weed-nim check it out you will be enamored by it. Anyway, it was not an important point, but I met a lady named Cedrian there and we became close... She told me many useful information. Unfortunately my bar tab increased so I can't go back there now.”

Marey did not stop telling stories about the places he wandered to on the continent.

Weed thinking it was important information tried to remember them but it was impossible when his words came out of his mouth like a flood.

“Because of the war right now the Central Continent is chaotic. Even among bards the competition is fierce, they spectate these wars and try to make songs out of it. But I am different, rather than these tiresome wars it's a necessary adventure for me. To be part of this passionate adventure in the North, how joyous is that?”

Seeing he couldn't can't just let Marey keep talking on his own, he replied out of politeness.

“Yes.”

“I am sure that there will be many jealous people if I tell stories later on of how I went on an adventure with Weed-nim. Also the ongoing quest related to the Undead Legion is already very famous.”

“Yes.”

Necromancer players reported to broadcasting networks and uploaded videos on internet so it was becoming a big topic.

In fact, if the news that Marey and Weed was hunting in a party together was revealed it would become another big situation.

Not everyone playing Royal Road knew Marey, but he was one of the names that appeared often.

The songs composed by Marey, the collection of his performance and the adventures he went through were put together into a video that was extremely popular.

Freely wandering bard Marey already had the qualification to upload his videos to the Royal Road's Hall of Fame and was a figure that had news broadcaster hired often.

“Oh, what kind of woman do you like?”

“Yes.”

“What's the specialty of a Death knight?”

“Yes.”

“The Embinyu Church are making frequent appearance on the continent and is causing havoc. Did you know that?”

“Yes.”

“The joy of hunting a King Hydra must be extreme, right?”

“Yes.”

Retorting back was getting tiresome after ten times.

Even if Weed did not pay attention when he replied, Marey just laughed as if it was funny and kept talking.

The naïve, enthusiastic and positive person Marey Standbard.

Listening to Marey talk, Weed led his Undead unit toward the monsters.

They did hunt in the canyons but it was the first time coordinating the battle together with Marey.

Weed reluctantly watched the videos of players with combat related classes but he never saw any scenes of Marey fighting.

Weed asked first.

“How are you going to fight?”

“It feels like you have much more experience in leading Undeads than me. Also as Death Knight have outstanding leadership abilities so I will hand over my right of command of the Undead to you.”

“Then what about Marey-nim?”

“I will play a recital like a bard.”

- You have received the right to command Marey's Undead units.

There weren't many high rank Undeads in Marey's army.

Nor were there elites or bodyguard Undead, but there were at least 200 Undeads in number.

Compared to the other Necromancers who entered the canyon, this was on the very low side.

“Let's go!”

While Weed, radiating dark miasma, advanced with his Skeletons, Death Knights and Dullahans, music started playing from behind.

It was a heavy and majestic sound of a viol.

- A requiem is being listened to.

Ø While listening to the music all regeneration abilities increase by +43%

Ø Physical abilities increase by +21%

Ø Surviving a battle by the skin of your teeth, you gain additional 7% experience and fame.

Ø The morale of the Undead unit is rising.

Ø Your leadership abilities increased.

Ø If the music stops, the morale will decrease sharply and all the effect being received will disappear.

- With your deep interest in art, while appreciating the music you will receive additional 25% benefit.

While Marey was playing a violin like instrument a bright golden light appeared, like when a noble, holy spell was casted.

Marey was playing the viol frantically.

The brilliant movement of the bow and passionate music that instilled burning passion in the heart!

Marey's performance far passed preeminence, wonder and admiration was about to be poured out.

He was proving that his reputation as the best bard was not just public opinion as a famous player.

It was just misfortunate that the person listening was Weed.

Marey's performance anywhere was transcendent and people have enormous interest and appreciation for it, though sadly Weed wasn't an average person.

'It's noisy.'

It was a bad preconception that listening to a good performance would make one sleepy and nod off their head in drowsiness.

"Kyao!"

"Kill that noisy sound first!"

Weed wasn't the only one that thought like that, the monsters came running in response to the sound.

Every monsters in the vicinity came targeting for Marey.

Besides the performance giving huge effects to allied unit, it seemed to seriously offend the monsters.

Weed opened his eyes wide.

"Skeletons, prepare for long range attack, Death knights and Dullahans, spread wide in two lines. Do not step back!"

The Death Knights and Dullahans in straight line, collided with monsters.

"Attack! Do not retreat, advance!"

Weed treated the Undeads as expendables so he pushed them to fight

without retreating a single step back.

“No matter how many monsters come, do not retreat. Fight where you are and move forward!”

Weed fought at the very front line.

He wasn't just leading the battle in a reckless way that withstood the enemy's attack and advancing forward.

From behind the Dullahans and Death Knights, the Skeleton archers threw bones and arrows, damaging the monsters.

A destructive force pulverizing the swarming monsters!

There was no need to chase after them, by fighting in close range the Skeletons with limited abilities did not need to worry about accuracy.

- Through a bone breaking battle, the Death Knight's level increased.

As Undead survived more and more vicious battles, they only became stronger.

“Let's go in deeper.”

Weed together with Marey, entered the heart of a mountain seething with monsters.

In the dead of the night as Marey's music spread loudly, many monsters leaped out from between trees or jumped attack on top of boulders.

Barely winning, only about half the Undead they fought with were left.

But after successfully winning the battle, the news of their bravery was spread by word of mouth in the Undead Legion.

He could preside over more Undead subordinates.

Experience, items and merciless attack!

This was Weed method of leading the Undeads.

It seemed the partnership with a bard wasn't so bad.

'Even so having a bard in a hunting party doesn't feel so efficient.'

In an average exploration of a dungeon, the party consisted of 5~6 people each with their assigned roles.

This was the reason why it was hard for a sculptor, a bard or a dancer to join, as only needed classes were filled in to create a party for high efficiency.

But as battles got larger, a bard's presence was absolutely necessary.

Performing battles and requests perfectly, Weed was given an authority to officially command over 2,000 Undeads.

Death Knight Commanding Officer

He could ask for a dispatch from the Undead Legion for lower ranked Undeads like Skeleton for him to use.

If rumors about his fame or battle skills spread further, he could even call in higher ranked Undeads.

Compared to Necromancer players who were given more important roles as they polish their magic skills, combatants just had to fight to the letter and win.

"To the place with more enemies."

Weed supported by the Undead, did not hesitate in the slightest and went into monster's den that he wouldn't have dared before.

"Fight!"

None of his business whether Undeads died or not!

Only by engaging in a large-scale battle he could obtain more experience and items, that's why there was no reason to dawdle with indecisiveness about battles or requests.

'I can just run away if we are about to lose.'

He did not find the penalties, demotion or reduced fame that important.

What was more important for Weed was to initiate large battles without dawdling to raise his levels and obtain more items.

With endless battles, Weed's level became 396 and he gained enough experiences points need to level up again.

Indeed he jumped into risky battles, enduring it with the Undead while surviving and leading them onward.

· **New Title! You obtained the title, 'Glorious Undead Commander'.
The person who lead many impossible battles to victory!
You can bring out fierce horror and obedience from the Undead and continue the battle.**

- Ø Leadership increased by +5.
- Ø Luck increased by +5.
- Ø Limited to Undead, your commanding ability increased by +21%.

While performing, Marey occasionally check out Weed's activities.

'Just like the rumor, he fights really well.'

It was his assessment after the first battle.

When monsters made him into a target, he could evaluate Weed highly as he didn't run about in confusion or hesitate to deal with the situation.

But his assessment kept changing after observing each battle.

'The rumour was true that he is a God of War. He fights battles really well.'

.....

'My experiences is keep on rising? What short method does he use to speed up his experiences? No, when did he kill that many monsters?'

.....

'Is it even possible to make the Undead obey like meek sheep?'

Ever since he was a beginner, Weed's stat was far high than others at his level.

Maintaining high skill proficiency and stacking up his stats, the disparity manifested.

The hunting speed especially surprised Marey constantly.

If many monsters were gathered, he commanded tactics to the Undead reminiscent of those found in military text books.

He made Death Knights ride ghost horses.

Weed led the Death knights directly, splitting enemies by penetrating their formation and then deploy the Undead units!

Skeleton unit's concentrated firing, using the spell attributes to fire a circular magic attack.

He didn't focus on one idea about battles but had all kinds of knowledge and experiences, using it naturally in battle.

Usually, one would only fight when they have tactical advantages but Weed would try many things to figure out must-win strategy and then fight fiercely.

There were battles that even Marey didn't want to fight.

'There is no way he can win this one.'

However Weed dragged his Undead units, showed excellent tactics and won. It was a superb battle that made congratulations come out automatically.

After supplementing his Undead units, he initiated fights with group of much bigger monsters.

'This is really impossible.'

They lost many Undeads and Weed suffered seriously, but they won.

Fight and survive, finally winning and getting stronger.

It was a battle that naturally broke Marey's common sense and his fixed ideas.

'Okay, this much is now suicide.'

Group of much bigger monsters!

It was not like Marey did not have heart to stop Weed, but he also

wanted to see how Weed would fight so he continued to follow along.

After a battle that took over a day, Weed suffered unbelievable hardship but grasped his victory.

Marey also helped, but it was an intense battle without compare that only 8 Death Knight survived, but they won.

After that battle, it felt to Marey that Weed was so awesome that he did not look human anymore.

Marey saw a lot of battles as a bard but no one ever fought to the brink, pushing everything aside.

Marey had to give his all to survive mobilizing all his abilities to endure, thereby they managed to win.

Not only did they obtain tons of drops, they were able to raise corpses into Undeads.

Weed recruited from Undead Legion and went back to the hunting ground with Death Knights that survived till the end.

Marey now knew the reason why Weed was so strong and received high praises from people.

‘This is why his so strong.’

With a force of 10, it was sensible thinking to fight an enemy with a force of 7.

But when Weed had 10, he fought 11, 12 or sometimes even 15.

With maximum focus, leadership and judgment that dragged Marey’s gazed to the point of making him forget his performance, Weed showed nimble movements and won.

The reason he was able to win 15 with 10, of course it could be because of his excellent decisions, but it was due to him fighting radically.

It was because they were fighting against bigger enemy that they could win.

‘Following Weed was truly the best judgement I made.’

Marey started to feel relief and a sympathy.

He felt sorry for Necromancers. He was convinced that if they were to compete with Weed in a quest, they would never be able to win.

- As a reward for this quest, you received the authority to command up to 8,000 Undeads.

Current position – Death Knight Commander

Weed's rank rose many times, his equipment and rides changed as well.

An armour with demon attached, branded iron of a wanted man, boots of a desolator.

He obtained reward items that Death Knights could equip.

“Van Hawk would like this if I give him this later.”

He couldn't summon Van Hawk or Torido.

They once were affiliated to Undead Legion and he could not estimate what could happen if he summoning them here.

“Come here.”

Kyaaaaak!

A horrible shriek was heard from the sky and gargoyles descended, sitting down on the ground.

Weed and Death Knights evolved their ghost horse and were now able to ride gargoyles made of bones.

Undeads were commanded to fight on the ground while the Death Knight scrambled in the air!

Even the Skeletons were elites, with at least 3~4 sword cuts on their skull.

“Hunting sure is fun.”

Marey was barely able to follow.

Composing and performing weren't the only things bard did.

They adventured, enter dungeons and fought a fair amount of battles.

But following Weed he had eager thoughts for small breaks.

“This place is cleaned up. Let’s go.”

“Can’t we sit down for a short break before we go? We’ve been fighting for almost two days now.”

“I rested plenty just now.”

“When?!”

“I yawned twice.”

If this was a break than did this mean that the nap that workers took briefly during lunchtime was a vacation?!

“There could be monsters remaining in other places, we have no time to delay.”

Because Undeads have infinite stamina and didn’t need to eat, Weed lead them into endless amount of battles.

Fighting battles like this the Undeads developed and Marey felt that Weed’s unit were becoming stronger.

The Death Knights became extremely strong by fighting by the skin of their teeth and winning.

Level was a level, but surviving battles beyond their ability their combat capabilities increased exponentially.

With help of Death Knights the overall skills of Undead units were extraordinary and even if they were in a dangerous situation surrounded by monsters, they could withstand for a long time and their defence became extraordinary.

It was the Undead’s best units.

Suddenly, crows came to not only Weed but Marey and other players hunting on and over the canyons, and gave a small piece of paper they were biting on.

Another quest occurred.

· **Monsters of Natalia plains**

There are barely any groups of monsters large enough to challenge the Undead Legion in the vicinity.

The last remaining monsters joined forces and are heading toward the Natalia plains.

If you drive them back in four days, you will officially enter the Undead Legion's encampment and will be able to meet the Balkan Demoph, the king of Undeads.

Also Death Knight can go one step further and qualify for the last promotion.

After four days the main force of the Undead Legion will mobilize and depart. After that day the quest cannot be cleared.

Difficulty: A

Reward: Promotion, Undead summon spells.

Quest Restriction: Undead Only

Limited Time.

Quest will not occur again.

A quest requiring a cooperation between Necromancers players.

It was the final request that need to be done before entering Undead Legion.

“Let's head there right away.”

Weed and Marey led their Undeads and head straight toward the canyon.

The connection rate of Necromancers players were very high side.

“Hegigigig”

“My, my head, I don't know if I was holding it with my left or right arm.”

“Undeads, line up, for the great Balkan-nim!”

As they were getting close to the canyon, they were able to see unbelievable amount of Undeads.

Among Necromancers, some preferred summoning small number of high rank Undeads to fight but the opposite was true most of the time.

It was safer to fight by throwing out curses and summoning Skeletons and Ghouls generously.

Each Necromancers players could lead from the smallest amount of hundreds, up to 2,000 of Undeads.

They summoned them directly or gathered roaming Undeads split from the Undead Legion.

To Marey it was a really hard scene to experience as there were every kind of Undead around them.

“At the least it must be about hundred thousand in number.”

Weed spotted skeletons laid down neatly like piled up bricks.

As the space was few they were using this method to save space like that.

“It looks like it’s more than that.”

Necromancers did not leave their summoned Undeads far from them so around the canyon was a world of Undeads.

But as Weed’s units came closer these Undeads, as one, step back far away from them.

The Death Knight, who surpassed life or death situations more than ten times, flared their miasma and the Skeletons, as if instilled by fear, were busy trying to hide.

Kyayaaaa!

Some portion of Death Knight that were part of Weed’s unit followed riding on their gargoyles as they flew in circles.

The sight of all Necromancer in the canyon was toward Weed as he made a majestic entrance as a Death Knight.

“What is that? Are that many Undead units led by those two men?”

Including Weed’s and Marey’s Undead there were about 9,600 Undeads.

Weed was able to have more than the quantity allowed by his rank because of his high leadership and charisma but for efficient control, he limited his capacity strictly.

But in the sight of the Necromancers that number felt extremely large to them.

“It’s really a lot.”

“There are plenty of Death Knights... and all variety of Dullahans and Skeletons prepared. It would not be wrong to call it a real Undead army.”

“If only we could command such an army... Should we have tried to promoted to a warrior-type class?”

Looking at Weed, many players regretted their past decisions.

They, not able to take their eyes off in jealousy, approached Weed and Marey.

“Hello.”

Harien noticed them first and greeted lightly.

Weed looked around and noticed that Harien, Jeanne, Otem, Gruzed equipment was largely changed and some held crystal orbs in their hand.

He couldn't identify many of the variety of equipment.

‘They must have tried hard as well.’

The current quest from the Undead Legion wasn't given to Weed only.

Each and everyone did their best on the quest and grew.

There were 58 Necromancers gathered in the canyon.

“7 more are coming. It's getting late... Once they arrive we will be heading to Natalia plain.”

Harien explained the situation to them briefly.

The number of players that came here from Kapua village was 65 people.

‘A cooperative quest with 65 Necromancers...’

Those participating in the quest were high in levels.

Taking the Undeads each Necromancers possess into account, it could be seen as a relatively large armies.

Zabrin made it to the canyon few days before and started hunting there.

While wearing better equipment and levelling up, he gave small gifts to fellow Necromancers he was hunting with.

“This is some items that was left over. Please have it.”

“But still it’s too much....”

In this world there were other people than Weed.

No matter how useful the item, Necromancer players found it difficult to receive something for free from someone they were not close with so they refused it.

“It’s ok. The guild I am part of hands out items like this often. They give special preference to Necromancers... I have plenty of other to use here already.”

Winning other players over with items was easy work.

Unlike other classes, there are many occasions of Necromancers not joining any guilds.

Zabrin didn’t hurry and sorted them one by one while making them his allies.

‘This person identify is clear.’

Releasing their name while hunting in a party or adding them to their friend list, completely proved their identity.

Decent Necromancers were well known in Versailles Continent as well.

Average players were shocked when they encountered Necromancers by chance who were hunting in a mountain or in a forest with Undeads.

Finding the Necromancer a novelty, they recorded these kind of scene often and uploaded to forum boards.

By comparing with it, he cleared out anyone with solid identifications.

But it was hard to recognize people hunting by themselves who did not reveal their identities.

‘I only have to look for 7 more as they come.’

He investigated Jeanne, Otem, Boghram, Harien, Gruzud, Varena and Goshu to recruit them into Hermes Guild and found that they all exceed at least level 380.

He judged that Jeanne, Harien and Otem to be over level 400.

These were figures that were excellent magicians even before they became Necromancers.

When class was changed, the original magic abilities weakened drastically.

It was not learning similar magic once more but learning conflicting black magic and Undead summon magic so existing magic abilities retrograded.

It was not an easy decision for the Necromancers to start over, but they were steadily increasing their proficiency in curses and Undead summon.

‘If I can bring them to Hermes guild, it will be acknowledged as a great achievements.’

Zabrin was spying patiently for a solid opportunity.

If they became members of Hermes guild, they will recognize Zabrin’s meritorious deed.

By becoming part of the same guild, he could receive variety of help and follow them around in this canyon.

By joining in the Undead Legion’s quest and working together it was a chance for him to gain level, fame and Undead summon spells together.

After winning over those around him, he gathered information while hunting and at that moment cooperative quest to eliminate the monsters in Natalia plain occurred.

And then a bit later, Weed together with Marey arrived with their Undead army.

Other players had Undeads as well but the Undeads Weed and Marey’s brought were conspicuous.

With the flushing of miasma from the Death Knights, even decent Undeads tried to get as far away as they can.

The Death Knights riding on their gargoyles, standing guard while flying around them looked strong beyond ordinary.

‘Maybe Weed is among them.’

Weed and Marey were unidentified players!

There are other five that were suspicious but their Undeads were lacking and few in numbers.

‘Anyway I should report it.’

Zabrin reported to Hermes Guild Polon and the Mage troops about heading out to Natalia plains, about a suspicious person who could be Weed, about how Jeanne and Otem did not belonging to any guild.

Chapter 8: Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster

It required a lot of time for Undeads to walk to Natalia plain.

Skeletons were really good at marching as long as they had perfectly fine legs.

It was because they walked as they were ordered to, while dragging swords on the ground.

But with Zombies and Ghouls they staggered and they kept going in the wrong direction.

“Get back in the line!”

Necromancers were busy managing Undeads.

Over 110,000 Undeads!

Skeletons had high attack power so they were useful in battles.

They could be revived and if necessary, curse spells could be activate through the corpses so their departure was delayed as Necromancers tried to bring as many Undeads as they can.

“No matter how many monsters are in Natalia plain, we should be able to win easily.”

“With our forces, we can even kill any boss-material monsters.”

Necromancers were relieved looking at their Undeads force reassuringly, but Weed waited for battle anxiously.

‘I have to hunt more, I have to take more items. With this many Undeads there could be less monsters for me.’

A source of endless greed!

Any expectations of clearing the quest with impractical ease shattered right after they arrived at Natalia plain.



[El Vance Monastery]

It was a place of monastery established by the Imperial family of the Niflheim Empire.

- ∅ This is a place embedded with sacred power.
- ∅ Weakens Undeads body and cleanses any curse spells.
- ∅ Necromancer's magic abilities decrease by -24%.
- ∅ Destroyed Undeads cannot be revived.

Faint wisp of holiness was rising from rapidly from the ground.

As holy power touched his body, warm feeling spread and strength fell from his sword bearing arm.

- ∅ Strength decrease by -3.
- ∅ Health decrease by -240.

With the effect of Balkan's Death Aura, his health was supplemented again but on Natalia plain an enormous aura of divine energy was rising up.

In the dark night the streams of holy energies rising up looked very beautiful but to the Necromancers it was a serious horror.

"Ku... At this rate how are we supposed to attack with the Undeads?"

"Magic?"

"Curses or Black magic will get weak as it tries to penetrate the holy power and it won't even be in range."

"Let's try it first."

Jeanne and Otem combined their power and activated their Black magic, calling up a cloud of poison.

Monsters immediately went hiding inside the wall of El Vance monastery.

Even if it was a monastery its wall were really high and its structure wide, so it could be possible that tens of thousands monsters could have gathered there.

These monsters' reproduction rates were beyond imagination.

“Go! Pour down vicious poison rain!”

The poisonous cloud headed toward the direction of monastery but the rode up the rising holy energy and disappeared.

“This is really headache inducing.”

Weed’s expression soured as he also looking at the monastery.

‘This is not just a quest given out in vain to meet Balkan.’

They had to penetrate through the most horrifying thing for Undeads, holy energy.

The holy power outside of Natalia plain wasn’t as strong but inside the monastery lights were shining bright.

Far away from the plain was scene of gloomily gathered Undeads, their expression souring at the light.

When they were human holy power felt slightly bright, now they stung the eye with its brightness.

‘Undeads seem to feel holy power more sensitively.’

Necromancers couldn’t come up with any definite solution and just stood behind where the holy power couldn’t reach them.

Weed considered time as money so he gave an order.

“Youngest skeleton.”

“Yes, lord”

“Run straight forward.”

The shortest skeleton from Weed’s unit run limpidly along his way to the monastery.

Even though they were Undeads, they still had their instinct about death so they feared the holy power.

But the great, peerless Weed perfectly controlled the skeleton with his charisma and leadership.

Tadadadada, tuktuk, boom!

The Skeleton ran forward hard while getting hit by the holy power here and there.

About halfway to the wall of the monastery, it looked like he was burning from the holy power.

With reduced health, it collapsed while walking down without even swinging its sword once.

Before long it purified the Skeleton with even leaving a corpse, leaving the Necromancers with their tongues hanging out.

This time, Weed lifted his finger and pointed at a Skeleton warrior.

“Advance.”

“Yes, lord”

The Skeleton warrior was able to withstand a few more steps but he still couldn't make it to the wall.

“Skeletons can't seem to go.”

Necromancers were disappointed bitterly by the fact that the majority of their Undead armies were completely useless as it was composed of Skeletons.

Only thinking vaguely about the fear of holy power, they now could feel keenly after seeing the sight of melting Skeletons.

“Dullahan, go forth as well.”

“Yes, I will follow your order.”

Dullahans were very fierce warriors.

With their standards they were able to make great achievements in battles but Weed carried out his experiment freely.

The Dullahan reached the wall that looked like it was about to collapse, but died under monster attack as it was about to go over it.

Looking at Weed Death knights were pierced with horror.

As next time, it was their turn.

Undeads were shivering in great fear as underlings of Weed as he was a remorseless liege.

‘Hmm.’

But Weed didn't deploy any more Undeads after sending out the Dullahan.

‘If about a Dullahan, then Death Knights should be able to fight, at least for a short amount of time...’

Even if he gather every Death Knights from other players, it would be hard to gather over 2,000.

If they send that much to fight the monsters, they will be able to achieve something but they would melt completely like ice creams in hot summer.

‘Quest will fail after that.’

A quest with four day limitation!

They spent seven hours trying to get here because Undeads weren't nimble.

If all their Undeads got eliminated, they wouldn't have enough time to gather the current quality and number of Undeads.

‘There is only one chance.’

Weed was locked into a deep thought as he looked behind the enemy lines.

They needed varieties of meticulous strategies.

“Don't you think this quest difficult is way too high?”

“Did the quest really say to destroy them? This is completely impossible.”

“There are no solutions with the Undeads. Maybe it's a quest that can only be succeed at high level? To be stopped like this here...”

“Maybe we should have hunted monsters in advance so they wouldn't gather here. Even in the canyon I let some monsters run away, they must have all ended up here eventually.”

The Necromancers could not get the point right now.

It was when Necromancers were in panic.

Harien came to where Weed and Marie were.

Last time she heard a great method from Weed so she came here for advice.

Weed was murmuring intently on his own.

“Japtem... Leathers not so good... If there are treasures left in the monastery...”

He look like he was struggling hard, locked in deep agony!

“Perhaps are you thinking about solution to clear this quest?”

“Guessing monsters tendencies... the possibilities of gold, silver and treasure... but definitely the treasures...”

Jeanne and Otem came along while Harien was waiting for her reply. While observing Weed, they did considered Weed as a great player as well.

It was hard not to acknowledge his abilities, with him coming all the way here not with a magic class that could summon Undead but a combat class.

It's hard not to acknowledge him.

As a single power Weed's Undead was quite strong.

About ten minutes elapsed, Weed was writing words and numbers on a ground with his finger.

~Leather, very rough and defective so 1,750.

~Japtem, variety of items. Less relevant to the quest, dispose as lump-sum to Mapan-nim.

~Monastery, information about Niflheim empire history's past holy weapons, not enough.

- Decision postponed.

It was difficult for Jeanne, Otem and Marie to understand how the cipher like phrase related to the monsters at all.

Harien waited, waited and finally asked.

“Is there really no way to clear this quest?”

Weed while looking at the phrases piercingly, lifted his chin.

“Yes?”

“Weren’t you trying to come up with solutions for this quest?”

“No I was calculating something else.”

“Ah....”

Realizing that she was waiting and expecting for something great out of Weed’s irrelevant actions, she backtracked quickly.

Harien was dispirited to think that she was expecting something from Weed’s weird behavior.

“Huu, some hope he would rekindle... I shouldn’t have waste my time.”

Jeanne and Otem were about go back to other Necromancers.

Even if they go to them it was a hard problem they were trying to solve but if they agonize it together they might find a slightly better method.

They were in a position where they needed to find a solution fast.

But Weed talked as if there wasn’t any problem.

“We just have to beat the monsters in the monastery.”

“Yes but how?”

“There are many ways.”

Weed had no need to waste any effort in thinking about monsters.

He made decisions immediately and was now estimating for after the hunt.

He took number of monsters inside and their approximate levels, item drops and rough schematics on the monastery and even the whereabouts of potentially hidden treasures into consideration!

‘Since it’s filled with holy power there must be something there. The

probability of it being in the basement is high.'

As that treasure might have extremely high value he was in serious thought about it.

Necromancers pass over their authorities for their Undeads units to Weed.

"Please just go."

"Just walk a little bit, hmm?"

It was because the Undeads wouldn't listen to the Necromancers.

"Forward."

"Yes, lord."

"Death Knight shall follow the commander-nim's orders."

Undeads didn't resist against Weed command.

Part of it was because he was a Death knight but his absurdly high leadership ability and items influenced a lot.

There were many occasions where he suffered many damages from large-scale battles but in the end, Weed achieved victories and obtained a title of glorious Undead Commander.

When he was a Lich he killed Kubicha in Jigolaths and obtained the title of Immortal Warrior.

Because of that Undeads believed and followed Weed even if it leads to their deaths.

They were Undeads maintained by Necromancers' mana but they moved according to Weed's order.

"Full attack, run forward!"

Weed shouted out in a loud voice.

Skeletons and Dullahans ran towards the monastery as one.

A major offensive of 11 thousand Undeads!

Once all these Undeads disappear, there will not be enough time to collect Undeads again.

“Kuaak!”

“Too hot, too hot!”

Through the holy power the Skeleton's started caught fire and started burning, but even so the other skeletons continued running, stepping over their fallen allies.

In the middle of night the burning skeletons were running down the plain.

It was like the Undead were making a flaming path, even the Necromancers were awed at the sight.

“Let's open paths for them, Bone Wall!”

“Dark Crow”

Necromancers supported the Undeads move forward by summoning walls of bones and growing plants that grew by feeding on darkness.

Skeletons and Dullahans were able to move forward a bit more by stepping on the bones and plants.

Of course it didn't last long and burned because of the holy power rising from the ground but Undeads used it as stepping-stone.

Under unbelievable suffering, Undeads move steadfast while taking damage. Weed's plan was to move in with every Undead and fight a final battle with monsters.

A position of Undead armies' Chief Commander with heavy responsibilities.

Usually it was difficult task if it was shared, but there was no better method than this.

If the Undead closed the distances with the monsters, Necromancers can fight with Corpse Explosions and curses.

Streams of holy power rising randomly from the ground dealt a lot of

damage to Undeads but mobilizing every Undead at the same time so they can step over each other was the plan.

“This is impossible.”

In a situation in when their joined strength was lacking, there were Necromancers complaining rather than casting supporting spells that could increase movement speed or defense of the Undead.

They disagreed with Weed’s plan in the first place but as Jeanne, Otem, Harien agreed, other Necromancers followed with them.

But now as the Undeads were crossing the plain and incurring massive casualties, these Necromancers started to protest.

“It’s still not too late. Let’s stop here and find another way.”

“I’ve been telling you it’s a reckless plan from the beginning. If it proceeds like this and even if they get to the monastery, they will all die before they can even fight. We know about monsters’ strength very well. We must cancel this idiotic plan now.”

Players who agreed with Weed’s plan started to doubt themselves.

It was understandable because all they could see were Undeads burning and getting purified by the holy power.

It’s true that their chance of success were looking smaller.

But if they stopped or retreat the Undead now, the quest would end in complete failure.

They should have spoken before Undeads moved out, right now it was seriously late.

They already invested over half Undeads!

After the Necromancers started protesting, the Undeads agreed as well.

“If we go forward we will be annihilated.”

“I don’t want burn to death like this!”

As bulk of the Undeads disappeared by holy power, a situation arose where the remaining Undead tried to disobey Weed’s order.

They had to keep pushing additional Undeads forward.

If the deployment of Undeads stop like this, the forces currently running forward in the plain will all burn or melt down.

Riding on his gargoyle Weed raised up his rusty legendary sword.

And then opened his jaw.

A smell... There is a smell

I am singing but I still there is a smell

Even if I stop, the smell won't stop.

“.....?”

With no tune and no rhythm, definitely a song that was sung as the lyrics just popped up.

Sound of Death Knight with slightly hoarse voice spread widely across the whole plain.

Jeanne, who was using magic near the vicinity of Natalia plain, turned her head around.

“The person who sings this kind of song...”

Harien, Otem, Bohram, Gruzed, Varena and other high-rank Necromancers also stopped what they were doing and shifted their gazes to where Weed was.

It was a song they never heard before.

There is no way a reckless song like this would ever be composed.

But they knew a person who would sing a song like this in a battle.

Today is a dark night, very dark night

I am a Death Knight

I am a Death Knight who doesn't wash his face

I don't have to wash my feet as well

“God of War...”

“It’s Weed!”

They had some suspicions as he chose a combat related class and was far ahead than any other.

But that person, singing a senseless song that no one could absolutely mimic, singing a ridiculous song.

Even senior granny players in Versailles continent knew him, watching palpitating videos of him through the night.

It explained everything now.

“That Weed was with us...”

“Use magic. Invade the monastery and kill every monster!”

The loud mouth Necromancers sprouting it was impossible started to do their tasks.

Marie was just waiting for Weed to sing.

He took out a harp made by dwarves and matched Weed’s song, improvising a performance.

‘It’s harder than composing a new song.’

A best bard was matching Weed song.

Keuheu, keuheu

Price for melon rose

Strawberries are really expensive

Mandarins are too precious to eat

Don’t eat anything at night

Sleeping early is fine

Undeads gathered here, start singing

My dear Undeads who knows no hunger, or exhaustion.

You shall go forward

As soon as Weed finished his song, he took out a horn.

A horn announcing victory in Treserk.

A unique item that can bring out incredible abilities in soldiers.

It was a treasure that could make someone famous just by having in his possession.

Weed put the horn to his mouth and blew it with all might.

TOOOOOOOOOOOT!!!

- Ø Undeads' morale is rising.
- Ø Undeads are craving for victory.
- Ø Temporarily boost physical potential by +120%.
- Ø Bad things will happen often to the enemies.

“Advance!”

Weed suddenly gave Lion's Roar.

Then the rebellious Undeads started rushing toward the monastery in unison.

Even the Undeads suffering under the holy power sped up and ran forward.

They were weakened by holy power but they were acting beyond their potential capabilities.

The loss of skeletons was at an unspeakable level but they got close to the monastery.

Fierce and strong skeletons stepped over their allies' heads and shoulders to jump out to the front.

“Time to deploy the Death Knights.”

Weed flew high on his gargoyle.

The underling Death Knights also got on their gargoyles and flew up beside Weed.

“Phantom steed summon!”

Death Knights commanded by other Necromancers got on the phantom

steeds summoned by their owners.

Holy power from Natalia plain to rose up till the sky but the Undeads were fully covering the ground.

The Undeads became shields.

Either piercing through the Undead, or avoiding the stream of holy power rising up, it was possible to approach from the sky while flying.

“Let’s go!”

Weed flew with his Death Knight units toward the monastery.

About that time Undeads arrived as well, taking down the walls in three different places and were fighting with defending monster.

As the Undead’s health was almost gone they collapsed to the counter attacks.

‘But they are very weak.’

As he expected, monsters weren’t normal as well.

It was not as much as the Undeads but the monsters were also overwhelmed by holy power.

Multiple of Undeads ran into monsters and about 3~4 Undeads clung to one monster.

“Let’s go down to the ground.”

Weed went inside the monastery riding on his gargoyle.

He was able to see bright lights gathered in a bunch on the ground.

The gathered light pierced the ground and a thick stem of holy power rose up threateningly.

Some Death Knights fell from their gargoyles but most of them avoided with sharp turns and landed safely inside the monastery.

- You have arrived at El Vance Monastery.

Ø Due to the abundant holy power physical abilities reduce by -45%.

Ø Health decrease by -300 every second.

It's difficult for Undeads to be active in a church or a shrine.

It was not a place that Death Knights could withstand for a long time.

Monsters came unceasingly toward Weed.

"It's the Undeads. Kill and eliminate them."

"It's the Death Knights commanding the Undeads!"

Monsters had capacity for rational thought so they targeted Weed first.

If they took Weed down, he would not die alone but shake up every Undead underling for losing their commander.

Its influence would be lower for humans or elves but losing a commander was a hopeless situation for Undeads!

Of course for orcs it didn't matter if their commander died or not.

Whoever held the glaive and shouted first become an orc captain.

"Heriam Fencing!"

Weed while performed attack skill, slashed monsters.

His level for Heriam Fencing went up, enabling him to strike 13 times consecutively.

And every time the strike succeed strength, agility and destructive power increased.

Because he wasn't far from mastering the skill the swordsmanship skill proficiency rose steadily.

Weed's Death Knight underlings fought together while guarding him.

"Wow.... He really is amazing. Even if he's Weed and trying to clear the quest, how could he just jump into a place swarming with monsters?"

"I doubted him until he got on his gargoyle but he really went in. Does he not find his life valuable?"

Necromancers were deeply impressed by Weed's brave action.

A commander jumping into an enemy base full of dangers just to win!

‘Just like the rumor.’

‘There is chance of really victory in this battle.’

Weed rekindled hope and bravery to the Necromancers.

Necromancers recovered health to the Undeads that weren’t completely destroyed and strengthened them with supporting spells.

“This front is relatively safe now let’s advance as well.”

The land was polluted by the corpses of the collapsed Undead.

The holy power couldn’t rise up and just burned up the wreckages of the Undeads.

Necromancers got on the ghouls’ backs and headed toward the monastery, close enough to throw spells.

“Attack!”

While Weed was provoking monster and putting more effort into hunting more, he glanced sideways.

He was attacking the inner area of the monastery with his fearless Death Knights, preventing any chance for the monsters to become more active.

Rather than being heroic by being in the forefront, he was making the Undeads fight and waiting behind for the perfect chance!

“I’m sure there are great treasures somewhere in the monastery.”

His craving for items led him to the inner side of monastery.

If he comes with other Necromancers after the battle ends, he would have to share the treasure.

But there was no need to share treasures he picked up secretly!

Now was the only chance to search the monastery.

Pushung!

In front of his eye the holy power gathered and erupted skywards, far away the ground was hit with magic casted by Necromancers and Skeleton mages.

After deploying the Undead and judging the place to be slightly, the Necromancers advanced toward Natalia plains.

‘There must be a treasure somewhere. I need to look for a collapsed structure or stairways to downstairs.’

Even for Weed it was difficult to find clues about the unknown treasure with the monsters and the wreckages.

Because monsters were heading to Weed he was also busy fighting with his Death Knights.

“Cut them all!”

He gave an order to raise the Death Knights’ morale.

“I follow commander’s order.”

“Kill the monsters!”

Weed’s class was a combat related Death Knight.

Even if he had underlings with same class, there was nothing like being outnumbered by monsters.

As Undead who found it hard to withstand the monastery, the Death Knights could not win over the holy power and began the collapse.

Weed’s health was decreasing scarily fast.

To others’ views, it was either fearless bravery or completely craziness.

‘There is no reason why this old and desolate monastery has so much holy power left.’

If Weed didn’t get the feeling that there was enormous treasures here, he wouldn’t have started such a reckless battle.

“I guess I have no choice.”

Weed took out a sculpture from his sides.

It was not a Fine, Masterpiece or Magnum Opus sculpture.

Made out of woods, it was a sculpture based on a storm he encountered coming back from Jigolaths on a ship.

· **Dark Clouds and Thunders**

Sculpture made from dismantling woods from the mast and wine barrel on the ghost ship.

With the two wide wooden board representing earth and sky, in between lightning and whirlwind is blowing.

Due to the limitation of the material, it lacks many artistic expression. An inerasable scent of wine still permeates.

Artistic Value: 49.

It was worthless to sell it as a sculpture anywhere.

But Weed stored it preciously, waiting for someday to use this sculpture.

‘The day has is today.’

Weed decided to use a secrete Sculpture skill and acted immediately.

“Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster!”

- **Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster has been used.**

Ø **Art stat disappeared by -20 permanently.**

Ø **20,000 health and mana has been consumed.**

Ø **All stats reduce by -15% for four days.**

Ø **Affinity to Nature dropped.**

Ø **Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster can only be used once per day.**

Ø **When dangerous disasters are called upon, depending on the damage fame or notoriety can increase.**

Ø **You can die in the middle of the disaster so be careful.**

Even though there were many monsters left, Weed disarmed his sword and laid down on the ground.

“Death Knights get rid of your sword and lay down!”

Death knights couldn't follow the sudden change of command while battling.

Weed ordered again.

“Throw away your swords and defend with wooden shields.”

Death knights threw away their rusty swords and raised their basic wooden shields.

It was broken and rotten so no one knew whether it could function as a shield but it was better than nothing.

Taking one-sided attacks from monsters for about ten seconds, Weed raised his head up slightly.

“Did the skill fail?”

Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster differs in its strength based on Affinity to Nature but didn't have to raise it separately through skill proficiency.

While Weed was all confused, the wooden sculpture that was used in the skill dismantled like soft sands and spread out everywhere.

“Kaoh! Kill the Death knights!”

Monsters were fighting Death Knights with axes.

CRAAAAAAK!

Lightning struck monsters!

The aftermath was incredible, the 6 monsters in the vicinity was burned charcoal black.

A great disappointment descended on him as Weed was expecting something incredible force.

“So should I have used a Masterpiece or a Magnus Opus as the basis for this skill?”

Even though it was a secrete Sculpting skill, it was disaster that felt empty.

It was the same power as a simple lightning bolt used by magicians.

Even though it was not something that completely changed the battle situation, there was no need for Weed to suffer so much in learning this skill if it was at such standard.

Suddenly, although no one noticed it because it was early morning, stars in the sky gradually hid themselves.

Soon, dark clouds completely covered the sky and unusually loud sounds occurred.

ZZZZAAAAAAPP

Instinctively it gave him the chill.

“It just comes late.”

Weed hurriedly hid his body in a pit.

Chapter 9: Hermes Guild's Assault

From the sky lightning struck towards the ground.

ROOOAARRRR

BOOM, ZAP! ZAP! ZAP! ZAAAAP!

In the direction of the dark clouds' movement, it looked like lightnings was scraping the ground with its sharp claws. With a force to scorch the earth it demolished buildings, ripped trees apart and incinerated monsters.

KUWAK!

KUYAO!

Necromancers' saw pitch black clouds over the monastery, blasting the ground with incredible lightning strikes. Every time lightning struck the ground the area lit up so brightly it blinded the eyes. Hearing the sound coming from the monastery, they could guess its incredible power.

"Incredible. Was that Weed's attack spells?"

"Its power surpass any large-scale magic... there must be an unbelievable number of monsters dying."

Just as the Necromancers' thought, there was tremendous amounts of casualties for the monsters in the monastery. The swords they were holding acted as a great target for lightning to conduct through. Monsters hit directly by the lightning turned immediately into grey light and disappeared. But the lightning with surplus power spread to its vicinity, electrocuting many other monsters and doing additional damage to their health.

Usually it was only after the Great Magic spread out that the Magician's were satisfied spectating the effect that their magic displayed. But Weed did not have the luxury of doing such a thing.

'I have to survive.'

CRAAACCCCK!

As soon as he heard lightning strike, he used his both hands to dig deeper to make sure he wouldn't get hit. The endless instinct for survival. He was digging faster than a dog trying to dig out snacks he hid few a days ago!

He never knew the lightning would be this serious. It was as though the lightning was trying to prove the 'great disaster' part of Natural Sculpting.

The screams of monsters as they died!

The structure was being viciously torn apart, filling the surroundings with the sounds of explosions. The monastery was already reducing the life of all the Undead, the day that Weed was struck by lightning was the day his life was not guaranteed.

Art of Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster, it was an extensive display of attack in battle, it exceeded his expectation by several times. The only problem with the skill was that Weed had to go through it as well.

"Weed is fighting in a place like that."

"Not everyone can become the God of War."

"How could he think of jumping into a fatal situation and starting a battle? "

Necromancers gave several thumbs up in the direction of the monastery. They imagined Death Knight Weed, slaughtering monsters with his cape flapping in a place they can call a hell of lightning.

"It's a scene several times more incredible than a movie."

"Let us also fight harder!"

Necromancers drew closer to the monastery and cast support magic on the Undead. Fortunately, the lightning stopped within three minutes, but for those who were experiencing it directly, the time dragged on indefinitely.

Most of the monsters had to withstand the thunderstorm with their bare bodies. It inflicted damage to life and stats and what could be said the most important for battle, morale decreased sharply.

“Ku... Is it finally over?”

Weed popped out only his head from the pit after the sound stopped. Without fail he looked like a good impression of a mole, but surviving was the foremost priority.

Zzaap....

Sok!

As soon as he heard a sign of lightning he covered his head with his cape and hid back in the pit. Some streams of lightning still struck intermittently. Breathing in deeply couple of time, Weed checked the situation was calm and only then did he come out from the pit.

“A lot died!”

Corpses of monsters were strewn about. About a quarter of the Death Knight were gone. Unluckily, some were struck by lightning and the others kept fighting monsters while Weed was hiding.

But far off a great whirlwind was blowing. The Art of Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster was not completely finished. The whirlwind devoured the monsters and Undead in Natalia Plains and then flung them everywhere. Weed tried to avoid on his gargoyle but, swept up the whirlwind, it changed its direction, passed through some place way far from the monastery and soon disappeared.

- Art of Nature Sculpture - Great Disaster has expired.

By creating a disaster against monsters, you have gained 3,459 fame.

For destroying a currently unused monastery, your faith has decreased by -25.

A title 'A Disaster-Steering Sculptor' has been given.

Luck decreased by 10.

Just by using Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster, he could become way more renowned than now.

Of course, in a bad way though!

“For now, get on your gargoyles and retreat!”

Weed was able to withstand more by himself but the condition of the Death knights wasn't good so they left the monastery. The Death knights had hunted many high-rank monsters but the aftermath of Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster was way beyond their class so it was hard to say that the Death Knights achieved something.

With help from the Necromancers with restoration and curse spells, they attacked the monastery again. At that time, the main forces of the Undead leapt over the wall and were already fighting. Monsters and Undead were in fierce engagement and some perished due to the holy power. Glancing far and wide the battle could be seen everywhere. There was complete pandemonium as the monsters and Undead battled.

- A Skeleton Warrior has destroyed the altar of El Vance Monastery.

The Skeleton Warrior that axed the altar vanished in a burst of blue light but the holy power was reduced.

“Destroy everything!”

The Death knights yelled and motivated the Undead. The ruins of the monastery were completely shattered by Undead. Weed's faith dropped following the destruction but he had to risk it.

- Holy power protecting the monastery has weakened.

The reduction of Health has been reduced.

Undead can use abilities now.

Magical abilities are returning to the Necromancers.

“Sweep away all the monsters!”

Weed was in the forefront hunting monsters and Necromancers came

after him, raising corpses into Undead. As the holy power protecting the monastery weakened, Undead forces reinforcements increased scarily. The Death Knights also regained their combat strength and the monsters decided to run away instead of fighting anymore. They judged that the monastery was no longer safe from the Undead.

“Chase them!”

The greatest achievement could be made when hunting down escaping monsters. Weed chased the monsters fleeing from the monastery with Death Knights and hunted them down. He was able to gain a significant amount of experience.

DING!

- Monsters in Natalia Plains cleared.

All monsters disturbing The Undead Legion have disappeared.

El Vance Monastery is a thorn to the Undeads' side, thus the Death Knight who brought down this place cleanly deserves to receive a great reward.

You can go to Balkan Demoph and claim your final promotion.

- Fame has increased by +2,937.

You will be renown as a new Undead leader in The Undead Legion.

- Power of Death has increased by +64.

- Leadership has increased by 25.

- Fighting spirit and charisma have increased by 12.

In fact, over 110 thousand Undead were deployed in the battle and only 14 thousand monsters were fighting against them. Against such a huge obstacle of holy power, the Undead were grievously wounded but were able to claim a victory.

“I can finally meet Balkan.”

Weed took a deep breath.

His preliminary objective of meeting Balkan, King of The Undead, was complete now. While Morata became a target of The Undead Legion, its public order, industry, agriculture and birthrate was heavily damaged.

Balkan was a threat to the Northern Continent because he may regain his strength at any point in the future. The reason Weed was clearing quests from The Undead Legion and raising his rank with such sincerity was to make Balkan rest in peace forever.

All his works has been a preparation for rebellion!

He eavesdropped Necromancers who approached the monastery on ghouls.

“I can finally learn a higher tier curse spell.”

“I learned the Undead Summoning spell... What’s your reward, Orbo?”

“I decided to get a Robe of Corpse.”

Seemed like their quests and rewards differed based on their achievements. No one was talking about being able to meet Balkan like Weed.

Marey and Harien entered inside the monastery.

“Let’s get out and have a celebratory party.”

The monastery was still piled up with holy power so it still was a bad place for Undead. The Death Knights mounted their gargoyles and waited for the order to withdraw.

‘I need to find treasures...’

With some lingering feeling of regret, Weed left the monastery with the

Undead. He led the Undead into a huge victory and was returning back to the Necromancers.

“Hurray the God of War!”

“Thanks to Weed-nim, we were able to clear the quest easily. Thank you.”

Players one upped each other trying to thank him. It seemed easy now that the battle was over, but everyone knew that without Weed’s capabilities of command they wouldn’t have been guaranteed to win.

It wouldn’t have been easy to deploy their undead forcefully and if the the monsters in the monastery were persistent, then they all would have been wiped out by the holy power.

However, Weed infiltrated the monastery with Death Knights and dispersed the enemies’ attention, shortening the time. If the monsters held on for at least an hour, then surely the Undead would have died.

In the end the Undead won the battle against time.

The Necromancers felt that it was very close and were thankful to Weed for his reckless decisiveness, which barely managed to clear the quest. Weed didn’t appreciate lip thanks.

“What I did wasn’t much.”

On a birthday or a graduation, you get presents. It was frustrating, all they did was say thank you for clearing the quest for them. A disappointment that they did not know amity cultures such as bribery or reception.

‘Well, I couldn’t have done it by myself.’

After all, Weed was only able to clear the quest with full supports and co-operation from the Necromancers. Beside Marey who had been hunting with Weed recently, Harien listened to Weed’s opinion and actively persuaded the others.

He was able to clear the quest because Jeanne and Otem fully understood the possibility and participated in his plan so he couldn’t

possibly ask for something from them. Weed made the greatest contributions, but it was only accomplished with the help of the other Necromancers.

“A truly amazing amount of Undead.”

Polon brought along Knights, Mages, Spellcasters and rangers on standby to a place far away from Natalia Plains. It wasn't easy to arrive because the Undead from The Undead Legion were wandering around but, thanks to Zabrin's detailed guiding, they arrived safely.

“Can the Necromancers win?”

He waited for the battle with interest.

Bringing the assault armies of the Hermes guild here was a covert operation so they haven't been revealing themselves. But a few moments after the battle began, Zabrin talked in a whisper.

- Weed the God of War appeared!

Polon was trying to get the Undead Legion into his hands and recruit Necromancers one by one but his original target was Weed. A man known as the rival of Bard Ray from Hermes guild. From that point, Polon used the Hermes guild's communication network so that rangers and spellcaster players could hear as well.

Polon : Is he really Weed?

Zabrin : He sang a song. The Necromancers all said it was Weed. He was among the unidentified players.

Polon : Are you certain about this?

Zabrin : He blew a horn. The Horn of Treserk!

It was an item known to be in Weed's possession. If it was that, then it was enough evidence to believe it was the real Weed.

‘A battle with Weed.’

Polon's hand shook in excitement. He was a high-level ranker and a

Grand Master. He experienced tons of battles but he had never killed a big shot like the God of War. The Hermes guild's communication network got busy. The players, who were instantly recognizable by their names, showed interest and asked for the situation.

Zabrin : Just now, Weed got on a gargoyle and went inside the monastery.

Polon : Didn't you say it's a place where Undead can't go in?

Zabrin : Well... it's an extremely dangerous place but he went in.

Polon : If that's the case, then get the Spellcasters, rangers, knights and mages ready for advance. If Weed survives and comes out, we will attack him right away.

Polon was on standby listening to what Zabrin was saying.

Zabrin : The Undead can't break through the monsters easily. This place is by far the worst place to fight.

Zabrin reported to Polon everything that was going on in the battle through the Hermes guild's communication network. It was a moment where famous rankers were paying attention to Zabrin. He was busy chatting with no time to cast a spell.

ZAAAAAP!

When the thunder hit the monastery, even Polon's place got bright continuously. Polon could imagine how tense the battle was from Zabrin's reports and the sound of thunder.

'To enter a place like that, leading his Death Knights.'

Even if he was Weed, surely he isn't immortal. But he hoped Weed wouldn't die in the monastery.

'I'm the one that has to take away his life. That's the only way to achieve my mission of coming here.'

He waited and waited until he heard from Zabrin that the Undead had besieged the monastery. Zabrin said it was an extremely difficult quest but Weed succeeded yet again.

Zabrin : You can come now. He went out.

It was convenient to have someone giving you information.

“We are moving out.”

Polon led the knights, rangers, spellcasters and moved out.

“Raise the flag”

One of the Knights raised a flag with the symbol of Hermes guild on it. The emblem of the Hermes guild containing a crown and a castle!

Raising this flag had the effect of raising morale and fighting spirit. Primarily though, it overwhelmed the enemies emotionally with the fact that it was the flag of the strongest guild in the Versailles Continent. Unless it's an outside enemy guild's influence, it was a flag that made enemies step back.

“We entered in range of the Undead.”

There was some distance between the place they and where Weed and other Necromancers were but they were easily within the Spellcasters' range.

“Do not give them time to recover. Attack right now.”

The Mages among the spellcasters swung their hands and cast spells.

“Fire Circle!”

Huge fireballs were created and flew straight into the Undead armies. A spell heading into Undead with bright light and dark smoke!

“An attack!”

“Magicians are here!”

Necromancers shouted in surprise but fire circles had already blasted the Undead. The flames spread as though they were alive and devoured Undead.

Rangers with high mobility advanced and got in position.

“Shoot at once!”

Whoosh!

The arrows the rangers shot poured down on where the Undead gathered like rain.

“Kyaoh!”

The Undead suffered exceptional damage. A large ghoul with high health vanished with two hits of arrows from afar. Their arrows were made out of holy silver blessed by priests, not to mention dipped in holy water. They took reference from Weed’s previous battle with Shire, they came here fully armed to fight against the Undead.

The Undead didn’t even have time to respond and were struck by spells and silver arrows.

“Wha... What is this. They are players. There were other players besides Necromancers?”

“What quest did they receive to come here? Why are they attacking us?”

“The flag they are holding is Hermes guild. How did they come here...”

“A ranker. Grand master of Crema, Polon. He’s attacking us.”

Necromancers had no clue an assault team from Hermes guild would come for them and didn’t know what to do.

“Get in lines. Pick up your wooden shields and defend!”

The Undead took up a defensive formation with their shields at Weed’s order, but taking a surprise attack their damage was unbelievable because they were already weakened by holy power.

It was difficult for skeletons to block silver arrows from the rangers and the area-of-effect spells took out thousands of Undead laughably. It was better to step back rather than block.

But their retreat path was blocked by the Natalia Plains, which were still filled with holy power.

Even though the Undead were reforming their positions at Weed’s

command, the magic attacks devastated them. Because it was an ambush, they had no choice but to receive a lot of damage.

“Death knights, get on gargoyles. Detour in the air and make it look like you are trying attack them.”

Weed used an emergency measure in a hurry to contain the magicians. They were elite Death Knights that were beaten to a pulp in the battle of the monastery, but they had to be expended to protect the other Undead.

Polon looking at the scene and raised his sword high.

As a knight, his fighting style was to injure enemies with arrows and spells and then a frontal charge with the knights. He was in a bit of a hurry as he wanted to confront Weed face to face.

“Advance!”

DU DU DU DU!

200 men of the Crema Knights galloped. Their steeds were legendary horses, they who were small as a speck of grain were getting awfully close.

“As a defense formation against the knights, ghouls take the front line and skeletons gather and resist. Do not split apart.”

Weed prepared rapidly as soon as enemies appeared in his sight. Usually, the skeletons would follow orders even if it meant getting their spines crushed but the Crema Knights' charge had an effect inducing panic. Because it lowers morale and fighting spirit, it took some time for Undead to get in their assigned formation.

Necromancers snapped out.

“They keep attacking us.”

“Shouldn't we fight back instead of just watching?”

Necromancers cast curse spells towards the Knights and created walls of bone. But due to the knights' magic resisting armors, the curse spell wasn't so effective. They also crushed the walls instantly and continued charging. The Necromancers were able to summon thorn vines to make a swamp area and disturb the Knight's charge.

Polon shouted in a loud voice.

“I have no grudges against the Necromancers. We only want Weed so get out of our way!

If anyone tries to help Weed, you will also be compelled to die by Hermes guild.”

An order of death by Hermes guild!

It's impossible to step a foot in Haven kingdom, and you can't enter territories of it affiliated guilds as well. There was not a single safe place in the central continent.

Hermes guild has been operating assassination units to take care of whoever's on the order of death list. They were so very well-known for their infamous actions that the Necromancers couldn't help but hesitate.

But Weed just smiled.

“Yeah, life is always meant to be lived alone.”

He predicted that Hermes guild would target and fight him again. With all the wars of the Haven kingdom and establishment of the kingdom, he assumed the Northern continent was safe. But if they arrived with full preparation against Undead, it meant that they responded very quickly.

Usually, there were living-sculptures or trustworthy allies beside him. There was no way he would have reinforcements on par with Hermes guild around him because if something happened he was willing to forfeit the Undead Legion quest itself.

If there are at least ten magicians over level 350, it would be difficult for Weed unless he could close in the range with them. Mobilizing strong forces like rangers and magicians in an army unit just to hunt down Weed!

In contrast, Weed was by himself.

When you are fighting against gigantic mighty guilds, you have to expect to be in an unfair situation.

“Way better than the increase in gas price in winter or ice cream with decreasing size and inflating price in summer.”

Criticizing dirty society, he took out his sword. Focused his strength in his fingers and grabbed the sword tightly. The Knights were approaching like the wind.

‘My body is at its worst condition.’

Even though as Undead his stamina did not decrease, only one third of his health was left. Even though he got out of the monastery and Natalia Plains, his reduced combat capabilities from the holy power hadn't fully recovered yet. They were still reduced by approximately 15%. He considered getting on a gargoyle and escaping but then all arrows and spells would be targeting him.

There was not enough time to call the Death Knights again and if many were gathered, they would surely be attacked by attack spells.

Weed exploded with Roar of the Lion.

“All Undead, listen!”

Weed didn't speak quickly while the Crema Knights were rushing towards him. Instead, he was taking a breath.

500 meters, 400 meters, 300 meters.

With no interference from the Necromancers, the Crema knights closed the gap instantly.

“Dismantle defensive formation, get in offensive formation!”

To stop enemies' rush, the defense of ghouls, skeletons or zombies was way too weak. Even Weed's affiliated elite Undead would be no match for them.

Then if defence did not work, choosing offence was Weed's method!

If the Undead blend in with knights, they won't be targeted by arrows or spells.

“All attack!”

Undead from every side except the rear clustered against the knights. They were all injured and limping but the number was tremendous.

Polon shouted with disappointment.

“Oh, Weed. What a disgrace to your name. If you think you can hold our feet with this shallow numbers it's really laughable!”

Only warriors and soldiers with proper armor can stop the Crema Knight's charge.

Undead with weak defense would just be easily penetrated.

“Charge!”

The clash between Undead and knights!

Skeletons were demolished and their bones flew off and ghouls turned into grey light. Every time knights stabbed with spear and slashed with swords using their speed, Undead died. Even their spears and swords were covered by silver so they could not hold out.

They were smart enough to use holy power, holy water and silver against the Undead. The Veteran Undead that Weed and the Necromancers worked to difficulty assault the El Vance Monastery with were being slaughtered mercilessly.

While the knights were taking care of Undead, Weed moved.

‘Of course I knew Undead wouldn't be of any great help.’

It was impossible to stop the enemies' rush with half-dead Undead. Even so, he had to try using the large number of Undead.

Weed blended in with the Undead.

About 130 Death Knights, who could not ride gargoyles, that were summoned by other Necromancers were still alive. When the Dullahans and Death knights rushed at the knights trying to break through the bunch of Undead, Weed blended in with them and attacked.

“Dark Energy!”

Approaching with a skill of a Death Knight that consumes mana for increased attack.

“Heriam Fencing!”

When a knight was busy stabbing a dullahan beside Weed with a spear, Weed aimed at his horse.

- 1st stage of consecutive attack succeeded.
Agility increased by +20%.

NEIGHHH!

As the horse collapsed, the knight fell to the earth with it.

Danger followed a knight's charge!

Not only does their health drops down sharply, they fall into confusion when they fall from their steeds. Because the other knights might attack Weed to try and save their ally, Weed couldn't finish off the fallen knight.

His next target was the knight trying to stop his horse so he wouldn't trample over the fallen ally in front of him.

While the knight was using his spear hand to grab the bridle with all his might, Weed jumped and struck him twice.

A consecutive strike that continues like a shadow!

"Two, three."

- 2nd stage of consecutive attack succeeded.
Strength increased by +40%.

- 3rd stage of consecutive attack succeeded.
Agility increased by +40%.

Right after the knight fell down from his horse due to the attack, Weed flipped twice in air and stole the knight's horse.

"Four, five, six!"

- 4th stage of consecutive attack succeeded.

Strength increased by +40%.

- 5th stage of consecutive attack succeeded.

You instantly killed a horse.

- 6th stage of consecutive strike succeeded.

You struck the enemy's helmet.

Enemy fell into confusion.

You have disabled mana-consuming skills for 25 seconds.

Riding his horse in the same direction Crema Knights were moving, he attacked the knights.

A Death Knight chasing knights of Hermes guild from behind!

“He’s coming from behind.”

“Turn your horses around!”

“He keeps chasing!”

Weed was like a leech as he followed closely behind and attacked the knights. The speed of horse was much faster for a Death Knight with light armors. Every time Weed swung his sword, knights either fell down from their horses or died.

The overwhelming prowess of a Death Knight!

Weed hoped that his Death Knights would hop on the riderless horses and follow him quickly but unfortunately they were busy finishing off fallen knights. Because he was by himself, he didn't have time to open his mouth and command Undead.

“I waited for this day. I, Infore, shall claim the glory of killing you!”

Crema's knights turned their upper bodies around and swung their swords and spears.

If they don't put their full weight on it, their attacks won't be fully activated. It was incomparable to Weed who can just ride his horse forward and slash with full power, but they couldn't resist their greed.

Infore's greed and pressure caused his shoulders to tighten and his motions weren't smooth. Making sure their spears didn't pierce him, Weed twisted his body around and then slashed the knights. It wasn't hard avoiding their strikes because they were stabbing backwards but he would be grievously wounded if he gets stabbed even a little by those holy spears coated with silver.

Infore dropped a relatively decent shield and died.

It was Weed raising his earnings quite highly.

Polon : He should be exhausted but he's resisting annoyingly. Stopping the horses will let them get smashed in a row and he might run away to the other side.

Number 4 to 6, keep running forward.

Number 1 to 3, follow me.

Under Polon's command, the knights being chased split in two ways.

One drew Weed in with continuous attack and defense, the other with Polon in turned around drawing a circle. Undead littered the ground but they moved as if there were no obstructions. The intersection of two units of knights was getting closer.

Polon and his knights, and even the Necromancers opened their eyes wide to not miss a single action of Weed. Weed was inflicting heavy damages in a split second by himself using Undead exposed to holy power.

Is he trying to ditch the chasing knights and trying to blend into the Undead?!

Weed's eyes went up to the sky. Death Knights on gargoyles were flying around but with the concentrated fire from arrows and spells, they burned and crashed into the ground.

It's was impossible to cause some damage by penetrating through

guards of rangers and magicians.

‘This is hard. With what’s left of the Undead... I won’t even be able to take down all the Knights.’

Weed kept chasing knights and slashed them.

“Heriam Fencing!”

He dropped knights to the ground where Undead wandered or killed them on horseback. While he was showing off his tremendous ability with Heriam Fencing, the other units of knights behind Weed arrived.

“Time to die, Weed!”

Polon went past Weed, stabbing a spear from the side.

But Weed was able to barely twist his body so his spear only grazed Weed’s shoulder.

- You have been hit by a fierce charge of a knight

Due to heavy damage, your armor’s durability was reduced. Defense reduced by -7%.

The active Heriam Fencing skill has been cancelled.

As the skill was interrupted, you lose sense of balance for 1.3 seconds.

You have been attacked by a weapon coated with holy silver.

Loss of health increase by 2x.

Power of Death decreased.

Temporary paralysis status can come, but it’s not active now.

Chapter 10: Great King Avannah

Crema's knights arrived as well.

Weed drew his sword and blocked but he wasn't able to defend against multiple attacks at the same time.

- You received a critically hit.
With tough resilience, you receive reduced damage.

- You received a critically hit.
With tough resilience, you prevented the effect of confusion from extreme pain.

- Your sword's durability has reached its limit and broke.

Weed's sword completely shattered.

Though it was a 'Legendary Rusted Sword', he's been using it well by repairing it but after the battle at the monastery and defending from the knights' fierce charge, its durability fell sharply and got broken.

- You received a critically hit.

After five consecutive critical strikes of holy silver weapons, his resilience reached its limit and caused a paralysis on his whole body. And after three more strikes, his health was almost gone and he tumbled down his horse. Falling from a galloping horse caused heavy damage even for a death knight with relatively light armors.

- Your life is dangerously low.
Getting helps from life-sharing partner.

- Seo Yoon shares your agony.
Maximum life 114,290.
You can use Berserker's Skills up to 70% of partner's mastery.

- You can use a Skill 'Dance of Insane Warrior' at Intermediate Level 8.
You can use 'Berserker's Swordsmanship' at Intermediate Level 4.
You can use 'Death Executor's Swordsmanship' at Intermediate Level 6.
Defensive Skill 'Endurance of Battle' is activated at Intermediate Level 7.
During battles, prevents sharp drop of life and inhibits injuries.

With some of Seo Yoon's health passed onto Weed, he was barely able to stand up.

“Dance of Insane Warrior and 'Berserker's swordsmanship'...”

He didn't have time to check how many Skills were in each swordsmanship branch and what effects they might have. He could only try using it. He's been hunting with Seo Yoon for a long time but the skill she usually used were not that many.

“Live or Die.”

- You are armed with the sword of a vengeful ghost knight.

He armed the sword in hurry and activated a Skill.

“Dance of Insane Warrior!”

Weed activated his Skill towards the oncoming knights. Every time he blocked their swords he flew back a few meters, leaving trails of mana that was red like blood.

“Die!”

Every time Weed defended against their attacks, he stumbled and lost life.

‘I've seen this Skill before.’

It was a Skill Seo Yoon used against Kubicha, the Great Warrior of Chaos. It happened in a split second but it tied up Kubicha and even put Weed in danger. When these red, blood-like mana trails spread around, they formed a special symbol, turned into strong energy and exploded outwards.

- 'The Dance of Insane Warrior' begins.

A large explosion that turned the ground inside out occurred.

A Death Knight increase his attack with dark energy during a battle. It was a skill heavily depended on fighting spirit and even Heriam Fencing didn't consume much mana. But the 'Dance of Insane Warrior' was an unbelievable attack that consumes more than 70% of Weed's unused mana.

**- 6 knights of Crema died.
Fame increased by 469**

- Obtained small amount of experience.

It was an attack of sharp energy so they couldn't fully guard against it with their armors. Weed lost his sense of balance from the repelling power of the Skill but he immediately kicked off the ground and ran away. There were enemies everywhere so he needed every chance he could get.

'First Skill in the Swordsmanship of Aggressor, The Seal of Prisoner.'

Running through the dust, he spotted a knight fell from his horse due to the 'Dance of Insane Warrior'. Weed targeted his vital point and swung his sword at his neck.

**- The Seal of the Prisoner hit on target.
Until the target dies or gets healed by a cleric, the seal won't disappear.
Continuously bleed out and health decrease by 160 per second.**

Weed used the 'Seal of the Prisoner' on eight knights. He was able to strike four points on one knight alone.

'Second Skill... Sword of Fighting Spirit.'

The 'Sword of Fighting Spirit' was a skill that increase Weed's attack in proportion to the damage the he received. Attacking another knights, he activated the third Skill, 'Sword of Slaughter'. It was a skill that could only be used when the player's life was very low.

But it was a desperate swordsmanship that either the player or enemy must die.

By giving up all defense to kill the target, it increased the destructive power exponentially.

As Weed was active beyond extraordinary against the knights, Polon and the Crema Knights were very puzzled. With those harsh injuries, he should have already died but he kept resisting till the end.

‘How much health does he have?’

‘His Skills and movements changed a bit.’

The fact that his resilience and attack grew larger than when he started the battle was a reality that could not believe.

Polon had a planned to ask him for a duel. Drive him into a dead end, then fight one on one and claim a perfect victory. To be honest, killing Weed was could be claimed as the greatest glory so he really wanted to have a duel.

‘But killing Weed is top priority. I can’t afford to give him time to heal.’

His overall evaluation of Weed improved. Not only was he at a high level and fully aware of his Skills, he knows how to fight and dominate a battle with lesser force. Even high-rank officials in the communication network of the Hermes guild instructed him to kill Weed no matter what it took.

‘I can’t give Weed an opportunity to escape and I can’t afford to take casualties anymore.’

Polon trained the knights of Crema Knights directly. As the battle dragged on, they were suffering and getting killed by the gradually recovering Undead.

Polon : I authorize magicians and rangers to attack Weed directly.

After giving an instruction to the Spellcasters and Rangers, he withdrew with his knights.

Morning was coming.

Weed noticed something suspicious was going on and clung to Crema knights to prevent any chance of attack.

Polon : Just do it. Even if there are casualties, it's better to kill Weed fast and end the battle.

A spell was casted with some knights in the range of the spell.

Just when spells were casted and arrows were shot towards the place where Weed and knights were entangled.

'Now.'

Weed quickly stole away on a horse and rode with all his power.

He was observing the facial expressions and behavior of players in the Crema Knights. Then he turned around to the direction where magicians were and ran away without even looking back.

An animalistic survival instinct.

CLANG!

Behind the direction Weed was riding in, Crema knights died from spells and arrows.

"Keep attacking. Kill him!"

In range of Polon's loud cry, Weed had to make a decision. There was no place to run in Natalia Plains full of knights and Undead. To escape this place completely, he had to keep avoiding attacks from rangers and magicians but that was truthfully impossible.

There is no way he can dodge sky-filling arrows or fire balls, icicles and covering of dirt.

'About 32% health left.'

Based on his estimation, he will die instantly if he gets struck by the consecutive spells.

The rush of knights were hard to handle as well. He can use the characteristic of Berserker to resist them escaping was another problem.

With the dispersed knights chasing him in many directions and support from the magicians and rangers, he would die before getting anywhere.

‘If so, the only place I can run to is....’

Weed drove his steed towards El Vance Monastery.

“Let’s go!”

It was the only place without blockades and opposite of where rangers and magicians were standing. El Vance Monastery was a fatal place for Undead and going back there was an unimaginable or idiotic choice.

“Chase him. Do not let him get away!”

Crema knights began their chase but because of their comrades who died in the long-range attack, they hesitated and the gap was getting wider. However, they soon started closing the gap.

As Weed got closer to the monastery, he was affected by holy power and his strength and health kept decreasing. Even though he had the occupational characteristics of Berserker, his weak points as an Undead remained.

It was a bad combination for running away!

“Trying to make a living is not easy.”

Looking around the vicinity, there were corpses of Undead and monsters everywhere. It would be useful if he could use Necromancers Skills but all he could do was efficiently controlling Undead armies.

He could only continue forward.

He was in such hurry that he didn’t get a chance to give other commands to Undead. About ten seconds later, the other knights will arrive, so he had no time to hesitate. There were many signs of natural disasters and the destructions wrought by the Undead.

Weed found a dark crack under the altar. Normally it wouldn’t stick out but as an Undead, he was sensitive to holy power. There was enormous holy power coming out from the crack.

Weed started drooling.

“Truly I really have no choice.”

Even in a situation where his life is at stake, Weed just followed his instincts regarding items. Weed dug through the altar and entered.

“He’s not here.”

“He just entered here. He might be hiding so keep looking!”

“If he prepared an ambushes, it might be dangerous.”

“He’s an Undead. He wouldn’t be able to endure holy power for a long time. We need to find him quickly.”

A few seconds after Weed disappeared he Crema Knights arrived.

While the holy power was a disadvantage to Weed, the holy power gave them a blessing effect with regeneration of vitality and health. Compare to their usual they were able to perform with double their original abilities, it was a only a matter of time before they found Weed and killed him.

You have become the discoverer of a dungeon, the underworld of El Vance Monastery

Privileges: Fame increased by 900

Double experience and item dropping rate for one week.

Very first monster you hunt will drop a best item it can possibly drop.

Coming here after escaping from the enemy, Weed was unhappy as he looked at the dungeon privileges. This place is categorized as a dangerous place for Undead so he can’t even log out.

When he logged out during battle or when health was decreasing, the body remains and ends up dead eventually.

“I guess I have to keep continuing.”

Weed raised his sword and started running forward. Berserkers are good in a battle but when you stop and begin resting, he become much weaker than usual.

“Let’s find where this dungeon ends!”

It was only a matter of time before the knights found the entrance to the dungeon.

Few seconds if fast and few minutes if late. Weed ran down the path of the dungeon. Even without the Undead’s vision, the inside was brighter than daylight. It was because every wall and corner, and even the embedded crystals were shining.

He did not look at the mystical sight and kept running.

“Intruder. After a long time, there finally is a intruder.”

A monster that looked like a moth that has been grown to two meters jumped out.

The name was Avannah.

As a monster feeding off holy power, its average level was about 300. There is always a scramble for dungeons with Avannah because they had low life and they become much easier if its wings were targeted first. It was not an exaggeration to say that it was an exclusive hunting ground for top guilds. It was icing on the cake that there were large amount of holy power in the environment where Avannahh dwelled.

However, Weed didn’t have time to face him so he just kept running forward.

“Quadruped Run!”

Weed increased his speed. He leaped streamlets flowing in the dungeon and when there were pits, he stabbed his sword on the wall as a run-up.

It was motions wild beasts would show.

It seemed like Avannah had certain area assigned as it stopped attacking and chasing and went back as soon as he leaped a streamlet. Even so, it was only it managed to take out 11% of Weed’s life.

“At this rate, I won’t even be able to fight.”

Only 8% of his health was remaining. Because he’s in a place with holy

power spread around, his combat capabilities were weakened and his strength and mana started escaping.

“If only there is a teleportation gate leading to somewhere safe.....”

He had his hopes up but the possibility of finding it was less than one in ten. In a very rare occasion when the dungeon was fully cleared, was there a teleportation portal leading to the next area. But right now, he was just hoping and he didn't even know the geographic features of the dungeon.

“But holy power is getting stronger this way.”

Weed followed the Undead weakening holy power. He could die in a multitude of ways, death was always nearby so he just wanted to confirm with his own eyes what lied at the end of the dungeon. And at the end of the path, he found it first.

Great king Avannah Lordriam!

Unlike normal Avannah, not only is it rare, it uses powerful holy spells and has high attack. Usually, one would form a party composed of players with a lot of experience when a Great King Avannah appears. Because it is a monster over level 450 and if it appeared accidentally the hunt usually failed.

Considering its Skills such as blinding ray, binding and self-recovery, it's extremely hard to hunt. The great king Avannah Lordriam in front of Weed was holding a small jewel in his fingers. Holy power was released from the jewel.

A Diamond of the Blessed Sanctum.

When held by priests and holy knights, it increases their faith sharply as well as the effects and range of holy spells.

Weed gains courage in front of items.

Jewels were easy to bargain with.

As though he was in a 100 meter race, he ran on four feet and jumped high onto Lordriam.

‘The only way to fight and win easily is to cut off its antennae.’

Lordriam has atrophied eyes so it read small signs with its antennae. The antennae could be said to be its only weakness.

‘The Dance of Insane Warrior.’

With Weed’s attack capabilities weakened, the only Skill that could inflict a damage to Lordriam was this one. Squeezing out his mana, he swung his sword at Lordriam’s eight antennae and then stepped on the ground. The energy of blood-like mana moved around and hit Lordriam’s antennae.

- You have inflicted a critical strike.

His concentration grew stronger the more danger he was in!

With moves he wouldn’t normally be able to perform in air, he cut Lordriam’s antennas.

SHRIEEEEK!

Lordriam started struggling. Even though the antennas were cut it wasn’t over yet. It can heal itself with holy spells. Weed had to put out as much damage as he could while it was writhing at the pain of getting its antennae cut.

“The Seal of Prisoner. Sword of Fighting Spirit!”

Using his Berserker Skills, he attacked Lordriam. Usually, he would prepare his heart or come up with plans in his head when he encountered boss class monsters.

But Weed jumped up on his four feet, hitting it as much as possible as soon as he spotted Lordriam. As if he was trying to prove that no monster can stand in front of a beating, he circled around it and swung his sword.

Lordriam activated a holy spell.

Purification of Silence.

A holy spell that turns an evil creature to nothing. The Diamond of Blessed Sanctum magnified the effect. As Weed’s bones broke, it only left him with 2% health remaining.

'I need to kill it no matter what...'

He tried to keep slashing Lordriam but another holy spell was used.

Turn Undead.

A spell incompatible with Undead!

Normally, an Undead higher than a Death Knight won't collapse right away from Turn Undead. But Weed's life was way too low so he couldn't withstand the holy spells of Lordriam.

- Health has depleted. You have died.

Skill level for 'Power to reject death' is low. Due to holy power permeated to the body, the Skill hasn't activated.

You are unable to log in for 24 hours. Because of your death, your level and Skill mastery declines.

Not only three minutes after Weed died, Crema's knights arrived.

After they came into the dungeon they encountered the Avannah and hunted it as fast as they could and came here.

"It's the great king Avannah."

"Its antennae are cut."

Lordriam was already injured with many scars.

The Crema knights hunted Lordriam whose antennae were not fully recovered. They weren't inflicted as much as the Undead by holy spells so it wasn't that hard. Polon finished off Lordriam and picked up The Diamond of the Sanctum which Weed was craving.

"This rare item..."

After the battle, they were able to find many things besides items dropped by Lordriam.

"This must be the item Weed dropped as he died."

A nearby knight picked up the item first.

- You obtained 3 old barley breads.

- You obtained rusty broken helmet.

- You obtained a wriggling worm.

- You obtained a molar of a skeleton.

“I can’t even remember the last time I picked up such poor items. Why was he even holding these?!”

The knight couldn’t resist his irritation and threw the japtems. As an Undead, their tendency was bound to lean towards misfortune and evil side. If you have a bad reputation, the possibility of dropping good items among the items in your possession multiplied several fold. But Weed died dropping bunch of useless items.

This was thanks to Weed’s thorough preparation

“There are many Necromancers. First of all, these Necromancers who like Undead aren’t normal.”

Ever since he received the quest from The Undead Legion and seeing there were many people, he didn’t trust them. The original sword, armor and expensive item he usually equipped were stored in the lord’s castle in Morata. He only had necessary items that increase leadership such as the horn or the royal seal and as soon as Hermes guild showed up, he hid them.

“I’m gonna lose the items anyway if I die....”

He entreated Marey and left it to him.

“You must give them back to me later.”

“I will do so.”

“If you look at the bottom of the items it written in small, ‘Weed’s item.’”

“.....”

By preparing for his death in advance, he was able to not lose important items.

Of course, from Weed's point of view, it was a matter of great regret that he couldn't hide even japtems.

After confirming that Weed got killed by a monster, Polon and the knights came back to Natalia Plains.

“Necromancers, decide whether you will join Hermes guild or not.”

The Spellcaster and Ranger armies posed in preparation for attack. It was a little coercive but Polon clearly showed to Necromancers that if they don't join Hermes guild, they would be killed right here.

“Wa... What should I do?”

“I like staying alone. But if I do join Hermes guild, there may be advantages.”

While the Necromancers were agitated, Jeanne straightened her shoulder and stepped forward.

“I will not join Hermes guild.”

“You must be Jeanne.”

Polon heard about the Necromancers through Zabrin.

“And the reason for not joining the guild is?”

“It could be said that the reason we could become Necromancers is thanks to Weed.”

“That's it? If you reject Hermes guild, there will be a lot of dangers coming to you. Even now, I'm sure you have a lot to lose if you die here. I will give you another chance to change your decision.”

“My position stays unchanged. From the moment I became a Necromancers to these quests, every Necromancers owed Weed a great favor. I will not be a part of Hermes guild.”

Polon laughed with ridicule.

“You really think the other Necromancers think the same way as you do? Let me make it clear. If you stay there, you will die. Come to this side if you are willing to join Hermes guild.

Zabrin and the Necromancers that planned to join Hermes guild walked to where Polon was.

But more than ten Necromancers stood still.

Jeanne, Otem, Harien, Gruzled, Varena and other players that fought together in the canyon. Some were already in guilds but they voluntarily rejected Hermes guild. Marie stood on Hermes guild's side because he had to protect Weed's items.

“The story will not end like this... Looks like a song with good story will come up.”

From KMC Media, adventures of Necromancers was being broadcasted live. Mainly because Weed was in the adventure, they started broadcasting live from the moment he revealed himself. Other broadcasting networks were broadcasting a program about Necromancers and The Undead Legion so there weren't any changes to ratings.

This was due to CTS raising their ratings high with prodigious amount of funds from the parent company; LK gamers that broadcasted professionally with their established digital media system that was available 24 hours.

Beside them, new broadcasting stations and online broadcasting stations were established within a month.

As tons of people became interest int Royal Road and derived their joy from it, specialty channels also appeared.

Royal Road fishing channel.

Royal Road golf channel.

Dungeon chef.

Child of Versailles Continent.

Bard's old boots.

As the influences of online game broadcasts grew larger, the competition got fiercer. KMC Media was a channel that secured a lot of fixed viewers based on support from a variety of players.

“Weed and The Undead have finally occupied the monastery.”

When Weed's adventure went on air, general viewers visited the message board and responded. Besides game broadcasting channels, it was so popular that popular that it was republished on portal news sites. It was not only because Weed was a living legend of Continent of Magic, but he also kept having exciting adventures in Royal Road.

“Hermes guild suddenly appeared and started attacking. Ah, its an incredible force. There's Polon, Crema Knights, ranger armies and Spellcasters.” When they were about to cut the broadcast with the scene of Weed clearing his last quest, hosts explained the sudden change of situation and even floated a subtitle.

- ▷ Appearance of Hermes guild.
- ▷ Attacking The Undead led by Weed.

They decided to prolong the broadcast until the dispute between Weed and Hermes guild ended.

-The second round of Weed and Hermes guild.

-Hermes guild sent out an assault team to a place where The Undead Legion stood in force just to kill Weed.

-A battle!

Ratings went up dramatically.

However, Weed's condition was too poor to make any meaningful variable. They announced that Weed performed remarkably but then went in the monastery and was eventually killed.

Although he wasn't killed directly by Hermes guild, it still broke the record of undefeated God of War.

Soon, the viewers' message board was filled with comments regarding Weed's death.

- Those cheap dirty bastards. They lost at Jigolaths and chased him all the way to there.
- These heartless cowards are all the same.
- They brought that much forces and ambushed only after the quest was cleared and he was exhausted.
- Those guys were always way too far from fair and square.
- I don't like a single action that Hermes guild makes.

The board was filled with comments criticizing Hermes guild harshly.

There was a beach east of Morata.

When the Northern Region was barely known to people, no one came to this place. But now, there are always players because there were many monsters worth hunting. On a rainy day, players with mud on their faces were working.

"How many did you dug up?"

"About 1,430. 400 more clams and then I can buy a longsword."

These were players digging up clams and cockles to earn money. As Morata became a metropolis, the resident population inflated dramatically.

Food could be obtained by harvesting wheat and barley but novice players earned money by doing quests supplying the seafood market with fresh ingredients. When they were taking a rest stretching their backs, people came along with tide from the sea.

The Geomchis had finally arrived at the northern Versailles Continent.

**- You have discovered a new sea route adjacent to Morata, the Northern Region.
By pioneering a sea route, your fame has increased by 420
By succeeding in your adventure, each stat has increased by 3.**

Courage increased by 7.
Mastery of Sailing Skill increased.

- You have become the first person to cross the ocean by swimming.
You have successfully led a near impossibly reckless challenge.
Perseverance increased by 24.
Endurance increased by 31.
Vitality increased by 15.
Every stats increased by 9.

- Fame increased by 2,980
Every time you tell your story about crossing the ocean in a tavern, you gain extra 40 fame
If you talk to sailors or people with a special attachment to the ocean, you will be able to form very close intimacy.

- Ability to understand water increased.
Water-related magic resistance increased and affinity to spirits of water has been created.

- You've obtained a title 'Legendary Iron Man of the Ocean'
After experiencing the rough ocean with their bare bodies they left a legend in the ocean no one can dare to follow.
Combat capabilities on the ocean increased.
You bring out unconditional supports from sailors.
Level of Sailing Skill increased by 3.
Among qualifications of admiral, an ability to read flow of currents increased.
Chance of assault from sea monsters reduced.

The Geomchi obtained achievements and titles that players with the ocean as their base only dreamed of.

“It was a good thing we swam?”

“Yes, well, let's swim again if we ever get to go back someday.”

“I'm hungry. Let's go get some food.”

The Geomchi headed in the direction of Morata.

They achieved a great feat in the ocean but ironically they couldn't make any promise on when they are going to return to ocean.

KMC Media progressed with 'Story of Versailles Continent' after Weed died as was originally planned. It was a popular show hosted by Shin Hye Min and Oh Joo Wan.

"A lot of things happened today. First of all, there was the celebration of the establishment of a new country in Haven kingdom."

"That's right. Many viewers were looking forward to this event. The celebration of establishment of Hermes guild was held today."

"Looked like a lot of people participated"

"Would it be an exaggeration to say that participants completely filled the capital, Aren castle? Besides players from Haven kingdom, ambassadors from each guild and other kingdoms visited as well."

On the screen, the celebration of Haven kingdom newly reformed by the Hermes guild was seen. The fancy palace, interior castles and exterior castles were crowded with people. Bardray put a crown on his head, wore clothes representing the king and placed a sword around his waist.

"I appoint you as the count to rule Doria region."

"I will devote myself loyally."

"I appoint you as the viscount of Borask."

"It's an honor."

He officially appointed high-rank players from Hermes guild as nobles.

Haven kingdom was going to be re-established under centralism but by being appointed as nobles, various stats could be earned. In case of Bardray, he gained the most fame in the kingdom and a considerable amount of nobility, leadership, dignity and honor.

The king had a separate governance power.

The higher it is, the more loyalty they received from the nation and the morale of knights and soldiers increased. Governance power wasn't not a stat that could be increased normally. It was depended on governed

territories, population of residents, knights, magicians, business, and the development of technologies.

It could go up or down even from winning or losing a war, accomplishing a large-scale trade, or suffered a flood or drought. If he governed excellently, many positive events would occur and he could even get the blessings of gods.

Bardray became the player with most level in Versailles Continent and the highest authority.

“It is a truly a spectacular scene. There were many spectacles of knights’ duels at the end of the celebration. We will bring it to you shortly.”

“I think many of the viewers are wondering about Embinyu Church. We have news ready today about the Embinyu Church, isn’t that right Oh Joo Wan?”

“Of course its prepared. There seems to be inquisitors wandering around the regions held by the Embinyu Church.”

The Embinyu Church that appeared like a storm and brought the Versailles Continent to chaos. The Embinyu Church was an evil influence that occupied several castles and possessed huge armies in the central continent where each guild was vying seriously for territories. They were an influence that represented malice but players were able to chose whether to join Embinyu Church or not.

With players’ joining their forces, the Embinyu Church spread around like wildfire. In the lands owned by Embinyu Church crops withered and rivers dried up. While the Versailles Continent was suffering with measles, only Thor, the kingdom of dwarves and the Northern Region have remained fine without the Embinyu Church’s activities.

What exactly happened in Thor kingdom was unknown but the Niflheim Empire in the Northern Region collapsed because of the Embinyu Church. Weed drove the Embinyu Church out and began re-establishing the Northern Region and Morata. It was only an assumption that if they dispelled the power of Embinyu Church in advance, there wouldn’t have been damages from sudden rage.

“If you get caught by the inquisitors of the Embinyu Church, they will attack you in the name of judging heresy.”

“I heard if you are a paladin or priest the harassment will be harsher?”

“That’s right. If you get captured by them, you lose fair amount of faith so please be careful.”

“Fix your channel as a guest will talk about the Embinyu Church in our second part! Do not forget about this. Let’s continue with other stories.”

“Yes, next on the news....”

Lee Hyun went out of the capsule and went to the market.

There was no rest for a Dark Gamer. Versailles Continent was always open so to stay ahead of everyone else, they can’t afford to take a break. The only opportunity was when they lost their lives and could not connect for the next 24 hours.

“Let’s make some Kimchi.”

It was a day for him to make kimchi for the winter period. Lee Hyun stacked delivered chinese cabbage and ingredients in his yard and started making kimchi.

Every time he ripped cabbage off, he whispered.

“Polon”

RIIPPP.

“Hermes guild...”

RIIIIPPPP.

“How dare you touch me.”

BUUUWWONG.

“My japtems.”

PUK!

“Experience....”

RIP!

“To upend my rice bowl.”

More grudges stacked up as he soaked about 200 chinese cabbages!

The impact was too severe. His valuable items could be taken too.

He turned on his television and watched KMC Media as he was making kimchi for winter. Even though he was fairly aware of many things happening in Royal Road through the board, he had little interest in the accidents happening in irrelevant lands. But as broadcast program usually selected important incidents it was watched in detail.

“Expansion of Embinyu Church...”

They were a force that even Alveron, the pope candidate for Church of Freya, kept strict vigilance. The strength of Daymond from the guild ‘Predators of the Land’ that put the Versailles Continent in danger was actually from the Embinyu Church. Lee Hyun was able to know about this by getting close to Daymond through the chat room of Dark Gamers Union.

When members of Predators of the Land’ die, their bodies are offered to the god Embinyu forever as sacrifice. It meant the complete deletion of a character so they had to start over as beginners and they chose to start in Morata.

It was said that Daymond and his people seem to take quests covertly. Someday he will die too but until then, he has been living his life as a Dark Gamer faithfully to get as many items he can.

“Well, Embinyu Church is not what I should focus on right now.”

Morata was being invaded by the Undead Legion and the Hermes guild sent out an assault team to bother him.

“This won’t be resolved peacefully.”

Lee Hyun killed every guild that was in his sight in the Continent of Magic so he was well aware of how useless it was to discuss a cause or justification.

Power!

It was a world decided by the rule of power.

His sister came back from library, helped him make kimchi and ate boiled pork with him at dinner.

“Eat up, brother.”

As she became a university student, his sister was more grown-up lady feeding him some pork and peeling fruits.

‘I never knew a day like this would come...’

Just five years ago, Lee Hyun had some extreme thoughts.

But what always made him change his mind right before the final moment...

‘This current situation... I can’t even die.’

He didn’t have any relatives to collect condolence money and to build a coffin and holding a funeral cost money, so he couldn’t afford to die.

It was a moment when he desperately craved for a free fish cake soup from a cart bar. But now, he was able to cook things from purchased ingredients and he has his own house in his name. Lee Hyun was living his life feeling small happiness every day.

“I should sleep early today.”

Early next day, he went grocery shopping and didn’t forget to train his body at the dojo.

‘Hermes guild....’

Lee Hyun swung his sword gnashing his teeth carefully in anger, there was no industry like the dental industry that charge the most feese.

It was a murderous sword filled with his grudge.

After finishing his agenda for today, he came back home, cleaned, and watched some television to pass the time.

And then time for Royal Road had finally come.

Lee Hyun entered the capsule without any hesitation.

The Geomchis visited eight restaurants in Morata.

“This place is delicious too.”

“There was a reason why this place is doing good business, Sahyung.”

It wasn't that they had expensive taste that they sampled food and came out right away. They ate generously from the eight restaurant that they cleared out the ingredients.

Overeating and gluttony!

In Royal Road if a player ate a lot they could get fat, but that was something very far from these Geomchi that often fought and moved around. While wandering around, eating to their heart's content they heard something from a passerby.

The second advance of the Undead Legion!

It seemed that the combatant-class players were deployed to protect Morata and the arts-class players were cheering them on voluntarily. Not only did they draw symbols on armor, bards and dancers followed them in the battlefield and performed.

Most requests from the lord's castle, Church of Freya, Church of Lugh, and mercenary guilds were about hunting down Undead. Due to the emergency situation, Morata was operated on the war basis.

In front of the castle gate, there were many novice players that just started and the square was still filled with players selling things. Visits from tourists weren't affected but anyone in Morata felt a sense of crisis due to the advance of Undead Legion.

“It's outrageous that the Undead are advancing to the land of our youngest.”

“Looks like we were too careless.”

“Shouldn't we return the favor for all the free food?”

“Let’s get warmed up.”

With their hands full of food, they headed to the battlefield where The Undead Legion was approaching.

The Undead soldiers brought chariots with blades on their sides and middle-sized Undead made out of corpses of Morghis and Nukalis were on a rampage. The Armies of Morata, the Priests of the Church of Freya, Paladins, and players placed in a long line fought Undead while maintaining their defense formation.

There were tremendous amount of players holding flags of Grass Porridge religion and high-level players from across the central continent.

It was not an exaggeration to say this place was a true battlefield.

“I like this place. Disciples, let’s go!”

“Yes, Sahyung!”

The Geomchi walked towards Undead. The Undead jumped in fiercely without knowing anything and the Geomchi simply slashed them and walked across the battlefield.

‘Everyone bring it on.’

‘Stronger, the better.’

Combat chariots, Morghis, Nukalis, Dullahan, Death Knights.

There was no need to differentiate them. Whatever comes into the Geomchi’s range, they would just beat into a pulp. As they entered the area swarming with Undead, they split from each other and all they could see was Undead everywhere but that was okay.

The Geomchi slashed every Undead they could see.

A complete trance!

In reality, they were many frustrating situations for them. Even if they master swords and train their bodies to a high level, they barely got to use it in real life. When someone messed with them, they had to pretend and tolerate like nothing happened and just pass on by.

They trained themselves taking patience and self-control as a virtue. Their hot blood pumped hotter than anyone else but there was no place to blast it.

Royal Road was a small outlet for them.

Only thinking about strength, they looked for stronger men and fought. They don't have to hide the wild nature hiding deep within their masculine instincts.

“Bring it on, Undead! Bring someone stronger than you!”

The Geomchi were extremely excited.

They swam across ocean and trained but nothing was better than using their bodies to fight like now. The irresistible pleasure coming out when you forget about everything and purely focus on each ongoing battle!

“Not enough, I want more!”

The Geomchi slaughtered undead at random.

They hop on rhinos and fought, they killed every undead they saw. They mainly used swords but they picked up any kind weapons like blades, iron maces, axes and chains and used them. Because the Geomchi mastered Weaponry skill, they can use any kind of weapon they wanted.

There was a difference in the center of gravity and striking point for each weapon, but the power of rotating the waist while heading the weapon to slash enemies in half remained the same.

Melting into the fight with techniques forged in wild battles!

- Undead Legion is retreating.

The battle ended with a victory for Morata's defense force.

While the Geomchi were taking care of the main force, Paladins were able to kill the witch named Bianca that controlled the Undead Legion armies and claim victory.

Credits

Translator: [Royal Road Weed](#) / [Japtem](#) / [Jawz Translations](#) / [Weeds Royal Road](#) / [Clicky Click Translations](#) / [LMS Machine Translations](#) / [Ark Machine Translations](#)

Epub: [Estevam](#) / [dotNOVEL](#)