

# The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

## (달빛 조각사)

Volume 24

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### Story Description:

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

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

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

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

# Chapter 1: Doom Knight Rebellion Plan

This has been brought to you by Grisia.

Weed logged back on and appeared in the Undead Legion's stronghold. Until the quest was complete then he would continue to be revived in the area. High class level 300 to 400 undead were casually walking around this dangerous place! Two dragons were standing on the towers of the wall while one was flying in the air.

"The Elven army is putting up a strong resistance."

"As long as we have Bar Khan then I could quickly wipe them out...but it will be difficult to handle a counterattack from the Fairies.

"I'm afraid of the Dwarves."

The Fairy Queen Tania entering into the battle was a topic of interest among the undead. In the garden of the deserted fort was thousands of elite undead and a few of them were having conversations.

Weed sat near a tree.

"First, I need to check the military forces."

Since he was going to fighting as an undead, he took the time to see how much harm they could do. He had been level 398 but he dropped a level and was now 397.

"What did I lose..."

Weed remembered the japtem he had lost the other day the most. He wasn't unfamiliar with the exact name and worth of each item. That was because it was the most fundamental skill in the business.

"Wheat bread and green onions, a helmet, a ring, and skeleton molars."

Weed felt cheated since the items that could have been used in various ways were now gone.

He wouldn't be able to make up for the lost items unless he killed a lot of people in this place. After having regretted losing the items for a moment, he checked his skills.

Advanced Level 8 Sculpting was back at 0% while the other skills had dropped 4-13%.

Since he was undead, the cost of the death penalty was unjustly higher than others.

“To cause this degree of damage, I will never forget even after I’m seventy years old.”

He would never forget his grudge against his long time enemy, the Hermes Guild! Stationed in the large fortress were some famous undead knights.

‘A lot of these are named undead that have shown up in the history of the Continent of Versailles.’

The Undead Legion was packed with the best undead. Weed was a Death Knight, but since he was high level he could do a quest to get promoted to a higher rank undead.

Weed went from place to place, snooping around.

Then a ghost servant came to him.

“Bar Khan is expecting you.”

He was now meeting Bar Khan in order to get his undead upgrade. So now, Weed went with the ghost servant. The Undead Legion had heavily expanded their territory. Weed was an undead now, but he would not be able to approach the place if he was alive.

‘This is going to be quite difficult.’

The ghost servant led Weed into the basement. The basement of the fortress had many unopened oak containers of sealed alcohol stored within.

‘The finest wines and brandy.’

Just from the smell Weed could imagine how expensive the price of all of it would be. Well made liquor could be easily sold and was worth its weight in gold.

‘Since its placed here, he must not know the taste of alcohol.’

Certain measures had to be taken in order to maintain high grade alcohol for long periods of time. The old fortress used to be famous for its alcohol, but now it has become the property of the mana spirit lich Bar Khan.

Alcohol was very sensitive to its environment so drinking it when its complete gave a tremendous impact. If you were an undead then there would be no use for alcohol, and even the ghost pirates at the ocean had only pretended to drink alcohol but none of the quantity had actually decreased. Furthermore, since Bar Khan was staying here then no normal undead would come here to drink.

‘That’s a lot of money.’

Weed kept a greedy eye on the stocked wine cellar as he was led through two large open doors to where Bar Khan was staying. Cold air surged throughout the room. Water had flowed underground and were being channeled through blackened rocks as it played a role in the altar. Bar Khan sat like a king in a very colorful chair. It was made of the highest quality materials but it had acquired a lot of dust on it, there was also a jeweled crown on his head and an eagle mounted on his staff. The place where he had been stabbed by the holy sword still pulsed with divine power.

“Death Knight, come closer.”

Bar Khan’s voice echoed throughout the room!

“My lord...”

Weed walked forwards politely and knelt down before Bar Khan. The Undead Legion had attacked Morata’s army with a bombardment undead that made him want to swear at him. However that would have to wait until another day.

As Bar Khan got up and started walking around, Weed looked at the various things around the room. There were history books on the Continent of Versailles that describe a bit about the fortress. It had existed

in the Northern Province and was historically on the map. However it was now in a state where it was heavily damaged and almost collapsing, but the undead were not very much interested in that which is why they occupied it.

However, looking at the rooms and halls as well as how they connected to the stairs could be used as a reference to identify its structure. Thanks to his work and knowledge in sculpting, he could now perceive the building's structure.

“I thank you Lord, for the honor of seeing you directly when all I did was do as you had ordered.”

Since Weed was considered an inferior Death Knight, he did not hesitate to suck up to him.

“I heard you took care of those annoying monsters.”

“What else would I have done? All is for the Lord.”

“The Undead Legion need more undead of you ability and talent but your body of a Death Knight is lacking so I will give you a new body.”

Bar Khan recited a spell. Weed could feel the sin bearing down on his chest and restricting his lungs but he remained still.

“You have returned to the world of the living. This dark, black, and corrupted world. The laws are such that darkness will never disappear so let us carve it into everyone. Undead Rise!”

Black smoke came out of Weed's body and after awhile his physical features changed and became more muscular. His legs got longer and his arms thickened. He grew another 40 centimeters and had the large physique of a Barbarian.

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-Bar Khan has now used his undead summoning spell to change you into a Doom Knight.

The Summon Undead Spell has increased all combat related spells by 15%.

You can now wear bone armor with excellent defense.

All Advanced Combat skills has increased by at least two levels.

Enemies attacked by a caster's black magic will suffer eternal torment and will not stop screaming.

State has been changed to that of Doom Knight.

Now under Bar Khan's direct command.

You now have direct command over many undead.

-----+

The ultimate combat undead was the Doom Knight. The only undead that was stronger was the Abyss Knights, born of despair. They were capable of hunting the absolute monsters known as dragons. That at least, was according to the legends of Bar Khan. However, Abyss Knights were not undead that could be summoned by a Necromancer but they had to be born from certain conditions being met. They had yet to exist and were only a legend on the Continent of Versailles.

“Defend the fortress. Fight against the Elven counterattack.”

+-----

The Elven Killer Blades Army

The Wood Elves and the Fairy Queen had launched a surprise attack on the Undead Legion. The arrows infused with spirit energy can completely destroy the undead. Prevent the Elven infiltration and show them the fear of the undead. Because of the status report, Bar Khan has provided twice as many undead than usual.

Difficulty: A

Quest limit: Limited to the Undead.

-----+

Bar Khan had given him a quest!

Now he had direct command, so he had a larger amount of undead and the quality had increased as well. He was now capable of bringing and

commanding the troops of the Undead Legion to participate in the war. This was not familiarity with skeleton soldiers and ghosts alone, but as a Death Knight he had shown great performance and that helped to gain him more ground.

‘I have to take care of the military here.’

Weed thought about killing Bar Khan instead of taking the Fairy Queen’s life. The slaughter of elves and dwarves would not help to fight Bar Khan. Rather he thought about rebelling against the Undead Legion. Weed decided to hunt down Bar Khan and his army.

“I don’t stand a chance outside.”

Whether or not Bar Khan has regained his strength, it did not change the fact that he was going to attack Morata. The question was how to get rid of Bar Khan now that he was in a position of power to receive help from the Undead Legion! It would be too difficult to defeat the Undead Legion outside of the fortress. But it would be impossible to hunt Bar Khan unless he took care of the undead. Weed would need to become an Abyss Knight if he wanted to take on Bar Khan, so he needed to get rid of Bar Khan’s hostile undead.

“Morata can’t dispatch any troops...”

Bar Khan was the lord of the undead forces and could always increase their numbers. Bar Khan would only rejoice if the fragile human army came to attack. That was also why he didn’t bring any sculptures of life.

“It would be as if I presented him with a full corse of food in a fancy restaurant, with season meat, beef, crab, abalone, salad, and soup!”

The risk of having all of his forces controlled by Bar Khan and assimilated into the undead army was too great. This would be even more dangerous for the sculptures of life to fight against Bar Khan’s undead forces.

“Then to hunt Bar Khan...”

Weed came outside after he had changed to a higher tier undead. He walked around the fortress to meet the other undead.

“Gelgelgel. We look forward to the Doom Knight that was created by Bar Khan.”

“There is nothing that can stop us now. Not even the elves.”

“Keulkeul. It has been a long time since humans have shown up.”

Watchmen and guards had been placed to determine if any troops were coming. 24 hours a day, the undead stood watch. He could take advantage of the fortress being very old. If it wasn't a human watchman, then Weed could find a loophole.

“It's possible to use a silent break in then a surprise attack.”

It would not be too hard to sneak in whenever they were changing the guards. There would be an opportunity to attack from the dungeon when Bar Khan was busy with the elves, barbarians, dwarves, and fairies.

Bar Khan had entrusted him with the mission of leading the Undead Legion so he could now leave the fortress to hunt secretly. The fortress was swarming with undead and to defeat the Undead Legion he needed to eliminate Bar Khan.

“There would need at least 100 more high levels to take him down.”

It would not be possible for Weed's plan.

Then he heard the chat from the Wilderness Travelers Guild.

Sabrina: One more floor and then its time for the boss.

Edwin: This hidden dungeon is really tough. Anyways, its almost the end.

Pin: I want to finish resting.

Hermann: I hope I can find some good metal here...

Weed had joined the guild of the uncommon Wilderness Travelers that enjoyed hunting monsters. The Travelers Guild was small itself and eccentric but they all had high levels. They were a large combination of various jobs that hunted monsters together.

‘Boss Monster hunting...’

They were in a very influential party on a large scale hunt. He would not

be able to get their help since they were hunting. Weed sent a whisper to Pale first.

Pale nim, do you want to hunt?

Of course, where are you?

The answer came back pretty quickly. They were worried about Weed since the Hermes Guild had killed him. Weed thought on the large scale of revenge so he had to be calm and paid attention to his friends.

I'm at the place where the Undead Legion is.

We're going that way. Which monster do you want to hunt?

Bar Khan...

What? Then that monster...you mean the Lich Bar Khan?

Pale had heard about the Undead Legion that was being led by the immortal Bar Khan. Morata had fought against the first and second wave of invading undead.

Legendary Monster!

They were on a whole another level compared to the dungeon bosses that they usually fought.

Is Bar Khan even a monster than humans can catch?

That's what we're going to try now.

What a minute. Geomchi nim is here as well.

After a short time, a whisper came from Geomchi3.

Weed ya, I heard that you're going after Bar Khan yea?

Yes. I'm going to catch him.

It's funny that you didn't contact us earlier.

Geomchi3 was confused as to why he had not asked him first.

Are we going now?

It's too dangerous right now.

The danger can't be that bad. Are there lots of monsters?

There are a lot of strong monsters. There's also three dragons.

A dragon? I can't miss that.

What about the other sahyungs?

Wait, let me ask.

Geomchi<sup>3</sup> asked Geomchi<sup>5</sup> to tell the other 500 Geomchis if they agreed.

"I'm not going to miss out on catching Bar Khan."

"..."

"Normally its dangerous. If something goes wrong then you die. Then there would be nothing left of you but bones. Do you want to die and become an undead? There's also 3 dragons there."

"..."

"You know the Undead Legion? There are a lot of strong undead that you are going to fight against."

Geomchi's body was itching to fight.

So how are we going?

I'll be unable to take you myself. I'll tell you the location through Pale nim.

Okay.

Pale had good eyesight so he could show them the way. It was not as much as an adventurer that could look to the stars for navigation but he was experience with reading maps and could easily find where the Undead Legion was.

'Sahyungs are coming here.'

The Geomchis could definitely break into the fortress just to fight with the undead.

Although the Undead Legion was strong, if the battle occurred on a

narrow region instead of on a great plain then he could benefit greatly. The Sahyungs would come running anywhere to fight with Weed!

“I want priests and paladins...”

Having only Irene as the priest was not enough. Unfortunately the Wilderness Travelers Guild was currently monster hunting and he didn't want to bring in anyone outside of Morata. Weed sent Mapan a whisper.

I am going to try and hunt Bar Khan, are there any priests or paladins that can help?

He was asking Mapan since he was in Morata Square and was well acquainted with many people in his line of business.

How many people and priests do you need?

The more the better.

I'll contact you once I find out.

#

Mapan was in the square and asked the priests that he was familiar with if they wanted to go hunt Bar Khan with Weed.

“Yes of course.”

“Where and when are you going?”

Users from the central continent had come because of Weed and wanted to go on quests and hunt.

‘Hunt Bar Khan you say? He must have some sort of plan.’

‘Bar Khan will kill you.’

‘That's only because you're thinking of Weed. We're only going to be responsible for healing.’

Weed's plan to hunt Bark Khan began to become more known.

“Since you're a senior priest of Freya can I come too?”

“Nuna that's not my choice to make.”

“So it's 6 in the morning at the vineyards near the large tree.”

“Just go then.”

Mapan contacted the user priests that he was close to.

Hyung, Weed nim is going to hunt Bar Khan...

Then I want to go unconditionally. Morata's Weed is the God of War. How can I not take this chance?

If you decide to go then gather in the vineyard by morning. 6 is when we will leave.

I'll wait an hour for you to arrive.

The priests he called saw this as a very unique opportunity and he only chose the best people.

Did you know that Weed nim is going to hunt Bar Khan?

Really?

We're trying to recruit priests and paladins.

My job is a Paladin. Even if its dangerous, can I come?

Yes. Come with me.

Paladins began to spread the news around.

Weed nim is going to go hunt the Undead and Bar Khan.

I'm going to get ready.

He called only the people he knew, but in under an hour more than 200 people knew. News spread to the Grass Porridge Cult. The second largest group that reigned in Morata! There were over 800 thousand users in it now.

Although the majority of them are beginners, there were also high level users included that hunted and adventured in the north.

“Weed is going to hunt and he's recruiting priests and paladins.”

“Perhaps people of our skill level may be helpful?”

The next day in Morata, in front of the vineyard was Pale's party and the Geomchis, along with a large crowd of 330 priests and 223 paladins. Since

Weed was so influential so the word of Bar Khan's hunt spread quickly.

"Mapan nim, what do we do about this many people?"

"I do not know. I only called 14 of them..."

Senior priests and paladins from Morata had gathered to hunt Bar Khan. They frantically wanted to go hunt with Weed. Pale could only sigh.

"It would take too long to kick all these people out and it would look bad. We don't want to be like the Hermes Guild."

"Let's go!"

The Geomchis, paladins, and the priests from Morata rode on cattle as they left. Their destination was the fortress of the Undead Legion.

#

Weed went around the fortress looking around.

"There's a lot of repairs going on!"

In places with a lot of monsters, the fortress had high thick walls. However there were places that were missing stones where people could hide in. Countless undead flocked to repair the walls.

"The Elves are going to attack..."

The undead were weaker during the day. The elves would show up and attack like the wind. The army of the Undead Legion was mobilized but they could not catch up to the elf's mobility. If you continue to chase the elves then the dwarves and barbarians would ambush and wipe out the undead!

However, with Bar Khan's dark magic they would only be revived and return to battle.

"I would hate to fight the elves."

Weed thought of the elves as formidable opponents. Even if they were not high level, it would be hard to chase after an elf on horseback. They shoot arrows from their bows like a ghost and they were hard to hunt as they jump from branch to branch. The undead were much funner to fight

even if they were difficult.

Elves and Fairies were highly aligned with nature so it was difficult to attack them.

“There is a better target to fight than daring to fight the elves.”

In his view, there was another target location that was closer and with better loot and experience.

“Wizards, Rangers, Knights, and Paladins was it? It’s time for some revenge.”

# Still uncertain but now slightly more clarified than before.

Jyangwa, Otem, Helen, Golujda, and 30 other were complaining since they had decided to not join Hermes Guild.

“Go away from this canyon. Hunting is prohibited!”

They couldn’t do anything but watch as the wizards and rangers prepare to strike. Then the attack started and killed them all. They did not want to join the Hermes Guild and now they had felt the pain with their own bodies.

They had tried to recruit the necromancers but it was hardly ideal for them.

There were a total of 34 necromancers that were killed by the Hermes Guild. Before they had arrived, the necromancers had fought and raised their level and skills in the canyon.

“Damn it. Those filthy bastards.”

Otem spit out a complaint. The other necromancers felt the same.

“How can they do this to us?”

They had originally received a quest for the Undead Legion and they thought it was a good chance to increase their skills. The Hermes Guild had tried to get them to join after Weed had revealed who he was.

“There’s no point of joining the Hermes Guild since they wouldn’t even treat us as real members.”

Even if they joined the guild the situation would not change. Even if they were in a certain area, they would prevent them from hunting. The entire center of the continent could be considered the Hermes Guild. Those that were Necromancers were afraid at this time. Helen was fed up and said.

“I would have prefer that we died while fighting.”

They didn't even get to kill anything and they were upset by the fact that they dropped items on death. They looked around the users in the valley.

“But what do you say? You want to go fight them?”

“Fight?”

“I want show them something that would make them shake in fear.”

They wanted to show that the Necromancer power was superior but they could not. It was like trying to break a rock with an egg, where they were the egg and the Hermes Guild was the rock. They were be ready to fight against the undead and there was no reason why they would not watch for their movements. The major disadvantage of the Necromancers is that it took time to summon undead. They needed a large number of corpses and they need to hunt a lot. Even if they attacked the Hermes Guild, it wouldn't be noticeable and their death would be insignificant. Instead of causing any significant damage, they would likely not even care about it.

Marein just laughed and said.

“Just wait and we'll be fine.”

They asked hopefully since he was relatively famous.

“Do you have a mission?”

“I'll keep watching for good news.”

Many users suffered a number of different kinds of situations. There would be no one that would beat Weed in deception. An unmatched intolerant mind!

He had obviously not learned such things like reconciliation, forgiveness or tolerance from grade school. Weed was someone that never forgets no matter how long he had to wait and alway return his aggression back

several fold.

# Chapter 2: The Clash With the Hermes Guild

This has been brought to you by Grisia.

Weed organized the troops of the Undead Legion. The skeletons that were gathered on the ground below have heard about his reputation! With the glorious title of the Warrior Commander of the Undead Legion, gathering soldiers was an easy task. Weed went around the fortress speaking to the undead.

“Come with me.”

“Yes sir.”

+Death Knights have joined.

“Let us go fight.”

“I have heard that Bar Khan has great confidence in you so I would like to play an active part in the fight.”

+Doom Knights have joined.

“Stop playing around and let’s go fight.”

“I have been waiting.”

+The Balkan Undead Knights have joined.

Since he had the status as Bar Khan’s direct subordinate, he could easily recruit the knights. He gathered as many Death Knights and Doom knights that he could. It was a very powerful force.

“I need to gather as much power from this place that I can. That way the chances of success are higher.”

Under his command, Weed expanded the number of undead troops he had available. The Necromancers and Doom Knights regularly summoned more undead. He was thinking of annoying the Hermes Guild with the undead. He was supposed to command the undead to fight against the Elven and Barbarian Alliance. Since he was acting contrary to his orders,

his reputation with the Undead Legion would drop and their trust in him would be reduced.

“I need to hunt down Bar Khan anyways...”

He was thinking of betraying them later on. Weed organized a group of over 700 elite undead knights.

Aside from the main force, there were an assortment of low rank spectres and other undeads.

“I don’t think they have an unlimited number of arrows.”

Spectres were best to use once all the the wizards’ mana and the rangers’ arrows were depleted. Aside from magic, in order to deal damage against them they needed to buy a lot of silver, which was a limited resource. Weed had Intermediate Blacksmithing but it was not easy to find enough users in the Continent of Versailles with the skills to work with the material.

“They will never see the real purpose to the Blacksmithing skill.”

For people that had easy access to weapons there was no need to bother raising the Blacksmithing skill!

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“Come!”

Weed took the undead troops and went to fight against the Knights, Wizards, and Rangers. Marein had expected that Weed would come back for revenge and it was true. Last time it had been a small battle skirmish, but now it was a full fledged war. Since leadership was encouraged in the Hermes Guild to some degree, Palon and his men had readied a defense on a favorable hillside.

“He’s charging this way to us with the undead.”

“There are Death Knights, Doom Knights, and others. There is a formidable amount of power in his forces.”

“There is a significant number of knights than I can count. I have never seen so many knights before in a army.”

The Hermes Guild had a much different outlook on the situation. Weed had come rushing back, impatient and angry, which meant that they could kill him once more...

Looking at it as nothing more than a game, the users of the Hermes Guild thought themselves to be in a fortunate position.

“Even if the undead knights come, then we will just break their forces with arrows and magic.”

“They have come into our attack range!”

The users wet their dry mouths in anticipation of the undead advance. They would show their might by covering the sky in arrows and magic attacks. Magic had a great power and a large enough attack would mean the difference between victory and defeat in combat. Weed knew about how troublesome it was since a lot of the high ranking Doom Knights were nervous.

“Fire!”

Once in range, the rangers drew their bows. The wizards hurled magic accordingly. Silver arrows and fireballs came flying through the sky towards the group of undead. Weed had commanded his minions to charge through the barrage of attacks.

“Fall back.”

Weed then quickly backed out with the undead. Since most of the group was made of knights and spectres, their mobility was strong. The area was blown apart by magic and the ground became littered with silver arrows but most of the undead did not die since they were out of range. Weed stopped the undead outside of the strong attack and waited. Then he spread out his undead troops and began to march on them again.

“Get ready to attack again. Fire!”

The Rangers and Wizards had to distribute their attack over a larger area now.

“Rangers target the center, Mages should focus on attacking the left and

right sides.”

The armed troops' concentrated power was very strong but now the damage had to be spread out evenly.

Their firepower was terrifying so Weed would back out with the undead whenever the time was right. Since the damage had spread out evenly and with the undead regeneration speed, only about 90 undead were injured.

“Uwaaa!”

“Do not let the undead come close!”

The morale of the wizards and the rangers increased. If the enemy came closer then they would cause significantly more damage. Even with the fast mobility of the undead knights, once they entered attack range they were focused upon and struck down with several attacks. This way, a similar situation repeated itself four times. Weed was using the Undead attacks to consume all of the Rangers' silver. The Undead Legion was not budging even though they were being attacked with a modest amount of silver. Thanks to Bar Khan's Death Aura skill, the undead had high resistance to magical attacks and faster health regen.

“We got a lot. Be sure to collect all of it.”

Weed had the spectres go around and bring in the silver into a stack so he could sell it. He was going to supplement the loot that he had lost with the silver.

“Lullulu.”

He was humming a happy tune because of the silver.

“If the fight continues in this way, then I think I'll be able to collect tens of thousands of gold.”

It didn't matter to him if the undead died.

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The next day Weed came back after he recruited more undead. There was little difference in the futile battle and the undead lost a lot of their units. Unfortunately the moral of the undead dropped frequently. By luck

the enemy would always have slightly greater attack power. Weed found this to be inevitable. The amount of time that was spent looking around the citadel for good knights increased.

“It’s that fledgling Doom Knight. Without us the undead cannot hope to get any great achievements.”

The dragons saw him as ridiculous. They felt their lives were more valuable than the rest. Pollon and the Hermes Guild had been staying on that hill for the last day. It was a very defensive location where they had good mobility. Their objective was to murder Weed. If that was not possible, then their goal was to interfere as much as possible with Weed’s success rate with his quest.

“Today he came back with more undead.”

Since they had spent most of their silver arrows on the first day, the attitude of Pollon and the Hermes Guild users had changed.

“Use arrows. Hit them with magic and wipe out those knights!”

Today they decided to change their tactic to use their mana for magic while using enchanted arrows to stop the charging knights. Divine magic was the natural enemy of the undead knights. Blessings, Protection, Magic, Recovery. The four groups of divine magic began to hunt down the undead knights. They had confidence in their power to kill Weed and win.

“Attack!”

“Trample them all!”

This was the proof of the bravery of the the Kingdom of Haven’s Knights! The Knights refused to stop their advance even after being hit 10 times. The power of the magical groups that backed the knights could not be ignored. They were known as the 10 best knights that they had. Their level exceeded 380 and they were fully equipped with the best items. While mounted, the knights had twice as much power. The Knights were known to have amazing speed and destructive force to destroy their enemy.

“Weed is only one person and compared to the rest of the undead he is

slow. Charge and wipe them out!”

“Uwaaa!”

The Knights’ charge was very intimidating for Weed. However, he was not going to let them chase him on horseback

“I have to win this fight.”

Weed ordered the Doom knights to assault the Knight Templars. The power of the undead that he had brought with him from the fortress was significant. The Knights of the Central Continent were known to shrug off magic and arrows to some degree and have won every fight. However, there were over 9800 undead among them were many Death Knights. When a fight broke out, they had more than enough power to inflict damages.

“The Knights are to focus on attacking and killing only one person. The goal is at the far end away from their knights. Do not care about the other foes and only head towards the goal.”

“Yes, as you command.”

Weed fell back. He used his ability to manage the undead as well as he could. Weed did not stay behind to let them rain magic down on him and busied himself with commanding the undead that were rapidly collapsing. There had been 27 Knights that were killed in that battle. This was thanks to Weed who had commanded the knights strictly through the arrows and magic. Due to the characteristics of the Knight class, it was difficult for them to help their allies that have fallen during the charge. During the fight, he had minimized the damage taken and the magical explosions did little to the undead as it fell, since the Death Knights continued to advance.

“The profits are alright.”

He had a lot of weapons and armors that the knights were equipped with. It was like in an elementary school where the teacher scolded the child and not the snitch!

“The human have us at our physical limits. I cannot help but think what

the honorable Bar Khan will say when he finds out. Do not let the humans leave this fight. Go to battle.”

At that moment, he used Yell to command all the undead that he had gathered from the fortress.

“This, these humans must be eliminated.”

“I fight for Bar Khan.”

The Death Knights and the Doom Knights continued to rise to fight.

Pollon’s unit wiped them out again. However Weed did suffer some losses. From the consecutive defeats, his reputation with the Undead Legion’s had deteriorated considerably.

“I heard that the undead unit had to return again.”

“I hear that there’s an incompetent Doom Knight. He’s not reliable enough to take care of some humans. He must have no pride.”

Weed was not handling the undead forces delicately. He simply came back and collected more undead. The original task of hunting down the elves and dwarves would have been nice if Bar Khan or the dragons had come along. The excitement of being known as a dragon knight. There never had been such an entity on the Continent of Versailles. Leading the undead army, with a dragon to burn down human villages would have been exciting and aggressive!

“It would have been nice if we weren’t so close to Morata...”

Unfortunately the closest large city was Morata. However, all of it would become useless once he betrayed Bar Khan. He properly utilized the undead for this purpose. Once they had scrambled the Knights, they had no longer bothered to fire silver or magic.

“Thankfully there’s a lot of silver. The skeletons I summoned were beaten! Such a waste of mana. They couldn’t manage to killed one or two knights before they died.”

For trying to fail his quest, Weed was paying back their cowardice back a hundredfold!

One Silver Arrow, two Silver Arrows, he was collecting them to make silver bullions. Weed laughed as the silver continued to pile up.

“Keulkeulkeul. This is the best hunting ground.”

Pollon and the Hermes Guild could not manage to kill Weed.

“We can’t make any mistakes when it comes to catching him...he ran away the very moment I saw him.”

“We need to take advantage of the rangers’ and mages’ attack range. To take him down we need to move into another formation.”

Weed only watched the undead battle from the back and then returned to the Undead Legion camp. Weed’s only goal was to get more knights. Pollon led the vanguard but he could not stop the undead from leaving. Every time they were left with less knights and Weed only came back with more undead. It was having a cheaper lunch than your friends in preschool!

“Keulkeulkeulkeul.”

Weed provoked them by having a wagon filled with the silver dragged along by skeletons. They deliberately slowed the pace of the undead to gather silver. Sometimes they would be dancing or walking backwards. Compared to a villain that showed up on TV and movies, Weed was the worst. Still they continued to watch Weed on the TV and supported him.

“This is a bad situation.”

As the battle continued, Pollon’s forces began to accumulate damages. The knights were all high level and very experienced players but there were still damages. Since there were more NPCs than user, their size had reduced considerably. Even a lot of Pollon’s valued knights were gone.

“Our job is to hunt him so a surprise attack would be better.”

Pollon: It does not make sense to stay here. Weed will not allow us to kill him in this situation and will retreat if we try.

Pollon opened the communication channel with the Hermes Guild leaders. He was calling for immediate aid from the magical division.

Without commands they were not allowed to make a move.

Rafael: Controlling your area is important. They had already recruited the necromancers and there are many people watching the battle on TV. How are you incapable of killing Weed? Do not move your unit until you succeed.

Pollon: We are in plain sight. Even with magic and arrows we only have so much range. There is no benefit to this order. We do not have a large enough force for that.

Rafael: I command you to stay. Continue to interfere with Weed's quest.

The Hermes Guild no longer cared about stopping with Weed's quest. It was enough for the guild leaders to hold Weed in place.

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"It's strange that they're not avoiding battles."

Weed continued to attack Pollon's Hermes Guild unit with the undead relentlessly. Meanwhile Pale's party and the Geomchis had arrived from Morata to hunt Bar Khan. When they heard news of the endless battle they came riding their bulls.

"Keoheom, so we're here now."

Geomchi3 descended from his bull and looked at Pollon's unit of archers.

"It's still not over yet?"

"Sahyung, that must be our share that's left behind."

Pollon had suffered a lot of damage since he was only focusing on defense. They had used magic and arrows to attack the undead as they came closer but they suffered a lot of damage from the undead as the fight went on. Their total of 200 knights had now decreased to 127.

Out of the one thousand mage and archers, they only had 130 left intact. Comparably, Weed's Undead Legion was not badly injured while 73 of Pollon's units were in bad condition. The very same Knight units from the Kingdom of Haven that could occupy a castle were now in such a state.

Geomchi got off of his bull and took out the food ingredients.

“Weed, I’m starving. I want to eat some grilled meat.”

Delicious, quick to eat grilled meat. The Geomchis had brought food over from Morata in order to eat. It did not matter if they wanted to eat rice in the middle of the fight with the Hermes Guild! Weed made some marinade for the meat as the Geomchis handed over their weapons and armor.

“It’s a bit worn out.”

“I just came back from the ocean. Can you fix it?”

The Geomchis took off their black armor that had less than 20 durability points left.

“It will not be that difficult since its not completely broken.”

Weed repaired the equipment to maximum durability and set a whetstone on the floor.

“Hello. You look good as a Doom Knight.”

“Long time no see, I’m Belotte.”

Pale cautiously made his way around Pollon’s camp to scout and returned.

“Euheum, the rangers of the Hermes Guild...they’re not going to be that challenging. By the way, Maylon is on today.”

“At such a time?”

“Let me see if its time yet”

Maylon was busy everyday so she decided to take a vacation for this major battle to go hunt Bar Khan. The priest and paladins from Morata watched as Weed, that they looked up to and admired, carried on in ordinary conversation with his friends.

“At such a time...! In front of such a large battle, how can they be so relaxed.’

‘Are they not scared of the Hermes Guild?’

Weed worked the whetstone as the paladins and priests came by to say their hellos.

“Hello.”

“Nice to meet you Weed.”

High level priests and paladins! They could not read the expression on Doom Knight's Weed's face. Weed began to contemplate his possibilities with the priests and paladins.

“Do you have everything you need?”

“Yes?”

“Would you like to have a bargain?”

Inside his backpack were all sorts of japtem and rusty weapons such as maces for priests to use. For priests, it had many divine stats that would help them in the fight against the undead. Weed had used the undead to keep fighting against Pollon's Hermes Guild unit regularly.

“Who are they?”

“Weed's colleagues?”

“I don't know why they came here. Surely they're not here to help Weed attack us?”

From the report that they had on Weed, he mostly moved alone and only had a few friends. However there were more than 1000 priests and paladins with the Geomchis that have arrived. Weed was not the type to ask for help in a personal fight. There was no way that Pollon had thought that he had called them from Morata to hunt down Bar Khan.

“I'm in trouble.”

Pollon and the users of the Hermes Guild could not believe it.

\*

Every board associated with Royal Road had topics about Weed and the Hermes Guild Battle.

-The shining star known as Weed has descended.

-Isn't the Hermes Guild the strongest guild on the Continent of Versailles?"

Time after time, Weed appeared before Pollon's unit. Public opinion began to change.

-Weed's true ability.

-Hermes Guild finally meets their match.

-Pollon's prided magic, ranged, and knights group are going to fall to the undead.

-Is there really a limit to Weed's leadership skills?

In more ways than one it was an urgent concern. The number of users that cheered for Weed was overwhelming. Broadcasters were forced to side with Weed in every battle. Just by doing that their ratings would increase 2-3 times more than usual! The broadcasters had smiles hanging from their faces.

"They just keep fighting all day."

"Quickly finish the advertising...people want to get back to the broadcast."

More people began to hope that the undead defeat Pollon's unit. Every time a Hermes Guild unit died, then the audience had a heated reaction.

Weed's reinforcements had arrived. They had a large amount of priests and paladins for healing combined with blessing and other abilities that were crucial to a prolonged war. The hosts of the stations covered this pivotal point live.

"Even if the Hermes Guild is high level, we can not ignore the fact that the priest and paladins are wearing the professional equipment."

"Their equipment looks a bit worn out. Will this make a difference to the battle?"

"Undead and divine power will conflict with each other so it will be difficult for Weed. Could it be that the Hermes Guild holds the advantage?"

“The result will be seen from the fighting. Out of the two sides, the Hermes Guild is expected to win.”

“The undead are comprised of non user units so Weed will not retreat anymore.”

Each station had a different perspective. Most of them thought that Pollon’s unit was higher level and thus had the advantage.

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The priests and paladins from Morata had a meeting.

“Are we going to fight?”

“I thought we were only going to hunt Bar Khan...”

The prestige of the Hermes Guild was more horrible than a legendary monster. It would result in immediate retaliation and then they would get in trouble with the Hermes Guild. It would be difficult for them to fight a guild of a large kingdom.

“But I like Weed’s adventures. We came here to hunt Bar Khan anyways.”

“Yea, we should fight anyways. I never like them anyways.”

Most paladins started out in the central continent so they knew better than anyone about the power of the Hermes Guild. Of course when they decided to follow Weed they never thought they would fight the Hermes Guild. The Hermes Guild was known for its cruelty.

“We’re already here so the Hermes Guild won’t leave us alone.”

“It would be better for us to participate in battle than for us to be alone. We should fight together.”

The priests and paladins made their decision to Weed.

“We will fight here.”

The users had made their resolution to Weed. In the inspiring atmosphere like that of a movie, Weed shook his head.

“It will be difficult.”

“It’s fine. We understand what it is like to be the ones at a disadvantage, especially if its from the Hermes Guild...”

“They’re mine.”

“What?”

“I will not concede their executions. You came late so you are not eligible.”

Weed left the priests and paladins and headed back. He shamelessly was not going to share with them. It was the same as not sending a wedding invitation to a friend that you have lost contact with for over 5 years. The Geomchis were blessed by Irene and headed over from the priests and paladins. The volunteers that came to help Weed went to an emergency meeting.

Taleukin: The armor that they’re wearing is quite expensive. It’s at least level 200.

They were analyzing the Hermes Guild as they were watching the video. KMC Media as well as other broadcasting station began live coverage the instant they found the out the information from the weapon merchants and blacksmiths of the Hermes Guild.

Pollon: Ignore it then. Their level is around 200 so their magic resistance is weak and we can just sweep them with magic.

Taleukin: That’s not what I mean. You need to understand...they are definitely wearing lower level gear. However it is significantly worn out.

Compared to the nice armor of the knights, the Geomchis looked incomparable to it. Several parts were considerably worn down or broken. It went to question how long they had been using that armor.

Pollon: Level 320 then?

Taleukin: It looks like it has high strength and agility restrictions for level 320 but their sword looks even more. At least level 350.

Weed had raised his stats through sculpting while the Geomchis had raised their through intrepid hunting and physical training. Except for

special cases, that stats of most of the Geomchis were comparable to at least level 350.

Pollon: Level 350, to think they could get this kind of force.

They were only judging the Geomchis by their looks. They could easily been seen as high levels. It looked as if Weed would get more reinforcements. Even going against the ranger and mage unit had not been easy but now the power balance was tipped.

Pollon: It will be very difficult to continue to be stationed here. Please give new command from the guild.

Pollon's orders had been to interfere with Weed's quest by attacking him. However they had not known that their safety would be jeopardized.

Rafael: Okay. Are you thinking of moving?

Pollon: That's what I'm thinking. Since they have poor mobility I was thinking of using magic to defeat them.

Rafael: Do you think you can win? We can not send more troops since that would mean that the Hermes Guild was having a difficult battle.

Pollon: That's what the fight seems like. But that will be to our advantage...

Pollon believed that the priests and paladins would not help Weed so it would be an easy battle.

Pollon: Attempt to get the Necromancers' cooperation with the Hermes Guild. If they help then we will have a significant power. They can help without having priests to waste mana on them.

Rafael: Magic and Ranged Unit with Undead...Not bad. It is allowed.

Pollon thought that if he beat Weed then the Necromancers would join the Hermes Guild to avoid hostilities. Since that was Pollon's intention, Rafael accepted. The fight was going live on every station! They hurriedly contacted the Necromancers to come. The battle had slowed down quite a bit but that was because the Geomchis were grilling ribs to eat. Many viewers and users waited for the battle to start.

# Chapter 3: An Estimate More Terrifying than Life.

This has been brought to you by Grisia.

“Time to see if it’s done.”

The Geomchis began to fight over eating the roasted meat and soup. They were happy spending every day waking up, eating, sleeping, and fighting. Pollon took this time to ask the Hermes Guild to recruit the Necromancers reinforcements. Weed refused the help of the priests and paladins because the Geomchis and the Undead Army would be enough to go up against Pollon.

“Just the sahyungs will be enough.”

The Geomchis could fight anywhere on the continent of Versailles. The Geomchis were people who would jump into a dragon breath attack out of their own free will. So he took care of the grilling for them.

“Can you win? You’re not going against a dragon but the Hermes Guild...”

“It would be better to run away and fight against the undead. Even with the undead, what are you going to do if they get help from the Necromancers?”

The paladins were anxiously waiting. They had come to hunt Bar Khan. They believed in Weed but ever since they saw the Geomchis accompanying them, all that they seen them do was eat and sleep.

That was because they were all proud high level users with good skill levels and equipment. Only after the battle would they know the true value of the Geomchis. Weed stood by his plan.

“The undead...there is more than enough of them left.”

Until now he had only fought and retreated, but now it was time to conduct battle.

Weed began to prepare for the battle once more.

“Back in that temple, my levels, skill proficiency, and my japtem...”

Deeply rooted resentment for the Hermes Guild! Murray was secretly returning along the trail with the items.

“Let’s start the fight.”

Ttagak. Ttagak. Ttagak.

As Weed gave his command, the Death Knight and Doom Knight horses began to move accordingly. Thanks to his items, he had regained the authority to command and control the undead. Geomchi5 asked.

“How are we going to fight?”

Weed said that anyway was fine.

“Sahyungs can fight anywhere you want. You still need to be careful of magic and arrows though.”

“Then there is no need to worry. We’ve recently learned a new skill that lets us change the trajectory of arrows.”

Weed got onto horseback as the undead began to approach Pollon’s camp area. Pollon’s unit of knights, mages, and rangers were mainly composed of users so they looked at Weed, Geomchis, and the undead lightly.

“Looks like the paladins and priests are not going to move.”

“If they’re not joining the fight then this will be easy.”

The power of a priests was in high demand for victory. The Hermes Guild wanted to use their battle to show their capabilities against Necromancers. They decided to change their tactics against Weed’s undead since the Geomchis were there now. This time the fight was starting for real. One of Pollon’s knights came forward alone on horseback.

“I am one of the Knights of the Crescent. Is there anyone that would fight me!”

+The Crescent Knight has requested a duel. Would you like to accept the

duel?

+The winner of the duel will receive fame and boost morale.

+If the duel is rejected then morale will decrease.

Instead of full-scale combat the knights wanted one on one fights. The Crescent Knights had noticed that there were not many users on Weed's side. This was their chance to kill Weed again. It would be a great honor for the knight users to cross swords with Weed.

"I'm coming out!"

Geomchi350 went to the sword match riding his bull.

+Both sides of the duel had been established.

+After the duel you can move into full-scale war.

+The opponent must be killed in battle. Otherwise the loser will be branded a coward and the loyalty of soldiers will be reduced greatly.

Weed and the Geomchis decided to relax and enjoy the show. In Royal Road, Geomchi350 had a high level and skill proficiency. There was only one thing they needed to worry about.

"One month of cleaning the toilet."

"Five thousand practice strikes a day."

Cruel punishment was awaiting them!

The match was between the knight and his horse against Geomchi350 and his significantly bigger bull. He was trying to grasp the opponent's movements! He watched the enemy's breath in and out roughly. Then almost simultaneously, they rushed forwards with their bull and horse.

"Come on!"

Puhihing!

"Let's go."

Eummeoeoeoeoeo!

They charged at each other and Geomchi350 lightly raised his sword

from its scabbard. Knight jousting duels were very dangerous. Defense did not matter since the attack that was coming had a lot of weight on it. Since they were running in the one direction, they could only rush towards each other so usually a duel on horseback was decided instantly. Right as they passed each other, the knight fell onto the ground and died.

+Ally has won the duel.

+Fame, morale, and loyalty has increased.

“ ... ”

Pollon's camp was dead quiet. There was no shouts of victory from Weed's side either.

“Guess he's not going to clean the toilets.”

“I was going to have him wash the dishes...”

They had no signs of surprise from the victory. In Royal Road, Geomchi350's talent for the sword had blossomed. It was better to hunt monsters and raise their sword skill level than it was to just simply train.

The Geomchi had just defeated a level 380 Crescent Knight as if it was completely natural. From their breathing and slight movements of the eyes and shoulders they could tell where the enemy was going to attack and precisely respond to it.

“I'll fight until your cowardly leader comes forth.”

Geomchi350 shouted to Pollon to come forwards into the match. He had gotten stronger motivation since it was going to be broadcasted.

‘My little brothers will see me.’

His little brothers were also big fans of Royal Road.

He wanted his family to think of him in a better light.

“My name is Balmer! I will take you down a notch.”

“Necker is my name. You will have the glory of me killing you!”

Geomchi350 took on four more challenges in a row and won all of them. It ended with either the death of the users or his horse. Three

people had died and two others were dying and the Crescent Knights could still not come out the winner.

Pollon had not said anything about the duels instead of a full-scale battle since he did not think they would beat his knights. Now they had lost a considerable amount of power and the Crescent Knights were dead while the others were not going to fight in the duels.

+The other side has given up on the duel.

+All allies have maximum morale at the start of the battle.

Geomchi350 received charisma, fighting spirit, strength, agility, and other various stats as well as increase in his sword mastery and a lot of fame. Pollon exclaimed anxiously.

“Now is the time to fight! March against the undead!”

It was not a good start but now the real battle had finally taken place. They were trying to fight against the undead using only rangers and wizards.

He deployed the mages and rangers in the back with him against the undead.

Weed used his yell.

“All undead listen!”

Pollon and the rest of the users from the Hermes Guild guessed that Weed was going to use all of the undead from the Immortal Legion to fight. But then he struck a blow to them.

“The Necromancers are not on our side. Should you fall in combat only answer to my call.”

The Geomchis were very high level but they were all melee classes. If any of their bodies fell into the hands of the Hermes Guild necromancers then the situation would become more favorable for them.

“As an undead of Bar Khan, you must honor the name of the father that summoned you!”

Weed's Lion Roar swept across the entire camp.

At this point, the Hermes Guild began to feel a little uneasy. They did not want the situation to turn into its worst.

“To fight against me would be to deny your existence as undead and as well as Bar Khan. Darkness rules the laws of the legion. You have made me your enemy. Fight for Bar Khan. Kill them!”

+Yell has been used.

+Yell has increased the morale of all friendly units within range by 200%.

+All confusion has been removed.

+For 5 minutes, leadership will be applied at 285%.

Weed was using his status as an undead directly under Bar Khan! It was a status that was well above any necromancer. In the range of Bar Khan's Death Aura, any undead will be affected by his power and influence. Weed used his leadership to abuse that power and loyalty. The Death Knights were first.

“Bar Khan's commands are to be followed.”

“We can not go against our respectable lord Bar Khan that grants us eternal life.”

The Necromancers tried to summon Undead troops, but at Weed's words they began to attack the rangers and wizards.

“What is this? It looks like the undead are crazy!”

“Weren't these summoned by the Necromancers!”

Rangers had to use bows so at close range it was difficult for them to fight since they had weak defense. Various explosions came out to prevent the undead attack. However they weren't doing much better. Wizards had high attack power with their magic but it took a long time and they had low health and defense. By raising their wisdom, they had the side effect of having low strength and power. These classes received the undead attacks and died instantly.

Pollon could not tell what was happening amidst the explosions from magical attacks and the death of the mages..

“The summoned undead are not listening.”

“This is crazy! How could his words change the summons?”

“This is Bar Khan’s area and his power keeps the undead on his side.”

In order to stop the undead, the Crescent Knights rushed in.

A wizard’s magic was very valuable and even a single person was a big loss.

“Undead forces, advance forwards!”

Weed showed the force of the Death Knights and Doom Knights. It was a race against time. They planned to submerge the enemy in chaos and attack before they could reorganize.

“You need to eat it as soon as it is ripe. Take this chance to strike a blow.”

He realized that it was difficult to pass this up. There was nothing as wasteful as finding food in the refrigerator that had long passed its expiration date. The undead knights charged at the enemy with full speed. Pollon’s side had very little fighting experience and could not respond quickly to Weed’s actions.

As the fight continued, they quickly chose to abandon their defensive formation. The troops were caught in a bad position and could were not working at maximum efficiency. Pollon ordered his troops.

“Knights, defend the mages from the undead. Rangers use your arrows to shoot down the undead troops. Follow the commands that I have given.”

Weed had fought many enemy that were stronger than himself and was able to use this experience to accomplish his goals. All the units were given clear duties and he used them to produce results. He had learned about how Pollon fought and was managing his troops accordingly.

“About this much.”

Weed watched and made estimations as the undead picked off the Pollon's rangers and mages. The Sahyungs were suited to this kind of work in Royal Road! When the Crescent Knights were not being mobilized for war, they were usually being used to commit atrocious raids on merchants. They were various high level, notorious murderers that maintained their marks.

Even when they joined the Kingdom of Haven, the murderer mark still had side effects so they would drop a lot of items on death. They may even drop their expensive full plate armor.

"I might be able to get Yurin and Grandma winter coats...its also good to start depositing into a bank."

Weed was going to establish a savings account.

#

KMC Media as well as other game stations kept receiving higher viewership.

+Game broadcast audience has reached over 80%!

+More than half the stations were broadcasting the battle.

+It was hard to find a user on Royal Road that did not know about the fight!

It was the hot topic for the day. Many viewers had expected a battle between Weed and the Hermes Guild, so they had been waiting. The advertisers had made reservations for satisfactory advertising. The undead under Weed's command broke down the formation and inflicted damages.

Before the battles did not take very long but now Pollon and his units seemed to be bewildered. They failed to stop the Geomchis overwhelming assault with their forces. It was one of the best scenes.

"Let's kill them fast so we can get our bowl of soup."

"Shall we use the new skill that we learned? Bungeomsul!"

"Those that live get to eat and those that die don't. Do your best."

The Crescent Knights fought with valor but were relentlessly crushed when they were caught by the Geomchis. The knights were completely overwhelmed by the Geomchis frontal attack.

The situation was chaotic and their combat capability came as a big shock to the Crescent Knight.

“Why are these guys so weak.”

“The King Squid we killed before was harder.”

“Compared to when we were fighting in the sea, this is like fighting a camel.”

The viewers were surprised to see the Crescent Knights fall to the sword masters. Within minutes, the Geomchis had killed two of four of them each. They were very experience in fighting large crowds without skills since their wisdom and knowledge were very low. Nevertheless, the knights could not get into formation with the rate that they were falling.

They were lucky that the knights were collapsing quickly because they had low skill proficiencies. The average level of the Geomchis were not that far behind that Crescent Knights and they also had much higher sword skills, fighting spirit, and combat experience. They were people who roamed the most hellish of places looking for strong monsters and fighters! Weed played an integral part as well.

“That piece of armor!”

Without hesitation, he picked out the high level knights from the group.

“Heraim Fencing!”

He was not fighting all alone. Thanks to the Geomchis, he didn't need to pay so much attention to defense since he was not alone.

“You're making me wait to eat!”

As if they were born to fight, they cut their way through the Crescent Knights. Due to Bar Khan's magic, Weed and his horse were very quick and ferocious. It would not be joking to say that he looked like a monster. He looked as if he was a strong warrior that was accustomed to the

battlefield. The appearance of the unstoppable Doom Knight was engraved into the eyes of the audience. He overwhelmingly dominated over the knights. Weed took his time while checking on the undead army. After finishing off the Crescent Knights, the Geomchis went to attack the rangers which would soon end the battle. Historically, wizards and rangers had great strength when used together but they were eliminated instantly before they could do anything. It was a one-sided slaughter and Weed made it look easy! Pollon thought the sanctuary would be useful against the undead, but the Geomchis were human. They could not hope to think that such an opponent as the Geomchis as they headed towards the wizards, rangers, and necromancers. Pollon's units tried to fight the Geomchis, but they were only killed by the Geomchis. They were a lot of people who were used to killing and fighting, so they were not scared to die. However, the Geomchis were not opponents they could fight against even if they flocked together. No matter how high level Pollon could get, it would not be enough to last in a duel or a battle against the Geomchis.

“This is the cost of cleaning and washing the dishes.”

“There's also a lot of laundry that's piled up, sahyung.”

Weed charged the Geomchis after the battle as he began to roast the horse meat. The broadcasters and viewers of Royal Road began to post comments on the board.

+That was pretty amazing.

+This is one of the coolest things I've seen this week.

+Ever since my boss screwed me over and forced me to quit, I've been depressed. However, now I'm excited for once.

+I've been getting shivers every time I remember what happened on TV.

Several people were saying all sorts of things as they watched on the stations. There were countless requests to the stations to rerun the edited version of the battle several times throughout the day. Since the atrocities of the Hermes Guild and other prestigious guilds were well-known, more viewers began to side with Weed.

#

The President Jeong regularly receives reports on his daughter Seoyoon's health.

"She still isn't talking much but luckily she's adapting quickly and it won't be long."

It pleased him to hear that Seoyoon was recovering and having a social life.

"But she's getting a little close to the young Hyun man..."

President Jeong heard from the guards that they even travel home together. Since he was trying to be a good parent, he didn't want Seoyoon's heart to be broken again. Aside from being a good father to his only daughter, to his business and community he was a cold-blooded man.

"I would have preferred if it was a man with a good status, but isn't he only an ordinary person?"

Doctor Cha Eun Hee looked through and put down some papers that were about Seoyoon on the desk.

"As you know, Seoyoon has recently stabilized her psychological state but if you force anything then it would be difficult to tell what will happen."

"I am aware that it's the top priority to not hurt my little baby's heart."

However, President Jeong could not just sit around and do nothing.

"I am aware that you are concerned. How about you introduce a good man to her?"

"Is that so?"

"President, you can tell him to go to a place where he could run into Seoyoon."

"So a place that she goes to often. Good!"

So it was about trying to force a meeting and getting Seoyoon to talk.

'The eldest son of the H group has been doing well lately.'

President Jeong and the H Group had a close business relationship and the males were known to have a meticulous nature to take good care of woman.

‘A guy that’s good enough for Seoyoon.’

Cha Eun Hee could only smile and laugh.

“It’s not going to be so easy to change Seoyoon’s mind...”

She didn’t know the secret as to why Hyun was good enough, but Seoyoon would smile brightly and laugh when she was with him. Seoyoon was able to laugh. It was an appearance that Seoyoon rarely showed, and only to Lee Hyun.

“But right now their relationship is too awkward.”

Quite a lot of time had passed since they had first met. Normally, they would be holding hands or even walking arm in arm by now.

“Both of them must be unfamiliar with love but with a slight stimulation it should progress further right?”

#

Pollon’s unit of knights and rangers were completely defeated and only about 25 people barely managed to escape. Their group of wizards and necromancers did not live and were completely defeated and annihilated. With the Geomchis and Pale’s party they achieved an overwhelming victory that would have usually been impossible.

“Well, now its time to hunt Bar Khan.”

The only thing left to do now was to hunt the undead lord Bar Khan. Even after being weakened by being stabbed in the chest with the holy blade, he was still a legendary monster. Now that he had finished his revenge, it was now time for him to use the paladins and priests from Morata to stage a large-scale hunt. Weed was going to encourage the priests and paladins when he heard a noise.

“Oh, that was a really cool fight.”

“Did you see how they ran? I wish I could change directions while

running during a fight.”

“They’re so strong.”

Thanks to his sword fighting as a Doom Knight, he received praise and admiration. He wanted them to continue with their praise! He could flick his hair aside if he had any but unfortunately he had a bald skull.

‘Keuheum. Heraim Fencing performs consecutive hits and it also looks elegant when used. It doesn’t hurt to have a few deserving moments of praise.’

They did not know how to describe how the fight had gone and how powerful it was.

“Wasn’t oppa really handsome back there?”

“It was really cool fight. Each of the remaining units were killed in a single hit, one after another...”

Right then, Weed was getting more attention from the female priests than Zephyr. Zephyr stretched out with a yawn since he was finally alone.

“That’s a really cool jaw isn’t it?”

“Yea it is...I think so as well.”

“Should we go register friends?”

It was a little embarrassing for Weed to hear praise from the women for quite some time.

‘What men...to fight like they did.’

That was the focus that was held by the male paladins.

“Geomchi nims...to fight like that so freely. I want to fight like that.”

“Also there was a very beautiful dancer wasn’t there?”

“A dance during an iron battle, so amazing that I can’t take my eyes off of it. The knights fell one after one during that dance.”

“There was also a very pretty girl. Her voice was very sweet.”

The Geomchis, Hwaryung, and Bellotte received a lot of attention from

the paladins. They had heard a lot of stories about Weed but they were surprised to see his friends. Weed laughed in relief as he watched.

From the battle he had gotten four magic robes for wizards, a full plate armor, rings, bracelets, boots, necklaces, ranger armor, and other equipment. There were also an assortment of japtem and gold, silver, and copper. The Geomchis got a bunch of high level equipment, swords, armor, and money.

“I don’t need to worry about heating costs this winter.”

This was the reason behind his peace of mind.

#

Weed began his work to prepare to hunt Bar Khan.

“Sahyungs, give me the swords and armor that you got from the fight. Those that came to fight the undead please entrust me with your equipment briefly.”

The Geomchis got powerful weapons by dissolving the undead equipment. The thick armor of the knights were not suitable for swords but with a small amount of mithril mixed into it they could create a composite sword. However, after they fought the undead they would need to dissolve it again and it would decrease the sword’s power. Weed used his blacksmith skills to create a generic sword to solve the problem.

“Are you going to make the sword better?”

“I’m not going to do anything bad.”

They were hesitant to leave their weapons since they were doubtful. The paladins considered their equipment to be valuable no matter how incredible Weed’s reputation was.

“Oh this is better than before! The damage went up and there’s now an option to deal more damage to undead, but its now a little more difficult to repair durability so it’ll be more expensive.”

After he made enough weapons for the Geomchis, the paladins decided to trust him. Weed’s blacksmith skills were high enough to get the respect

of anyone in the land.

‘I wish I could check it...’

He drooled whenever he saw a good sword but he did not know if it was better than his. Weed converted the equipment while he waited for Mapan.

“It’s about time...”

Mapan had come from Morata with the priests and paladins, along with a bunch of different materials. He dissolved the Helium into the large furnace. With his spare time after the battle, he dissolved the helium and formed a mold. It was God’s tears. Using the large fireplace, he dissolve the mana source of the divine power of helium into the completed sculpture as he got ready to fight Bar Khan.

# Chapter 4: Helium Sculpture

This has been brought to you by Grisia.

KMC Media, CTS Media, On Station, Digital Media, and LK gaming.

These were the stations that obtained footage for Royal Road.

+Weed is going to hunt Bar Khan, the King of the Undead.

+Priests and Paladins have crossed over from Morata to fight the Hermes Guild.

+No one cares about the Hermes Guild.

+Because of the Undead Legion quest and the fast growing ranks of the undead, Weed is going to hunt Bar Khan.

Weed's plan had already spread to the users in Morata. Though it was true that the priests and paladins had been gathered for a long time now, Pollon's troops did not bother to keep it a secret and were talking about it already. Each of the stations focused on the facts that had been revealed so far.

"Everyone, I have amazing news. God of War Weed is going to hunt Bar Khan."

"A few days ago a lot of people say Weed wipe out the Hermes Guild's force. However, it looks like in the future he's going to hunt the Lich Bar Khan."

"Bar Khan! The Leader of the Undead Legion and Weed who was famous for having completed the Lich quest. A monster that Weed has a history with...it's going to be a very challenging hunt."

It was the breaking news on several stations. Groups that would go and hunt boss monsters was a common occurrence but this time the ratings would go up a notch if it was a legendary monster. Weed had shown his fighting ability in the battle against Pollon's unit.

The battle had not happened yet, but the fact remained that there were going to be countless amazing scenes. It was enough to say that the fact

that Weed was going to fight the Lich Bar Khan would amaze the audience. Entire families were waiting in anticipation!

+Oh my god. Weed is finally getting into a real fight. Hunting down monsters likes its nothing and raising his level...I am so glad to be able to see it.”

+I don't know who Weed is, it's like I'm listening to a bunch of rumors.

+You're here a bit late. I'm at the Hall of Fame and I'm a complete fan of the Orc movie.

+Guess what I have? I was lucky. I started out in the Kingdom of Rosenheim when I was a beginner and I bought one of Weed's early fox sculptures. When I bought it, my friends thought that five silvers was overpriced but now it's my greatest treasure. My girlfriend and I are so proud that we met him.

+So now the items must be worth....sell me that fox sculpture for 10 gold.

+A few minutes ago it was worth nothing. Now it's worth over 100 gold!

The board was filled with various tales of Weed's bravery. Aside from being a famous adventurer to the users in Royal Road, he was also had high popularity amongst the public.

#

Shin Hye-Min and Oh Juwan were holding an ongoing series called 'Story of the Continent of Versailles, and was holding a telephone interview with Lee Hyun. Since they were paying Lee Hyun salary, he was willing to do it.

“Today we bring you a story about the Continent of Versailles that many people have been wanting to hear about, and with us on the phone is the God of War Weed. Weed?”

Yes.

A short and annoyed answer came back!

“You've had a lot of adventures. What was the most challenging adventure?”

Adventuring is tough.

“Modest words that you’re saying. But people want to know what was the most memorable one that you suffered through, can you tell us?”

Lee Hyun thought for a moment before he replied.

When I became a sculptor...

“ ...”

Shin Hye-Min had to sympathize with him. Aside from when he was cooking and hunting in Royal Road, she did not see his hands stop from making sculptures. You could not just close your eyes and create a sculpture; it was very difficult to raise the level of sculpture beyond level 8 without good art skills. Sewing, fishing, cooking, repairing, bandaging, sailing, herbalism, and many other crafts were the true legend behind his hard work.

It was as if Lee Hyun had lived a lifetime of making toothpicks and wooden chopsticks. Oh Juwan thought it was a joke and asked the next question.

“Weed, it seems that you do not know about the message boards. Viewers admire you for a lot of things...people can not climb to high places as you have and instead climb steadily because of the growing fear of failure. What is your trick to not get tired of facing challenges?”

Complete the challenge.

It meant exactly as he had said. In his life he had been caught up in all sorts of adventures. He did not go into the details of his visit to the City of Heaven since saying more wouldn’t benefit him.

“Seeing as others do not get special quests that are really hard there must be a secret. Do you have any advice for those that are wandering for adventure on the Continent of Versailles?”

Be very thorough. Do not accept a quest carelessly.

Those were meaningful words that came from his own experience.

After Lee Hyun came out, they began to interview other completely

different people.

‘Story of the Continent of Versailles’ appears to be a popular show, and it looks like a lot of people decide to watch it.’

Instead of boasting about pride, Lee Hyun had only spoken briefly.

‘It’s not like I receive any additional payment for a longer interview.’

Letting others know more about him would only make his mouth sore.

“Finally its time to think about how to hunt down the Lich Bar Khan. It seems like a difficult question to answer isn’t it?”

Lee Hyun thought back to his past fight against Bar Khan. It was going to be difficult since he didn’t have enough combat power and the odds were against him. Each of the stations were debating about how to increase the success rate of hunting down Bar Khan.

Bar Khan had a huge damage potential as well as being a Necromancer. With enough dead bodies the battle will be endless with tens of thousands of monsters along with one legendary one. The undead army was a disposable resource. The Undead Legion was only part of Bar Khan’s power and it wasn’t a big loss to him if he lost it. The hunt had too big a risk. Lee Hyun calmly replied.

If it’s too much I’ll immediately have a plan to escape.

Aside from the item drops, the experience and skill proficiency lost when he died was a lot of damage. He did not care about being courageous but instead sought to see this fight to the end! Lee Hyun had a very realistic idea for his battle.

#

The Pollon’s Hermes Guild unit of rangers, knights, and mages accessed Royal Road. They appeared at the place where Weed had attacked them before.

“What about the surviving Knights and Rangers?”

“They escaped in the direction of the central continent. The number of people that escaped safely are less than 20.”

“Too many had died.”

All but two of Pollon’s Crescent Knights had died. The Hermes Guild users could connect again after some time, but the knights were all dead.

It took a lot of training, time, and money to raise the quality of the knights. Due to the fierce competition within the Hermes Guild, you had to suffer until you had recovered your losses.

“It would be preferable to return to the central continent instead of taking more risks.”

Because Weed’s forces of Geomchis had turned the battle around they were in no position to fight back and could only flee or else they would die.

Many of the users from the Hermes Guild force had lost a lot of items and equipment. They had lost and they would not fight a battle they could not win.

“To think that we lost on a blessed sanctuary.”

“Wasn’t it fun to fight against Weed though?”

“Yes, he was much stronger than our famous Crescent Knights.”

Pollon did not have any regrets. It was a difficult experience but he had the opportunity to battle against Weed.

“The Hermes Guild will have its revenge. The real power of the Hermes Guild is many times stronger than this.

Pollon roughly knew how much power the Hermes Guild had at its disposal. He had joined the Hermes Guild and gradually obtained a higher position only to find out the true reality of the guild’s power. The full strength that had been released towards the Kallamore Kingdom. They then caused a great war and began the occupation of the central continent. The Hermes Guild would surely seek to battle again with Weed and saw it as nothing more than entertainment. Of course with their aloof pride broken, they would become angry.

“Weed, you have managed to smoothly travel through the Continent of

Versailles up to now, but in the future there won't be anywhere you can be safe."

Pollon ordered his troops to withdraw.

"Wizards make a teleport gate. We're going to return."

#

Ttungttangttungttang!

Weed handed the warrior equipment that he made with the blacksmith skills to the Geomchis when he was finished. It was similar to it was before but it had taken a significant amount of labor to dissolve the materials and recreate it using the blacksmith skills. Weed was Intermediate Level 5 in blacksmithing and could use the raw materials to their best.

"A person can not stand idly by. If there's a heat wave and a drought, then I would make a pool."

That was way of life for Weed!

"Weed, long time no see."

"I appreciate all the trouble you went through."

Mapan had brought over two large furnaces to liquefy the helium for him.

"For the cost of transportation, would japtem be fine..."

"Weed nim, japtem is the best."

"There is a lot of japtem that I need to take care of so could you also take care of its price? I'm sorry that you had to come all the way out here to take care of this for me."

"It's always a pleasure to be doing business with Weed nim."

Weed had placed Mapan in charge of disposing of the high quality loot japtem from the Necromancers. The Necromancers had levels that exceed 300 and some even past 400. He had made the undead hunt a lot and had now piled up a colossal amount of japtem. Weed gave the japtem to

Mapan so that he could directly sell it to the store for an additional 15% of its value. Then he calculated 5% to be taken as profit. When trading in town, merchants that bought japtem usually got a small margin and 10% was usually the default amount .

“Isn’t he a really good merchant?”

“I know. I’ve dealt with traders a few times in the past but I’ve never seen a good deal as 5%. Is it because he’s a professional?”

They wanted to sell of their items they got from the Necromancers. They were very nervous to walk around with the burden of carrying japtem. Weed took a guess and then went over to introduce Mapan.

“Say hello here. This is Mapan, a merchant I’m close to from the past. If you want to get rid of your japtem then I could ask him to take care of it for the same price he got for me.”

“Can I really? I don’t have the time to go to the shop to find a merchant since I want to go with Weed nim.”

‘5 percent isn’t much compared to all the trouble I went through to come here...’

It would have been bad if Mapan had met with the Necromancers. Transportation costs were high given how high the risks were.

“This is fine. Mapan is a very good merchant. He used to trade a lot in the past with japtem but now he rarely has the chance since he needs to manage his trade store.”

Mapan then went to say.

“I like adventures so I came here to watch Weed. I would also like to take care of the japtem as an extra. It’s a sacrifice I’m willing to take.”

They came with Necromancer japtem. They could sell it for 2 or 3% in Morata but this was the best price that had seen yet.

‘How much is all of this.’

Mapan could earn a lot of money from the trade of japtem if it was in bulk.

They were offering their Necromancer japtem!

There were accessories as well as rusty, broken weapons and armor. Weed had deliberately let Mapan deal with classifying the japtem since he could repair it for more profit.

Weed could dissolve and rework it into respectable equipment with his blacksmith skill. Mapan earned a lot more through the 5% profit margin and had an excellent opportunity to get a lot of customers.

After finishing the japtem deal, Weed and Mapan walked back to the carriage quietly. They had been partners the entire time! They only talked to each other secretly with whispers.

Here's the referral fee...

Thank you. Please allow the identifying of the materials to be handed to me. I'll dissolve the equipment there.

You're welcome. If you have another opportunity like this be sure to call me.

However, do you have a lot of people to sell necromancer stuff to?

Warlocks. The Necromancer items will easily sell in Morata.

Not only did he plan to sell the Necromancer items, he had planned to use them.

#

He stoked the fires of the large furnaces that were set up temporarily.

"I have to be careful...failure is not allowed."

Weed was nervous because he was using the precious metal helium.

"It would be nicer to have higher blacksmith skills."

If he was a master blacksmith then he could make the best items from the helium! With the holy materials he could make a piece of armor that could represent a kingdom. However Weed decided to make the helium into a sculpture.

"A sculpture has no level limit. Later I can melt it down and make it into

a sword.”

Weed thought of sculptings with a practical sense rather than an artistic one.

“Once the mold is ready.”

He had created countless molds in advance when he had been hunting with the Death Knights as a Doom Knight. Since Weed was working with the large furnace, Pale’s party along with the paladins, priests, and Geomchis went to hunt in the nearby area. They were wondering what he was doing with such a large furnace. Weed made the fire have an even higher temperature. He stocked the large furnace full of firewood to gradually increase the heat. To increase his chance of success he used more firewood to increase the firepower as much as he could.

“Still not enough. Needs more firewood.”

Weed had given money to Mapan to transport a significant amount of wood in his wagon. Because he was working on helium he could not conserve on the amount of trees used.

He used the strongest, finest burning trees for it. The firewood that cost over 300 gold in total was used up in 10 minutes.

“Still not enough.”

Weed focused entirely on the fire.

“I wonder if he’s making a mithril sword?”

“I suppose that would be a good weapon to hunt down Bar Khan.”

The priests and paladins were waiting for Weed in order to hunt down Bar Khan. They were currently in high tension while wondering what he was doing with the large furnace. The majority of them had went on hunting parties to fight against necromancers.

Noel: Weed is trying to make something in the hearth’s fire. Since he brought a large furnace from town, it must be something important.

The Grass Porridge Cult was able to watch in real time because the videos were on the internet.

This was the reason why Weed did not go with other users to hunt frequently and that was because he didn't want to divide up the spoils but also because he valued his privacy. The advantage of fighting by himself was that he could hide his production skills and sculpture secrets instead of putting it out in the open for others to see.

“Now the temperature of the fire is suitable.”

Weed pulled out the massive helium. The metal known as the Tears of the Sky God. He put the prestigious helium into the furnace. The furnace was large enough to melt many metals at once but he concentrated solely on the helium.

He watched over the fire!

Weed was muttering to himself.

“I had to give up being greedy to get better results. If only they had given me Herrera's Cup or the Crown of Fargo...”

Weed had recovered two of the three treasures of Freya. Using either one of the holy items would have been good. Unfortunately Weed was making the helium into a sculpture instead of a piece of equipment with that in mind.

“Fargo's Crown, when worn is good for hunting. Herrera's Cup has holy water that can flow out of it like a river.”

He put aside his endless greed and waited for the Helium to heat up and melt. Weed waited five times longer than normal before pulling the helium out. In the middle of the stone was filled with a sky blue liquid. The helium had melted safely.

“Now for the real part.”

He had used a large furnace to make sure that the skill was less likely to fail. From now on it was time to sculpt.

Weed poured the light blue liquid into a mold and waited for it to cool.

“I can not make a single mistake...”

It was frustrating to wait. He was familiar with making a sculpture with

blacksmithing since it had been the same with Geumini. He could not help but be nervous though. He did not have the faintest idea of what the completed work would be like. The helium could be melted back indefinitely but if he failed to create a decent work then it would be a significant loss of materials. In the worst case then the magic in the metal would be lost.

If repeatedly refined then the divine power of mana in the helium would gradually weaken.

“Now.”

Weed took it out of the earthen mold faster than usual. It was time to work on the helium. Torches that illuminate the darkness! He was going to form the clear azure helium into a torch.

“Still...its a bit lacking.”

His blacksmith skills were too low to properly handle helium so he needed to work on the details. Weed had to make the sculpture more carefully and with greater detail to ensure that it does not fail. Weed took his Zahab Carving Knife.

He used the Zahad Carving Knife to work on the Helium since it was going to be a precious item for Morata's castle that Yurin was staying in. Talrock Armor, Bahalan Bracelet, Kolderim's Demon Sword, as well as Weed's personally crafted equipment that he made for himself and Yurin often.

“Time to sculpt.”

Seugseug.

Weed scraped the surface of the helium with the sculpting knife. He boldly cut away the protruding parts.

+You are in contact with Divine Power.

+Strength has been reduced by 35.

+Health has dropped by 950.

+Undead power has decreased by 4.

Since he was a Doom Knight, the helium made him suffer enormous damage every time he touched it.

'I don't have much time, must make it immediately.'

He needed to finish the piece before he died. Helium had huge durability and took a lot of time to cool before it could become a sculpture.

+Hot metal has been used.

+Vitality has been reduced by 318.

Divine Power!

There were two types of pain that Weed had on him as he held his sculpting knife. The thing that set a professional sculptor apart from other art professions was that he had to shoulder all the physical suffering.

"Better works come from suffering..."

Weed said these words as if he were dying. He did not have the time to make the sculpture leisurely.

'This is nothing to me.'

Weed began to trim and create the entire mold with his sculpting knife. He had to watch the torch through the whole creation process with all of his experience as the sculpture was made of dissolved metal. As the helium became more cold and solid, it began to emit more mana and divine power.

"What, maximum mana is increasing?"

"I've gotten skills that make holy magic stronger. But never to such an extent."

"My mana regen is going crazy at a 50% higher rate."

As the sculpture began to near completion, the priests and paladins began to feel a change in their bodies. Weed was making a helium torch. The divine powers of the priests and paladins were being enhanced.

+The body is vulnerable to divine power.

+Defense has disappeared.

+Resistance has been reduced.

The divine power gradually wrapped around Weed's body and weakened him. Strength began to rapidly fade from his bones.

"Just a little more..."

He had to remain calm and hold the helium with his hand, even if his health was gradually being put at risk.

"It's complete."

He stuck a rod under the torch to complete it! The bar was made out of Mithril and Adamantium. When he had hunted the Undead Legion, he had collected a lot of old weaponry.

+Please set the name of the sculpture.

Weed had to name it quickly. This was because he only had 20% health left.

"Torch Left by a Sculptor."

+The Torch Left by a Sculptor right?

"Yes."

Many sculptors had lost their lives without any help like in Las Gigolos. This was the legacy of Sculptor Weed's works. It was a very good work that he used blacksmith, handicrafting, and sculpting to make so that he would not regret it.

-----+

Masterpiece! You have completed the Torch Left by a Sculptor sculpture!

A sculpture made out of helium! This sculpture is a work that will be recorded in the history of the continent. It would not be an overstatement to say this was the greatest and most famous piece created by the sculptor Weed. This piece, created by God's noble metal, will bring glory and radiant light.

Artistic value: 18619

Special Options: 8

+Those that see the Torch Left by a Sculptor will have their health and mana regen increased by 52% for a day.

+Additionally, the owner of the sculpture will receive an additional 30% mana regen.

+All stats are increased by 29.

+The mana consumption of all skills have been reduced by 75%.

+Magic power has increased by 33%.

+Mana based combat skills have increase in strength by 14%.

+Will keep enemies away.

+Mana Barrier(Advanced Level 4) will prevent ranged attacks within a certain range.

+Has the ability to drive away darkness.

+Prevents abnormal status.

+Increases the morale of troops.

+Strong magic resistance to curses and black magic.

+When viewing the sculpture Faith, Wisdom, and Intelligence will increase by 10 permanently.

Can not be used with other sculptures.

So far the number of completed masterpieces: 8

+-----

+Sculpting Skills have improved.

+Handicrafting has improved

+Smithing has increased to Intermediate Level 6. You are now better at smelting unique metals.

+Smithing has increased to Intermediate Level 7. You can now create light armor with high durability.

+Fame has increased by 4924

+Art has increased by 51.

+Wisdom has increased by 7.

+Endurance has increased by 3.

+Stamina has increased by 4.

+Charisma has increased by 13.

+Charm has increased by 25.

+For creating a masterpiece, all stats have increased by an additional 3 points.

+This sacred sculpture has the ability to reduce the powers of the dead.

Weed's eight masterpiece sculpture!

Since it was a sculpture that could be carried, it was going to be a great help in the fight.

"Nevertheless I was able to make another named sculpture...this much is good."

Instead of sword or armor, it was a great sculpture that increased stats and lowered mana consumption.

It was some of the best options for a cleric or wizard. Thanks to the process helium, his blacksmith skills increased another two levels. There was not much left until it was level six and the reason it raised so much was because he was a human that was dealing with the highest grade metal.

"It's so reassuring to create such a good sculpture..."

Weed moved his jawbone.

+A sculpture made out of the legendary material helium has been created.

+You can go to the Sculptor's Guild to receive additional rewards.

Very nice things kept happening but as a Doom Knight the options were very negative things since the power in his body kept dropping. If he held

onto the sculpture too long then he would die there holding it. Weed wrapped the sculpture in a white cloth and added it to his bag.

+You are no longer in contact with the Torch Left by a Sculptor.

+The aura of Divine Power is leaving the body.

+Once the energy completely disappears then it is possible to regain original combat capability.

The scenes of Weed creating the Helium Sculpture was broadcasted live on the internet and seen by many. However this was hardly anything to hide. The people of the Continent of Versailles had spread news by mouth. Whenever a A class or S class quest succeeded the effects were great.

The Relics of Freya were also made of the same Helium material.

“Such an amazing sculpture was made in the world. It is a sculpture that is very artistic but also imbued with magical powers.”

“The number of treasures created by human hands on the Continent of Versailles has increased by one, but this one is very powerful because of the effort that was put into it.”

“His Majesty, the King is very anxious to meet this sculptor. Keep the palace doors open and tell the guard to see if they can contact the sculptor...”

# Chapter 5: Turn Undead

Weed's battle preparation ended when everyone had a full stomach from his cooking.

"We must..."

Having prepared already, the paladins and priests waited for Weed's speech.

"He will make the speech really long. I would if it was me."

"Yeah, and it will also get re-broadcasted. After all, Weed is enormously famous."

Many broadcasting stations including KMC Media were broadcasting it live. Today, not only in Versailles continent, many people would watch Balkan being hunted through many broadcasting stations.

It would be a lie to say they were not tense and thrilled at the opportunity. The paladins felt great shivers to be under Weed's command and fight against the Undead Legion's Balkan. Before the battle it was mandatory to remind themselves of the justification and worth of what they were trying to do by listening to their commander's great speech.

Weed cleared his throat and continued.

"We must hunt Balkan down and take every treasure he has."

"....."

"....."

A precise target with clear consciences!

And with simplicity that did not mindlessly clutter the audience attention.

"Well then let's all do our best."

"....."

For Weed time was too precious to waste on speech.

'We just have to kill all of them.'

As plans were already set up the only thing to do was fight coolly. So an enormous assault team including paladins, priests and Geomchis was deployed immediately after. Pale's companions and the Necromancers including Marey moved with them.

Marey, as a bard, came along to compose and sing an awesome song while he spectated Weed's battle against Balkan. The Necromancers also decided to fight with Weed. There was no small amount of spells and items they could receive under Balkan's command but their notoriety and Power of Undead would increase.

Balkan was the Necromancers' blessing and curse at the same time. And with their alignment toward the Undead Legion, it was difficult to enter any villages or castles so they decided to fight for their freedom.

---

Paladins' morale was unmeasurably high. Their attack and defense capabilities were at their maximum when they were against the Undead.

'With Weed-nim I will be able to fight a heart pounding battle.'

'Even if I die, I won't regret a tiny bit.'

Because they were on a live broadcast, their wills were on fire for the battle.

Heading toward the Undead Legions' troop headquarters in Vargo fortress!

Shaking and their hearts surged with thrill, they marched under the dark sky with heavy rains.

"You need to enter this sewer."

But the place Weed led to was a dirty narrow sewer!

SPLASH SPLASH!

Paladins, priests and Geomchis walked down the sewer in the direction Weed told them earlier. Pale's group and Mapan the merchant was with them too. They went past the complicated paths of the sewer and came up above ground, Weed the Doom knight was waiting for them. As Weed was

aligned toward the Undead Legion he simply walked past the gate opened and manned by Undead. They could not be jealous of his slightly wet cape and armour.

“This is the kitchen located in the exterior fortress of Vargo fortress. This is a safe place because Undead don’t eat.”

As priests entered the fortress, it felt like their bodies were shivering due to the tension.

Pale asked, “The place Balkan is residing, is it nearby?”

“From the inner fortress we need to go underground.”

They infiltrated the exterior of the fortress easily but the path still left would be tough. It would be just impossible to reach Balkan without getting noticed by so many Undead.

“I’ll enter first. Please follow after some time.”

Weed led in the front, searching the Undead’s movements. It was best when there were no Undead nearby and he frequently reported information on his reconnaissance.

“Seven of them. There are no other Undead in the vicinity. We need to assault them quickly and move on.”

“Holy Might!”

“Recovery!”

When they had to hunt, they cleared the enemy using holy spells from the priests.

Priests’ healing magic, blessing spells and Turn Undead were very critical against the Undead.

“There is no time to take a break for mana regeneration. The Undead move around Vargo fortress freely so we need to keep moving to where Balkan is.”

Weed kept moving without any delay. Because he grasped the exact path leading to Balkan, they were able to move fast even if they had to stop to

kill Undead. They moved in fear that once they were revealed by Undead, the tremendous force of Undead would come after them.

Weed promised them an opportunity to fight all they desired, they also wanted to fight Balkan so they followed after him quietly. There were many monsters in the exterior of the fortress but Weed used his position in the Undead Legion to at least reduce the guards.

He took the loitering Undead in their path as his underlings and threw them out of the fortress. But most of the Undead squatting in the corner with their bodies crouched were over level 300 and three Bone Dragons were flying around in the air. Vandal knights on their ghost horses roamed between interior and the exterior of the fortress so even Weed, who knew the current Undead circumstances, couldn't be completely at ease.

“Keeak, humans!”

Priests and paladins channeled their holy spells and used it immediately but sometimes the Undead died screaming. Every time that happened, nearby Undead came in and they had to quickly repeat their subjugation and escape.

“Humans! Humans are invading.”

“Ring the bell and alert everyone.”

“There is a fight going on somewhere.”

“I smell blood. Living creatures are challenging us.”

RING! RING! RING!

Somewhere from the towers of Vargo Fortress, a loud chime rang.

“We have to assume we are revealed now. From now on, there will be no more scouting instead run straight to the interior of the fortress.”

Following after Weed, the paladins and Geomchis ran after him. Even the physically weak priests held their staffs and the scriptures in their hands and started running.

“We kill every Undead blocking our way and break through.”

It was a battle against time now. If they were surrounded by Undead crowding in from the whole Vargo Fortress, they would only face a miserable death.

“Sahyungs need to go forward now. We need to break through as quick as we can. It may be dangerous but please.”

“Don’t worry. That much is easy.”

Geomchis destroyed every defending Undead soldiers they encountered.

Dedicated attack and breakthrough using their bodies unsparingly!

If it was not the cleansing spells of priests, then the Undead return as corpses through normal sword or physical attacks. But due to Balkan’s Dark Rule magic, they would rise again as Undead as time goes but they were not in the circumstance of taking measures.

Weed took the front and ran through the hallway. Because he was a Doom Knight, he didn’t get attacked by Undead.

“Intruders!”

Weed screamed and drew the Undead attentions.

“Humans approaching from the right hallway.”

Every Undead ran to the direction Weed told.

Weed performed his duty of confusing Undead besides scouting and guiding the paths. Running straight through, everyone besides straggling priests behind them arrived at the gate leading to the interior of the fortress.

“We need to get across here. There are way too many Undead on the other paths.”

The path Weed picked was connected with the inner fortress through bridges over the moat. Under the bridge, crocodile Undead licked their chops at the sight of humans.

“Let’s go.”

Priests and paladins ran across the bridge.

Behind the exterior of the fortress they ran from, Undead soldiers were gathering.

“Attack! Kill them all!”

“They are rebelling against Balkan-nims goal. Let’s make them into Death’s companions.”

Undead ran what they could and chased after them. There were so many varieties of Undead and gargoyles assaulted from the air.

“Divine Shield!”

Priests spread out their protective magic and blocked the attack.

“Hurry to the interior of the fortress.”

“Quickly, quickly.”

Ever since they entered Vargo fortress, they kept facing battles without time to gather their senses. Not only they had to take care of Undead quickly, they had to move swiftly. Players had questions about how Weed would lead the battle but now they knew.

Weeding them out, falling behind or disobedience was deaths. Because the difficulty of battles were beyond their imaginations, they had to put a lot of efforts trying to keep up with Weed.

Weed looked up in the sky. Presently he couldn’t see three the Bone Dragons.

“Really, I chose a good day.”

Since few days ago, elves and barbarians didn’t attack Vargo fortress. There were sightings of rare high elves in the forest near Vargo fortress, there were indication of another large attack rather than a withdrawal.

“We must fight a big battle with elves.”

“If we raise great achievements, the Balkan-nim will be happy.”

“If we kill many barbarians, do you think we can get accepted into the Vandal knights?”

“Seeing tonight is calm, they must be coming to attack tomorrow. The

Undead Legion is planning to counter-strike after defending from Vargo Fortress. This time, we will follow elves into the forest, its a chance to gain great accomplishments.”

Through the Undead conversation he predicted the day of the possible assault. If Vargo fortress was seen from afar, on one side there was humans brought by Weed that were fighting through the path leading to the interior. And near the walls, there was a united army of elves, barbarians and dwarves fighting the Undead.

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Pale and Maylon shot arrows without any interval. They entered the inner fortress shooting gargoyles foreheads with their silver arrows. They stood by the entrance and protected the priests by continuously shooting their arrows. It was because unlike Geomchi and paladins who had a decent level of defense, priests could die easily.

Priests usually support the battle from the safe and comfortable rear. They were in charge of healing and blessing which was a core part in party quests so they did not move around a lot.

“Huk. Huk!”

Breeman, a celebrated priest from Morata, immediately sat down on the ground as he came inside the inner fortress and was breathing heavily. He was priest Breeman that would receive adulation wherever he went, but joining a raid under Weed he had to run as hard as he could voluntarily. He thought that he would die by the Undead chasing them if he flapped and walked slowly because of his fat stomach.

Breeman finally felt relieved after he entered the inner fortress.

“Weed-nim, is this place safe?”

Weed just pointed toward hallway in front of him without any words. The inner fortress was filled with much stronger monsters than monsters in the outer fortress!

Three Vandal knights on their ghost horses charged against humans.

“Be careful!”

“An assault.”

Priests alerted one after the other.

Geomchi were already getting ready for it.

Instincts as martial artists. Although they couldn't sense variety of dangers like adventurers or thieves, a chilling aura flowed and warned them when a strong enemy appeared.

“It's been a long time since facing someone worth fighting.”

“Be careful. If you let your guard down, you will die right away.”

Vandal knights were presumed to be over level 430. Each of them were high rank Undead, who were given individual names, and they were further enhanced by Balkan's Death Aura.

“Sword Cloning!”

Geomchis used their secret sword skill. Because Vandal knights seemed strong, they decided to give it all they got from the beginning. Each individual Geomchi19, Geomchi56, Geomchi101 and Geomchi147 cloned their bodies 10 times.

“The Balkan-nim wants living offerings.”

“You can only be used as sacrifices.”

Vandal knights, in a split second, rushed the Geomchis' clones and slashed them. Each slashes made the clones disappear. But Geomchis didn't prefer taking away enemy's life slowly by using their clones.

It was only a method used to create an opening in their enemy so they could attack.

“Taa!”

Geomchis attacked Vandal knights' weak spots that were exposed while they were attacking.

“Kyaaah!”

Due to their armour and Death Aura's defensive capabilities the Vandal knights did not receive heavy damages from Geomchis' attack. Despite the fact their joints such as backs and knees were struck, they only took normal damage.

“Healing Hand.”

“Warrior Healing.”

“Sun God Blessings!”

Priests and paladins' holy spells struck Vandal knights a little later. It was healing and blessing magic that inflict horrifying damages to the Undead.

“Endless Brilliance.”

“Vitality Regeneration.”

While Vandal knights were weak, Geomchis attacked them indiscriminately.

Hwaryeong danced in front of two newly approaching Vandal knights.

Her own booby booby dance!

Vandal knights had an ingrained hatred of humans and attacked right away. But the closer the range of the dance the more influence became powerful so she continued to dance while barely dodging their strikes. It was difficult even for Hwaryeong but she managed to succeed.

“This is pretty nice.”

“They are worth beating.”

Those who were directly participating in the battle were beyond expectation as the knights had high defense. It was a nice opportunity to raise attack-related skill mastery and stats!

When Vandal knights died, Weed went to the corner.

“It seems I cannot stay as Undead from now onward.”

Vargo fortress was a place even a Doom knight can't wander around freely. Not only was it impossible to give commands to Undead like in the

outer fortress, he would also be under Balkan's command. If Balkan tells Weed to attack, he could lose control of his body and fight the Geomchis.

"Time to change my body again."

Weed took out a sculpture from his backpack.

"I need to get back to my original appearance."

Combining the already sculpted head, legs, arms and body, it looked similar to Weed's original face but slightly different. The sculpture had a high nose, squared chin, dark eyebrows and a nice symmetry. Not only was it handsome, it was about 12 cm taller.

Technically speaking, it could only be classified as the same human otherwise it was a completely different person altogether. The plastic surgeon would admire his well define fixes, and if he would go to the alumni reunion no one would recognize him.

"It feels comfortable like I'm looking at a mirror after a long time. Sculpture Transformation!"

Weed came back from an Undead body to a human. There were some physical differences but the height was similar so he had no problem adapting. He equipped items he used to wear as a human and Kolderim's daemon sword and finally held the 'Torchlight left behind by Sculptors'.

"Bit more comfortable now."

Even though his body wasn't enhanced in combats like when he was a Doom Knight, he was able to equip much better equipment. Also he was able to receive healing and blessings from priests so there was no negative side to it.

When Weed stood again in front of other people, Pale's group and Necromancers were already in the inner fortress.

"Huh?"

"The effect of a sculpture..."

Due to the torch Weed held, users' capabilities went up dramatically and their faith, intelligence and wisdom increased by 10 permanently.

“It’s the sculpture he made last time.”

“The sculpture from Weed-nim can do this much? A sculptor is a really awesome profession!”

While getting respects from the players, Weed spoke his plan.

“We will continue moving to the place where Balkan is. The monsters in the inner fortress will continue gathering... You must use holy spells unsparingly here.”

With just Geomchis fighting, the casualties from the Vandal knights would be huge. In Vargo fortress filled with Undead, they needed to do their best to break through.

“Undead will be coming from every side. What should we do?”, one of the paladins asked.

Right now, they were inside a perfect sealed barrier created by consuming all the mana from eight advanced priests. They were taking a brief break in an alley leading to the inner fortress, though this barrier could only last 3~4 minutes. Monsters entering from the outer fortress were a problem, but the strong monsters attacking inside the fortress were also troublesome.

“If we keep going, there is a stairway going to the basement. Balkan is beneath it. After holding off the stairway, we will form a defensive parameter.”

On the only stairway going to the underground, they would fight the Undead on the narrow path. The paladins and priest could take breaks there, afterwards they would leave behind some defending forces and gamble their lives fighting Balkan.

It was a very simple and basic plan, but it all depended on arriving to their final destination with minimum damage. Knowing the interior of Vargo fortress very well, Weed did not struggle finding his way and could act as a guide faithfully.

“Whew...”

Players were taking deep breaths out of anxiety. They were about to confront the legendary monster Balkan. If they won it was a relief, but if they could not and retreated, they would be completely annihilated without even getting out of the inner fortress.

Priests nodded.

“Let’s go.”

“We came this far so might as well see the end.”

After taking a break to recover their vitality, they kept moving on. Undead endlessly jumped at them but holy spells from paladins and priests blasted them. Evil spirits came at them from the ceiling, walls and floors, and sometimes Vandal knights appeared.

Weed advanced onwards with the torch and Geomchis, Pale’s group, priests, paladins and Necromancers followed closely behind.

“The Undead keep coming, do you think we can succeed?”

“I don’t know. But it’s Weed who’s leading us so I’m pretty sure we can succeed.”

“But first to be defeated maybe us....”

They could only follow filled with pessimism and irritation.

Monsters even came out from old paintings, Vargo Fortress dangerous dungeon was of impossible standards.

“The wall!”

“Ghosts coming out from the wall. Avoid them.”

“Look out for the monsters on the ceiling!”

Despite the fact that there were a lot of paladins and priests gathered, victims due to the Undeads’ ambushes increased. If there is some health left, they could be saved by using a lot of healing spells but Undead with unbelievable levels killed about six Geomchis and paladins in a split second.

As a top priority, Priests were protected from every dangers but even so, there were many casualties among them. There were dangerous situation where they were attacked simultaneously back to front, but finally they were able to arrive at the wine cellar which was their destination!

If they just opened the door Balkan was waiting.

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“Ah! Now the fight against Balkan is waiting before them. It is the moment we’ve all been waiting so long for.”

“It is a battle with tremendous stakes for Weed.”

The scene of Weed bringing players to invade Vargo Fortress was broadcasted live across many stations. Having advance warning before hand, the regular programs were cancelled and they made it into a special program.

On top of that many of the players were writing in the Royal Road message boards, that it became a large festivity. To express it in one sentence it was, ‘an event that was crazed with joy.’

Viewers’ response were beyond the expectation various broadcasting stations had. It was possible to say that the reason was because it’s Weed’s adventure which was never disappointing.

But there was another reason beyond why the viewers like it.

- It’s totally reckless.
- His guts swollen. How could he order 1 portion of sausage and ask just for the meat?
- Person above that is a tasteless joke. Weed-nim is known to eat a 5-man portion.
- Vargo Fortress! How can he go hunting in such a place?

Weed was unpredictable.

Weed did dangerous things that other users would never do without

hesitation.

The feeling of tension and stress that was released at these moments!

Many stations broadcasted at the same time but depending on the disposition of the host, they all said different things.

“Ho Gung, according to the analysis there is high chance that the hunt will fail?”

“That’s right. We’ve completely analyzed their known military strength and as for me, I don’t see any chances of winning.”

“Even though there are priests and paladins, natural enemy of Undead?”

“You can’t just take Balkan’s spells out of your consideration. What is the reason why Necromancers are the most feared? They continuously create allies from corpses. But if that many men go in, it will only end up as a great disadvantage. In the worst situation, everyone will become Undead.”

“So how can they defeat Balkan?”

“I say take a small, very high level group. Currently there are no players at a level to hunt Balkan so you must see it as an impossible monster to hunt. And to be honest, I am very worried what kind of battle will proceed.”

Viewers turned away from such negatively-broadcasting station. Their viewer message boards were empty enough to cause snores.

“Considering Weed’s battles, I’m sure he has come up with a lot of strategies and therefore will fight well. Watching and learning tactics Weed brings out one by one will be something many of you can enjoy. Of course all those tactics might not work.”

“Weed is in the situation where he can’t afford not to hunt Balkan because Undead Legion is attacking Morata right now. If he fails, Morata’s existence will be in danger.”

Objective and neutral broadcasts had low ratings as well.

“Last time I checked, they just entered the inner fortress and now they

are already one step away from Balkan. Aren't they absurdly fast?"

"Normally, a legendary monster like this has many titles. Moving siege weapon or emperor of Undead and so on. But right now its not matched well with its opponent. As Weed is the God of War after all."

"So the reason why Weed has been called the God of War ever since the magical continent is being explained now?"

"I do not need to speak many words about it. I think you can just look at the screen. Who other than Weed could possibly fight so efficiently and systematically with perfect strangers?"

The stations that complimented and cheered Weed, their ratings exploded!

Because it was being broadcasted by many stations, the ratings were much more sensitive. The broadcast official while speaking celebratory words could not avoid being critical.

Ever since they started programs about Royal Road, broadcasting staffs haven't seen a single player with such popularity regardless of gender and age. Most players were just well known because of their authority, strength or higher level than others but none of them were a match for Weed in popularity itself.

In an objective way, Bardray and even the heads of any guilds had much more influence and authority than Weed. Despite all that, people were cheering for Weed because he made sculptures, showed many kinds of skills and went on thrilling adventure.

An adventure that everyone dreams of, rather than formation of corrupt force.

An adventure that they themselves couldn't go on.

No one could hate a sculptor playing in the wide Versailles continent as his stage.

"If people love it this much..."

"I guess we should consider creating a program featuring Weed?"

“I think it would be okay to orientate information about the sculptures Weed made or his preferred hunting ground.”

“He’s been on TV several times and he always drew high ratings.”

Broadcast officials only saw how to use Weed’s popularity. But watching the recent broadcast, more and more among them were siding with Weed.

They were all players as well that travelled Versailles continent.

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“I’ll open the door. Get ready for battle and charge immediately.”

As soon as Weed opened the door, they were able to see Balkan Demorph sitting in a huge chair.

- You are falling into a state of fear.

Your body is temporarily stunned.

Maximum health and mana is reduced by 20%.

Strength reduced by 45%.

Agility reduced by 25%.

Wisdom reduced by 40%.

Vitality reduced by 28%.

You are becoming unlucky.

- You have a mental breakdown, falling into hallucinatory state.

You feel dizziness.

The chance of skill or spell failure increased.

You are seeing visions.

Vitality is declining fast.

To be honest, he predicted the situation somewhat and was resolute in his heart.

But just looking at Balkan caused this many effects!

Weed’s fighting spirit, willpower and faith were evenly high but the

effect was still tremendous. When he came as a Doom Knight, he was on the same side so it was okay but now that he's completely an enemy, he had to confront the great power of Balkan face to face.

“Arrgh!”

“Don't do this. Don't come near me!”

Priest even had great physical damage and were threatened by vision. It was a legendary monster that threw humans into chaos in a split second.

Geomchis were only slight harmed.

Through many reckless challenges, their willpower and fighting spirit were extremely high and as their class was martial artists, they fought strong enemies by scraping all their strength from the bottom.

TARARARA!

Marey took out his instrument and performed on it. Music was a useful method to win over the fear.

‘Let me show you why I am the best bard in the continent.’

They were being broadcasted live on many stations so this was an opportunity he was waiting for. To the bards, the moment where Weed sang before the start of battle was incredibly awesome enough to cause jealousy.

A palace hall was nothing compared to the stage that was Balkan hunting.

Place where the God of War treads on.

The Frozen lands, legions...

He sang in a quiet voice the composed song he was pleased with.

Starting off in a calm, soothing melody.

And then about halfway, Marey singing was known to change in an explosive manner.

However!

Too strong. The tough looking Undead!

Weed for his own song, cried out a Lion's Roar.

Trying not to be pushed aside, Marey tried to match the song while playing on his instrument.

Steps making history.....

Looking strong enough for me to tremble

But you shall die today

What priced item are you wearing

JJJJAAAAP,TTTEEEMMM

Following the blowing wind.

Robe is expensive

How much is the crown on your head?

Even Your skeleton scepter is mine

JJJJAAAAP,TTTEEEMMM

It was much crueler than someone just taking away the mike when he had prepared his best song in a karaoke!

Marey's epic and grand song was buried deep by Weed's off-the-beat and out-of-tune yelling.

Simple yet addictive song that was easy to follow!

- By listening to a music, effects of fear and hallucination reduced by 58%.

Marey, in despair, desperately played his instrument at least to protect his dignity as a bard. He brought out Weed's random singing by

exquisitely following with his instrument.

‘When will he end? How will he compose the ending?’

Because they didn’t have any consultation in advance, Marey followed along his instrument anxiously. However, Weed’s song suddenly ended without even a proper closing.

“Attack!”

As Weed’s orders fell, paladins ran toward Balkan as they planned. Above them, the Vandal knights including the Undead Legion continuously tried to come downstairs. Whether they fail hunting Balkan or prolonging the Undead Legion from coming down, it was a situation where they face annihilation.

Balkan stood up from his chair.

“You scums. You did well coming here to end your lives early. I don’t need your worthless heads. I’ll make all of you into headless Undead and make you obey me forever.”

- Necromancer’s Declaration has been used.

Paladins charged in but they all headed in different directions.

They thought they were running toward the right direction but they were trapped in Balkan’s vision.

“Frost Wave!”

As Balkan snapped his finger, freezing surge swept in.

Even though paladins were coated with bright holy power, the effect of freezing slowed them and made their body rigid.

“Kill the humans.”

From the ground, fifty Doom knights rose as one. They were Balkans protective guards.

“There are Undead here as well.”

“We need to take care of them fast. We must not give time for Balkan to cast another spell!”

To get closer, paladins had to fight Doom knights first. If the battle proceeds like this, as soon as there is a corpse, the balance of the battle will immediately be on Balkan's side and give him the advantages. But the paladins weren't surprised.

'Weed told us this kind of battle had a high chance of probability.'

He said that once paladins rush, Balkan will focus his attacks on them. As a Lich, his physical capabilities weren't all bad but as a magician if the paladins closed the distance, Balkan would be in an extremely difficult position.

As a typical Necromancer, Balkan will cast several critical curses and create Undead using paladins as sacrifices.

But the paladins were baits.

Due to their unique defense capabilities and body protection, they will get relatively less damage from Balkan's magic attacks. If they were to fight defensively, they could even withstand attacks of Doom knights for a very long time.

The real attack was prepared by the priests.

"Turn Undead!"

Priests casted Undead cleansing spells in unison.

Many visions of Balkan disappeared and huge impacts cause the dark auras to undulate.

"Kuaak!"

Even if he is Balkan the legendary monster, it was impossible not to get damaged from an attack that was completely incompatible with him.

Balkan's body and his surroundings shone brightly with holy power.

Romuna used a spell quickly.

"Sprouting life, show me everything of it. View Life Force!"

DING!

Lich Balkan Demoph

Sorcerer of darkness. A black magician that exceeded the limitation of human being.

Raising Undead, he tried to conquer the continent.

Has a body of a Lich. Due to the sacred sword stabbed in his chest, his physical activities and magical strengths are restricted.

As a legendary monster he is the public enemy of all kingdoms and churches.

Health: 87%

Mana: 99%

# Chapter 6: Three Bone Dragons

Though the priests attack's were successful, Balkan's life was far away from death. A Lich was an existence that could survive infinitely long as it could create an army if there were corpses and living creatures.

“Awaken, my servants...!”

As Balkan shouted, a 5-meter high Stone Golem stood up from the ground. It was so high that it could almost scrape the ceiling with its thick looking pairs of arms and legs! Higher-rank Necromancers usually had at least one Golem type guardian and in case of Balkan, it was a stone golem.

Dudududu!

As the Stone Golem swung its arm, paladins were thrown back. Every time the Golem ran, the ground shook and small rubble fell from the ceiling. It had vitality, defence and attack like a steel wall. And as it is a guardian created by magic, it didn't take damages from holy spells.

“Be careful. It's not certain but it must be mid to late level 400.”

“We have to breakthrough the golem first to get to Balkan.”

“Let's take down the golem.”

They thought the battle to be simple because they were against Balkan but the battle became chaotic instantly.

Usually, when magicians are hit by one or two small attacks, their spells got cancelled and they experienced fluctuation in mana. But Balkan was fine even with continuous hits from Light Sphere and Turn Undead. With the Lich's high magic resistance, the spell casting didn't get cancelled.

“Chasing Arrow!”

Pale and Maylon concentrated their mana in arrows and shot it toward Balkan. As a magician, Balkan could not take drastic evasive movements while chanting a spell so the arrows hit without missing all the time. But it felt like he did not mind the minor attacks at all.

A Lich's nature was to drain health and mana from living creatures so

Balkan was not in a desperate situation.

“Silent Atmosphere.”

More than 200 paladins in Balkan’s curse range were surrounded by dark and blue energies.

A very strong curse that disturbs the targets breathing!

“Bone Destruction.”

CRACK!

This time, about 30 paladins’ bones in their bodies were crushed. Even though they were wearing armor, they couldn’t overcome the curse because of low resistance.

“Fire Hydra Summon.”

Balkan even summoned a Fire Hydra. Sprouting from the ground head first, it breathed fire from each of its head. Balkan casted three spells consecutively with ease.

After a very short break, Balkan began casting attack magic on the paladins.

“Frost Ring!”

Rings of freezing air were created and covered the paladins.

The priests’ healing spells were focused on Balkan and paladins. Because of that they were able to prevent mass slaughters from the continuous spells. Also it was due to the nature of paladins’ magic defence and resistance being comparably higher than the warrior class.

Weed observed the situation coolly.

‘Balkan’s curse magic, Necromancers’ magic are on top standards. Looking at his unbelievably strong Undead, I’m pretty sure he can create a bunch of Bone Dragons if he has the required corpses. He can use summon magic quite well but his attack magic is fairly weak.’

Up to a certain point, Balkan’s magic was relatively weak compared to other magicians. Balkan could cast attack spells faster than advanced

magicians over level 400. If one considered not only the magic strength but the casting speed as important in battle, it could be said to be a considerable forte.

On top of that, paladins were extremely overwhelmed just by looking at Balkan. The summoned Doom Knights and Stone golem were in even more rampageous and Balkan interchanged between lightning and ice spells and some of the paladins fell victims to the attacks.

According to Romuna's check, Balkan's health dropped to 73% after the continuous attack by the priests using Turn Undead, but it was not hopeful news. There were already 19 newly dead corpses. Assuming Balkan would create higher-rank Undead with his Undead summoning spell, it's only right to say that the current hunt will fail.

Currently, though it was not aggregated, about a million people were estimated to be paying attention to the live broadcast. The quest of Weed with his companions, not only was it watched by the players but the viewers as well who were watching with variety of different emotions.

'Just fail.'

'Perish.'

'Get killed violently.'

'Weed is finished now.'

High-level rankers and players in top guilds wished for Weed's failure as one.

But humans still had a moving force, the Geomchis.

Even though the battle had started, Geomchis had to endure the urge to fight because Weed told them to wait for Balkan's response against the paladins.

"Wooah!"

"Yes!"

Geomchis pulled strength in their bodies and yelled out a war cry. Based on their resilience, willpower and courage, they fully overcame Balkan's

fear effect. Now Geomchis could fight like usual, without any restrictions. That was already enough of an advantage when fighting Balkan.

“Let’s go!”

“Kill these bastards.”

Geomchis jumped out and swung their swords at the Golem and Doom Knights. The standards of Balkan’s handmade Undead were different. Doom Knights with Death Aura effect were almost as strong as semi-boss monsters but using their skill, the Geomchis were able fight evenly. And because they were under the blessings from priests, they were able to fight even more rough and recklessly than usual.

“Destroy them completely!”

“Do not let your guard down until priests cleanse the monster you defeated with their holy power.”

Balkan was kept in check by the paladins. Using this moment as an opportunity, Geomchis destroyed Doom knights and purified them.

While everyone was fighting with all their might, suddenly a soothing melody was heard!

Bellot was playing her instrument on the battlefield. She sang a sacred song raising priests’ faith and paladins’ strength.

Romuna occasionally flung spells and Surka fought the Doom Knights with Geomchis. Zephyr and Hwaryeong took care of the Undead coming down the stairway with other players. Because of Zephyr’s wide range attacks and Hwaryeong’s monster sleep skill, they didn’t join the hunting of Balkan themselves.

“You uncivilized humans, what a foolish resistance. This land is ruled by my commandments of darkness. Experience the power of the eternal Undead Legion. Dark Rule!”

One of Balkan’s three great magics, a spell that turns every corpse in the vicinity into Undead was cast. Balkan Demoph was a high-rank Necromancer and as a magician, he could use three special magics.

Dark Rule, Death Aura, Absolute Magic defence!

Absolute Magic defence blocks the sources of any attack spells that endanger him. Unless it was the standard of a great magician, they could not even touch the tip of Balkan's bones. Of course Romuna's capabilities were far lower than Balkan but she was already useful just by casting spells on Undead.

By the Dark Rule, the basement and the whole Vargo fortress turned dark red. If Balkan creates Undead based on corpses of paladins and Geomchis, his war potential will become a lot bigger. With Death Aura, he could automatically drain health and mana these Undead gain by fighting.

But Necromancers waited for this moment and moved faster than Balkan. They came bare handed because it was obvious any Undead they brought here will be under Balkan's command, but they did not come here to play around.

"Arise. Souls who have yet to close their eyes, who have yet to slumber. The living here and the ones that killed you, take revenge! Dead Rise."

Paladins' corpses turned into low skeletons and arose.

"Kiririk?"

"Humans... They are attacking Balkan-nim."

Skeletons looked around and then immediately started fighting for Balkan.

"What's this, these gnats."

As Geomchi487 pushed them by, their bodies broke futilely!

These low rank Undead created by Necromancers and not by Balkan's Dark Rule were annihilated by the priests' purification magic in no time at all. The Necromancers made a great achievement blocking Undead summoning, Balkan's strongest point.

Mapan took off the white cover off his carriage he forcefully dragged here.

The 'Advent of the Seven Angels' sculpture. He brought Daycram's

magnum opus from the Art Center.

Abusing the authority as the owner of the Art Center and the Sculpture!

He actively used the delivered sculpture that magnified the effects of holy power and increased mana regeneration speed. Of course if they lost, the Seven Angels sculpture made out of mithril will be Balkan's so it was a huge gamble for Weed.

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“We need to go this way.”

Weed, together with 150 top order Geomchis and 30 priests broke through the basement and headed toward the inner fortress of Vargo Fortress. At first the Undead chased after them, but soon after as if they realized they needed to protect Balkan in the basement they stopped following.

‘We need to destroy the Life Vessel that is sealing the Lich's health.’

Balkan is a legendary monster that even using holy power was difficult to kill. His magical strength was severely restricted by the sacred sword in his chest but it's impossible to estimate his level. To completely destroy Balkan that didn't even die with a sacred sword embedded in him, Weed needed to take out the Life Vessel first.

If Balkan with low health got reverse summoned near the Life Vessel, he will be able to control the Undead Legion again and kill every players that came inside the fortress.

‘It might possibly be there.’

There was a place that Weed was suspicious of the Life Vessel being when he was taking a look around the inner fortress as a Doom Knight.

“As there is not much time let's run.”

“Alright, let's go faster!”

Weed and Geomchis ran down the hallway fast. They had no time to hesitate as many people keeping Balkan in check would continue to die.

Priests have never suffered physically so much in their lives.

They had been raising their stats for wisdom or faith so they got exhausted easily just by walking for a long time. Just trying to keep pace with Weed and Geomchis was enough to make their legs tremble.

“Hop on me”

Geomchis crouched and stuck out their robust backs.

“But that would be discourtesy...”

“The reason why a man’s back is so wide is because of these situation. We’ve never got to use it so far but it’s ok.”

Priests hopped precariously on the masculine Geomchis. Weed who only brought along female priests for Geomchis!

“Undead!”

Monsters guarding the hallway frequently showed up but Weed and Geomchis broke through with their extraordinary actions.

“Hey, over here. Heriam Fencing!”

When Weed stuck out the Sculptor’s Torch, the Undead were exposed to holy power, wrapping their skulls and suffered. Using these moments, he decisively slashed with his sword and kept going.

As they were heading on the upper part of the inner fortress, Weed who could see far

saw that there were fierce fights going on everywhere outside the fortress. Flames and smoke were rising, skeletons running around the fortress wall, ghosts flew around in the air.

“For the glory of Balkan-nim!”

“Kill the elves. Welcome these elves who came to become one of us.”

“Head toward the basement and help the Balkan-nim.”

In the passages Undead gathered in groups and moved about. Every time they approached, Weed, Geomchis and priests hid in empty rooms or behind the path and waited for them to pass.

“Sahyung, let’s continue.”

The destination Weed chose was on the third floor of the inner fortress. Through the steel gate guarded by 20 Vandal Knights, he speculated there will be Balkan’s Life Vessel behind the gate.

‘It’s probably the right place.’

Liches conceal their Life Vessels very thoroughly. Weed wasn’t able to enter but the possibility was high with severe protections.

“Intruders.”

“Humans rebelling against Balkan-nim.”

As soon as they arrived at the steel gate, the Vandal Knights confronted them in battle. While priests were casting blessing and healing spells and Geomchis were fighting them, Weed confronted one Vandal knight.

“I am the knight Elliot.”

“I am Weed. To meet like this is an honor.”

By instinct, Weed tried to raise his intimacy with him. The habit of flattery on higher-rank Undead still remained in Weed’s body.

“By coming here you must die. Farhead Fencing.”

The Vandal Knight stepped forward. When Weed was an Undead, he wanted to try fighting a Vandal Knight. The equipment they used looked unordinary and with Weed’s current level, killing a Vandal Knight would give him tons of experience.

Weed who learned the blacksmith skill, just by looking briefly he was able to figure out estimates of price or specs of equipment. Vandal Knights covered their bodies with heavy armor so their defence was very high but in return, they had less flexibility.

“Leave the land of Balkan-nim!”

Every time Vandal knights swung their swords, dark energies got released and swept everything within a 5-meter radius. Just a scratch took away a lot of Weed’s health.

“Moonlight Sculpting Blade!”

Weed swung his profound, shining sword against Vandal Knights and started his attack. He preferred close-range combat but it was difficult to hit them directly so he used Moonlight Sculpting Blade.

“Wow, amazing!”

“It’s really pretty!”

Even in this desperate situation, priests managed to get impressed by Weed.

It was the most beautiful skill that they had ever seen!

Compared to the simple flushing of white, black or reddish lights according to a swordsman’s speciality, his was profound and full of splendor. But the damage itself was weak compared to its effects. It had a great benefit of ignoring the enemy’s defence but it wasn’t like it could push the enemy with a strong force and the range was not so wide. Even so, it cost triple the mana consumption compared to the Sculpting Blade skill.

After he mastered Heriam Fencing, he used it barely and even then, it was for a short while but now he could use it as much as he wanted. He was holding the torch sculpted out of helium that supplied mana. It felt like receiving his first salary from a company and going out to eat with his co-workers!

“Right, let’s beat them evenly.”

Weed started to beat the Vandal Knights into a pulp. The Undead Vandal Knights that were much higher in rank than a Doom Knight!

Both sides neglected their defence and a slugfest erupted where they only focused on beating up each other. Weed took some damage as well but besides the healing he received from the priests, his resilience, endurance and defense from his equipment were quite high.

With priests behind him, he was able to fully focus on hunting quickly without caring about things.

- You obtained Elliot's boots.
- You obtained Elliot's cape.
- You picked up 81 gold, 34 silver and 58 copper.

Acquiring unique items!

When he finished off the Vandal Knight, the Geomchis finished their battles as well. Geomchi's who fought in a group with a large number ended up with all kinds of injuries.

"Huk... That was a really hard battle."

"But everyone fought well."

They fought with everything they've got to show off in front of female priests and intentionally received injuries to feel the healing hands just once more.

"Now, if we open the door...."

Geomchis and priests weren't fully recovered but Weed went straight to the steel gate. There were still Undead wandering around Vargo Fortress so he couldn't afford to take a rest. Geomchi<sup>15</sup> took out a key from among his drops from the Vandal Knights, he inserted it in the lock and turned.

CLINK!

The lock was released.

'We can now kill Balkan completely. The final moment of Lich Balkan Demoph the legendary monster has come.'

Weed with all his strength opened the steel gate with both hands.

And then he was touched.

"Ohhhh, what a wonderful place!"

He predicted the Life Vessel would be standing by itself in a room but the room was filled with mountains of antique swords, armors and all kinds of treasures.

The place Weed and Geomchis went in was the treasure room of Vargo

fortress.

---

“How much is all this.”

Weed’s smile stretched out till it felt like it could be torn. Golds in pots and chests looked like it was worth more than hundreds of thousands gold. But if only market value were taken into consideration the swords and armors were much more valuable.

“There are some of Balkan’s magic items.”

Due to their specs and rarity, magic items made by Balkan himself would bring in a lot of money.

A scepter that magnifies spells of certain attributes. Boots that allowed you to fly in the sky and walk over water.

“A jackpot!”

Overjoyed Weed’s first negative thought!

‘I should have came here alone....’

Geomchis, priests and Marey who followed along so he could compose a new song, because of them he had to share. As Weed was the one who led the quest, he had the ownership of 30% of all treasures that were found, the rest were divided based on the number of participants.

In a world where it’s heart-breaking to share even a small pea, how can you share mountains of gold, silver, treasures and items!

The second thought that came up in Weed’s head was that the sharing of treasures wasn’t even a problem. They could only take the gold, silver and treasure if they won the battle.

Weed’s face hardened.

‘Balkan’s Life Vessel isn’t here.’

Based on the fact that this place was in the center of the inner fortress with very heavy guards, he was certain this was the right place.

However.....

Weed sent a whisper to Mapan in haste.

What is the situation with Balkan?

A reply came back without delay.

Balkan's withstanding by continuing summoning Undead.

His health?

Priests are almost out of mana, he drained health and mana from Geomchis and paladins so he's still fine.

As long as he couldn't destroy the Life Vessel, they couldn't kill Balkan and will fail the battle as well. It became possible that all of the humans that entered Vargo fortress might be buried in here.

'We must find the Life Vessel. It's definitely inside Vargo Fortress. There can't be any other places. This place was the most safe and heavily fortified by the Undead.'

In critical situations, Weed's brain only worked faster! In the room Balkan was, there was no apparent place to hide. Even so, the Life Vessel would not be hidden in a wine bottle in the basement.

'It has to be a place where Balkan feels much safer and secured than this place where it is guarded by the Vandal Knights.'

Looking back through his memories calmly, he came up with a possible place where the Life Vessel was. There was a place several times safer than the outer or inner fortress. It was the top of the central tower in Vargo Fortress where Three Bone Dragons were flying around!

Everyone was exhausted from infiltrating the inner fortress of Vargo Fortress and breaking through the Undead. But now, they were in a situation where they had to fight against the Bone Dragons.

---

United army of elves, barbarians and dwarves could not collapse the outer part of Vargo Fortress and continued to fight. If every warriors of each races came, they would have conquered the outer fortress already but their main forces didn't get deployed as they had to protect the fairy

queen.

Fortunately for the united army, the Undead force was divided as well. In the inner fortress, there was a limitation to number of soldiers that can fight due to the narrow hallway.

“Kill them all.”

“For glory!”

From the ground in the hills nearby, the Undead arose and headed toward the outer fortress like a tide.

“Drive out the Undead, gain courage knowing that you are reclaiming freedom for our land””

Elves, dwarves and barbarians fought fiercely. From the chaos occurring in the outer fortress, Weed felt a serious chilling.

‘Three Bone Dragons...’

Normal Bone Dragons were already scary enough, but these Bone Dragon were masterpieces made by Balkan himself.

‘I guess we have no choice.’

Indomitable will that burned when he was driven into poverty and stepped on!

“Sahyung, we need to fight the Bone Dragons at the central tower to kill Balkan. What do you think we should do?”

He asked the Geomchis for their opinions just in case they had a good idea.

“We beat them down.”

“And leave perfectly good swords lying around?”

Instant agreement!

Truthfully, Weed also felt something was missing when he considered not going after the Bone Dragons.

“This way.”

There were more Undead reinforcements in the hallway as they moved toward the central tower. If they keep taking care of the approaching Undead on their way to the central tower, it will take a lot of time and they may be annihilated.

“We have to take a shortcut. I’ll go first. Please keep some distance and follow me.”

Weed broke a window and went out to the outer wall. Outside where the cool wind blew, gargoyles were flying around.

“A human.”

“Kill it!”

Skeleton archers standing guard on the fortress wall or lookout towers started shooting arrows towards Weed. Weed grabbed protruding parts and climbed along the wall.

“Quadruped run!”

SHASHASHAK.

He moved like a spider between the raining arrows, jumped on a destroyed part of the fortress wall or the protruding stones and hung on to it.

“Shoot the human first.”

“He seems like the worst guy. We must kill him first for Balkan-nim.”

Skeleton archers focused their attack on Weed.

KEEEEAK!

Even gargoyles approached and pecked Weed with their beaks.

“Moonlight Sculpting Blade!”

In a disadvantageous situation, hanging on the castle wall, Weed used his handicapped left hand to swing the sword. He drew the focus of the enemy so Geomchis, Marey and the priests could reach the top safely.

“Kill the man hanging on wall completely.”

“Let’s show the greatness of Undead.”

On the ground, skeleton mages gathered magic on their hands and shot also. Messages indicating he’s been hit kept popping up.

- Remaining health 36,789.

‘I am gonna die at this rate.’

Weed reached the roof of Vargo Fortress through climbing the wall. The roof of the inner fortress is was skewed and tilted. He was able to see many other large towers standing taller than the roof.

Following after Weed, gargoyles and bats attacked him with spells and arrows continuing after him. Only about 15% of his health was left. He had to buy enough time for Geomchis and priests to reach the top of the central tower from the other direction.

“With the situation as it is, I guess I have no choice..”

Weed took out a sculpture. A fine sculpture made of bronze called, ‘Japtem Embracing Merchant’.

“I didn’t want to use this again... but I’m not in the position to be picky when I have to fight the Bone Dragons. Sculptural Destruction! Let everything turn into agility.”

He crushed the sculpture with his own hand.

At that moment.

Weed’s body shone with light.

- You used the Sculpture Destruction.

Sorrow! Agony at the destruction of a fine sculpture.

5 art stat disappeared permanently. Fame decreased by 100.

Art stat transformed to agility with 1:4 ratio for 24 hours.

Because your art stat is too high and agility stat is low, the conversion will not happen instantly.

850 agility is converted into advance level 8 skill, ‘Wind Sprinting’. By

consuming your mana, you can ride on the wind and run.

650 agility is converted to advanced level 8 skill, 'Avoiding Art'. You can dodge enemies' attacks completely. It draws more capabilities out of leather armor.

410 agility is converted to advanced level 4 skill, 'Lucky Intervention'. Coincidental lucks occur frequently and you can use three-times stronger attribute attacks.

520 agility is converted to advance level 6 skill, 'Accurate Attack'. Chance of critical hit has risen and attack increased.

- Proficiency in sculpting increased.

Weed's body literally felt light as a feather.

"It good enough to run a 100-meter race."

In Royal Road, changes in stats also result in physical changes. At beginner level, it takes nearly 30 seconds to sprint 100-meter. If you are wearing armor, it may take more than a minute.

But by raising strength and agility, speed would gradually increase and later it was possible to get 10 seconds like the actual athletes, and as the level increase the running speed would become even faster than that.

His endurance changed as well. He was able to complete a marathon as long as his vitality keeps up with him.

- An arrow passed by causing a scratch.

Health decreased by 130.

The flying arrow from skeleton didn't hit Weed precisely and fell. It was the effect of agility where he naturally evaded without moving much.

"Then should I counterattack now?"

Weed took out a bow of high-elf Yurika. The price for arrows was regretful but now was the time to use it! If wood and steel was available, using his blacksmithing skill he could produce arrows so he premade 300 of them.

Weed ran on top of the tower and roof. He was too fast for bats and gargoyles to chase after him. He placed arrows in the string and shoot them towards skeletons. They seemed to be flying in completely wrong direction but they slowly changed their direction and precisely hit the enemies!

- Spirits of water inflicted additional damages.

A whirlpool of water appeared and swept the skeletons.

“Hit him!”

“Kill that human first.”

Weed slashed approaching gargoyles and shot arrows toward the skeleton archers while he was running around the roof. Arrows from skeleton archers all focused on him and gargoyles sitting on the fortress walls and towers flew in unison for a battle.

A thrilling pleasure coming from reckless speed!

Weed ran around the incomparably dangerous Vargo Fortress freely. As Weed pulled out his hand, an arrow shot from a skeleton archer was unbelievably caught.

- You obtained a steel arrow.

He shot the arrow immediately and returned it.

---

Pale looked at Balkan with his eyes filled with fear.

“This monster, really its too much!”

Even though there were Necromancers, they weren't able to summon every corpse as Undead before Balkan. The Undead summoned by Balkan were at least at the level of a Doom Knight.

Elite Doom Knight.

Captain Doom Knight.

Slaughterer Doom Knight

Plague bringing Doom Knight

They were all at the level of named monsters.

Even five Vandal Knights were summoned. Rather than attacking Balkan, paladins and Geomchis had to keep fighting Balkan's royalguards while suffering from all kinds of curses.

Balkan was even withstanding Turn Undead spells from the priests. Due to Death Aura, he drained health and mana through Undead to survive. The paladins could not help but feel daunted.

"I think the number of Undead are continuously increasing."

"Is Balkan going to die soon?"

"Can we even kill him? I think we are the one who will be annihilated!"

Romuna was deeply touched.

"If it's not too late, should I change my profession to a Necromancer? Even if it's difficult, if I become a Lich..."

The strength of a Lich that can control a kingdom even when being restricted by a sacred sword was revealed beyond doubt.

---

At the same time the broadcasting stations were engulfed in pleasant worries. The battle in the basement where Balkan was, Undead versus paladins, contesting priest, it was enough to call it a battle of good and evil.

Geomchis were making great plays but Balkan's Necromancer spells were so terrifyingly powerful that when there were casualties, his Undead force slowly increased. Another problem was that they had to block the Undead Legion coming from upstairs so their forces were divided.

On the other hand, Weed was running around rooftops of Vargo Fortress and fighting. Shooting arrows while sliding down the roof, leaping without any fear and slashing gargoyles with colorful Moonlight Sculpting Blade. A heart pumping battle scene with Vargo Fortress as a background.

It would be enough to reach the top place in the Hall of Fame. With them showing the best moments the viewers could not keep their eyes off.

“Which side do we have to broadcast?!”

Overall they felt the battle against Balkan was clearly important so they broadcasted that side but due to opinions of viewers curious about Weed, they changed the scene again.

What is happening with battle against Balkan?

Show us Weed moving around the roof.

How can he fight in a monster filled place as if he's in an open area? Is it because he is Weed? I'm getting bored of dungeons, if I become a high level player, will I be able to fight like Weed? But still, I think fighting against the swarming monsters in a place like Vargo fortress is suicide.

They can only win the battle if they kill Balkan... Show us Balkan.

What are you doing, I was watching it! Turn back to Weed!

With fiery requests from viewers, broadcasting stations were bound to be swayed at with whatever they did.

# Chapter 7: Calling the Storm

Weed gave himself to the blowing wind, shooting arrows as he slid 5, 10 meters.

“This must be why archer class are so popular.”

Weed mumbled while shooting arrows.

100% on target!

Not only were the shots unbelievably precise, being a high elf bow it inflicted additional spiritual damage.

SCHWAAFF!

Consecutively fired arrows pierced the skeletons manning the castle wall one by one. Fire spirit caused fiery explosions and water spirits created hails. Spirit of earth covered its surrounding in muds and wind spirit push the skeletons to fall toward the ground.

A scorched earth tactic!

He thought he understand the fun the players had by choosing as an archer or ranger. But he did not know that the ranger or archer players who were watching through an actual television had their mouths gaping at the sheer absurdity.

“But still, an archery class doesn’t suit me.”

Hitting a monster at a far range with an arrow had a great pleasant feeling. Some Undead vanished without even knowing why they were dead. But he realized as he was shooting the Undead far away, it only consumed arrows and he couldn’t even pick up any drops.

He had great regrets at the items he could not get even by stretching out his hands. Unless he was hunting independently in a secure place, he considered an archer to be the wrong class in a battlefield like this.

“Really, you need to use a sword.”

Killing enemies directly insured certainty in picking up items. Weed was learning the importance of collecting his money.

Meanwhile, Geomchis, Marey and the priest also went up to the roof. Skeletons standing on top the Vargo Fortress towers and roofs shot arrows towards them. They felt themselves trapped like on an isolated island, with monsters surrounding them on the ground and skies!

“Alright, let’s get started.”

Geomchis swung his sword and slashed a nearby gargoyle. The counter attack finally began on the gargoyles that covered the area like a dark cloud.

“Kill them all.”

“Clear these guys first and then let’s get the Bone Dragons!”

Geomchis caused countless number of reckless accidents, but the goal they were pursuing was to get stronger and nothing else. The method of their venerated strength was to break through their own limitations.

“Just start beating and they will die!”

“Destroy them all!”

Geomchis ran around slashing the gargoyles with their swords. With the enormous ruckus caused on the rooftops of Vargo Fortress, the Bone Dragons descended toward the ground from their flight.

“Humans are here.”

A single Bone Dragon, with its height that dwarfed the tower, approached them flapping its flesh-less wings. From the head of the Bone Dragon, a black miasma streamed out.

- You were falling into a state of fear, but you overcome it.

Agility reduced by 4%.

Wisdom decreased by 25%.

Bone Dragon could also infect them with its fear but its power was less than half compared to Balkan’s so they could withstand it.

The Bone Dragon opened its mouth wide and took in a deep breath. A

pose for its infallible breath attack!The distance was really close and there wasn't any good place for humans to hide.

Weed cried out a Lion's Roar.

"Fight me first! My purpose for coming here is to kill Balkan. If you can't kill me on than its impossible to take on anyone else."

A macho display that even surprised the Geomchis!

If by any chance Weed dies, it will cause a huge problem. He could revive as an Undead by the 'Power to Reject Death', unable to disobey Balkan's command. He might end up on Bone Dragons' side and be coerced into fighting Geomchis but he still yelled in a loud voice.

"Without a doubt, I knew you were the most evil human here."

Weed, some distance away from the Geomchis, ran on top the roof with all his might. The scenes passes by frighteningly fast with every step he took!

"Even if you flee, its useless."

Choosing Weed as its precise target, the Bone Dragon opened its jaws wide. And then blew out its specialty, Acid Breath.

SCHWAAH!

Acid Breath that pushed onward from the sky. Weed ran on the roof with amazing speed but it seemed impossible to run away from the breath.

"Sprinting Wind."

- You used a skill 'Sprinting Wind.'

Health and mana consumption rate tripled.

Weed's body accelerated as if his body was being flinged out. It was unbelievable speed fast enough to pass a horse with full speed in a split second. Soon, he disappeared as if he casted a teleportation spell.

He dropped into a hole on the roof he's been keeping his eyes on ever since the Bone Dragon appeared. The Acid Breath swept the spot Weed

was on and melted the outer wall of Vargo Fortress as well. As parts of the building got destroyed and melted, its shape became disfigured enough to see old carpets, furniture and painting inside the building.

“Teehee. There is a cool breeze coming inside,” a young skeleton stuck its head with joy.

When Weed came back up to the roof the Bone Dragon was flying low, stomping the place where the Geomchis were gathered.

“I ask you of your sins of invading Balkan-nim’s land.”

The fortress shook as if was under an earthquake, destroying the fortress walls. Because Geomchis were bunched up, some couldn’t avoid it and got stomped by the Bone Dragon.

When the Bone Dragon were in the air, it was extremely difficult to catch it. If it shot it’s breath and used magic high in the air, the Goemchis had no chance at all. If the Geomchis tamed gryphons or wyverns, they could have been able to fight in the air but that wasn’t in the option either.

Due to the structure of towers and buildings in Vargo Fortress there were no place to cover but because of its wide area, Bone Dragon’s area of effect spells were less effective. But the Bone Dragon sat on the rooftop purposefully to prevent Geomchis from advancing forward.

The other two dragons didn’t leave the central tower.

That means only one thing!

“It’s certain now. Balkan’s Life Vessel is in the central tower.”

Every time the Bone Dragon moved, the fortress cracked and its surrounding were being destroyed. The ferocious Bone Dragon without compare, did not care about such happenings.

“Disperse.”

“Beat it to death!”

Geomchis hiding behind cover suddenly jumped out, surrounded the Bone Dragon and attacked.

“Attack its wings first.”

“Break its ankle!”

Geomchis clung to the Bone Dragon, stabbed, slashed and hit it.

“Its bone is really tough. The attacks are not hitting properly!”

“It’s health is barely getting reduced.”

Getting hit by its front legs, health would go down perilously and if stomped on the chances of dying was high. There were chances of surviving through sheer luck, but it was just the result of the building collapsing first and blocking the attack.

Weed used ‘Sprinting Wind’ and swiftly ran behind Bone Dragon’s back. He stepped up its tail bones as if it was a stairway and stood on its neck.

“Heriam Fencing!”

He used a an attack skill, targeting a single point that was small as a sesame seed. Geomchis, fighting against the Bone Dragon were also using single point attacks. But beacuse the Bone Dragon was moving violently, their attacks weren’t effective.

“Let’s hit it together.”

“Attacking from here should be comfortable.”

Geomchis hopped on the dragon’s body just like Weed.

“Humans, kneel before the magnificence of Balkan-nim!”

KUUNG!

As the dragon shook its body fiercely to get the humans off, Vargo fortress was severely destroyed. Some caused chain reactions and destroyed second and third floors as well.

The Bone Dragon’s body, fore leg, snouts and tail attacks were a problem but the collapsing buildings were causing the Geomchis greater damager.

The dragon howled wildly after devouring one Geomchi.

“ROOOOOAAAR!”

## Dragon Fear!

The Geomchis followed Weed's example and scurried about the Bone Dragon's back, wings and neck like ants, bringing down their swords without rest. Hitting the incomparable Bone Dragon's body, the swords durability reduced rapidly.

- The sword struck the bones of the Bone Dragon, durability of your sword decreased.

Attack reduced by 3.

Gathering all their strength to strike the Bone Dragon harder, the durability of their sword decreased. It would be much better to use a heavy weapons like an axe or a mace to reduce the Bone Dragon's health.

When durability of the weapon drops following suit the maximum attack drops as well but they did not have time to be hesitant about it. In no time Health of the Bone Dragon was less than 50%. The Geomchis on the rooftops evaded when they were about to be stomped on or eaten, and attacked from the sides.

“Sahyung, do not let your guard down. Bone Dragon has absurd health regeneration rate!”

“We will keep hitting it until it's completely shattered.”

Weed with one target in mind kept hitting the spot.

“Moonlight Sculpting Blade. Heriam Fencing!”

- Mastery of sword skills increased.

Bone Dragon was an ideal target for raising sword skills.

Skeleton archers and mages crawled up to the roof of the fortress. Fire arrows and ice magic fell on the Geomchis and Bone Dragon without distinction.

- An arrow was dodged.

- Acid arrow passed by causing a scratch.

Due to the effect of Weed's high agility, the attacks could not hit him

properly. Geomchis withstood the attack with resistance and perseverance. They were able to endure a little bit more due to their increased perseverance from swimming across ocean and continuous swings of their swords.

“With this much, it does not disrupt us from swinging our sword. Me dying first, or you dying first, let see who does!”

Geomchis fought with no fear of death!

They were attacked, shaken off from the Bone Dragon and trampled upon. Some could escape the situation if they were lucky enough to be healed by the priests, but those who died were revived as Undead and attack their comrades.

As Weed was situation on the neck he could see the variety of situations.

Every time the Bone Dragon pulled up its head and roared, it felt like he was on the top of a high mountain and widen his field of view. Riding on the Bone Dragon on the rooftop of Vargo Fortress allowed him an unfettered view of the whole surrounding. He could even see the battle outside the fortress if he wanted to.

‘Sahyungs took too many casualties.’

Based on active Geomchis, it looked like at least 30 of them died. With so many of them injured and the fortress collapsing, many more could die instantly.

The dead Geomchis were revived as Undead by Dark Rule. With Undead like Doom Knights and Vandal Knights coming up to the rooftops and the tower, situation was spreading worse unchecked. Their primary objective was to protect Balkan but as they came closer to the central tower where the Life Vessel is, more Undead were deployed.

‘The problem is time.’

Not much of the health remained on the Bone Dragon Weed was hitting. After a short while he could continue the hunting. But it had to be done faster with no casualties on the Geomchis.

“It’s regretful but I have no choice. Sahyung, please take my place.”

Weed got off from the Bone Dragon’s neck which was the most ideal place to attack it. And in his place Geomchi4 came.

Weed started running towards the central tower and cried out a Lion’s Roar.

“I am going to the central tower to destroy Balkan’s Life Vessel!”

It was a loud, resonating voice that even Undead at the outer castle could hear.

“GRRRRRRR.”

The Bone Dragon attacking Geomchis reacted immediately and turned around to kill Weed. The Bone Dragon ran fiercely after Weed, destroying the building in its way. The other skeleton archers, mages and witches changed their target to Weed.

A countless number of arrows and magic attack!

Weed dodged arrows and spells one by one. When he had no time to dodge, he let it just scratch him. Weed’s health recovered back to 87% thanks to the helps from the priests.

- An arrow scratched passed your right shoulder.
- A fire spell was dodged.
- A Glacier Spike was dodged perfectly.

Arrows and spells could not attack with their full power because of Weed’s high agility and dodging skills. Even if his health reaches 0 by any chance, by receiving significant help from Seo Yoon, he could withstand for a little longer.

“Dodge. I can dodge it.”

Weed looked straight forward and threw his body in a thread like space. While throwing his body he evaded the snout and the foreleg of the Bone Dragon, and barely dodged the unmeasurable number of magic attacks and arrows.

His incredulous movement looked as if was practise over a hundred time to pull it off.

His graceful movements were framed by an explosions in the background caused by the collision of fire and ice magic, Weed was moving as if he was dancing!

“He really dodges well.”

“When did our disciple’s capabilities reach that high....”

Even Geomchis were momentarily in awe.

Recognizing one’s surroundings with his sense and dodging consecutive arrows and spells flying toward him, that kind of evasion skill was one step beyond the limits of what humans were capable of.

Of course most of it was Weed’s own abiliites but advanced level 8 ‘Avoiding Art’ skill helped. With certain low level attacks, moving in a flow he could avoid many of them naturally. Weed’s own actions and the skill mixed together.

In between so many attacks his movement was so elegant, no one could forget it in their life time. From the observer’s point of view they could just gape in amazement, just one twist would end in life or death.

“Well, let’s try everything while I can.”

Weed activated a skill with his remaining mana.

“Moonlight Sculpting!”

His whole body was covered with a dim light. The lights reacted on threatening magic, where it stretched out and intercepted the spell. These kind of skill consumed mana exponentially but to a person who did not know if he would die today did not need to worry about the cost of the card!

Weed shouted while running backwards in the direction of the central tower.

“Bring it on! I’m not going to lose to some skinny, dried bony corpse of a lizard!”

A taunt!

From the nose of Bone Dragon, a smoke came out.

“I’ll kill you with complete certainty.”

It wasn’t a breath attack. The Bone Dragon smashed with his frontal legs and tried to stomp with hind legs. Weed swiftly rolled his body and dodged the feet.

Because the size of Bone Dragon was too large, Weed had to focus solely on dodging. At the same time, he had to dodge attacks from Undead without missing a beat.

CRRAAK.

The snout of the Bone Dragon got stuck in the place Weed threw himself into to dodge. One part of the stone wall collapsed in its mouth. In the vicinity where Weed was, arrows hit in clusters and magic passed by destroying the place.

“ROOOAAAR!”

The Bone Dragon hit by the stone wall, arrows and spells cried out in pain. But instead of trying to protect its own health, it attacked even more wildly to kill Weed.

But Weed only focused on dodging its attacks. It looked like he could die any moment if he tried to sloppily counter attack, so he was committed to dodge the attack and survive.

“Power of the holy spirit, grant salvation unto the one in suffering. Healing Hand!”

The priests supplemented Weed’s health with healing spells. This was why combat related class always appreciate and were flustered by the priests in these situations.

While Weed was getting back dodging and defending, he got ready to move his body in a split second. This is a real battle. It was not a fight that was fought by being higher level and preparing better equipment than the monsters. It was a fight where he used all his abilities and where split

second decision could result in life or death.

The Bone Dragon took a deep breath.

Breath!

It was preparing for a final strike that Weed, who could dodge disgustingly well, could not manage. But before that, the bones in its bodies were separating and collapsing. The Bone Dragon's health has finally reached its end.

It was a fight to shoot a breath attack before it died!

"If its like that then I won't dodge."

Weed stepped on the foreleg of the Bone Dragon and jumped up high enough to reach its face.

"Heriam Fencing!"

Weed stepped on the Bone Dragon's nose, aimed its forehead and slashed his sword. Whether or not the durability of the sword dropped, he struck consecutively using his high agility.

A crack appeared on the Bone Dragon's head. Every time Weed's attacks struck, the gap got bigger. The breath gathering inside its mouth was getting bigger as well.

"Enchant Holy Weapon!"

One of the priests casted a spell that embeds holy power into a weapon. Weed continued to strike the Bone Dragon with the sword blessed by holy power. The crack was spreading over its whole head!

CRAAAACK!

The bones where Geomchis beated were starting to break down as well. When Weed's sword fell again, the power that sustain the Bone Dragon's body suddenly disappeared. And starting from the head, the bones in its bodies fragmented and fell toward the ground.

At the same time, a message window popped up on Weed.

- Your level increased.

- Your level increased.
- Your level increased.
- The Bone Dragon Dyark in Vargo Fortress has return to its eternal rest.
- Through this great achievement, your fame rose by 915.
- Charisma increased by 1.
- Fighting Spirit increased by 4.
- By playing an important role in hunting down the Bone Dragon affiliated with the Undead Legions, every stats increased by 2

The death of the Bone Dragon!

- You have reached level 400.

Weed finally became level 400

- You obtained a Glyph of Destroyer.
- You obtained a secret of Necromancer, method of Bone Dragon creation.
- You obtained bulks of rotten dragon bones.
- You obtained an old book, an ancient history book of Versailles continent #19.
- You obtained an ancient cloak.

It was very unfortunate that, unlike the drops from regular Undead, the drops Bone Dragon were shared equally based on the participation in the battle. As the body of the Bone Dragon got destroyed, Weed and Geomchis leap off from the roof.

“Kill the humans!”

“We must protect the Balkan-nim from the humans.”

Undead were in full swing to climb up to the roof. In terms of terrain, Weed and Geomchis had a small advantage but Undead were climbing up all sides.

“Now everyone advance to the central tower. Priests, please do your best

to follow, if you think you are going to die please, as a last act use all your holy power on the Bone Dragon.

It was unreasonable requests for the priests but Weed had no choice.

“We understand. Let’s go!”

Seeing the bloody battle that Weed and Geomchis fought, the priests agreed and followed.

“Let’s go.”

Running on the rooftops, Weed and Geomchis took care of any Undead blocking their path. From behind, priests’ holy power healed their health and vitality continuously.

“Our destination is right ahead of us.”

Running on the rooftops, in no time there was only 60 meters to the tower that stood loftly in the center.

The two Bone Dragons were staring at the invaders.

And then Breath as if they were waiting for the moment!

Two streams of Breaths fired with some intervals between them pierced through them powerfully. It melted parts of the castle wall and buildings and even eliminated Undead.

Weed and Geomchis dispersed everywhere and hid inside the fortress. Without even knowing how many died, they gathered again and ran toward the central tower. Several spells cast from the Bone Dragons flew and exploded.

“Use the buildings as our cover and keep moving.”

Weed and Geomchis could only move forward.

Spreading its wings, the Bone Dragon flew up into the sky. It was obvious to see that one was using magic and the other was using the ground to fight.

“Humans. Kill the humans.”

“They are heading to a dangerous place where they are not allowed.”

“Fight to protect the Balkan-nim!”

Taking the Undead on the rooftop into consideration, if they delayed to block the Bone Dragon they would be surrounded in a moment and annihilated Weed took out another sculpture.

“In the end, I have to use this as well. I really did not want to use it...”

It was a sculpture made from Weed’s several different traumas.

Cold Storm: Durability 20/20

An extreme natural phenomenon that struck northern Versailles continent.

It expresses the glacial storm that brought ice and snow.

A Fine sculpture with vivid expressions based on the event that the sculptor experienced.

It expresses a beautiful yet adverse attributes of nature.

With increased population in the north, the chance of another glacial storm is very low.

The sculpture’s historic value will rise as time goes.

Artistic value: 854.

Option: Improves the effects of glacier spells by 3%.

Life +200.

Charm +13.

“Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster!”

Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster has been used.

Art stat disappeared by 20 permanently.

20,000 health and mana has been consumed.

Every stat reduced by 15% for four days.

Affinity to Nature decreased.

Nature Sculpting - Great Disaster can only be used once per day.

When a dangerous disaster are called upon, depending on the damage fame or notoriety can increase.

You can die in the middle of the disaster so be careful.

# Chapter 8: Master of Vargo Fortress

A glacial storm retaining strong reminiscence! Atmospheric temperature dropped sharply. The Undead did not realize this as they could not feel the cold, but Weed and Geomchis could feel the freezing wind seeping into their skin.

One or two snowflakes started drifting but soon thick shards of ice struck the ground heavily. Tens of thousands shards of ices that covered the whole of Vargo Fortress! Some ice shards big as icebergs could be seen. Whirlwinds and fierce winds blew, sweeping the fortress and heralding the start of the natural disaster.

Among the Undead, the Skeletons with the weak resistances were the first to frost and began to stiffen. The Bone Dragon winging in the air was completely swept away by the glacial storm. Struck by the ice pieces in the glacial storm, it could not control its huge body and spun around madly.

“Kyaaaoooo!”

Thick layers of ice covered the Bone Dragon, seemingly trying to soar higher it suddenly crash into the fortress. It caused an incredible impact that felt like an earthquake! Some structures of the fortress that has been stressed, weakened and barely withstood till now collapsed.

“Re, really freaking cold.”

Weed, seeing how fast Vargo Fortress was turned into a land of ice, he had a new mind about the destructive power of the natural disaster.

“It must feel extremely futile to freeze to death in a middle of a battle.”

Right after he activated the skill, Weed wore a coat over his armor. Geomchis and priests also wore thick cloth and evaded the ice shards by entering a building. They reacted quickly as Weed told them he might call a glacial storm.

Escaping the storm and looking out into the scene, the Undead, with feeble clothes and equipment that were lost while embroiled in the glacial storm, looked naked.

“Everyone keep hiding. You must not go outside right now.”

“If anyone’s health dropped suddenly and you are about to die, let me know. I have some extra blankets.”

Even in the middle of this ruckus, the Geomchis took care of priests. The duration of Art of Nature - Great Disaster was pretty long. With the glacial storm still billowing, Weed got out of his hiding place on the roof.

“Th... this situation. Re, really...” Tak! “It can’t end like this. Huk, or I will suffer.. for the rest... of my life. ”

The word did not even come out properly due to the cold.

Weed, avoiding the furious storm of ice shards, ran toward the central tower.

An ice shard slanted pass your forehead.

A spiked shaped ice tried to pierce your shoulder, but Avoiding Art has been applied.

An ice shard has embedded on your back.

A lump of ice grazed your knee. Movement speed decreased.

Even though with his high agility and Avoiding Art, it was impossible to completely avoid the rain of ice shards. For Weed running hard as possible while avoid getting flung by the wind was priority.

Then a Whisper from Geomchi3 was transmitted.

You have any plan to eliminate the Bone Dragon?

Lowering his head and evading the storm, Weed answered. Just as he feared his body was hit by the cold winds and ice fragments, stiffening his body.

There is one way. But at this rate, I think I will fail.

Even if the glacial storm ended, it will be difficult to fight as his body became frozen. If this happened, he would not be able to go further and will have to hide again.

You are trying get to the tower right?

Yes. That was the original plan but it's difficult now.

Let's go.

Geomchis came out from their hiding place. Raising their wooden shield, they ran toward the central tower.

Weed could not move fast as he surveyed the situation and advanced as he felt that if he ran with all his might, he would be hit by the ice shards. But the Geomchis held their shield and ran with maximum speed. Even if they were wounded by fragments of ice and lumps they kept on running! They caught up to Weed and covered him with their shields.

“Lets, go, fa, faster!”

Geomchis held their shields and enclosed the surrounding from the glacial storm, through the coverage Weed received less damage. With this situation they ran toward the central tower. The Geomchis's health was dropping; some had their bodies frozen and were left behind where they died but they held their cheap shield to the end.

It was like the allegory of four brothers piercing through a never to be seen glacial storm! Thanks to them, Weed was able to ride through the fortress wall and jump in successfully into the central tower.

Waiting for them in the central tower was the last Bone Dragon. The dragon was struggling against the glacial storm, hanging on the opposite side that it did not see Weed entering the tower.

Suddenly at that moment a message window popped up!

You became frozen.

Even with the Geomchis' protection, Weed's armor and body was layered thick with ice and the injuries he acquired was also severe. Though his health was supplemented by the priests' holy magic, if the injuries were not completely healed it would still remain and affect him for a long time. It was due to Weed's perseverance and resilience that he could survive for so long Outside the fierce winds were winding down and the glacial storm's influence was waning and disappearing. Soon the Undead would move again and the Bone Dragon buried in ice would rise

up. Some of the Geomchis that perished would also become Undead and attack their comrades.

Marey, who came along priests while playing his instruments, saw all this and began thinking.

“This time, the legend will end in failure.”

The sight of Weed and Geomchis advancing toward the central tower choked up his feelings. And they, battling after entering the Vargo Fortress was an amazing scene. Unless it was Weed and his comrades, no one else could have fought the Undead Legion and Balkan like this.

But Royal Road was a world where only the result mattered.

“This is really unfortunate. If they killed Balkan, it would have been something spectacular.”

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“Ah.....”

The team in KMC media broadcasting who were broadcasting live were bemoaning the state.

“Will it end like this here?”

At different broadcasters, after the glacial storm appeared the anchors were tight lipped. No one could imagine they would fight so lamentably.

A lot of time has passed since humans have entered Vargo Fortress, but they were not aware of how much time has flown by. But Weed's situation wasn't as deplorable as they thought.

-In the left hand holding the 'Torchlight left behind by Sculptors' is transferring a warm aura.

Frozen status has been alleviated.

Mana is being recovered.

As the glacial storm was winding down, Weed received strength from the sculpture. And with the Geomchis effort in protecting him, he recovered enough that he could move after a short while.

“ROOOAAAR!”

The roar of a Bone Dragon!

Dragon Fear could be heard from outside the central tower. The Geomchis must be throwing their lives in their fight against the Bone Dragon.

From Pale, he received the battle situation with Balkan.

It getting harder as we speak. I don't believe Balkan's mana is dropping at all. Even if we lower his health, a lot of it is recovered very soon... But we can still hold on.

The side fighting Balkan was not in a good situation as well.

Even after piercing through the glacial storm, he did not have time to recover his health but he still dragged his non-moving leg up the stairs of the central tower.

“How could humans come here...”

“I'll take your life.”

Even here the Undead guards were defending the place. Usually Vandal Knights would be guarding the gateway but as they were all deployed into battle, the Doom Knights were standing guard!

Weed, swinging his sword, nimbly passed them by.

You have inflicted an accurate strike.

You have inflicted a critical strike.

You have successfully pulled off a chain attack.

With incredible swinging speed of his sword that the Doom Knight could not defend against, he passed by them and entered the top.

The top floor of the central tower was a very wide area. Through the window, broken by the glacial storm, he could see the Bone Dragon attacking the Geomchis. Every time the Bone Dragon moved, the tower vibrated.

And in the corner of his eye, Weed could see a amethyst pot! It was the

Life Vessel holding Lich Balkan's health.

"I have finally manage to come here."

It took only a moment, Weed entering the central tower and the Doom Knights crying out as they collapsed. And the Bone Dragon, fighting outside, pushed his front feet and flew toward the central tower in a hurry.

"You thought I was going to die in a place like this?"

Weed swung his sword at the pot.

It was the moment that would be recorded in the history of Versailles continent, a moment that uncountable number of viewers were watching with astonishment.

Even his insignificant quotes would become engraved into legend.

"I can never die so long as I have to protect my rice bowl!"

His sword, heavy with his responsibility as leader, destroyed the pot. Then a dark aura came out wavering and disappeared into the surroundings.

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Suddenly, Undead' were sapped of their energy and their strength was weakened.

"I, I can't disappear like this...."

"Arrrrrrrg!"

Ghosts disappeared under the sunlight, Undead like skeletons and ghouls collapsed to the ground and disappeared in a flash of grey light. About half the Undead in Vargo Fortress returned to the ground and of the Undead Legion that was occupying the region, over 80% of them disappeared.

The aftermath of Balkan's Life Vessel destruction was spreading all over.

"The corpses are not turning into Undead!"

"I think the Undead became weaker. They die immediately under holy magic."

Of Balkan's Three Great Magic, the influence of Dark Rule and Death Aura disappeared. The extremely strong Undead turned back into average status. That in itself was formidable, but their capacity to resist holy power has plummeted.

"Where... Where should we go?"

"I feel life energy over there."

"Let, let's try going..."

Majority of the Undead that left to conquer Morata collapsed, the remaining few all but scattered. But the greatest changes was seen on Balkan and the Bone Dragons. Curse spells casted by Balkan dissolved automatically. And on top of that, when Romuna looked Balkan's health suddenly decreased greatly.

"Balkan became weak!"

"Let's focus our holy power and attack."

Player's hope were once again burning high.

Balkan's overflowing mana was dropping low. As a Lich he could drain health and mana but because his near limitless mana pool were becoming exhausted, Balkan was suffering.

Even the weakening of the Bone Dragon could be seen with the eyes. It's wings and body movement were becoming slow and was having difficulty controlling itself.

"Let's bury them!"

"I will slice every one of your bones."

Geomchis jumped on the Bone Dragon. And threw spears towards the other Bone Dragon stuck in the central tower. Their ability to use any kinds of weapons due to their Weaponry skills was a huge advantage in this situation.

"Kyaaa..."

The Bone Dragon roared but it's Fear effect was too feeble. Because

these dragons were created by Balkan long time ago, they consumed a lot of strength and mana to maintain their shape.

“Kill it!”

“Destroy it!”

The Geomchis barely had any health left but they jumped in for the last attack.

Priests' holy spells exploded off the Bone Dragon's body as well. Now that they knew Balkan's Life Vessel was destroyed, they used whatever mana they gathered and cast holy magic unsparingly.

There were still Undead left on the roof but their numbers decreased greatly and were weakened.

Weed exited the central tower and returned to the path he took. He was targeting for the Bone Dragon that was swept by the glacial storm and became buried in ice.

“This guy is stubborn.”

“Just how large is his health.”

Already 20 Geomchis were there, hitting it with their swords. The Bone Dragon tried to break through the layers of ice but without the Death Aura and mana supply from Balkan, but it was impossible.

“Just die like that!”

Weed along side the Geomchis attacked the Bone Dragon. Every time it squirmed, the building and towers of Vargo Fortress got destroyed and the buildings collapsed with a thundering sound.

Some Undead could be spotted such as the Vandal Knights that lost considerable amount of power, but in Weed's sight there was only the Bone Dragon.

“Let's make some sizable profit.”

And then finally, the Bone Dragon turned into a grey light and disappeared.

The Bone Dragon Voturia in Vargo Fortress has returned to its eternal rest.

By playing a small role in hunting down the Bone Dragon affiliated with the Undead Legion, every stats increased by 1.

Weed didn't get much experience and fame because most of the damages were done by Geomchis. Even so, he appreciated the stat increase. By winning in a difficult, large scale raid, the participants could receive great rewards.

“We got the Bone Dragon here!”

“We won. We took out all Bone Dragons.”

A shout came from the direction of the central tower.

More Geomchis went over there but they hunted a bit slower because the Bone Dragon moved to the base of the central tower.

“The Undead in Vargo Fortress are good as finished now.”

Many Undead were lying on the ground, unable to stand up and Bone Dragons have all been hunted. And even Weed did not know how many Vandal Knights were left...

“However, if the battle continued with the United Army under the elves the Undead would not be able to withstand anyway.”

It was safe to say that the Undead Legion gathered in Vargo Fortress has been taken care of now.

Weed ignored the limping Undead that were sapped of their strength and ran straight toward the basement. Thanks to his agility Weed was running at an incredible speed. Not knowing what he could acquire from Balkan, he ran as fast as he could.

Having lost their strength, tons of Undead clogged the basement entrance!

Few Undead spotted Weed. He just took their attacks with his body and continued to hurry as fast as he could toward the basement.

“Welcome!”

An exhausted Hwaryeong greeted Weed.

“Balkan?”

“Not yet, but he’s nearly dead!”

With his efforts it seemed like he wasn’t late after all. Weed entered the place where the battle against Balkan was taking place.

“Get him!”

“Let’s attack all at once again.”

“Priests, cleanse the Undead first! Leaving Balkan for last would make the hunting much faster!”

The hunt for Balkan was ongoing as Weed came. There were quite a few Undead Balkan summoned with the corpses of Geomchis and paladins so there was a never ending battle clearing them out.

“Return to your rest, Turn Undead!”

Priests’ holy spells struck the Undead bodies.

The Advent of Seven Angel Weed had Mapan bring, nearby the sculpture the effect of holy spells increased and incredible brilliance could be seen. It boosted the humans’ strength and recovered their vitality while damaging the Undead.

“It cannot end like this. Humans needs to be trampled and this continent needs to be brought to ruin.”

Eerie voice of Balkan echoed in the basement.

“Blink!”

Teleporting in short ranges the paladins, priests and Geomchis health and mana was drained. But from the sacred sword pierced in Balkan’s body a black smoke poured out.

The basement’s mana density increased.

Mana regeneration rate has increased.

As his sealed life force was broken, Balkan's health and mana poured out uncontrollably.

Balkan chanted a spell.

"I... I will be back. Gate Open!"

It was a spell that allowed one to teleport to another place.

They could not let Balkan escape from this place. As he was now a mortal enemy of Weed, Morata will be in danger if he escapes now. The priests focused on their holy magic and the teleportation spell failed.

The enemy's teleportation spell was cancelled.

"Sprinting Wind!"

Weed advanced toward Balkan and closed the distance between them in an instant.

"Kaiser Sword!"

It was a skill he was saving. Weed used his sword to pierce Balkan's body with all his might. The faster his speed, the damage would increase with it.

Geomchis and paladins arrived as well, slashing and stabbing Balkan. Already the Undead that Balkan summoned lost all their strength and were lost, he was the last remaining enemy.

It was an all out attack that could not be left out in a raid.

With loss of his health and mana and with no capability to chant a spell, Balkan started losing his strength. Weed, Geomchis, paladins and priests forgot about everything and only focused on their attacks.

And finally.

Ruler of the Undead Legion, Sorcerer of Darkness, the Necromancer Lich Balkan Demoph has returned to his eternal rest.

---

Weed and the survivors went up to the central tower, the highest tower in Vargo Fortress. They welcomed the breeze as it fluttered their capes. They were sharing in the complete sense of isolation and freedom.

It was a place where they could vividly see the trace of damage on the fortress during their unmatched battle.

The places that were completely destroyed by the Bone Dragon's struggle. The fire still burning in the buildings and towers. The Undead defending the outer fortress were being annihilated by the United Army of elves, dwarves and barbarians.

"Hm."

"Huh."

"This... It's this kind of feeling."

This feeling right now, it was not joy or gratification but something that could not be expressed by words.

'I'm still shivering to death.'

'I can't believe the battle is really over.'

'Will there ever be a battle like this?'

'If I didn't start Roya Road, I would have regretted for the rest of my life.'

'I am going to boast it to my friends, my parents, my colleagues at work.'

'I made it. I survived.'

Standing on the central tower, everyone enjoyed the best feeling they ever had. They shared the joy of surviving till the end of a large scale battle. The sight of Geomchis, paladins and priests adding each other to their friend list could be seen.

Weed was pleased about the victory as well.

'I made a lot of profit.'

Usually in a raid with many participants, just by winning the battle the reward was enormous. After they defeated Balkan, depending on their contribution their overall stats increased at maximum 5 and a minimum of 2. Weed's overall stats increased by 3 because he didn't fight Balkan from the beginning.

As a matter of fact, it was Geomchil21 that took the last attack on

Balkan. His level increased by 12 because of it. Just by participating at the last moment, Weed's experience increased by 24%. That itself was considered a huge profit.

But to the participants who personally prepared all the works could have some regrets, so he decided to show generous magnanimity.

"This is all thanks to everyone here."

After finishing the difficult battle, he worried about others first.

"Sahyung, are you hurt a lot? Let me put some bandages on."

He took care of Sahyungs and approached to other players unreservedly.

"Our comrade's sacrifices were huge... Fortunately we obtained treasures in the inner fortress so we will share it all together. I know this won't make it up but... I'll split some of my share as well."

Players were happy just by achieving a victory.

"How could we? All this success, it was all thank to Weed-nim."

"You can just give us our fixed shares. I noticed that if you hadn't destroyed the Life Vessel, we would have not been able to win."

These players had a sense of shame!

Fame, stats and battle experiences. With their victory, their mastery of skills increased quite high. And now they would also received their rewards and Weed was willing to put up his share, their admiration for this commendable person came naturally.

'I don't usually trust others but... Weed-nim is truly an angel.'

'There is no difference to a saint that came out of an ethics book.'

'Exactly who was spreading bad rumors about Weed-nim being stingy and shallow? Really, the only way to know a person is by experience. There is going to be trouble to anyone who is spreading these groundless rumors.'

A hypocrisy that completely deceived the players!

Regarding treasures, Weed did not regret yielding small portion of his

share if he could give a favorable impression.

The items from Balkan had to be sold and distributed equally to the participants and Weed's share, similar to the treasures, was 30%. In case of the sacred sword of Lugh's church, they were able to receive rewards depending on their contributions if they return the sword.

And there was one other satisfying reward for Weed.

-You have conquered Vargo Fortress occupied by the Undead.

Morata's domain has expanded.

The area around Vargo Fortress has been incorporated into your territory.

Your influence and fame as lord increased.

Lands could not betray. The area is barren and full of monsters but there would be many relics buried under it. Many adventurers and hunting parties could flock toward it.

Vargo Fortress could be repaired and opened up, residents could come to farm and harvest food. With gradual development, beginners could start in Vargo Fortress.

In the near future, over the hill behind the place the Bone Dragon rampaged, a vivid scene of a shanty town was drawn right in front of him.

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Message boards on the broadcast stations and internet exploded!

It was no different to a foreseen situation. Because they were up against Undead, anchor explained it from a human's point of view and cheered him on.

It was not an easy hunt. Players were killed by Balkan, by the Bone Dragon and the casualty from the Undead were enormous. Anchor's lips became dry and tensions rose as they explained the scene of the Undead coming in waves into Vargo Fortress, Grasping beyond their ability, this

unbelievable victory!

“We saw this clearly. When do you think we could see such battle again?”

“Rather than speaking a hundred words, I think just being content is enough. It’s really regretful I could not be there right now.”

“They are feeling the breeze in the place of the fierce battle. This will be a great gift for the Christmas tomorrow.”

Receiving passionate response from the viewers, the anchor continued their broadcast.

Watching the broadcast of Vargo Fortress battle, in no time at all, it was early morning in reality.

And it was Christmas Eve!

And on the next day it was Christmas, with white snow falling outside the window.

# Chapter 9: Snowfall on Christmas Night

Snow heaped up on Lee Hyun's yard during last night. He woke up early in the morning and mumbled while looking at the scene out of his window.

“The roads are messy. More traffic accidents, more people slipping on the ground. Doctors must be getting a lot of money now. A doctor is the best profession in Korea...”

After sweeping snow in his yard, he began to cover the cages with blankets so his chickens, ducks, rabbits and dog could spend winter comfortably. He freed the animals while working to cover the cages and they became excited as they began to play on the snowfield.

“It's not good to let food wander around by itself... but I will make today an exception.”

Lee Hyun granted them a large amount of generosity!

Even though it was Christmas, Lee Hyun had been spending his time playing Royal Road. But today was special, he decided to go into town to buy clothes for his grandmother and sister.

“My sister is a female... It will be difficult to have her spend winter with only two coats to wear.”

She was no longer a high school student and was old enough to style herself but he rarely bought clothes for her. When he gave her money to buy her own clothes, she would save it instead so Lee Hyun decided to buy it as a present for her.

“I will buy something expensive for her. ”

Lee Hyun hurried his preparation to go out. He succeeded in his hunt for Balkan and there was a lot of money to be received from various broadcasting stations. This was the reason why he was determined to buy a good, expensive coat for Lee Hye Yeon.

“I hope winter clothes are on sale right now!”

---

“Rather than a street market, I should go to an outlet with popular designs...”

Lee Hyun took the subway and headed downtown. The street was bustling with couples linking their arms.

“I just can’t understand why they link their arms when they aren’t even criminals. It’s as if they are going to run away if they let go of their arms.”

Meandering like that Lee Hyun went and carefully observed woman’s clothes.

Women were very sensitive to trends and styles. Even in Royal Road, no matter how good the design options of the clothes were, if they did not like some part about the design or if it did not fit the owner, they did not wear it much.

“I should buy her something that is popular right now.”

He was determined to buy her a whole set rather than just a coat now. Birthday or Christmas, he wanted to see his sister smiling after receiving his present for her.

“I just can’t understand women!”

Even in the middle of winter, even when it was snowing, he could see many ladies wearing mini skirts.

“Can women even feel the cold?”

Generally, more women seem to wear pretty clothes rather than something warm. It seems they were willing to endure a lot of discomfort and cold for their fashion.

After a long time of looking around, Lee Hyun realized it was difficult to pick something by himself. In Lee Hyun’s point of view, the best choice would be a hiking jumper and heated underwear. But choosing clothes for his sister, it was completely beyond him.

‘A woman would know more about woman clothes...’

Lee Hyun's social circle of girls was not large, so he did not have many people who he could ask for advice.

“Well, I should try contacting someone at least.”

The very person that came to his mind that might know a lot about clothes was Jung Hyo Rin, so he sent a text message to her. As Hwaryeong in Royal Road, she wore a variety of clothes and in reality she went to many fashion shows so she could be called a professional.

His phone was an old model that could not even do video chat but there was no difficulty in sending text messages.

‘I am trying to buy clothes for my sister, if you have the time could you come check them with me?’

Besides his basic fees, Lee Hyun paid less than 2000 Won per month. When he had to call his sister, the phone was enough to get a few simple words across.

“Where are you?”

“Are you coming late?”

“Let's go home together.”

“Did you eat already?”

10 second call was plenty enough using 300 minute free rates. Those who chose the 400 minute rates were people who could not end their calls and fell asleep on the phone, it was an unthinkable call pattern!

After sending his text, a reply came back not even a minute later.

‘My schedule is full today. It's a concert so what can I do?’

Lee Hyun sent a reply saying it's ok and tried to come up with someone else. Kim In Young. Who played as Irene, was the same age as his sister and could be helpful picking out clothes for her.

‘I'm sorry! I'm watching a movie with my friends today.’

The day before Christmas, everyone already had plans. His female friends in university either rejected saying that they were meeting their

boyfriends or didn't even reply.

“There is no one to send a text message to...”

Lee Hyun worried for a bit, before sending a text message to Seo Yoon. It wasn't that he did not remember her, he just did not want to ask for such a favor.

‘If you have the time, would you like to help buy clothes for my sister and my grandmother?’

---

It was Seo Yoon's first winter after getting out of the hospital and moving to a house. She was lying near the automatic furnace, warming herself up.

“Weed claimed another success with his adventures, I heard praises from the people are never ending?”

“Yes, that is right. This time, it wasn't by himself. He took along many allies with him and played an amazing role in the subsequent battle, claiming a victory. The admiration for Weed is amazing.”

“Apparently there were some famous priests and warriors that participated in the battle. Do you know who?”

“It's the female player playing as a dancer and muscular warrior types, they...”

Seo Yoon was watching the TV. Watching the scene of Lee Hyun on television, her heart was shaken and caused her enormous worry. At that moment, a text came from Lee Hyun.

‘If you have the time, would you like to help buy clothes for my sister and my grandmother?’

Today, she was planning to just rest at home but she prepared to leave immediately. As Seo Yoon was leaving the house, the university student next door was playing basketball with his friends.

Park Jin Suk.

He moved in one week later than her and she first met him when he was handing out rice-cakes. She met the first son of H Group coincidentally!

She regularly saw him jogging, passing by her house early in the morning or seeing him playing tennis or basketball with his friends.

Though they still have not shared any conversations, whenever she came out of her house they went past each other often.

---

Lee Hyun stood in front of the department store. Couples went to the rooftop while the entrance of the department store was filled with guys or girls waiting for someone.

“The department store isn’t that bad.”

Since it was for Christmas, he went to a department store rather than an outlet store. The price difference wasn’t that different when you buy brand products and Kim In Young informed him with a text that there is a special sale going on in that department store.

“You need information in shopping as well.”

While Lee Hyun waited, Seo Yoon approached at a quick pace and stood in front of him. As it was snowing with cold winds, she was wearing a long coat with a scarf.

“Did you wait long?”

“No, it’s cold so let’s go inside.”

Lee Hyun and Seo Yoon entered the first floor of the department store.

“By the way, where did you get those clothes? They looks really nice.”

Seo Yoon’s clothes, while not eye catching, the color was really beautiful and the texture seemed superb. Normally he would not ask, but because he had to buy clothes for his sister he asked anyway.

“I think I bought it from a different department store.”

“Really? How much was it?”

“I don’t remember clearly. I think it was about 400 thousand Won?”

“.....”

It was words that thickened his fear about department stores. The department store was more ghastly than the Bone Dragon.

The first floor of the department store was filled with miscellaneous brands, bags, luxury goods, jewelry and cosmetics. Lee Hyun’s worries were abated as the price was not outrageous as long as it wasn’t a premium brand.

“This price is something I could never forget in my lifetime... It’s enough to buy 80kg of rice and still have change, it’s enough to give nightmares.”

It was a world where even a small headband costs several tens of thousands of Won!

“Whoever invented the yellow elastic band should win the Nobel prize.”

The astonishing price of the female accessories confirmed his fears.

They looked around the second and third floor to check out female apparels.

“I think my sister’s size is the same as yours... could you try it out so I can choose?”

“It’s alright.”

Lee Hyun made SeoYoon try out clothes he thought were pretty, especially those on the mannequins. First, he was trying to buy jumper or a coat so just simply hanging it on her shoulder he could decide.

“Customer, this thick jumper really suits you. This is my last stock. Since I started my business, you are the prettiest lady I have seen.”

“These days, products with slimline sell well. Even in winter it discreetly reveals the figure... However you look so pretty.”

“It’s a style that is comfortable and you will never get tired of it. Its texture is really premium with a nice feeling. By the way, are you a celebrity?”

Seo Yoon looked pretty in whatever she wore. Blouses, skirts, t-shirts, caps and even hiking jackets made her beautiful. If the designers of these clothes came and saw, they would never believe that their clothes would look this appealing.

“What is the price?”

“It’s not much. It’s 540 thousand Won and the item is on 20% sale.”

Lee Hyun was wearing a thick jumper and jean that he randomly bought from a market. Even the watch on his wrists was worth 20 thousand Won.

‘I’ve seen a lot of rich people but the real affluent people do not have such tell tale signs.’

‘He must have been out of the country a long time. It must have been ingrained in him to live frugally while studying abroad.’

‘Really, how much money does he have to have for a girlfriend like this?’

If it was personal clothes he would wear, he would never dare to get it but because it was a present for his sister, Lee Hyun was resolute in his decision and purchased it. One set of coat, three blouses, a skirt, pants, boots and even a headband! He picked clothes that would suit lively twenty year olds.

“You, you think she needs a handbag as well? Probably, right?”

After a moment of hesitation, he bought a handbag on sale from some less well known brand. The clothes for his grandmother also cost him much more than he anticipated from the department store.

‘But it’s something you need.’

Through Royal Road, he was making an enormous amount of money so with a big heart he decided to spend. Of course, he was worried that he would fall into a shopping addiction if this kept on.

“And this is a gift from me.”

Lee Hyun gave a present to Seo Yoon. Thinking it would be meaningless to buy something for her from the department store, he gave Seo Yoon something he crafted by himself.

Lee Hyun carved many wood pieces to become proficient in sculpting even in real life. He started watching sculpting related documentaries and read books about it as well.

And then he started to put effort and devotion into his sculptures.

The day he met Seo Yoon for the first time, the day he left on an adventure with her, the tears he saw falling from her eyes as he passed by riding on his Wyvern, the time they struggled together as they explored the northern continent, the time they met in university and recently the scene he saw when they took a trip together to the sea.

There were 15 sculptures about her. Every moment had different attire and hair styles. After he sculpted them, he put them in his storage with other items. But he put them into a cardboard box and gave it to her.

“Sorry it’s not expensive. It’s something I made when I was bored.”

“... I will keep it safe.”

Seo Yoon received the sculptures. To her it was the best Christmas gift she received.

Two of them went outside the department store and walked on the street. They did not have any place in mind. It was a day where music was flowing and couples were playfully pushing each other!

Because he circled around the whole department store to purchase the most beautiful yet inexpensive clothes, he was getting hungry.

‘It’s getting dark now.’

The mood felt like he had to buy Seo Yoon dinner before they part.

‘Restaurants rip off during Christmas season...’

There weren’t many places to go to on a day like this. Anywhere they go it will be expensive and crowded with people that it will be uncomfortable. Lee Hyun thought it would be better to take her to his house.

“You want to go to my house? My sister is watching a movie with her

friends so she's coming late.”

“.....”

It was words that could be easily misunderstood. But Seo Yoon nodded and followed him. It was because she fully trusted Lee Hyun.

Right after they arrived at his home, Lee Hyun prepared dinner.

‘Sister will be coming late so I guess I only need to buy ingredients for two.’

Outside, a small amount of snow was still falling. It was weather that made him want to eat pork rib or pork backbone stew.

“I don't have ingredients.”

He was trying to cook a simple miso soup tonight but he didn't buy any meat.

‘Then what else could I cook...’

Lee Hyun thoroughly searched through the refrigerator. And then he found ingredients sent from a broadcasting station. Salmon, caviar and champagne!

“There is stuff sent by KMC Media.”

It was ingredients sent from KMC Media as a year-end gift. It would have been a better meal if they sent him a set of Korean cattle ribs and a box of sprite but he did not know why they sent such things.

“Whatever. It could make the flavor weird if I put it in the fish soup so let's finish it off!”

Lee Hyun handled the salmon and caviar and brought it with champagne. And he also brought some leftover cookies he baked for his sister this morning.

“There isn't much but please enjoy.”

He set up a magnificent supper with salmon salad, caviar, cookies and champagne, then turned on the TV.

The program on TV was, 'Alone on a Deserted Island', purported to be a must watch on Christmas. It was about two kids trapped on a deserted island on Christmas!

It was a story about being chased by dinosaurs, defeating the evil villain, finding the treasure and through greed beginning to fight each other. When the two were about have their last match, they receive contact and their mothers come to the deserted island to save them. They get scolded about making trouble and go back home to study again.

The movie was such a huge hit they were in the filming process of the next sequel, 'Alone in a Dungeon.'

After finishing their meal, they saw that a huge amount of snow had piled up outside their window. He ate a meal for two with Seo Yoon while watching the movie on the television.

---

Cha Eun Hee met with President Jeong Deuk Soo on Christmas Eve. It was because he received reports saying that Lee Hyun and Seo Yoon were on a date, had dinner and were spending their time together.

On president Jeong Deuk Soo's brow was a heavy frown.

"At every chance there was I made sure there was an encounter but apparently there is no progress yet."

The first son of the H Group. He was manly, audacious and had a lot of experience in dating. He wanted for them to naturally encounter each other and gradually attract Seo Yoon, but there was no reaction from her.

"I am utterly lost. Exactly what kind of man do I need to introduce to detach her from this Lee Hyun?"

Cha Eun Hee thought this was the time to solve President Jeong Deuk Soo's puzzlement.

"We need someone warm."

"Warm?"

"It was warmth that melted Seo Yoon's frozen heart. We need someone

with a warmer heart than Lee Hyun... If you are going to introduce someone, we need that kind of person. It will not be easy to find someone like that.”

---

Lee Hyun, Seo Yoon and Lee Hye Yeon laid out a board in the living room. They ate dinner and also watched a movie. Now they were playing Go Stop, something that could let 3 people pass the time.

‘There are two pairs of misfortune and I already got two of them... One person can use the max point card. Then I need to get Three! ’

Lee Hyun made someone shiver. He thought about a variety of situations, even when he grabbed the misfortune card, he already prepared for the next turn.

“It’s Three Go”

Lee Hyun yelled it out without revealing anything.

“Without getting a card, getting Go now is fun right? Go!”

At the end, Lee Hyun swept everything. As they were playing for actual money, his concentration could not be compared even to Royal Road.

Lee Hyun was extremely happy whenever he could earn money.

---

The power of Bardray and the Hermes guild rose sharply after they dominated Haven Kingdom. Absorbing the other guilds and accepting players in the Haven Kingdom, their development was great.

“If you are not a member of Hermes guild, leave this hunting ground now!”

“Those who are not part of the guild, there will be an extra 35% trade tax.”

“No hunting party of more than five allowed in the dungeon.”

They squeezed the ordinary players dry by creating a variety of regulations. If Weed saw this, he would feel admiration and ask to learn

one or two things!

Criticisms about Hermes guild were rising high but they didn't care. They held the position of lords and nobles so even if the players caused dissent they could quickly suppress it. There was no place in Haven Kingdom that was not being influenced by Hermes guild.

"If it's unfair, leave Haven Kingdom. But vagabonds will not be welcomed by any kingdoms."

"As we are the strongest guild on Versailles continent we need this much concession. We are managing Haven Kingdom we cannot run it as a charity."

They applied high tax rate to villagers of Haven Kingdom. Wealth was stacking up in Hermes guild!

From the forge they made weapons of war and multiplied their army several fold with conscription. It was at a rate that it was difficult to predict Hermes guild's current force. While the central continent was in panic because of Embinyu church, Hermes guild was preparing a war to establish an empire.

But currently Polon, the knights, spellcasters and rangers all got defeated! The chief executives opened a council.

"We need to make a genuine counterattack against Weed. Let's make Morata into a field of ashes."

"Not even a single ant should be spared, every villager should be annihilated. The sculptures? We can break them and make them into powder. If there are any that are useful we can bring them here."

"Give the order and kill everyone."

In the chief executive council the resentment from the rankers flooded out as if a dam burst. No matter how great Weed's personal fame was, Hermes guild never raised him on the same pedestal as Bardray.

In the central continent, where the strong were in fierce competition, it was disgraceful to compare Bardray who was called the god of weapons to

someone like Weed. And to defeat Hermes guild, it was a sin beyond what was tolerable!

When Bardray did not give the direct order, it was an issue handled by the guild master Raphey.

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Hermes guild Homepage.

There was a new announcement on their webpage with an enormous number of visitors checking it every day.

Title: Death Order #296

Hermes guild has assigned Sculptor Weed as a top priority target for death.

Whoever cooperates with Weed will become a target of Hermes guild.

Whoever reports Weed location in Haven Kingdom or anywhere near the Central continent will receive 130 thousand gold.

And also, whoever kills Weed will receive 400 thousand gold as bounty.

The power of this special announcement from Hermes guild was truly amazing. They went beyond hindering Weed's adventure and made an actual declaration. The only time a death order got cancelled was when the target is no longer worth killing or the target surrendered to Hermes guild.

So will there be a full-scale war between Hermes guild and Weed?

In terms of forces they cannot even be compared, how can a full-scale war erupt? It's a war between a single city in the north against the whole Haven Kingdom.

Weed has a spell that he can use whenever he is in a difficult situation.

If they were going to dispatch their army, they wouldn't have issued a death order. It's just proof that Weed is an opposition they can recognize.

But will Weed be safe from the assassination squads?

Hermes guild operated an assassination squad just for targets on their death orders. Whenever a person on a death order appeared, the nearby assassination squad was deployed to kill the target. Nowhere in the central continent was guaranteed to be safe if they got on the Hermes guild's death order list.

Assassins could approach their targets stealthily without being revealed. Even decent players from an above average enemy guild could not avoid getting killed if 3~4 assassins set their traps and made an assault.

# Chapter 10: The Old Handmaiden's Request

Scientists from the Systems Department in Unicorn Corporation were checking up on Royal Road's status.

"Hermes guild's strength is really massive."

The hidden armies of Hermes guild that could be seen on the monitor were far superior to Kallamore Kingdom's forces.

"I never knew human development would be this fast."

Scientists were looking at the large central screen. The map of Versailles continent could be seen as a video. Each individual castle and village was marked and it could be zoomed in to see the herd movement of monsters. It was a system that could check the whole continent in real time.

They could even use the Artificial Intelligence System to see any quest that occurred or find the player with the highest achievements. Of course, the scientists could only watch without interfering.

To become the Emperor of Royal Road that would unite the world! There were secrete battles to become the absolute ruler of every races in this virtual reality. By taking control of castles and cities, enormous wealth could be gained. But by becoming the Emperor, astronomical authority and wealth could be acquired.

For this, many players increased their levels and formed their own forces. There were those who excelled and those who experienced innumerable setbacks. Even watching the humans who were spread out in the world of Royal Road was fascinating.

But the crimson dots blinking on the large screen expanded a lot more than last month.

"Don't you think the Embinyu Church is getting way too big?"

Regardless of central, northern, eastern, western, southern continent, the crimson dots representing Embinyu Church were expanding. They did not

know about the players, but the scientists knew they were converting the villagers, nobles, kings and were growing in strength. And especially in the Central Continent the Embinyu church spread faster as it was swept up in chaos by the guild wars.

“It can’t be helped. The players are playing hopscotch with sieges instead of fighting the Embinyu Church.”

“But if they don’t get stopped, it will become really difficult...”

Embinyu Church was historically an evil force that sunk the whole continent into peril. The leader of guilds were picking easy targets nearby like castles and cities rather than fighting the Embinyu Church.

The usual alliance made up of coalitions were becoming increasingly competitive in trying to increase their influence and were rather indifferent to the whole situation.

Thanks to the current situation, the Embinyu Church was spreading like a wildfire and their evil spirits were secretly nurtured. To the scientists, it looked like the whole continent would be covered by the Embinyu Church at this rate.

“We can’t do anything about it. It’s the choice of the players.”

“Even if one of the continents is ruled by the Embinyu Church, it’s Royal Road’s policy to give the player’s free will to do so.”

A Continent of Darkness!

If it was another game, they would have tried to actively stop the Embinyu Church and sound the alarm for the players but Unicorn Corporation had no intentions of doing so. The players had to acquire the information and decide what to do themselves.

Once it became a Continent of Darkness, it will be much more difficult to live but fighting to be free of Embinyu Church’s oppression might become a part of Royal Road as well.

---

The creator of Versailles Continent, Yoo Byung Jun, was shifting through

Royal Road with the Artificial Intelligence System.

“Ultimately, everything will come to an end through the Embinyu Church.”

But the humans still had their chances.

While they were blinded by their own greed and looking the other way, the Embinyu Church grew in strength. As they became bigger, their appearance on the world stage would cause greater havoc.

“There’s nothing to do even if it ends like this.”

There were some players that Yoo Byung Jun kept a special watch on. Adventurer, discoverer, warrior, knight, magician, paladin, priest and a sculptor! They all played separately, but once they developed to a certain point their greed was always the same, pursuing more money and power.

To be honest, Yoo Byung Jun often watched the activity of a character name Weed.

“This guy is different.”

From beginning till the end, it was all about the money. He was a person who valued money as his number one priority and it never changed! He gained the people’s popularity and praise through his exciting and enviable adventures.

“Maybe it’s better this way.”

When Yoo Byung Jun first met Lee Hyun, he had gotten a bad first impression of him because of the fact that he was given 200 Won. In the end, he was short 100 Won so could not get his coco.

“Continue with your quest, let the jealous people hinder you... Because at this rate you will not be able to accomplish anything.”

But he couldn’t help but admire Weed’s capabilities. Using the Artificial Intelligence System, he watched Weed since his beginning, he was always making a sculpture or hunting. With such perseverance he was able to sculpt Fine, Masterpiece and Magnum Opus pieces.

To say the least, wandering the continent and collecting all 5 secret

sculpting legacies was truly impressive.

“Yet, not going to meet the Sculpting Master Zahab or trying to learn the final sculpting skill... Kukuku. Live in the delusion of people’s praises.”

---

Weed logged on to Royal Road again. Vargo Fortress was shrouded in darkness! Sitting on the leaning tower, he reminded himself of his solitude.

“A death order from Hermes guild..... so they finally decided to kill me once and for all?”

It was impossible for Weed, who was sensitive to information, not to know about this. The death order was Hermes guild’s pride, once on the list, they used any means and methods to kill. They could not even trade with merchants regularly or share quests with other players.

Being active in Haven Kingdom would be impossible and very difficult in the Central continent. The people who wanted to gain Hermes guild’s favor were spread far and wide, on top of that, there was a bounty on his head.

Until now Weed was not specially recognized as people passed him by, but now every rumor about him would be reported to the Hermes guild and the bounty hunters.

“Doing quests will now become difficult.”

If the information about Weed’s location or his quests became widespread, the assassins and bounty hunters would come to him in droves.

“Well, all quests have their good and bad points.”

He went through many hardships by taking difficult quests.

There were people who just focused on hunting to try and reach a higher level faster. But unlike them, Weed solved quests and was able to obtain items and treasures others couldn’t have. He could also make money through broadcast stations. He could even say that he earned fame and

the territory of Morata through the quests.

When he went to the City of Heaven, the quest of finding the sacred artifacts for the Church of Freya, participation in the siege of Fort Odin, building a pyramid and his activity as Orc Karichwi on the Plains of Despair. The memories of his many adventures suddenly popped up in his head.

Weed murmured to himself in a low voice that only he could hear.

“I won’t be able to do quests or hunt properly if I get attacked by others... I am going to get left behind by others. If I can’t earn money as a Dark Gamer, I will have to look for another job.”

Everyone knew about the current, serious unemployment crisis.

“I will find work in a factory with ridiculous income. Becoming exhausted from working 17 hours a day... Be exposed to some toxic chemicals in the factory and get sick. Getting treatment and doing everything possible not to get fired, I will also have to deliver milk and newspapers in the morning. And if I suddenly collapse...”

Weed was already drawing a depressingly grey future!

“But I am still healthy, no matter how painful it is I need to get up again. But because of the illness, I will continue to lose my money. Getting fired suddenly after working 15 years in the company, with a severance package as small as a rat’s tail. Looking for temporary work everyday, then suddenly I would become an old man without even getting married. Our country’s pension fund by then would be in bankruptcy, my whole body would be aching, riddled with sickness. If I die like that, will there be anyone to even prepare a meager funeral for me?”

A future filled to the brim with despair, drawn out from the Hermes guild’s death order!

But Weed still tried to find hope by himself.

“In the worst case scenario, I can collect wastepaper and scrap iron will be nice too. If I don’t have any family to support, I will be able to receive a minimum living cost. And in a truly desperate situations I could sell of one

of my kidneys...”

Anyways, from now on, it would become really dangerous to do normal quests or hunt in the northern area, especially outside Morata or Vargo Fortress. Even in Jigolaths, where it was across the sea, he experienced significant interference and even died in the Undead Legion quest. This proved how large the Hermes guild’s influence truly was.

Even if he was accompanied by a large number of Geomchis and companions, if a large army suddenly appeared, it would be difficult to contend with.

“I will have to be really cautious from now on. I won’t be able to do all the quests that might reveal me to others.”

The known quests, like what happened previously and now, as they took a long time to do it was now too dangerous to do them.

‘Depending on hunts and large quests isn’t the proper way to raise a sculptor but....’

Even though he was a miscellaneous character, his main profession was a sculptor.

Then, suddenly, a memory popped up in Weed’s head. It was a memory that was in the back of his mind for a long time.

“Quest Info Window!”

Continue Zahab’s Legacy

Zahab did not die that day. To test his sculpting skills he went to a faraway continent. After advancing your sculpting skills, search for Zahab, learn his song and sing it to the old handmaiden. Zahab has last been rumored to have left for the Grapass region.

Difficulty: A

Quest Restriction: Must be cleared before the old handmaiden dies.

Quest cannot be cancelled.

It was a quest to search for Zahab! The quest came from the handmaiden from Rosenheim Kingdom, but at that time his level was low and he thought it would take too long to accomplish so he did not start on it. Also one of the main reasons was that he was in a phase where he was very disappointed by the sculpting skill.

Later on, he asked to check if the old handmaiden died by posting on the Rosenheim Kingdom Serabourg Castle information board and kept on postponing the quest.

‘The quest I received from the old handmaiden a long time ago. If I meet Zahab, learn his song and progress onto the quests related to the final legacies of sculpting skills...’

His sculpting skill remained at Advanced level 8. Mastery was not far off.

“A Sculpting Master and the final sculpting skill!”

As long as Hermes guild exists, he would be chased by them for the rest of his life.

‘Then this quest should be done now....’

The road to mastering the sculpting skills!

In fact, one of the biggest reasons for fighting the Undead Legion was to protect Morata.

Weed fell into deep thought.

“If Hermes guild is as powerful as they say, and they try to interfere with me till the end...”

He was wondering whether he should bow and beg or get on his knees first.

---

Weed resumed his fight against the Undeads in Vargo Fortress. After Barkhan died, Undead in the Undead Legion were seriously weakened.

And by joining forces of the United Army of elves, barbarians, dwarves with the humans, they were able to drive them out.

When the last Undead in Vargo Fortress was killed, a video played in front of Weed's and the players' eyes.

Hashilis, who had green skin like a frog, led the Undead toward his ghost battleship.

“As Barkhan Demoph-nim disappeared, so I shall return to the sea also.”

Pushing past the mists, the ghost ship disappeared ominously. Balkan's subordinate Hashilis returned to the sea with the Undead, going back to becoming the ghost admiral of the sea. The unlucky would probably be able to meet Hashilis and trigger quests related to the legends of the ocean.

In the video it gave hints saying that Hashilis left to look for a sunken kingdom in the sea, but Weed just didn't care about it.

“Now I can get a feeling for things just by looking at them briefly.”

Getting swept up by the quest and suffering through deathly toil, it felt like the quest would lead to storms and reefs.

“Those truly unfortunate would probably take that quest.”

With that, Weed rid himself of his interest in Hashilis. As right now, the United Army of elves, dwarves and barbarians were sojourning in Vargo Fortress. The paladins, priests and necromancers were conversing with them in a blink of an eye.

Only Weed's companions who were worrying about the Hermes guild's death order and Geomchi who were too shy to talk to the elves kept their place.

“Be gone. You necromancers who summons the obscene Undead dare to talk to us?”

“I cannot smell any scent of earth or the sound of nature from you. I cannot converse with you.”

“You human who are more worthless than their armor.”

The barbarians, elves and dwarves’ response changed depending on the person talking to them. While they were united when they fought the Undead, but now it was difficult to befriend them since the tribes all had different conditions.

Fame, class, level, skill, equipment, past quest accomplishment, many different variables influenced it. While humans were always favorable to the priests, the dwarves, barbarians and elves who believed in other gods saw them as a burden.

“Huk, the elves are really pretty.”

Geomchi199 got close to Weed and said loud enough for him to hear.

Unlike the short and dark skinned dark elves, the wood elves had golden hair with slim bodies and were considerably beautiful. With a single bow on each of their shoulders, they wore light outfits without armor.

Their response changed depending on who talked to them but to their allies, they shared quests and had favorable impression toward them. So Geomchi199 was hoping for Weed to talk to them first.

Weed approached the closest elf to him.

“The blessings of nature are with you. You are the human that returned nature’s growth in the North.”

Fame increased by 34.

Affinity to Nature increased by 25.

Amity with the Woodland Elves rose to 17.

Even elves living in the woodlands were able to recognize Weed’s fame. Through hunting Balkan, not only did the NPCs like the elves, dwarves and barbarians, but many players admiring Weed appeared. The influence of each broadcasting station competitively trying to create a hero and calling him the God of War was large.

“I am a human, but I am also an adventurer that respects the life and richness that is nature. I only did a small task that I thought was necessary

without any hesitation.”

“With your help, many elves in the North are really grateful. And with the cooperation from the humans, we were able to return the Undead back to the earth.”

Amity with the Woodland Elves rose to 25.

Weed had a honeyed tongue and the elves were a naive race that believed people readily.

“It was truly by chance that I heard the news about the Queen of Fairies being threatened by Balkan while I was on an adventure. As an adventurer that takes the responsibility of protecting the justice in Versailles continent, how could I have not come and fought?”

“You are an admirable human adventurer. If only all humans were like Weed-nim, then we would be in peace.”

He also met with the barbarians and dwarves, hearing stories and getting information from them.

“Hunting grounds? I think you are already famous as a warrior but you still want to get stronger? There are many places near here that one needs to go through to become a strong warrior. But still, don’t go behind Ogot hill. It’s a dungeon you cannot just enter casually.”

“It makes me want to fight more. If the monsters are strong, then I can just get rid of them.”

“You have a very good mindset. But your vigilance against the monsters must not waiver. Monsters will invade this place often so you should first rebuild the castle walls.”

Fame increased by 21.

Intimacy with the Barbarians of the wasteland increased.

“Fruits in the forest? They are very sweet and delicious. Elves do not eat a lot of them so if you want them, we could trade for the items we need.”

“If you can tell me the items the elves need I will look into it. Making alcohol with the fruits from the elven forest... I mean, I want to allow the

little children to eat some of it.”

He also obtained information about trades. Because Weed was not a professional merchant, he did not wander around to trade but knowing it would allow him to profit from it someday so he permanently memorized it.

“This fortress was very much favored by the dwarves, but now it’s occupied by the humans. Why were the dwarves envious about the place the Undead lived? Keep it to yourself. You must not tell anyone I told you this. A long time ago this place was flourishing with high quality iron and silver mines.”

“Iron and silver mines, digging up resources would bring in money! The property price for Vargo Fortress would rise exponentially... I mean, if there are ores the dwarves need then it should be mined.”

Intimacy with the Dwarven tribe of Hardened Earth increased.

Weed gained favorable impression by the dwarves after he told them he was mastering his blacksmith skill above the intermediate level and they clamoured him to make something together. If he accept their proposition, it would be a valuable opportunity to cooperate with the dwarves in making swords and armor. It would also help increase his mastery in blacksmith skill.

Weed believed that pretense and hypocrisy were essential to survive in society! He believed that if all primary and high schools taught this in their ethics class, the country’s competitiveness will dominate the other developed nations.

The specific elves, dwarves and barbarians Weed talked with, the Geomchis and other companions were able to easily approach them and start a conversation afterwards. They saw the people coming with Weed favorably and thanks to that they could share conversations more comfortably. This was why adventurers, who compared to warriors lacked combat strength, received such special treatment.

Then Weed went onto meet the leader of the elves, Lonserk. To other players, he only gave a cordial greetings without any special response, but

he started a conversation with Weed.

“You are the human that played an important role in defeating Balkan.”

“It was what I had to do. It brings me great joy to know that this brought peace to Versailles continent ”

“The Queen of Fairies, Teneidon would like to meet the human that helped her. Could you come with me?”

Lonserk gave him an offer. The Queen of Fairies was a high position that commanded the race.

Weed glanced around quickly and saw that Geomchis, Pale, Irene, those who have known him for a long time, along with the priests and the paladins, had their eyes wide in excitement as they eavesdropped. That one race, and to meet the queen of the race that was difficult to meet had even Weed excited by the prospect.

Truthfully, the only reason that Weed could even meet the Queen of Fairies once was due to hunting Balkan.

“Am I the only one going?”

“The Queen of Fairies, Teneidon has invited everyone.”

Shouts popped out from players!

“Wah!”

“Are we really going to see the Fairy Queen? It’s unbelievable.”

“It’s good thing that we fought Balkan.”

“Weed-nim asked if we could come along.”

Besides treasures that they obtained after hunting Balkan, they could receive a reward from the Fairy Queen as well. Weed decided to accept the invitation from the Fairy Queen.

“When can we go?”

“You can go right now.”

“I would like to see my reward... I mean, I would like to see with my own

eyes if the Queen of the Fairies is safe, so let's go now.”

---

Weed, Geomchis and other players were guided by the elves and the dwarves.

“Please follow us.”

Following on the forest path, they could see female elves staring at them from behind the trees and bushes.

“I never knew a place like this even existed.”

“I should have come here to meet the elves a long time ago.”

Geomchis whispered to themselves, trying not to betray their masculine pride. But the elves had sharp ears which could even hear the slight rustling of the winds.

“Those humans seem to be interested in us.”

“They are not our types”

“They look idiotic.”

To receive an elf's love, they need to be of a similar nature such as a ranger or a mage rather than a warrior. As their race did not see the humans favorably, there was a limitation on how much intimacy the humans could stack. Even the elves' village, which was close by, had a limited access that only allowed the merchants to enter.

They passed the forest and climbed up a mountain. From this point on it was the dwarves' territory. It was a place where small houses and braziers were seen and hammering sounds were heard.

Each dwarf village had a different technology or specialty so Weed was curious about their skill, but for now he entered the dungeon nearby.

Dungeon, you are the first discoverer of, 'The Resting Place of Teneidon'.

Privileges: Fame increase by 890.

Double experience and item drop rate for one week.

Very first monster type you hunt will drop a best item it can possibly drop.

Even though it was called a dungeon, there were only little fairies flying around. As they couldn't hunt the fairies, the effect of double experience was useless.

“Be careful. There are many traps in here. If you go in the wrong direction, you will wander endlessly or end up someplace else on the continent.”

With the warning from elves, the players suppressed their curiosity and kept following. The fairies had abilities that allow them to ignore the landmass and leap through space. Because of that, through the slightest of slips, the person could end up in the middle of the desert or in a den of hungry monsters.

They followed the elves resignedly and finally arrived at the queen's resting place. It was by the root of a large tree. The small body of Fairy Queen Teneidon was perched on the root, resting.

– Welcome, humans.

The Fairy Queen Teneidon's voice was tiny so they had to strain their ears to hear. The queen was badly injured with one of her wing torn. By receiving the life force from the tree, she was recovering little by little but it was barely enough to keep the injury from deteriorating.

“I am known as Weed.”

Weed showed proper decorum as he knelt on one knee. He had enough qualification as lord of Morata and being a noble to hold a conversation with her. With his fame right now, he could meet anyone he wants.

– You are the human that helped me. I've heard about your achievements through my fairies.

You are conversing with the Queen of Fairies, Teneidon.

Due to the feeling of reverence, some stats has risen.

Elegance, dignity, honor and art.

There was small tremor on her torn wing as Teneidon spoke. She looked like she was in agony. An unexpected thought suddenly past by Weed in his head.

‘Her injuries seem severe, could the priests heal it?’

As long as it was not an Undead, the power of healing magic could be applied to any race or to those who believed in different god. And because fairies were very kind natured, Weed never heard of any adverse effect of holy power on the fairies. Also in the history of Versailles continent, the stories of heroic figure travelling with fairies were mentioned.

“Your injuries seem severe.... My companion is a priest so I think she can cure you. What do you think Queen Teneidon?”

As Weed asked courteously Teneidon and the fairies that suddenly appeared, were very happy.

– Thank you. Thank you.

– With the human’s help, our queen will be able to heal faster.

– Human healing spells. They cure injuries quickly and feel warm.

Playfully glowing like fireflies, the fairies covered Weed’s whole body. Some shifted through his hair, some sat on his shoulder and one of them even clung on to his nose. Fairies liked to play tricks on people they developed intimacy with. Because he defeated Balkan, the Undead Legion and offered to cure their queen, he obtained the maximum intimacy with the fairies.

– If you can help me, I will be really thankful.

Teneidon gave her permission.

“Irene, please come over here.”

Irene, who was observing from behind the crowded players pushing to

see what was happening, slowly walked forward to avoid colliding into any playful fairies.

“Could you try healing the queen.”

“Huh? Can I do that? Isn’t it dangerous?”

“Fairies gave their permission so there won’t be any problem. Try casting simple healing spells first.”

Irene took a moment to breath deeply, performed the signum crucis and then casted a holy spell.

“Power of the holy spirit, grant salvation unto the one in suffering. Healing Hand!”

It was a simple holy spell but it refilled health quickly.

Fairy Queen Teneidon’s health has recovered by 735.

The injuries have soothed a bit.

Irene’s holy spell was successful. By healing the Queen of Fairies, her experience and skill mastery increased. Although Teneidon was not in any shape to fly, she was an amazing figure that even appeared in history books. By helping her, Irene’s fame increased as well.

“Wow, the healing spell works. And I even earned experience points!”

Irene was deeply gratified by the fact that she could heal Teneidon.

“Please keep healing her.”

From Weed’s direction, Irene used all the mana she had to heal Teneidon. Irene was a priest that dedicated herself to learning only healing type magic.

Through this sacred act, your faith increased. You have become righteous.

By healing the Queen of Fairies, you have experienced a special event related to the cleric class.

Your relationship with fairies has become friendly.

To them, you are remembered as a human who has provided a great assistance.

There was no greater and more precious time as a priest than healing Teneidon right this moment.

“Weed-nim, my mana ran out.”

The extent of Teneidon’s injury was unknown but she was still severely injured even if Irene used her healing spell until her mana ran out. Since the beginning her injury looked serious, though her body was small her health was enormous.

“The other priests, please try healing as well.”

As soon as Weed finished speaking, the priests immediately chanted their healing spells. They were quite envious of the Irene who was healing Teneidon before them.

“Healing Hands”

“Heal!”

“Recovery.”

“Round Heal!”

“Complete Recovery”

It was literally a great festival of healing. From low-class holy spells to advanced healing spells that can be only used three times per day, were used on Teneidon. Because even paladins were also able to chant healing spells, they helped as well.

Teneidon’s health is at 43%.

A concentrated healing is progressing.

It could only be described as solemn but sublime light of healing that was focused on Teneidon. The priests without ceasing, cast holy spells as soon as their mana was refilled. They received special experience, faith, skill mastery and contribution to the fairies.

“More experience points are getting stacked than when I was fighting.”

“Look at that contribution and skill mastery going up.”

“Faith is going up slowly but surely. So far, I have gained more than when I was promoted one step higher as a priest.”

Weed was getting cramps in his belly. It was because the interlinked web of connection between the Undead Legion, the priests and Teneidon.

‘Churches in Versailles continent would have desperately tried to stop the Undead Legion from becoming active again..’

It was the same for Weed. As Balkan looked to regain his strength and showed signs of invading Morata, he tried to hurriedly put out the fire by fighting. But if he did not fight, the news of the United Army of elves, dwarves and barbarians fighting to keep Balkan and the Undead Legion from draining Teneidon’s life would have spread widely.

If so, it was certain that a quest to defeat Balkan would have been created.

With each church and kingdom putting this as their central focus, they would have promised a great reward to come fight in Vargo Fortress instead of just hunting like Weed. If the situation devolved till then, hunting Balkan would have been much more difficult, but they might have had a chance as each kingdom might have sent their royal knights to fight together.

After defeating Balkan and his Undead Legion, receiving a great reward and being able to meet Teneidon. It could have been a story about priests helping Teneidon recuperate while playing an influential role and gaining huge profits!

‘It’s totally possible.’

But what happened was Weed mainly fighting the battle, but the ‘might have been’ quest to kill Balkan might have needed paladins and priests to form the core. Even now, Weed’s stomach was aching as he looked on at the scene of priests and paladins healing Teneidon and receiving many rewards.

It was harder to endure than suffering from acute appendicitis, the pain

that poked his sides!

Weed took out a bandage. He wanted to use his Bandaging skill but he had to refrain himself from doing that. The bandage was big enough to suffocate the Fairy Queen.

Even with the full concentration of holy spells from the priests, Teneidon was not able to restore her full form. Her bodily injuries were healed but the torn wing did not restore itself.

– Thank you, humans.

Teneidon's voice was clear now so everybody could hear. The fairies clung to the priests and even tickled their nose. They were playful as they were happy to see their queen in better condition. The priests and paladins who participated in healing were now friends of the fairies and could press for special privileges.

Weed approached Teneidon and spoke.

“I am relieved to see human healing worked, your highness.”

Weed tried to discretely share in the achievements of the priests and paladins.

– I will not forget the kindness the humans have shown.

Contribution to Teneidon and the Fairy race increased by 164.

As an evil grin almost appeared on Weed, he heard the other priests talking.

“My contribution increased by more than 600.”

“Mine is over 800.”

Weed's expression became stiff again. His stomach twisting and turning with pain! It was more comfortable to be criticized by others than this.

“You think we can get items with the contribution?”

“Can't the fairies give spirit weapons or something similar?”

“Well, I do need a necklace...”

“With this much contribution, I can make a fairy friend. I heard having a fairy around in a hunt helps a lot.”

These comments stabbed Weed’s aching heart with a sharp drill!

The pain he experienced in battle when his health was lower than 100 to increase his resilience felt way less painful. However, Weed continued to speak to Teneidon as the representative of the humans.

“But your highness, your wing didn’t seem to have recovered.”

– That is because I am cursed. To repair my wing, I need to go to the Red Reed Forest and bring a certain object.

As he heard Teneidon’s words, the smell of quest waffed thickly in the air.

Weed thought to himself.

‘Even if it kills me, I must never do this quest.’

With the continuation from Balkan, Teneidon’s position, Weed’s level and fame it was most likely he could receive this quest. No matter what hardship it would be, the chance of it being another impossible quest was high.

By struggling through near death hardship, there would only be some benefits if it was successful. But expending the effort only to die was sheer mockery!

– Humans, I have a great debt to you and already I dare to ask another difficult favor. I do not know if you could help me a little further.

Due to Fairy Queen Teneidon’s curiosity, she entered the dragon territory. And while playing to her heart’s content on the dragon Latuas’ territory, one of her wing was cursed without her knowing.

The curse of the dragon.

Latuas appeared before the Fairy Queen that insulted his dignity and spoke.

“A queen who likes to play tricks... I do not like intruders. If you want to free yourself from my curse, bring me the keepsake of the dragon that disappeared in anguish.”

Just as Weed predicted, it was a death quest related to dragons.

DING!

Curse of the Dragon

To heal the Fairy Queen Teneidon's wing, you need to appease Latus's fury. Fairies ran about gathering clues and found the first step in the Red Reed Forest.

Difficulty: C

Quest Restriction:

Only those who are trustworthy.

Only those who helped the fairies.

'Difficulty of C. But this will lead to unbelievable chain quests and it will be difficult to cope with later on. Even this scene will be known through broadcasts on the internet and TV.'

Weed finished his internal calculations.

Usually if he thought he could not manage a quest, he did not accept it in the first place. But there was the adverse effect of souring his relationship with the fairies by rejecting the quest.

In the battle against Balkan, he didn't bring any Sculpture Lifeforms because of Undead Summon. It could be said it was because of his affection for them. He did not want to see his Sculpture Lifeforms reviving as Undead and fighting against him.

In the worst case scenario of accepting this quest, he could find himself and all his Sculpture Lifeforms being slaughtered. It was common sense to never accept such a quest and he did not have any heart to.

“Will he accept the quest?”

“It’s Weed-nim the God of War.”

“This will leave another record of Weed-nim amazing quests.”

The sound of envy could be heard from other players.

‘But on the other hand, those numerous people who are after me will know about me taking this quest. If I take the quest for now, I won’t be interrupted and will be able to take care of other things.’

Weed nodded his head.

“I will definitely cure the Fairy Queen’s wing.”

You have accepted the quest.

“Wow, he really accepted the quest!”

“Weed decided to carry out the request from the Fairy Queen!”

“My word! I can see the message boards going crazy already.”

It was obvious these players were surprised. They had no idea what Weed’s true intention was.

‘There is no time limit to the quest anyways so maybe I should try it next year? No, it will still be dangerous then. I might just roll myself off the cliff. Maybe the year after? Or maybe after my sister has graduated from university...’

# Chapter 11: Weed's Call

Weed and the players were invited to a feast by the fairies. Versailles continent, the Spirit World and their own settlements, the fairies come and go bringing specialties from different regions.

–Eat up.

–Thank you for healing our queen.

The Geomchis exchanged glances and left the dungeon first. While the flavor was good, the portion size was way too small for them so they thought it would ruin their appetite. They went outside to roast some meat and eat more comfortably.

But Weed stayed till the end, eating the fairies' cooking.

You tasted a new sensation.

Mastery has increased because your cooking skill is over Intermediate.

These rare foods from the Spiritual and the Fairy world increased cooking skill.

“Hmm, this is edible.”

When the food he tasted was based on ingredients he used a lot before, he was able to grasp the recipe. It was really difficult to create new recipes with unique spices and herbs that humans didn't even use. This was a rare opportunity that he had to take advantage of.

Because if he wanted to be satiated with the fairies' food, he would need to eat at least 250 of their dishes.

‘If I advertise spirits' food, I will be able to rip off customers.’

Hwaryeong and Bellot ate the different dishes in a refined manner. They changed to appropriate attire for the feast and even ate and drank the less than pleasant food with elegance.

Through the Fairies' feast, your dignity and manner increased.

After the end of the feast, they returned to Vargo Fortress.

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Weed laughed dismally.

“Ahahahaha.”

He calculated the amount of treasures and items dropped after hunting Balkan and his share was only about 680 thousand gold. The treasures would take time to sell, so they decided that when merchants come to Vargo Fortress they would sell as much as the merchants would buy and split the gold.

“The bonus is quite good at least.”

Vargo Fortress was now his territory. Right now, only the piles of stones, destroyed towers and wreckages of buildings were left. The damage was relative to the huge battle that had taken place.

“I wonder what kind of place this is? Region Information Window!”

Vargo Fortress

Once a fortress occupied by the Undead.

It's only recently that humans have reclaimed it.

In the past, it was a fortress occupied by the Niflheim Empire where it serves as an important gateway.

Vast swaths of forests and jagged mountains are part of the territory.

Currently there are no residents.

Through war, the fortress is heavily damaged and needs extensive repairs.

The river is contaminated and it's hard to obtain drinking water.

Due to monsters the region is not safe.

Specialty: None

It was much worse than early Morata which was filled with houses that looked like they could collapse at any moment. The quiet downriver or the peaceful hills would be much better than the fortress, whose public order

was under threat by the monsters.

Like Weed, it was common for people to become lords by gaining the trust of the king, nobles or villagers through their own adventures. But occasionally there were people that became lords by raising their own village.

As Versailles continent was quite large, anyone could build a house nearby a mountain or a river and start farming and raise livestock. After a while by accepting nomads and expanding the village, they suddenly found themselves as lord of the village.

“But the fact that there is this huge fortress here means in the past it must have been quite active. This must have been considered an important stronghold.”

Vargo Fortress was large enough for the whole Undead Legion to stay in. An expansive fortress that even allowed Bone Dragons to rampage on its rooftops. Because of that, the destruction was even greater.

“The grounds filled with buried Undead... If the priests cleanse it, it should be enough to plant some grains. But still with the contaminations there won't be much harvest, this place will be useless for at least 2 years.”

Even the river was wide and its flow was majestic. It was proof that there was no signs of draughts and it was quite bountiful. The nature scenery, with its mountains and river was on par with Morata.

For Weed, he gained new lands so he might as well develop this place as well. As he already raised Morata, the experience from it should be a tremendous help.

“Morata Region Information Window!”

Region of Morata

A region that once was part of the Niflheim Empire.

Currently, by the strength of lord Weed's excellent choices, the development is continuing.

Morata has become the representative city that showcases the best in the North, becoming the center for arts, trades and adventures.

Two great structures, the Freya Cathedral and the North's Great Library have been completed.

Military Force: 259 Economic power: 2,969

Culture: 3,129 Technology: 843

Religious Influence: 87

Regional Politics: 69 Influence on Nearby Areas: 74%

Influence from the past Niflheim Empire: 16.5%

(Influence is deeply rooted to the military, economics, culture, technology, religion, population, quests etc.)

City Development Rate: 269

Hygiene: 39 Public Order: 88%

Recently the Undead Legion has been repulsed without any severe damages.

Influx of population is continuing but as roads and enough residency has been prepared in advance, the residents do not feel any discomfort.

With the active trades and commerce, a high income bracket is being created.

With the increase of Morata's regional fame, three specialties have been added: silverware, palm wine, luxury textiles.

The Cathedral and the Great Library are the resident's pride.

Morata heavily influences the nearby region in terms of politics, economics and culture.

This year is expected to yield a bountiful harvest.

Thoughts of rebellion cannot be imagined.

Enough military forces have been retained to fight the monsters.

Through the increase in military spending, the soldiers and knights have greater loyalty.

The magnificent sculptures are bringing happiness to the residents.

The standards of paintings are rising.

The artist's endless trust and financial support has become the dynamic for cultural development.

Morata's Art Center has become the cornerstone for new artists in the whole of the Northern continent, storing many of their created pieces.

Due to the Great Library, education, magic and adventure is robust.

Through education and high culture, many children who are smart and wise are born. If you teach them 10 things, they will only forget about 5 at the end of the month!

The tailoring industry's skill is being inherited. The tailors can use leather, fabric and lavish products to make clothes.

Blacksmith's iron wielding skills are at a level that they can heat up iron and hit it with their hammer. Master craftsmen have appeared and are leading the skill development.

Regional religion: most residents believe in Freya.

The wastelands have been cultivated into a fertile granary zone.

This year is a bountiful year for crops.

With strong faith and steady public order, crime rate has reduced greatly.

Specialties: Arts, leather and fabric, tomatoes, grapes, rice, cow, milk, cheese, wine, silverware, palm wine, luxury textiles.

Total Population: 1, 175, 704

Monthly Tax Income: 953, 290 gold

Village Operating Expenses: Military 5%, Economic development 36%, Cultural investment 14%, Quests and Monster Hunts 16%, Village Repairs 25%, Offering to the Church of Freya 4%.

You have received a title from Morata's resident, 'The Greatest Ruler in the North'.

It prevents the residents' loyalty from dropping.

Increases population influx.

Morata was a great city that he could boast about anywhere. Without him doing anything, it expanded and developed day by day.

When the adventurers in the north excavated an item and discovered it was an artwork, they exhibited it at the Art Center. They offered religious items to the Cathedral and displayed other items in the Great Library. Through items brought by adventurers, the north was in the grip of adventure fever.

The influence of the great constructions was huge, as well as the word of mouth from the players that started in Morata, more and more people gathered there everyday. With the inflow of players and residents, Morata's technology developed daily with greater competition in business leading to a stronger financial position for the city.

Looking from high above, the buildings were widely spread out, there was the statue of the goddess, the tower of light and the great constructions making a scene of grandeur. It was an unimaginable change compared to the early Morata, filled with shabby buildings under the dark stars and the tower of light.

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Merchants who were doing business in Morata came to Vargo Fortress in droves.

"This is my spot."

“What nonsense are you spouting? I already drew a line and sat down before you!”

Weed and the players obtained a tremendous amount of drops and japtems through their battles with the Undead Legion. The drops from the Bone Dragons and the Vandal Knights were not something that could be acquired easily.

Merchants from Morata came here in droves to trade for those items.

“I am Dapala, I professionalize in selling general merchandise. Please add Dapala to your friend list any time and browse my wares comfortably.”

“Weapons trader Cormac is here. From simple repairs to appraisal and trades. Please come, I will give you a good deal.”

“Ingredient specialist, Hapote. I picked these fresh from a neighbor's house, I sell these ingredients at the smallest possible margin. Please cook yourself delicious meals!”

About 100 merchants came to Vargo Fortress and prepared their shops for business.

“Did they pull their wagons to get here?”

“At best, there are only about a 1000 of us here... there are just too many merchants.”

Although it was convenient to use their services, the players felt sorry for troubling someone who seemed worse off than themselves. Trying to do business in a place with few customers, the competition must be really harsh. They were even able to meet merchants who were famous in Morata.

But on the afternoon of the same day. Other players crowded into Vargo Fortress!

“We arrived!”

“There are no paved roads so it's really difficult to come here. But still, they say there are so many hunting grounds here.”

“I heard you can meet the elves. Let’s hurry and go talk with them.”

“Wow, it’s completely in ruins! I am going to build a new house and live here.”

As soon as players who leveled up in Morata received the information about Weed obtaining a new territory, they all pushed toward Vargo Fortress. Because Weed was the lord, they assumed Vargo Fortress will be the next to experience an unbelievably fast development.

By coming early and preoccupying their spot, their privilege later on will be greater. Just by building a brick houses near Vargo Fortress to live in they could boast about it to their friends. It was a place with a lot of land to pioneer and many unknown hunting grounds that were spread out.

“I’m going to take a look at the land first.”

Farmers searched around the river to look for fertile flood plains. Adventurers chatted with the elves and barbarians, looking for any decent dungeons in the vicinity. There were many priests and paladins going to dungeons and the Geomchis enjoyed their new found popularity. They fought well and were trustworthy as they tried to protect the priests completely, everyone wanted to have them in their party.

The fortress built from stones was covered with wreckages but many people were already crowding it. The merchants sensed this and ran here in a hurry. Before the sun set, a second and even a third wave of settler groups arrived.

Because there were no magical lamps in Vargo Fortress like Morata, they used bonfires and torches.

And as there were no inns or restaurants, they laid on the stone rubble near the fire to take a brief nap. It was the romance of roasting meat while staring at the stars!

“Hm! Beer that wafts a nice aroma!”

Dwarves were drawn by the smell of beer.

“Please sit down. Do you want a pint?”

“Sure.”

Sharing their drinks with the dwarves they became closer. And as queen Teneidon was healed, the fairies became more active.

In Morata and other places they could catch an occasional glimpse once in a blue moon, but here in Vargo Fortress there were many fairies flying around in the vicinity, fluttering with their mysterious silver wings.

In between the business and drinking their beer, if they paused for a bit, they could even hear the fairies talk.

– It’s meat, meat.

– The aroma is so good.

– Eat. Eat. Nom Nom Nom.

The fairies were eating the ribs the people were holding.

Geomchi27 became friendly with a female priest, they walked on the cobble road while they dated.

“This place has a nice atmosphere, don’t you think?”

“It’s scary. The collapsed brick wall... It feels like a monster is going to jump out at any moment.”

“Then I will protect you no matter what.”

Geomchi27 showed off his trustworthy masculine charm.

There were fairies following them as well. They followed behind them like seagulls following in the sea. When the female priest gave them something to eat from her backpack, they even performed aerial stunts!

After spending the night like that, in the morning there were even more people in Vargo Fortress.

Sometimes fairies brought whole orchards or farmlands from the other region, saying they were repaying their debts.

“Two paladins, three priests wanted for a party. We are aiming for a dungeon.”

“Looking for a party member for a nearby dungeon hunt! Level 310 or more, it’s still dangerous so I am gathering as many players as possible before going.”

“Anyone fish? Let’s trade information about fishing and catch some real fish.”

Resident population in Vargo Fortress has exceed over 2,000.

This was the population that came from Morata in just one day.

Due to the active commerce, there is now tax income.

All taxes will be used to repair the fortress.

If the lord’s office is prepared, the tax distribution can be adjusted.

With the immigration of residents, the major repair of Vargo Fortress started. As the fortress was quite large, there were many places that needed repairs. With the collapsed towers and buildings, it looked like they had to be completely rebuilt.

But as immigrants continued to come and with players looking for new adventures, the fortress was filled with new life.

Human merchants weren’t the only ones selling their wares in Vargo Fortress.

“Selling tree fruits, medicinal herbs and seeds.”

Female elves came to trade as well. They sold goods brought from the forests and purchased what they needed. Dwarves came as well, sold quality war materials and went back with wagons full of beers. Barbarians had lots of items they needed as well. They brought in leather and japtem.

This was proof that Vargo Fortress, as an important gateway of the Northern continent, was regaining its previous form.

Weed was hoping for it.

“Make alcohols with fruits from elves, rip off barbarians with hunting goods and shove around dwarves as laborers to make weapons, armors and houses....”

This was the utopian city he dreamt of!

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“ROOOOOAAAR”

Bingryong was hunting on the mountain near Morata! Every time he roared, monsters hurriedly flatten themselves to hide from him. When he flew around the vicinity of the mountain, his large form struck fear into the monsters.

“This guy is mine!”

Wyverns divided the forests and were hard at work hunting. If a monster stronger than them appeared, the Wyverns could bunch up on it together.

“We should go further in.”

“Further than here?”

“I want to kill something big.”

The large flaming Phoenix flew over the sea and hunted a variety of large monsters. Compared to them, Golden Bird, Silver Bird, Gold Man and Yellowy moved quietly.

“This way. The birds told me.”

They hunted in the hunting ground the birds told them about and hunted together. It was a friendly, happy time!

Sculpture Lifeforms from Jigolaths also hunted in their own territories. Unfortunately there were some who died due to monster attacks but most of them adapted well and were growing up.

Suddenly a Whisper was sent to all of them.

Are you guys doing well?

It was their creator who gave them life!

Bingryong responded too quickly.

I was really hap... I mean, I am doing well

Wyverns also greeted their owner.

My back is warm and my stomach is full.

Ate a delicious animal today.

Wy-Three ate more.

Wyverns had a difficult time not tattling everything.

Golden Bird, Silver Bird and Gold Man responded haughtily that they are fine Yollowy answered in a friendly manner.

I missed you master.

Weed also had favorable opinions of the docile yet brave Yellowy.

I was the same.

I am relieved now that I can at least hear your voices.

We can all be together again. You guys all come here.

It was now time to see some action together with the Sculpture Lifeforms.

# Credits

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