

The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

(달빛 조각사)

Volume 26

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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: The Underground Passage

As an Ice Troll, Weed strode into the dungeon.

“We just need to exterminate all the monsters in the way.”

The dungeon felt empty without monsters. One of the reasons he turned into an Ice Troll was so, rather than wasting time on thinking, he could use that time productively in beating monsters to death.

The quest required as many refugees as possible to be led to safety, away from the invasion of Serabourg Citadel by the Embinyu Church. Speed would define the success or failure of the quest.

The fairies glowed like fireflies, prattling as they followed Weed.

Awesome. He's so awesome.

He's totally my type. I want to marry him.

Weed equipped the large leather armor he made with his sewing skill just in case. With his level and strength he could wear steel or mithril armor. But he did not make them beforehand as, considering the weight of the armor, carrying them around was too much and the material was too precious to waste.

Weed squared his shoulders and entered the dungeon first. The players following behind him felt secure in the knowledge that Weed was ahead of them.

“To be able to follow after the War God, Weed... I am salivating to see him fight.”

“I'm going to drink in the sight.”

Among the players, the skilled and capable ones stood right behind Weed. The refugees of Serabourg Citadel and beginners continuously lined up at the end of the queue to enter the dungeon.

Weed walked forward calmly, without a care for the dangers ahead.

Slither.

He heard a small, strange sound.

It's here. It's here!

Be careful! Its bites are painful.

The snake that ate that rabbit yesterday. It's hiding here.

The glittering fairies that flew around the vicinity alerted Weed.

SHICK!

A mottled snake flew toward Weed. These monsters were known as Elixas, they lived within the cracks of the walls and hunted the animals passing by.

“Ah! Weed-nim! Be careful.”

“Weed-nim!”

The players cried out in surprise. The Elixas were a species of snake monsters around level 300. Their levels were high and they slithered around at a frightening speed. Although an Ice Troll did not constitute as a tempting prey for the Elixas, the cold radiating from him must have been unpleasant for them so they attacked preemptively.

In the face of the terrifying Elixas' surprise attack. Weed casually gave a word.

“You look delicious.”

And then, he swung his disproportionately short stick of a sword.

KANG!

Elixas has received a huge trauma, it has fallen into confusion.

Due to the cold aura from the Ice Troll, Elixas' speed decreased by 14%.

Struck by the sword, the Elixas crashed into the wall and rebounded. The unfortunate Elixas temporarily fell into paralysis. Compared to other species, the unusually high strength and agility that the Ice Trolls possessed amplified its direct combat potential rather than its magic or

skills. And with a casual swipe, the Elixas had become helpless.

So Weed continuously struck down the Elixas mercilessly into the ground.

“I am going to roast its meat and take its skin as leather. Should I pack its head to make snake wine later?”

Words that could strike fear into every Elixas!

As Elixas were snake monsters that were early to mid level 300, they died quickly under Weed's barrage.

Durability of the Demon Sword decreased.

“Let's continue.”

Weed packed up the drops first before heading off.

From the entrance, several Elixas could be seen groveling on the ground. The slippery monsters moved fast and when they spotted Weed, the Elixas shot toward him like arrows. The Elixas could sink their fangs in before the victim knew it and spread their poison, putting even high level players in a pickle.

Weed swatted these Elixas in the air and knifed them without remorse.

“I can make plenty of wine out of you. Come, come every single one of you!”

This Ice Troll was made for battle. Its arms and legs were long with well defined muscles and the soles were made unusually large. And with the cold pouring from Weed, the snakes became sluggish as soon as they came near him.

It's a monster!

Kyaa! It's scary!

You must win. We can't fail to get past.

Weed leisurely took care of the Elixas all the while listening to the ruckus caused by the fairies.

As they plodded deeper and deeper into the dungeon, the mid 300 level monsters, Riggles, Voichis, and Guldogs started appearing. These were

the most dangerous types of monsters that appeared in this dungeon.

Their attacks were stronger than their level suggested, making it difficult to defeat them. But Weed was indifferent.

“Come at me.”

Weed took full advantage of the Ice Troll’s traits. In human form, he hunted using a combination of precise swordplay and skills. But right now, he did not have enough mana to use skills, only overflowing strength! He could unleash unlimited carnage and destruction. He did not even try to dodge the monsters’ attacks.

“Kill that troll!”

“Everyone, let’s attack him together!”

You were struck by the Voichi’s whip.

Additional 26% defense was applied due to the Ice Troll’s resilience.

The Riggler’s dagger nicked your leg.

Vitality and Health decreased.

Weed’s health dropped rapidly. But even then, with his colossal 370 thousand health, he was in no danger of dying anytime soon. And on top of that, the Ice Troll’s traits allowed rapid health regeneration. The regeneration was faster than resting and bandaging untransformed.

He relentlessly pushed the monsters back with his unceasing beatdown.

“Gyaa!”

Weed gave a bellow. With the cold emanating from the Ice Troll, the monsters became sluggish and turned into ice.

“Ah, he fights amazingly well.”

“He’s really brutal. How can he just charge forward like that?”

Players were stunned in disbelief at Weed’s superb battle ability. Weed indulgently received the enemies attacks and returned them sevenfold. The Ice Troll was brutal, smacking the enemy with his sword, pummeling them with stupidly oversized fists and even punting them with his feet.

While the Ice Troll's body was extremely heavy, the inflated strength and agility allowed Weed to move as freely and softly as a feather.

“Strike! Die! Strike! Give me my Items! Strike! You're still not satisfied?!”

Weed acted like a villain. He ran forward in the dungeon, mercilessly striking down every monster that appeared. In the heat of the moment, he accidentally showed his true character!

They broke through the dungeon in the blink of an eye.

That one on the left is still alive.

Weed-nim, please trash him more!

Ah~ he really is my type.

Weed paid no mind to the excited fairies chattering behind his ears as he broke through the dungeon swarming with monsters. His level was over 400, and he had even transformed into an Ice Troll. There were no monsters in the dungeon that could dare to challenge him.

In the level 300 dungeon with a fairly high difficulty rating, Weed animatedly flaunted his strength. The display in front of the players was not a half hearted attempt, rather, it was an overwhelming display of Weed's prowess.

“It's an Ice Troll!”

“How did it get here...”

“Go for a pincer attack! ”

Monsters all ran at him at once. But for Weed, they were only tasty treats.

Pa Pa Pa Pa!

Monsters turned into a grey light and disappeared in an instant. Even if someone else used the Sculpture Transformation, they would never be able to fight like Weed. This was because battle instincts became ingrained through practise. Others fought conservatively, trying to save their strength while defending or just dodging the monster's attacks on

instinct.

On the other hand, Weed's strong point was that he could adapt quickly to any new form. Regardless of whether the monsters were attacking him or not, he steamrolled the dungeon with crushing force. He was hunting even faster than usual, and the refugees were huffing and puffing as they tried to keep up.

"I feel so assured because Weed-nim is here with us."

"Compared to others, he fights much better. Ten people combined can't match him. "

"What do you mean ten, more like twenty."

The players leading behind Weed had lower levels and were fighting much more carefully. Seo Yoon felt she did not need to show her full prowess as everything was going fine and there were a lot of people around as well. That's why only Weed's actions were especially distinguished.

As the players gazed at the Ice Troll, they couldn't even fathom the crisis happening in Serabourg Citadel as they were brimming with energy.

The current scene of the dungeon was being broadcasted by every station including KMC Media.

"To fight so recklessly...! This rash battle doesn't follow any tactics. Players starting the game, please do not try this in Royal Road. That kind of fighting is a shortcut to suicide."

"Weed cannot seem to manage his sudden increase in strength and is fighting sloppily. It's disappointing to call this one of Weed's battles."

Hosts were pouring out their disparaging remarks. Only KMC Media was siding with Weed and positively analyzing his actions.

"Weed is maximising his advantages in strength and resilience! It's a great strategy."

"Yes, up until now, I have seen many videos of how other players fought.

But I have never seen anyone clear out a dungeon this fast.”

To fight without taking full advantage of an Ice Troll’s strength and resilience would be foolish. Weed continued to fight while being hit and returning the hits with vengeance. This kind of exhilaration cleared up the fear of the Embinyu Church forces and was enough to relieve the pent up stress.

“And for our viewers, we have a treat for you.”

“What is it?”

“Don’t be surprised. It’s about the War God Weed! We have managed to get ahold of some party members who are close to Weed. These are the same party members that appeared in our broadcast of Todeum. The four of them are on the line right now, please introduce yourselves.”

Am I really on TV? Wow, this is exciting!

Ahem! Hi, it’s nice to meet you.

Hello.

Cough. Whenever you are in the Northern Continent, come visit. If you have the money, I can get anything you need.

All the voices were female, except for the last one. But the third voice was very familiar and had a charming tone, not so dissimilar from all the songs and music videos that were shown.

“The War God Weed is playing an amazing role right now. As this is being broadcasted in real time, I apologize in advance that this interview is going to be brief.”

Sure! It’s fine, don’t worry about it.

I understand.

Please don’t worry, I have been on shows often enough to know.

But we are still getting paid the agreed amount, right?

“I think, you must have spent a lot of time with the War God Weed. Let me ask, how does Weed usually fight in dungeons?”

It's just like now. Those poor monsters.

It's difficult to get the first shot in.

He's always diligent.

I only calculate the japtem at the back so...

“There are a lot viewers who are envious of your position, getting to hunt with Weed. What kind of feeling do you get when you hunt with him? Excited? Nervous?”

It's hard to keep up with him because he fights so well. You can literally feel the energy seeping out from you. It's so fast and dizzying... But the taste of your fist smashing the enemy.... it's fun.

After a successful hunt, confidence just swells up, like you can do anything.

Watching his fight is really awesome.

Well... I just calculate money....

“As the lord of Morata, Weed is praised by the people. Did you know from the beginning that Weed could handle his heavy responsibilities as a lord so well?”

Even I am amazed. I thought he would kill off all his people through starvation.

He might not look like it but Weed-nim is a really kind and soft hearted person. I just knew he would do well.

Nothing is impossible for Weed.

The taxes I have to pay... Ah, nevermind. Everyone please come to Morata and please browse through Mapan's Store.

“Weed's battle is still ongoing right now, we will cut this interview short and continue later if we have the chance. Any shout outs for Weed to encourage him in his quest to save the people of Serabourg Citadel?”

Don't put everything into your fist.

I have faith that you will come back safely.

When you come back, please bring me a pair of boots... And please look for the tailor Vitori, his backpacks are quite popular right now.

We provide the best service with the best quality goods. Call Mapan Chain Store now for franchise opportunities!

The NPCs and the players kept crowding through the pass Weed opened up.

Even though Weed was an Ice Troll, it couldn't be helped that after a prolonged battle, his health and vitality dropped to a low point. Fortunately, there were many priests among the players. They continuously chanted spells to recover health and vitality, so Weed could focus completely on decimating the monsters.

"It's all thanks to Weed-nim that we are getting out of here."

"I am so touched, I never knew he would go this far for us."

"I am really proud that Weed-nim came from Rosenheim Kingdom."

The admiration players held for Weed grew by leaps and bounds. But Weed had other thoughts...

"This still isn't so difficult. There is no need to exert myself excessively to save all these random strangers."

Weed was already prepared to slip away, naturally abandoning the other players if the situation became too impossible to manage.

Doctor Yoo Byung Jun, sat watching his television in rapt attention.

"The Embinyu forces have already scaled Serabourg Citadel's walls. It's now only a matter of time till the walls fall to them."

"The East gate has finally been breached. The Embinyu forces are now heading deeper into the Citadel."

"The stores and stalls have been set alight. It seems the Embinyu Church is planning to set the whole Serabourg Citadel on fire."

The presenters were in a brouhaha about the current situation.

All castles seized by the Embinyu Church were often scorched to the ground and every player was hunted down. These areas became void with only grass growing wildly over the vestiges of the crumbling stone walls. The fate of Serabourg Citadel was no different.

“The Embinyu Church is expanding quite fast.”

Just watching Royal Road gave Yoo Byung Jun great joy. From the shadows and monsters, human greed, growth, and prosperity, the Embinyu Church took every opportunity to expand. Monsters or those who followed malevolent gods, Royal Road did not bar them from their freedom of choice.

There was no limit to the monster's strength as they became powerful by proliferating or through their struggle for survival. They were not bound to their designated areas, monsters in dungeons could roam freely outside in search of prey. Sometimes, boss monsters even migrated their horde to more fertile areas.

Humans could take over villages and castles, and it was even possible to accumulate skills and knowledge.

With his authority, Yoo Byung Jun could watch any happening on Royal Road as he wanted to.

“Mr. Oh Joo Wan. At this speed, how much further could the Embinyu Church expand to?”

“As you know, because of the Embinyu Church the Central Continent is in turmoil. There is still no statement from Unicorn Corps. about this issue.”

Employees of Unicorn Corps. were deeply worried. They worried that the complete destruction of cities and devastation of Kingdoms were too excessive. Still, while the Kingdoms and cities held vestiges of their original form, it was upto the players to continue forging the future history. They could clear forests and create dwellings along the riverside to create cities. But it went both ways, if their defenses were ill prepared, it

could easily be ravaged by monsters.

Yoo Byung Jun murmured to himself as he continued to watch.

“With this, the chance of the Embinyu Church bringing ruin to the continent became higher. ”

At it's current course, this was a distinct possibility. Nothing was set in stone in the Versailles Continent, there were still countless monsters and dark forces that could plunge the continent into ruin. Machiavellian plots were hatched and were progressing everywhere.

If the players growth became slow or they started to feud among themselves, then the Versailles Continent would be forever swept up by the dark forces. It was possible for the players to connect to Royal Road after this. But they would either live in servitude or create new cities and fight there for a brighter future.

If Royal Road was a simple game, Unicorn Corps. would have put a stop to the Embinyu Church to retain players interest. But in this world where Unicorn Corps. existed, they were cleaning out the money from all corners of the globe.

The fate of the Versailles Continent was decided by the players self determination.

“With Bardray being groomed as the next emperor, it's most likely that he would contend with the Embinyu Church as his territory and influence grew. But more so....”

For some time now, one name rubbed Yoo Byung Jun in the wrong way.

Weed!

Weed's title of War God was largely decorative, and through his observations he concluded that many of Weed's portrayals were greatly exaggerated. But as he rewinded the scene of the first time Weed started Royal Road, he was continuously baffled and surprised.

“Isn't the usual response for humans in face of their adversity to be disillusioned from reality by their lack of ability? Do they not start to

procrastinate or to despair?”

But Weed made a theatrical display out of his suffering while overcoming his difficulties. Discovering the Secret Sculpting techniques one by one and then somehow, Weed met Zahab. In the expansive Versailles Continent, Weed prodigiously searched out and set foot in one of the most difficult of places.

“And Morata...”

Weed even possessed a city. It was not something that fell out of the sky as a divine gift. It was a place he obtained and developed personally. Weed did not command troops under a guild like Bardray. But somehow he was popular throughout the continent.

Yoo Byung Jun’s was now quite wary of Weed.

“He’s quite clever. I am sure it will become another special event when he rescues all the players and NPC’s in Serabourg Citadel.”

The Embinyu forces encircling Serabourg Citadel weren’t normal. It was close to impossible to even fathom evacuating the beginners and the refugees from the Citadel. But even if Weed failed, this righteous act would earn him the hearts and minds of the people.

“The Embinyu Church should already be blocking that way... If he escaped by himself, I wonder how far he could go.”

Chairman Jeong Deuk Soo was using the weekend to read a book at his house.

“They said it will rain the whole day.”

Rain was beating outside the window since the morning.

“I think with the weather like this, it will be a good opportunity to log into Royal Road.”

His talk with Park Jin Suk rekindled his interest in Royal Road. It was a useful tool to him as he used it to relax to his heart's content during his leaves.

“I should log in before I change my mind.”

Chairman Jeong Deuk Soo went into the room with the capsule. The character Chairman Jeong Deuk Soo logged in as was Bart. He only had starting equipment. And as his hobby was mountain climbing, the last point he disconnected at was a valley where rangers were residing.

“Wow, the water is really clear.”

“Try drinking it. It’s refreshing.”

The valley was a couples heaven! As this was a famous valley in the Versailles Continent, there were even more couples.

“I should go somewhere else.”

Bart walked manly down the mountain.

“It’s so nice that connecting to Royal Road makes me feel several years younger.”

But after several steps, he had an unfortunate encounter with a cute, red eyed rabbit.

“Eek, a rabbit”

Bart cowered, making sure not to utter a sound as he waited for the rabbit to pass by. As he was only a level 3 beginner, even a rabbit was frightening to him. Bart had no battle experience and the three levels he raised were through simple quests that could be ended with conversations.

“I should head back to the village first.”

Bart was not at a level where he could travel anywhere confidently. The valley within the mountain was safe for him as there were many people here. Also it was right behind a major city so no dangerous monsters appeared.

The city in La Salle Kingdom was overcrowded with players, haggling and looking for people to travel with.

“Looking for people to harvest blue medicinal herbs! Anyone over level 25 is fine! You can make a tidy amount of money for just 1 hour of hard

work.”

“Looking for party members to hunt in the newly created goblin fort in this area.”

These were the yells coming from beginners, but for Bart the levels were impossibly high.

“Everyone seems to really enjoy Royal Road.”

Wandering around the city, Bart saw the joyful expressions of the people enjoying themselves. The sky couldn't have been any clearer, the surroundings were no different to reality and the game gave realistic feedback of walking. The feeling of excitement of walking through a new world!

Bart nodded to himself as he watched the birds nesting on the roof.

“There is a reason why this is so popular.”

As a businessman he only paid attention to the technology and the opportunities related to Royal Road. Currently Unicorn Corps. was growing at an unprecedented scale, the turnover or the net profit of all the companies he managed could not even compare. Even the difference in operating profit of Unicorn Corps. to the the top companies in the world started from single digit figures.

“Times have changed. Playing more Royal Road might prove beneficial in the future.”

He thought Royal Road was just simple entertainment, but seeing people being so crazy about it, he wanted to experience the game fully. Fortunately, he had plenty of money saved up. The company's secretary had set aside a lot of money for him to enjoy his vacation days.

“First, get some proper weapons for battle...”

Bart had a modicum of common sense and acquired starting equipment without any level restrictions. As he still did not have a class, he acquired basic garments and a light longsword.

Excited voices from the players could be heard from the shop with the

weapon sign.

“Did you hear? The Embinyu Church is attacking Serabourg Citadel right now.”

“Right now?”

“There is a siege going on and everything. They say the demons are huge!”

“Ah... I was going to go hunt in Bolog dungeon...”

“Is hunting all you think about? Watching this at the tavern is more important.”

“Yeah, I guess you are right. I am going to regret it if I don't get to watch.”

“Hurry. There won't be any space left in the tavern if we are late.”

It was all nonsensical to Bart. But it seems like he could see something if he went to the tavern. Perhaps that's why the street suddenly felt devoid of people and the once crowded stores felt empty.

“I should also head toward the tavern.”

Bart entered the tavern and ordered a whole chicken with beer. And on the large crystal a video was being reflected. On it the siege of Serabourg Citadel was shown just as the player had spoken of before.

Players were riveted to the large crystal as they ate and drank.

“Kaah, beers good. War God Weed really is different.”

“Can there be any other person who would stand up to the Embinyu Church alone?”

“Ranker? You think high level is everything? They can't even touch Weed's footstep.”

“Look at his hunting speed. It's faster than our walking speed! He doesn't even blink an eye when the monster appears.”

“The Embinyu Church is mincemeat to Weed.”

Listening to the chatters of other players, Bart continued to watch on the large crystal. The large crystal could relay the exact broadcast from the stations. And the huge time dilation in game and reality could be solved by showing advertisements or other programs in between!

The display usually showed the Embinyu Church destroying Serabourg Citadel, it did frequently change to Weed clearing the dungeon with other players.

“The War God Weed...”

The name was quite familiar to Bart. It was the male character that his daughter Seo Yoon usually spent time with!

“That Weed fellow is someone I know.”

At his mumbling the other people turned and faced him.

“Ahjussi, that person is the War God Weed. Do you really know that kind of person?”

“Yes, it’s definitely him”

“Well, there are lots of people with the same name.”

“I am telling you, it’s that Weed.”

“Ah, Yes...”

Due to Bart’s age, they didn’t hackle him further, but the atmosphere in the tavern told all. For a newbie, who was wearing starting equipment, to know Weed personally was a joke.

“That ahjussi’s is too much.”

“He should at least say something believable.”

Bart became the pompous fool who lied about knowing Weed.

“Gyaaa!”

Weed’s roar reverberated throughout the underground passage. While this had the effect of luring in monsters, it also was a not so small

reassurance to the players following behind his back.

“Hurry!”

“Those at the back won’t slow down. If we slow down, it will become more crowded.”

The NPCs and the players followed one after another in the secret passageway. The mid-sized guilds who were originally planning to follow after the larger guilds, also put their faith in Weed.

Over 100 hundred thousand people needed to be evacuated. People all crammed in at once, with many who had yet to even enter the passage.

Weed accepted Selina’s request as he fell into temptation for the flower bracelet. But in truth, this was an extremely difficult quest. This was not a quest that he could prepare for beforehand, and on top of that the moment to moment judgement would decide the fate of hundreds of NPCs.

“Allow us to fight with you.”

“Kill them all! Make them disappear!”

The players with high levels went past the NPCs and helped with clearing out the monsters.

“Forward!”

With the danger biting at their heels, it was a fight against time. Even then, the players felt more fun than danger. They were enraptured in the excitement as they followed Weed.

Even from the far back it was easy to see the large and tall frame of the Ice Troll, swinging his sword with strength! The muscles flexed as Weed grasped his sword, the Ice Troll’s long arm making it look like he was handling a spear as he sliced through the monsters.

“Wahahahaha!”

Laughter leaked out from Weed as he devoured the good loots whole.

The players' bodies tingled in excitement as they watched the Ice Troll,

hell-bent in charging the enemy. To them it felt like Weed was presenting them with a question, rather than fighting to escape Serabourg Citadel.

Why should they live a weary and hard life full of pent up stress? The world was filled with fun that shook the body with excitement! It was a great blessing to even be able to use your body to fight, tussle and just live an exciting life.

You need to turn right.

There is a clear stream flowing there. If you are thirsty, please drink before you go. Weed-nim.

3 monsters approaching! Please give them hell.

There is a trap if you go a bit further. You will just break through right? I think I will fall in love at the sight of you breaking through!

Fairies flew around, directing him where to go. Archers came close to the forefront and fired their arrows before the monsters could approach Weed. The players had never coordinated with each other in dangerous situations before, but they still stepped forward and did what they could. Thanks to this, even though the number of monsters increased, they maintained their speed.

“Heal people.”

As soon as Weed commanded, the priests stepped forward and healed the players fighting upfront.

“Fix.”

Weapons were sent to the back immediately and the blacksmiths fixed them on the spot. Weed naturally maximized the efficiency of the group.

The treasures and lost items left behind by nobles were scattered about in the underground passage. While fighting monsters, Weed opened up 4 treasure boxes.

It's empty.

It's empty.

You received three gold coins.

You have found an Royal Ornamental Sword.

As Weed acted ahead of every other person, he obtained a fancy sword decorated with gold, silver, and jewels.

“Identify!”

Royal Ornamental Sword: Durability 45/45, Attack 24~39

At one point, the sword hanged as a decorative piece in the palace of Rosenheim Kingdom.

It has been lost for a long time and has been completely forgotten by the populace.

Restriction:

Must be over 3,500 fame.

Must be over level 240.

Option:

Charm increases by 4%.

Charisma +35.

Dignity +40.

Art +15.

If this sword is equipped while purchasing goods from a store, you must pay 5% more.

This sword was meant for showing off, rather than for battle. With the jewel encrusted at the pommel, he estimated that his could fetch a high price if he sold it at the store or to a noble.

“Not bad pocket change.”

The underground passage had an expansive tunnel network with many intersections. There were even traps to delay the pursuers but Weed just bashed through them. The traps that maintained their effects were disarmed as quickly as possible at the risk of the adventurers and

explorers.

This way, it's faster.

That path is blocked.

The king is escaping that way. You mustn't go this way, the evil soldiers are coming down through there.

There were many exits in the underground passage. Under the guidance of the fairies, Weed moved around the blocked passage and headed east. They advanced, defeating the monsters in their way and finally, they reached the exit to the surface.

“We will be resting here, before heading out the exit.”

As Weed transformed into an Ice Troll, his health and vitality recovered quickly, but the other players weren't so lucky as they lied exhausted and panting for breath. Even following him up till this point was extremely difficult for the players.

Now as they headed toward the surface, anything could be waiting for them. The warriors who fought beside him weren't feeling well. But as they caught their breath, they resolved themselves to face what's to come.

‘I will become a hero, if I die fighting here with Weed-nim.’

‘I am so going to brag about this at work. To boss-nim, supervisor-nim, director-nim, and even to the deputy. If I die fighting in Serabourg Citadel... Kakaaka! Everyone will be jealous of me.’

‘Am I on TV right now? I didn't even wash my face today. If my ex-girlfriend who broke up with me for spending too much time hunting and leveling could see me now.’

‘My legs are shaking. The excitement is driving me crazy.’

The players were mad with excitement being able to save the newbies and earn their keep next to Weed. Their hearts were beating fast, their mouth dry with exhilaration. If they followed the other groups in their escape from Serabourg Citadel, they would have never experienced this much fun.

Information continued to stream from the players who were broadcasting or those who were defending Serabourg Citadel till the end.

The palace is on fire.

The West gate has been destroyed.

South wall has collapsed, the defenders are retreating.

They were also notified that the other groups composed of large guilds and high level players were beginning their escape. All the castle gates and walls were destroyed. Their only means of survival laid beyond the lines of the Embinyu Church forces. That's why they desperately tried to breakthrough towards their chosen direction.

“They should at least draw some attention from the Embinyu Church away from us.”

Weed waited until the right moment before he spoke to the players.

“As we head out to the surface, we will face the Embinyu Church.”

GULP.

Players gulped as they waited for Weed to continue. They would have the chance to listen to Weed's speech before they head out to the big battle, where they would have to fight tooth and nail for their survival.

Even against weak monsters, the newbies were overwhelmed and fumbled around. But right now, they were running for their lives away from Serabourg Citadel which was under attack by the colossal forces of the Embinyu Church.

What words could instil courage into these players?!

“Death from monsters, losing items, drops in skill mastery and level... It's something that happens quite often in life.”

Weed experienced many deaths up till now.

“Especially as a newbie you die a lot. Then you quickly feel like your friends and party members are way ahead of you. The starting days are when the gap widens quickly. When you see strangers prosper, your inside

boils up and you feel miserable at the unfairness of it all. And then, your friends start to disappear.”

“....”

“You become anxious to catch up. You start going into dangerous dungeons to level up and find yourself dying again. You lose money and items, you become poor, adventures become impossible and your quests don’t go according to plan.”

“.....”

“Even then, let’s all try to be positive as we head out.”

“.....”

Without leaving out a word, this message was communicated one by one till the end. All the players and NPCs became subdued.

Chapter 2: Refugees of Serabourg Citadel

The players' eyes were brimming with determination,

'I must not die.'

'Whatever happens, I will follow Weed-nim.'

'Focus. I will come out of this place alive. I can't die like this or I will be stuck being a newbie. I won't even be able to get a girlfriend!'

Weed yanked the wooden lever affixed to the wall.

Du Du Du Du!

The stone gate blocking the exit began to rise, slowly unveiling the path leading to the surface.

"Now is the time. Let's head out."

The break was brief, but it was enough for the players to recover some of their vitality. Weed headed out first, wriggling his large frame through the opening. As soon as he surfaced, the rest of the players began to jump out through the clearing one by one.

"Don't leave any humans alive."

"It's just for all who do not believe in the gods of Embinyu to die."

"Purge Serabourg Citadel!"

Upon surfacing, the players were struck by the piercing cries of the fanatics and dark forces of the Embinyu Church. Even though the exit was well hidden with overgrown bushes, it was a mere 2km away from the Serabourg Citadel. A horse could cover that distance instantly.

Weed's gaze turned to the Citadel. Swarming with Embinyu forces, the area now resembled a large black mass at a distance. Smoke billowed from the buildings as they burned fiercely while large demons could be seen encroaching the Citadel.

The soldiers of Rosenheim Kingdom were slowly being forced back into the palace where they would make their last stand. Weed noticed various

groups still within the Citadel's using this moment to escape.

It was absolute pandemonium! This was a true battlefield.

'Please come out. Now is our chance.'

Players continued to materialize from the exit. Even nearby escape routes began to spew out players. Over tens of thousands newbies and NPCs had followed Weed, and for all of them to escape would take time.

The first group of players that poured out from the escape route had a fairly decent high level and could fight. Over 200 of these warriors exited, followed by the newbies. The group tried to covertly escape as they possibly could, but with so many people it was inevitable the Wyvern Knights circling in the sky above would detect them.

"Humans!"

"Kill them! Use them as sacrifice for the god of Embinyu!"

Players cried out in surprise.

"It's the Wyvern Knights of the Embinyu Church!"

"We are spotted!"

Archers, Rangers, and anyone else possessing a bow began loosing their arrows at the Wyvern Knights. A chaotic stream of arrows flew from newbies and high archers alike, and rained down onto the enemy.

"Humans are offerings!"

"Praise the Embinyu Church!"

The Wyverns gracefully evaded the arrows as they dove toward the ground.

The mobility of the wyverns was astounding! To strike them in the air would be difficult, and spells were practically useless against them since they took too long to prepare.

"Evil Spear!"

The critical situation was when the Wyvern Knights came closer and closer as they primed their spear skills!

Weed accelerated furiously and leaped high into the sky.

‘Will it work? My strength and agility have increased radically so it just might be possible.’

BANG!

The ground cratered as the Ice Troll jumped with unbelievable might!

Weed suddenly thrust his sword mid-air. The low flying wyvern attempted to evade the Ice Troll that had abruptly appeared before its eyes, but its efforts were futile, it was already within range of Weed’s sword.

“Gyaak!”

You have dealt a great blow to the Wyvern Knight.

Wyvern Knight is unable to participate further in battle.

The overflowing strength of the Ice Troll!

Weed had not aimed for the Wyvern, instead striking the knight riding the Wyvern. The Wyvern Knight plummeted to the ground as Weed’s attack had toppled him from his steed. In a swift and smooth motion, Weed quickly snatched the reins as he mounted the Wyvern. To display such incredulous quick and fluid movements despite having the massive body of an Ice Troll, one would think the scene had been choreographed.

“Gyaaa!”

The Wyvern staggered, nearly crashing, from the sudden brunt of the full weight of the Ice Troll. This was the Ice Troll’s weight attack! As the Wyvern came closer to the ground that its underside could literally scrape the surface, it gave it a one last ditch effort to fly back up.

Weed peered down. The high level players had scattered and were resisting the Wyvern Knights’ attacks but the beginners and the NPCs were still being slaughtered.

The resident Darium, living some distance behind the palace has died. Fame decreased by 2.

Vortuga the blacksmith has passed away. Fame decreased by 6.

While he didn't mind the players dying, every single NPC's death affected Weed personally. The nature of the quest to lead the refugees to safety had the potential to earn or lose an enormous amount of fame.

Weed could have never imagined the astronomical magnitude of this quest when he was first approached by Selina. The scale of the quest grew exponentially as the abandoned residents of Serabourg Citadel gathered and placed their faith in Weed. Fortunately, Seo Yoon was finally displaying her true ability as she slaughtered the Wyvern Knights, sending them into the grey light.

"Let's go. We've more bastards to hunt!"

Weed pulled the rein on the Wyvern with his left hand. To tame a Wyvern, a player would need high strength and fighting spirit. In these aspects, Weed already qualified. And he had a lot of experience taming a Wyvern through Wy-Three.

But to completely subdue and tame a monster, high intimacy and time to understand one another was required. Weed did not have any of this. But the Wyvern Weed was riding on top obeyed his command and flew towards the other Wyvern Knights.

"Faster!"

Pa-dak, Pa-dak, Pa-dak!

The Wyvern flew as fast as possible. It wasn't due to its submission and obedience to Weed, but a silent plea to the other Wyvern Knights to knock off the heavy Ice Troll on its back. Furthermore, the cold emanating from the Ice Troll frosted the wings, causing fear to seep into the Wyvern from the possibility of crashing.

The Ice Troll was heavy and it was cold. It was truly evil.

"Well done."

The Wyvern's desperate measure to save itself went up in smoke as Weed exchanged several blows with the Wyvern Knights and emerged

victorious. Weed was used to aerial battles where attacks were exchanged in a flash.

The Wyvern flew toward its other brethren for salvation, but Weed came out victorious in every single encounter.

GYAAA!

The Wyvern Weed was riding on was quickly becoming exhausted as it flapped its wings harder and harder to prevent its fall. But because of the cold coming from the Ice Troll, soon the whole body of the Wyvern was covered in ice.

Weed waited for his Wyvern to completely freeze over before hijacking another Wyvern in mid air. The sight of a massive body leaping in the air was a truly mind boggling and dazzling performance. The players were dizzy from the heart dropping display above.

“Call Death Knight Van Hawk! Call Vampire Lord Torido!”

Summoning of Van Hawk and Torido!

“Master, I want to fight.”

“This place has the lingering scent of blood. Nothing is refreshing as the blood in the air, it’s much better than any exquisite perfume.”

“Kwaaak!”

The Wyvern was in greater agony as the number of passengers on it’s back increased.

Weed gave them a simple command

“Fight however you want”

Back when they were battling in the Yurokina Mountain, he had to constant supervise and direct them. But now, these two had experienced all kinds of battle with Weed.

Before the weight could overwhelm the Wyvern, Van Hawk and Torido jumped off. Van Hawk flew around, fighting on his summoned Phantom Horse while Torido spread his cape and became one with the darkness.

Torido would then appear out of nowhere, behind the Wyvern Knights, plunging his fangs into their unprotected necks.

Woosh!

The pure blood vampire clan that obeyed Torido was summoned as bats and attacked the Wyverns Knights. The Wyverns did not fear the bats, but their movements were hampered as the bats clung everywhere on the Wyverns, sucking out their blood.

“It’s that Ice Troll. Retreat to the base!”

“We need to come back with more troops!”

Eventually the Wyvern Knights retreated. Van Hawk and Torido gave chase and returned with considerable amount of loot.

The Wyvern was spent and crashed to the ground with Weed still on top.

BOOOOM!

The combined mass of the Ice Troll and the Wyvern ploughed through the ground as they crashed. Because of the extensive injuries the Wyvern sustained during battle and the additional trauma of the crash, the Wyvern turned into a grey light and disappeared.

Weed’s health also dropped considerably but thanks to the priest’s Healing Hand spell, he recovered in an instant. The novice priests and all alike who could use healing magic darted toward Weed and a cascade of Healing Hand spells was used on Weed.

The players continuously streamed out from the two exits points, clearing out the overgrown thickets as they took flight away from Serabourg Citadel. Already, several thousands of refugees were out of the tunnels.

Even though the Wyvern Knights retreated, in no time at all, another contingent of cultists were heading toward them.

“Torido, Van Hawk, did you have enough?”

“The scent of blood is delicious. My thirst has not been quenched yet.”

“I want to keep fighting.”

Weed sheathed his Demon Sword and took up the long spear he snatched from a Wyvern Knight. Because his arm was longer and his body became bigger, Weed was able to exert greater force with a spear rather than a sword.

He did not have the Weaponry Skill like the Geomchis, as Weed's spearmanship skill level was low the attack damaged followed suit. Even with the spear's negative points, it outweighed the sword basic attack damage and Weed's strength stat as an Ice Troll further increased the damage. Also Weed thought that it would be much better to confront the early to mid level 200 cultist with a spear.

Weed with the spear in hand marched forward. The cultists of Embinyu numbered more than 500! The cultists were a scant group equipped with long pickaxes or bastardized bows, swords and axes without any armor.

“Van Hawk, Torido. Take the front.”

"The throng I wanted."

“This is the dawn to get drunk.”

Van Hawk charged the cultists flank on his Phantom Horse.

Pooo he hing!

The Death Knight on his Phantom Horse galloped into the cultists and slaughtered them. Torido with his pure blood vampire clan clung onto the cultists back and sunk their fangs into their necks. The pure blood vampires had to drink human blood for quick growth. This was a once in a life time opportunity for the vampires as such opportunities were few and far between since they started following Weed.

“If it's only 500 cultists, it's easy.”

Van Hawk and Torido had the characteristics of an Undead for limitless stamina, no matter how long it took, they could take care of it. But right now, time was not on their side. Before Embinyu Church sent a greater force, they had to clear out the cultists and allow as many refugees to

escape as possible.

“I tried my best not to use it, but... Sculpture Destruction! Turn everything into strength!”

Weed took out a Fine sculpture, ‘The Evil Merchant Holding A Beating Stick’, he carried around in his backpack and destroyed it.

Sculpture Destruction has been used.

The pain! The agony of destroying a Fine sculpture.

Art stat decreased by 5 permanently. Fame decreased by 100.

Art stat transformed into strength with 1:4 ratio for the next 24 hours.

The additional converted strength has been applied to an unaccustomed body due to Sculpture Transformation, 30% penalty has been applied.

Your Art stat is too high. Because your original strength stat is too low, the conversion will not happen instantly.

870 strength has been converted into Advance level 8 skill, ‘Crushing Blow’.

The enemy will be flung far if you hit it precisely with a full powered strike.

Increased chance of enemy falling into paralysis and confusion.

950 strength has been converted into Advance level 6 skill, ‘Piercing Spear’.

This mighty attack will completely destroy the opponent's armor and shield.

1,430 strength has been converted into Advance level 9 skill, ‘Momentary Herculean Strength’.

For a short period of time, it will triple your maximum strength. Requires immense amount of vitality.

690 strength has improved the Ice Troll's traits.

The cold will now affect up to 15m.

Mastery of Sculpting skill increased.

Weed greatly increased the strength of the Ice Troll with Sculpture Destruction. Indeed strength was the only thing to put trust in. By using the strength properly he could leap through the battlefield with ease!

“Well, let’s have some fun.”

Weed twirled his spear. The spear felt disproportionate to his body and was light as a feather. He felt he could do anything.

“Hyaa!”

As Weed whirled his spear, he leaped into the cultist’s flank.

Pa Pa Pang!

Everytime he spun his spear, the enemies flew several meters back! But, at the same time, all sorts of weapons the cultists held were targeting the large Ice Troll. As the enemies had him surrounded, defending was impossible.

But defending was not part of an Ice Troll’s dictionary. Only attack. Weed swept away the enemies with a whirl of his spear. Every cultist within the range of Weed’s spear turned into grey light. Weed’s attack was foolish, daring and full of fighting spirit!

The weak cultists could not content with Weed’s high level and strength. It was like watching the strong violently suppressing the weak! The eyes of the low level newbies were wide as they watched in disbelief.

“Ah, I also want to be like that.”

“The Ice Troll is so cool!”

“How many times do I have to level up to fight like that?”

Watching Weed reassured the players, some even momentarily forgot about their escape and began to eat peanuts as they watched the spectacle.

Seo Yoon began to flex the frightening temperament of a Berserker. The cultists within her vicinity were swept up in a mana explosion and

disappeared.

“Go!”

“Let’s increase our level quickly to eat a gourmet meal and find a boyfriend!”

The great escape!

While Weed, Seo Yoon and the other players halted the cultists of Embinyu, they had to flee as far as possible. The players and the NPCs came one after another from the underground passage and continued their escape beyond the hill.

The residents of Serabourg Citadel who have managed to escape gave their heartfelt gratitude.

Fame increased by 34.

The residents are in your debt, your reputation among them improved.

Your intimacy with the residents of Rosenheim Kingdom improved.

Texts kept popping up on Weed’s message window.

The number of refugees were enormous, even now only several thousands had managed to pass the underground passages and climbed over the hill. Weed had to buy more time for the rest of the refugees to escape to a safe area.

‘I don’t know how much longer I can withstand this.’

Looking toward Serabourg Citadel, he saw that it was covered in an inferno and was burning brightly. Soon, the Embinyu forces would chase after the king and his knights and would discover the refugees. It was only a matter of time till the large army of the Embinyu Church would come after the refugees Weed was leading.

“Sister!”

In the chaos a newbie slipped his hand and was caught on the edge of the rock, struggling to get out. At that place, a seriously wounded cultist was standing with his pickaxe.

“Death is the only option for those who refuse to follow the Embinyu Church!”

For a newbie, a cultist was no different than a boss monster.

“Chad!”

The moment the sister who cried out upon looking at the scene, the cultist who was about to bring down his pickaxe turned into a grey light and disappeared. Behind the point where the cultist was standing was an Ice Troll holding a spear.

Weed who was fighting at the front line saw the boy Chad was in danger, he ran toward the scene at an extreme pace.

“Please hurry.”

Weed personally grabbed hold of Chad’s hand and raise the boy up. The players escaping in a flurry saw this scene.

“Thank you.”

“It’s no problem. I did what I had to do. ”

There was no hint of hypocrisy or pretense on the wicked looking Ice Troll’s face.

‘Whew, that could have been a disaster!’

Weed never missed a japtem! He found himself fortunate that he spotted the sapphires at the place Chad fell before anyone else.

The refugees did not move as fast as Weed wanted. The newbies could logout if they moved far away from Serabourg Citadel and the war zone. But the same did not apply to the NPCs of Serabourg Citadel and there were quite a lot of children and elders among. Not only was their stamina low but so was their morale, so the marching speed was slow.

Even though Seo Yoon, Van Hawk, Torido and the other players were fending off the Embinyu cultists, Weed’s expression was dark.

“The end of Serabourg Citadel is nigh.”

From afar, it was now possible to see the fire and the smoke rising from Serabourg Citadel. The defending forces were just a step away from total annihilation and portions of the palace gave deafening sounds as it started to collapse. And from some distance away, another contingent of Embinyu Church forces was heading toward Weed and the refugees.

“They sent the Karaclops this time!”

These monsters were rhinoceros that were mammoth sized. Their height was 6 meters and their level was about 360. On the back of the Karaclops were watchtowers in which the Embinyu soldiers rode on.

This was the contingent of Karaclops troops sent to attack the refugees after receiving the report from the Wyvern Knights.

“Kill all those who have rejected the Embinyu Church and are fleeing!”

The archers riding on the Karaclops readied their bows.

Weed stepped forward to draw their attention.

“Not one of you shall pass if you can’t go through me!”

As Weed had overflowing strength and resilience, he heroically baited them into attacking him.

Pu shushuong!

In response, immeasurable number of arrows flew towards Weed and blackened the sky.

With both hands Weed spun his spear as fast as possible. Like in the movies, the arrows ricochet from his spear.

Chararang!

But arrows still managed to find their way through the gaps and pierced the Ice Troll’s large body.

You have been struck by an arrow.

Health decreased by 275.

You have been struck by an arrow.

Your armor mitigated some damage.

Health decreased by 89.

You have been struck by an arrow.

Your armor mitigated some damage.

Health decreased by 327.

.....

Weed's body was riddled like a porcupine!

Your body withstood an arrow from a high rank enemy, resilience increased by 2.

Weed successfully managed to draw the enemy's attention. It was thanks to the Ice Troll's absurd health, he managed to survive. But if there was any slip-up the situation could have turned very serious.

Skills existed whereby it allowed the players to cut an arrow in mid air with a sword, or block them by creating walls. Weed could only regret that he did not have an opportunity to learn such skills. Though even if he had those skills, his mana was too low to use them anyways.

“Stomp them!”

The Karaclops thumped the ground as it dashed toward them.

The NPCs and players began to lose their courage.

“Ah, do we really have to fight with those things?”

“I am scared.”

Other than a battlefield, such a rush of attacks was rare and far between. The players who had only fought against common monsters couldn't help but be overwhelmed.

“Healing Hand!”

Priests urgently healed Weed.

Weed, Van Hawk, Torido and Seo-Yun stood side by side on the hill.

“What a joyous day for battle. I am going to fight to my heart's content

on this day.”

And with that, Weed moved back a step.

“When I was still alive and well in Kallamore Kingdom, I used to have battles like these every day.”

Even Van Hawk took a step back.

Seo Yoon didn't want to stand out alone and draw the enemy's attention so she also move to the back.

“KARURURU.”

Torido who was facing the charging enemy with his fangs out only noticed now that everyone else had pulled back. But to retreat was out of the question in the face of the Vampire Lord's dignity. And as the pure vampire clan was flying around as bats, it was beyond unacceptable.

“Blood! I yearn for blood!”

As Torido scurried forward, he unfurled his cape and jump up high to the top of the Karaclops.

“Vampire!”

“Let's use the vampire as a sacrifice for the Embinyu Church as well. Nothing is too precious as a sacrifice to him. For the complete destruction of this continent!”

The Embinyu Archers fired arrows toward Torido and the Shaman casted curses and binding spells.

“Blade Tornado!”

Torido used his skill. The keen edge of the blood sword devastated the surrounding, causing huge damage to the Karaclops that were within the attack range. In that time, Weed's health was restored and vitality recovered.

“Let's go Van Hawk.”

Weed raised his spear and ran forward. The Karaclops tried to stomp him and the Embinyu soldiers attacked with spells and arrows. Because of

his huge size, Weed could not completely dodge all the attacks. Just a graze dealt huge damage to his health. But with his outrageous strength he toppled the Karaclops by bashing its front leg.

“Ka-ang!”

With a roar, the massive Karaclops toppled!

Seo Yoon also used her Berserker skills in earnest and began fighting. Once she started to fight in earnest, her class specialty was hard to halt. Up till now it was difficult to get warmed up, but now it was enough for the Berserker skills to be activated.

She weaved through the battlefield, showing off her incredible strength as she turned the Karaclops and Embinyu soldiers into grey light en mass.

Van Hawk riding on his Phantom Horse, subdued the soldiers with his mobility. Torido flew on top of the Karaclops with his pure blood vampire clans. Morning has yet to come, so the vampires were still frighteningly powerful against the humans.

The Karaclops and the Embinyu Archers ensnared by Torido began to fight against each other.

“Those speaking heresy must die.”

“The vampires were sent by the Embinyu to lead us toward the right path!”

The players who have yet to log out gave support with spells and arrows, and the warriors bravely fought the dangers together. Even though they were killed by the Karaclops hooves and the Archer’s arrows, they fought till the end.

“Mom, I’m on TV!”

“I’m going to brag to my friends that I died fighting next to Weed.”

“Ah! I could have taken that item!”

Magic exploded all around them and arrows poured down like rain.

Weed did not target the Archers, rather he only preyed on the Karaclops.

Koong! Koong! Koong!

A Karaclops charged toward Weed and tried to trample him.

Momentary Herculean Strength has been used.

Strength increased.

“Aaaaaaah!”

Weed held onto the Karaclops leg and flipped it to the side. Whenever the humongous Karaclops fell, large number of Archers and Shamans died as a bonus.

In a war or a siege, Karaclops played a major role against soldiers. They had the ability to lower the morale of the army, so they could be useful in many situations. Once a Karaclops started its charge, the body of the players with low fighting spirit froze up and were killed without being able to escape!

But Weed, Seo Yoon, Van Hawk and Torido had even fought off a Bone Dragon before. With their fighting spirit, something like the Karaclops was not enough to make them lose heart.

Chapter 3: Weed's Decision

Among the players that escaped through the underground passage were Harma, Margo, Glen and Lewis. These were the ones that crossed the Bark Mountain range with Weed and Mapan.

The four of them tried to lure Weed and Mapan into a trap, but the situation turned on them and the quartet perished instead! These four then crossed over into Rosenheim Kingdom and continued their activities, robbing even the Geomchi's unflinchingly.

These four were part of the Ica Guild, living the life of criminals and thought of new creative ways of committing evil! They were a perfect fit for the Ica Guild, lead by the Guild Master Darius.

"I never imagined such a Guild existed. They don't care for anything other than fame and they start Guild Wars without care."

The Ica Guild. When they hear rumors of good farming spots, they call on their guild members to seize the spot by force. They took over dungeons discovered by others, charging high fees like it was an everyday occurrence and expropriating hard to acquire items.

"This is the guild we were looking for."

The quartet quickly rose up the ranks to the Head Enforcers of Ica Guild. As time went by, however, the growth of the guild stagnated. Because of their comparative guild size, they committed the heinous crime of trying hostile takeovers of famous guilds on the Central Continent and soon found themselves shunned by the people.

The weak should commit enough crime so as not to be caught, but the Ica Guild overextended themselves. Members of the Ica Guild were given the finger wherever they went and their recruitment naturally dried up.

The guild collapsed soon after without achieving their dream of becoming one of the great guilds. The Guild Master Darius fled Rosenheim Kingdom for the Central Continent due to so many people hating his guts.

The nefarious four also wanted to head for the Central Continent. But there were too many grudges there so they departed for the Brent Kingdom.

In the wide and open Versailles Continent, there were opportunities for crime everywhere!

They terrorized the Brent Kingdom with their evil ways and soon their situation became tenuous. Seeing that Rosenheim Kingdom was calmer, the four decided to return.

These four were feeling out the situation in Serabourg Citadel and searching out the street corners with the most merchants when the Embinyu Church invaded.

“What are we going to do?”

“We can just try to squeeze in with some group and escape. I am sure we could get out of here alive.”

When these four tried to join the escape groups, they were found out as the backstabbing quartet and were refused.

“The world is too cruel.”

“I hope to never have to see you again!”

The four backstabbers had nothing, and were left to fend for themselves against the Embinyu Church.

But then, the War God Weed appeared in Serabourg Citadel with talks of rescuing all the refugees. The mid sized guilds threw their lot in with Weed. The relief and happiness passing through the players of Serabourg Citadel.

Just one person managed to change the mood so drastically.

“Oh, man. We are totally screwed.”

“It’s the War God Weed!”

Harma, Margo, Glen and Lewis were shattered by Weed’s sudden appearance. In hindsight, they did not know that Weed was an incredibly

famous figure and only found out through their time in Rosenheim Kingdom.

“We scoffed at that he was a sculptor, but at least we got had by someone better than us.”

“Well, whatever. I got some fun memories out of it.”

The backstabbing quartet let the bygones be bygones just like that.

But after that incident, Weed went onto various epic quests! Weed was plastered all over the Hall of Fame, forums, and game channels. The four also wanted to go on adventures like Weed.

“I am so jealous.”

“Nothing is impossible for him. I’m sure if it was the War God Weed, he could demolish the Cloud Guild in an instant...”

“Even famous Guild Masters won’t dare do anything against Weed when he passes by. Do you think they could coax the dungeon toll out of him?”

“Who would try ask for a toll fee from Weed? When a person reaches that level, everyone else should be mindful of themselves.”

The backstabbing quartet exalted the War God Weed and complimented his adventures, of course, this was only after finding out that War God Weed and Sculptor Weed were one and the same.

“Do you think he still remembers us?”

“Let’s sneak past him. If we mingle with the people, it should be okay.”

The backstabbing quartet mixed in with the residents and escaped through the underground passage. As soon as they surfaced, loud roars could be heard with the sight of an Ice Troll fighting against the Karaclops. The sight of Weed commanding the Death Knight and Vampire Lord over the battle was too epic to describe.

“Hurrah for War God Weed!”

“We are eternally grateful for him rescuing us.”

Weed recklessly thrust himself into the Karaclops flank. He looked as if he had lost his sense!

“Aaaaah!”

“Weed-nim, Nooo!”

Players screamed out in fear.

The mere sight of these massive Karaclops thumping on the battlefield was dizzying. It was terrifying and awful to just think about being grazed by the horns or being flattened by its broad legs. The players thought Weed would be quickly run over and get killed, but Weed was perfectly fine between the gaps of the herd of Karaclops.

“Move out of the way!”

“The Ice Troll went that way!”

The Embinyu Archers and Shamans were powerless to act as it was difficult to target Weed with the Karaclops in the way.

“There was this method!”

Weed was a person who lived comfortably in this world through petty tricks. Even the Geomchis acknowledged this point, that Weed adapted to any battle quickly and improvised fantastical battle strategies and tactics.

“Catch me if you can!”

Regardless of Weed’s large size, he cleverly moved in between the Karaclops’ sides. Weed moved underneath the belly of the Karaclops as they dashed toward him with their horns lowered.

KUEEEEH!

With the Karaclops hustled together, they impeded each other from showing their full might. And on top of that, whenever Weed passed by, the cold aura spread to their legs and hindered their movements.

Even then, Weed did not just scamper around dodging the attacks. This was what they call the perfect opportunity to hunt and grind for experience!

‘There are monsters spread out everywhere, I have enough strength and vitality, and there are plenty of priests backing me up.’

While this wasn't a party, when Weed's health fell into critical levels there were over 100 priests ready to use Healing Hand.

“Let's have some fun!”

The spear in Weed's hand shook as if it was about to break. Through the Sculpture Destruction supplementing the Ice Troll's strength, the steel spear began to bend as it was swung with incredible power.

You landed a critical hit!

Crushing Blow!

The Karaclops collapsed.

You landed a critical hit!

Piercing Spear!

Karaclops defense has been ignored and it's leg has been pierced.

“Hyaaa!”

Weed used the abundant strength of the Ice Troll and fought viciously in between the herd of Karaclops.

You landed a critical hit!

Momentary Herculean Strength has been activated.

Crushing Blow!

Karaclops is no longer able to battle.

Seeing the Karaclops beaten to the ground by Weed, the boss monster came running. Compared to the other Karaclops, the boss monster was massive, at over 9 meters and its eyes and horn shone dangerously. It was the alpha male Karaclops at level 420! The ground shook from its steps and they could be felt by all.

“It's just a bigger version. The bigger they are the more sluggish they became.”

Seeing that Weed was currently an Ice Troll, it was hypocritical of him to say so. Regardless, it was now a match between him and the boss monster. Prolonging the fight held no advantage and no matter how risky it was, he had to win as fast as possible.

Weed stood on top of the hill, waiting for the right moment when the galloping alpha Karaclops would slow down.

'I only need to dodge at that one moment.'

When the alpha male was within range, Weed ran into the herd of Karaclops. The alpha male couldn't bear to trample on its own species and came to a stop, shifting its upper body.

This was the moment Weed was waiting for!

You landed a critical hit!

Momentary Herculean Strength has been activated.

Piercing Spear!

Alpha Male Karaclops has been wounded.

As its name suggested, a single blow was nothing to a boss monster.

Weed rounded the alpha male and continued to attack.

PU-UK!

PA PA PA PA!

You landed a critical hit!

Additional 29% damage was inflicted.

You landed a critical hit!

Additional 58% damage was inflicted.

You landed a critical hit!

Additional 93% damage was inflicted.

You landed a critical hit!

Additional 127% damage was inflicted.

A consecutive critical hit attack!

The Wyvern Knight's steel spear shattered as its durability ran out.

The spear that endured till now broke and shattered. Weed quickly packed the broken pieces into this backpack and took out two different spears. The one he acquired when he fought the Wyvern Knight. The other was the Fire Lance spear he received as a gift from the elder Exper at the farewell party at the ancient dwarf city Thor.

“Enjoy your beating, you bastard!”

Still, the boss monster's defense was formidable. After dishing out a few attacks with the spear from the Wyvern Knight, the tip quickly broke off and the attack value dropped.

Weed took the Fire Lance spear and leaped into the air near the alpha Karaclops. Taking the spear, he stabbed it into the monster's body, stomping on it to force the spear deeper into its body and using it as a springboard to propel himself higher on top the alpha male.

“This is the end!”

The alpha Karaclops finally succumbed to Weed's barrage of attacks at its back and died standing. The monster had extraordinarily high health, defense, vitality, and agility, but it was no match for Weed's tenacity.

Your level increased.

You have laid the Alpha Karaclops of the Embinyu Church to rest.

Through this great accomplishment, your fame increased by 285.

Charisma increased by 1.

Strength increased by 2.

Faith increased by 2.

Weed's message window kept peppering him with notifications.

You have acquired the Karaclops large horn.

You have acquired the Embinyu symbol.

The horn could be used to make a good bow or a sculpture out of it.

KUUUUU!

As the alpha male perished, the herd of Karaclops began to retreat. Though the Embinyu Archers and Shamans tried to force them to fight, the Karaclops didn't look back as they continued with their mad escape.

“Whew, we barely escaped from that crisis.”

Weed turned back and saw that only a fourth of the refugees had managed to escape yet. Their speed slowed to a crawl when they had to climb over the hill.

“At this rate, it will take about a day or two for these refugees to reach a safe haven under the Rosenheim forces.”

In the distance, the Seraboug Citadel was slowly being demolished and soon the massive army of the Embinyu Church would be hot on their trail. When this happened, it would become considerably more difficult to help the refugees escape.

The number of refugees that needed to be rescued for Selina's quest to be successful was unknown. But just saving portions and leaving the rest to fend for themselves against their pursuers left a bad taste in Weed's mouth. He had too many bad memories of being hassled by creditors and loan sharks!

Van Hawk, Torido, Seo Yoon, and the players all gathered around Weed. Residents of Serabourg Citadel who were soldiers or hunters in the past, also came forward.

“Weed-nim! We entrust our fate into your hands. We are prepared to lay down our lives, so please lead our family to safety!”

“I am the Knight Odgar! It's been a long time since I have picked up a blade, but I shall pledge myself anew to the lord of Morata. I shall fight against the Embinyu Church with you.”

Hunter Jenkins and 430 others have joined the battle.

You can lead them in the fight against the Embinyu Church.

Retired Knight Odgar, 7 other senior knights with 894 former soldiers have pledged themselves for battle.

You can now command soldiers with high loyalty.

Weed's face, which was already dark, fell further. The hunters had nothing to defend themselves with. A few had hunting bows but most were empty handed! Even the old knights and soldiers, had virtually no armors or shields or swords. They were only armed with basic farming equipment and kitchen knives.

“With my luck, what else could I expect?”

“Yes?”

“It's nothing.”

For the elite forces of Serabourg Citadel to be made up of such a ragtag band...

‘They would be of no help against the Embinyu Church.’

Weed soberly dissected the current situation.

“At the current rate, not many people will come out alive. The first to be killed will probably be the elderly and the children when their stamina runs out.”

There was a limit of how many Weed or Seo Yoon could protect under their wings. And the Embinyu Calvary or the demons would cause a wholesale massacre.

“I need to think outside the box. Something big to pull the attention of the Embinyu Church someplace else.”

The king and the royal family had surfaced from the underground passage and were fleeing elsewhere, escorted by the Knights and Magicians. They had already managed to shake of their Embinyu pursuers and were some distance away. Very soon, the Embinyu Church would turn their gaze onto the refugees.

Weed needed to somehow to make the Embinyu Church give up their chase...

“I need a bait. A bait that would make the Embinyu forces forgot about everything else. A bait strong enough to buy as much time as possible. Hmm... I wonder where I can find something like that?”

Weed reminisced his ill-fated relationship with the Embinyu Church. Not only did he crush their plot in the Northern Continent, he rid the world of Feylord the head of their 11th sect. The Embinyu Church must be sharpening their swords for revenge.

“If I show up in front of the Embinyu army as bait, would they call it a divine intervention?”

The Embinyu Church would definitely go after Weed. The great army formed in part by the forces that burned the Serabourg Citadel to the ground, the cultists, the demons, the Embinyu’s Dark Priests and Shamans would all be after Weed.

“I never knew he would come up with such an idea.... ”

“As expected, he is Weed-nim.”

“Weed-nim is going to sacrifice himself as bait to save us!”

“Uwaaaaaaa!”

Weed murmuring to himself was inadvertently heard by the players and spread throughout the entire refugees, raising their morale.

Hope is surging through the refugees of Seraboug Citadel.

Morale increased by 89%.

With renewed strength, the refugees ran faster over the hills to escape.

“Please hurry grampa.”

“Yes, dear child. I must not waste this precious life that Weed-nim sacrificed himself for. Let’s hurry!”

It was confirmed. Weed was now the bait to entice the Embinyu Church!

"....."

Refusing now would reduce morale to rock bottom and make their escape even more difficult. Weed could feel the heavy weight of all these

eyes sparkling with hope on him.

The young players and newbies did not have much to lose even if they died. They were acting similarly to the spectators Weed sold peanuts and squids, it seemed they were staying behind to watch.

“This will be exciting!”

“I was always curious how good Weed-nim was in a fight.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean. The cultists and the Karaclops were only warm ups for Weed-nim.”

This was the side effect of exaggerated false rumors! The players had huge expectations of Weed.

‘Well, for the quest to succeed a bait was needed anyway.’

Thinking about it, Weed knew there was no better decoy than him. He had the skills to survive and had a finely honed battle senses. But, to become a live sacrifice was against everything he stood for.

‘Snap out of it. If I get shaken by this much, I will never become rich. I need to throw away these kinds of thoughts if I want to succeed.’

Weed gazed at the the inferno that was Serabourg Citadel.

“See how he’s looking down at the Embinyu forces with such cold eyes. I think he’s really going for it!”

Weed shook his head left to right.

“He’s stretching his neck now. Is he going off to fight now?”

Weed fingered the Fire Lance spear he was holding. Because of the fight with the alpha Karaclops, it’s durability fell considerably.

“It looks like he's going to fix his spear before going!”

There was no excuse left for Weed. If he turned back now, the disappointment will be palpable and people would curse him. Of course, he could live on ignoring what society thought of him.

‘They do say that if they heap curses on you, you live longer... What if I just accept all their criticism...’

That's that. There was nothing more to it.

But for the quest to succeed, Weed would need to step forward and save the refugees. It was only a matter of time till the Embinyu forces would be after the refugees. And with Weed's identity being exposed, the confrontation between him and the Embinyu Church was inevitable as they would throw everything against him. The results were the same in the end whichever direction he took.

"I will lay down my life first."

"It has been an honor that I could die gloriously on a battlefield."

The hunters and the knights chimed in.

Weed shook his head.

"You do not need to fight next to me. Escape to a safe haven."

"We cannot do that! If it's not because we are weak then let us choose an honorable death."

"The most important thing right now is protecting your families. Return to your families and live happy lives."

Are you giving up command of the hunters and the soldiers?

"I alone, am enough for this battle."

The hunters and the soldiers have rejoined the refugees.

Honor stat has been created.

Honor: As a noble, doing righteous acts will increase this stat.

Honor has a great influence on the resident's loyalty and diplomacy.

It will also be a great help when trying to recruit free knights.

Honor stat increased by 2.

Weed decided to fight alone. But Seo Yoon, Van Hawk and Torido accompanied him down the slope.

"Protecting the citizens is an obvious duty for a knight."

"I will be able to drink all the blood I want."

"....."

The Embinyu Church looted and burned Serabourg Citadel.

"Take everything! These are treasures to be offered to the god of Embinyu."

"Rosenheim Kingdom that has forsaken Embinyu will fall."

The Dark Priests of the Embinyu Church were looting with their demons before all of Serabourg Citadel burned down. Thanks to the demons the historic palace of Rosenheim Kingdom disappeared from the face of the earth.

Once this job was done, it was most likely the Embinyu Church forces would scatter throughout the surroundings, hunting down the escape groups and the refugees.

Then, a loud voice was heard!

"I, Weed, have come. Embinyu Church, bring your best against me!"

Belloni, the head of the 9th sect was looting the private office of the king. He was peering through the window, looking down from a high place with the palace burning all around.

Over the collapsed walls, stood Weed, Seo Yoon, Van Hawk and Torido. Weed had fearlessly returned within the boundaries of the Serabourg Citadel! While it wasn't a far distance, it was still smack dab in the heart of Embinyu forces.

"Weed is the highest priority target for the Embinyu Church! Servants of the Embinyu Church, kill that human!"

The Morata's artist's eyes were sparkling as they couldn't keep their eyes off the crystal orb.

"Ah, this is amazing."

"My hand is getting sweaty just by watching this."

“I even forgot to drink my beer!”

The excitement began the moment Weed started to lead the refugees out of Serabourg Citadel. As always, Weed’s adventures sucked people in. Thus, even though Weed was a Sculptor he was still one of the greatest figures for all the artists.

‘If I make this scene into a sculpture...’

‘Drawing this will be awesome. This composition is to die for.’

This became a great source of inspiration for the painters and the Sculptors. Already the Sculptor Guild was discussing their plans to erect a huge statue of Weed. If they could just make it, there would be no greater fame. It could even become the next attraction of the city!

And from a single battle, poured out countless scenes for the painters to draw.

“I think the scene where he was battling in the dungeon was cool.”

“The speech he gave to the refugees as an Ice Troll wasn’t bad.”

“What about the part where he fought in mid-air while riding on the frozen Wyvern?”

“Well, that was spectacular. But there is going to be something much better from now on.”

“Yeah! Declaring themselves in front of the Embinyu army. If only I was with them there...”

The Painters immediately planned their concepts they wanted to draw. Considering the huge amount of paintings about Weed that would be produced, they were already planning to host an exhibition on this.

And in a small part of their hearts, they were lamenting. They could just imagine the excitement, their hearts beating as if they were in Weed’s spot right now!

Besides the artists, players with other classes were also focusing on the crystal orb.

These were Bards and Dancers!

“Observe carefully. This will be our next play.”

“What would the title be?”

“Weed’s stand against the Embinyu Church?”

“No, no. ‘The Saint of the Continent Weed’ sounds better.”

The Dancers and Bards in Morata were preparing to host a grand play of Weed’s adventure. They never ran out of idea’s when they chose Weed as the main topic as wherever he went, thrilling events happened.

The residents of Morata were also watching the crystal orb.

“Our lord is really different.”

“I hope he comes back safely. He mustn’t get killed by the Embinyu Church.”

Morale of Morata’s residents increased.

Loyalty of Morata’s residents toward their lord is at the maximum state.

Chapter 4: Flood and the Sphinx

Weed bellowed out a Lion's Roar.

He stood there, with his chest pushed out. His right hand grasped lightly on the spear he had stabbed into the ground earlier. Standing firm and tall, his body language screamed danger.

“Kill Weed!”

“We have to kill that bastard first! Our Lord Belloni commands us so.”

Demons started to emerge from the flames that were burning down Serabourg Citadel. The large army encircling the Citadel broke away. Their only goal was to kill Weed.

The effect of Lion's Roar was more than plenty in pulling the Embinyu Church's attention.

“Hmm.”

Even Weed did not anticipate such a reaction.

“My popularity is pretty amazing.”

The realization of his fame at such a crucial moment!

"....."

Seo Yoon stared at him with a blank expression. She wondered just what kind of plan Weed had that he would so confidently provoke the Embinyu Church like this. She couldn't help but doubt his sanity.

“I will be able to fight as much as I want.”

“Let's start a festival of blood.”

Van Hawk and Torido prepared for battle. And Weed, turned his back without a second thought.

“Run for it!”

Weed's decision was to run.

Of course, there was no way that Weed would have planned to die,

fighting the Embinyu Church till the bitter end. Such a thoughtless plan, was for Weed, the same as pouring out all his life savings on lottery or gambling.

Seo Yoon gave a small sigh of relief and followed suit. To her, running away seemed like the right course of action after successfully managing to draw the Embinyu Church's attention. And especially, what purpose did stabbing his spear into the ground or giving out a Lion's Roar serve?

But there was a huge leap in logic between the two.

'For that few seconds, I must have looked cool.'

As a man, he also wanted to try that pose.

Now that the whole army of the Embinyu Church was mobilized after him, the only thing left to do was run.

The Dark Paladins, seeing that Weed was trying to flee, chased after him on horseback.

"Time to run. Van Hawk, open up a path."

"Understood, Master."

Running ahead on his Phantom Horse, Van Hawk pulled out his sword and gave a large swing.

Houyhing!

The Dark Paladins, together with their horses, fell.

This was the Van Hawk that Weed treated coldly for reducing his experience points and being useless. But after levelling up, Van Hawk was showing his use as he made short work of these Dark Paladins. Wherever Weed was, people instantly pictured the Death Knight next to him on reflex. The Death Knight had become quite famous in his own right.

"Forward! Continue pushing through!"

The Embinyu Church army moved in groups, trying to block their escape. The beginner players watching on the hill could see groups of Cultists and Demons moving in perfect order as they slowly closed in on

Weed.

“Ah... I thought he said he was going to fight alone... running away also works!”

“It must be terrifying. Just imagine, tens of thousands coming to kill just one person.”

“Uwa! It must be electrifying!”

Watching the Demons all gathering in one spot gave a feeling of grandeur.

“We cannot stop here!”

Weed swung his Fire Lance Spear furiously.

Crushing Blow!

The enemy's head flew off.

Crushing Blow!

Dark Paladin has been paralyzed.

The defensive lines formed by the Dark Paladins and Demons were smashed into the air by the Ice Troll. Though most of the enemies could withstand such a blow, there was no time to follow up and kill them.

“It's bad form to leave prey alive... what a waste”

It was a miserable situation for Weed, when the monsters were stacked up for him to destroy he had to run away. But the progress of the battle was changing within the breath of a moment. The high ranked Demons were pulled back from the siege to come after him. In the vicinity were many Cultists, Dark Paladins and Witch Doctors as far as Weed could see.

“All who cannot follow the will of Embinyu are cowards!”

The curse stimulated fear, Fighting Spirit decreased by 56.

“These foolish heathens will suffer in agony forever, without a hope of salvation.”

Agony has been instigated, this will cause an additional 17% damage to

your health on every attack.

Witch Doctors casted various hexes on Weed, Seo Yoon, Van Hawk and Torido. All over Weeds body were small skulls floating around dizzyingly, on his back were large burning hands that came back and forth. The area was thick with fog, like a riverbank at dawn, limiting the groups field of vision.

It was as they said, the Witch Doctors of the Embinyu Church were hard to deal with. In an instant, seven different curses were cast on the four of them.

“Gossiping about others is the most fun when there are plenty of people.”

Especially when you are talking behind their backs, 3-4 hours, time just flew by!

Before Weed and Seo Yoon went on to engage the Embinyu Church, they received as many blessings as possible from the priests. But because of the curses, the blessings were counteracted, causing malaise and overall battle effectiveness to decrease.

“Don’t stop running, we need to get past the Dark Paladins!”

Curses could be purged faster by receiving blessings or having holy artifacts. Depending on the Resistance and Will Power, Dark Magic effects disappeared naturally over time. But right now, they had to focus on clearing past the Dark Paladins that were attacking the four persistently.

“I, Knight of Darkness Van Hawk, challenge anyone to a duel.”

“The loyal servant of Embinyu, Derikda, accepts your challenge.”

Van Hawk skillfully defeated the high ranked Dark Paladin! Weed was finally reaping the benefit of levelling up the Death Knight till now. Weed, Seo Yoon and Torido also pitched in, clearing off the other Dark Paladins approaching them.

Seo Yoon was fully awoken to her Berserker state. Her attack strength was beginning to increase greater than normal and her vitality barely

dropped. She was killing off the monsters before they could approach Weed.

The four of them managed to break through the Dark Knights, but after them was a line of Cultists holding their weapons. Having already faced them before, the Cultists did not offer much of a challenge. But having been slowed down by the Dark Paladins, the main Embinyu army that torched the Serabourg Citadel had gotten closer.

The Cultists would most likely delay them further and with the Embinyu forces encroaching in, soon they would be completely boxed in with no way to escape.

“This is the same feeling as getting all 6 of your credit cards declined.”

It was a situation that was stifling to breath in, with no way out in sight!

Weed looked at Van Hawk and Torido. Thanks to the experience they had following him around in dangerous regions, they fought well. Seeing that they were Undead, their tolerance to curses and poisons was high. Van Hawk had serious injuries due to his fight against the Dark Paladins, but he could still hold his ground.

Seo Yoon, in a show of strength, finished off the remaining Dark Paladins and Demons before they could come close. The Berserker's ability caused her true offensive potential to awaken as she defeated strong enemies.

Weed with his Ice Troll traits to emit a cold aura to his surroundings, slowing down the enemy.

Due to the enemies low resistance to the cold, they are frozen.

Weed whirled his spear, crushing the frozen Cultists and turning a high number of them into grey light.

Curses became weaker over time so their current situation was not as severe. But the biggest problem was what they had to do next.

‘I can't positively say that we can outpace the pursuit, no matter how much we run. But then, if we slip away too early, the Embinyu Church

army would become spiteful and target the refugees.'

They had to buy time, pull the Embinyu Church's attention continuously, and had to stay alive on top of everything else. There was nothing more vexing than this.

"I could have slept in during the weekdays. I could have dumped jajangmyeon and ganjajang into one bowl and ate to my heart's content. I could have watched television on the weekend and loafed my time away. Just my awful luck, and now I have to deal with this..."

"Oohhhh!"

"Kahahahaha."

"Just like I told you. This is Weed we are talking about. Only Weed could have adventures like this!"

The tavern Bart was in was rowdy with merriment. The tavern was crowded with customers who forgot about their beer and appetizers and instead decided to watch Weeds adventure on the large crystal orb.

Of course, Bart was watching with the crowd.

'How is this any fun to watch? They got scared of some monsters, went through some dungeon and now they seem to be escaping in a group.'

But after a small amount of time had passed...

'Huh, this is a bit exciting, it strangely pulls you in. It's nail biting how close the refugees are skating with death.'

And a moment after that, watching Weed with just one companion and his underlings going forward to act as bait.

'Oh! Such a decision.....'

The tavern became as quiet as a dead mouse. They watched the large crystal orb as if they were hypnotized, forgetting to even refill their beer. The crowd forgot about everything as they were swept up by the tension of watching Weed, Seo Yoon and his subordinates fleeing as the Embinyu

army dogged their every steps.

Bart, having no knowledge or experience of the battle mechanics, could not gauge how well Weed fought. Besides the wolves, foxes and rabbits, he had no idea how strong other monsters were. He accepted, at face value of what he heard, the people's praises for Weed's greatness on the battlefield, of his prodigious skills, and his movements that no one could imitate.

He could just feel that Weed was planning something. The meeting he had with Weed was short, but he had come out with the impression that Weed was not someone who would jump in front of the whole army of the Embinyu Church without a plan.

"But, that woman wearing the mask next to him... She seems familiar... It couldn't possibly be my daughter, could it?"

"Torido, take the left."

"Understood. Master!"

Torido called upon the Pure Blooded Vampire Clan. The vampires increased their levels as they attacked the Cultists. In a way, the Cultists were the best suited enemy for the Pure Blooded Vampire Clan as they had 'pure' blood.

The showdown between the Vampires and the Cultists was taking place everywhere. While there were also many Embinyu Priests, they tried to avoid the Vampires and only came after Weed. Killing Weed took priority before anything else.

Turning left, Torido was faced with a flowing river. This was the place where the Pyramid and the Lion Monstrosity stood towering over the landscape.

"Those who profane the Embinyu Church cannot escape!"

The Wyvern Knights joined in the pursuit, flying low to attack with their spears. And from afar, spells and arrows continued to rain down on them.

The Embinyu army was getting closer and closer. From the other side of the Pyramid and the Lion Monstrosity were groups of Demons and Cultists, trapping them in.

They could no longer move freely, being completely encircled and isolated. The Embinyu forces were closing all possible escape routes. Because the Demons were so fast, they were too preoccupied beating back the Demons and Cultists to clear away from the Embinyu Church's encirclement.

'I failed to protect him again.'

Seo Yoon was prepared to fight till the end. No matter what happened, she decided to die first, fighting to protect Weed till the last moment.

"Don't stop now, climb."

Weed began to scale the Pyramid. As it was built as a Step Pyramid, Weed had little problem climbing up.

Seo Yoon had some doubts as going up was a dead end with very little advantage in terrain.

"Ah!"

Having had an epiphany, Seo Yoon climbed the Pyramid.

"We are vulnerable to the enemy's spells and arrows up here."

"Abandoning our escaping and choosing to fight till the end, it's not bad Master."

Torido and Van Hawk stepped onto the Pyramid's stone and began climbing up.

The Demons, Cultists and soldiers of the Embinyu Church were still after them. They were harassed by the the Wyvern Knights with every step they climbed. But with Weed and Seo Yoon, who was awakened to her Berserker ability, the Wyvern Knights were not much of a hurdle. With a third of their numbers left, they were even more persistent in their attack.

Finally, Weed reached the capstone. It was the king's tomb he built by pouring out his heart and soul. While he was the anointed lord of Morata

now, before he was a vicious entrepreneur that tapped into his latent potential for business to ruthlessly exploit people without regret to build such an immense structure.

Seo Yoon, Van Hawk, and Torido arrived at the stones right below him.

“Impressive view.”

It was like looking from a mountain peak. Seeing from above, the Embinyu forces were swarming the area. The landscape was blackened by the Demons, Dark Paladins, Witch Doctors, Priests and Cultists crawling down below. Even the High Priest Belloni had left behind the flaming Citadel and was leading a personal force to the Pyramid.

“I guess with this, I managed to buy half the time I need.”

This was enough time for about two-thirds of the refugees to escape safely without any problems. But now with the old and the weak having to march the long distance, they refugees would move slower. Therefore, it was even more crucial for Weed to hold the Embinyu forces attention, now more than every.

"Release Sculpture Transformation."

Weed shifted from the body of an Ice Troll to his original form. He took off the leather armor he equipped temporarily and also put his spear into his backpack.

At this climax where Weed had to fight the most, he threw away the physically advantageous body of the Ice Troll! The players watching the broadcast wondered why. The viewers thought that in his rush, Weed made a tactical error and climbed up the Pyramid by mistake. Suspicion crept up in the mind of the viewers, that perhaps, Weed already gave up.

“There is one advantage of living in a mountain town. No matter how much it rains, it’s safe!”

Weed took out a sculpture from his backpack. It was the Fine sculpture, ‘Heavy Rain and Flooding River’. The sculpture was carved out delicately from rocks and with Nature Sculpting, Weed carved rain and river water

for the finishing of the Fine piece.

“Great Disaster Nature Sculpting!”

You have used the ‘Great Disaster Nature Sculpting’ skill.

Art stat decreased by 20 permanently.

20,000 health and mana has been consumed.

Every stat is reduced by 15% for the next four days.

Affinity to Nature decreased.

Great Disaster Nature Sculpting can only be used once per day.

When a great calamity is called upon, fame or notoriety can be increased depending on the damage.

You can die in the middle of the disaster so be careful.

Weed used the Great Disaster Nature Sculpting at 1,005 Affinity to Nature he had steadily accumulated till now.

“Well, I am sure we are high enough to avoid the disaster.”

Till now, having used the skill twice, he learned his painful lesson. The Great Disaster Nature Sculpting was the perfect skill to kill the user if not activated properly. Having completed his strenuous climb to the top of the Pyramid, he could now use the skill without any worry.

Dark clouds started to gather in the sky and burst with rain. It was as if someone punctured the sky, causing a sudden downpour.

The rain soaked Weed, Seo Yoon, Van Hawk, Torido and the Embinyu forces.

“It’s getting started.”

The rain continued without abating. Until the Great Disaster Nature Sculpting was fully active, the four of them had to fight off the Demons clambering on the Pyramid through the rough weather.

“The Embinyu god is waiting for sacrifices.”

“Climb! Show them the bravery of the Embinyu Church!”

Demons and Cultists were crowding around the Pyramid. Witch Doctors, Magicians and Embinyu Priests sent spell after spell.

Weed pulled out the Helium Torch he had sculpted. The Helium Torch erected a Mana Barrier that blocked long range attacks, casted tolerance limit against dark magic and curses on the user, and increased mana recovery.

“Radiant Sword!”

From Weed’s sword, birds made of light formed. The birds purifying the Demons and intercepting the spells mid-air exploded. Like the Berserker she was, Seo Yoon fought in front and center against the Demons.

Lights and magic exploded, bathing the top of the Pyramid in radiant glory. But to those holding the line at the highest point of the Pyramid, it was living hell.

Only 3~4 minutes in, Van Hawk was spent.

“Master. This is the end for me. I regret that I cannot fight with you to the end.”

Van Hawk, having reached the limits of his health, was unsummoned.

If Weed could have afforded the time, he might have bandaged Van Hawk and sent him to the rear. But there was just no opportunity to take his eye’s off the situation. Arrays of spells from the Embinyu Magicians were sent toward him and he barely could dodge and block most with the Radiant Sword.

Magic Attack. You were hit by Nurun’s Spear.

Health decreased by 869.

Weed’s health fell below 34,000 and Seo Yoon was only staying afloat due to her Berserker endurance. Seo Yoon was heavily injured as she went forth against the Demons rushing for Weed and became target for curses and spells. She fought without a care for herself, delivering more attacks than Weed.

Rain beat down heavily, slightly weakening the spells and arrows and

helping them endure a bit longer.

“At this rate, we are all going to die....”

Droplets of rain fell down from Weed’s face. The Head Priest Belloni and his personal forces were coming within attack range of the Pyramid. Below, were the cries of Demons and Cultists as they stumbled on the wet surface of the Pyramid and falling on their own troops on the ground, causing the air to be filled with shrieks of agony.

Then, the disaster that Weed had been waiting for, finally started.

The place that the Pyramid and the Lion Monstrosity was built on was nearby the Rosenheim Kingdom’s Arud River. The Embinyu Church thinking that the heavy rain was just raising the river level slightly, began to notice that it was over flooding.

“Aarrg!”

“Water. Water is rushing towards us!”

Water began to overflow, expanding everywhere. Soon, the Cultists, Demons and the Priests ankles were submerged. The rising water level didn’t show signs of stopping as it began to rise even more quickly. From the upper reaches of the Arud River, a frightening amount of water rushed by. The lowlands covering the mountains, hills and the plains around the Pyramid began to flood.

Great Disaster Natural Sculpting. Great Flood!

Waves the size of a house, slammed into Embinyu forces.

Kueeik!

The violent waves toppled Karaclops with its strength. The masses of the Embinyu forces were scattered, each trying to look for a way to survive. But the whole vicinity was flooded with water.

The water level quickly rose passed the knees and engulfed the enemy. Buildings toppled and the siege weapons, rocks and, trees were wrecked and floated about. The previous roaring Embinyu Cultists and Demons drowned under the flood and were swept away.

Weed grinned happily as he watched the proceedings.

“This really is the most satisfying sculpting skill.”

But, Weed was still uncertain about the damage the flood caused to the Embinyu army. He was certain that the relatively weak Cultists would have no hope of surviving the flood. The Cultists could even have been killed instantly when they were swept by the torrent.

However the powerful Demons, Dark Paladins and Dark Priests had high health and resistance. The probability of most of them surviving the flood was high.

With the Embinyu army in disarray and swept up by the flood, now was the chance!

Weed used his skill toward the Lion Monstrosity.

“Sculpture Life Bestowal!”

You have bestowed life upon a sculpture.

Based on your current Art stat of 2,281, this has been converted to 469 levels for the sculpture. As this is a brilliant Masterpiece level sculpture, the Lifeform receives an additional 10% level increase.

Four attributes are granted to the Lifeform. The attributes grade and abilities differ depending on the sculpture’s appearance and quality. Stone Att. (100%), Fire Att. (80%), Art Att. (100%), Glory Att. (100%).

Stone Attributes grants special defense to the Lifeform.

Fire Attributes can be used to burn away the enemy.

The Lifeform has been granted immunity to all forms of curse spells.

The Lifeform has gained strong resistance against Dark Magic.

Through the Art Attributes the Lifeform has gained appreciation of sculptures and arts, granting additional 150% effects to work of arts. This includes the Lifeform itself and all nearby artworks.

Glory Attribute grants dignity and charisma to the Lifeform. When fighting with a large army, it will increase loyalty and morale of that army

and the knights leadership skill will increase.

5,000 mana has been consumed.

Mastery of the skill increased. The required level and stats consumed during Life Bestowal has decreased by 20%.

Art stat has decreased by 6 permanently. The reduced stat can be recovered by sculpting or doing other art related projects.

Level has decreased by 2. Stats, in response, have decreased by 10 comparative with the levels that have been lost. The reduced stats will be recovered when level increases again.

Please take care of the sculpture you have bestowed life upon. If killed, you will have to bestow life once again. When the sculpture is completely destroyed, it can no longer be resurrected.

Weed's level was reduced to 405, and his Art stat was consumed. But the end results was the Lion Monstrosity of Rosenheim Kingdom coming to life.

“Graaar!”

The Lion Monstrosity woke up with a great howl.

“Gro-rol?!”

When it tried to step forward with it's front limbs, it slipped and flopped in the water that came up halfway to its body. It was a less than stellar first introduction, but it wasn't the first or second time Weed saw such acts from his sculptures.

“What is my name?”

The now living Lion Monstrosity stuck it's head toward Weed as it asked. The Lion Monstrosity was similar in size to the tall Pyramid. It's body was that of a lion but it's head was a close resemblance to the previous king Theodrin.

“Your name is Sphinx.”

“It does not matter if my name is Sphinx. I have no plans to be loyal to a

master who knows nothing of honor.”

The Sphinx had a strong tendency to its own identity and independence, and did not think highly of Weed as its master.

Weed had no plans to fight such matters right now.

“Let’s sort this problem out when we have time. Right now, we fight.”

“The sea I desired.”

The Sphinx gave a bellow as it jumped into the water. It crunched the Dark Priests being swept away by the fast torrent with its mouth and crushed them with its forelimbs.

“Destroy that lion!”

“The culprit Weed is over there. We must sacrifice Weed as an offering!”

The Embinyu Priests rode upon the swimming Demons. But some of them were swept away by the torrent or disappeared under whirlpools. The Embinyu Priests were in complete disarray and under the mercy of the overflowing river current.

The Sphinx, which was the same size as a large building, splashed around the river and preyed upon the Embinyu forces.

“Twenty. Twenty one. Twenty two.”

Weed armed himself with the High Elf Yurika bow and shot at the floating Demons. Seo Yoon and Torido stabbed at the Demons clinging onto the Pyramid. The great flood was sweeping away the Embinyu forces.

Groooooar!

The stroke of lightnings briefly showed Weed’s figure on top of the Pyramid. It showed the appearance of Weed, taking aim with his bow while being pelted by rain. Weed, fighting under the darkness with occasional light created an awesome scene.

Weed continuously shot arrows, this time changing his target to the Embinyu Priests. It was much more profitable to target the Priests which gave more experience than the harder to kill Demons. But the good times

were quickly passing by.

The effect of the Great Disaster Nature Sculpting was slowly receding and the rain was stopping. But the water level around the Pyramid was still rising and the torrents were becoming more violent.

“With this much, I have done what I could.”

Weed was not satisfied with the amount of Embinyu Priest he farmed but felt that it was time to leave. The number of Embinyu forces had decreased significantly due to the siege in Serabourg Citadel and the flood. But if they stayed here any longer, there was a real possibility that the remaining forces would engage themselves fully.

Even Seo Yoon was spent, as she fought against the Demons alone.

“We should have bought enough time for the refugees.”

It would take significant time for the Embinyu forces to reorganize themselves to chase after the refugees. A large number of Cultists and Demons were cast adrift to the lower reaches of the Arud River. Even if not many of them perished, the backwash was great.

In a war between Kingdoms, the Great Disaster Nature Sculpting would cause unimaginable havoc. The only small side effect was that the skill didn't distinguish between enemies and allies.

“Sphinx, time to go.”

“I want to keep on fighting.”

“The enemies are reorganizing themselves. We need to escape now before it becomes impossible to escape.”

Head Priest Belloni and his personal forces, the giant Demons that were scattered by the flood. When the disaster ended, they would recover and come in full force. It was wise to hurry out of where they were, when considering the kind of enemies coming after them

“I do not wish to depart from this place.”

“Why?”

“I have to protect this place. I will protect king Theodrin’s tomb till the end.”

"....."

The Sphinx chose the Pyramid over life.

A side effect of bestowing life on a sculpture! When it was a sculpture, it was meant assigned to protect the Pyramid. It was the symbol of the king’s majesty. After being bestowed with life, the Lifeform did not forget it’s duty and had planned to fight the Embinyu forces till it’s last breath.

“You will die if you stay. This precious life you received, is it not a waste to throw it away?”

“There is a meaning behind protecting what you have to protect.”

“Even then, come with me. If you do, I will prepare meat for you everyday and give two days breaks every year.”

But of course, there was no way he would keep could guarantee his promise!

“I have already chosen my path. Go, I will protect this place.”

At the Sphinx’s faithful declaration, Weed’s eyes became wrinkled and wet.

‘It’s good that the rain didn’t stop yet. It can hide my tears.’

The tears were definitely not because Weed was touched by the Sphinx’s words. His precious Art stat and level! Weed had invested his precious experience in bestowing life on the Sphinx and now due to its extreme stubbornness, it was planning to die fighting.

“I should have thought this out before bestowing life. I should have granted it life when I had plenty of time and then beat the education into him.”

It was too late to regret now. Staying here any longer to convince the Sphinx otherwise would put him and Seo Yoon in a dangerous situation.

“Wy-Three!”

Weed activated the Lion's Roar. And a moments later, Wy-Three could be seen flying from afar. Wy-Three woke up at the crack of dawn without being able to wash his face so he could reach them.

When Weed and Seo Yoon got on Wy-Three's back, the flood current was weakened. The Embinyu forces that were swept up in the flood could now touch the ground. The ground was a shamble with the half drowned Demons and Cultists.

The Embinyu Magicians and Priests began to ready their attack but the Sphinx protected them with it's own body.

"Go now!"

Weed and Seo Yoon fled on the back of Wy-Three and Torido flew away from the battlefield with his own power. Looking from far, the Sphinx was fighting bravely but soon, it would be encircled by the Embinyu forces and would fight an uphill battle.

"It looks like he won't make it."

Trying to escape with a Sphinx that couldn't fly might have been impossible from the beginning. But thanks to the Sphinx, Weed could escape without any problems.

"Wy-Three, don't fly to the refugees. Rather, fly around and take a long detour."

"Understood, Master."

To prevent any possible pursuit, Weed commanded his Wyvern to take a detour before heading towards the refugees.

Pass the hills and slopes was an endless procession of refugees! Seeing Weed and Wy-Three above, the refugees cheered and waved their hands.

'Doesn't look like the Embinyu army gave a major chase.'

There were some attacks by the roaming monsters but that much could be handled by the players and the soldiers. After Weed left to bait the Embinyu Church, many players had already logged out. But still, a decent number of players stayed behind to disconnect from another area.

Weed continued to follow the refugees on Wy-Three's back.

“Here, I have some bandages. Roll back your sleeve a bit.”

Weed wrapped bandages around Seo Yoon's arm, who was suffering the aftermath of the Berserker skill even after the battle had ended.

Following after them long after the sun had rose, the refugees at the forefront finally met up with the Rosenheim Kingdom's army. This was the army that was dispatched to Serabourg Citadel after detecting the signal fire.

‘I can finally rest easy now.’

Weed logged out, after feeling a bit fatigued.

Chapter 5: Church of Lugh

Shock swept through the Versailles Continent once more.

The burning of Serabourg Citadel. An incident where more than half of the players and the villagers perished within. Although the players could revive after receiving a penalty, the Citadel and its people were lost forever.

The siege of Serabourg Citadel

The exodus of the villagers, lead by Weed

Replays of the Royal Knights battling their foes

The great fire of Serabourg Citadel

And a mysterious sculpting skill that could summon a flood.

These videos were trending on the top throughout the day.

After the burning of Serabourg Citadel, the Embinyu forces scattered rather than facing the Rosenheim Kingdom's army straight on. Using this opportune moment, every region in Rosenheim Kingdom erupted with insurrection.

and in every region of Rosenheim Kingdom, insurrection occurred.

“Even Rosenheim Kingdom is unstable now.”

Lee Hyun was eating his seafood noodles as he watched the television.

“This is the place where Serabourg Citadel once stood. The place has been burned to the ground and the only evidence that this place was once a Citadel are these remains of wreckage and rubble.”

“Mr. Oh Joo Wan, I just cannot believe that this place was once the flourishing capital of the Rosenheim Kingdom.”

“Yes, even I was surprised when I first saw this scene. Have you ever visited Rosenheim Kingdom before Miss. Aring?”

“Not yet. It has been a place where I dearly wished to visit at least once, but now it seems it will be impossible to see its previous grandeur.”

This was the aftermath of the fire of Serabourg Citadel that soared brightly into the sky. Before the flood quenched the fire. Only burnt outlines of buildings were left in the ruins of Serabourg Citadel.

Currently, Miss Shin Hye Min, the KMC media's anchor was on leave so the new star anchor Aring was in her place.

“The players that have logged in after a week are standing in the square, looking around with a stupefied expression.”

The players who had logged out before the battle of Serabourg Citadel took place, logged in only now, after the army of the Embinyu Church had departed.

“I am currently in an interview with a merchant. How do you feel right now?”

“I don't know. It's just depressing.”

“The damages caused by the Embinyu Church seem significant, what will you do now?”

“Go to another place and continue my business there. It's not the first time I have been ransacked.”

The merchant left, dragging his wagon behind him.

Afterwards, she interviewed several other players but the majority gave the same answer. Departing for another castle or Kingdom.

“Still, Mr. Oh Joo Wan, many players are claiming to have seen light of hope in Serabourg Citadel.”

“Yes, I am sure there are many viewers out there who have also seen it through the live broadcast.”

“You are right. It's the person I want to meet the most, the person I want to go out with! Apparently it was thanks to him that many were saved.”

“It was a strange coincidence that Wargod Weed was in Serabourg Citadel. I thought he had left for the Red Reed Forest and was sidetracked as there were no news about him for sometime. But to my surprise he appeared in Serabourg Citadel and played a major role in the incident.”

“I heard that through this event, Weed’s popularity has risen higher.”

“This is nothing new. You can say that the viewers have more interest in Weed’s distinct progress compared to the other Rankers. Weed has this unique charm about him.”

“Kyaa! Yes, especially when he chwiks! He makes these adorable chwick sounds that make me swoon.”

“Weed was the vanguard for the streams of refugees fleeing from Serabourg Citadel. He literally fended off the Embinyu Church with just one party member. All of Rosenheim Kingdom are praising Weed, and through this incident the surviving players are using this opportunity to move to Morata.”

Lee Hyun felt embarrassed due to all the flattery about him on tv.

“It’s been a long time since I have been complimented. The last time was in primary school, when the teacher told me that with a little bit of effort I could improve my dictation after receiving 65%.”

Just now he received a public confession from Yu Aring. She was an idol singer and worked as a tv host as well. In Royal Road, she tried to increase her popularity by posing as an eye catching priest and she had just publicly declared to him to contact her.

Of course Lee Hyun wasn’t so naive and had no plans to contact her. There was a huge difference between what was real and imaginary. If she was really interested and what she said wasn’t a telescript, she could always use the station’s contact lists to phone him first.

“More importantly, I need to get out of Rosenheim Kingdom as fast as possible. You never know when the Hermes Guild could come after me.”

From the news he learned that the King had escaped safely with his Royal Knights. The King had already gathered an army and began the counterattack, also commanding the nobles to subdue the Embinyu Church.

The Kingdom was embroiled in a civil war, with most players choosing to side with the King. The event to save the Kingdom was the perfect

opportunity to stack up Contribution Points.

“There is probably going to be a large scale battle against High Priest Belloni. Belloni hasn’t revealed his abilities yet, but he definitely won’t be a pushover.”

It was at the point that Lee Hyun almost finished eating his seafood noodles.

“And now, we will continue with our coverage of the Central Continent. Mr. Oh Joo Wan, apparently it was another great victory for the Hermes Guild?”

“Ah, yes. If it wasn’t for the appearance of the Embinyu Church in Rosenheim Kingdom, this would had been the first thing I should have told the viewers. The greatest guild in Versailles Continent, Hermes Guild! They have once again defeated the Kallamore Kingdom’s army.”

“What happened to the supreme commander Kolderim? ”

“The knight above all knights, Kolderim, had participated in the battle today as well. After suffering defeat from the previous battle, he barely managed to escape but..... ”

In the previous battle, Kolderim and his knights fought desperately, piercing through the Haven Kingdom’s encirclement and withdrew. The Hermes Guild players tried their best to block Kolderim’s escape, but he managed to escape by the skin of his teeth.

Overall Kallamore Kingdom could not manage to avoid its scheduled defeat with their repeated failures, reducing the army size to insignificant numbers.

“Regrettably, we might not be able to see Kolderim ever again. Bardray has won a one-to-one duel against Kolderim.”

Several battles erupted daily in the war of Haven Kingdom against Kallamore Kingdom. They could not stand by and let Haven Kingdom conquer Kallamore Kingdom and Kolderim’s fiefdom. Even though Kolderim lacked a sufficient force, he continually went forward to defend his Kingdom and barely managed to return alive.

In this battle, Kolderim was fatigued and seriously injured. In this state, he accepted Bardray's duel and was killed in action.

“We will now show you the duel of Bardray and Kolderim.”

Lee Hyun watched closely. Kolderim had many serious wounds in difficult to see places while also suffering from negative effects from curses. On the opposite, Bardray had various blessings and looked as if he just woke up from a refreshing nap.

“Bardray probably had an energizing meal as well.”

With the duel taking place with these unfair conditions, Bardray was the clear winner. Even then, just because it was Bardray, it did not mean that Kolderim would have certainly lost. Even in this dire situation, Kolderim used his peerless skill to battle the enemy.

At the last moment when the winner was decided, Bardray put his sword by Kolderim's neck and showed one last mercy.

“Join Haven Kingdom. If you swear your allegiance to me, I will let you live.”

Bardray wanted subordinates like Kolderim. But Kolderim rejected the offer.

“Do not insult a knight before you kill him. I came back from death so I do not fear it. I only regret my lacking ability to protect Kallamore Kingdom.”

Such was the end of Kolderim. Even the tv hosts felt remorse at his passing.

“Such a regrettable death. There were many fans who liked Kolderim.”

“Yes. But then, the damage done to Haven Kingdom by Kolderim isn't so insignificant. If you take that into account, it would have been difficult to let him live.”

“Whenever Kolderim participated in battle, the soldiers and knights morale increased to maximum. Drawing out their best potential and allowing them to fight like the devil.”

“It’s now impossible to see Kolderim once more on the battlefield. I predict that the Haven Kingdom will occupy more regions with greater ease.”

The event of Spring in Korean University that would leave you disappointed if you missed it. The MT! Last Spring, Lee Hyun became quite famous and everyone, regardless of year, wanted to go with him. The place that was booked this year was said to surpass last years popularity.

“Sunbae, please take me along, please?”

“There are lot’s of ladies in my group, the Unnis said that they will not manage without Sunbae.”

There was a scramble in the various groups to make Lee Hyun join them. If one of the groups managed to land him, they would have no problem with meals, with sleeping arrangements and would have an advantage during sporting activities.

To Lee Hyun this was troublesome.

Though the place for MT was a secret, it would be an island or a mountainous location. He would need to take enough building material and just make a roof and lay down some blankets. The end. No matter the place, humans were more frightening than any animals.

“If they really wanted to make MT hard, they should just make them carry bricks on a multistory building or sew eyes on dolls for 4 days.”

Lee Hyun would have to sweat a bit in MT, but ultimately it was more of a holiday. In the end, he thought it was a waste to go to MT yearly and decided not to go. Of course, he was also absent for the new student introduction ceremony!

“It’s not like they won in lotto and they have to pay expensive registration fee every year to attend. Why do they even hold these ceremonies?”

He also decided not to attend sports day.

“These days my heart isn’t so good, so running above my limit leaves me dizzy and faint.”

Even saying that, when he practised his sword, he put in all his effort that his whole body was covered in sweat.

Lee Hyun was a person that no one knew existed in lecture hall if they did not deliberately search for him. The only reason people found him easily was that Seo Yoon was always with him. This was a great speculation among the juniors.

“What’s so appealing about him? I just don’t know.”

“Maybe we don’t have eyes to see men properly.”

The female students were despondent about this issue.

This year, Lee Hyun applied for many liberal art classes on top of his major. Just because it was a university, there was no need to focus only on the major. Coffee making, politics, film studies, the age of the world. These were all subjects that did not link well, but after learning about them, it gave a strange, swelling feeling.

“This subject doesn’t check attendance regularly. I can skip this lecture later on and they did say it gives a lot of credit.”

Lee Hyun researched the various courses. It felt like the university did not offer subjects that were too difficult to learn.

“I shouldn’t attend university with no reason. Completing a teaching degree later on feels like a good plan.”

If Lee Hyun taught students in the future, the parents would bring in bribes naturally.

“Presents are devotion. Complete devotion.”

Lee Hyun had a small desire to become a teacher that would tell unabridged stories on life lesson.

The place Weed connected to was Highland Fort. It was a safe haven he

reached with the refugees and players that had escaped Serabourg Citadel.

“Welcome.”

“Weed-nim is here!”

The players that survived thanks to Weed, greeted him warmly. There were also many players that stayed in Highland Fort as they wanted to tour the fortress.

Weed was the most sought after person in Rosenheim Kingdom. An ordinary person would find it bothersome or awkward when a crowd surrounded him. But Weed acted naturally as he even shook some of their hands.

“I have arrived. Did everyone have a good rest?”

“Yeah!”

Some time in the future, he might have to ask for their participation in a large scale quest, sell sculptures expensively or scam them so Weed had to maintain his popularity. This was his outstanding talent as the high priest of hypocrisy! If Weed ever entered politics, he would completely abuse his position. And with Morata and Vargo Fortress growing daily, it was almost ripe for harvest.

Weed hurried to the flower shop owner Selina to report his quest.

“I tried my best but I could not save everyone.”

The casualties were great for the villagers of Serabourg Citadel and not all villagers followed Weed. Some villagers chose to stay behind, believing the soldiers could protect them. Few were caught by the Embinyu Church as they were following Weed and were sacrificed. Some few were also taken as prisoners and were converted.

The villagers of Serabourg Citadel who followed Weed to Highland Fort were around 98,000.

“There were many deaths. I feel a heavy burden due to their death.”

“No, I must thank you for taking on such unreasonable request. I am sure the people who survived due your courage feel the same.”

“Thank goodness.”

“You have showed us unbelievable courage, determination, sacrifice and support as you led the refugees from Serabourg Citadel. Thanks to you, I believe many people were saved.”

DING!

Evacuation of the Civilians Completed

You have led the villagers, trapped in Serabourg Citadel by the Embinyu Church siege, to a safe haven. They will never forget this for the rest of their lives.

Fame increased by 10,236 due to the completion of the quest and your actions.

Courage increased by 9.

Honor increased by 21.

Charisma increased by 8.

Your level increased.

Your level increased.

Intimacy with the villagers that were rescued increased to maximum.

Selina unwound the flower bracelet and gave it to Weed.

“Please handle it carefully. Then the power of plants shall always be with you.”

You have acquired Selina’s Flower Bracelet.

“Identify!”

Having finally acquired the item, Weed used identify straight away.

Selina’s Flower Bracelet Durability 18/20. Defense 19.

A flower bracelet gifted by a High Elf. The Roseum and the Anthurium are still alive. The flowers enjoy sunny places and require sufficient watering. When damaged the flowers can recover themselves and vitalize the wearer’s health and strength. This bracelet is made of two different

flowers, if one dies so will the other.

Restriction:

Must be over level 450.

Option:

Power of Elements dwells within.

Mana +2,500.

Elemental Shaman skill +1.

Magic skill +1.

Archer skill +2.

Durability recovers by 3 everyday. Blacksmith skill has no effect on this item. If you have a good relationship with plants, in forests and grass fields, you can receive their help.

Affinity to Nature +7% .

Growth item. As the plant grows, it's effect will increase. The item's effect is amplified by three fold to the Elf or Fairy race.

“Awesome.”

Weed was so happy that he wanted to dance a little jig right there. He could sell this to an Elemental Shaman, Mages or Archers and they would dump everything they had for a chance to buy the bracelet.

Also items that increased Affinity to Nature was especially hard to acquire.

“Disaster Nature Sculpting's power will increase considerably!”

Careless use of the skill was virtually a suicidal move, but he would think about that later. Increasing the power of the disaster came first!

“I will give you plenty of water and sunshine so grow bigger everyday.”

He already equipped Baharan's bracelet crafted from precious stones on his left arm. It was a treasure of the Niflheim Empire that increased magic abilities. He equipped the flower bracelet on his right arm and departed

through the Highland Fort's gate.

The bounty hunters instigated by Hermes Guild could strike anytime so he had to escape as quickly as possible.

“Is that person Weed?”

“Look at the equipment he's wearing. It's amazing. It gives off a completely different feeling. It feels like he's wearing only unique items.”

“I've never seen such equipment on forums. He's the War God so his equipment must be good.”

Players looked on as they followed after him.

Villagers were praising Weed's achievement everywhere, not only in Rosenheim Kingdom but all over the Eastern side of Versailles Continent.

The players entering the Fort were speaking.

“That guy, is he really Weed? Nevermind, he's really handsome. See Oppa, it was worth coming here.”

“Daeun, he looks ordinary. Why are you....”

“.....”

Couples could be seen fighting here and there.

In Royal Road, it was commonly accepted that equipment makes the man. Weed was wearing the Tallock's Faith armor together with his Demon Sword. On his head and feet were handmade helmets and boots. He finished off his ensemble with a swirling cape. He also had the Horn of Treserk hanging loosely on a thread around his neck. Weed looked dazzling just by standing still.

‘With my looks it's difficult to live in this world.’

He usually didn't wear armor or weapons within villages, but since there were many people who recognized him already he decided to wear it just for the show.

“Wy-Three!”

As soon as Weed called, from the setting sun, a Wyvern was flying

toward him with its wings wide open.

“Wow, a Wyvern is really coming.”

“That’s the Wyvern Weed usually rides on!”

The players became more ecstatic as Wy-Three landed in all its glory. Weed climbed on top of Wy-Three and prepared to leave.

“Wy-Three, let’s go to Morata.”

“Kiaaak!”

Wy-Three prepared for the long distance flight with a powerful liftoff. Wy-Three was so used to this that it did not even try to avoid it anymore. It could just think of this as a trip with his Master, separating the wind with their fast speed as they fly through watching the amazing scenery. When he arrived in Morata, he could relieve his troubles to his Wyvern brothers.

“Oh, I remember, Seo Yoon is coming tomorrow.”

“Kuek?”

“Come here tomorrow for her as well.”

“Kuek kuek kuek.”

Tears fell from Wy-Three’s eyes as he flew off in front of the Highland Fort’s gate.

In the Red Reed Forest, the bounty hunters gathered to kill Weed were hunting by themselves.

“Damn, is Weed even coming.”

“Apparently, while we were waiting, he went to Rosenheim Kingdom. This was a complete waste of time and effort.”

The bounty hunters gathered about were composed of Warriors and Magicians. As there were no Priests among them, they could not help but suffer in the Red Reed Forest. The Hermes Guild’s Assassins were also spending their time contending with monsters. Even the additional

reinforcements sent by the Guild were having a hard time with the herds of monsters in the forest.

“We just need to be patient for a bit longer. Weed finished his business in Rosenheim Kingdom so he must be coming here soon.”

“There is no other place for Weed to go to next. If we wait here, we will definitely catch him.”

The Hermes Guild did not know when Weed would come, but they separated to their established spots to prepare for an ambush. They set up comprehensive traps and waited patiently to kill Weed.

The Red Reed Forest continued to attract mercenaries, bounty hunters and assassins. So much so, that the forest was overflowing with them.

Even now mercenaries, bounty hunters and assassins continued to flock toward Red Reef Forest.

Vargo Fortress specialty, the monster rush!

“They are coming.”

“Deploy the archers!”

The starving monsters came at them from far away, kicking up dust clouds in their wake. But the soldiers of Vargo Fortress were trained and had actual battle experience. The 1,500 archers were deployed to the walls and fired their arrows toward the monsters.

Pu-shuuung!

The arrows only caused slight damage to the monsters. In terms of their level to the monsters, it made the soldiers of Vargo Fortress look feeble, making it impossible to cause large damage. If Weed was here, he would have wept bitter tears at the arrows they wasted.

“Prepare for the assault!”

The knights commanded the archers to continue their barrage while also deploying swordsmen up the walls.

The swordsmen began fighting every kind of monster that was scrambling up the wall. Cavalry was set as reserve, waiting, just in case the wall was breached.

Players also fought next to the Vargo Fortress army.

The Mages immediately prepared their attack spells when they saw the dust cloud the monsters were kicking up. They readied their spells in a safe place with plenty of time, increasing the power and the success rate of completing their casting. The Mages used magic attacks that were optimized for a wide area of effect.

‘This is the time to increase mastery and get more experience, who knows when I will get another chance like this?’

The news of Vargo Fortress attracting monster swarms everyday was already spread widely, causing Mages to continually flock toward the fortress. Not only were swarms of monsters assured to come everyday, they could also stack up Fame and Contribution in Vargo Fortress.

GYAAO!

Just before the swarms of monsters reached the wall, the few abnormal ones gave off a burst of speed and reached it first. But the monsters suddenly stopped and began to snarl at the wall.

On the wall were paintings of Barbarians, their natural enemies, holding spears. The painting gave off a sense of realism, making the monsters take the wall painting seriously.

Such scene could be seen occasionally elsewhere. Painting of steaming barbeque that monsters found mouth-watering were also drawn on the wall that was built in the middle of the wasteland. These painted walls became a focal point to the monsters.

The person responsible for all of this wall art was Petrov. His name was famous all over Vargo Fortress as a person who could paint masterpieces that could even make the monsters mistake it as being real.

“Attack!”

Arrows continued to rain down on the monsters while the Mages used their spells to eliminate the monsters that were staring vacantly. It was a victory for the soldiers and players fighting valiantly behind the wall.

When monsters rushed in, some of the defenders would make a blunder and fall into a dangerous situation, but the soldiers and players protected each other. The players could earn a lot of experience points and experience, this was a rare situation. It was so good that every player who came to Vargo Fortress demanded to participate in the monster defence.

“Once again, an easy victory thanks to my paintings.”

Petrov could earn enormous amount of Contribution in Vargo Fortress due to this. But this was not the only thing Petrov did.

Country Snake, Cerberus, Worm and other Sculpture Lifeforms that were given life in Jigolaths were at Vargo Fortress. They came under the orders of Weed to protect the fortress and destroyed monster dens one by one far away. The Death Worm that acted in conjunction with the Knights to defeat the monsters. Petrov built up a friendship with these large sized Sculpture Lifeforms.

It happened one day when he was painting a new piece. The Death Worm that Weed named simply as Worm, popped up from the ground, observed and left. From that day, several other Sculpture Lifeforms came and introduced themselves.

“You are quite a friendly bunch. Let me draw something for you.”

Petrov sometimes drew for them or showed them the work he'd done till now, increasing his friendship. And as the Sculpture Lifeforms were birthed from art, they quite liked it as well.

“What an amazing talent.”

“He's much better than our Master.”

“You are right. Our Master gave us strange names and just abuses us. I am beginning to like this painter.”

Petrov sought friendship with the 47 Sculpture Lifeforms, also buying

them food every so often.

“Eat. I will bring some more if it’s not enough.”

“Nom nom. Delicious. It tastes like honey.”

“Bring some more meat tomorrow, and also, I want to drink grape juice.”

“I want to chew on some bones.”

Petrov fulfilled all their wishes.

‘Soon they will abandon Weed to follow me.’

On his way to Morata, Weed gave a surprise visit to the place the King Hydra and the Black Imugi hunted at.

“You guys!”

Using his 9 heads interchangeably, the King Hydra was stampeding through the forest, hunting.

“Master.”

“Long time no see.”

With it’s 9 head ramrod straight, the King Hydra approached Weed. It’s mouth could swallow Weed whole in one gulp. The King Hydra stopped once it stood in front of Weed.

“Move, I was here first.”

“4th head, you ate more yesterday, remember?”

“Me! The Master likes me the most!”

King Hydras were ferocious monsters who were vicious and did not heed orders. That’s why it was difficult for Weed to handle the Hydra. It had a large body; did not listen to beating; and even doing the utmost to persuade one head, it easily became corrupted by the sly tongue of the other heads.

The wisdom of ‘making sure not to meet the wrong kind of friends’ applied here as the King Hydra became crooked. Nothing could be done as

from the beginning, all the heads were attached to one body.

Weed did not need to say anything, as he could clearly see the King Hydra's belly protruding out.

'This guy became a glutton.'

King Hydra's personality was unscrupulous and sceptical that no amount of compliments would help it listen to Weed.

Weed frowned.

"Who told you to eat so much?"

"....."

"You, did I not tell you not to hunt like that everyday?"

"4th head, I am talking to you. You better listen properly."

"7th head I know it's you."

"From now when I am gone, make sure not to gorge yourself on monsters. They are also precious living beings."

"I understand."

"I will eat less from now on."

The King Hydra acquiesced quickly.

But Weed knew.

'When I am gone, they will hunt more diligently.'

Reverse psychology! When you tell them not to eat, they will want to eat even more!

"You, when I see you next time make sure you loose some fat."

"I will try. But just breathing in air is making me fat."

"We have 9 heads, even eating small morsels each will make us fat..... this is unfair."

"I don't care, make sure you lose the fat. Also, the purple tree, it's dangerous so make sure not to get too close. At your level, you won't

manage. But I did hear the monsters there were really scrumptious...”

“Really?”

“Are they that delicious?”

“It tastes heavenly. Once you start eating, you won’t even know if one of your head’s disappeared. One monster has a complex mix of 6 different flavors, its sweet, sour, spicy, hot... and what was the other two again? No matter, the taste is unbelievable. It’s something you need to try out rather than listening about it.”

Gulp!

Each of the nine head of the King Hydra was drooling at the thought.

Using this method to direct the King Hydra to it’s most suited hunting ground, Weed pretended to leave, intending to watch what would happen. The 9 heads murmured quietly among themselves and went hurriedly toward the forest with purple trees.

Weed found the Black Imugi bathing at the lake located on top of the mountain.

“How have you been?”

“I been doing great. I have been enjoying the life you have granted me to the fullest.”

“I heard you made a new lair...”

“It’s just a small hole in the ground.”

“Should I call Bingryong and Phoenix for a housewarming party today?”

“Master!”

Black Imugi, who treasured his lair above all in this world, gave a small amount of jewels to Weed to keep his lair a secret. Weed even took pocket change from Sculptures whom he bestowed life upon!

After completing his simple visits, Weed flew toward Morata. As he had no need to hide himself in Morata, he decided to fly straight there while riding on his Wyvern.

“I should use this chance to visit the Church of Lugh in Morata.”

The Sword of Lugh. He still had an errand to return the sword. Weed could have made a simple detour to return the sword while on his way from Vargo Fortress to Grapass Region. But he was reluctant to part with such precious sword.

Church of Lugh. The Church was comparatively new in Morata, but it employed many Paladins and Priests. While it did not reach the height of the Freya Church's reign in Morata, it was gradually developing.

The Church of Lugh was one of the 5 major religions of the Continent. It was quite popular for its application of light related holy magic. Church of Freya on the other hand, was more related to blessing harvest and birth. Freya Church also improved Charm and other such applications, having more holy magic that had no direct battle applications. Rather there were many people who chose the Freya Church as they became more handsome and appealing as their Faith increased.

Weed could see the many buildings he placed in Morata.

“The high buildings around the square are quite a sight.”

He could just feel the enormous amount of rents and taxes coming from these buildings.

The panorama of Morata he saw as he descended toward the ground on the back of his Wyvern... Morata clearly had become a great city. Shanties covered the entire hill, the statue of Goddess Freya gave off a feeling of magnificence around the whole area, the elegantly built Art Gallery with its massive garden, the Lord's Black Castle, the Tower of Light located far on top of the rocky mountain.

And the streets were bustling with players. Many carriages were seen, pulled by cows and horses, carrying people and goods.

“A Wyvern is attacking!”

Someone cried out and everyone looked toward the sky. Then, they could

see Weed riding on top his Wyvern, descending towards them.

“Lord Weed has arrived!”

RING RING RING RING!

The bell from the Black Castle began to ring as the news spread.

Weed couldn't help but grin.

“These are definitely the perks of piling up goodwill. Such enthusiasm at my arrival....”

Weed was still far away, so he couldn't hear what the players were saying.

“I have yet to see any city as good as Morata. But, maybe... you don't think he has come to raise the taxes?”

“I was part of the expedition that fought the Undead Legion in Vargo Fortress. With the lack of news, I thought he ran off with the Sword of Lugh... but he's here now.”

“Are you stupid? There is no way Lord Weed would run off with the sword.”

If Weed heard this conversation, part of him would be shaken by it. As he already considered the worst case scenario of running off with the sword and selling it! But seeing as there were no players with the qualification of using the sword, there was no chance getting away scott free if he sold it.

The players on the street were waving both arms, cheering Weed.

“The Lord returned!”

“Hurrah! Three Cheers for the Lord of Morata, Weed!”

Players were enthusiastic in their greetings!

As Weed flew over the shanties, players shouted in a loud voice.

"Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge!"

Villagers also gave courteous bows.

“Wy-Three, let’s fly straight toward the Church of Lugh.”

“Kwaeek!”

Tired from the long distant flight, Wyvern forced its wings to fly toward the Church of Lugh.

“I have come to meet the Bishop.”

From the rooftop of the Church of Lugh, Weed called out to the Paladin below. Wy-Three had landed directly on top of the wide rooftop of the church.

“Oh, it’s the esteemed Lord of Morata. I shall lead you directly to the Bishop.”

The Paladins were polite and courteous. The effect of Fame applied strongly here as Morata was Weed’s territory and was the base for most of his adventures. Compared to other places far off, the effect of Fame was on another level.

Weed was escorted by the Paladin to the personal room of the Bishop within the church.

“Thanks to your leadership, Morata is growing daily.”

It was the first time meeting the Bishop.

“Not at all. It’s all thanks to the diligence of the villagers and the upstanding soldiers. I am fortunate by what little I could assist with.”

The humility was all lip service. After wetting his lips, Weed continued.

“I have visited many places as an adventurer that explores the unknown. Through this, I have something to report to the Church of Lugh.”

“Have you come to report a discovery? We welcome such reports. Where did the Lord return from?”

Weed could have reported this discovery at the Lord’s castle. But, to do so, Weed had to pay a compensation. Rather than paying money out of his own pocket, he decided to report the discovery at the Church of Lugh.

“I have returned from the land of Jigolaths, a land that has not been tread on by any man for long time.”

If he reported this to the Goddess of the Earth, Mine, he could have earned a bit more Contribution Points and Fame. But, through this the Church of Lugh in Morata would become bigger and so will the benefit for the city.

“Jigolaths? I find it difficult to believe that you have returned from a land that is only found in legends and fables.”

“Here, this is the stone I have brought back from Jigolaths.”

Weed brought forth a piece of hardened lava for the Bishop to see. After the Bishop used his Holy Magic to observe the piece, he nodded his head.

“The light of Lugh shines on places on this continent that man has yet to reach. This piece of rock is definitely from Jigolaths. Congratulations on returning successfully from adventuring to the unknown.”

DING!

You have reported the discovery of the island, Jigolath to the Church of Lugh.

The Church of Lugh’s primary interest is their sacred duty to bring righteousness to the Continent. While Jigolaths is not a great interest for them, by increasing their enthusiasm for adventure they will reward you handsomely.

Fame increased by 850.

Your Contribution Points with the Church of Lugh has increased by 192.

You can check your Contribution Points with Churches under the Religion tab.

Total Contribution Points with Church of Lugh: 315.

Weed, as Lord, earned small amount of Contribution with the Church just by having them in Morata. As the population became larger, the number of trained soldiers increased, the monsters in the vicinity subdued, quests completed, Weed earned small amount of Contribution Points. This

could be seen as a privilege of the Lord, but the Church of Lugh did not even pay for the land or pay any other taxes.

Even then as the churches provided Public Order, support of their Paladins, change of class and quest, every Lord thought of them to be important.

“And also, there are several other things I have discovered.”

Weed reported everything he discovered on his way to Jigolaths, the Sculptor’s Tower and the dungeons. He increased his Fame and Contribution Points by reporting about the mermaids, monsters and peculiar geographical features.

Faith increased by 9, Courage increased by 6, Strength and Agility increased by 2 each.

There were many other places he visited like Grapass, the Vampire Kingdom of Todeum, the River of Lamentation, but he only reported on Jigolaths. This was because the Church would use the information, dispatching their Paladins and giving quest to other players to reclaim the land.

“There is a new dungeon that appeared near the vicinity of Morata. The Church of Lugh has assessed the situation to be highly dangerous. We are planning to dispatch our Paladins to wipe out most of the monsters and I was wondering if I could have the cooperation of Morata’s soldiers in this operation.”

Use your authority as Lord to command the soldiers to cooperate with the Church of Lugh to raid the dungeon?

Knights and soldiers will be dispatched and a quest will be created.

“Of course.”

Weed even accepted their appeal. Morata’s soldiers were not properly trained or were on a level to be useful. Through this investment into military power, the soldiers would be re-equipped and raid monsters as well.

“Truthfully, there is a special reason for coming to the Church of Lugh.”

It was time for Weed to expose the most important reason of coming to the Church of Lugh. Weed’s lips trembled with tension. By returning the Sword of Lugh, he knew it will be difficult to find a better sword.

“Here, I have brought evidence of Lugh Church’s virtue and justice.”

From his backpack, Weed pulled out the Sword of Lugh and gave it to the Bishop.

Chapter 6: The Genesis of Sculpting

“I have come to deliver the sword and tell you about the bravery of the people who fought and bled to rid the world of Balkan.”

“Oh, the God Sword! Never could I have imagined for such item to be returned to the church!”

The Bishop accepted the Sword of Lugh.

“I have heard tales of Balkan’s defeat. Warrior, you have achieved a great feat for the peace of the Continent.”

You have returned the Sword of Lugh.

The Church of Lugh made tremendous sacrifices in order to stop the King of the Undead, Balkan Demoph. Balkan’s body was ultimately pierced by the God Sword, successfully sealing off the nearly unlimited magical power of the Lich. In the end, Balkan was defeated by a group of warriors and the sword has now been returned into the hands of the church.

Fame increased by 1,700.

Friendship with the Church of Lugh is now at 32.

Your Contribution Points with the Church of Lugh increased by 1,950.

You can check your Contribution Points with Churches under the Religion tab.

Total Contribution Points with the Church of Lugh: 2,573.

By upholding such sacred act, Faith increased by 13.

At this very moment, the Priests and Paladins who fought with Weed against the Undead Legion experienced a change. Their Faith and Contribution Points with the Church of Lugh increased significantly. Although majority of Morata’s population were believers of Freya, the Priests that fought against the Undead Legion were made up of many denominations.

For the Priests and Paladins from the Church of Lugh, their increase in

Faith was especially high. Even then, the increase of Faith to players from other denominations was not small either. Some Advanced Priests found their Faith increased by 30 and even Paladin's attack skill, which was based on Faith and Strength, increased slightly.

And of course, the Geomchis who played a vital role in the battle against the Undead Legion, had their Faith and Contribution also increased.

"Ara, Contribution Points increased."

"What's a Contribution Point?"

"Sa-hyung, could this be something bad?"

The Geomchis, who were gathered in Vargo Fortress eating meat, were bewildered by the message that suddenly popped up. In their midst, Geomchi127 who pretended to be educated, as he had a computer proficiency certificate, explained.

"If you have a lot of Contribution Points, you can go there and receive a free meal."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes. I saw this before somewhere. If your Contribution Points are high, you can use them to get items and free meals."

"Are you sure that a church would actually give meat?"

"I don't think they even have beer."

"Then this is completely useless, isn't it?"

Even though their Contribution Points rose, the Geomchis could not find any use for it. Truthfully, the Geomchis, by accepting a difficult quest, had increased their friendship with the NPCs and also had slightly raised their Achievements and Contribution Points.

"Geomchi3 Sa-hyung, what do we do with this Faith?"

"No. 8, does it help with battle?"

"No, not at all."

"Then, that's useless as well."

For Warrior like Geomchis, Faith actually did not help them much at all. Warriors could apply to become guards for a temple. They could be part of temple's subjugation force and fight monsters and receive quests. If Warriors had faith and were on a quest for the temple, in a very rare occasion a special blessing or a small miracle could happen. But overall, Faith was not important for them.

Faith could increase the resistance against curses, but like before, it was not by a large degree. Even for a Sculptor like Weed, he only gained a slight benefit from Faith while wearing parts of equipment or doing a religious quest. Unless the player was a Priest or a Paladin, Faith could not be used proactively.

"I got excited for nothing. Let's just eat."

"Yes, Sa-hyung."

Starting from the residents of Morata, the people of Northern Continent spoke concurrently.

"The hero that defeated Balkan has returned to Sword of Lugh to the church today."

"No matter how far and wide you search the continent, no one has undergone such amazing and mysterious adventures like the Lord of Morata."

"I heard he accomplished every duty assigned to him."

The Bishop continued to speak.

"Lord, this patronage to the Church of Lugh, this monumental achievement shall be recorded in our annals forever."

"I only followed what my conscience directed me to do. I do not know if this is the righteousness that people speak of, but I just could not turn a blind eye to Balkan, who believed might makes right. I did what I thought was right, without any thoughts of reward or glory."

In truth, it was all brazen hypocritical words, but the Bishop ate up

everything Weed told him.

“You have truly accomplished a great deed.”

Weed hoped there might be more, but nothing materialized. While he did play a critical role, many other players contributed to the quest as well, making it impossible for him to receive something exclusive for himself.

‘Looks like I need to be satisfied with the Contribution Points.’

But just the increase in Friendship with the Church of Lugh had a positive effect. Because Weed was the Lord of Morata, the Church of Lugh would dispatch greater number of Paladins and invest more into the city.

The Bishop passed his hands over the blackened spots on the sword.

“Unfortunately, the Sword of Lugh has been corrupted by Balkan’s magic.”

“I am truly sorry to hear that.”

“It’s not too late for us to lose hope. The divine power of the sword can be recovered in the land that dwells in calamity, Argoldia.”

Argoldia was one of the 10 Forbidden Regions on the Continent. It was a desolate landscape of where it was impossible for even a blade of grass to grow. The Church of Lugh maintained a sanctum there but the Magicians of Dark Wood released Chimeras and monsters, making the region uninhabitable.

“Brave adventurer, the Church of Lugh is planning to lead an expedition to this sanctum with its finest Paladins and Priests. Will you not join them and lead them in the right direction?”

DING!

Become a Guide to the Sanctum

The Bishop of the Church of Lugh plans to send an expedition to Argoldia to restore the power of the sword.

Will you not become the guide through the treacherous rocky mountain path to the sanctum?

Because you can command the ever faithful Paladins and Priests, you will be primarily responsible for the failure of the expedition.

Difficulty: S.

Quest Restriction: Those who have murderer status or evil alignment cannot receive the quest. Requires Faith stat.

If the quest fails Faith will decrease, Friendship with Church of Lugh will decline.

‘Just my luck it’s Argoldia...’

Jigolaths, Grapass, it felt like he had some kind of connection to the 10 Forbidden Regions. And on top of that, the extremely high difficulty rating!

“The door of suffering is opening automatically for me.”

Weed shook his head.

“Unfortunately, I have an appointed duty I must take care of and cannot spare the time for this.”

“Adventurer, restoring the God Sword is a crucial task!”

“If it’s the Paladins of the Church of Lugh, suppressing the monsters should not be a difficult task for them.”

Argoldia was vastly different compared to Grapass. It was located deeply within the mountain range in the Central Continent, with concentration of terrifying flying monsters. Although hunting was done once in awhile in Grapass, there was virtually no information on Argoldia.

Even then, if the Church sent its finest Paladins and Priest, an expedition to Argoldia was possible. It was only that Weed thought doing the Sculpting Master Quest or trying to find the last sculpting secret legacy as more important.

“But Adventurer, I have heard of your reputation. I know for a fact there is no one who puts their faith in others like you. Are you really thinking of rejecting the position as the guide?”

“More than my duty to the Church of Lugh, there is work I have to accomplish for the peace of the whole Versailles. I must accomplish this task first.”

“Well, if it’s like that.... then there is nothing I can do. It’s not a task I can enforce but if you have a change of heart, please come and talk to me.”

You have rejected the Quest.

Friendship with the Church of Lugh fallen by 7.

Your Contribution Points with Church of Lugh decreased by 149.

Faith decreased by 2.

After Weed rejected the Bishop’s proposal, a quest was created by the Church of Lugh.

Expedition to Argoldia

After the demise of Balkan, the Sword of Lugh pierced into his chest has been returned to the Church.

But the power of the sword has been corrupted by the Lich’s Dark Magic.

The Church of Lugh is looking for people to participate in the expedition lead personally by the Bishop with 80 Elite Paladins and 45 Elite Priests.

Those who are dependable will be presented a great mission by the Church of Lugh.

Difficulty: A

Quest Restriction: Those who have murderer status or evil alignment cannot receive the quest.

The difficulty decreased by a rank and the expedition to Argoldia was opened up to the players in Morata.

“Wow... it’s unbelievable.”

“Just imagine succeeding the quest.”

“This is like a real adventure. Not only that, it’s in one of 10 Forbidden Region, Argoldia.”

“This will definitely be covered by the news network.”

The players who started in Morata were envious as they could not participate in the expedition. Majority of them were still beginners so only players who had crossed over from the Central Continent could participate.

“Do you know any who accepted this quest?”

“Don’t know. But I heard the high level players who are in dungeons and hunting grounds are coming back in large numbers.”

“I just saw Spencer entering the Lugh Church to sign up for the expeditionary force.”

One of the most brilliant adventurer in Royal Road, Spencer! He was one of the first to come to Northern Continent. He based himself in Morata and also showed off his excavations once in awhile.

As the rumor of him accepting this quest was spread widely between the players, the number of knights and warriors accepting the quest exploded. The players could receive support from the Priests and even in the case the quest failed, the expedition would only deepen their connection to the Church of Lugh so there were quite a few players who thought positively about the quest.

Weed left the Church of Lugh and entered the Sculptor’s Guild in Morata.

On streets leading to the Bull Square, variety of Guilds were built based on the services that players required the most.

“I heard that Weed-nim returned today. Do you want to go have a look?”

“You can’t. We can’t delay our schedule on the exhibition of clay pieces for the coming festival.”

Other than the citywide, official festivals, there were many festivals planned by players themselves. The Merchant Association that held business on the different Squares hosted the festival on the appointed dates.

At these festivals, the Bards performed at the amphitheater and the players with Art classes held exhibition of their works. The cooks came out to the streets and sold food cheaply, with the favorite being the grass porridge boiled with beef.

Morata was a city with uncountable joys! The players weren't overburdened by heavy taxes. The city followed proper planning and just staying in the rapidly developing city was fun. Recently, fairies came to play in the city and pulled the player's attentions.

The players who had just begun Royal Road and haven't even left the city yet, experienced the fun that was to be had in the city. Because of this, later on when they had to choose a class, the beginners chose to become merchants or related art classes rather than classes related to battle or adventures that would take them out of the city.

"Whew. Looks like another all-nighter."

"Let's work hard and go for a beer afterwards."

"Sure. With deer barbeque on the side."

For the anniversary festival of the erection of the Goddess statue, the sculptors planned an exhibition by making clay sculptures of Weed. Even a single theme of Weed had variety of topics. Orc Karichwi, Undead and the Ice Troll that made a huge impact in the recent event in Rosenheim. As Bingryong and Wyvern were extremely popular sculptures, they were added to some of the works.

Conversation among the sculptors could be heard.

"Weed is kind of amazing."

"You mean a sculptor that can accomplish great adventures?"

"No, I mean look how much work there is for us. How does he make

most of his sculptures alone?”

“It’s Art. It’s because of his burning passion and focus for Art that allows him to do so.”

Weed was a master at doing menial work most efficiently! If it wasn’t for the discipline that was tempered by doing drudgery and sewing buttons in real life, most of his sculptures in Royal Road wouldn’t have been born.

There were sculptures of Weed in his human form as well, with its equipment having close resemblance to the real thing. While the minute details of Weed’s face weren’t known, the attire he wore could cause heat waves among the players.

“This isn’t well made. Looks like it’s a bit shorter than me.”

Weed passed by the sculptures nitpicking the details. But truthfully the sculptures were so tall that their head parts couldn’t even be seen.

“Ah?”

“No way.....”

Weed approached the instructor while he walked among the sculptures that were spitting images of himself.

“Isn’t that Weed-nim?”

“It’s Weed-nim! He must have some business with the Sculptor’s Guild.”

The sculptors who were queuing up for their turn opened up a path for Weed. It was like the Red Sea opening up a way for him.

‘According to the rumors, he’s quite eccentric.’

‘In the Continent of Magic you never knew when his temper would erupt.’

The power and authority of a Lord! If Weed truly was a good and kind person, he would have waited for his turn. But convenience was on the better part than discretion so he walked up to the instructor.

“Greetings to Weed-nim, establisher of the path for all sculptors.”

The instructor gave a respectful bow. Even this happened because it was

Morata.

Weed opened his mouth to speak out the promised phrase. It was a phrase written in the Sculptor's primer. It were the words that could only be spoken by a Sculptor who wanted to ascend to the top.

"I have made radiant sculptures. Now, I want to attempt a legend."

Forums that posted about Royal Road were soon swarming.

Thread: Weed is attempting the Sculptor's Master Quest.

The quest has been started at Morata Sculptor's Guild.

At once, comments began to steam in. In mere minutes, several thousands of replies were posted.

No way! Who could possibly be doing a class mastery? And on top, it's sculpting.

If it's Weed, it's possible.

Even the fast rising Horse riding skill is hard to master. But mastering the sculpting skill that's famous for it's devilish slow mastery? Are you playing Royal Road for the first time?

Horse riding is easy to level up? Did you at least manage to get to Advance level yet? At that level, you can skip through rivers on horseback and your horse rides like the wind.

Weed is making another miracle.

Is this for real? Is this a lie? A joke?

I just barely managed to raise my Sculpting Skill to Beginner level 5.... but this, seriously!?!

In the broadcast program on Royal Road, 'The Stories of Versailles Continent', had mentioned about class mastery once before. The program said the Class Master quest could lead the player to do something for the Continent and there were some connections between each Race's quest, but no one knew what direction it would take.

Unicorn Corporation, who were extremely reluctant to disclose any information about Royal Road, only revealed one additional information.

Whatever class it is, the very first Master Quest will be a bit more special. You will be able to earn great rewards and it will be slightly more difficult.

To do the very first Master Quest, players competed against each other to increase their skill level. But there were only a rare few that continued to play solely to increase their skill level. After a certain point of hiding their skills, the players either created guilds or entered one and then created a struggle for power.

Some died trying to increase their skill mastery by wandering battlefields or fighting and some gave up depressed after their skill mastery stopped to increase.

Representing anyones class by doing a Master Quest was a great glory, which lead the player to step into the unknown.

The Red Reef Forest.

A great commotion erupted among the bounty hunters and players of Hermes Guild who were preparing an ambush. They were the ones who were wondering and waiting for Weed to come.

‘To go somewhere completely different. Why did he go to Rosenheim Kingdom...?’

‘The only place he can go next is here. Weed will surely come here.’

‘He’s in Morata? His next destination must be here.’

Even a lover wouldn’t have waited this nervously.

The Red Reef Forest was a dangerous place and hunting monsters was also very difficult. They had waited a very long time for Weed and now he was going off on a Sculpting Mastery Quest?!? This meant it was truly hopeless to even predict when Weed would come here now.

“No!”

“Listen, let’s just go back to the Central Continent.”

“I should have never left home, this was a colossal waste of time and suffering.”

Most of the bounty hunters, frustrated by the setback, decided to go their separate ways. The players from Hermes Guild were also at a loss. They came here after being tasked by the Guild and could not return empty handed.

“Can’t he hurry up?”

“Is he coming or not? If he’s not coming, he should just say so!”

As Weed never made any definite promise of coming to the Red Reef Forest, they could not really argue about it.

Weed was slightly confident about doing the Sculpting Master Quest.

‘No matter what type of quest it is, there shouldn’t be any major problems.’

He was a jack of all trades, whether it was battle or adventure, he was confident he could succeed in whatever task Royal Road threw at him! He already collected 5 secret sculpting legacies, the Master Quest itself didn’t feel like it would be extremely difficult.

It was merely that his Sculpting Skill was stuck at Advance level 8, clearing the minimum level requirement to receive the quest. On the quest, he would need to focus everything on increasing his sculpting skill mastery.

“Then I will tell you the old legend that has been passed on between sculptors.”

The instructor began to speak. As this would become a personal quest, Weed opened his ears and the sculptors in the guild listened in, curious about the quest.

“It was before sculpting skill was developed as an art form, as culture. This was when the monsters covered the whole continent. No matter the

race, Human, Elves, Orcs, Dwarves or Barbarians, they were devoured by monsters.”

In front of Weed appeared a video only he could see.

It was even before Geihar Von Arpen unified the Continent. The gods created the Versailles Continent and soon after the various races began to appear. It was still an uncivilized era where Humans, Elves, Dwarves and Orcs had to unify their strength.

Humans stood guard against monsters, Elves cultivated crops and produced food and the Dwarves mined caves and sharpened stones for the Orcs to use as weapons. With the Orcs' fertility, Humans' leadership, Elves' green thumb and Dwarves' talent for creating items, the four races managed to survive. The four races lived in harmony within the cave and together they developed law and culture.

After the video ended, the instructor continued:

“It was said that at this moment, the very first sculpting skill was born. It's a difficult tale to believe, but this legend has been passed on by the long lived elves who have exceptional memory. I think, perhaps the Elven Elder Randelia might know more about the oldest sculpture ever created.”

DING!

The Genesis of Sculpting

The sculpting skill that was invented when the races just began to work with sands and stone.

As this is contrary to the history of the four races, investigate the truth about the very first sculpting technique.

Difficulty: Sculpting Master Quest.

Quest Restriction: Sculpting skill must be at Advance Level 8.

Must have friendly relation with the Elves.

If another sculptor did the Master Quest before him, Weed would have a reference to work with. Although Weed did not have any information to work with, he thought it was better to struggle rather than following a

guide written by other people.

“Then, I shall go meet her and find out.”

You have accepted the Quest.

Hermes Guild obtained information that Weed was on his way to meet the Elven Elder Randelia.

“Weed is attempting his Master Quest?”

The Hermes Guild had already conquered two-third of Kallamore Kingdom. It was a blitzkrieg that gave no chance for the other famous guilds to take advantage of. It was worthy of its name as the greatest Kingdom on the Continent.

Hermes Guild was trying to become an empire, but also leaving Weed alone to do his Master Quest rubbed them the wrong way.

“We have to stop Weed. We should dispatch troops immediately.”

“We must stop him at all cost, even if we have to turn the Elven village into wasteland.”

It was decided in a meeting between Lafaye and his close associates that Hermes Guild would send an attack force. The Elven Elder Randelia was known to live in a small village within the Forest of Life. They decided to stop Weed’s quest even if they had to attack the place.

“I give permission to kill all the elves if you must.”

In hindsight the Hermes Guild should have been a bit more patient. But right now they considered every method in order to stop Weed. They knew that public interest on the Sculpting Master Quest was high, but Hermes Guild did not even bat an eye on public opinion.

Immediately after leaving the Sculptor’s Guild, Weed met up with Yurin. He planned to travel directly to the Elven village or somewhere close by with the Picture Teleportation skill. Even after all this time Yurin’s level

was still at 80, but that was because she spent most of her time in Royal Road wandering around famous resorts and doing sightseeing.

“I’ve been to that village before as I heard they had the most delicious fruits. The village entrance is fine, right?”

“Yup.”

Yurin began to sketch the village from her memory. It was a sight to behold; her long hair let down with a charcoal pencil in her hand as she sketched the picture.

Even commonly beautiful celebrities had some flaws in their beauty. They could be short or their chest flat, fingers or legs could be thick, too. There were always one or two flaws in their beauty.

But at every angle or any view it was impossible to find a flaw within Seo Yoon’s beauty. Observing her silently for an hour would reveal another, newer aspect of her beauty. Even after all the sculptures of Seo Yoon he has carved, this aspect about her allowed Weed to attempt something new every time. Even Seo Yoon’s voice and the atmosphere around her was beautiful in and of itself!

Looking at his sister, Yurin did not lack of beauty.

‘It’s a shame that she is my sister.’

Excluding the poor situation at home, his sister could only be popular with the guys.

Weed spoke in a sober voice.

“You are coming home late these days.”

“I am studying late at the library.”

“Last month the cellular bill was a quite high.”

“I borrowed it to a friend for a bit and that’s what happened.”

Shashak

Yurin retorted while she was sketching

“Few days ago, I saw you putting make up before leaving.”

“I was curious how it felt with make up.”

“You were wearing a skirt yesterday...”

“It would be a waste not to wear what I have.”

Sha Sha Sha Sha Shak

Yurin’s sketching speed became even faster. While she did draw many pictures till now, it was the first time she drew this fast. But it couldn’t be helped because once Weed started lecturing, it would go on for an hour or two. The only way to avoid it was to draw as fast as possible and escape.....

The picture of the Elven village was completed in a blink of an eye.

“We are going now! Picture Teleportation!”

The moment Yurin activated her skill, the picture began rippling like water. The picture shook more violently as the distance increased.

Then, Yurin drew herself and Weed standing by the Elven village.

Chapter 7: The History of the Four Races

The Pavroa village was located on the outskirts of the Forest of Life. The village drew in many tourists for its famous fruits.

“It feels like we came here for a nature walk..”

“Honey, this place feels much better than our honeymoon resort.”

There were many couples holding their hands throughout the forest. Light filtering through the gaps on the towering treetops, small forest critters running about the forest floor, all contributed in creating a charming vacation spot.

Rabbits, deers and foxes roamed around, drinking from the stream close to the village. The animals did not flee even when people approached them. Dangerous beasts like lions or bears acted tamely to receive something to eat. Because this was the village of the elves, hunting of animals was prohibited. Some time had passed under this edict, so man and animals could live in harmony.

Suddenly at the entrance of Pavroa village, Weed and Yurin appeared in a wavering manner.

“Hmm, there are so many things to eat here.”

Weed concluded simply after seeing all the animals roaming about. Yurin nodded next to him.

“Oppa, there is so much we could eat here when we are hungry.”

“I already ate, but I am becoming hungry again.”

They only saw the animals as food. Ignoring their hunger, Weed and Yurin entered the Elven Village. In the village under the tree numerous Elves could be seen patrolling. There was a Elven weapon shop, a restaurant specializing in their famous fruits and even a guest house built atop a tree.

If he came to the village when he just started, Weed would have had a great interest in the weapon and armor shop, but now he went directly to

Randelia. Through his Blacksmithing Skill, Weed could use Elven weapons. But in truth, trying to find a good weapon in a store was next to impossible. Of course, there were rare items in the shop, but none of them were decent enough for Weed's level. Moreover, as this village was a popular travel destination, this place was a tourist trap!

“I have come here to learn about the oldest sculpture in existence.”

The Elven Elder Randelia was sitting at the village center by the pond. True to her Elven heritage, she had long hair with an appearance that belied her true age.

“Oh, I am visited by a human sculptor. I have heard of you, Lord of Morata. Of your fairness to the Elves, a great love for the arts and protecting the peace of the Continent through your adventures.”

Because of the various quests Weed accomplished, the Elven Elder Randelia was quite hospitable to his approach.

“Yes. My Path of Art has lead me here to obtain knowledge from the Elves.”

“The oldest sculpture, the creation of the very first sculpture is a tale passed on between the Elves. The humans, with their proficiency of record keeping, did not leave behind any history. The Orcs, with their short lives, could not tell its tale. The forgotten memories of the Dwarves, who live for their passion. There is no reliable evidence of this. Do you still wish to hear it?”

“Yes.”

“It was a time when the four races lived together in a cave. It was said that many sculptures were made then.”

Again, a video began to play in front of Weed.

It was the early days of the Continent, when monsters roamed around with impunity. The harvests of the four races were instantly pilfered. Without any recourse, they settled deeply in the cave, living their days in hiding.

The Dwarves with their prodigious abilities in burrowing the ground, created a network of caves to handle the monsters threat and the races continued to survive due to the Orcs. Who, as competent warriors, withstood the world filled with the violent, incommunicable monsters.

“Gyhaaa.”

It was a period before even the language of the humans began to take form. But, as the four races combined their strength, their number began to slowly increase and they learned how to fight against the monsters.

The Orcs were impressive soldiers, who did not back down against any monster. They saw it as their duty to sacrifice themselves for the continued survival of the Elves, Dwarves and Humans.

Eventually, they managed to leave their cave and establish a city close to a river. It was Versailles Continents’ very first city and it was called ‘Ratzeburg’.

You have acquired information on the origin of the Ancient Civilization of Versailles Continent.

Knowledge increased by 15.

‘Ratzeburg.....’

This was a story that was never recorded in the annals of the Versailles Continent, because records were only kept after the Kingdoms were established.

The image of Ratzburg was shown in front of Weed. Surrounding the city was a firm, wooden barricade created by the Dwarves. Inside the city, were houses made of mud and stone strewn about. Elves sometimes slept atop trees, and a vast difference in size could be seen just by glancing at the entrance of a Dwarf’s or an Orc’s house.

Flocks of birds could be seen flying above the wide plains that were filled with harvests and fruit trees, with the sparkling river that ran leisurely next to the city.

DING!

‘The Genesis of Sculpting’ has been completed.

The Elves had passed on a tale from generation to generation about the cooperation between the four races and the sculptures. Perhaps now you can assume some semblance of truth concerning the very first sculpting skill.

Quest Reward: You can receive your reward from the Elven Elder, Randelia.

While Weed completed his quest, he was not in the least happy. The Sculpting Master Quest did not simply end here, but continued on as a chain quest. The Elf Randelia continued to speak.

“Although our race is long lived, there is still a limit to oral tradition. Right now, the sculptures they spoke of, the location of the city that the four races lived in, are all unknown.”

“I assume so.”

The Continent was rife with the perpetual rise and fall of Human Kingdoms. The races migrated depending on the movement of the monsters, and even a dense forest could be changed into a great plain over time. The age of the Versailles Continent was 10 million years since its creation!

The birth of each race and the monsters were way after nature established itself, even then, it was still in the darkest, unrecorded part of history. Since then, tens of thousands of villages perished due to monsters and each race had migrated to their own secure territory. It were merely thousands of years since the current composition of the Continent was established.

“I believe only a sculptor, who can create from the impossible imagination, can find the location of Ratzeburg. You, the human sculptor, you who walks the resplendent Path of Art, will you not go and uncover, if us the Elves, have been speaking the truth about Ratzeburg?”

DING!

City of Ratzeburg

Purported to be the city where four races lived in harmony.

Presently, the city cannot be found anywhere.

Go and discover Ratzeburg!

Difficulty: Sculpting Master Quest

Quest Restriction:

Minimum Advance Level 8 Sculpting Skill

Requires Sculptural Memories Skill

Continuation of the Sculpting Master Quest!

Weed replied with confidence.

“Even I believe that Ratzburg existed. I shall go and discover more about the city where the four races lived in harmony.”

You have accepted the Quest.

And then, Weed glimpsed at Randelia speculatively. He was wondering what kind of reward he would receive for the quest.

‘It would be brilliant if it was an Elf Bow. It doesn’t have to be a bow, even an Elven item that raises elemental power is fine. Or even something with Affinity to Nature wouldn’t be bad.’

Any Elven item was considered valuable. The players who chose to play as Elves, rather than Humans, received a huge disadvantage due to this. There were only few Elven blacksmiths in each Elven village, and while hunting, very few Elven equipment dropped. And when it did drop, it was usually the basic equipment that were used by the beginner Elven players. This was why, great effort was required in acquiring Elven equipments. It was with that the Elves were good with basic physical abilities and were experts in Magic, Elemental Powers and Archery, so required light leather armor for mobility.

At last, the Elf Randelia opened her mouth again to speak and the reward for the first quest was.....!

“If you go to the house I live in, there are many fruit trees on my

backyard. It will be impossible for me to eat them all, so please take as many as you like.”

You can now harvest fruits from the tree in Randelia’s backyard.

"Huk!"

Weed’s expression turned gruesome. It was like going to a rich friend’s house and only receiving ramen! Without eggs even!

“Thank you. This is quite fortunate as I was craving for some fruits recently.”

“Then I pray that you will become a great sculptor. As us Elves do not have any more information about Ratzeburg, please feel free to quit this unreasonable task anytime you wish.”

You can give up this quest.

If you give up this quest, your friendship with Elf Randelia will drop and you will have to restart the Sculpting Master Quest from the beginning.

Rather than wasting time, unable to solve the quest, the game gave the option to give up at this point.

Weed went to Randelia’s backyard with Yurin.

There were apples, pears, oranges, figs, pomegranates, chestnuts, apricots, Jujube and Elven fruits. On the vast variety of trees, fruits could be seen hanging on it’s branches.

“Those look good.”

“Oppa, fruits are expensive these days.”

“That’s why we need to take everything, without leaving a single fruit behind.”

Compared to players who just took a small nibble for a taste before heading out for the next quest, they were different.

“Shake as hard as you can!”

They picked up every fruit that fell. As they laid down fabrics below the trees, they swept up the fruits into their backpacks without worrying about the fruits bruising. The two even filled up the extra backpack they carried around and soon, the trees Randelia was cultivating was bereft of even a single fruit.

Weed spoke as he took a bite out of a ripe apple .

“Then let’s head out to Ratzeburg now.”

As no clues has been given, the situation could only be described as hopeless. The chances were high that even asking the Elves or Dwarves would yield no results. But Weed watched the video on Ratzeburg. He could use that as the clue to find the location.

“The last thing that would change due to time, is the river and the rock types.”

He saw clearly the types of rocks used as materials for the houses. With his sculpting skill, Weed had experience in carving all types of rocks throughout the Continent.

“Well, I can approximate the scope of the location at least.”

Rocks and river, birds and a wide plain, putting these variables into his calculation, Weed could approximate the location more precisely.

“I need to calculate a bit more for a pinpoint location....”

He needed to gather more information to process everything. As Weed hesitated, unable to pinpoint his next destination, Yurin spoke.

“Then should we return to Morata?”

“Not really, we came from Morata so... Let’s go to Vargo Fortress. Pale, Master and Sahyung are there eating together so let’s visit them.”

“Okay, then I will start drawing.”

Shasak

Vargo Fortress was drawn with precision and beauty. With the Fortress changing and developed rapidly, there was no need to draw it precisely to

its present shape. It was as if Yurin was flaunting her skill, built on the experience of countless drawings, as she was sketching a first-rate picture.

“But didn’t you say you were studying at the library a few days ago? I tried to deliver your lunch box, but I couldn’t see you there.”

Shashashasak

Yurin’s sketching speed increased once again.

Petrov became a celebrity within Vargo Fortress, where almost everyone in the vicinity recognized him.

He was known as the Painter, whose paintings were only second to reality and could confuse monsters. While he was not widely known, it was only a matter of time till he would be known as the greatest Painter on the Continent. His fame was to the extent that there were tv coverages of his paintings, with masterpieces plastered on various walls and buildings.

“This new building we are trying to construct... we want to draw a painting on it’s side, do you have the time?”

“Hmm, with the current placement, I don’t believe my painting will make it look better..”

“Then please let us hear your opinion. We will adapt our plans immediately.”

The planners working on the restoration of Vargo Fortress eagerly sought out Petrov’s paintings.

Petrov was the Painter that was rising like the morning star.

Vargo Fortress Influence

Lord Weed: 43,198.

Aqualight Painter Petrov: 3,239.

Petrov’s aim to surpass Weed’s influence in Vargo Fortress was still very far off. Weed had gone through a fierce war against the Undead Legion to

recover the region, and commanded extremely loyal residents and soldiers. To surpass and take over territory in a short period of time from the current Lord was by no means an easy feat. It did not help that there were only few residents in Vargo Fortress that enjoyed arts and culture, slowing the rise of his influence even further.

“If it was easy, it wouldn’t be fun. But in the end, my will will be done.”

But as Petrov’s painting covered important parts of Vargo Fortress, that day would come. Even now it sent a shiver of delight that the Painter Petrov, not the Sculptor Weed, was spoken of first when the players of Vargo Fortress spoke of art.

“Eat as much as you want.”

“Wof Wof!”

He gave food, clothing and even bought houses for the Sculptural Lifeforms. The watchdog of Hades, the great Cerberus, wagged its tail like a cute puppy whenever it stood before Petrov. Even the Fairies that played around in Vargo Fortress came to praise his skill.

- You draw really well!

- Can you see me? Gyaaru.

- Draw me! Draw me! Quickly!

The Fairies would sit on his shoulders or mischievously pull on his hat.

“Truly my skills work anywhere. Well, it’s a sure thing, so there really isn’t anything to be especially happy about.”

Nothing could impede Petrov’s progress in Vargo Fortress.

The Fairies responded positively to his drawings of them. With their ability to manipulate space, the Fairies surprised him by entering his painting and played hide and seek. The high level players even queued up to commission a painting from him. When he revealed the next location of his painting, thousands came to watch. He reigned as a Painter, controlling the crowd.

Right at the moment when Petrov was becoming elated with his success,

some people approached him, asking for a drawing. It were three tough looking guys.

“I heard you draw well, I will give you 20 gold so won't you draw the three of us?”

Petrov was about to scoff at them.

‘Who would so brazenly approach me and demand to draw them a portrait?’

And they were offering a paltry 20 gold! These three must have heard the rumors wrong. For a novice Painter, this would have been a great commission. But for Petrov, it was several hundreds of gold too short for him to accept.

It was just a moment before Petrov was about to rebuke them for speaking such preposterous nonsense and chase them away...

“Geomchi 3 Hyung-nim, did you hear that one of our lads nabbed a guy?”

“Of course. Didn't the new guy get 3 ribs broken and 2 teeth knocked out in that fight?”

Petrov immediately stopped what he was about to say and momentarily reassessed the situation. Thought rose unbidden in his mind that this was some kind of conversation between gangsters.

“That kid just can't contain his temper.”

“I only heard the basics. But when a man starts lifting his hand, he can't leave it half finished! You should have made sure to finish him properly.”

“I understand what you're saying. I sincerely apologize for this lapse of education on the boys. We should have completely shattered both his legs and left the guy to crawl.”

The Geomchis were talking about the new trainee in their dojo. The trainee had come across a rapist and before anything could happen, fought the armed rapist and prevented an incident.

“He should at least have broken both of that bastards arms, he's not

even scuffed up!”

“Yes, he should have shattered the chin so the bastard can’t swallow soup.”

“Teach the boys properly. Doing it roughly won’t do.”

“I swear it.”

“When you need to step into such situations, you must not think of your opponent as a human. Just think it’s a talking animal. Don’t mind the jabbering, you need to beat him down until he’s on his knees begging for you to end it.”

“I will make sure this mistake doesn’t happen again.”

As this wasn’t a socially polite conversation, Geomchi3, Geomchi4 and Geomchi5 talked softly amongst themselves. But Petrov, who was curious about their muttering, eavesdropped on the whole conversation.

“Ah! Painter! Are you perhaps busy right now?”

“No, not at all. I am free right now.”

“If 20 gold is too small, we can give you more.”

“No, no. It’s enough. I shall start on the portrait immediately.”

Petrov stopped his work on the mural and started on the commission for the Geomchis.

Weed and Yurin appeared together on top of the Central Tower. The vista over Vargo Fortress could be seen from the top. Down below, the repair works on the destroyed buildings caused by the battle were at its peak, the walls were being built thicker and higher. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say the whole fortress was one gigantic construction site.

“My precious money...”

As Weed saw that Vargo Fortress was starting to enhance the overall vast scenery with the flat slope of the mountain base nearby, he was overcome by the sudden inexplicable feeling of the loss of his precious

taxes. There were plenty of tragedies in movies, novels, poems and dramas, but the greatest tragedy of all was pouring money down the drain.

Just thinking about the money invested into the repair of Vargo Fortress could make him cry like a baby! But still, looking at Vargo Fortress following similar development as Morata was not so bad. Currently, it was shaping up to be a romantic Fortress city and players flocked to the region expecting the place to be completed soon. At the gates the thumping of footsteps could be heard, as players gathered party members and departed for the unknown settlement.

- The Lord has returned, 'Gyaruu'.

- What was he doing?

- Troll, Troll! I was with him in Rosenheim Kingdom.

The Fairies that hid within Weed's collar came out occasionally. The Fairies surrounded him and engaged in endless chatter and mischief. When Yurin lifted her finger, several Fairies came to sit or cling on it and played around.

"First, let's look for the Sahyungs."

Weed and Yurin went to the place the Geomchis were having a meal. The Geomchis were underneath the shade of a building that had yet to be repaired, preparing their food.

"I am going to have a proper meal thanks to the humans."

"Thank you for the food. But it would be nice to have beer to wash it all down."

There were Dwarves and Barbarians with the Geomchis. The Dwarves and Barbarians of Vargo Fortress found a kindred spirit in the Geomchis.

The Geomchis and Barbarians moved from comparing their strength and bulk, to hunting together to becoming fast friends.

"There is a really hard monster to kill..."

"Let jump to it and cut it into pieces."

“The warriors who can clear that dungeon will receive the recognition and respect of our village! This will become a point of great fame for the humans.”

“Dungeons are nothing. Let’s go!”

The Geomchis and the Barbarians hit it off extremely well.

Drinking beer with the Dwarves, the Geomchis became amiable with them. The Geomchis were able to acquire weapons and armors, increasing their friendship with them to the point of becoming drinking buddies.

Since the inception of Dwarves and Barbarians in Vargo Fortress, their number had increased greatly. And so the meal was prepared in a somber atmosphere, because excluding Surka, Irene, Romuna, Maylon and Hwaryeong, there were close to 800 males. It was at this moment that Weed and Yurin came.

“What! Sayhungs! How can you eat like you are at a funeral?”

“Weed!”

“I will prepare for you a magnificent feast.”

Weed’s master was there, and to repay for the toil they had to suffer fighting the Undead Legion, he decided to take over the whole preparation of the meals.

“I won’t spare anything as this is food for the Sahyungs.”

Staple foods in Vargo Fortress weren’t plentiful as all of it was imported from Morata. But within the current company were the Barbarians who had brought back over 4 thousand kilograms of various meat from their hunt.

“At the most, with this amount, every person will only be able to eat 5 kilograms of meat. Running out of meat during the feast won’t do.”

While the ordinary person would be satisfied after eating 1 kg, the Geomchis were gluttons who eat till they are almost at death's door. Mindless with their food, and also mindless with their fights, that was the Sahyungs. And on top of this, eating meat with the cool breeze gently

blowing in their outdoor setting made them even hungrier than usual.

“I will need to use my authority as Lord.”

In Vargo Fortress, many residents were part of the repair works. One way or another, as he had to provide food for the workers, he decided to willingly go all in.

“Region Information Window!”

Vargo Fortress

A region that was once part of the Niflheim Empire.

Just recently King of the Undead, Balkan Demoph, and the Undead Legion were stationed in this Fortress. Through the endless tide of monsters attacking the Fortress, there is a high chance that this fortress will be destroyed. Under the miraculous leadership of Lord Weed, restoration of the Fortress is underway in this hopeless situation.

Military Forces: 432

Economic Power: 268

Culture: 192

Technology: 71

Religious Influence: 67

Regional Politics: 7

Influence on Nearby Areas: 11%

Influence from the past Niflheim Empire: 2.9%

(Influence deeply relates to the military, economics, culture, technology, religion, population and quests)

City Development Rate: 33

Hygiene: 24

Public Order: 41%

Many residents from Morata and other parts of the Northern Continent migrated here, believing in the ability of the Lord.

Through the dedicated and outstanding builders, the castle, residences, roads and the wall are being constructed and repaired. A large scale repair is under progress, collapsed parts of the Fortress are by large being repaired.

This region still has many dangers in store. Through the repeated monster assaults, the soldiers' real battle experience is rising quickly. They are especially adept at firing arrows.

The security situation outside the fortress is grave, the residents cannot start any economic activities. They want to start farming, mining and breeding livestock. But they are satisfied about the rapid improvement of their lifestyle as the facilities within the Fortress are being restored. While the residents are uneasy about the monsters wandering outside, they feel slightly secure within the strong fortress.

There are Fairies abound, and bustling trade with the Elves, Dwarves and Barbarians. Most of the taxes of Vargo Fortress are collected from trade. The buildings, culture and artwork provide some comfort on this barren land.

The regions religion is dominated by the Church of Freya. The resident's faith are steadfast, they want a church built for their religious activities.

Specialties: None.

Total Population of the Fortress: 6,892

Monthly Tax Income: 24,978 Gold.

Fortress Operating Expenses: Military 47%. Repair Work 34%, Quests and Monster Suppression 19%.

The current situation was incomparable to Morata. With the current development rate of Morata, its economic growth of a few days was similar to the whole economic activity taking place in Vargo Fortress. But if the bustling trade with the other races was taken into account, with the extremely difficult hunting grounds scattered within the vicinity of the Fortress, the economic potential of Vargo Fortress was enormous. If only the Public Order was set straight, the overpopulated Morata would've lots

of migrants to Vargo Fortress and development would explode.

Weed thought that ruling over two territories rather than one was much better.

‘That’s how I gather more taxes.’

If Vargo Fortress was considered as a preparation period, the current speed of its repair was at an unbelievable pace. After the battle with the Undead Legion was concluded, it was rare to find a serviceable building. The walls were at a state where it couldn’t even prevent a starving wolf from entering, but now the Fortress was becoming close to impregnable.

“Lord’s Command!”

Use your authority as Lord to command the residents.

Forcible commands can reduce the resident’s loyalty and could destabilize the Public Order.

“Release the meat from the stores in the Lord’s castle and let them eat as much as they want.”

In Vargo Fortress, relevant buildings like granaries in Morata were prioritized for construction.

Are you sure you want to release the stockpile of meat in the storehouse to the residents?

“Let’s just eat already.”

Following the Lord’s command, the meats are being distributed.

The doors to the food storehouse were opened, and the residents took as much meat as they wanted. As there was a lot of game in the area, there was quite a huge stockpile of meat.

Weed built up a 20 meter tall meat tower. For any ordinary people, this amount would make them sick and tired of meat, but it had the different effect of whetting the Geomchis appetite.

“Let’s barbeque and eat everything!”

“Uwaah!”

“As expected of Weed.”

“The human Lord of Vargo Fortress is quite generous.”

Only by showing off his generosity would the people express their gratitude.

Irene came and asked him.

“Um, excuse me... If all the meat from the storehouse is finished, what will they eat tomorrow?”

“Well, you know what they say, ‘never put off to tomorrow what you must do today.’”

“What?”

“Moral of the saying is that, we should think of tomorrow’s work, tomorrow.”

“.....”

Weed interpreted the saying however he wanted to. Regardless, a meat party erupted in Vargo Fortress. The merchants doing business stopped to roast some meat, the players who were about to depart for an adventure gathered in groups of two and three and started fires. Nowhere else other than Vargo Fortress, would the sight of ten thousand players all roasting and eating meat be seen.

Weed was quickly cooking up stew and other dishes that complemented well with meat. Cooking that filled up the whole wide table for 10! As many varieties of food covered the table, the players all began to think respectively.

‘With his high Cooking Skill, just the aroma is making me drool.’

‘I need to get married to a guy who's good at cooking. Someone like Weed-nim, who would always prepare breakfast, would be perfect.’

‘He can cook so many dishes so quickly.’

As the main course, the meat was still being cooked. No one had sampled the other dishes yet. While the masters and the trainees fidgeted

a little, Geomchi had yet to touch his food and was sitting on his chair like the elder he was and waited calmly for it to be done.

Weed was cooking massive amounts at once so that it could be placed and shared on each table, with that, his preparations were extremely quick. Fruits and japchae, even the fish that Zephyr brought were prepared and placed on the table.

Seeing the abundant foods placed on the table, one would have the feeling they could eat until their stomach bursts. Even the players who came to see Weed began to drool at the sight. Once the table was brimming with food, the meat was cooked and added to the table, too.

CRAACK!

The table could not withstand the weight and with a great sound, its four legs buckled and broke. It was because Weed had weakened the table before hand by cutting it slightly. Nothing whet one's appetite like the table breaking before a meal!

Geomchis lifted their forks.

“Let's eat!”

“Dig in!”

A meat party began in Vargo Fortress.

Chapter 8: The Location of Ratzeburg

In the middle of his painting, Petrov learned that Weed has returned.

“Finally, my fated enemy has returned.”

In his time painting in Vargo Fortress, Petrov was coming to like the place. Compared to other regions, Vargo Fortress had many high level players and just past its gates were the sights of a great prairie. The number of players and residents grew rapidly and as time passed, the place began to gain a presence of oldness and ancientness about it. Petrov thought, he wouldn't mind being the Lord and a Painter in this place.

“I just heard the Lord is hosting a meat party!”

“Really?”

“He opened up the storehouse for everyone to take meat for free. You can eat as much as you want! And if you go to where the Lord is right now, they said that he will cook the meat for you personally!”

“Then what are you waiting for?!?”

Just the simple arrival of Weed caused a ruckus greater than when an army of monsters was attacking Vargo Fortress. Players were on a wild spree as they grabbed meat from the storehouse. While the players did not take to much as it would become a burden, they also could not refuse what has been given to them by Lord Weed.

“Khya! The experience of eating rich boar meat is amazing every time!”

“Yeah! I think the quality of the meat is higher because the game are so healthy, running around the mountain.”

Gulp.

Petrov, who was painting a ceiling mural, unconsciously swallowed his saliva.

“I can't bear it anymore. Should I just eat first and continue then?”

He did not want to be in Weed's debt. But he would be challenging Weed soon... and wasn't getting to know the competition important?

‘Let me just have a taste.’

Petrov walked to where they said Weed was roasting the meat personally.

At the place, there was already a long line of players and residents waiting eagerly for just a morsel of food.

“Do you think we will have a chance to eat it today?”

“The line is shrinking fast so... I think in an hour’s time we will get a chance to eat.”

Petrov gave a huge sigh and queued up at the back. He would have to wait a long time, but seeing how so many people were lining up, he couldn’t help but wonder how the meat would taste.

Without him noticing their approach, the Sculpture Lifeforms also dropped in. Trays were brought outside the Fortress for the Lifeforms that were too large, but at this place was the Cerberus alongside the Knight Serbil Prestin, who were already receiving meat from Weed.

“Wof! Wof!”

Seemingly taken by the taste of the meat, Cerberus wagged its tail and when that didn’t work, it rolled on the floor begging for more. It was intimacy that Petrov never saw from the Cerberus before.

“The taste of the meat is phenomenal. I think that Weed-nim’s cooking skill is better than my swordsmanship.”

Even the Knight Serbil Prestin seemed to have a heightened respect for Weed. With his exceptional control over the fire, the meat Weed roasted was still rich and juicy, with just a dash of garlic salt.

All the effort Petrov put in to earn the hearts and minds of the Sculpture Lifeforms was washed down the drain.

‘No, no. Everything is still alright. If I put in more time later, I will get another chance.’

As he was waiting in line with such a conundrum, he listened to the chattering of the people around him.

“Lord Weed seems popular with the ladies.”

“Yeah, they are also really beautiful.”

The line had shrunk and where Petrov was standing, he could see Weed. Weed had summoned the Fire Elemental, Hwadori, to roast the meat en masse. His motion of sprinkling pepper and salt, carving the meat was fast and natural.

“Cough! Can’t be that beau... beautiful?”

At that moment, Petrov caught sight of Hwaryeong. She was a seldom seen beauty that was sticking right next to Weed and helping him cook. Her face seemed aglow from the blaze of the fire.

‘How could such a beauty be next to someone like him?’

This just threw more fuel on Petrov’s hatred for Weed.

And right at that moment! Petrov saw Weed picking a portion of meat and putting it into a woman’s mouth. A woman Petrov could never forget about, Yurin whom he had met at St. George Castle was eating meat cooked by Weed. The time the two had spent was short but she had left a fiery impression in his heart

‘It’s Yurin.’

Seeing how Yurin was giving such an affectionate smile to Weed pierced his heart. Petrov wanted to dearly meet her again, but not like this, when he was waiting in line to get some meat.

‘I should man up, turn around and leave Vargo Fortress completely.’

Petrov wanted to bury everything and leave. But the reason his feet wouldn’t let him was that he knew, the image of Yurin sticking next to Weed would be forever ingrained in his mind. With his mind perturbed by the event, chattering seeped into his ears.

“Who is that woman?”

“I heard she was a painter.....”

“Don’t you know? She’s Weed’s younger sister. She was with him when

he was adventuring at the Vampire Kingdom.”

“She’s really cute. I wouldn’t mind having her as my girlfriend.....”

“If Weed becomes your brother-in-law, I am sure opportunities would just open up.”

Petrov’s half turned motion stopped and he turned straight in the line again.

“So she was his sister...”

He finally understood the graffiti Yurin drew on St. George Castle.

The cost of all the food and drinks the Geomchis consumed was paid for by Weed.

“Uuuuh.”

“I, I think I am going to die, my stomach is going to burst.”

Through their gluttonous eating, their health actually fell drastically. But even then, they cheered when fresh meat was brought for them.

“Meat!”

“It’s rib stew.”

“It’s rib stew that has been flavored with herbs.”

Weed continuously provided food and the Geomchis couldn’t refuse it without being seen as impolite. It was a situation where all the 504 people could die due to overeating!

‘A Cook is a dangerous profession.’

‘I never knew people who didn’t even know the meaning of tiredness when they were fighting the Bone Dragon could be defeated like this....’

Even just looking at meat made the rational minds like Pale and Zephyr sick and tired of it. They couldn’t help but be amazed that the Geomchis could continue to gulp it down and clear their dishes. Just at the moment when the tower of meat was almost finished, the Barbarians returned from

their hunt and stacked up another higher tower of meat with fresh game.

“Meat!”

“Wa!”

The other players sat near the Geomchis and ate.

“Let’s eat!”

“Look at you director Kim!”

“Don’t overburden us. We want to leave work early!”

“We need rest on weekends. Forget humans, even machines would break!”

“Exams, work, qualifications, exam, work, qualifications. Rwaaar! I can’t handle it!”

Through their voracious gorging, the players relieved their stress they built up in real life.

- Let’s eat as much as we can.

- The meat Weed-nim roasted is the best!

The Fairies flew around, tearing into their meat. They were so gluttonous that some of the Fairies couldn’t even fly anymore, no matter how much they flapped their wings.

When night was about to settle, several bonfires were started and the Geomchis huddled around them. They were roasting chitterlings for a last meal. Then Geomchi spoke:

“There seem to be many enemies targeting Weed these days.”

Geomchi3 replied:

“I saw on the news that Hermet or something is trying to kill him.”

Geomchi4 and Geomchi 5 put in their own observation:

“I heard those bastards were no good at all. They are vicious and greedy lots.”

“They are apparently the strongest bastards in Versailles Continent. No

one can seem to stand up to those bastards.”

The Trainees were quiet and listened attentively. Geomchi was setting the mood of the talks and their masters were talking in a serious tone. It was not a conversation any Trainee could just jump in.

Geomchi nodded his head.

“There is no absolute need for us to step into our youngest’s fight. He probably has ideas already.”

Weed, of course, had countermeasures against Hermes Guild’s plots. The Hermes Guild had yet to conquer the whole Continent and he would resist until the end. At present, Weed could use the Sculpture Transformation to sneak around so his main priority was to find the last of the secret Sculpture legacies and finish the Mastery Quest. Even after all that, if he couldn’t escape the clutches of Hermes Guild... he would play the bedfellow.

Geomchi was of the same thought:

“Correct. Our youngest must have an idea so leave him to his own devices..... But, I, as a Master, cannot bear to see our youngest fighting alone like this.”

Geomchi, hurriedly corrected his thoughts in the middle.

“I am sure if we leave him to his own devices, he will perform exceptionally. But us, as Sahyungs, we must help. You spoke correctly.”

Geomchi lifted his head and looked to the night sky filled with stars.

“This Versailles Continent is truly a mysterious place. But also filled with freedom. I have learned the way of the sword my whole life, but even I could have never imagined a day would come when I had such freedom to explore.”

“.....”

The Trainees and the Master could all sympathized with Geomchi’s words. Even if they had trained their body and mind to the extreme, it had little practical use in reality. There were all sorts of complicated variables

like stats, levels, skill mastery and such, but Versailles Continent was a place where they could live with their swords in their hands. They could fight against strong enemies, have adventures and meet new colleagues. This was a world all men dreamed of.

“If a man is strong, I believe he has the right to conquer the Continent. But one thing I cannot stand is them, gathering these weak, vulgar bastards to tyrannize the Continent.”

“We are of the same mind.”

Geomchi gave them a big smile.

“We had plenty of fun at this place, right?”

“Yes.”

“We enjoyed our time.”

The Geomchis weren't ordered by anyone to defeat monsters and train their swordsmanship, it was something they did by their own motivation. Sometimes, they did crazy things and enjoyed the full measure of freedom given by Versailles Continent.

“I think, it's time to become strong. Strong so that no matter what kind of gales blows against us we will not fall. Let us test if an individual's strength, not the strength of a group, can change the world.

The ability to resist a storm came from strength. Geomchi and the Trainees swore in their heart to increase their levels according to the framework of Royal Road and become strong.

Ratzeburg.

Lee Hyun was on his computer searching for the city, but it was not a name that had been mentioned once in any forums related to Royal Road. Rather, it was like a dam had burst and the forums were awashed with players trying to join Hermes Guild or organize an opposition against the Embinyu Church.

“It's most likely that I will be the first person to discover the city.”

If he searches the whole Continent resolutely, he might just be able to find it. He would have to deduce the location and reduce the search area.

“Fortunately, it’s nowhere close to the polar regions.”

Using nature for his inference, it would not be anywhere tropical, desert or glacial regions.

“An area in which the four races lived together before they dispersed... The probability of it being an island is low.”

He might have to explore those moderately large islands, but that would only be after not finding the city on the Continent.

“A place with a wide river and a plain.”

Lee Hyun got a map of the Versailles Continent and began to search. Places that had not been explored fully were still clouded by fog of war and the information had to be taken with a grain of salt.

“It has to be a geological area that is flat enough for the four races to establish a great city.”

Even with this much, the number of regions he had to search reduced considerably. While forests could grow, it was impossible for a large mountain to be built.

“They built their houses out of stone. I am sure they had methods to build their houses out of sand or wood... Wait, maybe the Elves rejected such methods? No, no, the important point was that there were stones nearby for them to build their houses in such ways. There would have to be a ready deposit of the maroon stones they could mine for their houses.....”

As Lee Hyun dissected further, the Free Cities of Britten Union and the Ritten Kingdom had many such geographical features.

“If I take into consideration the migration of birds and the regional flowers and trees... the chances are high the city is in one of these Kingdoms.”

It was closer to the south from the centerpoint of the Continent, but not

by a large margin. The land there was quite fertile, and there weren't so many monsters roaming its plains. The extensive region also had 24 great rivers flowing in between the Kingdom and the Free Cities. Using his talent for stones and based on the geographical data, he managed to reduce the number to 130 possible locations near the river basin.

“It's not so easy trying to find a city that existed in Versailles Continent several thousand years ago.”

Just the detailed analysis of the map took three days. Even then, he still had to search the possible locations manually.

“I should look through the tourists photos.”

When a player explored a new area or visited famous places, they captured the scene and uploaded it onto the internet. Lee Hyun could just search for the places he wanted and most of them popped up.

“This is not remotely similar. Even if you count on the fact that trees and grasses grew over the period of time... the flow of the river and the direction the sun is setting is all wrong. The plains are filled with rocks and it would be impossible to grow crops there. It must be a place where, when the wind blows, the crops give off a brilliant golden hue.”

The land he searched had no trace of any agricultural activities.

Lee Hyun even joined groups to view the photos in Royal Road.

-The farmer's dream in Royal Road. The Royal Farmer.

-From the seed to harvest. Farmer's Guild.

-Looking at a well cultivated flower brings joy to the heart. Honey and Butterflies.

-Invest in land speculation. Become rich without doing any work. The Land Merchant Guild.

It was groups with interests in land. He used the photos uploaded onto these groups, and any places that couldn't be confirmed as Ratzeburg with certainty, he discarded them without remorse.

“Huk, deductive reasoning is not easy. It's not an easy job at all.”

Checking every photo one by one was difficult, but it was a much better alternative than going there personally to investigate. After sifting through and deducing for two days, the number of places that were left was down to 68.

“The city must be at one of these locations. It’s a puzzle game now. A game that will require all my brain power.”

From the 68 places, 42 locations had human villages or cities. Lee Hyun shifted his thinking. Ratzeburg should be in a region where it would be suited for all the races to live in. A place where the river twisted like a snake, a geographical area that could be easily defended from monsters.

“If I would ever build a house to live in then.....”

Deducing the place by imagining where he would actually want to live in! There was no need to think of the price of land back then, so he could choose any location he wanted.

“I should look for the best place possible.”

To Lee Hyun, the Albas region seemed preferable. There was a wide, fertile plain and at the area that looked perfect for a village, it was surrounded by a large river that protected the area from three sides against the monsters. On top of that, beyond the plain a rocky mountain that could be seen jutting out in the landscape.

“If you stationed a contingents of Orcs here, you could fight quite efficiently. Because no matter what happens, the granary cannot be raided.”

It looked like a fairly easy place to defend when the monsters came to raid the granaries, and there was an abundance of maroon stones in the vicinity. The other five locations weren’t so bad and all were habitable lands.

“It’s fairly certain that the city will be in one of these locations....”

Lee Hyun fell into deep, mental agony. The 6 locations were all very far from each other, and to visit each place one by one would take a considerable amount of time. The possible locations of Ratzeburg he

scouted out in Ritten Kingdom and the Britten Union had cities built on top.

“I should visit the Albas region first. It will be difficult to navigate back, but I might get lucky and find it on my first try.”

He finally made his decision after pondering for so long. In his pondering, he still attended University, and in Royal Road he stayed in Vargo Fortress plodding away at sculptures to raise his skill mastery.

“Oppa, you are still awake?”

In the middle of the night, the door to his sister’s room opened and Lee Hye Yeon walked into the living room, still wearing her pyjamas.

“Yeah. I have many things to think about right now.”

Taking out milk from the fridge, Lee Hye Yeon asked as she began to drink.

“What’s the problem?”

“It’s that I received a quest to find the very first city in Versailles Continent.”

Lee Hyun explained to her the whole story in detail. The information and resources he printed out from the computer were equivalent to three volumes of a thick book. He had also brought a glass blackboard from somewhere and it was filled with scribbles and sticky notes here and there. It was like Lee Hyun had recreated a scene from a drama to find the location of Ratzeburg.

“And this is the video I saw of the city. Using the video, I gathered all these materials to pinpoint the possible location of the city.”

Lee Hyun spoke in a low, subdued voice. He had perfectly captured the mood of an older brother that wished for his younger sister to realize how smart he was all over again.

“Ah! So this picture is the image of the city?”

“Right.”

With Lee Hyun's drawing skills, he drew frogs into dinosaurs, worms into rivers, and ants into transforming robots. But from the video, and using the various photos of Royal Road he had made an accurate topographical map.

"Isn't this Boronis in Aidern Kingdom?"

"What? No, it's probably among the Free City in Albas region."

"No Oppa. I went there once to look at the Butterfly festival they held."

Yurin moved around the computer mouse and the video of Boronis popped up on the screen.

"Look here. It's this place."

It was exactly like Lee Hyun saw on the video back then. The river that twisted like a snake, and a wide plain with birds and flowering trees... it was as if all of it was untouched by time. Even if the river course changed slightly, the mountain range that could be seen far away was exactly the same.

"Look, there is the Olgoro plateau and the Great Plain of Iles, Oppa?"

"....."

Glaring at the monitor, no matter how much he scrutinized to find a flaw in the video the resemblance to Ratzeburg was uncanny.

"Hmph! Then, we will make a small detour before heading to the Albas region."

Chapter 9: Discovery of the First City

The First City, Ratzeburg, was supposedly where the Four Races settled and lived peacefully. Weed had come to Boronis to find it, and as Yurin had visited this place for a festival before, they could simply use the Picture Teleportation skill to get there.

‘There is quite a lot of people here.’

Weed climbed the Olgoro plateau and looked at the surroundings. Above, the birds flew in flocks and below, travelers and tourists could be easily seen.

Fish were just biting on the fishing pole as soon as he cast it into the vast Tinus River.

“It’s a big one!”

“Oppa, how many did you catch now?”

“I think a bit over 20!”

It was a rich and abundant river that was half water, half fish! A river that fishermen crowded over frantically.

On the great fertile plains of Iles in Aidern Kingdom, all kinds of crops were cultivated to feed its people. Having developed their economy and industry early on, Aidern Kingdom had built the Boronis Castle in this place. But 200 years later, they built a greater and grander castle further back on the Olgoro plateau and relocated there.

In present times, Boronis Castle was an abandoned castle converted to house tourist.

“I am sure Ratzeburg is located somewhere around here.”

Weed followed along the riverside. He wondered if their motive was to defend against monster attacks, as the city was built so closely to the river.

“According to my memories, it should be nearby here...”

The amount of time that passed by had to be considerable, as the place was a heap of sand!

In the morning Weed cast his fishing pole.

“I should just use this opportunity to increase my Fishing Skill.”

If he started making sculptures, it would attract people’s attention, and the worst thing that could happen would be Hermes Guild sending people over to chase after him here. So in the morning, he did something ordinary like fishing.

“Mister, fish don’t bite in that spot.”

Putting the female players who gave him friendly advice to shame, Weed seamlessly pulled in his fishing pole from the river.

“This guy is too big to put in my pot.”

He kept catching fish that were large enough that they had to be held with both arms.

“I should eat it as is? If I fry its flesh, its taste should be edible.”

Though it was said that the Tinus River was overflowing with fish, not all were of the enormous size that Weed was catching. With his Intermediate Level 5 Fishing Skill, his bait moved in a special way underwater. The bait, gently swayed its tail with the current, almost as if it was enticing the fish to try it! Weed had better catches compared to others as the large fish fell for the ruse and quickly snatched up the bait.

There were plenty of people diligently raising their Fishing Skill along the Tinus River. There were even 3 players with Intermediate Level Fishing Skill, but the number of people who caught their fish on the first try like Weed were few. Using his Advanced Level 8 Handicraft, he deftly handled the struggle with his catch by using just enough strength to prevent the line from snapping and sapping the stamina of his catch quickly.

Having raised his mastery at the sea, in a few short days, his Fishing Skill rose to Level 6.

Fishing Skill increased to Intermediate Level 6. The chance of catching a rare fish increased greatly. Maximum health increased by 1,800. A deep flavor is added with all your fish dishes.

Fame increased by 35.

Perseverance increased by 4.

Endurance increased by 3.

You have received the title of, 'Tenacious Fisherman'.

When residing in one spot for a long time, the effect of the Fishing Skill increases by 4%.

Reduces consumption of vitality.

Even at night, the Tinus River was swarming with fishermen. So Weed had to excavate in hiding.

“Come on, any relic is okay, just appear already. If you are going to appear anyways, something expensive will be nice while you are at it.”

If he was going to find a relic from Ratzeburg, it had to be the best of the best antique! It was not all because of the quest, Weed was in a frenzy for money.

The hole Weed was digging in secret under the cover of the night, was truly deep. It helped that he had invested a significant amount of time in Jigolaths digging.

“If I had never learnt Fishing or Mining, I would be bored out of my mind.”

Having opened the door of agony and hardship so many times before, this much was child's play! If he compared what he did in Jigolaths with carrying bricks, what he did now only amounted to waving warning lights.

Weed was in between the thickets using his spade to dig. He let the dug up sand drift into the river. Strangely enough, the place where Ratzeburg was did not seem to be a good fishing spot. It also helped that people were scattered all over the Tinus River as it was so vast.

Like this, Fishing Skill and Mining Skill increased day by day.

“Really, it's true what they say, a sculptor is talented in everything.”

While meandering as such, by chance in the middle of the morning,

something caught on Weed's fishing pole.

"A fish?"

The thing that pulled firmly, did not feel like a living being. While a proficient fisherman would cut off his fishing line, Weed struggled for about 10 minutes before finally lifting it up. As Weed was using a fishing line he made personally with his Sewing Skill, which had a higher durability than those sold on the street market, there was a possibility he could salvage it.

DING!

An Old Relic, Stone Hammer has been fished from the Tinus River.

Luck increased by 1.

Mastery of Fishing Skill increased.

"One lousy stone hammer increasing my mastery... this can't be a common occurrence. Identify!"

Cracked Stone Hammer: Durability 7/19. Attack 2~9.

A hammer made from broken stones.

If feels like it could be used in hunting.

Restriction: None.

Option: When an Orc uses this hammer, attack increases by 20%.

"This is it!"

The relic was nothing compared to what he was expecting for, but Weed received a definite confirmation that Ratzeburg was here. Usually he would throw it away as it was a useless stone hammer that couldn't even be sold as japtem, but he stored it away safely.

"You never know, I could sell it off as a relic."

Weed had a renewed sense of expectation of his morning fishing runs, as there was now the possibility of fishing out relics. He wasn't just fishing at a random spot on Tinus River, he was fishing at the heart of the past city Ratzeburg!

He discovered copper shields, broken arrowheads, pottery and dishes. While the majority were useless knick-knacks, some were evidently created by dwarves.

“I only need to dig in this spot!”

In the morning, Weed’s eyes were squinting in laughter as he fished and at night, he hummed as he dug.

“The more I dig, the richer I become. Money, rice... I am going to become rich any day now!”

Like a tone deaf person, his notes become longer. With his scattered humming, it was beginning to sound like a noise coming from a graveyard.

‘This being the First City, I am sure plenty of extravagant items are buried here. Perhaps, I might just find a massive burial sites with gold, silver and treasures inside.....’

The hopeful dream of a grave robber!

But reality was a cruel mistress. After several days of digging, the only things he dug up were stones and sands, his desired treasures were nowhere in sight.

Burururu!

Even then, with the hope of earning big, Weed carried on, pouring his strength into digging. Finally, he found a sculpture carved from a rock! An arm and a leg were missing, but it was clearly a work depicting an Orc.

“Identify!”

Weed used Sculptural Memories.

“It’s all thanks to you that we managed to drive the monsters back again and stay safe.”

“Chwick! I did what I had to do. Warrior Ulchi, I do not need any praises. Chwick.”

“Oh right, I heard you had a son?”

“He follows after me, with his big head. I am happy. Chichick!”

“Ulchi, I tried to make a sculpture of your seventh son. Here, take this home.”

Ulchi was an Orc, whose body was littered with scars and tattoos. He looked down on the sculpture given to him. It was a sculpture of a young and an adult Orc. It was an Orc’s fate to reach adulthood in a blink of an eye and disappear into the battlefield. To them, sculptures which allowed them to remember their family were one of their most precious items.

“Thanks, I will keep it safe. Chwick!”

Holding the sculpture in his fur covered hand, Ulchi bent his waist to leave the Dwarf’s workshop. On the street of Ratzeburg were slower maturing human children, who were running around and playing.

“Hi, Ulchi Ahjussi!”

“Did you catch many monsters this time as well? My dad told me to tell you that he's really thankful.”

“We are proud to have you with us Ulchi.”

The Humans treated the Orc with friendliness. Whenever they engaged him in a conversation, Ulchi would stop momentarily to chat before heading home. As Orcs were frequently engaged in battle, they lived in the outskirts of the city.

“Oh, come quickly. Chichiwik!”

A female Orc, Juichi, came out to welcome him home. Ulchi gave her a fierce hug before going in. The Ulchi was a large family, with 13 of them just accounting for his sons. There was no suitable furniture in the house at all, rather the only decoration that could be seen were sculptures hanging on a rope near the door.

The Humans and the Elves cultivated the fields and worked in the construction of the city. The Dwarves created weapons and armor for the Orcs. The Orcs laid down their lives to defend the city against any monsters that might attack them. The Orcs were the last line of defense. If

they failed, Humans, Elves, and the Dwarves would all perish. Therefore, no matter how many casualties they suffered in battle, they never once retreated.

Ulchi's sons grew up, opened the doors hanging with sculptures and left for the world. One, two... never to return again. Where the sculptures were, more and more were added.

Orcs withstood their difficulties and continued to expand throughout the generations. In that time, the Humans, Elves and the Dwarves also advanced and developed.

The Humans not only became proficient in farming, but also weapon crafting. While Human's strength could not match the potential the Orcs held since their birth, they could overcome it with their superior comprehension and handling mana.

As the Elves began to make their bows and contract with Spirits, they no longer required the protection from the Orcs. The Dwarves furthered their development of weapons and armors. With the sharpness of their weapons and the solidness of their armor, they no longer feared any monsters.

It came to a boiling point, where the Four Races could no longer contend with each other.

The sculpture had listened to the various tales from the world around it.

“The Humans do not respect us. Chichichwik!”

“The Orcs eat too much! No matter how much we grow, it all goes into the Orc's stomachs. We don't have enough food for ourselves.”

“For how long must we Elves guide the other races, ignorant to the power of nature?”

“They are mindless in handling the equipment we created. Without the Dwarves prowess in metal handling, they would not have been able to battle or farm properly. I get so angry when I see these fools using the tools we crafted without any care!”

Hostility erupted between the Four Races. The Orc's left the city first. It was because of their ability to reproduce quickly that they found it impossible for them to continue living in a single area forever. While the area far away from Ratzeburg was still crawling with monsters, the brave Orc Lords lead their clan to a new settlement.

Shortly after the Orc's departed, the Elves soon followed, leaving for their much desired Forests. For some time after the departure of the other races, the Humans and the Dwarves remained together out of necessity. But as the Dwarves advanced their blacksmithing skills, they departed for the mountains searching for more minerals to further refine their skills.

The Humans struggled for some time after the Elves departed as their harvest reduced by half. But having learned farming techniques from the Elves, they managed to increase their crop yield to previous levels again. They had also consulted with the Dwarves to prepare against monster attacks, building a Fortress and walls.

And so, in the last days of Ratzeburg, the only race that lived in the city were Humans. But as the city was built up with mishmash of planning by the four races, the Humans found it difficult to live among the many homes and amenities built for the different races.

In the end, the Humans also abandoned Ratzeburg and departed to create their own Kingdom.

The first city was abandoned by all four races. After several decades the Tinus River began to flood and Ratzeburg was slowly swept away. This was one of the reasons why the Great Plains of Iles was so fertile.

But a time came when there was a greater flood than before. With the city abandoned, the buildings were swept by, flooded and ruthlessly knocked down. The current swept up rocks and trees, the mud sunk to the floor bed. With the rain, river and the passing of time, the buildings completely disappeared and Ratzeburg was sunk and buried.

The sculpture of Ulchi's seventh son was preserved under a large rock.

City of Ratzeburg Complete

The historic find of Ratzeburg!

This find will make the historians rewrite the entire history of Humans, Dwarves, Elves and the Orcs. By reporting this discovery to any Kingdom or a representative of a Race, you will receive recognition and your achievement will be recorded.

Quest Reward: By reporting this to any Kingdom or a Race representative, you will receive rewards for your achievement in this quest. If you return to the Elf Randelia, you will receive a small reward with the next quest objective.

Fame increased by 4,300.

Your level increased.

Your level increased.

All stats increased by 4.

You have learned a historic fact. Through this special experience, Intelligence and Wisdom increased by 5.

Through this exploration, your Mining Skill increased by 1.

“I don’t know if this is because it’s the Sculpting Master Quest or not, but the quest rewards are amazing.”

Even though Weed’s level was over 400, the experience he earned in this quest was colossal that his level increased by two. If his level was lower, his level would have jumped by 10 at once like it did when he defeated Lich Shire and his Undead Legions.

“I am sure the Sculpting Master Quest wouldn’t end after this much. If the mid chain quest gives this kind of reward, how good will the reward be at the end?”

Weed had an evil grin on his face. By finding Ratzeburg first, any others that attempt the Sculpting Master Quest could no longer receive such a large reward. By being the frontrunner, the rewards befitted it.

“Without a doubt, you need to be one step ahead of the others. In heavy snow, it’s the footstep of the lead that becomes the guide for the people following behind.”

While his thoughts were positive, Weed’s heart was completely black.

‘I need to make sure to pack everything good while ahead. Who knows what kind of jackpot the late comers could scavenge.’

The one who pioneers could monopolize quests and treasure!

After discovering Ratzeburg, Weed returned to the Elf village through Yurin’s Picture Teleportation.

The Hermes Guild’s forces were in battle at the village of Pavroa in the Forest of Life. The Hermes Guild deployed a significant force to quickly subdue the small village. But the magic protecting the Elf Village was triggered, lengthening their campaign, while at the same time they had to fight off the Forest Spirits and the Trees that resisted their advance. Even monsters and animals came out to attack them, causing havoc on their forces.

In the midst of the current battle in the Forest of Life, the Elven Warriors began to arrive and fight off the invaders. Even though they were the vaunted Hermes Guild, with the Elven Archers attacking from the trees and with the Shaman’s flinging magic attacks, they struggle to gain an inroad with their attack. Hermes Guild could not even enter the village and were only fighting off the Elves.

Players were disgruntled by this turn of events.

“These bastards, Hermes Guild is sinking their claws in everything.”

“Were they not satisfied with Kallamore Kingdom that they have to bother the Elves now?”

“Just seeing those bastards makes me angry for several days, for now, I am not even going to leave the village.”

Weed entered the village entrance guarded by Elves. The Elven Warriors

were solemn in their vigil, while the Hermes Guild's forces had to, for the time being, retreat some distance from the village.

“I have returned with the discovery of Ratzeburg. This sculpture and these artifacts are the evidence of my discovery.”

Weed reported his success to Randelia.

“Astounding, the existence of such old relics.....”

The relics shown to Randelia were the stone hammer, accessory made of teeth and pieces of a ceramic pot. These were disposal items no one would want, but they held a deep history within them.

“I never truly imagined that you would discover Ratzeburg based on my story. I do not have much in what I can reward you with but... ”

Weed gave a small sigh. He had already picked most the fruits from the trees, so there was not much he could receive from Randelia. If he had went to any Kingdom on the Continent or a Representative of a particular Race, he could have received a greater reward.

“Here, I shall give you a map.”

You have acquired the map detailing the Forest of Life.

The followings are marked, the Elf Village, Monster Habitat, Grove, and places sprouting with herbs.

“Thank you. I will treasure it.”

Weed thought it was a decent quest reward. The Forest of Life was quite a vast area that even players who played as Elves got lost. With a detailed map adventuring would become a lot easier in this area.

“But to see this sculpture in such a state is truly woeful.”

Randelia looked on regretful at the woeful state of the old relic uncovered after aeon.

“I believe that the history of Ratzeburg is something everyone must know. If we could just restore the sculpture to its original condition, I think it can become a good gift for the Orcs.”

DING!

Sculpture of the Orc's Seventh Son

Many Orcs had bled for Ratzeburg. Without their noble sacrifice, it's possible that the Humans, Dwarves and Elves would have not survived. Tell the Orc's about the truth of Ratzeburg! If you can restore the sculpture to a like-new condition, it can become a gift of gratitude to the Orcs.

Difficulty: Sculpting Master Quest

Quest Restriction: Sculpting skill must be at least Advance Level 8.

Must have friendly relation with the Orcs.

"I will tell the Orcs the truth about Ratzeburg."

Weed then left the Elf Village.

"I can't believe it. Something absurd just happened!"

All of Versailles Continent, the Residents began to chatter about.

"Have you heard? Apparently the Humans, Elves and the Dwarves lived together with the primitive Orcs in the past."

"Apparently there was a discovery so great that we might have to rewrite the history books. Even a greenhorn like you must have heard about it! The discovery unearthed by sculptor adventurer Weed!"

"Only Weed could have discovered something so earth shattering! No matter how difficult the task, we can trust him with it. We might have to pay him a lot, but it will be worth every penny. "

As Weed successfully completed another super sized quest, other players were filled with envy.

"Ah, when will I ever do a quest like that?"

"I think the quest this time is something super big. Something that includes, not only Humans, but Orcs, Elves and Dwarves as well."

“With this, Weed’s fame will spread to all the Four Races.”

After the discovery about the Four Races, the relationship between the Races began to improve.

“There is a commission I want to entrust to the Dwarves. Not sure if they will accept it or not, but could you maybe acquire seven swords made by the Dwarves?”

“Recently I saw many monsters lurking in the forest. If only the humans could take care of it, it would be a great help... If you could bring this request to the Humans, I will repay you in full.”

The relationship between the Races began to warm up and more interracial quest was generated. Before, when a difficult event occurred, the Elves tried to handle it by themselves. The Orc’s with their pride and ego had nothing to say to the Dwarves either. But now, the door to interracial quests has opened wider.

In terms of Weed, with his unmatched renown and success, he could receive a quest from any of the Races. This change in stance did not impact him much, but to the players it was a paradigm shift.

The Residents continued to gossip among themselves.

“It’s amazing how Weed found the location of the city where all the Four Races lived together. I heard he reported his discovery to the King of Aidern Kingdom. As a reward, Aidern Kingdom will recognize his position as Count in Morata and granted him the sword of the state. I heard this from the guards so it must be true.”

“I heard that he received a send off from the King himself at the royal courts as he flew off on one of his Wyverns. That amazing scene..... it makes my heart excited just imagining it! If it wasn’t for my work as a baker, I could have set off after him immediately.”

“It seems that he also reported his discovery to the Bakuma Kingdom, Harugan Kingdom and the Britten Union. He seems to have received no small reward for his effort.”

“Did you hear? Weed also travelled to Ritten Kingdom. He made a

sculpture for the King sometime back and apparently they became close acquaintances. The King personally greeted him and requested a sculpture of the Queen, the Prince and the whole family.”

“Any King on the whole continent would beg to have a sculpture made by the great sculptor Weed, who constantly amazes the whole continent with his adventures.”

“Moooooooooo!”

Taking the opportunity of his long begotten freedom, Yellowy enjoyed the free time to his heart’s content by loitering around Morata. With his majestically rising horns, sensually created muscles, and his strength and figure, his appearance could not be rivaled by any other bull.

“Moo!”

There were many heifers who looked at Yellowy with lustful eyes like a piece of meat. After Weed bestowed life onto Yellowy, there was a sudden surge in the population of cows in Morata. Even heifers, still too young to have discarded their childlike form, looked at Yellowy with desire.

‘I finally understand why the residents often say the world is a beautiful place.’

Yellowy strutted confidently around Morata, like a solemn sovereign emperor of all the cows. Though there were times when other bulls challenged Yellowy, he did not hide away but faced it head on. Clashing their heads together in a bullfight! Butting their heads together and crossing their horns as each bull tried to push the other! A bullfight required unparalleled strength and stamina to win, and Yellowy had it in strides, experiencing straight and easy wins.

‘This is all thanks to Master.’

Yellowy, for the first time, could now understand why Master insisted a bull needed good strength and required him to lug around heavy luggage on his back.

‘It’s all so that I could become what I am.’

There was a reason for having him sleep on cold or hot places, and hunting even while being buffeted by hail. When the number of bulls and cows increased in Morata, he still clearly remembers Weed leading him to a back alley. How Weed stepped back to observe his bullfight against a strong opponent.

‘There was a deep meaning behind it! The only way to gain affection from the heifers is to win in bullfights!’

In a bullfight, Yellowy could not turn his head, but he could always hear Weed cheering for him.

“Yellowy, you must win! Push him away! I raised you to be strong. You can do it! The only thing you need to win is the faith that you can push him away!”

Yellowy always won, hearing the cheers filled with sincerity. While he might have been mistaken, now and then he thought he might have seen officials and other people exchanging money, but.....

‘I miss Master.’

Yellowy really wanted to see Weed right now.

Chapter 10: The Glory of the Orcs

While staying in the Ritten Kingdom, Weed made the sculpture of the King as desired. Weed's sculpture level has reached 32.7% of Advanced Level 8. The increased sculpting skills reduced the time needed to create a sculpture.

"Maybe in the sculpting, could it be possible for you to illuminate me enough to make me sparkle?"

"I think it expresses the beauty of the princess with just light itself. Oh by the way, I am lacking a little gold to create the sculpture."

"I will give you some now."

Weed made a golden sculpture of the king's whole family. This cannot even be considered as work, as this was going to be a piece worthy of the extra income generated.

Also, since his Blacksmith skills were not that high, there's a probability that this could even result in a failure. Standing by the window of the jewelry inlay, he worked with his heart and made it look easy. The Queen looked and praised the feats of Weed.

"You're also excellent with your jewelry skill."

Weed's face smiled which looks almost like an embarrassing smile.

"Seriously, since day one I become involved with sculptures, it is unthinkable for me to compromise or concede."

"So if you want other jewels added, I would be happy to take a look at them."

Even as he almost finished, he was still up keeping the momentum in order to get more from the Ritten Kingdom! He has been commissioned to create a sculpture of the King, Queen, Prince, and Princess all holding their hands. The the nobles were positioned and were carved bowing down to praise the Royal Family.

This increased the amount of work done, however separately the

backpack Weed was carrying was becoming even heavier from the unused materials.

To be able to make a sculpture of such a glaring light. It was a piece of pure brilliance and the light was combined with effects of alcohol to further its brightness. It was one of the most luxurious and extravagant works that was carefully made. Weed did not even miss the meticulous or delicate parts, and there was not a single blemish.

Eager to see the moment of its completion, the King, Queen, Prince and Princess came together.

Ting!

Please set the name of the sculpture made.

Weed said aloud, and called to them on purpose.

"With respect to the glory of his Majesty, the King of the Kingdom of Ritten, I shall name this Sculpture "His Majesty Of Immortality and His Family"

- His Majesty Of Immortality and His Family right?

That's right!

A masterpiece! 'His Majesty Of Immortality and His Family' has been completed.

The King of the kingdom of Ritten, this signifies the position to those who are responsible.

You who lined the palace of treasures, gold and gems to create sculptures that blend into the kingdom that created a special tax to the king.

You cannot escape from the historical criticism.

Nevertheless, the two statues of gold and jewels is an exquisite piece and are likely to remain for a very long time.

Artistic value: 923.

Special Options: 'His Majesty Of Immortality and His Family' increases their loyalty to the royal family of the nobility.

Ritten fame increases strong growth in the kingdom's reputation.

The Kingdom in the south's discontent is growing.

Increases the appearance of bandits in the mountains of the Kingdom.

- Carving skills have been enhanced.

- Mastery of the skill has improved dexterity.

- Blacksmith skills are enhanced.

- By creating a sculpture of the Royal Family, reputation has risen 514.

- Art stat raised by 5

- Luck rises by 3

- Attractiveness rises by 5.

Until now the completed number of masterpieces: 106

The King of the Kingdom of Ritten was greatly satisfied.

"It's really is a good piece."

"Yes. It was an honor as an engraver to be able to express His Majesty the King. "

"Here let me prepare a dinner for you."

"Thank you, but no sir. I do not need to eat to understand His Majesty's kindness, thank you. "

Though uncommon, Weed refused a free meal. Delicious food was available throughout the making of the sculpture, and plenty of food was placed in his backpack.

In addition while working, he managed to come out with gold and jewels

left over, its best to hurry and escape as soon as possible!

"Wy-3!"

Wy-3 has come down from the heavens as voracious as ever. The Kingdom of Ritten was known for strong long-distance trips.

"Well, good luck."

"I will await for the next opportunity."

"His Majesty will welcome you, anytime you need him!"

Weed jumped on the Wy-3 and whooped up as he soared over the kingdom. On the ground, the soldiers and nobles who were crossing an active area looked up at the sky and gave weed astonished looks. Weed waved his hand and gave a rotten smile.

I feel bad I could not catch you going hanmitcheon properly.

"Kkueeek!"

"This is heavy"

"That's all the money. Later I will feed you some horse meat. "

Having been deceived too many times, Wy-3 was too dumb to say this. But...

"I will only feed it to you"

"Kkueeeeeeeek!"

Wy-3 flanged with joy.

"Let's go! Now to the Orc Territory"

Orc Land.

There was no official meaning to the name. Since the Yuroki Mountains, the mountains further east were collectively referred to as Orc Land. It was very common among the Orcs.

"Chwichwit!"

"Chwiyiyiik!"

Deep in the mountains, there was a new sound other than birds echoing in the mountains. Ever since Weed defeated the army of the Immortal Legion in the Yuroki Mountains, users were able to choose the Orc race.

Since that day users have had outstanding performances up in the Yuroki Mountains. Of course there was still some suffering starter Orcs. Other Kingdoms or those in the Central Continent built walls and were prepared against monsters.

The Orcs had to survive against a lot of strong monsters in the Yuroki Mountains. Their weapons and armor were poor, and food was not very plentiful. It was a much more difficult start compared to other races.

"Ooh, my town is gone. Chwichwi! "

There are many monsters that preyed among Orc Villages in the mountains. Then either a few thousand or even tens of thousands of Orcs would gather.

"Chwiik, Revenge!"

"Chweeeeet!"

Fearless Orcs went out to secure the supremacy of the Yuroki Mountains.

"This time, plenty of food was looted, chwichwicht!"

Orcs were able to multiply their numbers quickly by breeding. The breeding speed of the Orcs and their strong fighting ability is said to be the best privilege given to them. This is not an exaggeration. In addition, Orc users fought without fear of death thanks to their strong bodies.

Revenge, food, securing areas, quests, and exploring dungeons, because of these things mining development continues to occur. The Orcs are currently on a quest to take a mountain passage that was reaching out to the east and south indefinitely.

For those who enjoy a massive battle, and based on the magnitude of the Orcs, one would usually choose them. But if you talk about complex

strategies or tactics, the Orcs did not accept them.

"What did you say? Tell me again from the beginning. Chwiyiyiit, "

"I went into the mountains in the valley and secured a passage way for the merchants to trade ... Chwichit. "

Simple words made understanding very effective.

"He abused our tribe, chwiik!"

"Kill, chwichwichwi!"

Stress that other such species would have could not accumulate. Eating, playing, and gathering together to go and fight, such were the ways of the Orcs.

Weed visited an Orc stronghold named Flame at Burucia, an area east of the Yuroki Mountain Range. A metropolis for the Orcs was created on the plains. You can expect similar types of culture from a human or dwarf, but the futures of orcs are very different. For Weed it is not an exaggeration to say that there is an extraordinary friendship.

Orc Karichwi! Whether it be in the Yuroki Mountains or anywhere else, no orc was ignorant to his power.

Ulchwi's sculpture of his seventh child has been fully restored. It had a familiar look to the Orcs, after all it is a fine sculpture.

"But the goal here is the look."

Transformed as Karichwi he had to report to the Orcs on the discovery of Ratzeburg.

"Your good looks, not slimmed down, chwichwit. Didn't even see more between the skin."

Orcs looked at him in envy. Karichwi is exceptionally exposed and stands out in appearance among the rest. His protruding buck teeth and his selfish dirty looking face! His personality was larger than other Orcs, popular for leading the war of victory against the Immortal Undead

Legion.

"If you want to become popular like Ulchwi,! Eat a bunch! You will gain more fat that way Chwiik"

"Thanks for telling me, chwiit!"

"I'll tell you about Ratzeburgh chwichichi. You better dig out your ear and listen!

Everyone was talking about Ratzeburgh! Weed did not care for gossip or explanations. In the human kingdoms, the king would meet him, and just as with any other mission they would talk about how they had trouble finding the meaning of the story. But there was absolutely no need.

"We Orcs guarded the other races!"

"Surely our ancestors are great Orcs, chwiit."

"Ulchwi was also great, chwichichwi."

"I hear there were loads of strong Orcs, I want to be so as well, chwiyyiit."

"Ratzburgh we all lived together in harmony, chwichichwit."

"Split the food, Chwiyiik."

Orcs who divided the rice to eat meant that they are recognized as key associates.

"I ate! Orcs have more meat chwichichichichiyiit!

Reported the discovery of Ratzburgh to the Orcs.

Due to the achievements for reporting the discovery of the ancient city, reputation with the Orcs will increase 690.

Orcs need courage to demonstrate their lack of law and order to protect.

As a reward your intimacy with them will lead to increased courage.

Courage is increases by 13.

Leadership increases by 9.

Charisma increases by 7.

Fighting Spirit increases by 6.

- Humans, Elves, and Orcs are now into a friendly state.

- Orcs and Dwarfs friendship that was in a wild state, has now rather improved.

This quest has a tendency to give out huge compensation. Even when reporting to kings, elegance, fame, charisma, charm etc... all rise significantly. The adventurers will have another reason to become envious when the findings are reported.

Weed took the sculpture to complete the quests given.

"It's time, chwit. So this is the sculpture. "

"It seems to have the markings of a brave Orc Chwiyiyiik."

Ulchwi completed a sculpture of his seventh child.

After a long time the sculpture returned back to their arms.

Orcs will be able to watch the sculpture and think about friendships with the other races.

"Chwiyiyiyiik."

Weed waited while looking around. Well what he is really waiting for is the compensation. This amount was enough for the master sculpting quest. Whether or not this chain-quest will continue keeps him curious.

"This sculpture I cannot get free, chwichit."

"This is the behavior of the right Orc"

Orc honesty is a virtue; Weed could also ask him for something.

"Come, follow me Chwiyichwiik." Weed took one last look and followed.

The Orc Chieftain Bulchwi leads Weed to his tent. When he arrives, there are plump young female Orcs preparing lunch.

"Let's eat together. Had trouble. Chwichwit. "

"....."

This compensation! This was a fancy rice meal that was a great honor for tens of millions of Orcs. 'That's right, how can I expect much compensation from the Orcs.' Weed wavered for a second before taking a seat and started to eat. Anyway, all that remains at least is to be seen eating the rice.

The Orc Bulchwi was a great glutton, and it was the same with the other young Orcs as well. Weed with the appearance of Karichwi ate several dogs and barbecued deer.

Meal finished, this time I got to go seriously bulchwi said.

"I will give away only 10 Orcs. Chwichichichit"

"Chwiik?"

They spoke English!

Weed did not know English and was puzzled. He wondered why all of a sudden.

"They will go along with you Karichwi their love for you is great, you can cancel if you want Chwichwiyiit!"

Weed now had an understanding

As a reward for the Quest it seems he was offered a bunch of Orcs!

"No never mind its fine. Profit! Chwiyiik!"

He never refused! But imagining the hungry hordes of Orcs is terrible. Only 10 alone, but a large number of Orcs are truly powerful. Orcs usually settle a village and raise a family in order to eat well and spend quality time at night.

"And Karichwi I have something I have to show you, Chwichwicit!"

"What is it!"

Bulchwi went into the space behind the barracks floor and removed a clogged straw. Then he entered the cellar down below.

"There is a need for absolute secrecy, chwichit only you will know of this

place.

"All right. My mouth is sealed, chwichiik!"

Bulchwi pulled out a helmet from the edge of the cellar/basement. There was ancient writing next to it.

"This is the most ancient Orc loaded steel helmet... Chwiyiik, Chwiik"

Weed gently wiped the dust and dirt off with his fingers and sat down. Maybe it's enough to say this wasn't the final product, the iron smelted was not made properly. It was half fused together, but it is still iron. Made with a rugged texture, there are bumps made in the pitches and three short dog horns.

"I'll find out, chwichit!"

Identify!

Orc Loaded Steel Helmet

Durability: 24/60 Defense: 129

The Legendary Orc Farah took the gift from the Dwarfs who had created this helmet. The first four races lived in the great city of Ratzeburg where this was produced. Dwarf craftsman made the heavy helmet with the most solid pitching.

- Despite the age, the steel helmet still has life preserved by the Orcs.

Restrictions: Orc Race only.

Level: 570

Strength: 2,300

Special Options:

- Complete immunity to magic.
- Rules over all the Orcs
- Orc Birthrate increased by 50%
- Resistance to Magic

- If targeting a stronger monster, can deal 40% increased damage.
- All combat skills increased by 35%
- Impossible to Repair
- + 25 all stats related to combat.

Due to the historic feel of the goods Blacksmith skill proficiency increases.

"Chwiyiyiyiik!"

Weed snorted roughly. Such a wonderful item! This really is equipment that can be called luxury.

"Farah is the king of goods, chwichwichwi!"

"Have you never heard? Farah was the best Orc, everyone always followed whatever he said. chwiyichwiit"

Orcs told tales about how they grew up listening to Farah. Each generation has tried to come just like him. Weed really is no different when it comes to old treasures or selling. It is impossible to repair the limit, but still it would be sad if during a huge battle it breaks.

The Orc race really had a ridiculously high power limit, but whoever used this was a force to be reckoned with. Having been made roughly around the same time, a part of it stood out to weed. Looking like it has been made out of iron; it instead seemed to have been carved out of the bones of some animal.

"Perhaps this section... Chwiik. Identify!"

Steel Helmet Horn: Durability 14/25.

Horns are made out of Manticore bones.

It symbolizes the dignity of the Orc Race.

Orcs successful in hunting horns have been made by artisans.

Artistic value: 59.

Special options: Attack while wearing this helmet increases by 7%

While reading the story behind the sculpture it activated Weed's memory skill. Images from the eyes of Farah came into view.

Farah was in control of the Orc Race! With clear eyes looking down below at the Orc hill, the area was expansive. The Four races were currently living inside the buildings of Ratzburgh.

"Come on, chwiyiik!" Farah is taking out monsters with a ton of Orcs while a war is being waged in the vicinity of the city. In Ratzburgh City the size of the land for cultivating crops has grown and monsters have been invading constantly.

Farah has countered instead by taking out the monster strongholds rather than defending when they come to the lands. Because of this, Ratzburgh City was growing bigger day by day, and was also becoming safer.

"Chwiyiit, lets plant more corn tonight! chwichiik! So let's all eat and share."

Orcs, even humans, elves, and dwarfs all respected Farah. He has widened the scale of appointment with orcs, and established a flat bank by the river. Rahtzburgh was being kept in order. That made the four races able to establish the current parameters.

"Chwiyiik!"

Weed spewed a loud and long snort. In the video it showed the Orc Race Farah leading the battle. The Orcs back then were hunting the Manticore bones, an impressive accomplishment. And back then the Orcs were incredibly brave, unlike now. He and his Orc brothers were devoted enough to the task and were willing to die for the people of Rahtzburgh.

Farah was the commander and because of that they were able to familiarize themselves with various combat methods. A true Orc!

He held a foundation that grew under his Orcs, and it later grew more than 40 times that number by the time he died. He even leaded a monstrous force before he was killed.

"I'll get to have fun!"

He wouldn't have any place to lead the Orcs when they go hunting. This wasn't something very new either. Looking back at the Old Continent and how things changed, Weed became frustrated.

Orcs do not currently walk around as freely as the humans that rule the continent. Only on the fringes in the east and far south could they actually breed. But in comparison to the past, it was unprecedented, with a much larger liberty at hand.

"I have forgotten the appearance of Farah, I wish I could remember. Chwiik, if you could remember can you possibly carve Farah?" Bulchwi said as he took the helmet back.

"I could sculpt Farah. Chwit."

"Well son, let me thank you. chwichichichik!"

Ttiring!

A Sculpture of the Orc Farah

Orcs will quickly forget the facts they learned. After a few years they may not also remember Rahtzburgh. Farah made sculptures of Orcs to show his bravery. Through the Orc Carvings and forgotten instincts you will be able to learn a strong power.

In the history of the continent of Versailles the Orcs were selected late, however through the quests of the species they were able to find the glory of the past.

The completion of the Sculpture will increase Orc Birth Rate.

Difficulty: Master Sculpting Quest.

Quest limit: Level 8 Advanced Sculpting.

Must have created a Masterpiece.

Must have a close relationship with the Orcs.

"I will make, chwichichik!"

You have accepted the Quest

Yu Byeong-Joon was feeling a sense of old age.

But every morning he wakes up with a thrilled heart. "Indeed, today, what will the adventure be?" Since playing Royal Road, he has watched a lot of people. Yu Byeong-Joon saw that people could not help having been limited mainly to ranking in the top of Royal Road.

For a beginner, it is difficult even for those who enjoy light adventure. He had seen Weed's adventure from the very beginning. He saw him as narrow at first, as he explored dungeons and completed quests.

But suddenly he seemed to be watching him every day about his adventures. Of course it was not in a position to support the pure-hearted. 'Maybe I should saenggosaengeul today?'

When we see suffering it is just as enjoyable!

The Hermes guild could not believe the recent raid.

"For what have we been here, really?"

They came to the village of elves to attack, but the success of Weed was already clear. Even with the extremely hostile elves, as well having users and soldiers die, all of these were all terrible outcomes that were for naught. Moreover Weed was touring the various kingdoms while leaving no trace!

While the inhabitants of the continent of Versailles praised Weed, they were able to gather the news. Rumors said that Ritten was a kingdom and they were to arrive at the same time as Weed. But as soon as we were told to attack weed we were wiped out by a Wizard of Ritten Kingdom.

And between absently circling, when we came close, a Wyvern flew into the sky and left.

"Wow! Long live Weed!"

"Please defeat the Hermes Guild."

Users and residents cheered by lifting their hands.

Weed is popular damn that guy! Users of the Hermes guild were forced to watch while hiding their identity.

"Now where else should we go?"

"Through the guild, we were asked to keep track of him, don't take the opportunity to look after.

He was moving fast, but if you keep trying the opportunity will come. In fact usually when leaving a kingdom there are people hunting, who would then chatter about the events in that kingdom.

There are constant hunting grounds for each level in the Kingdom. And the person you want to find usually can be found pretty quickly just by poking around and moving through the kingdom. But it's not just any one Kingdom in the area, but the whole continent keeps saying he was just there.

"Did you hear the news that came from the East? The Orcs seem to be very happy.

"Perhaps could it be Sculptor Weed?"

"The Orcs have a higher self-esteem about their past.

"I tend to disregard the stupid orcs but we have to admit there could be something going on there."

"Would this not be thanks to the discovery of Weed?"

The Hermes guild raid was devastated.

"Shit. Next up is the Orc Land."

"When are we going to get there?"

Chapter 11: History of Orcs

Sakaksakak~

Weed confidently moved his carving knife.

‘I am somewhat familiar with the Orcs.’

It is really difficult to create a sculpture of something you’re unfamiliar with. And it’s also hard to find balance between these distinctive races since they reveal different personalities. But because of Weed’s adventures as Karichwi within the Orc tribes, he actually knows a lot more than anyone else.

‘Parachwi was an Orc known for being charismatic.’

T/L: [This is that ancient Orc I called Farah before]

Although he had little selfish and evil looking eyes, this was only just part of his appearance. Their past ways of living kept the 4 races alive in the Versailles Continent. They were tough creatures and took control of many frontiers. They would go past the cliffs and head towards the wilderness the monsters are. They will hold chest up high and would seem to have control with their freedom living as Orcs.

Parachwi held a glaive on each of his hands, roaring and was showing a great scene. Weed was making a sculpture at the Orc Stronghold Bursilia high above in a gateway.

“Chwiik!”

“Karichwi is making something, Chwichwit!

“Your talent seems to be good, Karichwi Chwichwichwi!

“Chwiichiig! Let’s go hunting Karichwi.”

The passing Orcs were giving a short look as they pass.

If it was another human sculptor, the pressure would have been very substantial. The Orcs were being recognized as barbaric and heinous creatures that’s why having a certain degree of fear will never allow you succeed this.

On the other hand, it was totally different in the case of Weed.

“Chwiis, don’t bother me. I need to completely boil it before taking out some, chwichik!”

“Chwi, chwiig, Karichwi that would be great.”

“Frightening, chwichwit!”

“When you get back from hunting, bring me something to eat, chwiik!”

“Oh, Roger. Chwichik!”

Weed was extorting the Orcs even from what they eat.

Karichwi’s face is rather different as it was already enough to scare other male Orcs. While the female Orcs, they were secretly looking at his face as they blushed. The brawny female Orcs will then throw dried horse meat to him then show their shyness and run away.

The Orc that surpasses the world’s most popular idol!

The large sculpture of Parachwi was about 4 meters in height. Whether it was the Orc’s strength or their dignity, it would be recognizable even from afar.

The Hero of the Orcs was standing on Bursilia!

This sculpture of Weed looked like it was made using a sheer amount of force. But if you looked closely, you will see that it contains very fine details.

The sculpture’s eyes and chin were brown in color even though it was made of stone. Even the wrinkles on the neck was neatly reproduced. Its rough leather armor and crude iron boots gave the same feel as what those Dwarven Blacksmiths makes. The thickness and length of his round glaive along with its sharpness seems good for grinding. There was also a knife that goes well with Orc Parachwi, but it might have been of little use for him.

“This is good enough... chwiik!”

-Please set a name for the sculpture.

“Name, chwiik. I’ve already decided. Orc Lord Parachwi.”

-Is Orc Lord Parachwi correct?

At first, he did the sculpture because of the quest. But after learning the history of Parachwi, he wholeheartedly wanted to do this sculpture no matter what. Although in his heart, he still regrets having the lack of skills.

“The work of Karichwi, Chwiichwiit!”

“Keuuk! After this, I also want to be an excellent warrior Orc, Chwiichichwiik!

“So handsome, Chwiik, he looks like dependable.”

Seeing that the Orcs cheered as they looked towards the sculpture of Parachwi, Weed suddenly felt like his heart became lighter.

At least, the sculpture has captured the hearts of the Orcs.

“Orc Lord Parachwi, right. Chwichiik!”

Ting!

Magnum Opus! You’ve completed Orc Lord Parachwi

Hidden Heroes have played an important role in the long history of Versailles Continent. This is a sculpture of Orc Lord Parachwi that was brought into this world. The sculpture was created by a sculptor who is discovering the history of the continent by utilizing his full talent. It is an embellished and accurate depiction of Orc Lord Parachwi which gives the Orcs an endless sense of pride.

Artistic Value: 21,328.

An artwork based on the history of the Orcs.

Effects: Increases the Health and Strength of all Orcs by 4%.

Increases the Charisma and Leadership of all Orc Lords by 14%.

Increases fertility rate.

Reduces the phenomenon of Orcs weakening when fighting stronger monsters even with lower stats.

Increases the growth speed of young Orcs who sees Lord Parachwi by 20%.

Increased birth rate of Orcs Lords and Orc Warriors.

Increases the recovery rate of Orcs around the statue by 65%.

Number of Completed Magnum Opus: 11.

- Sculpting Mastery has improved.
- Handicraft Skill has improved.
- Sculptural Understanding has increased by 1
- Fame has increased by 2,178.
- Art stat has increased by 49.
- Charisma has increased by 22
- Leadership has increased by 22
- Stamina has increased by 25
- All stats has increased by 3 for completing a Magnum Opus.

“Chwiiik!”

Weed felt good that he sniffed and was about to shed tears. His Orc Lord Parachwi sculpture was a successful Magnum Opus. And this time, his Sculpting Skill has also increased by 6.2%.

‘The reason has got to be the big size of Parachwi’s sculpture. Though, I also did well because it was easy to begin with.’

Everything that happened went well!

Bulchwi approached Weed.

“Good work. Chwiiik!. The Great Orc is holding some puny knife used for peeling leather, Chwiiik. And I actually wondered if it was gonna be quite fantastic, chwiiik! Is this what Orc Parachwi looked like? Ch..Ch..Chwiiik.”

“That’s right. Chwikk!”

“It looks like it could even eat a hawk in one bite! Chwikk.”

“Chwikk. Easily.”

“I like this stone. Great Job. You really are Karichwi. Chhhhhk!”

Orc Lord Parachwi’s Sculpture completed

Through the appearance of Orc Lord Parachwi, the historical legitimacy, strength and courage of the Orcs is being shown.

The Orc’s eyes will now be open to art. Orcs who see this sculpture will understand the mysterious power of Culture.

You have finished the sculpture of Orc Lord Parachwi during the first Sculptor Master Quest.

This work will be registered as a treasure among Orcs.

Culture will be created in Orc cities and villages.

Due to the benefits of culture, Orcs will be able to enjoy and learn from seeing a work of art.

Friendship with the Orcs has reached the state of “Brothers”

Orcs will never stand still when crisis befalls their brothers.

The Orcs will celebrate the completion of the sculpture and will hold a festival within the entire tribe.

The festival will take place for 25 days having increased birth rate of 300% during this time period.

This news was like a blessing for all Orc users!

The Orcs were multiplying at a scary rate. By the end of the festival, there’s probably going to be a ton of Orcs for sure.

Users who chose the profession Warrior Orc usually handle the heavy jobs especially when they are in a hunting party. But also among users, some usually gather youth Orcs in the town when going hunting to give them the heavy burden jobs. Now that young Orcs are growing much

faster due to the Orc sculpture, it will make the users really happy.

The Versailles Continent is a vast place and there's still far too many frontiers. Except for the extremely northern parts, there are several places around Morata where a variety of monster hunting grounds exists.

If this culture reached out to the stronger Orcs on the east and south, then someday an organized Kingdom of the Orcs might be built.

'Look at that fast power breeding of these Orcs, they may not take so long to finish.'

Up until now, great rewards have been reaped from the Sculpting Master Quest.

Weed waited for Bulchwi to return.

"Karichwi, I thought you were just a normal Orc chwichichis. But it seems otherwise. Chwichiig."

"I was just a little bit on the superior side, chwichwichi. Still, there's no need for you guys to be so timid."

"Thank you. I will give you a bunch of Orcs, about 250,000 of them chwichik!"

Weed absolutely did not want this compensation.

"Chwichichiik. There is no need so don't bother."

"Just take it, chwichwi chwiik! And when I saw the sculpture of Parachwi, I heard the young Orcs sing about a song I really didn't really know about.

"What is the song, chwik!"

"I really had no idea about it until just recently, chwiik."

Bulchwi bashed together the glaives in both of his hands which caused sparks to fly up as he sang.

Outside the cozy cavern, Clang!

It's too hard and high to invade in, Clang!

With a blocked rock crevice, Clang!

I walk against the wind, Clang!

As the winter passed, Clang!

I moved through the petals, Clang!

Place where we live, Clang!

To obtain precious water, Clang!

You can sow the seeds, Clang!

You can sow the seeds, Clang!

But monsters are scary, Clang!

We will fight till the end, Clang!

In order for Orcs, Clang!

Orc don't know how to walk towards enemy, Clang!

Blindly goes along, Clang!

His pronunciations were not only inaccurate but also, during the middle of the song, the Clang sound was where the important words were at. Each hit of the glaives was overflowing with excitement between its stones as it violently strikes down and gives a reminiscent look as that of a drummer.

Despite having a lot of difficulty on hearing the song, Weed still clapped even though Orcs were actually tone-deaf creatures.

“Great singing! chwiik!”

“Any Orc knows how, chwichwichik. Although I sing better, Chwiiig! But of course still not as good as you Karichwi.”

– You have gathered the information about the four races who lived in the cave.

Bulchwi then continued.

“Karichwi, no matter what you do, chwiiig! We are always here for you. About the songs that the young ones are singing, chwiik. Could you go and

find it out?”

Everyone knows about the song of the Orcs!

Ever since the users has been able to use the Orcs, the Orcs have been singing some songs. But the question is, whether these songs actually points to a quest or to a treasure. But, if you actually didn't know the exact location of Ratzeburg, it was actually an absolutely useless song.

The Orcs were not leaving any writings for the future. And with their frequent battles, they could just thin out and die. Their only means of passing important information to influence their race was through singing.

Ting!

The Sanctuary of the Four Races

Humans, Dwarves, Elves, and Orcs lived together in a cave! The four races teamed up and were able to survive together.

Report on how they lived together inside the cave.

Difficulty: Sculptor Master Quest

Quest Limit: Sculpting Skill Advanced Level 8 or higher

“Chwiik. Of course, I'll learn about it.”

– You have accepted the quest.

“Ugh.”

Lee Hyun's hair was messy and his body ached badly. He was as tough as steel, but he's recently going in between attending school and playing Royal Road so he accumulated a lot of fatigue.

“Maybe I should take a break for a day.”

He recently suffered a major event in the Rosenheim Kingdom and after that, he's been stuck on doing continuous quests.

His head was particularly painful; searching for information about

Now that he has his mind relaxed and have eaten, he was already in the mood to start a good day. He logged in into his computer to check the finances for the house. But then, he suddenly remembered a promise he made.

“Oh, is today the day to go hiking?”

The plan he made with Hyo Rin Jung to go hiking was today. [T/N: Hyo Rin Jung is Hwaryeong]

Lee Hyun suddenly forgot that he was looking towards their household budget schedule.

He needed to climb up early on a mountain in the morning since she needs someone to look out for her.

“Sigh~, I need to get ready.”

Lee Hyun immediately informed his sister to wash up and prepared a meal for her to eat later then wore T-shirt and pants.

Hyo Rin Jung was born to be a musical genius.

For Hyo Rin Jung not to be put in an embarrassing situation, even though Lee Hyun did not really want to go climbing, he just thought of it as an exercise and feeling fresh air. It would be healthier to wake up early on a regular basis for delivery than to hike occasionally. Lee Hyun was not really in the mood for hiking as he had delivered 500 newspapers and milk by running up and down steep hills on a snowy day in the middle of winter.

“I do want to know a little bit of the good view of the mountain, but I don't really know where to go.”

Lee Hyun just waited while he was on his computer. Before selling equipments, he went and confirmed the market price first.

The transaction price for swords are steady right now while the price is dropping for the staffs. The price for mage equipment were originally expensive, so for it to sometimes decline should be normal.

Recently in the Hall of Fame, videos of independent adventurers were

being more popular compared to the users that shows a guild war during the recent week.

While in the forums most of the time, people talks about three trending topics. It includes their boasts about the Hermes Guild, The Embinyu Church and other guilds. But right now, what dominated were the stories about Weed's adventures and his quest.

Weed felt proud as the Orc Boards were full of praises for him. The female Orc users says that their ideal guy was Karichwi and should dependable while others say that day by day he was becoming more brutal.

'It seems a lot of users are picking the Orc race now.'

Maybe it was somehow due to the inconveniences in the Yuroki Mountains and the city being not that developed that the users does not usually pick this race. But this is actually the appeal of the race itself since it allows things like raising your own young Orcs which allows other people to appreciate the Orcs more.

Owning a tribe of young Orcs, it will steadily grow and grow until it became thousands in numbers. Due to the nature of their species, they are being able to rapidly expand in an area. Some popular users actually include Orcs that have quite achieved a large amount of forces.

Kkokkiyo! Kkokkiyo!

[T/N: And yes this is a rooster crowing.]

He goes between the internet and boiling the sauce then waited for it to cool down. It was 6 am and the promised hiking is almost approaching. Lee Hyun made a pajeon and was only preparing a kimbap and makgeolli.

[T/N: Pajeon is a korean pancake with green onions as its main ingredient along with other ingredients.]

Kimbap is rice with various ingredients usually covered in seaweed like sushi.

Makgeolli is the korean wine made from either fermented wine or

wheat.]

‘Then, I’m going to eat.’

As he was making a cheap lunch, he jumped over to look out of the window and Hyo Rin Jung’s car was parked in front of them. She got a shower until dawn then came straight there. She was wearing a hat and sunglasses and actually fell asleep on the driver’s seat. Lee Hyun gently tapped her window and Hyo Rin Jung woke up then greeted him with a fresh voice.

“Good Morning.”

“Is that drool in your mouth...”

“Ah!”

And before the sun came up, they went right off into the mountains.

The car was parked in a parking lot near the entrance of the mountain and Lee Hyun brought their lunch in his hand.

“Shall we?”

“Yes. I think this will be enjoyable because it has been a long time since I went hiking.”

The city was not that far from the mountains. But since they came early, it was very quiet in the parking lot. Hyo Rin Jung was in her hiking boots with his backpack along with her climbing gear and was perfectly ready.

“How’s school life?”

“I attend just not to drop out.”

“Just asking out of curiosity so please don’t misunderstand, are you planning on having several kids?”

“These days when raising a kid, you need to make money. It is a must to do.”

“Don’t you think it’s good for extended families to have harmonious relationship?”

“I’d rather cherish my family rather than cherish someone with a lot of money. Rice is already enough to feed someone so what you need in life is someone that you really love, am I right?”

“But, you still need money.....”

They went up the trail as they had a 20-minute conversation of that kind. Hyo Rin Jung was hiking with the desire of being with Lee Hyun as long as possible which took around 4-5 hours.

“This is more like a test.”

Even though she had physical training like stage dancing, this sudden hike in the mountain still forced her down to the ground in the morning.

“All my makeup is already erased.....”

Hyo Rin Jung stopped and catches her breath.

As they climb up, her heart beating fast as her body temperature rises was evident enough that it’s already unreasonable to continue!

That’s why after a while of climbing they rested. Although she wanted to get going, the way she looked she might go down if forced to go on.

“Wait a minute, let’s get some rest”

After climbing for another 30 minutes, it was already hard for Hyo Rin Jung.

She relaxed on a stone near Lee Hyun as she waited for supplements then he said.

“Is it hard? Do you want to come down now?”

“Absolutely not! I’m saying we go up to the top. The fog at the top is floating so if it lifts up I will be frustrated since I want to feel it.”

Lee Hyun waited for Hyo Rin Jung who was sitting next him to get up and depart. But at some point, Hyo Rin Jung’s head gently leaned to his shoulder.

She lacked sleep because she prepared right after her concert and could just sleep for a little bit during dawn.

Lee Hyun sat there and felt the breeze as he listened to the sound of the birds. Hyo Rin Jung continued to lean on his shoulder as she slowly fell asleep then Lee Hyun tried to wake her up.

“Hmm, it’s cold to sleep in a place like this. You should take your medicine or else you’ll catch a cold.”

Lee Hyun took his sweater off and carefully wrapped it around the back of Hyo Rin Jung. She was so deep in sleep that even waking her up couldn’t even do anything.

“If that’s the case, I’d rather carry you on my back then.”

Lee Hyun pulled up the arms of Hyo Rin Jung.

“Now, where should we go?”

At once, he started to climb the mountain again.

“I remember when I used to deliver rice in high mountains like this.”

Back then, he had travelled 20 kilometers bringing 3 sacks of rice so Hyo Rin Jung was rather light. Carrying a girl up a mountain is not easy, only because he did had a lot physical training could he easily do this.

He could go and carry her without even resting.

Drops of sweat came from his forehead along as it was drenched along with his t-shirt because of the sweat and fog. It was really hard to move without giving her discomfort.

“Today I don’t have any need to go out, my whole day will be solely on Royal Road.”

Lee Hyun piggybacked Hyo Rin Jung and strongly believed in his body due to his past experiences of carrying heavy sacks of rice.

Hyo Rin Jung was having a dream.

Whenever she is having her hard times, there would be a man that would back him up. Although poor at academics, he was caring and warm like a family man! Although he has an eccentric personality, he’s still funny and trustworthy. This was her dream marriage life.

“A guy who does the laundry, wash the dishes, cleans the house and earns money.

Then have kids and share hardships as they grow up.”

Hyo Rin Jung’s dream family was perfect in everyway. On the television are apartment commercials, refrigerator ads, and washing machine ads. All of it put together has a sweet dream-like atmosphere.

Hyo Rin Jung then wakes up from her dreamland and slowly opens her eyes. A snapback to reality, she was on Lee Hyun’s back going up the mountain.

‘Oh... he’s giving me a piggyback ride.’

Hyo Rin Jung tried to ask why but then thought it would be difficult for Lee Hyun and might surprise him if she did. Secretly deep down she felt warmth from Lee Hyun. She did not feel that the scent of a man drenched in sweat was disgusting or dirty.

“I want to get up to the top, could you do that as a favor to me?”

Hyo Rin Jung was getting all warm inside to the point that she can’t even imagine.

The warmth was indescribable.

His breathing was getting heavy and his whole body started to sweat while silently climbing up the mountain!

“I don’t really know what you’re going to see at the top of the mountain. But as soon as we’re up there, we will eat kimbap and afterwards go back down.”

He would have never imagined what she was thinking.

Hyo Rin Jung buried her face onto Lee Hyun.

‘I am glad we came to the mountains, today seems like it will contain many happy memories.’

And Lee Hyun...

“Heavy, heavy.....”

Weed connected back to the place that what was Ratzeburg. Based on the songs of the Orcs, the sanctuary of the four races was located in a cave.

“I have to look for places with mountains or mountain ranges in the surroundings.”

Beyond the Great Plains of Ilsu was a steep and mountainous terrain.

“Going against the wind, so it must have windy parts. Walking with the blooming flowers, though it might be spring at that time. There are lot of areas with blooming flowers....”

Weed who was in Ratzeburg decided to go towards the most probable place with the same topography, towards the east.

He could've just took the Wyverns and went to the possible mountains. But, they might pass something and go beyond it so he chose to just directly walk until the end. Also walking allows you to see more, think more and also experience many things.

Vanessa Gardens

Because of the Butterfly Festival, there would be lot more people in this place. The flourishing flowers were all in full bloom, that's why Weed was so careful not to step on them.

“Let's not destroy nature.”

He slowly walked on the ground as flowers that swayed by the wind could be seen.

“Beautiful.”

A lot of people who were attending was endangering the flowers on the roadside.

Some of the flowers which took the Lord trouble of putting them in the roadside were already dying.

– For having a good treatment with the environment your Flower

Arrangement skill mastery increased.

- Affinity to Nature has increased by 1.

A smile flashed from the Weed's face.

"Well, not really expecting something like this... But, this is also not quite bad!"

Even though he could not pull out flowers because of Affinity to Nature, he could still make a landscape map of the area and sell it to Florists.

He continued to walk on the garden and found a place where rubble was piled up. It was strangely old and was the type of thing that you would pass by without regard. But Weed still wanted to go closer the rubble just in case.

At that moment....

Ting!

You have found the historical place of Petra Walls.

Your Reputation has increased by 230

Your Intelligence has increased by 3.

You can now build Petra Walls on your governing cities.

Petra Walls reduces the morale of the of monsters with low construction costs.

A vision appeared in front of Weed.

Dwarves were splitting through big rocks. They were cutting the rocks to an appropriate size and let the Orcs build. The rocks then became a barrier to prevent monsters invade the Great Plains of Ilsu "If it was back then, I would have not come here."

Weed stood near the rubble as users nearby frequently passed by. The users went to the hunting grounds and stepped into the rubble then just went away, Weed prayed right after. But someone like Weed, discovering something or having special experience was not what he was looking for. He was considering on joining the festival but then what Weed only really

wanted was historical knowledge about Ratzeburg.

‘I have to know the equipments that they used to know their topography’

Weed goes around and find what he could on the Ruins of the Great Plains of Iisu.

What he got was not very significant. He got weapons of Orcs stored in their storehouse along with seeds that belonging to the Elves found on a hill made of stone. Because it had been too long since Ratzeburg had existed, what he found was only broken pieces of pottery along with some metal debris. He also then fished on the Tinius River.

Fishing in Ratzeburg

This was the location that the humans used to catch fish.

When there’s no meat around, Dwarves also often come here.

Your Fishing Skill proficiency has increased.

Using this fishing spot to fish would increase the probability of catching fish by 37%.

After these minor discoveries, Weed gradually walked towards the east.

After a long time of searching, he arrived in a mountainous area. With his level, Weed does not need to worry about surviving from the beasts residing there. Beginners who starts in Boronis also sometimes come here. It’s rough terrain was by far still normal and also almost desolate.

“It seems to be around this area.”

He arrived to a place with blooming flowers after walking down a path in the mountains of Ratzeburg.

“It is very high and indeed difficult to break in. I’m going to have to do a search in the higher part of the mountains.”

Through inspecting several mountain peaks, it alone would reduce the area to be searched.

“Wy-Three!”

Weed rode the his wyvern while looking on the mountains.

“I’m exposed too much; monsters on the high mountains would quickly discover me. The four races must’ve chosen a place that would keep them away from unwelcome forces.”

He went and looked at these peaks.

“The terrain must be very steep. If you rolled in this cliff you will die.”

The place has a normal amount of trees while the closest place to this valley also seems to be good. In this quest, Weed gathered a lot of knowledge regarding its location from the store houses.

“This is too narrow. Even though it is a large cave it will be too hard to... pass through!”

A cozy sanctuary yet hidden!

A lot of trees grew up here while large and small rocks were located down below. A lot of beasts do not dare to come here but that might be also because there are other monsters that were hanging near the gorge.

Weed walked around and checked the rocks.

He was also pushing larger rocks and look for hidden spaces that might not have been explored yet. There were a lot of pieces of unusual rocks on this peak. But sadly, there was only one rock that was useful for a sculptor. Even if a sculptor was lacking strength, he could just use a good trick in this rock and just chip it away and break it down. Many of the materials used was here, although he just find it a little strange.

“There are some signs here, looks like hit marks...”

Some scratches were found around the rocks!

“Identify!”

– You could see hit marks of Orcs.

“It’s nearby.”

Weed looked around with keen eyes.

A suspicious area where large trees are conveniently located. The trees

are very tall, and there are many stones and rocks below.

‘I never thought it would be located here from the beginning’

Weed started from above and cleared the stones one by one.

Tuda dadak!

A squirrel jumped out from a hiding place and startled Weed.

Weed pulled out a stone that seemed to look like it was artificially placed among other stones of proportional size.

“This has been worked on.”

With all of the stones removed, there was an entrance to a hole that was big enough to accommodate two or three people.

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