

The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

(달빛 조각사)

Volume 29

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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: Failed Sculpture

Morata became the main attraction on the continent as beginners starting Royal Road started flooding it.

“I’m really looking forward to it.”

“That’s why there are so many people. I want to quickly go hunt and enjoy adventures.”

The nationality of the users who started in Morata was affiliated with the Arpen Kingdom. The new kingdom ruled by King Weed! The beginners had to stay in Morata for 4 weeks. It was a large urban area so there were minor quests such as delivering books, materials transport etc.

“You worked hard.”

“Thank you very much! If you need any more work then please come again.”

“Do you mind some hard work?”

“Of course not. Please let me do it!”

They gained 10 copper, 20 copper and slowly collected money. The prepared money was able to buy them a rusty long sword and leather armour.

The residents would give them quests in the future and would conduct trades so the beginners tried to raise their intimacy early.

The beginners in Morata also ate grass porridge.

“The streets are clean and spacious. There are also many new buildings.”

“Did you see the shacks on Painter’s Hill? There are many things to be seen there.”

“Shall we go?”

“Yes. It is one of the twelve famous places in Morata.”

“Where are the other places?”

“Bingryong Square in the evening, Freya’s statue by the lake, the back

alley of the Cathedral, the tailors gathered at the market on Central Square, the Art Centre, the Tower of Light! And other places. I saw it from the broadcast.”

“So let’s go play at Painter’s Hill!”

It was a village filled with sculptures, artwork, performances and Grand Buildings! Even if the history was short, there were many things to see. A person could just roam around and enjoy the day.

“Keheok... It is up to here.”

“Ugh, I want to see more places.”

The amount the beginners could explore was limited by their vitality. A user who learnt the cooking skill dejectedly passed the grass porridge boxed lunch to a friend.

“Do you know what profession you’re going to select?”

“I’m going to follow Weed-nim and become a sculptor. In the future I would also like to go on such adventures on the continent.”

“It isn’t easy to go on adventures as a sculptor.... Well I’ll cook you tasty dishes. Later visit the restaurant among the shacks.”

“Uh, yes.”

The friends wandered as the sun set. Then they climbed the hill hand in hand and watched the night view from the Tower o Light. They saw the rock where grand ambitions were inscribed.

-Collect and sell any japtem.

-I had a hard time as a beginner so I want to sleep at night without being troubled.

-Prepare for a home early.

-Sincerely pay taxes to preserve the peace.

It was unknown how long the poor handwriting carved with a knife had been there. There were many places to see and enjoy in the city but the beginners’ dream was to collect 4 gold and enter the Art Centre.

“Let’s join the Grass Porridge Cult.

“I’m going to gain money and buy a shack.”

4 weeks passed for the beginners and they could finally leave the gate! Normally they would hunt deer or rabbit and grow gradually. However Weed had other intentions when he established his kingdom in Morata’s Central Square.

Beginners hunting near Morata and nearby cities gathered and heard his words. Users were continually entering through the north, south, east and west gates on horses or carriages. Of course the broadcasting stations also came out to cover the story.

“It’s starting now.”

“It is the first time I’m seeing a coronation... How exciting.”

“What did you say before? I couldn’t hear you over the noise from this crowd.”

“It looks like the crown is being handed over.....”

“Already?”

“Huh, it’s over?”

“It ended this quickly?”

The ceremony proceeded at super speed without any performances from bards or a tournament between knights. The crowd were disappointed but hesitated to scatter.

They had affection for Morata so they wanted an event to mark the establishment of the Arpen Kingdom. And then there was Weed’s declaration to create a large, historical sculpture that would make Arpen prosper!

Until now users had only seen the words created by artists but now they were given an opportunity to participate. It was a scale that didn’t exist in the history of the continent and they could contribute to a great work! They shivered at the thought of such an honour after hearing Weed’s yell.

“Hooray King Weed!”

“I want to do it!”

A fanatical heat swept through the square. This was a huge opportunity that might not return if they didn't participate. He was giving a boost to the city so the Weed's esteem started to rise in the hearts of the pure beginners.

“He really is a great king.”

“Yes. He is considering the plight of beginners like us and understands even when we have such low levels.”

The naive players thought he wasn't going to raise taxes! But Pale's party knew the truth.

It would be forced labour as soon as they joined the team to make the sculpture! He didn't rally the forces and make them do it by force. Instead he deliberately lured them so they couldn't escape Weed was creating a sculpture of a scale that didn't exist in history yet so it was difficult to not participate. Maybe that's what he intended by making the budget for the coronation ceremony 30 gold. A grand plan to turn the large crowd in the square into labourers!

Surka analysed it with a cool head.

“I think Weed-nim's voice was trembling because of the construction costs.”

Mapan felt such an eerie feeling that goose bumps appeared on his skin.

“I really have a lot to learn.”

The crowd was moved by Weed!

A good businessman needed to be able to scam people. He couldn't imagine what the largest construction would be.

“Come on, let's go!”

Weed led the crowd out of the gates. He moved along a pretty flower path towards the mountain. This was the mountain region with quarry

mines.

“You should be able to carry them one by one. Move quickly. It will be difficult if it is too late. It will be hard to move once the sun sets.”

The crowd carrying rocks and minerals formed a procession like a swarm of ants. Weed’s destination was a wide wasteland where not even a single blade of grass grew. The distance was so far that Morata’s walls and buildings couldn’t be seen.

A procession of workers that exceeded 100,000 people headed to the mountains from Morata. They carried necessary materials such as stone and wood.

The beginners were henceforth faithful workers.



“The land price is also cheap... This place won’t rise much later on so it is good to leave sculptures here.”

Weed quite liked the wasteland.

Sculptures were influenced by the terrain and natural environment. If Weed designed the sculpture in a barren place then it might result in a higher effect.

The sculptor was supposed to be the largest one in history so it needed a vast area.

“Bring more stones!”

“The foundation here needs to be steadier. Dig deeper and let’s get started.”

The workers committed to carrying the stones from the mountains through the forest. The number of users who believed in Weed and decided to participate in creating the sculpture couldn’t be counted.

There were slightly high level users migrated from the Central Continent and Rosenheim Kingdom.

The beginners that started in Morata and members from the Grass

Porridge Grass also joined and completely changed the appearance of the wastelands.

Weed specified the designated land and the rocks were stacked up there. It was a massive scale like the Great Wall of China or a pyramid was being built. It was a huge civil engineering project run by the King.

“Collect your children and come work quickly.”

“Ummooooo.”

Yellowy and his children also carried the rocks.

Various construction materials were piled up! A small mountain of rocks and dirt was already formed.

“What are you going to create?”

“I don’t know. I’ll just make it once all the materials are collected.”

Weed wanted to make a large sculpture so the users had gathered big, usable rocks. The Arpen Kingdom was the first one founded so there was a lot of interest in Weed’s business. Roads were being connected in Morata while architects were laying the foundation to build a square.

Weed decided to set a working area where 32 sculptures could be placed. It was so big that he wouldn’t be able to manage it alone.

“I have to recruit some disciples.”

He couldn’t carve 32 sculptures in his large workshop alone. If someone did the minimal trim on the sculpture then the work would become easier. Weed placed an advertisement on Morata’s gates as the best sculptor on the continent.

-Weed wants a disciple.

Hello!

Sculptor Weed is working with a friendly atmosphere in the wasteland. He is looking for disciples to trim the sculptures together.

Every day 21 hours will be spent creating the sculptor and 3 hours running errands.

Anyone can apply.

4 coppers an hour.

However, the probationary period is 3 days and only half the salary will be paid.

If you receive an injury while making the sculpture then it will be bandaged.

No days off.

No additional pay will be given for working at night.

Hospitality-Grass porridge will be provided as a meal 3 times a day and you can lay down anywhere in the workshop to sleep.

There will be rabbit soup twice a month for dinner. However you need to catch the rabbits directly.

Always recruiting.

People with experience in sculpting preferred. It doesn't matter if you are novices. People with sincerity rather than talent will be preferred.

The worst working conditions! Still, it was a chance to become Weed's disciple so there was no shortage of people.

"Is it really going to be like he wrote?"

"Even so, I want to become a disciple. I can learn his skills."

From beginners to senior magicians, the applicants gathered like clouds. Weed held brief 10 minute interviews.

"Do you know sculpting?"

"Yes!"

"I learnt it a little while ago."

The applicants standing in front of Weed were nervous and couldn't breathe properly. Many people who dreamed of becoming a sculptor started in Morata. They had large aspirations for sculpting so they had prepared in advance.

“Can you continue to trim the sculpture even when it is raining or your stomach is empty?”

“Yes? Of course... My body can continue even when the weather is bad.”

“Pass!”

Beginners who didn't possess the sculpting skill were also supported.

“Limbs intact and... Do you have a lot of time?”

“Yes. I have a lot of time to spare because I'm unemployed.”

“Pass!”

Weed pulled 700 disciples in an instant! Weed had the novice sculptors start to prepare the rocks. The complete beginners helped by running errands.



A famous sculptor called Depth who had intermediate sculpting was also supported by the disciples. He had moved to Morata from Rhodium in order to raise his fame as a sculptor.

“I've always admired you. I hope we get along well in the future.”

“Yes. You're quite proficient in making sculptures so you'll have a lot of work.”

“Give me any work you want.”

Depth had decent sculpting skill so he was given the task of refining the sculptures. He directed the exterior to be trimmed to the height Weed indicated as well as the basic form of the sculpture.

“This is enough to start working.”

Weed used the Sculpting Knife and tools like a chisel in order to create the giant form of a person. He spread the Wings of Light and created a mysterious atmosphere.

“There is no need to use too much technique. It just needs to be faithful to the prototype even if it is a little clunky.”

Tang! Tang! Tang!

He commenced carving away at the rocks. Weed had level 8 advanced sculpting so he gradually revealed the beauty of the stone. He expressed the smoothness and magnificence of the large rocks that had been on the mountains for hundreds of years. Perseverance and vitality was necessary in order to slash at the hard rocks.

A sculpture was born with his passion and commitment. It was said that all noble art was born from hardship.

“If I ever have a child then I’m not letting them become a sculptor!”

Weed understood why parents wouldn’t want their children to have the same job. Something had to be experienced in order to be properly understood.

Royal Road was a difficult and dangerous place but even a sculpture in reality would have a hard life. Of course, he was doing well to the extent that he was respected but he wouldn’t recommend it to his children.

“If they just commit moderate sins and study hard then they will succeed.”

The hearts of most parents were probably similar. Weed occasionally looked down at the ground to see lots of people working. The road leading up to the wasteland was full of people piling up a mountain of rocks.

They were making a marble building in accordance with the number of sculptures. Everyone was working tremendously under Weed’s direction from above.

“There’s no time to rest.”

Weed didn’t delay and continued slashing at the rocks. While he was making the sculpture the Wyverns, Bingryong and Phoenix visited.

“You came again. Go and hunt.”

“Master, Master! Today I ate 2 horses.”

“Eat until you’re full. I’m a little busy.”

“Delicious. Horse meat is always delicious. Master.”

“Yes, I know it is delicious. So go have some more.”

Silver Bird also sometimes had serious worries.

“Golden Bird’s eyes are sometimes strange when looking at me. But it isn’t in a way I don’t like.”

Phoenix came in the middle of the day and made it even hotter.

“Master, this sculpture seems great.”

He apparently didn’t have anything to do and closely watched Weed making the sculpture with his hot body. Weed’s perseverance was already at the bottom.

Then Wy-3 flew over.

“Master, I ate 3 horses today. Do you think I’ve gained weight?”

Weed had spent little time with his sculptural lifeforms these days. So they kept on coming back repeatedly in order to see Weed. And they were sculptural lifeforms so they had a strong interest in the art Weed was creating.

“Wy-3.”

“Master. Speak.”

“Let’s stay together for a long time.”

“Understood Master.”

But Weed didn’t hit him angrily to make him go away. He wanted his sculptural lifeforms to stay with him in order to make them work for a long time.



The expectations of the crowd in Morata were enormous.

“Look at that massive scale. What on earth is being made that is that wide?”

“Is it the Royal Palace?”

“Doesn’t it really seem like it?”

Weed was making something with marble. There seemed to be 32 sculptures and if they looked closely then they seemed like buildings from different kingdoms. It didn’t seem that luxurious but there were pillars of marble that seemed to be lining a large space.

Stones were dug from the nearby quarry but the marble naturally wasn’t free. It was bought from another village in the north so it consumed the Arpen Kingdom’s budget. The funds invested in this were enough to build 3 Grand Buildings.

The people were so curious they couldn’t stand it.

“Why is he creating such a tremendous sculpture?”

“If the finances from the Arpen Kingdom are invested in it then wouldn’t it immediately decline?”

Given the scale of the construction, it was like money was literally being poured into it. Right now the residents of the Kingdom had the highest loyalty and security.

The future of Morata and Vargo Fortress was very hopeful. If the state’s finances were consumed excessively then taxes would increase and the residents would naturally be dissatisfied.

In addition, it might not end with just a tax increase. Eventually security would deteriorate and the number of bandits would rise. The users were anxious about the something going wrong with the Arpen Kingdom.

Weed was always trying to squeeze as much as possible from the budget but an unprecedented sum of money was already invested in the construction. Other cities didn’t even have the funds for 3 Grand Buildings so there weren’t many people who understood. It might be understandable if they were building a palace or military facility but these funds were being spent on a sculpture!

While a great deal of interest was being shown to Weed’s sculpture, the face of the sculpture slowly started being revealed. No matter how they looked at it, the sculpture was just that of a plain looking woman.

The users who carried the stones slumped as they had expected a great work.

“Is he really trying to make a Magnum Opus?”

“No way. The Ice Beauty Weed created is dramatically beautiful.”

“The Goddess of Freya Statue is also pretty.”

Weed’s sculptures were a great pride to the Morata users and they felt admiration every time they saw it. The sight of the rising morning sun through the morning mist on the Goddess of Freya Statue was really dazzling. Weed had the Morata users’ active support so it was hard to believe he would create such an ordinary sculpture.

“This is a complete failure.”

“I agree. There is no law that Weed will succeed with every sculpture.”

“It seems like his abilities have degenerated.”

“Hey. I’m just going hunting. This is a waste of money and time.”

The users ranged from disappointed to concerned. The result was too mediocre for the hard work of so many people.

“If it is only that degree then it isn’t worth learning.”

The disciples and workers who participated became disgruntled and started quitting one after another. It was to the extent that secret rumours spread through Morata’s back alleys.

“Bardray killed him so his sense of sculpting must’ve fallen.”

“I never really thought that much of Weed’s sculptures. Hasn’t he just been lucky in the meantime?”

They didn’t dare speak openly because they were scared of the Grass Porridge Cult but a lot of people who came to Morata started making accusations of Weed.

The crowd that had cheered passionately when Weed revealed his plan had their hearts turned cold. A colossal amount of funds and people have been invested in this work so they couldn’t help feeling disappointed. A

sculptor truly carried a heavy burden.

“What is he going to do?”

“It doesn't seem that good based on this.”

Irene and Surka watched Weed hanging from the sculpture. It was becoming troublesome like they expected. The hearts of Weed's party would hurt the most at a time like this.

Weed completed the first sculpture while receiving distrust. People looked up from the square without any expectations.

Weed carved the double folded eyelid and the sculpture was completed!

-The statue of the Goddess Hestia has been born!

Hestia has defended the Versailles Continent since ancient times. She is in charge of the family hearth and loves creative abilities.

Her statue was destroyed in a war so her existence is only known in the dwarven and human records.

The restoration of a Goddess Hestia statue will have great religious significance to the dwarves on the Versailles Continent.

The completion of the first Statue of Goddess Hestia has been recorded in history.

Those who admire the Statue of Goddess Hestia will have health, mana regeneration and vitality increased by 35% for a day.

The effect of spirit magic and attack skills will increase by 11%.

This is a religious statue so the Faith stat will permanently increase by 7.

Sculptors, Bards and Painters will have their Art stat permanently increased by 9.

Goddess Hestia's blessings will irregularly be given to artist professions.

The ability of humans and dwarves to deal with fire has improved by 13%.

There is a 4% chance for a magician's fire magic to have an

unquenchable effect.

The Art stat has permanently increased by 6 points due to the creation of an ancient work of art.

Statue of Goddess Hestia!

Just watching the finished sculpture permanently increased some stats.

“Weed created a sculpture of the Goddess Hestia?”

“Wow, the real deal!”

The people who believed in Weed and watched the completion of his work were able to enjoy the effects and obtain the stats. The people who carried the heavy materials for the sculpture felt as light as a feather.

Ddirring!

-The Statue of Goddess Hestia has been completed and Arpen Kingdom's political power has expanded.

Relationship with the dwarves has improved.

The influence of the new religion will give residents positive hope.

Every person visiting Morata heard that a statue of Goddess Hestia was created.

“He really is Sculptor Weed. The God of Sculpting!”

“I moved chunks of stone 7 times! I really suffered making the statue!”

“I unconditionally believed in Weed's sculpture from the beginning.”

“Let's quickly go and carry the stones.”

“The taste of the grass porridge is best after working.”

In addition to the beginners, candidates came from outside Morata and the number of applicants increased infinitely. The number of workers supporting after one day was 300,000 people.

The people who played a role in creating the Statue of Goddess Hestia received more specific blessings. They gained slightly more Faith, Strength and Perseverance. Even their contribution to the Arpen Kingdom

increased so they couldn't give up this chance!

A massive amount of stones were stacked up in the construction area.

"Use your body weight when swinging the pickaxe."

"It is easier to carry the stones if you bend at the waist and shoulder. Then keeping on looking straight ahead no matter what."

"Don't try to forcibly carry too much. It is faster to carry a lighter weight 3 times than it is to carry a heavy stone once."

The experienced users from the Rosenheim Kingdom who participated in creating the pyramid gave advice to the beginners.

"Is it hard?"

"No. It's okay."

Pale and Maylon once again showed their affection as they carried the stones. Surka was still waiting to meet a good man.

"That looks too big so shall I break it?"

"That would be good... Is it possible?"

"Yon han kwon!"

Pa pa pa pa pak!

Surka's fists broke the rock! She carried heavy stones that even men didn't dare pick up.

"Hello."

"Thank you, Priest-nim."

Irene and other priests welcomed the players who worked hard. Cooks appeared and offered food to workers who carried the stone. The terrain changed every day through the extensive labour.



Vent Castle!

It was an important gateway to protect Mordred, the capital of the Niflheim Empire. The Empire's Capital had collapsed completely and after

the north became covered with ice and monsters, the army made sure to keep the gates of Vent Castle locked.

“This will protect our lives. One day the Niflheim Empire will rise again!”

The knights fought against the monsters and protected the castle. The days were filled with severe ice storms. Vent Castle was the only place where the people in the north lived.

They became self-sufficient with food as they lived within the boundaries of monsters. Then the Northern Continent recovered its mild climate again but they still didn't open their gates.

“The north is dangerous. And the person who inherited the Niflheim Kingdom hasn't appeared yet.”

The knights and soldiers ruled Vent Castle!

Meanwhile other areas of the north received Goddess Freya's blessings and harvested many crops. The price of Morata's food became cheaper and the birth rate in the village miraculously increased. The hunters and soldiers scattered through the north to live. They struggled in the freezing cold weather and died fighting monsters while residents would give birth. The result was the growth of a small village.

Meanwhile Morata's political power in the area increased.

The waves of change also came to Vent Castle.

“Excuse me... I've come to sell food.”

Gamong was a novice merchant from Morata.

“Disappear quickly!”

The knights of Vent Castle heartlessly tried to drive her away. But Gamong was familiar with such reception. Her fame wasn't high and she didn't have a lot of trading experience.

Merchant activities in the north weren't that good. If she went to the Central Continent with Morata's specialties then she could get good treatment. That's why most of the users traded back and forth with the

Central Continent or between players in Morata.

Roaming the north with a trade wagon wasn't a good idea. There were many dangerous monsters around the roads so it was difficult for merchants to move. The development of other villages in the north was slow so they didn't have specialities like Morata.

“But a merchant's path is to establish a trade route first!”

Gamong didn't want to be like other merchants who pursued comfort. Usually merchants became respected in Morata before going to other large cities to trade. Fortunately there was a rich amount of product from Morata so she could go around selling it to the north. Gamong went around the north trading japtem.

“Please check the taste just once.”

Gamong gave olives, wine and rice to the knights before leaving. Food had a shelf-life so it would rot if left for too long. This was a transaction where she only received a loss! However Gamong had hope.

“Morata will keep on getting bigger. And people live in the north so trade will start becoming active.”

She roamed the north with food wagons from Morata. If she met monsters then she would give most of it away. Fortunately she also sold it to travellers, soldiers and other lords but she couldn't say that she made a profit.

“Ya ya. That's crazy. Don't do it.”

“Having just one store in Morata will collect money. All you have to do is eat and then play.”

Every merchant she met in a bar tried to stop her. Gamong watched the Tower of Light at night and didn't give up hope.

“I'm going to be a large trade merchant. I will pull 1,000 trades...”

So she toured the northern area for a few months. She didn't earn money but the income she found was a fast and safe route between small villages and a rise in intimacy with local residents.

“Would you like to see Vent Castle?”

She was handing out food in a mountain village when a grandmother of one of the residents asked.

“Yes. But I’ve almost given up. It isn’t easy.”

“One of the guards is my grandchild... If you mention my name then he might let you in.”

Ddirring!

-You have acquired information on how to enter Vent Castle.

Gamong was so excited that she couldn’t speak. She could enter the castle that allowed no-one in for the first time! If it was any other class then she would be interested in the quests but she was a merchant. She was interested in what she could buy and sell there. Gamong arrived at Vent Castle 2 days later.

“Hrmm... I’ve heard about the good deeds you’ve done in this area by distributing food. I’ll grant my grandmother’s request.”

Vent Castle was a relic from the Niflheim Empire. The goods that could be traded in the stores also reflected the technology of that time.

“I... I’ll now become a wealthy merchant!”

Gamong cried out as she rejoiced. If she took the goods from Vent Castle elsewhere then she could obtain huge money. It was an exclusive trade because there were no competitors!

She didn’t know how long the monopoly would last since other merchants would start knocking on Vent Castle’s doors now that Gamong succeeded. Before the monopoly period ended, she would build intimacy and obtain vital information on products.

Gamong bought items and armour from Vent Castle with excellent workmanship that could be sold at an affordable price in Morata. Vent Castle had been closed off so their items and armour were kept at a low price.

She brought a huge amount of food from Morata to Vent Castle.

“Now. Morata’s specialties! Lamb and beer, rice, tomatoes, cheese, wine, today they are all sold really cheaply! Come fast!”

“Merchant-nim. How much is this?”

“4 copper please. I’ll give you a little bit more.”

She ran out of stock in an instant after selling it at the square.

-You have sold food to Vent Castle’s inhabitants at a low price.

Trading Fame has increased by 24.

Charm has increased by 3.

Gamong thought of the distant future as she sold all the food. It was possible to receive 3~4 times the purchase price so the deal was profitable for her. Her fame and intimacy increased after selling a lot of food from Morata. And the reaction came immediately when she purchased goods from Vent Castle’s stores.

“Gamong is a good merchant. I was waiting for your visit. This doesn’t sell very well... Would you like to see? I will increase the quantity sold to you.”

A merchant couldn’t buy goods unlimitedly even if they had the money. There was a certain quantity of weapons and armours that would be sold.

“Hehehe, I’m rich. Rich!”

Gamong was given a large sum of money and fame as a merchant.

It was difficult to imagine as a novice merchant but every trade accumulated. A merchant normally had thick stomach that rocked every time they walked.

Gamong wasn’t the only one who benefited from it. When the food from Morata was grown or processed, Vent Castle’s birth rate would increase. Merchants had a large contribution to the stability of a region.

The trade was successful and the closed up attitude of Vent Castle slowly loosened.

“According to the goblins, a sculptor called Weed has succeeded in great

adventures. The goblins are good at lying so I don't know how reliable they are... But it is surprising that we are the only ones who don't know about Weed."

"Is this warm climate really due to Weed's adventures?"

"We're trying to restore the honour of the Niflheim Empire but we've heard a lot of rumours about Weed."

"Is it true that Morata is more prosperous than Vent Castle?"

"Was the Arpen Kingdom really founded? Well... These days I keep on hearing stories about Weed and Morata so it might really be possible."

All the residents in Vent Castle also knew about Weed.

"A vagabond said that Weed is creating a huge sculptor. Morata must be an amazing city thanks to his sculptures."

"The food we're eating has been grown in Morata... That toasted bread is very delicious."



"This is suitable to be a workroom."

The blacksmith Herman left Kuruso in the Dwarf Kingdom and arrived in Morata. Herman was also challenging the Blacksmith Master Quest and his ultimate target was to make the best sword.

That's why he came here.

"Hestia's Forge will be very helpful."

Kuruso had a rich abundance of high quality iron and metals. The treatment of dwarf blacksmiths was also good. The prices for equipment made at Kuruso's forges were 2~3 times that of other places.

Despite these many conveniences, Hestia's Forge was better at making products so 1 in 5 blacksmiths came to Morata including Herman. He didn't come alone and was accompanied by many other dwarven blacksmiths. The dwarves were keen to see the land.

"This place is good. The land is flat and wide. We can build a house and

forge here.”

“Kya! This beer taste is amazing. I need to drink in order to build a house.”

“Isn’t it beer brewed by humans?”

“You won’t understand until you try it. This beer tastes good like steel.”

The dwarves’ agility and handicraft meant they could use construction techniques. They wanted to buy land close to Hestia’s Forge and the vacant land was wide and spacious. And the minimum value of the land started from 4,500 gold!

“The land value is so expensive!”

“This isn’t a main street. The price is strangely expensive.”

“But it isn’t to the extent that we won’t buy it.....”

The dwarves went to the government office and purchased the land. Weed had considered this when he built Hestia’s Forge.

‘This is the location with the most potential for growth.’

Other people wouldn’t have thought of land speculation at the time. Weed took ownership of the land and waited for the rich dwarves to move. He had this in mind from the moment he started building Hestia’s Forge.

Chapter 2: Garden of the Gods

Weed's coronation ceremony spread and every user was interested in the north. There were millions of people currently in Morata but there was no publicity.

Unlike Bardray and the Hermes Guild's dazzling coronation in the Haven Kingdom, it became known that Weed only spent 30 gold. He spent millions of gold on the Grand Buildings yet only 30 gold on his coronation.

"This... It really does seem like a fairy-tale king has been selected."

"Kya! So different. He didn't spend a large amount of money on the event because he cares for the residents."

"The village will grow with the king. I knew it."

Unlike Weed's actual intention, praise calling him a great ruler spread.



Weed decided that the name of the place would be called the Garden of the Gods.

Apart from the sculptures, a temple was built with flowers and trees being planted. If it was just the sculptures then it would look slightly lonely. Many people worked on the sculptures, garden and architecture so it was like a large scale business.

It was necessary to grow flowers and trees to raise his Affinity to Nature. There was no sense in planting trees that grew in forests or the mountains. Plants that grew on cliffs and rocky crevices would just die when moved to a botanical garden. In order to grow something in the barren wasteland, water was dragged through a channel from the river.

It was a project that required enormous commitment and the exploitation of the workers!

"Keohohoheok....."

"Let's have a short breather."

“I think I can go a little further.”

“Haven’t you heard? Romomo-nim died this morning while holding the stone. Take a break.”

“Kuheuhuk. No wonder why I haven’t seen him.”

Beginners that carried a heavy burden were also killed. Only 3 sculptures had been completed but it was already an essential place for priests and paladins to visit.

The Faith stat was important because it improved holy magic and combat skills. Those who prayed enthusiastically at the Garden of the Gods would receive more special benefits.

“Weed-nim really is thinking about the priests and paladins.”

“Yes. He really is doing a lot for our classes.”

Weed wasn’t just thinking of those classes.

“There is no useless regionalism or class discrimination in the Arpen Kingdom.”

It didn’t matter if people started in the north or came from the centre of the continent. Any user who paid taxes would be treated fairly!

It was no surprise that the Garden of the Gods spread on the internet. Videos and screenshots of the construction was placed on Royal Road’s bulletin boards and the users paid it a lot of attention. It was also introduced through KMC Media and CTS Media.

“Another sculpture in Morata.....”

“The scale surpasses all imagination.”

Priests from the centre, east, west and south areas of the continent went on an expedition to Morata.

“It increases Faith... You have to come see it.”

The core of priest associated classes was hunting with a party. Priests had blessings, protection spells and healing abilities were critical in stopping the party from dying.

Therefore competition among priests existed and they were sensitive on how much health they could recover with magic at once. People who could heal a warrior by 1,730 would be more popular than those who could recover 1,500 health. The job of a priest was to support the hunting party so they needed a lot of self-confidence.

Morata was quite a long way from the Central Continent but the priests thought it was worth it and embarked on a pilgrimage. The users with clergy affiliated classes gathered en masse in Morata by riding horses, carriages or using a merchant's ship.

“Going dungeon hunting. I'm a priest.”

“Opportunity to get treated by a priest more then level 200. Items will be shared between 2 people.”

“I'm a priest who will serve the party without questioning them. Please state your conditions.”

It was important to find good priests when hunting on the continent. It was to the extent that priests could state a ransom in some areas.



“This is the 14th quest finished.”

Bardray was ahead of most people in the Class Master Quest. He was commissioned to fight the cannibalistic monster the Kajanka!

He relayed it to each broadcasting station in a live feed when he received the request. The battle video had the best audience ratings for that time slot. The hosts all praised his strength and skill.

“How can he fight like that?”

“It is amazing how often he aims for the weak points. It is close to perfection.”

“If there is a god then he might fight like this... There doesn't seem to be anyone capable of fighting Bardray.”

Bardray had popularity, fame and the power of the Hermes Guild! But the video with the highest viewership was his battle with Weed.

Bardray also watched back Weed's battles. Weed drew his sword against the warriors of the Hermes Guild.

'His attack skills flows naturally from his body.'

Weed's fierce attacks weren't broken. The Heriam Fencing that Bardray knew only went up to a maximum of 6 consecutive attacks. That alone was incredible when looking at the Royal Guards.

But Weed had succeeded 16 times against the assassins. Bardray was shocked at his movements.

'How can that be?'

He found other combat videos of Weed.

'He surprises the monsters with his Fighting Spirit and then cuts them while they're hesitating. Once he strikes the monsters first, he continuously attacks without any room for counterattacks. When surrounded on all sides, he deliberately induces a reaction to create a gap where he can attack the monster's back. He manages to escape when besieged from all sides so he must be familiar with fighting. What type of combat experience has he had?'

It was really difficult to imitate the attack style he used against the Bone Dragon. Just damaging the Bone Dragon's when it flying through the air required a large amount of courage. Most users sensibly chose to attack from a long range. Yet Weed rode a wyvern and battled the Bone Dragon in the air.

"Doesn't this behaviour indicate that his skill and level is quite high?"

Even when he was the Lich Shire, an orc or commanding the Dark Elves, Weed always managed to succeed at the last moment. He was an expert at finding the enemy's weak point and damaging it! The more he looked Weed's battles, the more amazing he thought it was.

'If skills, level and equipment was removed, could I win in an equal 1 on 1 sword fight?'

Weed was very fast. But Bardray's speed also increased thanks to various

blessings. He also rode the finest horse Rindullin. When the difference in reaction speed and range of skills was taken into consideration, they were approximately equal.

However Weed was the one who took the lead in his attacks. He took the most difficult route by aiming for a weak spot and attacking it 2 times, 3 times, etc. in a row.

‘And the numerous irregular attacks.....’

Weed’s swinging sword caused a flow.

Quick, quick, slow, quick, strong, slow, strong, quick, strong!

The strikes were like a storm and the body would become bloody and confused as it tried to catch up. He changed the rhythm so it was like he had different personalities when fighting several people.

Those who fought against it directly couldn’t understand unless they viewed it from a distance. Bardray used his secret sword techniques but he was still battered. The glitz and glamour was hiding the aggression. The destructive manner was enough to cause a chill down his back.

‘It is fortunate that his offensive power was weaker. It could’ve been dangerous.’

He knew that the attacks didn’t deal that much damage so he could counterattack strongly.

‘What happens if he uses that against monsters?’

Bardray never thought of other people’s combat style.

His method of hunting efficiently was to keep a balance between distribution and mana, maintain a reasonable balance and wreak havoc with his skills.

But Weed displayed a fighting style that was a stage higher. He enjoyed the fight and threw everything into it.

‘It was a decent attempt. Hunting has become more fascinating.’

Bardray realized something that he was personally lacking. It was

reflected in his Class Master Quest. Every time he fought monsters or other knights, it was easy to grasp the opponent's weak points by referring to Weed's battle style.

'I have to practice striking one point over and over.'



"Faster!"

"Three wagons containing red stones are here!"

"Lay it from here to here."

Users filled the construction site of the Garden of the Gods. They passed the place where the square had been completed and the temple would soon be built.

"As expected, this is really interesting. The construction labourers are really working together."

Weed proudly watched the construction workers. This was the taste of power. Their working pace while digging and carrying was so fast it transcended imagination.

"If it is this much then the other structures will be finished before the sculptures."

Weed was making a statue of a god he saw in Ratzeberg. In the case of gods forgotten by the world, a new religion would be born when the statue was completed. Once other sculptors knew what type of work was being done, the progress became faster.

Weed left the lower portions of the sculpture to them while concentrating on the more time consuming parts.

"The chance to participate in a work of the gods won't come again."

"Yes. We can gain a lot by participating in the work."

The disciples became motivated and increased their workload.

"Uaaaack!"

Sometimes a sculptor would neglect to tie their ropes properly and

would fall to their death. However the sculptor never forgot their pride in the job. Working with Weed raised their secondary stats, skill proficiency and they obtained fame as a sculpture. Therefore they happily stayed up all night working.

By the time 4 sculptures were completed, hundreds of thousands of users were helping every day. When 6 sculptures were completed, the materials didn't need to be gathered anymore and they just filled the square.

The Elves came and planted wildflowers and flowers representing each god.

By the time 10 sculptures were finished, the roads to Morata were opened. The work was being conducted at a frightening pace due to the crowds involved.

“Just yesterday I was on that mountain.....”

“We all relocated in the morning.”

“Has the shape of the lake changed?”

“If you look at it from the air then Morata seems like it is collapsing.”

They were worried that the features of the terrain would change due to the construction. As soon as the foundation of the Garden of the Gods was completed, the people rushed to set up the pillars and exterior decorations for the temple. The walls contained images of the gods Weed was sculpting.

“What god is Weed-nim making this time?”

“The God of travel and time, Turoche!”

“Who is that?”

“I don't know.”

“Another unknown god has appeared again?”

“But now quests have been given to players with Adventurer or Scholar professions. They have been asked to find out about Turoche.”

If Weed made a sculpture then the adventurers would obtain information about it. Once a sculpture was completed, a quest connected to the relevant god would be given.

“Oh, these words are related to Turoche!”

A message would be sent to each library looking for a description. Once information about Turoche was discovered, the quest completion window would pop up! The birth of a god would then lead to other quests.

“Ugh, it kills the flavour of beer. What request should I do next?”

“You’ve already completed Hestia’s request?”

“Yes. It wasn’t a difficult request so I finished it right away!”

Adventurers and requests were once again hot in Morata. The statues in the Garden of the Gods had an increasing influence on local politics, new types of requests were generated and there were religious benefits.

Priests and clerics screamed with joy while adventurers went off on the road to complete requests. Meanwhile architects also gained skills by building the temple.

“This temple is too plain. We need to consider the attributes of Goddess Hestia. The dwarves need a comfortable place to visit....”

“The temple doesn’t sell any beer?”

“Gulp! Business seems to be going well but wouldn’t this be better? A place needs to be left in the middle of the altar for a holy fire to burn.”

“Small chairs also need to be installed for the dwarves’ comfort.”

Thanks to Weed’s speech and the result of the sculptures, the temple erected received an overwhelming response from the crowd. The temple was constructed to be preserved and wouldn’t collapse for a long time.

The architects who created the building gained a lot of fame and skill proficiency. They showed various skills and made a beautiful building thanks to the crowd’s help.

Arpen’s financial status was strong thanks to Morata but the Garden of

the Gods consumed the stored funds. However the residents weren't worried about such things.

“Aren't the number of users increasing these days?”

“Yes. It isn't strange for beginners to start in the Arpen Kingdom anymore.”

“It isn't just beginners. Users are flocking every day from the Central Continent.”

“Indeed... Goods are being traded in the square. People are buying very expensive magic supplies right now.”

The priest affiliated classes that came to see the Garden of the Gods was the main source. Some came alone but more often they came to Morata with people they were friendly with.

“This is the north!”

“I heard there are a lot of quests here so we came for adventures.”

“Let's explore a dungeon.”

The priest and paladins had no intention of leaving before the Garden of the Gods was completely finished. The number of people living in Morata increased as they swept through monsters and various requests. They also returned to Morata due to the beautiful art and performances.

The people who came from the Central Continent paid the Arpen Kingdom's taxes, covering the necessary construction costs for the Garden of the Gods.

The priests even made offerings to particular gods which contributed to the construction expenses. The Morata beginners added a few coppers while the priests and paladins from the continent came up with a lump sum.

If they made contributions then it would be easier to become a high ranking priest of a new religion.

He also carved the likeness of the Orc God and the God of Barbarians.

Ddiring!

-The Orc's religion has been born.

The Orc's vengeful thoughts and culture will expand.

-The Barbarian's religion has been born.

If they come to the temple then they will obtain a strong power.

The degree of friendship with the Arpen Kingdom has risen.

The pride of the residents and users in the Arpen Kingdom rose as each sculpture was completed.

The Garden of the Gods gave never ending blessings to those living in the north. Those who participated in changing the wasteland also gained fame and honour.

A kingdom was an unbeatable culture was being built up day by day.



Weed spent 3 months on the Versailles Continent making the sculptures.

It was a tedious and hard work but he gained willpower from watching the users below.

“The population is increasing. I will earn taxes from them in the future!”

When he was making the Grand Buildings, they felt like a bottomless pit of money but now it was an amazing feature of Morata.

“I have to make sure the Arpen Kingdom's population continues to increase and that they won't go anywhere else. They have to stay in the kingdom and pay me taxes for their entire lives!”

Therefore a large public work like the Garden of the Gods was necessary.

It was like when looking at stores with flashy interiors. They were designed to induce the urge to enter and buy something. And the taxes couldn't be refunded even if they belatedly regretted it.

He couldn't be stingy in his investment to collect money from the residents.

"It has to look expensive. Later on I can raise the taxes! I can also scrape money from the tourists."

Architecture was useful in making a city famous. But he didn't plan to make the Garden of the Gods larger than necessary.

Ratzeberg was an important spot where the gods first entered the world. A lot of people had believed in those gods until they had been forgotten. When considering the religious and historical value, now was the best time to create the sculptures. He had to complete it before other sculptors or artists found Ratzeberg and informed the world about it.

"Business requires good timing!"

Weed's used his skills and the faith of the residents to create wonderful sculptures.

"The rise in sculpting proficiency at advanced level 8 is really slow. I've confirmed it while making the sculptures!"

Currently Weed's sculpting proficiency was advanced level 8. So far he had created 11 sculptures and gained 27% sculpting proficiency. He also gained stats from making works with historic and religious value!

Weed also received the blessings of the gods so his Handicraft, Cooking, Fishing and Sewing proficiency increased a little bit.

While the gods were no longer worshipped, their appearance would have a large and small effect on the continent. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that Weed was the cause behind a grand event.

He had taken one more step along the path to a Master Sculptor.

"I don't know whether I can make such expensive sculptures again if they are destroyed."

Weed wanted to go fight but he continued with the tedious work.

The Goddess' Knight Armour made from helium!

It was an equipment that received the blessings of the gods so options related to faith and defense were added. If he wore it then fighting would become more fun but he now had to make sculptures every day.

A fierce cry erupted from the ground every time Weed finished a sculpture of a god. A large crowd was waiting and it was especially a priority for those involved in making the sculptures. He had to stomach making the sculptures for the future of the Arpen Kingdom.

“It must be hard, Master-nim.”

He used the Wings of Light and rope to carve the shoulders of the sculpture. He quietly trimmed the stone at night under the moonlight and the stars.

‘Other people are having fun hunting and adventuring.’

Weed envied them yet still called himself a fool. Life was meant to be enjoyed in moderation yet he chose the difficult occupation of a sculptor.

He lived life eating barley bread while shedding tears. But he felt a sense of accomplishment and fulfilment when giving joy to people with his work. There was no one who hadn't experienced hard work in their lives.

“Taxes... This will help increase taxes in the future.”

Weed was working on a sculpture at night when a visitor arrived. He flew up near Weed on a big bird.

“Weed, it has been a while.”

The dwarf blacksmith Herman! He owned a blacksmith shop near Hestia's Forge and provided tailor made armour and swords to people. There was a very long waiting line for Herman's equipment. Weed welcomed him happily.

“Hello. I heard that you settled in Morata. How have you been in the meantime?”

“Morata is a really nice city. I regret I didn't come here faster from Kuruso.....By the way, speaking of Kuruso's farewell ceremony.....”

Weed hadn't seen Herman since the day he fled from Kuruso's farewell

ceremony.

“Farewell ceremony? It was a long time ago so I don’t really remember it. What about it?”

“Well, on the last day when you left Kuruso... Ah, it’s not a big deal.”

Herman decided not to speak about it anymore. He earned a lot of money as a dwarven blacksmith so he decided not to bring up some petty cash. Furthermore, the farewell ceremony was a custom created for dwarves not users.

‘It is best that I retreat.’

He didn’t know Weed that well but he was aware of the possibility of violence over some drinking money.

Weed had a calm smile on his face. Much of the mental fatigue from carving the sculpture flew away.

“Did you come here to get my permission to form a blacksmithing street near Hestia’s Forge like Painter’s Hill?”

Herman and the other dwarves that came with him from Kuroso wanted to create a blacksmith street now that they had decided to settle in Morata. His dream was to have an area in a city to sell good quality weapons and armour.

“The smithy is surrounding by other blacksmiths living and working together. They will help each other so wouldn’t having a store that mainly deals with metal be good for urban development?”

Having a place with many restaurants together was good. It would draw in more users and business. Herman wanted to actively participate in urban development while leading the blacksmiths. Blacksmiths contributed a greater role in Morata than other classes.

It was like how people saw similar things with their eyes. Morata was now the capital of the Arpen Kingdom so it was competing with other cities on Versailles Continent. Its potential would be endless once the Garden of the Gods was finished.

His dream of making it the best city on the continent in the distant future wasn't just a delusion. Because right now the place was like heaven for the users.

Weed also had a warm smile on his face.

“I've already planned to do so. A blacksmith receives respect and can wear the nice equipment of other professions. I really like the blacksmith occupation.”

A blacksmith paid plenty of taxes!

Weed had a fantasy about blacksmiths. The blacksmiths in Morata would create swords and armour so great that they would represent the continent. Visitors would travel to trade and the tax revenue would increase!

“Thank you for your understanding.”

“Of course. I really like blacksmiths...I will prepare support measures.”

The word ‘exploitation’ was obvious just looking at Weed.

“If Blacksmith Street is created then more people will come.”

Customers had to be secured in order for blacksmiths to develop. There were currently a lot of high level users adventuring in the north so they poured into Morata.

It was a good environment for novice blacksmiths to grow and customers could purchase equipment from blacksmiths like Herman. But in the long run, it was necessary to secure iron.

Morata had an iron mine but the amount and quality wasn't up to a satisfactory level. The standard was so inferior that it didn't reach even half the level of the iron from the Melbourne Mine.

The mine wasn't a good environment.

The lack of current material was resolved by melting old iron weapons from the Niflheim Empire. Novice blacksmiths learnt how to smelt rusty weapons. Blacksmiths also imported iron from the mines near other villages in the north.

The amount of resources important was so large that the villages with those mines received enormous profit.

Fortunately the area around Vargo Fortress had steep mountains that were likely to contain mines with large ore deposits. The dwarves also talked about abandoned silver and steel mines.

Weed had the Ellyons work at the mines while users and soldiers from Vargo Fortress took care of the monsters.

“I will continue to support the blacksmiths in many ways.”

“Thank you. When considering your support for artists, my anxiety was unnecessary.”

Weed hadn't started the support for users but rumours about him spread thanks to the Village Elder's actions. Word of Weed's support for art and performance affiliated professions spread around the continent and people praised him. It was part of why the residents of Arpen Kingdom had such a high degree of loyalty. Now they came to the north from the Central Continent.

“Instead, I have something to ask you as there is something I want to make.....”

“What is it?”



There was a part where Herman's help was needed for creating the sculptures. In order to truly express a God, the sculpture needed a weapon.

“It would be good if a blacksmith participates.”

A large weapon would be too heavy and the weight would destroy the sculpture. Although Weed's sculpting and handicraft skills were high, if a statue held a giant steel sword over its head then it would naturally break. He wanted Herman to create a large, empty weapon that was as light as possible.

“So... You want me to manufacture a weapon for a sculpture rather than focus on the quality. This is a new challenge so it is interesting. Let's work

together.”

In fact, Herman was grateful for a chance to participate in Weed’s work. He decided to make a bronze weapon for the sculpture. And he asked Weed one more thing.

“If there is a material with a special quality... If I have some can you work with it?”

“Yes, I think I can do it.”

“Then I’ll give this to you. Treat this as the price.”

-The Iron of Darkness has been acquired.

-The Blood-absorbing Jewel has been acquired.

-Iron of Darkness: Durability 9/9

Item related to the Blacksmith production skill.

Ultimate Blacksmith material.

An iron ore offered to a Necromancer and received a strong curse. When used to make a weapon, it will give undead characteristics and the darkness attribute.

It is less affected by holy magic thanks to a protection spell.

1st class Blacksmith item.

Option: Undead will demonstrate further ability when it is used

-Blood-absorbing Jewel: Durability 7/7

Item related to the Blacksmith production skill.

Ultimate Blacksmith material.

A jewel that was the cause of a war between the Masen and Aberdeen Kingdoms.

The jewel was eventually owned by the Aberdeen Kingdom but 3 queens met tragic deaths and their blood was scattered.

The jewel hasn’t been processed yet but it still deals out bad luck to those that work with it.

1st class Blacksmith item.

Options: The effect of skills related to blood will increase. The Luck stat will decrease by 13 when it is processed.

Charm increased by 7.

A special skill can be acquired.

Weed took the items and headed to Hestia's Forge.

"I have to make these immediately."

He put aside making the sculptures and spent one day in Hestia's Forge. He could carve jewels so handling the gem and Iron of Darkness wasn't a problem.

"I shouldn't break the sword again."

Weed dissolved the Iron of Darkness in Hestia's Forge, cooled it with water and beat it with a hammer. Thus a new sword was born!

-Sword of Darkness

Durability 145/145.

Attack 96~137.

A forged sword containing a rare Necromancer curse. It strengthens the characteristics of an undead and the effect become larger the higher the rank.

It has a rough external appearance. It is a suitably scary sword for an undead.

This is the work of a talented blacksmith!

Restrictions: Undead, Corrupt Knights only.

Level 465

Should have no morality or faith.

Options: Firm. Effect of the dark attribute increased by 37%

The Voice of Hatred and Loss will be available tanks to the Necromancer's curse.

Strength +12.

Agility +26.

When commanding the undead, you can extract an extra 13% of their power.

Holy magic will weaken thanks to protection magic.

-Your Intermediate Blacksmith skill has reached level 10 and has changed to Advanced.

You can skillfully handle iron and metal.

You can further enhance the performance of swords and armour. Special materials are required for this.

Your friendship with the dwarves has become higher and they will respect you as a friend of their race.

The effect of governing the hearth fire has increased by 31%.

You can burn flames of a very high temperature.

Vitality consumption will decrease by half when hammering.

The wearer restriction of each item will decrease by 4%.

All stats will increase by 20 points.

-Your Fame has increased by 130 for manufacturing a special weapon for the undead.

His intermediate Blacksmith skill immediately rose to advanced the moment he completed the Sword of Darkness. His tremendous effort paid off in the end. His rise in skill proficiency from making the Mithril and Helium Goddess' Knight Armour also helped.

“The moment I've been waiting for has finally arrived.”

Weed made improvements on all of his equipment.

The Daemon Sword was enhanced a little further and it was the same for the Goddess' Knight Armour.

In order to raise the defense capabilities of the Mithril a little further, he

inscribed a complex pattern on it to stop the enemy's attacks. It couldn't be compared to making it with advanced blacksmithing from the beginning but it improved a little bit. In fact, it wasn't possible to manufacture the necessary equipment again every time his skill level rose.

“The Sword of Darkness isn't bad.”

The natural of the material meant it was thicker and heavier than a typical sword. Thanks to that the attack damage was good. Weed took out a knife and processed the jewel.

His primary class was a sculptor so carving the jewel was easier than making the sword. It became a glowing red jewel that caused temptation! It was a jewel recorded in the history of the Versailles Continent as something that caused misfortune.

“The Luck stat is important but... Well, it is inevitable.”

Weed picked up the carved jewel and placed it in a gold ring. The jewel fit in the ring like it was originally made for it.

-Tempting Vampire Ring: Durability 27/27

A ring made with the Blood-absorbing Jewel.

If you continue to wear it then health and vitality will decrease. Eventually the ring will cause a dreadful disease.

A blacksmith with great skills created it for some reason. It will be better off if it doesn't enter the world.

The nobility of the night will covet this ring.

Restrictions: None.

Options: Reduces the wearer's health.

Vitality weakened.

Charm increased by 16%.

The ability to dazzle is strengthened.

The effect of blood-sucking will increase.

The hidden power of the jewel will be revealed when blood is drunk.

A truly unlucky item! Weed didn't try to wear it.

“Calling Death Knight Van Hawk, Calling the Vampire Lord Torido!”

Black smoke rose and the Death Knight appeared. A black cloak flapped as the Vampire Lord emerged.

“Master, who are we fighting this time?”

“Any enemy... I want to fight. I want to suck blood so that I can quench my thirst.”

The self-esteem of Weed's two summons had been wounded because of their miserable defeat to the Hermes Guild. They had been affected by the holy power so their body hadn't returned to normal yet. In particular, the Death Knight was bare handed and his cloak was torn.

“This is a gift for you.”

Weed handed Van Hawk the Sword of Darkness and Torido the Tempting Vampire Ring. He had always provided them with used or rejected products so this was the first time they had seen such dazzling items.

Van Hawk and Torido jumped back.

“No. Such a thing isn't necessary Master. I can fight with my bare hands.”

“I don't like jewellery.”

The both of them determined that Weed had a trap n mind. Their wonderful Master-Slave relationship meant they doubted and questioned everything!

“I made it was my heart and soul. It was made with really precious materials especially for you.”

Weed described the equipment. Van Hawk and Torido were relieved and received the items.

“Will you keep listening to my words in the future?”

“I will follow you.”

“I really think that you’re a good Master.”

“Of course.”

“Other Masters wouldn’t have thought to make something like this.”

“.....”

“The materials I used to make this.....”

“.....”

Weed detained his summons for 3 days and made them work without any rest.

Chapter 3: Orc's Choice

“War!”

“An army of Black Annas are coming.”

“I have to leave the castle quickly!”

While Weed was making his sculptures, the Versailles Continent was ablaze with war. When a siege started at a city, the merchants and beginners all escaped outside the castle. That's because the castle would become a lawless area once a siege started so killing and arson would occur.

“Praise God Embinyu.”

“Fight back against the infidels.”

A collision was also taking place between the Embinyu Church's army and the paladins of each religious order. Other religious orders have become busy since the Embinyu Church was revealed. Paladins and monks aggressively left the cathedrals and monasteries to fight.

Many users also received new quests and an opportunity to gain some achievements.

A war with the Embinyu Church!

No users were free from the confusion. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that the time of hunting near stable castles or villages was over. Villages were destroyed in this dangerous continent and the horde of monsters became stronger.

Even the people who converted to the Embinyu Church became criminals and hunted other users.



Jang Yoon-soo, the Team Leader of the Marketing Department organized a team meeting.

“As you know, a temporary advertisement video was produced by Planning Department based on the recent situation in the Versailles

Continent.”

“How much are you going to play of the video?”

“More then 90%. First of all, let me tell you the rest.”

The light in the meeting room turned off and a video began playing on the wall screen.

A terrible number of the Embinyu army was gathered on the plains.

They gathered around torches deep in the night!

The screen zoomed in on the tent of the Embinyu Church’s High Priest.

“There.....”

“First offering a sacrifice.....”

“Humans.....”

“Kukukuk.....”

The High Priest said in a gloomy voice. The Embinyu Dark Knights patrolled heavily while monsters also stood at the boundaries. Any user who experienced Royal Road would know what a dangerous place it was.

It was even more scary because the Embinyu Church was the enemy. The Embinyu Church were active in certain areas and most people were aware of their power.

Soon the screen changed to users invading Gradian Kingdom.

“Go, warriors!”

“We will fight until the end to defend our peace!”

The Black Sword mercenary group moved forward through the pouring arrows from the walls! Siege weapons were mobilized for a huge battle.

The Gradian Kingdom was in the western part of the continent without a lot of users because of the steep terrain. The Black Sword mercenary group had set their sights on the Gradian Kingdom and were trying to occupy it. They fought for three days and the entire kingdom was engulfed in a civil war.

Then the screen changed into the Haven Kingdom. An extravagant Royal Palace was being built! The Hermes Guild threw an astronomical amount of money towards the knights and soldiers to raise their loyalty and construct the Royal Palace.

The knights and soldiers were forced into labour like slaves. The capital Aren Castle was like light and darkness, with the slums on one side and bright commercial buildings on the other.

It quickly showed some images of other kingdoms from the air.

And the screen changed once again to show some orcs.

Trees and bushes were on the screen.

“Chwiiiiit!”

The orcs didn't appear. But there were harsh breathing sounds and a glaive shone from a bush.

“Let's go. Chwi chwi chwik!”

The orcs in the Orc Lands crossed the Elnath Mountains towards the plains.

The screen flashed as it remained in place.

The beasts ran away while the birds flew up into the sky. There was no end to the procession of orcs descending towards the plains. The orcs continued spreading through the east due to their amazing procreative power.

The Elves developed spirit magic while the Dwarves produced their own weapons and governed the Thor Kingdom.

Finally the screen showed some people.

The most famous was Bardray standing on top of Aren Castle and watching his army below. Adventurer Chase wandering around a dungeon somewhere and being pursued by monsters. The Blacksmith Fabio handled iron in a place where deep, red flames were surging.

17 users who represented different classes were shown on screen.

The video ended and Jang Yoon-soo said.

“Right now the Versailles Continent has entered a time of chaos. This point was taken into consideration and this video was produced.”

The video would be shown on the Internet and the broadcast in order to show the current situation in Royal Road. The Versailles Continent changed because it was affected by situations that occurred in each area.

A time of chaos!

In the early days of Royal Road, there were disputes between different kingdoms and monster invasions but there was some degree of stability. It was thanks to each kingdom making an effort to maintain the peace.

The problem was that the balance became upset once the number of users grew. Users who became knights chose profit rather than honour and didn't do their duty. Lords didn't care about the residents and made them pay excessive taxes. They didn't care about monsters running wild. There was no loyalty to the kingdom as they were only interested in war.

Royal Road had no specific storyline.

If the Lords and prestigious guilds in the Central Continent ruled well then evil forces might not have emerged. The loyalty of the residents decreased, making them vulnerable to convert to the Embinyu Church and increased their power.

As a result, each kingdom in the Central Continent paid the price.

If they looked at Royal Road's history, this period of chaos also existed in the past. At that time, the Warlocks made deals with demons and the kingdoms were embroiled in war. Each religion had their holy power taken away and were greatly weakened.

“Hmmm, how would you judge the strategy?”

The gazes of the people went towards Director Son Il-gang who understood the situation in the Versailles Continent the best out of everyone in the Unicorn Corporation.

He stood up from the chair and started talking.

“The forces of the Embinyu Church has expanded to the size of a huge guild, the emergency of historical monsters and the scrambling of the Warlocks. When looking at the period of chaos in the past, the Versailles Continent seems to be in a big crisis.”

The Director and people in charge of various departments had a headache. There were numerous tribes and kingdoms on the Versailles Continent that appeared and disappeared so it was difficult to keep track.

The continent was filled with constant plots and users wandering around looking for monsters. The ones who had to find the solution were the users themselves.

“Wouldn’t that be a problem?”

The fact that the peace of Versailles Continent was unstable due to the exponentially growing number of users wasn’t good news to the directors of Unicorn Corporation.

However, Director Son Il-gang’s expression was bright.

“Heroes are born in the midst of a crisis. When viewed in that sense, the arrival of a time of chaos will require strong unity among users. And people who accomplish great achievements will appear.”

The Versailles Continent was a virtual world! Son Il-gang was confident that it could overcome the problems.

The staff of Unicorn Corporation also reached a similar consensus. Ever since Royal Road opened, the growth of the users on a daily basis was surprising. They made decisions for their own lives.

Looking back on the history, people accomplished many great things with their own power.



“Hehehe.”

“Okeumke!”

“Heheheheheh.”

The sculptural lifeforms happily spent their days at Vargo Fortress.

“The world is a beautiful place.”

“The clean air and fresh grass is fantastic!”

Weed had granted life to 47 sculptural lifeforms in the Jigolaths. They were sculptures created for a long time by great sculptors. Their desire for life was strong and they were satisfied playing at Vargo Fortress.

They had listened to stories about the suffering that the Wyverns, Bingryong, Phoenix etc. experienced under Weed and thought it was fortunate they got to be so comfortable.

Ohdodok ohdodok!

Cerberus ate the bones of goats and rolled around in the grass. A multi-coloured poisonous snake called Countryside Snake moved on the tree branched in the mountain and forests. The Death Worm relaxed in the mud.

The sculpture lifeforms spent a quiet afternoon relaxing. The exception was the knight Seville (changed from Silver) Blacksun who was on busy on a mission.

He actively worked with the soldiers and hunters to drive back the monsters. Over time, the Barbarians admired Seville and his troops multiplied to 980 people.

The soldiers received wonderful directions from the knight and battled. He chose 14 talented knight candidates and appointed them as his deputies. Whether they were busy or living a leisurely life, they all settled near the Fortress according to Weed's order!

Goldman and Yellowy sneaked out at night for a meeting.

“These children really have it easy these days.”

“It's too easy, gol gol!”

“We need to give them a little trouble.”

“They have to work at least 3 times a day. Gol gol!”

Goldman pushed the monsters towards where the sculpture lifeforms were. Bingryong, Phoenix and the Wyverns also drove monsters there.

“These guys have played an awful lot until now.”

“We need to make them sweat!”

The sculptural lifeforms became stronger every day in order to help Weed with his Sculptor Master Quest.



The orcs that selfishly settled near Vargo Fortress.

“Chwi chwi chwit!”

“Daytime has dawned. Let’s go fight, chwiik!”

The orcs eventually came to the village. Vargo Fortress overcame the monster invasion with the help of the orcs.

Monsters and orcs fought on a daily basis. The population of orcs declined to 60,000 but that didn’t matter to them.

“Chwi chwi chwit, the 1st Hyung has died. 2nd Hyung has also died. 7th Hyung has also died. Mother should produce 5 more siblings, chwiiik!”

“Who are you? Chwi chwi chwit!”

“I am your 32nd son, chwit!”

“You are the youngest, chwi chwi chwik!”

“No, chwik chwik chwik Mother gave birth 44 times.”

The Orcs used their procreative power to take care of the monsters. While the warriors were out fighting, the females were safely cared for.

Several users who chose Orcs also gave excellent performances.

“Orcs will die fighting, chwi chwit!”

“Come with me, chwichiik!”

They led a large number of warriors and raided the camp of monsters. Of course, the plan meant that some Orcs wouldn’t return but they were able to inflict further strikes before dying. If 10 died getting rid of 5

monsters, the next day 13 would go fight. That was the orc's method of calculation!

— The orc Karichwi didn't back down from any disadvantageous fight.

— He is a strong and handsome orc.

— I need to be brave in order to become popular among female orcs.

The orc Karichwi was a legend among users. Weed's adventures had a huge influence on the orc users so many of them were recklessly brave.

“This is a big fight, chwi chwit!”

While the orcs fought, the children were growing larger. The orcs fought together in large scale battles so they thought of each other as brothers. Even if they received significant damage in a battle, the orc users were already planning a new one.

“Not this time, chwi chiiik!”

“It will be different next time, chwik!”

“Let's take a lot more. We'll do that until we win, chwi chwi chwi chwit!”

The orc users commanded their fellow brothers and children for the large battles. This was the strong point about selecting the orc race.

Weed fought the Dark Elves and then later they fought against the Undead Legion as colleagues. Users who dreamt about experiencing such large battles flocked towards choosing orcs.

They acquired loot and also plundered the monsters' home camp. If they picked up something expensive then they would go up to Vargo Fortress to buy food and weapons!

“Eat a lot, fight carrying weapons, chwiiiiik!”

The orcs were large so it cost a lot of money to create their armour. Their high health and power meant they invested more in weapons. The orcs just looked pathetic to the users at Vargo Fortress.

“Are they going to fight again?”

“Yes, they bought rice a while ago.....”

“Anyway, the orcs are great.”

“I really don’t want to touch those guys.”

The maintenance of Vargo Fortress was completed so they had sturdy walls and defences. Unfortunately not that many monsters could come close now. The orcs’ desire to fight intensified and they would spar with each other.

“If I win this battle then I will lead 5 more females, chwiiiik!”

The female orcs that Weed avoided! The orc users actively showed off their courage in order to obtain their favour.

That’s because female orcs would give birth to a lot of children, increasing the user’s power. They felt happy whenever they received the love declaration of a female orc.

“Guchwi, I will bear your offspring, chwichichit!

“Thank you, Dechwi! My heart is glad to hear it, chwiiiik!”

“It would be good if someone has the appearance of Karichwi. Chwik chwik!”

The Geomchis and sculptural lifeforms also played an active role in hunting monsters around Vargo Fortress. Users also formed parties for hunting so the number of monsters around Vargo Fortress were drastically reduced.

“Come.”

“Please wait a little more.”

“Shoot now!”

Rangers and archers shot arrows from ambush spots. Archers aggressively took advantage of the distance and terrain! Vargo Fortress also changed tactics from defense to attack.

The armies of the Arpen Kingdom periodically went out the gates to fight the multitude of monsters and this burden was reduced by the presence of the orcs.

“Chase the monsters. Everyone strike and kill it. Chwichichichit!”

The orcs herded together and coolly fought.

-A skilled Orc Warrior was born.

-3 Orc Warriors have become Orc Fighters.

The orc forces quickly became powerful. The orc's power to rapidly expand was their most terrifying feature! Many young orcs were born even if some settlements were burnt by monsters. The number of individuals quickly increased to 390,000.

Ddiring!

-The Orcs have revealed their existence in the Northern Continent.

The Orcs have expanded their territory in the north through violence and selfishness. Orcs will fight with strong and dangerous monsters in order to test their limits and grow.

They are weak in front of magic and large monsters.

The orcs are a reliable existence.

If you step into the world as an orc then it will be possible to have many brothers. If you go with your brothers then you won't easily feel fear.

-The Orcs have succeeded in fulfilling the required population.

Orc species can now start at Vargo Fortress.

As humans, various conditions would be required for activities. It included things like politics, security, technology or urban development. The only conditions for Orcs was their breeding power and strength so it was much simpler. Fellow kin and food are the only things required.

Yet the number of people who chose Orcs as a beginner was still low.

Anyway, it wasn't possible to choose classes like magicians. Even combat professions like knights couldn't be chosen.

An Orc would use their own strength to grow as either Champions or Shamans. However, an Orc could experience the freedom and romance of battles so users who selected this species wouldn't regret it.

Once the video of orcs appeared on the bulletin board, they became the envy of players with different races and professions.



The orcs at Vargo Fortress had higher knowledge than those in other areas. They were influenced by the sculptures and artwork. But even so, the orcs couldn't discuss anything seriously except for food and fighting.

Yet the orcs at Vargo Fortress were engaged in a serious discussion at the moment.

“What’s going on, chwiiiiit!”

“That is, Karichwi... Chwi chwi chwit!”

Suspicious rumours about Karichwi spread through every settlement. Orc users who heard the rumour laughed as they already knew the truth. However this problem wasn't a matter that the orcs could just overlook.

“I can't forgive it, chwiik!”

“He is our brother, chwi chwik! Even if he ate more food than me, he isn't a hateful brother!”

Soon 5 Orc Lords headed towards Morata.



Weed's sculptures caused a huge craze in Morata.

-The statue of the God Galeria has been born!

The Conqueror God! This God disappeared once peace came to the Versailles Continent.

Galeria likes war and territory expansion and will grant blessings to those fighting against Barbarians and monsters.

His followers cause war so they don't get along with the followers of the other gods.

When praying to him, the power of humans and orcs will increase.

A statue of the God Galeria!

He once again became known through the hands of Sculptor Weed. The stone statue of Galeria would have significant religious meaning.

A stone statue of Galeria has been completed for the first time in recorded history.

After admiring the statue of Galeria, health and mana regeneration will increase by 16% for one day.

The religious sculpture will permanently increase Faith by 6 points.

Humans and Orcs can now handle heavy weapons more comfortably.

Morale in battle will increase.

The Art stat has permanently increased by 6 points due to the creation of an ancient work of art.

-If a King or Lord who believes in Galeria causes a war of conquest, the fighting spirit of their soldiers will increase.

Movement speed of the army and supply units will increase.

Residents in a war who follow Galeria will have their fatigue decrease.

Kings who cause a war can gain popular support even if the residents' loyalty is low.

More experience will be gained when fighting a bunch of monsters and Barbarians.

When defeated in battle and the territory is taken away, they will lose faith in the God.

The divine benefits from Galeria will be at least 3 times more if many tributes are offered to him.

God Galeria will have more influence over a kingdom than individuals.

“The Conqueror God.”

Weed was making sculptures of the various gods he saw at Ratzeberg. Due to the popularity of the popular sculptures, new religious orders and priests arose in Morata.

He didn't separate the good or evil gods and just created sculptures of everything he saw in Ratzeberg. When he finished his 19th piece, his Sculpting skill finally advanced a level.

-Sculpting has risen to Advanced Level 9.

You are advancing towards the ultimate height.

Sculpting has become more delicate and refined.

You have gained a wider insight into the arts and Intelligence and Wisdom have increased by 39.

Charm has increased by 41.

Your Affinity to Nature has increased by 98.

Radiant Sword was learnt so Agility has increased by 7.

-Your Charm stat has exceeded 500 points.

The title 'Sculptor who can express the beauty of the Gods' has been acquired.

Favourable rumours will spread because you possess high Fame.

It will be beneficial when receiving an sculpture or adventurer commission.

Weed's sculpture skill reached advanced level 9 and he even obtained another title.

In the meantime he had gained 'Artisan of Excellent Works,' 'Ghost Captain who sailed into the Unknown,' 'Polar Explorer,' etc. so he was happy to receive a new title.

His Fame also reached 110,000.

"Hmm, did I eat a meal today?"

Woof woof!

A dog passing by Weed on the street barked and shook its tail! Weed continued carving the sculptures. Then 5 Orc Lords came up to him.

"Chwiiit! I came to see the King."

“Weed come down now, chwi chwi chwik!”

The Orc Lords caused an uproar as they barged into the Garden of the Gods.

The soldiers could've overpowered them but that might cause a war with the orcs settled at Vargo Fortress. They were a really troublesome species that caused him headaches.

Weed came down from the statue and asked them politely.

“What is the problem?”

“We're all aware of it, chwiiit!”

“Chwi chwit don't take us for fools!”

The Orc Lords strongly shouted.

Weed's complexion turned pale.

‘Where did a problem occur?’

He started to organize his thoughts.

‘Wasn't I hoping they would die before reaching the north? No, I was going to take action. I was busy so I couldn't do that before they got here by sea.....’

Even so, his Sculpting Master Quest involved the Elves, Dwarves and Orcs. He could afford to be generous to the orcs because of that. Weed also believed something else. The orcs used glaives so this wasn't a species he wanted to anger.

“Chwiichwit, Karichwi.....”

“Eh?”

“Don't pretend you don't know. Chwichwivit, we know everything.”

Feelings welled up inside the Orc Lords. Their eyes were red from tears.

“The smell is coming from you, chwi chwi chwit!”

“Chwi chwi chwit, you smell the same as Karichwi.”

Weed tried to smell his own body. Apart from the smell of various foods,

there wasn't anything strange.

“The smell hasn't be washed off for over a year! We can smell other orcs, chwiichwit!”

“.....”

The orcs could smell their own kin!

In fact, Weed didn't often wash. These days he just carved the statues and let the rain wash off his sweat. It would be strange if he was wearing expensive clothes but what problem was there if he was wearing beginner's clothes?

But he wore these clothes for hunting, cooking, gathering herbs, blacksmithing and even carving sculptures. He also sailed to Jigolaths in these clothes.

“We left our home and came here to look for Karichwi. No human should smell like that, chwichwit. Karichwi is an orc who makes sculptures.”

His habit of not washing meant he was discovered by the orcs.

“We are brothers. Chwiii chwii chwi chwi chwit. It doesn't matter that you've changed into a fragile human due to a curse, chwiik.”

The orcs believed that Weed had turned into a human due to a curse.

“We have decided to follow Karichwi, chwiiik!”

-The Orcs have joined the Arpen Kingdom.

They are a race with amazing survival abilities.

The troublesome part is that they are a race that consumes large quantities of food.

Hordes of orcs enjoy wide lands and fighting.

If Orcs join the kingdom then many events will clearly occur.

He didn't know if this was a good thing.....

Chapter 4: Worst Destiny

No matter what happened on the continent, Weed persisted in making his sculptures for the Garden of the Gods. He was tired from the huge construction on the Garden of the Gods but the crowd cheered every time a fine piece or masterpiece came out.

“Weed’s sculptures are really different!”

“Some might seem plain or ugly but it starts feeling okay once you look at it for a long time.”

He received recognition from people of various classes and roles but the evaluation was that he was a truly excellent sculptor. In fact, the advantage of sculpting was its versatility across many fields but not a lot of people knew this.

A Magnum Opus sculpture!

He worked together with Herman on a statue of God Batalli and gave birth to a Magnum Opus.

The Magnum Opus sculpture increased his contribution to each religious order and gave blessings to soldiers fighting against monsters in the region.

The users and residents also found unity by working on the Garden of the Gods. Weed’s first work after the founding of the Arpen Kingdom was a great success.

“Kuuuk, I have a pain in my lower back.”

“My lower body is numb.”

“I can’t lift my head!”

By the time Weed was carving the last statue, the road was full of collapsed players groaning. They had carried stones and dirt, opened a water channel and laid roads. They also fixed up the garden by planting trees.

There was no end to the required work on a large civil engineering

project like this. Those who participated in the construction felt like they had serious heart problems as it finished.

The work was hard and the users often felt the temptation to fall down in the middle. But they couldn't miss the opportunity to be involved in this construction. This deep emotion was really new to the users.

“Ah... That's the last one.”

“It was really long.”

“I didn't fight monsters yet I died 3 times from the work.....”

People were visiting the north and Morata was overflowing with tourists. People who went hunting timed their return to coincide with the estimated completion date while other users visited shops and restaurants.

“This will be the greatest place on the continent once this is complete.”

“It is a completely unbelievable amount.”

“There is nothing like this anywhere else. This place even has Grand Buildings.”

“Indeed. Now it will also be easy to receive blessings from the gods.”

32 magnificent sculptures were erected in the Garden of the Gods through the sweat and blood of the participating workers.

The marble temple also gave off a luxurious atmosphere and there was a square and lake in the garden.

Morata had many exceptional flowers. Weed sowed the landscape with wild flowers and seeds obtained from Prina. Gardeners also cultivated a number of trees and flowers from Morata. The landscape was under 24 hour supervision by the gardeners as the seeds started to grow. The Garden of the Gods will like a hunting ground to challenge for gardeners!

A performance venue was also placed on one side. It would be difficult to make a disturbance in a place with sculptures of gods but the performances told legends and stories associated with the gods. Once songs of praise started being sung, the Garden of the Gods became even

more famous.

The speed of this process was beyond imagination and now the Garden of the Gods was almost completed.

Weed postponed the final sculpture until the next morning.

“Delaying by one day will allow more people to enter the city!”

Arpen Kingdom had low funds since it was mostly consumed by this project. If the Garden of the Gods failed then it would be the kingdom that collapsed when the ink had barely dried on the history records.

Weed’s fatigue had also piled up during this time.

“I will do the remaining work in the morning. Everybody had trouble so today you should rest to your fullest!”

The crowd in the vicinity of the Garden of the Gods cheered with joy and scattered to prepare for tomorrow’s big delight.

Weed and his colleagues decided to go to a pub.

There was a huge influx of players into Morata so Mapan set up a store and earned a fortune. He decided to buy them drinks so even the Geomchis and Herman went to dinner.



“Huhu, I get to count money all day tomorrow!”

Mapan earned huge money from his business. He was a japtem professional merchant and his system covered the entire north. He was the President of the Northern Association of Merchants so he had a lot of influence. He owned important land in Morata and also opened up a weapon store, armour store and leather store in Vargo Fortress.

Other merchants watched Mapan with envy and wanted to learn his business skills.

“Mapan-nim, what is your secret?”

“The many years of trust with my repeat customers.”

Mapan had followed Weed since the early days and they had invested in

Morata together. He had done business with users in the Central Continent who came to the north before beginners could start here and maintained it continuously.

Word spread among people and everyone regarded Mapan's stores as the best. Mapan also used his contacts in other kingdoms to secure successful trades. He would buy Morata's specialties in bulk to lower the purchase price and then get money and fame when he sold it at his destination!

The development of the north truly gave a lot of money to Mapan. Of course, all of this wasn't his only secrets. Bribery and power was also essential. Mapan was the one who rejoiced the most when Weed became King of the Arpen Kingdom.

If Weed realized his dream of a dictatorship then his profits would increase!



“Kyaah, this is really delicious.”

“The chicken wings seem to separate and melt in my mouth.”

“The meat falling off the bone and this crunchy texture... As expected from the best pigs.”

The Geomchi practitioners had spent a long time hunting so they enjoyed the proper food. As the host, Mapan had borrowed the whole pub. Their appetite surpassed that of wrestlers so Fiery Pebble was used to roast the meat.

Fiery Pebble ensured that it was cooked properly while still being juicy. If Weed cooked than the food would taste even better but he was eating today.

“You've suffered in the meantime so please enjoy a bite to eat.”

Irene also picked up some meat and gave it to Surka. Irene was a priest so she benefited the most from the Garden of the Gods.

“Free food is delicious.”

Weed was in a relaxed mood as he enjoyed dinner. It was possible to eat dozens of side dishes along with the meat. Mapan was sitting in the corner of a table and his face became pale every time he saw the empty dishes, but he still ate.

Morata's restaurants and pubs were crowded from all the guests that had come into the city. Merchants were engaged in business at the squares and received huge profit from people preparing for tomorrow.

"Now I think I know how to use my fists better."

Surka said confidently.

She had been a little passive when hunting with Weed. Her combat style had been bold battles that lowered her health but she had fallen behind in attack damage. Although she could utilize her skills, her battle senses weren't particularly excellent.

Even if someone had the exact same body, the results would be different depending on how they utilized it. But in the meantime she had been hunting with the Geomchi practitioners and was able to use them as a guideline.

"I have to learn to hit and hit until I am sore!"

Surka looked young compared to the others and her dimples when she smiled brightly made her even cuter.

There were 3 rules in fighting. Everyone knew them but it was difficult to master without direct experience in hunting. Even if a large number of videos were watched, that wall wouldn't break until the battle actually started.

Maylon also laughed from a nearby place.

"Surka is scary these days. I don't know how often she beats up the monsters."

"Unni is also shooting the arrows better. The Arrow Tracking skill, haven't you raised it closed to the master level?"

Weed suddenly became curious of their levels. Surka, Maylon and the

others had been adventuring for quite a while. He remembered hunting with them shortly after finding Ratzeberg and being surprised at their skills.

Weed asked Surka.

“What level are you now?”

He was reluctant to say his level but they had no such qualms.

“I’m only 403.”

“403?”

“Isn’t my level still a bit low? I think Oppa is probably a lot higher than me.”

Weed was really amazed. His current level was 409. It was high but there wasn’t much difference with Surka.

“Hrm, I’m a little higher.”

“Pale oppa is level 411, are you much higher than Pale oppa?”

“Well, it’s not that high.”

Weed had been suffering at the wall of the 400s. While he was making sculptures, his colleagues had been adventuring and catching up to him. If Bardray came in then he would explicitly curse him!

“You’ve crossed level 400... Congratulations”

“Thank you.”

Weed’s lips trembled as he gave the congratulations. He was eating and socializing when a young boy approached him.

The boy had black hair and cold eyes. Not all NPCs were like that but this boy didn’t have the slightest changes in expression on his face.

Weed felt uncomfortable as soon as he saw him. It was similar to his junior high days when he sewed 400,000 doll eyes and would fear the Vice President. His mouth dried up and his hair stood up in anxiety.

Weed spoke softly to the boy.

“Hey kid, I’m having a meal now so please come next time.”

Weed’s fame was high so it was very easy for him to receive quests. After becoming King, many Morata residents gave requests so he could select the ones he wanted. Weed wanted to forestall him.

“And I am very busy keeping the peace of the Versailles Continent so I don’t know if I can accept your request. Find someone else first. You’ll be able to find some good people.”

He said moderately with the intention to refuse. But the boy just started laughing.

“A human like you has no right to decline my order.”

It was an astonishing remark given Weed’s status of King. But he hadn’t been able to live to this point through his willpower. Since childhood Weed had struggled to stay alive. He sensed that this boy didn’t have an ordinary status.

‘Who are you, the true successor of the Niflheim Empire? Did he show up because I fulfilled some conditions?’

If there was an important quest related to his class then the person would sometimes come meet them.

‘I heard they were all dead but if I suddenly popped up alive..... Maybe someone saved a member of the Royal Family. Then raised them quietly.....’

Weed’s brain worked fiercely in order to grasp the boy’s identity. The boy was very proud but he didn’t have any knights escorting him.

Weed’s combat capability meant he would gladly welcome any monster to hit. He thought about using his fists instead of words but then Weed saw the equipment the boy was wearing.

‘Top of the line. His outfit is created by the best dwarven craftsmen.

His sword contained a black diamond the size of a duck egg. Moreover, the scabbard had a complex pattern drawn on it that proved it was 100% a magic sword. It was uncommon and he hadn’t seen anyone with a sword

like that before.

His clothes were created with thousands of threads from a special worm that was woven in three strands. The best dwarven craftsmen would require at least 1 month of tenacious effort to make. Of course there was no one among users who wore such clothes.

‘He is even wearing winged shoes from Stellese.’

Only the most powerful Barbarian warriors could climb up Stellese Hill. The boy was wearing winged shoes that the Barbarians normally defended. The estimated level of the shoes was 590.

Weed instantly became modest!

“Of course. Tell me what you want me to do.”

The age of the opponent didn’t matter at all! He received recognition from many people but Weed didn’t forget his weak days of the past. He didn’t cringe when acting subservient.

“Your sculpting skills are fine.”

“There are others better than me.”

Weed worried about what type of quest would require his sculpting skills.

“I want many treasures that the underserving humans have. I’m the only one worthy of a sculpture. I want you to make it out of the Agate crystal that belongs to the human Belsos. I recognize that humans are weak so I will give some of my subordinates to protect you.”

Ddirring!

-The Treasure a Dragon Desires

King Belsos’s injustice!

Look for his legacy and make the sculpture the wicked Akryong Kaybern desires. Akryong Kaybern has determined that you have sufficient skills due to the sculptural tributes offered him.

The arrogant Kaybern has given a command.

“Sculptor, you will need to bring your friends if you want to survive. If you’re late then I won’t like it.”

The Agate crystal is delicate so working with it won’t be easy.

There are as many mysteries as there are stars in the sky.

Kaybern has promised 11 Spartoi to escort you to find the Agate.

Difficulty: Sculptor’s Quest

Quest Restrictions: Have to possess the best Fame as a Sculptor.

Relationship with Kaybern.

Must be resolved within 30 days.

No compensation will be given.

If you fail then Kaybern will kill you.

A minimum of 8 people is required to accomplish it.

You can invite 7 people to the quest. The people who reject will be killed by Kaybern.

“Keheok!”

The identity of the boy in front of Weed was Akryong Kaybern. It was the continent’s first but not necessarily happy Dragon Quest!

There was no compensation and he couldn’t fail either. Even if he gathered all the soldiers in the Arpen Kingdom, they would just be grinded between the evil dragon’s teeth like the dwarves.

‘I’ve already suffered and now I need to complete the dragon’s request if I don’t want to be eaten.’

There were two reasons why Weed ended up being involved with Kaybern. He once carved a silly piece based on Kaybern but it wasn’t famous. More recently, he had made some sculptures for the dwarves’ tribute.

The compensation for the dwarves returning safely ended up leading to this quest.

‘Just continue making the dwarves work!’

A Sculptor Quest associated with the evil dragon Akryong Kaybern! To make matters worse, Belsos was the reason why the temperature of the Versailles Continent increased and the Crimson Wing Guild’s destruction.

It was like a shrimp interrupting a fight between whales. Either way he was bound to fall down a cliff every step he took.

‘This is a Dragon Quest so the difficulty will unconditionally be above average. It is fortunate that it has something to do with sculpting..... If he managed to make the Agate crystal into a sculpture then it will be a really precious thing to the dragon.’

Weed nodded.

“I’ll find the thing you want.”

-You have accepted the quest.

Under the direction of the 11 Spartoi, you have 1 month to complete the Dragon Kaybern’s command.

It is impossible for you to decline. It is only a matter of whether you die earlier or later.

“You made the right decision. My anger will increase if I wait much longer”

The boy disappeared as suddenly as he appeared. Weed was silent before looking around the quiet pub.

“Keoheoheok!”

“I can finally breathe.”

“What was that just now?”

They couldn’t say anything while Akryong Kaybern was there.

“You just shared a conversation with a great existence.”

Weed respectfully summarized what Kaybern said to him.

“The great dragon Kaybern who rules over the Thor Kingdom came here.

And he gave me a noble mission to look for the Belsos King's legacy and create a sculpture from it. Kaybern is after a really precious item. Although it will be difficult, I don't dare refuse his request. I can obtain such glory from walking the path of sculpting."

His interpretation.....

-The evil dragon Akryong Kaybern left the Thor Kingdom to head to Morata.

He asked Weed who was a complete stranger to find the Belsos King's legacy.

He said it like it was a good thing but he was forced to accept the dragon's request or he would die. This was the dirty part about being a sculptor.

"Oh, he received a Dragon Quest from a legend!"

"As expected, Weed the maknae is really different!"

"Ya. Isn't this something to be proud of?"

The Geomchi practitioners envied him. Being able to do a quest from the continent's most powerful dragon! The eyes of his younger colleagues were full of compassion as they understood his explanation.

"He is Weed-nim."

"Won't he be able to do it well?"

"I believe that no one else except Weed-nim can do it."

"This looks like a wonderful adventure. I'll cheer you on."

His colleagues tried to positively give him courage. Weed shook his head.

"I need to go to the Tomb of the Scorpion King in order to find the remains of King Belsos."

Maylon nodded her head.

"Oh, is that so?"

She remembered the adventures of the Crimson Wing Guild that had been recorded.

“That is really dangerous. Quite a few people died when exploring it. And isn’t a key needed to enter the ruins?”

“I remember I made some sculptures for them so it won’t be that difficult to enter the dungeon.”

The Tomb of the King Scorpion was currently sealed. If it hadn’t been for the Crimson Wing Guild then he wouldn’t have known how to enter. In order to open the sealed door, 7 scorpions need to be placed at the exact same time so I need at least 7 people.”

“That... It was like that?”

“Yes. And I was told to seek other colleagues for the quest.”

Weed looked around at his colleagues.

“A dragon.....”

Pale was frozen.

“Finding the remains of King Belsos will be dangerous. Isn’t that right? Ah... I need to work at the station for a few days.....”

She might be curious but she inevitably had to give up because Maylon was an office worker.

“Then can we get the treasures seen on the broadcast?”

Surka liked big adventures.

“We’ll be in trouble if we touch the wrong thing.”

Irene was nervous while Romuna seemed to be looking for an excuse to refuse.

“Yurin... Kuuck.”

Zephyr wasn’t in a position to refuse so their eyes said they would die together. Hwaryeong and Bellot wanted to go along. That’s because Weed’s adventures were never boring.

“Is it really dangerous?”

“Unni, it will be a huge risk. Couldn’t I create a great song?”

The Tomb of the Scorpion King was perfect for a bard.

‘If Maylon wasn’t broadcasting.....’

If he removed her then he had recruited 7 people.

Seo-yoon had great power but his conscience kept him from requesting her help too often. And he actually had special information about her.

While Weed was creating the statues, a wandering minstrel told him the story of a mad warrior.

Minstrels or poets would often come before kings or high ranking aristocrats to perform or tell stories.

“Your Majesty, do you want to hear a song about when I went to the Tohru Province?”

The king would listen to the bard’s song and give them a reward. A king could deliberately give quests based on information or clues obtained from bards or poets. There were hundreds of talents bards and poets with their own stories.

Weed deliberately didn’t have anything like a Court Party. The Arpen Kingdom’s finances were hovering at the bottom so he couldn’t afford to pay an event fee like that!

“I’m not asking for hundreds of gold for one song.”

Of course, a famous song had value but it could be dangerous to the survival of a kingdom.

“Looking at the past, many residents were squeezed of their taxes to fund the kings’ luxury.”

Weed’s thoughts were really ugly whenever he thought of those kings. They were born with a golden spoon in their mouths and sucked it until it lost clarity.

When looking at that, he knew that curtailing his expenses was

important. In Weed's case, his fame on the continent was so high that bards would often search for him in Morata.

A wandering bard from the north sang a song about a Berserker who made a Goblin Chieftain retreat.

Seo-yoon had probably gone there to learn her class skills. Of course, this information wasn't certain but he decided to leave her to it.

'If it is a false report then she can come find me.'

Weed smiled brightly after organizing his thoughts.

"Everyone's level is over 400 so we can go."

"Ha, hahahaha, shall we do that?"

There was a rigid laugh!

The nice and gentle Pale was infected by Weed and his smile turned rotten.



The stations relayed Bardray's battles and adventures every day.

"The strongest warrior Bardray!"

"Today he challenged a monster that has never been caught before."

"Black Knight Master Quest! He ended it a short while after receiving the request."

The audience cheered on Bardray as news about his Master Quest were broadcasted daily. Bardray had already advanced to the 15th quest.

This Black Knight Quest had a fixed scenario.

A knight had his honour betrayed by a king. He left the kingdom and racked up various achievements, money and made orphans and slaves his disciples. He took an army of mercenaries and raised them into troops. He then reappeared to battle with the kingdom so Bardray ended up defending a fort.

It was a quest of a scale that couldn't be expressed!

The Knights of Telmedun. The infantry battalion of Telmedun.

Bardray picked 30 knights and put them in charge of 2,500 soldiers on the battlefield. These troops were for the Black Knight Quest so they were his personal subordinates. His goal was to raise a substantial number of elite troops.

“We will be able to occupy a small castle.”

Bardray also accepted a number of orphans and his soldiers increased to over 4,000 people. Quite a few troops would be consumed in battle so Bardray left the incompetent soldiers to the difficult tasks to be killed without mercy.

“Have them defend in front of the gates.”

“But Knight-nim, they are flocking to us.”

It was a situation where they had to safely defend the city from the monsters pressing against it. In contrast, standing just outside the gates meant death.

“They need to be able to do this much to become a knight. Then they will be able to accompany me to the end.”

“Understood.”

The orphans who became soldiers were placed outside the gates. Bardray filled the empty vacancies with children with better talent.

The Black Knight’s Quest inevitably required mercenaries so he preferred this method.

In the meantime, Bardray had been deliberately hiding his evil actions behind the Hermes Guild. However the scenes of him abandoning his subordinates without hesitation received criticism from the viewers.

“Completely bad. He abandoned his troops so many times in battle.”

“He uses his loyal soldiers as scapegoats in order to easily win the battle. He is really ruthless.”

“It is like aristocrats just throwing cash at commoners. Even the knight

that fought with Bardray last time was thrown away.”

But the remaining troops became stronger so the audience couldn't help feeling excited.

Bardray pursued power. His process of leaving aside any morals to train stronger units was interesting.

While everyone envied his adventures, Bardray wasn't happy at all.

‘How useless and annoying.’

As someone who controlled the Hermes Guild, he could easily mobilize knights and soldiers. A lot of subordinates had already died to save Bardray.

The fact that he had to raise subordinates to participate in a historical war made it a frustrating quest.



The skilled craftsman Fabio.

He was the celebrity dwarf blacksmith that made the best armour and swords. He had created the best armour and gained prominence since the early days of Royal Road so he received regular coverage from the broadcasters.

“This time I will make a decent sword.”

Tang. Tang. Tang.

Fabio returned to his forge without a break. The dwarf he raised as his apprentice carried the materials directly to the fire. The forge was very large and there was already a huge amount of iron ore piled up.

“Dad, an order for one hundred and twenty level 360 swords came in from the Trigger Guild. Should we accept?”

“Yes, collect it and go.”

A nearby dwarf sorted through a pile of swords and left. Even if Fabio didn't put his heart and soul into a product, it would still have a minimum of 4~5 options. The attack, defense and balance were also good for the

user who would wield it.

“The birth of a true awakened sword is still far away.”

Fabio struck with his hammer and continued producing swords. He created hundreds of swords trying to achieve his goal.

When beating at the sword, it would automatically become an excellent blade. A harmony was born between the iron and the blacksmith's skills.

The dwarf blacksmith Fabio's tanned body contained an aura of flames reminiscent of steel. He was a blacksmith that only worked on swords and armour. Sweat dripped off his body as he worked with the iron and flames.

Fabio's blacksmith skill was 81.7% advanced level 9.

He was a giant crouched in a blacksmith forge.

Translator's Note:

[1] According to the legend of Cadmus of Thebes, the Spartoi are warriors born from the body parts of a dragon sown in the ground.

Chapter 5: Ruins of King Belsos

There were a lot of conditions needed in order for a farmer to settle in one place. Spacious and fertile land, clean water, free of natural disasters and monster attacks.

“Such good land is expensive.”

Therefore farmers claimed land protected by mountains rather than an expensive field. Wooden fences and trenches were dug to prevent the raid of monster attacks.

When soldiers and combat based users secured the peace of the area, the farmland could be expanded. When working on fields in the mountains, there were frequent cases of people dying to monsters. Therefore they had to go through a lot of trouble to grow crops but farmers liked that.

“It might rain in the evening today. Finish the job quickly.”

They planted seeds from the moment the sun rose on the morning fog and they quickly sprouted into stalks. If they conquered the environment and worked hard to give life then they could obtain a gold field. Only then could they feel the excitement of being a farmer.

Once the fields grew grains or the trees in the orchards grew fruit, they could take it to the market and sell it. Cooks would purchase the products for a premium so a farmer could feel the fun of being in the agricultural trade. They invested that money into buying more land and growing special crops. They didn't buy weapons or armour and invested it all back in their land.

In the north, Morata's relationship with the Elves wasn't bad and the land was also fertile so it was possible to grow fruits from the Elves. If they took good care of the land then it would also affect the surrounding fertile earth.

The fruit trees were expensive but farmers took great pride in their fields and rice paddies. But when looking at expensive products, the most

profitable thing was a herb field!

A herb garden could be created anywhere but it needed moderate shade, nutrients and fertile ground. Good herbs could stop aggressive attacks from mountain animals and monsters and cooks would pay a huge amount for them. Once stabilized, the crops would be easily grown and some land would remain intact.

It was a profession where only farmers with large lands would earn a lot of money so the merchants didn't envy them. But when the limit to expanding the land was reached, they would sell the land to lords or other farmers. They would take unknown seeds and look for other rich land to settle in.

The professional Farmers Guild came to Morata shortly after the Goddess of Freya statue was erected.

"The northern lands are really wide so we're not confined to farming in small territories like the Central Continent."

"Over here. Look at the soil quality here."

The guild members quickly discovered fertile soil.

"If something is planted here then it will grow well."

"It goes without saying since this land is blessed by the Freya Church. Let's farm here."

At first they just planted simple crops like wheat and rice. Wheat could be easily harvested and a large piece of land wasn't required. And the abundant harvest was beyond expectations! The grain was unharmed due to the protection of the Freya Church.

While worrying about a monster invasion, they talked badly about the Lord of Morata.

"The Morata Lord doesn't have enough ideas. He doesn't do anything even when monsters are threatening the peace."

"That ignorant fellow doesn't know anything besides fighting. He is like that."

The farmers from the Central Continent had exporting in mind. But people migrated to Morata and beginners could also start there.

A consumption market was formed and the lord could give indirect support by building special grain warehouses for the farmers of Arpen Kingdom. Farmers who struggled to grow crops would have their hearts broken because it spoiled from no storage if the lords were inattentive.

“The Morata Lord makes a lot of investments yet he lives simply.”

“Isn’t that just to show a good face?”

“These days he is really aware of these things. If we clear the land then a ranger unit will protect it.”

When a farmer successfully grew crops like tomatoes or grapes, the fame of the area would increase and it was be registered as a specialty. They could then sell it as specialty items. Food merchants would visit them intentionally for purchases and the bulk resources would be stores in warehouses.

Some farmers registered olives as a specialty and cooks who used the raw materials make technological advances. Wine and beer breweries were also managed so grain would be consumed even more.

The livestock industry raising cows and sheep also gave large quantities of milk, cheese and food and Morata’s leather industry was highly competitive.

“Morata’s Lord is really wonderful. Who else would take such care of his farmers?”

“This is excellent timber. If we start growing herb fields in the Arpen Kingdom before it is too late then we can widen into orchards and vineyards.”

“I’d like to start coffee beans and sugar canes.”

Weed played a huge role in the reason why farmers could accumulate wealth. Many users who came to see Weed settled in the area, peace was strengthened and it was possible to defend against monsters.

Only farmers under the extensive protection of the King Hydra or Black Imugi couldn't feel reassured enough to increase their yields. Just like more farmers were attracted after Morata's development, it was the same when the Arpen Kingdom was established. Currently agriculture was booming.

There were also wild grass and flowers at Morata's popular tourist spots.

Many birds flew towards this beautiful city. The birds that ate the valuable grain were the natural enemy of farmers.

"There are so many damn birds."

"Whoa! I really wish I could get rid of all of them."

The farmers frantically tried to drive them out of the fields worth thousands of gold but birds kept on flying over the area. It became so popular that travellers came just to see the birds.

"Noona, that bird over there is weird!"

2 special birds were the leaders. The special gold and silver birds pecked at the grains of rice.

Golden Bird and Silver Bird cried out with satisfaction as they ate like princesses.



The expedition left for Argoldia under the Church of Lugh's request. The fact that expedition was heading towards one of the continent's 10 famous Forbidden Zones didn't bother them.

"Ah, I'm tired."

"There seems to be no end."

"It is already the second day and we haven't found anything."

Of course they couldn't obtain food or water. The land was barren and hungry man-eating monsters roamed it. They were unable to find the Holy Land in Argoldia.

"We have to overcome it. We can do it."

The paladins and priests from the Church of Lugh encouraged the tired people. It was natural that many of the users were clergy affiliated professions since it was a quest given by a religious order.

“Weed-nim actively played in one of the 10 Forbidden Zones. And didn’t he succeed?”

“If we give up here and return then we will just stay the underdogs. Let’s all work together.”

Despite that, the endless barren land tempted them to give up.

Hunger and thirst. Monsters that would eat their meat. Even the oasis they finally found had its bottom completely exposed.

“Kuooh... This place is also incorrect.”

“Let’s scatter and look a bit more.”

“It would be nice if it rained tomorrow.....”

“The last time it rained was one month ago, it is really terrible.”

Argoldia was near the territory of the Dark Wood Magicians so teleport magic couldn’t be used. Only small scale magic that didn’t cause ripples could be used in battle. If the Dark Wood Magicians discovered them then there would be a surprise raid. The attacks from senior magicians over level 460 were enough to make the expedition worry.

Time passed as they arrived in Argoldia and wandered around. Even if the elite users from Morata participated, a large number of casualties occurred. The fact that many people participated on important expeditions wasn’t necessarily a good thing. The users who were priests heard that the Garden of the Gods in Morata was being completed and wanted to return.

“The goal of exploring Argoldia, a Forbidden Zone hasn’t been completed yet you want to return to Morata just to see the Garden of the Gods?”

“I think there will be a lot more interesting adventures in Arpen Kingdom.”

“That would be better.”

A significant number of users belonging to the clergy affiliation and other professions left like a tide. The remaining personnel were only approximately 20 people.

“We must fulfil our mission.”

The Adventurer Spenson whose name was known on the continent decided to lead them until the end and reclaim the power of the Sword of Lugh.



Weed looked at the statues he made in the Garden of the Gods early in the morning. He had decided to complete the final statue in the morning and now wasn't that time.

The night sky was so clear that it felt like the moon and stars were close. But Weed's heart wasn't comfortable.

In the past he had regretted buying a 200 won more expensive salt but recently he had made many more mistakes.

“I made too many mistakes in the battle at the Melbourne Mine.”

The fight against Bardray constantly came to his head while he was making the sculptures. Weed regretted his defeat and death but he wasn't angry. The reason was simple. He was weak so he died.

“It is my responsibility to become even stronger.”

Bardray was known to be strong. He received support from his guild so the situation was disadvantageous from the beginning. However, that was just an excuse.

His regret was due to not showing all his combat ability in battle.

“I should've thought more carefully. I didn't take advantage of everything to the fullest.”

It was a bad situation but he was used to that. If Seo-yoon's health had been distributed through the wedding ring then he would've been able to

hold on much longer. He would also be able to fight more actively if he could've utilized the Berserker's skills.

However the thought of more reinforcements from the Hermes Guild burdened him so he fought hastily and died. He took a big hit all at once, making his health fall too quickly for the wedding ring to take effect.

"I did something foolish. Just like when I bought the 200 won more expensive salt."

Weed scolded himself for dying. He couldn't accept receiving so much damage from the Hermes Guild users. Although the situation was complicated, the amount of damage received by the elite Hermes Guild users was amazing. Their skills, level and cooperation was enough that the Belkain couple only irritated them.

"And I was very careless. My preparations were insufficient compared to the enemy."

He hadn't used Summon Sculpture intentionally. He didn't want to suffer larger damage if they were destroyed. Even Disaster Sculpting couldn't be used because there were no nature sculptures.

Things like a volcanic eruption took too much time to activate, leaving Weed in danger. Therefore it was useless in a decisive moment. It would be better if he had a Disaster Sculpting suitable for the dungeon and then being able to fight.

Moonlight Sculpting Blade was useful in fighting enemies. He used it often in hunting so its proficiency was also high. But it consumed 3 times the mana of Sculpting Blade so it couldn't be used often in battle without something like the Goddess' Knight Armour.

"I released my tension in many ways."

The outcome of his reflection was that Weed was lax in his last battle. If he was defeated then he had to become strong and take away their lives!

"I even lost the decent Talrock's Armour."

A unique class item. He acquired it a long time ago so the options were

somewhat old but it was still good to wear. Weed tended to focus on damage more than defense so he frequently changed his sword. He had a soft spot for the armour so it pained it when it was taken away. He felt betrayed that the Talrock's Armour he frequently wore was going into the hands and purse strings of someone else.

“I can't do that again.”

Before completing the final god statue, he decided to create some sculptures he could use with Disaster Sculpting.

Suddenly haunted to death by a swarm of insects. They could penetrate through rocks or humans and monsters.

In fact, Weed had already made a diverse range of Disaster Sculptures so he struggled to think of some that transcended imagination.

“Whatever it is will be terrible. Even pouring hot water on the body will be fine. I won't always have ice so I should prepare some sculptures in advance.”

He had experience with the disasters. He prepared sculptures beforehand in case there was trouble in a place like the mine.

It truly wasn't useless to frequently see bad things.

“A robber who hits the bank several times will probably end up stealing well.”

Weed created the Disaster Sculptures until morning.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Is it going to start soon?”

“It really is the end.”

“I'm nervous for some reason.”

“I was suddenly shoved back.”

The Garden of the Gods was going to be completed this morning so a large crowd was gathered. The excitement grew because there was only one last piece left. Those that participated directly were even more

impressed.

“Uhh... where will we go after that is created?”

“The expedition to explore the ruins of King Belsos shouldn't be that difficult. We just can't make any mistakes.”

“Hah! I'm anxious when looking at the Crimson Wing in the past.”

Surka, Romuna and Irene's complexion was dark. When the sculpture was completed, they would leave with Weed to explore a dungeon so their expressions couldn't be bright. Kaybern's Spartoi had already arrived.

“As expected, you shouldn't be too good.”

Pale and Irene felt as they watched Weed. They suffered for no reason thanks to that guy's personality!

“Staying near an unlucky person like that really causes bad things.”

The morning sun rose and showcased the final sculpture. The crowd became bigger as time passed. It was like feeling hunger for the best dish so they would be even more impressed once the sculpture was completed.

“This morning, it is a really historic moment for the Arpen Kingdom. A new chapter will open in order to reap more taxes.”

Weed carved the lips of the sculpture. He had left the Statue of Freya until the end.

Paladins and priests ran all the way from the Central Continent when they heard it was going to be completed. He had already made a Goddess of Freya Statue in Morata but it would only be completed once placed in the circle of gods.

The Goddess of Freya Statue was beautiful so there were several concerns about it being the final work. He applied lipstick to add a shimmering gloss to the mouth, added make-up to the face and the Goddess of Freya Statue was completed.

Ddirring!

-The statue of the Goddess Freya has been born!

She is the goddess of beauty and abundance. The goddess exerts a lot of influence on humans.

The work of a renowned sculpture has expressed her beauty.

By rebranding a work from the past, the Freya Church will consider this sculpture more valuable.

-Friendship with the Freya Church is now 54.

-Contribution to the Freya Church has increased by 960.

You can confirm your contribution points with a religious order under the Religion window.

Total Contribution Points with the Freya Church: 21,291

The contribution points to the related religious orders would rise once related quests were accomplished.

The Freya Church has a cathedral so if the residents' faith increases then the contribution point would rise steadily every day.

The King or Lord can also get major benefits.

Ddiring!

-Sculptures representing the gods have been gathered in one large area.

What will you name the sculptures that have been completed?

"The Garden of the Gods."

-The Garden of the Gods is correct?

The labourers and users were already calling it that. It wasn't that bad considering Weed's normal naming sense.

Construction land, Town next to Morata, Tax Garden and the Hermes Guild Villains were all possible names.

"That's correct."

Ddiring!

-The Garden of the Gods has been born on the Versailles Continent!

The place containing the god sculptures has a dignified appearance. Every race that comes to this place will be able to feel a reverence and piety.

The sculptor Weed who is King of the Arpen Kingdom has completed a massive construction with his residents.

The original forms of the oldest gods have been recovered.

This is a place of religious importance so large trees and flowers will bloom while spirits will enjoy it.

Each religious order on the Versailles Continent will register it as a sacred place. Pilgrims will come to visit the Garden of the Gods.

The fame of the Arpen Kingdom is very high.

Those who believe in the gods will receive blessings.

The expansion of the country with a high culture has reached its maximum.

The residents' loyalty has changed to respect to the monarchy itself.

A country's fame was very useful in the trade of foreign and local specialties. Goods imported from a more well-known kingdom would be given a good price when trading. Merchants would rejoice when they procured something from a certain kingdom.

Weed also had a personal message floating in front of him.

His friendship and contribution points with the other religious orders had risen and he also received the blessings of the gods.

A dictator who exploited people was blessed by the gods! In the process of making the sculptures he had completed 2 Magnum Opus, 3 Masterpieces and 7 Fine pieces. He also completed numerous Historic, Religious and Giant sculptures.

His Leadership, Endurance and Perseverance stats also rose by a lot due to leading other people and creating the sculptures.

His sculpting skill proficiency reached 38.2% advanced level 9. His skill

proficiency steadily rose thanks to the creation of a large religious work that spread through the whole continent.

Weed's increase in sculpting skill proficiency wasn't the biggest harvest from this work.

When he looked at it in the long term, the creation of the Garden of the Gods not long after the founding of the Arpen Kingdom would result in great benefits.

“Kyahahahaha! It is finally over!”

“Now let's play!”

Users who participated in the Garden of the Gods cheered, throwing up their caps. The musicians played their instruments vigorously.

“Travel, Wind, Pork, please come to these restaurants. I will give it to you for a cheap price. Lettuce will be free!”

“Deliciously dark beer! My place just got a new cook so dishes are flying out. Guests follow me if you want to eat!”

“Grass Porridge Cult! Grass Porridge Cult members. There will be a regular dinner today at Pulsul Cafe!”

The people in Morata had been waiting for this day so it was no different from a festival. There was a flurry of petals to celebrate the completion and stores opened wide their doors. The shacks and houses also put up signposts.

-I carried stones in the Garden of the Gods 14 times.

-I shovelled for 4 hours at the Garden of the Gods.

-Merchant's House. Donated 2 pieces of marble.

Every place has something they were proud of.

Tourists and settlers kept on coming from other places so the atmosphere continued for a while.

Weed might be the King but he was also the sculptor who created an enormous piece of work that drew crowds. Even if other sculptors received

the support of a guild, it will be impossible for them to match his popularity.

Many residents smiled brightly and gave expressions of pure joy as the Garden of the Gods was completed. The status of the sculptor would change the piece of work.

Weed thought it was a chance to look good for the residents and used Lion's Roar.

"The Garden of the Gods will be opened for free forever!"

"Hooray Arpen Kingdom!"

"Hooray the continent's best sculptor Weed!"

Weed brought greater joy to the users!

"I really have no choice but to like Weed-nim."

"Yes. I really love Weed-nim's adventures and it is the reason why I came to Morata."

To be honest, Weed had no choice but to make it free. It had a large influence on the clergy affiliated professions, making going there an essential part of their profession.

If he received an entrance fee then the income would be really huge but the task would've been impossible if the crowd didn't participate. It wouldn't be easy for Weed to charge an entry fee without any resistance.

In addition, it was also unfortunately classified as a religious building so he couldn't charge an admission fee. However the positive effects from completing the Garden of the Gods weren't small. Weed had no choice but to be satisfied with that degree.

"There will hopefully be more good facilities in the future. I'll be able to collect the taxes for those."

If other lords, sculptures or architects on the Central Continent to build a great building or piece then they couldn't hire a large amount of people. Apart from conditions like technology and development, a large and long term investment of money was required. When looking at how long it

would take to succeed and the benefits, it wasn't an easy decision to make.

It was a great achievement to be able to build a Grand Building on the Central Continent. The cities in the Central Continent had high economic and technical prowess but were somewhat impoverished as a result of the war.

But the lords hadn't been worried about increasing the number of users. The lords just thought of ways to squeeze the users. New users were still growing so they only thought about raising the taxes higher. Their focus was just on the immediate profit. It was the same for all the surrounding lords so it was difficult for things to change.

That was the circumstances of the Central Continent so it was no wonder Weed was so popular among the general users. The people who suffered under Weed in Continent of Magic couldn't understand how he could be such a kind King of Morata.

“You should go do Kaybern-nim's important task.”

A Spartoi clad in shining armour came to Weed. Weed had wasted one important day making sculptures so it was necessary to hurry. He couldn't imagine being late for Kaybern's quest.

“There are many things I need to do as Arpen's King but I'm going now. Wy-3!”

A wyvern came flying and landed in the Garden of the Gods. He decided to use the wyvern to move to Belsos' dungeon. The terrain was unknown and the Spartoi had high resistance so Yurin couldn't move them with her Picture Movement. The bystanders looked on in amazement at Weed, the wyvern and Spartoi in the Garden of the Gods.

“Are they the Weed-nim's Royal Knights?”

“Look at that armour. It isn't ordinary.”

“It looks really strong. Isn't that in the mid or late 400's?”

“I thought that the Arpen Kingdom's army was weak... He really hid such knights!”

“Why does the Arpen Kingdom have Royal Knights with such high levels?”

Weed and the Spartoi were also broadcasted live on television screens.

“They are Spartoi!”

“Spartoi, aren’t they made with the body parts of extremely strong dragons?”

“Yes. I’ve never seen Spartoi in battle but considering the standard of armour they are wearing, they should be able to face off against the highest class monsters. I estimate that their correct level is 500.”

“The Spartoi have amazing magic resistance, the health is close to infinite and there are hardly any dents in their armour.”

“Ah, it really is amazing! Did Weed-nim receive a Dragon Quest and is being escorted by the Spartoi?”

“If it is anyone else then I wouldn’t understand but it isn’t strange if it is Weed.”

The hosts at the broadcasting station’s studios said with amazement. Many late level users were interested in the Garden of the Gods so they were also shocked at the sight.

“I thought the Arpen Kingdom was weak since it was just founded?”

“I thought the north wasn’t a particularly big deal but it really can’t be ignored.”

The broadcast of the completion of the Garden of the Gods suddenly came alive at the appearance of the Spartoi.

The Royal Knights symbolized the power of the Kingdom. A person had to go through a series of complicated quests given by the King in order to be appointed a knight. Once users were a knight they would receive benefits like a salary, horses and armour but they had to swear allegiance to the king. The appointed knights would command soldiers to hunt monsters in dungeons.

He had to pay attention to things like this when becoming a King.

Wonderful knights would increase the fame of the King and the Honour stat would rise. They could also proudly boast about them.

While everyone was impressed with the Spartoi, Weed and his companions were the only ones who knew that they belonged to Akryong Kaybern.

If Weed didn't succeed in his quest then they would become hostile straight away.

Chapter 6: Final Sculpting Master

“The fog is spooky.”

“I heard it is always full of fog here.”

Weed and his colleagues arrived at Musos Valley that contained the Tombs of the Kings riding the wyverns. The eyes of the Spartoi glared into the distance as they looked for monsters or threats. Mountain beasts and monsters wandering around turned pale and escaped from the Spartoi like there was an earthquake. It was the futile appearance of high ranking monsters. They also didn't like Van Hawk and Torido.

Weed clicked his tongue.

“If I caught and peeled off their leather then I could've sold it for an expensive price.”

“This seems to be correct.”

Pale who was searching discovered the entrance. It was the entrance to the tomb of King Belsos that was previously opened by the Crimson Wings Guild. But there hadn't been any visitors since then so it had been sealed up again.

They cleared the stones at the entrance and entered the ruins.



The stones walls in the interior of the ruins was a natural cave carved in a flat and wide form. There was a big, circular pillar in the middle but monsters could be hiding in the area so they were nervous.

“This is where I show my skills.”

Pale went forward.

“Wind's Eye.”

-When the space is connected, it is possible to see through objects.

It was an archer skill he acquired after reaching level 400. Even if he hadn't obtained another archer technique, Pale had grown in pure combat.

He was an archer who faithfully followed Weed and raised his stats and skill proficiency.

Pale placed an arrow on his bowstring.

“Twilight’s Arrow.”

-Sticky webs hanging from the arrow will slow down the enemy’s speed.

“Wind of Guidance.”

-It is possible to hit targets seen with Wind’s Eye. The arrows have to be aimed accurately in order to track down the enemy.

Pusyung!

Pale looked at a wall and shot his arrow. His archery proficiency meant he could combine four types of skills on one arrow. The arrow flew straight and moved along the wall before disappearing.

After a few moments.

Kyahaak!

The shriek of a monster was heard. Pale used his rapid fire skill and continued to shoot arrows until the monster’s scream gradually disappeared. He showed a glorious way of hunting monsters in dungeons. It was an ability that only high level archers could execute!

It didn’t matter if there was only one but if there were multiple monsters then it would be difficult to deal with. Arrows could reduce the monster’s health by many times before they arrived. It could also be used to lure a monster. Pale’s arrow could get rid of the enemy or slow them down.

The monsters that arrived became the victim of Surka’s fists.

“Yon han kwon, Matchless Power, Wheel Power!”

Abdomen, flanks, forehead.

The distinct skills hit different areas like a storm. Feeling the tingling power in the fists and the sound of something being hit was the best.

“Heheh, haven’t I become a lot stronger?”

Weed was gratified that his companions grew a lot.

“Well done. This means we can stay together the next time I receive a S class quest.”

If the suffering was divided up then it would be reduced. He was much more comfortable suffering with his companions than alone! The blood drained from his colleagues' faces as they heard Weed's words. They boasted about their strength and now they were involved in something bigger!

And he increased the speed as they aggressively explored the ruins.

In the past, the Crimson Wings Guild had gathered 300 users to explore the tomb of King Belsos. At that time, they were one of the overwhelming guilds on the Versailles Continent so it was possible to do something like that.

“If we keep on going straight down then we will reach the door to the King's tomb.”

“I understand!”

“Irene-nim, I have received a blessing so only restore my health if my life is at risk.”

“I'll do that.”

Weed commanded before exploring the rest of the ruins. The group was filled with people over level 400. The individual power was quite strong compared to the Crimson Wins so their exploration was much more effective than the previous ones.

He also put Kaybern's Spartoi to use. The Spartoi were skeletons that wore the first class armour the dwarves made. They were humanoid skeletons so sharp bones were visible. Weed gave the Spartoi instructions.

“Go and fight.”

Although dealing with the monsters with his colleagues were tolerable, the small insects called Armoured Insects in the ruins were annoying.

“There is no obligation to listen to your words.”

“It is necessary for the work the great god Kaybern has entrusted me with.”

“...Understood.”

The Spartoi walked up in their rattling armour and cut the Armoured Insect. They felt like machines as they handled the Armoured Insects in the blink of an eye.

‘It would be nice if these guys were my subordinates.....’

He estimated that the Spartoi’s level was at least 520 so they were dependable in battle. They were magical creatures born for battle! Weed looked at their form from behind.

‘It is fine for them to die. If the Spartoi are wiped out by monsters.....’

Weed would swipe the armour and swords the Spartoi had equipped! Weed’s eyes became sly.

“Spartoi, keep on charging forward from now on!”

“Kirit, understood.”

The Spartoi moved forward as hundreds of monsters with sharp claws emerged. Fierce fighting broke out inside the passages.

“Well done, Spartoi!”

Weed watched the fight while cheering on the Spartoi. The sharp claws relentlessly attacked the Spartoi. They attacked with their claws as well as biting and spewing fire.

But the Spartoi’s health didn’t decrease that much no matter how they were attacked. Akryong Kaybern’s strong protective magic was hanging around them.

The sharp clawed monsters were the ones who hesitated instead. The Spartoi didn’t feel any sense of crisis at all and hunted down the enemy one by one.

“Well, of course they won’t die that easily.”

Weed had the Spartoi defend their position. Thanks to the Spartoi’s

excellent attack and defense, hunting became easy.

“Calling Death Knight Van Hawk, calling the Vampire Lord Torido!”

“Master, you called.”

“Fight.”

Torido and Van Hawk helped out in battle while Weed used his secret sword technique.

“Sword-cloning skill!”

5 fake bodies were formed. After being defeated by Bardray, he realized he needed to raise the proficiency of his various combat skills. He aggressively utilized sword skills in a fight. The fake bodies attacked the monsters with sharp claws. The monster’s claws struck Weed after he ran forward.

-You have been attacked by the Malluk.

-The blessing of the goddess Freya on the Goddess’ Knight Armour has been activated.

Defense will increase by 27% depending on the damage from the monsters.

His defense had increased thanks to the Goddess’ Knight Armour.

“Okay, this is enough that I don’t need to move.”

Weed improvised a combat style that was different from normal. Normally he would go forward and deliberately fire off his skills. Even Bardray admired his sophistication and agility in battle.

“Close Eyes Tightly, Radiant Sword!”

Pabababababak!

Weed had been hit by sharp claws and used a secret sword technique. Now three shining sparrows emerged. It rushed to take care of the enemies while he closed his eyes. He didn’t avoid any attacks and continued using his combat skills.

Raising Resilience and Perseverance required a lot of patience since

most people tended to avoid damage rather than be hit. The change in his hunting method made it a little more efficient. However his fighting style worsened like he was in a dogfight.

“Hit me more, still too weak. Give it to me, come on!”

This was the first time he used the Goddess’ Knight Armour in battle. His basic defense was high and the helium meant mana recovered quickly so Weed could continuously use his sword skills. Bellot breathed out a deep sigh.

“Weed-nim is really.....”

Even if he was ignorant, he shouldn’t fight ignorantly. A man should consider his appearance when fighting. Hwaryeong just smiled.

“Weed-nim has that beastly charm. Kyaaaak!”

“.....”

She was a really friendly older sister but sometimes Bellot really couldn’t understand Hwaryeong.



They arrived safely at the entrance to King Belsos’ stone chamber. The Spartoi helped a lot but they were tired from the many monsters. Weed didn’t look good despite standing still for most of his battles.

Irene asked anxiously.

“Are you okay? Should I use some treatment magic on you if you’re in a bad condition?”

“That’s okay. Phew.”

His Perseverance now exceeded 900 points and his Resilience over 500. This was the result of the vicious hunt and making sculptures.

Warriors tended to develop defense skills by blocking attacks with shields. It was difficult to raise basic stats like Weed.

He would purposely end up in the wrong place when attacking monsters.

“I really made the right choice with this armour.”

“.....”

The difference between the 85 defense of Talrock's Armour and the close to 300 defense of the Goddess' Knight Armour was like heaven and earth. If he used Armour Polishing that increased defense by 20% widened the gap even further. The effect of the 200 defense difference reduced the monster's attacks by 1/5th.

“Now I only feel a ticklish sensation.”

Once he wore the Goddess' Knight Armour, he could ignore various attacks and fight more aggressively. That alone had an impact on his attack power and the helium also quickly refilled his mana.

The use of secret sword techniques and various combat skills also increased his hunting speed. It was regrettable that he lost the Talrock's Armour but it led to a profound growth in various abilities.

“It would've been perfect if I sold it off at a high price to a good buyer.”

“Huh?”

“Nothing. Now let's all place the sculptures.”

They were the scorpion sculptures that symbolized King Belsos. Weed picked up a red stone from the altar. He had made the pieces in the past but he couldn't remember the details.

A huge quantity of sculptures had passed his hands and spread through the continent. A vast amount was also piled up warehouses. The sculptures could be sold at a good price on anniversaries or with special sales.

“I'll create better scorpions than back then.”

Weed took the ores and started carving scorpions. And he handed it one by one to his colleagues.

“Put it on at the same time.”

“Yes.”

A tense atmosphere flowed for a while. The Crimson Wings Guild had gone to the tomb of King Belsos and ended up cursing the entire Versailles Continent. If they took that into account, there would be a great risk if they entered.

Naturally Weed had considered that part.

‘I’m doing this secretly because I don’t know what the result will be. I can deny it until the end.’

He hadn’t made it public like the Crimson Wings Guild and the entrance of the ruins confirmed that there was no one else inside.

Kukukukukukung!

The door made a large noise as the red scorpions were placed. There was a significant amount of monsters wandering inside. They cried out harshly as they saw Weed’s party and attacked.

“Spartoi, go to the front and protect the entrance.”

“Understood.”

They were the monsters that protected the King’s Tomb so they were more dangerous and higher levelled. The video of the Crimson Wings’ attempt provided many useful information.

Weed decided on a stable hunt without overdoing it this time. Thanks to the Spartoi guarding the entrance, he decided on long range attacks. Romuna’s senior magic, Pale’s arrows and Zephyr’s ranged fishing rod were quite powerful. Surka’s fists and the Spartoi damaged any beasts that tried to sneak out.

“I have to start dancing as well.”

“Unni, I’ll play a quick rhythm!”

Bellot and Hwaryeong’s song and dance dazzled the beasts. Weed stopped using Radiant Sword and used the bow and arrows from the Elves to methodically eliminate the beasts.

The entrance was thoroughly blocked and they hunted through long range attacks. Experience and loot easily piled up from the beasts. It was a

situation that all combat affiliated users dreamed of.

“It is a little bland. I want to go up close!”

But in the end, Weed chose to leave the safety of the Spartoi and hunt the beasts. The beasts were dangerous but the Goddess’ Knight Armour showed its power.

“Healing Hands!”

Irene treating the Spartoi wasn’t necessary but he could still receive intensive care. Weed was good at staying still when carving sculptures but he wasn’t satisfied with that when hunting.

He wanted to raise his skill proficiency and obtain loot!

“Weed-nim, I’ll cover you.”

Pale concentrated his arrows on the beasts behind Weed. Romuna also prepared her spells.

The beasts were dazed and weakened by Hwaryeong and Bellot so they moved slower. He fought within the controlled space of the King’s Tomb.

“Kyah!”

And Weed’s eyes became wet as he saw the gold scorpions, gold, silver etc. piled up in the treasury. He had seen it in the video of the Crimson Wings Guild’s invasion but it was still impressive.

“G-gold coins and jewels...”

Weed’s voice trembled like a young boy confessing to his first love. But his face looked like a politician who had seen a huge bribe.

“You shouldn’t go there. Weed-nim!”

“I know there will be trouble if I touch this.”

His colleagues were suspicious of Weed trying to collect all the treasure. The Crimson Wings Guild made the mistake of touching the treasure and caused a huge curse. The treasure was like a pie in the sky. People suffered huge risk to come here only to not be able to take anything away.

Weed’s brain returned when his colleagues pulled his arm. He calmly

analysed the gold coins, jewels and items!

‘The jewels have a lot of value. If disposed of, they would go for at least 3.4 million gold as the market price. If Mapan sells it then he can achieve at least 3.67 million gold.

Taking into consideration the fluctuating market price, there is at least a 3% error margin. Weed didn’t touch the stacked up gems.

“Chyap chyap chyap chyap!”

Saliva just dripped down!

“Oh look at this sparkling jewel.”

“Unni. This bag as well. This is the bag that the princess from the Rosenheim Kingdom wore.”

“Really? It is a limited item. I also wanted this.”

Hwaryeong and Bellot couldn’t keep their eyes off the leather accessories and precious jewels.

“Kyaaaaah. So pretty. I want to wear this and show off in a square.”

“Look at this glistening hue.”

The girls were happy just looking at the bags, jewels and boots.

“Isn’t this a staff for a priest?”

“Look at these diamond encrusted gloves.”

Irene and Surka’s eyes shook as they looked at the equipment. Romuna showed a lot of interest and lingered in front of a magician’s robe surrounded with a red light.

Weed wasn’t the only one that became greedy when looking at the items! Weed found something strange about the accumulated jewels.

“The workmanship is quite excellent. A dwarf’s work? But it isn’t a method that the dwarves like.”

Dwarves preferred workmanship that emphasized the beauty while this one was simple and expressed the colour of the jewel.

“There are even more strange things.”

Weed was able to recognize that a glass item was completed by a sculptor with considerable skill. There was also a large coffin in the centre containing the remains of King Belsos. The pattern engraved on the lids that was designed to harmonize the spirits wasn't ordinary either.

“The standard of the scorpions also isn't ordinary.”

All Weed needed to do to enter the King's Tomb was to make scorpion sculptures. But the scorpions in this tomb was so sophisticated that it made his work seem like something made by an infant. There were many treasures but he wanted to check the sculptures because he was a sculptor.

“Maybe this is...”

Weed raised his hand to the scorpion pattern on the wall.

“Inspect!”

-You have failed.

“As expected, this is...”

Weed became even further convinced.

“Inspect!”

-Scorpion Sculpture

A sculpture created by the Sculpting Master Belsos La Deus the 3rd. He expressed the form of the scorpion that he really liked.

Artistic Value: 472

Special Options: Increase the breeding rate of scorpions.

Power is stored in it

“He is a Sculpting Master!”

Weed had met the final master, King Belsos. And the memories contained in the sculpture started to show.



Belsos was born in the southern desert.

He possessed the blood of a king so he was often pursued by assassins. He followed along with the desert tribes and carried their luggages.

He was interested in swords and sculptures. Belsos carved small sculptures by hand and received recognition from the targets. He learnt how to use the sword from mercenaries wandering the continent and the desert.

He became an adult and returned to his clan. Belsos wore a scorpion necklace and had fresh tribal tattoos on him.

After he became King of the Brukan Kingdom, he ruled over the southern desert. Belsos was called the Great King of Fire and numerous fire spirits followed him.

“The march of the Brukan Kingdom.”

“Gather the soldiers in the desert!”

There was a war with the other desert tribes. They slaughtered the nomad tribes and took away their camel, cattle and sheep. King Belsos' father had been killed by them so he left none untouched.

The army of the tribes consisted of over 100,000 camel cavalry. They wielded long, curved swords and bows skillfully. They fought differently from the knight corps of the Central Continent who threw spears while engaged in melee fights. But their combat power wasn't inferior to the knights of the Central Continent.

On the other hand, the Brukan Kingdom was lacking by 30,000 soldiers. This included the general infantry that didn't ride the camels. King Belsos' army also contained tens of thousands of fire spirits as well as humans.

If the battle occurred in the grasslands or forests instead of the desert then everything would be burnt. The fire spirits were able to roam around freely in the sand of the desert.

King Belsos brought peace to the desert through the fire spirits. However he couldn't be a good king. The land was a desert so grain couldn't be

grown and there were fights between tribes over oasis.

King Belsos had no choice but to enter the Central Continent. He mobilized his fire spirit friends and gained a wide territory through war.

The vast treasures they obtained every time they won a battle clouded the eyes of his tribesmen and they wanted more blood instead of working the land.

Belsos felt lonely as he could hardly ever leave his palace. But his people further extended the war. The desert tribes had been trained in battle so the walls were no longer impregnable targets. Even if Belsos didn't fight, the blood of his people continued being sacrificed to the kingdoms in the Central Continent.

“The sculptures are beautiful but they are unable to make up for the humans' greed.”

King Belsos turned to his spirits and sculpting. He collected rare materials and made sculptures in his palace.

A garden decorating an oasis in the desert, a camel peacefully drinking from a stream etc. were all sculptures created.

The desert tribes who had fallen to the allure of war couldn't understand the meaning of the sculptures. As King Belsos' territory expanded and more warriors were recruited, more treasures came into the palace.

Once the king became older, those who regarded themselves as successors appeared and fought among themselves. Belsos' army of fire spirits were quiet but there was already a horrific slaughter outside.

Belsos just continued making fire spirit sculptures. It was to the extent that the number of fire spirits following him couldn't be fathomed. Then he eventually abandoned his human flesh and became a spirit.

He was the king of the fire spirits.

After Belsos disappeared from the royal palace, the fire spirits also vanished. There was no more reason to fight and the Brukan Kingdom collapsed. The successors entered the palace and plundered everything

expensive. The many beautiful sculptures that Belsos made in the palace burned.

The Brukan Kingdom were weakened by the war between the tribes and the Masen Kingdom once again drove them back into the desert. Fortunately, several mementos and other valuables had been moved by Belsos to the Musos Valley before the palace was plundered.

There was little remaining of King Belsos despite his achievements.



-You have obtained information about the Sculpting Master Belsos La Deus the 3rd from the sculpture.

You have obtained information about the Brukan Kingdom.

Historical knowledge has been acquired.

Knowledge has increased by 14.

You have already completed the quest associated with Elemental Sculpting.

“The Sculpting Masters truly don’t live ordinary lives.”

Weed felt bitterness as he watched the memories contained in the sculpture.

“Someone who died... He built up treasure because he felt loneliness!”

It was truly unfair! The king never enjoyed the luxury and pleasures. When viewed from Weed’s personal perspective, he couldn’t understand the king.

It would’ve been lovely if he had that much wealth. He would use it. He would collect more treasures and use his power to rule over the people of that world.

Anyway, Belsos wasn’t a usual king. He lived his life and became a master at sculpting spirits.

Every Sculpting Master had their own strangeness.

Darone created many pieces of the same woman and eventually realized

Sculpture Transformation through his affection for the sculptures. Zahab loved a queen and developed Sculpting Blade and Radiant Sword. Emperor Geihar Von Arpen gave life to the sculptures he viewed as friends and developed Sculpture Life Bestowal. Finally, Belsos was king of the desert until he disappeared to become a spirit.

“I have to be careful. I can’t be exploited or squander my money.”

Weed was in a much lighter mood but he also felt wary as he visited the King’s Tomb.

It wasn’t possible to call the Sculpting Master King Belsos a perfect man.

Chapter 7: Spirit King's Sculpture

Weed informed his other colleagues of the information he obtained. Irene smiled lightly.

“The King of the Fire Spirits cursed the continent to be hot because people carelessly touched his relics.”

Surka also expressed her excitement at the interesting story.

“I like hearing about unusual stories of the past. Aren't we the only ones who know about this unknown history of the Versailles Continent?”

Hwaryeong and Bellot were discussing putting on a show about King Belsos.

There were a lot of small scale performance venues in Morata. Performances often occurred in Light Square or Bingryong Square and stats would increase depending on the success and audience reactions.

Weed created sculptures with historical stories and this historical information would have a good effect on the performances. The audience welcomed this with performances because they could gain more knowledge stats.

Of course, it was only possible to gain some stats the first time hearing the historical fact. That's why the audience kept on demanding better performances. It was the reason why bards travelled around the continent asking for stories.

“Then I just need the Agate crystal.”

Weed found numerous Agate crystals in one place. The quantity was quite a lot as he saw at least 120 of them.

“But I don't know if I can take it!”

Belsos' tomb had many treasures such as a desert warrior's equipment. But there was no assurance that he could leave with the sculpting material.

“I have to do this somehow.”

Weed was deep in thought The treasures couldn't be opened that easily. Some traps might be installed! In this case, he had to be suspicious and watch the boundaries.

Weed felt even more suspicious thanks to his experiences so far.

“The Dragon's Quest won't end this simply. Why else would the Spartoi be sent for support? We wandered a short while looking for the ruins and there was a fight against the monsters but I can't really say that we struggled.”

Usually quests of this difficulty would work out fine and he would feel happy until he was hit in the back of the head. So far he had many experiences with high difficulty quests.

“There is nothing that can be easily solved in this world.”

His colleagues stood quietly and waited for his choice. If the wrong choice was made then everyone would be in trouble so they had to believe in him and wait.

Zephyr whispered.

“I'll just believe in Weed-nim's decision.”

Bellot also spoke in a low voice.

“These are also my thoughts. We will become cockroaches that won't die even if we're stepped on.”

Weed's other colleagues also agreed.



“I won't do that.”

Weed decided not to touch the sculpting materials.

He felt tremendous anguish but the agate crystal was more important than gold or jewels. The Crimson Wings Guild had touched the treasures out of greed and suffered for it.

“It is like ordering a fried chicken that came marinated.”

Weed looked around the king's chamber for other materials and

treasures. Based on the memories he witnessed from King Belsos' sculpture, he needed to discard greed.

“I understand that he made a lot of elemental sculptures.”

Belsos had lived an arduous life from an early age and the spirits were his friends. And he discovered a statue of a Fire Spirit that was half finished!

It wasn't made with an ordinary skill. It had the appearance of King Belsos lying in the desert and his entire body seemed to consist of an elemental spirit. Weed looked at the unfinished sculpture and it seemed like a puzzle had snapped in place.

“The Agate isn't a treasure but I don't know if I can take it. I don't know if a curse will happen or not.”

Weed had his Sculptor profession in common with Belsos. Sometimes having spirits as partners would lead to social problems.

“But King Belsos was a Sculpting Master so he must have Elemental Sculpting.”

Weed had learnt the skill on his own but judging by the memories he saw in the sculpture, King Belsos 100% had Elemental Sculpting.

“If I complete this sculpture then I would probably learn Elemental Sculpting.”

If so, he obviously had to finish this sculpture. This was a place related to a sculptor so the statue could be seen as a very important key. His colleagues just continued to watch as Weed's thoughts got deeper and deeper.

“How are we going to do this?”

“I don't know. I don't think we can escape with the treasure right now.....”

“Let's check the surroundings once again.”

“Ah, he's laughing!”

A rotten, confident smile was on Weed's face.



“Calling the fire elemental, lullulu!”

Weed sang as he carved the sculpture of the spirit.

“Indeed, this luxury is really different.”

King Belsos had left an unfinished sculpture behind and there were materials available to complete it.

If an elemental shaman went on this quest then they could build up achievements. Or they would discover a high ranking spirit turned to stone. The power of the spirit inside the stone would match the shaman's attribute.

Flames rose significantly every time Weed carved the stone. It was like adding oil to a hot frying pan in a Chinese restaurant.

-Your health has decreased by 237 after being burnt by the fire.

While Weed was suffering making the sculpture, the others were just eating jajangmyeon with pickled radishes.

Flames continued surging as he sculpted the figure. It was the best environment for the formation of an elemental sculpture.

Pale came and informed him.

“Weed-nim, it is time for those guys to appear.”

“It has already been 1 hour.”

King Belsos' tomb was infested with the beasts. They periodically entered the stone chamber via other passages. Weed also needed to handle them with his group. He could leave it to his colleagues and the Spartoi but he wanted to hunt directly.

“Radiant Sword!”

The degree of proficiency had increased and now 5 sparrows of light appeared. Flashy effects occurred as the 5 sparrows collided with the monsters. His sword techniques had clearly become stronger as Sword

Mastery increased.

“Weed-nim, this time it is the Ice Locker.”

The boss class beast, Ice Locker!

“Sword-cloning skill!”

Weed used Sword-cloning instead of Radiant Sword. The effect of Sword-cloning when hunting against 1 strong monster was really good.

Sya sya sya sya syak.

Weed formed 9 clones.

Grrrr.....

The Ice Locker looked confused as its eyes alternated between the clones.

Pale, Zephyr and Surka had yet to attack.

“I’m going!”

Weed ran towards the Ice Locker. His clones also ran at the same time.

Kyaho!

The Ice Locker breathed out strongly in front of him. Extreme cold!

It hit one of the running clones and the body froze.

Kyahahahak!

The Ice Locker’s elbow then struck the clone violently. The clone turned into a grey light and scattered. The enemy’s special attack was effective at neutralizing the Sword-cloning skill.

While the other clones induced the monster’s attack, Weed’s Daemon Sword struck the neck of the Ice Locker.

-You have dealt a fatal blow!

The other clones then jumped onto the Ice Locker. Weed aggressively continued with his attacks.

-You have dealt a fatal blow!

-You have dealt a fatal blow!

-You have dealt continuous fatal blows!

-The Ice Locker has hit its head and has become confused.

“Step on it!”

After it fell into confusion, everyone gathered together and mercilessly showered attacks upon it!

“Die.”

“Hit it!”

Now Zephyr and Surka who had been waiting struck. Romuna’s magic and Pale’s arrows also hit.

Weed’s ‘Step on it!’ was the signal!

Hwaryeong and Bellot who had low attack, defense and health normally couldn’t participate in close combat but they also played an active role. They poked with a dagger and hunted with steel instruments. Weed attacked the opponent with Sword-cloning while Zephyr and his other colleagues supported him.

It was a classic party combat when dealing with strong monsters! The monster was weakened after being confused by the continuous fatal blows so it was easily taken care of.

His battle style really changed after learning a secret sword technique. Sword-cloning had a tremendous effect when hunting several monsters at the same time. The clones helped with defense and also improved overall damage.

Although the rapid mana consumption was a disadvantage, it made hunting significantly faster. Furthermore, his mana regenerated quickly thanks to his ring, Baharan’s Bracelet and the helium in the Goddess’ Knight Armour so he didn’t feel the need to conserve his use of Sword-cloning.

The Geomchi practitioners still couldn’t take advantage of the skill properly but Weed was perfectly utilizing it.

“This secret sword technique is really great!”

He gained skill proficiency, experience and loot!

Weed and his colleagues had brought a lot of bags into the dungeon. It was filled with loot every time they hunted.

-Should I depart now?

-Waiting a little longer is acceptable.

Mapan periodically sent whispers to Pale to confirm the situation. Recently he had bought 12 tamed gargoyles for a very expensive price. Only the highest level merchants could have a flying gargoyle transportation unit.

Mapan was prepared to come and trade at any time.

Weed’s group used various ways to hunt in the ruins.

“This is a great hunting ground.”

There were many beasts so somethings King Belsos’ jewels would drop as loot. It would be different if he came alone but his trusty companions were professional and organized. Now that Weed had taken care of the boss monster, he didn’t worry about defense as much and had higher damage.

His companions’ skills also harmonized well. They had grown together from the early stages of the game so they could understand the meaning with just one look.

‘He intends to hunt for 3 more hours. Ugh, I can’t feel my legs.’

‘So many of these beasts have come out. I once again raised my Perseverance stat while hunting with Weed-nim.’

‘Ah, I would like Weed-nim to prepare a good meal and I want to walk around wearing the new shoes and clothes that I bought.’



“Kuhuhuhuk.”

“Sa-hyung, this is really nice.”

“Yes. This is the taste of hunting.”

The Geomchi practitioners also used Sword-cloning and Radiant Sword. The monsters were getting increasingly stronger so it took more than the basic sword skills to hunt them properly.

They found it fun to find treasure in dungeons or hunt boss monsters together. It wasn't possible to catch the boss monsters by themselves but their combined power was like a death penalty.

Wielding a sword while riding a horse or a wyvern was a man's romance!

“It is exciting.”

“Yes, Teacher-nim!”

“Let's have unlimited fun!”

Orcs were now in the vicinity of Vargo Fortress and high level users had come en masse. The Geomchi practitioners defeated the monsters and seized the rugged mountains.

They climbed to the top of a high mountain and shouted wildly. The clouds moved around underneath them. It was a wonderful sight. They enjoyed a wild life while depending on their strong power!

The Geomchi teachers and practitioners didn't care about their levels. They were just satisfied at being able to fight freely. They ran down the mountain trails covered with the dew of dawn and felt an exhilarating feeling as they fought against monsters.

Their Weapon Mastery skill had increased and they were thankful they could fight like this.

Experience accumulated and they acquired more levels and loot. They had adapted after the time spent in Vargo Fortress and recently fewer people had died.

“No. 2.”

“Yes, Teacher-nim.”

“We have a pretty old map of Royal Road.”

“Time has passed already, Teacher-nim.”

“Yes.....”

Geomchi looked at the iron sword in his right hand.

‘I’ve realized the taste.’

He thought that virtual reality was really wonderful. As the flesh became more developed, there were fewer chances to show it in reality. Even if a quarrel occurred with someone else, you weren’t supposed to fight or hit the person. Martial arts were only used to entertain the crowd.

Royal Road helped to relieve his desires.

“The student who was caught holding an iron pipe in junior high really likes this.”

“The practitioners also like it.”

The dojang practitioners adventured in Royal Road while risking death in every battle. They willingly entered the capsule even on weekends or breaks.

“But it is really strong.”

While Geomchi was inspecting his sword, Geomchi5 came and asked quietly.

“If we don’t do our best here then wouldn’t our pride be hurt?”

The instructors and practitioners accepted death lightly.

In Royal Road, it would be difficult to win if there was a large difference in level or equipment. The judgement and reaction of the body was a huge help but it was limited.

“It sounds like a fun dream. Here.....”

“.....”

“I want you to learn this sword. By learning the sword, you will end up looking at yourself.”

In reality, even if they trained for decades then one mistake would cost

them their lives. They were full of vigour when young but became weaker once they aged.

Even if it was impractical, that was still life. That's why the instructors chose the rough roads when learning the sword. If they experienced real physical suffering, threats to their lives and the joys of becoming stronger then they would be great swordsmen.

Once all these things got stronger, they would find their inner voice.

"We will become stronger in this place."

"Then....."

"This will be a good learning experience."



Weed only had 6 days left to spend in King Belsos' Tomb. That's because Akryong Kaybern's quest had a time limit!

"This rude, spoiled lizard has done nothing to help!"

While hunting and creating the sculpture, he heard rumours from outside.

-Bardray has completed yet another quest.

-Was it shown on a broadcast?

-Not yet. The news just broke. It will be broadcasted this evening.

Bardray had succeeded in his 15th Master Quest. Class Master Quests normally had between 15~20 steps so he had almost reached the end.

Weed was only on the 14th quest. The Sculptor Quest might have been shorter than the Black Knight's due to some luck but he was at a disadvantage.

"Eueuum!"

He felt a pain in his stomach as he continued making the elemental sculpture.

"If I'm feeling a pain in my stomach then I need to eat some medicine."

When taking into consideration that he couldn't be late to meet Kaybern, there wasn't a lot of time left. The advantage was that half of it was already done but it was difficult to express the rest.

The elemental sculpture caused huge flames every time used Sculpting Knife so the environment was bad. It reduced his health and also obstructed his vision. He had to bear with the fire difficulties in order to complete the tricky sculpture. Working faster could ruin the work so he needed to be focused and meticulous.

"If I somehow manage to raise my level then I will kill that lizard....."

He had hunted dragons when playing Continent of Magic. Weed made a promise for the future.

Ddirring!

-Please set the name of the new sculpture.

"A Tribute from a Junior Sculptor to Belsos La Deus the 3rd."

Weed had completed the elemental sculpture. Flattery while setting the name was indispensable!

-A Tribute from a Junior Sculptor to Belsos La Deus the 3rd is correct?

"It is a great honour to be able to work on the elemental sculpture originally made by the King. That's correct!"

Weed cried out. He had 6 days left to complete Kaybern's quest.

-Magnum Opus! A Tribute from a Junior Sculptor to Belsos La Deus the 3rd has been completed.

King Belsos lived a lonely life while making the sculptures. Not a lot is known about his sculptures so artists can't evaluate it properly.

King Belsos left the work unfinished and the genius Sculptor Weed who has been rising like a comet on the continent has completed it.

Sculptor Weed is also the King of the Arpen Kingdom. His sculptures have always been a big topic on the continent and nobles covet his pieces.

If this remarkable piece of work becomes known then it will be an

opportunity to evaluate King Belsos' artistry.

Artistic Value: Source belongs to Master Sculptor Belsos and a joint work with the next sculptor= 19,834

Special Options: Belsos...health and mana regeneration will increase by 31% for a day.

Power over the fire spirits across the continent will increase by 3.2%.

The level of the Summon Fire Elemental skill will increase for 1 week.

More fire spirits will appear.

The power of any fire magic in the vicinity of the sculpture will increase.

All stats increased by 24.

The effect doesn't overlap with other sculptures. Current number of Magnum Opus created: 15.

-The skill proficiency of Sculpting has improved.

-The skill proficiency of Handicraft has improved.

-Fame has increased by 1,953.

-Art stat has increased by 21.

- Perseverance has increased by 7.

-Charisma has increased by 9.

-Fighting Spirit has increased by 3.

-Affinity to Nature has increased by 37.

-You have created a sculpture of the Fire Elemental King.

Due to the special experience, your fire resistance has increased by 3.4%.

-All stats will gain an additional 3 points for making a Magnum Opus sculpture.

Weed didn't create the sculpture by himself so he obtained less stats. Even so, it was a Magnum Opus so it was a great harvest!

'All my effort and bloody sweat I shed has been rewarded. This thing was

exceptionally difficult. Not every sculpture will be easy.'

King Belsos had flames wrapped around his entire body. It was difficult because he had to express it naturally, not artificially but he managed to accomplish it with no mistakes despite the flames.

Most sculptures blended in with the surrounding scenery. Some gave the feeling of serenity under a clear sky filled with white clouds. The Garden of the Gods was a magnificent work of art that stretched into the sky and incorporated the earth as well.

The light emitted from the Fire Elemental King sculpture gave off a strong presence.

Weed was satisfied with himself.

'These materials are really good.'

His colleagues also admired the work.

"As expected from Weed-nim, you made a Magnum Opus."

"I knew that a great work would come out."

"....."

His companions accepted the sculpture he made with so much difficulty like it was natural!

Weed forced a smile onto his lips.

Thanks to the rise in fire resistance, hunting became easier. Typically ice magic was more dangerous. The body couldn't move and it would lose combat power. But many monsters utilized fire and there were dangerous fire spells.

Furthermore, if his fire resistance reached 100% then he could use the Dragon Sword, the Red Star. Weed's fire resistance was already over 7% thanks to the magic circle in the Jigolaths and now it had increased by 3.4%. If he wore an accessory like the Ring of Famous Fire then his fire resistance would increase even further.

'If I buy a necklace or bracelet then I can increase it by 79%.'

If he used Sculptural Transformation into the relevant race and his blacksmith skill was applied then he could take advantage of the Red Star.

‘A day will come when I can use that item. I can’t throw anything away.’

Picking up japtem gave him a rewarding feeling. It was the spirit that wanted to save so much it would transfer a used diaper to another child!

The resistance would change depending on the species he changed into with Sculpture Transformation. But if he prepared it in advance then he could utilize it.

It would be possible to become the original owner of the Dragon Sword.

“That is the difficult thing about stolen goods.”

After meeting Akryong Kaybern, Weed realized he couldn’t use it for normal hunting. If he utilized it moderately in important moments then he could see it for a high price when the time came.

Then the temperature of the stone chamber rose. The high temperature was like flames were occurring at midday in the desert.

The huge, golden statue of the scorpion opened its eyes.

“Eueuum.....”

“Isn’t this really serious?”

“Somehow the signs don’t look good.”

Weed’s and his companions recalled the suffering of the Crimson Wings Guild in the past. King Belsos had wiped out the entire expedition and the continent fell under a curse.

“Gulp.”

Weed was as vigilant as the time he heard that city gas prices were rising on the 9 o’clock news.

Flames spread quickly and a fire spirit came flying out. The fire spirit wandered around inside the stone chamber. It was a cool but frightening sight.

The Fire Elemental sculpture started burning even though he hadn’t

given it life.

-Humans have visited my land.....

The second coming of King Belsos! Weed quickly kneeled down.

“I have a lot of respect for the Great King Belsos and it is an extreme honour to meet you. I am a junior sculptor wandering the continent. I came here due to the request of the wicked Akryong Kaybern but it is an honour to meet you!”

Weed fired off flattery like a quick fire gun! King Belsos looked at Weed and his companions.

-You are qualified to meet me. Without being blinded by greed... My test was passed brilliantly.

Ddukkum!

He wasn't just talking to Weed but the party in the corner.

-And there is a person following my path to glory.

King Belsos was covered with fire. And King Belsos walked with his fire towards Weed.

-Raise your head and stand up. People who realize true beauty don't have to bow.

-Dignity and Honour have increased by 24 after being recognized by Belsos, the Fire Spirit King.

Weed's head spun fiercely. If he could live like that then the world would be good. However he did everything possible in order to live.

‘Would I score more if I lived like that? It is imperative that I be polite. This might seem like the rules of decorum among sculptors but it is strange for another sculptor to receive equal treatment.’

Weed decided to lower his head a bit more.

King Belsos had a ruthless persona. It was the same in the past when he was a human and when he cruelly expressed his displeasure to the Crimson Wings Guild.

He was even scarier now that he was so polite. It was like the neighbourhood child in the public baths who would behave before drawing on the bodies of other men there.

“No it is okay. This is easy for someone like me who is following the path of a sculptor.”

He had no prior knowledge of King Belsos but the words fluently flowed out of Weed's mouth.

It was a voice that was a master of flattery!

Chapter 8: Choice of the Northern Lords

Fire spread wildly around the body of King Belsos. Fire spirits were also flying around the stone chamber.

-It is rare to see a junior sculptor with such a wonderful attitude.

Weed's thoughts were correct. King Belsos was weak to flattery! They might pretend differently but there was no one who didn't like flattery.

-Yet here you are.

King Belsos grabbed Weed's arm.

-Your health has decreased by 489 after being burnt by the fire.

-Your health has decreased by 832 after being burnt by the fire.

-Your health has decreased by 1,309 after being burnt by the fire.

-Your health has decreased by 372 after being burnt by the fire.

-.....

Weed's health fell excessively. But despite that, Weed's eyes were shining like a lantern.

"Your Majesty, thank you very much!"

His colleagues couldn't stop their admiration. When hunting and adventuring, it was relatively easy to raise intimacy with the village residents. But it would be difficult for someone to think about intimacy in this situation.

Usually people would stiffen when encountering a powerful monster but Weed's instincts had kicked in.

-I want to thank you for coming here and finishing the sculpture I couldn't complete in my lifetime.

"Comparing myself to the Great King Belsos is like eating kimchi ramyun with chopsticks. No, the sculpture was already equipped with the proper form and proportion."

-Humble sculptor, you are putting down your skills.

“My sculpting can’t compare to that of King Belsos. I might receive recognition through the Versailles Continent for my sculptures but it is modest compared to your sculptures.”

-You will develop more in the future.

“I’d like to be taught by a great king like you.”

Weed was able to carry on dialogue about various topics.

-You passed my test so I will give each of you one present. Say what you want to have.

Ddiring!

-You have completed the sculpture and finished the adventure in King Belsos’ ruins.

You can receive a present from the Fire Elemental King Belsos.

You can choose between summoning fire spirits, advanced fire magic or pick something from the treasury.

“Hrmm....”

Deep anguish rose on Weed’s face. His other colleagues also received the benefits of completing the adventure despite Weed making the sculpture.

In the meantime, Romuna didn’t think too deeply and chose first.

“Your Majesty, I’d like to learn advanced fire magic.”

-You will receive something in accordance with your proficiency.

Romuna’s robe clad body was covered in flames.

-You have acquired the fire magic, Flame River.

“Kyaah!”

Romuna uttered an ecstatic cry. It was a wide area magic that would cause a river of flames to wipe out the enemy. Unlike the ‘Burn’ spell, there was no need to be close to the enemy to strike.

But Flame River wasn’t a useable magic in a dungeon. On open areas

like the plains, it was a magic of mass destruction! The biggest advantage of a magician was their destructive power so obtaining advanced magic was a great profit.

“We would like to receive a treasure.”

-This place contains things that I collected when I was human. I no longer need it as a spirit. You can choose one item from among the goods.

Everyone else excluding Weed examined the treasures. Although the jewels were desirable, most of the items here were unique or legendary! Treasures that were enough to expand a kingdom on the Central Continent were gathered here. They were presents prepared for a special quest or event.

Hwaryeong chose a pair of beautiful and brilliant ruby earrings.

“I....”

Weed was conflicted even at the last moment. It was difficult for Weed to choose based on what he knew about King Belsos. One of the top treasures Weed had, the Teuresec’s Horn couldn’t be compared with the items here.

‘The fire spirit will help sweep up the enemy.....’

Spirits could be mobilized for combat without mana consumption.

The Crimson Wings Guild leader Terose had desired the flame sword and was burned up! The flames struck the shield and armour and baked the enemy. Defending against the best sword was impossible.

Furthermore, if monsters were gathered than the fire would spread as mass killings were possible.

Everyone worked hard to hunt but the outcome also depended on their skills and weapons. If he obtained the flame sword then Weed would be quite comfortable despite his lacking level. His blacksmith skill and fire resistance meant it was possible to use the sword.

“So my choice is... I don’t want Great King Belsos’ treasures. I’d like to receive some some Agate crystals as a sculptor. Kuuck.”

Weed said with tears flowing down his face. In the end, Akryong Kaybern won over his greed.

-Sculptor, you really want...

I have a number of sculpting materials gathered that isn't necessary. You can have all the sculpting materials.

"Thank you for your kindness."

In addition to the Agate crystals, there were several materials that weren't expensive or difficult to obtain.

"I would've preferred something expensive, my worst destiny....."

Weed lost all his strength as he walked to collect the Agate crystals.

-You have received a present from the Fire Elemental King Belsos.

-Sculptor.

"Yes, Belsos sunbae."

Weed's words became short.

He deserted the relationship after getting what he wanted!

-My thirst for art has risen again after seeing the sculpture.

"So?"

Now the only thing left was to leave the ruins so Weed asked bluntly. Of course, he would instantly cringe if King Belsos showed any signs of physical threats.

-I would like to make a sculpture with you.

Ddiring!

-The Fire Elemental King Belsos has made a proposal to make a sculpture together.

Belsos can stay in the human world for a week and you can't leave the King's Tomb.

In the past he had collaborated with Darone and was taught Sculptural Transformation! At that time, Weed was low levelled so he learnt a lot.

But now he was on an almost equal footing with Belsos from his perspective.

‘It is impossible to make a large sculpture in a week so I can work on a sculpture with the Agate crystals.’

If he worked on it with a Sculpting Master then it would be a work with a high artistic value.

Weed asked in an uncertain voice.

“If you try and claim ownership later.....”

-I have no desire for that as a spirit.

“As you know, this isn’t an industry that is very rich.”

-I have no intention of receiving anything.

A contract will be made before starting the work.

“Then it is good!”



Seo-yoon entered Morata with light steps.

Architecture, sculpture, artworks, performances and cooking! Normally she didn’t meet any people in the hunting grounds so she was happy to see the bustling city.

She had watched from the early days as Weed raised Morata. This was the city that Weed protected and was the Lord so she also had a lot of contribution. She had settled early in Morata, cleared the dungeons in the north as a Berserker and sold the loot she obtained in the stores.

“I’m sorry but I can’t dispose of these precious materials yet, Visitor-nim. How about going to the kingdom in the south where you can receive a fair price?”

“I’ll sell it here. It is okay even if the money is less.”

-You have contributed to the development of Morata.

Contribution has increased by 17.

She disposed of precious materials early on and helped with commercial development. It was common for high level users who came to Morata to wear the equipment she disposed of.

Once the park and bridge were opened, she also gained enormous contributions. The north was plagued with a host of migrants so housing was insufficient and construction costs were required.

She had 32,000 contribution points. It was a very high amount.

‘One day I want to go here with him.’

She thought about going around Morata with Weed on a date. Thanks to the impact of the Tower of Light, there was a bustling night scene. At night, lights from the building could be seen in the clear water running under the bridge. And when looking at the Tower of Light from a far place, there was a wonderful atmosphere between lovers.

Seo-yoon was standing beautifully on the bridge!

‘I’m not very charming.’

Seo-yoon enviously watched the female users walking around with men. If she wasn’t wearing a mask then many people would be rushing.

There were many male users who looked at the Ice Beauty to relax before leaving on a hunt. The crowd in front of the Ice Beauty was equal to those in front of the Goddess of Freya Statue. Unlike the other sculptures, there was a mania involved with those watching the Ice Beauty.

‘I’m not pretty because I’m too pale. Weed-nim doesn’t dislike me.....’

Seo-yoon had been pretty since she was a child but she had no idea about her own beauty.

When she walked to school, the men and women would look at her face. But none of them tried to start a conversation with her.

Seo-yoon thought she wasn’t attractive but the actual situation was completely different. Her beauty was so dazzling that all thoughts left their heads. They didn’t dare say anything. They were just happy if they could see her again.

After trading in the stores, she sat near the fountain and watched people. The sweet sound of music from nearby performances drifted on the wind.

Seo-yoon closed her eyes lightly.

She hadn't come here for some time so the number of users since the Garden of the Gods was finished was intense. At night, the city was bustling with tourists.

Beginners lived together in shacks Novice users who settled early in Morata could go on adventures and receive quest rewards. The city was gradually evolving to form a middle class.

“Looking for a party to take on a level 180 dungeon. You can check the shares distribution.”

“Priest looking for a group. Anyone seeking a priest? Level 230, I won't doze off and will work hard!”

“The Grass Porridge Cult is going on an expedition. A level restriction of 210 or more. Up to 300 people going to the west. Gather!”

As the level of the users increased, the goods also became more sophisticated. However intermediate users didn't have the funds to build houses on the hills or rivers with good views. Their priority was investing in equipment rather than homes.

The stabilization of house prices was an extremely sensitive topic to users. In Morata, anyone could easily build a shack so the low housing prices were maintained. But the shabby houses would harm Morata's landscape.

This housing problem was easily fixed by the appearance of the new ceramist profession. Ceramists had amazing dexterity just handling the soil. They collected soil from the river instead of hunting.

“I have to quickly create a workshop!”

A ceramist needed their own workshop. It was difficult to work with fire in the city and monsters infested the riverside. The monsters were just

snacks to Weed but they were a fearful existence to the ceramists.

They utilized their ability to the utmost and built houses. The house was made of pure clay and earth! The lakes and river near Morata had a lot of mud so it was a good building material. The houses built by the ceramists were a huge topic among the Morata users.

“How much is the cost of construction?”

“It is just water and soil so it is a similar price to the shacks.”

“Oh, really? How many days does it take to complete?”

“One day.”

“The best! Can you build my house? I’ll give you a fee.”

There was an active response among the intermediate users as word of the clay houses spread. It was an opportunity for beginner ceramists to earn money!

The strong point of the clay houses was that it was built with natural materials. Therefore it wasn’t complicated to heat the room by burning wood so it was popular among users.

“Kyaa...How good.”

“This way. It is incredibly warm.”

Having such a warm seat on a cold night really set the mood. The Morata users could rest and fully enjoy their adventures in the north. Friends gathered to bake sweet potatoes and eat fish while discussing their expeditions and hunting. Along with honeyed grass porridge, there was nothing more they wished for.

As the level of the users grew, they moved out from the shacks to the clay houses. The shacks on the hill and the clay houses near the riverside helped to maintain the cheap housing prices. The clay houses were the new characteristic of Morata so the ceramists had a chance to gain a position early on.

Apart from the houses, they made bowls and pottery that sold extremely well.

The Ellyons that moved to Arpen Kingdom also mined more minerals and cultivated grains. Coffee and melons were also registered as new specialties.

There was an especially big reformation from the extensive visit of clergy affiliated professions. Religious orders from the continent dispatched priests and paladins to see the Garden of the Gods and praised the King of Arpen as smart.

The kingdom gained fame and increased its relationship with the various churches. Players wearing white uniforms or holy armour continued coming from the Central Continent. Priests and paladins weren't the only ones that could be seen in the Garden of the Gods.

“How much money do you have?”

“3,400 gold. Why?”

“If you donate here then you can raise your contribution.”

People came to the Garden of the Gods to donate a substantial amount to the god they believed in. The donations were collected and architects started to construct cathedrals. It was the reason why construction still continued in the vicinity of the Garden of the Gods.

People who came to the Garden of the Gods also visited the Art Centre and the Arpen Kingdom's culture expanded.

-The Arpen Kingdom's culture has become widely known.

Many visitors bought artworks as commemoration and brought it back to various cities and kingdoms.

Weed's status as a King also affected his sculptures. Knights and soldiers would pledge their loyalty more easily. Just like Weed's fame as a sculptor, the kingdom's culture also expanded at an incredible pace.

-Tares' Cathedral has been completed. Its religious influence in the Arpen Kingdom has risen.

-The Arpen Kingdom's reputation has reached a small mountain village in the far reaches of the north.

Merchants from the Central and Eastern Continent are eager to engage in dealings with the Arpen Kingdom.

They are eager to import high quality agricultural products.

-Arpen Kingdom's political influence has increased and it can meddle with the politics in nearby villages.

The lords won't rejoice as the residents would become more eager to join the Arpen Kingdom.

It is possible for areas with low loyalty to their lord to revolt.

If the rebellion succeeds then the area will belong to the Arpen Kingdom. However, the King will lose honour and diplomatic relations will worsen.

Weed wasn't the type to stir a rebellion to expand the region and increase the population. Even if the area expanded into the north, Morata would still be the best city.

The goods that novice blacksmiths and tailors also spread through the merchants' trade network. Adventurers gathered rare items from dungeons and traded the loot so the development potential of the city was endless.

Word of Morata's miracle spread on the bulletin boards. It was to the extent that novice users unconditionally wanted to start in Morata.

While the Arpen Kingdom's fame and political power was rising every day, the other lords in the north couldn't catch up with its development.

"A person is coming!"

"Hey, go and help them!"

When the northern lords found migrants heading to Morata, they would prepare houses and stores. Guild members also pulled out weeds to prepare farmland.

"Lord-nim, thank you very much."

"No. If you feel any discomfort then come to me at any time."

Everyone was also delighted when a child was born. When the residents increased by 3 than 4 people, the population would eventually grow until it became a village. Weed managed to develop Morata from the time it was poor so they believed it was possible.

“I’m sorry Lord-nim. I haven’t forgotten the benefits I’ve received from you. Hey, let’s go.”

But people kept on leaving the territory! Those who heard about Morata’s advanced technology, huge economic scale and amazing culture would pack up their baggage and left in the evening.

People cruelly left with their carts full of things!

Many users hunted and adventured in the north so the visitors to the northern lords’ villages increased. They had hope but there were no large benefits.

“Shall we hunt in the vicinity and then return to Morata in the evening?”

“Let’s quickly hurry.”

“I have an appointment in the evening near the Tower of Light... Let’s hunt fast.”

“Yes!”

Even if dungeons and hunting grounds developed, users still returned to Morata. While the population of the villages painfully increased by 100 people, Morata was increasing by 20,000 or 30,000 people.

“Keohuhuhuk!”

Morata’s mine development was weak so the villages could trade with them but they couldn’t catch up with the sculptures and support facilities.

“The guild’s funds are in bad shape from the mercenaries hired. Hahahat!”

They couldn’t build any buildings. They had heard about the Grand Buildings constructed in Morata through the broadcasts. The hearts of the northern lords suffered a blow.

“Why is Morata’s beer so delicious?”

The 2nd Northern Alliance had been formed to declare war. However Morata’s users had increased by dozens of times and their levels also rose so it was difficult. The reaction of the other lords was also negative.

“War? Oh, that isn’t possible so leave us out of it.”

“Why fight when the odds aren’t in our favour? We will just end up paying war preparations to Lord Weed. Have a conscience.”

“Do you have confidence you will win if you declare war on Morata?”

There was a large trade relationship with Morata so the northern lords didn’t want a war. Some lords actively developed their mines and relied on exporting it. If a war started with Morata, it would lead to a halt of the exports and most northern users would follow Weed. If it ended then their lands would be abandoned by users. There wouldn’t be any visits from hunting parties.

The prestigious guilds in the Central Continent had strong power and military strength but the situation was different in the north. Morata had a low tax rate and fantastic environment so the future of the Arpen Kingdom was bright. The historic Garden of the Gods was completed so it had a massive popularity.

Meanwhile the lands of the northern lords were infertile, the population’s skill level was low so their loyalty was also low.

-The residents of Armang Village want to be permanently dependent on the Arpen Kingdom.

Morata’s thriving culture has captured the hearts of the residents.

Residents have abandoned their hopes for their Lord and wish to become part of the Arpen Kingdom.

Specialties: None

Population: 4,329

Monthly Tax Revenue: 7,989 gold.

-The residents of Ekwinok Village want to be permanently dependent on the Arpen Kingdom.

Morata's economic power and population has made them envious.

The Lord's effort isn't bad but there is no hope for children in Ekwinok Village.

They choose to belong to the Arpen Kingdom.

Specialties: None

Population: 5,828

Monthly Tax Revenue: 4,124 gold.

The power of culture!

Armang, Ekwinok, Yoanna, Yusellin were part of 8 villages that wished to become part of the Arpen Kingdom.

The residents voluntarily decided to accept Weed's rule. There were very small villages with no lords but six villages were ruled by guilds.

"Ah... Crazy. How did this happen?"

The lords were faced with an unenviable situation. They would need to mobilize the troops to quell the residents. But the loyalty of the residents' would continue to decline and that would lead to the population decreasing. They would gain a tremendous notoriety.

"At this rate, it is impossible to follow the speed of Morata's development....."

It was difficult for their population to even reach 10,000 yet Arpen Kingdom had millions of residents. The situation had already deteriorated for the lords. The situation would worsen if there was excessive military spending or monster attacks.

Users in the north had many chances. In the early days, they had invested large amounts of funds into mining and agricultural development. They didn't expect that they would be like a rural village next to Morata. Watching the residents protesting, the lords had to make a

difficult decision.

“What should we do?”

“Guild Master-nim, now our culture, technical capabilities and gap in military force means it will be difficult to survive against Morata in the long-term.”

“What will happen if we become subordinates of the Arpen Kingdom?”

“We will lose our political rights as Lords but can't we still keep out investment funds?”

“Several opportunities can be obtained but there will be more users.”

If Weed governed their villages then it could develop rapidly. Furthermore the technology, population, trade, fame and specialities of the Arpen Kingdom would be shared so there would be a favourable environment.

“But we still have absolute power in the area as the Lord. If the situation changes later and the village develops.....”

Some lords were unwilling to obediently leave their seats. They were attached to their ego and power.

But the merchants that belonged to the guild said.

“We need to decide in the early days of the Arpen Kingdom. If we miss this opportunity then the situation might worsen and the village will disappear.”

“Guild Master-nim, we've seen Morata's development speed. And what about Vargo Fortress? People with a higher average level than our guild are hunting there. Arpen Kingdom's military is also growing quickly.”

“Remember why we were driven out of the Central Continent. Wasn't it because we lacked power? Weed won't cause a war in the north but if he does then our villages will cease to exist.”

“If we delay anymore then other villages will join Arpen Kingdom first.”

“It won't be good if we join later. There will be a larger economic gap

with other villages. The users in the north also won't have significant expectations. If they leave Morata to adventure, our villages are close to they might not choose to stay in our village. This village will have really weak growth potential. It won't be easy to develop on our own."

The merchants were actively trying to persuade them to annex to the Arpen Kingdom. If they integrated with the Arpen Kingdom then they would receive great benefits in trade and taxes.

In fact, they watched people trading at the entrance and squares and realized they couldn't compete with the Arpen Kingdom. Even if the northern lords gathered together, it wouldn't be easy to achieve their goals.

The users with combat affiliated professions didn't have anything to say. Developing a village wasn't their area of expertise so they didn't mind belonging to the Arpen kingdom as long as it was profitable. In order to receive class skills, adventures and hunting quests, they needed to go to Morata.

They had the power of a lord but their investment funds were slowly disappearing. The guilds were also active in the Arpen Kingdom. It would be more beneficial to belong to the Arpen Kingdom so they had no choice but to give up the Lord status.

"Everyone's opinion has been understood. Then let's accept the will of the residents."

Eight large and small villages decided to join the Arpen Kingdom.

Chapter 9: Activities of the Sculptural Lifeforms

Weed moved on foot to Akryong Kaybern's lair. He took Wy-3 to Thor Kingdom and walked to the place to meet Kaybern alone in case he would die.

“Aigoo, my destiny.....”

Not long ago he was waiting in a pub drinking beer while the dwarves transported the treasure but this time he was going directly.

“It is a real mystery why I have struggled so much.”

Weed sighed as he took a break. He didn't know why his life was full of such hardships.

“If it is like this then I need to prepare my willpower for whenever my money falls.”

Weed headed upwards towards the lair. He had heard the good news that the territory of Arpen Kingdom had expanded due to the villages joining it.

The villages were shabby with a low population so it wasn't a huge event that he would rejoice of as a King. But the villages had been integrated so it was already crowded with users.

The merchants judged that it would have good development prospects since the villages belonged to the Arpen Kingdom so they invested and built houses in good locations.

The lords also made peace with Weed so there was no need to worry about security.

A few days ago, users started building shacks in the villages. Farmers cleared the land while miners wandered around looking for mines.

The quests and hunting at the villages weren't that appealing yet. Because once someone left the village, the intimacy and achievements would disappear. But once they joined the territory of the Arpen Kingdom,

soldiers would herd monsters and dig dungeons. It was also possible to get achievements for the Arpen Kingdom.

Morata would benefit if the other villages grew so it was possible to see potential in them from now on.

The finances of the Arpen Kingdom had gone up again after building the Garden of the Gods so it could afford to invest in new facilities for the villages.

The market squares and necessary buildings were built. Road construction to Morata, the capital city of the Arpen Kingdom was initiated. Once trade expanded between villages, it would be helpful for the expansion of culture and stability of the village.

Users would naturally visit more if the villages developed. Morata had been growing rapidly for a long time but the villages that just belonged to the Arpen Kingdom were still in their early stages.

Grrrr.....

Kyaung!

The road to the dragon's lair was strewn with monsters. His nerves were tugged as they growled ferociously. The high level monsters had yellow saliva dripping from their fangs so Weed felt threatened.

However he entered the territory of Akyrong Kaybern with the Spartoi so it was rare to receive attacks from the monsters. He wasn't happy but he had received Akryong's invitation!

'A dragon is no different from a god's curse. Salt should be sprinkled in the pot and could be eaten in the next life.'

He arrived at the entrance to the lair while he was thinking.

-You have lost the privilege of leading the Dragon Kaybern's Spartoi.

The Spartoi split up and returned to their role of guarding the entrance. Weed went alone into the lair.

Rare and usual magic books, equipment and treasure were scattered around like random piles of trash. The tribute from the dwarves of the

Thor Kingdom every year was piled up.

And the black dragon was lying coiled up!

-You have fallen to terror at the sight of Kaybern.

All physical abilities have decreased.

Weed kneeled down immediately.

“You were resting comfortably. I am the humble sculptor Weed. I came with the sculpture Kaybern-nim desired.”

Once again, he had experienced many struggles and complications. He sensed he shouldn't come too close to him! There was no meaning to raising intimacy so he just wanted to give the item and leave quickly.

The head of Akryong Kaybern approached closer. The dragon spewed out a breath with a strong smell.

-Sculpture?

“Here.”

Weed took out the ‘Dazzling Kaybern Statue’ from his backpack.

The Agate crystal!

The sculpture was created with finely wrought sparkling crystals like stars in the sky. The large and small drops of jewels expressed the shape of a dragon. Weed remembered making the sculpture with King Belsos. King Belsos had been excited as soon as he heard an explanation of the work.

-It will be a really creative sculpture.

“Do you think it is okay?”

-Stunning. It is difficult to make a sculpture out of connected crystals.

-Jewelry sculpture! The Dazzling Kaybern Statue

The sculptor has taken the last step and created a piece with a legendary sculptor.

Agate crystals containing the brightness of stars, a clearer and more

mysterious treasure does not exist.

Artistic Value: 12,843

Special Options: Excessive beauty that causes bad luck, the chances of meeting bandits will increase by 4 times.

Dignity +89.

Charm +145.

Value can't be questioned closely.

The effect doesn't overlap with other sculptures.

Number of Jewelry Sculptures completed so far: 1.

The surface of the Agate crystal shone beautifully. Weed took out the sculpture he worked on with King Belsos and offered it to Kaybern.

“Ah.....”

The sculpture held in Weed's hand flashed as the Agate crystal found the light. From the dragon's head to tail, the crystals were gathered one by one to form a complete sculpture. If sunlight even touched it a little bit, the Agate would catch the light and flash. There really couldn't be a work more beautiful or flashy than this.

-Put it down and leave.

Kaybern said before yawning and closing his eyes. He still had some expectations but the dragon just stayed quiet without any compensation.

Ddirring!

-The Treasure a Dragon Desires

You have obtained the object that Akryong Kaybern desired within the stated date.

The dragon has an interest in sculptures so a treasure made of better materials was required.

It is an honour just surviving a meeting with Kaybern.

The quest is successful!

‘T-this rotten dragon.....’

Weed struggled not to shed any tears. But the corner of his eyes was wet as grief and regret welled inside him. He never cried even if he watched a sad movie.

“Thank you for receiving it, Kaybern-nim.”

Weed said goodbye and exited.



“Ah, I want to go on vacation.”

Today was the day she needed to go to work early at the broadcasting station. Shin Hye-min was hosting the ‘Story of Versailles Continent’ program. Today, the 1st and 2nd parts of the program were being shown. The script was checked in advanced and she filed some forms.

“I really want a break to go on adventures with everyone.”

Shin Hye-min calculated how much her severance pay would be if she resigned before shaking her head. Going on a foreign trip for 1~2 years was a salaryman’s dream but it reality that was impossible.

“Oh Joo-wan ssi, there really is a lot of news to introduce today. Did you sleep well at night? The dark circles under your eyes seemed like you stayed up all night.”

“A monster invaded Beast Village yesterday but I guess Hye-min ssi hasn’t heard about the tourist that drove them off.”

“Omo, there was something like that? The viewers will probably be curious about that. Today I have important news to deliver.”

Shin Hye-min and Oh Joo-wan proceeded with the broadcast.

“Many people already know this. Bardray has completed the 15th stage of the Black Knight quest.”

“It’s really incredible. The knights and infantry division that Bardray raised really grew nicely.”

“Today we’ll show you videos of important events that happened. Hasn’t

the warrior Python also succeeded?”

“His nickname Wolf of the Wilderness really fits as there is no warrior that can hide from him. He is a popular figure that wields a greatsword without any hesitation.”

The first part of the news program was about the users challenging the Class Master Quests. No one had completed it yet so the first person to take the glory and rewards was a major concern.

Whether it was finding treasure or a dungeon, the difficulty meant the success rate wasn't high but the compensation was generous so many users felt it was worth challenging the difficult quests.

That was how it became a representative of the news program for each broadcasting station. They passed on important information about the Versailles Continent to the users and ratings would rise.

The 1st part was about Bardray while the 2 part would be about other people's adventures.



The residents of Thor Kingdom were relaxing while drinking beer.

“Did you hear from the broadcast that Weed apparently met Akryong Kaybern?”

“Really?”

“Yes. The residents are clamouring that a great artist met Kaybern and returned unharmed.”

“Well, his sculpting abilities are very excellent.”

“Keoheok, he met Kaybern?”

The Dwarf users were surprised.

The Central Continent users' interest in Weed had greatly increased in recent years. He received a bit hit when defeated by Bardray. But rising to the position of King of the Arpen Kingdom and creating the Garden of the Gods drove a huge interest again. The King expanded his territory while

regaining trust.

But they couldn't assume that was everything. Many users watched Weed from Continent of Magic and there were even more fans in Royal Road. Weed had exerted an overwhelming strong power from the beginning. He had been silent for a while so they had no choice but to feel excitement and expectant.

“Kya! Weed survived a meeting with the dragon.....”

“The guards from before were the Spartoi belonging to Kaybern.”

“Ah, I'm really curious. Is it on the broadcast schedule?”

“No, I don't know yet.”

“Putting everything else aside, he really is very brave.”

Weed was also sitting in the tavern called Iron Hammer. He could get free beer as an intermediate blacksmith so he stopped by before a long flight.

‘My successful quest with Kaybern has become known.’

Weed celebrated with a cold beer. There were many travellers around Royal Road who were interested in famous adventurers so news of what they did spread quickly. The quest that he just completed was a wonderful event among the dwarves!

‘I can now feel comfortable.’

Currently Weed's sculpting skill was at 49.2% advanced level 9. He only needed 50% more proficiency to fully master his skill.

‘Kuoooh, the investment for sculpting is too big.’

Raising the national power of the Arpen Kingdom. A huge amount of effort was required to reach the stage of a perfect Class Master. Fortunately, the Garden of the Gods was successful so he could take a breather.

‘I can raise the rest of the sculpting proficiency as I advance through the remaining quests.’

Weed had learnt 5 secret sculpting techniques that could be used for quests and adventuring.

The Dragon Sword, the Red Star was dangerous to handle but its combat power couldn't be compared. It would exert a large effect in one on one combat.

“I will peel the leather off that shameless guy and bake it.”

Weed cursed Kaybern before leaving Thor Kingdom.



“As you know, Kaybern's quest has ended safely.”

Weed finished his quest and met with Pale and his other colleagues. The party had been expecting a reward or something but they couldn't say anything after seeing Weed's expression.

It was an expression filled with hate for Kaybern!

‘There is something weird about his smile.....’

‘He is giving off a really bad expression.’

Still, they felt refreshed from everything they collected at King Belsos' Tomb. Weed had only seized the Agate crystals so the damage was big.

Hwaryeong asked sweetly.

“So what are you going to do now Weed-nim?”

“I'm going back to my Class Master quest. I'm going to Harsel.”

He was going to mobilize Bingryong, the wyverns, Goldman, Yellowy, Phoenix, Golden Bird, Silver Bird, the lifeforms from the Jigolaths and his natural disaster sculptures.

Weed wasn't a pure sculptor who didn't know about battle. He manufactured new armour, learnt another secret sword technique and raised the proficiency of Radiant Sword enough to be useful.

Furthermore, he had learnt Sculpture Life Bestowal early in his career. Those lifeforms had become stronger so the remaining quests would be slightly easier. The Orcs and Elves were on an expedition to explore

Ratzeberg.

Hwaryeong hesitated before saying.

“We’ll go with you.”

Weed looked at them as Pale laughed and said.

“We’ve already discussed it between ourselves. We will help with Weed-nim’s quest.”

They could only watch as Weed had been persecuted by the Hermes Guild. So they would like to help with the Sculpting Master Quest.

The hot friendship between companions!

They also felt sorry because Weed was always cooking meat for his colleagues.

“Everyone, I’m touched.....”

Surka laughed cutely.

“There’s no need. When we proceed with our Master Quest later on then Weed-nim can help us!”

“Master Quest?”

Weed suddenly felt some reservations.

His Sculpting Master Quest was already difficult enough and now he needed to help the Class Quests for his friends! The company consisted of an archer, ranger, dancer, bard, magician, priest and fisherman.

“If it is complicated then I can go to Harsel by myself.....”

“Don’t you have to leave immediately since it is far away? Wy-3, come here!”

Wy-3 came after Hwaryeong called and lay on the ground! His companions were always feeding them snacks so Weed’s sculptural lifeforms obeyed them as well.

“Wy-1!”

“Wy-2!”

His colleagues sat down as the wyverns continuously arrived. Bingryong and Phoenix were also waiting in the air with Yellowy and Goldman on their backs.

The lifeforms from Jigolaths had decided to leave a little earlier and he would meet them in Harsel.



The Sulleion Tribe!

They were a warrior tribe that dominated the rugged, high mountains of the Harsel Mountain region. If he got rid of them then he could rescue a sculptural lifeform species.

Weed's mind was urgent.

"Poor guys, you must've suffered a lot so I'm going to save you for the sake of justice."

The yield brought by the Ellyons to the Arpen Kingdom was incredible.

5 metre strawberries and 8 metre watermelons! Apart from the large size, it tasted so sweet it was like honey. This helped increase the game of the area and in the long run it could be registered as a specialty. Thanks to the farmland acquired from the several villages, the yield and profit was quite high.

"Are they called the Arnin? They're waiting. I have to make them work properly."

The Arnin were in a large crisis because they were trapped by the Sulleion! Weed arrived at the Harsel Mountains and worked out an easy plan.

"I have to strike slowly from the outskirts."

The whole mountain area was their territory so he decided to confront them openly instead of avoiding them.

Zephyr asked with a face full of concern.

"Isn't the plan too simple?"

“It is good that the plan is simple.”

“.....”

The Sulleion were known as great warriors. But when taking into consideration the abilities of Bingryong, Phoenix and his other lifeforms, fighting in the mountains shouldn't be too much trouble.

Rather, it was impossible to sneak into their home base. The King Hydra with 9 heads, Phoenix, Fire Giants etc. were clearly visible! Even if their combat power was strong, it would be impossible to move secretly over such a large distance.

“I have to make the sculptural lifeforms fight properly. I have to make everyone work.”

Weed believed in the sculptural lifeforms that he had brought up so far. The standard of one sculptural lifeform was equivalent to a boss class monster. If they combined and work together in battle then a tremendous power will be exerted.

“Calling Death Knight Van Hawk, calling the Vampire Lord Torido!”

“Master, I was waiting for a battle!”

“You called.”

His two summons also came out. Weed posed like their master and said.

“You, did you forget the ring and sword I made you?”

“.....”

Torido's eyes frowned while Van Hawk's skeletal jaw clattered. They had heard those words at least 999 times!

“When you wear it, is it okay?”

“.....”

“If you don't answer then I'll take it back.”

“G-good.”

“Wonderful.”

“You need to pay back the expenses for the sword and ring.
Understood?”

“Understood.”



Bbuuuuuuh!

Weed blew the Teuresec’s Horn. It was an item that raised the morale of the sculptural creatures and increased the effect of recovery in battle.

“Go.”

In the meantime, the sculptural lifeforms had been clearing monsters around Morata or Vargo Fortress. While the wyverns were used as transportation, the other sculptures had been given time to grow.

“I was really worried their stomach would be plump.”

Weed’s expression indicated he was going to make them work.

“Kwaaaaaaah!”

The 9 headed King Hydra moved its huge body up the Harsel Mountains.

Death Worm. The colossal monster lived in the ground. Weed named it Death Worm because the worm’s body could grow up to 200 metres. Currently its body length was 95 metres but that was still enough to crush or eat any monsters in the ground. If a monster was swallowed then it would be instant death! The earthworm’s body had a type of charm as it wriggled.

The Fire Giant ran around wielding a sword of fire. There was also Cerberus and Knight Seville.

The 47 lifeforms born in the Jigolaths consisted entirely of different species. They gave off an absurd feeling of oppression!

Bingryong, the wyverns, Imugi, Phoenix, Golden Bird and Silver Bird were also waiting in the air as support.

Biiiiiiik!

There was a sharp sound and something moved between the bushes and

trees on the mountain.

“It is those guys.”

Pale had good insight so he discovered the Sulleion among the bushes.

“Approximately 300 people are waiting with arrows and spears.”

Weed still hadn't determined that far.

“Is that all of them?”

“They're coming from hidden caves so it might be dangerous if the sculptural creatures move forward. Wouldn't it be better to stop now?”

Weed shook his head.

“It's okay. We won't encounter most of the enemies. Just watch how I fight.”

Lion cubs became strong by being dropped off cliffs. Weed had a similar sentiment.

“It is better to cull the weak guys early.”

From now on, he needed to earnestly pinpoint the abilities of the lifeforms. If he knew the limits of their individual ability then he could develop tactics.

The Sulleion moved in groups and were bold warriors. If a boss monster entered their area then they would attack in unison and sweep the monster up.

Therefore Weed was also slightly concerned about the safety of the sculptural lifeforms.

“They're coming!”

The sculptural lifeforms had gone nearly halfway up the mountain. Then the Sulleion suddenly popped out behind rocks, bushes and trees and struck.

The King Hydra's 9 heads spat fire at the warriors.

The sculptural lifeform of a female high elf that Weed called Eltin

launched a barrage of arrows.

Gernika the female Barbarian warrior! She held an axe in her left hand and a mace in her right. She knocked down the Sulleion warriors with her strong power.

The female swordsman Vindex. She moved quickly and fought the warriors with a thin, sharp sword.

Most of the sculptors in the Jigolaths were lonely men so they made pieces of women. They were strong and full of thirst to tear monsters to pieces!

There was also an elegant peacock like sculptural lifeform with thin and long legs. Surka found it very cute and kept on stroking Epullit's head. When the Sulleion warriors approached, Epullit suddenly opened its wings.

Chweraeraeraeraek!

It released poison hidden in the wings. It was a clever and quick but the combat power wasn't obvious with a look. However, it was a very dangerous monster because it emitted a poisonous fog. The grass quickly withered up and died thanks to the poison mist.

Weed's party watched from afar as the lifeforms played a very active role. It was expected since they were each over level 400.

A sea of fire engulfed the Sulleion warriors everywhere the Fire Giant walked. It was truly overwhelming combat power!

"Indeed....."

Weed laughed with satisfaction.

"It is like I thought. I can work them well from now on!"

Every individual lifeform was a boss level monster. Each of their characteristic battle skill seemed to match each other. It was possible to smash any resistance if they combined their formidable power. Thanks to the help from the sculptural life forms, they could overwhelm the entrance of the mountain area.

“The scouting skirmish is over. I guess that’s enough. Climb up!”

Weed’s group climbed up the Harsel Mountains.

Yoo Byung-jin was laughing while watching on the monitor.

“Yes, you should be careful. The sculpting lifeforms are strong... But the Sulleion are also formidable warriors.”

Weed’s adventure was also being prepared to be broadcasted. Even if it wasn’t a live feed, it was an important battle to be broadcasted.

Perhaps the viewers wouldn’t be surprised about the sculptural lifeforms. Their power was as expected. But if they entered the centre of the Harsel Mountains then the sculptural lifeforms would be in danger.

The Sulleion tribe’s Elders were talking on Yoo Byung-jin’s other screen.

The Elders and soldiers met over a bonfire. They looked like big reptiles but they were the rulers of the Harsel Mountains.

— People have appeared on our mountain.

— Are they strong?

— It is a standard that we can win.

— Go out and fight.

— No, lure them in deeper.

— Then.....

— Huhuhuk, we won’t let even one of them leave alive.

— That is a good way.

The Sulleion tribe was clever. They would lure Weed’s group to deep in the mountain region and then fight with their real power. The warriors secretly concealed in the cave would wipe out everyone! Just like the Sphinx refused to leave the Rosenheim Kingdom, some flying lifeforms might choose to die rather than escape. Weed would lose Bingryong, Yellowy, and the Wyverns that he had raised with affection.

“This really seems interesting.”

Yoo Byung-jin waited for the exciting results.



Squeak squeak.

A field mouse cried out at the location of the Sulleion Elder's meeting place.

“Lure them more....”

The country mouse searched for bread crumbs but there wasn't a piece of food to be seen.

“Let's show those intruders what type of place the Harsel Mountains is....”

Jjijik!

The country mouse found a piece of meat underneath a warrior's feet. It went to a gap in the wall and added it to a pile of stuff. The spy didn't make a noise as it ran on all fours.

“We have to find a place to kill all those guys.”

It finally managed to place the piece of meat in its mouth. The country mouse went back quietly to the hole it dug. It was returning to Weed and the other lifeforms.

The country mouse was also a sculptural life form. Its name was literally Country Mouse!

It wasn't beautiful but the sharp teeth and claws were somewhat endearing. A sculptor working in the Jigolaths' coal mine lamented his fate and made the sculpture.

Weed had the Country Mouse spy on the Sulleion.

Jjaejaejaek!

Silver Bird had also been painted over and was sitting on a branch. The bird listened to their words in the daytime while the mouse listened at night.

Weed utilized them completely.

Chapter 10: Sulleion Tribe's Trap

A time of chaos! The television ad seen at Unicorn Corporation started to be shown.

“Why is this suddenly coming out?”

“It seems like an ad intentionally directed to us.”

Recently people were feeling a serious crisis.

War was taking place throughout the Central Continent. In the past there were wars between influential guilds and now monsters and the Embinyu Church had joined in.

-The Hwisurun village has been decimated by monsters. Tourists should be careful when travelling. It is recommended that warriors who aren't level 320 don't visit.

-Sergy City is being attacked by the Embinyu Church. Is there anyone that will come and save them?

-Thieves have broken into Freddy's store. Looking for equipment to fill the walls. All merchants are welcome to come and sell their goods.

Various terrible stories of cities or castles collapsing frequently appeared on the bulletin boards. Monsters appeared on the previously safe plains and roads connecting cities.

“I'm really very worried these days.”

“Life is becoming increasingly harder. Where is security to take care of the monsters and restore the peace?”

“Everybody is busy these days playing war.”

“Whew... Even going outside the gates is frightening.”

“It is even harder to hunt.”

While hunting in the plains, mountains or forests, they had to be careful that other monsters wouldn't intrude. The entire kingdom was confused and then it shook when the Embinyu Church invaded.

Monsters would sometimes change their habitats so the users couldn't relax. Many commissioned mercenaries so the compensation when completing a mission was reduced.

"I have nothing else for you, I'm sorry."

"What should I do? The goods I promised were robbed by thieves....."

Residents lived in poverty so they couldn't give proper compensation for simple requests.

"Ah, it is really hard to eat."

"It's too difficult."

"There are no requests so I can barely pay the repair costs."

In the past, there had never been monsters invading the city and users had to conquer it with their own power. That situation had changed a lot. The merchants were constantly plagued by bandits and the Embinyu Church and civil war dealt a terrible blow to the market.

"Hey, did you earn some money?"

"Don't talk nonsense. It is difficult to even pay for my carriage repair costs."

Delivery of military supplies to kingdoms and large guilds could reap great trade benefits. But there were already exclusive traders for those cases so everyone else could just watch them maintain the monopoly.

The situation for general users and residents was increasingly deteriorating so there were bursts of complaints against the merchants.

"That can't happen, really!"

"We paid so many taxes just for this!"

Although merchants had to pay excessive taxes, they could still engage in difficult business. Sometimes they would get angry but merchants were weak in combat.

Needless to say, the general merchants were the ones with unfavourable news.

“Until when do we have to put up with this? I can stomach it if there is a slightly good request but they are just telling us to die!”

“I closed down 5 stores. Outside is dangerous so the number of people who are hunting has decreased. The quality of goods has also fallen.”

“They’re dumping dirt on us!”

A meeting of small and medium sized merchants blamed the lords and guilds. The classes most affected by the chaos on the continent were those like merchants, farmers, miners etc. It was difficult for them to work.

The guilds weren’t satisfied with the territory they had secured and kept on waging war to expand it.

The confusion on the Central Continent even spread to the mountain village as large number of monsters appeared there.

-The Embinyu Church can’t be allowed to obtain a seat.

The religious orders of the continent made a declaration against the Embinyu Church. The Knights Templar and monks of the monastery started moving.

As a war started between the Embinyu Church and other religious orders, the users started to realize the Versailles Continent was changing.



While Bardray was in the midst of an ongoing quest, the Hermes Guild was also busy moving. They collected enormous taxes from the Haven and Kallamore Kingdoms while scheming.

“A good chance like this won’t come again.”

“It isn’t possible to refuse an offer from the Hermes Guild. We accept. Let’s get along well in the future.”

The Black Lion Guild had received a huge blow at the Melbourne Mine. When compared to the overall scale of the guild, it was just one defeat but Carlise and their elite members had been annihilated!

This spread awareness that the Black Lion Guild was poor compared to

the Hermes Guild. Members of the Black Lion Guild left while its rival the Beden Guild used that chance to expand their power.

Of course, if they allied with other small guilds then they could successfully regain the lost territory. However the Hermes Guild was behind the Beden Guild. They secretly sent them power to cut off the Black Lion Guild and secure the Tullen Kingdom.

The Beden Guild had experienced the power of the Hermes Guild so they couldn't refuse the suggestion. They had to pay a tribute in exchange for securing the entire Tullen Kingdom but it was better than being dismantled like the Black Lion Guild.

Lafaye held a meeting with the leaders of the Hermes Guild.

“The Beden Guild should take 2~3 months to clean up the Tullen Kingdom.”

“Do we really need to join with the Beden Guild? We've proved the strength of our forces.”

“There is a geographical problem because of other kingdoms between us and the Beden Guild is familiar with the circumstances of that region so they can handle the annoying problems.”

“But later on, if we perhaps get tired of them.....”

“Then we'll wipe out the Beden Guild. Incidentally, the core high level users of the Beden Guild are on a separate operation.”

“Later we will just leave a shell.”

“The problem is the occupation of the Lasalle Kingdom.....”

“That operation is underway. Our aggressive attacks with capture it within a month.”

The Hermes Guild made the decision to throw their army at the Lasalle Kingdom. Then they planned to invade the Britten Alliance Kingdom immediately afterwards to strike at the Cloud Guild.



Wy-3 was flying in the air with Yurin.

“This is a good view. It is thanks to Wy-3 that I can feel something like this.”

“Kkaruruk. Kya kya kya kya.”

The wyvern was weak to praise.

“I’d like to take you flying through the sky after this. From morning to night. And all night long.”

“.....”

Wy-3 seemed to lose all its strength in its wings at Yurin’s words. He was already running around a lot and now the passenger had increased by 1 more person!

Wy-3 and Yurin were flying above a steep mountain. She had come to draw a map of the Harsel Mountains at Weed’s request.

“Go to a place higher than here. I need a wider view.”

“Kkiruk!”

Wy-3 flapped its wings and soared into the sky. In the meantime it had been hunting and raising its level so its maximum speed had increased.

Yurin looked down at the Harsel Mountains from the clouds. The Sulleion had built a fort on the steep Tubkal Peak. The walls consisted of rocks and cliffs so it could be called a blessed fort.

“I need to draw the terrain of these high mountains.”

Yurin began drawing a detailed map.



“Well, it is like that.”

Weed developed a new strategy based on the information Country Mouse and Silver Bird got from the Sulleions.

“It certainly isn’t a bad strategy.”

The Harsel Mountains had a steep terrain so it was easy to draw in

enemies deeper to take advantage of it. The Sulleion could take advantage of the caves and planned a strategy based on their strengths!

Weed praised them.

“They’re pretty smart guys!”

Pale had great expectations.

“Then what tactic should we take?”

Weed had a great reputation on the continent. It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that he had the best leadership and commanding ability. He even brought the Lord of the Continent Seal as well as Teuresec’s Horn. With Weed’s current Leadership level, he could raise some barbarians into elite troops with just a little training.

Pale already knew Weed’s battle capabilities but he had even more expectations of his tactics.

“These guys are quite clever and are using various ways.....”

“What will we use?”

“We won’t waste their effort.”

“Eh?”

Pale thought it was impossible.

But Weed led his sculpture lifeform troops and advanced towards Tubkal Mountain. They entered deeper into enemy lines. The sculptural lifeforms used the terrain and space to fight the Sulleion warriors.

It was impossible to hunt in a party in the Harsel Mountains. That’s because they needed to bring enough troops to fight against the Sulleion!

The sculptural lifeforms were strong but lacked speed compared to the Sulleion.

The terrain was absolutely disadvantageous.

“King Hydra, go to the right side. Your mission is to entice the attacks from the enemy. Guernica, stay back and defend your position while helping your colleagues.”

The sculptural lifeforms changed formation according to Weed's order. They crossed over 9 mountains towards Tubkal Mountain while enemies continued emerging from hidden caves.

The Sulleion warriors tended to focus on one target to attack. The dangerous lifeforms fell back while those with high health were at the front. He changed the hunting party according to the characteristics of the lifeforms when the terrain changed.

“Flame River!”

Romuna attacked enemies using the new magic Flame River that she learnt. The hostile warriors were swept by the river of flames!

“Kyaah, really strong!”

Weed smiled bitterly every time Romuna rejoiced at the strong wide area magic! His companions also showed outstanding performances as they moved forward.

The wyverns, Bingryong and Phoenix supported them from the air while defeating enemies.

“Concentrate your attacks on one point and if the enemies scatter then fight daringly. You ate a lot a while ago so don't let your behaviour be slow!”

Under Weed's command, the sculptural lifeforms was able to draw out 35% more of their capabilities. Once he fully utilized the sculptural lifeforms, they were able to show a devastating power. The lifeforms who could use arrows and magic were quite useful so they were placed safely in the centre.

The fearsome concentrated firepower achieved a winning streak! Pale and Romuna used ranged attacks while Surka and Zephyr took care of any enemies who got close.

“The location of the Sulleion's fortress... There should be 6 more mountains.”

Weed used the map to calculate the distance. They had already crossed 9

large mountains as they headed to Tubkal. It had already been a while but there still remained a long distance to go.

“There is a dangerous place in the middle....”

A canyon was just a place where they could receive concentrated attacks. Usually the wyverns would be scouts but the Sulleion moved secretly through caves so they weren't easy to notice. In the worst case scenario, they would quickly be besieged!

“Shouldn't we go back now?”

Irene showed an anxious countenance. She was a priest so she was very reluctant to be besieged. In an urgent situation she wouldn't have time to cure everyone. Someone would probably die so she wanted to avoid that situation.

“I have an idea so let's continue for a little longer.”

When there was a slight break, Weed would cook and wrap bandages around the injured sculptural lifeforms. He decided not to use his achievements with the Freya Church to bring Alveron so Irene had to take care of recovery alone.

She didn't have as much skills as Alveron but the King Hydra had a close to immortal life. The King Hydra wouldn't die if there was even 1 head left. Therefore Irene could treat the other creatures.

The lifeforms quickly became friends with the priest Irene. The priest really was an excellent class at increasing intimacy!

Weed allowed a longer break than normal and made a sculpture. This was usual behaviour so no one paid attention to it. He carved the form of wide mountains out of a wooden board.

A few hours later, Pale stopped moving.

“This seems a bit risky to cross.”

It was a stream of flowing water. Normally the water would only go up to their knees and waist but the rain water changed it into a rapid torrent. Weed looked at the map and confirmed the location.

“Based on the map Yurin drew, this is one of the best places to attack. We have to get past this stream if we want to reach Tubkal Mountain.”

Knowing the terrain in advance was a high advantage in not getting lost in the mountains. There were three dangerous areas on the way to Tubkal Mountain and this was one of them. If they swam across then they would be attacked by arrows from the woods on either side of the stream.

Pale, Romuna and the sculptural lifeforms would have no chance but to be put in a disadvantageous situation. This wasn't the place Weed had been sculpting.

Romuna spoke in an unconfident voice.

“Isn't there a safer detour?”

“We will have to go back 2 mountains. It will also be a formidable climb. It is better to pass here quickly while being careful and prepared for combat.”

Weed moved forward the sculptural lifeforms with high health.

“You absolutely can't relax. Pale-nim will go first to keep watch. Romuna-nim should prepare some magic beforehand.”

Unlike their worries, the enemy didn't show up and they could pass the flow of water unharmed. But after that, the standard of the Sulleion warriors generally rose.

So far they had fought against general soldiers but now the elite level warriors appeared. They were true warriors beyond level 420! The Sulleion warriors hurled an onslaught of attacks without regard for their lives.

The sculptural lifeforms had grown well after being given life in the Jigolaths so they fought well despite being pressed by the enemy. The health of the lifeforms declined as the Sulleion warriors died.

In particular, the sculptural lifeforms like the Fire Giant showed an unsurpassed ability. Due to its fire characteristics, the Sulleions that lived in a reptile habitat tended to evade its attacks.

“I'm a little nervous!”

Irene said with serious concern.

“This is completely behind enemy lines. In addition, they could get reinforcements from the connected cave and we can be besieged. It is too dangerous even if the sculptural lifeforms are strong!”

The sculptural lifeforms hunting speed was exceptionally fast thanks to Weed’s commands. Even with Sulleion warriors surrounding them on all sides, the lifeforms built up terrifying achievements.

The King Hydra was intimidating while the Death Worm would suddenly emerge from the land to threaten the enemies.

Swit swit swi swi swi swi swit.

The Countryside Snake also spewed poison while arrows and magic attacks were also concentrated. The large sculptural lifeforms were organized and they assaulted the warrior troops! They were highly effective and powerful and wiped out the Sulleions.

Of course, no one had died yet but Irene hoped to not be put in a situation where the entire party would die. Furthermore, the loss of even one sculptural lifeform would be an irreparable loss for Weed.

Therefore she made up her mind and decided to stop Weed. Her common sense said that Weed was unusually hurried.

“The enemies seem to be luring us here.”

Weed nodded at Irene’s comment.

“That’s accurate.”

“This plan.....”

“We are luring them as well.”

Weed pondered as he looked at the topographical map Yurin drew.

‘The greatest fortress. If we punch through from the outskirts then it will take some time. They will either expand their defense or focus on a surprise attack.....’

It required a lot of time to reach Tubkal Peal. They had to fight against

the Sulleion that had been propagating in the Harsel Mountains. Despite winning against the enemy, the situation would become more disadvantageous the deeper they got into enemy lines.

It was an exhaustive war so there would be several problems with supplies. That's why he decided to confirm the enemy's movement through Silver Bird and Country Mouse and have a big battle all at once.

"Now you just have to believe in me."

"The chances of success?"

"I can't be sure but if those fellows are clever than they will lie down and let us turn them into kimbap."

Irene decided to believe in Weed. It was the words of a person willing to risk the body due to the tolerable hospital cost!

The next dangerous area they encountered after the stream was a rocky canyon. The rock walls on both side was 2 kilometres high. It was a place that would make someone's jaw drop and want to retreat! The road passed through the water flowing into the canyon.

Zephyr looked around with a tense expression.

"It isn't possible to move through here without receiving a surprise attack."

The Sulleions used narrow caves that seemed invisible so they couldn't be seen until they appeared.

"Should we go along the top of the cliffs so we can move quickly?"

Pale walked forward with his arrow already prepared. Somehow this place felt like enemies were waiting!

"No. We'll go to the bottom of the canyon."

"Yes? But there will be no place to escape. Aren't the steep canyon walls just like receiving an attack from a castle wall?"

"That's what I'm aiming for."

Weed chose the side of the water channel.

The sculptural lifeforms moved through the wide canyon with the walls stretching high on both sides.

‘This time they will come out. Because this is the most favourable terrain.’

Weed entered the rock canyon with that idea.



The Sulleions hid in the caves on both sides of the rocky canyon.

“I’m too smart.”

“This is my plan.”

“Stupid humans. Kkuukkuk!”

The Elders and warriors found it difficult to stop their laughter. They were extremely confident in their smarts!

‘This place is too good to pass up.’

‘Ah, God gave me everything! Everyone else is so stupid.’

They waited silently while Weed’s group and the sculptural lifeforms entered the rocky canyon.

“They fell in a perfect trap!”

“Get rid of them!”

The Sulleion warriors appeared all at once.

The steep rocky canyon was covered in the dark blue colour of their skin.

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