

The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

(달빛 조각사)

Volume 36

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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: Commander of the Dark Army, Van Hawk

Weed welcomed his subordinate.

“Hey Van Hawk. Have you been well in the meantime? Your bones seem to have become chubbier from your laziness.”

“Why did you call me here?”

Van Hawk answered coldly. His pride and fighting spirit had soared to the sky after becoming an Abyss Knight. Now his master could only be called a weakling!

“Of course I brought you back here to work. I’m busy so I’m going to leave you some chores.”

“Return me to where I was originally.”

“Aren’t your words a little short?”

“I won’t hit you for the sake of old times. But you could die if you refuse. Use this opportunity to release me.”

Weed sighed deeply. He hadn’t beaten his subordinates for a long time so they were rebelling.

“I haven’t been hitting you enough in the meantime. The area between your ribs have become very greasy.”

“.....”

“The quality will hurt when a parent doesn’t pay attention to them. I will properly manage my subordinate for three days and nights.”

“Don’t let such careless words come from your mouth. I am no longer the same as I am in the past.”

“Once I am your master, you must serve me for the rest of your life.”

“Shut up. Even my patience has limits. I will take out my sword and let you watch carefully.”

“Yes, I spoke too much.”

Weed reflected again. Dialog wasn't necessary for persuasion. He would listen better from a beating.

Weed took out the horn obtained from the Fire Salamander King. It wasn't a proper combat weapon but it was hard.

“I'll talk later after hitting you a little bit.”

“I'm taking out my sword.”

Van Hawk kicked at the ground and sprang forward. An Abyss Knight was swinging at him. A ghastly sight!

Van Hawk's eyes had a red sheen around them. Those whose levels were low would feel like they were weighed down by an evil spirit and die. The deep power of the Abyss came from every direction.

Van Hawk didn't doubt his victory.

‘I shouldn't kill him. But I will gain my freedom after achieving victory. In order to get revenge on the Haven Empire!’

Weed didn't block Van Hawk's sword. He just reached out.

“Absolute Defense!”

The effect wasn't significant but his entire body became harder than steel.

-The enormous effect of the armour has reduced damage by 31.

The effect of the skill has been increased by 28%.

There will be a perfect repair after it is finished.

Health has decreased by 9,484.

Van Hawk's attack was among the strongest in the warrior class and had the capacity to shred fierce animals to pieces. But Weed who received the blessings of the gods, was the best warrior in the desert and had an influence on history managed to block it.

“You have indeed become strong. Your appearance has only changed a

little bit so I didn't realize you had become an Abyss Knight.”

“How did you prevent my attack without being harmed?”

An Abyss Knight formed from rising from a deep despair so their fighting spirit could become broken if they were frustrated. If their willpower was low then it was common for them to be unable to move their body.

But Van Hawk felt atrophy after meeting Weed's eyes.

-You have met a strong man you can't go against.

The aura of darkness is warning you.

When facing a holy warrior, the blessed flesh will cause mental atrophy.

Fighting spirit has declined and all combat stats will decrease by 6%.

If this state fails to be released quickly then paralysis symptoms will occur.

“Why is this happening....?”

Van Hawk had become the legendary Abyss Knight of the undead but he was being topped by the human Weed.

Of course, that situation would change after he returned to his original body but for now it was a one-sided fight.

“A skeleton should be tight.”

Pabababak!

And the beating began. An Abyss Knight was being stepped on and punched with no mercy!

Weed clutched a horn in his right hand and skilfully used his hands to harden Van Hawk's bones.

“An Abyss Knight can endure for a long time. This is just a little taste.”

“This humiliation, I will absolutely never forget it!”

Van Hawk couldn't tolerate it and the summoning was cancelled. Weed just used mana to summon Van Hawk again. Although the summoning

had been cancelled, his body was still present in this age.

“Taste my anger that is sleeping like an active volcano.”

“Did you know? My heart is right.”

And he was continuously hit and summoned again!

Hawk pulled his sword again with the intention of fighting but Weed treated him like a young child playing a joke. He didn't use any attacks skills but used his previous experience fighting against rare or special monsters to easily break the unique skills of an Abyss Knight.

The countless, dangerous combat experience during this final secret sculpting technique quest was an important asset! He had faced many knights so he was accustomed to Van Hawk's attacks.

“Well, I must admit it. You are stronger than me.”

Eventually Van Hawk's will broke because there was already a master/slave relationship.

“I can't hear what you are saying.”

“I know that Master is strong so you can stop now.”

“There is a long way to go. I will let you feel the true taste of my hands. Isn't this just like drinking a cool smoothie before entering a karaoke room?”

.....

“I am too sick. Gently....”

“Sick? This is medicine for a sick hawk. Now what areas are sick?”

“My whole body is aching. In particular, my flank is hurting.”

“That's right. I've been beating that side a lot. Yet there seems to be no broken ribs.”

.....

“Master! You can look forward to my loyalty in the future.”

“You said such things in the past. Yes, you were always like that. You are

just aiming at my back the entire time, waiting to betray me.”

“Absolutely not!”

“No, that’s right.”

“What makes you so sure?”

“Originally the world is like that.”

.....

“Please spare me. I will give you absolute obedience.”

“You still have the strength to say that!”

He continued hitting the sore spots! It was a bizarre situation that showcased the worst aspects of human nature as well as their craftsmanship.

Thus Van Hawk returned to his position next to Weed. His recovery was much higher now that he was an Abyss Knight but he couldn’t last against Weed’s undivided attention.

The only consolation he felt was when he saw the roof of a nearby wrecked house.

The person sitting on the roof of the house with a pale complexion and black cloak was the Vampire Lord Torido. He had been dragged here before Van Hawk.



“Thank you for waiting. Weed the God of War, what adventure has he been on? The viewers’ curiosity will now be satisfied as the broadcast begins.”

“Modifiers aren’t necessary for this adventure. The scale of Weed’s adventure is so large that it can be called the Return of the King!”

The viewers looked forward to Weed’s adventure that started broadcasting! Each of the stations showed it at exactly 6 p.m.

The delivery places like pizza, chicken, ham hocks etc. were also waiting for this time. The audience would become hungry while watching the

television and would get food delivered.

The viewers also made delighted posts on the bulletin boards.

-Finally.

-I was so thrilled that I couldn't sleep yesterday.

-The time until I'm discharged from the army seems to be slowing down.

-Royal Road is good but it is fun to see Weed's adventures.

-My spirit is thoroughly immersed when looking at it. It is like seeing a goblin only to realize he is a Bone Dragon slayer!

-I broke up with my girlfriend to watch this.

-You did well.

-Congratulations.

And the first image KMC Media showed was a golden, sandy beach with calming music playing.

Weed was wandering around Borota Island looking for stories of Nodulle and Hilderun. A few people might be bored but it was necessary to show the first step of the quest.

"Do you know Nodulle and Hilderun?"

"I know but it is annoying to say it. Many people have asked me about them."

Weed met people on the island who shared their stories. Little children talked about Nodulle and Hilderun while picking up shells and stones on the pretty beach.

-Human.

-Weed the God of War has this hidden side to him.

-This is the delicate sensibility he used to make his sculptures.

At that time, Weed stole a piece of squid that was being dried and ate it.

"Ahh, salty."

-Weed-nim also does bad things.

-This is the charm of a human.

-I also want to taste stolen squid too!

-I will immediately develop a Squid Grass Porridge Unit.-A new porridge development team.

His visit to Nodulle's residence and consequent steps in the quest were also broadcasted.

After a brief introduction, CTS Media and LK Games showed the scene of his escape from an island in the middle of a storm. At first, the provocative images pulled up the ratings. But viewers would rather leisurely watch the quests so the ratings for KMC Media was much higher.

-Who are Nodulle and Hilderun?

-I don't know. Are they a pirate couple?

-Maybe they are lovers like Romeo and Juliet.

-The background music gives the island a completely romantic atmosphere. Where is that island now?

-Borota Island.

-Oh, I want to move to a warm, sunny island.

-Judging by this, Borota Island will become a popular tourist destination in the future.

-How much money would it cost to build a house on that island?

-Recently a user bought a cast amount of land on Borota Island so the real estate prices has soared. For example, it has soared by 10 times compared to the past.

They were curious about Nodulle and Hilderun and also leisurely viewed the relaxing scenery of Borota Island. They also waited for other exciting, future developments in the future.

Weed's adventure was connected with danger and suffering on another scale. The viewers knew that he would change the important history of

cities on the continent so they were looking forward to future information.

The lyrical and romantic view of Borota Island! Holding onto a piece of wood in the sea while being threatened by the followers of the Sea God.

In the beginning, Seo-yoon's face didn't appear intentionally. This only served to raise the viewer's curiosity.

-She is an absolute beauty based on the rear view alone.

-I want to marry her just looking at the hands that are rowing.

-The brief sound of her voice is enough to pull out my soul.

All the attention within Royal Road was focused on Weed's adventure. The ratings were also a big bang! But the number of antis also significantly increased.

-I'm doomed because of Weed. The destruction of the city dealt a blow to my business. Even the goblins wouldn't want to rob me.

-The house I worked hard to prepare is gone. Who will be responsible for this damage?

-The indiscriminate destruction of the city. In the meantime, I've been building up intimacy with the residents. Is it right for Weed to do this?

-I understand that the Haven Empire is his enemy. But what am I guilty of?

A considerable number of users damaged by Weed's actions on the Central Continent demanded compensation during the broadcast. The Hermes Guild also diligently took advantage of this to accuse him.

-Weed was originally bad. He couldn't hide his innate nature in Continent of Magic.

-Weed is really vicious. He deceived the people of the north that he was a good person.

-Weed's adventures are all due to his own greed. Please be a little more calm.

-Grass Porridge Cult? It is funny that people would join such a ridiculous

group. The Central Continent is full of prosperity and development.

Weed's broadcast was a hot topic from day one.



"This incompetent bastard."

Weed kept on abusing Van Hawk who didn't say anything.

An Abyss Knight might be described as the pinnacle of the undead but he knew who was in charge. It was absurd that he was still following a human like Weed after he had switched professions.

"I will leave the 1st Army Corps to you. Can you lead them well?"

"Of course."

When he was under the reign of Barkhan, Van Hawk had been the commander of the dark army! He now assumed the role of leading 80,000 soldiers.

"You..."

Van Hawk saw that half the soldiers were composed of riff-raff.

They were conscripted youths so they were undisciplined and their stance when holding a sword was a mess. Weed deliberately gave him those with no combat experience and the fanatics of the Embinyu Church. They were cannon fodder so he hadn't bothered teaching them.

A legendary monster, the Abyss Knight had appeared but the soldiers didn't speculate.

"You will die fighting so it isn't necessary to fight well. Just die early. That will hopefully be your only obligation."

"Yes!"

Van Hawk and the 1st Army Corps rushed to the vanguard. A myriad of soldiers died from the enemy's arrows or cavalry!

"Huhuhu."

"My body is cold, cold. I want to drink hot blood!"

The soldiers then became zombies and skeletons. Compared to when they were alive, they had a fast and strong power. The power of the Abyss Knight could revive subordinates from the dead.

Half of the troops were affected by Van Hawk's darkness. The 80,000 army changed to half undead and half humans. It even increased by 20,000 as the bodies of the enemies were changed by dark forces. Van Hawk could control exactly 100,000 undead with his dark powers!

The maximum size and quality of the army kept on improving. Countless ghosts, Dullahans, Death Knights etc. began appearing.

"Yes, this is really nice. Having the undead listen to orders is really good."

Weed used the undead to actively fight against the Mapon Kingdom. The power of Weed's desert warriors was being raised with a high speed. The conscripted slaves, elephant troops and undead troops were organized.

The majesty of a true conquering army!

He also used the vast riches looted from the principalities to hire mercenaries. Not only that, the nobles and members of the royal families surrendered without a fight. The number of troops went over 100,000 and the surrendered soldiers were placed at the vanguard.

Weed's army went beyond 300,000 as he struck the Central Continent.

"I've already wrecked 20 cities. This will certainly be recorded in history. Nevertheless, to be able to leave a name behind after death....it is very honourable."

He would go down in history as a villain who committed terrible actions! Weed's absolute force and charisma meant the soldiers didn't dare take a breath or relax in front of him.

Having the undead as colleagues and destroying all the cities made the soldiers somehow feel more comfortable.

Only cities that opened their gates and surrendered could avoid complete destruction. The desert troops passed through the cities and

kingdoms and forcefully conscripted combat slaves.

Hope was lost and they could only fight.

“We have been caught by a vicious mastermind.”

“Should we try to escape tomorrow?”

“No. We can’t escape from his range of vision even at night. And you know what will happen if we get caught trying to escape.

If 1 person tried to escape then the entire unit consisting of 2,000 people would be annihilated.

An army dominated by fear! Weed allowed them to kill the enemy and loot to their heart’s content. The soldiers that used the despair of their enemies to overcome their hopelessness and became more cruel.

“Charge.”

The soldiers ran forward like caught wild horses at Weed’s order.

“Hihihit!”

“Kill. Kill them all!”

“Snatch everything.”

The mental state of the soldiers was the worst. They weren’t equipped with stability, gold, equipment or skill proficiency. The army only waged war!

“We should obtain a total victory.”

The absolute strength and dominance meant the army was victorious every time. In addition, the cruel soldiers helped in the destruction of the Central Continent.

Ddiring!

-You have fulfilled 6 of the conditions necessary for the Advent of the Conqueror quest.

The objective of the quest has already been exceeded.

The fanatics in the Dagan Kingdom have been completely destroyed.

Destruction of the cities surrounding the Herr River has been completed.

Devastate the training base of the fanatics in the Ruprea Principality has been completed.

Set the city of Itua on fire has been completed.

You have sniffed out some of the royals who were secret follower of the Embinyu Church.

The Droma Kingdom has collapsed and a new dynasty will emerge.

This was a considerable achievement when taking into account that he couldn't travel to cities and kingdoms far away. In order to avoid a battle with the Embinyu Church, he had only aimed to achieve 3 goals.

But he needed to make sure he destroyed certain kingdoms when completing the quest. Once he returned to his original world, his level of 824 would disappear. It was like trying to paddle when water was entering the boat.

In addition, this conquest war was fun. He came into the past so it was good to heat things up. Users didn't exist in the warring period but the presence of outstanding knights meant it was hard to conquer the continent.

Weed had a bad side. But he didn't have the opportunity to commit bad actions. People viewed him as an honest and steady person but Weed had wanted to be a villain in the first place.

His teacher in elementary school asked him what his dream for the future was. Weed's answer was 'a villain who will destroy world peace.' The forbidden chance to achieve his childhood dream had been opened.

"Kill everything. Don't let them live even if they surrender. And don't touch the riches in the castle's warehouse. That is mine!"

Tyrant Weed! The slave soldiers that surrendered were dragged into the next war.

Now the kingdoms in the warring period started having an active response.

“We have to prevent the barbarians from coming to our kingdom.”

“Those fellows are merciless. Send the knights to bring back Weed’s head.”

“I heard that Weed is a great warrior. I don’t know why he is opposing us but the dignity of the Royal Family can’t allow him to pass.”

The kingdoms moved their troops in order to suppress him. Hundreds of thousands of elite troops marched to annihilate Weed and the Red Knife army.

In addition, the Embinyu Church also moved.

-We are carrying God Embinyu’s trust.

-A huge force is coming from the south to stop us. Get rid of them.

The anxiety deeply rooted in the continent has become parasitic. The Embinyu Church forces gathered in forests, complex underground caves and secret places in the kingdom were shown in a video.

An amazingly huge turtle more than 400 metres large was flying through the air above the Embinyu Church, with 300 archers on board. An Embinyu army was running around with crossbow devices and siege weapons that could cover the sky with rocks. And there was a 10 storey tower with Earth Giants following behind. Fanatics covered the plains or dug stones with pickaxes.

These fanatics weren’t an insignificant presence.

Nodulle had caused the fall of the Embinyu Church at Ahellun until it eventually recovered in the future. They could cut off limbs and tear iron armour.

The 4th and 6th sect. High Priest Motuls and High Priest Igrig led the dark army. They were level 700 priests that could freely use magic but their ability to lead their men in battle was much superior. The High Priests of the sects used curses and black magic so sacrifices were inevitable.

The priests in the present day Embinyu Church also led hundreds of

people. The warring period meant the priests could lead more than 10,000 people to commit atrocities. They used brainwashing, deception and all types of dark magic in the Embinyu Church. Even the evil Pechet threatening the Keltun Kingdom joined them to mobilize an unprecedented army.



Weed and Seo-yoon.

There were the only 2 users on this huge continent filled with NPCs. Numerous quests sprang up or disappeared and the recorded history was changed. They caused a big war that would be written in history.

That's how large the scale of this quest was. When thinking about it calmly, this was a quarrel between the desert area and the enemy. The revealed army of the Embinyu Church was more terrible than expected.

Weed finally realized what happened in the past.

“No, Nodulle's success was a case of a typical and archaic hero!”

The latent strength of the Embinyu Church that emerged in the world could easily change. Weed led a desert army to conquer so his analysis of the situation was very accurate.

Although the desert warriors were strong, the Embinyu Church contained all sorts of odd creatures and fanatics.

“But I can't do that. I need to obtain a stronger power in case the tower is successfully built and the Chaos Dragon awakens.”

The Embinyu Church had thoroughly prepared and planned. And they were irreparably damaged by Nodulle and Hilderun.

The hero in the story used a might power to stop the villain, the Embinyu Church from conquering the continent.

“These ugly bastards.”

Weed was understandably upset about the Embinyu Church. They brainwashed many kings and nobles to follow them. The aim of conquering the continent was naturally difficult to accomplish. The sweat

and passion of the villains had disappeared.

“This is really stupid. If I was the head of the Embinyu Church then I would use all sorts of despicable means. I would rather receive a quest to help the Embinyu Church dominate the continent.”

Anyway, the Embinyu Church in the past changed due to Weed. The Embinyu Church woke up an army in order to prevent Weed and his army of desert warriors.

“I caused an accident with those guys. Was I too greedy? I should’ve acted moderately while playing a hero.”

He now had a very large burden to defeat the Embinyu Church.

In fact, Weed hasn’t been comfortable acting out the role of Nodulle. He was forced to follow the righteous acts of a hero.

However, the desert army invading the Central Continent was Weed’s choice. His frustration over his destiny had already rolled away.

“All my actions will break the history of the future. Well, it can’t be helped.”

It was an extremely rare opportunity against the backdrop of the entire continent. The level 800 armed forces swept through the continent during this chaotic period. He conquered vast lands and cities as well as struck against the Embinyu Church.

Weed and Seo-yoon wanted to live like this forever. The exhilarating fun of war and adventure!

“This is an uncommon opportunity to do bad things. For the sake of justice, I need to teach the Embinyu Church what a true villain is.”

It was like watching cartoon villains from a young age only to get the chance to release all his frustrations. Now it was time to lead the troops to loot the city.

Weed climbed on the Bactrian Camel and held out his hand to Seo-yoon.

“Grab on.”

“Thank you.”

When moving long distances, Seo-yoon rode on the camel with him. It was a practical reason since she hadn't raised her level. But it wasn't just for quick movements that the two became familiar with riding together.

It was severely cold in the desert and as they headed north from the southern area. Memories piled up as they travelled that route.

‘Youth is fleeting and life is short. I will be reminded of these memories over time in the future.’

The two people spent a happy and romantic time together. And they used experience and hard work to overcome and live. As a person became older, they realized how important these things were.

It was shrouded in countless suffering but Nodulle and Hilderun's quest also had a romantic aspect.

He wasn't the type to help a complete stranger who was suffering. Yet Weed was the first one to stretch out his hand to her.

‘I'm not that type of person.’

He had lived in poverty since childhood so he wasn't confident about love. He felt a sense of insecurity about bringing suffering to a woman. That's why he kept feeling sorry.

There were times in junior high and high school where he stopped himself and just looked at the back of a nice female. He might have a good heart but he was scared to show it.

‘But if it is this woman...’

He gained some faith during the time spent with Seo-yoon. He didn't want it to but the possibility slowly formed in his mind.

‘Well, it's not like she doesn't have flaws. Eventually these conflicts will be resolved one day.’

Weed hid his cowardice deep down in his thoughts. He felt like that while watching Seo-yoon's actions.

‘Ah, now she is a lot like me.’

It was being revealed even if the other side tried to hide it.

It had been quite some time since he carved the Goddess of Freya Statue in Baran Village. At that time, Seo-yoon’s heart had been closed off.

Weed used her as a model for the statue that had a bright and beautiful appearance. And he had secretly written down a sentence in a hidden place.

-This smile is good....I hope you can smile like this....

He hoped that Seo-yoon would go back to that little village and find the phrase. Their meeting in the instructor’s house was short but it created a special sculpture.

And then they had met on the Plains of Despair when he was Karichwi. The reason was unknown but Weed had felt something special after seeing her behaviour and eyes. Weed carved a sculpture while accompanying her through the plains.

A sculpture of her smiling that caused tears! Seo-yoon didn’t express it but her heart had always been crying and in pain. She felt doubts and anxiety but had a vulnerable and pure side hidden. The sculpture was able to elicit tears and ease the pain.

Since then, she was always willing to model for Weed’s sculptures. His sculptures were beautifully carved and made Seo-yoon even prettier.

Weed was also scared of exposing his heart. But the sculptures were honest.

The sculpture of Warm Lovers while hiding in a cave with Alveron! In the sculpture, Weed and Seo-yoon were hugging each other while sharing warmth.

This had expressed a little bit of something contained deep in his heart. The two people had each suffered pain and suffering in their lives. And after some time and incidents, they shared many events together.

Now they could close their eyes and understand the other person’s mind.

Chapter 2: Final Secret Sculpting

Technique Quest

Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!

Pale was carrying a bow in the mountains.

“I knew it would become like this.”

Weed wasn't among them so it was common to separate for adventures. But this time, they had to recover one of the four treasures of the Niflheim Empire! Mapan had obtained a clue that led towards the Halmerun Mountains and after patrolling it, the environment was really no joke.

His companions had their own opinions.

“We need to sneak into that tree fort.”

“We don't have a profession that can secretly infiltrate it. It would be hard work even for someone with the profession.”

“Yes... Someone needs to draw their attention.”

And everybody's eyes fell onto Pale.

Romuna said.

“An assassin won't be easily caught but...”

Irene nodded her head.

“We need someone who won't die if hit multiple times. If a person has low health then they can't be the bait.”

Surka felt remorse for 0.3 seconds before saying.

“A counterattack should also be possible! I think that Pale oppa is the only one possible.”

Pale's name was mentioned directly!

Hwaryeong and Bellot took it for granted.

“I will feel very reassured if Pale-nim is the one to do this. A man should do this much.”

“Leadership in adventures can be very attractive....”

Pale was always surrounded by women so his senses were quick.

‘They are pushing everything to me. Bellot-nim, your tone of voice right now is like when you are acting in a prime-time weekend drama.’

Other men were usually envious of Pale. Gazes were often stuck to him when he was drinking in a tavern in Morata.

‘He is a sought after bastard.’

‘He must be from a family of independence fighters.’

‘How happy he must be. I would like to be so popular. Well, that probably won’t happen.’

Ironically, the person they were envious of didn’t think it was a good thing. The women ate food while making him pay for it and talked about complex or boring things he didn’t understand.

In particular, the atmosphere when talking about handbags was so serious it was like they studied tannery or leather craftsmanship at university. The women would also nag him about chores.

His girlfriend Maylon also recommended him to undertake the dangerous task of acting as an assassin to lure the enemy.

“I believe that you will come back alive and unharmed.”

Maylon was a ranger so she could also undertake this mission. That’s why she wanted Pale to do it instead.

Another man surrounded by the gorgeous women was just drinking water quietly. A fisherman had high health but low movement speed so he wasn’t suitable for the role of luring the enemies.

Zephyr normally came to the front in battles.

Cheerful whispers were sent towards him.

-Take them far away. It will be risky if we’re nearby!

-I believe in you.

-Show a cool appearance.

No matter how the girls cheered or complimented him, Pale realized something. Pale was an unfortunate man among pretty girls! But his true character became known once he was alone.

“Regression Arrow.”

Pale ran forward while shooting an arrow. The arrows heading in front of him suddenly changed to the opposite direction. The arrow shot into the heart of an enemy chasing Pale.

“Kyak!”

They were a tribe similar to humans but with blue skin.

Pale shot five arrows at once while running. He had experience with repeatedly inserting arrows into his bow. And he only felt a moderate tension.

‘This crisis is nothing. When I’m with Weed, every moment is like the crossroad between life and death. This degree is only a little dangerous.’

Then the guy next to him grew larger.

“Dispersion Fire!”

Pale turned like lightning and aimed the arrow in the direction of the assassin. 20 arrows covered the assassin that had grown.

“Keet!”

“Kwaack!”

Pale listened to the screaming as he dodged poison daggers, chain scythes and poisoned arrows.

Pale used the trees and bushes as obstacles. Quick judgement as well as speed was very important.

‘Those fellows aren’t simply pursuing.’

More than 10 people among the assassins headed elsewhere. It was to form an encirclement.

‘Left, right? Left side.’

Pale made a short decision after analysing the terrain. He had improved his improvisation and accurate judgement from battles and adventures.

An assassin jumped out of a tree and stabbed a dagger towards him.

“Kuhit, die human.”

Pale retreated one step and fired an arrow at the head.

“That will be you!”

And an assassin appeared right under his nose!

Archers were known to be weak at close range. Therefore they usually had an additional weapon apart from the bow. Elves used elementals while humans selected magic or daggers.

But archers didn’t invest a lot of stats into strength so the power of their dagger was much lower. It was unusual for someone to have Weed’s outrageous stats in both strength and agility.

So it was preferable to stay at a favourable distance while shooting arrows. It was considered a failure if they needed to life their dagger in combat. Their swordsmanship had barely grown so it was rare for them to be able to beat a monster. That’s why high level archers collapsed when it came to close combat.

Pale had a lot of experience running quickly while using his bow and arrows. He didn’t tremble and prepared carefully for an opportunity. And he learned how to deflect a monster’s attacks.

When fighting with Weed, it felt luxurious to sit back in a safe and comfortable spot while pulling his bow. In order to pull his weight, he worked hard when hunting alone. Other archers would be unable to use such fearless movements.

Shooting arrows through the trees and branches! And it hit the side of an assassin prepared to ambush him.

“Kuek!”

The assassin was hit in the chest by the arrow and pushed back.

“Goodbye.”

Pale managed to escape while packing the japtem.

He felt like it was a waste to not collect the items dropped from monsters or enemies. In fact, japtem didn't have anything to do with increasing a person's level but it could be helpful in future quests.

‘I think I can escape to this side.’

Pale believed in his own judgement despite being ambushed by the assassins. It would be different if the encirclement was perfectly organized but they were unprepared for his arrival.

And Pale wasn't actually being surrounded by the assassins.

“Twenty one, twenty two, twenty-three!”

He subdued the assassins pursuing him one after another! He predicted the assassins hiding behind bushes and trees and shot the arrows.

“Piercing Arrow!”

“Kuuk!”

There was a moaning sound as the arrow pierced through a tree. A high level archer shooting accurately at this distance was detrimental. The assassin had similar defense to a knight but their health fell greatly.

“Deceleration Arrow!”

The arrow fired at an assassin slowed down. Power wasn't the only thing necessary when dealing with concealed assassins.

“Continuous Arrows!”

He predicted the path the assassin would use to avoid the slowed arrow and would defeat them with the next attacks.

Pale took care of the assassins in the forest like he had a panoramic view on the plains. He lured those guys back and forth while attacking them.

One attack from an assassin would lead to his death. The vicious poison,

bleeding, hallucinations or paralysis would all eventually cause death.

These dangerous and important moments were what caused his heart to jump. But he needed to stay calm and impersonal in order to handle the assassins!

Pale's mood was like a small and firm mountain.

Ddirring!

-You have wiped out all the assassins chasing you on Halmerun Mountain.

63 assassins have fallen to your bow.

Your arrow hit ratio is 49.7%.

52 deadly attacks.

24 people received critical strikes.

You have achieved a miraculous victory without any assistance.

Fame has risen from dealing a big blow to the assassins.

The title 'Hunter of Halmerun Mountain' has been obtained.

Agility has increased by 1 when accurately hunting.

Pale ran towards the assassin's fort as soon as he achieved victory.

"It wasn't a big deal."

There was no time to enjoy it since his companions might be in danger.

Fortunately the majority of the assassins had died chasing Pale so his companions safely obtained Ivanstein's secret records in the fort. As they predicted, they were able to easily take care of the remaining assassins patrolling the fort.

Romuna turned to Pale who looked like a ghost.

"You are alive!"

"That..."

"I thought you were dead."

“How did you live?”

His companions were the ones who entrusted him with the dangerous role yet they questioned why he hadn't died. They were confused because they never expected Pale to survive the assassins chasing him.

However, Pale quickly woke up and took care of the assassin chasing Maylon. The assassins could strike at Maylon at any time so he couldn't just watch.

Zephyr came up to him and asked.

“You managed to handle the assassins chasing you alone?”

“I did.”

Pale was proud and wanted to show off his heroism to his colleagues. It was a thrilling crisis and he had also gained decent experience.

“But....”

“Has unni made the reservation?”

“I tried 37 times as soon as I heard the limited edition came out. I won't be able to obtain the Chanel bag until autumn.”

“Absolutely envious. I've tried 71 times.”

Hwaryeong and Bellot were having a serious conversation.

It was expected. The singer and actress only paid attention to shoes and bags as it was a source of energy for them. Confidence was an important asset for celebrities.

He looked over at his long-time friends Surka, Romuna and Irene.

“You fight well. Completely lucky. It is annoying.”

“I will ask again the next time something dangerous happens.”

“Wow, I'm disappointed that you didn't give me any work to do as a priest.”

“.....”

His last resort was his girlfriend Maylon. As he expected, Maylon looked

him over from head to feet.

‘She is worried about my injuries. Indeed...’

Pale was thrilled.

“Where is your stash?”

“I don’t have any.”

“Did you find some good items that you are keeping to yourself?”

“.....”

Pale felt desperately alone.

★★

The broadcasting stations that were showing Weed’s adventures!

Each room that had a television showed the daily broadcast.

On the second day, the damage to the Sea God’s forces on the Central Continent and Seo-yoon’s rescue from the Portu Kingdom was broadcasted. The stations increased the tension with background music, brilliantly placed subtitles and special effects.

-Ah...a complete drama.

-This is the so called power of love. It was really dangerous.

-Where did Weed disappear to after carrying Hilderun through the portal?

-That’s why we need to wait for tomorrow’s broadcast.

-I didn’t know the story of Nodulle and Hilderun was so deep.

The bulletin boards were all filled with Weed’s adventure.

However, some fans of Weed were bored. A romantic atmosphere by the sea and a rescue from a collapsing castle.

“I’m bored. This is revolting.”

Weed normally overcome risks with a dazzling performance in battle.

-It is disappointing to see him go around with a woman. He is being lazy.

There is no excitement in a dull adventure like this. I didn't find the rescue from the castle interesting.

-I didn't see any of Weed's combat scenes. He is too busy trying to avoid things.

-I didn't want to see a weak and insignificant appearance.

-Who is the man helping Weed?

-He appears to be a master swordsman.

-His connections are enormous.

Fans of Royal Road were professionals with considerable knowledge. Even the Grass Porridge members just starting in the north had deep knowledge of beginner adventures.

This wasn't a typical case where the body followed the head! They were tired and disappointed dozens of times during Weed's adventure. Of course, they were still fans but their satisfaction with this adventure was extremely low.

-This isn't the look we wanted to see.

-There are still days left. We've only seen two days so let's wait a little longer.

-The desert cities and destruction of cities in the Central Continent. In order to increase the impact of the adventure, this won't be shown quickly.

-Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge!

The broadcast schedule was five days. Viewers were burning with excitement.

The second day of broadcast was a Sunday. That evening, the individual stations each received the highest ratings for the 8 p.m. show.

Weed and Seo-yoon were walking through a desert. The viewers watching the video had different thoughts as they watched him suffering in the desert.

-Well, he won't die in the middle. They've decided to broadcast for five

days.

-I figured Weed would do well.

-He went into the desert like that.

-He has gone to various places. It is like the real quest has been abandoned. I wonder what compensation will be received for the suffering.

-It aired at 8 p.m. today but isn't it ending a little early? I gave up dinner in order to wait for this.

-Ah, it can't end early. The evening broadcast schedule said it would end at midnight.

The viewers' opinions started to be plainly expressed.

And then!

Weed's quest that was in progress suddenly flowed back to the beginning.

-This is the beginning of Weed's great adventure. The unknown story.

The scene changed to Weed receiving a quest from the Sculptor's Guild in Rhodium. It was the conversation with the old man about the Stellar Tear.

"Welcome. Since the Stellar Tear is welcoming you, a person who knows Moonlight Sculpting has come."

"I want to know a way to express radiant beauty."

"Rhodium has existed for hundreds of years and I finally found someone to speak to about radiant beauty."

-W-what is this? The atmosphere changed out of the blue.

-Eh, a way to express radiant beauty? I think it is to learn a skill.

-Sculpting? Has Weed mastered sculpting? It must be a tremendous secret technique. He can create disasters and also transform into several species.

The adventurers and fans suddenly seemed to wake up from their sleep. It felt like having water poured on them after experiencing temperatures of -40 degrees Celsius.

The impact of the video coming from the broadcasting stations was enormous.

-The stations are all uniting to play the same scene. I suddenly have an exhilarating feeling.

-This isn't like Weed's usual adventures. But it is replaced with something else.

-It is fun just watching it... I think this will be a long and dangerous quest. The atmosphere feels like there is something big!

-This isn't a joke. The tension escalating was enough to fry an egg.

Weed's conversation with the old man continued.

"Do you want to hear the story about radiant beauty?"

"Of course."

"I want to go back to when I heard about the radiant beauty. Can I do that?"

"I would like to hear about the radiant beauty."

"This is something I heard a long time ago. This is a legend about sculpting passed down through the mouths of the people. I don't know about the feasibility. Almost no one believed the story."

-Now they are Nodulle and Hilderun and are facing a huge, difficult quest in the desert.

-I'm not sure but I can see that it will be epic.

-Now a scene of Weed flying around the continent as a hummingbird is emerging.

-I don't know what he is trying to do.

-My heart has started pounding.

-Ah, that's right! The last time Weed produced a disaster. Is that also associated with this quest?

-I can't imagine where this quest is going to lead.

Using a sword of light in a storm and creating a natural sculpture. The viewers became more curious as Weed's early adventures were broadcasted.

The compensation for the Nodulle and Hilderun quest wouldn't just be average. It was a scale that was like a sculptor's hell!

They couldn't even imagine changing the channel.

Weed's enthusiastic fans had a separate place where they could talk.

-I was lacking in faith. Grass Porridge!

-I shouldn't even ask questions. This is Weed's adventure.

-Orc Karichwi might reappear. Or maybe more!

-The expression of radiant beauty. A skill. Is Weed trying to obtain a secret sculpting technique?

-Most secret techniques are acquired through the master quest or adventures.

The skill is hard to obtain but should the adventure be this long? This seems like nobody can obtain it.

-Just watching it is enough to make me tired and feel like giving up. Doesn't it require devoting your life to obtain it?

-The stations haven't showed it yet but Roderick's Labyrinth is also an incomprehensible dungeon. I would die entering that place.

-It doesn't make sense that Roderick's Labyrinth is just a stepping stone in the middle of this quest.

-I feel like this is too much labour for a sculptor.

-I don't understand the old man's words. What does he mean about the legendary sculpture?

The large fans, adventurers and high level users gathered at the discussion boards to talk about Weed's adventure. Then in the end, someone with deep knowledge about Royal Road said some difficult words.

-Doesn't this feel like the final secret technique?

"The final secret technique?"

-No way!

-Who would say something like that? Hahahaha.

-I heard that you need to gather all the other secret techniques of that profession first... It is impossible.

-The labyrinth and changing the past... Doesn't the difficulty of the quest appear to be on that level?

-Why can't it be true? This is Weed!

The possibility of the final secret sculpting technique spread through each community.

-Final secret sculpting technique quest?

-Completely amazing.

-Ah...I'm feeling dizzy.

-Indeed Weed, really Weed, Weed who makes me feel sick!

-I will be nervous in the future when hearing about Weed's adventures. I never thought this adventure would be so huge.

-It is not yet confirmed this is the final secret technique. Getting ahead of ourselves when it might be a false rumour!

-If this quest is for the final secret technique... Will he really succeed in such an adventure?

-A huge existence?

-Hey, perhaps...

-I'm not sure since we have no idea what the skill is.

-It won't be easy. He might fail.

-When have Weed's adventures ever been easy? After seeing the broadcast of Weed yesterday and today, who else can succeed in an adventure like that?

-I'm envious. Although I still want him to succeed.

The bulletin boards heated up with stories of the final secret technique.

It varied from people praising Weed, speculations about the final secret technique and pessimistic viewers.

And at 9 p.m., the broadcasting stations made an announcement to put an end to the controversy.

"There has been much speculation about Weed's adventures. Can Oh Joo-wan ssi tell us anything about the quest?"

"Yes. The viewers have been demanding more detailed information about the quest on the various forums. Excuse me, I just received a note from the station."

Shin Hye-min and Oh Joo-wan talked about the current stories on the Versailles Continent. This time the largest number of viewers were watching the broadcast. Oh Joo-wan's face instantly became stiff as he unfolded the note.

Weed's adventure is linked to the grand quest of obtaining the final secret sculpting technique. This will be broadcasted later but it involves the destruction of the Embinyu Church in the warring period. And there is the high possibility of hunting a Chaos Dragon.

Millions of people saw Oh Joo-wan's expression change and it didn't recover. He was a commentator so he didn't know in advance that Weed's adventure was related to the final secret technique.

Besides, the quest also involved a full scale war with the Embinyu Church and the appearance of a Chaos Dragon. The contents were more than a commentator of Royal Road could imagine.

"What is it about? The viewers are also wondering so I think it needs to

be read quickly.”

Shin Hye-min gazed at Oh Joo-wan and sighed lightly. She knew in advance since she was Weed’s friend. However, she had to use a woman’s acting skills to occasionally seem surprised.

“Um...the viewers must be very curious about the contents of this note. Shall I begin with the conclusion? Or make it longer...”

“Did Oh Joo-wan ssi know that your anti fans just increased by 1 million people?”

“I will announce it quickly. King Weed of the Arpen Kingdom is currently on a quest for the final secret sculpting technique.

And it involves destroying the Embinyu Church and hunting a Chaos Dragon.” Shin Hye-min laughed lightly at Oh Joo-wan.

“Are you joking? Joking at such an important moment. I guess Oh Joo-wan ssi really wants to be cursed.”

“Shin Hye-min ssi really didn’t know?”

“Yes, I don’t know the details. Ah, really?”

“That is the complete truth.”

Shin Hye-min was also surprised.

She knew there was risk involved with the final secret technique but she didn’t know about the Embinyu Church and Chaos Dragon!

Currently the Embinyu Church was enormous on the continent. They were expanding their influence on among the residents every day. The activities of the users were reduced and it was common to see deformed monsters and fanatics in broad daylight.

But to defeat the Embinyu Church and hunt a Chaos Dragon in the warring period!

‘Ugh...the end.’

She knew that the Embinyu Church was much more powerful in the warring period.

The viewers felt the same shock as Shin Hye-min as well as amazement and delight. They were ecstatic at the thought of watching Weed's adventure.

-I knew Weed didn't go back to the past and destroy cities with a bad intention.

-It is probably necessary to fight the Embinyu Church. It is to decrease some of the influence of the Embinyu Church.

-What will happen between Weed and the Embinyu Church? Will they just disappear like the cities? The occupied areas might return to normal?

-KMC Media has a separate description. In the original history, the Embinyu Church was defeated by Nodulle but didn't suffer significant damage. Depending on the result of Weed's actions, the Embinyu Church might shrink or grow more explosively. We will be able to see in tomorrow's broadcast.

-It is Monday so I will ask my company for my monthly leave.

-I am on summer vacation. I won't leave the television for the next three days.

-Ah...I wish that Weed's adventure would continue through the night.

-I only use the television to watch Royal Road.

And posts of regret!

-I lived my life raising cattle and I feel a chill at the thought of experiencing such an adventure.

-I am just doing the dishes for 1 silver a day.

-I'm getting rid of horse dung.

-A rabbit killed me three times. This is the first time the rabbits have beaten to death so many people.

-I'll tell you a secret. I was killed by Tokkung-nim seven times. I'm still hopeful for a good adventure.

-Isn't Tokkung-nim part of the Toadstool Unit of the Grass Porridge

Cult? He pulled me onto a grassy hill yesterday and killed me!

Chapter 3: Best Offering

The conquest of the Haven Empire was causing wind to blow blood every day.

“Embinyu! Follow Embinyu. This world is completely corrupt. By destroying this crumbling world, we are saving it.”

The believers of the Embinyu Church aggressively tried to recruit the residents. There were complaints because the security in the Empire wasn't good so many residents fell into the religion.

“God Embinyu, please accept me.”

“Come quickly. Our colleagues will welcome....cough!”

Assassins of the Haven Empire moved around killing fanatics of the Embinyu Church!

However, countless inquisitors and Dark Knights of the Embinyu Church were still present in the Haven Empire. In the past, the Embinyu Church had torn apart other kingdoms and now flocked to the Haven Empire.

“Have you bought the paints?”

“Yes. It is enough to completely repaint the wall.”

“I don't have time until morning. So be careful not to make a mistake.”

“Of course not.”

The painters at Monterium had their own resistance movement. They drew paintings blaming the Haven Empire for the war. In order to complete the painting without being seen by the guards, they raised their skill proficiency a lot and gained more fame and influence.

However, getting rid of the paintings that portrayed important figures of the Haven Empire in a controversial manner was important.

“Over there!”

“Eeek, they're already here.”

“Go quickly. There is no time to grab the paint.”

“That is my property....”

The novice painters desperately tried to escape.

There was a commotion as the guards of the Haven Empire chased them but the users and residents just ignored it. They didn't want to get involved in matters of the Hermes Guild. It was hard to live comfortably while the Hermes Guild was pushing to conquest the Central Continent.

“Ah, this is a dead end.”

The painters ran through complex alleyways until they reached a dead end.

“Huhu, today I get to taste blood.”

The users of the Hermes Guild were used to murdering.

They didn't have a good image but that could be an advantage. If their level was low and they fought an opponent with strong power, then their fighting strength would rise. In contrast, high level users killing ridiculously weak people wouldn't gain a lot of experience.

Users who attached themselves to the Haven Empire did a really good job!

“Haven Empire!”

“It is your bad luck to be caught by Roberto and I.”

“That's great. It is most interesting when killing women..ack!”

Roberto suddenly collapsed in a grey light.

“Eh?”

“Enemy?”

The guards looked around the alley. They couldn't see anything. The painters were also shocked as Roberto died in the blink of an eye. And the moon was hidden by clouds as the alley became dark.

“Ugh!”

“Ack!”

“Kwaack!”

Screams could be heard from among the quiet. The painters stood there in awe and fear as they looked at a man wearing a black robe.

His appearance was big like that of a painting. He was holding something that looked more like a sacrificial tool than a knife.

“Are you okay?”

Even the voice was clear and direct

“Yes, we aren’t injured. Are you going to spare us?”

“I was just passing by and decided to help.”

“Ah, thank you very much. Though you should be careful. It will be a big deal if the Hermes Guild finds you!”

“Thanks for your concern but I’m not afraid of the Hermes Guild. And I’ve taken care of all the guards in this area of the Haven Empire so finish up your drawing. Then I wish you a good night.”

This behaviour was enough to cause emotions in a woman’s heart. The painters called out desperately as the man turned around.

“Excuse me, can I register you as a friend?”

“That.....”

“You don’t want to because we are low levelled?”

“Absolutely not. Just... The situation is a little complex. My name is Seaso....”

“Eh?”

“No, it is nothing. Someday I might see you again.”

The man said before walking into the darkness. He moved quickly and vanished.

“Totally cool. An apostle of justice disappearing like the wind.”

Monterium was a place where knights of the Haven Empire and

inquisitors of the Embinyu Church ran amok.

-The inquisitor Brukschild has fallen.

The missionary activities of the Embinyu Church has been impeded.

Security will be temporarily restored by 3.

-The Haven Empire knights have died without knowing who killed them.

The sudden death is questionable but the reason can't be figured out.

Message windows continued to ring in front of the users in Monterium Castle.

“An ambush!”

The knights of the Haven Empire gave an emergency decree but it was to no avail. The knights and nobles inside the castle were assassinated. Users from the Hermes Guild wandering around the streets were killed by bows, flying daggers and traps that sprang from the earth!

A professional assassin would leave no signs and also wouldn't receive a penalty for murder. Moreover, the fame and loot gained from killing monsters was nothing compared to that of infamous users. There were a number of assassination squads in the Haven Empire but they were easily removed.

“An assassin's blade will deal justice. The Hermes Guild is bad so I don't feel any pangs of conscience killing them.”

The Hermes Guild users died in several cities in the Haven Empire.

“Do you know about the proclamation of death? Death is inevitable when night comes. Evil people should become afraid of the night.”

“There will be a black wind and then the person will die. Be scared when going into dark places.”

“The neat workmanship calls to mind the assassin of Montonya.”

“Ah, that shadow of death called Seasoned Crab?”

Seasoned Crab wasn't the only one targeting the Haven Empire. Steiner was now the leader of the Federation of Bandits.

“Boss, the Haven Empire guys are flocking.

“Yes? This is the base. But those guys won’t stop harassing us. Prepare the stone throwing weapons and set fire to the mountain!”

“Yes!”

The Haven Empire needed to dominate the mountains in order to expand their territory.

But it wasn’t an easy task to take control of the mountains. The monsters had left but bandits set up forts on the mountains. And the walls grew thicker as the number of bandits increased.

Their growth was slow compared to the soldiers and knights but they were trained well. It wasn’t easy to live but they managed. The Imperial Army kept on making them move their bases but it increased the quality of the bandits. They also obtained riches by raiding wagons destined for the capital of the Haven Empire.

“I’m not going to live life twice. I should make the most of it during this life. Wuhahaha!”

The bandit Steiner laughed mercilessly as he annoyed the top level users in the Hermes Guild.

“This apple is too crunchy for my taste. Uh, why is the fruit I was eating missing?”

“What are you talking about?”

“It was just in my hand and now it is gone!”

The famous treasure thief Jackson who had been wandering around the world also came to the Haven Empire.

‘I came here to steal. The precious treasures will be mine.’

The prestigious guilds had fallen so there was power vacuum in the Central Continent. Users rose to make their mark in the Haven Empire.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

-The soldiers of the Red Knife desert army has brutally committed

murder.

The criminal activity involved the fanatics of the Embinyu Church.

The infamy of the army's commander has increased by 45.

-There has been a scuffle between soldiers.

An argument started for no reason in the middle of dinner.

Currently 420 soldiers are involved in the melee and it was grow further if it isn't settled quickly.

Discipline will decrease the morale of the soldiers.

-Citizens of Pire are protesting the soldiers' thefts.

If the soldiers don't stop their criminal activities then they will riot.

Security of the city has reduced by 13.

The larger the size of the army, the more chances there were of incidents occurring.

"What should we do?"

"This is what happens when people are forcefully conscripted. The fanatics, they are the particular problem."

"Should we discipline them?"

"No, just kill them! Place them at the vanguard in the next battle."

He solved a lot of the problems by killing the soldiers! He could just recruit more soldiers as the fighting continued.

The army contained a lot of soldiers but it didn't matter as long as the skilled soldiers had loyalty. The morale of the army and the administration of conquered lands didn't occur systematically.

Conscripted soldiers were busy looting while the nobles who surrendered were given to the residents.

If Weed established an empire using this method then it wouldn't last for even 1 year. But from Weed's standpoint, he just needed to maintain the army until it came time to fight the Embinyu Church in the Central

Continent. Besides, he wanted to damage the Central Continent so it was good if they committed some bad actions.

“Torido.”

“Yes Master.”

Torido was extremely polite.

He had a cunning character with accurate judgement but was overwhelmed by Weed’s force. He remembered how Van Hawk couldn’t even fight back properly and didn’t dare talk with the normal arrogance of a noble.

“You don’t have anybody to lead.”

“My vampires didn’t come to this era but I still have the power to create them.”

“Where did you put your sharp teeth? Wander around at night and suck the blood of some soldiers to make them your subordinates.”

“I understand. Thank you.”

He decided to make the soldiers dreaming about home submit unconditionally by turning them into vampires.

“And the women in the city?”

“Yes. There are many who are young and pretty.”

Torido watched the faces passing by.

Turning pretty females in the Arpen Kingdom into vampires was absolutely forbidden. Usually he could only increase his subordinates during quests and hunting. He didn’t even get the chance to meet Prina who worked in a flower shop.

“Go catch women and turn them into vampires.”

“Isn’t that a bad thing?”

“Only if you are noticed.”

This wasn’t the Arpen Kingdom. The Embinyu Church also had a

vampire queen as a follower. He would rather offer the fanatics and residents than the desert warriors.

“If you don’t win in this era then our army will be annihilated.”

Weed’s invading army faced increasingly fierce resistance.

The Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms placed military forces at the borders to form a defensive wall. Smoke rose from distant mountains as the army of other kingdoms were gathered.

“The Mapon Kingdom and Beiner Kingdom are both preparing for battle.”

Weed’s army was strong but there was a risk of it being wiped out if the kingdoms joined together to attack.

This was the warring period so the kingdoms had powerful armies. If this was in the future then the users would take much longer to obtain the power necessary to occupy these kingdoms.

“This is the warring period so they should have a deep grudge against each other. Did I aggravate their aggression?”

He briefly regretted damaging 50 cities!

“I started the fight so it can’t be helped. And I need to destroy the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms to achieve the goal. Hestiger!”

“Yes!”

“I will give you 30,000 cavalry. Attack the Opus Castle and occupy the nearby area. Destroy the cities while avoiding the enemy as much as possible.”

“I will follow your command!”

Hestiger left to the east with 30,000 troops.

The strategy depended on the troops! That’s why he let Hestiger lead the troops towards the Beiner Kingdom.

In times of war, resources for strategies were too expensive. Maintaining it would require an enormous cost but they were constantly looting.

Hestiger only took 30,000 troops to disturb the Beiner Kingdom.

“Now I won’t need to see that guy anymore. I feel relieved. Jebeker.”

“Yes!”

“You also have a similar command. Take 40,000 troops to the south. Go around and thoroughly crush the cities.”

“I will follow your words.”

40,000 troops left with a billowing of dust clouds. It had fallen by 70,000 troops but Weed’s army still contained 250,000 people.

The desert troops were close to invincible against the kingdoms in this era. When there was a siege, Weed could just approach directly and bring down the iron gates or walls.

“Levanhut, lead the army to the Noah Kingdom!”

“Ah, yes?”

Saktok!

Weed led the army to charge at the knights of the various kingdoms but he didn’t need to give direct commands.

The morale of the army was overwhelming due to Atrock’s Cry. The conquest war was progressing smoothly as cities surrendered and residents were conscripted. The remaining troops were the elite members.

There were 10,000 undead, 20,000 desert warriors and 70,000 soldiers with combat experience. The remaining 60,000 were slaves and this was the optimal configuration.

“Advance as quickly as possible and devastate the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms. Effortless and clean!”

Weed captured some prisoners for military information.

“You are evil monsters that eat raw flesh and blood. In order to suppress you, His Majesty asked for help from the Mapon Kingdom. Now you are dead. Chwe (spit)!”

Weed and the desert warriors were notorious for being ruthless so the

kingdoms were extremely wary. The Beiner Kingdom and Mapon Kingdom gathered 600,000 soldiers.

Weed was even more pleased to hear the news.

“How fun.”

The conquest was taking place at a tremendous rate. But he had felt no tension in the process.

Reaching here was like stealing something from a child.

Even if Weed didn't actively participate, the Red Knife army had overwhelming strength.

The desert warriors gathered had outstanding talent from the beginning and Weed led them on a steep path. His subordinates were strong and fought to survive.

The desert warriors had an average level of 500~600. Their skills had a wide variety while some were close to mastering swordsmanship. There were also 46 powerhouses who had reached level 700.

His sculptural lifeforms were also proficient. They treated the knights on the Central Continent as toys. Their power couldn't be stopped with high walls or traps.

There were many variables in battle and no matter how excellent the warriors were, they were still vulnerable to curses. And one or two of them may die when hunting a boss level monster that used magic attacks.

In addition, the Tower of Heroes showed that there were many tough opponents in the past. The Mapon Kingdom and Beiner Kingdom coming together to suppress him would have overwhelming force.

“They have twice as many troops and the best knights and magicians of the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms are gathered so they are worth fighting. They won't attack until they are ready...I think it will take six days.”

Weed was ready to embark on a large scale war. The experience of commanding such a large army would be thrilling!

In additional, it would be considerable practice before needing to fight

the Embinyu Church. So far this was just a war of conquest but it would eventually involve the fate of the Versailles Continent.

“I suffered... It might be tough but I’m going to finish the final secret sculpting technique quest.”

Whether this quest succeeded or failed, he could get a good rest after it was over.

“I will forget everything else and go to places like the south coast. For a week...”

He wanted a vacation to restore his weary body and mind.

“Well, even the south coast is too expensive. It is far away so transportation will cost too much.”

This was a realistic anguish about a holiday.

“I should just vacation within Royal Road. Nowadays, there are plenty of people doing that so it must be pretty good. I can fish on a beach or cook saury to eat. And if a week seems a bit too long... Compared to other competitors, I need to recover my stats and level... Three days should be enough?”

Weed shook his head.

He was king of the desert and his enormous army was sweeping through the Central Continent. But once he returned to his original time, he would be back to level 400 and kicked by the Hermes Guild. It would go terribly if he met Bardray again.

“Three days is too long. Um, I should just rest on Sunday...no. I will catch up on housework and enjoy the warm sunshine before going to Morata.

And three minutes later.

“This is hard hunting so there should be a good quest reward. I need to work harder in this warring period!”

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Bardray held his sword as he looked around.

His Royal Guards were cleaning up the remainder of the Roam Guild.

“S-save me! I accept the rule of the Hermes Guild.”

“Too late. You should’ve said that before the battle!”

“Cough!”

They conquered Star City and destroyed the Roam Guild. The Roam Guild was eventually exterminated. The Hermes Guild had made unreasonable demands that they couldn’t possibly accept.

-Hand over the land that the Roam Guild conquered and all commercial developments.

-Dissolve the Roam Guild.

-The Roam Guild should leave their houses and settle elsewhere.

230,000 troops of the Haven Empire surrounded Star City and offered these conditions for survival.

“This is so humiliating that I would rather die.”

The leaders of the Hermes Guild had expected the Roam Guild to fight.

Bardray and the Royal Guards broke through the external walls and disposed of the defense forces. The Roam Guild fought to the death but the results didn’t change before Bardray’s power.

Bardray was called a god in battle and he became stronger with more experience. The Haven Empire planned to conquer the Central Continent and he had led numerous large scale battles. He gained tough combat experience, enhanced his level and stats and gained a mysterious ability that dwelled in the forest of the elves.

His superior leadership and charisma made soldiers and knights bow to him.

“So far it has been a long road. Only a little bit of the journey remains until I reached the destination.”

Bardray didn’t feel motivated to fight the Roam Guild. The Royal Guards took care of everything else after the battle. The Roam Guild had been

broken a while ago so this was just a long process of taking care of them.

After leaving Continent of Magic, he had thoroughly prepared for Royal Road and helped start the Hermes Guild.

In the early days of Royal Road, not a lot of information was available to the users. In some cases, it was common to get lost after leaving a city and barely making it back.

It was normal to see distressed users near the gates. Some merchants couldn't even dream of long distance trading and just stayed safely in the cities. The cities were bustling and novice users were full of curiosity about the unknown world.

Bardray and the Hermes Guild demonstrated strength and solidarity and got ahead of their other competitors. They steadily built up their influence in the Haven Kingdom until Bardray obtained the ultimate position.

The numerous minor guilds and powers started scrambling. They quickly seized control of the Haven Kingdom and moved on to the Kallamore Kingdom. They also joined the United Supremacy Alliance and there was a tug-of-war until they reached this point.

Soon the entire Central Continent and then the Versailles Continent would be under his reign. The period of glory he had been dreaming of would soon arrive.

“Dominating this continent as the Emperor....”

After the war ended, Bardray would lower the tax rate and establish reasonable policies for users. He would firmly lay the foundation of the empire on gratitude. There were no obstacles in front of Bardray and he believed that it was proceeding smoothly.

“Fulfilling the greatest challenge will be achieved by Bardray.”

But ironically, the broadcasting stations weren't showing the crucial event of the Roam Guild being shattered. The stations only edited it to be talked about in the evening news.

This scratched Bardray's pride. He blamed Weed who the stations were

featuring heavily.

The battle between the Hermes Guild and the Roam Guild was already decided so the stations weren't interested. Even the ratings were tired of the fight and they would rather watch Weed's adventure.

Europe's fledgling station, Zenith Media was the only one interested in paying to show the Hermes Guild's adventure.

"Weed, let's see what the result will be."

Bardray only looked at Weed. He was still worried despite his previous victory. He watched Weed's adventure and also heard about it from other people.

The final secret technique quest baffled the Hermes Guild so they collected all the data available. The Hermes Guild prayed for Weed's adventure to fail!

If they could, they would send a large squad to the past to interfere with the adventure. More than anything else, they were furious that the invasion in the past was affecting the Haven Empire.

"It will be interesting to see if you can live. I will catch you with my own hands. And you will be the best offering in order to climb to the seat of Emperor."

Chapter 4: The Strongest Warrior

Weed took over the advantageous position of Jonas Castle and relaxed while waiting to fight the Beiner Kingdom.

High level human blacksmiths were gathered at Jonas Castle. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that this place was the home of blacksmiths.

The Beiner Kingdom's defense army didn't want to lose this place but they were eventually annihilated and Van Hawk used them to strengthen the undead army.

The proud sculptural lifeforms protested against the undead army.

"Great Emperor, the undead is undesirable."

"This isn't an attitude for a warrior. We need to fight justice with swords!"

10 sculptural lifeforms! Weed's charisma and strength pressed on the also wavering desert warriors.

"This isn't it."

"Great Emperor leads us with pure power and pure strength."

The desert warriors who accepted pillaging and slavery couldn't accept the undead troops as colleagues.

"These guys."

Weed tried to govern them but it was difficult to convince the desert warriors. Of course, he didn't do it with words but beating them up.

"We left the desert and headed to the Central Continent for a reason.

"We are humans."

They had a history with Weed so they didn't want to abandon him but the desert warriors had their own will.

"That's right. We need to slay the Embinyu Church in order to stop the confusion on the continent. If I wanted to be warm and satisfied then I would've just stayed in the desert. However, I left the desert so that my

children and desert brethren can live well in the future.”

“I am aware of that.”

The goods pirated from the Central Continent were sent to the desert.

Many of the technology in the desert was outdated. Furthermore, technology and culture was required in the desert. The desert warriors were able to maintain a steady, high morale during the war on the Central Continent.

The warriors had a good understanding up to here. Weed’s sugar-coating skills were effective.

“My wife and family is waiting in the far desert, wondering what my fate is.”

The warriors thought earnestly about their family.

“My wife is pretty like a rabbit and might meet a new man.”

“My son is wearing short, leather pants so he needs money. Just one pair of pants will cost 30 copper.”

“.....”

Weed had to listen to their complaints when hunting. The desert warriors longed for their family but couldn’t be close to them. Most parents felt like this when working for their children.

“Hum hum, listen carefully. We didn’t come here to live. We will fight until the end until your bones are buried. You might not like the undead but they are necessary to act as obstacles against the real enemies. After you die, your body will also stand up and fight for the desert.”

“Great Emperor!”

“We have been too short-sighted.”

“Please punish us!”

Ddirring!

-You have persuaded your subordinates

Charisma has increased by 1.

The drop in loyalty has slowed.

These simple words wouldn't be enough to persuade the merchants in the Central Continent. There wouldn't be any concerns about the undead in the first place.

But the desert warriors were naive compared to their high strength and knowledge. From an early age, they had wandered along with Weed to the dungeons and battles. Weed was the spiritual pillar of the desert warriors!

“Arm the soldiers. And prepare the weapons.”

“Yes!”

The armour, leather and weapons store of Jonas Castle were pillaged by the occupying forces. The desert warriors obtained a considerable amount of equipment.

The Red Knife unit proudly wore a headpiece made of the feathers of a red bird from the desert.

“The scouts say that we have a few days to spare. We need to be properly prepared. We need to slay the Beiner Kingdom and Embinyu Church.”

Weed gathered the finest blacksmiths at Jonas Castle.

“I will give this to you to process. Create a sword with these 3 horns.”

He handed the blacksmiths the leather and horns obtained from the Fire Salamander King.

The polished leather wasn't remarkable but the horns were incomparable. The horns were like a transparent diamond without any impurities. It was the finest of materials but he was Sun Warrior so he had to begrudgingly leave it to the blacksmiths.

“This is such a precious material that it is a pity a fiend obtained it!”

“Does that barbarian think we will use all our skills for him?”

The blacksmiths had dedicated their lives to working steel. This was the warring period but it was still possible to find dwarves in human cities.

The dwarves wouldn't follow anyone even if a knife was at their throats.

"Then it is pointless. I will need to destroy all these materials."

"Heeok!"

"These precious things....destroyed?"

The eyes of the blacksmiths shook!

The blacksmiths had never seen the materials from the Fire Salamander King before. Just seeing such precious materials made them able to imagine rare, obscure designs.

"It can't be helped."

"But we can't do a good job for the enemy."

The blacksmiths were still humans. Weed was the head of the army that stole their weapons and armour and damaged the Beiner Kingdom. But the eyes of the dwarf blacksmith was filled with regret.

"The difference between the forces is like the earth and the sky. He even managed to destroy the Fire Salamander King."

"....."

The public would need thousands of sacrifices to catch the Fire Salamander King but Weed achieved it with just his subordinate!

Weed licked his lips.

"I no longer require a good weapon or armour."

Of course it was necessary.

"Swords, magic, elementals and arrows. I can block them all."

His words were enough to make them sick!

"Even an army of 1 million people won't be able to block my steps!"

Weed roared in front of the blacksmiths.

It was like a man in his thirties threatening to steal a neighbourhood kid's candy. It was like watching a polished screenplay being directed!

It was a similar tone when nagging the desert warriors but the incredible force overwhelmed the blacksmiths. They had no choice but to fear the barbarian Weed in this situation.

“This is your last chance. Make the best sword and armour with these materials within a week. If I am satisfied then my troops will leave this castle unharmed. I will let the residents leave quietly without hurting them. But if I’m not satisfied then this castle and the Beiner Kingdom will completely disappear.

Weed refused to leave without any threats.

He couldn’t take the goods back to his original time so he might as well put them to good use here. If the castle’s blacksmiths didn’t cooperate then the materials from the Fire Salamander King would be wasted.

The blacksmiths looked among each other with worried expressions.

“What does everybody think? The goods are too precious to pass up.”

“I think so as well. We should make it. The savages are making us so we’re not betraying the Beiner Kingdom.”

“Uhh, this nourishing feeling with touching this horn and the great mana. I can already taste the satisfaction when working on this with my hands.”

“Well, well! Let’s think carefully and not get too excited. This involves our lives and the fate of the entire castle.”

“Is he really going to get rid of it if we don’t make the items?”

“I heard a rumour when I was growing up. According to the rumours about the savages, our families in Jonas Castle won’t be able to survive.”

“Hrmm.”

The blacksmith with an elderly face full of wrinkles was locked in deep anguish. The dwarven blacksmiths next to him were drinking beer.

“If we don’t make things to the satisfaction of the barbarian then he will kill us.”

“I think so as well. That lousy bastard has no honour, morality or tolerance.”

“He is worse than an orc.”

The dwarven blacksmiths also poured insults but their eyes were gawking at the Fire Salamander’s horns and leather.

The instinct of a blacksmith. Their eyes could sense the finest materials. It was a strong temptation that they couldn’t resist.

“But in the end, are we really qualified to deal with such precious materials?”

“Morul Hand, you are like a god!”

“My hands have never touched such materials before...and you know that iron is my specialty.”

“This is a rare opportunity to touch such materials. It is no wonder that he ignored us.”

“Haren Hand, your self-esteem?”

“I am thinking. Haven’t we made a considerable amount of weapons and armour so far? It isn’t impossible to handle such excellent goods.”

“Can we handle it without making any mistakes? If I make even a small scratch on these seamless horns then I will never forgive myself for the rest of my life as a blacksmith.”

“Well, this is our chance to touch the horns and leather.”

Weed left the NPCs blacksmiths who were talking loudly and entered the room filled with the loot.

Gold and loot obtained from the Central Continent was piled up like a mountain! He was happy every time he saw it.

“I can’t take this back to the original world... This quest is too unfair.”

He felt like this was the worst quest after looking at the treasures.

He had already taken care of the blacksmiths. He had no more control over whether they manufactured the sword and armour. Leaving the

materials would stimulate their desire as a blacksmith.

A blacksmith's capabilities would rise when seeing good materials! They talked nonsense but their bodies would itch when looking at the Fire Salamander's horns.

The blacksmith NPCs and dwarves knew what to do. They couldn't help feeling greedy. He had no doubts that good work would emerge.

Weed was satisfied with his own judgement and nodded.

"Craftsmanship is important. Autonomy and creativity is important for this."

They might feel under pressure with a time limit but the results wouldn't be bad if he left them alone.

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It was the warring period so little boys were playing with swords.

"Hiyah! I am a Royal Knight of the Beiner Kingdom! You can't meet His Majesty without passing through me first!"

"I am Captain Vincent of the Keltun Kingdom. Charge forward!"

"Huhuhu, I am the villain and tyrant Weed."

"Heeok!"

"Spare my life."

His infamy had spread even to the children. As the conquest war continued, Weed and his army became known as barbarian invaders throughout the warring kingdoms.

The 540,000 army of the Beiner and Mapon Kingdom approached Jonas Castle. The number had reduced by 60,000 in order to pursue Hestiger.

"Your Majesty, let's show those savages the greatness of the Mapon Kingdom."

"Ohh, I'm concerned since I heard that the barbarians are very strong. But Rohadram is a reliable person that I can believe in. We won't let anyone leave alive."

The Mapon Kingdom didn't have the possibility of winning a war against the desert army. But they joined forces with Sword Master Rohadram of the Beiner Kingdom.

600,000 people was a massive army but this was the warring period so it wasn't made of citizens with swords and armour. They were well trained regulars. They had experienced numbers wars and battles and were familiar with defense and assault type tactics.

"The place we will handle those savages is Jonas Castle."

Weed knew that a decisive battle for the continent was going to occur so he decided the location and waited there. He would devastate the enemy around Jonas Castle with tricks!

"I need to fight the Embinyu Church so I can't waste my sculptures."

Weed spent some time making sculptures. Time was running out but he produced works using the finest materials. In the past, he had created warm and positive sculptures to sell to other users. But now the pieces were dark and expressed the gloom of the world.

"This should be enough."

He made mythical races that he could transform into using Sculpture Transformation. It was a work which fit Weed's aptitude exactly!

Meanwhile, the desert warriors were conducting high intensity training with the soldiers. There would be another battle with the Embinyu Church so he needed to raise their usefulness by even a little bit.

It was mainly training with charging and using their shields! Anyway, his expectations couldn't be too high.

"Great Emperor, the enemy is here."

"Let's go greet them."

Weed took out 200,000 troops to meet the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms. 50,000 troops were left to defend Jonas Castle from leftover forces of the Dagan Kingdom.

Seo-yoon also stayed in the castle protected by desert warriors.

“Guard her well.”

“Yes, Great Emperor.”

The knights trembled with fear.

Weed was a cruel human existence so it was natural for the knights to be scared. They had seen his great skill and heard the frightening stories.

“This treatment isn’t bad. If I commit bad actions then people won’t dare protest.”

19,000 desert warriors, 100,000 undead and 800 vampires created by Torido headed out to the battlefield. The rest of the headcount consisted of slaves.

“Numbers aren’t important in this fight. We will beat them.”

“Yes!”

Compared to the desert warriors who were excited about the upcoming battle, the soldiers were frozen. They were fighting against the elites of the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms.

“Hihihit, Embinyu will take care of us.”

“Follow Embinyu. Hooray!”

The fanatics of the Embinyu Church worked hard on missionary activities among the slaves. The fanatics that had their areas seized couldn’t accept it.

“I want to go back home.”

“Can I live on this looted gold? This is mine and I won’t give it to anyone else.”

“Fire, like a firebug. Just like my surname, I will make this house burn!”

This was common in the army but Weed didn’t mind. He just intended to get rid of the Embinyu fanatics in battle.

“It is fairly systematic. Magicians, archers and knights. None of them are lacking.”

Weed stood on a hill and observed the armies of the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms.

The infantry held up their weapons and shields. 2,000 people in columns carried the flags of the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms, causing an scene that would normally be difficult to see. The knights wearing gleaming armour rode on horses in the central group.

“It is very desirable. People like that will be more tasty to fight.”

Weed had a greedy appetite.

If he defeated the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms then he could combine it with the south to form a great empire. The biggest empire since Geiher Von Arpen made the Arpen Empire would be born.

However, the purpose of this quest wasn't to create an empire but to defeat the Embinyu Church.

“It is really too bad. But this battle will be fun.”

He didn't rush at the Beiner and Mapon armies camped on the plains. The full-fledged battle at Jonas Castle would be delayed until the next day.

The justification of the desert army was to allow the weak kingdoms of the continent to join together. There were more troops coming from the other territories so it was advantageous to them.

Weed could afford to give them this time. He also needed to train his soldiers for the upcoming battle with the Embinyu Church. That's why he did a good thing for the enemy.

More than 500,000 troops gathered on the plains by the end of the night.

“It will take quite a bit of time to kill them all. However, it is necessary to achieve a complete victory to prepare for the next battle with the Embinyu Church. Warrior-1, I will leave command of the soldiers to you.”

“Yes, I understand.”

“Warrior-2, you are leader of the desert warriors.”

“I will perform this task.”

He installed his sculptural lifeforms in important positions. They had experience with commanding and fighting a war.

The sculptural lifeforms used the camels to strike them strongly. And they also minimized the friendly fire against the slaves. Repeated battles had taught them not to fall into any traps.

The knight had better strength and tactics than regular users. The well trained soldiers put up a valiant assault against the desert warriors.

“Great Emperor, what are you going to do?”

Warrior-1 who was in charge of the military command had asked Weed this the previous day. Usually it was rare for him to give permission to his subordinates.

“I will fight alone. I can properly exert my skills in this battle.”

Weed hadn't used all his power since he exterminated the Fire Salamanders in the dungeon.

The 824 Royal Knights he killed just died with a touch! No matter how strong the knights were, they were just treated as neighbourhood kids.

He jumped over walls and smashed the gates during sieges before chopping up the enemies. The Mapon and Beiner allied kingdoms. This crisis was enough for him to appear on the battlefield.

“Now I can relieve me stress!”

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Dong! Dong! Dong!

The sound of drums resonated through the battlefield.

“Kill all the savages who don't have manners!”

“Eliminate the nobles. This is a rare opportunity to make them suffer. We can loot after we win. Charge!”

The Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms clashed with the Red Knife army! The hooves of the horses ran through the plains.

Weed was among the recruited soldiers. He wore a gorgeous leather cloak and leather armour instead of his gold mask. He sacrificed defense in order to greatly increase his agility.

“Will we be able to live this time?”

“You’re wrong. Huhuhuk...”

“My father’s enemy is the Beiner Kingdom. I’m going to kill them.”

The slaves spoke in anxious voices.

The sculptural warriors conducted the desert warriors from above on their camels. That was Weed’s original position. The position that could oversee the largest number of people in the battle, the army commanding position.

He used overwhelming strength to lead thousands of soldiers against the enemy and gave them hope of victory. But unlike the other battles, Weed wasn’t watching and was among the combatants.

The knights from the alliance ran out after the desert warrior’s first assault. They caught each other’s tails on the wide plains.

“We can’t surrender to the invaders!”

“Full force attack!”

The enemy archers, magicians and infantry holding flags marched forward. Weed was slightly in the back and could see the troops confronting each other.

“Shield unit, thrust forward for the sake of His Majesty!”

Elite slaves holding spears stabbed through the shields of the allies. In this warring period, the level of the soldiers was very high. The slaves were their enemies.

“Please help me! I was brought here with force!”

“We don’t need cowardly bastards who would surrender to the barbarians!”

“Kuaaak!”

The alliance soldiers easily got rid of the slaves.

Half of the Red Knife army consisted of Van Hawk's undead so this was the predetermined fate of a slave. The attacks of the archers and magicians concentrated on the slaves.

But the slaves also had a stubborn side. Soldiers picked up from Noah had survived countless battlefields. In fact, they were the soldiers that grew the fastest in this war.

It was mainly the rookie soldiers that died. They soon collapsed and the enemies approached Weed.

“You...”

The 400 allied soldiers froze. They suddenly felt chills as their imagination saw something terrifying. The entire group stiffened simultaneously!

“It is ludicrous that you are my first opponent. I wanted some stronger people.”

Weed said as he slowly pulled his sword from the scabbard. The result of the Fire Salamander King's equipment hadn't emerged from the blacksmiths yet. But it was like herbivores facing the king of the animals so the soldiers were stiff.

-You have equipped the Three Screaming Children Sword.

The soul of three children have fallen into a pit of bitterness and is crying out in pain.

The souls have bent to your mighty power and 100% of the power of the sword has been drawn out.

“Undulating Flame Mark.”

A desert warrior's strongest skill. It amplified and spread the aura of fire. Weed's skill exploded towards the bodies of the soldiers with an enormous force.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

There was a chain explosion due to the skill. Hundreds of soldiers were killed instantly. Apart from the soldiers of the Beiner Kingdom, the slaves were also damaged.

“Well, it is indeed a spectacular effect!”

Weed didn't care that much. It was just like throwing a rock onto the wide desert that was his infamy. Professional bank robbers wouldn't have any problem depriving a child of their candy.

“Sword Awakening, Power of Birth, Summon Another Sword.”

Brilliant light exploded from Weed's body due to the special effects of the skill! The soldiers of the Beiner Kingdom hastily lifted their shields.

“I am sorry for you.”

Weed started a monologue as he watched the scared enemy soldiers.

“It is a shame that I needed to properly exert my power. How can I enjoy using all my power to fight you when you won't resist properly? Not much, just a little bit of fun.... It can't be helped. Because today's battle will be broadcasted in the future!”

He would receive a salary and advertising fees from the broadcasting stations.

“Let's start with the sales.”

Weed ran forward while holding his sword. Every soldier that he passed by would die without needing to swing his sword. They were just swept up by a river of fire.

“He is trying to reach His Majesty. Block!”

“Knights gather here!”

He passed through the soldiers and the knights of the Beiner Kingdom tried to intercept him.

The king and nobles were still quite far away but the knights still rushed forward to escort them to safety. There needed to be an immediate and rapid evacuation of military commanders during times of war.

Of course, he could still catch 1~2 senior nobles if he wanted to. It was the law of this era that the king would have successors in case of hostages.

Weed's goal was to thoroughly annihilate the enemies.

"The knights escorting the king has appeared? Let's have a little taste."

He turned the sword in his hands.

It was a light sword trick that couldn't afford to be done on the battlefield. Therefore, it was an act that was rarely seen.

But none of the enemies could get close to Weed.

The average level of the desert warriors was 500~600 so they would just be burned by the hot flames around him. Especially the amateur desert warriors who were only around level 300.

"Now, pull out this knife."

"Yes."

"Water is on the left."

"We will bring cool water."

They were taught the basics step by step.

400 Royal Knights riding white horses rushed towards him. Their mounts contained great speed and power!

The goal of the knights that were normally called flowers of the battlefield was tragically Weed.

"Shall I try them out? No, I can't use too much mana at the beginning of the battle."

Weed waited until the knights came closer. The Beiner Kingdom's knights separated in three directions and rushed from the sides and the front. They crossed at regular intervals and cut down on him!

"Ring of Fire!"

Weed wielded his sword as he turned his body. Then hot flames were emitted in all directions.

The knights about to assault him lost their lives to the flames. The deadly skill killed 30~40 knights! The rest of the knights rushed through the flames. And they used all their strength and weight to thrust the spear.

Weed stood in place and moved his sword. It was so fast that it was hard to see with his eyes. It struck the attacking Royal Knights with each movement.

Puhihihing!

The horses received a huge shock and collapsed.

Weed used basic sword techniques and overwhelming power to block the assault of the knights. He could even ignore the onslaught of the knights!

His sword surpassed the reach of the knights' weapons. He diligently intercepted the sword techniques of the knights. The other Royal Knights were assaulted by Weed's flames.

Of course, Weed collected all the japtem they dropped. This instinct was uncontrollable even in the warring period.

“Ohhhh.”

“The king of the barbarians isn't a human like s.”

“He is the type who would cut the author's neck before being forced to marry the princess!”

Weed fought using basic swordsmanship. Even so, the sight of a master swordsman wasn't common. The assault of the knights was simple swept away.

“I'm not surprised. This is like receiving a roasted bun as a bonus after ordering sweet and sour pork.”

“Kill that arrogant person!”

Someone from among the senior nobles ordered. A flood of magic and arrows rained down on Weed.

A warrior fighting alone on the battlefield without any allies!

-Absolute Defense has minimized the continuous damage.

A colossal number of attacks were concentrated on Weed but he didn't receive much damage. The magic was cancelled or the arrows fell nearby. In addition, there was also the great sight of arrows flying through the air being destroyed by fire.

This was the spectacular protection effect of Undulating Flame Mark!

His health reduced by 2000~3000 but there was still a lot remaining until he would die. His high health was due to the blessing of the earth goddess Mi-ne, who gave him the quality of an ogre. Common soldiers and magicians couldn't possibly kill him!

Right now he even had the ability to make Bardray cry.

"Let's make this more fun. Black Knight's Strike!"

Weed plunged through the cracks of the army.

"One, two, three, four....ten!"

Kwaaang!

A wide area skill cause successful continuous attacks! The ground was disturbed. And soldiers of the Beiner Kingdom were lying everywhere. There was death in every direction.

Weed switched between attack and defense, especially in regards to the arrows and magic being fired at him. He combined the most efficient skills for offense and defense.

Now defense wasn't necessary but if he didn't block some attacks, mana would be consumed at a rapid pace. Some knights would've died before even completing their attacks.

"I could comfortably hunt Bardray. Especially if my offensive, defensive and wide area skills can be used."

Weed muttered as he ran around the battlefield. He didn't worry about the location of his allies, the desert warriors and the undead army. Instead, he just focused on getting rid of the enemies.

Suddenly, he saw 100 magicians wearing white robes and chanting a spell.

“Those guys are the Wisdom of Thunder.”

It was the magic unit of the Beiner Kingdom!

They had quite a bit of history and didn't participate in border disputes. Their levels were 300~400!

When considering the profession, the power of the magician unit exceeded it. There was a fierce competition for survival in this era so the professions like merchant, artist, architect etc. had low levels while knights and magicians had high levels.

“I need to get my hands on them before others get hurt.”

The Red Knife desert unit was one of Weed's most powerful subordinates. A common goal of the knights, archers and magicians was to target them. He needed to catch the magician unit before they swept away the desert warriors.

Weed was 1 kilometre away from them so he was quite far away. The magician unit was on a hill overlooking the battlefield in order to see the enemies to cast the magic spell.

Once they cast their magic, the wind, lightning etc. would fall upon the slaves and desert warriors. All types of things were happening in the skies above the battlefield.

“End of the Day!”

A tsunami of flames destroyed the spear unit in front of him!

Weed ran towards the magician unit. He used mana much faster than before. He broke through the barrier of soldiers and horsemen.

“He is aiming at us. That swordsman doesn't feel fear.”

“Block him.”

“Aim magic attacks at him. Circular Lightning!”

“Flow of water, emerge as a mighty stream.”

The magicians cast a long spell.

Weed surpassed the magic with his body. He broke through hundreds of metres of magic attacks.

-Magic has continuously hit you.

Your skin is healthy like a dragon and damage has been reduced.

Current health remaining is 69%.

The tremendous health of a boss class monster had caused Weed and his colleagues great pain in the past. But now his resilience was at the level of a boss class monster so Weed didn't need to worry.

The places where Weed passed were burned by flames. His footprints caused a deep imprint.

“I really am like a playing child!”

Playing with fire! The audience ratings of the children would surely rise in this scene.

He slaughtered through the spearmen, infantry and magic attacks. Even the fearless knights retreated.

He used the Black Knight's Strike to tirelessly get rid of black magic and strong enemies.

Chapter 5: Darkness, Fear and Plague

Meanwhile on the wide plains in front of Jonas Castle, the undead army was facing against the Mapon Kingdom.

“Rise. Receive the power of the abyss and fight the enemies.”

The skeleton warriors undead Van Hawk’s ran amok at his command. The skeletons grabbed the shield of the infantry and slashed with their bones. They weren’t human soldiers so the skeletons were informal in battle.

“Kill!

“Cut off their limbs. Kukikikikit!”

They gathered together and recklessly rushed. There wasn’t a coherent tactical moves as they just haphazardly ran through 7~8 horses. Arrows, magic and the sword of the knights shattered the bones until the skeletons collapsed to the ground. But after a while, they just rose again due to the power of the abyss.

“Legs, where are my legs?”

A skeleton with only the upper body attached started looking for its leg bones.

“Legs, my legs.”

Another skeleton that woke up was also looking for its legs.

“Give me an arm bone.”

“Ehh, I only have 2 arms.”

“Both of them are right arm bones.”

“Eh, really? I originally had two right arms.”

The skeletons even fought among themselves over the bones. The undead army became a mess after 5 minutes but the Mapon still couldn’t face them easily. Skeletons that obeyed Van Hawk’s commands were Death Knights or higher. They managed to reduce the soldiers of the

Mapon Kingdom.

Moreover, Van Hawk directly led half of the undead knights in an assault unit! The Undead Knights consisted of Doom Knights, Dullahans and Death Knights. The Mapon Kingdom had to mobilize their magician units to block the Undead Knights.

A superpower like the Mapon Kingdom in the warring period also contained a number of highly acclaimed knights. The soldiers responded quickly and had a tight discipline. It was a kingdom that had already destroyed an undead army.

The priests could also mobilize various holy powers to block the Undead Army.

“Food is everywhere and I can freely partake in blood.”

Torido had created more than 600 vampires from residents in Jonas Castle before the battle. Moving in the middle of the night was the charm and characteristics of vampires. This was a large battle in broad daylight so they had no choice but to be weakened. Vampires fought while mixed in among the combat slaves. Their sharp teeth and fangs would cause the enemy to let go of their swords. A vampire who succeeded in drinking blood would gain significantly higher health and mana.

Simple magic was cast at the humans fighting. The Vampire Queens also brainwashed and confused the enemy. The vampires were attacked with an onslaught of arrows, magic and knights who passionately rushed there. The almost 20,000 desert warriors were fighting relatively freely. Weed hadn't given them direct orders so they moved freely among the Mapon and Beiner armies.

In particular, they acted to reduce the number of knights. But each kingdom had heroes in this age of war! Just like the Kallamore Kingdom, there were a considerable number of NPC heroes. The Mapon Kingdom had Rohadram! The wise magician Andre from the Beiner Kingdom!

Knight Commander of the Royal Knights of the Shar Kingdom, Rockstar who participated with the allied army! These heroes were very strong.

Just Rohadram alone was a sword master while Andre was also a master in wind magic. The powerful forces on the side of the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms were still waiting and hadn't participated in the battle yet.

“Fire at will!”

“Ugh!”

The crossbow troops of the Mapon Kingdom aimed at a target and dropped the desert warriors from the camels. The desert warriors on the ground were killed by the follow up magic, arrows or knight attacks.

The scale of the battle on the plains was far too huge. There was a time when he led 1 million orcs in the Yurokina Mountains but not all the orcs had fought at that time. Only 300,000 orcs had fought directly against the Immortal Legion.

The breadth and speed of the battle on these plains couldn't be compared. Just a little mistake would turn the advantage towards one side. His strategy was to use the regular troops and desert units as bait. He planned to use this opportunity to throw away the fanatics of the Embinyu Church.

The soldiers and citizens left behind were watching from the walls of Jonas Castle. It was a spectacular sight!

Weed had expected this to some extent but was determined to fight alone. It helped that many elite forces focused on him. In addition, he wanted to beat the high level knights in the warring period.

“Come. If there are any knights in the Beiner Kingdom with courage then they should come challenge me!”

Weed shouted out loud. He used all his dignity and charisma to make the battlefield focus on him. In addition, his infamy was so high that it even frightened dogs and chickens in rural areas.

Weed had 41% health remaining.

Weed continued to receive interference from the magicians who caused walls of thorns to grow from the ground. He forcefully broke through all

the obstacles and approached the magicians escorted by knights on horseback.

Furthermore, some magicians didn't learn attack magic and completed short range teleportation magic. A magician could escape at a rapid pace once someone approached. He took care of the knights and waited for the next opportunity to catch the magicians. Weed was in a pleased mood now.

He was an unparalleled force on the battlefield where hundreds of thousands were fighting. The enemies were weak but it gave him great enjoyment to systematically fight them.

A true God of War who could sweep away more than 100 soldiers with one blow! He used all his power with no regrets.

“Knight Ometa of the Beiner Kingdom. I am the lord that rules the Yallem Castle in the Benopi area.”

A knight riding a black horse approached.

Weed didn't know it but he was a celebrity in the warring period with a level of 500. He was almost a master of his combat technique. However, he wasn't a master so the gap was quite big.

Weed could sense that he was strong and willingly accepted the challenge.

“Brave knight of the Beiner Kingdom, come.”

The knight rode towards him like a sharp arrow. He swung his long spear in a long series of continuous attacks! Weed felt a heavy feeling as he parried with his sword.

“Not bad considering that you are a barbarian. But the price for going against the Beiner Kingdom....”

“Beiner Exciting Sword Technique!”

“Keheok!”

The knight suddenly suffered great damage. The horse was immediately killed and the knight fell to the ground.

“That is our imperial sword technique, how....”

“I learned it a little while ago.”

“That isn’t possible!”

“No, it is possible.”

Weed was a sword master so he could easily learn techniques.

The Beiner Exciting Sword Technique accumulated the power of the enemy’s attack before releasing it in an explosion. If the attack power was strong and fast then the other side would lose their balance.

Weed used this exact opportunity to take care of the knight. The magic armour indicated that he was a knight with noble birth but he was defeated in a short period of time.

“It is my complete defeat. It is a honour to fight such a strong person.”

“Goodbye.”

An immediate attack with no mercy!

Weed felt the need to conserve his mana. His recovery speed was fast but he had many techniques that consumed a lot of mana. Based on his strength and vitality, he only needed to use basic sword skills to cause plenty of mass destruction.

He slipped into the heart of 500,000 troops. Usually strong individuals needed to be lured deep into enemy territory but Weed came by himself.

“Phat!”

“Fire. My body has caught on fire. Help!”

Undulating Flame Mark caused fire to sweep over 5,000 soldiers. The general soldiers weren’t an existence that could stop him.

Weed only paid attention to the knights, magicians, priests and shamans.

The Beiner and Mapon Kingdoms had invested a significant amount of their power into this war. More than half of the kingdom’s military power were placed at the border area. Despite that, they were just like rice to

Weed.

However, Weed did receive some damage and his health was reduced to 30%.

“I don’t feel any tension.”

He was significantly harmed but it wasn’t enough to drop his combat capabilities. The Beiner Kingdom was also annoying. The archers and magicians active on the battlefield focused their attacks on Weed.

No individual would be okay when dealing with such a concentrated siege warfare. However, the magicians ran out of mana and Weed was still standing.

“Dispatch the Drake troops!”

“Lion Knights scramble!”

The pride of the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms, the flying Drake unit and Lion Knights started to move.

The higher ranking knights were rushing towards Weed. It was all for the sake of catching Weed who was the ruler of the desert.

The goal of the war was Weed and the desert warriors, not the combat slaves.

“Summon the Vine Roots!”

“Mud puddles, rise!”

“Faruin’s Curse!”

The magicians and priests used magic to block him rather than attack magic.

-The thick resilience of your skin has weakened.

-A curse has captured your feet and movement has slowed.

Strength has reduced by 4% for 20 seconds.

-Faruin’s Curse!

A priest’s curse that uses a lot of holy power and faith. Faith has to be

insufficient for the curse to afflict the target.

-Diminished muscle strength!

Your muscles have relaxed so strength and vitality was reduced. Strength has declined by 6%. Maximum vitality has decreased by 3%.

Countless curses were poured on Weed but they were quickly released.

However the priests and shaman's magic that weakened power, vitality and concentration was applied. It was for a short amount of time but 11 magic curses were applied.

“Valhalla!”

Weed gave a loud roar.

-You have yelled a shout from ancient times.

8 of the curses that dwelled in your flesh has been alleviated. Your physical ability has strengthened.

And he wore the Golden Mask of the Pharaoh. The physical defense wasn't great but it increase leadership, fame and protection against magic. A symbolic item worn by the ruler of a great empire.

“This is good enough to loosen my body. Now comes the real beginning.”

10,000 soldiers had already died because of Weed. He had also entered Van Hawk's territory where many people had been turned into skeletons.

“Now let's make it merrier.”

Weed pulled out a sculpture. Pulling out a sculpture in battle had two meanings. It was to either increase his stats with Sculptural Destruction or to cause a disaster.

Unfortunately for the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms, it was the second option. He commanded the desert warriors to withdraw.

It wasn't Weed's concern if the undead army, the vampires or combat slaves were involved in the disaster. He was also confident that his sculptural lifeforms level and defense was high enough for them to survive.

“I hope that they all die. Great Disaster Nature Sculpting!”

-A Masterpiece Sculpture.

A fearsome havoc will be exerted that can kill you. Even so, do you want to use the skill?

“Yes”

-You have used Great Disaster Nature Sculpting.

20 Art stats have permanently disappeared.

20,000 Health and Mana has been consumed.

All stats have been temporarily reduced by 15% for 3 days.

Affinity to Nature has fallen. Great Disaster Nature Sculpting can only be used once a day.

When a great calamity is called upon, fame or infamy can be increased depending on the damage. It is possible to die in the middle of the disaster so be careful.

There had been many disasters in the meantime but this occasion was special. It wasn't a fire, lightning strike, flood, earthquake or storm.

The proficiency of Great Disaster Nature Sculpting had risen so he could now mix two disasters together. The nature of the disaster this time was a thick darkness that caused fear and a plague.

Darkness came down and quickly covered the entire army and Jonas Castle. Suddenly nothing could be seen.

It would've been okay if this was a peaceful place to relax. But this was the battlefield where anyone could die. Arrows were in the process of being shot or enemies were fighting against each other when the darkness descended.

Chang chang!

“Aaack!”

The sound of screams and fighting could be heard in the darkness.

“We’re on the same side!”

“Who are you?”

“Embinyu Church, forever!”

“The glory of the desert will cover the continent.”

“Strike!”

“Archers, don’t fire your arrows.”

“Come to me now!”

The Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms had been entangled with the combat slaves. They were all close to the enemy.

“Nobody move!”

The knights tried to take command but it didn’t work. They couldn’t see so could only depend on their hearing. The knights couldn’t blindly swing their swords or fire arrows.

“Uaaack!”

Screams spread through the battlefield like wildfire. A few people swung their swords because they were scared by the screams and attacked their own colleagues.

‘Kill...!’

‘I need to kill in order to live.’

‘Kihihi, I don’t hate things like this. It is an opportunity. Who will know?’

Their chests started hurting as the fear rose. And some heard unknown voices.

Weed destroyed a Masterpiece sculpture of colleagues being attacked by invisible soldiers. Evil spirits were attached to the soldiers and whispered mischief. The spirits could easily effect those with weak mentality and concentration. They would become berserk or harm themselves.

An unknown plague spread quickly. The knights and priests had high

resistance but the common soldiers quickly collapsed with red spots all over their body.

“Don’t miss out on this opportunity, Undead Army!”

Van Hawk gave a majestic command. His image when commanding the undead was completely different from when he was being hit by Weed. The skeletons started shaking.

“Oh scary, scary. They think they can kill me!”

“I believed in humans. It is tough to live in this world alone.”

“That’s right, that’s right.”

“But we are already dead.”

“Ah, your words are right.”

“That’s right, that’s right.”

The skeletons weren’t as affected by the feeling of fear. They weren’t alive so their feelings were frozen. They didn’t fear plagues or death.

“My vision. Why can’t I see anything?”

“Why do you need to see?”

“Isn’t there a veil of darkness?”

“But we don’t have any eyeballs?”

“Wait a minute, let me touch... None?”

Anyway, the skeletons weren’t panicked but they still didn’t follow commands. The biggest disadvantage of the lower ranking undead was their bad intelligence.

Van Hawk ordered again.

“Skeleton archers, fire your bone arrows!”

“Shoot?”

“That’s right, that’s right.”

“Where should I shoot?”

“Wherever I feel life. Just shoot the living?”

They were frozen so they could feel the warmth and vitality of humans.

“What about our allies?”

“What does it matter?”

“Ah, yes. Hihhi.”

“Attack.”

“Anybody is fine.”

The skeleton archers pulled out bones from their bodies and fired. The bones flew up and hit the bodies of the soldiers struggling in the darkness. They didn't distinguish between the slaves, Mapon Kingdom or Beiner Kingdom. The humans tried to respond but they couldn't find the right direction in the darkness.

“My ribs are empty. There is no leg bone. Finally I have to shoot my skull.”

“Bye everyone...”

The skeleton archers that fired all the bones in their bodies were destroyed! Half of the dead bodies rose again due to Van Hawk's power. The skeleton archers attacked humans in the vicinity.

“Hihhi, this body still has a lot of bones left.”

“Die, just die.”

“That's right! That's right!”

The skeletons in the middle of the battlefield caused more confusion. In addition, the soldiers and knights were wielding swords against each other. Even the magicians and archers attacked randomly.

The slaves and undead were fighting among themselves. It was like everyone gathered on the plains were attacking each other in a fit of madness.

The sight made Weed sigh deeply.

“I think I was too short-sighted.”

He could tell how severe the damage was just from the noises. But the core of this calamity was that nothing could be seen on screen.

“I need to consider the audience!”

This would be a considerable hindrance when it came to broadcasting it. But sometimes this could stimulate the imagination instead. A tremendous amounts of casualties had already occurred among the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Merchant Gamong and Merchant Mapan!

They were the two most famous merchants in the north.

“Mapan’s trading company is the best.”

“No. It is my pleasure to be considered a symbol of the north.”

“Mapan’s company has luxury goods. I’m surprised at the level of the equipment.”

“You are the owner of Gamong’s trading company! Nobody can beat Gamong when it comes to low-cost quality goods.”

The two players compared their companies.

Mapan had invested in farms, ranches, mines, restaurants, stores, inns, smithies etc. since the early days. He greatly contributed to the growth of the Arpen Kingdom.

He had fixed contracts with many tailors and blacksmiths and constantly maintained a supply of high quality goods. It was expensive but the features were worth the price! Gamong started the period of freely trading in the north. Starting from Vent Castle, she actively helped develop trade routes between cities and villages with no strings attached. Her level was low but she was unchallenged when it came to food deals. She dragged 4 ponies and hundreds of novice beginners to trade.

“Now, let’s go! Be careful not to fall to the rear and get lost!”

-You have brought a large quantity of food to Pegi that was suffering from a poor harvest.

The stagnant population growth has been alleviated as birth rate increases by 400%.

Bring dolls that children love and a festival will take place in the village.

“I heard the story about your visit to Pegi Village. Other merchants wanted to do business with me but I was looking for Gamong. Do you have any olives?”

“Ah, thank you very much. I’ll add two more as a service. And if you are in a hurry then you can purchase it from other merchants first.”

Her wonderful reputation spread widely through the NPCs more than the users. Therefore a huge amount of NPC guests came to the outskirts of Morata to shop. Gamong also managed to open up Vent Castle and the population grew until another village was opened.

Gamong could even be found in stores in out of the way coastal villages. They were small villages with huts that would require adventurers to wander deeply in the mountains for a few days. There were tears in the village whenever Gamong discovered them.

“This is a real merchant.”

“I’m envious of her popularity. A merchant is a profession like a resident.”

“Successful trades can built intimacy and eventually you can become as famous as adventurers.”

Even other merchant users respected Gamong. It was thanks to her that starving villages disappeared from the north. Gamong played a huge role in the rapid development of the Arpen Kingdom.

“That is my target. A merchant with a keen eye and credit rather than level.”

“I will sweep away all the money in the north and then brag as the money piles up!”

Users received inspiration about how to raise their merchant character by looking at Mapan and Gamong. The arts, tailoring, adventures, elemental magic and necromancy were all taking off in the north. As people who received envy from users and were considered the representatives of the merchants, Gamong and Mapan had a fateful encounter. The Earth Palace and surrounding plains there were established in the Arpen Kingdom!

Two people who came to see the land and open a store stood facing each other.

‘Mapan-nim is the best merchant in the north. His magnificent jaw and stomach is indeed wonderful.’

Gamong was envious of Mapan. Mapan’s reputation had already been established when she started in the north.

-Mapan has a lot of money.

-Mapan is the land speculation expert.

-Mapan who doesn’t receive bribes or kickbacks.

Some people were jealous of his relationship with Weed but it was mainly his massive investments. Mapan already owned many stores when Gamong had just finished her 4 weeks in the city.

‘I am a customer who will buy goods from here later.’

The dream of being a merchant while working in a grocery store. She felt like Mapan was a fairy tale prince.

‘That triple folded neck fat is my ideal type!’

‘Ah, pretty cute...’

Mapan also had similar thoughts.

A number of complex reasons wasn’t needed when a man fell in love. It was enough if they looked good in his eyes!

Hwaryeong, Irene and Bellot. There was a wide variety of beauties around Mapan that he didn’t like. He didn’t care about overly flashy

appearances with a pretty face. If he did then he would've liked Hwaryeong or Bellot! Like a man, Mapan spoke first.

“It is a pleasure. I've heard a lot of stories. I am Mapan.”

“Ah....yes, yes! I am Gamong. Pleased to meet you.”

“Excuse me, would you like to go have a drink? I'll buy it.”

“No, I have delicious wheat porridge. Would you like some?”

Gamong pulled out a steaming packed lunch from her bag. Mapan thought this made her look even prettier.

“Tasty. Wookeok wookeok!”

Gamong and Mapan glanced into each other's eyes before quickly eating the porridge.

‘That type of neck really looks as good as I imagined.’

‘Ah, prettier the more I see her....’

This was the beginning of love.

Chapter 6: Van Hawk's Dignity

Darkness and fear swept through the battlefield.

A countless number of soldiers and knights had collapsed on the plains. He couldn't tell but he guessed that the number of dead and injured had crossed 100,000. The battle between the army and the defense had only occurred for a short time but there were casualties everywhere.

It was a situation where they unconditionally attacked without worrying if they were the enemy or defense. The complete darkness made it impossible for the priests to give treatment.

"Hmm, is it finally over?"

"It hurts, my whole body hurts."

"No. I'm scared. I want to go home."

The morale of the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms had hit the ground. They didn't know if the soldiers beside them were colleagues or not. The darkness was cleared and they stopped fighting among themselves.

"This knight dares strike me...."

"Spare me, Knight-nim."

"I didn't know it was you. Forgive me."

"Shut up! Hand me your neck."

"Huck! Please spare me life....!"

"Dammit! This knight? If I'm going to die then I will burn all of this away!"

"Ahell, why did I stab my friend from my hometown?"

"It was a mistake but I originally hated you. You married my first love so I will kill you."

Even after the darkness cleared, the bad sentiments continued. The knights took command quickly but there were still many who were undisciplined.

The battle against the slaves and undead army took place again. The skeletons in the middle of enemy territory couldn't last for long against the concentrated attacks.

The power of the Mapon Kingdom was badly damaged while the Beiner Kingdom's leaders were temporarily paralysed. The desert warriors who had retreated started approaching again while furiously shooting arrows.

The soldiers collapsed under the skilled attacks of the desert warriors. They swept through the enemy like they were monsters in the desert. They had originally been circling the outskirts of the disaster to prevent anyone from leaving. Any knights that exited would be killed. And they went back to shooting their bows. This petty and despicable method was the effect of Weed!

And the slaves were assaulted by cavalry. The battle had reached the climax.

Meanwhile, Weed used the darkness to arrive at the magician unit that called themselves Wisdom of Thunder.

He used the darkness to breach their stronghold. The magicians were shocked as they saw Weed who had already penetrated through their escorts.

"I'll tell you in advance but I personally don't have any bad feelings towards you."

"Coward!"

"That is original."

The magicians close to him died from the Undulating Flame Mark. It was sudden so they hadn't been able to deploy their magic shields.

Weed swung his sword towards a senior magician. He was a well-known magician with a level of 400.

Andre, the wind magic master was next to the king. But Weed could take Andre's life at any time. The magician was very scary but he was confident about taking care of him.

It was hard to overcome such a significant difference in level, no matter how excellent the magician. The magic would cause considerable damage but it wasn't enough to take his life.

“End of the Day!”

The Wisdom of Thunder unit tried to wipe him out with a thunder storm. As he closed in on another magician, the escort knights belatedly ran up to him.

“You are 15 years too early. Even my subordinates don't dare.”

He used the Black Knight's Strike on the escorts. He took care of the knights and magicians. The frugal life he learnt even took hold in this battle.

He pinpointed the vital spots of the magicians and knights but didn't use his full power. Weed wielded his sword with maximum efficiency in order to conserve vitality. Just one light blow would kill the enemy! The magicians tried to get away but they eventually turned into grey light.

Even the knights couldn't help feeling envious of Weed's great performance. The magicians and archers capable of long ranged attacks were brutally killed.

“Try to block him. Get rid of him no matter what it takes!”

The Beiner King became terrified and issued the command. Weed was approaching the king and nobles so they wildly looked for a place to retreat.

The Mapon Kingdom was mainly battling the slaves and undead while the Beiner Kingdom's army was kept busy by the desert warriors.

And magical attacks were focused on Weed! The magician Andre waved his hands and blades of wind would fly.

“This isn't good enough.”

According to Weed's judgement, being hit by it wouldn't be a huge hindrance to his life. His level, equipment and techniques meant he was bullying everyone. Weed moved quickly through enemy territory and the

Beiner Kingdom knights became the victims of the wind blades.

But Andre's attack was just a prelude. He had completed a spell that caused four huge whirlwinds to start appearing in the sky! Weed and 1,000 other people were damaged but Andre didn't care.

He didn't pay much attention to other human lives on the path he walked on. He was a senior noble in the Beiner Kingdom so he had the power to silence his victims.

"That looks a little bit dangerous."

Weed searched around the perimeter and found magicians before they could complete a spell. He hadn't viewed it directly but he knew a lot about magic spells through the history books.

The magic wasn't completed yet but wind was blowing arrows in crazy directions. The universal formula was that the longer a spell took to prepare, the stronger it was.

"I don't need to go that way. Phoenix's Health!"

Weed cast a spell.

This was a Sun Warrior skill obtained when crossing the desert! When under the sunlight, for 3 minutes his health wouldn't drop from any attacks. Of course, the penalty was that the recovery of his health, vitality, mana and movement speed was so slow that it was impossible to run. Simply put, it was a skill that would allow him to stand firm against any big attack.

The problem was that he could only use it once a week. Weed fought the enemy in the vicinity and waited for Andre to complete the magic spell.

"This is taking longer than giving birth. I'm sure it will be effective."

Soon the spell was completed. Heavy winds blew the bodies of soldiers into the sky. The wind lodged arrows into trees, caused soil to fly up and soldiers to drop their swords and shields.

It was possible for a sword to cut the wind but the magic power was too strong. The faster and most thorough way to catch a boss class monster

was to just magicians to carve away at their health. Weed was pushed back 100 metres from the power of the wind but he still remained calm.

“I’m going to start.”

It was like a scene from a new Hollywood blockbuster movie.

“No, I need to get out.”

“Spare me, spare me just once!”

The Beiner Kingdom soldiers and cowardly knights started pleading to Andre. In fact, a knight typically didn’t have a good relationship with magicians. Weed saw magicians busily trying to perform protection magic in order to live. And finally, whirlwinds appeared in the sky from four directions. Bows, arrows, swords, axes and clamouring men started floating into the sky. Weed wasn’t fully affected by the wind so he only floated a few metres.

“Waaaaack!”

The heavily armoured knights on horseback passed by on the left and right. And they were smashed into rocks and died. Screams could be heard from everywhere. The parties involved naturally felt a strong fear of death. The people swept away by the magic lost their fighting power.

It was like being scared when sleeping outdoors in rural areas. Weed thought about it from a different angle.

He washed things by hand for a year. And he felt much easier using a 12 year old washing machine bought at a discount store. He cleaned his clothes, towels and underwear with detergent but felt cheated when he needed to hang it on the rack.

But the station officials had given him a high-capacity laundry machine for his house. The price was more expensive, there were special motors and he could wash his duvet! The rapid rotation of the water caused boundless excitement. There was no happier feeling than turning on the washing machine on a sunny day.

“The capacity of the washing machine is important but it also needs

power.”

This wind storm was like a washing machine. Weed was scratched by the whirlwinds but his health didn't decrease at all.

-Due to the wind, durability of your cloak has decreased by 7.

The durability of his equipment had fallen but he could get the blacksmiths in Jonas Castle to repair it later.

“Cool. It is the summer so this wind should blow well.”

Relaxing while eating jajangmyeong and drinking a glass of coffee. The spell Phoenix's Health still had 1 minute and 20 seconds remaining. Maybe the spell would last longer than that but by that time, it would already be weak enough that he could handle it. The desert warriors weren't agitated or damaged by the great magic. Warrior-1 said yesterday.

“You shouldn't die in minutes. Persistently survive in tough situations.”

Warrior-2 also agreed.

“It doesn't matter if it is a poison trap or a fearsome attack from a monster.”

The desert raised their survival potential. Weed relaxed and waited for the magic to end. Once again, there was some waiting time on the battlefield. The Beiner Kingdom used that time to form dozens of layers of encirclement around him. More than 10 knights and cavalry surrounded him. The magicians were preparing to cast a spell again. Weed was the strongest human but no matter his power, he couldn't ignore the armed forces of the Beiner Kingdom.

The reason for his confidence was that he had created a sculpture of a Beiner Kingdom soldier. If he needed to then he would use Sculpture Transformation and escape.

“I'll eat well.”

The wind storm had reached its culmination. And there was an unexpected additional effect.

Weed's Undulating Flame Mark was still active.

It was an unquenchable fire that wouldn't disappear until the mana was gone. Weed's fire mingled with the wind and ended up being sucked in by it. The wind storm spread the caught flames in every direction. Flowers made of fire and fireballs blew through the air and hit the kingdoms. The fire spread uncontrollably and caused an unexpected scene of destruction among the ground troops.

"I also need to be careful of the fire. Looking at the fire... Always lock your gas valve when going to sleep."

Andre of the Beiner Kingdom collapsed as a result of the spell. The morale of the soldiers had fallen while Andre who had exhausted his mana was escorted away by the knights.

Weed stood on the ground and the undead army gave a great shout. It was closely followed by the sound of humans screaming and undead laughing.

"Hihihit."

"Kyahahahahat!"

Weed investigated the situation and found that Van Hawk was giving a great performance. Van Hawk was surrounded by Doom Knights and the Mapon Kingdom. The sword master Rohadram of the Mapon Kingdom had come out to deal with him.

"Human knight, I am Van Hawk who came back from the abyss."

"It is surprising that an undead has its sanity intact. However, I won't allow the undead to besmirch hallowed ground."

Van Hawk and Rohadram had a one-on-one confrontation.

The two who rode a ghost mount and a white horse competed. Both thrust their swords at each other. It was the wonderful scene of a close duel on horseback. Sparks flew as the swords were parried and they maintained their exquisite balance.

Van Hawk's level was higher but Rohadram was superior when it came to techniques.

The duel wasn't easily finished so Rohadram became impatient. He was the best knight of the Mapon Kingdom and was used to blowing away enemies quickly. Van Hawk skilfully parried and counterattacked, causing a serious injury while Rohadram fell from his horse. The knight was obviously defeated. The knight that came to save the Mapon Kingdom was killed so the morale of the army fell extremely low.

“Rohadram-nim was defeated... As expected, it was too much.”

“Hik, the Abyss Knight will turn us into skeletons.”

The NPC soldiers received a huge impact to their morale. Morale could increase power as high as 200% but sometimes low morale could cause them to be entirely wiped out. In fact, this didn't just apply to NPCs as sometimes human also won wars based on morale.

“Hooray Abyss Knight Van Hawk!”

“Undead Army Commander Van Hawk!”

The combat slaves and even the Embinyu fanatics gave frenzied cheers. And Weed's eyes shook slowly. While he had been suffering damage in the middle of the Beiner Kingdom's military camp, Van Hawk had been putting on a glorious performance.

“This guy made of bones, I refuse to believe in him.”

Weed was deeply grieved without being jealous. The battle wasn't over yet.

“I have to eat a lot from now on. The magicians also exhausted their mana so they are in bad shape. This is a chance for a truly outstanding performance.”

The true God of War would now descend to sweep through the enemies. Weed touched his hands to the ground.

-Vitality has been restored with the help of the Earth Goddess, Mi-ne.

He accepted the energy of the earth and quickly recovered. The regular soldiers and knights didn't dare attack him for fear of death. The moment his body was prepared!

“This is a war that can’t be won. Everybody retreat.”

“This is His Majesty’s command. Retreat to Dulmore Fortress.”

The Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms who suffered enormous damage abruptly retreated.

When the dead and wounded soldiers were added up, they lost 150,000 soldiers. That was in contrast to the desert warriors who were almost all alive and the undead that hadn’t seemed to be reduced at all.

More than half of the combat slaves had died but that didn’t have a great significance.

“No! I absolutely won’t let you retreat.”

It was easiest to raise achievements when the army was retreating. Many materials were left behind while the Mapon and Beiner Kingdom rapidly tried to escape the battlefield. The cavalry fled while the infantry threw away their shields to retreat. They weren’t concerned at all about defense while running away.

“Attack, undead troops!”

“Kuhihit!”

Abyss Knight Van Hawk led the undead army to chase them. During the battle, it was common for many Doom Knights and Death Knights to be generated. It was the best combination to cause damage to enemies when chasing.

“Spirits of the desert, let’s show the weak fellows of the continent a bitter taste!”

“Wahhhh!”

Warrior-1 drove the desert cavalry after the enemies. They shot arrows and threw their axes to literally slaughter the infantry.

“All my suffering... This can’t be!”

Weed quickly chased after the undead knights and desert warriors. However, he couldn’t catch up and stop them. Weed found a horse that

lost its owner.

“Run right now!”

The horse followed the knights.

He entered the military camp of the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms and chopped up many knights and nobles. The enemies were too busy trying to flee to fight back so a one-sided slaughter took place.

But then he heard a cry!

“Warrior-7 has captured the heir to the Beiner Kingdom!”

“Unbelievable.”

“Warrior-2 has sliced the leader of the magician unit!”

“No. That is mine!”

Weed was in an area that only contained ordinary soldiers and knights. He was in a bad mood despite gaining easy victories.

But tens of thousands of soldiers appeared on the road where the Beiner and Mapon Kingdoms were retreating.

“Are they here to support the army or were they pretending to escape to set up an ambush? Then this will be war!”

Weed’s body was still in good condition and he liked that he could continue fighting. However, the army that appeared didn’t belong to the Mapon or Beiner Kingdoms.

“Wahhh, Hestiger is back!”

“Hestiger-nim has returned after destroying Opus Castle and he has blocked those guys!”

The odious Hestiger who always had good luck follow him!

Every time Weed thought Hestiger would die, he always returned with almost no loss of troops. Weed grew during the Nodulle’s Growth quest but he wasn’t the only strong one. The NPC subordinates had grown together with him and earned great achievements in battle.

Weed had no choice but to envy the NPCs.



The Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms trying to retreat suffered a crushing defeat!

The remnants withdrew to Dulmore Fortress that had several layers of defensive magic. There was a river mixed with silver flowing through the fortress. The holy property of silver meant that the undead couldn't invade the grounds.

But only half of the troops managed to reach the fortress alive. The Beiner and Mapon Kingdoms had ordered a retreat because they were scared of Weed. He had caused great damage and overwhelmed them with his power.

"I'm still hungry despite winning so it hurts."

Weed led the army that chased them and took prisoners from nearby cities.

Civilians and soldiers were secured. The soldiers weren't much help in the war but they could be used to maintain the size of the undead troops.

The Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms had a firm military policy. Dulmore Fortress was a gateway to the capital. The southern barbarians and undead could not be allowed to pass through.

In the end, the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms abandoned half their cities.

"The military should prepare for the next battle."

The kingdoms in this warring period was just a starting battle!

The real challenge was facing the Embinyu Church. The biggest war in this era hadn't occurred yet! A war with the Embinyu Church didn't even exist in the history books. Weed gave a command to Warrior-1.

"Prepare armour and weapons for the prisoners."

The amount of prisoners this time was 100,000 people. The soldiers that tried to escape ended up surrendering.

“How is it?”

The regular residents were different from trained soldiers. There was no chance of them revolting.

“Okay. They realize that they have to face the Embinyu Church in order to survive.”

The Embinyu Church was leading a great army that surpassed imagination. Even if the best soldiers surrendered, it would be difficult to survive.



Korea University.

Lee Hye-yeon was very famous because of her brother. Weed’s little sister! People gazed at her from far away.

“I can’t believe it. Is she really orc Karichwi’s sister?”

“You have a strange orc mania but she really is Weed’s sister.”

“How can the appearance of a brother and sister be so different?”

Lee Hye-yeon was known around her university to be cute and pretty. Seniors had a crush on her even when she was simply dressed in blue jeans and a t-shirt.

“Hello, Hye-yeon. Do you have time?”

“I’m sorry. Sunbae-nim. I have a task in the library.”

“What is it? If I can help....”

“I should do it alone so that my capabilities increase. See you next time.”

She spent a lot of time in the library. She steadily attended the lectures at university, obtained A in most of her classes and received a variety of scholarships.

When she arrived at the school cafeteria, she only needed to look around once.

“Sunbae-nim!”

“Hye-yeon, do you want some of this rice?”

“Yes!”

“Do you want to have a meal together?”

“Yes, sunbae-nim!”

Her charm was deployed when it came to the school cafeteria!

“Sunbae-nim, did you learn foreign and diplomatic studies last year? I don't remember which textbook... Where can I buy it?”

“You are taking it this semester? I have the textbook.”

“Wah, thank you very much!”

Food, tuition and books were all free. She always kept a record of her schedule on her phone.

“Kim Jin-sik sunbae fed me two days ago and Ho-joon sunbae two weeks ago. This can't be missed.”

She had a special system for the seniors who bought her food. However, she didn't go to MTs or drinking parties.

“I'm sorry. I need to study.”

“You can gather people to do the assignment afterwards. It is just one drink.”

“My brother told me not to drink with men. Men are animals that absolutely can't be trusted.”

She thoroughly avoided drinking. She had heard many stories of university students so she was wary of drinking. But she also encountered a crisis.

“Why are you always rushing off? The professor is attending this time.”

The president of her association forced her.

“Hyu, this time it is hard to refuse.”

Lee Hye-yeon followed her department to a meeting at a bar. The story of her attendance had spread so many juniors and seniors were there.

“Now, drink!”

The professor handed her a beer.

In fact, drinking until the person was drunk was more common in the older generation. Nowadays, it was common to drink in moderation and finish early. Of course, there were still plenty of stories and confessions when drinking.

Lee Hye-yeon drank beer and soju. Her features when holding the cup was like a professional.

“Give me that? Sunbae seems weak to alcohol.”

“No. I’m going to drink.”

And coolly downed the shot.

“Kyah, so good.”

“H-Hae-yeon, I thought you couldn’t drink alcohol?”

“Drink? It isn’t because I can’t drink. I just think it is expensive and a waste of money.”

Successive cups of alcohol entered her mouth.

“Eat snacks while drinking.”

“I don’t like the taste of wine.”

Lee Hye-yeon strictly stuck to drinking. The professor of the department also paid attention to her.

“Hye-yeon, have you drank some alcohol before?”

“Yes, I used to play around a little when I was younger.”

“Haha, did you chew some gum as well?”

“No, I used to go drinking with my friends and chewed on razor blades.”

“.....”

Lee Hye-yeon was drinking alcohol after a long time so she felt talkative.

“I acted thoughtlessly when I was young. I drank all night and fought

with teenagers passing by.”

“You played dangerously. Hasn’t an accident ever occurred?”

“There’s nothing much. One time my friend got into a motorcycle accident and fell into a coma? Ah, that’s right! I heard she woke up some time ago and I’ve been planning to contact her. I should call her now.”

“.....”

“I played and was caught by my brother.”

“Did your brother get angry a lot?”

“Yes. The first time I broke my leg. I had a thought when lying down in a room for 3 months. I was caught and my limb broken. I couldn’t do that to my brother... My spirit has woken up since then.”

Her older brother was the one who derailed Lee Hye-yeon’s violent youth.

Chapter 7: Eternal Colleague Zahab

Geomchi, the instructors and the trainees fell into a deep anguish.

A number of people were worried in Royal Road.

‘How should I proceed with this quest?’

‘Find the mushrooms in the Yulun Mountains... It will be dangerous with my skills.’

‘What direction should I raise my attack skills in?’

A character’s growth and quests. Royal Road was like real life and had many choices. People would encounter crossroads that would cause struggle.

But the concerns of Geomchi, the instructors and the practitioners wasn’t at such a high level. They didn’t live a complicated life. If they were hungry then they ate and they fought strong opponents.

Geomchi-2 had a psychiatrist as a girlfriend but there were still things he didn’t understand.

‘Insomnia? Why can’t I sleep at night? Can’t I just close my eyes after lying down and snore?’

‘Am I stuck in a depression while hating the world? It isn’t a complete lie. I would commit suicide if I needed to roll around in a field of dog poo.’

If psychiatry was used on them then the result would be that they were suffering because of Weed.

“Teacher-nim, I’ve realized that we’ve been too lazy after seeing Weed’s adventure.”

“I am ashamed that I haven’t caught a dragon first. We have no pride as teachers.”

“I understand, Teacher-nim. This is all our fault. We didn’t properly support Teacher-nim.”

Geomchi and the instructors were upset by Weed’s adventure.

It was common sense since Weed had played Royal Road longer. In addition, he invested more into it over a long time. They praised him after he founded a kingdom but succeeding in quests with complex conditions annoyed them.

It felt like going to catch a strong monster for a quest was just a simple errand.

There was no need to distinguish between the good and bad guys. In the past, they made money during the days of poverty from the quests but now they weren't enthusiastic about it.

But...

“Weed is fighting the Chaos Dragon...hrmm.”

“He hasn't won yet Master-nim.”

“Even so, my body is itching.”

Geomchi and the students envied the thought of fighting against a dragon. They had already been melted by a dragon's breath so they knew how reckless it was. No matter how good they were with a sword, they couldn't fight a dragon. They were aware of the limitations of a swordsman in modern times and quietly raised their power.

However, now they heard that Weed had a quest that required going to the past and fighting a dragon. It was a thrilling thing.

“Dragon slayer. I was aiming for this title from the beginning.”

“Sob, I missed the chance at greater glory.”

Geomchi, the instructors and the trainees felt like they had been complacent and lazy.

“What have we been doing so far?”

“The Martial Artist Master Quest.”

“That....raising the disciples.”

Geomchi and the instructors were teaching their skills to NPC disciples. They needed to pass on their martial arts in order to pass through an

advanced dungeon.

“Swung your sword.”

“Until when?”

“All night until it seems like you are going to die. I will kill you first if you stop.”

The teachers weren't caring or understanding and became irritating when inspecting the students' skills. Nevertheless, there was a discerning selection of disciples.

They might have plenty of experience but couldn't endure the training. Talent was important but they would rather teach those who would die by the sword.

“My parents are bandits....”

“I need to be strong in order to get revenge.”

“I just want to become like Teacher-nim.”

“Do you want to join your parents?”

The disciples grew like sprouts and passed a dungeon. After that, their lives were their own.

Some joined the Arpen Kingdom as knights while others decided to wander the world as mercenaries. Some decided to switch directions from a swordsman to a merchant.

“You want to be a merchant?”

“Yes, sorry Teacher-nim.”

“No, a merchant is also a good profession.”

Geomchi-101 allowed the disciples to deviate from the path. He knew the benefits of a merchant. Merchants familiar with a sword could go hunting.

Geomchi-5's disciples were beaten too much and fled as soon as they escaped the dungeon. And they became famous bandits somewhere.

“The disciples I raised learned a few skills.”

Geomchi-3 recalled the last few days. He had taught his disciples martial arts for a month. It strengthened their skills, enhanced their body, expanded their vision and gave them superhuman health.

The skills were raised again and again over the course of the training. The skills would disappear if they didn't reach advanced level 3 within 3 months. In addition, they wouldn't be able to proceed with the Martial Artist Master Quest.

The Swordsman Master Quest could be delayed at any time. The Martial Artist one couldn't. If they made even one small mistake or failure then their master qualification would be discarded. It could be considered quite an unfair penalty.

Geomchi and his intern disciples were rather satisfied.

“Martial arts isn't the same as other professions so this treatment is appropriate.”

“Yes of course, Master-nim!”

Each one of them had their own pride and entered the mountains for 3 months. The mountains had an atmosphere where the disciples could quickly cultivate their martial arts.

They trained their skill proficiency upon the branches and animals in the forest. A variety of unique training courses were designed to train their newly acquired skills. Once their levels became higher, their combat skills would become stronger. The result of their swordsmanship also differed.

In fact, it was hard and boring for humans to swing their sword for 3 months. However, Geomchi yelled at them to swing their swords every day.

“I'm can still continue....Geomchi-505 handpicked me.”

“Why are they so tough? I just want some rest.”

During to the competition in the mountains, their swordsmanship rose at a tremendous rate. Each one of them achieved at least advanced level 9! Their bodies were completely trained and special stats and achievements

were added.

“We have just been playing around.”

Geomchi nodded heavily.

“It can’t end here if we want to save our pride.”

“Teacher-nim has the right idea.”

“Normal monsters are like chickens and can’t be compared to the strength of a dragon.”

“Yes.”

Geomchi and his disciples had already caught a variety of monsters in the north. They ran furiously through dungeons and defeated monsters, but they placed no value in it.

“We should create a group of knights.”

“That is a great idea!”

Geomchi’s thoughts weren’t sympathetic to his disciples. Being a great teacher made him feel better. Geomchi often displayed erratic behaviour and this time he spoke after thinking deeply.

“After looking at Weed’s battle, knights are the ones who fight systematically and can increase the effect by dozens of times. Winning or losing a battle can depend on the performance of the knights.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“And the fight of those children on the Central Continent is spreading.”

“Yes.”

Rumours spread that the Haven Empire was going to invade the north. The users who volunteered for the military and the Grass Porridge Cult of the Arpen Kingdom started formulating battle plans.

“We should organize a proper troop of knights and how properly show those guys. Then we can catch that bastard called Bardray.”

“Your disciples can’t keep up with Master-nim.”

“After completed a perfect victory, we will then move onto a dragon.”

“Yes, as you command.”



Weed had left the Arpen Kingdom for a long time and would be amazed when he returned.

“Won’t they perish with no king?”

“Yes, we should go back.”

If a kingdom was left unattended by the king, security would worsen due to bandits or thugs. Therefore, residents would quickly escape.

However, the security around Morata and Vargo Fortress was very good. There were a few burglars in the commerce area but there was a great revival of the economy.

Currently the Arpen Kingdom had almost extended through their entire north. Even residents living deep in the swamps or mountains were dependent on the Arpen Kingdom’s economy and culture.

Adventurers and warriors belonging to the Arpen Kingdom received requests to fight monsters. Merchants completed business deals and miners developed the mines. Residents were thankful to have work.

The Arpen Kingdom established a large army to fight against all the monsters in the northern area. The birth rate in the north miraculously increased and it wasn’t just humans living on the spacious land....

“Chwik!”

“I can build a house here. Mother chwi chwik!”

“If we buy this cave then there will be no place to lie down. Chwi chwiik!”

The orcs that came from the east by the north flourished in the north! The orcs had settled around Vargo Fortress and orc users could start there. They mainly chose appearances that resembled Karichwi.

The orcs reproduced quickly and became an iconic feature around Vargo

Fortress. The orc troops consisting of 20,000~50,000 could face any tough monsters.

They didn't conquer the inside of dungeons but there were no large scale monsters wandering around the mountains. The orcs migrated to the far mountains. And the orcs continued building houses around Vargo Fortress.

“This deer leg tastes chwi chwit delicious. Chwik!”

The orcs didn't burn it over fire and liked the taste of blood flowing from the leg. Plenty of users liked the wild life of the orcs. And the fortress was overflowing with orcs.

“Get out of the way. Chwi chwit!”

“Chwi chwit I was first!”

The orc leaving the fortress clogged the roads like workers commuting during rush hour. One orc user led a minimum of 100 baby orcs out of the fortress.

“This fat pig chuchik!”

“That orc is ugly chuchichik!”

Orc users lived separately from each other in order to hunt and seek food. It was easy for the orcs to be comfortable in the fortress. They purchased bad food from merchants and used it to raise their children.

The occasional passer-by could watch a cute orc baby one day only to have it grow 2 metres and 30 centimetres the next day. The orc families formed a large force and could go to larger hunting grounds to face stronger monsters.

The dream of an orc user was to become an extremely strong orc warrior. Eventually they would lead a tribe containing tens of thousands of orcs.

“Leave for undeveloped land, chwi chwi chwik!”

Orcs and their children discarded their stable hunting grounds and good to look for remote areas in the north.

In fact, high level orcs didn't necessarily prefer life and death adventures. But it could be difficult to settle a tribe consisting of thousands of orcs. Due to the nature of an orc, they could only establish a habitat quickly with strong forces.

The orcs left Vargo Fortress to find more dangerous areas and many orc villages quickly formed in the Arpen Kingdom.

But the internal affairs of the Arpen Kingdom was solid.

"I've never seen that road before."

"Yes, it was made by an architect."

"Did a bridge always connect that river?"

"I don't know. It wasn't there a few days ago."

"Let's adventure further north. I know a good hunting ground and ruins."

"Is there a supplies plan?"

"Before there was nothing in the wilderness but now there is a city."

A colossal civil construction project!

Now the Grand Buildings were only local events. Every city had a population of humans, dwarves, orcs, avians and barbarians so there was an unthinkable development.

"How is all of this possible with our taxes?"

"Then all this is the king's money?"

"I don't know but the Arts Centre possesses at least 890,00 works of art."

"There is also an operation to restore Mordred, the capital of the Niflheim Empire."

"Villages are also being built by the ceramists."

"It really makes no sense."

"I'm glad that we live in the north. We never would've been able to see it

change so quickly if we hadn't."

It was determined that the prestigious guilds were the losers in the Central Continent and that the Haven Empire would invade the north. The prestigious guilds didn't dare try to become lords in the north. The users and residents unconditionally protected the Arpen Kingdom. If anyone tried to build an independent village in the north then the residents and users would wage a vicious war of aggression.

In fact, there practical reasons for the Arpen Kingdom to forget about the Haven Empire for the moment and just devoted themselves to trade and hunting.

The quality and quantities of the users kept on increasing. The tax income of the Arpen Kingdom was very large but it was difficult to afford the expenditure.

In fact, all of this was due to the combined effort of the users. Merchants sold grains to farmers that they then planted. Miners dug out silver, gold, iron etc. Adventurers explored ruins and unearthed antiques and treasures. Tailors and blacksmiths became busy as orders kept on increasing. The beginner avians that had no money willingly pulled out their own hair to be sold. No matter how many feathers were pulled out, they would just grow back again.

And all the taxes were gathered at the capital of the Arpen Kingdom to be distributed. It barely changed after Weed had become king.

"Be careful of aides or family ties in politics."

Deceit still existed in an era like this. Therefore Goldman, Yellowy, Bingryong and the wyverns monopolized the positions of power in the kingdom. They were silent in front of the dictator but exercised their rights when Weed was absent.

"Gol gol gol, gold is gold!"

Goldman received the tax money and invested it in different areas.

"Money shouldn't rest. Gol gol!"

He didn't deposit it in any savings and made immediately investments! Goldman permitted the important development projects in the north.

Areas like great architecture, urban road construction and expansion, military establishment, large granary and mine development were all worked on.

Money was generously poured into these projects.

"The money remaining in the kingdom is 0, gol gol gol. I worked hard today gol gol."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed harnessed the Mapon and Beiner cities around Jonas Castle.

The Embinyu Church was approaching so he was running out of time.

"But we are the good guys."

"....."

"Things like compassion and generosity isn't useless. All of this... We unconditionally destroyed cities and killed civilians. We also have prisoners of war. There is no justification for it."

Warrior-1 still hadn't been corrupted by the evil mentality and desire to destroy.

"Aren't these actions really bad?"

"It is in order to deal with the upcoming large battle. The entire continent is in danger of being subjugated by the Embinyu Church. This is a sign to save the world but it is too hard without your cooperation. If you fear small sacrifices then you can't protect the peace."

"I understand."

Weed used saving the world to scam the warriors! His subordinates had absolute loyalty so they would believe in anything. Weed destroyed the infrastructure of the cities in order to damage the Haven Empire.

"I like this a lot."

Funes was the capital of the Beiner Kingdom. The canals resulted in a

city with a beautiful view. Boats rode around the canals for a picturesque and beautiful scenery. The city still existed in the Haven Empire but the scale of it was a little smaller.

“Living in a village in this place would be nice.”

He could relax and enjoy life.

“There is no doubt that the value of this land would climb in the future.”

A craftsman asked the commander.

“I think this is a beautiful city....should we really let the soldiers loot it?”

“Block off the canals with stone and dirt.”

“Then all the water will overflow and be lost.”

“Exactly. That is my aim.”

Weed was unmatched when it came to planning wickedness!

This was an unexpected side effect of what he studied in school. He would read maths and English books at night before closing his eyes because he was sleepy. However, his eyes cleared of the fog when he thought of bad things. All his sleepiness fled and curiosity burned inside him. Thinking of bad actions increased his concentration and enhanced his imagination!

“Break the large buildings in the city. Built a large statue in the middle.”

“Yes, I understand.”

He forced the residents and artists to build a bronze statue up to 65 metres. A statue of a bald Weed holding his thumb upside down! It was a work that celebrated the tyrant Weed.

“My mood will climb when thinking of this.”

Weed didn't care about angering the Hermes Guild now. He had already shattered the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms so there was no restoring their relationship.

“Over time, this bronze statue might remain in the city and I can see it at a later date.”

He had plundered so many riches that there was no place to put them. Necessary things were snatched and battle equipment used. Trading with merchants for combat supplies weren't necessary anymore as they looted most of it.

The most emphasis was placed on forced conscription. A training centre for the soldiers was opened at Jonas Castle. The young men trained with swords and shields.

“You need to fight the Embinyu Church in order to survive.”

The residents were used to increase the headcount of the soldiers.

“Let go of my father. My mother is sad.”

A pretty, nine year old child grabbed a soldier's leg and begged for her father to be returned. A pretty woman wailed from behind. She was the wife of a man forced into conscription.

The scene that Weed passed by was enough to touch the heart.

“Attendant.”

“Yes.”

“Bring that child over here.”

The soldiers caught the child and dragged her over. The soldiers had become cruel after so much looting.

Weed said in a friendly tone.

“Child.”

“Please save my father.”

“The world is at risk so I can't accept your request.”

“Give me back my father.”

“Your father is fighting with us for world peace.”

“No, you are a bad person.”

Weed was notorious throughout most of the continent. The Embinyu Church did bad things but they were hidden actions. Weed was a brave

warrior with the task of saving the world.

“I am like a lonely hero in the movie who is always misunderstood by the people around me. I suppose this is evidence of that.”

“You are just like fungus.”

“Yes, I understand little girl.”

“Gleaming baldy.”

“This is evidence that I’ve lived my life with frugality.”

He had unshakable spiritual strength.

The Embinyu Church was still quite far away because their advance was slower than expected. They didn’t want to arrive until the tower was completed and the Chaos Dragon summoned. This was the decision of the high priests.

The fanatics fell asleep in broad daylight. Then they would secretly march through the mountains and forests in the middle of the night. In the evening, Weed could see the videos about them and calculated that they would arrive in approximately 16 days.

Another reason was that they avoided going straight through cities and villages. The Embinyu Church captured troops defeated by Weed and turned them into fanatics.

“There is quite a variety of choices.”

Thanks to that, Weed had time to prepare for the war. This was a different time zone so there were a large number of the variables that could affect the fight. The power of the Embinyu Church was enough to dominate the entire continent.

But Weed and his subordinates’ abilities were also strong. They could compete to become the strongest power on the continent.

“The Embinyu Church is approaching to cooperate with us.”

“Rubbish! Their army is coming to make a blasphemy of the Atrock Temple.”

Weed sent troops to the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms to ask for cooperation against the Embinyu Church. He wanted to coerce some priests to face the advancing army. Weed led the troops directly to the Atrock Church in the Beiner Kingdom.

“I am fighting against the Embinyu Church.”

“Don’t try to lie. We know that you are leaving the desert to occupy a fertile land.”

The volatile atmosphere around the Atrock Temple indicated that it would soon be a battle. His infamy had risen due to the repeated conquest war.

The temple had combat priests that were very brilliant at battle. Of course, Weed and the desert warriors didn’t want to start a fight.

“It isn’t a lie. I have received the blessing of Atrock. That’s why we should fight together!”

Weed shouted within Atrock’s Temple.

-Your absolute charisma has overwhelmed the army.

Leadership has strengthened and they will listen to any command.

The soldiers have become full of courage. They won’t feel fear under any circumstances.

The soldiers will become calm without falling into chaos.

The high loyalty means that betrayal or defection on the battlefield won’t occur.

The soldiers’ experience will greatly increase after battle.

Atrock’s Cry wasn’t a skill he learnt but a blessing received by the god.

“That person has God’s blessing... The Embinyu Church is our enemy as well. We will fight together.”

The situation was reversed in an instant and he could obtain the cooperation of the priests of the Atrock Church. He used this method to gain support from the paladins and priests of the 7 large religions like Tyr,

Mi-ne, Freya and Lugh.

There were other kingdoms but they were too far away so he didn't ask them for help. He also failed to enter to pass through Dulmore Fortress to reach the capital of the Beiner Kingdom. Therefore he concentrated on gathering other people.

The patron god of the barbarians. He headed to the temple and recruited 200 barbarians who were decent warriors! The defensive capabilities could be comparable to the desert warriors. They were useful in battle even if they couldn't gain any large achievements.

The Hagar Church dealt in lightning magic. Weed had discovered traces of the Hagar at Montvertruria. Excellent magicians had built the church themselves but only existed in the warring period before disappearing shortly afterwards.

The Hagar Church ran to join him as soon as he arrived.

“God Hagar has told us to fight along with you.”

“Eh? What is this?”

“The Hagar cannot be excluded from going to fight the Embinyu Church.”

They cooperated in order to raise their reputation. This choice might cause their destruction to come faster.

And Weed had a really unexpected visitor.

When looking at the date, it had been a long time since he arrived on the Versailles Continent in the past.

Zahab the sculpting master visited the camp on horseback.

“After we parted at Portu Castle, I heard rumours that you were alive and came to confirm it.”

“I'm glad that Zahab-nim is still alive.”

Weed hadn't expected to see Zahab again.

He had already been quite old even in the original time. After spending

22 years on the Versailles Continent in the past, his hair had turned completely white. But his eyes were still clear and his physique sturdy.

“A tremendous change seems to have happened as you are now leading a great army.”

Weed was far inferior to him in the past but now Zahab couldn't even defeat him.

“I roamed around the world after escaping with you. I feel like this world is really terrible.”

“In what way?”

“The definition of justice is ignored in this era. I wanted to fight to correct this but realized the limits of my strength. I was too weak to freely help others.”

Zahab was extremely strong but he was invincible in the warring period. All the kingdoms had above average military power. If he touched the wrong army then even a sword master would have his throat cut.

“I collected many talented people and taught them swordsmanship and sculpting.”

“Ah, I can see that.”

“There are 100 people but their skills aren't as reliable as yours.”

Weed thought it was a waste and would rather just teach sculpting. But having Zahab's group join without do any harm.

Weed said in a complex voice. It was his typically voice when trying to flatter someone.

“In fact, I have something to tell you.”

“What is it?”

“I tried not to let other people know this but... I believe I can tell Zahab-nim. Did you know that the Embinyu Church is even hiding in this world?”

“What?”

Zahab was a genuine man. He didn't forget his first love Queen Evane for his entire life. Apart from that, he only cared about the sword and art. This type of human was the easiest to target.

"The Embinyu Church right now is much mightier. It can't even be compared to the future. So I am preparing for a war to stop the Embinyu Church."

It was a typical pattern when bragging about what a great guy he was!

"Think about Queen Evane who you always longed for. The lonely queen protected her land from the Embinyu Church by herself. I won't hold it against Zahab-nim if you say no, but... Do you want to fight with me?"

Weed reached out hand to Zahab. If he refused then Zahab would've abandon his first love Queen Evane for a comfortable life. As expected, Zahab grabbed his hand vigorously.

"I'm willing to fight."

The bald Weed laughed. He would make the old man Zahab work until his spinal cord was removed.

Chapter 8: Python Going to the North

The blacksmiths at Jonas Castle decided to process the leather and horns of the Fire Salamander King.

“If I don’t make it with my own hands then I will spend my whole life regretting it.”

“There is no need to hand it over after we complete it.”

“I would rather hide or dispose of it than hand it over to a villain.”

They might have ulterior motives but the dwarves sincerely worked on it. The horns of the Fire Salamander King were as hard as a diamond so they were difficult to dent. “I didn’t realize something this hard existed.”

“Morul Hand, you will only start to know it from now on.”

“Yes! Dwarves can’t give up so easily.”

The dwarves encountered some difficulties. They were so focused on the horns that they forgot about Weed. The humans worked on the leather. They tried to use sharp swords to cut up the leather.

Swords had an effect on it but magic was no use. The leather would simply absorb the magic and become cold.

“Even loosely cutting it has produced a perfect piece. The armour made from this leather would outperform any equipment by a dozen times.”

“The smooth texture is good and there is magic defense. Isn’t it possible for us to wear this to hunt monsters?”

The tailors could imagine facing strong monsters with armour made from this leather. They would be astonished if they knew that Weed could hunt such monsters with his own ability. Weed would use the leather and horns to fight against the Beiner Kingdom and their allies. The residents devoted themselves to the sword and armour. The goods weren’t specifically made to damage the Beiner Kingdom due to the war with the Embinyu Church in the future.

“What is the Embinyu Church?”

“I don’t know. But they seem to be a group trying to destroy this world. And he is a warrior trying to save the world.”

“Do you believe that?”

“The goddess Hestia showed up in my dream and told me everything.”

“The dream of a dwarf is real.”

Weed had a special bond with Hestia, the Goddess of the Forge.

A grand building, Hestia’s Forge was built in Morata and he made a considerable donation to the church. Hestia existed in this time and unexpectedly had many followers.

Magicians with faith would go to school to learn fire magic. The Blacksmith God was in charge of minerals rather than fire so not all dwarves worshipped him. Some didn’t care about the gods and just drank beer heartily and slept while snoring. Only heroes in the world would receive the attention of the gods.

Hestia helped Weed a little bit. The dwarves needed a way to work the horns from the Fire Salamander King.

“This processing method isn’t working. There isn’t one scratch.”

“Should we leave the circular handle attached like that?”

“A length is beyond 5 metres... It will be big and beautiful but handling it might be inconvenient.”

“Somehow we need to process this properly. The pride of the dwarves is hanging on this.”

The 100 blacksmiths at Jonas Castle were stuck. In fact, they had only previously handled iron so they were apprehensive about it. The form or length of a sword didn’t really matter to a sword master. They could basically beat small opponents with just their power. If he took advantage of Sculptural Transformation to turn into an ogre then his physical power and agility would be sufficient. Sculptural Destruction could also be used to handle the horns.

However, the dwarven blacksmiths had their own pride and wouldn’t

give up. They used numerous methods but couldn't physically cut or break it.

"The last resort is to place it in the furnace."

"Are you sure? If it melts then we'll have to discard it..."

"This level of strength won't melt it. Do you see any other way to try?"

"Let's just give it a little try!"

There was a long horn in the middle and two small ones on the side. The dwarven blacksmiths placed a small horn in the furnace as a test.

"It is starting. Remove it immediately if there is some type of accident. Hmmm, it seems to be working well."

"Now I'm starting."

However, there was little reaction from the horn.

"Morul Hand, this seems to be too weak so raise the power of the fire."

Wood was tossed on the hearth to enhance the power of the fire. And there was a change in the furnace. The horn of the Fire Salamander King glowed with a white light and started eating the flames.

"Is this something?"

"I don't know. Continue lighting the fire!"

The furnace had been turned off due to the horn absorbing the fire. The dwarves continued stoking a new fire. But no matter how big and strong the fire was, it was soon gone. The dwarves were immersed in the work and continued lighting the fire until it was finished.

By the time Weed came to Jonas Castle, the tailors and blacksmiths were almost like corpses.

"The things?"

"Here."

The humans handed over the leather armour first. The material was leather but the structure was as solid as steel armour. The red leather was

soft and warm to touch. It also wasn't heavy as it was light in his hands.

“Um.”

Weed was satisfied in his heart. It felt like choosing clothes at a luxury department store!

But he still needed to check the quality of the clothes even if it came from a luxury brand. But his eyes didn't notice any shortcomings in the armour.

Weed used his Sewing skill but couldn't find any faults. The buttons were made from gold clam shells and there was no lint on it. But Weed didn't show any satisfaction on his face. The tailors seemed to notice and said.

“The pattern of the leather will be revealed with heat.”

“Hrmm, is that so?”

Weed decided to check the information of the armour. If there was something wrong then the tailors would be dead immediately.

“Inspect!”

-Majestic Leather Armour for a Conqueror:

Durability 189/189

Defense 195

An armour made from the leather of the Fire Salamander King that the tailors of Jonas Castle risked their lives to sew.

The finest armour created in the warring period. It was made with far too precious materials and lined with natural linen so that it won't touch the body. Specially tailor made, only those qualified can wear it.

Restrictions: Level 790, have a status comparable to a king.

Options:

Fire resistance 89%

Minimize physical damage from all weapons by 91%.

Strength +130.

Additional 31% agility.

22% increase in maximum health and mana.

The best charisma and dignity.

Arrows won't pierce it. High magic protection.

Ability to deal with fire +3.

Increased mana recovery speed when the wearer has a fire associated profession.

67% of the mana used will be reclaimed.

Defeats the darkness.

“Hrmm.”

There was no need to talk about how impressed he was with the armour. Weed already had absurd combat capabilities and defense so they were just like extra wings. In particular, he had never worn tailored clothes since middle school. Weed could take advantage of the armour when activating fire skills in battle. Then the armour would reveal a glamorous and elegant pattern. Even if he had no interest in the options, he would feel better while wearing such good looking armour.

“This is worthwhile. Good work.”

“Thank you.”

“Attendant, reward these people.”

“How much?”

Weed felt good so he only hesitated for a moment. Then he said in a small voice.

“Give them 200 gold.”

“Yes!”

His stingy spirit was unwillingly to part with more for the labour cost despite the sweat shed and effort. The tailors were just glad they could

keep their lives and didn't complain. His overwhelming dignity and infamy meant they naturally accepted it. He had already gained the most infamy on the continent that no human could compete with him. Weed wore the majestic leather armour. The shiny bald head and fierce eyes gave him a cruel and vile impression. But the clothes suited him well.

“Then let me see what you made.”

This time it was the dwarves' turn. He had high expectations for the dwarves so he would kill them all if it wasn't met.

“We...hrmm, you should see it directly rather than with words.”

Morul Hand took out three unusual looking swords. The swords were made to be connected with each other in accordance to Weed's command. The hand of the dwarves trembled as they handed it over.

‘It looks fine.’

The colours seemed normal on the surface. It shone with colourful hues in the sunlight. The sword that seemed to be made of a black diamond chunk had a clear lustre. The dwarves explained the work.

“We were able to process it once it absorbed ultra-high heat. Of course, it wasn't easy to be shaped with a hammer. The strength required gradually went down as the flames were amplified. We managed to reduce it to the form of the current sword now. It was impossible without a lot of power so us dwarves drained ourselves.”

The secret to processing the horns of the Fire Salamander King as to apply heat. The explanation from Morul Hand was brief but it couldn't express the amount of effort the dwarves put into it.

Despite the sweat, elbow grease, innate arm strength and the natural blacksmithing skill of the dwarves, they were barely able to change the shape of the horns. It required at least 2,000 hammers to shape it into a sword. It was a work created by the combined efforts of the blacksmiths!

“Ah, it was like that.”

Weed had many thoughts after listening to Morul Hand's words. If he

didn't like the work then the dwarf's words would just confirm it.

"Inspect!"

-Appraisal has failed.

It had to be an excellent weapon if inspection had failed. Usually there was magic hidden if Inspect failed.

Only good magicians could release the seal. Normally he checked usual items so it was rare that Inspect would fail. It sometimes happened when identifying unique items. Weed's mouth became thin.

"Inspect!"

-Extermination Sword:

Durability 204/204

Attack 175~226

The sword made from the horns of the Fire Salamander King. The dwarven blacksmiths processed the sword using the essence of fire.

A beautiful sword that could be considered a treasure of the continent. Anyone can use this sword but only the right owner can exert its full ability.

Restrictions:

Level 815 or more.

100% resistance to fire.

Strength 2,000.

Ate the Heart of the Fire Salamander King.

Artistic Value: 5,386

Options:

Very light.

Tiredness won't be felt when swinging the sword.

Strength +20%. Art +155.

Fame will increase to the maximum level in battle.

Very strong immunity to curses that weaken weapons. Repair is not possible. Durability won't decrease unless it meets a weapon with a stronger, opposite attribute.

Due to the fire attribute, there is a chance to melt the enemy's weapons and armour and can also cause 'burn' when touching the skin.

When fire resistance is less than 20%, there is a 100% chance of being burned by fire. The range of fire based attacks will be extended by 3 times.

The power of fire will be 100% amplified.

“Well!”

Weed confirmed the contents a few times. It was like a person who won the lottery looking at the numbers on the piece of paper again.

He really wanted to fight something after seeing this weapon. It was like giving the best football shoes to a barefoot football player. There was a level limit so Weed could barely use it.

Then he had a thought.

‘This weapon will disappear when I return to my original world. I will use it to my heart's content in the meantime.’

Weed's face suddenly hardened! His eyes trembled and his mouth thinned.

“The light is deceptive.”

The dwarves were now so frightened that they didn't dare move.

“Attendant.”

“Yes!”

“Give the dwarves 30 gold.”

The dwarves didn't even rest properly at night in order to make the best weapon and only received 30 gold in return.

It was at that moment that Weed became even more infamous. The

march of the Embinyu Church! Weed knew they were approaching so he assembled the captured soldiers from the nobles that surrendered in front of Jonas Castle. The soldiers that were forced to conscript increased the army to 650,000 people. Weed and the desert warriors had overwhelming skills but the rest of the soldiers also weren't ordinary. This was the warring period so the soldiers and nobles had a higher than normal level. The conscripts on the battlefield had some capabilities but he couldn't expect a lot from them. In addition, there were 300,000 soldiers that could only hold a sword.

“They are prey that I will throw towards the Embinyu Church.”

Weed planned for himself and the desert warriors to play a key role in the war. He would conduct the strong, armed forces.

So he was willing to throw the victims into the fray. He had also demonstrated the efficiency during the previous battles.

“But it won't hold out long.”

Weed looked down at the plains from the archer's tower in Jonas Castle.

Despite the fact that a huge 650,000 troops were gathered, everyone was nervous and frightened. The citizens' training wasn't high and morale wasn't good because they were forced to become soldiers. It was unclear how long they would endure once the Embinyu Church started using witchcraft, brainwashing, confusion and other curses.

Weed viewed the current army like cheap junk food.

“They should at least make the magicians consume their mana before collapsing. Having a large number of troops isn't always good. If they do something wrong then the desert army will catch their ankles.”

He didn't plan to use the walls of Jonas Castle against the Embinyu Church. He had found a much better place to fight. The Mapon and Beiner armies had retreated to Dulmore Fortress! Then the day after tomorrow, the Dulmore Fortress would encounter the Embinyu Church.

It was natural for the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms to be drawn into combat. It was a plan that would take care of the Embinyu Church and

two kingdoms at the same time.

“This strategy is good.”

Weed was perfectly satisfied with his plan. War heroes in the past would've probably had a similar plan. A sneaky and wicked operation that succeeded would be enough to cause admiring glances. In particular, it would be best if the Embinyu Church thoroughly smashed the Beiner and Mapon Kingdoms.

“Everybody move.”

Weed ordered the army to march towards Dulmore Fortress. There was no end to the number of supply wagons.

They contained all the loot and supplies plundered. The humans and dwarves in Jonas Castle watched the troops leaving.

“It is good that we are alive.”

“Yes, his infamy might be high but that human kept his promise.

They were just praising Weed when white smoke rose from Jonas Castle.

“Fire!”

“The castle is on fire!”

Flames rose out the windows of Jonas Castle. The flames spread quickly and soon the entire castle was engulfed in fire. The fire also broke out in the city around it.

“Bring water to put out the fire!”

“No. The wells have been blocked!”

The fire spread through the entire city. Weed had made sure to clean it up.



Tailor Drago.

Doll eyes, buttons, clothes etc. He finished every new stage of the Master Quest successfully.

“A white wedding dress... It is necessary for a tailor to tackle this challenge.”

The most beautiful bridal dress. It was good to achieve fame as a tailor. The Central Continent was engulfed in a fierce war so sewing related occupations were very common.

Wealthy merchants and nobles came to request dresses for royal parties. Making dresses for high ranking nobles had a lot of benefits. Drago was already experienced with making many different types of dresses.

“I need to make a dress that will reach the climax of pure beauty.”

The finest cloths were brought to Morata and modified at a nearby smithy.

“Attach these crystals to the clothes.”

In the past, he received a huge quest to attach 10,000 crystals to a dress. He focused while sewing each piece to the cloth with stitches. He had many feelings as a tailor.

“I became a tailor in vain.”

Drago thought this occupation was seriously broken. In addition to the Master Quest, he couldn't relax due to other orders. Cadmus was his competitor in the north but he still needed to steadily provide high level users with leather armour, boots, etc.



The land of the farmer Miretas was enough to occupy a huge 3% of the Arpen Kingdom. He achieved a tremendous harvest and continued to invest in and buy land. Grains were grown on spacious, flat land and herbs on the hills and mountains.

The farmer Miretas had the nickname of Golden Hands because any seeds he planted would grow into huge money. But these days, Miretas's waist seemed to be broken.

“There seems to be no end to this farming.”

So far digging the gravel and rocks to create a granary was good but he

needed to manage a large area. For example, he needed to make a reservoir that connected to the farmland in case of a drought. He also needed to keep a lookout for swarms of locusts. Miretas knew how much work was involved in ripening just one piece of grain.

“There is no time. I can’t do anything outside of farming.”

The first mission of a farmer was to prevent hunger.

Food production was essential for a place like the Arpen Kingdom that had a quick growth. Lack of food would cause the price of food to rise and population would stop increasing. Disrupting the food supply would cause a setback to areas like trading, adventuring, economic development and technological development.

Miretas needed to continue cultivating the land to feed the exploding growth of the population. He also owned rice paddies and bulk purchased cattle from Morata. When the time came for the Haven Empire to invade, there would be enough food to ensure that no one would starve in battle.



The warrior Python. He had become stronger after conquering the monsters in Averian Forest. It was broadcasted and his popularity rose but he had thoughts about the wider world.

“I can’t just continue catching more monsters.”

There were senior monsters inside dungeons that could use spells like anaesthesia, fainting, confusion, stun etc. so it was impossible to win against them alone. Python realized the limitations of fighting alone.

It was no joke as he watched the broadcast of Weed and the desert warriors rising about level 400. Python’s chest started burning as he watched them risk their lives during the growth quest.

“I need to explore more places to discover the meaning of a warrior.”

Python was also part of a prestigious guild with tons of friends. In fact, back in the day he had joined a social guild but they had disappeared due to the war in the Central Continent. He was a warrior seeking a place to

fight. This time he decided to go to the north. It felt good to walk the path to the north as a warrior.

“I think that many people will recognize me due to the broadcast. I shouldn't wear armour and my sword in the city and should hide my face.

Python wore a straw hat on his head and wore tourist attire. And he rode a wild horse towards the north.

Call of the Wild Horse! It was a somewhat unusual skill that allowed him to catch and ride wild horses.

As he passed through the Central Continent to the north, he saw many scenes of devastation caused by Draymond's resurrected legion. Cities were left in ruins and many residents were migrating.

“If you go a little further then you will arrive in the Northern Continent.”

Unlike what he expected, Python didn't encounter many monsters while heading to the north but saw countless merchants travelling back and forth. There were horse drawn carriages that contained 30~100 people.

“Unlike the rumours, the north is very productive and requires many things.” The reality was somewhat different from Python's thoughts. In the past, merchants had sold imported goods from the Central Continent to the north. Trading was accomplished and increased due to the number of beginners.

The Central Continent was engulfed in war so now many beginners of Royal Road started in the north.

From a merchant's point of view, there were greater benefit in the north so they travelled there from the Central Continent.

In the Central Continent, they could sleep in the square all day and might sell a few things if they were lucky. But in the large cities in the north like Morata, there was no need to wait in the squares and could see things near the gates.

There was a demand for intermediate products and luxury goods.

In the past, there was a huge consumption and a market was born.

However, the north was also starting investigations, terrain exploration and mining development. Although Hestia's Forge and other Grand Buildings were created, there was a temporary lack of materials because of the distance.

The north's internal trade started expanding.

"When looking at the economics and technology, there is no end to the north's growth."

"The population doesn't match the reported statistics. I only came once and unconditionally sold everything. There is no need to talk in this situation."

"The orc merchants in the area is a joke. They are selling it for 10 times the market prices so won't it be easy to sell for a good price?"

The merchants headed to the north to chase their dreams.

"The Hemir River is coming up... Is there a way to go around it?"

Python pondered for a moment while looking at the map he purchased. The easiest solution was to swim against the river. But he would have to let the wild horse go and start walking.

While he was being distressed, the merchants just headed straight toward Hemir River. There were also merchants with empty carriages coming from the opposite side so something was strange.

"Are there boats that will cross the river?"

There wasn't a city around here.... Anyway, he was glad. But when Python arrived at Hemir River, there was an immensely long bridge crossing both sides. The width was at least 3 kilometres and built with sturdy stone.

"Unbelievable! Is it possible to create such a bridge?"

Python became numb after seeing the grandeur of the stone bridge.

Stone was often used as a building material but the limitations of it were clear. The heavy volume meant it was almost impossible to use in large buildings. Furthermore, the bridge wasn't just created from stone.

It was flattened and finely inscribed with images. The pillars were carved with phoenixes, bulls and the northern cities. The centre of the bridge was built high enough that cruise ships and fishing boats could comfortably pass underneath.

Python rode the wild horse towards the bridge and saw sentences engraved at regular intervals.

-Welcome to the North. Come to Trivan Village and see our engineers! Transportation to the core of the north, Morata is free.

-Keatu will distribute land that needs to be cultivated for free. Come at once if you want to dig at the land. Shovels will also be given for free.

-Special packages will be given for travellers who want to explore cities in the north. Taste the representative grass porridge of each region!

Phrases were written to promote cities and villages in the north to travellers. The name of the users who carried the stones were carved on the top.

“This bridge can’t be built alone... How many rocks were required to build just one bridge?”

Python continued staring blankly at the outrageous bridge.

“Tsk tsk, it must be the first time that horseman has come to the north.”

“Yes. There have been many who stood and stared at the bridge.”

“It still isn’t over. Isn’t this a symbol of the ideology of the north? There are days when hundreds of people just stand around.”

Merchants spoke as they hurriedly pulled the carriages past.

It was common for users to look up as they entered cities in Royal Road. But Weed started a culture of wearing simple tourist clothes when travelling around the north.

Initially high level users headed to Morata but it was impossible to compare them to Weed. In addition, there was a surprising number of high level users and warriors quietly adventuring in the north.

Dark Gamers drank at the cheapest tavern. The Dark Gamers that came to the north experienced an unexpected prosperity at the hunting grounds. There was a never ending list of requests that involved things like ruins exploration, treasure excavation and helping the public.

A considerable amount of beginners also struggled in the north. Level 60 or so. They were overconfident about their abilities. It felt great when stats like strength and speed rose.

The dispute in the Central Continent also caused magicians around level 420 to head to the north.

Therefore, these days the users didn't dare attack any travellers wearing ordinary clothes. Because they could be high level users. Of course, there were ways to tell if they looked closely at the boots, cloak, rings, necklaces etc.

In Python's case, he was carrying a large sword and riding on the back of a wild horse so people soon discovered he wasn't a beginner.

"I've never seen a bridge like this while wandering around the Central Continent."

Python crossed the bridge on horseback. The bridge was wide enough that there was plenty of room for carriages to pass in both directions.

"Wow, this is the Northern Continent!"

"Is Morata beyond here?"

"No, you have to go further. How wide is the north?"

"I want to go quickly."

"Run!"

The users coming from the Central Continent continued making a fuss. They were heading towards the north in anticipation of a new life.

Merchants could be seen enjoying the scenery in the middle of the bridge. And after crossing the bridge, Python finally learned the name of the bridge.

-Grand Building, Sturdy Stone Bridge!

It is common to take the long way around rivers, lakes, cliffs etc. This stone bridge can relieve the fatigue and suffering of travellers.

Earthquakes and flooding will never break it.

Built by the architect Keio and the power of the northern users.

Grand Buildings that were hard to find in the Central Continent!

The culture and economy of the Central Continent was originally developed so the Grand Buildings were already built. However, many were destroyed due to the wars. When the owner of a castle changed due to the siege, there were many cases where the defensive areas were destroyed.

Architect was the most envied occupation in the Arpen Kingdom. Architects could make a name for themselves through Grand Buildings, especially if the work involved thousands of users.

There were 6 Grand Buildings that were bridges in the north.

The Arpen Kingdom gathered the money in order to create Grand Buildings. The buildings weren't just a financial waste as they were important resources for the north.

Users hunted, adventured, took part in production and erected Grand Buildings. The connecting bridges helped spread the culture and technology of each region. Now it was the lifeblood of the north.

"For the name of a Grand Building to be Sturdy Stone Bridge, this is a truly fun place."

Python crossed the stone bridge and entered the north.

-You have crossed the Sturdy Stone Bridge.

Fatigue is reduced and vitality has recovered by 80%.

Endurance has permanently increased by 3.

Agility has permanently increased by 1.

Luck has permanently increased by 2.

The chances of a disaster occurring while adventuring will be reduced by 41%.

Any discoveries while adventuring will increase fame by 35. If no other people in the north has discovered it then it can be reported.

“Ohh, there is also this effect!”

He had dedicated himself to hunting in the Averian Forest so he wasn't aware of matters in the north. Now he received a real surprise.

Gone were the days where there were no users in the north. It was an era of prosperity for the north.

Chapter 9: Embinyu Army

“Life is like a garlic. No matter how close, it is too spicy.”

Weed nodded as he convinced himself.

He was leading his troops towards Dulmore Fortress but was worried about the hard quest. In the early days, he thought he had been really unlucky. But not that he looked back on that time....

“It wasn’t that much. I must’ve sold a large country in my previous life.”

People liked solving important affairs but Weed wanted to live a comfortable life while eating sweet fruits. But he had to suffer through every significant event on the Versailles Continent!

“This is the difficulty of suffering alone.”

Weed continued complaining with dissatisfaction while marching.

As the ruler of the desert, he had ruled over the desert warriors with fear. The sculptural lifeforms were also mistaken about Weed’s nature.

Weed was vicious and brutal but they viewed him as a hero. The desert warriors followed his orders as he was the ruler.

Weed had complained when he fell into the desert.

“I tried to live moderately in a good place. I don’t like the desert because it is annoying to save water and only fire attribute monsters wander around.”

People never really thought about living in the desert. Of course, people who were born there couldn’t help suffering discomfort. Therefore, it was rare to find many users in the southern desert area.

There were more visitors since Weed’s revival of the desert region but none of them wanted to live there.

“I’ve raised the tribes like sheep yet I can’t even sell them for money.”

Weed kept on complaining in the midst of moving. His hobby was complaining about money in order to relieve the tension of war!

He had calmly analysed the revealed power of the Embinyu Church.

‘They are a little bit stronger. And in the worst situation...I will completely fail the quest.’

He had to throw away the illusion of winning unconditionally. It was worse than the time he had to fight the Immortal Legion alone. In this case, if he failed then he would fail the final secret sculpting technique quest.

“I need the Embinyu Church to sweep through the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms first.”

Even if he didn’t want to use the desert warriors, the Embinyu Church would just sweep through the continent later. But history had somehow changed so a great expedition might appear in order to take care of the Embinyu Church.

“I almost made a big mistake. The devil inside Seo-yoon can’t wake up.”

Even bad actions required delicacy!

If the quest failed then the pressure of taking care of her would disappear. Due to the endorphins secreted while thinking about bad behaviour, he was in the best physical and mental condition.

Warrior-1 who was leading the march asked.

“There is 2 kilometres left to Dulmore Fortress. Should we shatter any enemy cavalry that comes to scout?”

The Mapon and Beiner troops stationed at Dulmore Fortress will know they are being attacked and will become nervous.”

“No, leave it alone. And we’ve arrived early so we shall take a break here.”

The Embinyu Church would come in the night. They had undead and used magic to move a long way quickly. Even if they failed to arrive today, the latest they would arrive would be noon tomorrow.

‘Then it will be the optimal time to fight.’

The Embinyu Church didn't care and would even attack in the night. The great plains near Dulmore Fortress was a great place for battle.

Night was also a favourable time for the undead. Well, Weed had thought of different means and methods no matter when the battle would take place. He didn't have a troubled or hesitant nature.

The Embinyu Church was quite unlucky. Currently Nodulle was a brave warrior who stopped evil from being revived again on the continent. But after Weed came to the past, it became a huge fight to the death.

Unlike Nodulle, he didn't move for reasons like justice or moral obligations Weed could even deal a large blow to the Embinyu Church in the future.

That evening, there were no incidents so the night passed comfortably. The plains were filled with bonfires and torches as the soldiers set up camp. Those far away were sitting or standing in the darkness.

The advance of the Embinyu Church was a little slow so they would arrive at Dulmore Fortress tomorrow. Weed would make sure all their hope disappeared.

And the next day.

Weed generously fed the soldiers.

"Eat heartily."

"Yes, Great Emperor."

"There is a lot more."

The slaves were in a good mood despite the risk in battle. Weed at least had enough conscience to feed them before sacrificing their lives in battle!

Weed observed the Dulmore Fortress on the next day. The soldiers of the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms were preparing for war.

"This will go down in history as a great battle."

History would describe Weed's actions as an established fact!

As predicted, the Embinyu Church arrived around noon. And finally, the

battle to determine the fate of the Versailles Continent was initiated.



The Embinyu Church's army was overwhelming as they revealed bronze giants and giant, flying creatures. The ground was filled with so many fanatics that it would take a while to pull them.

However, the bronze giants and flying creatures had archers, knights, witches and priests on-board.

The high priest of the 4th sect, Motuls had jurisdiction over the bronze giants and flying creatures.

Igrig, the leader of the 6th sect led the dark army.

The Embinyu Church was like an overextending large conglomerate.

"W-what?"

"Strange people have appeared."

The combat slaves were surprised.

"Oh, the Embinyu Church has found us. Destroy! Destroy! Destroy!"

"Come to me. All the humans are gathered here to be killed!"

The fanatics of the Embinyu Church cheered enthusiastically.

In the meantime, Weed had thrown the fanatics he captured towards the enemies or changed them into vampires and the undead. Nevertheless, they were tough like cockroaches!

More than 10,000 people among his army cheered. Weed shrugged without saying anything. Then the desert warriors quickly took care of the fanatics.

Apart from the 20,000 desert warriors, Weed was worried about the other soldiers being corrupted by the Embinyu Church.

"Everybody listen carefully!"

-Atrock's Cry has been used.

The soldiers have forgotten all the horrors.

The army will receive good luck related to combat.

Trained soldiers will perform their duties superbly.

Atrock's Blessing is given to the knights.

He needed to use his skills at the appropriate time.

If he didn't exert his leadership at the right time then the army gained from the surrendered nobles would scatter. Even the combat slaves might try to run away during battle.

"They are the Embinyu Church! They appeared to destroy the land we live on."

Weed pulled out his sword and gazed at the Embinyu Church.

"The fanatics' humanity has disappeared! They only know death and destruction! Their only purpose is to kill for Embinyu. They will trample the crops, burn cities and brutally execute children. Use your swords to fight them with everything you have!"

"Waaaah!"

The desert warriors and combat slaves shouted loudly. The desert warriors thought that fighting with Weed was important. The combat slaves also had no freedom anyway. If they die even if they didn't fight!

The people in the Dulmore Fortress felt like it was absurd.

"He is the head of the barbarians. Are they fighting among themselves?"

"I don't know. Your Majesty. Anyway, he is a shameless person."

From the viewpoint of the Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms, Weed's speech pointed towards himself as the invader. But the Embinyu Church was approaching so the Dulmore Fortress was in a dire crisis.

"Get ready for battle!"

"Attacks will come from the air so be prepared with plenty of arrows!"

"Prepare for combat!"

Weed watched as Dulmore Fortress prepared their defenses. Weed's

army was still quite a distance from Dulmore Fortress.

Arrows and magic could be shot from the walls and the undead couldn't access the fortress because of the river flowing through it. The terrain around the fortress was a little bit difficult to defend but they could overcome it.

“Fight. Prepare the battle formation!”

Weed commanded his army to prepare to confront the Embinyu Church.

The desert warriors were placed in the middle, left and right wings. They could respond immediately to any attacks depending on the circumstances.

The recently drafted combat slaves were placed in the front. They were troops he wouldn't be reluctant to lose. The army of the nobles were used to fill the headcount in the centre.

The priests and paladins from each religion were packed in the rear. And Weed rode Bactrian Camel at the head of the army while watching the approach of the Embinyu Church.

‘I don't belong in this place.’

Naturally he wanted to be in the safest place in the rear. The front was the primary target of the various magic curses and magic attacks cast by the Embinyu Church.

Of course, he also had his pride as a man. He was the tyrant of the desert so he couldn't change his personality to express fear!

The Embinyu Church didn't stop and approached continuously.

Weed had plans to have a nice argument with the enemy's high priest. He would've justified this war but criticizing them harshly. This would then raise the morale of the troops.

It was hard to compare this battle to anything in terms of scale and it would play an important part in changing the future. The stations would also be broadcasting this live so he needed to look good.

Of course, it would also be good if he could find their weakness or more

information. Weed coolly wanted to show he was on the side of justice.

“Yes...good work on coming here in the first place.”

A gentle tone was used by Atrock's Cry caused it to ring out through the battlefield. However, the Embinyu Church continued their march without stopping.

Now the two sides were close enough for arrows and magic attacks to hit. The army of the two sides were so close that there was almost no difference between them.

“Embinyu Church, the contents of your conspiracy has been revealed. I have come back in time in order to protect the peace of the continent....”

Weed unleashed a series of loud criticisms but the Embinyu Church didn't care at all. It was like Dogmeat was barking but no one was listening.

Cheolkang! Cheolkang! Cheolkang!

Then one of the bronze giants lifted its hands. It was holding an enormous rock approximately 5~6 metres.

“Don't tell me...”

The bronze giants threw rocks! Hundreds of rocks flew towards Weed and the combat slaves.

“Absolute Defense, Summon Another Sword, Power of Birth!”

Weed hastily used his skills and used Extermination Sword on the rocks. The rocks were turned into tofu while others melted.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwang!

However, the remaining rocks that Weed didn't eliminate hit the combat slaves.

The battle had commenced without saying anything! The Embinyu Church didn't need to raise the morale of their army.

It was followed by a shower of arrows from the flying creatures. The arrows were cursed by Embinyu and those hit by it lost their lives. These

attacks had a tremendous effect on the combat slaves.

“Uaaack!”

“Ahh, spare me. I vow allegiance to the Embinyu Church!”

“Raise your shield while running out of the attack range!”

The formation of the combat slaves quickly broke down. In fact, it was natural for something like this to happen when the enemy was overwhelming. They also clamoured to avoid the area that the creatures were flying around.

Kukeok kukekeok!

“God! Believe in God! God Embinyu is equal to all. He will be fair to all of you and kill you painfully!”

“Glory, destruction, death!”

The monsters, knights and fanatics of the Embinyu Church screamed as they ran forward. However, Weed still maintained his composure.

“This much was expected. There is still the possibility of winning.”

The all-out offensive of the vanguard of the Embinyu Church smashed into the combat slaves. But the best part was Weed’s analysis of the power!

He had experienced countless battlefields so he could get a rough estimate of the enemy.

As expected, the Embinyu Church was a powerhouse in this warring period. The Embinyu Church had naturally prepared the best power in order to cause harm. The number of combat slaves was only enough to annoy them.

Weed hadn’t joined the battle yet and the desert warriors were also waiting. The scale of the fight hadn’t become large enough for him to actively take part.

“...In the name of God Embinyu. Gates of Hell, open!”

Right then, the witches that belonged to the Embinyu Church chanted a

spell and their hands flashed. And a dark hole with a red aura pierced the sky.

Kwarururung!

Thousands of lightning fell all over the place and monsters from hell emerged through the hole.

“Kuriririk. Why are we visiting the human world?”

“Eat everything!”

Thousands of lower ranked winged demons poured out en masse. Weed gave a loud sigh.

“My damn fate....”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed’s sea adventure reached an unprecedented audience ratings.

The users were amused yet envious of Weed’s charismatic desert tyrant. Since then, the contents of his adventure eventually became a hot topic.

Then came a variety of reactions.

-Nodulle and Hilderun’s quest in the past is romantic in itself.

-Those two people are good.

-I want to go to the warring period. If I was a man in a place like that...
The reality is that I would’ve fled from the dungeon because I could never win.

Dedicated and brave men were traditionally very popular.

-The rugged arm muscles of the desert warriors. Kyaah!

-Hestiger’s slender and handsome face, doesn’t he look really good? The beard raises his grade to that of a real actor.

-It is unfortunate.

-He should just die.

-His sweaty look after battle is really handsome. I feel like crying since he is a NPC.

-Bactrian Camel is cute.

And the bulletin boards were filled with a myriad of articles and risk analysis associated with the adventure.

Title: Kingdoms that exist during the warring period.

Title: Historical changes to the Versailles Continent?

Title: Another warning of the dangers associated with the Embinyu Church

Title: If the quest in the past fails then a catastrophe will happen

Weed's adventure having a major impact on the continent was a huge topic. Everybody's attention was on his adventure.

The Embinyu Church was also related to the present as damage kept occurring to the Haven Empire in the Central Continent. Users that received direct damage unleashed their criticism on the bulletin boards.

In addition, they wrote new information about the kingdoms that fell to the Embinyu Church in the warring period.

And finally, the war against the Embinyu Church was broadcasted live. The stations had wanted to slow down the broadcast schedule but they were paralysed by protests from the viewers.

In fact, this adventure wasn't simple Weed's fight. It was a battle to decide the fate of the Versailles Continent. Whether they liked or disliked Weed, everyone hoped that he would win the battle.

The viewers cheered Weed on but also showed concern.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Hwaryeong and the others in the group learnt about the contents of Weed's quest.

"To leave me and take another woman...sob sob sob."

She cried while connecting to Royal Road. Zephyr and Bellot tried to comfort her as she cried.

'Unni liked Weed-nim this much...no, she loved him?'

‘Hwaryeong-nim has a pure side like this. It doesn’t seem like it but she is a lonely person.’

Everyone decided to wait quietly until her tears stopped.

“Sob sob sob sob! I-I really wanted a bag from the warring period.”

“.....”

“I’ve been really stressed due to my last overseas schedule! A sweet trip to the past.... I could try on many shoes.”

“.....”

Pale thought that Hwaryeong was completely thick-skinned as she expressed the words in her heart. The words she spoke while tears were pouring down her face was like a joke.

She wasn’t upset about Weed. Hwaryeong was more upset about the potential bags and shoes she missed.

“I should get along well with Weed-nim. He can buy me an expensive bag in the future.”

“.....”

“Thanks to a scheduling accident, I could only reserve the new products...sob sob sob!”

“.....”

Hwaryeong cried heartily.

She originally had a direct personality that expressed her feelings without a filter.



The chairman of Hosung Group, Jeong Deuk-soo organized his spacious mansion.

“I have no more regrets.”

The chairman of the conglomerate that once dominated the business community now had to leave the wealthy neighbourhood.

Hosung Group had been acquired by various creditors and Baekhwa Group. The entrepreneur branded as incompetent by the media needed to go somewhere far away.

He still had many real estate and villas overseas in places like the United States and Italy.

“But there is a place my heart really wants to go.”

He would feel lonely if he left his mansion and hid in another country.

Up until now, he had been busy due to corporate management. Looking back at his past, he realized that he had been lonely for a while. He was a middle aged man with only money.

The chairman had a large amount of company shares so his wealth was considerable. But there was an emptiness in his heart that money couldn't buy. None of his relatives would be glad to see him and Seo-yoon was the only close family member he had left.

“I will live near my daughter. It would be good if I could occasionally pass her on the streets.

He went to a real estate agent to look for a single house.

“Sir, what are you looking for in a house?”

“I just need a house where I can live alone.”

Jeong Deuk-soo didn't want to talk about complicated matters with the real estate agent.

There were many people who lived alone. In addition, the real estate didn't recognize Jeong Deuk-soo as a company chairman. In fact, it was rare for the public to know the faces of company chairmen.

“Okay. Then would you like to look at the leases available?”

“Lease?”

“Huh? Oh, the current price of real estate has increased a lot these days. So many lease a residence. The fact that you'll be living alone means there should be some with a good rent.”

“Let’s just see what is for sale.”

“Yes. Then what house are you specifically looking for? This neighbourhood is good but there aren’t a lot of houses for sale...although this is now moving season so there are some for sale.”

He wanted a house near Lee Hyun and Seo-yoon’s, despite how difficult it might be. He also didn’t want a house on a main road that would disturb his privacy.

“A common two-story house would be nice.”

“Ah, a two-story house? Then the number of choices has decreased.

“Have many trees in the garden would be troublesome. A lake where I can raise some fish as a hobby would be good. Room for an indoor gold range and a movie room...ah, a place for my fitness equipment as well. The living room should be separate from the study and have a large structure.”

“...Anything else?”

“Stairs are cumbersome so an elevator would be good. Also a garage with automatic license plate recognition would be convenient.”

“There is no such house in this neighbourhood. And even if there is, do you know how much the price of that house would be?”

“Is 5 billion enough? I am willing to spend 100 billion on a house.”

“.....”

The real estate agent was in a panic as there was no such two-story house in the neighbourhood.

This was a middle class area so the houses were only built in a small 140 square yard area.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Bart drank cheap beer at a tavern in Morata.

“Ahh, how good.”

Many people were gathered in the tavern.

“Everybody threw their hunts and quests.”

This was the day that Weed’s adventure was being broadcasted so the cities were filled with people. This matter didn’t affect just the Northern Continent but the Central Continent as well. It was also popular in the territory of the Haven Empire.

It was difficult for Bart to find a spot in the tavern. The stores didn’t have fixed customers and some couldn’t even sit down to drink.

‘I guess I can’t say that she is my daughter and my daughter’s friend.’

Nobody would believe that he had a relationship with Seo-yoon and Weed.

‘I never through the virtual reality would turn out like this.’

Weed was the king of the Northern Continent so he could easily squash Bart. He was also indebted to the Grass Porridge Cult living in Morata so he didn’t want to leave the north.

“Hey, is it going to start now?”

“Let’s quickly eat the chicken.”

“It would be best to eat slowly.”

“There are 5 more. Eat a whole bunch.”

“Good job!”

The merchants with large bellies sat down while talking.

“Hrmm.”

Bart looked at the merchants with an envious glance.

In the early days of the north’s development, the merchants had small and skinny bodies. It couldn’t be helped since they were all low levelled. But after the development of the north, it was common to see merchants with fat bellies. A regular user had faith in fat merchants.

The northern merchants had high popularity due to the mass selling of materials at affordable prices. Security surrounded carriages as they moved through large areas and ignored words calling them cowards. They

didn't have a combat profession but pushed carts filled with leather or iron ores up to mountain villages.

However, merchants weren't unconditionally fat as those with combat capabilities or traded over long distances would become skinny again. But it was embarrassing to trade without the necessary weight.

“Should I change? I'm not suited for a combat profession.”

Bart decided to become a merchant.

Unlike a warrior fighting monsters, he had lived as an entrepreneur for his entire life so being a merchant would be fun.

His level was also low so it didn't have a significant impact if he changed professions.



The leaders of the Hermes Guild that conquered the Central Continent.

The Allied Forces had lost and the Imperial Army occupied different places. They seized important fortresses, castles, cities and even small villages in the mountains and on islands. After 1~2 months, the flag of the Haven Empire was flying almost everywhere on the Central Continent.

Securing the dwarf kingdom Thor and the elven forests was under control. It was much easier for them to conquer the dwarves and elves because there wasn't a systematic, organized resistance.

Money and manpower was committed to places territories under the influence of the Haven Empire.

Lafaye was holding a great meeting in the Imperial Palace of the Haven Empire. The outcome of this meeting would determine the future direction of the war and their method of ruling the continent.

“The large war on the Central Continent is finishing up. As we move forward, Weed and the Embinyu Church are the only obstacles left.”

Lafaye had a headache as soon as he heard the words from the leaders.

The Embinyu Church was expanding in a terrifying manner. The

religious influence was expanding and it was difficult to block the fanatics. The Embinyu Church was challenging the obedience and loyalty in the territories of the Embinyu Church.

And Weed was adventuring in the past. There was no way for them to respond. The aftermath of the destruction of cities was reaching the peak and important commercial or military cities had become obsolete.

So far it wasn't an irreversible blow to the Haven Empire but it created anxiety that couldn't be ignored. The Central Continent was the loser and suffered considerable damage from Weed's adventure so their interest turned there.

"As we all know, the current Weed will soon be fighting the Embinyu Church."

Lafaye held the meeting when the battle between Weed and the Embinyu Church was just starting.

Each station was broadcasting it live so there was a keen interest in it. Even the players who were part of the Hermes Guild felt their chests boil with excitement when watching Weed's adventure.

"If Weed achieves the quest and obtains the final secret sculpting technique then I don't know what effect it will have on us."

"Is there no way to stop it?"

"We can't stop the progression of this quest. But the quest doesn't seem easy so he might fail. And we must be prepared for any possible situation."

"Preparations?"

The leaders waited for Lafaye to continue. Lafaye was a crucial reason behind the Hermes Guild being able to easily take control of the Haven Kingdom without any resistance.

He had planted spies among the prestigious guilds for long time mischief. Of course, the emergence of Weed was a big variable but Lafaye believed he could solve it.

"The staff has analysed Weed's quest. And the conclusion they came to

is there is a vastly larger chance of the quest against the Embinyu Church failing.”

“That....”

The faces of the leaders had frowns on them. It would be bad for the local lords if the Embinyu Church spread even more. The lords started complaining with dissatisfaction.

“This time I made a big investment in a vineyard....”

“Won’t all my money from my small business disappear?”

The early members of the Hermes Guild all occupied territory, including Dain being the lord of Evaluk Castle in the Kallamore Kingdom.

There was no resistance at Evaluk Castle and the population and economy of the Kallamore Kingdom was developing. After the post-war reconstruction and development, it was being referred to as the second capital city.

Otherwise, the lords that suffered under the Embinyu Church asked.

“What is the expected damage?”

“It is difficult to fathom the current degree of the Embinyu Church. Seeing the importance and contents of the quest, it might be 2~3 times larger.”

“If so....”

“The history of the kingdom might disappear and all the citizens would turn into fanatics. Then the Haven Empire will need to go to war with the Embinyu Church. So we have to be prepared.”

The Haven Empire needed to prepare to confront the Embinyu Church.

The stakes were high so knights were secretly gathered to eliminate the threat to the continent. They were armed with weapons and armour imbued with holy power and prepared to hit the Embinyu Church.

But it was difficult to predict the forces of the Embinyu Church so it would inevitably be a struggle.

The entire Central Continent was in danger of being wiped out from the Embinyu Church and returning to the basics. Fighting them might give the Allied Forces a chance to recover and risk the Haven Empire's reign.

“The might Haven Empire. We have the power to defeat the Embinyu Church. And public opinion will be positive. Weed will fail to handle the Embinyu Church. In other words, he will damage their power.”

Due to the risk of Weed's adventure, the Haven Empire widened their plans. They completely dominated the Central Continent and prepared for war with the Embinyu Church.

“What if Weed succeeds in his adventure?”

“History states that the Embinyu Church was much more substantial in that period. If he wins then there is no need for us to fight the Embinyu Church. In that case, the troops we have prepared will head north for a war.”

“You mean....”

“The destruction and subjugation of the Arpen Kingdom.”

Once the Haven Empire conquered the Central Continent, they had no competitors except for the north. They would become the complete ruler of the continent.

No matter what direction Weed's adventure went in, Lafaye and the Haven Empire were ready for it to bring benefits to them.

‘I am just afraid that....’

However, Lafaye didn't tell the lords something.

Weed was on an impossible quest with no chances of success. It was an objective evaluation of his ability. But if his quest failed then the Haven Empire would be in the worst position.

‘Weed's quest has been seen up to here. I'm already aware that history can be changed thanks to the destroyed cities. If the quest fails then it will be a platform that raises the Embinyu Church tremendously.’

Historically, there was a disconnect between the Northern Continent

and the Central Continent. The Embinyu Church would completely decimate the Central Continent but the north would be untouched. If Weed didn't do his best then there would be major side effects for the Hermes Guild.

'What if he deliberately fails?'

Lafaye's body trembled with anxiety.

★★

Weed watched the evil pouring down from the sky.

"Monsters are coming down like rain!"

The witches the opened the Gates of Hell! The hell demons with enormous power couldn't pass through this door. But a numerous amount of monsters was pouring down into the world.

The world suddenly became darker and evil poured down en masse like water.

-The Gates of Hell have opened on the Dulmore Plains.

A great crisis has arrived on the Versailles Continent.

The witch Pechet is a very dangerous woman.

She is proficient in all types of black magic and evil tricks and created new creatures through experimentation.

She has created a passage connected to the 'Ring of Hell.' The monsters will continue coming through the Gates of Hell until she is eliminated and the Ring of Hell removed.

If the gates are open for a long time then it will be dangerous to the human world....

The battlefield is filled with heavy fear and morale has decreased by 60%.

If the Gates of Hell are open for a long time then those with weak will and determination will become insane.

The effects of faith are temporarily reduced.

The efficiency of black magic on the Dulmore Plains has increased.

The soldiers literally froze from shock as the evil demons emerged from the Gates of Hell. Large masses fell from the sky and landed on the ground.

“Kkueeh, kueeeeh!”

The fat body opened its mouth and ate anything it saw, including the grass, rocks and trees. The twitching fat approached the soldiers and swallowed them down in one gulp.

The demons also shot knives from their bodies. There were armed humans on the plains as soon as the creatures passed through the Doors of Hell. It was like seeing a buffet full of their favourite foods.

Before the battle, Weed had believed in his abilities that he gained through Nodulle’s Growth quest.

“The remaining quests... I can just fight moderately. How strong can it be? I won’t compromise or concede anything.”

Therefore he had willingly proceeded with the Embinyu Church quest. He didn’t worry about being unable to handle large quantities of enemies. But this time doubts grew in his head.

He was unlucky and the difficulty level had exponentially increased.

“It turned out like this. I definitely shouldn’t buy lottery tickets. I will never win even when buying it for my entire life.”

He needed to stay vigilant until the end. Weed’s life would never go moderately smoothly.

“These guys are really unruly.”

Weed sighed and used Atrock’s Cry again.

“Concentrate on defense!”

It was absolutely impossible for the combat slaves to fight the demons! It was sufficient if they could last for a few minutes. The core attack power would be the desert warriors, mercenaries and priests of each religion.

“Get rid of all the non-believers!”

“Painful death.”

“It will be delicious to eat them alive.”

The fanatics of the Embinyu Church engaged in a fierce battle with the combat slaves. The fanatics used things like ‘eating young children,’ ‘draw blood with torture’ and ‘pagan sacrifices’ to harass them!

Ordinary fanatics were level 100 while those with special abilities were level 200. Due to the nature of the fanatics gathered, the effect was insignificant.

The main forces of the army, the dark knights, priests and witches smashed into the combat slaves. Furthermore, the Embinyu Church’s flying monsters and bronze giants were like an impenetrable fortress.

The Brotherhood of Punishment and Knights of Atrocity actively participated in battle. There were all the boss level monsters in the witch Pechet and the Embinyu Church’s Motuls and Igrig.

The combat slaves didn’t only fight due to Atrock’s Cry but because they believed in Weed. Weed had shown that he could reverse a battle after it started. They were dragged here to fight with that belief.

“How amazing. This feels like a luxury department store.”

Weed’s chest trembled as he imagined it. He couldn’t shrink back in front of his sculptural lifeforms. This was the honour and pride of the desert. He needed to show his courage and abilities!

“Well, I suddenly remember something old. I went to the department store but the prices were so expensive that I couldn’t sleep at night.”

The slaves fighting were dying almost cruelly.

“One pair of underwear cost 100,000 won.... It really was a source of fear.”

Weed’s escapism! However, he soon had to accept the reality of the Embinyu Church’s army.

“Still, the Embinyu Church isn’t a fur coat at the department store. Give me a try, Embinyu Church!”

Weed drove Bactrian Camel and ran to the front.

“Human, you look delicious.”

The demons felt like he was prey and leapt at him. The monsters of hell could become stronger by absorbing humans. Otherwise, they would quickly weaken and die in this world.

In the past, Montus was a devil with the strongest power. Despite that, he was now incomparable to Weed who had passed the limits of the sword.

“Fire Sword!”

Hwaruruk!

Weed swung the Extermination Sword and literally burned all the demons around him. The attack range had increased by 3 times and the damage was no comparison. And the demons dropped jewellery, steel, smelting tools and other items hard to find in the human world!

“Let’s play properly!”

Weed’s battle spirit rose quickly. Bactrian Camel rushed towards the enemy. He had just received the Extermination Sword but it was an easy weapon to handle.

The amount that he needed to shift his weight for each weapon was different. Weed’s hands quickly adapted to the new sword. Dwarves had created the weapon so its features were impeccable. Weed’s senses were outstanding when it came to things like this.

Flames occurred everywhere the sword passed. Once cut, the demons didn’t get back up again. The damage was too huge and the creatures were completely burnt to ashes.

“Run!”

Weed and Bactrian Camel continued moving. The demons were continuously cut or stepped on. He used his skills to reach the entrance of

the Gates of Hell!

“Black Knight’s Strike!”

The demons continued appearing. Once the wide area skill was used, all the demons turned into a grey light.

The witches drained their mana to make the Gates of Hell but the majority of the demons disappeared due to Weed.

However, he couldn’t close the Gates of Hell so stronger demons continued pouring out. Weed’s actions might seem meaningless at first but they weren’t.

“An incredibly strong human!”

“Humans like these are better to eat.”

“But how? He is as strong as a devil.”

He had immense popularity among the demons. Weed rose Bactrian Camel through the waves of demons falling from the sky.

“Let’s go!”

He stepped on the creatures that landed on the ground.

Puhuhung!

Bactrian Camel could even jump off a cliff so this was nothing.

“Let’s go, Bactrian Camel!”

And he boldly rushed towards the Embinyu Church!

The bronze giants threw rocks at him. Bactrian Camel ran exquisitely while avoiding damage and Weed cut the enemies with his sword.

He recklessly stormed the Embinyu Church’s army alone! The desert warriors hadn’t been dispatched so he couldn’t receive help from them.

“Hu...man! I will take out your heart and offer it as a sacrifice to God Embinyu!”

“Followers of the Great God Embinyu, kill him!”

Motuls and Igrig growled out commands. The fanatics and dark knights

responded in unison.

“Kill! It will be an honour to tear him up with my hands!”

“My Darkness Sword will chop you up.”

Weed was surrounded by dozens of layers of enemies.

“This should be interesting!”

Weed didn't panic.

He worried a lot before the battle but felt no fear once he actually moved. Even in the worst case situation where he lost his life and failed the quest, the Central Continent would still be turned into a mess.

As a result, his stomach didn't hurt from thinking of the consequences. It was like an athlete facing tremendous pressure before the final game but then showing his skills. In Weed's case, he didn't care about what was coming.

“You aren't worthy of facing me. You are all screwed. Bring it on!”

Weed's hands spun the Extermination Sword round and round! The dark knights were all struck by Weed's sword.

-Black Knight's Strike!

An irreversible attack against the surrounding enemies.

Weed was surrounded by enemies.

The demons landing on the ground fought the weak combat slaves while the Embinyu Army's primary goal was Weed.

“This world is ruled by darkness and destruction....”

“Bound with suffering and pain....”

Witches also changed curses and suffering spells. No matter how strong and high levelled Weed was, he couldn't take multiple curses at once without his combat skills falling.

Weed had predicted the actions of the witches.

“It tickles my ears. I guess it is time for me to eat.”

He took out the Yurbusika Frost Bow and aimed towards the witches. A white ice arrow flew straight past the dark knights towards the witches kneeling down.

“Avoid it!”

“The arrow of a non-believer!”

The witches hurriedly cancelled the magic they were casting and used protection magic. Weed’s ice arrow was so strong that it pierced through several layers of the protection spell.

However, Weed pulled his bowstring continuously and fired hundreds of arrows.

Surging Arrow.

After mastering the Rapid Fire skill, his archery had an absurd speed.

Bactrian Camel moved through the enemies, making it easier for Weed to shoot the arrows. The witches’ shields eventually broke and they were frozen by the ice fragments.

“Kuwik!”

The dark knights and magicians were turned into chunks of ice. The magicians with low health died! The dark knights could possibly move again once the ice melted. And the ice arrows completely penetrated the bodies of the witches.

But after a short moment, the witches turned into smoke and ran away.

“You still haven’t managed to strip the human’s things!”

Pechet had come out to help the remaining witches. The air experienced spatial distortion, causing the ice arrows to change direction and fly to the wrong place.

Meanwhile, the dark knights and creatures attacked him. He ignored the incoming attacks from the dark knights because they didn’t hurt.

-The Majestic Leather Armour for a Conqueror has absorbed the enemy’s attack.

-You have been hit by the tail of Hecate who lives in hell.

The energy of hell has penetrated your body.

Health has been reduced by 1,393.

If you are hit multiply times by the demons' attacks then it will be hard to dispel the curse.

The sculptural lifeforms Alverun and Alveren could heal this but it would consume unnecessary time and holy power.

Now that there was a curse that reduced health, Weed couldn't ignore attacks anymore and aimed his sword at nearby enemies.

"Witches and magicians, make sure you take care of the priests."

There were at least 1,000 witches and only 100 had been damaged by the arrow attacks.

Advancing into a group of monsters early in battle wasn't an opportunity that would come easily. Numerous magicians gathered to block Weed and the various dark magic made the situation increasingly unfavourable.

"It is regrettable."

He needed to cleanly process the dark knights.

The number of monsters continued to grow but not as quickly as before. Only the strong demons from hell showed up. And they even swallowed the fanatics. As a result, the battle became more complex and he couldn't compromise with the stronger enemies.

In order to reach Pechet who was holding the Ring of Hell open on the Versailles Continent, he needed to get through the demons.

"God Embinyu says to take care of that human."

"Tear that human to shreds!"

The hostility of the Embinyu Church was the worst towards Weed. The combat slaves were just dying in vain so the Embinyu Church didn't care about them. Weed attacked alone and became their only target.

“My popularity never ends. End of the Day!”

Weed didn't save his mana and used the strongest skill of the Sun Warrior. The fire spread like a tsunami and turned the dark knights near him into ashes. The scope of the attack and the damage was amplified by 3 times due to the Extermination Sword.

The Embinyu fanatics screamed as they were covered with flames and died. A wide area attack that damaged anyone nearby! However, this was a colourful and exhilarating moment for Weed.

“I'll make you regret your rashness!”

The bronze giants threw boulders. The dark magicians and witches aimed magic bullets at Weed and summoned lightning and poison gas.

-You have been hit by 161 magic attacks.

Your nimble agility has avoided 59 attacks.

Health has decreased by 95,831.

His high resistance, resilience and armour meant he could withstand the lightning storm. The flames rapidly supplemented his mana and health. However, this was just the beginning of the enemy's offensive towards Weed.

The bronze giants now strode forward with huge spears and the followers of the Embinyu Church rushed over on horseback.

Weed supplemented his health in battle but it was still declining. So far he had wandered the battlefield and hadn't felt any risk of death.

However, now he felt some regret as he turned around.

“This much is enough.”

Bactrian Camel nodded like he agreed.

End of the Day was a wide area skill but the camel didn't get hurt by it. Bactrian Camel was considerable thankful that Weed rode him after seeing the horrors inflicted on the enemy. Bactrian Camel's emotions were expressed from the slyness of his mouth.

“It’s time to conduct the 2nd stage of the operation. Let’s go back!”

Weed ran away from the Embinyu Army on Bactrian Camel.

A bronze giant threw its spear and it landed deeply into the ground.

“Don’t slip away. I will make you feel pain that you won’t ever forget.”

Dark knights tried to block his path. The dark knights weren’t opponents capable of blocking Weed’s escape. He lightly brandished his sword, picked up japtem and continued to run away.

“Tie up his feet!”

“He is moving too fast.”

The witches and dark magicians tried to change an incineration spell. However, he was quickly fleeing so it was difficult for the curses to catch him. He had been prepared for a chase!

“Pursue him until the end!”

High Priests Motuls commanded the ground and flying troops of the Embinyu Church.

A flurry of arrows came flying after him. But waving his sword through the air had so much power that it literally blew them away.

He couldn’t avoid all the arrows so his health still declined. However, Weed’s health still remained at 89%.

“I still need to be vigilant. It will be dangerous if I receive a concentrated magic or arrow attack.”

Bactrian Camel raced forward as quickly as possible. However, he couldn’t avoid the arrows as well as the incoming army of the Embinyu Church.

The archers on the flying creatures concentrated on Weed. Weed was the most tempting meal because he was the strongest human on the battlefield! They aimed for a crucial moment when he was weakened so they could pounce and eat him.

The Embinyu Army nearby came to chase him intensively. A colossal

amount of enemies rushed towards Weed. But the desert warriors and mercenaries didn't come to rescue him.

“Move to the east as planned.”

“We have to go to the west.”

Warrior-1 split the army he was in charge of into two.

It seemed like Weed was fleeing from the battlefield. Weed headed towards the fortress while being pursued by the enemy.

Bactrian Camel raced down the dirt road leading towards the fortress with the flying units, knights and bronze giants closely following. There were also 1,000 demons sticking to him.

Weed and the Embinyu Church's army headed towards the heavily guarded fortress.

“I'm satisfied that the barbarians are fighting the monsters, Your Majesty!”

“This is a good thing. They can die while fighting among themselves.”

The leaders inside Dulmore Fortress gloated at the situation.

“Shoot! Shoot recklessly!”

Magic and arrows headed towards Weed and the Embinyu Church. Bactrian Camel unleashed his evasive techniques and avoided the attacks while still running ahead of the Embinyu Church. The bronze giants caused the land to shake as they walked.

Weed and Bactrian Camel arrived in front of a moat and a closed gate.

“A high jump!”

Bactrian Camel kicked the ground and leapt forward.

Normally he was lazy and ate carrots but Bactrian Camel could run as fast as the wind in the desert! He instantly leapt up the 10 metres high wall to where the Mapon and Beiner Kingdom's defense was waiting.

The soldiers had a shocked expression due to the abrupt change in situation. Weed ignored the soldiers and looked back at the Embinyu

Army coming towards him.

“Well, it became a bit twisted but things are working out as planned.”

It was the pleasure he felt when picking up 100 won from the ground. Weed stood on the walls and shouted loudly.

“Embinyu Church, attack if you dare! The Mapon and Beiner Kingdoms have been waiting to defeat you for the sake of justice!”

The Mapon Kingdom and Beiner Kingdom guarding the fortress thought this was absurd.

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