

The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

(달빛 조각사)

Volume 38

Nam-Hi-Sung

(남희성)

Story Description:

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

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

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

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

Chapter 1: Scattered Subordinates

Monsters were wandering around the Barren Howling Ruins. There were non-violent zombies that walked around absent-mindedly like they had lost their souls.

‘Well, they look like they are level 300? But there seems to be a suspicious aura flowing around here.’

Weed hid behind a rock and analysed the monsters.

The features of high ranking monsters became clearer over time. For example, the skin would be a special colour or the monster would be ugly but it gave off a feeling of elegance.

However, here the monsters were just ugly. They were large and brutal. But the monsters were ugly due to the magic of the Embinyu Church flowing everywhere. The proportion of their body, head and arm wasn't normal or they seemed weirdly threatening.

‘The level is low but there are plenty of them.’

Bizarre creatures were leaping.

Kkiyaaak!

Weed saw a crow flying from a distance towards the collapsed barriers.

When he first saw it, the crow was relatively normal despite being large. But soon its hair started falling like a bald eagle. The canines in its mouth grew to resemble those belonging to a vampire bat and the claws grew longer.

The moment it reached the barrier, it became a weird mix of a crow and dog. And it lost its spirit as it just roamed around the place.

‘It is quite dangerous. It is because of the aura of the Embinyu Church but... Anyway, this place is quite uncommon in the world.’

Weed waited quietly at the corner of the rock. A slow moving monster suddenly stopped and sniffed its nose. There was a lot of ground to cover so it would be tough to cross the barrier without being caught.

‘I need to clean up the ones near me as quickly as possible. So that no monsters will be drawn.’

The monsters wouldn’t move in a collective group like orcs or goblins. But they would immediately gather once there was a battle. They were tinged with the power of darkness so the creatures were instinctively hostile.

‘I need to wait for an opportunity and move slowly. Scout, move, hide, move, hide and repeat. I don’t know whether my subordinates will be able to do this well.’

Weed tried to grasp the terrain and atmosphere of this place. He had ten days for the quest so that was quite a short period of time. This was the final stage of the epic adventure to obtain the secret sculpting technique quest!

The quest difficult had gone up with every stage so this certainly wasn’t a lot of time. Even if he toiled for 10 days, the slightest mistake could cause him to fail in minutes. It was like a student studying for an exam tomorrow!

‘Anyway, I need to move. I need to go to a higher place to see the whole view. And the highest thing in the vicinity... That barrier.’

Monsters walking slowly!

Weed waited until a monster passed by. And he dealt a surprise attack with the Extermination Sword.

If a knight hit from behind then they would experience a penalty to their fame and honour. There were also knights infamous for their ‘backstab’ attacks. But other professions didn’t care about dignity and could freely attack from behind. The thief profession made it their career to stab from the back!

-You have dealt a critical blow!

Kuwek!

Instant death.

Weed's level meant that an ordinary creature couldn't withstand his strike.

Kyak!

Kwaack!

Keuk!

He handled the monsters while moving a short distance. Wide area skills were used to quickly get rid of 6~8 gathered together.

"What?"

"I...I heard a sound."

If there was a disturbance than monsters would gather together. Weed sped off and hid again for another 10 minutes. The monsters here weren't smart so they just moved according to their instincts.

Another loud sound would make them gather again like zombies. Whenever there was a collapsed barrier, he would deliberately cause a noise and then moved without making any sound. All their basic instincts were removed except for eating and killing.

'The simple reactions can make this the best hunting ground.'

However, he couldn't be careless. Things that moved on instinct could be really scary. They forgot their reason for living and would just bit and claw after pouncing.

If he made a fuss when fighting one monster then a whole group of enemies would come. There was no guarantee that the Embinyu Church wouldn't come investigate. If he couldn't grasp the topographic map then he might end up fighting knights.

'I have to think of worst case scenarios.'

He didn't fear fighting under any circumstances but Weed had no intention of fighting earnestly yet. His goal wasn't the monsters around here.

'I need to check for anything familiar!'

He moved carefully and climbed up the half collapsed stairs of the barrier that was his target.

-You have arrived at an unknown barrier.

The barrier makes it impossible to feel comfortable.

Health will be exhausted by angry monsters.

If your health falls below 50,000 then you will immediately change into a monster.

The energy inside your body will be reduced by 23%.

When vitality falls below half, it will cause damage to your health.

An unexpected penalty!

“Hrmm, this isn’t good. And this is the worst terrain.”

A groan automatically slipped from Weed’s mouth as he passed the barrier. There were many monsters below in the Barren Howling Ruins.

A river flowed in the direction of the Embinyu Church that contained dead bodies floating on it, causing a deeply rotten river where monsters swarmed. They gathered near the blackened river like ants swarming to honey.

There seemed to be hundreds of thousands of monsters along the river bank. It was like a monster fair where they raced to take the best place. There were various types of monsters here that couldn’t be seen throughout the entire continent.

He could fly through the sky but he needed to pass the rotten river. A poison mist was spread densely from the river. Flying monsters trying to cross the river would be touched by the poison mist and fall into the river.

Beyond these obstacles, arriving at the Embinyu walls was also a problem. Just like a sand dune, the walls of the fortress was higher than anything else. It wasn’t just rock but lined with thick steel as well. This made the walls so thick and firm that even a bronze giant’s attacks wouldn’t pulverize it.

The watchtowers that monitored the boundaries were also an issue. There were troops placed on the staircase of the tower that almost touched the sky. He didn't know how he could invade under such tight surveillance.

This was a shrine for the Embinyu Church as well as a production base to make new monsters. It wasn't visible but there were training grounds for monsters inside. The moment he was discovered, there would be a hornet's nest of monsters ready to pounce.

"I'd rather go to the Bank of Korea to get rid of my gold bars."

He felt a lot of misery. He was one person going against a country of a massive scale.

"If I won the lottery three times in a row then I wouldn't need to worry about money."

He could only think of common sense methods that wouldn't work! Even though Weed was the strongest human, he still suffered from a lot of limitations. The curse of the weak was that he couldn't fight for a long time without a break.

He was proud of his power but it was unsure if he could face the Embinyu Army gathered here. And the enemies had the ultimate weapon, the Chaos Dragon. Ausollet was said to be especially strong and dangerous that even other dragons didn't want to deal with him.

'I have to stay calm. There has to be some options. And ten days. I need to use this time very well. I can only depend on myself.'

Weed looked around in other directions. The barrier continued to the left and the right. He was curious about how far it extended but there was no point in following the barrier.

There were many collapsed parts where monsters roamed. Weed looked towards the rear of the red wasteland. There was probably a kingdom filled with humans beyond the wasteland.

'The exact location of this place... Judging by the location of the sun and the moon, it is the Wasteland of the Lost.'

The Wasteland of the Lost was a huge maze that connected the Central Continent to the Western Continent. Those that entered this place would endlessly wander until they died.

It was rumoured that legendary swords or armour were buried here along with riches so many adventurers lost their lives. That's why the Wasteland of the Lost was one of the continent's 10 Forbidden Zones.

“Uhh, no. I can't stop here.”

Weed wanted to protect his reputation and this adventure was being broadcasted so he wanted to be successful.

An astronomical advertising revenue! He could make money by selling items obtained through adventuring and hunting but it wouldn't compare to the profit made by the broadcasts.

Putting aside the money. Weed was now familiar with the rich and generous lifestyle so he didn't want to be reminded of his hungry past. He recently earned a lot of money so luxury had permeated his body.

“I am no longer the same as I was in the past. I know how to spend money and my expenses have increased.”

He used to eat a spoonful of rice with ham and now he was eating like a middle class person.

He washed with warm water from the boiler and even bough seasonal fruits from the market, an extravagance that would've previously caused an endless amount of criticism.



Ten days was both a long and a short time.

Weed spend a few hours moving along the collapsed barriers of the Barren Howling Ruins and arrived at the river.

Using the quiet!

“I have to find a way.”

A way to avoid the monsters, destroy the Sky Tower and get rid of the

Chaos Dragon.

“I can do it. An idea has emerged. Calling Death Knight Van Hawk!”

-The suspicious energy has prevented the summoning.

Abyss Knight Van Hawk has returned to the original world. Van Hawk and Torido had already returned to the original time zone.

“The usable ones are gone.”

Then he needed a quicker way to navigate so that he could find his subordinates and Ahellun.

“A monster. I don’t need to continue killing them while moving.”

Weed finally decided to use Sculpture Transformation.

Kang! Kang! Kang!

A piece similar to the monsters around here.

The right eye was unusually large and the thick jaw curved inwards. Running on four legs was faster so he developed specially muscular hind legs. Now he could escape through running if needed. The ears were large and spacious so he could hear the sounds around him.

-You have completed The Pony.

A roughly made, presentable pony.

Unfortunately, the pony lives an unhappy life because it can’t be free.

A piece made by a sculptor that travelled through time and space.

Artistic Value: 30

If you keep this work then enormous historical value will be given.

Special Options: Luck will decrease by 65 when people look at his sculptor for more than 5 seconds.

-The skill proficiency of Sculpting has improved.

-The skill proficiency of Handicraft has improved.

A sculpture with special effects!

It wouldn't be eating food so he made a skinny body that wouldn't attract attention from the other creatures.

Weed had created a piece with a bizarre appearance but it closely followed the shapes of the monsters around here.

"I had plenty of time to master sculpting after my adventure. However, the Hermes Guild won't leave me alone. Life is too short to be twisted like this. Sculpture Transformation!"

-Sculpture Transformation has been used.

The infinite affection for sculpting makes the sculptor and statue resemble each other!

As a Sun Warrior, his body itself was beautiful and sturdy. He wore the best equipment obtained from the Salamander King that anyone would envy yet he was suddenly changed into a pony.

The form meant he couldn't exert much combat power. Among the means of attack, the fatal blow was always a kick to the rear!

Weed curled the lips of the pony.

'Well, it sounds good. I want to eat a carrot. I can finally understand Bactrian Camel's mind.'

The pony stealthily descended the stairs of the barrier.

Kuhung!

The monsters only glanced at him before turning their heads away.

'That appearance is one of us.'

'I don't want you near me.'

Weed proudly walked along the barrier.

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Warrior-2.

He had been given life by Weed and proudly fought for the desert.

When he was just born, many terrifying enemies threatened the safety

but later it was calm. He obtained dozens of records of bravery while following Weed's desert festival!

He was confident even after coming to the Barren Howling Ruins to defeat the Embinyu Church.

'I want to obtain recognition for killing a high priest.'

He was a bodyguard and the loyalty of his subordinates was second to none. He came here alone but Warrior-2 bravely held his scimitar while staring at the enemy.

"Everybody bring it on!"

Kurung?

"I am Warrior-2 and I will kill all of you."

He deliberately raised a fuss in order to attract the attention of the monsters.

Kurung. Kurrrrung!

As a result, hundreds of monsters concentrated their attacks on him! As an honourable desert warrior, Warrior-2 would clean up all the monsters in that place. He held an axe in his right hand and a spear in his left as he continuously struck the enemies. However, the increasingly loud uproar caused all the monsters nearby to gather.

-You have been battered in the chest with horns.

Health is reduced.

A paralysis effect has occurred but try to overcome it.

-You have been bitten on the shoulder.

Attack speed is reduced.

The continuous group attack of the monsters.

Despite Warrior-2's pride in his health, he was forced to get tired and have his health reduced after fighting for a few hours.

Poison was spat and monsters damaged his body. He could defeat

thousands of soldiers alone but the monsters here were severe.

Humans had overwhelmingly strong skills but their will could break easily while monsters just cared about attacking. And they spat poison. In addition, more monsters came constantly running out of the barrier to attack.

Beyond the barrier, the monsters that drank from the rotten river were level 400. And 5~6 of them jointly decreased Warrior-2's health. Some of them ate the bodies of other monsters and quickly became stronger.

“As a warrior, I am happy to die fighting.”

He could run away but Warrior-2 stubbornly persisted in struggling in that place. The fighting spirit that wouldn't subside despite being wounded by thousands of enemies! The dying Warrior-2 kept on attracting more monsters.

“Ah...there is no anger. However, I want to see Great Emperor before I die....”

Something happened when Warrior-2's health fell to 10%. A pony was running at full speed in the distance. Another monster had found him.

‘This pathetic person! He doesn't think at all. I gave you life yet you haven't even eaten seaweed soup yet.’ (A traditional dish that Koreans eat on their birthdays).

Puhihihing!

The pony's running speed was incredibly fast. Weed's changed stats meant he had absolute ability in track and field.

He reached the place where the group of monsters were gathered and leapt up, jumping over the monsters' heads. The front and hind legs pushed against a head, moving dozens of metres every time.

“Grrrrr, where... going.”

An enormous monster suddenly blocked the path in front of him and he jumped over it.

“Not yet... Fight... My strength...remaining.”

Weed was right in front of Warrior-2. Warrior-2's body was full of wounds after hours of fighting and his knife was bent due to low durability.

A few more fights and the knife would be broken. Warrior-2 was a great warrior but he couldn't endure without any weapons. The transformed Weed looked at Warrior-2 and grumbled.

"This is a really a place with all types of misfortunes. I became a ugly, monster like pony!"

Puhuhung!

"Eh? That rotten expression is very familiar... Don't tell me you are Great Emperor-nim?"

Warrior-2 got on the transformed back. He briefly looked around and saw that they were surrounded by monsters.

It was close to impossible to find a place with no enemies in order to escape. Now both Weed and Warrior-2 would probably be buried here. Weed snorted and stomped his hind legs.

'I need to believe in this lacking body.'

Pababak!

His heel kicked hard against the ground! He jumped into the air between the monsters. The superior agility enabled him to jump 4 or 5 times!

The extraordinary Weed moved like a horse with wings by stepping on the heads of the monsters. He broke through the encirclement of the monsters.

"Cha...se."

"Don't miss the prey."

The monsters pursued. It felt like a long distance marathon consisting of monsters was occurring!

Weed ran along the barrier while pricking his ears. He needed to be on

guard for any potential monsters in front that would attack. In addition, there were some monsters chasing that wouldn't give up. He avoided the large and small monsters as he ran through the Barren Howling Ruins.

It was 4 minutes until he found a pit under a wall.

'Here.'

Weed entered the pit while carrying Warrior-2. After a while, the monsters that had no intelligence just passed by. They had no instincts so they just stumbled around in vain.

"W...why aren't they here?"

"I don't know..."

"I...m hung...ry."

The monsters lost motivation and started wandering around like a zombie. Weed had fully grasped the nature of the monsters here.

'Dull and slow. But still dangerous.'

The level of the monsters was high enough to be a burden for general users. It wasn't unreasonable for the kingdoms ruled by the prestigious guilds to lead a force here to subjugate the area.

In many ways, even the Hermes Guild would find it tough. Weed's body in his original time wouldn't be able to face hundreds of them.

The health of the monsters was low but they attacked abnormally because they didn't care about their bodies.

'Well, despite that I'm not going to die.'

Even if he fought the monsters, Weed could still escape. The situation would become complicated if a bunch of monsters from the river moved or knights and priests emerged.

It would be an enormous combat power but Weed's nimbleness meant it would be easy to escape if his life was in danger.

Weed cursed with the mouth of a pony.

"You incompetent bastard! Your life doesn't belong to you. I don't need a

subordinate that insists on unnecessarily dying!”

“I’m sorry Great Emperor.”

“But the future is dark. The reaction of the others won’t be significantly different from yours.”

Thanks to all the dungeon exploration and hunting, Weed knew that the sculptural lifeforms have a fearless nature that wouldn’t back down.

He knew their versatility and the limits of their ability so apart from Zahab and Ahellun, he became gloomy at the thought of his subordinates, except for Hestiger, dying.

It was like a senior citizen worrying about their children living to an old age.

‘I can’t bring this guy around on my back.’

Creatures didn’t care about Weed after he became a pony. Once they approached within 30 metres, there would be a rancid smell so they backed away.

He was inconspicuous compared to the wandering monsters so he could roam around with ease. However, if he carried a human warrior on his back then monsters would aim at him.

‘I wandered around so much and only found one person. I should try to find the other subordinates.’

Weed left Warrior-2 in the pit and continued searching. He searched until the sun went down but couldn’t find his other subordinates.

There were traces remaining of the monsters fighting someone but he couldn’t be sure if it was his men. Time was running out as he already searched around the barrier and passed by the rotten river.

‘This is the fate of my subordinates.’

He could only hope that his subordinates found each other instead! He also didn’t know what to do with Warrior-2. Even with Warrior 2, he still couldn’t invade the location of the Embinyu Church.

“Well, I still have this!”

Weed took out the Sands of Time. If he looked at Nodulle’s adventure then he might obtain a good strategy.

Of course, just because he had an idea didn’t mean it would succeed.

“I need to make sure of the timing. If I save it then I might end up being bitter later. Sands of Time!”

The Sands of Time flowed down Weed’s hands.

-Sands of Time.

Sands of Time, a mysterious sand that can recollect things.

A treasure from the southern desert that can look back in time.

It is possible to return to your original time to bring goods or people.

Just possessing it can give references to the past.

Ddirring!

-The Sands of Time can’t be used due to the encroaching evil magic.

The Sands of Time have become useless. It will disappear forever.

Chapter 2: Sky Tower's Workers

“Cough.”

The treasured card he had been saving didn't work! He really could trust in no one in this world.

Weed's brain worked frantically.

‘What should I do? I wanted to understand how Nodulle and Ahellun completed the quest so I don't have to waste time wandering around like I did today.’

A sigh naturally emerged.

Nodulle's quest had already changed.

The configuration of Nodulle's colleagues had changed so the same situation couldn't be repeated.

Ahellun might perform a similar role but each person would display different types of behaviour and abilities.

Especially since Weed wasn't Nodulle. He saw things differently so he needed to find his own methods to complete this mission.

“A person won't come along. I can only believe in myself.”

He couldn't live life depending on someone else. So Weed needed to open a path in this quest in his own matter.

Weed sighed deeply.

It all depended on how he spent the next ten days.

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The Haven Empire in the Central Continent.

7 Corps crossed the Poros River that was the gateway to the north.

An enormous 2.1 million troops!

The number of horses, carriages and merchants following behind was at a terrific scale. They belonged to the Hermes Guild of the Haven Empire

so the users' steps were light.

“We will seize and twist the neck of the north.”

“Will we see a fight soon? I don't know if they will dare attack.”

The united power of the 7 corps was so great that a battle seemed pointless. They felt pleasure rather than tension before the war. The largest power on the continent would sweep up the Northern Continent at once.

The soldiers were also given all types of food delicacies during the expedition. Their treatment was excellent whether they were users or NPCs.

Due to the repeated wars of conquest, the Haven Empire contained a high percentage of elite soldiers.

“The other 5 corps have also arrived in front of the Northern Continent.”

“Then let's march.”

The soldiers advanced like Lafayette planned.

The first 7 corps entered the north from the front. The remaining 5 corps would invade through other routes to avoid the eyes and ears of the north.

The 7 corps would split apart the north like a spear while the remaining 5 would smash it like a hammer or tear it apart like a knife.

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Buzz buzz.

Morata's Bingryong Square!

It was always bustling with novice users. People could start Royal Road in Arpen Kingdom so the stores and streets were always filled with beginners.

“How much is this fruit?”

“I am selling it for 2 copper.”

“Wow, that is expensive! I’ll earn the money later and will come back to eat it.”

Novice users who didn’t know the world grew up in Morata.

‘There was a time when I was also like that.’

Although some users could obtain leather and meat from rabbits, they would hide with fear when meeting goblins in the forest. Any beginner who started Royal Road would suffer from that.

The starter villages of the Arpen Kingdom were bustling with beginners. The mountain villages might be inconvenient but they sold herbs and leather that were normally expensive so they were crowded with users.

Even novice users who emerged from the kingdom would be filled with energy and adventure and would actively pioneer the north.

The farmers were also stable as there was a wide land untouched by monsters and bards entered uncharted territory for the sake of stories.

Due to the development of Morata, the birth rate throughout the north increased and many children were born. There was no doubt that they would be the future cornerstones of the north.

The development of the Central Continent was easy but the north was able to evolve into a unique culture and economy. It wasn’t a vast region but the adventure, creation of legends and growth potential was enormous!

So users in the square normally exchanged stories of commerce and adventures.

“Fight in order to keep our home, land and freedom!”

“They don’t have to be trampled, just repelled. We will struggle until the end!”

“The Arpen Kingdom is ours. This is our place. We can’t crawl for our entire lives. We will create our own world!”

The northern users were filled with rejection for the Haven Empire.

The fight between the Haven Empire and the prestigious guilds had been confined to the Central Continent so the northern users protested the invasion. But the most important reason was that the north had been soaked with the users' blood and sweat.

They had grown the rural villages along with Morata and opened up the northern frontier. Even users that just recently logged into Royal Road were filled with pride from living in the north.

"We might live in the slums while conserving even 1 copper but isn't there a high potential in the north? It would be foolish if we let the Haven Empire invade this place."

"The war in the Central Continent is already over and the taxes are so high that some people have wandered to the north. This place might be underdeveloped but it can evolve quickly."

Morata was the capital of the Arpen Kingdom but it was also the hub of transportation. The northern users continued to gather to hear news of the Haven Empire's invasion. Of course, King Weed hadn't seen it yet but there were many users at the Earth Palace.

Users were mobilized in the small villages, large villages and cities of the Arpen Kingdom in order to fight against the Haven Empire.

"I came. Where is Sloan-nim?"

"The warrior Hasuller is looking for a party. All warriors level 350 and over can participate!"

"Eh, didn't you party with me in the bat cave a year ago? The full set of Bandit Armour! I've raised my level a lot in the meantime."

"Hah, me too. I just lived and ate in the hunting grounds."

There were welcome encounters between players in the city. Meetings were conducted throughout Morata and the north, with information being shared between adventurers.

"Bones with a little flesh sticking to them are good."

"These have the characteristic of being half rotten. So just using a little

power will be enough to break them.”

“But it is hard to find good, rotten bones...”

“I heard that Jeanne’s Summon Skeleton Archers skill has reached advanced level 6.”

“Huhuhu, I reached advanced level 8 not long ago.”

“Ohh, then at least 200 skeleton archers will sweep through the hunting grounds!”

“I am escorted by 3 zombies and 200 archers but my skill to summon a death knight is a little low. Isn’t Otem-nim ahead in this area?”

“I really like the death knights.”

Jeanne, Harian, Otem!

The necromancers held a meeting after a while.

It was hard to hunt with many users due to the nature of their profession. The summoned undead troops would often be disruptive or a nuisance to other users hunting. The undead summons weren’t alive so they would often intercept monsters already being hunted.

If it was that much then the general users would understand. From a general user’s point of view, hunting with undead troops meant they didn’t need to worry about defense so they could relax.

But the necromancers needed to collect materials required for the summoning! They couldn’t help being aware of the eyes of other users when digging up graves or rummaging through bodies.

“Hey, are you looking for a good body?”

Grave robbery was necessary for a necromancer! However, encountering other users while digging out a grave with a shovel....

People couldn’t ignore the sight of them drinking water from a skull. But this wasn’t an insurmountable problem to high level necromancers because the north had many remote places.

“Necromancers can use rib bones that aren’t chewed on in order to

make the undead.”

“There are rumours about a tomb near the haunted house so I’m heading there.”

People still didn’t have a considerable knowledge of the rituals. Necromancers were well respected in combat. Apart from the professional misconceptions and prejudices, people didn’t find it fun to go hunting with an undead army.

“I’ve recently heard a story about the east. It seems to be a fairly good adventure....”

“Well, you can chase it if you want. I’m going to an island.”

“There isn’t anything to see on an uninhabited island.”

“No way. Isn’t there a city with a population of 40,000?”

The adventurer’s flame erupted as there were arguments among adventurers. Unlike warriors and knights, adventurers didn’t quarrel over hunting monsters or clearing dungeons.

Skill proficiency was very important but they didn’t boast about it. They talked proudly about things they found or excavations. An adventurer would just the slightest clue to correct distorted history or would find historical artefacts! They wandered around the boisterous taverns of the continent and didn’t care about getting a full night’s sleep.

Adventurers scattered all over the continent. There was no such thing as a fixed home. They found occasional colleagues to fulfil missions but didn’t need to participate in sieges or be affected by the policies of the lords.

Rather than compensation from quests or hunting, adventurers preferred to find gold, silver or hidden treasures. Adventurers were proud of being able to overcome any challenges.

“Break a bridge. Will it be a nuisance if we break any of the bridges?”

“Let’s keep in mind the critical buildings. The Art Centre, Goddess of Freya Statue, the library and the Tower of Light. In the worst case

scenario, they can't be allowed to fall into the hands of the enemy.”

“Is it too late to move everything? And if there is a safety zone where the war can be avoided.....”

“We can't even move to an island. We need to act to fortify the best buildings and cities. There are many things that architects can do in this war.”

The architects burned with patriotism.

Their talents had flourished in the north. Grand Buildings were constantly being created, roads through mountains and rivers that connected the north were just some of the government project.

The population of architects exploded as they participated in the urban construction and expansion.

Plenty of shelters, parks, markets were made using gold from hunting along with comfortable roads in commercial areas and residential areas! It was important to decorate features such as hills or rivers in order to create a space where people could get rid of their stress.

The views of the cities needed to be considered so the architects' ability to coordinate and cooperation was important. No matter how beautiful the building was, it would be considered a failure if it didn't match the architectural features around it. Some distinctive architect would be a terrible mess when looked at from a distance. Architects needed to create harmony between the buildings, river, streets and trees.

A profession respected by the general users! After making the decisions, thousands of novice users moved to help them build it. Architects had a very promising career in the north.

“I will join the Toadstool Porridge unit. I am tired of bland food and like the taste of porridge that can cause death.”

“I would rather eat sumptuous seafood than die. The taste of various seafood directly obtained from the sea! Seafood can also raise the loyalty of a dead crew.”

A meeting of chefs also took place.

The entire north was filled with the Grass Porridge Cult so it wasn't an exaggeration to say that they mobilized all the users to stop the Haven Empire's invasion.

Currently there were 71 units of the Grass Porridge Cult. It was impossible to count how many people had joined!

The novice users focused on the Bamboo Shoots Porridge Unit since it accepted an unlimited number of people. They would go around with bamboo shoots attached to their head or chest. There was even a small village of Bamboo Shoots members that ran around to nearby dungeons.

“What about the northern users who aren't part of the Grass Porridge Cult?”

“I don't know. There are also the residents as well.”

Grass porridge restaurants, grass porridge cafes, grass porridge hotels, etc. The popularity of the grass porridges were so high that there were chains of them. And the scary thing was that the entire Grass Porridge Cult was burning to fight against the enemies invading.

Their source of loyalty wasn't their loyalty to King Weed but their own happiness in the north. The Haven Empire destroying this kingdom was like catching their girlfriend cheating.

Of course, this couldn't be a comparison in the first place. Because many of the men in the Grass Porridge Cult didn't have girlfriends!

“We have to fight.”

“Let's go!”

Huge crowds of users in the northern cities showed a willingness to fight. They were willing to die from cuts or arrows to stop the invaders.

However, there were many users who had experience with the Central Continent in the past.

“That's not possible. No matter how many people flock there, it will only be a case of suicide.”

“The Haven Empire is different from any opponents so far. They aren’t easy. They have an overwhelmingly flawless strength.”

“We can’t just give them our lands or cities without any resistance!”

“We can win. If we are determined then we can win!”

The opinions of the mobilized users were split as they panicked. Some wanted to fight but the more prudent high level users were concerned.

High level users would lose a lot if they died. Level 300 or 400 users would lose skill proficiency after dying so it could cause quite a bit of frustration.

People sat at the city’s central fountain and sighed. Even though members of the Grass Porridge Cult were willing to fight and die, other users hesitated.

The members of the Grass Porridge Cult were aware of the advantages they had. Quantity rather than quality.

They unconditionally wiped out the enemy with their numbers. Their unity and tactics were poor. The opponent would become annoyed with the constantly surging numbers. Even a strong enemy would eventually be overwhelmed by numbers.

But these were the elite troops of the Haven Empire. The army that unified the Central Continent wouldn’t lose to such recklessness. It was the strongest army that could possibly conquer the entire continent.

“We won’t know until we try!”

“Let’s drive them out of the north!”

In the end, the vocal opinions prevailed over the cautious users. They decided to repel the Haven Empire at the Rupoi Plains like in the past, so a large number of users migrated there.

Apart from hunting and levelling up, the northern users enjoyed a wide variety of fun activities.

There were some users in Morata who started early but their level still hadn’t reached the late 200s.

There was an enormous growth in population but they focused more on economic power than increasing the individual ability of a person.



“Lafaye’s opinion really is like a psychic.”

Porcal, leader of the 3rd corps of the Haven Empire nodded. He could see users walking beyond the northern ridge. Setting aside the weak and strong, there was an overwhelming number of people.

“I know why Rensullot was defeated.”

The users of the Hermes Guild respected Rensullot.

He was able to defeat enemies inside a fortress using courage and resourcefulness. So quite a few commanders in the Hermes Guild were shocked when he came back from the north with a devastating defeat.

They didn’t know why Rensullot would suffer such a defeat. Looking at the number of northern users now, he could see why 70,000 troops lost. No matter how high the level of the soldiers or their training, they had no choice but to be swept away by the deluge of enemies!

The large number of people couldn’t be ignored. The users had the vengeful thought of pushing them back to the Central Continent! There were high level users mixed in among the beginners.

The Hermes Guild had 200,000 users. Among them, the ones that participated in the northern expedition reached 50,000.

The players were eager to fly into combat! The high ranked users in Royal Road were like celebrities as they walked through cities with people envying them. Even those elites would mentally shrink back after seeing the scale of the enemy.

“Morale is important in a war.”

It was true for both users and NPC soldiers. But the Hermes Guild had constantly prepared for war after conquering the Central Continent.

The Haven Empire had been training to come to the north since Rensullot’s loss. The users were united even if they had to go against

these numbers. They set up tactics for quick, sharp and impossible to stop assaults.

The Haven Empire had the strongest army so there was no need to be afraid. Furthermore, they would use wide area magic that wouldn't consume a lot of mana and a large number of arrows in advance. The best quality troops of the Haven Empire would slaughter the weak beginners.

“We are going to win the fight this time. Despite using the crowd psychology, their tactic is relatively simple. We will set a record for the most number of people slaughtered.”

The commanders had deployed advance troops to specified areas in advance.

“I want to try out the wide area magic.”

“Kyah, today I will kill at least 1,000 people. I can build up some combat achievements.”

The users of the Hermes Guild among the army were excited.

“Uhh, what should I do?”

“It is really hard. How should I attack?”

The northern users didn't know what to do after arriving in front of the enemy. The Haven Empire's heavy infantry were stationed at the front holding spears and shields while the archers were concentrated behind them.

They hesitated due to the instinctive fear of an egg hitting a solid rock but more northern users continued gathering on the left and right.

“Let's go! The Toadstool Porridge unit will be the vanguard!”

“We will burn our bodies in order to win the battle.”

“I will fight until I die.”

The Toadstool Porridge unit that enjoyed death were in the vanguard. There was a cloud of dust as more than 100,000 users ran forward. And...

2 corps commanders gave an order to the right side.

“Show those fearless people a taste. Units 1-4 archers, fire! The fire magicians will use wide area attacks.”

The archers of the Haven Empire fired arrows towards the Toadstool Porridge unit.

“Cough!”

“Ugh!”

“There are too many.”

“Unbelievable....”

Arrows rained down upon the helplessly dying users! Flames then covered the area and spread widely.

The Toadstool Porridge members in the area couldn't survive the attacks and collapsed. The Haven Empire were correctly using the archers and magicians in a war. The archers belonging to the 6th unit aimed separate arrows at the users that survived.

The Toadstool Porridge members were still running but were hit by the enormous attacks of the Haven Empire once they entered range. The areas that received the attacks were filled with grey lights that disappeared.

The northern users could only watch with astonishment at the scene of the Toadstool Porridge unit literally melting away.

“This can't be. The intrepid troops of the Toadstool Porridge unit....”

“The wide area fire magic killed several hundred at once.”

“Did they use this attack method so that we won't be able to fight?”

“We can't just leave it like this. We have to all go at the same time.”

“Don't give them time to harm us.”

The northern users didn't lose their courage despite the shocking sight!

“Waaaaaah!”

They start rushing forward simultaneously like a tsunami. From left to

right, there was an infinite number of users. Perhaps this was the beginning of the counterattack.

But the Haven Empire's army had the perfect response.

"They are no different from scarecrows. But we will show them some courtesy as this is the first battle. Show them the horror of the Haven Empire!"

They massacred the users with arrows and magic. Tens of thousands and then hundreds of thousands failed to get close to the Haven Empire's army. It was a mighty firepower that wiped out the counterattack.

The elite archers had gained experience through training and experience in the conquest wars while the magicians were given the best treatment in the Haven Empire.

NPC archers wore expensive accessories and longbows that increased their range while magicians were given magic books and tools to grow their magic. The Hermes Guild focused on war so they deliberately strengthened their archer and magician units.

Of course, there was a significant number of high level users among the northern users. They expected to play a significant role when the fighting became confused!

But before the superior firepower of the Haven Empire's army, they could only watch and die along with the novice users.

The flimsy northern users were useless in front of the Haven Empire's long range tactic. There were some users fortunately enough to reach the troops and swung their swords. They intended to harm the archers but neglected to block the follow up attacks.

There was also a wall of armoured infantry so the northern users lost their lives as they bumped against it.

"How did this happen?"

"I don't know. Can we go on?"

"We can't fight the enemy."

The onslaught of northern users stagnated. Plenty of users were still running but they just suffered pointless deaths.

-A curse has slowed your movements.

Movement speed will decrease by 35% for 40 seconds.

-The truth of the disastrous curse has been revealed.

94% of your mana has been consumed.

Curses were hurled towards the northern users.

The Haven Empire had donated to many religions with their vast riches. Money was used to mobilize priests for the war and the priests of the Hermes Guild also participated.

Even so, only one tenth of the gathered northern users had been damaged. The users waiting behind continued to thrust forward.

The corps commanders of the Haven Empire had been given instructions in advance.

“We will start the 2nd stage of the operation to teach them despair. Armoured infantry advance! Knights move forward. Cross every 400 metres.”

The Haven Empire abandoned the current situation and finally ran forward.

They didn't want their victory in this battle doubted. They wanted to prove they could devastate the northern army without using ranged attacks.

The soldiers and knights ran up to the users with their swords and spears.

“No way. My sword broke!”

“Cough! The equipment I obtained from conquering the Goblin Dungeon....”

The skilful soldiers that were a hundred times more battle tested lightly cut the users. The weak users were in front so the result was already

decided.

And high level users were mixed in among them. But they didn't have enough time and space to play an active role.

After the devastating ranged attacks, they were trampled on by the knights of the Haven Empire. The novice users weren't an impediment to the knights' rush and the high levelled users died in vain.

There was a limit to how much individual ability a person could show in a war. Those that were hiding received the worst results.

The scattered users couldn't resist the scale of the knights' operation despite their numerical advantage.

“Let's kill at least one person.”

The level 200~300 users set such a goal.

They reduced the numbers by sacrificing their own lives. Then their colleagues would take care of the rest.

A strategy using their numbers!

But the Haven Empire didn't have the myth of invincibility for nothing. The knights scattered apart. And they would join together again at a fixed point. The high level users mixed in killed a few but they couldn't effectively assault the knights.

The imperial soldiers that followed behind the knights seized the area that was a mess. The archers and magicians unit slowly advanced while aiming at the northern users.

The 7 corps marched methodically as they captured important areas. The army deployed by the Haven Empire lured the users and crushed them. The armoured infantry specialized in defense so they trapped 100,000 people inside and slaughtered them.

The northern users had no leaders or separate plan so effectively controlling such a large force was impossible! The northern users kept the same battle plan but the Haven Empire's army changed battle formations as scheduled and killed them.

Of course, there were still northern users waiting for an opportunity. High level users such as thieves or warriors were waiting for the enemy to approach! But they could only kill 1~2 soldiers before being hit by ranged attacks or the knights. Eventually the northern archers and magicians just recklessly attacked the Haven Empire.

“Take this!”

“At least a few of you should die!”

However, it was blocked with already prepared magic or shields and they just lost their lives.

The infantry with their cutting ability, the power of the magic units, the shield units, etc. The power of the Imperial Army was enough to cause others to feel despair.

“How?”

“Nonsense.”

“But we can’t step back.”

Rumours started to spread as the northern users died. Even so, they bravely continued the assault and died!

The fighting capabilities of both sides in the war couldn’t be compared.

The priests continuous poured out healing magic so the Haven Empire’s army didn’t get tired.

Overall, the solid and organized army felt like a devil.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

[TL] Yes, I don’t know why this is the chapter title but it is definitely correct.

Chapter 3: Eyes of a Landlord

Lee Hyun saw the battle on Rupoi Plains on the television.

“They were properly crushed.”

After half of them fell victim to the Haven Empire, the northern users retreated. He felt sorry seeing them retreating.

The novice users that survived until the end scattered only to lose their lives behind chased down by the cavalry. No matter how many troops there were, the quality and war skills of the Haven Empire overwhelmed them.

And fear and helplessness spread among the users after the defeat.

“What should we do?”

“Ah, this thing probably....”

“Our strength is lacking. We can only accept the outside rule.”

The Haven Empire’s army had experienced multiple wars so each corps could fight calmly. The flow of troops, attack and defense when appropriate, deployment of troops and knowing the terrain all played a large role in allowing them to unify the Central Continent.

The Hermes Guild used tactics that had grown through all the wars. A collection of the so-called elites!

In contrast, the northern users had no tactics.

This was the crucial weakness of the northern users. There was no military commander so they were easily swept by a herd mentality. There were no tactics or properly deployment of troops when facing the enemy.

Once those points were perfectly identified, the troops with outstanding combat power could take advantage of it.

Lee Hyun realized the important of leadership in big battles. Even with the same subordinates, the outcome of every fight could be different depending on the battle tactics and proper conduct.

The Haven Empire wouldn't have conquered the Central Continent if they just smashed in recklessly.

“Well, it makes sense.”

Lee Hyun nodded.

He didn't have any hope from the beginning. He had expected something like this. People with a smart mind would somehow succeed. Ordinary people would end up participating in large events.

Things like loan fraud scams, bad accounting, stock price manipulation and financial companies suffering bankruptcy in the billions of won was common. People were easy pickings for scams.

Those middle class people hadn't experienced true adventure. The world was only a really good place to live if someone had money.

Force was an essential element in Royal Road if you wanted to trample on others.

The Hermes Guild named this war 'Operation Treading on Ants.' They would step on the northern users like they were ants. Of course, Weed would be the greatest ant.

Lee Hyun sighed.

“I'm glad I didn't have any expectations.”

If he was expecting to win the lottery or rooted for the northern users then h would've felt even deeper disappointment!

It was the definition of bad guys eating well!

He didn't expect that they would manage to hold off the army.

“Today, some rice has fallen.”

Even so, he wasn't in a good mood. His important rice bowl was on the brink of collapse due to the Haven Empire's invasion. He knew the worst thing might happen so his mood fell to the bottom.

Weed's character didn't exist in the current time zone so he couldn't fight against the Haven Empire.

Lee Hyun's eyes shone coldly.

“Let them try it. I have to lose one... No. I should've tried to act more moderately.”

The Arpen Kingdom trying to stand up to the Haven Empire seemed insane. To be honest, he never seriously thought about any methods.

It was easy to live life in moderation while cringing away from the strong. But he wouldn't be able to fight if he used that method.

Lee Hyun came alive when challenging impossible quests or breaking through the enemies.

The northern users were currently helping him. Millions of people going against the Haven Empire meant that his party consisted of millions! Once he returned to his original time zone, he would like to work with the northern users. He could check the emotional damage.

He needed to quickly finish the final secret sculpting quest first. Lee Hyun's rice bowl was very large.

“I will keep my rice bowl, soup bowl and side dishes. Wait a bit. I will show you. You've pulled the beard of a sleeping mad dog.”

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Weed logged into Royal Road and appeared at a puddle near the barrier.

“Umm Great Emperor-nim, that urgent look....”

Warrior-2 studied his shining eyes. He had bandages around him and seemed well rested.

Weed welcomed him and said.

“A useless person who only eats rice is useless.”

“.....”

A very familiar nagging.

His sculptural lifeforms were accustomed to it. The blunt remarks and jealousy! If Weed was a mother in law then the divorce rate would be several times higher in Korea.

“Anyway, you’ve recovered so don’t fight recklessly and search for your colleagues.”

“Yes! Great Emperor-nim isn’t coming with me?”

“It is better to move separately. Head to the Embinyu Church after meeting your other colleagues. Meet me in there.”

“I’ll be sure to see you again.”

So Warrior-2 left the place.

His quest needed to proceed but finding his subordinates was also important. Weed gave instructions to his subordinate to sneak around and find the others.

Of course, he didn’t have great expectations.

“I’m more comfortable moving alone.”

Weed’s task was infiltration!

Sculpture Transformation meant he could somehow mix in with the monsters. Figuring a way to pass through the middle of the rotten river caused him a slight headache. He needed to figure out the narrowest portion of the river and cross there.

But he couldn’t avoid the Embinyu Church’s watchtowers as he got closer. There would be a massive fight if the knights discovered Weed.

-Embinyu has delivered a diving message stating that an enemy has appeared.

It was like rubbing honey on his body while entering a tiger’s den! More enemies would continue to come out while fighting the knights. No matter how strong he was or if he transformed into a suitable creature, Weed wouldn’t be able to fight alone without suffering.

If he tried to run away then the group of monsters around the rotten river would also be a hurdle. Even if his health managed to survive like cockroach, his mana would eventually run out.

“I need to observe. Find a gap and take advantage of it. A shortcut or

shallow work is always necessary in life.”

Weed no longer wandered around the barriers as he walked around the rotten river. He was a virulent pony so no monster touched him.

“The smell is unbearable. It doesn’t seem like the usual poison.”

The monsters that drank from the river naturally emitted a poison odour. Typically it would be really challenging to hunt them.

“I don’t think it will be difficult to cross the river. Monsters pass through the river really quickly. Sculpture Transformation means my body is resistant to the poison fog.”

After thinking about it, Weed shook his head. Any immediate solutions were useless unless he figure out a path.

After crossing the rotten river, he would be subjected to the scrutiny of the Embinyu Church. He needed a plan that didn’t require fighting alone.

“Uhh, there must be a more reliable way.”

Weed continued walking towards the rotten river. The monsters that smelt him ran away so his path was smooth. It was like a thoroughbred steed proudly walking down the street.

He seemed like he would fall down at any minute despite his four legged stride. It was natural to be worried when seeing so many monsters.

Sya sya sya sya syak.

He moved sideways like a crab living in the mudflats! Weed acted like this while secretly looking for any gaps in the monsters.

And he found a stone bridge connecting the rotten river banks.

Ddiring!

-A special hazard has been discovered.

A bridge built by impoverished slaves in the Barren Howling Ruins.

The poison gas means not everyone can use the bridge to cross the river.

7,600 members of the Nord species was sacrificed to accomplish this

task.

The bridge is built on top of their blood and bodies.

-Fame has increased by 485.

-Health has permanently increased by 640.

He was pleased since this health and stat increase would remain after returning to his original world.

“I can just pass using strength.”

He had no need to use the bridge anyway! But the opposite side of the bridge was heavily guarded by 100 Embinyu knights. Any rotten creatures that wandered over the bridge were killed by the spears of the Embinyu knights. This was just a bridge so the knights guarding it didn't give off a strong impression.

Then he had a sudden idea!

‘I wonder if I should turn into one of them?’

The first ones that popped into his head were the Embinyu fanatics, priests, knights or monsters. He needed a member they wouldn't fight.

‘If it is their priest... No. It won't work.’

Sculptural Transformation didn't give him the ability to use holy magic. Weed's faith was quite high but he couldn't use the holy magic that priests were permitted.

Each religion had a religion or baptism that would enable the priest to use the holy magic of their god. If he disguised as an Embinyu priest that couldn't use holy magic then there was a high possibility he would be killed.

He couldn't imitate a high priest, inquisitor or priest. But his options weren't just the Embinyu followers.

‘No. It's not just one or two of them.’

Virgins would be offered as sacrifices while animals disappeared to become cooking ingredients. If there was a problem than all lives would

die! Once gripped by the Embinyu Church, most of the creatures would die.

But there were still creatures that wouldn't die straight away.

'The builders of the Sky Tower!'

It was built by slaves.

While scouting the Embinyu Church, he had noticed members periodically dragging slaves over the bridge.

'That is my conclusion.'

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The nord species with small, protruding eyes.

They didn't have a sturdy physique like orcs or the bravery and combat power of barbarians. They didn't like gold coins or jewellery. Instead, they were a peaceful species that ate grilled fish and berries picked from nearby trees.

They were similar to an endangered species in this warring period.

A plain and slightly smaller nord was walking along the rotten river.

"Mother. Mother."

He seemed to have come looking for his mother as he glanced around with an anxious expression while stumbling. There was a heavy limp and short arms like he was a young child.

He seemed tired from a long walk but if someone looked closely, they would be able to see the quickly moving eyes.

A typical crafty type! A face that would typically engage in embezzlement and fraud if they were born in a feudal period.

The nord hesitated a little bit before crossing the bridge.

"Stop!"

"You are unfortunate. You dared to enter without permission from Embinyu so you must die."

The nord was surrounded by the Embinyu Church members. They raised their weapons with contemptuous looks.

“W-why?”

The nord stared with such pathetic eyes that he could star in a morning drama.

“Excuse me, is my mother here? I’d like to see my mother.”

“Hrmm, I am hungry.”

“The taste of a nord. The meat can be given to crows and the blood used to nourish the vampires.”

“Good idea.”

A tendon rose on the nord’s forehead.

‘These ignorant bastards.’

The identity was Weed who had used Sculpture Transformation. His behaviour would depend on the actions of the Embinyu knights.

“I really don’t taste good. And my mother was taken over there by some knights.”

The bored Embinyu Church members accepted his word.

“Is that so? When?”

Weed thought quickly. It couldn’t be too long ago but it shouldn’t be too short.

“Six months ago.”

“Kilkil, then the bones will still remain.”

“I don’t know. She might’ve been swallowed whole and digested....”

The knights teased the innocent child about his mother being eaten.

“This is a critical time so we need to thoroughly protect the boundaries. Let’s just kill him and go back to guarding he boundary.”

“Then should we eat him? I am hungry.”

“The inquisitors said they need more slaves for the construction of the tower.”

“Oh, he won’t be able to endure the harsh labour and will die. But isn’t he too young and weak?”

Weed could hit the ground with his fist and cause a crack dozens of metres long but he was pretending to be a weak nord. In fact, the appearance of a human actually caused a greater loss in combat power.

“It doesn’t really matter since the tower will be completed in a few days.”

“Once that time comes, the great power of Embinyu will descend to earth and we will become much stronger.”

“Yes! On that day, we will no longer need slaves and the festival of blood will occur.”

“The humans look really delicious.”

Among the knights of the Embinyu Church, there were many with the vicious habit of cannibalism.

The knights made a decision and said to Weed.

“Kid.”

“Yes?”

Weed asked with feigned naivety!

“Do you want to be taken to your mother?”

“You know where my mother is?”

“I know. Ajusshi will take you to your mother. But there are conditions.”

“What is it?”

“You need to work hard if you want to see your mother. Can you do that?”

“Yes!”

Weed bravely nodded. Of course, the Embinyu knights had no intention

of following through with their words! No one could scam Weed.

“Then you can meet her in the end.”

“I really want to thank you.”

Weed pretended to be sucked in by the knights.

“I will go for a while.”

“You can’t leave if you change your mind in the middle.”

“Huhu, of course.”

Instead of running, Weed rose a horse with one of the Embinyu knights.

-You have entered Embinyu’s Holy Land.

All those who follow Embinyu will have their resilience strengthened.

Those who deny Embinyu will have their vitality, health and mana regeneration decreased by 49%.

In addition, the divine power of other gods will be weakened by 89% in this space.

This effect will be maintained as long as the sanctuary of faith isn’t destroyed.

“Aigoo, it is like a mountain.”

The Embinyu knights looked back at him.

“What do you mean?”

“It is nothing.”

“Let’s go. Stay quiet or I will tear you apart and eat you.”

“Yes, I understand. I don’t have any taste.”

The horses accepted the evil magic so they didn’t get tired despite running fast. But unlike Bactrian Camel, there was more shaking while running quickly. It was like the difference between a city bus and a taxi.

‘Bactrian Camel is good.’

He already miss Bactrian Camel. He had become used to his sculptural

lifeforms so he suffered after parting from them.

He wouldn't be able to meet those sculptural lifeforms in the future. After finishing the quest, he would return to his original world and likely never see the sculptural lifeforms again.

He had become familiar with them through quests and battles but now only memories would remain.

He felt sorry for the wyverns but he had placed more love into the creation of these lifeforms.

'Maybe this is because I created the wyverns really roughly. It is like the taste of bad food.'

Vague memories would deepen after having to say goodbye.

"This is where you will work."

The Embinyu knights had taken Weed to the construction site of the Sky Tower.

Nords, humans, orcs, dwarves, elves and all types of species had been caught and were doing forced labour. Many people were digging stones from a nearby quarry and carrying them up the stairs.

"Aaaack!"

There were no safety measures so quite a few people fell from the tower. Weed smiled like he was accepting candy from a child abductor.

"It seems like a wonderful place. I originally liked high places."

"That is great. It is a great honour to be able to die here."

"Can I really meet my mother if I work here?"

"Of course. But if you run then we will kill your mother."

"Uh huh! I will never run."

"If you work around the clock then you can quickly meet your mother. In the distant... Kukuku..."

The knights left and then the tower guards shouted at him.

“Hey there, little boy! Don’t just stand there, work!”

“Yes!”

Weed shouted and vigorously carried the rocks.

He transformed into a nord and the basic stats were high so he could easily carry the weight of the rocks.

Of course, he was going to spend a day or two here so he needed to pretend to have a tough time.

“Then let’s get started.”

He had safely arrived at the tower and a construction site was familiar to him.

Weed carried the rock up the stairs.

★★

’20 thousand 6,237, 20 thousand 6,238, 20 thousand 6,239....”

Weed counted the number of columns while he climbed the Sky Tower. The staircase that rose into the sky was enough to make someone dizzy.

The workers rose and descended so the height of the stairway was quite low. It wasn’t good for the short legs of an orc or nord as one stair had a height of 30 centimetres.

A high rise apartment had 1,000 stairs so a tower with more than 10,000 stairs would be much higher than a mountain. Once it was 20,000 stairs, it had continued through the clouds.

From then on, the ground looked like a small toy from the tower. His eyes could see the entire Embinyu camp, rotten river and Barren Howling Ruins.

‘There are at least 1 million monsters and fanatics.’

Although that wasn’t a specific head count, the earth and sky was overflowing with medium and large monsters. He needed to break down the walls of the stronghold of fanatics and knights!

‘They failed to destroy the continent with these numbers. Those

incompetent bastards.'

Rather than being frightened, Weed thought it was pathetic. The bad guys had strong forces but the knights were careless when fighting.

'Indeed, society really compensates for stinginess. Is this a reward for the effort of the villains?'

There was also a landing where slaves could rest briefly.

"What should we do?"

"I don't know. All life will die."

"Did you see the nord a few days ago? He was thrown alive into a boiling pot."

"Wasn't the flesh melted away and the bones given to the birds?"

The slaves didn't have useful information and only told cruel and gloomy stories.

"Heuller-nim? We can't recklessly talk about him. If we gossip anywhere then we will be devoured."

"There is an omnipotent person. Do you see that elderly elf over there? He has been here for 100 years. According to what he said, Heuller-nim looks younger than ever."

"The weather will change and it will become dark. A might magic is also contained in this tower. Isn't that enough to call him a god?"

There were guards every 4 or 5 floors in order to whip the slaves who were sitting around.

"Go up faster. If you delay then I will throw you to the prey."

"Please, please spare me!"

"Ohhhuk!"

The slaves made groaning noises while carrying up sand and stones. The tower was filled with a gloomy atmosphere of fear and death.

Any impressionable person might shed tears of empathy when seeing

the situation!

‘Hah, I’m bored and sleepy. The stairs are really long.’

Weed quietly climbed to the top of the tower. He felt breathless as he reached approximately 40,000 steps.

‘It is a really tremendous height. I didn’t realize the tower was this high.’

He had gone beyond the clouds for a while and there were no strong winds. He didn’t usually come up to this height even when riding the wyverns. Looking down at the ground from the tower was enough to make someone afraid of heights and it felt like he was floating in the sky.

The area of the upper floors of the tower decreased until it was only the width of a small room.

Perhaps this was the tallest building on the entire Versailles Continent.

From now on, only stairs with no railing endlessly rose into the sky. The stairs heading towards the end of the sky!

‘Hrmm.’

Weed could see the top part of the tower. Like the eyes of a devil, looking down on the dismal earth. The top of the tower was built to resemble dark, red eyes.

There was 600 metres remaining until he reached that place.

‘It resembles my landlord’s eyes when he looked down at me from the 3rd floor.’

The landlord didn’t just watch a person’s face.

He calculated whether the person could pay this month’s rent, the security deposit, whether he should raise the rent, damage or vandalism, stealing, eating and various other things!

The confidence of a predator at the top of the hierarchy looking down on a herbivore.

Weed felt nervous whenever that door opened to collect the monthly

rent. Of course, he would never dare use the washing machine on a sunny day and would wait until it was overcast to use the clothesline in the yard.

The eyes of the tower reminded him of the landlord's gaze that dug into his bone.

“Come down when you are finished!”

“Yes.”

The guards urged him so Weed left the stone behind and descended the stairs.

This was sufficient for a brief reconnaissance.

Chapter 4: People of the North

Northern users who lost their lives in the battle connected back to Royal Road.

Contrary to expectations of a sombre atmosphere from the loss, they were actually jubilant. They had experienced death and their minds were filled with thoughts of revenge on the Haven Empire.

“Let’s drive them back.”

“Let’s go. Show our patience!”

The northern users rushed back to the Haven Empire coming to invade.

“Let’s go, Toadstool Porridge unit!”

“Don’t say our deaths have no meaning. We will die!”

The reckless tactic that had no effect was repeated! It seemed completely crazy.

But Lafaye expected that after a few defeats, they would give up and he could conquer the north.

“We are the Grass Porridge Cult. We might be defeated in battle but our hearts won’t turn.”

“Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge!”

The stubborn northern users consistently fought day and night.

As the king of the Arpen Kingdom, Weed had captured the hearts of the users. A mysterious adventurer with good governance. There wouldn’t be a high tax revenue in the future but the result was that the users felt deeply about the Arpen Kingdom.

Still, the fundamentally strong firepower of the Haven Empire meant they couldn’t even approach or do much damage. Magic shields, placement of warriors with high health and defense and ranged attacks meant there was no possibility of killing the Haven Empire’s army.

Even if groups of soldiers were killed, the overall degree meant it could

be ignored. Although the soldiers of the Haven Empire decreased a little bit, the experience from winning the war meant their power was supplemented.

The difference between regular soldiers and elite soldiers tempered by war was like the difference between heaven and earth!

Morale, class skills and levels went up quickly.

“We need to use a wide variety of ways to stop them.”

“Let’s find a weakness. I will protect what is mine.”

The high level users and high ranking members of the Grass Porridge Cult started thinking of different angles while the reckless battle was continuing.

Nevertheless, they realized that their tactics were increasingly limited. Even if they won against 50,000 soldiers of the Haven Empire, they would just be smashed by another 100,000.

The operation aimed at finding any gaps in the Haven Empire. And the players of Royal Road had a wide variety of careers in reality.

Lafaye used excellent strategies and tactics but there were also users in the north who understood his movements.

“They stick together well. But if we don’t continue to attack, they will disperse to quickly occupy the north. This is where we can significantly delay the conquest.”

A former sergeant cried out confidently in Morata’s square. The Haven Empire was like evil villains so his spirit responded.

“They will head towards the east and Vargo Fortress. The major cities that are the heart of the north will also be destroyed.”

“We have a lot of land with nothing there. Many users have been focused on mine development so there are many empty lands.

The weapons and armour dropped in battle is a huge loss. We should arrange ways to recover that.”

“If they advance then the blacksmiths can take refuge. And let’s respond by dividing the units in an organized manner.”

A captain who graduated from the military academy and finished the military service came out.

“When looking at the topographic view, their march to Morata will deal the most damage. If we have a fortress then it will be easier to block them... Unfortunately, now it can’t be helped.”

The gathered users then spoke.

“We just need to create a fortress!”

“Why have you given up already? The only thing we have left is the people!”

Thanks to the Haven Empire’s invasion, the users doing quests, hunting and dungeon exploration all returned to the city.

“The Sesame Porridge unit has arrived just now.”

“The Black Sesame Porridge unit has been organized. All members are welcome.”

“Bamboo Shoots Porridge unit, we are too weak to participate in battle but we will support in any way.”

Currently the 1st, 2nd and 3rd units were fighting against the Haven Empire. All the northern users wanted to resist the Haven Empire but only the essential people gathered at the squares.

“Architects should build and install defense facilities at the fortress.”

“Is it possible for those guys to persuade people while marching?”

“What persuasion! Simply making a fortress with high walls is enough to make it last a day! I carried at least 50 stones while participating in the construction of the pyramid!”

The northern users specialized in labour thanks to King Weed!

They immediately started construction of defensive fortresses. Widely scattered glass pieces and iron were picked up on the march.

It was difficult to collect things after the battle but bringing along even 1 cooper would make things pile up like a mountain! Cheap labour was the driving force behind the north.

Meanwhile, the users with tactical knowledge examined the terrain to form a systematic defense plan against the Haven Empire's invasion.

"We can't win even with this. It might slow down the advance but it isn't enough against the powerhouse Haven Empire."

"What if level 300~400 people fought in the army?"

"They are a bunch of strangers so a unit of NPC soldiers would fight better together. War is like that. And they are marching in a tactical and orderly manner so there is no telling what will happen."

"Our power will continue to weaken unless they make a crucial mistake...."

"How long can we hold out? A week? A month?"

"If Morata is destroyed then it will have repercussions for the entire kingdom and the palace is likely to flew away as well."

"Even if the users continue to fight, we still have our greatest weakness."

Morata was the hub of production, commerce, religion and adventure in the north so it was an important symbol. The area was near grain fields and if Morata was turned to ashes then all traffic throughout the north would be paralysed.

The Haven Empire's primary goals were Morata and the Earth Palace.

"The whole plan should be designed around Morata. We must keep the city even if a few million players have to die daily."

"We can make the Royal Palace again if it crashes. But protecting Morata is a must. At least until Weed-nim can get back."

"Will things change if he comes back?"

"I don't know. But he should show up even if it is just before we are

defeated. Weed the God of War will leave behind hope. Isn't the Haven Empire also afraid of Weed succeeding in his quest which is why they're attacking now?"

"The Haven Empire is definitely strong. However, the north will be kept with our hands while we wait for our hero."

"I accept. It was impossible for us to gather in the north if it wasn't for Weed. Now Weed is the hope of the north. And we have to hold out and weaken the Haven Empire until he gets back."

The Grass Porridge Cult's war command centre didn't have a formal configuration. Apart from the leaders in battle, 100 people were gathered to discuss the defense plans.

The plan was immediately conveyed to the northern users. There wasn't a forced command as users followed on a voluntary basis.

"Architect-nim told me that we should build walls 20 metres high where the river connects."

"During the day?"

"Yes."

"The amount of time doesn't matter. 20 metres is a little low so let's put it at 40 metres."

The cities continued to organize combat troops to stop the Haven Empire.

"The Dawn of Martyrdom combat troops will gather in the court over there."

"We will attack in the morning. It is limited to the first 1 million people."

It was difficult to measure the scale of the northern users but it was common to see hundreds of thousands in a unit. It was due to the number of beginners starting Royal Road! More than 70% of them started in the north so there were roughly 10 million beginners gathered outside Morata!

The roads and inns were full of people making the journey for the war. And while a heated discussion was occurring in the northern command post, an elderly man arrived.

He was a warrior wearing shabby level 150 equipment. In the informal atmosphere of the north, a person's outfit didn't signify their true level. He wore common products rather than equipment and many people were surprised when they saw the old man's face.

"Huck! Chief of Staff-nim!"

The Chief of Staff of South Korea who honourably stepped down! 10 years ago! The north contained multiple users from Korea and other countries.

Among the elderly were former aircraft carrier captains, air force commanders, defense ministers and other high ranking officials.

"Hulhul, this is the age where we fight for our freedom."

"My blood is boiling at the thought of fighting against the Empire."

"We are weak but shouldn't we try properly? Is there anyone who specializes in guerrilla warfare?"

"I will call a call a special warfare commander. He has retired for 1 year."

"Bring some people from the special forces and intelligence."

"Call some people form the logistics support group to take care of the supplies."

Due to voluntary participation that was beyond imagination, the north was being reconstructed into a true display of tactics.

This completely overturned Lafaye's prediction.

Of course, the majority of users were beginners even if a plan was established. Compared to the might Imperial Army, the inexperienced users were just a weakness.



The Central Continent branch of the Grass Porridge Cult!

They suffered under the rule of the Haven Empire.

“Our brethren in the north.”

“I know they will fight. We can count on them.”

“The resistance should be fun.”

The Grass Porridge Cult did a lot in the Central Continent.

There were many unstable regions in the Haven Empire so it was inevitable that rebels would form in the cities. Important fortresses were stations throughout the Haven Empire to prevent an army's rebellion since any movement above a certain scale would be cut off.

The former capital of the kingdom had a central fountain, sculptures of Emperor Bardray and government offices. The residents of ruined kingdoms were oppressed.

The existing Central Continent only poured forces into the war. If they won then it would be a jackpot while it would be their downfall if they were defeated!

Of course, there were users in the Hermes Guild that had a prominent role in long-term affairs.

Security was good, there were strongholds for production and trade and unstable areas were turned into training grounds for soldiers. Commercial facilities, cultural buildings and tax cuts were all designed to raise the people's loyalty.

But there were some tricky areas ruled with force. They deliberately destroyed cities to force the city's residents to relocate or cut off the food supply to leave them starving to death. They ruled with fear and whips so there was minimal failure in the wide territories of the Haven Empire.

The original users and residents of the conquered Central Continent suffered greatly so they were worthy of praise and admiration.

The reign of the Haven Empire was sophisticated.

In the beginning, the Haven Empire wasn't as experienced when they occupied the Kallamore Kingdom! There were large and small resistance armies that periodically ran amok to annoy the Haven Empire.

The Haven Empire was filled with users who disliked the Hermes Guild so they needed to place troops to monitor and control so there wouldn't be any accidents. Their tactics meant there was no hope for the dissenting opponents!

Only outstanding users like the Bandit King Steiner could flow against the Haven Empire's rule.

There would be a notification whenever the rule of the Haven Empire was consolidated. Numerous users on the continent were resigned and accepted the situation.

The Hermes Guild used a myriad of effort and strength in order to conquer the Central Continent and eventually the entire Versailles Continent. The combined anti-Hermes Guild who resisted were defeated.

They waited for the prestigious guilds to weaken through disputes with each other before the Haven Empire swept in. They used the endless turmoil to unify the continent.

When looking at the urban planning and troop deployment, it was clear that they had been prepared for the conquest.

Recently, the Embinyu Church that had undercut their power had disappeared. After the conquest of the Central Continent, the balance had returned to a more stable state.

The Grass Porridge Cult branch in the Central Continent could only watch without anything to do.

“There is no work to do here.....”

“Do you want to go hunting?”

“I don't know. Should we just go to the north?”

“What will we do there?”

“I want to see it before it is destroyed by the Haven Empire. We can also

see the battle up close.”

“We don’t know if it will be finished by the time we arrive.... Anyway, let’s just go.”

Users from the Central Continent started moving to the north. There were a few beginners but also a significant number of level 300 and 400 people.

They really wanted to see the end of the fight.



Unsung heroes!

“The military installations from the Haven Empire continue to be an eyesore.”

“Even the north has become a little boring.”

There were users in Royal Road who liked to hunt alone.

Some did it for money like the Dark Gamers while others were office workers or self-employed with no time to play.

Anyway, a significant number of them had natures that liked being alone!

If a party was urgently needed then they would obtain it from the square. But unless they were high level, a random party could create a crisis with just one small mistake. It was also common for disputes over items to occur.

While some people enjoyed hunting in a party and making new friends, others couldn’t help feeling angry due to their natures. There were those who would receive serious damage in Royal Road due to their colleagues.

They could just curse and terminate the connection when they could overcome a problem. Furthermore, they could take all the loot after suffering through a dungeon.

Whether a person hunted in a party or alone, there was a difference in the amount of time wasted.

Depending on the class and the growth of specific skills, some people weren't suited to hunting in a party. For example, it might not be useful for a warrior to bring an archer with fast running skills while hunting.

'Well, I don't need friends. I've been alone for my entire life.'

'Girlfriend? Hmmm... Probably not for me. Once I earn a lot of money and grow old, I can enter a nursing home....'

There were some with no girlfriend or friends in the world. Even if they couldn't find a girlfriend in reality, there was enough time in Royal Road.

It was common for those who hunted and adventured alone in the Central Continent to cross over to the north.

Users who succeeded and caused the residents to talk about them were sometimes called unsung heroes!

Whether it was raising levels or important adventures, they enjoyed Royal Road in their own way. So they normally had high skill proficiencies and a high level.

"I will go see the fight."

"A long war would also be okay. I worked as a mercenary in the Central Continent and the money...."

"I hated the Haven Empire originally."

"There are many pretty girls in the Grass Porridge Cult. Perhaps I might just end up as cannon fodder."

Thus the users that normally moved alone also gathered in the north.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Geomchi-3 rubbed his palms together.

"Teacher-nim's insight is really excellent."

If there was a flattery competition then Geomchi-4 would be the master.

"Can you really predict the outcome of the battle?"

Geomchi had already predicted the outcome of the battle between the northern users and the Haven Empire.

The one-sided defeat of the northern users! He was literally correct.

“What is your secret, Teacher-nim?”

Geomchi-5 said with a look of sincere respect. He had been scared of anything since his teens.

After being terrified, he started learning the sword until he became so good that people would suck up to Geomchi-5.

Geomchi watched the Haven Empire beyond the ridge and said naturally.

“Watch the people below to see how they will start moving.”

“Ah, yes!”

“Amazing, Teacher-nim!”

The disciples that had overcome adversity in their decades of life were deeply moved.

“But are we just going to watch?”

“The calibre of those troops are enough to loosen my body. I will show those arrogant bastards the bitter taste of this world.”

“We will soon move.”

The instructors and trainees were also training. They used a myriad of swords, axes, maces, sickles, hammers and bows. The power obtained from using Weapons Mastery was very diverse.

Geomchi-2 ate meat when excited but he was the successor so he needed to pay attention to his position.

The instructors and students weren't weak but it was unknown if they could fight against the powerful forces of the Haven Empire.

“Wouldn't we have been unable to win even if we took action last time? The Haven Empire has 3 million troops combined.”

“It is hard. It is hard to know. However, we can’t miss this great fight. And how will we get stronger if we can’t fight lots of enemies?”

“Of course!”

Geomchi-2 and Geomchi-3 were calm and dependable hyung-nims but now their eyes were burning with a desire to fight.

Royal Road was a place for them to experience enjoyable battles. Swordsmanship wasn’t a considerable help in reality so it caused them considerable irritation. Their hearts didn’t fear death and they had a strong fighting spirit.

‘I will smash them all.’

‘I need to beat at least 800 warriors.’

‘I can’t breathe until I have hit enough people.’

They actually welcomed the powerful army of the Haven Empire.

A man should draw their sword to wield it against an enemy. The efficiency of their muscles surpassed the movie <300> and <505> was now born.



“Chwiik!”

The orcs at Vargo Fortress were filled with complaints.

“My children are too many, chwi chwik. There should be less people in my family, chwiik!”

The orc males complained about the females Usually the females lacked influence but this wasn’t the case.

“Yesterday I gave birth to seven and today is nine, chwichichik! My family is bustling, chwichik!”

“It is too hard to feed, chwichik!”

“They are playing in the mud-hut! Go out and hunt, chwikchwik!”

The number of orcs in the north increased exponentially. The day after

baby orcs were born, they would be dating in the village.

“I like you, chwi chwit.”

“I often hear that I am pretty, chwiik!”

“Your hips are really large. Cwik, cwik!”

The orcs dated, got married, had children and the cycle repeated. Children were born in an infinite loop! A pair of orcs would have an unfathomable number of children after 3 months but this was just the nature of the orcs.

The early orc settlements that had come across the sea quickly expanded. Most of them settled in the vicinity of Vargo Fortress and flung themselves at the animals and monsters present in the surrounding forests and mountains. They persistently killed monsters so Vargo Fortress could be called the capital of the orcs.

-The orcs are so funny. I can feel a completely different taste from common games.

-I've had experience as an orc for 6 months. I can experience happiness when seeing their family. The excitement of seeing my first baby orc. The number of family members increasing.

-Since then, babies are born at breakfast, lunch and dinner!

-I can now understand my parent's hearts. Shouldering the heavy burden of my family members....

-Should I take the young orcs in my family to hunt and grow as warriors? To humans, honour and intimacy are important but orcs are different. They unconditionally care about their families. Betrayal? That would never happen among the orcs. The downside is that they can't choose many professions but it is the strongest species to relieve stress.

-Won't they grow during careful and slow hunts and adventures? I just need to watch a fight. Then the orc will give birth again....

-Do orcs really own 100 spoons each?

-If how dishes would be washed a day?

The orc species could be chosen so the number of orc users increased until it couldn't be ignored. The orc village was lively compared to the dark elves and the barbarians!

The area around Vargo Fortress were bursting with orcs. It was a little exaggerated but orcs could be seen running around or climbing steep cliffs. And orcs were scattered throughout the mountains around Vargo Fortress to look for monsters.

The promise to settle in the north!

[The Northern Continent, Vargo Fortress is brimming with various other species!

Barbarians, dwarves, elves and orcs all flow through Vargo Fortress.

The dwarves are willing to repair the fortress so that strong monsters can't take it down easily.

And if you want to experience the wide world of orcs and their families, you can eat and rub shoulders with them before leaving.

Once you experience the different variety of life, it is unlikely you will want to leave.]

Even a few orcs would quickly expand their numbers.

The merchants and farmers in the north eyed the orcs.

“The economic scale is based on the population. The future of the orcs....! Sale of food. The real cost of selling! Sell until there is nothing left.”

“I'm envious of the well grown orc villages. They are good at breeding and can be used to guard the crops.”

The merchants increased their fixed customers while farmers brought the orcs into hazardous farming areas.

Merchants would also supply food to the orc village. They could already sell a lot more after just a few days.

There were also the loot the orcs obtained while hunting. The profit

from bulk trade of japtem. The system for professional merchants meant that they couldn't ignore japtem.

New land was pioneered for the purpose of farmers to grow crops to feed to orcs. They started cultivating the land and harvested the crops. There were as many as 4,000 orcs brought to guard the land.

“Chwiik!”

“Chwik!”

The baby orcs that followed clamoured when they were hungry.

The mission of a farmer! This mission wouldn't allow them to see someone die of hunger in front of them so many of the harvested grains ended up with the orcs.

“Chwi chwik, we are indebted to you. We will pay you back.”

Their increased their favour with the orcs. They protected the farmers in battle and saved many necessary things.

A long time ago in the history of the Versailles Continent, the human species was considered inferior to the orcs. The orcs lived scattered over a wide land and defeated powerful monsters in a group. They were free but a series of events caused a number of species to decrease by a lot.

But now the orcs increased rapidly until they had almost reverted to their former glory. And the north was a perfect place for the orcs to live. There was abundant food and strong monsters.

Weed had gone around the continent and reconciled four species as well as appreciating the buildings in Ratzeberg. King Weed discovered the buildings and constructed buildings that the orcs were familiar with. A number of facilities were also built using orc technology.

Of course, the buildings weren't only for the orcs. There were a wide range of structures for dwarves, elves and humans.

Dung! Dung! Dung!

Adventurers found the relic 'Hechwi's Drum.' Orcs could beat it when they were in danger.

Then a telepathic message was be delivered to all nearby orcs.

“Chwi chwit, someone is attacking us.”

“The place where I was born, chwi chwi chwi chwit! It is in danger.”

“The place with delicious food and females... Chwik! But where is it?
Chwi chwit!”

The orc warriors in the north started packing up and moving. Each orc tribe sent their elites towards Vargo Fortress.

They were sent the following day. The next day, the next day....

Chapter 5: The Will of Great Emperor Weed

“Move faster!”

“If you sit down then I will cut your neck.”

“I know that whipping you will enable you to move faster. Have the taste of Roker’s whip!”

Weed leisurely watched the Sky Tower’s guards while carrying the rocks up.

Attitude and behaviour was important in labour. It wasn’t necessary to run wild but he couldn’t act too slowly either or it would draw attention.

His speed gave the impression that he was working moderately hard. His expression was sincere and diligent while he breathed harshly. His superior stats meant he wouldn’t feel tired but he felt enjoyment from deceiving them.

Most of the slaves in Royal Road had more vitality than humans so they climbed the stairs considerably quickly.

He was bored climbing the stairs for several hours so he looked forward to occasionally looking out the window. The earth was getting further away as he moved towards the sky.

A pleasant scenery!

He felt refreshed as he started sweating.

“Hrmm, you’re doing pretty well for a young child. Wonderful.”

“Exemplary work for Embinyu.”

Sometimes he unexpectedly received praise from the Embinyu guards.

‘No, this isn’t it. I ended up adapting to the labour.’

Once he started, his hands and feet automatically moved. He felt stupid as one day passed!

When he was younger, he would do simple, repetitive labour like sewing eyes on a doll that would allow his mind to rest. Carrying the stone while climbing the stairs was an endlessly boring and frustrating task. The smell of sweat flowing from the bodies of the other slaves made it even worse.

Weed shook his head.

‘I need to proceed with the quest so I can’t spend too long doing this job. I also need to find a way.’

It was annoying carrying the rocks up and then heading back down. While climbing down the tower, he noticed the walls were filled with graffiti.

-My son is dead.

-I’m hungry. I have no power to move. Kuku. This place is hell.

-All dead. Parents, siblings and couples have all died in this tower.

-My son is still alive. When will I die?

There was apparently no information. Apart from the humans, the other species also left messages but he couldn’t read them.

Adventurers, magicians or historians could learn the language or other species which would help them find clues in quests. Sculptures, paintings or people who looked through post-war history or old pieces of artwork could also grasp some things. Language, mastery of emotions and item identification.

In Weed’s case, he had the tenacity to soldier through and find clues in his quest.

Although warriors could resolve a quest, it was like stomping on the ground compared to another profession’s delicate solution.

Weed also envied the adventures of adventurers.

‘Sweeping all the treasures in the world....’

Adventurers who found treasures that had been buried for a long time

in the north were able to obtain fame and wealth.

‘If I was an adventurer then I would be holding a shovel and sack all day while digging up graves.’

Weed continued searching every bit of the walls and ceilings while climbing the stairs. Only complicated and meaningless phrases were written.

He didn’t find any traces of an outstanding talent like a master sculptor in this tower. The Embinyu Church didn’t bother to decorate the Sky Tower and the slaves were forced into labour so they didn’t feel like any artworks. Therefore, the only thing he saw was the graffiti.

A few days passed. Nothing special happened as the Sky Tower continued rising.

In fact, Weed was so busy working that he didn’t know what was going on outside the tower.

‘I need to do something.’

Weed continued thinking. The time left to stop the Embinyu Church was running out while he was carrying the rocks.

There was only a bit of time left in Royal Road to stop the Embinyu Church and prevent history from changing.

‘So far I’ve only helped the construction and the work is almost finished.’

He knew enough about the complicated structure inside the tower. There were 30 large floors with accommodation and a training centre for the fanatics. In addition, they were solidly built with sufficient thickness to withstand the weight of the rocks on the floors above.

Once it started stretching towards the sky, the walls and pillars became thinner and there were special altars designed to absorb mana. This would reduce the weight and even skip certain floors.

Guards and knights of the Embinyu Church were stationed at key points in the tower and they could come running through the narrow stairs and

passages if required.

The tower had exactly 1,000 floors. Only the stairs needed to be finished.

‘How should I do this?’

Weed stood at a crossroads of choice.

He could wait until he heard from his subordinates and Ahellun or make a careful plan and move alone. His goals of collapsing the Sky Tower and stopping the Chaos Dragon were quite formidable.

The guards patrolled every moment of the day and night so he couldn’t hide in a corner. He had scouted by infiltrating the interior but it was impossible to climb up outside and enter through the window. The ranking knights and priests were also scattered everywhere like pebbles along the road.

Even if there was only one senior priest, their combat power meant it would have a devastating effect. The placement and scale of the enemies. Information was essential in a quest like this.

‘What is life? I will take action tomorrow morning.’



Weed had left in order to stop the Embinyu Church but Seo-yoon remained in the warring period.

After the battle at the fortress ended, Saint Ahellun had freed her from her role in the final secret sculpting technique quest.

Ddirring!

-You have completed the quest.

Saint Ahellun has stopped the summoning of the devil’s consciousness.

Your behaviour has successfully accomplished Hilderun’s adventure so you will be an unsung hero.

Wisdom, Charm, Dignity and Concentration will increase by 25 as a reward for the quest.

All your infamy has been removed.

Your fame is the best.

Glorious Blessing of Strength has been received.

-Your part in the final secret sculpting technique quest has been completed and additional compensation is received.

Glorious Blessing of Strength: You have been blessed by Ahellun's divine power.

This will remain for 160 days and will give your body a strong protective power.

She has spent quite a long time on Weed's final secret sculpting technique so it wasn't a good compensation. But her stats had climbed during the adventure so it would be a large help when returning to the original world.

'It was nice....'

Seo-yoon was simply satisfied being able to help Weed with his adventure.

And, Ahellun's actions resulted in a quest.

-Despite the warlock Chakujel's ritual failing, the summoned consciousness of the devil is still lingering. He has lined up another victim.

Hilderun carried the planted seed of a sleeping devil as Ahellun's divine power hasn't fully removed it.

"The soul of a devil is very dark and persistent and isn't easily destroyed by divine power.

Once a significant amount of time has passed since the summoning ritual, the soul will completely vanish from your body."

"Will the devil inside me wake up?"

"Once it makes contact with the divine power, the soul would be able to act carelessly. The light of your life will return the devil to hell."

“I’m glad to know that.”

“If you fight with someone, the devil will be forced to convey power to you. This is because if the human flesh experiences sudden death then the soul of the devil will receive a great impact.”

The power of the devil in your blood can wake up.

In order for there to be no more victims, execute Chakujel and stop the summoning of the devil.

If you accept the quest then the divine power and devil’s power can be used.

Level of Difficulty: Warring Period History quest

Compensation: Combat experience and achievements.

Quest Restrictions: The quest will fail if you die.

You will be returned to your original world.

Seo-yoon accepted the quest.

She couldn’t just leave without taking care of Chakujel. He had tried to kill Weed!

That’s why she headed towards Duke Alhamd who ruled Reperen Castle. Just like the Portu King, Duke Alhamd was another disciple of Chakujel.

Seo-yoon walked towards the large gates in the middle of the night. The guards saw her and held out their spears.

“Who are you? You’re not allowed to enter.”

“Huhuhu, there is no need for you to go inside. If you are sold to slave traders then we can enjoy considerable wealth.”

In Hilderun’s role, Seo-yoon only needed to survive so she stayed in the desert area while managing the mercenary guild.

So her formerly ferocious appearance as a berserker had shrunk. But right now, Weed was the only one who could stop her.

Sururung!

Seo-yoon took out a sword with lightning speed.

“Young girl, if you want to enter the castle then you should... Cough!”

A silver line cut across the guards. In the next moment, Seo-yoon grabbed the spear a guard dropped while holding her sword in her other hand.

-The devil Strang has helped you in battle.

3% of the devil's combat power is currently available.

Maximum health has increased.

“This conceited female....”

“Not scared despite being alone. Die!”

The guards immediately hurled profanities at her. Even in the warring period, the discipline of the guards at the gates were a mess. And in this case, they wasted time yelling at Seo-yoon.

Her sword and spear moved, stabbing and chopping at the guards. Those near the gates were devastated!

-Your level has risen.

-Your level has risen.

-Your level has risen.

-Your level has risen.

As a berserker, dealing with half a dozen guards was as simple as drinking coffee.

-The devil Strang is satisfied with your combat skills.

4% of the devil's combat power is currently available.

You can use its magic.

Basic black magic has been acquired.

Maximum mana has increased.

“.....”

Seo-yoon picked up the loot after knocking down the guards.

In fact, the loot from the warring period wouldn't remain but she had learned the minor habit of picking up any japtem from Weed. Later she automatically did it without any awareness.

Deng deng deng!

The emergency bell started ringing as the gates opened and troops poured out.

“What are you doing?”

“.....”

Seo-yoon didn't answer as she headed towards them and her sword moved like a gale of wind.

She didn't complain or speak a monologue while fighting like Weed. Just like a berserker, she stuck to fighting and killed everyone who flew at her!

She constantly levelled up and was able to use more of the devil's power.

-The devil Strang is satisfied.

-The devil Strang is lit up with joy.

More magic power has been gained.

-The devil Strang rejoices whenever it sees you fight.

The devil's existence was like a guardian as it found enjoyment like this was a game.

The destruction of Duke Alhamd's castle! The place was emptied but she still hadn't met Chakujel.

“.....”

“Teacher-nim has left this area to find materials. Please spare my life....”

Seo-yoon left Duke Alhamd alive. It was in order to give him a chance to repent.

She left and continued fighting. Seo-yoon continued fighting Duke Alhamd's knights and assassins in order to raise the power of the devil. And she finally fought Chakujel!

"You are the girl from that time, how..... Now I have to go but I'll be back soon."

Chakujel tried to run away but he was still stuck in Seo-yoon's palm. She pursued him while destroying the castle. And Chakujel finally died after six days!

Seo-yoon completed the quest.

-Terminate the Devil's Summoning Ritual has been completed.

The warlock Chakujel has vanished.

His fleeting ambitions and plans will be buried deeply with his death.

-You have acquired experience in battle as a devil warrior.

A special stat has been acquired.

Once you open your eyes to a dangerous power, there is a possibility that no enemies will remain in front of you.

-You have solved the secret history of the devil in the warring period and earned an achievement.

Fame has increased by 21,394.

Faith has increased by 7.

-The quest has been completed.

You have completed your role and can return to the original time zone.

Do you want to go back now?

Seo-yoon wanted to wait for Weed. But he was busy with his adventure and might not be able to come back to see her.

'They are there.'

She suddenly wanted to go back to the original time zone because she had something to do.

Hermes Guild!

In order to take care of them, Seo-yoon decided to leave the warring period.

“I will go back.”

Everything in front of Seo-yoon started to blur. Flowers were blooming and there were trees. The stars passed back as quickly as light.

And after a while, she returned to Morata.



Mapan gathered some reliable merchants and the NPC residents at Morata's library.

“No. It is nothing. This is....”

They were looking for something as they browsed through parchment bundles and history books. There were many people who went to the library to gain knowledge.

It was require for magicians and scholars to raise their knowledge and magic stats and adventurers also visited to find information from Morata.

In the case of merchants, they were less interested in records of the past. Sometimes they would find information about cities to open a trade route but that rarely happened. The daily trading of goods that fluctuated was more important to city merchants.

Mapan was responsible for a massive amount of production and distribution through the north yet he was stuck in the library!

“The Pallos Empire... The Pallos Empire... Ugh, there are so many records that I don't know where to start. Surely it is in Morata's library?”

Mapan had received a very important mission from Weed so he was searching through the records. It was a job that exuded the smell of gold and jewellery.

“I can’t miss out on this chance to do a mission for Weed-nim. But if the information isn’t in the library... No, it has to be. This is the information storage centre of the continent so information about him should appear here.”

He read all types of things about the Pallos Empire, the desert warriors and the treasure associated with them. The history of the continent constantly fluctuated so there were many new books in the library.

Even the relevant books didn’t have a secret sentence when he looked.

“It is a password that doesn’t require the help of a linguist or an adventurer.... Did I miss it?”

Mapan had all types of thoughts. And finally, he got a clue from the story of the Storyteller Drinker in the Kejan area.

[This year’s harvest was lean. There was no food or leather for winter clothes.

His Majesty was generous but it wasn’t enough so the number of friends I could drink alcohol with in the village decreased.

I couldn’t get drunk during the winter.

This morning, I discovered some monsters snooping near the village. They were probably trying to invade to obtain food. The monster soon returned and brought 2,000 of its kin with it.

The guards fought while I climbed up the roof of the tallest building and opened my remaining alcohol bottle.

“They will probably break down the walls to kill me so should I drink this alcohol quickly?”

I had years of experience drinking so I could probably drink all the alcohol if I poured it into my mouth. I listened to the sound of the soldiers fighting the monsters while slowly enjoying my last sip.

After drinking the alcohol, I would regret it as my life would soon disappear. Maybe a little more was remaining inside the bottle.

But the monsters didn’t succeed in their invasion.

Is it acceptable for a village to only have 100 soldiers?

Not at all. I suddenly saw some fellows while drinking my last bottle of alcohol.

Monsters near the edge of the village were completely destroyed.

Only 20 people were able to kill them.

There were 50 men wearing thick coats of armour surrounded carriages that approached the village.

The monsters that tried to invade the village changed directions but were wiped out.

I hadn't drank enough to be drunk so I couldn't help rubbing my eyes at the unbelievable fact.

What would that slightly curved sword be called? Anyway, one swing would take out dozens of monsters.

They didn't miss one monster. Come to think of it, they had been extremely cruel from the first moment they started trying to kill the monsters.

The men that destroyed the monsters approached the village.

The village's closed wooden gates quietly opened. Many of our village's soldiers made the right choice.

They put down their swords that had broken after a few swings.

"It is really cold. Do you have any warm alcohol?"

Winter was already passing to the people in the north but these people seemed extremely cold.

They stayed for a day before leaving with their carriages.

8 large carriages linked together. Marks were left deep in the ground so I don't know what they were carrying.

And I don't want to know. If I'm caught stealing then I would lose my life.

Well, I wrote the story but I still can't believe it.

You don't have to trust a liar and drunkard like me. If I drink more alcohol then I will forget the entire thing.]

Ddiring!

-The story of the Storyteller Drinker in the Kejan area has been read.

-Knowledge has increased by 1.

"This is great!"

Mapan smiled wildly. It took a while but he finally found what he wanted.



"This adventure has finally ended."

"It was really hard."

Pale and his other colleagues were completing the last part of a quest.

They wanted to stop the quest in order to participate in the battle against the Haven Empire. But the quest was in full swing so they couldn't stop here.

Therefore they finished the quest after indescribable hardships and reported it to the important NPCs around the north.

The reward was a relic of the great knight Ivanstein of the Niflheim Empire as well as a booklet containing information about how to establish a knights division. The NPCs they reported gathered talented residents and used the booklet to create knights.

Romuna and Bellot were the most delighted.

"I knew it. The title of 'Elegant Lady like a Rose' really matches me! It really is perfect for me. Hohoho."

"Bring adorned with jewels and feathers... Omo, look at these shiny things."

And one man was quietly crying in a corner.

“Huhuhuk.”

Pale had experienced death three times on this quest. He died so his damage was big compared to his other colleagues.

-I will remain. Run away!

-These guys are strong so can you do it?

-No. I won't give up until the end. I can handle it! I won't blame you if I die.

'I shouldn't be nice. It is a poison.'

Pale received an enlightenment about the hardships of a man in life! Surka was punching the air while Pale was getting his enlightenment!

Surka punched the air lightly! Her fist sparked every time. Her appearance and equipment all over off the impression of a high level user.

“We can now participate in the war.”

“I've been waiting for this. My fishing rod will weave them together....”

Zephyr had a bloody smile on his face. He had a quiet presence when hunting or doing quests. However, there were many opportunities in a war.

“All of them are finished.”

But Pale and his colleagues couldn't participate in the war against the Haven Empire. Mapan called them all to his mansion.

“I have an important announcement.”

“What is it? Have you ever succeeded in another trade?”

Surka asked in a dismissive tone.

In recent years, Mapan had become one of the coolest merchants on the continent. His cool-headed market analysis and bold initiatives while expanding his trade and investments caused him to receive a huge profit.

Combat professions couldn't help feeling envious when seeing a

merchant's huge wealth!

“Look at this first before I give an explanation.”

Mapan handed them a booklet one by one.

Ddiring!

-The story of the Storyteller Drinker in the Kejan area has been read.

-Knowledge has increased by 1.

A story that increased their knowledge by 1 when they read it. As a magician, Romuna was pleased because it increased her maximum mana but the others didn't care.

Bellot yawned and asked graciously.

“So?”

“And please look at this as well.”

This time Mapan pulled out a book wrapped in gold cloth.

“This was hard to obtain but it is really important data. If you connect the two materials then you will know what I have to say.”

“What is it?”

Irene took the booklet and read slowly.

[Title: Pallos Empire's hidden secret?

Written by historian Lucrud.

The Pallos Empire was founded in the warring period.

The rough warriors emerged onto the continent from the desert with the hero Weed.

The greedy kingdoms were annexed by the desert kingdom and the territory broadened until it became a great empire.

It was formed in a short time but the military power and level was enough to unify the whole continent.

They defeated the army of a dangerous religious group and made all the

kingdoms tremble with fear.

The battle at Dulmore Fortress was especially fierce and historians are still talking about it even after the Pallos Empire was destroyed.

It is rare that the fate of a continent depends on one battle and at that time, there were undead and monsters as well as the incredible event of a meteor being summoned.

Great Emperor Weed.

It is the scholars' opinion that the victory was able to be achieved due to him.

It is really questionable how a human like him could become so strong.

And after the Great Emperor Weed abruptly abandoned the Pallos Empire, it enjoyed a brief golden period before declining.

The camel empire collapsed and the warriors returned back to the wild and barren desert. And after ruling over a vast empire for a while, the southern desert had positive reforms.

Transportation connections between countries, trade and production and technological development.

The Pallos Empire interfered in domestic affairs and received a lot of tributes. The residents in the warring period received severe pain due to the authority of nobles and royalty.

In the history records, there have been numerous accounts of the knights abusing or abandoning the poor.

But after the empire disappeared, there were no traces of the treasure piled up in the warehouses.

The Pallos Empire conquered numerous cities and kingdoms and received tributes from other kingdoms.

Where have all the countless treasures that they collected disappeared to?

All the gold and magic treasures obtained from corruption,

extravagance and pleasure was just gone?

I, the historian Lucrud skimmed the confidential records associated with the Pallos Empire and found a significant passage.

-The greed of human beings will cause disaster.

I will come back again when the world is on the brink of a crisis.

The power of salvation is in the north.

After a long time, the desert and the north shall become one.

The writer is unknown but records of the senate and the warriors have frequently appeared in the history books.

The only person who can leave such an impact on the Pallos Empire is the Great Emperor Weed.

Weed's strength is timeless and beyond that of a human. A hero who will open the path to the entire continent.

He foresaw the future and left a will behind?

One thing is for sure, the warriors of the Pallos Empire heeded his words.

The warriors secretly carried out some actions to prepare for the distant future according to his command.

Perhaps this is the reason why the best warriors headed towards the north.]

Ddirring!

-You have found a significant truth in the history of the continent.

This valuable discovery has increased Knowledge by 5 and Wisdom by 2.

Collecting at least 2 clues is necessary to perform this quest.

You can start the 'Hidden Treasures of the Ruler of the Desert' quest.

Irene's eyes started shining.

"What is this?"

Her other colleagues also started reading the booklet. Mapan couldn't conceal the excitement on his face.

“It is a project that requires the best security. And only we can do this job. Because it is directly related to Weed's pocket.”

“.....!”

Weed's pocket! The group's eyes flashed at that word.

“So what do we need to do?”

“I've gathered information related to the Pallos Empire from the library.”

Weed had sent Mapan a encrypted document by email. The password was a word linked with a happy death, dreams, hopes and the whole world.

However, it wasn't difficult for Mapan to find the password. The password was 'money storehouse.'

Title: If you want to make big money...

After learning about the Pallos Empire in the library, somewhere in the north there is the daunting task of excavating treasure.

I can't leave this task to other people so this is your first priority.

Hwaryeong's eyes shone after reading the booklet.

“Then Weed has hidden the treasures of the Pallos Empire somewhere in the north?”

“Yes, that's right. Weed had no time to directly bring the treasures to the north. So before leaving for his quest, he directed his subordinates to bury the treasures in the north.”

“.....!”

The Pallos Empire had vigorously proceeded with conquering. Besides, there was also the Great Emperor Weed. The many riches that it plundered was buried somewhere in the north.

Mapan gave a bit more explanation.

“It would be easy of Weed specified a place or terrain where it is buried but that will be difficult. First of all, at the time the Niflheim Empire had existed in the north. If there is a witness then Weed-nim risks changing the future. That’s why he set some rules for his subordinates hiding the treasure. And there is a risk that a quest will be generated, benefiting someone else.”

The group was already not listening to Mapan.

Pale’s imagination spread.

‘The best bow and quiver.’

Bellot also had a lot of hope.

‘The clothes and jewellery from that era. It was really pretty on the video so I want it.’

Hwaryeong was already absorbed in combining clothes and accessories.

‘What should I wear? Will the short skirt of the desert tribes suit me?’

Anyone would be filled with greed at the thought of finding the Pallos Empire.

Romuna jumped to her feet.

“Where should we look? Right now, move quickly!”



Defeat at Rubkan Gorge.

Destruction of Ranchio Village. The damage makes recovery impossible.

A sea of fire on the Sonak Plains.

The granaries of Arpen Kingdom were plundered.

The Grand Building at Jiobrande was tipped over.

The construction site of the Grand Building at Delnis was destroyed.

The northern users, the so-called northern troops were routed by the Haven Empire’s army. The north tried to stop them but were smashed and

the cities decimated.

Defeat, defeat, defeat, defeat, defeat!

The stations of Royal Road gave daily updates. This was the hottest period where the viewers paid attention to Royal Road. The interest was higher than office workers towards the holiday season and students towards vacation season.

“As expected, the Haven Empire is the best.”

Yoo Byung-jin watched the broadcast of Royal Road on the television. He could watch it on the screens with the AI but he wanted to hear the thoughts of the commentators and viewers.

“The north is continuing to be defeated and the Haven Empire is powerful enough to be called invincible.”

“God Bardray and his Royal Guards haven’t even participated in the war yet so it seems like the Haven Empire is looking to unify the continent.”

“They didn’t use all their power in the war against the Allied Forces. What is the end of the Haven Empire’s capabilities?”

“This crisis is difficult to gauge and I wonder if Weed the God of War can really overcome it when he returns.”

“Weed’s quest is soon at an important junction while it seems like the Haven Empire will win against the north unless something big happens.”

“You could call Weed the master of adventures. Most of his achievements have been in adventures rather than war. Well, he fought the Immortal Legion but that was still within a quest. But even if he is at a critical period in his adventure, he still has an identity as a king. Ah, maybe he already gave up on his kingdom. When looking at this situation, that might be called a wise decision.”

The broadcaster’s commentators waited for Weed while lamenting the north’s destruction. Every bulletin board associated with Royal Road was filled with posts accusing the Hermes Guild. But with the repeated defeats in battle, all the voices became increasingly pessimistic.

Even Yoo Byung-jin viewed the Haven Empire's army as being 4 times more powerful than the north. The number of northern users was greater but their firepower wasn't enough.

The army formation, overall balance, experience and skilled commanders, variety of troops and tactical abilities were all superior. All those elements necessary for war were added up to make the north helpless.

No matter what numerical values there were, the situation had already been concluded.

The Haven Empire also had a number of dwarven blacksmiths that created supplies like arrows and daggers. After unifying the Central Continent, the Haven Empire hadn't become lazy but instead came to invade the north.

The gathering of simple beginners didn't have any meaning. The war between the northern troops and the Haven Empire was like ordinary citizens going against war chariot troops.

The level 400 users of the Haven Empire boasted that they had killed thousands of users.

"Nevertheless, they haven't been defeated yet so are they still waiting for Weed? They aren't afraid to die and even vowed revenge. There really are many strange humans."

Curiously, the commentators and viewers both said it would be difficult for the north but they still had anticipation in their hearts. All eyes that focused on the already damaged north waited for Weed to return.

Yoo Byung-jin was dumbfounded to realize that people thought Weed could stop the Haven Empire.

"This time it really won't happen. It doesn't make any sense."

-Do you want me to calculate the probability of winning if Weed leads the northern troops?

"No. I got it."

Even if his head wasn't convinced, his heart seemed to have a different opinion.

“Is this faith? Do I believe that a miracle can be created?”

Yoo Byung-jin stopped watching the television showing the war in the north. Users were being massacred every day by the Haven Empire while cities were changed into ruins.

Rather, he was more interested in Weed's adventure with the Embinyu Church that will soon take place.

“Weed is once again facing a difficult environment.”

Usually a common person would only experience a certain percentage of unfortunate incidents. Nevertheless, somehow Weed managed to thrive while be given all these opportunities.

Yoo Byung-jin already knew how Nodulle's adventure had developed in the past.

Nodulle and his companions had been scattered after arriving at the Barren Howling Ruins.

“This is... The saint's holy power led me here. My companions might be confused so I have to meet them as soon as possible.”

Nodulle first went around looking for his colleagues. Fortunately he managed to unit with Luhellun and Brevinsun and they sneaked into the Embinyu Church.

Of course, it was an impossible task due to the arduous terrain and the monsters but they battled through the night and broke in. The result was Brevinsun's death in the middle!

Nodulle was caught and stuck in prison to be sacrificed while Luhellun barely managed to escape.

“This is just before the important ritual. The dragon will eat you once it wakes up.”

Nodulle was destined to be sacrificed in the evening to the Chaos Dragon.

A warrior in the olden days that didn't know the unforgiving world showed his bravado on the edge of death!

But that new power allowed him to dramatically escape successfully.

The barbarians and other humans held in the jail heard the story from Nodulle sacrificed their lives to allow Nodulle to escape. The uproar caused by the escaped slaves extended to the entire prison.

"I have the weight of people's blood on my shoulders. This is for their sake... I will stop them."

Nodulle tearfully broke out of jail and found Hestiger and Ahellun fighting the enemy knights.

"How did you get here....?"

"Are you okay?"

"There is no time to talk. The Chaos Dragon will be awakened tonight."

"Let's stop it. There is still time."

They slipped passed the pursuers and infiltrated deep inside.

The Sky Tower was completed and the Chaos Dragon almost awakened so the security of the Embinyu Church was somewhat lax. And once they entered deeper, they discovered a place created by the Embinyu Church filled with enormous amounts of poison.

It would pollute the rivers and lakes so much that no creature could live there. Nodulle was appalled at the sight.

"How could it be so transformed....?"

"This is good. We can make every guard at important checkpoints eat this poison."

"Hestiger, what are you saying!"

"I was already convinced that their evil couldn't go any deeper. If we don't stop them then they will harm the continent."

"Eueuum!"

While Weed picked up money from the streets in 0.1 seconds, Hestiger would agonize over it for more than 2 hours. He suffered after hearing Hestiger and Ahellun's suggestion to harm people with the poison.

"Let's do it. Even if we end up going to hell... For the sake of the world!"

And the fanatics and monsters ate poisoned food. That night, the ceremony to awaken the Chaos Dragon began. Tens of thousands of fanatics in the cult ate the poisoned food and died.

"Drink the cup of blood that God Embinyu has given us!"

"Thank you for the blessing of your destruction."

The fanatics drank at the same time. The highly purified poison melted the fanatics and monsters.

Nodulle and his colleagues went back to the jail and rescued the various species. Time was tight to stop the Chaos Dragon ritual but they needed to save those trapped. The freed people decided to join Nodulle to fight.

"Knight Vagner of the Keltun Kingdom, I am willing to give me life."

"It is an honour. We will fight together."

A warrior led those filled with courage and righteousness. As a result, Nodulle was leading thousands of troops after leaving the prison. And after fleeing earlier, Luhellun appeared at the critical moment to interrupt the Chaos Dragon's brainwashing ceremony.

He stabbed the Chaos Dragon's eye with a dagger. High priest Heuller attacked with rage and Luhellun died laughing.

-I am waking up. Ugh, my head... It hurts. My head seems to be breaking.

The Chaos Dragon awoke from a deep sleep!

Originally the Embinyu Church planned to control the dragon's spirit but now they were destroyed by it. A colossal impact that was 10 times Weed's disaster occurred.

The Sky Tower couldn't withstand the dragon's body and came crashing

down. Nodulle, Ahellun and his other colleagues united to fight against the minions of the Embinyu Church.

“Divine Judgement of Sin, God’s Sword of Repentance and the Heaviest Hell!”

Saint Ahellun’s incredible divine magic! The priests of the Embinyu Church turned into grey light and disappeared. The knights couldn’t exert half of their abilities due to the blessings and disappeared like dust.

The Chaos Dragon was recklessly attacking everything around it. The dragon’s breath exploded everywhere! It was the incredible sight of more than 100,000 Embinyu fanatics melting at the same time.

The fact, the original Ausollet that was brainwashed had an oppressive nature. But the pain he felt made him attack the creatures around him even more violently.

Ahellun wrapped the divine magic around the dragon’s body and said.

“I can’t hold him for long. The dragon seems to have gone insane from the brainwashing.”

The dragon would smash the Embinyu Church and then destroy the world. The aggression would break the peace so it wasn’t significantly different from the Embinyu Church.

“I brought you here but it seems like our time together will end now.”

“Ahellun-nim, what are you saying?”

“I will take on the dragon. He still hasn’t fully awakened so I can seal him with the power of God.”

“But won’t there be a large sacrifice to use that power?”

“As long as the dragon’s power doesn’t come back, there is nothing to lose. I am thankful that I was able to meet such pure people.”

And Ahellun used his life force to seal off the Chaos Dragon as they disappeared into a dark sea.

“You are the culprit for everything. I will tear up my soul to stop the

Embinyu Church!”

Even though the Chaos Dragon that shook off the brainwashing had done tremendous damage, high priest Heuller still had tremendous displays of magic. Black magic as well as magical flames, wind and water in the ultimate form flowed freely. The other priests of the Embinyu Church also showed their skills.

While they were able to finish high priest Heuller off, Nodulle and Hestiger paid the price by dying.

“I know this story but it would be difficult to pull off. Can Weed really succeed?”

Yoo Byung-jin was sceptical.

Weed couldn't stop the Embinyu Church. Rather than actively engaging in battle, looking for his colleagues or obtaining reinforcements from the prisoners, he was helping with the construction!

He was literally a slave worker climbing to the top of the Sky Tower. The guards would whip the workers and health would decline. Maybe even his colleagues would be suppressed.

Anyway, the time limit was also reached so he would soon see Weed's intentions.



Weed had a subtle fear of heights.

When flying on the wyverns or climbing high buildings, he only felt vaguely uneasy.

“Is this shoddy work?”

He had that thought every time he climbed up and down the tower.

In order to build the height of the huge tower, tens of thousands of slaves had carried an enormous amount of stones. There were also magic circles installed to strengthen the supporting framework of the construction but it still seemed flimsy.

“I can clearly see areas that look a little rough due to materials being embezzled. Is this the original building?”

Weed nodded like he was convincing himself.

“At least it isn’t raining so I can’t confirm how it would be in bad weather.”

Now his face was familiar enough to exchange a few friendly words with the other slaves. There were many slaves so he could adjust his stride to go up with a group of them. Of course, it was in order to listen to the other group to receive information.

“Since when have you been working?”

“I don’t know. I was captured when I was 10 years old.”

“Your family....”

“They are dead. My wife on the 143rd floor and my son died on the 169th floor. They just threw the bodies out the window so I couldn’t even bury them. They’ve probably been eaten by the crows.”

“.....”

‘I thought that decor was a bit odd... This is why there are windows in the tower.’

The overall atmosphere was depressed as the slaves climbed the stairs like machines due to fear of the guards. The heavy walk showed the struggles and pains in their lives.

Weed dreamed of the world. The residents of the Arpen Kingdom would give a pile of silver and gold for the king to stay comfortably.

“There are no chances to escape?”

“Escape? Don’t even think about such a thing. All the monsters outside the tower and quarry will prey on us.”

“But if a whole group runs away then won’t some of them survive?”

“There is nowhere else to go even if we run away. If I go home then there are only the bones of the dead.... Shush, I’ll only let you know this.

Those guys prey on the soul as well as the flesh. Some of the monsters who eat a soul will obtain a person's face and I don't want to encounter one in my lifetime. Isn't it horrible? This place is hell."

The slaves were full of fear. Weed got some information from the slaves but it was still mostly useless.

"The ones who are freed from here? Of course there are some. There are many."

"How?"

"There is only one exit here. To believe in Embinyu."

"....."

"If they accept the god then they can be free from suffering and will live an immortal life."

The secret of the fanatics! The slaves who had suffered in life and death will have a more powerful ability to hate.

"Then why don't you believe in Embinyu?"

"It is because I know their pain. The magic will change me to cause greater pain and suffering to others. In order to obtain the power of eternal life, I would have to sacrifice people like us... How can I do that as a human?"

In order to fight them, he needed to organize all the information he obtained.

'The more pain and confusion there is in the world, the stronger the Embinyu Church becomes.'

Weed waited for the night to pass. The exceptionally dark night made the moon and stars look even more beautiful. He could only admire the view of the galaxy from the tower.

The Embinyu Church didn't bother admiring the beautiful sky. Instead, there was a big fire as they sacrificed people and the pained screams rang out. The climb up the tower was filled with grief despite the pretty night sky.

This beautiful sight wasn't easily visible in the light of modern cities. It was a view that could only be seen when moving away from civilization.

'It would be a big hit if I could show this beautiful night sky.'

Weed associated everything with money!

Thus his last night passed like this.



"In addition to Weed's situation, what about the others?"

-Their locations are displayed on the map and I will relay their situation to screens 2-6.

Yoo Byung-jin had the AI search and display Weed's subordinates. This information wasn't known to Weed and the broadcasting stations so he was the only one with the whole blueprint.

"Great Emperor-nim must be somewhere over there."

Warrior-1 was moving nimbly with the leather of a monster wrapped around him. After arriving at the Barren Howling Ruins, the excellent desert warrior managed to find a hiding place.

And after a few days calmly listening and watching the surroundings, he didn't see any of his other colleagues. He decided to fulfil the goal alone before it was too late so he carefully advanced as secretly as possible.

If a creature or monster was there then his patient and tenacity meant he could wait a few hours for it to leave. He managed to cross the rotten river by wrapping the leather of a monster around his face and body but the poison delayed him.

But he steadily approached again after recovering his vitality and mental strength. However, once he passed through the rock formation there would be constant patrols and also the watchtowers. Therefore he was still observing from quite a distance.

Warrior-2 wandered around after meeting the transformed Weed but returned to hiding after he couldn't find anyone.

“Great Emperor-nim has left me. He asked me to meet him there. So I will go ahead first.”

He killed monsters as he headed towards the Embinyu Church’s net! The elite knights and priests of the Embinyu Church were dispatched.

“Human warrior, you can only go up to here.”

“Bring it on! A desert warrior will never show weakness!”

Warrior-2 came face to face with the enemy. He wielded a scimitar emitting strong flames that was slightly longer than a normal sword.

“Flame Scimitar. Rapid Fire Sword!”

The scimitar moved like lightning among the guards.

Seokeok!

The knights with excellent defense caught on fire.

“Stubborn Strike!”

Warrior-2 jumped and slashed from left to right. The shields and armour were crushed by the attack. Even though the opponents tried to block it, a few consecutive attacks killed the enemy.

He blew multiple enemies away at once. The sculptural lifeforms way of fighting resembled Weed. Strong attacks and wide area attacks aimed at the enemies. They were close to Weed and their fighting style spontaneously resembled him.

“Come! I am a proud warrior of the desert!”

The level 700 desert warrior caused the Embinyu knights to fall down like they were autumn leaves. The ground was filled with flames as more than 1,000 knights were massacred.

However, he was surrounded by knights and had no way to escape.

“Kulkul, you have come to the right place to die.”

“You should’ve come sooner if you wanted to die.”

“Strength is all that you know. Fool, I will let you know the superiority

of wisdom.”

After that, the curses that he couldn't avoid!

His movements, strength and health were sealed as 17 curses hit his body. A weak creature would die on the spot from mysterious diseases and black magic caused disturbing moths to lay eggs in his body where they would hatch.

Thanks to these circumstances, Warrior-2 was eventually forced to his knees.

“How should we do with this guy?”

“He killed Embinyu Church members so that pain should be transmitted to his soul.”

“No. God Embinyu has conveyed his divine will so he should be sacrificed to the dragon when it wakes up.”

“That is a good opinion. We will offer him up as a sacrifice.”

Warrior-2 was thrown into a dungeon.

The jail was a little different from Nodulle as there were chains filled with curses around his neck and limbs. His bones were broken and moths grew in his body.

The reason was that Weed's subordinates were stronger than Nodulle. Of course, there were priests in the Embinyu Church but none of them thought to heal Warrior-2. His health had dropped to the bottom so he might not live long.

“G...Great Emperor-nim will save me.”

Among the desert warriors, Warrior-3 had the most diverse talents.

He had an interest in assassination and disguise. He accidentally ran into three Embinyu knights roaming and wore their uniform.

“Hmm, I can smell thick blood under that knight's armour. The form and shape isn't sophisticated.”

The sly Warrior-3! He fought with monsters and were discovered by

scouts of the Embinyu Church.

“The knight is fighting on our side.”

“Help him.”

The Embinyu knights ran to fight the monsters with Warrior-3. They naturally won.

“Thank you for saving me.”

“That was a close call.”

“I believe that Embinyu sent you. God is great.”

“That’s right. He might not be formally called a god but this is Embinyu’s grace.”

Warrior-3’s level meant he could easily incapacitate the monsters. His ability to throw knives from 40 metres was particularly outstanding and it had the capacity to even pierce through armour.

Nevertheless, he pretended to be pushed by the monsters so he could team up with the knights. Weed didn’t just teach the desert warriors how to fight.

From time to time, he would show them his tricks and shallow calculations! In the past, Weed had done this alone but now Warrior-3 was acting like Weed.

-Great Emperor-nim is worthy of being admired in this world and he is like a father to me. His behaviour is for justice.

As a result of admiring the wrong idol, he learned bad behaviour! He had now infiltrated the knights but he wasn’t given an important role and was left to patrol outside.

Saint Ahellun.

He deliberately was captured and mingled among the elves and humans that would be offered as food to the dragon. Hestiger who Weed disliked also managed to enter.

He met the Embinyu convoy that was transporting buffalo carcasses to

be used as food. He hollowed out the buffalo's body and hid inside.

“Why does the carriage seem different?”

“Did monsters attack it?”

“There is no need to worry. The priests are waiting for the food so let's go.”

Hestiger moved before the scouts could find him. He was currently hiding in the kitchen.

“Omo, there is a person here....”

Then the female slaves discovered him! Hestiger was holding a scimitar but he raised a long finger to her lips.

“Do not be surprised. I'm here to fight but I will never hurt you.”

“Who are you?”

“The Embinyu Church is a parasite who has done very bad things in this world. I came here to stop them. Of course you don't have to believe me....”

“I believe you. What are you going to do? It is too dangerous.”

The female slaves had a crush on the handsome Hestiger. Thanks to his looks and atmosphere, they were 100% convinced.

“I am only waiting for the signal from Great Emperor-nim.”

“I understand. I will help you when the time comes.”

Finally, Zahab was the master of sculpting and swordsmanship so he efficiently utilized their skills.

“There are so many to kill. Evane... She has been gone too long. I've lived a long time but I will always think of her with regret.”

He angrily swept through the monsters in the Barren Howling Ruins with his swordsmanship. The aura of his sword extended to slice up dozens of monsters.

They didn't have the strength to resist!

Zahab was originally strong from mastering sculpting and swordsmanship. After coming to the warring period, he had become more experienced and his level rose higher. He just hunted so his level was almost close to Weed. His genius and perfect battle sense was sometimes enough to make Weed sick.

“The ones I need to kill. There are so many of them.”

He navigated the rock formations while searching for enemies and subdued them. And he finally rested near the walls.

“I don’t know. There are too many strong enemies. He will let me know what to do.”

He decided to wait for Weed to act first.

“Now it is hard to guess what will happen.

Yoo Byung-jin stared at the monitors and found it difficult to predict what would happen in the future.

The composition, current location and abilities were all different from Nodulle’s group.

Weed and his colleagues were the crucial factor that would determine whether this quest succeeded. It was impossible for them to hide from the Embinyu Church for a long time so they would be killed one by one.

But even so, Weed was still faithfully receiving praise from the guards at the tower.

Chapter 6: Tower Crashing into the Ground

In the early morning, Weed was standing on the 140th floor of the Sky Tower.

Looking through the window towards the outside world, the darkness was slowly withdrawing as it became brighter.

“Great. The scene of the night brightening up in the morning always gives me some strength.”

The red sun rose over the distant plains. The land brightened and monsters could be seen roaming around and eating corpses. And hordes of fanatics near the monsters were revealed.

It was a terrible spectacle made visible by the sun rising.

“Is this the view that people living in expensive high-rise apartments prefer? If there was scenery of a river or the sea then the prices would climb more....Hrmm, I don’t know if I want to live in a high-rise apartment or not. The monthly expenses are a lot and I can’t savour the delicious taste of sweet potatoes planted in the yard.”

Weed placed a stone back on the ground.

“Whether I like it or not, this has to be done.”

The nords, barbarians, elves and humans heading down the stairs just glanced at him indifferently. They were slaves so they didn’t care about anything except eating and working.

“What is it today?”

“Crow soup.”

“I haven’t tasted meat for a long time.”

The slaves that finished at dawn hurried down the tower for a meal. They only had one a day and it wasn’t even breakfast.

Crow soup had a sticky feeling and the crunchy meat stuck to their

teeth so the greasy soup was the worst thing to eat. Strictly speaking, it wasn't crow soup but the dead crows fell into the enormous cauldron and turned it into that. The black feathers weren't even removed so it was difficult to eat.

Weed had exploited the beginners to make the pyramid but at least he gave them grass porridge.

"I have a lot to learn from the Embinyu Church. Thoroughly reducing the cost of business while succeeding."

The strength of the Embinyu Church was their exploitation of the slaves and followers.

"Then shall I start? This is thanks for my hard work."

Weed took out a heavy axe.

-Skilled Woodsman's Axe for Logging:

Durability 31/65. Attack: 14~25

An axe that can cut down a tree. It is rusted and someone seems to have just thrown it to the ground.

It is too thick so it isn't suitable to be a battle axe! However, it is surprisingly easy to cut down a tree if the axe is swung correctly.

Restrictions: More than 400 power.

Level 140 or higher.

The axe is easy to handle so no skill is required.

Options: Vitality wasted will be reduced when cutting wood from forests and mountains.

When the swung is accurate, an additional 160% cutting power will be added.

Of course, Weed hadn't taken out the axe for the sake of fighting. The damage was terrible and he wouldn't even be able to sell it in a store!

In particular, the heavy weight of the axe meant that many merchants wouldn't buy it.

“I am going to begin.”

Weed struck the axe against the wall of the tower.

Syuuuuuung! Kwaaaaang!

The strength behind the axe was enough to break the wall or split a monster apart.

“Taste this!”

Weed continued to smash the walls with his axe.

“It has to crumble.”

After smashing the walls, he struck at the pillars supporting the weight of the tower. The building was quite strong so the durability of the axe fell quickly.

An axe needed to cut against shields and armours so they were quite durable. However, an axe couldn't be used for a long time against walls and stone pillars.

The axe in Weed's hands broke.

-Due to the deterioration of the durability, the Logging Axe has been destroyed.

“I have many axes.”

Weed pulled out another axe from his backpack. This time it was a magic axe that increased destructive power! It was an axe obtained from the Central Continent and was a common tool and weapon found in stores.

This was the secret weapon used to destroy the Sky Tower. Weed had this idea when watching the video of the Sky Tower rising.

‘How can I make it fall down?’

The top part specifically had its weight reduced by magic but the fundamental architecture were the pillars. Then cracking them might bring it down.

“Remove the stones from the bottom one by one. It would be fun if it

collapsed all at once.”

This was the strategy he would use to destroy the Sky Tower. He wanted to see the high building collapse due to the pillars!

Kwaaang! Kwaaaang!

Weed dug the axe into the pillar and revealed its bones. Not only were stones piled up but the special mammoth horns and bones inside made the pillar have very high durability. Even so, Weed only needed to wield his axe three or four times before the stem was broken.

“A tree might take 10 tries and I will make the tower collapse even if it takes 1,000 attempts!”

The walls and pillars were smashed with a horrific, destructive power. Even if he smashed 5~6 important pillars, the tower was still fine. But it started to shake slightly.

Now the shaking was only slight but he felt like it was escalating. This fear and imagination was what made people so excited. If he continued to strike with the axe then who knew what would happen!

“When I was a child, I went to the aquarium with my mother and was thrilled when I saw the piranha tank.”

A truly fantastic horror!

Even though this was the 140th floor of the tower, the upper parts beyond the clouds were already shaking. Due to the walls and pillars collapsing, the guards realized there was an emergency.

“What’s that?”

“Something seems to be breaking.”

The guards started searching the tower. It was a high and wide tower so there were 5,000 guards stationed inside. Every 10 floors there was a manager that was equivalent to a boss level monster.

“I don’t know. Where is that sound coming from?”

“Upstairs!”

The guards couldn't find Weed's position immediately. The sound flowed through the building so it was hard to determine the floor and location.

The Sky Tower stretched up to the sky and the interior also had a complicated structure. The stairs were strangely twisted and Weed could instantly come up to the 140th floor from the 137th. Or he could come down from the 144th floor. And the middle 140th floor that connected it was like a remote island.

"He is here!"

"A nord dares go against the Embinyu Church!"

Weed was switching to his third axe when 10 guards found him.

"Triple Swing."

"Kueek!"

A beginner's axe skill was used! But the guards were continuing to come up.

"I can't resist the japtem and experience."

He was working near the staircase when those guards appeared. The enemy running up the stairs weren't a problem for Weed. Even the priests emerged and there wasn't much space to avoid the divine magic.

"140th floor."

"Kill him!"

The yells of the guards could be heard.

An emergency happening in the Sky Tower! The guards flocked to his location without hesitation. The total number of Embinyu guards kept increasing.

"You are the young nord that was doing a good job! Did you suddenly go crazy?"

The guards unleashed a barrage of criticism on Weed.

"There is no justification for going against the will of Embinyu. You will immediately be sprinkled with salt and thrown to the crows!"

Weed also had a considerable number of complaints piled up.

“It is okay if you make me work recklessly. Difficult and dangerous work is the reality of life. But I can’t tolerate unpaid wages!”

A backlash against unscrupulous employers!

“Seven Swings!”

Ddirring!

-Your Axe skill has increased.

Destructive power of the axe will increase by 130%.

Attack rate is 5% faster.

14% weight will be added to the axe.

Beginner level 3!

Weed might have a high level but the guards weren’t weak. Their levels were at least in the late 300s so the Embinyu guards weren’t weak.

That’s why his axe skill quickly grew as he dealt with them. But the skill level was low and the attack range was short so it wasn’t suitable for fighting a large amount of enemies.

“Bad builders!”

Weed disregarded the guards’ attacks and continued wielding his axe against them. The attacks from the guards only reduced his enormous health by a small drop. The nord might be weaker than humans but their resilience was better.

The guards continued to floor through the stairs so the destruction of the pillars became more delayed.

Then Weed had a passing thought.

‘The whole building will be wrecked anyway so why do I need to leave the stairs?’

Although the stairs were necessary for him to descend the building later. But his first priority was handling the guards harassing him.

If the guards continued to interfere then the bosses on the upper floors of the Sky Tower would come down. As he climbed the Sky Tower, the supervisors ended up being senior priests. He had just killed the high priests Igrig and Motuls so he didn't want to waste the results.

“Eh, I don't know!”

Weed ran to the stairs and started smashing them with his axe.

“H-he...”

“The stairs are falling. Aaack!”

The upstairs and downstairs staircases connecting to the 140th floor collapsed at once. The guards on them also fell down. From now on, they could no longer come from downstairs.

The wreckage of the fallen stairs blocked the passage underneath. The guards continued jumping down from upstairs through the spot where the staircase collapsed.

“Tear all his flesh off!”

“He is trying to sabotage and interfere with the Embinyu Church!”

There were no stairs however the guards showed up even faster. Yes, one or two guards died but the remaining became more ferocious.

“Sink or swim!”

Weed smashed the ground with his axe.

Kuooong!

The guards that landed on the smashed ground continued falling down.

“Waaaaack!”

“Embinyuuuuuu.”

Black or grey stones were piled up and there were various monsters and human bones protruding from them. The tower was originally a prison so the inside still had that type of aesthetic.

He was smashing the floor of the Sky Tower. It wasn't an exaggeration

to say that this feeling wouldn't be comfortable for anyone who spent their lives trying to buy a house in Korea.

But breaking it was also fun. He was destroying the tallest building.

“Wow, this is high.”

“Really, seeing the building come down would be a jackpot.”

It was similar to young children marvelling at the sight of the 63 Building (used to be South Korea's tallest building)!

“It would be fun to smash it down.”

The interference of the guards had disappeared so Weed shattered the pillars without hesitation. It was hard at first but once a small portion of the pillar was broken, it was easy to smash the remaining fragments.

The pillars were holding the astronomical weight of the tower's upper floors. Once some of them collapsed, the remaining pillars became more vulnerable because they had to carry a larger load.

“Have I grown bigger? The ceiling seems to be closer.....”

Weed thought it was weird that the 140th floor seemed a bit lower. This was an illusion. The ceiling was actually coming closer.

Jajajak!

Once 30 pillars were destroyed, the ceiling started to seriously crack. Not only that, the pillars holding up the weight of the tower started being squashed.

“I guess I can't stop now.”

Weed became a little cautious. He couldn't stretch out in an area and rested while watching. He knew how dangerous this could be.

His risk awareness had risen thanks to Disaster Sculpting but he couldn't stop destroying the pillars in the building.

“These pillars will definitely fall... That pillar is more urgent!”

He couldn't waste even 1 second to collapse the tower. Weed planned to pull down the tower rising into the heavens. The so-called eating free

pheasants overseas after winning the lottery!

Kukukukung! Kwadududuk!

The ceilings and floors gradually collapsed. The pillars spontaneously twisted and bent. It was a desperate crisis.

If the tower was crushed than not even Weed could survive. Stones were falling down on Weed's head.

-Health has been reduced by 31 due to the debris.

The damage wasn't enough to affect his health so he didn't worry about it.

'So far, I've done as I planned. My brain is a genius. It wasn't my fault that I didn't study in school. I blame the teachers for not being proficient enough!'

Weed had intentionally destroyed pillars on the east side of the tower. But he only had a moment to rejoice as the weight distributed on top of the pillars and a widespread destruction started occurring.

Cracks appeared on pillars of the 140th floor, 133th floor, 121th floor and the ground floor. The weight of the entire tower was added to those weakened pillars and the tower shook like it would fall at any moment. The hundreds of metres high tower was serious shaking.

Weed had only smashed the eastern pillars so it would collapse in that direction but things hadn't proceeded as planned.

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"Ah, he did it like that."

Weed's adventure was being broadcasted around the entire world at the same time.

Many viewers were impatiently looking forward to seeing what would happen on the adventure. All gaming stations and even general stations competed by showing Royal Road.

The Royal Road craze hit foreign countries later than it did Korea but

the gap had closed so that it was almost negligible. Many foreigners now enjoyed a variety of leisure activities and enjoyed holidays in Royal Road. It started late but the benefit of hindsight meant it was even more popular.

At that moment, all the architects watching around the world were sighing deeply.

“He shouldn’t touch something like that.”

“If I wanted to calculate the dynamics of the structure then it would take me 10, no 100 days.”

“It is a nice attempt but there are too many variables.”

In order to destroy the tower, precise measurements and calculations were necessary. The tensile strength, accurate design of the building and the weight on each floor needed to be known. Determining the optimal height and position for destruction would take at least a few days.

It was a very high and large building so any destructive power would sink the tower at once. If the person was lucky then it would fall in the desired direction but it was much more likely for the crumbling tower to crush the person.

Sequentially destroying it in the desired direction would require calculating wind speed, the tilt due to the weight change, the speed of the collapse, the structure of the terrain and even the time it would take to fall.

All those things were theoretically possible to calculate through mathematical calculations but it was actually impossible.

The by-products of different monsters were used to create the pillars so the strength of each one was different. Each floor was also different. The architects of the tower didn’t use precision measuring tools while designing it.

Holding a stone and intuitively finding the weak points was a simple idea. Even the highest level of architect wanted the experience of taking down this tower.

Of course, common sense stated that such a high tower wouldn't exist in this world. The material surpassed the strength of steel and magic was used or else the building wouldn't be possible at all.

Nevertheless, the architects couldn't help being filled with admiration.

"It is silly and simply but it is a genius attempt."

The uncomplicated judgement like a pure child. There were many things that could go wrong but he didn't worry about them.

The architects couldn't guess the result. The interior of the building was crashing down on Weed. The ceiling and pillars were helplessly falling. The environment was also scary.

Even those that knew nothing about construction could tell how dangerous the Sky Tower was. It felt like their heart was shrivelling and their hair standing up as they watched Weed's adventure.

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Weed looked around.

"The situation doesn't look good."

A chain reaction had taken place and the entire tower was collapsing around him. He could see chunks of stones falling outside the window. Once everything became worse, a person on the verge of dying would feel like their life was flashing before them.

'I don't know why this happens every time.'

Intended or calculated, or a wrong action. Or he simply didn't have any luck.

'This is the worst. The probability of getting out of this is quite low.'

However, he didn't give up.

Weed realized that his survival skills in Royal Road were excellent. The more extreme the situation was, the more fiercely he would try to survive.

Usually other people's heads wouldn't think quickly but his head was always rotating at a rapid speed. If he studied like this then he probably

would've passed the bar examination.

“I can live. I have to live.”

Weed looked around rapidly for anything he could use. There were an excess of rocks. There were a pile of stones that people carried and those that fell down from the ceiling. The entire top of the tower was collapsing so stones were still continuing to fall.

He no longer needed the axe as the tower was crumbling on its own. It would be the end if he got caught in the rubble.

“The only thing I can do now is sculpt.”

Weed out the Sculpting Knife. The body of a nord wasn't useful for fighting or escaping. In the current situation, he needed to change his body to look like the enemy.

Sasasasak.

Weed's Sculpting Knife moved like it was possessed. He had less time to sculpt during his final secret sculpting technique quest. It was stuck at Advanced level 9 and hadn't climbed the final step.

But this time sculpting would be a huge help. Weed still had many complaints about sculpting.

“Whether it is the battlefield or art, sculpting is really good. I just wish that it would earn me more money.”

It was like saving a man from drowning only to be given a free apartment! He needed to finish the work before the tower fell so Weed's Sculpting Knife moved insanely fast over the stone.

Suksak susak.

The speed meant his hands couldn't be seen properly. The rock was smoothly cut like an apple.

His speed was ridiculous but he didn't want to die an unnatural death. He needed to move faster. He was familiar with sculpture so the body shape was being refined. He had made all types of strange sculptures for battles or quests.

An exhibition of works would display the artist's creative and unique personality. The works would contain that philosophy and ideology or deep feelings about culture.

Weed usually favoured beautiful or practical works.

'Prices are rising every day so my head is full of complex thoughts about how to live. It is useless if it isn't pretty.'

For a simple reason!

The sculpture he was making was really easy to understand.

Embinyu monster!

Their health was high and the vicious monster also had poison. Its skin was white and wrinkled like it had lived 400 years and there was a long tongue to catch flies and mosquitoes.

The piece of rock had layers of a strange pattern and microscopic cracks that gave it a rugged impression. The sturdy physique resembled a barbarian but the face and body looked closer to a humanoid snake. Furthermore, the soles of the feet were designed to prevent slipping and there were thin wings attached to the underarms like a bat. The head was completely bald and covered with scales.

'I wish I never created a sculpture like this.'

Weed always thought about money when making sculptures. If the sculptures during his adventures were broadcasted then they would be a huge hit. The dolls of the wyverns, Bingryong and Yellowy were all sold out in the markets. Of course, some of the proceeds were sent to his bank account.

There was also the toy of the Bone Dragon. Apparently it was tacky to have bones but young children really like that these days.

The origin of the crab cakes. The origin of the seasoned potatoes. This was their source.

There were contracts were confectionary companies. A man and a woman was also collecting the skeleton dolls. All parents would tremble

at hearing these words from their children.

“Mother, buy me that one.”

“I never had that before. Weeeeng!”

Weed’s quest meant that children never stopped crying for his sculptures. Every parent might regret the moment they had to give their children seaweed soup.

“The children are making a purse for when I retire. A job that makes a living from young children... It is a reliable stable”

Now even the sculptures Weed transformed into were popular. He always sculpted a tall, handsome piece with features that would sell well.

This sculpture with a snake head and thick limbs like a crocodile was the worst in history. If Karichwi was ugly then this sculpture was horrible enough to raise goose bumps!

“Sculpture Transformation!”

-Sculpture Transformation has been used.

The infinite affection for sculpting makes the sculptor and statue resemble each other!

Your skin and appearance has quickly changed.

It depends on the shape of the sculpture but the physique is similar so you can wear your original equipment.

The influence of Sculpture Transformation has significantly increased Strength and Agility.

Charm has fallen to the lowest level.

Art stat has halved.

Perseverance, resilience and luck has significantly risen.

This will last until Sculpture Transformation is released.

“It was made in a hurry but it is perfect.”

Weed’s Charm stat had brutally fallen.

Charm would make the skin bright and attractive and even improve the overall shape of the body. Especially in the case of women, they were very sensitive to the changes in the body caused by 100 charm or 200 charm.

But Weed lived without thinking of his body or face. A handsome face wouldn't allow him to eat or live better.

Honestly, his looks were irrelevant after meeting Seo-yoon. Her charm stat had to be at least 200,000 so he absolutely couldn't match her

“It won't be a hindrance even if my face is boiled!”

Kwarururururung!

The top of the tower vibrated and Weed could feel it through his legs. It wasn't surprising anymore that this would happen. Everything was slowly moving towards the point where it would collapsed.

Kukukung!

The movement of the entire tower suddenly stopped like it was struck by lightning. The place that had been filled with loud noises became abruptly quiet.

“What, has it ended?”

But then he heard a squeaking sound like a herd of mice was running around. Microscopic cracks were occurring in the central pillars. The evidence that it was continuing to collapse was invisible but still there.

“Now.”

Weed ran past all the piled up debris and jumped. And he threw his body outside the window. It looked like a cool scene from an action movie.

Weed didn't have a parachute like the main characters in that movie. Weed was also falling from the 140th floor so it would be a huge burden if he crashed.

‘I've managed to escape unharmed so far. Even if I crash into the ground, my enormous health means that I won't die. But there are enemies that will pounce.’

If he crashed into the ground then the Embinyu members would swarm like ants. All the troops of the Embinyu Church were already in emergency mode. There was also the stones falling down from the tower due to the shaking.

“That tower is to greet God Embinyu. We must prevent it from collapsing.

“All priests use their power.”

The priests of the Embinyu Church demonstrated their divine power. The divine magic lightened the weight of the tower, strengthened the structure and joined broken joints together.

Original divine magic couldn't do this but the Sky Tower was constructed to commune with the Embinyu. In addition, there were magic circles placed inside the tower.

The tower was already built beyond the limits that it could physically withstand! The light of the magic wrapped around the pillars and considerably lowered the weight on the pillars.

The medium and large monsters of the Embinyu Church plunged inside the tower. They held up the pillars and ceiling with their shoulders and back.

Kuweeek!

Kwaack!

Despite their bodies being crushed, the monsters prevented the collapse of the tower.

“What? It is a little strange.”

Weed realized that the collapse of the tower seemed to have stopped. The tower was slanted but seemed to have been stopped from falling.

“I really can't eat things raw.”

Chwararak!

Weed stretched out both arms and flapped the wings covered with a

thin film. The speed that he was falling at reduced.

“Eh, I don’t know.”

He then used the wind to change directions and clung to the walls of the tower.

Kurururung!

The effect was weakened but stones were still falling from the tower. Falling rocks! Weed swerved the rocks that contained a terrifying power after falling from a high place.

“I feel like I’m wiping the windows of a skyscraper! I didn’t dare risk it despite it paying well....My sense of adventure was fulfilled being a construction labourer!”

The stones were different sizes and fell in slightly different directions. Sometimes the stones would change direction in the middle so he was quite nervous.

“This damn life... I need to stop swearing. This is why my tough days keep on repeating.”

Weed spat out complaints as he started climbing up the wall of the tower like a spider. His hands and feet easily found windows and niches in the broken stone walls. He avoided the falling rocks by spinning sideways at a perpendicular angle.

Weed soon passed the 140th floor, 160th and then the 180th floor. He would skip past two or three floors with one leap. Anyone watched Weed’s adventure would feel dizzy with every leap. The circumstances was enough to call him a human cockroach.

Puyuuuuung!

Weed moved like a butterfly every time the stones fell!

‘I need to think of a method. Something is stopping the tower from crashing down. I need to make it collapse.’

The tower was shaking more severely as he climbed upwards. The strengthening magic of the priests couldn’t work properly on the higher

floors. If I leave it like this then it won't collapse. But it will be difficult to recover to its original state.'

If he just watched as the tower collapsed then it was likely he could easily fulfil the quest. But he didn't know how many days it would take.

"I've decided. Take this. Moonlight Sculpting Blade!"

Weed slammed the Extermination Sword against the wall of the 213th floor. He was thrown by the force of the skill and fell before opening his wings at the 209th floor.

"I need to go as far as possible!"

Kwa kwa kwang!

He faced the top and furiously slammed his sword against the tower. The shock caused stones to start falling from the tower again. He observed increasingly large stones falling from hundreds of floors above him.

Weed lifted his head and brandished his sword. If there was a situation he couldn't escape then he would briefly enter the tower through a window. In the case of large stones, he would use it as a support to leap dozens of metres.

An exciting aerial action that took place at the collapsing tower! There were some dangerous stones that he barely avoided. Even though his current appearance wasn't very handsome, it allowed him to be like a fly or a mosquito.

Countless monsters and fanatics on the ground and in the Sky Tower died from the stones. The guards were continuing to exit as the tower shook at an alarming rate.

"Power of Birth, Black Knight's Strike, Summon Another Sword!"

Weed climbed the tower while using his master class combat skills. When he passed the 250th floor, the tower shook and swayed from left to right. He quickly floated in the air but couldn't avoid being hit by the swaying tower.

“Cough!”

-You have been hit by the Sky Tower.

Health has decreased by 31,386.

It was a rare experience as Weed was whacked by the tower and flew back 100 metres.

Padadadak!

His narrow wings opened as he moved towards the tower again.

“It would be nice if this was an amusement park. I shouldn’t be the only one to suffer through this!”

If it was possible to create the ride without anyone dying then thousands of people could experience it at the amusement park!

“This degree isn’t enough to make it crumble!”

Weed cried in a loud voice.

It was hard to avoid the stones and sticking to the side of the tower was also dangerous.

“Sculptural Destruction! Everything into Strength!”

Weed smashed a fine piece and his strength greatly increased. Anyway, so far he had broken quite a few walls and pillars.

But the tower was shaking so much that he couldn’t determine which way it would fall. Due to the pillars breaking from supporting the weight of the tower, it was breaking in all directions.

He couldn’t imagine what would happen when he looked at the tower shaking. Any ordinary human would have given up here but Weed couldn’t.

“I have to go to the end. I will prove that living ignorantly in this world is frightening.”

Weed held onto the wall and continued climbing up the tower. He had been tired carrying stones up the tower and now he needed to hold onto the wall while avoiding falling rocks.

He reached the 279th and then the 300th floor. At this point, the wind was flowing towards the side of the tower. The feeling of the tower shaking through his hands while he climbed caused a frightening feeling.

-The Sky Tower has struck you in the chest.

Health has been reduced by 13,288.

He would receive damage every time he jumped hastily.

Weed stopped moving at the 330th floor. Every 100th floor was marked but he didn't know the exact location. So much debris was falling from the tower that it was a mess.

In fact, he had intended the tower to fall earlier so it was more robust than he thought. Even so, it seemed like it would take just 1~2 more minutes to crumble. There was there creepy sound of something being split apart.

“A different method... I made it when I was bored but it will be useful here. I hadn't wanted to use this. Sculpture Transformation!”

Weed used the skill to resemble a sculpture. It was a specific sculpture of a black bear! It was like a very large sculpture had been shrunk to a miniature size. A black bear that would likely crush a city.

-Sculpture Transformation has been used.

The infinite affection for sculpting makes the sculptor and statue resemble each other!

Weed's snake like smooth body started growing black fur. In addition, his size became bigger. Shoulders, chests and legs all grew steadily longer. 10 metres, 20 metres, 30 metres.... Before long, his body had become 230 metres.

He had turned into a hulking version of the sculpture. An extra-large black bear!

It seemed to be the size of Bingryong and the body was enough to make the elves in the forest tremble! The eyes were small and cute compared to the body and gave off the impression that he had been chewing on tree

roots since childhood. There was a vivid half-moon pattern on the chest.

Clearly, this work was creating while aiming for popularity among children.

-Your body shape has changed so a number of equipment can't be worn.

-Perseverance, Vitality and Resilience has been enhanced due to Sculptural Transformation.

But all the other stats have been reduced.

The leather of the black bear is like steel and has a high level of magic protection.

Although it has knowledge and wisdom about life, this is instinctive magic and they can't use complex tools.

Just smacking the enemy with the paws will be enough to break the waist.

The skill Understanding Sculpture has granted you an attribute of the species.

When angered by a severe attack, damage will increased by 260%.

In this state, you will suffer less damage from the enemy's attack and you have become twice as strong.

However, you will become vulnerable to ranged weapons like arrows. Once this state is released when health falls below 10%, you will be vulnerable to fear.

When health reaches 30%, recovery rate will be 6 times faster. But once 30 minutes pass, the recovery rate will slow down to half the normal rate.

"Kuwooooh!"

Weed shouted as he clung to the tower with his paws. The bear's thick and sharp claws dug deeply into the walls. His body was much bigger but his high health meant there wasn't significant risk from the stones falling.

The thick bear fur and leather also played the role of solid armour and

shield.

“Shall I try this? This is like when I was playing at the neighbourhood playground!”

Weed was really ignorant so he decided to use this method. The tower started fluctuated wildly as his heavy weight clung to it.

The simplest method to bring down the tower in the desired direction was to use his heavy body! It wasn't possible to measure his current weight but he would be making a deep pit if he walked along the ground.

The top of the tower started shaking and spun around.

“This is a little weak!”

Weed was very excited. This was at the level of neighbour child at the playground. These days, there were many scenes in movies where the protagonist barely survived.

Weed felt the need to maintain his popularity.

“Let's go!”

Weed released his hold on the tower and jumped. The shock caused the wall of the tower to collapse even more. A tremendous sized black bear was jumping in the air.

It could be compared to walking along a sky-high cliff! Weed's large body separated the sky. And he quickly reached the peak.

“Kuaah!”

The crash of a giant black bear! At that time, the tower came close to him again.

“Acha!”

Weed hugged the tower. Due to his tremendous weight, the place where his paws held on caused the tower walls to literally crumple like paper.

The 4 thick claws furiously dug in and damaged the building. A destructive sound was heard from the tower. If the building was destroyed then it was likely he would lose his life as well!

“I won’t survive the fall Then let’s try this again!”

Weed once again jumped up the tower. The tower shook strongly as the black bear jumped from the tower! This fast paced and reckless thrill was an environment that he would rarely experience.

During the short distance he was in the air, an unearthly sound could be heard. It was the sound of rocks and pillars being furiously crushed by the weight and impact of the black bear!

The tower couldn’t withstand the sudden weight that slammed into it and started tilting in one direction.

“E-eh!”

In the beginning he didn’t feel like it was that tilted. But the angle meant he couldn’t jump. He was forced to cling on all fours while feeling himself tilting.

It wasn’t only the central part where Weed was as the whole Sky Tower was seriously tilting.

‘Success! But what do I do now?’

The result was what he intended but now it was a life threatening situation. An ice cold sensation could be felt on his neck.

‘This isn’t that small?’

His survival instincts issued a warning. He looked down at the ground that could be seen through the clouds.

“It is like I intended. There is just a minor issue....”

Weed was attached to the side of the tower. Now the tower was tilted as he intended. There was a loud roar as something in the tower broke.

‘I need to live.’

Weed dug his claws into the wall of the tower and moved to the opposite side. In the meantime, the angle of the tower was increasingly heading towards the ground. It was like the neck of a giraffe moving towards the ground.

“Aigoo! What is the best method I can use?”

Weed’s brain started furiously thinking. His survival instinct surpassed those of an insect. Weed surpassed a cockroach’s health, tricks and various methods to survive.

‘I can’t fall at this height. If this was my original body then I might be able to survive with my high health. But right now my large size means I will receive heavier damage. I need to use Sculpture Transformation.’

He quickly took out a sculpture of a dragon fly. It was a dragonfly with a very strange face!

“Eh, I don’t know. Sculpture Transformation!”

There was no time to think of the side-effects when he used Sculpture Transformation!

-Due to the heavy shaking, the skill has failed.

“Then Sculpture Transformation release!”

-You haven’t perfectly adapted to the current body yet.

Even the mysterious power of sculpting can’t change your flesh.

“This doesn’t have any soup!”

Young children were also watching Weed’s adventure so he couldn’t use his worst curses. It was like opening the remaining bag of ramyun only to find there was no soup!

Sculpture Transformation couldn’t be used due to the vigorous movement and it couldn’t be released. Earlier he was a monster but now he was a giant black bear with a heavy weight hanging on the wall of the tower.

After a few seconds, he was falling along with the tower. Just like a monkey falling down with a tree, the bear falling with the tower would die!

Weed needed another way to survive.

Chapter 7: Black Dragon Ausollet

‘Die.’

‘He will die.’

‘He is going to die.’

‘Will he die soon?’

Most viewers thought that as they watched Weed’s adventure.

“Boss-nim, I’m taking a vacation for Royal Road. And I also want a paid bonus.”

“Our company is doing well thanks to you. I will give you a few weeks! Look at this corporate card!”

This was the dream of most workers!

In reality, the department chief or director would handle any work without unnecessary remarks. Sometimes there would be social lunches or meals with overtime workers. Even overtime allowances weren’t paid properly so this was more of a dream than reality. A dream that they would have in the mornings or on weekends!

But they could meet others through Royal Road. The workers could have fun through their characters without having to worry about anything. Weed was like a hero to them.

In particular, the users of the Central Continent full of resentment and blame towards Weed had to literally repent.

“I didn’t know Weed-nim’s deep intentions... I was narrow minded.”

“Isn’t this relationship with the Hermes Guild not very good? But now he is saving the people of the world while benefiting the enemy?”

“Now I know why the people of the north respect Weed and think he is a good king.”

“His fans are growing as they repeatedly see his adventures. We know in advance that the results will affect the continent so Weed is becoming

more popular through his adventures. Others have chosen to become strong through stable hunting and picking the right quest while Weed freely challenges the world.”

Wonderful adventures while travelling around the continent!



Weed came up with a way to live in a matter of seconds. He heard some valuable information while working in the tower!

“Yes, I’ll believe in Embinyu. God Embinyu won’t save me. Ohh, God Embinyu!”

Schizophrenia symptoms occurred due to the brainwashing magic. There would be a mental collapse like a man forgetting that ramyun was boiling while on the phone!

However, Weed’s eyes sparkled as he sensed a chance for survival.

“It isn’t finished yet. I won’t die!”

Weed sat down on the tilting tower.

Kwadududuk!

Nothing broke but there was the sound of the tower being pressed inwards.

“Let’s go.”

He slipped down the slope of the tower. A very large black bear was sliding down like it was a slide! But it was an almost vertical slope so the acceleration became frightening after a few seconds.

“A person surviving beautifully in a movie!”

The situation was different from what he thought! The walls were literally crushed as Weed slipped down due to his weight. Even though the Sky Tower was very large, the transformed Weed was only riding down a very narrow area.

Weed’s butt acted as a terrible weapon crushing the tower.

-A part of your body has been damaged due to the friction.

Health has decreased by 3,742.

The black bear's butt became hot due to the acceleration!

“I need to check my status now before it becomes more dangerous. Health... Phew, there is no need to worry about vitality and my health is still over 800,000.”

A large creature had excellent strength and health but its art, wisdom and dignity stat was at the bottom. Its charm was surprisingly high but that was because the bear was cuddly.

‘Even if it is like this, will I still be able to survive?’

A thought passed through his head at that moment. His health was high but the huge body going at this speed meant there would be significantly more damage. He might end up being stuck deep in the ground. The fanatics could then indiscriminately attack his body.

All members of the Embinyu Church had an infinite hatred inside them.

“I usually don't have any luck. Isn't this harsh scenario enough?”

But after one moment, the feeling of his butt sliding stopped as it seemed like he was floating in the air.

He wasn't mistaken!

The tower's tilt wasn't enough to allow him to reach the ground. The bottom portion had broken off due to the excessive weight.

“Kuwooooh!”

The 65th floor and above disconnected from the Sky Tower while the remainder was left intact. Weed had been sliding down the tower but he was still at the height of the 300th floor.

“Aigoo!”

His huge body and limbs struggled wildly in the air. The Sky Tower was collapsing towards the Weed who was flapping his limbs. He didn't have any wings or skills to prevent the fall.

“Crashing like this is another worst-case scenario. This is definitely something that is likely to happen to me.”



The monsters and fanatics were swarming among the strongholds of the Embinyu Church.

There was tight security to prevent an invasion but they could only stand there helplessly as the tower fell from the sky! The stones that made up the Sky Tower were falling towards the fanatics.

“Kweeeek!”

“Embinyu is punishing us. Let us gratefully accept death!”

A flood of stones poured down as the tower collapsed. The Embinyu Church’s facility to produce demons, sell souls and the demons’ training centre were damaged!

The fanatics and monsters swarming inside were also constantly hit. Now the top of the tower cut off from the lower part fell towards the centre.

“Today Embinyu will accept a new follower and there will be a feast of blood.”

“Ohhhh!”

The Chaos Dragon Ausollet was sitting in front of the huge statue of Embinyu in the Central Square!

The ceremony to brainwash Ausollet was in full swing. 200 Priests of Punishment were focusing divine power on the dragon.

The deeply asleep dragon was covered with a red aura while there were occasional large and small explosions. The Embinyu Church’s efforts against the dragon’s strong resistance was coming to fruition.

Then the Central Square suddenly darkened. The priests looked up at the sky to see the tower collapsing towards them.

“The tower is collapsing.”

“Ohhhh!”

A catastrophe was coming.

“Don’t avoid it. Embinyu is testing us.”

“This is the final test before the world’s illusion of calm and peace ends. We will show them.”

The senior priests said to the fanatics trying to flee.

“Ohh, Embinyu.”

Through blind faith and obedience, the fanatics kneeled and prayed instead of fleeing. Including the elderly and young children ,all those in the Central Square couldn’t leave.

But then a little boy pointed at the sky and asked.

“Priest-nim, what is that?”

A huge bear covered in black fur was falling through the air with struggling limbs.

Even the priests who blindly believed in Embinyu’s miracles were at a loss.

“.....”

“.....”



“Aigoo!”

Weed did everything he could to minimize the impact of falling. Even though he was falling from the 300th floor, that was still 4,000 metres.

He needed to think positive thoughts.

“People paid money bungee jumping to experience a thrill like this. I got it for free. The bad thing is that there are no safety devices.”

By spreading out his limb and making his body mass wide, he was able to obtain some wind resistance. His paws also pushed off some falling stones.

But he couldn't find any more tricks to use.

"I will be turned into a squid after falling to the ground. Perhaps I will be so smashed up that a bear dish can't be created to the bear's gall bladder used."

Thanks to the air resistance, the tower was falling a bit late. Even so, there was a heavy wind as it rapidly approached the ground. Falling without any safety devices was like an elementary school student looking forward for the holidays only to receive homework.

Jaejaejaejaek!

Weed thought he was hallucinating as the sound of birds crying seemed to enter his ear. It wasn't just 1~2 but a chorus of thousands. In order to apply the cooking skill to meat obtained from hunted, he needed to invest time and attention.

Anyway, he was hearing this crying sound while falling to his death. Weed didn't care about it. However, there was a huge surprise when he looked towards the ground.

All the birds on the ground or sitting on branches spread their wings and flew in unison.

Sometimes he would see birds take choreographed actions like a dance. In an effort to protect their eggs, they would simultaneously fly into the sky like there was an emergency. Weed found it scary as he fell at a terrible speed towards their beaks.

'These birds with no conscience! No matter how juicy and delicious bear meat is, you should at least wait until I die before eating me.'

Weed needed to conserve as much health as possible so he couldn't afford for the birds to eat him.

But he felt this strange feeling that made him reluctant to act. He had observed the behaviour of birds while on his hummingbird adventure. Those who felt a crisis would chirp loudly in order to protect their children.

Now the birds flying towards Weed were crying out.

‘Should I leave it alone for a minute? The birds won’t even be able to scratch my leather.’

The birds’ beaks grabbed hold of him but they weren’t trying to eat him. They supported his body and head as their wings flapped painfully.

-The Goddess Freya’s blessing has been invoked.

Freya is the goddess of abundance and her grace enriches the land, caused grains to grow, flowers to bloom and trees bear fruit.

Birds that eat the grains and insects are the children and messenger of Goddess Freya.

Goddess Freya has sent 100,000 birds to help you.

-Due to the blessing, your health has been completely restored.

Your hunger situation has changed to feeling full.

You can maintain the best vitality during the day.

“It really is Goddess Freya!”

It was like Weed was overflowing with faith after going to church on Christmas and receiving a gift!

The birds desperately tried to save the falling Weed. There were some eagles but the ones that caught his eye were the small birds like sparrows.

Thanks to all the birds in the vicinity, his falling speed started decreasing. But the giant black bear had a heavy weight so the birds could only slightly slow the speed of his crash, not save him.

Meanwhile, the tower that fell first had completely hit the central area and was destroyed. The impact of a building with a height of a few kilometres crashing down!

The entire ground shook like it was an earthquake Weed created. The buildings were destroyed by the tower falling down on it. The impact of the crash caused a strong wind to blow that scattered the debris in

different directions. A dust cloud rose up and covered all the monsters, fanatics and priests.

Weed had been through small and large sieges but it was the first time he saw a fortress being destroyed like this.

“My idea was great!”

And the birds holding up Weed being frightened and scattered at the sound.

“No! Come back!”

Freya’s Blessing had gathered the birds but they weren’t much help before scattering.

Weed was terrified as the ground once again approached. Now that the small force of the gathered birds disappeared from beneath him, his speed started accelerating again.

And he desperately looked for something that could minimize the impact or reduce the damage. Weed was peering through the dust cloud when he saw something huge.

‘That thing.’

Weed twisted his limbs in the air as he adjusted his falling position. The impact energy contained in this huge body would be like a meteor falling down from the sky.

‘I guess I would be fighting the Chaos Dragon. But this way it is in my path.’

His goal was the Chaos Dragon Ausollet sitting on the ground! He wasn’t fighting it with a sword or magic, just bumping into it while falling.

300 metres, 160 metres, 75 metres, 20 metres, 3 metres! The body of the dragon was getting closer at a terrifying speed.

Weed curled up his entire body like a ball.

“Kuweeek!”

And he head-butted the Chaos Dragon.



The Chaos Dragon Ausollet!

The dragon was involved in a ritual when the Sky Tower collapsed and hit him.

-Kuoooooh!

The dragon had been exposed to the Embinyu Church's brainwashing so only instinct remained.

Ausollet felt a severe pain and peered down at the ground.

"I-I'm alive!"

"Aaaack!"

The spirit of a real dragon would destroy such fragile creatures. The fanatics were rolling around on the ground from pain. The priests focusing their holy magic on the Chaos Dragon had lost their lives to the tower.

Ausollet slowly lifted up its eyelids.

-Where is this place? And why... What is this?

A huge black form! The dragon got up from the ground and spread its wide wings.

-Why am I here?

Ausollet had also suffered damage from the tower collapsing on it so more than one third of its health had flown away. It was an astronomical amount of damage.

Then a powerful vortex of mana was absorbed into the dragon's body. The mana had been the means used to dominate the dragon and use its power for their own will.

The dust cleared and the shape of the dragon could be seen. A 350 metres long body with polished black scales! The foreboding big eyes, sharp teeth and dignified beard that connected the right and left sides. A

streamlined muscular body and tail that made it look very beautiful and also dangerous.

The strongest creature on the Versailles Continent, the dragon opened its eyes and took a deep breath.

Huuuuuk!

Even the breathing was scary. Mana pushed against the dragon was smoothly absorbed into its body. It had woken up early from a deep sleep but now its body was reverting to its normal status.

The dragon's mouth opened and it roared.

-I don't know why I'm in a place like this. And why bugs like you are here.

The dragon cried out.

The servants of the Embinyu Church that didn't dare disobey screamed with pain. This was the legendary grandeur that had been mentioned in history books.

At the same time, Weed fell from the sky and crashed against the Chao Dragon's body.

"Kuweeek!"

-Krurarwarara!

Weed and the dragon both screamed from the pain.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Most traffic accidents that occurred weren't able to be predicted. Even though he made some preparations, the collision almost caused him to lose consciousness!

-You have suffered severe injuries due to the crash.

There is a severe reduction in health!

Health has been reduced by 74%.

Spine and neck damage has caused paralysis, confusion and

hallucinations.

The right hind leg, left hind leg and right front foot has been broken. You won't be able to walk.

There is a shoulder injury and large wound on your side.

The message indicating the damage suffered from hitting the dragon! It was more difficult to find body parts that were normal. The degree of injuries were okay for being on the verge of death.

Weed rolled like a ball and landed on the ground after hitting the dragon. Weed's body crushed some large and sharp rocks that were the remnants of the tower. The fanatics that fell to the ground due to the dragon's roar were crushed to death by the massive bear!

Weed rolled a few hundred metres across the ground before remaining still. And he muttered in a small voice.

"My head is spinning. Stat Window."

Character Name Weed Alignment Extra Large Beast

Level 825 Species Asian Black Bear

Health 813,943 Mana 433

Strength 2,731 Agility 1,695

Vitality 2,184 Wisdom 5

Intelligence 4 Fighting Spirit 3,219

Endurance 662 Perseverance 2,133

Art 3 Charisma 1,293

Leadership 2 Luck 3

Faith 283 Charm 382

Resilience 2,391 Dignity 6

Concentration 445 Courage 621

* Due to the unique characteristics of the bear species, perseverance and resilience is very high.

The glossy leather improves magic resistance. However, this will make you the target of hunters.

As a large creature, you have high health and strength.

Combat skills are only partially available.

Sophistication is required so the proficiency of Swordsmanship will be adjusted to Advanced level 1.

Weed had high stats from the Nodulle's Growth quest in the desert! There was also the influence of Sculpture Transformation and the bonus stats from dungeon explorations.

Weed was proud of what he raised his level to. Among humans, it was difficult to find someone who could be his opponent. This was why the desert army was so imposing when they swept through the Central Continent.

What did he have to fear? Would he meet an enemy so dangerous it would cause him to hesitate?

Weed was a powerful existence but he was willing to prostrate his body for a cheaper price.

'The remaining health... Approximately 100,000. This isn't a considerable amount.'

Even if he had hundreds of thousands of health, it was hard to be optimistic about the situation. The curses and magic from the Embinyu Church would immediately cut down his health. The huge bear would be an easy target for the enemies.

Weed had to choose the best tactic among the options inside his head.

"Huuuuem."

He calmly took a deep breath. Thanks to the fall, he was in a state incapable of fighting.

-The earth goddess Mi-ne has blessed you.

The energy from the earth has restored your health and vitality.

Weed stretched out and took a break while the blessing of the earth restored his health.

-Krarararara!

The dragon's angry roar was enormous.

The Sky Tower had collapsed and Weed needed to kill the dragon. His goal seemed close yet far away. The dragon had wide magic and there was also the range of its breath.

The good news was that the Embinyu Church was attacking the dragon so Weed didn't have to worry about it right now.

"God Embinyu has given us a faithful servant. Catch him."

The fanatics of the Embinyu Church woke up from their shock and quickly followed the orders.

Many lives of the elite troops had been taken by the Sky Tower. But it was still overflowing with troops that were sufficient to destroy the continent. The fanatics and monsters rushed out from the collapsed buildings.

-Strange. Lowly humans, you dare challenge me. I... Kuaah! My head hurts.

Ausollet emitted a breath. A child that wasn't completely aware after waking up!

-I will kill you all.

It automatically stepped on the monsters and smacked the buildings with its tail.

"Embinyu magicians, attack!"

Hundreds of magic attacks were cast towards it but the high magic resistance meant it was brushed off like flies.

Ausollet had a mysterious healing power like trolls so his wounds slowly recovered. The magic would naturally act to heal it.

A dragon wasn't called a legend for nothing. If Ausollet was fully

awakened then his combat capabilities would be many times stronger!

“Use the offerings to complete the brainwashing magic.”

But high priest Heuller already organized a countermeasure against the dragon. The aura around the Embinyu members increased as their movements accelerated and health increased.

“Treat it seriously.”

“The gift that God Embinyu gave to us will be captured through mind control.”

The Atrocity Knights were decoys that attracted the attention of the dragon. Although the dragon Ausollet could fly, it didn't jump up from the ground.

Weed had climbed the Sky Tower. It had an impact but the dragon's body and spirit weren't working properly due to the long term brainwashing.

-This... You are doing something preposterous. This is laughable....

Ausollet blew out a cloud of poisoned smoke as it talked. That meant it was angry!

-You should have perished sooner. This species isn't worth living! You should go around begging for your lives like the bugs you are! Kuoooh, my head hurts. Who am I? I can't think.

“There are many gaps.”

“Switch to magic attacks.”

The priests once again attacked Ausollet with magic. The Priests of Punishment and senior priests under Heuller also took action. The top ranking priests used divine power and cast special spells!

-No. You can't hurt me.

The dragon instinctively covered its body with a protective layer of air! But there were many gaps that allowed the magic to hit it. The archers also fired arrows made of superior steel that could pierce the dragon.

“Charge, charge!”

The Atrocity Knights rushed over to the dragon on horseback and wielded a hammer and axe.

“Dedicate my two ears, two eyes, two legs and two arms to Embinyu. Give my life so that the great story of Embinyu will unfold!”

The knights even chanted sacrificial magic. A dark aura surrounded their bodies like a halo! They sacrificed their lives to Embinyu but they could exert 5 times the brute power for a brief period of time.

In the case of those knights, their colleagues also chanted additional spells to support them.

-Acting so recklessly.

Ausollet instinctively waves its tail and trampled the incoming enemies with its paws. The dragon also bit the Embinyu monsters.

The knights dealt decisive blows to the dragon’s scales before losing their lives. But no matter how strong it was, the dragon couldn’t gain an advantage in the fight.

“Capture it.”

The priests chanted the brainwashing spell despite risking death.

-What are you doing? Kuaaaah!

The dragon swung its paw towards the priests. A large fireball shot through the air and exploded where the priests were. Its innate ability to handle mana caused magic attacks to be triggered with the slightest action. Magic shields were used by dozens of Embinyu priests died from the blast.

The dragon’s fighting spirit that developed over thousands of years again would awaken once it remembered its past. At the moment, the dragon didn’t know its own identity or how to use its techniques. The wide area magic and devastating breath was gone.

The Embinyu knights and priests realized this and jumped to stabilize the dragon through brainwashing.

‘Well, that doesn’t really interest me.’

Weed’s body was covered by dust and the remnants of the buildings. Of course, he was the one who caused the situation but he was staying silent.

“This person doesn’t believe in Embinyu. Those who don’t believe in God aren’t qualified to come here.”

The inquisitors of the Embinyu Church arrived at the place where Weed was. They were holding glowing iron rods in their hands.

-Stigma of the Unbeliever!

Those who don’t believe in God will receive a negative stigma.

Vitality, health and all stats have been reduced by 27%. Good luck is completely destroyed and unfortunate things will happen.

All believers will attack those branded with the stigma until it is cleared.

The stigma of the inquisitors can be fatal.

“Kurururu.”

Weed tried to pretend to be a cute bear.

“A shallow creature that doesn’t believe in Embinyu just gives off an dirty impression.”

“.....”

An outright insult! Weed had extensive familiarity with flattery but he couldn’t possibly become intimate with the inquisitors of the Embinyu Church.

Weed looked around and no one was paying attention due to the dragon so he attacked the inquisitors with his paws.

“Kwaeeeeek!”

The inquisitors died immediately! Weed’s health had currently been restored to 24%.

‘It is dangerous being too close to the dragon’s big battle.’

His paws took out a sculpture of an Atrocity Knight on horseback.

“Surround the dragon so the priests can capture it.”

“It will take a few minutes. All slaves should devote their lives to this task!”

The Atrocity Knights rushed towards the dragon like fanatics.

“.....”

Weed stopped when he saw their huge movements. And after a moment.

Seulgeumseulgeum.

He withdrew little by little.

‘Well, isn’t it important to somehow live?’

He could hear the sound of the fight between Ausollet and the Embinyu Church. The dragon was stressful but it would also be risky if the Embinyu Church noticed him.

So far he had been mindful of showing an elegant appearance on his adventure but now he crawled across the ground. He crawled quickly and accurately like highly trained special forces.

‘Just a little further away. So don’t look back.’

He could hear the loud sounds of the Embinyu Church and the dragon fighting behind him. If someone appeared in the vicinity then they would see a body slowly crawling on all fours.

However, his surroundings suddenly turned static! He didn’t understand the reason so he opened his eyes with regret and looked back. While Ausollet was fighting the Embinyu Church, its dark eyes noticed Weed.

Then Weed turned around and made eye contact.

“.....”

-.....

Chapter 8: Dementia Dragon

Petrov had his own pride.

“The best profession is one of the arts. My complex and subtle paintings can allow someone to fully understand the world. Well, the sculptor Weed might have more fame and skill than me but there are always exceptions.”

He still couldn't abandon Yurin in his heart. Weed might be a family member but he was still a competitor!

“My future family is developing the north very well.”

Petrov nodded with satisfaction.

In fact, he expected Weed to be quite thankful after realized all the chaos and confusion Petrov created on the Central Continent.

The pictures he painted dealt a blow to the peace of the Haven Empire.

Only a painter could be so exceptional in this area. His works depicting the lords as villains were inspiring and moved the heart. The realistic portrayals caused the infamy of the lords to increase and even created scenes of confusion in some places.

He did quite a bit of damage in the early days of the Haven Empire's occupation so Petrov's name was quite well known among the users.

-Petrov the magician of colour.

-Petrov the mural storyteller.

“A painter who can draw dreams or express the true nature.”

Petrov occasionally visited the Painter's Guild in Morata. It was to obtain a chance to meet Yurin.

“Buying paints. Buying natural paints 3 silver or less! And I will draw a picture in those clothes for a cheap price!”

“A poor painter is buying wolf leather. If there are holes in the leather then I will buy it for a cheap price. Please help me and don't sell it to a

grocery store!”

Novice painters worked hard engaging in business in the city. When first starting Royal Road, a person couldn't leave the village or city for the first four weeks.

Unlike other professions, novice painters could hone their skills in this time period.

“Ahem, she isn't here today either. She must be drawing all the beauty in this world. I want to see her face.”

Petrov bleakly turned towards Painter's Hill.

In the crowded Morata, if a person wasn't careful then they would always bump into players. A procession of merchants and architects holding shovels caught his eye.

Despite the crisis of the Haven Empire invading the north, the number of beginners in Morata was growing every day. Even the level 1 beginners would lay down foundation stones in the Arpen Kingdom while filled with hope.

“This place has remained unchanged.”

Petrov climbed the hill while looking at Morata's landscape.

The city that had become the hub of commercial traffic in the north contained high buildings and the streets were filled with symbolic sculptures. It didn't have a deep historical tradition so buildings of various styles created a culture that symbolized the city.

Architects, painters and sculptors all added decorations. Merchants ran businesses and residents could live their lives. Adventures made friends and relaxed in the city while sharing stories. There would be many losses if the city fell into a crisis so people came forward to fight.

“How is it so well drawn?”

“Maybe they have been a professional portrait artist since childhood.”

“The drawing speed is really fast. There are numerous colours that are mixed well. This isn't a normal skill.”

The gathered spectators were buzzing.

“It seems to be an artist drawing a picture.”

This sight was common to Petrov so he attempted to casually pass by.

Painters or sculptors working would draw people’s attention. The painters deliberately sat on a street corner while showing an attractive painting.

If an audience was gathered then they could get a higher value when succeeding with the artwork. The audience also consisted of customers such as a warrior asking for his appearance to be drawn.

Petrov wasn’t interested generic users selling paintings.

‘No one will buy my paintings. They aren’t the type of paintings that would be sold for a cheap price.’

He was just going to walk through towards Painter’s Hill. Then he heard the clear voice of a woman among the onlookers.

“The value of this picture is 30 gold. Can you recognize how good this price is? I’ll tell you in advance but discounts or requests can’t be returned.”

“Yes, I understand.”

“If you prepay for a painting then you can increase the paint colours or add options for an additional charge.”

A chill went down the bones in his spine as he heard the voice!

Petrov’s eyes flashed.

‘It is her!’

He had met her in the painting of St. George’s Castle. The sculptor Weed was the brother of his lifelong companion in the future!

‘It is fate that we’re meeting again.’

On the eve of a storm, two opposing families were meeting again on Painter’s Hill. They could be like Romeo and Juliet who ended in tragedy or extremely happy lovers like Nodulle and Hilderun.

Petrov stood by waiting while she drew the picture. There were many travellers so Painter's Hill operated until late at night. Then at dawn, users would flock to the Tower of Light to continue painting.

“How about we get rid of this red paint? I will draw it with yellow instead of red.”

“The night fare surcharges are a little... Is it okay? Your equipment indicates that you have a lot of money.”

“I will draw the bridge of your nose more firmly and raise the jaw line. Do you prefer longer bangs? The additional charge will be 35% but it will be indistinguishable from a photograph.”

He listened to her ripping off the guests that kept on coming.

Yurin's hair had grown longer since the last time he saw her. A female warrior cut their hair because it would be a burden in battle but painters or magicians could wear their hair long under pointed hats. Her paint stained clothes only enhanced her pure charm.

‘Wow, a whole swarm of bees. Indeed...’

Yurin finally finished and placed her painting tools in her backpack. He had been waiting for this moment so Petrov swallowed his saliva as he approached her.

“Excuse me... Do you remember me?”

A small, shaky voice! It was filled with longing and affection.

Petrov had shown Yurin his treasured paintings that weren't open to the public. He was certain that she would remember him.

She might have even been waiting for him deep in her heart. If so, today's meeting was a sweet destiny!

“Hey, who are you?”

“I am Petrov....”

“Huh?”

“I am the Aqualight Painter from St. George's Castle.”

“Oh, that disgusting person?”

“.....”

It felt like a spear had pierced Petrov’s heart. Yurin then laughed brightly.

“Just joking. Have you been well?”

Weed knew her personality well and that smiling expression occurred when she was manipulating someone. She was his sister but sometimes she acted like a naughty pony.

In particular, if she had a grudge then she tended to not forgive it.

“Of course. I’ve been waiting to meet you again.”

“You should have come see me earlier. Petrov is always welcome.”

“Hmm hmm.”

Petrov coughed and tried to change the atmosphere. In the past, he had criticized her brother so he felt that she was still upset about that.

“Then do you want to talk about paintings? The painting style that is fashionable these days....”

“Are you being cocky?”

Petrov shook his head. This approach didn’t seem to be working.

He had to confess like an honest man. Otherwise, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

“I have always been waiting for the day that we would meet again. I’ve been thinking about your face every day.”

“Stalker?”

“.....”

His preconceived ideas seemed to be bad. Petrov felt like he should improve the situation.

“Don’t you think the cloak I’m wearing is very nice? After meeting the king of the Sprit World and helping the water spirits, I obtained this cloak

that has the ability to call down rain. The value of this cloak isn't cheap....”

“A bean paste man?” (A term that grew to mean a man who values superficial things, is obsessed with appearances or spends above their means) Petrov was speechless. She wasn't impressed with his extreme devotion.

He decided to use a wildcard.

“I've been waiting to meet you again so I've prepared a painting with 300 diamonds embedded in it.”

“Can you go away?”

Yurin had little interest at this point.

In fact, she also felt pleased to meet Petrov after a long time. He had lost her goodwill after criticizing Weed last time. She felt pleasure crushing a man like that.

Petrov removed a hairpin with a water drop on it from a box.

“This is a magic hairpin made of the purest water in the world. I think the brilliant sheen makes it worth more than 300 diamonds.”

“This man is scary, spending valuable money while children are suffering.....”

“.....”

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Weed wanted to turn his head.

The dragon Ausollet seemed to be having a bloody discussion with its eyes. It was like a starving carnivore staring at an insignificant herbivore.

‘I don't know what I should do. Thinking about it positively, I am the one who save it from the brainwashing. Of course I deserve some financial rewards.’

Unfortunately, the dragon Ausollet's thoughts were a little different.

-You.

There were many implications in that short word.

Weed's eyes trembled.

-This foolish creature that tried to attack me, was your balance distorted or something? I will tear through your body although it will be glory for you to die by my hands.

Weed wanted to give up that glory. His troubled expression returned.

'It really is a corrupt society when an honest person like me doesn't receive preferential treatment.'

He blamed all the absurdity on society!

The dragon Ausollet that had been attacking the Embinyu Church stared at Weed for a few seconds.

A dragon was a monster that would lose its composure!

'This is.... The dragon will become aware of its identity the moment we say the word dragon.'

Strictly speaking, it was difficult to consider the current Ausollet as a high ranking monster.

But the moment the dragon became aware of it, the dragon would spread its wings and fly. It could then aim the terrible dragon's breath and other magic towards the ground. It had two or three times the devastation of the summon meteor spell.

A dragon was a creature that could significantly change the world when it became angry. The younger Ausollet was a crazy dragon that committed such terrible actions.

'I can't let it become like that.'

Weed had a similar idea to the Embinyu Church. The senior members had no fear of the dragon. Their god Embinyu had given them magic to put down rebellions.

"Internal Rupture of the Unbelievers!"

"Digging through the Heart!"

“Brilliant Judgement!”

“Devastated Paradise!”

The high priest and senior priests gathered magic and struck the dragon. A huge explosion occurred and Ausollet staggered.

-Kuooohhhh, you humans....!

The dragon rose in anger and faced the priests of the Embinyu Church. The dragon seemed to have forgotten about him due to the shock. Weed waited another moment before leaving.

“Keep moving.”

“Only a few minutes remain until it is completely brainwashed. Devote your life to this glory.”

The features of the priests were calm. They moved quickly to use divine magic against the dragon. Atrocity Knights and dangerous monsters continued to flock in order to draw the dragon’s attention.

Weed turned and quickly retreated. But the Embinyu Church had also noticed him.

“That one over thing is going against Embinyu’s will.”

“It is the big, foolish bear that smashed our tower. Peel off his skin and eat it.”

The priests and knights that had seen Weed climb the tower pointed towards him. Weed had done something bad so hostility had risen!

“I have to run away.”

Weed jumped up from the ground.

The situation wasn’t good so it only took him 1 second to decide to escape. It was better not to fight against the enemy. Instead, he should retreat and hide in a suitable place.

He would only work when he was in the best state! But the high priest Heuller demonstrated his divine magic.

“Restricted Area of the Slaves!”

Ddiring!

-A powerful curse spell has hit.

-The curse has been cast with the power of the ruler of the Embinyu Church, Heuller.

-You will suffer endless pain and reduction of health when outside a certain distance and your weakened soul will suffer.

-The wrongfully dead ghosts will jump on your flesh and you won't be able to control it properly.

-Heuller's divine magic is unavoidable and can't be resisted.

-Travel speed has been reduced by 26%.

-Health will be decreased by 1,293 with every step you move.

Weed's eyes could see a red aura that signified a fixed area. If he went beyond those boundaries then he would suffer from the curse magic.

"This damn curse."

There was no way to escape.

"It is like a cat pursuing a mouse until it dies and still eating it...."

Weed grabbed a nearby monster with both hands and threw it towards the high priest Heuller. Of course, he gained nothing as it was burned away by Heuller's protective magic.

"I won't forgive him."

Weed overflowed with anger and headed towards the Embinyu Church. Of course, a tremendous force was encircling the dragon.

There were fanatics, knights, priests and monsters everywhere after the Sky Tower collapsed. If the tower hadn't collapsed and blocked the roads then there would be an infinite number of troops.

Instead, the production bases continued to produce fanatics and demons. Weed was surrounded by several hundred to 1,000 troops. He couldn't look down on them since he was in the heart of the enemy.

“No matter how I live quietly, this world always tries to kill me. If you are willing to bother me then I will fight.”

The huge black bear wasn't daunted and gave off an overwhelming impression! Although it couldn't be compared to a dragon, the extra large black bear bared its teeth.

-These dirty savages, you should all die!

★★

“Now it is too late. Do I have to just watch without fighting?”

“Aigoo, I will die.”

Warrior-1 continued to scout without getting closer. He saw the Sky Tower collapsing and the dragon moving. Now all the troops of the Embinyu Church had been mobilized so it was quite easy to invade the interior.

But Warrior-1 couldn't move from his spot at all.

-Your body is rotting.

-Health is constantly decreasing.

-Poison has reduced the vitality in your body to the minimum.

You can't wield your weapon or any other activities.

His body had been rotted by the poison after passing through the river.

Warrior-1 could only lay on the ground. It was a scene that would cause Weed to nag him! In this state, he couldn't even resist if the Embinyu Church stabbed him in the chest.

“Great Emperor-nim won't forget and will save me!”

Warrior-2 was still bound with the chains in the prison.

“I will not give up until the end. I've survived worst situations because I didn't give up hope.”

The guards were talking among themselves.

“It is a little noisy above.”

“The strength of the priests are amazing and the dragon is being brainwashed faster than expected.”

“Then shouldn’t we prepare the offerings?”

“Let’s start.”

Warrior-2 was going to be offered to the brainwashed dragon. The guards sprinkled seasonings over Warrior-2 while he was still living.

“Roasted or boiled?”

“Shouldn’t they be burned with an iron rod?”

“The last thing I tried was delicious. Juicy and sweet.”

“It is delicious when it is a little undercooked.”

“Kuhuhuk, Great Emperor-nim.”

Warrior-3 was pretending to be a knight so he could walk around relatively freely. He didn’t go into the combat zone and just searched the buildings. He had learned from watched Weed’s actions and was looking for treasure.

“These are things related to curses. There isn’t anything normal here and there are even books about black magic.”

Warrior-3 threw anything related to curses or the ground or destroyed them.

Hestiger was in the kitchen when the guards dragged down some female elf slaves.

“Make some food. A fellow who is still alive. And I won’t cook you in the same pot with that guy. Kilkilki!”

He might applaud Weed’s efficiency but Hestiger couldn’t put up with injustice.

“Those bad fellows! How can people like you live under this sky?”

“Who are you? Kueok!”

Hestiger ran out and killed the guards while saving the elves.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes, we aren’t injured.”

They were beautiful elves and high elves. They couldn’t use their magic and even the shamans couldn’t invoke their spirits due to the enslavement.

Hestiger swung his scimitar and freed them. The sight of so many elves being defaced by chains was an insult to beauty itself! In addition to his good looks, Hestiger had the atmosphere of a hero in the movies.

Hestiger’s low voice instilled faith in the people that heard it.

“This place is dangerous. I will guide you out of the temple.”

No matter how dangerous the situation, he was a typical hero that defended women!

“No. We also have to fight. We will fight together.”

“You don’t have a map of this area and you seem tired.”

“We can feel it as elves. I don’t want to imagine all that evil and dangerous magic gathering. If we don’t stop it then the elves won’t be able to live safely any longer.”

“Then it is a good idea. We will go together.”

The high elves picked up guards’ bows. It was incomparable to the bow made by high elves but they had two other weapons, magic and spirits. The bow would increase their spirit power by dozens of times.

“There was a big impact a little while ago. We need to rescue the other slaves before the building collapses.”

“Of course.”

Hestiger and the elves quickly seized the building. A high elf with a thin and pretty face called Lunari was stuck next to him. And they discovered a facility that manufactured poison.

“This has a strange smell. They seem to be making something using the rotten corpses of the monsters.”

“This awful smell! Poison. It is a sufficient amount to pollute the rivers, lakes and sea. And if a spell is used to dump this on land then it will be devastated and creatures won’t be able to live there for a long period of time.”

“The Embinyu Church, it is a really awful place. I know why Great Emperor-nim is fighting them.”

“I shouldn’t say this as an elf but should we use this poison to defeat them?”

“Are you serious?”

“It is already hard to see them as humans. They should be cut away before they get rid of all other living things in nature.”

Weed would have praised the high elves if he heard those words. But Hestiger thought for a moment before shaking his head.

“No. I am a proud warrior of Great Emperor-nim so I can’t use such a cowardly method.”

“But there is no method more effective than this.”

“I won’t do anything unsavoury that will undermine Great Emperor-nim’s honour. I will believe in Great Emperor-nim and wait for him to thoroughly defeat the Embinyu Church.”

Hestiger’s original character wasn’t like this when he was with Nodulle. Nodulle had emphatically refused the poison due to his moral conscience.

But Hestiger’s personality had changed. In order to not be a burden on Weed, he had become a more upright and honest hero.

Weed was stronger than Nodulle so Hestiger had no need to anguish about winning against a stronger enemy. He knew that Weed would sweep them all away.

If Weed knew this situation then he would lament that he trained his subordinates incorrectly. Hestiger should have died sooner or been killed due to jealousy!

Hestiger had the appearance of a grand and righteous warrior. The high

elf Lunari looked at him with even more impressed eyes.

“Indeed! We can win this using the right methods. It is like Warrior-nim said.”

“Burn away all the bad people.”

“I will help you.”

If Weed knew this then he would strike Hestiger from behind without hesitation.

And Zahab took advantage of the confusion to run in.

“Sculpting Blade!”

The fanatics that believed for a long time would accept evil into their souls. Nobles that were controlled wandered around with blank expressions.

“All these people... They will all die for Evane.”

Zahab swung his sword without hesitation after thinking of his beloved Evane. His white hair flew around as he cut the enemy with brilliant movements.

“I can get perfect results thanks to Evane. I will give me life here.”

It was simple when he thought about it calmly. Even if the Embinyu Church fully collapsed, it wouldn't change the fact that Evane would become queen of the Rosenheim Kingdom.

He had to watch his first love Evane live happily in the arms of another man. He was now an old man. Maybe it was better for Zahab to die here instead of returning to his original world.

“Kuoohh, God. T-this pain...”

And Saint Ahellun suffered serious injuries. He had been among the slaves in the Central Square when the Sky Tower fell down.

It was said that a saint would only emerge once a century. They were superior to a pope and could use the divine power of God to sustain life.

In Nodulle's original adventure, Ahellun had played a huge role but now

he could die at any moment like an old man.

Kung. Kung.

The ground in Weed's immediate vicinity was also shaking due to the battle. Ahellun was trapped in more piles of rubble every time Weed played an active role.

"I am doing this. Saint-nim."

"God...we will take care of you."

Young female slaves were helping Ahellun.

When the tower had been crumbling, Ahellun used his divine power to form a protective shield around the slaves. If it hadn't been for the shield then all of them would have lost their lives the moment the rubble landed.

Chapter 9: Black Bear and Dragon

Weed's high visibility meant the priests found it easy to aim at him when chanting divine magic.

“Twist and pierce through. Wave of Light.”

“Scary memories, the most dangerous things that have happened to you will appear in front of you. Advent of Fear.”

“Flapping its wings. Summon human eating pests!”

“Blood will not stop overflowing. Bloody Eve!”

Weed swept away the fanatics running towards him with both arms.

Kwa kwa kwang!

The fanatics were thrown dozens of metres away with the impact causing a deep pit! No matter how their strength was amplified by the power of faith in this place, it was no use against Weed.

Buildings crumbled and there was a deep pit in the ground every time he wielded his arms.

The pleasure of a giant creature trampling on the small and weak! His fists could crush anything while the enemies just rolled around the ground and died. This was the fun of being a giant.

“Bring it on. These people will continue to drop japtem.”

It was impossible for regular soldiers in the warring period to go against Weed. There was a large difference like heaven and earth. However, his eyes that showed his charisma and fighting spirit also pressed against the enemies.

The enemy could only submit to his authority and their fear would increase his infamy. The knights died with just one hit from the sword and the Great Emperor of the desert created a new chapter in the history of the continent.

Even so, the fanatics didn't panic or shrink back. Soon the various spells of the Embinyu Church focused on Weed!

Weed bent his upper body to avoid some but most of the magic hit. Of course, the thick leather meant the maximum magic damage was reduced by half and he didn't feel much pain.

“Act in moderation. I don't know what I did to become an enemy.”

“Shut up, you are the culprit that destroyed the Sky Tower! You have already forgotten your sins!”

“Yes, it is my fault for living for this world. I was always like this!”

He even used the wreckage of the building in combat. The giant black bear ran around and threw anything he could get his hands on. The large and small remnants of the tower were everywhere. He used the buildings as cover to take out enemies one by one.

Many of the priests were dealing with the dragon so that was a large advantage. Many priests were directing their brainwashing magic towards the dragon so they couldn't attack Weed.

Heuller only glared at Weed.

“You will surrender to God Embinyu. Don't resist. Blasphemy!”

-The high priest Heuller has used Blasphemy on this entire region.

You will receive a blow to your health and mana, depending on your faith.

Health has decreased by 4,394!

Blasphemy can't be resisted.

Your faith stat has temporarily been replaced by 0.

For 4 minutes, all corpses of Embinyu knights and priests will exert constraints.

Weed hasn't received much damage despite currently didn't have any faith. However, all his resentment exploded out after Heuller used the technique.

“How am I supposed to fight like this?”

The memory of fighting Bardray in the past resurfaced. Even back then,

he had to fight through all types of disadvantageous conditions.

Blasphemy would be decisive in a large scale war. Even if he brought regular priests, they wouldn't be able to help. The priests wouldn't be able to use healing magic unless Heuller was killed. This situation was like an unfair competition between a wealthy son and a rebellious son!

Heuller tapped the ground a few times with his staff.

“Embinyu will burn everything. Summon the Fire of Destruction!”

-The Fire of Destruction has been summoned.

The identity of the magic hasn't been fully revealed.

This black magic is considered among one of the worst attack magic against humans and the method to use the magic has become a secret.

An enormous health will be the nourishing for the flame that will burn people's flesh.

The Flames of Destruction won't burn out.

When it moves around a certain radius, it will burn people except for the one who summoned it and will become hotter.

After finally filling up the required health and vitality, the flame will return to its summoner and be activated.

“This isn't acting moderately at all.”

But the high priest of the Embinyu Church continued to use his divine magic. A huge fireball was slowly being formed in the air.

He could fight using direct physical combat but Heuller's holy magic and protection spells were on another level. Even physical attacks like the dragon swinging its paws or tail were easily blocked by a protective barrier.

“My subordinates are invisible at this important moment. It would be nice if Hestiger was here.”

Weed moved to a location where there was a huge pile of rubble from the collapse of the Sky Tower.

Heuller and the priests of the Embinyu Church needed to be near the dragon. Weed couldn't leave the area due to the curse magic but he could enter deeper into the enemy.

Meanwhile, the Fire of Destruction had hit the dragon.

Weed stepped closer due to this.

“God Embinyu is a man right? It is difficult to tell so I need a small reminder.....”

“Kill him!”

The Embinyu knights led the attack against him. Usually they were a fairly scary existence. They were rush at utmost speed and crush the enemy with their swords or spears.

The charge of the knights maximized the power of their formation. It was possible for a few thousand knights to slaughter thousands of monsters on the plains. But it was impossible to charge due to the debris so they had to surround him. The ground was also a mess so the knights couldn't move quickly. Without the charge then they were a good meal for Weed!

-Anger has increased due to the repeated attacks.

Power will greatly increase.

Resilience will be enhanced.

Maximum health has increased and the temporary increase will rise with your percentage of anger.

A state where his anger had risen. Weed smashed the knights into buildings or their colleagues.

“Kuaaaah!”

The roar of a giant bear!

This was the pleasure of being a large creature!

-Kwarararararara!

Another massive roar was heard that rocked the land and buildings in

close proximity.

“I should fight quietly.”

He blushed as the dragon responded to his yell.

“Come here. I will thoroughly smash all of you!”

Weed fought against the fanatics even more fiercely. Buildings were demolished and he threw rocks at the approaching knights.

There were monsters flying in the sky. Monsters soared up and the sky was filled with a variety of them. They flew towards the dragon but dozens headed towards Weed.

Weed caught any flying monsters that approached and hurled them to the ground. And he roared in a small voice.

“Kuaah!”

When he was younger, he had watched a movie where a huge beast rampaged. People yearned to become a giant creature for the same reason. A King Kong like creature among modern buildings!

Weed was a creature like that as he smashed with his limbs. The evil people gathered around him made him feel very unpleasant!

“Go!”

“It is impossible to jump over on horseback.”

“Abandon the horses.”

“That bear is watching us. Keeook!”

The large bear took advantage of the terrain that he had changed himself. He cracked the ground with his fists and the knights fell from their horses.

Everywhere Weed walked, he would cause a deep pit in the ground due to his weight. He also smashed entrances and alleys to make it difficult for more enemies to appear.

“Don't get too close and just throw your spears.”

“Call the ranged units. Deploy the archers.”

The Embinyu Church mobilized a massive number of soldiers and knights. The priests were almost not visible as they continued to try and control the dragon. The knights covered the ground while archers climbed onto the rubble to fire arrows towards Weed.

“Those are awful shots for soldiers.”

It was inevitable that the spears and arrows from the enemies would hit Weed’s body.

-The glossy fur and leather has exerted its defensive capabilities.

“Kuweek!”

“A-arrows....”

“Continue attacking! Search for those who go against the will of Embinyu.”

The archers fired their arrows. They were aiming at a large target so even arrows fired roughly couldn’t be avoided. But some also went over the target and hit their colleagues.

The arrows and spears that couldn’t penetrate Weed’s thick skin bounced off and damaged their colleagues.

“Throw the spears. All monsters won’t survive in front of the great Embinyu.”

“Let’s go hunting. We can taste the best meat.”

The knights continued to raise their morale with encouragement. The fanatics eagerly jumped to give their support and loyalty so the knights’ fighting spirit didn’t fall.

The advantage in strength and physique that Weed gained as a huge monster was tremendous. Just using his arms would be a long ranged weapon that could assault a group.

More than 30 enemies lost their lives every time Weed attacked. Just one fist would break a building and the knights holding shields would fly

back into their colleagues!

“Being large is truly funny.”

He enjoyed the enormous damage and flinging debris. But the spears that the knights threw and the arrows caused him a headache due to his high visibility.

Weed didn't stop at all as he punched and kicked. The knights that came close grabbed his fur and tried to attack. And he couldn't do anything against the archers.

He threw rocks and swung his arms at the archers but more would come from another place. He killed the enemies but more Embinyu members continued to appear.

-Health is reduced.

The number of arrows inserted in you have exceeded 2,600.

Resilience has increased by 1 due to this great record.

Health will continue to decline due to the many injuries.

“Die!”

“He is weakening!”

Weed was dealing damage to the enemy but it didn't seem to matter as more of them kept appearing.

“Kuoooooh!”

The roar of the giant black bear inflicted fear but the enemy didn't even hesitate. The frightening growl didn't express any tiredness as he continued to kill the knights. His health continued to decrease as the arrows kept piercing his body.

It was impossible to defend all his body parts from so many attacks. He had a lot of health but it was gradually reducing. Moreover, the high priest Heuller was clever. He sent troops towards Weed while concentrating on brainwashing the dragon.

If the Embinyu Church's brainwashing of the dragon was successful

then everything else would be meaningless. The large black bear would just be like a cute teddy bear or food in front of the dragon!

‘It would be a great honour to die... No, it won’t be tamed in this way. It isn’t a total loss yet.’

Eliminating the Embinyu Church troops and monsters that constantly popped out wasn’t an appropriate method. No matter how much he fought, it had virtually no effect.

‘Should I not deal with these guys?’

Weed gazed at a building that was on fire. But he didn’t know what was happening inside.

Nodulle had used poison in the past but Weed was unaware of its existence. He didn’t know that the poison had already been burned by Hestiger!

He was struggling against the forces of the Embinyu Church alone. The number of troops he saw in the video of the Sky Tower’s construction was impossible for 1~2 people to overpower. Even if he had dealt a huge blow by collapsing the Sky Tower, there was still an enormous number of troops remaining.

-Kuwooooooooooh! It hurts! Selfish humans, recklessly giving me pain. I will exterminate your species. Head... My head is breaking!

The dragon suddenly screamed. The dragon was the absolutely strongest creature but now it was making pained groans.

Heuller and the Embinyu Church’s senior priests had firmly grasped the dragon’s head! Just like Weed, the dragon was a large creature with high strength and vitality. That alone meant it could exert a tremendous ability that would prevent it from dying.

But the Embinyu Church had sufficient capacity to brainwash the dragon with their divine power.

“There isn’t much remaining. Once Heuller-nim’s work is completed, this world will crumble.”

“The dragon will be a servant of our church.”

The sound of the archers rejoicing reached Weed's ears. The collapsed buildings around him meant he could hear a considerable number of sounds from the monsters and knights.

But his sensitive ears would hear those words anywhere!

“Is that right?”

Weed turned around and started to run. Of course, it wasn't to escape. There was no possibility of him using that method.

Weed jumped over the wreckage and headed towards the dragon. Strands of divine power emerged from the priests and wrapped around the struggling dragon. No matter what the dragon tried, it couldn't escape from the divine power surrounding its body. And the high priest Heuller continued chanting spells towards the dragon.

The dragon's tail and wings were still free. It was encircled by dozens of knights.

Weed attacked those Atrocity Knights instead of the troops that emerged. In fact, it was a situation where the troops were dispatched towards the dragon instead of fighting Weed!

Heuller had captured the dragon so they thought Weed was trying to stop it.

“The enemy has appeared.”

“Stop him!”

The Embinyu knights tried to block him but he just broke through them. Weed knocked the bodies of the knights everywhere.

“Ausollet!”

-Who... Who is calling me?

The dragon blinked at Weed with large eyes. The eyes changed from an intense gaze into blank eyes.

The Embinyu Church's brainwashing was showing its power! Under

normal conditions, the dragon wouldn't be so easily brainwashed. But Ausollet had been brainwashed by the Embinyu Church for a long time before waking up so it would only take a short time to tame it again.

Weed ran through the knights and the magic attacks from the priests.

"I am going to save you!"

-You... Who are you?

Ausollet had been roaring with aggression towards Weed a short time ago. But now it just asked the question like it had forgotten all about it. A dragon with dementia was the luckiest situation!

"I am your friend."

-Frie...nd?

"I am going to save you now."

Weed kicked the priests who were chanting the brainwashing spell.

"No!"

The priests shrieked.

It was like the Embinyu Church were preparing dinner all night only for the table to be overturned! Half the red lines of brainwashing around the dragon disappeared.

"Do not interfere. Glacier's Breath!"

High priest Heuller pointed his fingers and the temperature in Weed's vicinity declined in 1 second, forming transparent ice cubes. An unavoidable attack!

-You have been shocked by the broken fragments of ice.

Health has decreased by 36,212.

Movement speed has slowed down and additional damage will continue to be received as the ice melts.

-You have been continuously hit by the broken ice fragments.

Damage is added.

Glacier's Breath was a powerful magic attack that continuously hit him ten times. His reflexes were quick but it was impossible to avoid the damage with his large body. He was able to endure it thanks to his angry state.

-Movement speed has slowed by 58%.

The other priests also used divine magic attacks but by that time, Weed had already released all the red lines of the brainwashing spell.

Some of the red lines hit him instead.

-Embinyu's Mark of Faith has confined you!

The soul attack has dealt a direct impact to concentration.

Once concentration is completely reduced, you will be a willing slave to Embinyu.

Current mental power status: Dizziness (87/100).

Weed always experienced curveballs on his adventures. The remaining attacks from the priests were aimed at his health!

As a human sculptor, Weed needed to manage his health well. If his health was low then he would just be slain.

Whether he had 500 health or 1,000 health, he needed to take advantage of everything in order to survive. But now he was huge so the attacks weren't as dangerous.

Nevertheless, he couldn't freely move around to kick the priests due to the dragon. Ausollet gazed at Weed who was almost the same size as it.

-Friend....

"Yes, friend."

-Calling you friend is a little awkward.

"We are very close friends. There is no need to be ashamed."

The inspirational feeling of a pure friendship.

Dragon and extra-large black bear!

Just standing near the two giant creatures was intimidating as they gave off an enormous pressure. The dragon with dementia was deceived while the black bear was a scam artist!

An absurd number of magic attacks were poured towards Weed and the dragon. The destruction magic that stopped due to the brainwashing started flying again.

In any other circumstances, Weed would have no choice except to die. No matter how high his level was, dozens of destructive magic attacks were enough to drop his health in an instant.

-Attack. Stop it.

“No, my friend. You can do that. Unfold your shield.”

-Shield?

“Yes. You have a really good protection spell. And it is urgent so you should use it quickly.”

-I don't know how to use it.

“Command the mana that is flooding your bones and heart. Stop the attacks.”

-I will stop it.

Then a thin protective layer was created from the dragon's body.

“Is this it? Both of us should be protected. Spread out the shield as much as possible!”

-Block all of it.

Dozens of protective shields wrapped around Weed and the dragon.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Despite all the destructive magic attacks, they only pulled down 2~3 of the protective shields. The absolute magic power of the dragon!

Of course, Ausollet was especially strong among the dragons. However, the hastily unfolded shields managed to defend against the magic.

Weed was busy thinking as the shields were maintained for a while. Ausollet had been severely injured by the brainwashing but the healing powers of its body meant it was slowly recovering.

Of course, Weed collapsing the tower had decreased its health by half. Weed and the dragon were now at risk!

“Friends, would you mind healing me?”

-I'd like to but I don't know how. What should I do?

“This person, no this bear is very important to you. So I think you should treat the injured areas. Don't you remember anything when looking at me?”

-I don't know.

“As expected. One shouldn't have too many friends. I have to make it work as much as possible.”

-What?

“No, nothing.”

Ausollet thought of Weed as a friend so it used the healing magic on him. The treatment that only a friend of a dragon would receive!

The good news was that the brainwashing operation slightly purified its arrogant nature.

“He can't obtain freedom. All knights attack!”

The troops of the Embinyu Church headed towards the dragon. Priests and inquisitors cast their magic. The sight of Ausollet's shields blocking the might attacks was spectacular.

But even a dragon's mana wouldn't last forever! Ausollet's shields decreased one by one. He swung his claws and tail at the enemy before swallowing them. The calibre of the dragon's attack was different.

Weed was considered a friend so Ausollet didn't aim at him.

“Are you eating?”

-I'm hungry. Although they have a crude taste.

A dragon grumbling about its food!

‘Now, what will happen.....’

Weed’s brain worked as quickly as the latest computer.

‘A dragon is strong even if it doesn’t use all its battle methods.’

Ausollet damage the people and buildings with its tail. Weed could do that after turning into a black bear but the scale of destruction was different. He could only break the buildings one by one. The armoured knights also held their durable shields.

“Sacrifice our bodies so that Embinyu can completely cleanse this fallen world.”

Despite the shattered troops and wreckage, the Embinyu troops steadily advanced.

-Go away!

The dragon gave a powerful scream, causing air to compress and pushing back the troops and arrows.

The relatively weak fanatics were in agony and died. It was a great monster with unimaginable abilities but the Embinyu Church started counterattacking.

The senior priests starting chanting the brainwashing spell again. If Ausollet continued sitting like this then it would be easily caught.

‘It will be bad even if it isn’t caught by the Embinyu Church’s brainwashing. After a short time, it will remember its past and the peace of the continent will be at risk.’

Ausollet’s presence itself was enough to cause fear. The Embinyu Church was also dangerous as they had a unique strength. A dragon was one of the most majestic creatures so they would quickly crush the continent if they could control it.

It would be disastrous if the worst dragon in history exerted its power. And Weed had an idea while sticking closely to the dragon.

‘Will it think bear meat is delicious?’

He could only hope that the dragon didn’t decide to eat him.

“It is like feeding a tiger.”

-Friend, I don’t understand what you saying.

Ausollet spoke after catching a roc flying in the sky and eating it. Ausollet was relatively friendly to Weed because it thought they were friends. Perhaps they would have needed to invest money dozens of times in order for Weed to call them a good friend.

“It is nothing. Have you filled your stomach?”

-A little... I’m still hungry.

“Will you eat more monsters?”

-Right now I’m fine. I can’t eat too much at once.

“Then I’m glad.”

In the meantime, Ausollet had devoured 100 monsters. The dragon’s head moved back and forth among the monsters without stopping.

Weed was bored while watching next to the dragon. It was like having no soybean paste in soybean paste stew or no kimchi in kimchi soup! He restored some health but it was quite slow.

“It is no fun since only the monsters are coming out.”

His body was stuck next to the dragon so he couldn’t contribute to the battle.

‘It might be crazy but I won’t know until I try.’

“Spread your wings.”

-What do you mean?

“Spread your two wings and fly into the sky. You can fly.”

Its friend said it so Ausollet spread its wings without any doubts. In the meantime, it had only spread its wings to defeat the onslaught of monsters. The elegant and perfect figure as the dragon spread its wings

hundreds of metres wide.

-A familiar feeling.

Wind started blowing from every direction towards the dragon. Ausollet held its head high and lightly flapped its wings. Then its body gradually lifted from the ground.

10 metres. 20 metres. The dragon accelerated and flew into the sky!

The Embinyu Church aimed all types of magic at the dragon but it was blocked by an air shield.

A dragon that would dominate when flying in the sky!

“Flying is too easy.”

Weed kicked against the ground and jumped. The ground started shaking when he moved. Weed grabbed onto the dragon’s ankles before rotating and landing on its back.

-This impudent thing! A foolish creature being on top of me....

“I am your friend. Have you already forgotten?”

“Is that right?”

The dragon easily accepted it!

Well, its mind wasn’t completely awake so it was easy to create a feeling of intimacy. No one knew how long this would last!

“Fly up higher.”

-Understood.

Weed looked at the Embinyu Church as the dragon flew up high.

The speed was on an entirely different level from the wyverns. It was like comparing a three-year-old child to a surprisingly quick motorcycle!

Despite the weight of the huge black bear, the dragon didn’t seem to notice it at all and just kept flying. If he didn’t desperately hold onto the dragon’s neck then he would fall headlong into the ground.

-This is high.

“Yes, that’s right.”

They were so high that the ground was barely visible. It was hard to even fathom the altitude.

The wind was as cold as ice. Weed would have died if he didn’t have such high resistance. There was a gleam to the dragon’s polished black scales that made it look beautiful. The proportions between harmony and danger made it absolutely beautiful.

Of course, the dragon was beautiful so the enormous bear that had its fur torn from fighting and dirty from rolling around on the ground didn’t match it.

-Now what should I do?

“It is obvious. Get revenge!”

-Revenge.... The humans who live meaningless lives have decided to choose the path of self-destruction?

The dragon aimed its nose downwards while talking. No matter how confused it was, Ausollet’s original nature still shone through.

“That’s right.”

-I’m glad. Then I will head down to the ground.

“By the way, there is one thing that I want you to practice.”

-What is it?

“Take a deep breath. As hard as you can.”

He was teaching Ausollet like it was a kindergarten student. Its mouth widened and it took a deep breath through its nose and mouth. The dragon’s torso became bloated with air.

This was the dragon’s strongest attack. Black Dragon’s Breath.

-Like this?

“That practice is good enough. Then let’s go down. Your greatness.... No, I will show them that justice will win.”

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