



LEGENDARY MOONLIGHT SCULPTOR

5TH COMPILATION

Nam Heesung

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

(달빛 조각사)

by

NAM Heesung
(火星引力)

Synopsis

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.

Copyright © 2016 by Lisa Hayes

First Edition: October 2016

All rights reserved.

English Translation by Rainbow Turtle @ [Rainbow Turtle Translations](#)

Translation Checker by Sunova @ [Rainbow Turtle Translations](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

This is a free eBook. You are free to give it away (in unmodified form) to whomever you wish.

No part of this eBook may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without written permission from the author.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Book 41: Weed's Song

Chapter 1: Hero's Short Agony

“Finally the Earth Palace!”

“The Hermes Guild has arrived to conquer the north.”

“It is the end for Weed the God of War. As of today, the Haven Empire will destroy the Arpen Kingdom and unite the continent.”

The Hermes Guild users in the north found it difficult to suppress the excitement welling in their chest.

The largest elite troops ever mobilized had marched to the north. They had successfully won against the northern users and were now prepared to take Weed's neck. Of course, the thorough destruction of the Earth Palace was just a bonus!

The sky island of Laviyas floating in the sky was spectacular and they might also be able to conquer it today.

‘I will show how the strong will thoroughly trample on the weak.’

‘The Earth Palace is ugly. Building it on the mountain peaks is a quirky idea but aren't there many treasures of the north gathered? Looting the palace of another kingdom will give me joy. I can increase my loot. I absolutely can't fall behind others.’

‘Huhuhu, they will be swept away from the charge of the knights. I'll certainly appear on the broadcast.’

‘The barbaric magic skills of the north won't be able to stop us. They will be wiped out by the magic of the wind. How can barbaric people like them withstand the wind magic? It signals the presence of a big name.’

‘Unfortunately the deputy died but I will retaliate today.’

The Hermes Guild users were proud of their bravery and armed forces.

Despite the north being a great attraction of Royal Road, it was

just at a frontier level compared to the Brent and Rosenheim Kingdoms. Most of the users were weak and wore humble equipment.

Weapons and techniques were all part of an individual's combat power. So far, the fighting in the north gave them the impression that there were only many novice users. A weak enemy that would lose under a show of force!

Today's final battle would be broadcasted live so the Hermes Guild users were excited.

-Presently the army's morale is high. They've completely forgotten about the disaster experienced at Alkazar Bridge.

-The 2nd corps will guide the siege weapons.

-The leader of each knight division should move along the planned path in response to an assault. Individual behaviour isn't allowed for a knight.

-Strengthen the communication between the knight divisions in order to show our grandeur in the war.

The commanders used the Hermes Guild's communication channel to hand out orders.

The scale of the war meant it was important to check if the commands were performed perfectly.

The knights of the Haven Empire were familiar with different assault methods, formations and methods to divert attacks.

'This fight will be too easy... It will be our victory even if no one exactly follows the orders.'

The northern users could only swarm like flies while the Haven Empire's army used group tactics. The leaders of the Hermes Guild also joined the communication channel of the commanders.

It was possible to watch the battle scenes on the broadcast and they couldn't interfere with the front-line commanders. But after

the battle, there would be a review of the commanders based on their achievements.

The warm wind blew and it was a sunny and clear day.

The confrontation between the Haven Empire's army and the northern users in front of the Earth Palace was about to begin. The commander of the 1st corps of the northern conquest army, Draka rode his horse forward 100 metres.

"Weed who is nicknamed the God of War, the Haven Empire's army has come to conquer the poor Arpen Kingdom. The true masters of this land has now appeared!"

Draka's cry spread through the plains and the Earth Palace.

It was a call of leadership similar to the Lion's Roar skill. Magic expanded the sound and spread it over a far distance.

The northern users criticized him immediately.

"Ohhhh!"

"Bastards from the Hermes Guild, go away!"

"Weed-nim isn't going to appear!"

However, there was some internal curiosity about Draka's cry.

"Will Weed-nim appear here?"

"Isn't he on the premises of the Earth Palace?"

They were gathered here to stop the Haven Empire but the northern users were most curious about Weed. In order to protect the Royal Palace, the northern users had arrived over the past few days.

However, there were a lot of users watching the situation from the wide plains and mountain areas. Since their levels were high, the loss would be huge if they died so they were watching. Whether they fought or gave up the Earth Palace would depend on Weed.

“Where?”

“Is Weed-nim here?”

“Doesn’t the Hermes Guild have an excellent intelligence network? Those guys know everything.”

The northern users searched for Weed.

Draka was also aiming for this effect.

He summoned him before the battle to make sure that Weed was here. Since the King of the Arpen Kingdom was Weed the God of War, he would play a core role in the defense. He would be easier to cope with the moment he appeared.

If Weed didn’t respond to Draka’s call then it would undermine the will of the northern users. It was killing two birds with one stone.

Draka waited but Weed didn’t appear among the crowd. The Earth Palace was located in a high place so there would be shouts if he showed up.

‘Is one call lacking? This is the place. The Earth Palace falling apart would damage the Arpen Kingdom. Either way, our goals will be easily achieved.’

Draka opened his mouth again.

“I am the commander of the 1st corps of the Haven Empire’s army and I challenge Weed the King of the Arpen Kingdom to a fair duel. Do not hide and come out!”

A duel application!

Draka who represented the Haven Empire’s army had asked for a duel. It could improve the morale of the soldiers but there was also a risk. Of course, the duel application was based on a conclusion from the Hermes Guild’s detailed analysis.

-Weed’s sculpting skills have been analyzed based on his previous adventures.

-He can change his species or profession, cause a disaster, create subordinates and has valuable sword skills.

-There will be specific boundaries where the disaster will occur... He doesn't use it frequently so there is probably a great penalty like other profession skills. Judging by the basis of the skill, either his stats, level or skill proficiency is consumed.

-He has the power to create a deadly plague. Weed's disaster have a great effect but it doesn't just depend on skill proficiency. Predicting the affected area or knowing it is coming in advance is impossible.

-It is suspected that he got something exciting for the final sculpting technique but specific information isn't available. He hasn't used the skill after coming back to modern times but there must be some restrictions.

-The skill can be anything and his combat proficiency will have developed compared to the time in the Melbourne Mines.

-He had a great image as the ruler of the desert but the current reality is completely different. We need to understand Weed's current combat capabilities. In order to get rid of any potentially disturbing elements, we need to quickly find out what the final secret sculpting technique is. If the skill is deeply related to art then we don't need to worry.

-When considering the Melbourne Mine and other variables, Draka's chance of being defeated is less than 20%.

A thorough analysis of Weed's information indicated that Draka would win.

Typically, an art profession like sculptor needed 2 times more effort to win over combat professions. It was due to the difference in useful combat skills and stats.

However, Weed couldn't be compared to the standards of a normal human. He used a lot of effort to strengthen himself and

utilized special skills.

Even considering various factors, Draka was a strong knight of the Hermes Guild and one of the powerhouses on the Versailles Continent.

He also wasn't just relying on combat in this duel. In order to win this duel, Draka wore the best armour and was given blessings by the priests and shamans. In addition, there was special black magic that would strengthen him for 7 hours.

“Is there going to be a fight between leaders?”

“How fun. Of course Weed-nim would win?”

“Outrageous. Who is this Draka anyway?”

“Fool, you don't know Draka?”

“Who?”

“The lord of Ballet Lake and leader of the Anabollic Knights, it is a legend that he won 14 consecutive duels... Anyway, he is a scary bastard.

Draka was widely known among the players. The northern users not interested didn't know his name but it quickly became known thanks to the war.

“An arrogant man?”

“He must be ignorant towards young and pretty females.”

“I am sure about this. A pervert.”

“Kuahh, he isn't human.”

The crowd wasn't friendly towards the Hermes Guild. Even so, Draka's level and combat experience meant they were nervous.

Weed was revered as the God of War who could fight Bardray but the power of the users in the Hermes Guild was enormous.

A group where the powerhouses of the Versailles Continent were gathered. They intended to stamp on the northern users.

Despite the duel challenge shaking the Earth Palace and its surroundings, Weed didn't appear.

'It would be nice if he appeared. This is Draka-nim's chance to be the subject of all the attention.'

Draka would win in a one on one duel.

This was an opportunity to get a great achievement before the Haven Empire conquered the continent. Even if he couldn't surpass Bardray, he could still reach the 2nd position.

Draka had prepared a lot for today's duel.

"Weed, the continent didn't criticize you for your adventures as ruler of the desert. Then where is your confidence? In addition, you have the status and honour of King of the Arpen Kingdom. Nevertheless, are you not going to appear like a coward?"

Draka yelled angrily.

The Haven Empire's camp and the northern users were quiet. Weed's emergency in the war was also a concern to them.

But 30 seconds passed without any changes.

"King Weed of the Arpen Kingdom! I, Draka have come to conquer your land. If you have pride as a king then come out! Or have you already abandoned the Earth Palace and fled to another area!"

Draka shouted once again but no one came out from the northern users. It was to the extent that the northern users were dead silent. A situation with many people but none of them were Weed!

"Is he really not here?"

"Weed-nim isn't here... Is he not coming at all?"

"This situation... Is he really going to run away?"

The camp of the northern users suddenly changed. They waited for Weed but he couldn't be seen.

‘Disappointing. I thought he would emerge sooner. By the looks of this atmosphere, I am unlikely to get my duel. All my preparations were in vain.’

It was regretful but Draka’s duel application was rejected.

He emphasized many times that he was challenging Weed of the Arpen Kingdom. The northern users were shaken.

The possibility that Weed ran away from the Earth Palace was enough to make sure that some northern users wouldn’t participate in the war. The psychological impact on the northern users would play a role in the war.

Then one man walked out from among the northern users.

“I’ve been listening to you. I am Kamon, one of the elite warriors of the north and I challenge Draka!”

Warrior Kamon.

His current level was 430 and he was formally a user of the Britten Alliance Kingdom. He had migrated to Morata in the early days. He was popular among the northern users and belonged to the Mugwort Porridge unit.

He was one of the many high level users who gathered for the war in the north. One of them had come out.

Draka laughed lightly.

“Warrior Kamon? I’m sorry but I’ve never heard that name.”

In fact, he had vaguely heard it in the past.

The Hermes Guild’s communication channel reported information about him but Draka pretended not to know.

“You have courage to face the army of the Haven Empire but you can’t be my opponent. Is there any warrior who wants to fight with me instead?”

Draka stepped back and one user in the army went forward.

“I am knight Nadelli, I will apply for the duel on Draka-nim’s behalf.”

“You cannot enter. I applied for a duel with Draka.”

“You can fight me afterwards. Didn’t you also come out on Weed’s behalf?”

“You make sense. Then let’s fight.”

Kamon held a short axe while Nadelli had a sword and shield.

“Kamon-nim, win!”

“Hooray Grass Porridge Cult!” Take a bite from that guy.”

“No, just feed him some toadstool porridge!”

The northern users cheered.

On the other hand, the Haven Empire’s camp was silent. They were sure of victory so there was no reason to cheer.

Kamon was surrounded by the Hermes Guild. Their military discipline gave the oppressive feeling of a big army waiting calmly.

“Go! Split the earth!”

Kamon brought his axe down intensely but it was blocked with Nadelli’s shield.

‘Villainous Hermes Guild! I will kill them.’

‘The combat style is simple compared to his level. Although he is proficient in fighting monsters, he doesn’t have a lot of experience in a one on one fight.’

After a few attacks, a gap was exposed that Nadelli aimed for.

“Shield Horizontal Stroke.”

The brandished shield disturbed Kamon’s balance.

“Tremor Wave, Piercing Sword, Sword with Crushing Force.”

A series of continuous skills were landed. The short axe couldn’t prevent the following sword and shield attacks.

And the match was simply decided. The brutally beaten Kamon turned into grey light.

“Oh my god...”

“Kamon-nim...”

There was a long silence among the northern users. The Haven Empire had no doubt of their victory so they didn't cheer.

Of course, a celebration was secretly going on in the guild's communication channel.

-Nadelli-nim, you were on fire. Congratulations. It was a great battle.

-It was thanks to Pulleborehet Castle. These days it has great hunting. My sword and shield skills matured.

-Three months ago, there was a dungeon hunt with the magician Milled. To celebrate, we should go hunting again. Find a good dungeon.

-Hahaha. Thank you for the compliment. It is thanks to you that I managed to look good. And I appreciate that Draka-nim gave me the opportunity.

It was indeed a friendly guild channel.

Since then, there were duels between 9 other northern users and 9 members of the Hermes Guild.

“Please win this time, Kitaho-nim!”

“Get revenge for the Ginseng Porridge unit!”

Players came out to defend the pride of the north but the result was 10 losses! The Hermes Guild have overwhelmingly superior levels, skills and equipment. The northern users who threw themselves into the fight were smashed.

The winner of the duel was like an adult playing with children as there were overwhelming victories. The power of the Hermes

Guild was great and this was also a part of their war plan.

The northern users came out randomly but the Hermes Guild users were already decided.

Those that participated in the duels were granted special equipment and blessings. The users who participated had low fame compared to their skills so a larger sense of shame was elicited from the northern users.

Draka exclaimed once there were 10 overwhelming victories.

“Is Weed the God of War truly in this place? If so, there is no point in having meaningless duels. I will give you 1 more minute. Weed, come out and fight me. After 1 minute, the Haven Empire’s army will march to the Earth Palace and destroy everything!”

Draka’s voice grew louder.

It was enough to reach the eyes of the avians on the island of Lavias.

1 minute of silence.

But Weed still didn’t appear.

“King Weed of the Arpen Kingdom didn’t appear. The title of Desert Emperor is just a vain delusion obtained from the adventure. I am ashamed that you are called the God of War and a king. Your king has caused the downfall of the Arpen Kingdom. Haven Empire troops, everyone march!”

The Haven Empire’s army responded in unison.

“Uha!”

The Imperial soldiers instantly pulled out their swords. Thanks to the consecutive victories in the duels, their morale was at the maximum!

The Haven Empire had finished their placement of the archers and magicians while the duels were taking place. The infantry and armoured infantry were also positioned to seal off the charge of

the northern users.

The siege weapons escorted by knights advanced with a roar.

“Shooting spree!”

“Fire, fire! It doesn’t matter the goal!”

“The battle will end today. Tomorrow the sun will not shine on the Earth Palace!”

The siege weapons launched huge fireballs. The fireballs landed in the middle of the people gathered at the Earth Palace and set the mountainside on fire.

Many people used water elementals or magic to suppress the fire but hundreds were already dead.

“Protect the north.”

“Grass Porridge Cult members, fight with enthusiasm even if our bodies have to be buried in this place!”

“Toadstool Porridge unit, death is in front of us. Don’t avoid it and enjoy it!”

“Huhuhu, we have the free spirit of the Grass Porridge Cult. Rice Porridge, Chicken Porridge and other commonplace porridges. Toadstool Porridge? Can anyone eat it? We are the Insect Porridge unit that will fight against the world’s darkness. It has a crispy yet chewy texture and gives enough nutrients. There is no need to grill it. Eating cockroaches and other bugs three times a day...”

“Ugh, Insect Porridge!”

“Those crazy insect users!”

The northern users initiated the attack. Arrows and magic were aimed towards the advancing Haven Empire.

“Kuwaaaaaah!”

The warriors ran as quickly as possible towards the Haven Empire’s army. The knights riding horses and bulls raced on the

plains without any hesitation. A massive assault was initiated.

“Smash the siege weapons!”

“The goal of the Kudzu Porridge unit is the siege weapons.”

“The Beef Porridge unit will kill everyone!”

Hundreds of thousands of Grass Porridge Cult members moved in their units. And the Haven Empire started their ranged attacks.

“The people of the north are fragile against ice magic. Spread the ice!”

“Wave of explosions!”

“Everyone will die in front of the power of thunder!”

The northern users collapsed in front of the devastating magic of the Haven Empire. There were hundreds of various magical explosions that it was difficult to distinguish between each one.

The northern users charged at full speed in order to confront the Haven Empire.

However, the ground cracked and flames were spreading everywhere. It was an atrocious power that seemed enough to end the world. The sky was filled with arrows from the Haven Empire. The northern users that ran as quickly as possible were knocked down.

The area of the Hermes Guild's ranged attacks was called the magic destruction zone.

“Barrier formation!”

The commanders gave an order and the armoured infantry raised their shields. When viewed from the front, it seemed to be a large shield that covered the area.

Teteteng!

“Drill through it!”

The northern users that crossed the zone of death attacked but

the shield formation didn't budge.

“Counterattack!”

As soon as the commanders spoke, the shields were dropped and the spears appeared. The 2nd, 3rd and 4th columns of armoured infantry marched out and slashed at the users.

“Keeook!”

“Cough!”

And then they raised the shields again. Returning to the camp and the barrier formation! It wasn't impossible to break through the armoured infantry.

The speed and manner of the knights could tear apart a large area. However, the armoured infantry was so dense that it was impossible to use such a method.

The efficiency of the Hermes Guild's tactics couldn't be compared to the enemy who fought individually.

“Move backwards. We have to confront them.”

“It won't work if only one person goes. Go together!”

The northern users gathered to defend the Earth Palace moved in unison like a tsunami but the Haven Empire simply used their power to block it.

According to the combat staff, the enemies had been reduced by one third. The threat approaching couldn't go beyond the armoured infantry's defenses. The absolute force of the archers and magicians on the battlefield!

“Attack the archers!”

“We need to contain the ranged attacks. Bravely stop the archers and magicians, aaack!”

The northern users decreased sharply from the arrows and magic flying. The knights and infantry of the Haven Empire had

treasures that reduced the damage of ranged magic.

This was the difference between individuals and a group. The knights had special leadership abilities. Things like dispersing the damage, reinforcing defense, increasing health and mass formations.

The north had a vast amount of users but they weren't used properly. Despite filling the large area, they were defeated and disappeared.

Weed wasn't present at the start of the battle so there were no surprises about the Haven Empire's might firepower.

The high level users didn't participate because there was no chance of winning. Thanks to that, the charge of the northern users gradually slowed.

'Okay, it is our victory.'

'It is almost finished.'

The Haven Empire invaded the north and were sure to reap a fortune after the battle was won. They toasted after every victory but this time was different. If they won today then it was no different to the entire north being defeated.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed was still inside the Earth Palace watching the battle.

He heard Draka shouting for a duel but didn't emerge.

"I haven't got my money yet. And they aren't reliable..."

The forces from both sides were gathered at a neutral point for the duel but the Hermes Guild would definitely use dirty means.

"I'd rather trust in Choi ajusshi who collects money in my neighbourhood."

Invisible curses or magic might be used in order to help them win the duel. In the movies, all heroes that courageously come forward

would collapse through dastardly means.

He didn't want to be victim of a vile plot or childish tricks.

'They will hit me in the back of the head!'

Weed didn't care about his pride when it came to preserving his life.

"And the war didn't start properly."

The northern users had gathered at the palace. They wanted to protect the freedom of the Arpen Kingdom.

In the beginning, the Haven Empire was at its most powerful but they would eventually tire. The northern users needed to accurately judge the timing.

"By the way, where is that guy Hestiger? Surely he didn't run away."

"I must carry out the commands of the Great Emperor. But I've already lost my life so am I qualified to interfere in this world?"

Hestiger was lost in deep anguish in the Earth Palace.

"Whether it is good or bad, humans should make choices in their lives to determine their fate. Master is trying to lead a good life but... I'm from the past and have no say in current human decisions."

The clouds passed by in the clear sky. His hair blew in the wind as his handsome face was revealed.

The deep blue eyes were like a lake while Hestiger's appearance showed his tender heart.

"I cannot force the lives of the people. They should be responsible for the consequences of their own lives. There is only one life so I shouldn't block them."

Weed used Sculpture Resurrection in order to fight the Haven Empire but the person was locked in worry alone.

“I am thankful for Master’s grace but unconditionally following his will... It is hard. I would rather enjoy the remaining amount of my life.”

Hestiger was the typical example of a hero but he also had many distracting thoughts. He stood on a cliff of the Royal Palace and stared at the Haven Empire’s army.

Hestiger had a great view.

“There are many humans. Most of them seem weak without proper training.”

They were just like the troops Weed and the desert warriors trampled on in the warring period. Despite the kingdom boasting a powerful military, a few assaults would make them scatter.

The desert warriors exerted absolute fighting ability that made the morale of the enemy soldiers fall. Their infamy was great and there were many enemies that tried to desert the battlefield.

The desert warrior’s blood would boil as their desire to fight increased.

“It doesn’t matter.”

There were countless battles in the warring period. After the Embinyu Church, he had wandered around the continent fighting for justice.

Hestiger looked back and regretted his life.

“I want to leave like the wind. To spend my last hours on this earth free while respecting and loving all living creatures. Although I will fail to perform Master’s command...”

It was possible that Weed wasted his valuable levels using Sculpture Resurrection!

Then Hestiger watched the Haven Empire win 10 duels.

After Weed left, Hestiger had continued hunting and adventuring. He reached level 869 and it was rare to find monsters

that were a match for him.

He didn't even move when the Haven Empire used the siege weapons and slaughtered the northern users.

Unfortunately for Weed, Hestiger was already made his decision.

"I will leave, far away from here... A place where combat doesn't happen. I want to see the sea."

And at that moment!

"Daddy!"

Hans was one of the residents living in the vicinity of the Arpen Kingdom. He voluntarily decided to fight the enemy in order to protect the Arpen Kingdom. Just like the other residents, his loyalty to the king had reached its peak.

Hans fired a few arrows towards the Haven Empire but the area was decimated by magic attacks and died. His daughter Susanna who was 7 years old, ran and screamed at the sight.

But the Haven Empire used another fire magic.

This was the goal of the magicians unit. They would first strike an area with the ranged magic. And those that survived the first attack would shortly be killed by a second attack.

"Aaaagh!"

Hestiger cried out tearfully as Susanna was burned up. The hero's wrath overflowed at the sight of one of the Versailles Continent's residents dying.

"How can they be so cruel...! They don't have even the minimum of mercy."

And he regretted it.

"If I had taken action earlier... It is all my fault. An invaluable life filled with love slipped away because I hesitated."

After that, he had a quick understanding.

“It wasn’t that my life was wrong. I don’t need to respect a person’s right to decide their lives. If I don’t work for justice then justice can’t be accomplished. I forgot so easily my resolution for justice.”

This was a typical rant.

“Master realized all these facts. For Master’s command to have such deep meaning... A real subordinate would have followed immediately.”

The conclusion.

“Evil is evil. I will gladly bury my sword in them for the sake of justice. Evil can’t be left unchecked. Master’s order... I will kill them all.”

The anguish of a hero in a movie or drama.

“Summon the Armour of Forest. Summon the Earth Sword.”

Hestiger called for the high elf’s sword and armour.

In fact, Sculpture Resurrection couldn’t give the original equipment. However, the high elves and their forests still remembered Hestiger.

-Our friend and hero, Hestiger is back.

-He is good and sensitive... The forest will send the items that have been kept here.

-Mischievous fairy, our friend of the forest needs these things...

-I understand. He is also a friend of the fairies. I’ll give it to him.

The armour and sword kept with the elves and fairies arrived.

Hestiger’s body wasn’t slim like the elves. Thanks to achieving a special adventure, the rare elf craftsmen helped make a sword and armour for him. There were strong human magicians but elves had a depth to their magic.

Hestiger equipped the magic armour and sword.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

-Kilkilkilkil! Wuhihihit!

“Cleansing of the Spirit!”

-Kiyaaaaack!

The powerful light emitted from Irene’s body extinguished the ghost. Surka ran around punching and kicking while Romuna gathered mana for attacks.

The search for the treasures of the Pallos Empire! The lake had changed into a mudflat and there were many ghosts nestled in the treasure.

-Sarin’s Armour:

Durability 32/51. Defense 54.

An armour worn by Sarin, royal knight of the Mapon Kingdom.

He was the best knight that represented the kingdom and was a nobleman with the status of an earl.

Sarin led the knights that fought against the desert and the Pallos Empire. He tried to defend the Bellos Principality but was defeated.

His armour was looted by the desert warriors and remains as one of the treasures of the Pallos Empire.

It has been buried in the ground for 600 years so the durability and defense of the armour is in a very bad state. Sometimes an eerie chill can be felt from Sarin’s soul sleeping in the armour.

Restrictions: Level 455.

Knights only.

Options: A relic with historical value.

Can be quickly engulfed in fear.

Dignity and honour will be reduced.

Black Magic + 1

Knights skill + 2

There is a 13% chance that every attack can exert a strange power.

At the moment, the armour was largely useless!

But if a blacksmith restored it then it could be a mouthwatering item. After being cleaned by some senior priests, it was possible for blacksmiths to restore it to its original state.

Restoring equipment from the warring period could increase the blacksmith's skill proficiency. They were like golden items to the blacksmiths.

In addition, there were some antiques so worn out that they shattered. This was why Weed hadn't worried about the conditions when telling the desert warriors to bury the treasure.

"It is becoming increasingly difficult. I can no longer tie them up with nets."

Zephyr said as he trapped ghosts with his net. Without this fishermen skill, they would have to fight mass quantities of ghosts at once.

"My dancing is also at the limit!"

Hwaryeong sat on the ground.

Bubi bubi dance!

Even a passing ghost would be attracted by her dance. However, her dance consumed quite a bit of vitality.

Surka, Irene and Bellot cried out.

"Yes, a jackpot!"

"I can change my clothes. The garments of a high priest or a saint..."

They ended up being tinged by Weed's greed for treasures!

This was a great place to raise skill proficiency and levels while

searching for treasure at the same time. It was natural the first time they found a treasure of the Pallos Empire.

However, they frequently had to fight ghosts that emerged from the treasures of the Pallos Empire. Especially at night and dawn, there were so many ghosts that their group found it difficult.

Vitality was drained, making this a tough hunting ground and excavation site. Vitality was consumed digging the ground for the treasure and they also hunted ghosts so this place could be called one of the best dungeons on the Versailles Continent.

The ghost knights were level 400~500 in the warring period so they were suitable opponents.

The ghosts were weakened from living for a long time and had low health but they were hard to hunt. Irene was busy with the contaminated soil and getting rid of curses so her faith stat increased every day.

But they reached their limit hunting the ghosts.

Romuna laid down her staff and said.

“I can’t do it anymore.”

“I’m tired.”

Bellot stopped playing her harp that had 3 strings broken.

“Let’s go to the Earth Palace.”

Surka expressed her opinion.

Everybody wanted to fight the Haven Empire and would have left sooner if not for the excavation.

“Hrmm, I’d love to go but what about all our work?”

Zephyr was locked in thought for a moment.

They could find considerable treasures here. If they left here then this place would turn into a paradise for the ghosts. The group’s overall level was 440 so this was a pretty good place for users.

But Zephyr quickly nodded.

“Let’s go!”

He had lived a life full of responsibility. It was enough to have fun. The battlefield was like a playground for high level users.

Even Irene who had a steady character smiled widely.

“Come on!”

She wasn’t worried at all about any changes to the habitat of the ghosts.

‘There is Weed.’

Weed had fought Barkhan and the chaos dragon Ausollet! They had faith that Weed could easily solve it.

Bellot had a long face.

“But how will we arrive in time? The battle will probably be over by the time we get there.”

Zephyr sighed after a moment.

“I will ask Yurin.”

Yurin’s Picture Teleportation!

It was a painter’s skill that was a great help to the people around her.

Of course, he needed to prepare for some nagging every time she was asked to use the skill.

Chapter 2: Hero's Advent

“The current ratings is staying at 6.8%. If the broadcast continues then the viewership will keep declining.”

“Viewers are requesting for regular programs to be broadcasted. It is unusual.”

“The advertisements for the special programs aren't being sold out, Head Director-nim!”

The stations showing Royal Road lamented over the low ratings.

It was unfortunate but there were big expectations for the beginning of the battle at the Earth Palace.

The Haven Empire's invasion of the north! This was the last step the Hermes Guild needed to achieve before conquering the continent.

The station officials expected the record for the ratings to be renewed. People were constantly wondering about the competition between Weed and Bardray and the northern part of the Versailles Continent was always stimulated viewers.

A large number of beginners started in the north so many news programs focused on it.

In the early days of the northern invasion, the users scrambled to defend the cities of the Arpen Kingdom and there were the best ratings as expected.

But as the war progressed, the ratings gradually started to fall to the ground. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that viewers had no interest in the battle outside the Earth Palace.

“What is the reason why people aren't watching?”

“It is because the Haven Empire's army is too strong. The viewers see the Arpen Kingdom being defeated every time so it isn't fun to watch the powerful ranged attacks of the Haven Empire.”

“Kkung, this is difficult. There needs to be something worthy.”

“There are complaints about the war. Many viewers don’t want to see it anymore.”

6.8% for a program was certainly low. Even the late night news about Royal Road received a steady viewership of 4~5%.

When the Haven Empire first invaded the north, all broadcast stations associated with Royal Road decided to organize special programs to compete with each other. There were channels that showed the northern war in real time but this was counterproductive.

The crisis of the Earth palace couldn’t even surpass 7% and there was a chance of a deficit for the broadcasting stations. There was the cutting costs, production costs and huge royalty incomes promised to the Hermes Guild and Weed.

The meeting of the PDs behind the war broadcast sighed.

“I don’t know how to prevent this... There is no problem with the image or sound but progressing with it will be difficult.”

“New events or ideas in the war... Is there no chance of a large counterattack from the Arpen Kingdom at all? If the Arpen Kingdom collapses then the future broadcasts will be difficult. Stories of the north won’t be as popular as they are now.”

“The problem is that the viewer’s interest in Royal Road will be reduced.”

“I recently received a rebuke from the Board of Directors about the ratings of the last program. Unlike most popular programs about Royal Road, we organized it for beginners so if that is lowered...”

“If the other stations stop relaying the war then we shouldn’t deteriorate more. What are we supposed to do?”

“We are doing our best. It is wrong to judge from the reported

results.”

While the other stations were in serious distress, KMC Media continued their organized push for the special programs.

This was due to the strong faith of Director Kang.

‘I’ve seen Weed. Will he really fall to humans? No. He is a guy that will climb up even if he falls to the bottom. When has he never not experienced a crisis? Well, there was his death in the Melbourne Mine. But he is someone with many tricks prepared.’

Weed had always succeeded in his adventures so Director Kang took the risk of continuing to promote him.

“The viewers might be waiting for such a reversal. The Haven Empire is strong but hated so they can’t help being interested. The ratings might rise abruptly once Weed and the Arpen Kingdom counterattacks.”

“What is the basis for that claim?”

“There is no concrete basis except for my personal faith.”

“No, shouldn’t we push other programs to minimize the damage?”

“We need to prepare for the future.”

“The future?”

“Is it necessary for a broadcasting station to remain neutral in the war between the Haven Empire and the Arpen Kingdom?”

The broadcasting station was sensitive to Director Kang’s words.

It was possible for the stations to maintain their neutrality in the dispute between the prestigious guilds or kingdoms. It would be difficult if they showed favour towards one of the kingdoms.

The influence of the stations meant they could lead public opinion or cause users to raise their hands for one side.

“What Director Kang says is unbelievable. If we don’t maintain

neutrality then it will be hard to receive the assistance of the Hermes Guild in the future.”

“It really is a big problem. The broadcasts will receive numerous setbacks if the Haven Empire conquers the continent.”

“A decisive blow will be given to the station.”

“I know all about your concerns. However, think about what will happen if the Haven Empire conquers the continent. Will the viewers really like such a result?”

The station officials were seriously concerned about the situation in the future. The Haven Empire was a good place for higher levels but there was a massive backlash against them. It wasn't comparable to the Arpen Kingdom.

The economy and technology development of the Central Continent meant there were many users active there. However, the north had a lot of novelty and was vibrant. They would never be happy like they were now if the Haven Empire's territory was the entire continent.

Director Kang said powerfully.

“If the Arpen Kingdom can't counterattack then it will be destroyed. But that doesn't mean its history on the Versailles Continent would end. The viewers will continue to miss it. The countless heroes in Royal Road... The memories and history. And Weed is the representative character. History will continue to be made.”

“Are you saying the broadcast should be biased towards Weed and the Arpen Kingdom?”

“We have to be careful but that is my opinion. We need to observe what the audience wants and base the broadcast on that. We should cater to the taste of the viewers. This will be better for us in the future. It is the right path so the station should embark boldly on it.”

The production crew had a late night discussion.

People were against the dictatorship of the Haven Empire. If the users of the Versailles Continent suffered from heavy taxes or a loss of freedom then the current broadcast was impossible.

Users would dream of freedom. If the broadcast was from the position of Weed and the Arpen Kingdom fighting against the Haven Empire's unification then there would be huge support from the audience.

Royal Road had such a huge popularity that it would be difficult for any other virtual reality to compete.

Other prominent game developers tried to get their hands on virtual reality but realized that the development and investment costs would surpass the budget of a small country. Even if it was successful, the monthly fees wouldn't be big enough to cover the operational costs. Even if there were an unlimited amount of funds, the technology and infrastructure required would take at least 10 years.

There were many unexplored worlds in Royal Road. People couldn't imagine the adventures sleeping in those unexplored lands. The cultural heritage of historic kingdoms and cities built by other users.

Millions of people were already enjoying the virtual reality world of Royal Road and that would continue even after the reign of the Haven Empire.

An analysis of the statistics released about Royal Road showed that 80% of users had an average level of 130. 300,000 new users were registering every day. The world of Royal Road was steadily evolving. Virtual reality was another modern world for humans.

The heads of KMC Media decided to open up their policies.

"Good. We won't dwell on the short-term ratings or advertising sales. We will broadcast the Arpen Kingdom for the users. In the

end, it is the most fair to stand on the side of the citizens.”

“Thank you for understand, Boss-nim.”

“There is no need to thank me. We are also a generation that misses those memories. The new history will continue in Royal Road. We hope that more people will have a great experience with KMC Media.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Wow, amazing. The people really are endless.”

Bart arrived at the Earth Palace six days ago.

He easily raised his level hunting monsters in the forest with a party while he earned money as a merchant. There were many users in the north so a lot of his goods quickly sold out. Even if they were only a few gold each, trading with hundreds of people would earn an formidable fortune.

“It is fun making money. Of course, there are all types of unpredictable risks.”

The sense of economy was different from owning a large conglomerate. If a little money was collected then he could buy a store, hire a reputable NPC and adjust the volume of items. The investment section sometimes needed drastic decisions but Bard was familiar with those experiences.

“Money can’t spread if it is broken. Even though I started late, I can’t catch up to others by running like a tiger.”

There was a chance to grow in every part of the north. It really was a dream continent for merchants.

There was a constant influx of new users and the productivity of every city was expanding. Other merchants were active but were lacking a lot due to no experience.

They didn’t set aside a proper capital, invested a huge amount of money into goods that didn’t earn them a lot or dipped their field

into highly competitive items. These were common mistakes that novice merchants made.

“Weapons will bring a lot of benefits but... In recent years, the productive capacity of the smithies hasn’t reached me. There were too many competitors among the weapon dealers and many transferred to textiles. Morata has many new leather armour and this is confirmed at Vent Castle. The turnover rate is good and I can sell two carriages in half a day.”

Bard made bold decisions when it came to investments and change. He checked the daily quotes and listened to information from other cities. He had small stores in Morata and Vent Castle and had a chance to invest in top trade.

There were many stores in the north so he didn’t reap a large profit. However, Bart’s name and face became known at the market and with other merchants.

“If I have a lot more money then I would invest in production and farms. I can hire farmers to earn some profit. The prospects for the cattle breeding sector is also very bright.”

The Arpen Kingdom excelled in the agriculture and cattle breeding sectors.

The warriors didn’t care about those areas but the merchants invested in land and buildings non-stop through the year. Even briefly investing in vineyards near a city could reap a considerable margin.

They were inundated with various items including the artifacts and art of the Niflheim Empire, making the merchants of the Arpen Kingdom live in a golden age. The kingdom’s remarkable development wouldn’t have been possible without the merchants.

Mapan and Gamong had great influence in the north and many users tried to follow them.

-Specialty products development.

- Hiring craftsmen to operate a large workshop.
- Repossessing supplies for beleaguered villages.
- Mining.
- Ranch operation.

There was no discrimination, excessive taxes or regulations on free trade so a special competitiveness between merchants developed in every corner of the Arpen Kingdom.

The activities of the merchants led to urban development, technology development, productivity and population growth.

Since King Weed of the Arpen Kingdom was a sculptor, there was especially a strong competitiveness in the cultural sector. The development of the arts assisted in expanding the borders and the happiness and loyalty of the residents were always high.

Culture also helped increase the knowledge of the residents. Scholars were efficiently born in the kingdom, reduction the budget waste and increasing the proportion of magicians.

The nature of a merchant depended on the king.

Bart had considerable properties and headed to the Earth Palace to watch the battle against the Haven Empire as well as to sell supplies.

“Selling, selling! Miscellaneous goods suitable for levels between 250~330!”

Products good for beginners and intermediate level players were sold. The imported goods were expensive for beginners but they were sold within 30 minutes.

In this place, there were many users selling things for the right price. Users and merchants traded in all sorts of goods.

“Magic items! Magic items for protection. The lowest price is 500 gold.”

“Holding! Holding a freshly caught rat! Freshly caught from the field!”

“Selling holy water from the Freya Church. The quantity is only enough to remain for 1 hour.”

Merchants traded magic items and exclusive goods.

“Well, where do you want to go? Do you want to climb some of the unexplored mountains of the north? Then I have a useable kit for you that is only 50 gold.”

“Ahem, recording my adventures... In the middle, I came across Andallia Village in the forest. Almost no one has gone to that place. I will take you there for a mere 15 gold.”

Quest items, adventure records and maps were also sold.

The market was a great place. Bart sold items at an affordable price.

“My business is going well and I am making money.”

Now his mind wanted to see Seo-yoon and Weed. But it was impossible to find them among the numerous crowds. Of course, the two people showing up would cause a boisterous reaction and Bart still wouldn’t be able to reach them.

“Are they here somewhere? This place will be secure today.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Unni, come over here.”

Seo-yoon was accompanying the Bean Porridge unit.

A small party consisting of four men and six women. These people had befriended each other at the battle of Alkazar Bridge.

‘Was there a strong woman like this in the north? The ability to deal with weapons and she has great courage in her attacks.’

‘Stronger than me. I will catch up within a year.’

‘She seems to be pretty. I would like to see her unmasked.’

The men were secretly conscious of Seo-yoon.

During the battle, she had shown tremendous skill and her natural beauty shown through despite wearing a mask. There weren't any flaws in the part of her face that could be seen.

Even if she wasn't pretty, they didn't worry about it since they wouldn't see her unmasked.

'God can't give one person all the beauty. I might be disappointed if I look at her face.'

'It might be better to keep it as a fantasy.'

Seo-yoon had an off-limits atmosphere so the men didn't try anything. Nevertheless, the female users were quite friendly with Seo-yoon.

"Your profession is a berserker? I heard rumours that it is difficult to obtain. You immerse yourself in battle."

"Yes..."

Her voice was prettier than birds chirping in the morning.

The men walking in front pretended to be unconcerned.

'The voice of a beauty. Even if she nags me, I would be happy coming home to that voice.'

'Ugh, no. My ideal standards have collapsed. This... Ah, having a woman like that in the future.'

'I want to write a dissertation about beauty. All men would be interested in the contents.'

'Sometimes God doesn't make a mistake. An ordinary face might not be behind that mask. The mysterious atmosphere makes me want to throw off the mask. Yet the mask hasn't come off. Too bad.'

The men drew an imaginary figure in their heads.

"Unni is a university student?"

“Leave of absence.”

“Boyfriend?”

Seo-yoon lightly nodded.

‘Ah...’

‘No.’

‘God.’

‘Despair. Complete despair.’

The men fell into despair. Even those with girlfriends felt a dark sense of loss resonating in their bones.

‘The boyfriend has to be changed.’

Even so, they couldn’t feel at ease with Seo-yoon. The atmosphere, beauty and voice was too superior. A presence like that seemed like it would only appear in their dreams.

“Unni, what is your hobby?”

“These days... Sculpting.”

“Are you good?”

“I’m learning.”

“Do you cook?”

“Yes.”

“Do you clean, do laundry and pack rice?”

“I enjoy it. I also make rice for my boyfriend.”

“How annoying.”

“Happy.”

Soon it was time for the Bean Porridge unit to fight the Haven Empire.

Seo-yoon stepped back lightly.

“Unni?”

“I... I can’t fight.”

“Are you scared? It is okay. We will fight together.”

“I can’t risk fighting or dying since it will be bad for him. It will also reduce his health.”

“What does that mean...? Well I understand. Then you don’t have to fight.”

The expression of her colleagues fell at Seo-yoon’s words.

The proud members of the Grass Porridge Cult were disappointed but didn’t push her to fight the Haven Empire. Some colleagues even felt like it was a betrayal since they might die alone.

One of the females said coolly.

“I don’t need people who won’t risk their life to fight. Then I’ll see you later unni.”

“Yes.”

Seo-yoon nodded without giving further information.

Seulroeo’s wedding ring.

She could deliver 50% of her health if her spouse was in a crisis. Conversely, if she fell into a crisis then Weed’s health would be pulled away. She gave up fighting on the battlefield for Weed.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The users in the north had a solid faith like stone.

“We can defeat the army of the Haven Empire.”

“There are enough people in the Earth Palace. We gathered a lot and Weed still hasn’t given a command yet.”

“Yes, we just need to follow Weed’s directions. Somehow he will dismantle the magic and defeat the Haven Empire.”

“We didn’t think we could damage them and then Alkazar Bridge happened.”

Weed the God of War ruled over the Arpen Kingdom. The existence of the kingdom on the Versailles Continent felt like it came out of a storybook.

From a small village to a kingdom through adventures, the dazzling development meant that the users soaked up its spirit of courage and challenge. Despite having to eat barley bread, people were thrilled at living in the Arpen Kingdom.

Their confidence and hope of defeating the Haven Empire was broken immediately after the battle started.

The magic attacks from the Haven Empire felt fierce enough to knock down the mountain and sweep away all the northern users.

Explosions, explosions, explosions. The users flocking in droves faced death.

The indiscriminate magic and arrow attacks from the Haven Empire battered the northern users.

“Everybody endure! We will have an opportunity once the magic is over... Kwaaek!”

“Persevere and show them the power of the Grass Porridge Cult!”

The northern users had hope that the magic of the Haven Empire was limited. The attack of the magicians normally didn't last long on the battlefield.

However, their thoughts about the Haven Empire was too shallow. The magic units of the unified Central Continent army was usually strong.

“The magic is continuing to fly!”

“How could this...ridiculous.”

“If they continue to assault us without a break then we will never win.”

There was no commander in the northern army so it was up to the discretion of the users whether to charge or hesitate. They

scattered whenever the magic came flying.

Their judgement was effective in a one on one fight but they often missed opportunities on the battlefield. It was impossible to penetrate the organized formations in this manner.

Since crossing the Poros River, many beginners in the Grass Porridge Cult had attacked. If they were lucky then the knights and infantry of the Haven Empire would receive a little damage but mainly they were impervious.

Furthermore, there were many people at the Earth Palace who experienced war for the first time.

Even the high levelled users who were determined had their assault delayed due to the congestion.

“There is no sense approaching right now. Those guys will soon stop their magic.”

“Mana will fall soon. I know because I’m a magician. They must be barely hanging on.”

“Let’s go! Ready the assault!”

The magic units of the Haven Empire were wearing equipment to minimize the mana cost. Magicians tended not to wear this equipment in quests or hunting.

That was because it had poor defense. However, right now they were thoroughly protected by the armoured infantry. The magicians could attack 3/4 of the battlefield and were an invaluable asset.

“Condensed power, explode. Fire Pillars!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Pillars of fire dozens of metres large headed towards the gathered northern users. It was the unbelievable wide area fire magic from the magician units!

In the history of the Versailles Continent, various genius

magicians had sprung up who left behind numerous magical research.

The high level magicians would immerse themselves in studying. They would then leave their findings to their disciples. Monsters and traps were required to stop intruders from stealing it!

After unifying the Central Continent, the Haven Empire had actively dug up many ruins. During the time when the kingdoms had been divided by the prestigious guilds, even those with the power of a king or nobles would require permission to excavate special dungeons.

The Haven Empire also created a library modelled after Morata and discovered places based on an analysis of the information there. The Fire Pillar was an advanced magic discovered that required 50 magicians to use it.

“Wah...amazing.”

“It is really terrible.”

“Scary but enchanting.”

“An amazing force. Isn’t it?”

A significant number of users in the north were watching. There was an ecstatic expression as they watch the pillars of fire.

It was a spectacular moment as many people died but they just watched idly. The northern users watching from a distance marveled at the colossal scale of the magic.

They thought they were outside the scope of the fire so it didn’t matter.

“Indeed the Hermes Guild. Tremendous magic.”

“It is good that I came to see it. I don’t often get a chance to see this type of magic. I would be proud to be in that school.”

But soon they also experienced terrible risk.

“Fire Pillar Tornado Stream!”

The magic unit triggered a secondary spell.

Fire Pillar set up pillars of fire. It was an enormous magic that required 50 senior magicians but the flames pillars would disappear once the magic was done.

However, the fire pillars started to change when the secondary magic was triggered. It started to rise from the ground and soon a huge fire tornado was completed.

The scope of destruction extended by dozens of times and the tornado of fire didn't stay still. A moving vortex of fire swept through the camp of the northern users. The strong suction power and unpredictable paths swallowed the people around it.

“No! I don't want to die from this.”

“Oh, I can't move. It will be the end if I'm sucked away. This is...”

The fire magic truly assaulted the northern users. Many northern users fell to the magic and arrow attacks.

It was a one-sided slaughter of the northern users.

“People fighting against the wicked looking army, don't be afraid! There is nothing hotter than the desert sandstorms. Our bodies will return to the soil so fight with courage until the end!”

A voice was heard in the ears of the northern users.

-You have heard the cry of the brave Warrior who Saved the World.

Vitality has recovered.

The maximum vitality will increase by 50%.

All stats related to combat will go beyond the limit.

Depending on your fighting spirit, you can exert up to twice the ability of your stats.

Various types of blessings from the gods will be given to you.

“All of a sudden?”

“Who? These blessings are nonsense.”

“It has to be a lie. I’ve never seen anything like this, even on television. ”

“Are there priests around?”

The northern users not affected by the magic attacks looked around. There were many people so they could afford to do it despite the onslaught of the Haven Empire.

The capital city of the Arpen Kingdom, the Earth Palace!

On a nearby cliff, they were able to see a warrior wearing elven armour. At first he seemed like a common warrior but then they saw his face and thought it was absurd.

“Hestiger?”

“Hestiger!”

“It makes no sense! Why would Hestiger appear here?”

“Isn’t he a hero in the warring period?”

It was mandatory for users of the Arpen Kingdom to watch Weed’s adventures.

Hestiger was a warrior who helped him defeat the Embinyu Church in the warring period. A desert warrior with talent, looks and leadership abilities.

Some people were enthusiastic enough to set up a fan club.

“Doesn’t he look identical?”

“It is crazy to have someone that looks the same!”

“It is impossible to have that face with that body. I think it is the real Hestiger.”

“Weren’t we just saying that the blessings were impossible?”

Hestiger's hair and cloak flew in the wind.

“Kyaack! Hestiger!”

“Omo, omo!”

The reaction from the females was the most explosive.

The noble looks, refined atmosphere and power brimming from his body could be felt. The muscular body was similar to Geomchi but the crucial difference was his face.

The complete unison between face and body!

Stories of Hestiger appearing started spreading like an incoming tide.

Hestiger shouted in a loud voice.

“Warriors of the Arpen Kingdom...as the eternal subordinate for the ruler of the desert, I Hestiger am asking for the people here to fight with me!”

Then a message window simultaneously rose in front of the northern users.

Ddirring!

-Become the subordinate of the Hero who Saved the World!

Hestiger has been delegated as a commander by the King of the Arpen Kingdom. The army of the Arpen Kingdom will follow his commands.

Hestiger is asking you.

Will you become his subordinate to defend the Arpen Kingdom against the Haven Empire?

If you accept then you must follow his commands.

The leadership emerging from Hestiger means that sometimes your flesh will move regardless of your will. In addition, you might be asked to sacrifice your lives in the war.

However, you will gain valuable combat experience if you follow the orders of the great warrior.

If you fight the enemy and win then it is possible to gain experience and increase your stats. The national achievements with the Arpen Kingdom will pile up more than usual.

Become the subordinate of the Hero who Saved the World!

Only one of these warriors could exist at a time. Weed had been a Warrior who Saved the World after defeating the Embinyu Church. After that, the one with the most outstanding achievements was Hestiger.

Warrior-1 and Warrior-2 had great combat ability but they lagged behind the overall ability, faith and nobility of Hestiger.

Weed grumpily didn't care about the Pallos Empire because Hestiger would be his real heir.

"Is it really Hestiger? Then I'm going to do it."

"Become the subordinate of a warrior? It is like being employed to hunt a bear."

The northern users were confused. Because it was unexpected. However, they didn't worry about it for too long.

"Hestiger... Really awesome! It is an honour to be a subordinate of such a mighty hero."

"Hey hey, isn't this situation like pulling out a few junk cards in Go-stop only to suddenly get 5 bright cards?" (Korean card game)
"Weed-nim must be somewhere!"

"Hestiger wouldn't just appear for nothing. His Majesty hasn't abandoned us. The Warrior who Saved the World will defeat them!"

"Hestiger is a member of the Grass Porridge Cult! It is an honour for the Toadstool Porridge unit to fight with you!"

"Kuwaaaaaah! Please let me be a subordinate! I am willing to be

your slave for my whole life!”

An explosion of crowd psychology in front of the power of the Haven Empire!

“We will be subordinates!”

“I will enjoy your commands. Please feel free to beat me!”

-You have become the subordinate of the Hero who Saved the World!

The world will respect and appreciate your decision.

Currently there are 4,928 colleagues fighting.

And after a few seconds.

Ddiririring!

-You have become the subordinate of the Hero who Saved the World!

The world will respect and appreciate your decision.

Currently there are 9,483,201 colleagues fighting.

“Kuoohhh!”

“We are all together!”

A huge shout among the users. Since then, the number of colleagues rose quickly enough to get rid of all fear.

When thinking of it carefully, the people were already gathered here to fight the Haven Empire. Even so, their courage grew as the numbers became larger.

“The desert warriors don’t withdraw when fighting. We must charge if we want to break a stronger enemy. Charge at full speed!”

The users felt strength flow through their bodies as soon as Hestiger gave the command. It felt like the rapids of a river as their two legs pushed forward by themselves towards the Haven Empire.

It wasn’t a normal charge.

The users running speed was determined by their level, agility, vitality and skills.

Even wearing light leather armour for defense would quickly tire out a beginner. It was one of the reasons they found it difficult to escape from monsters on flat ground. In the case of a range, they could use a special skill to temporarily increase their speed but most users didn't have such skills.

Players who could only watch blankly as rabbits jumped past were now fast enough to run past them. They could run 100 metres in less than 10 seconds.

-The Warrior who Saved the World has used the skill 'Fierce Thunderbolt Assault.'

Speed has become 129% faster. The skill will have the greatest effect on the one with the slowest speed in the group.

It applies to all subordinates.

The northern users' speed surpassed the mounted riders as they started running towards the Haven Empire.

"Go!"

"Is there any need to complicated thoughts? Since I will die anyway!"

"I am the same person but it feels like I am overflowing. My mana has changed. Kuhuhuk!"

The thrust of the northern users!

The vortex of fire was still running around despite being decrease in size and there was the aftermath from other magic. The ground had cracked in several places and there were electric shocks. Previous if they tried to run through then they would die.

However, the northern users didn't bother thinking.

-The earth goddess Mi-ne has blessed you.

Subsequent magic damage is reduced by 68% for 30 seconds.

-The Goddess Freya's blessing has been invoked.

The brave warrior Hestiger has served the Goddess Freya with faith.

His subordinates have been given a special body. Any atrophy in the body due to hunger or lack of fighting spirit has been normalized.

-Balder, the God of Spring and Justice has granted you a ring.

Balder's Ring: Durability 70/70.

The ability of this ring is unknown.

It seems like something good will happen.

-Atrock the God of the Military has blessed you.

Combat power will increase when fighting with colleagues.

During the attack, more experience can be obtained.

"Ohhhh! Blessings, blessings! It is the first time that I've seen such blessings."

"The best! This unconditional feeling!"

"I am the mad dog of Baro Village! Woof woof woof woof, bark bark bark, woof woof woof woof!"

"I don't have to worry about looking those guys in the eye!"

Despite rushing towards their deaths, the users were happy to receive the blessing of multiple gods.

The Grass Porridge Cult that spread over the north! Rather than a religious binding, it was an everyday way of life for the northern users.

The northern users that belonged to the Grass Porridge Cult could enjoy adventures and freedom. Even those with different professions in reality like a doctor or banker would join the Grass

Porridge Cult in Royal Road.

“Grass porridge, grass porridge, grass porridge!”

Someone cried out and the entire crowd started shouting in unison.

All the stress of living was removed.

The anger and repression felt in reality boiled over in their hearts. Due to the invasion of the Haven Empire, all the bitterness, pain and anger buried deep inside broke out.

“We just need to kill all the troops. Charge!”

“Grass porridge!!!”

Chapter 3: Disaster Occurring

There was a tide of northern users pushing forward. They ran with all their might without thinking.

Previously, the Haven Empire's formidable offense provided a barrier of fear that stopped them. But the assault overcame their psychological limits.

There was no beginning and end as they ran at their fastest speed.

The Haven Empire's magic, arrows and siege weapons continued but the users just marched through one after another.

The commanders of the Hermes Guild were shocked at the abrupt change.

"The situation is strange."

"I think so as well. Is this really Hestiger?"

"The intelligence network never mentioned it but now is the time to clarify the truth."

Less experienced commanders would be surprised and make mistakes. But the commanders of the Haven Empire had gone through many wars and kept their cool.

"Mobilize the magicians and archers. Don't waver and continue attacking the enemies. They have started their resistance but we still have the advantage."

"The charge can do maximum damage but it won't last long. After 5 minutes of attacks, the enemy troops will be decreased by half."

"Few enemies can live through the magic destruction zone. After that, the enemy will be the knights and armoured infantry. There won't be enemies so we can just sweep all of them away."

The commanders finished their discussion.

Currently the Haven Empire's army boasted 1.7 million people. The troops had been reduced due to the battles, placing them in occupied areas and the collapse of the Alkazar Bridge.

"To your battle stations! 1st class battle boundaries."

"Archers shoot sequentially! Magicians use spells with staying power!"

The users of the Hermes Guild soared in emergencies. Each commander gave orders to the troops and went into standby mode.

The ranged attacks were almost over as many users were quickly approaching. It felt like a massive flood of people. Water sweeping against a thick and high dam.

"Shoot at random!"

The magic attacks were concentrated on the users.

"Weeeok!"

"Kek!"

There were screams from the dying users every time there were flashes and explosions. Poison even spread and the low level users died as it went beyond their ability to endure it.

However, many users ran quickly despite the victims.

"We finally arrived at last. Cutting Dash!"

"Pull all the power together to one point... Steel Fury!"

There were sparks as the northern users bounced against the Haven Empire's armoured infantry.

The beginner skills were blocked by the shield. It was realistically unreasonable to think that the weak beginners could break through the armoured infantry of the Haven Empire's army.

"Push with all your strength!"

"You don't need to attack. Just push!"

“Asa asa!”

It was unknown who suggested it first but the beginner users pushed with their hands. There was a huge difference in the strength and stamina of a beginner and a level 200 user. Even so, the hundreds of armoured infantry were pushed back.

“Fight back!”

Chwachachang!

The shield users fought back and the novice users lost their lives. It was an inevitable result since they didn't carry any weapons or shields.

“Don't pay attention to it and continue. This is the only thing we can do...!”

“Push until the end for the continent!”

The users knocked down more of the formations of the armoured infantry. Impressionable young girls cried about the users.

“Ohuhuk, the Arpen Kingdom really...”

“Unni, oppa! Don't lost hope and fight!”

The tender hearts of the females were clearly defined by the war.

“The good and pure Arpen Kingdom is fighting the wicked Haven Empire!”

In fact, the high taxes and many regulations of Bardray and the Hermes Guild made life difficult for the residents.

Still, they could at least live a long life despite it being unhappy. However, they fought for Weed against the malicious invasion of the Haven Empire.

The high level northern users crashed through the cracks in the formations of the armoured infantry.

“They are just defending. Let's freely attack!”

“Stick close for safety. Fight without taking a break!”

“The people over level 400! Break through the front! We will handle the rest!”

There were many northern users so the armoured infantry also suffered damage.

“This isn’t good.”

The faces of the Hermes Guild stiffened as they saw the northern users.

‘Coming up to here... So many users trying to fight against us. It hardly looks possible.’

‘We must have done quite a lot of bad things.

Nevertheless, the Hermes Guild didn’t think they would be defeated. The Hermes Guild didn’t lose even when there was a fierce war on the Central Continent. There wasn’t a single moment of inattention.

But now they were facing an assault. No matter how many they killed, the northern users kept pouncing.

Archers and magicians were their core power. As long as the defense wasn’t broken through, the infantry could hold on for a few days.

Considering the ability of the ranged units, the Haven Empire normally won within a few hours. A brilliant victory was obtained in this manner.

“Once half of them are killed then the rest will scatter... There is no other method than a frontal fight. Kill all of the people here!”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Aww, it has already started.”

Irene arrived at the battlefield along with the other colleagues.

Yurin had landed them on one of the peaks of the Earth Palace.

The plains were filled with users running towards the army of

the Haven Empire.

“I’m going first!”

Surka ran and jumped off a cliff.

“My body will show off the exquisite kung fu skill!”

“I’m going.”

Romuna teleported near the battlefield.

Her position was a place where magic could hit the enemy. Her position also had to take into account the placement of the soldiers and the wind direction.

Bellot and Hwaryeong were on a decorated stage at the Earth Palace.

Irene gave blessings to users from the rear of the battlefield.

The group scattered across the battlefield.

Yurin asked Zephyr who was still next to her.

“Aren’t you going out to fight?”

Zephyr nodded slightly.

“This battle is important, but you are more precious to me. I want to keep you safe.”

Greasy words!

He knew from experience that women wanted men who could save them. He wanted to show his devastating ability on the battlefield to Yurin.

Yurin shook her head.

“My grandmother told me not to trust men who hides behind a woman’s skirts.”

“Um.”

“Go and fight. I will be fine.”

As a painter, Yurin lacked the ability to fight.

She could grow like Weed but she had no need to kill monsters.

Drawing a picture could give an affinity with ordinary monsters. There were no monsters in this place so she would receive a lot of damage from the Haven Empire's army.

Zephyr moved quietly towards the plains.

In fact, after arriving on the battlefield he had been yearning to fight the enemies.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Tweet.”

“Jjaejaejaek!”

The birds chirped on Lavias Island.

Despite the battle on the ground, the avians hadn't joined in yet. The avians had a distinctive habit of collectively taking action together.

If they had a leader and strategists then their combat capabilities would increase by 2~3 times. On the other hand, the leading bird could snatch the food first or bully others.

Lavias' ruler.

Despite the war, Golden Bird was just sitting on a branch playing with its feathers.

One of the most outstanding warriors, an eagle flew in front of it. It was hard to count how many NPC avians were following it.

“What's up, tweet!”

“Kokodaek! We want to fight.”

“Kokokokok!”

No matter how dissatisfied the birds became, Golden Bird didn't move.

There were also complaints from the newly hatched users.

When a user started off as an avian, they could choose from a variety of eggs.

To some extent, it was possible to select the avian species in advance. There were the eggs of sparrows, ducks or even thunderbirds. Several users would be born at the same time and would become friends or brothers.

They learned how to catch their prey from their mothers. After some time, they would flap their wings and leave the nest. There were snakes and other dangers before leaving the nest but then the users could start Royal Road.

The avians were so popular that there was a waiting period of at least a month.

The population of the avians grew quickly. The avians already on Lavias Island also laid eggs and the birth rate quickly increased.

“Jjaejaejaek!”

“Ohhhh!”

“Caww! Cawwwww!”

“Kukuku. Kukukukukuk!”

The birds whined and became increasingly violent. The birds cried out with one voice.

Among the avians were species such as cranes. But even they couldn't be patient anymore.

The battle on the ground was becoming violent so the avians wondered why they couldn't join. The human divisions of the Sky Porridge unit were also waiting.

“Why aren't they fighting?”

“At this rate, we will be twiddling our fingers in the wrong place while allowing the Haven Empire free reign.”

The Sky Porridge troops were waiting to be dropped in the middle of the Haven Empire. 10,000 brave users were waiting for the avians to join them.

An elite unit with courage and skills.

However, without any explanation, Golden Bird stopped the avians from fighting. The nest, sky, trees and land were filled with the wild chirping protests that vibrated everywhere!

At the time, Weed appeared riding Wy-3.

Golden Bird sat down on Weed's right shoulder like it had been waiting for that time. On his left shoulder was Silver Bird.

"W-Weed-nim."

"The King!"

A dramatic entrance in order to considerably increase morale!

Weed said softly.

"It is nice to see the avians. And the human heroes here as well."

"...."

A breathtaking silence flowed at the same time.

The avians started late so there were almost no high level users. Instead, all the beginners knew about Weed.

Having Weed the God of War direct them was a great honour. In addition, some of the avians were envious of Weed.

Weed was King of the Arpen Kingdom but he so went on adventures. During his final secret sculpting technique quest, his journey as a hummingbird was broadcasted on the television. Thus they also selected the hummingbird species.

The body was too small but they could have a positive impact on combat. However, they couldn't escape the limits of the species.

The avians had to perform seasonal quests for their species. These quests were quite tricky but it was possible to increase the

weight, enhance certain parts of the body or even breed.

Most users that selected the duck species dreamed of laying young. It would be fantastic if they raised the ducklings directly from the egg and then swam along the rivers of the Versailles Continent.

It wasn't as much as the orcs but if they gave birth early then it gave them a competitive advantage compared to other avian species.

"Tweet tweet. Mum, it is W-Weed-nim."

"Please sign my wings."

The birds started chattering and flapping their wings as soon as Weed appeared. It was a dangerous situation like walking along a beach filled with seagulls with shrimp crackers.

Weed wasn't surprised by the avians and spoke carefully.

"I thank you as the King of the Arpen Kingdom."

"Tweet!"

"As you know, I didn't create the Arpen Kingdom because I desired to become a king."

"Kokodaek!"

The Arpen Kingdom was born through chance but I accepted it with a greedy smile. Weed pasted on the smile that he had practiced all night.

"While adventuring in the north, I rescued the people of Morata and the village evolved. It became a decent place and travellers visited until it became a city. My adventures made the entire north a place where people can live and everything combined to make the Arpen Kingdom."

It was a story similar to the founding fathers.

"...?"

The avians were curious about Weed suddenly telling a story. They had been clamouring for a fight.

The battle viewed from the sky was very intense. Light and fire, wind storms, poisonous fog and soldiers and knights fighting.

Naturally the avians wanted to join the Arpen Kingdom in facing the Haven Empire. It was urgent yet Weed came here to tell a story.

But Weed just looked at the faces of the avians.

The Sky Island Lavias. This was the world of the avians. The avians lived freely and didn't belong to a kingdom.

Now that it was part of the Arpen Kingdom, they were subjected to the taxes and the special commands of the king. Originally there hadn't been any taxes so there had been severe resistance. It felt like they had been robbed of money!

In order to make them accept it, he needed to give the impression of a good king.

"The Arpen Kingdom is in a crisis. I give my heartfelt thanks that you are willing to protect it."

"Jjaejaejaek!"

"I am the king but it is embarrassing that I can't even prevent an invasion. I worked with everyone in order to found the Arpen Kingdom. It is still a distant future but I want to make the Arpen Kingdom a good place for people to live. Thank you sincerely for your help."

Weed's words felt different than usual.

His voice was stiff like a child in the 2nd grade of elementary school was reading a language book.

He had raised the morale of people one or two times.

During the quest to build a pyramid, he had dragged the collapsed people by giving them grass porridge.

Despite having the status of a king, he still felt awkward and shy. He felt like a politician on television during an election.

‘Surely they won’t be fooled by this shameless story? Uhh, it is hard. The time was a little short. If only I had more time to polish off my speech.’

Weed was thinking gloomily when the avians spread their wings and cried out.

“Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!”

“Kuwaaak! Kuwawak!”

The avians were impressed! After joining the Arpen Kingdom, they had fully transformed into aggressive supporters of the Grass Porridge Cult.

Weed noticed this and burst out with Lion’s Roar.

“Let us fight to keep the Arpen Kingdom!”

Many birds flew up at once in order to fight.

The Haven Empire were still smashing the northern users with magic. The influx of enemies were pushing against the Haven Empire.

Flames poured towards the users who were pushing through the Haven Empire’s infantry.

“This way!”

“It is our chance to get revenge on the Haven Empire.

And attacks came from the sky.

The avians flew down from the sky towards the Haven Empire. Some of the Sky Porridge users held between the claws were dropped down in the midst of the Haven Empire.

“Uaaaack!”

The body of users were dropped on top of magicians.

“Kwaaek!”

Some of them died from being in the hit or from the impact of the fall. The surviving users that avoided all risk found themselves in the middle of the enemy.

“Take care of them properly!”

“Let’s go crazy!”

A decline in level and skill proficiency was inevitable. However, they succeeded in pulling off a few expensive jewellery that the magicians were wearing.

“Don’t allow them access. Shoot into the sky!”

Naturally the Haven Empire had expected the avians to join the battle. Arrows and magic were aimed towards them.

The entire area was covered with areas and magic so it was inevitable that the avians would crash to the ground.

The avians that flew to attack quickly crashed.

There was a big impact from falling from the sky so some of them lost the ability to fly right afterwards.

The role of the avians was to fly around in the sky to encourage attacks to be aimed at them. If the Haven Empire paused for even a little bit then they would fly down towards the magicians.

The avians also hunted in a similar manner.

And Hestiger!

He jumped from the Earth Palace.

“Friend of the forest, Iyaluterun!”

Hestiger summoned a blue pegasus.

The wings of the pegasus spread and he flew towards the Haven Empire’s army. The blessings of the gods surrounded his body and handsome face like a halo.

Bardray riding on the horse Rindullin couldn't compare to Hestiger. With a perfect face and body, a legendary hero and god's warrior. And he had a halo.

The men there had no choice but to feel extreme jealousy!

"That bastard! Taking care of him is my first priority!"

"Hestiger is approaching so take care of him with magic."

The Hermes Guild had paid careful attention to Hestiger. In contrast to the avians, Hestiger was already at the 1st boundary.

Draka: How did this happen? Isn't Hestiger a warrior from the warring period? Then what are his abilities?

Arkhim: We haven't accurately identified Hestiger's strength. There was no need to analyze it since the quest would end.

Balbaro: Why would there be any information? If we knew he wouldn't disappear then there would be separate measures to deal with it.

Arkhim: Once again, the information network doesn't know everything in advance. It is questionable why Hestiger appeared now. A special item, skill or quest... It could be anything.

Peitallod: This is just speculation but Hestiger is probably the reason why Weed didn't show up at the Earth Palace for a few days.

Arkhim: In the best case scenario, it might just be a temporary phenomenon. Anyway, we will try to gather any information available about Hestiger but right now he is hostile towards the Haven Empire.

Hestiger had appeared out of the blue so questions were dumped on the Hermes Guild's information network.

There were numerous questions about Hestiger's abilities.

The Haven Empire poured out magic attacks towards Hestiger riding the pegasus.

“Hit him with lightning arrows!”

“Crushing Flash Explosion!”

“Ice that Destroys the Flesh!”

Basic magic spells were used in the 1~2 stages of the battle but now intermediate spells were used that consumed a lot of mana.

“This magic was prepared in advance... It was originally waiting for Weed.”

“Good.”

The magicians of the Hermes Guild chanted spells through the priority goal, Hestiger. He was a warrior with an innate affinity to fire so ice magic was focused on him.

“Curse of the Ice Spirits!”

“Freeze Moisture!”

“Ice Sculpture!”

The magic floated in the air and formed an ice sculpture that was more than 30 metres in size. If it fell to the ground and smashed into pieces then it would freeze an area of 100 metres.

The reappearance of battle magic!

The sculpture split into thousands of ice chunks that flew at high speed towards Hestiger. Magic attacks in the sky and on the ground rushed towards Hestiger from every direction.

The Hermes Guild’s all-out attack!

“Aaaagh, I can see it now. This is death!”

“Time is ticking down!”

The northern users threw themselves onto the ground. The magic flying over 50 metres would freeze anything in its path.

“Despite the pegasus flying, he won’t be able to avoid this.”

The magicians of the Hermes Guild watched with a satisfied

smile. Their goal was to see Hestiger smashed by the ice. Even magicians couldn't dismantle all the flying magic before they died.

Hestiger took out his scimitar. And he waved it strongly in the air.

“Blade of Degradation!”

Flames emerged from it and started to smash the ice.

Kuoooooh!

There was the sound of ice fragments flying in every direction from a vortex of flames. It took a while but eventually the ice fragments broke through the flames.

The users of the Hermes Guild started cheering.

“Good!”

“Indeed! It is the end!”

Hestiger couldn't be seen so the northern users were worried. But those concerns were so revealed to be unfounded.

The ice fragments were melted down by the fire. Finally, Hestiger smashed all the pieces with his weapon.

-Your magic has been destroyed.

Mana has been reversed and a great blow will be dealt.

There is a 32.8% loss of mana.

The wisdom stat has been temporarily reduced by 14%.

“Ugh!”

“U-unbelievable.”

The bodies of the users who participated in the magic spell stumbled. The magic was forcibly destroyed so it had a large impact on them as well.

Although the senior magicians were dealt a mental blow, they could still use magic immediately. Even the users completely

frozen started melting from the flames spread by Hestiger.

They could tell the strength just by how he responded to the attack skill.

Hestiger gave an ancient shout.

“Keep advancing! Don’t hesitate for even a moment in front of the enemy!”

A voice skill.

It was a technique that Weed used quite often when ruling over the desert.

The cry of a brave warrior rang out through the battlefield. However, those listening to the ancient cry had their resilience and physical abilities greatly increased.

“Let’s go!”

“Oh, yes!”

The northern users initiated a frenzy of attacks. They were happy even if their colleagues died.

Their decision was based on their desire to protect the north. They couldn’t just sit back and not do anything to stop the invasion.

Even a vague hope allowed them to push against the Haven Empire. The northern users were able to throw their bodies due to the emergence of the mighty warrior.



“It seems like we are a little late.”

“We didn’t come here to explore but... That is a healthy body.”

“But this war is dangerous. There are many chances to lose a head. Hrmm.”

“I’ve realized it from watching but there really are a lot of benefits from the battlefield. Particularly when it is against the

Hermes Guild.”

“But now there is the opportunity to pour water on these guys. The Hermes Guild and the Central Continent isn’t the entire world.”

The northern users weren’t the only ones hostile to the Haven Empire.

Users from the Central Continent came to the north to watch the war. Some of them arrived first at the Earth Palace while others came behind the Haven Empire’s army.

“I am afraid of the aftermath... How will we live in the hostile Central Continent now?”

“It will be harder when I go back. I should just sit down here in the north.”

“That makes sense. The north might be able to stop the Haven Empire.”

“What about your friends and family who remain?”

“They will all come to the north!”

“Then let’s do it!”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Geomchi walked while his tattered cloak that hadn’t been repaired floated behind him.

“Today we can fight heartily.”

“It is our chance to defeat them, Teacher-nim.”

A line of students stretched behind him.

“This is the pride of a man. We have to live. Isn’t that right?”

“I understand, Teacher-nim!”

Geomchi and his students gritted their teeth. They had fallen into the trap at Pato Castle and were wiped out by the Haven

Empire's forces.

It made them angry but their hearts were filled with interest and excitement whenever they thought about it.

Dying against a strong enemy was the best experience.

'The last time I fought properly, I had 7 broken ribs and my arms were bruised but it was interesting.'

'This battle isn't just about fighting sense.'

Saliva filled their mouths and their muscles twitched. The feeling caused by a battlefield.

Geomchi and the students had been waiting for today.

"The Kill Without Asking unit is now dissolved. It is a crude name that doesn't fit us."

"Yes, Teacher-nim!"

"We are now the Muksabal (Korean Dish) Knights."

"Muksabal, it sounds good."

"As expected, Teacher-nim has a strong insight towards languages."

"If I ever have a child then I want you to name it!"

Geomchi-100 who had good eyesight from archery shouted loudly.

"It seems like we can start!"

"Is that so? Then let's go!"

Geomchi and the students ran out.

They had waited in order to minimize the damage from magic attacks. But soon they realized that it wasn't necessary.

The Haven Empire had a huge army. All their military power was concentrated in one place.

The battle was already underway and the northern users were

sweeping over the Haven Empire's army. Geomchi and the students didn't pay attention to any specific boundaries.

They mixed in with the northern users and approached the Haven Empire.

“Sword that Cuts Anything!”

“Keheok, this sword technique...”

The armoured knights had formed a barrier with their shields. The sword technique cut through it easily. This made it easy to break through enemy lines in a battle.

The enemies couldn't block it as they just charged straight through. Many armoured infantry were defeated in the space of a few breaths.

“Chain Wave Sword!”

The student Geomchi-200 used a new technique. It was a sword technique that he had created.

An intangible aura blasted through an enemy and straight onto the next one.

Peseok! Ttak! Kung! Ududuk! Kwajijik!

In the end, the wave cut through 14 people at once.

“Huhuhuhu, killing 1 person is good but wiping out a lot is fun.”

Geomchi-420 had a high level.

He has benefited from Royal Road.

“I am strong. In reality it is different but strength aligns with the rules of this world.”

He was among the educated students. After graduating junior high school, he had received a scholarship to high school. He gained access to the world of the sword after barely graduating high school.

He was thinking about the style of his body.

“I have become stronger in Royal Road.”

Fighting monsters, completing quests and receiving rewards. Fame had grown after getting involved in various events.

Geomchi-420 had faithfully trained his skills and reached level 450. He had a personality that would fall head over heels for something.

“I will be the best in Royal Road. I will catch a dragon.”

Geomchi, the instructors and students dug into the Haven Empire’s camp.

“The defense line has been breached! Magicians hurry and defend the place!”

“Knights! Knights go and intercept them!”

Geomchi and the students didn’t even glance towards the archers and magicians. This opportunity wasn’t easy to come by so they didn’t want to waste a fun fight with swords.

“A bunch of rice has gathered, Geomchi-2.”

“Yes, we can fight heartily and die.”

“The honour of a warrior. Let’s not worry about the result of the war and kill 1,000 people each.”

“No problem!”

Sword, spear, knife, axe and bow.

They wielded anything they could.

The effect of a long spear on the battlefield was excellent. However, the axe also had manage advantages in smashing the enemy’s armour.

“Kill them all!”

“Awesome! This is a playground!”

“Let’s play!”

The students armed themselves with all types of weapons and smashed through the enemy camp.

The Hermes Guild found it impossible to block all the attacks.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Well, the battle is proceeding smoothly.”

Weed watched the battle situation while riding Wy-3 in the sky.

“I want to fight... But I would just be in the way.”

Right now he was like a god to the northern users. Later he would show up when the battle was less favourable.

He could see the battlefield in one glance through the clouds.

Of course, it was impossible to distinguish individuals and could only tell by the colours of their armour.

The army of the Haven Empire had great cohesion. Their army was united and aimed their firepower towards the huge mass of northern users.

One Haven Empire soldier could killed at least twenty people.

“It is still the beginning. Hestiger needs to work harder!”

Currently Hestiger had entered the camp of the Haven Empire. Ever swing of his scimitar would wipe out 100~200 people at once. It was quite a sight to see the enemy’s armoured infantry collapsing in front of him.

Therefore, the northern users followed behind him. The higher level users with good combat senses noticed quickly. Hestiger was a strong leader on the battlefield and they marched along the road that he opened.

There was a minimum of tens of thousands people following him! There were smart people with their own skills among the northern users.

Still, the unrest was only in a small corner of the Haven Empire.

Despite Hestiger's prominent leadership and abilities, he couldn't defeat the Haven Empire by himself.

If all members of the Red Knife unit were present then the Haven Empire would be forced to withdraw to the islands.

"I hope he receives considerable damage to his face. The problem is that it is insufficient."

The Haven Empire had marched 7 corps for a total of 2.1 million troops to the north. And 5 corps were 1.5 million troops were present in this battle.

Some of their army was at Vargo Fortress to block the orcs. The invasion army was ridiculous as they had absorbed the soldiers after conquering the Central Continent.

If prisoners of defeated kingdoms were defeated then rebels could emerge.

From the perspective of the Hermes Guild, this wasn't necessarily a bad thing. Fighting the rebels could gain combat experience and build up public achievements.

However, if the Haven Empire occupied a different land then they would be facing rebels from every direction.

Therefore, some troops were sent to stabilize the areas of the north that they occupied.

Weed was able to somewhat guess the Hermes Guild's future strategy.

"After the Earth Palace, they were thoroughly demolish Morata and Vargo Fortress... Then they will scatter throughout the entire north in one stroke."

It was an effective military strategy. And it would be difficult to prevent once they were in that position. Vargo Fortress and Earth Palace. If the diversion attack was successful then the north would be powerless to resist.

“There is an opportunity for a counterattack but... It will be difficult if I miss the first opportunity at the Earth Palace.”

Even though the northern users had a great solidarity, it was unknown what would happen if they suffered a huge defeat.

If the Earth Palace, Vargo Fortress and eventually Morata was destroyed then the will of the north would be broken.

The northern users couldn't do anything and would fall into helplessness. Subsequently, the Haven Empire's army would then march through the cities of the Arpen Kingdom.

The current 2.1 million army could scatter in units of 50,000~100,000. Even if more northern users participated, it would be impossible to prevent all the troops that scattered in unison.

More than half of the north would be conquered in 1~2 weeks and would eventually surrender to the Haven Empire's army.

If the Earth Palace and Morata were destroyed then the war would be over. Even the northern users might abandon the fight. No matter how much effort they put it, it would be difficult to get back up from the hopelessness.

The Hermes Guild's information network and defense troops were giving support from nearby. Once surrounded on all sides, the northern users would be like rabbits in a mall.

The Haven Empire could take over the entire continent so the resistance in the north wouldn't matter.

After the destruction of the Earth Palace and Morata, the affection towards the Arpen Kingdom would be reduced a lot.

In reality, the power would be weakened by the Haven Empire and the tax revenue significantly reduced.

This was the last chance to reverse the situation!

“If I don't want to lose the north then I need to damage these

guys.”

He had a headache like the time when the prices of electricity and food went up.

“It is definitely better to have a simple life. This is enough to make me tired.”

Thinking of a strategy to repel the invaders was complicated. It was different to succeeding in an adventure.

“Anyway, I’m working earnestly. I need to make the battlefield a mess in order to topple the formation of the Haven Empire.”

Weed started creating sculptures on Wy-3.

The power of Great Disaster Nature Sculpting depended on the Affinity to Nature, art stat and other variables.

An operation to produce a larger disaster!

-Large Turtle

A piece that expresses the form of a turtle.

The sculpture has unbelievably high skill proficiency but the head and shell has simplified workmanship. Anyone who is observant would be able to see a turtle.

Artistic Value: 13

A sculpture that had been created just for today!

Advanced sculpting level 9, advanced handicraft level 9.

Weed steadily accumulated his art stat from floating around the continent.

“The workmanship is okay. The urgent thing right now is quantity.”

Weed furiously created sculptures of creatures living in the water. After the turtle was finished, it was followed by various species of fish and eels.

Truly nasty fish that would be difficult to find in an aquarium. A sculpture of a rockfish that had sharp teeth like a piranha and had terrible, spiky barbs.

“A truly creative work.”

Even those who liked to eat it would flee with fear. The finer details were omitted in order to produce sculptures at a quick rate.

“What should I create now? A crocodile or a loach. I don’t know. I should think of a freshwater fish.”

It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that no spirit was involved so the pieces were made so quickly.

Fish that lived in the deep sea not accessible to people were made roughly. And sometimes there were sculptures of beautiful mermaids. A mass production that was similar to the speed of a high performance machine.

The Sculpting Knife moved roughly and the form of a water creature soon appeared.

“Cloud Sculpting!”

-Cloud Sculpting has been used.

Depending on your Affinity to Nature, clouds will form.

Rain clouds are created.

The rain clouds started to scatter across the sky.

Unfortunately, none of the users embroiled in battle realized the change in the clouds.

To be honest, the nature of the cloud sculptures meant they were difficult to distinguish. Thick clouds started to fill the sky and rain fell down.

The miracle of nature sculpting!

It wasn’t enough to cover the entire battlefield but it caused

havoc to some fire magic being used.

On the ground, the magicians quickly changed to water based magic. The elemental magic depended on the surrounding environment so it was the right choice.

The fire magic had been a huge obstacle to the northern users advancing. The rain falling down helped the northern users pass by the magical destruction zone.

Weed's Affinity to Nature was high so he could create a lot of rain.

In the north, he had created the Magnum Opus Wet Land and also caused a miracle in the desert.

The ground soaked up the rain.

“Lululu!”

Weed hummed as he continued making a sculpture.

“At this point, I'm in quite a good mood?”

It was a happy time in his life.

A cousin bought a land with difficulty only to have the prices slump or a friend proudly boasting of a new car only to have it break down. It was very enjoyable when something like that happened so a hum naturally came out.

-The skill proficiency of Sculpting has increased.

In a short time, he had made more than 200 sculptures.

He was sure of the number needed but Weed spread the clouds out quite a bit. The skill level of Cloud Sculpting was quite high so dark and heavy rain clouds formed.

Kwarururung!

Kurung-kwa kwa kwang!

The rain clouds spread through the entire area, with some places having thunder and lightning. There was still fierce fighting on the

ground but they started to sense the change in the weather.

The clear, sunny day suddenly became filled with dark rain clouds!

The Hermes Guild users hated the rain.

“The situation is becoming complicated. Rain will reduce the effect of the magic attacks and reduce the soldiers’ vitality more quickly.”

“Keep in mind that a break is needed in long wars. We need to change troops frequently.”

“It is still a concern. The charge of the knights will become cumbersome on that ground.”

The land became softer due to the rainwater soaking in, making it harder for the soldiers to fight. The commanders of the Haven Empire told the users to pay more attention.

On the other hand, the northern users also had to take care of their bodies. The avians had more difficulty seeing while flying.

But the clouds continued to grow thicker as more rain fell. The rain wasn’t a major impediment to the battle because of the wide plains. But they started to realize that it wasn’t ordinary.

“Somehow, this rain feels artificial...”

“There are only 3 magicians out there who can control climate on a global scale. And we’ve always been tracking the best magicians. None of them are in the north. It would be difficult without a lot of special materials.”

The Hermes Guild users had doubts first and then the northern users followed.

Those who took place in the construction of the Earth Palace knew for sure. The weather here was mainly always sunny. However, there wasn’t a drought as enough rain fell to soak the ground. A stream flowed through the plains with animals always

present, making it a lovely sight.

The Goddess Freya blessed the north so this was the first time the weather was like this.

“This is enough.”

Weed looked down at the ground after creating a sufficient amount of clouds.

A wide area, including the Earth Palace had been affected by the rain. Thunder and lightning sometimes struck but it wasn't on the level to be called a natural disaster.

People were still fighting vigorously in the rain. The battle already started and wouldn't stop just because of the rain.

“More rain will significantly increase the effect of the skill but... I don't even have to try with this much.”

Weed took out a sculpture.

A fine piece!

-Cold Weather and Tsunami

A unique nature sculpture.

The land is covered with thick ice.

A sculpture that represents the appearance of a high and mighty tsunami. This work vividly recreates the overwhelming fear in front of a natural destruction.

Artistic Value: 1,203

Special options: 34% reduction in rain.

There is a certain probability that monsters will flee.

He used nature sculpting for a reason.

Great Disaster Nature Sculpting.

Looking at the ground from the sky, there were many people busy fighting. The Haven Empire and Arpen Kingdom residents

were mixed together.

However, if he didn't use the skill now then the Haven Empire could avoid the disaster.

“This is life. I need to commit to it. Great Disaster Nature Sculpting!”

-You have used Great Disaster Nature Sculpting.

20 Art stats have permanently disappeared.

20,000 Health and Mana has been consumed.

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

Affinity to Nature has fallen.

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

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

Be careful not to die in the middle of the disaster.

The fine sculpture broke into millions of grains of ice and water. After various types of adventures, Weed had gained 3,300 art stats and 1,829 Affinity to Nature.

A natural disaster occurred that couldn't be ignored. The dark clouds that produced rain also maximized the power of the disaster.

Ddiring!

-Goddess Freya has granted you a blessing.

Freya has great faith that you won't do anything bad due to your previous adventures and high faith.

After watching you save the world on a mighty adventure, she has decided to lend a helping hand.

Due to the blessing of the goddess, the power of Great Disaster Nature Sculpting has increased by 89%.

“Ohhhh!”

Goddess Freya’s blessing!

He had maintained a good relationship with the goddess and this was the special benefit.

“But now it seems like the power is too strong. My Affinity to Nature rose dramatically through the Master Quest... And there are too many people here. So many people of the Versailles Continent are gathered in one place.”

Weed feel silent for a few seconds.

“Huhuhuhu, I’ll discover the results shortly. Anyway, I won’t regret it. I’ve already committed to the action so I should just continue living my life.”

He neatly rationalized his actions.

It was absurd to blame himself for an accident. The world was in an endless cycle.

“Wy-3, what do you think?”

“Kukukuku kakakaka!”

Wy-3 was a lot smarter. Wy-3 was pretty cunning and clever for being made of rock.

“My only job is to be under you, Master!”

Wy-3 was looking forward to the spectacle that would happen in the future.

Chapter 4: Frontal Attack

“Omooooo, it is difficult to live in the long fight today.”

“Gol gol gol, I blame it on meeting the wrong master.”

The sculptural lifeforms!

Wy-3, the other wyverns, Bingryong, Imugi, Phoenix, Goldman, King Hydra and more!

47 sculptural lifeforms from Jigolaths were also there, making it a total of over 50 sculptural lifeform.

Bahamorg who was made by the sculpting master Geihar Von Arpen looked up at the sky.

“The rain... It is ominous.”

Bahamorg with the thick neck and shoulders had a level of 550 and was one of the strongest warriors. During this long period of time, he had been raising his level through hunting.

Then King Hydra said in a loud voice.

Korurururuk.

“I’m hungry.”

“My stomach is empty.”

“Stupid bastard. We all feel the same hunger. But anyway, I would appreciate a meal.”

The fight between the heads of the King Hydra continued.

“This is because of you. If only you indulge in eating a little bit.”

“I know it thanks to you. Anyway, I have a lot to say.”

Reproduction for the King Hydra was more difficult than passing a camel through the eye of a needle. There were 9 heads meeting another 9 heads.

The heads would quarrel among themselves or even argue with

the heads of the opposite sex. The 9 heads would cause such a ruckus with another King Hydra that finding love was like picking a star from the sky!

Thanks to that, the King Hydra was destined to be alone.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Kuwick!”

“Chicken Porridge unit, attack to your heart’s content!”

“Hihihihihhi, I’ve already killed two people. Indeed, my striking in the back skill...keek! No. Unbelievable... Ohh, I barely survived. I’m as lucky as a main character... Kwaaek!”

“Cocky beginners. No matter how many numbers there are, you won’t be able to kill the Hermes Guild!”

“Bring it on, ignorant beginners. This is the 3rd sword technique, Hekarte Swordsmanship. You should feel honoured that you will die from it!”

The northern users and Haven Empire’s army fought fiercely. The users that survived the arrows and magic ran towards the Haven Empire’s army.

Those that jumped into the infantry were attacked and soon died. The formation of the Haven Empire was so strong that there weren’t many gaps to enter.

But even so, they had to attack recklessly. The users kept pushing from behind.

“It seems that a hole has been breached. Magicians, concentrate your firepower in the 23rd east zone!”

“Let’s hold and push a little more!”

“We can do it.”

More than half the military force of the Central Continent and the northern users were in a direct conflict.

The northern users were coming so quickly that it was impossible for the Hermes Guild users to give commands for every change.

The powerful magic could also act as a disadvantage. The colossal explosion that caused flashes meant it was hard to get a wide range of view.

People kept on pushing out of the magic destruction zone so it was hard to command the troops.

The individual ability of the northern users were impossible to determine.

Apart from a few units, the Grass Porridge Cult wasn't divided by profession and level. They didn't know the person they were running next to.

Of course, they didn't believe that they could survive.

The magic destruction zone was an absolute power in the war. Due to this, there was no tactic other than running.

But the Haven Empire troops adapted to the northern users' speed.

Ironically, the organized war the Haven Empire was accustomed to could no longer happen. Therefore, the commanders fought reliably.

On the other hand, the northern users were inexperienced in war but were different.

"It is impossible to be healed while running. And even if you do have protection spells, they will be quickly destroyed... Instead, I'll increase your movement speed with the twelve step wolf blessing."

"That is enough. If I die quickly then I can eat fried chicken and beer while watching the television so thank you."

"Knights! All knights on horseback gather towards me. When I give the order, charge down that path. Recruiting 2,000 people!"

“Archers, gather here. I’ve mathematically analyzed the pattern of the enemy’s magic attacks. I am confident that it has a 82% reliability. There is a probability of your arrows hitting up to 7 times once you enter the range.”

“Oh, the northern users are revealing our cleverness. Did you appear on television as a mathematical genius?”

“No, I am a 3rd time examinee.”

“....”

The users actively sought opinions and found a way to fight themselves. It didn’t have a major role in the war but it helped to deal more damage to the Haven Empire soldiers.

“Ohhhh, it is really cold.”

“All of a sudden, it is too cold.”

At that moment, the users thought they felt a chill due to the rain. The centre of the Haven Empire’s army also felt the biting cold.

“Can the rain really make it cold to this extent? I know that in the past, the Northern Continent was one of the coldest places on the Versailles Continent.

“Is the haven Empire using cold magic? The weather has changed so suddenly.”

Ta da da da da doc!

The low level users that didn’t have frost resistance felt their teeth chattering.

-You are feeling severe cold.

The body’s physical abilities are reduced by 12%.

Satiety will reduce 42% faster.

In order to overcome the cold, it is recommended to wear thick clothes or light a fire.

It can be very bad if the severe cold is felt for a long time.

“Is this really a cold spell?”

Thin ice started to form on the armour and helmet. The rain also lowered the body temperature quickly. Due to that, the players found it much more difficult to assault the enemy.

“Those dirty Hermes Guild bastards! The completion of a wide area magic!”

This was fatal for the novice users who fought randomly.

Kuweeek!

The avians had their feathers soaked by the rain and were forced to go back to Laviyas. The avians had high levels but the cold and thick rain made it harder to fly.

However, the situation was also similar for the Haven Empire.

The overall attack power of the army was bound to fall from the pouring rain. The distance of the arrows and magic were reduced. The cold would be a significant disruption to the soldiers fighting.

It had been a few hours so the northern users charge was dying off while the Haven Empire's army continued proceeding steadily.

The soldiers and knights took out their cloaks. They could keep warm to some extent. But their body temperature continued lowering as time went on. Their bodies quickly became fatigued.

“Use a spell to protect the soldiers and raise their body temperatures.”

“It isn't possible. The magic attacks need to continue even if the rain is falling. Those guys will keep flocking!”

“Look properly. Right now we are blocking those guys. The soldiers won't die.”

“If we briefly stop the magic attacks then more enemies will come. And we can't give immunity from the cold to that many

soldiers!”

The commanders and magicians were engaged in an argument. The commanders of the Haven Empire wanted the magic to keep attacking the enemies.

However, the falling temperature was unbelievable.

Before long, pure white snow started to fall from the sky and changed into ice cubes in 2 minutes. The extreme wind chill fiercely pushed the soldiers.

Kutangtangtang!

A group of soldiers slipped on the icy ground. They slid for 10 metres before stopping.

The Hermes Guild users were embarrassed and stunned.

“How can the soldiers fall down with this level of wind?”

“The ground is too slippery. Completely ice! This temperature is changing over a large area...” Later.

The relaxed commanders had their complexion suddenly changed. More soldiers kept falling down.

“Do not walk quickly! Everybody, stay in your place as much as possible!”

The Hermes Guild users had hunted to a high level but this was the first time they encountered such a phenomenon.

Rain, snow and ice.

The weather in the area changed so quickly that they couldn't stand.

‘No, there is a reason behind this change.’

The Hermes Guild users announced this face through the communication channel. A channel that was limited to commanders level 430 and over.

Remid Mikord: This is a disaster! When looking at it, this is the

precursor to Weed's sculpting disaster.

Holsun: That is certainly not the only answer. Maybe magic or something different... And the disaster will affect a large area.

Mengcord: This time the disaster seems to be causing a cold. It must have been prepared for the fight.

Netu: Currently the battle is progressing. And although it is somewhat cold, it won't do much damage to us.

Halleker: Don't think of it that simply. We can withstand it but there might be an issue with the soldiers. They will lose a lot of their combat capabilities.

Gilled: Ice magicians. Their wide area attacks can do far more than decrease combat capabilities.

Mengcord: I agree. It is shallow but we still need to be wary of Weed. The cold air can decrease the vitality. Once an area completely freezes, the chill will spread around. Nevertheless, the cold won't cause a lot of constraints on magic.

2nd corps commander, Balbaro. You have permission to issue orders along with the 1st corps commander Draka. Use the communication channel to direct orders along with Draka.

Balbaro: Commanders will give an order to the entire army. There isn't a lot of information about the disaster so... The Hermes Guild will avoid a catastrophe by protecting all users of the guild from the ice. The magic units will protect the pre-determined units.

This is the Hermes Guild's chain of command so all users should follow the orders of their superiors without any complaints.

"Advocate of Fire!"

"Wind Barrier!"

The magicians used magic to protect themselves as well as specified units.

Mana was limited due to the ongoing battle but they used magic to avoid a significant amount of the cold.

‘A disaster is occurring on the wide plains.’

‘There is no need to be surprised by some damage. Even so, it isn’t that bad. I still have my life. It would be good if more of my competitors are eliminated.’

Despite the large and small pieces of ice falling from the sky, the Hermes Guild users were able to remain calm.

The magicians created layers of magic protection.

In comparison, it was like the northern users were naked.

They were destroyed by the magic and the chill reached deep into their bones. They had low skills so it was impossible to fight normally against the freezing cold.

The good news was that the Haven Empire turned completely defensive rather than actively fighting.

The wind and ice cubes knocked into the armour and shield.

“Waaahhhhh, cold!”

“Everyone avoid it. A pointy piece of ice is falling! This is apparently a disaster caused by King Weed!”

“Is it really Weed? This is too much. Why is it attacking us as well?”

There were harsh complaints from the users waiting their turn to step on the battlefield and those that came to watch.

They were dedicated to protect the Arpen Kingdom. But they didn’t think that Weed would attack the entire area. They worked in good faith so of course they felt betrayed.

But the members of the Grass Porridge Cult were deeply brainwashed. They had a huge crush on Weed so tried to think of the situation as positively as possible.

“Everybody repent. Those who feel resentment towards Weed have demons in their heart.”

“Believe in this disaster even if it means dying! Drink, Grass Porridge!”

It was like Weed had hooked them on a real estate scam! They crushed any serious accusations and prevented it from spreading through the north.

“Is there anyone who doesn’t risk their lives in the assault? No. We’ve already given up many people as a result. And there is already no possibility of surviving. This is a great opportunity so don’t be cheap about your neck. This disaster is more disadvantageous to the Haven Empire.”

“This is a battlefield. Leave if you don’t want to risk your necks. One more kill!”

“We are garbage. At least that is what the Hermes Guild users are saying through their gaze. The important thing is knowing that they wasted time trying to win against garbage.”

“Show our resolution to die and let’s go. This disaster is for our happiness!”

Anyway, they decided to dedicate their necks but the outcome would still be the same. This incident would have an adverse effect on the Haven Empire so they welcomed it.

“But is this really a disaster caused by Weed? Are you sure?”

“Then... Even Hestiger emerged so Weed is certainly somewhere here.”

“It would be good just because of that.”

“Fight even if you freeze to death!”

The northern users rushed even more.

“Milk Porridge, march!”

“Black Sesame Porridge unit, show them that our bravery is comparable to the Toadstool Porridge unit!”

“Crab Porridge unit, it is the season for catching crabs!”

“Crab, crab!”

“Crab Porridge, heat up!”

“Ohhhh, delicious Crab Porridge!”

The magicians were using magic to protect themselves and the soldiers so the northern users just charged through like a herd.

The northern users shared the same mind in this battle.

Prevent the invasion of the Haven Empire.

They devoted themselves to it and have nothing to lose. This was also a lesson from the last northern war.

The Arpen Kingdom’s development. A pace fast enough for the people living there to feel it every day.

Every time they visited the city, the street had changed and stores were selling new products. Even those who weren’t users could feel the economic development.

While dungeon hunting, there were long distance travels that allowed them to explore new cities and villages with the population on the rise.

Those committed to participating in the war would build up achievements with the Arpen Kingdom. They wouldn’t abandon the struggle for their kingdom.

‘The Arpen Kingdom that King Weed created is an ideal place to live.’

They would risk their lives and fight together to protect it. The northern users already formed a consensus and did not waver from it.

They held their shields over their heads while running to protect

from the ice and slid dozens of metres when falling to the ground.

After half of the northern users were tangled together, it was difficult for them to reach the army.

Those watching the ludicrous sight from behind felt something hot rise in their chests.

‘The Arpen Kingdom...’

The people running ahead gave a deep impression.

“Loach Porridge unit, what the hell are we doing?”

“Warriors of the Sesame Porridge unit, this isn’t the time to hesitate. Smash them to powder!”

“Carrot Porridge unit, this is the opportunity to impress your seniors in the Grass Porridge Cult!”

“Carrot!”

A crazy scene of collective brainwashing! However, that heat didn’t remain for long.

The movement of a person running suddenly stopped. The land had completely frozen and their feet were stuck.

“I can’t move at all!”

“Ugh! My feet have turned into ice cubes...”

The users just stood in place while looking around. The other users were baffled as well as they couldn’t move except for a minority that had specially designed strong legs.

The priests and shamans cast protective magic and could move.

“Please help me.”

“This way!”

The nearby users dismantle the ice but many lost their lives to the sharp ice. It was like the unbearable cold had returned to the north. Weed’s disaster was a problem for the poor beginners.

Jajajajak!

The stiff bodies turned into ice.

The Haven Empire armour and magical protection gave them resistance to the rapidly lowering temperature but the damage to the northern users was crucial.

“Kuhuhu, those idiots.”

“They are thoroughly thick. Those stupid...”

“That’s right. This battle is now won.”

There was no doubt this was Weed’s disaster. Instead, it resulted in the massive deaths of the northern users.

Hestiger and his followers were still strong to a certain extent. Hestiger would kill hundreds every time he swung his sword and he was impossible to block. The power of fire meant that he could fight normally in the cold.

Still, it couldn’t overcome the disaster.

“The lowered temperature has certainly benefited us.”

“We will have good memories of conquering the continent.”

“The Haven Empire has won again!”

The Hermes Guild users were chatting easily.

Grrrrrung!

A violent tremor was felt from the frozen ground. And it became increasingly serious. The trembling could be felt from their entire body.

“What the, is some scary monster coming from the ground?”

“No, the vibration is similar to an earthquake but...”

The questions of the users were answered in an instant.

From the east, a huge tsunami was coming from the lake in the mountains. Great Disaster Nature Sculpting had called the water

that had been increased by the rain in order to sweep through the plains.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The speed of the approaching tsunami was frightening.

“Tsunami!”

“A tsunami on land... A real tsunami!”

The field of vision was narrowed due to the ice falling from the sky.

Once someone said the word tsunami, the story quickly spread. The people who couldn't see it learned that the tsunami was coming.

“Let's remain calm. Even though there is a tsunami... It is just a big and fast wave. The damage isn't strong. It can't kill... Waaahhhhh!”

“It is furiously pushing. The damage!”

A tsunami with a height of over 100 metres was swallowed up by the Haven Empire. The armoured soldiers were swept away by the tsunami and were furiously pushed back and forth.

The tsunami swept away all the users, knights and magicians at once. The soldiers couldn't do anything about the advancing tsunami.

The tsunami was approaching fast and the users and soldiers combining their power couldn't stop it!

“Lean Shield!”

The armoured infantry tried to endure using their weight but it was useless. Even the magicians' shields were pushed away.

-Draka: Are you sure it is a tsunami?

-Gilled: It really is a tsunami. Coming towards me... Aaaack!

-Remid Mikord: This is a disaster. Weed the God of War's ploy...

-Balbaro: Stay calm. The tsunami will hit you will a few big waves but there won't be much damage. Weed has never used a disaster two times in a day.

Remid Mikord: Don't just listen to the stories. Weed the God of War...

Mengcord: We already know about the crisis. We have already repelled most of Weed's hidden tricks.

Kwaaaang!

The soldiers that lost their lives turned into grey light and dropped swords, spears, shields or armour.

Soon it changed into a tsunami of steel. The sight was enough to cause a mysterious terror. The tsunami swept across the soldiers frozen by the ice.

"Run away. Kuwoooooh!"

The soldiers ran to the other side but were still caught by the tsunami. The supernatural power contained in the tsunami caused a lot of fear.

Still, the physical power wasn't that strong.

The tsunami swept away the soldiers but didn't kill all of them. The high levels of the Hermes Guild meant many of them were far from death.

"Kuwaaaaah... Spinning?"

There were terrible screams of surprise. Those hit by the tsunami were in shock as they fell hundreds of metres along with debris.

"It is quite weak when looking at it."

"I survived."

The tsunami had pushed them hundreds of metres.

The high and fast tsunami had pulled water from the area but nevertheless, the amount of water didn't reach a wide area.

There was shock as many were swept away but a large number of the Haven Empire surprisingly survived.

Their high levels, armour and blessing was crucial in reducing the damage of the blessing. The tsunami disaster had covered approximately 2 corps of the Haven Empire. And they were immediately destroyed.

“This much... It is easily endured.”

“Not that many people died? A few people died but that was due to the density.”

“In the Central Continent, we lose that many soldiers in one or two battles. If we conscript soldiers then that number can be easily recovered.”

The Hermes Guild users thought like that.

The aftermath of the disaster wasn't over.

After the tsunami passed, the cold weather continued and the water left behind started freezing. It was like a glacier was created as the Haven Empire's bodies froze.

Furthermore, the tsunami had caused a large number of soldiers to be covered in debris. Over 1,000 people were collapsed and tangled up with fallen horses.

The NPC knights hastily exclaimed.

“Commander, we must fix the formations soon. The army's organization is a mess because of this tsunami.”

Draka's face stiffened and he said.

“It is pretty annoying. Before I thought I would soon destroy the Earth Palace. Either way, those northern users will also have a hard time fighting over the ground.”

The commanders thought they lost approximately 30,000~80,000 troops.

They had predicted that Weed would cause a disaster. The troops were widely spread so there wasn't much damage.

Only those in the main area of the disaster had received damage or died.

'The emergency of Hestiger in conjunction with the disaster... Weed had calculated this much.'

The younger commanders admired it.

Everyone expected there to be a plan for the war. But executing the plan was a different matter.

The northern users moved according to a large picture and the disaster was planned to sweep away the Haven Empire's army.

'Weed the God of War, his combat capabilities are really good. But ridiculously... Even so, he still swept away his own side?'

'A person with this ability... Perhaps this is related to the depth involved in his sculptures? The indirect support in smaller combat is excellent... Well, let's look at the actual damage.'

The magicians and priests healed the soldiers. Approximately 100,000 soldiers were injured but that damage would be overcome sooner or later.

"The ground is slippery so the enemies can't attack. There will be a lull in the battle for a while."

"Tell the troops. Reconstruct the destroyed formations... Have the soldiers fighting power recover quickly. The knights of the Hermes Guild has to show out might. Attack those guys even harder."

"Before that, it is good if we target Hestiger."

Hestiger was still on a rampage despite the disaster. However, the players that followed him had been reduced in half by the disaster.

They would die easily under the elite troops of the Haven Empire. It was impossible to withstand the long ranged attacks of

the Haven Empire.

Even so, Hestiger still had an amazing army of 1 million users.

“They are reckless.”

“They are good prey like the Abyss Knight.”

The Hermes Guild users stared at them with greedy eyes. The high level users were used to reaping victory. If they could kill Hestiger then they would receive the highest battle experience and compensation.

The warriors and knights eyed Hestiger while the thieves hid their bodies.

Porcal: Eliminate the huge headache.

Instrium: The same mind.

Banrommel: A fantastic competition. Is he called Warrior Who Saved the World? He is nothing in front of the might Haven warriors. Huhuhu.

Commanders of corps 3, 4 and 5, you will focus on eliminating Hestiger.

This was an opportunity to gain honour and compensation. The greedy people were determined to win against Hestiger and took action.

Then among the northern users, a merchant was selling goods in a loud voice. The ones riding on carriages were Mapon and Gamong.

“Now, selling cheaply. This is the first time a trader is telling the truth, I’m selling this at the original cost price! Iron studded boots for only 2 silver! It won’t slip on the hard ice and you can fight!”

“Dog sleds for you to ride on. A 4 seater dog sled optimized for ice, selling for an incredible price of 5 gold. If you want big or medium sized dog that can assist in battle then buy them for 78 gold and 98 silver! The taste is different and they will surely be

helpful in battle. The sleds are only on sale for today. And refunds or returns are impossible!”

“The iron studded boots!”

“An order of 300 boots over here!”

“I want to ride the dog sled!”

The merchants sold spiked goods.

Mapon led the line of carriages with a smiling face.

“This time I will receive a sizeable amount of profit.”

Of course the line about the cost price was a lie. He sold it for 2 silver but the cost price was 1 silver and 60 copper.

The price was really cheap but it had the lowest level quality. The durability of the leather goods wasn't something that could be recycled.

The mass production of low quality products!

Getting the information from Weed cost him 50 copper but this business was a big hit.

“The conscience of a merchant is really expensive. Even after being betrayed, they would continue to sell the very next day in Royal Road.”

The northern users could now fight on the slippery ground.

Bark bark bark!

And the advance of the dog sleds! Thousands of sleds rushed in a straight line towards the Haven Empire's army.

The disaster had destroyed the magic destruction zone and the robust defense formation of the infantry had been scattered. This was a chance for the northern users to build up some achievements.

“Grass porridge, grass porridge, grass porridge!”

An extensive number of northern users quickly gathered again and rushed. From the Haven Empire's position, there was nothing more tedious.

“Scramble. Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!”

Golden Bird flew in the sky near Lavias. The avians holding long spears headed towards the ground. They folded their wings and plummeted towards the ground at an extreme speed. And they spread their wings wide when they were close to the ground.

“Avian clan, begin the attack on the invaders!”

The birds cried out in unison. A choreographed attack was launched by the avians from the sky.

Chapter 5: Weed's Song

The charge of the northern users!

The joint attacks of the avians from the sky!

The circumstances had changed since the disaster.

The number of northern users and Haven Empire soldiers caught in Weed's disaster was more than 70,000. A mass murder that didn't give any mercy to the enemy.

"The Haven Empire is so strong. They won't easily fall from external attacks.

The situation wasn't different from what Weed thought.

The Haven Empire had a strong army that overcome death many times. They achieved overwhelming victories in difficult battles on the Central Continent. Those who didn't overcome difficulties wouldn't know the taste of victory.

"The northern players use the human wave tactics so the singly impact force is weak."

They needed a lot of strength to break through. The northern users dreamed of slaughtering the Haven Empire's army as they charged.

The Haven Empire's formation had collapsed but they could rebuild it again. The disaster had also changed the terrain but the magicians could easily melt the ice.

The battlefield was so wide that fights were taking place in many areas. An enormous number of Haven Empire soldiers still maintained their defenses.

"I need to break them. In order to win... Hmm, I guess this can't be a long battle."

Weed slapped Wy-3's neck.

“It is time to play. So let’s go down!”

“Kueeeeeeh!”

And Wy-3 headed for the ground without any complaints.

Weed the God of War was going to war.

Jjaejaejaek!

“Ice Pillar Burst!”

“Multiple Piercing Arrows!”

“Heavenly Sticky Web!”

The avians flew erratically to avoid the arrows and magic aimed at them.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The bodies of the northern users were piled up on the ground.

“Rise. Open your eyes, ghosts that never sleep. Live and get revenge on those that killed you! Dead Rise.”

Jeanne, Otem, Bohram, Harian, Gruzled, Varena and Gosyu!

Those that participated in the Immortal Legion quest emerged.

They grew quickly due to the nature of the profession and reached at least level 400. Jeanne had continued to hunt and his level surpassed 460.

The equipment was rusted and burnt but it was the best for the necromancer profession. Some cursed weapons and armour were maximized to increase the grudge of the summoned undead.

Weed was constantly consumed by quests so his level was still in the early 400s. He would feel pain in his stomach if he saw the growth of these necromancers!

The necromancers appeared and used the might of Bone Explosion on the Haven Empire’s army.

“Those just killed, live again!”

“Let’s go. I will focus on summoning the skeletons.”

“The numbers might be small but I will create a few doom knights.”

“The doom knights by Jeanne-nim. They will definitely be the best doom knights.”

The necromancers on the battlefield. Their individual strength was like an army.

Of course, the Haven Empire had the strongest army on the Versailles Continent so it was impossible for the necromancers to fight against them. Still, they had enough power to raise several thousand corpses.

The necromancers had no power at the beginning of combat. But the bodies of the dead would slowly accumulate.

The weak bodies were blown up and the strong were made again as undead.

The northern necromancers weren’t lacking troops.

Furthermore, the necromancers curses made it very troublesome for the priests. The undead had a unique ability to lower the morale of the enemy and their ability to get up after collapsing also had a psychological effect.

This frantic melee was the best meal for them.



“But my body is itching just watching it.”

“Hrmm, the users of the north are fighting quite well. Even so, won’t it be hard to reverse the defeat?”

“It seems so. Quite a lot of people have been gathered in the meantime. But it won’t work.”

There were very high level users watching the battle from the Earth Palace.

They would lose a lot if they died.

Those who hated the Hermes Guild or liked adventures had migrated to the north.

Due to their high level of expertise and combat skills, they couldn't recklessly participated in the battle.

Many belonged to the Grass Porridge Cult but couldn't go to war. But they weren't the only ones watching the battle.

"The scale of the battle is really magnificent. I didn't expect it. Such dramatic battle spells. The scale of the war means that this might be written in the pages of the Versailles Continent's history."

"I would love to fight... We can step forward."

The Dark Gamers were watching from far away or from the Earth Palace.

Their eyes were only looking at the event.

Suddenly the sky and weather became clear.

The avians filled the sky and the battle on land continued without an end.

It wouldn't be possible even if they wanted to create a video.

The Dark Gamers were hoping that the Haven Empire would be defeated. Even so, the odds of them helping the northern users in battle was very low.

Their bodies were the most important to them.

The skill proficiency lost due to death would be difficult to recover and would take fairly long hours. They made money from hunting and completing quests.

The Dark Gamers had previously killed several Hermes Guild and Haven Empire members but the risk for this battle was too big.

However, none of the Dark Gamers dared leave this place no

matter how foolish it was.

“Ahem, if the Haven Empire crumbles even a little bit...”

“Then we will be very busy.”

★★

Lyrics started to be heard from the sky.

The water dripping from the low ceiling and windows.

Cold winds blowing in the wind.

Thunder booming and striking.

The house, shake the house.

Wugelgelgel wuwugelgel.

The high pitched ringing in their ears!

“The terrible song lyrics, tempo and pitch...”

“The continuous tone release in the middle of the song, no one can match Weed the God of War!”

The users fighting on the ground looked up as they heard the sound.

Many avains were flying around but there was only one person riding a wyvern.

Weed stood proudly while holding up the dragon sword, Red Star! Of course, he had transformed into a Chaos Warrior in order to use the Red Star.

However, the characteristics of the Chaos Warrior meant there was a big change. The big muscles enhanced his strength but agility and defense fell.

It was less suited for the basic principles of defense!

‘I’m always anxious about the stolen sword. I don’t want the red dragon to appear.’

The dragon that was the owner of the Red Star might appear but he had to use it in a large battle like this.

Weed yelled using Lion's Roar.

Aigoo, it is freezing. Your entire body is aching.

The wind blows on the rain and I can't turn on the electric blanket. Turn on the boiler.

The electricity and gas isn't working.

Wugelgelgelgel wuwugelgelgel.

The young don't know. They don't suffer.

This is a warning to the youths.

Hundreds of lives that are suffering.

Where is my rice bowl?

Wugelgelgelgel wuwugelgelgel.

Sowing the ground with more seeds.

I still have to lift the spoon.

Wugelgelgelgel wuwugelgelgel.

The bards on the ground tried to understand the lyrics and the beat for the sake of their professional pride.

"N-no. Impossible."

"The melody is more complex than the ancient lizardman's song. There is no melody."

"P-poetic verses. Musings about the social conditions in reality. Starting from the natural environment, physical pain, elderly and welfare issues and income equality, they are all simple yet complex lyrics... Aaack!"

Weed's song became more difficult the longer it was heard!

And the bards cried out!

“Wugelgelgelgel wuwugelgelgel!”

They sang along without knowing the meaning of the song.

The northern users chorused in unison.

“Wugelgelgelgel wuwugelgelgel!”

An ominous feeling was heard from the meaningless sounds.

Weed singing a song had descended!

The avians centered around Weed. It seemed like he was leading an army down from the sky.

Weed had already used Sculptural Destruction to increase his vitality stat. It was in order to increase his health.

It would be regrettable if he was killed by a blind arrow.

“Haven Empire. You stepped on the land of the north and now you won’t be able to return!”

The eyes of the Hermes Guild changed at the repeated Lion’s Roar.

Weed had appeared to stop the northern conquest war. They no longer cared about fighting the northern users now that Weed was here.

The magicians waved both hands. The collected mana caused one hand to glow blue and the other one to glow red.

“Don’t miss this opportunity. Go, Piercing Flame Spear!”

“Catch him. The best prey. Blast Wave!”

Hundreds of magic soared up from the camp of the Haven Empire.

Weed snorted. This much wasn’t enough.

“Heh. How funny. Wy-3, isn’t avoiding this much inevitable?”

“Kkueeeee!”

Wy-3 didn’t have enough breath to moan. It knew that danger

was coming from the ground.

Its heart was filled with complaints but Wy-3 spread its wings and entered some high speed maneuvers. It flew past the enormous amount of magic approaching.

“Waaaaaah!”

The northern plains were filled with cheers.

The magic that exploded at Weed’s sudden appearance caused a spectacular effect.

The wyvern moved quickly in the air but the magic was persistent. The magicians of the Hermes Guild kept attacking but many didn’t reach him. Wy-3 flew on a different path or avoided it, causing magic to explode together.

A great magic battle unfolding in the air!

Having the magicians focused on the sky was helpful for the combatants on the ground.

“Tweet tweet, fight like Weed-nim.”

“It is an honour for the eagles to fight together with him.”

The avians joined Weed.

The users that joined the avians naturally gathered because they wanted to fight by Weed’s side. Some of the avians carried strong human members of the Sky Porridge unit.

Weed’s eyes quickly swept over the army of the Haven Empire.

‘Um... The common soldiers are annoying but the knights are quite desirable. The Hermes Guild has a large number of people over level 400.’

Level wasn’t an absolute measure of strength. He always lost levels when using Sculpture Resurrection or Sculptural Life Bestowal.

‘That place... Although it might be hard to access due to the

magicians. I will save those guys to eat later. First, it is safer to be around Hestiger.'

Weed cried loudly.

"Wy-3, Hestiger is in danger so let's go help him!"

"Kkuaaack!"

Wy-3 headed towards Hestiger.

Lava was shooting up and flames roaring in an area of several hundred metres so it was easy to know where he was fighting.

Hestiger had broken through the Haven Empire's army with his followers behind him. In other words, it was using him as a spoon to hide behind.

"Go."

Weed jumped off Wy-3's back when he was approximately 600 metres from the ground.

Hundreds of magic and arrows flew towards him as he fell towards the ground. It was evidence that every area of the Haven Empire was watching for Weed.

"A tremendous welcome mat."

Weed pulled out the Ancient Shield while falling in the air.

It couldn't be repaired but the unique shield boasted tremendous defense. He didn't care to use it during dungeon hunts but it was an important battle so he took out shield.

A huge amount of arrows and magic were poured towards him but most of them were blocked by the Ancient Shield.

-The durability of the Ancient Shield has decreased by 1.

"Kuuuk!"

Weed's health only decreased by 14%. However, the Ancient Shield only had 16 durability left so it caused grief to rise in his heart.

If he suddenly fell to the ground then he would receive some degree of damage from the magicians but he had bought a Lightness Feather from Lavias. It was sold for the expensive price of 50 silver but it stopped him from crashing into the ground.

Weed landed lightly on the ground but Hestiger had ran on already.

He killed 100 people out of frustration as he advanced.

Hestiger's other followers gathered beside Weed.

"Ohh, Weed-nim. To see you this near... Quite plain."

"It is a pleasure. My name is Jakson. I am the lord of Horemong Village..."

"I am the dwarf warrior, Iron Hand. My dwarf friends who are blacksmiths keep on telling me about your great sculpting skills."

Weed looked around at the users in the vicinity.

The users of the Arpen Kingdom were wearing a variety of advanced equipment. Those who followed behind Hestiger could be called quite influential in the Arpen Kingdom.

'My life in the future. I will make these people regular customers.'

This was a battlefield so he couldn't greet each person one by one.

"It is nice to meet everyone."

Weed lifted the Red Star. The users also raised their weapons.

Chwa cha cha chang!

Weed passed by the weapon holding users with the Red Star! It was a nice behaviour to increase the morale of the soldiers. They followed.

'This person isn't that great.'

Weed advanced towards Hestiger's back. And the remaining

users complained.

“What is this? The durability of my sword has gone down by 7.”

“The attack of my sword is completely reduced.”

“Damn. My favourite weapon!”

The people were grouchy due to the damage caused by Red Star when it bumped into their weapons.

They didn't know it but Weed had received a handful of blessings from the priests before coming here.

“Fight well, Weed-nim!”

The users found it fun to fight with such blessings.

The presence of priests in Royal Road was very precious. The female priests stared at him but Weed just ran forward.

“I am the Hermes Guild's Drenkil. Hestiger, I will kill you.”

“There is no need for words in battle. Speak with your skills.”

Hestiger cut the user called Drenkil.

The basic defense blessings from the priests and the armour couldn't withstand the flames and the Hermes Guild user burned up.

‘It was an excellent choice. Life should always be comfortable when standing in line.’

Weed reached Hestiger's side. And Hestiger stopped the scimitar aiming towards Weed.

“Master, you have come!”

“.....Yes, Hestiger.”

Weed was startled but he hid it calmly.

If he was hit by Hestiger's attack then he would have received a large injury or even died.

“I don't want to lead in this battle. It is really crowded. Please

give me a command.”

Despite Hestiger’s high level, he submitted to Weed’s orders.

“There is no apparent way for now. Rush forward and kill all visible enemies.

“I understand. Then do you want to fight ahead of me like we did in the past?”

“...No. You should open the way for me. I am letting you take the lead.”

“Yes!”

Weed followed behind Hestiger.

Hestiger’s attacks covered 10 metres, 20 metres as the flames rolled over the soldiers. Multiple Hermes Guild users were defeated with one swing of his sword.

“Kuohh, immensely strong. This presence...”

“That is my share.”

Weed charged those barely left alive by Hestiger!

-The Silver Helmet of Siodram has been acquired.

-The Belt of Glory has been acquired.

“Lucrative!”

Both experience and items could be obtained from killing users. Their levels were more than 400 so just one item taken would be a huge jackpot!

The Hermes Guild members had a higher probability of dropping valuable items because their infamy was high.

“This is the taste.”

Hestiger smashed the forces of the Hermes Guild and Haven Empire as he broke through. Those who were the direct targets were injured and then instantly finished off by Weed.

The users that Weed missed were dealt with by the northern users. The eyes of those following lit up.

“The world is like this.”

Weed wasn't naive to think that the northern users only followed Hestiger to protect the north.

They would also get profit. High income could be picked up on the battlefield!

“Well, rotten is rotten. This is the world.”

Those blinded by greed followed behind Weed.

“Weed.”

“God of War! I will have your neck!”

Three knights wearing rare armour rushed towards Weed.

His eyes estimated that they were at least level 430. Their levels were higher than Weed.

“My damn popularity. It is inconvenient.”

Weed was annoyed as the enemies actively jumped at him. He didn't have time to take on three opponents like this.

It was an extremely difficult situation on the battlefield so he needed to stick as closely to Hestiger as possible.

Then an ambush was launched from the sky. Hundreds of thousands of avians had flow down along with Weed. The avians pecked the Hermes Guild users and Haven Empire's army with their beaks.

The three knights were covered by the avians.

“Hmm, your level isn't enough to challenge me! Blink!”

Weed used the short range teleportation that was the unique ability of the Chaos Warrior. And he attached himself close to Hestiger's side.

-The red dragon Sword Red Star had absorbed the energy of the fire flowing around.

Strength, agility and vitality has increased significantly.

Your physical condition is the best.

Just like the desert warriors, the chaos warrior had the ability to strengthen themselves through fire.

Being close to Hestiger doubled the attack of the Red Star and increased the characteristics of the species by 30%.

“Fire Explosion, Fire Extinction and Flames of Hell!”

The powerful skills that could be used through the Red Star!

Hestiger broke through the front.

-The spearman Jenner has been killed.

The skill proficiency of Swordsmanship has improved.

-The Ullum Knights have been defeated.

Fame has increased by 498.

-Strength has increased by 1.

It was an excellent harvest of items.

A true master of the spoon!

Although Hestiger had excellent combat power, he was just at the level of a rice spatula.

Other users would be happy to follow Weed and his legends would be recorded down in history.

That’s why he was the important target for the Haven Empire soldiers and the Hermes Guild members.

“The King of the Arpen Kingdom. The Haven Empire must cut off Weed’s head!”

“Weed the God of War! Today will be your end!”

The NPCs and users aimed for Weed. Weed didn't retreat. Hestiger just took care of them first.

“You have to climb over me first before reaching the Great Emperor.”

Hestiger killed more than 10 people flocking towards Weed with one swing of his sword. The users then suffered great damage from Weed's subsequent attack!

-The infamous Green Pigs have been slaughtered.

A large amount of experience has been obtained.

The Hermes Guild users had high infamy so he could gain a lot of experience. The battlefield was an excellent hunting ground if he managed to survive.

The handsome Hestiger smiled brightly.

“Master, the time when we wandered the desert has crossed through my mind. At that time, we often fought like this. We handled greedy kings in such battles.”

“Yes, those memories are resurfacing. In order to deprive you of achievements.. No, we were together then.”

Weed diligently collected items while talking to Hestiger.

-A small dagger has been earned.

-A small dagger has been earned.

People often discarded a lot of japtem. In Weed's case, he felt like he got a grey hair every time he needed to discard a japtem.

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

Pu shu shu shuk!

Black smoke occurred as Van Hawk appeared.

He had become a little stronger after his experience as an Abyss Knight. He had reached the peak of a Death Knight and learned

more skills. Of course, it would be a very long time until he became an Abyss Knight again.

Torido's body that was wrapped in a cloak emerged from the ground.

The dignity and authority of a vampire lord!

"Incompetent bastards!"

"..."

Van Hawk and Torido didn't say anything.

Weed lectured Van Hawk on a daily basis about his actions as an Abyss Knight and Van Hawk just stayed silent.

Torido was very strong in the beginning but now he couldn't show the proper dignity of a vampire lord. The fact that Van Hawk had surpassed him gave a significant psychological impact.

At times like this, Weed didn't have time to take into consideration their morale.

"Van Hawk, you will go to the undead and command them!"

"I know Master."

"Don't fight stupidly like before and take care of them. If you don't do it properly then you will be punished."

"I will keep that in mind."

"Torido, fight in moderation. Rather than fight, suck the blood of the people surviving on the battlefield."

"I will do so."

His two subordinates entered the battlefield. The disadvantage of the undead was that they were easily melted down by holy magic.

However, they became stronger under Van Hawk's direction and Torido's brainwashed slaves were also useful.

Wed continued fighting as he received the enemy's concentrated

attacks. This was a chance for his subordinates to do well.

Van Hawk and Torido turned into smoke and quickly disappeared.

“Kill those guys.”

“Everybody jump!”

More enemies flocked to Weed and Hestiger.

The value of the name God of War spread through the Hermes Guild. The commanders in the guild chat continuously told them to look out for Weed and Hestiger.

They were targets that needed to be eliminated in order to conquer the north.

The commanders didn't even mind that the formation was collapsing like dominoes. The overall situation wasn't important. This was a chance for the Hermes Guild users to kill Weed the God of War.

And after the war ended, there would be a chance to conquer the Versailles Continent.

“Huhuhu, you won't escape my eyes. Chains of Fear.”

“Foolish guy. Guillotine of Burning Death!”

Curse magic flew towards Weed.

The powerful users would receive preferential treatment from the Hermes Guild. They offered to develop the abilities of the warlocks so they had a higher percentage compared to other guilds.

The warlocks cast advanced curses towards Weed and Hestiger.

-The Goddess' Knight Armour had destroyed the black magic.

-Red Star has granted an immune effect.

-The Lord of the Continent Seal has granted resistance to harmful magic.

During his days as the desert ruler, he had feared curses that weakened his body. The Embinyu Church constantly poured out heinous divine curses.

Due to the quest that required rapid growth, he lacked time and didn't have a variety of items. In the warring period, he especially lacked equipment to defend against divine power.

But now he had the divine armour made of helium, a weapon made by a dragon and the Ruler of the Continent Seal. A complete set of items to defend against curses!

The curses flew by.

Hestiger, the Warrior who Saved the World endured the curses with his own ability.

“This is really perfect. A good harvest.”

As usual, Weed maintained a wide view of the battlefield.

The avians that came down to help Weed suffered from the attacks. The users that followed behind were reduced by the Haven Empire.

The level of the enemies that appeared kept on increasing. But if he was next to Hestiger then he would never die!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwang!

A strong blast suddenly hit Weed's back.

-The thief Sneker has struck you.

The blow has decreased health by 13%.

The body's balance has been temporarily reduced.

Thief Sneker!

He was a famous pickpocket in the Hermes Guild. After the war broke out, he would infiltrate enemy lines and attack before fleeing.

There were advantages similar to an assassin but a thief had

slightly higher vitality. Once targeting the enemy's weakness, it was possible to pour out consecutive attacks. Weed could feel it. Even so, sculptural destruction meant that he wasn't in a crisis.

‘It is great. Sneker is a famous guy and a thief is a relatively popular profession. The items he is wearing...’

Weed swiftly turned to deal with Sneker.

“Master is in danger. Second Coming of Fire!”

“Kueek!”

The thief Sneker was engulfed by the unquenchable fire. The scimitar wielding Hestiger also had a variety of wide area skills. The fire on Sneker's body quickly escaped to the bodies of the surrounding knights.

-Health has been restored by absorbing the energy of fire.

The bodies close to Weed were on fire.

It was like receiving healing magic as his health quickly replenished.

‘Yes, it was an excellent choice to stick close to Hestiger. My rice spatula that will scoop up the enemy.’

Weed watched the Hermes Guild users and swallowed his drool.

Chapter 6: A War That Isn't Possible

Draka was the commander that led the army of the Haven Empire.

“The captains are leading properly. A prolonged battle wasn't what I wanted.”

The resistance from the northern users hadn't been that impressive. It wasn't a mature part of the Versailles Continent. The knights were far too weak.

However, if there was a strong leader then there would be some results. Weed caused a disaster and had Hestiger helping him.

If they had the ability then it was natural to use it. If he had the capacity for mass destruction then he would actively take advantage of it at every possible moment.

Most of Draka's complains were towards the leaders of the Haven Empire's army.

“The commanders are powerless. What use is the role of the knights and commanders?”

Lafaye and the Hermes Guild tended to carry out unbeatable tactics. The strongest army with 1.7 million troops.

Thanks to the exception formations and experience of the troops, they could confront many enemies.

Weed and Hestiger had entered the Haven Empire's army and was waging an infinite battle. They killed many users of the Hermes Guild but the Haven Empire's army hadn't collapsed yet.

“But the enemy's intention is to use close combat to wear us down and win the battle.”

Draka held a meeting.

He didn't like the war so far. The northern users were an unstoppable force that kept on coming.

From a commander's perspective, this fight was too humiliating. A commander couldn't make any judgements like a scarecrow.

"The defensive formations of the army absolutely can't be defeated by the coming enemies."

In the case of the Central Continent.

Sometimes it was possible to fight with high numbers using the terrain. Or the commanders would take advantage of the knights in order to overcome many situations.

Being the leader of the commander of the northern conquest army was a great position of pride.

A huge army was curled up and unable to fight confidently. This was offensive to Draka's pride and honour as a commander.

In fact, he was upset but greed actually had a larger effect in his heart.

A powerful army that couldn't be defeated. A commander who wanted to use more aggressive tactics in order to win!

"This can be called a victory but... A battle isn't a simple thing."

Draka whispered to Balbaro who was the commander of the 2nd corps. They were close friends and colleagues.

-What is the situation?

-This is the forefront. The northern users are coming like crazy while the avians are attacking the front and rear.

-The damage?

-A lot of soldiers have died because of the disaster and the formations are a mess. It is being restored little by little so there are no problems blocking them.

-The battle... What will happen?

-Why are you asking?

-Just do it.

-Naturally it will be our victory. You know that we can't lose this battle. But it looks like we will be fighting for most of the day. The resistance of the north is strong. The siege weapons are broken and cumbersome.

Draka also sent a whisper to Porcal, commander of the 3rd corps.

-The current situation?

-The archers and magicians are trying to recover but... Enemies keep falling from the sky. The avians are carrying people so it is causing a headache.

-Weed and Hestiger?

-They are surrounded. There is a chance to focus the magic attacks on them but there is no guarantee they can't break out. Those guys will become tired in the future.

Draka contemplated for a while.

'Many users are gathered to defend the north and they are prepared to fight all night until they die.'

A huge scale war on the Versailles Continent. Weed had emerged to decide the fate of the northern continent.

Draka's eyes gleamed.

"The current system of the Haven Empire is powerful but needs to be discarded sometimes. The real triumph will be achieving a perfect victory in Draka's name."

Draka spoke in the guild chat for the Haven Empire's commanders.

Draka: As the commander in chief of the army, I am issuing an order to all commanders. Instead of waiting, each corps will actively march forward and crush the enemy!

Instrium: Are you serious? That is different from the tactics that the leaders decided on.

Balbaro: There is no problem with the current battle so why throw it away?

Draka: I will take full responsibility. This is my command but I will not force you to push. If you want to win the battle as a small fry then there is no need to follow. However, if you want to be a hero then let's start our war!

“1st corps march!”

The 1st corps started to loosen their defense formation and advanced. They expressed their frustration by dashing towards the northern users.

The knights, cavalry and infantry followed behind.

“Go. Kill them all!”

Draka was a competent commander and had an outstanding personal force following him. He had excellent leadership abilities which was why he was given control of the northern conquest army.

“Draka is going... I'm coming as well. 2nd corps march!”

Balbaro also began moving his forces.

Troops of 10,000 or 30,000 rapidly started advancing. Depending on the commander, each troops had slightly different attributes.

Balbaro's corps was mobility.

He gained the special ability 'rapid pace' through war experiences and gave it to his army. The commander increased the speed of the march by 17% and reduced fatigue by 62%.

15 units of the 2nd corps started subduing the northern users.

It was like a relaxing turtle suddenly decided to harm its enemies. Like wild beasts, the 2 corps actively moved out to slaughter the enemies.

The 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th corps belatedly started moving.

Each commander understood Draka's mood after hearing the command. It was the same for them. In the current combat situation, it was reasonable to become active in order to gain more benefits.

“Does he want to plug in the flag of the northern conquest with his own hands? It makes sense as a commander. There is no such thing as being too greedy in a war.”

“It was frustrating. Besides, we won't be rebuked since this is Draka's order. And our purpose is to kill Weed and take the Earth Palace.”

“If the war ranges freely then it will become a public showdown? The 5th corps will kill the largest number of enemies. Full force assault!”

“The 6th corps has a higher proportion of magicians so we are weak in direct combat but... The knights that trained in magic will show off their abilities.”

The Haven Empire's army was showing dramatic movements. Whole crowds struck towards the northern users and the Earth Palace.



“As expected. This is the effort of training an enormous military over several years in Royal Road.”

“The process of overcoming the difficulties is what makes it fun. Just relax. The current military power of the Haven Empire can't compare with what is on screen... It will be sufficient to conquer the continent.”

Bardray, Lafaye and the core leadership of the Hermes Guild were at the Imperial Palace while the war with the north was taking place.

A video was transmitted via magic on an entire wall. It was possible to see videos from the eyes of the commanders as well as

those being broadcasted by the stations.

There were also 24 users not part of the Hermes Guild. They were people of the economic world.

They were meeting with the Hermes Guild in the Haven Empire in order to decide some details. There were several practical procedures remaining but the investment was already finished so they were invited to the palace to see the northern war.

A red faced dwarf asked.

“I was surprised, the Haven Empire’s military... Is there a particular trick to becoming stronger in Royal Road?”

Bardray laughed lightly.

“Just fight well. The process is hard to describe in words.”

“That answer is too vague. But it makes sense. You become the ruler of the continent’s strongest and most influential power for a reason.”

“With your support, the Hermes Guild doesn’t need to have any concerns about our growth. If you like then the knights of the Haven Empire can run you through a few drills.”

“Hahaha, I am grateful to accept your offer.”

He was a wealthy person from the Middle East but had chosen a warrior occupation. The advantage of a dwarf with the blacksmith skill was that a number of different items could be created.

Most financial people had been in Royal Road in the past. The television was constantly showing news about the daily economic expansion in Royal Road. Some distrusted state of the art technology but experienced Royal Road based on the recommendation of their children.

‘This investment will offer boundless potential in the future.’

‘A whole new world where I can get power and interests.’

‘Developing more resorts... If I have the capital and land to create resorts in the Haven Empire then there will be no end to the profits. There will be an endless supply of tourists and the political, licensing and building processes are difficult but I have the time and money. I will change this continent to a paradise on earth.’

The wealthy people would receive a share of their investments. Bardray and the other leaders would also benefit.

The wealthy investors received regular reports that business was proceeding smoothly.

“If I look at it a little longer, it is like real cooking.”

“Do you want to try the food that comes out from the Imperial Palace?”

There was a sumptuous feast as they watched the battlefield from afar.

‘As a man, I want to live like this.’

Bardray looked at the powerful people gathered in this room and soaked up the mood. People with strong capital and influence in reality respected and invested money in him.

‘I am no longer an ordinary human being. As emperor of the Haven Empire, I will write a new myth of immortality. He would become powerful in virtual reality and physical reality.

Bardray and Lafaye’s eyes met with a significant glance.

‘We’ve had a really big success.’

‘In the future, all the profits will be ours.’

Once the Haven Empire was on a solid rock, they would dominate Royal Road for a long period of time.

Lafaye felt hateful towards the northern users that had gathered to defend the Arpen Kingdom.

‘Our profits will become bigger the more we obtain in Royal Road. They will become citizens of the Haven Empire whether they want to or not.’

The desire to conquer the Versailles Continent started after seeing Royal Road on the news. As more users joined Royal Road, the popularity continued to rise.

In the holiday season, people joined Royal Road to entertain themselves with the mountains and valleys.

This was another world and became the ruler of virtual reality. Then the military of the Haven Empire started moving quickly and violently. The army had scattered in order to subdue the northern users.

“Indeed... It really feels like a war in medieval times. The magicians and knights are tremendous. I have been interested in war from an early age and collected civil war weapons but that hobby is obsolete in front of Royal Road.”

Lafaye laughed softly at the words from an American real estate tycoon.

“If you become a lord then you can command the knights directly.”

“It is more complicated to reign in Royal Road so I would rather go around fighting on adventures. Still, this virtual reality makes my blood boil like a youth...”

“You can do whatever you want.”

Lafaye smiled while sipping a glass of wine.

However, the leaders watching the video on the wall showed signs of nervousness.

-How did this happen?

-It is Commander Draka-nim’s independent decision.

-Did we allow such an active offensive?

-Never. It was outside our control.

The leaders rejected this policy when first determining how to conquer the north. The commanders were allowed independence on the battlefield but if it wasn't an urgent situation then they should receive permission first.

The northern conquest army was huge so the leaders wanted to make sure they had a tight control over it. They had directed it to a complete victory.

The investors asked.

"Hoh, I wonder what it feels like to participate in the war?"

"Wouldn't you just lose your life within a few minutes?"

"At my villa... I will have to physically train for the war."

From their point of view, the northern conquest army changing to aggressive tactics was worth seeing. The knights and infantry rushed out to meet the users.

Lafaye went back to watching the video.

'The approach is different but it isn't bad for victory. There isn't only one way of winning. It might be better to show off our fighting power at the moment of victory.'

The 1st, 3rd and 4th corps headed towards the Earth Palace in order to fly the flag of the Haven Empire.

Defeating the region with the most number of users. It would look good to destroy the Earth Palace and the northern users.

Lafaye and the leaders had planned a defense formation because the opponent was Weed. There were some disadvantages because the northern users wouldn't back down.

There were some contingency operations. They absolutely couldn't fail even if Weed got involved.

Given that they would rule the north in the future, he wanted a

complete victory without worrying about the damage.

However, there was no perfect plan so there were thousands of possibilities.

‘It isn’t a bad approach. I respect Draka for making that decision.’

Lafaye and the leaders could give an order to rebuild the army to its original formation. However, he feared chaos and decided to give permission.

‘After the northern conquest is finished... I need to make an example of Draka. After the conquest, I need someone who listens to commands.’

Lafaye’s face hardened but he never even dreamed of losing the war. The gap in power was too large so it was a war that couldn’t be lost.



“Stop them!”

“Uaaaack! S-so strong.”

“They are engaging in battle with the chariots!”

The Haven Empire’s combat units appeared.

The battle chariots looked plain but its body was 10 metres of steel and pulled by chimeras that would only obey their commands.

The 1st corps that was Draka’s flagship contained the best soldiers. As they advanced on the battlefield, the elite soldiers achieved victory every time.

The power of the 3rd corps was relatively weak but contained many Hermes Guild users who did chimera research.

The magicians started using various summoning magic and black magic. The 4th corps was filled with combat shamans.

The battle chariots mercilessly smashed the enemy.

The 3 corps of the Haven Empire's army advanced towards the Earth Palace. The northern users that tried to defend against it died horribly.

The destructive power of the Haven Empire's army was completely different compared to when they were defending.

"There is no chance of winning from the front so attack it from the side!"

"Believe in our numbers. You don't need to panic. An opportunity will come. Surround them and attack!"

"Catch the ones that fall behind!"

The northern users took the chance to fight.

Although the magic destruction zone had disappeared, the northern users still found it difficult to fight against the Haven Empire.

"Break, break through!"

"Don't waste time!"

There was a subtle competition between the 1st, 3rd and 4th corps. The first corps to capture the Earth Palace would gain significant achievements.

Draka was the commander in chief but the leaders of the 3rd and 4th corps also had ambition. Just like Draka, they hoped to end the war perfectly by marching into the Earth Palace.

"At full speed!"

"Raise your maneuverability. Go straight through."

"We will go first. Have the knights clear the way!"

The northern users collapsed like straw in front of the Haven Empire's thrust. But a significant amount of Haven Empire troops were lost to the arrows and magic.

The Haven Empire fought violently with the northern users.

“There is something suspicious about their movements.”

Weed looked around and noticed the movement of the Haven Empire’s army. He noticed too late that several of the army corps had withdrawn.

“Those guys are moving even faster. The battle is taking place elsewhere so can the Earth Palace stop them?”

Only users were guarding the Earth Palace.

Weed was surrounded by high level defense troops. It was difficult to find a way to safely stop the large number of troops heading towards the Earth Palace.

Weed’s face became pale.

“Kuooh, I realized that my plan was wrong.”

A cruel plan that caused heart disease and high blood pressure!

The Haven Empire’s strike could destroy the Arpen Kingdom and also deal significant damage to Weed’s pockets.

Weed was momentarily dizzy at the thought.

“There is nothing I can do. Right now I am playing with Hestiger.”

Weed and Hestiger were taking care of the Haven Empire’s army.

In the vicinity of the northern users, it was the opposite situation as the Haven Empire smashed through them. Of course, it was also because Weed had the rice spatula Hestiger by his side.

“You’ve noticed the difference? However, it is already too late Weed!”

The commander of the 6th corps, Drom spoke while Weed and Hestiger were fighting. The Haven Empire’s troops received a command and moved. Soon a wide, open space occurred around Weed and Hestiger. This place was filled with the elite troops of the

6th corps.

The magic knights.

They were unique knights that could use magic. They could use magic attacks as well as combat to break through the enemies.

It was through a crude method but had surprising results in enormous battles. They could attack from a distance and it significantly improved their ability to take a blow.

Weed's eyes moved quickly at the sight.

Against an army or monsters, he needed to understand the pros and cons.

'This... They are tough opponents. If I was fighting alone then I would take the maximum damage.'

The elite troops of the 6th corps.

The NPC knights reached the late 300s while most Hermes Guild users were over level 430. Even the equipment they were wearing made them powerhouses.

The individuals that used tactics would have their power increased by several times.

"Weed, the 6th corps will take your head."

"Is that right?"

"Any last words?"

Drom started talking before the battle. Weed was in front of him so he naturally wanted to look cool for the broadcasting stations.

Even if they were commanders in the northern war, they didn't have a high amount of awareness among general users.

Weed also wanted to moderately deal with him. Typically he would receive an appearance fee from the broadcast partners.

"You have invaded the land of the north so only your body will return."

“Hahahahaha!”

Drom laughed loudly.

In fact, it wasn't that funny but he acted like it was for the television broadcast. In order to look like the hero of a movie!

Drom stopped laughing.

“The King of the Arpen Kingdom has turned a blind eye to reality. Well, I hope you can feel the freedom of dying in battle. Start!”

The magic knights moved in a circular motion with Weed and Hestiger in the centre. There was 1,000 of them on mounts.

It was somewhat low compared to the elite troops of other corps but that didn't matter. Including the magicians, there was a total of 2,000 people.

Weed considered an early breakthrough.

“Hestiger, you will lead the way.”

“Yes, Great Emperor!”

The dangerous and tough work would be left for his subordinate first! Hestiger bolted towards the magic knights.

“You won't be able to pass!”

“Heavy Air Resistance!”

“Turbulent Strong Winds!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Magic was used in order to block Hestiger's advance.

“Blazing Firestorm of Penance!”

He wielded his weapon and killed 16 magic knights.

“Storm of Rage!”

A firestorm rose from Hestiger's sword and aimed at the magic knights. The flames swelled and the bodies of the magicians

nearby caught fire.

“Kuaaak!”

“Save me, my body is on fire!”

“The fire can’t be quenched. The magic just burns even more!”

The area was filled with screams in seconds.

“No, unbelievable!”

Drom’s face turned pale.

He couldn’t understand the situation at first! The troops he was so confident about had easily collapsed.

Drom had been located on the left side and couldn’t see Weed and Hestiger properly while they had been fighting. Only a few people in the army could see how strong they were.

Each corps ran up to deal with Weed without seeing his previous combat.

“These guys aren’t special.”

Weed watched quietly for a moment. He wondered where the hell Drom’s confidence came from.

They were helpless in front of Hestiger. It was like gangsters jumping a person only to discover they were a former national level judo player.

After confirming it, Weed joined Hestiger in fighting the magic knights.

‘Well, it’s not like we have no weaknesses.’

Despite is superior force, even Hestiger would get tired sometime. Still, there was no reason they couldn’t easily break through. Hestiger was too powerful and the flames he emitted complemented Weed. Hestiger’s attribute of fire was an enemy itself when used by Weed.

Drom was freaked out but soon regained his spirit.

“Magic knights, tie up their ankles! Stop them from leaving this place. The 6th corps will initiate a fatal attack here!”

The magic knights and Hermes Guild members immediately resisted.

“What, Commander? Are you going to kill all of us?”

“It is the only way to stop them! Don’t say anything and just fight. There will be backlash if you disobey orders. And if you succeed then the rewards... Isn’t this amount of damage worth it if we can get Weed?”

“Damn.”

The urgent conversation was conducted through a shout, not a whisper.

Weed quickly noticed the situation.

Most organizations were willing to take some losses in order to achieve their goal.

‘The magic knights are planning to pour ranged magic attacks on us.’

Weed and Hestiger were in a densely concentrated area of the Haven Empire’s army. It was inappropriate to use ranged attacks here. The Haven Empire troops were widely spread in front of him. They were essentially hostages to the indiscriminate attacks.

However, Weed wasn’t the type to live peacefully if his life was at risk. In addition, the organization would sacrifice anything in order to preserve their own safety.

“Hestiger, he is your goal. Aim for that guy. Him!”

“I understand, Master!”

Weed and Hestiger simultaneously sprang towards Drom.

“Impossible. Rupture of the Corrupted Palace!”

The guard troops around the commander unleashed powerful

arrows. However, Hestiger had an aura of lava around his body that just melted the arrows.

“Blink!”

Weed drifted through the attacks using the short distance teleportation.

He was able to appear beside some guards and quickly subdued them using the element of surprise.

Weed was then surrounded but Hestiger would arrive to sweep them all away.

“Dammit. They grasped the situation pretty quickly. Stop them no matter the cost! Catch them!”

Drom noticed their target and turned around to flee.

He was a commander of the Haven Empire but it was too difficult to deal with Hestiger and Weed at the same time. He didn't want to fight a losing battle.

Drom had wanted to reproduce Bardray's fight with the Abyss Knight. After finishing, he would emerge as a hero of the Earth Palace battle.

The mistake in his calculation was that Weed wasn't like Van Hawk. He had overcome many situations in life and in Royal Road with dirty tricks. He also had Hestiger's brute strength on his other side.

“Chase him.”

“Yes Master.”

“Break them all.”

“It isn't hard!”

Weed and Hestiger collapsed the core of the 6th corps while chasing.

Every place they passed had fire burning. Drom was too fast and

they soon escaped from the encirclement. In no time at all, Hestiger was far from the area where the northern users were fighting.

‘The weight on my body is gone. I can feel at ease and fight better.’

There was a deafening roar from the land behind them. The magic knights were aiming mortal attacks at them.

“What are you doing? We are on the same side...!”

Drom reprimanded his men but then realized he made a great mistake.

The ranged attack troops consisted of a lot of NPCs.

It was quite tricky to give freedom to subordinates. Instead of making decisions during the battle, they would obey orders first.

The Hermes Guild users stopped their attacks but the rest of the troops attacked.

The magic attacks fell from the sky and destroyed the magic knights that the 6th corps were the most proud of. And the wide range of the magic attacks caused the damage to expand even further.

Drom hurriedly issued a command to the magic unit.

“Cancel, cancel the attack!”

Weed and Hestiger came closer to him.

“Your destiny must be very good. Can I take a look at your hand?”

“Already?”

Drom turned and started to run again. A commander on the battlefield governed the military command and influenced morale.

If a command was captured or killed by the enemy then in the worst case situation, the army might dissolve. Even the Hermes

Guild users would inevitably have a reduction in combat power.

Drom knew the importance of his position and fled.

“Defend the commander!”

“This savage dares challenge the Empire...”

The knights that jumped at Weed and Hestiger were defeated. Excellent Hermes Guild users gathered like flies but Hestiger was a blazing volcano. He was constantly spewing lava and repelling the enemies.

Hestiger wasn't immortal. Despite the knights having the highest levels on the continent, he was the worst opponent they've faced.

In order to subdue the Abyss Knight Van Hawk, they had mobilized a lot of troops and planned a trap. But Weed and Hestiger didn't make mistakes or engage in reckless behaviour.

The commanders other than Drom quickly noticed it.

‘Weed is coveted but... I will drop it for now.’

‘The Earth Palace is the main goal so getting rid of him will be the last resort.’

‘Even a strong individual can't minimize the damage of an army.’

‘I hope he doesn't come to my section. After from Hestiger, there is nothing specifically different in this war. Then we will surely win.’

Apart from Hestiger, the war wasn't very difficult. Compared to the other commanders, Drom was too greedy. And now he was in a difficult situation.

However, Weed was still calmly analyzing the situation.

‘The commander of the 1st corps has put me in a disadvantageous situation. And there might be other commanders like this guy. Anyway, the Hermes Guild users can still command the troops.’

No matter what Weed did, the Haven Empire could quickly

rebuild their army. Even Hestiger couldn't win alone.

“Hestiger, chase after them moderately. And the magicians are the primary threat.”

“I understand. Master.”

“I feel bad but I will leave command of the army to you. You will be in charge of the entire war.”

“I have no complaints. Master has the ability to perceive the enemy's weakness and give courage to people like me.”

“Hmm hmm.”

Weed coughed for a moment. It was strange to hear compliments from a hero he was jealous of.

“Then... Come, Phoenix!”

Weed yelled as a burst of red rose on the horizon. A red creature that was the manifestation of beauty.

Phoenix.

He had enormous health thanks to the unquenchable fire and was strengthened by the sacrifice of his four brothers.

Among Weed's sculptural lifeforms, he was one of the strongest.

“Hukiaaaaack!”

Phoenix's appearance.

He was the sculptural lifeform that people tended to enjoy seeing the most. It was like a noisy apartment had come to the battlefield.

“It appeared! The sculptural lifeform!”

“Ohhhh! The phoenix that I saw on television!”

“Divine Advent! Greetings from the Fire Chicken Porridge unit.”

The northern users cheered. It was common for all the users to know the sculptural lifeforms.

“Let's go.”

Weed jumped on Phoenix's back. Usually he would avoid the heat but right now he was a chaos warrior.

He soared into the sky and could see the battlefield with one glance.

The avians were plaguing the Haven Empire while the northern users fought more aggressively. Individuals were fighting for their lives on the wide plains.

"The battlefield is so large that it is difficult to predict the orders."

It was the largest scale Weed had even seen.

He felt the pride of commanding one side of the war. However, it was somewhat unsatisfactory since he was being invaded.

From the sky, he could see battles going on even in places far from the Earth Palace.

Flames and arrows were flying across the entire plains.

A grand spectacle.

Weed could feel the cold breeze on his face due to the disaster.

"Phoenix, go higher!"

"Yes, Master-nim."

The tail of flames streamed behind as Phoenix rose upwards. A wider view of the land, rivers and mountains!

A total of 3 army corps were pushing through the northern users towards the Earth Palace. The users died in large numbers under the fearsome attacks of the Haven Empire.

The Haven Empire also seemed to have lost some troops. However, this number was small enough to be insignificant.

Any openings in the infantry were quickly filled. If 100 knights died then 200 more would take their place.

The rough march of a powerful army. The cavalry harassed the

enemy and it seemed to only be a matter of time until the northern users collapsed. They fought fiercely but failed to stop the march of the Haven Empire's army.

Weed's eyes narrowed.

It wasn't a bleak expression.

"The army of the Haven Empire is strong. But I still need to try. Preserving the Earth Palace but losing the war... That can't happen."

Weed spoke decisively.

"Today, all members of the Hermes Guild and soldiers of the Haven Empire in this place will die."

Chapter 7: Tilting War

“Ready for battle, ready for battle!”

“Those gathered here are beginners. We couldn’t play a specific role in battle yet now we have to be ready for combat!”

“Have the archers gather at Turtle Rock. That is a good position to fire towards the bottom.”

“Battle supplies are needed. The consumable combat supplies are being sold for a low price. I’ll get some so go ahead and fight!”

Bart was confused on the premises of the Earth Palace.

Many people had climbed to a high terrain at the Earth Palace in order to watch the battle against the Haven Empire.

It was also common to have hundreds of thousands of users on the road going up the mountain.

But nearly half of the Haven Empire’s army was rapidly advancing towards the Earth Palace. They trampled on the northern users and arrived at the bottom of the mountain.

“Run away before it’s too late!”

“The users with no combat ability will be a hindrance so go down!”

The merchants and tourists came down from the Earth Palace but were diverted by the 4th division.

The Arpen Kingdom’s Royal Palace was built in the mountains so the commanders planned a joint attack.

The users present near the Earth Palace were forced to fight to the death.

“What is this? I don’t want to die for the palace.”

“Should I surrender? I am a supporter of the Hermes Guild living in the north. They are the original definition of strength.”

The users that didn't want to fight revealed their intention to surrender.

Instrium who was the commander of the 4th division exclaimed.

"Being in the Earth Palace itself means that you intended to resist the Haven Empire. Don't accept the surrender and kill everyone!"

A genocide operation!

The Haven Empire wanted to set an aggressive example with the Earth Palace.

"Kill them all!"

"Survivors or prisoners aren't needed."

The army of the Haven Empire slaughtered the northern residents and climbed the mountain.

"There is nowhere to escape."

Bart couldn't escape so he headed back to the Earth Palace. Those who wanted to just watch were forced to join the battle at the Earth Palace.

It was impossible to measure how many users were present inside and outside the Earth Palace as well as throughout the mountains.

"This way quickly! It is our heads at risk."

"I have been waiting for these guys for a week but I am trembling now that they are here."

They set up a wooden frame in order to pour boiling oil.

In contrast, the users gathered to prepare for the war were inspired. After the exits were blocked, the users chose to die fighting.

The knights and soldiers of the Haven Empire received continuous attacks as they made their way up the mountain. Arrows, magic and large chunks of rocks rolled towards them.

"Block them with your body and continue marching. Don't dwell

on minor damage.”

There were a friendly competition between the 3 divisions of the Haven Empire as they proceeded on the operation to assault the Earth Palace.

The knights and even the infantry carried swords and shields. Despite the soldiers becoming fatigue, the commanders were busy thinking about conquering the Earth Palace.

“Heh, I feel like I can kill 100 people alone.”

Pale stood on a wall of the Earth Palace. He was biting his lips as his arrow was pointed high in the sky.

“Scattering Land!”

The arrow that Pale shot soared vertically into the sky. The avians tried to dodge in surprise but it literally ran through their wings.

“Tweet tweet?”

Despite the arrow hitting the avian, there wasn’t any damage. The arrow that Pale shot flew up 400~500 metres before popping like fireworks.

More than 10 fireballs started falling towards the ground. The avians once again tried to avoid it but the fireballs just fell through their bodies and wings.

“Kyarururuk?”

It wasn’t until the fragments touched the ground that they exploded. This was a special arrow created by refining the aura of the land and was an advanced technique.

The other archers standing in a row on the palace walls with Pale also aimed arrows at the army.

The archers had held their position despite the war going on. Due to the nature of the terrain, there was no shortage of archers to defend the Earth Palace against invaders.

Among the northern users, there were hermits that came out of hiding.

“I’ve been solo for 34 years and today was the glorious day of my blind date. Interfering in relationships in Royal Road, I declare that this is a sin of the Haven Empire!”

“Come. I will clean up the dirty blood of the Central Continent!”

“I am an adventurer but I’ve never had a strong reputation. Other adventurers also have the same name. All those failed adventures, I will finally succeed today!”

There were users who enjoyed quietly hunting or adventuring alone. They liked the atmosphere of the north and happily built their lives here. Therefore, they also joined the fight.

The Earth Palace had the highest density of the best users with advanced skills.

The Haven Empire received unexpected damage when climbing the mountain but they still kept advancing. Their hearts were greedy for the achievements so they couldn’t withdraw here.

The Hermes Guild had been trained for endless battles. Despite the sacrifices in battle, they gained territory, loot and experience and the soldiers became more elite.

Even if there was a slight disadvantage, the leaders of the Hermes Guild wouldn’t retreat and only fought for their goals.

Then Weed appeared above the Earth Palace on Phoenix and yelled with Lion’s Roar.

“Army of the Arpen Kingdom, start the war!”

“For the glory of His Majesty!”

Weed earnestly started giving commands.

“Seville, the 5th army corps will be your responsibility!”

“Yes!”

The configuration of the Arpen Kingdom's army became solid.

The knights of the north contained users and their skills were quite good. The knights and soldiers received training from the training centers along with the users in the north.

The desert warriors who were descendants of Iron-5 also created a separate unit.

The Arpen Kingdom had 5 rough army corps.

There was also Bingryong and the wyverns. They were sculptural lifeforms but were also like boss class monsters. Bingryong and Phoenix had high levels and were capable of wide aerial attacks.

The King Hydra was a monstrous best with high health and was part of the defense corps.

Weed hurriedly conducted the 5 corps after arriving at the Earth Palace. Weed strongly yelled with Lion's Roar.

"This place is the core of the north. Fight together to defeat the invaders!"

Naturally the northern users had an explosive reaction!

"Kkiyahu! Weed the God of War is with us!"

"We have your support. I will watch as a miracle occurs and I will return home alive."

Weed gave a bitter smile as he watched the enthusiasm of the people. A great commander would give encouragement to the troops and not have them question him.

'It is a really difficult battle. A miracle really needs to happen in order to protect the Earth Palace.'

Weed was a normal person.

The elite corps of the Haven Empire were coming towards the Earth Palace and they couldn't be stopped.

This wasn't a situation where tricks would win.

‘Well, I just have to do my best.’

Arrows and magic from the 1st corps flew towards the Earth Palace.

Ddirring!

-The memorials built at the Royal Palace of the Arpen Kingdom has absorbed the energy of the mountains and resisted the devastating attack.

96% of all ranged attacks have been blocked.

Health and vitality of the defense will increase up to 240% depending on their fame and loyalty.

Please note. If the memorials are destroyed or the stored energy depleted then the attack block rate will greatly reduce.

If the gates, iron towers and other structures are destroyed then no benefits will be given to the defensive side.

Despite the memorials blocking half of the ranged attacks, some of them struck the users. It couldn't deal with the concentrated firepower of three corps of the Haven Empire.

“I knew it was right to change tactics today! My judgement was correct. If I continue advancing to the Earth Palace then Weed's neck will be mine.”

Draka told the troops that their top priority was conquering the Earth Palace.

From the Hermes Guild's viewpoint, there was no meaning in focusing on the Weed.

The frozen land hadn't entirely melted yet and soldiers of the Haven Empire were dying but that had nothing to do with the military situation.

The northern users on the plains were trying to save the Earth Palace but they were blocked by two corps.

The users scattered over the wide plains were frustrated.

“Ah... How did this happen? The Earth Palace is a very important place.”

“Black Sesame Porridge unit, go over there.”

“Bean Porridge, Leek Porridge, Herb Porridge, Mugwort Porridge and Perilla Porridge, go to the rescue!”

“Bamboo Porridge unit, there is only one important thing right now. Prevent the Haven Empire from stepping foot in the Earth Palace. We will head towards the Earth Palace.”

The Grass Porridge Cult moved quickly. Initially the run of the large group of users was a success.

The former military experts in each unit issued commands depending on the battle. Even if such a command system wasn’t in place, a huge sea of users was charging towards the enemy.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

-There are 39 unread emails.

“Hrmm, it is really bittersweet. What happened to my popularity when I used to reign over a part of the world?”

Carlise of the Black Lion Guild.

In reality, his name was Gao Degang and he was a Chinese person who operated a traditional store in Beijing.

In the Black Lion Guild’s peak, he had received thousands of emails a day. Many of them admired Carlise or asked to join the Black Lion Guild. When they belonged to the alliance with the Hermes Guild, they had received hundreds of applications a day.

However, all that interest disappeared after they lost the battle for supremacy of the continent. It had been a few days since he accessed the homepage of Royal Road and there was only 39 emails.

“It figures. They don’t care about anyone other than the Hermes

Guild.”

The Black Lion Guild had scattered after their defeat.

Carlise bore the responsibility for the defeat and there were many internal conflicts among the users.

In its prime, the Black Lion Guild had up to 100,000 members but that situation soon changed and they scattered like sand.

Some of the former Black Lion Guild members hid like criminals on the continent while others joined the Hermes Guild. In the meantime, many wealthy people lived leisurely in resorts.

Sometimes he heard news from people who left for the north.

Gao Degang had nothing else to do so he clicked on the mailbox.

Sender: Chewy Rice Cake

Carlise. This bastard, my resentment from the past...

Sender: Ject

Are you doing well?

Sender: Hekel

Hello. I am contacting you to join a quest.

Sender: Bindel

I found information about a good hunting ground.

Sender: Weed.

Hey, do you want to get revenge on the Haven Empire with me?

Gao Degang gazed at the top part where it said ‘Sender: Weed.’

“Don’t tell me... Weed?”

When he opened the email from Royal Road’s homepage, there was a sender with that name. Weed was the most common nickname.

“God of War Weed! He is showing off his skills at the Earth

Palace. Overcoming the disadvantage and hammering against the Haven Empire.”

The television was broadcasting the northern war.

Once Weed appeared, it was guaranteed that the ratings would rise dramatically. The viewers showed an ecstatic reaction.

After Gao Degang saw it on television, he read the many posts that other users wrote on the homepage of Royal Road.

“Of course it isn’t Weed the God of War.”

After deleting the emails with grudges or abusive language, he would reply to the ones from the former Black Lion Guild members.

His cursor clicked on the email that said ‘Sender: Weed.’

“I don’t think it is true but I should read this mail.”

The title suggested it was a trick but he had time to waste.

But after a moment, Gao Degang felt his spirit become ice cold as he looked at the body of the mail.

When mail was sent from the homepage of Royal Road, the body of the mail would show the image of the character. The image that appeared in the mail was Weed.

He wore the Goddess’ Knight Armour and a variety of unique equipment obtained from quests.

“It really is Weed’s mail.”

Despite not meeting directly in the Melbourne Mine, he had watched the broadcast where Bardray defeated Weed. The users of the Black Lion Guild often watched videos of Weed’s battles.

It was understandable that they would pay considerable attention to Weed.

-Well, I will skip the greetings. Isn’t it a cliché to ask if you are living well?

As you know, the Haven Empire has sent troops to conquer the north. However, this story isn't to ask for help...

Gao Degang was confused.

He didn't know why Weed was sending an email to him.

In fact, he thought it would be a proposal to participate in the northern war. By the time he read the email, it would be far too late for him to play a big role in the war.

In its prime, the Black Lion Guild was the 2nd best power.

In the past, the users would gather together to control whole regions or hunt dungeons. There was a proposal to go to the north together before the guild was disbanded.

Of course, Gao Degang wouldn't take part in the northern war without any benefits.

-The Hermes Guild users will eat up the Versailles Continent if left alone.

Just wait and gather your power.

A chance will come to completely shake the Haven Empire.

A lion will be able to hunt wounded wolves.

The specifics will be told after the northern war is won.

The email ended there.

"Weed... Are you really not giving up?"

Gao Degang thought out loud.

After being defeated by the Hermes Guild, the prestigious guilds had disappeared. Despite being the God of War, he was amazed that Weed hadn't given up yet.

"Even so, the war can't be won with just his heart."

Gao Degang's gaze turned towards the television.

Many stations were broadcasting the northern war. Each channel

showed that he was at a disadvantage in the war.

Helpless!

The Haven Empire were slaying users and going up towards the Earth Palace. The users trapped at the Earth Palace weren't defending well.

The allied forces had more favourable circumstances and were perfectly defeated. Gao Degang thought there was nothing that could be done.

"It is impossible. But if this is somehow reversed... Everything might be different."

The situation ahead couldn't be seen at all.

But if the Haven Empire was defeated even once then the myth of the Hermes Guild would be shaken.

"He wouldn't have sent this email to only me. Will I see confusion on the Versailles Continent once again?"

The Hermes Guild was unbeatable. Countless enemies of the Haven Empire shed tears of humiliation.

Weed intended to create a new myth while pulling these people together under one banner. Or to use the confusion to gather their forces.

"The Hermes Guild is sure to win. I can't think of anything else. Can Weed really reverse this situation? It is questionable but... It would be huge if it is possible."

Gao Degang showed a renewed interest in the northern war.

He hated to admit it but Weed the God of War might really upset expectations. If he could stop the conquest of the Haven Empire then a big change could happen.

"I have to look at it properly. Don't let me down."

Gao Degang turned to the television and increased the volume.

Other users had already read Weed’s email.

Roam of the Roam Guild, Gunter of the Lion Star Guild, Michel of the Black Sword Mercenaries and Sherwood of the Cloud Guild.

The losers who once dominated the continent.

They watched the northern war through a crystal ball in a shabby tavern in Royal Road. The taste of beer in Royal Road far outpaced reality.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The user Penchel was gasping for breath in the north.

‘War is war.’

He was similar to ordinary users when he first started in Royal Road. He started Royal Road without knowing his aptitude or dream profession.

From the moment he felt exhausted in Royal Road like a hamster in a spinning wheel, it was like a new world had opened.

Everything from the winds, sea, sand, textures, smells and panoramic view of the meadows made him happy.

‘A fresh world where others haven’t been.’

He had started in Morata and became a resident of the north from day one. He dreamed of prospering in the Arpen Kingdom.

Initially users couldn’t stray far from Morata. So he didn’t choose a profession that resided in the city like a blacksmith or tailor.

Penchel didn’t necessarily want to run around the world on adventures.

Despite the large cities on the Versailles Continent, nothing could compare to the Northern Continent in his mind.

‘The knights. They are roaming around on horseback. Defending the weak.’

He raised his level and combat skills from hunting and dungeons

near Morata.

He wasn't limited by profession and could learn warrior combat skills. After learning warrior skills, he became a knight.

Penchel travelled through the north with adventurers and merchants as a knight. Sometimes he would defend villages against the threat of monsters.

He had joined the Grass Porridge Cult since the early days so it was understandable that he would come to the Earth Palace.

'The Arpen Kingdom was built on a wilderness. This is the fruit of many people's efforts.'

Those who started in Morata had complete loyalty to the north.

Even so, the users were well aware of their limits. If they fought one on one with a Hermes Guild users then they would die so they targeted the stragglers.

"Hat!"

Penchel ran to one Imperial soldier and successfully defeated them with six attacks. The large steel shield used by the Haven Empire was dropped as loot.

He felt a thrill through his body.

'Strong. But I've used too much mana. It would be cool if I could win with just three attacks.'

His short breaths made him more nervous.

'I'm not alone. In order to protect the Arpen Kingdom, I must kill even one more.'

Penchel only rested for a brief moment before looking for the next opponent.

Weed stood at the main gate of the Earth Palace. A aura of radiant fire was blazing around his body and he was the envy of millions of users.

“Weed, the knight Randemir has sent you a challenge.”

“As King of the Arpen Kingdom, I’ve heard vague things about you. I’ll settle this with you.”

“I enjoy killing... But you are just one dot!”

A large number of Haven Empire troops rushed out towards Weed.

They were figures with levels 450, 460 or 470. Hestiger wasn’t there so they had confidence in facing Weed. The mounts were ridden over obstacles towards Weed.

However, Weed wasn’t alone.

The barbarian warrior Bahamorg!

The strongest warrior who led the sculptural lifeforms was beside Weed. He was even escorted by high level users of the north.

The avians led by Golden Bird and Silver Bird flew around in order to give Weed support. The Hermes Guild users were removed one by one.

He lost a significant amount of levels in the quest but Weed wasn’t badly weakened by it. His stats were supplemented by his adventures and he defeated Hermes Guild members wearing brilliant armour.

The morale of the northern users were raised by Weed!

Penchel stared at him with eyes full of envy.

‘One day I will be able to fight like that. I want to become stronger in areas other than the north.’

Penchel had a similar mind to the other northern users.

Included in those users was Bart.

‘So many people are following him. His influence in Royal Road is really amazing.’

An uproar was taking place among the users. In some cases, the users even pretended to die in front of Weed.

As a plain merchant, Bart didn't even dare approach the King of the Arpen Kingdom. Just the fact that he knew Weed was enough.

Of course, many people wouldn't believe his words.

‘Although my daughter is too good...’

Bart stood next to a pillar and watched his combat capabilities. The Hermes Guild users just passed by him since Weed had a higher priority than a plain merchant.

Then Weed and Bart's eyes suddenly met.

“Eh?”

“W-Weed?”

Distance voices could be heard. Weed's gaze was soon blocked by the Hermes Guild members.

Bart was humbled.

‘I will pretend ignorance.’

He was embarrassed that he wasn't wearing the expensive outfit of a merchant.

Chapter 8: Collapsing Royal Palace

“I belong to the Aren Knights...”

“I won’t remember so just bring it on!”

Weed got rid of random Hermes Guild users.

Generally speaking, the users had excellent attack and defense skills. Their high levels made them difficult opponents but this was the Earth Palace.

Additional effects of defense and health were granted by the Red Star and the chaos warrior was a highly mobile species.

“Blink!”

He would teleport from time to time.

The Hermes Guild users were priority targets as he looked around. Killing Weed would gain the highest achievements so many excitedly jumped at him.

Weed looked down the mountain while fighting.

Hestiger was still chasing the 6th corps. The commander had escaped but the elite troops and Hermes Guild users had been wiped out by Hestiger.

The chain of command of the 6th corps collapsed and morale dropped as the northern users fought them.

The 5 army corps of the Arpen Kingdom and the sculptural lifeforms were in the centre. The ability of the sculptural lifeforms were superior and they fought the humans.

“We will live a long life, gol gol gol!”

“It is good to roll cow shit around the fields, omooooo. Master tells me it will be an honourable death. Rubs and sirloin that will melt in the mouth.”

Weed’s sculptural lifeforms gave support by attacking.

The indomitable King Hydra devoured humans on the ground while Bingryong flew in the sky. The users trembled with fear whenever Bingryong flew over them.

The various sculptural lifeforms like Cerberus, Death Worm, Crocodile and White Tiger used their skills.

And the renamed Muksabal Knights that contained Geomchi and the students. They used any weapons as they roughly stalked the battlefield. They took the horses away from the opponent and rode them.

Weapons like swords, spears and axes were used to break through. Their practical skills were displayed and helped improve the morale around them.

In the meantime, the 2nd corps of the Haven Empire displayed amazing maneuverability and climbed up to the Earth Palace. The Haven Empire planned to plant their flag at the Earth Palace.

But it was important to defend the Earth Palace so the norther users died en masse.

The 1st corps advanced quickly and arrived 500 metres away from the central gates of the Earth Palace. The knights were instantly at a distance where they could assault.

Weed thought about it.

‘It is really risky. However, it is still lacking. Draw in a lot more. Lure them well.’

The Haven Empire’s army was drawn here. Weed had appeared at the Earth Palace. That act itself was enough to trick the enemy. More tactics were required. The other party needed to move properly.

The opponent’s fighting spirit was high.

“The goal is there!”

“Weed is a high goal but that he is nothing compared to the Earth

Palace.

“Faster! 1st corps, push forward. Ignore the knights and charge!”

The 3rd and 4th corps fought urgently.

The Earth Palace was built on several mountain peaks. It was a palace in the shape of a crown that overlooked the heart of the north.

The lower areas of the mountains were covered with Haven Empire troops. There was at least 900,000 of them.

Of course, they came to invade the Earth Palace but more than half the power was concentrated on the mountains. The heavy infantry, knights and elite troops relentlessly increased the speed of the invasion.

“Is this luck? My house has a little less decorations. A person’s life doesn’t have the possibility of eating day by day. I can’t catch up with the fate of a son of a rich man. “

The world couldn’t be seen as being equal. If Weed needed to tell his child about modern society then he would say.

“Son, studying isn’t everything in life but you need to do it if you aren’t the child of a rich man. Shouldn’t you find a way to live?”

Regarding the issue of love.

“A woman is money. Without money, it is hard to love. Marriage... Me? I, um...”

Weed intended to get married with Seo-yoon. In fact, they had become close so it was natural to think of marrying Seo-yoon in the future.

“I want to meet a woman with lots of money. Dating secrets? Just be prepared for unconditional damage. Eventually it might be solved with common sense. Well, it is a good analogy. Isn’t it like winning the lottery?”

Many people dreamed of reversing their lives after winning the

lottery but a win was truly rare. The rarity made it like a story.

“Grrrrruk!”

Weed fought even while thinking. Users that jumped at him with courage and pride were killed in a few moves. Even if his level was low, Weed had superior stats and combat skills from his adventures.

In particular, he had high vitality and health from Sculptural Destruction and the priests healed him as well.

As the enemies approached, more Hermes Guild users broke ranks in order to strike him.

The commanders could prevent this but they didn't.

‘I don't know if they will die or not. The higher levels are difficult to manage.’

‘If their deaths can prevent Weed from running away...’

The commander of the 1st corps, Draka was close enough to see his face.

The flowers that bloomed were crushed as the knights on horseback rode through the market filled with players.

Draka exclaimed with joy.

“Weed the God of War! This is the place where you will die. I'll kill you cleanly!”

Despite how busy the area was, the knights rode out wildly. There were at least 10,000 knights followed by elite troops.

“This! It is wrong.”

“Fight until the end. We will a well.”

Millions of users were at the Earth Palace but many of them had already given up hope. But from Weed's point of view, the knights of the Haven Empire were like caught fish.

Weed had a rotten smile on his face.

‘They took it well. At a minimum, they won’t be able to get away. And in order to inflict significant damage to more corps, I need to pull them in deeper... Should I buy a little time here? It might be suspicious.’

Distrust popped up in Weed’s mind.

‘Are they really going to trust me? My life has never been honest or straight.’

The Earth Palace was the symbol of the Arpen Kingdom so people weren’t thinking rationally.

‘Now is a good time. My behaviour needs to seem like I am desperately protecting the gates. I need to make sure my friends are acting the same way.’

The number of northern users still fighting was enormous. However, the military situation meant there were doubts that they could protect the Earth Palace.

In order to trap the Hermes Guild users, he needed to give the feeling that he was doing his best.

‘In situations like this, it would be better to flee...’

However, Weed needed to stay here in order to draw the Haven Empire in deeper.

Pabababak!

The thoughts in Weed’s head started to accelerate. The tricks that allowed him to live in any poor environment or unfavourable circumstances!

Weed yelled using Lion’s Roar.

“Avians, listen to me! Right now the Earth Palace is in a crisis!”

The fierce battle cry rang through the battlefield. All the northern users and avians listened to Weed. Many users at the top of the mountains and on the plains also heard it.

“The Haven Empire is indiscriminately killing. The avians will save all those without combat skills trapped in the Earth Palace!”

A rescue command!

The Haven Empire was harshly attacking every person they saw.

The users on the plains cheered.

“It really is Weed-nim!”

“The Arpen Kingdom’s belief is to protect the weak!”

“Grass Porridge Cult, we will fight until the end!”

Whether the war was favourable or unfavourable, the northern users were determined to fight.

“Jjaejaejaek!”

The avians flew to the Earth Palace at Weed’s command.

“Are you really going to save me? You won’t drop me?”

“I’m afraid of heights... Don’t take me. I’ll just die here. Aaaack!”

“I have nothing to lose. Ask the other people.”

The avians started to forcibly rescue merchants and tourists.

Weed used Lion’s Roar again.

“Haven Empire troops, I encourage you to attack me without killing the northern residents!”

The blazing Weed wielded the Red Star in front of the gates. The flames spread out widely. It was an attitude that showed he was willing to rescue the people inside the Earth Palace.

The crowd thought Weed was acting really heroically but those who knew him personally didn’t believe it.

Pale glanced at him while shooting arrows from the walls.

‘Is he trying to gain money from them? Charging the one by one... This situation doesn’t seem like that. Then is he trying to relieve his accumulated stress?’

His actions when people were dying really caused doubt! But the act was enough for the Hermes Guild members.

As King of the Arpen Kingdom, it was natural for Weed to take care of the residents. Seeing Weed act so nicely caused them to have stomachaches.

“A full force assault!”

“Twilight Knights, engage in battle! And magicians, pour out attacks towards the avians. Infantry, bypass the walls. Seize the Earth Palace at the same time!”

“Scramble!”

The strongest army launched an assault against Weed’s Earth Palace. The magic units aimed towards the users escaping with the avians.

Dududududu!

The knights and soldiers started their assault on the Earth Palace.

Weed and the other northern users grabbed their weapons in defense. They wouldn’t regret it even if it was their final moments. They were honoured to protect the Earth Palace along with Weed.

The gentle smile on Weed’s face turned into a deeper, rotten smile.

The 1st corps had clearly been lured in.

‘Their goal is in front of them but they will die here.’

Weed understood the goal of the Twilight Knights.

“Throw!”

The knights fiercely threw spears towards Weed. It was a situation that might have been fate.

“Blink!”

Weed appeared in the vicinity of the leader of the Twilight Knights. He wielded the Red Star against the enemy.

“Wrath of Fire!”

“Kueok!”

A pillar of fire occurred where the knight was and there was nothing left. The knights around him collapsed and had their health and mana decreased.

The Red Star and chaos warrior was very good in a war. It was also the reason why many magicians specialized in fire magic.

“Bahamorg, follow me.”

“Understood.”

Bahamorg had a big axe in his right hand and a mace in his left hand that he used to defeat the knights while following.

The knights kept jumping at them as they moved through the battlefield. I could safely ignore the attacks. The knights were strategically sacrificed.

“Follow Weed-nim!”

The northern users sprang towards the Twilight Knights. It was like throwing an egg against a rock but they could slow down the knights a little bit.

“Kuweeeee-!”

The surprisingly clear cry of an eagle could be heard.

The warriors of the avian clan had arrived and was dealing powerful damage from the sky. Some rescued the users while others pecked at the Twilight Knights.

The other corps were advancing towards the Earth Palace without worrying. A fierce battle took place between the warriors and the northern defense in an attempt to secure the gates.

Draka watched the battle with sober eyes.

Weed and Bahamorg were holding up well against the Twilight Knights. The frenzied flames caused the onslaught from the

knights to become obsolete.

Weed efficiently dealt with the users of the Hermes Guild. A significant amount of time had passed since facing Bardray in the Melbourne Mine and he had grown.

His attack power was certainly only one or two steps below Bardray.

Despite the users belonging to the top ranked Hermes Guild, their lives were easily taken in the battle. Although, Draka was sure that he could win in a one on one confrontation.

Weed was just very hard to catch due to the characteristics of Blink. Several times he had been hit due to teleporting to the wrong place.

‘I will wait until he loses a little bit of his power. I will proceed to conquer the Royal Palace first.’ Weed was fleeing so he decided to take over the Arpen Kingdom’s palace.

Draka gave the command as soon as he made the decision.

“Leave the 2nd to 10th cavalry to fight Weed. The rest of the 1st corps will head to the Royal Palace to conquer it.”

“Yes!”

The 1st corps bypassed the area and joined the battle to conquer the palace grounds. There were facilities like a moat and archer’s tower but they were prepared for such things. Those with even the slightest fighting ability fought with all their hearts.

“The 3rd division has arrived. If we conquer the Royal Palace then we will receive significant achievements!”

“The 4th corps has launched their attack. A crisis. They are heading straight through the defense.”

A wide engagement occurred on the grounds of the Earth Palace. By default, it was difficult to get reinforcements from the other peaks. Quite a significant number of users rushed towards the

gates.

It was the worst, desperate situation!

“It is over now...”

The northern users saw the death and destruction of the Arpen Kingdom. On the other hand, the Hermes Guild were convinced of their victory.

Either way, the first ones through the gate would seize the empty Royal Palace.

“Break through!”

Draka continued pushing his mounted troops towards the Royal Palace. The northern users fell under the relentless assault and the gates opened wide.

“Go!”

“The 1st corps will conquer the Royal Palace!”

Some troops were left in charge of the users while the rest entered the palace. The looting of the palace started.

Weed and the northern users were surrounded by enemies so they were forced to watch helplessly. The northern users felt terrible.

“It is the end.”

“Ahh, all the stones I carried through here.”

“I even carried stones 73 times.”

The users who participated directly in the construction of the Earth Palace were even sadder.

Weed's eyes sharpened.

‘The avians have rescued half the civilians.’

The remaining were spectators who he didn't care if they were killed or not.

‘A considerable number of defense troops were killed. They didn’t fight in an organized manner.’

The northern users couldn’t survive the massacre.

‘Now.’

While the battle was going on inside and outside the Earth Palace, Weed sent a whisper to someone.

-Commence the operation. Don’t hesitate and commit to it.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Gaston and Pavo were drinking heavily in the middle of the day. The architects of Stone Hammer sitting next to them were also drunk.

“How can he suggest that? Breaking down the building I made with my own hands.”

“Forget it. It is better than allowing those guys to have it.”

“Whenever I close my eyes, the memory of Alkazar Bridge is still sharp. The elegant bridge that connected the north and the south...! Can we have such a bridge again?”

It was the fruit of the architect’s hard work.

The Alkazar Bridge they were so proud of collapsed so it was natural for the architects to be upset.

A grand building that they planned and created with the efforts of thousands of people. Fortunately it gave a significant blow to the Haven Empire but their hearts were still bitter.

“Kuohh, this is the taste of wine.”

“I need to drink.”

Gaston and Pavo held their drinks with trembling hands.

The Alkazar Bridge incident had already happened but Pavo was acting like this now. This was a huge event that couldn’t even compare to the Alkazar Bridge.

Weed had contacted the architect Pavo separately. The words spoken made Pavo doubt his ears.

“R...really? I heard the wrong thing...”

“No.”

“Tell me again.”

“Please destroy the Royal Palace of the Arpen Kingdom.”

“If you don’t like the building then we can just repair it.”

“That’s not what I mean. I want you to completely destroy the entire Royal Palace.”

“A joke?”

“Do you think eating barley bread is an expensive joke?”

“....”

Pavo heard the specific plan from Weed.

His strategy was to destroy the Earth Palace once the Haven Empire had occupied it.

“Will it be worth it? Once it is destroyed, the palace can’t be recovered.

“It is the taste of eating tonkatsu. It is worth it if we can kill those guys.”

“I would rather die than surrender to the Haven Empire but...”

“Is there a way of reliably doing it?”

“Well, we have an architect that is experienced in collapsing buildings. Time is running out but if you are already committed to bringing down the Alkazar Bridge...”

The architects had techniques to collapse buildings. After constructing a great building, it was natural for several to develop this skill.

Of course, using the skill also required several supports to be

weakened in advance. Essential parts of the building needed to be prepared or it might not collapse properly.

The architects responsible for the Royal Palace knew every hidden part like the back of their own hand.

“It needs to collapse to deal the maximum damage to the occupation forces.”

“That won’t be hard to do. Due to the nature of the Earth Palace that was built on several peaks, if one comes crashing down then the others will as well.”

“The problem is the time and costs involved in breaking the palace. It needs to exert the maximum destructive force.”

“If the building collapses then the Hermes Guild will move. There is a need to stop them.”

“The Earth Palace is on the mountains. We can use those points.”

“Don’t tell me... You want to use the collapsing palace to create landslides.”

“If it is possible.”

“There is enough material at the palace to create a landslide. Although the architects are working on Alkazar Bridge, I might be able to have the miners work on the ground...”

“Please.”

“You are really scary. Not anyone would think of this choice of action.”

“I just want to get my money’s worth.”

Pavo’s face became morose as he remembered his conversation with Weed. The architects moved to implement the plan to smash the Royal Palace.

The miners and architects worked secretly on a large project in the north at the same time.

“I-I am disappointed. But we have to do it.”

“Should we weaken half the land underneath the palace? If we crash the tunnels with care at a later date... There are minerals but the pickaxes can dig through them.”

The architects had to worry about insulation, heating and waterproofing and some of the continent’s best architects were gathered in the north.

Mibullo had joined the north after envying their freedom and meticulously designed nests for the avians. He was an architect so he could guess the nature by the results.

He decided to join after hearing the plan to top the Haven Empire.

“...A terribly drastic plan. Just thinking of the results would cause goose bumps. By the way, I have some skills to increase the certainty of the plan.”

“Really? Excuse me, could I know the name of the skill?”

“Landslide, Ground Collapse.”

“That is exactly the skill that we need. How did an architect obtain such great skills?”

“It is a secondary skill associated with architects but it wasn’t easy to obtain them.”

“Hmm, Mibullo-nim is really great.”

“I didn’t think these skills would be so influential when I learned them. I didn’t know there would be such a huge impact.”

“Then it seems a problem has been solved.”

Pavo immediately reported it to Weed for permission.

At the time, Weed said.

“That’s great. I will make them pay dearly for the value of the Royal Palace. The scale seems to be larger than I expected. I will

definitely hit them in the back of the head.”

So the architects secretly worked on the Earth Palace.

Effort was dedicated to weaken the supports of the Earth Palace. Once it started collapsing, the chain reaction would spread to cause a landslide and the ground to collapse. The words Pavo feared were heard.

-Commence the operation.

The moment he heard that whisper.

“Kuohh, in the end it is like this.”

Pavo whispered to the linked architects.

-Let’s get started. I’ve received contact from him.

-Understood. In the end...

-The Royal Palace has been invaded. Sweep out the dogs of the Haven Empire.

The architects immediately received reports about the fight.

Pavo pulled out a miniature of the Earth Palace. Architectural models when it came to collapsing buildings.

“Eh, it is over. Building Collapse!”

Pavo struck the model of the Earth Palace. He couldn’t bear watch the situation.

-Skill, Building Collapse has been used.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Hestiger was the Hero who Saved the World.

He directly knocked down the 6th corps completely.

The knights that came to rescue the commander Drom were defeated. He also fired arrows at the commander.

He took out those chasing in the blink of an eye with his scimitar before taking out his bow and arrows.

Desert warriors were adept in archery.

He looted the high elf's 'Forest Clear Echoing Spirit Bow' from a fairly strong Hermes Guild user. The bows of the high elves were known for their power so it wreaked havoc. Accuracy, range, rapid fire and elemental enchantments made it a top bow among high elves.

In Hestiger's hands, it flew with the speed of lightning and killed the target.

If Weed saw that bow then he would be rushed to the emergency room of the hospital with acute gastroenteritis.

"Kyahh! Hestiger-nim, have strength!"

"Omo, look at his smile!"

Hestiger was followed by a group of female humans and avians.

In the meantime!

The female avians with sharp beaks and wide eyes joined the group.

The knights and soldiers of the 6th corps were almost all wiped out by Hestiger and the northern users.

"Use all your power. Believe in Master. We can overcome this."

Hestiger's body emitted fierce flames everywhere. Lava occurred everywhere he passed.

A river of lava.

Those who touched the lava would explode.

One of the top skills of a desert warrior! In order to get the skill, they had to visit a volcano spewing lava and go through a special ceremony.

Weed didn't have the time to learn the skill so he made Hestiger go and learn it.

Once the river of lava sprang up, it was impossible to cross and

the army were separated. The aura of flames emitted by a desert warrior could also strengthen health recovery and skills.

Weed had spent many days as the ruler of the desert. Although particular skills could be learned through quests or mentors, he didn't bother.

Hestiger's flames continued dealing huge damage to the Haven Empire's army. The blazing flames maximized the damage.

The soldiers standing in a row were destroyed by the fire. Even the knights couldn't approach without dying.

One of the strongest heroes in the warring period had showed up in current times to assault the Haven Empire.

Drom fled to the area of the 2nd corps but Hestiger eventually caught up.

"This is the end. All knights should welcome death."

"Weed, that wicked and wily guy hid such despicable means..."

"Do not insult the Great Emperor. He is noble and holy."

"Hah."

Drom crossed his arms in anger. A monster like this had showed up but he was the absolute spiritual slave of Weed.

"To me!"

Drom desperately called the knights of the 2nd corps to him.

"End of the Day!"

Hestiger's greater skill destroyed Drom and the knights. Drom was a significant opponent but his health had been constantly reduced while escaping.

And since then, the goal of the 2nd corps changed to Hestiger.

The rapid mobility and powerful penetration meant the 2nd corps was one of the worst enemies on the battlefield.

But the really important battle was occurring at the Earth Palace!

“Ahh, it is too late.”

“They already broke through the gates. There is no way.”

The northern users that wanted to save the Earth Palace thought it was over. The grounds and mountains of the Earth Palace was filled with the Haven Empire.

Durururururu!

Kukukukukung!

All of a sudden, there was a deafening roaring sound.

They looked up at the ringing sound and saw the Earth Palace visibly shaking.

The battle stopped for a moment. The gaze of the northern users and Haven Empire were fixed on the Earth Palace.

They could see the palace on the mountain peaks collapsing badly. Although it couldn't compare to the Haven Empire's Imperial Palace, the palace buildings that occupied a considerable area was shattered.

“No way. Does this make any sense?”

“It doesn't.”

“But it is amazing.”

“Kuwaaaaah!”

Trion started screaming.

Trion was cowardly.

He had gained that title after escaping and leaving his colleagues behind in a dungeon. No matter how much he raised his level since then, he never escape the title of a coward.

Trion shouted as soon as the ground started shaking.

“I don't want to die againnnnnn!”

He still had memories of dying after falling from Alkazar Bridge. The strong bridge shook before crashing.

He felt a similar feeling from the Earth Palace.

The peaks were shaking. The slabs that the Royal Palace rested on shook while the pillars and ceiling fell.

“The building is collapsing!”

The 1st, 3rd and 4th corps could hear the screams of Trion.

“What? What? An earthquake?”

“Draka-nim, the Earth Palace seems to be collapsing.”

The Hermes Guild users could feel the tremors as well. They could see some large buildings falling.

“Did they choose to destroy this to prevent our conquest?”

“I think so. If so, it is unfortunate that we didn’t get to conquer it ourselves.”

“Anyway, the result is still that the Royal Palace is thoroughly destroyed.”

The Hermes Guild users felt regret like a rabbit had fled right in front of them.

Then Weed exclaimed.

“All avians stop fighting and rescue the people! Seek at least 1 person!”

Draka felt a chill run down his body.

“What?”

It was understandable if Weed didn’t want to give them the Earth Palace. However, it didn’t make sense to have the avians stop fighting in order to embark on a rescue mission.

Draka: Something isn’t right. Commanders, report the situation.

Persione: I’m 100 metres away from the inner gates. The

buildings are crumbling.

Chaker: I am approximately 400 metres inside. The paths that lead to the palace's central buildings are blocked. I see the 3rd corps.

Sirbat: I've penetrated beyond the walls. It is difficult to determine the exact location because of the buildings. I've found the 4th corps! The commander Instrium. He has entered the Royal Palace.

Draka brought a significant number of troops but stayed in the vicinity of the gates in order to handle Weed. That's why he couldn't visually see the situation that was happening.

But the reports coming in succession were enough to cause an electrifying feeling.

He understood that the Earth Palace was being destroyed.

Whenever a war was won in the Central Continent, the palace would be thoroughly defaced and burned by the invaders. In fact, most forces wouldn't just turn over their palace.

'Is this because our troops are coming?'

Draka felt sweat flow down his body from the excessive stress.

His opponent was Weed the God of War!

They made it all the way here so they absolutely had to win.

'Is it really just the Royal Palace breaking?'

The doubts grew stronger as he felt the vibration in the earth.

'Not good. My judgement here isn't wrong.'

Draka cried out in a loud voice.

"Full retreat! 1st, 3rd and 4th corps, retreat down the mountain!"

The call of the commander in chief!

Puhihihing!

The horses of the Haven Empire freaked out. The soldiers could also feel the ringing of the earth.

The evacuation of the troops should be done systematically. The other troops could only retreat when the rear troops quickly went down the mountain.

However, the rear troops were quickly rushing towards the Earth Palace. Now the command had suddenly switched to a retreat.

“What the, we came all the way up here...”

“Is the 1st corps trying to monopolize all the achievements? Even if the palace collapsed, they can still plant the flag.”

The Hermes Guild users were frantic to boost their achievements. The 1st corps were trying to snatch an important moment in the northern conquest war so they couldn't accept the unreasonable command.

They couldn't help feeling that the withdrawal order was to benefit the 1st division.

They identified through their own resources that Weed could only cause a disaster once. While they were hesitating, the collapsed occurred quicker.

A huge chain of dust rose from the falling buildings. The accommodation for the knights, banquet rooms and central palace all collapsed sequentially.

And an earthquake took place as the buildings touched the ground. The Royal Palace crumbling could the ground to collapse and a landslide occurred The mountain ridiculously tilted on one side.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The debris from the Earth Palace rolled down the slope.

“Kuwaaaaah!”

The overwhelming spectacle of a landslide! A number of users,

elite Haven Empire knights and carriages were swept down with the rocks.

“Jjaejaejaek!”

The avians launched a desperate rescue.

“Ahh, save me! I’ve haven’t finished paying off the loan for my shack in Morata!”

“White Radish Porridge unit that has a long history in the Grass Porridge Cult, die here with honour!”

The dust rose up more than 1 metre so the avians’ field of vision was limited. A burly person was caught by the claws and flown upwards.

“I really thought I was going to die but I barely survived. Thank you for saving me.”

“Jjorororong!”

“The Haven Empire dared use such dirty methods...”

“Caww!”

Chwiririk!

“Uaaaack! Don’t let go!”

The avians bravely continued their rescue operation.

Walls and wooden pillars were crashing down. Feathers turned grey from the dust but they still continued flying. A few northern users were quickly rescued.

“Blink!”

Weed instantly moved onto Phoenix’s back. Phoenix was just like a taxi.

And the mountain started crumbling.

Several of the mountains holding the Earth Palace started experienced landslides and falling rocks. The collapsing Royal

Palace also accelerate the destruction.

“My valuable money...”

Weed swallow tears of blood.

For the sake of the Arpen Kingdom, the luxurious Royal Palace was built. But it was hard to find any traces of it after just a few weeks.

“My real estate, it is like my real estate is falling... These days many people are suffering due to the fall in housing prices.”

The Earth Palace completely disappeared down the mountains. A serious crisis that no one could stop.

The landslide and rock collapse didn't have a lot of power on its own. It was significantly influenced by the terrain.

The mountains could withstand the heavy load of the Earth Palace. However, the architects and miners had previously weakened it.

Thanks to that, the scale of the landslide and crumbling palace became larger.

Weed was looking over the devastated ground when he saw Draka.

“.....”

He had been near the gates so it was impossible for him to survive. The rocks collapsing in the immediate vicinity meant instant death.

To Draka, the conquest of the north by the Haven Empire was more precious than his own life. Honour, power and money. He could enjoy all those things even if he died.

Weed spoke some words towards him.

“This is life. It isn't a big deal to start again.”

Chapter 9: Haven Empire's Misfortune

A message window flashed in front of all users in the vicinity of the Arpen Royal Palace.

Ddirring!

-The Royal Palace of the Arpen Kingdom has been destroyed due to war and disaster.

The Earth Palace was the capital of the kingdom and all buildings have been destroyed.

The local politics has deteriorated.

The morale of the troops has weakened.

The residents' loyalty to the kingdom has reduced.

Security has weakened and rebels might emerge. The demand of a specific region or species to separate from the kingdom is likely to increase.

Smart monsters will invade the frontier villages of the kingdom.

A recession might occur, causing the economic power to reduce.

The tax rate will be temporarily reduced.

The confusion inside the kingdom will have 0% influence on the surrounding areas.

The construction of 14 planned Grand Buildings in the Arpen Kingdom has been delayed.

69 villages have strayed away from the kingdom.

Cultural expansion is temporarily stopped and the cultural influence in other areas might lost its effect.

The quest rewards for the Arpen Kingdom won't be paid normally or will be cancelled.

There was an enormous disadvantage due to the palace

collapsing.

While the northern users were reading the long sentences, the 1st, 3rd and 4th corps had been destroyed by the palace.

“Aaaack! It makes no sense!”

“The best! I was expecting a reversal like this!”

The users on the plains shouted with joy.

The Hermes Guild and Haven Empire’s army was confused. Their goal of destroying the Royal Palace was achieved but they fell into a collective panic.

The northern users had been reduced by half but there was still an enormous amount remaining. The collapse of the Earth Palace hadn’t ended the battle but the advantage was with the northern users.

“Kill all those who dared invade the north!”

“We have received this in exchange for losing the Earth Palace.”

“Kill in the name of Grass Porridge!”

The morale of the northern users rose.

Aspects of the war had completely changed. Somehow the dramatic change in attitude allowed them to sweep away the army of the Haven Empire.

The timely collapse of the Earth Palace was enough to tilt the advantage so the north could win the war.

‘This can’t be.’

‘This is far enough. We can’t remain here.’

‘This gap. I must be faster than the others. I need to sneak away.’

The clever Hermes Guild members had already escaped. The northern users continued fighting but it was a one-sided battle.

Users encroached from all sides towards the Haven Empire

troops.

The 2nd and 5th corps hadn't been wiped out yet but the enemy was arriving from every direction. They struggled while being surrounded by the northern users.

In addition, Hestiger was still displaying his power on the battlefield as his flames killed 3~4 at a time.

Weed who was riding Phoenix used Lion's Roar while soaring into the sky.

"They are a delicious meal set up for everyone! Arpen Kingdom, don't miss this chance! Don't hesitate and go after the delicious taste!"

His mood was twisted since the destruction of the Royal Palace. He gave the command to attack the remaining army of the Haven Empire.

The flow of the situation was against them so the Haven Empire's army seemed weak. They were weak compared to the early days of the battle.

"This is... It really is a presented meal."

"I will have a spoon of honey!"

"They are still alive so peel it carefully."

The north had high level users.

Dark Gamers.

They knew better than anyone the power of the Haven Empire so they held off from participating in the battle in order to avoid a senseless death. They also didn't want to start a fight with the Hermes Guild.

The high level users just watched while the beginners covered the plains. But with Weed's command, it would be stupid if they just sat back and watched.

The Haven Empire and Hermes Guild had high infamy so there would be great benefits to killing them.

In Weed's words, it was a banquet!

The users cried out excitedly.

“Avian-nim, please give me a ride!”

“Where are you going? Can you possible take me to that area over there?”

The users politely requested a ride from avians passing by. They dropped on the heads of the Haven Empire. The sky porridge unit dropped neatly from 50~100 metres.

“Hehehe.”

“Gaaaaah!”

There were those who were crushed and died but others were lucky enough to survive.

“These crazy guys!”

The Hermes Guild users grinded their teeth together.

The assault of the magicians, archers and knights became obsolete. The influx of users from every side meant no tactics could be used.

The attack of the northern users couldn't be called reckless. They would also be hit by those falling from the sky.

Their survival rate was ridiculous and they dealt a lot of damage.

The Hermes Guild users felt ashamed.

They had lived like nobles in the Central Continent. The countless users were scared of them and there wasn't any strong opposition. But they had suffered after coming to the north.

The Hermes Guild tried to raise the morale of the Haven Empire troops but the reverse just happened.

They were too busy to think thanks to the onslaught of the northern users!

Thanks to Hestiger and the high level users, the balance of the war completely tilted to the side of the north.

That night, the only ones left on the plains were the northern users. There were also the avians that joined the Arpen Kingdom, the sculptural lifeforms and undead.

“Hooray!”

“The invasion of the Arpen Kingdom has been blocked!”

“It is great.”

“Grass porridge, grass porridge, grass porridge!”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

-The Haven Empire’s 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th northern expeditionary force has been wiped out.

There are no survivors as it was a complete annihilation.

All combat supplies have been seized.

All the siege weapons have been destroyed.

The fame of the Empire has decreased by 14.

The Imperial Army’s morale will be reduced.

Security in the territory of the Empire will somewhat weaken.

Bardray, Lafaye and the leaders of the Hermes Guild had stiff faces.

‘Unbelievable... A war that couldn’t be lost.’

‘Commander Draka’s unexpected action... No, we can’t blame him. He made a reasonable judgment in accordance with the situation. If he fought calmly then the result might be better but that isn’t guaranteed.’

‘Building the Earth Palace on top of tough mountains... It means

he anticipated the invasion and conquest of the Haven Empire. Did he create a trap in order to defeat us? Weed the God of War, he really is terrible.'

'A huge number of troops have passed away. That military power is important to the Haven Empire. All that time spent raising skilled soldiers...'

'Weed has collapsed the myth of the Hermes Guild. It is good that the Earth Palace is destroyed but we don't necessarily look good.'

The leaders were trying to think of the aftermath of the war but couldn't accurately make an objective judgement about an unknown situation.

One thing for sure, it was far easier to rebuild the palace in the north than the Haven Empire's army. Weed the God of War would just increase his fame again.

Therefore there was a deep silence in the banquet room of the Haven Empire.

Those investing in the Hermes Guild also said nothing.

' Hmm, spending big money on this... No, the money doesn't matter. The value of the Hermes Guild in the future is unknown so I can still capitalize on the investment. There is more potential than harm in doing business with the Hermes Guild. Although there is some unforeseen uncertainty.'

'The Versailles Continent. Although it is virtual reality, it is another complete world. It is worth investing in their strength. In contrast, it is fortunate that we invested earlier than others. Even if the continent conquest is delayed, in the future they will challenge it... Currently they have an absolute advantage so it won't be difficult to continue it.'

'Other entrepreneurs have successfully invested in promising startups. They experienced some failure before succeeding.'

The investors finished their calculations. They exchanged

glances with each other before finishing a brief discussion of the current situation.

They had invested a large amount of money to gain shares in the Hermes Guild.

Lafaye, Bardray and the existing leaders would remain but the entrepreneurs would also be involved.

It would be easy for the Hermes Guild to conquer the continent. There was tension from some competitors but that wasn't necessarily a bad thing. They would share in the profit so it was necessary for the investors to become strong.

Their total shares in the Hermes Guild was 45%. If they bribed some leaders then they might be able to gain some more shares but they judged that now wasn't the time. Bardray and Lafaye were maintaining the Hermes Guild and their interests aligned.

‘A proud man will experience harder failures.’

‘The Haven Empire has a solid foundation. I need to prevent it from being stolen by others.’

The company was filled with smiles.

The leaders of the Hermes Guild didn't say anything. It wasn't their fault but they couldn't help feeling conscious of the investors. Those in power would often commit sins.

The investors rose from their seats.

“I saw the battle well. Now we can have slightly more expectations.”

Lafaye also stood up.

“You are going already?”

“There is still more to see...”

“....”

“It was a delicious meal. Can you arrange another one soon? So

you don't have to rush. The unexpected failure can be delightful but it shouldn't be repeated."

"We will keep it in mind."

After the investors left, the Hermes Guild set up a new plan for the north.

"We should send a massive army to end it all at once."

"The Haven Empire is filled with elite troops. And if we send additional Hermes Guild members..... We will smash every building and burn the forests in the north."

"Curse it until reconstruction is impossible."

The Hermes Guild wanted to send a huge army to completely destroy everything. This defeat had left a nasty wound on their pride.

Bardray and Lafaye didn't say anything.

'Weed. I have persistently heard that name. I should go and end it myself.'

'Not good. The strategy involved finished off the north this time. Then the power of the Haven Empire would be sufficient to conquer the continent. If the war becomes a long, drawn out affair then it will be difficult. From now on, we need to channel our power into improving the national strength and long term rule of the Haven Empire.'

Lafaye didn't feel satisfied with the result.

'I'm not willing to leave the north alone. But how can I come up with a perfect plan now?'

The Arpen Kingdom had given them major damage.

The territory of the north was far too extensive. Despite the fact that the Royal Palace had collapsed, maintaining and ruling over it would be a significant problem.

It was important for the Haven Empire to stabilize the villages and areas they had already constructed in the north.

‘There are still the troops sent to Vargo Fortress. The majority of the conquest army has collapsed but... If I entrust the defense of the conquered areas to them.....’

The Haven empire would concentrate on building up the conquer territories in order to maintain a foothold in the north.

It wouldn’t be easy for the northern users to regain the territory from the Haven Empire. The Hermes Guild users would build a solid defense wall.

‘Send the guild architects to build fortresses. Humans are forgetful animals. They will become familiar with a prolonged war in the future.’

Lafaye would slowly obtain certain benefits.

In terms of military strength, this incident wasn’t an irreversible damage. The soldiers within the cities and areas of the Haven Empire will continue to grow over time.

The economic and technological development of the Haven Empire was dozens of times more lucrative than the Arpen Kingdom.

‘Reorganize the army and then send twice the amount of troops. I will wait before having an overwhelming amount of combat troops. It would also be good to thoroughly ban all trade with the north.’

The Arpen Kingdom would starve.

Dudududududu.

The bowls set on the table for the banquet started to shake.

The leaders casually said.

“Is this an earthquake?”

“It has been a while since an earthquake occurred here.”

Earthquakes or lightning bolts would often occur near hunting grounds or dungeons. Having rain suddenly pour down was one of the fun and romantic things about Royal Road.

“No way. The capital of the empire is blessed by the Earth Goddess so an earthquake can’t happen.”

“But are you sure an earthquake isn’t happening?”

Along with the bowls, the floors, walls and ceiling started shaking.

‘An earthquake can’t happen. Don’t tell me...’

Lafaye’s eyes flashed.

And the astute leaders quickly jumped up.

They had just seen the Earth Palace of the Arpen Kingdom collapsing. This situation was reminiscent of that terrible sight.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“In the end, it is like this. I guess I will be chased by assassins in the future.”

The continent’s best architect, Mibullo was drinking a cold beer in a tavern.

“I can’t relax.”

Mibullo recalled the time when he worked for the Haven Empire in the past. He was one of the architects commissioned to construct the Imperial Palace.

The Hermes Guild came to him and told him “Money and materials. Manpower. Anything you need will be given to you immediately. However, the Imperial Palace needs to be completed as soon as possible.”

“Right now I am in charge of a construction...I will have it completed in 1 month.”

“Cancel it. We’ll pay the penalty. No, we will take care of it in order to reduce any unnecessary procedures and time.”

“But I have a promise to keep. An architect can’t just give up in the middle. A different architect would have to start from the beginning...”

“I don’t know anything about that. If you refuse the commission of the Hermes Guild then won’t you regret it in the future? You won’t be able to freely wander the streets or stores of this continent.”

“...I see.”

The Haven Empire generously gave the finest building materials as well as NPC slaves from their conquests.

The Imperial Palace was built on a massive scale. Numerous architects of the continent. So far, the skill proficiency was low but many architects were gathered.

The palace boasted a colossal extravagance and dignity so the architects were delighted.

Mibullo was also satisfied for a while.

A building he could get his hands on. Building the Imperial Palace on the Versailles Continent was an elusive opportunity. His hands touched every corner of it.

However, the high level users of the Hermes Guild continued to interfere.

“I don’t like the appearance of this building. The interior space is too cramped and there are too many pillars. Build it from scratch.”

“The construction schedule is tight and the early construction design needs to be completed.”

“Forget about attending the banquet organized by Bardray. The architects only deserve to attend when the building is completed. The date is tight yet you want to play around?”

“...Then I will try.”

The high ranking officials of the Hermes Guild pointed out all sorts of things about the palace.

“30 carriages should be able to pass through the gates at the same time.”

“When considering the logistics of movement, that is too many carriages to pass through at the same time. The road to the Imperial Palace can only have a few carriages moving. Within the overall design.....”

“Stop. The scale of the Haven Empire’s gates needs to be on a scale where people will feel awe.”

“Then I understand.”

Mibullo had to repress his anger.

“And look over here.”

“What happened?”

“It looks like rainwater is leaking through. The best architects on the continent only have the skills of an apprentice.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. That would never happen.”

“It is outrageous that you are trying to hide it when I can obviously see the rainwater leaking.”

Mibullo was dumfounded.

There were numerous buildings in the Imperial Palace filled with luxury. There were distinctive features.

The Hermes Guild user was pointed to the ceiling where water was flowing along the edge of the wall like a stream.

Having rain in the building gave it a special type of beauty. The collected rainwater passed through various sculptures and made a crystal clear sound. Finally, it connected to a central lake that was an architectural feature!

Mibullo seethed inside while he spoke.

“Haven’t I explained this part on the construction plan?

A place inside the Haven Empire’s palace that has a harmony with water.”

“I don’t remember something like that. Anyway, this part should be embellished with gold.”

“Huh? Gold?”

“You don’t know? I command you to create a gold wall.”

“Without the permission of the architects? Doing so will impede the water flow in the whole palace. I can’t accept it!”

“You have graciously been given permission by the Haven Empire to work on the palace so don’t abuse this. You should be grateful that you have the opportunity to work on the Imperial Palace.”

Mibullo gave a deep sigh.

‘Eh, I don’t know. I won’t do as they want.’

The architects used their heart and soul to make the buildings that were like their children and their names would become known if the buildings were the symbol of the region.

Mibullo was in the process of constructing the Haven Empire’s Imperial Palace but his pride was wounded during the process.

The construction wasn’t going as he intended and the date of completion kept approaching. ‘I don’t want this building to last 1,000 years.’

Thus he started to siphon off materials from the construction site!

‘I will use lightweight construction materials on this building. Using plain steel should be sufficient.’

The slaves at the construction site didn’t discover his secret

behaviour.

His construction level was high and he couldn't easily ensure that it didn't collapse.

'The foundation should last until the construction deadline.'

Thanks to that, the construction rate dramatically accelerated by 3 times.

'If I disperse it then the building will be able to withstand the weight.'

The architects were surprised at the rapid construction but they knew Mibullo's skill.

"He is indeed the best architect on the continent."

"We can finish on time. The architects are certainly stubborn."

The Hermes Guild users were satisfied.

But while the exterior was fine, the interior was highly weak!

Mibullo knew the future of the Imperial Palace.

A large and majestic building that could accommodate thousands of people at once. However internally, each building had poor durability and cracks started to occur on the ceiling and pillars after a few months.

Even so, the castle hadn't suddenly fallen apart.

"The Hermes Guild has already crossed the river and there is no return. Building Collapse!"

-Building Collapse has promoted the corrosion.

Depending on the level of skill, you can adjust the corrosion to decide the speed of the final collapse.

The luxurious and post Imperial Palace that was the heart of the Central Continent.

After the Arpen Kingdom's palace collapsed, Mibullo pulled out a

small model of the palace. The splendor of the Imperial Palace was shrunk into a small architectural model.

“It is a strange feeling as an architect. I knew the day would come when I would break this. Still, it is better to eliminate it with my own hands than watch those guys play and eat. Go well.”

Mibullo used his skill and the Haven Empire’s Imperial Palace started to shake.

Stone pillars and ceilings with hundreds of cracks on them starting falling. Numerous buildings collapsed into dust.

The weakened Haven Empire’s Imperial Palace instantly turned into a pile of rubble.

Book 42:

Chapter 1

Weed stood in front of the collapsed Earth Palace.

The mountains and Royal Palace of the Arpen Kingdom had turned into a colossal pile of rubble.

A few days ago, the magnificent palace had been built on the peaks in the form of a crown but it was impossible to see that past appearance now.

“Only our honour was wounded...no, we are exhausted but the invaders have been defeated.”

Weed gave a deep sigh.

“Indeed, a person really can’t relax in life.”

Even so, at least he managed to stop the Haven Empire from conquering the north.

A new myth had been created.

“Weed the God of War!”

“The Arpen Kingdom will flourish for generations to come.”

“Hooray Grass Porridge Cult!”

The uphill battle had ended so the northern users raised their weapons and cheered.

Weed turned nicely with his cloak waving behind him towards the people. He stood on a pile of rubble and could see the users that completely filled the plains.

They were users of the Arpen Kingdom. The war had ended but more people continued to gather. But despite this strong sight, it was natural to think they would lose to the Haven Empire.

Among the crowd of onlookers, there were quite a few who had just recently come to participate in the war.

The Hermes Guild users and Haven Empire troops would give a

lot of fame, contribution and loot.

The brave warriors of the north.

The guardian knights of justice.

The hunters of wickedness.

2nd class mercenaries.

A number of useful titles could be obtained from the battle.

The elementalists and magicians also had the chance to summon spirits or experience rare magic.

Weed chose not to discriminate against the users who joined the war late. Such thinking was unsuitable as the King of the Arpen Kingdom.

‘Anyway, they will all pay taxes later.’

A lot of taxes!

“I will just say one word.”

“Weed-nim, please declare victory!”

“Hooray His Majesty!”

The users shouted towards Weed. They wanted Weed to make a clear declaration of victory.

The chests of the northern users were still hot despite the battle being over. The sun was about to set but they were burning from overcoming a difficult battle.

It wouldn’t be difficult for Weed to ask for a little bit of money from their pocket.

“I’m glad that many people are happy. I can share the great joy of victory with you.”

Hestiger who had the best achievements in the fight came to Weed’s side.

A piece that had been revived with Sculptural Resurrection and a

target of Weed's jealousy in the warring period.

In this battle alone, he had swept away the armed forces of the Haven Empire and some of the best users in the Hermes Guild. The palace collapsing had dealt with the 1st commander Draka and 3rd commander Porcal but Hestiger had killed the 6th commander Drom by himself.

‘It was because of me. I just had to lift the rice spatula.’

Weed had tried to kill the 2nd commander Balbaro but the high level northern users had come out of nowhere and deprived him of it.

Many high level users in the north had a popular name. The leaders of several large and small guilds in the Central Continent had moved to the north.

There were also players with a bad reputation. They quietly lived in the north until swarming like vultures once the Haven Empire were at a disadvantage.

As a result, Weed failed in hunting a commander.

Even so, the knights of the Haven Empire and the Hermes Guild still jumped at Weed despite the disadvantage. Hestiger and the sculptural lifeforms assisted in killing them as they rushed.

A typical quantity over quality!

Weed gained 3 levels and reached 422 in the war. His strength, agility, honour, charisma and dignity also increased substantially.

-As King of the Arpen Kingdom, you have led them to victory.

The feat of defeating the continent's biggest enemy in a battle has been achieved.

By exterminating the invaders from the Haven Empire that unified the Central Continent, your dignity as a king has greatly increased.

He looked at the handsome Hestiger and felt regret. He could feel

the jealousy and hatred towards Hestiger again.

Even when he was just standing still holding the scimitar, he looked like a cool piece of art. An attractive charm that would cause the females to pounce like moths.

‘How much time is left with Sculpture Resurrection? He will continue to be like a live painting until then.’

A situation where he wanted to spit!

Weed thought highly of himself. He was the king of the Arpen Kingdom.

‘I raised my subordinates well. Hestiger is outstanding. It is thanks to meeting such a good master.’

The conclusion was self-pride!

“Yes, let’s share in the victory together.”

Weed turned his head towards the crowd.

He attracted the attention of many eyes. Of course, it would be broadcasted through the stations. Millions of people were currently watching Weed through the television.

In addition, the users of the Arpen Kingdom gathered here would remember this day for a long time. It was important to consider the ruling of the kingdom after a war was won.

‘I need to give a great speech.’

The battle had ended but he hadn’t prepared any words.

” I remember a speech from a politician on television...no, I would be fed up listening to that. Then...’

Weed used Lion’s Roar towards the people.

“Don’t rejoice over the victory!”

“Uhh?”

The reaction of the crowd was like ice cold water had been

poured on them.

“What is he saying?”

“Aren’t his words wrong?”

“A little odd?”

The crowd felt strange after Weed used Lion’s Roar. Then a louder Lion’s Roar followed.

“Winning was an inevitable result!”

“Wahhhh!”

The simple words caused an uproar among the crowd.

It had felt hopeless so they were desperately glad to defeat the Haven Empire.

The Arpen Kingdom was their home and the users could continue to freely live in it.

Despite the Arpen Kingdom not forcing loyalty from the users, they valued the loyalty and happiness. This was the ultimate reason for their defeat of the Hermes Guild’s invasion.

From Weed’s perspective, the users didn’t blindly follow the Hermes Guild.

‘Squeeze the crowd. Even a dictator would collapse from a successful revolt. A good politician knows how to take care of the people. I need to slowly raise their devotion like boiling water.’

An excellent long term dictator knew how to handle the balance between oppression and liberation. Weed had the patience to be a dictator.

Weed yelled again with Lion’s Roar.

“Now the war is over but the Hermes Guild’s endless greed means that they won’t give up. The real fight starts from now on.”

The users that had been cheering became silent. Tension filled their eyes.

Everyone knew the power of the Haven Empire. The strongest force on the Versailles Continent.

The northern users had fought bravely but they didn't want to surrender.

Weed continued to use Lion's Roar.

"The Arpen Kingdom is weak! We might not be able to stop them in the next invasion."

"....."

At this crucial moment, Weed's lips were smeared with spit. A brazen face was required.

"But even then we will win. It is because we are not alone, we are together!"

"Ohhhh!"

Goosebumps started to form on their skin!

This was a great effect when talking to a large crowd.

Shortly after the dramatic victory, emotions were heightened and the atmosphere was wonderful.

"The Arpen Kingdom might be weak as a new kingdom but we can do it if we combine our power. Farmers plant the seeds. They raise grain to feed people. Knight hunt and guard the cities from monsters while adventurers risk their lives travelling to distant places. They have discovered unknown things that will benefit us. Painters, architects, merchants, sculptors, blacksmiths and tailors, all these jobs are important. If everyone enjoys their roles then the Arpen Kingdom's freedom will never be invaded again!"

Weed enthusiastically finished the speech.

A speech that he didn't learn in high school. All the citizens would work hard for the kingdom and would pay taxes.

"Hooray the Arpen Kingdom!"

“Weed-nim, we will keep the Arpen Kingdom forward!”

The reaction of the crowd couldn't be repressed. The blazing hot air had already embraced the next person so it was a festive atmosphere.

Today the enemies had crumbled with the Earth Palace so they had expectations for the Arpen Kingdom's prosperity. It might be scary and tough but they would work hard.

Those gathered here were thrilled.

“We have won! Victory!”

“Haven Empire, no matter how many of them come. We are the free Arpen Kingdom!”

“Huhuhu, I am one of the Toadstool Porridge members that have survived until the end. Now I can enjoy it heartily. And I can fall asleep eating a bowl of grass porridge.”

“Kuhahaha! Today I will drink and play heartily. I'll shoot 20 wild boars!”

“The Walnut Porridge members gathered here. Play all night. Don't let even one miss it.”

“All 404 members of the Bean Porridge unit will have a meeting to commemorate the victory. Come nicely dressed in front of the large pine trees in the east!”

Cheers of joy rang out through the plains.

And after a while, the news that the Haven Empire's Imperial Palace had fallen reached them.

At first, they thought it was a ridiculous lie. But the rumour spread through whispers or guild internal chats.

The live broadcast from the stations showed the Haven Empire's Imperial Palace collapsing so the truth was discovered.

The place where the Imperial Palace used to be was only filled

with rubble and treasures.

It was a shock that the Imperial Palace of the Haven Empire that signified the honor and dignity of the rulers of the Central Continent had collapsed.

The northern users were invigorated by the sight of the Hermes Guild users and soldiers of the Haven Empire emerging from the rubble.

“What the, did that happen while we were fighting?”

“Those guys got attacked!”

“No, it is different. We deliberately knocked it down. But the Hermes Guild are just fools.”

It wasn't planned in advance but the atmosphere was good. Thus Weed used the loudest Lion's Roar.

“This time I will raise the taxes to 60%!”

His dream of raising the taxes!

The users of the Arpen Kingdom laughed loudly.

“Hehehe.”

“Kilkil, that joke was said with really good timing.”

“I really can't keep up with Weed-nim's jokes.”

“Weed the God of War, hooray!”

“Please lower the taxes to commemorate the victory. Free for everyone!”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Kkuung.”

Geomchi-3 collapsed weakly to the ground.

-Vitality has been completely consumed.

You are hungry.

The body's immunity is low.

There are serious injuries all over your body.

Health is rapidly decreasing so if you don't receiving treatment then you will lose your life.

"Kukuku, the worst. Life itself is a miracle."

Geomchi-3 had violently assaulted the Haven Empire with the instructors and students.

They needed to catch all enemies! He clearly recalled defeating 3~4 knight divisions during the battle.

Howling knights on horses. The instructors and students were invigorated as they broke through the knights.

Everyone relied on their own strength and determination. And the exhilarating thrill of combat.

-Take care of yourself and enjoy!

Geomchi commanded.

They needed to use their own strength to survive on the battlefield. There were no tactics and they just experienced the joy on their own.

This was true happiness compared to having a stable job, investments, retirement, etc. Whether it was 1 second or 1 minute, Geomchi-3 could enjoy life. Stress disappeared and his brain turned white from pleasure.

"This war experience is enough to make a man cry."

Geomchi-3 fought against the enemy soldiers and knights.

The Haven Empire's army weren't shaken. They were like a solid wall as their ranged attacks wrecked indiscriminate havoc.

Geomchi-5 and Geomchi-7 made their last stand surrounded by knights while Geomchi-4 perished under the magic attacks. Even the Geomchis couldn't escape death when surrounded by enemies.

Occasionally the avians would show up in order to help Geomchi-3 survive a containment.

Geomchi-3 continued to fight for the Arpen Kingdom.

“From now on, we will take over. Please rest a little bit.”

Northern users came up to him and said.

Geomchi-3 just passed them and said.

“This is my playground. My play hasn’t ended yet!”

Sometimes priests of the Arpen Kingdom would come up to treat him.

‘I don’t know. It is becoming harder to survive. But I can’t regret the way I lived my life. I can’t abandon my way of living.’

Geomchi-3 fought viciously.

He forgot himself while battling. In his disadvantaged childhood, he could only push aside his anxiety for the future when fighting.

‘I have nothing. Just fighting. Live life strongly by beating others in fights. That’s it.’

His whole body filled with joy!

Like a child, he enjoyed it like a game.

It didn’t matter how much his physical condition worsened. He jumped at any Hermes Guild users that neared.

Geomchi-3 survived each clash with his sword skills as well as luck. In the meantime, other students and even Geomchi-2 died in a similar manner.

And like a miracle, Geomchi-3 managed to survive until the end of the battle.

-You have achieved your obligations in the war as a martial artist.

All skills related to combat will increase.

The limitations of the flesh have been overcome.

Maximum health has increased by 3,405.

For the next month, resilience will increase by 350.

Fighting spirit, charisma and concentration will reach its maximum value for the next two months.

All stats will increase by 6.

Title 'Superman of the Battlefield' has been acquired.

A title only given to the strong warriors that are honourable and undaunted.

“Huhuhu.”

Geomchi-3 was satisfied.

Victory in battle and he gained the title of Superman of the Battlefield! His body had been abused but he felt proud.

“My life wasn't in vain.”

At that moment, light came from Geomchi-3's body.

Ddiring!

-Batalli has watched your body and is impressed.

You have been appointed as the 'Destroyer of Struggle.'

Batalli strength in battle is only limited to 5 people on the continent who were selected to receive the profession.

Regardless of your current profession, you will be able to learn any of Batalli's divine skills.

The effect of divine combat skills will double.

Divine magic 'Fresh Recovery,' 'Complete Weapon' and 'Formidable Fist' has been engraved.

All stats have increased by 45 after being appointed as the Destroyer of Struggle.

The Faith stat has been generated.

120 faith has been given.

If you lose your life seven times, have faith completely disappear or refuse religious quests twice in a row then the appointment will be cancelled.

“Kukukuku.”

Geomchi-3 felt himself becoming stronger.

“I can fight better next time. Without missing any of the strong people.”

-Health will recover by 45 every second.

The injuries are slowly healing.

The divine magic granted healed his body.

Even if he wasn’t saved by the priests of the Arpen Kingdom, he could move by himself.

Geomchi-3 saw the female priests busily running around. He couldn’t help thinking their white uniforms were pretty.

Geomchi, Geomchi-2 and Geomchi-5. They were the only ones with girlfriends and were the subject of much envy.

Royal Road was a paradise for romance.

Geomchi-3 strongly clenched his fist.

“I don’t need it. I will live a man’s life until the end. Huhuhuhuk! Aigoo, so sad.”



“Weed-nim! I wanted to see you.”

After the battle, Weed met up with Pale, Surka, Irene, Hwaryeong, Romuna and their other colleagues. Surka was the first one to run and welcome him.

The survival rate of the northern users in this war wasn’t very

high.

Despite the hardships and adversity, Weed and his colleagues were somehow able to survive.

Bellot laughed brightly.

“I saw your sculpting quest. Your persistence and tenacity until it was a success...really cool.”

“Thank you. I’m glad that everyone is alive.”

“That’s right. I really didn’t know if I would die or not.”

Except for Surka and Zephyr, the others weren’t close combat professions so they fought with the sculptural lifeforms.

After the Earth Palace collapsed, they attacked the confused Haven Empire troops. Of course, this took quite a while but it finally ended.

“Weed-nim, we made progress in the quest.”

Weed heard the news from Zephyr that they had found quite a few relics of the Pallos Empire.

“If you fight against the cursed ghosts then you can receive associated divine items and quests. If the right successor is found then the weapon can be used.”

“The level of the equipment?”

“Most of them are around level 300. Some are around level 400. But unfortunately, there wasn’t any really expensive or valuable things.”

“Um.”

Weed thought for a moment.

Most of the equipment of the desert warriors had been scattered somewhere. A lot of time had passed and the descendants had likely scattered them across the continent.

When looking at the bulletin boards, sometimes weapons and

special items of the desert warriors were found. As history changed, new dungeons and ruins were excavated.

But Weed know the approximate amount of treasures.

The warring period. There were numerous relics, treasures, equipment and magic research equipment.

That list alone was enough to fill several palaces. While sweeping through the continent, they had looted treasures from many royal families and nobles.

The gold, jewellery and silver was enough to build thousands of Grand Buildings.

‘The remnants of the Pallos Empire are all buried in one place. Those fellows have hidden it.’

Some equipment might be lost while bring it to the north.

Weed left a long command but he couldn’t help the habits of the desert warriors.

Absolute obedience! The fate of the desert tribes was to obey the Great Emperor.

But it was a different story after he was gone.

The desert tribes struggled so they considered taking some of the treasures of the Pallos Empire.

Weed’s influence meant his subordinates came to the north to bury the treasure but it wasn’t difficult to guess that there would be some funds lacking.

‘The picture is drawn roughly. And the rest of the treasure will come from somewhere.’

The equipment Weed used was likely to be encountered in the Find Traces of the Great Emperor quest.

“And there is a minor issue.”

“What is it?”

“Ghosts continued to emerge while excavating the artifacts until we couldn’t endure it anymore. Those completely purified were moved to a different place but it is really a heaven for ghosts.”

“It is kind of like a hunting ground. Ghosts need to be fought to obtain the treasure.”

“Something like that.”

There were too many ghosts stuck to the treasures of the Pallos Empire to deal with alone.

‘Ghosts would appear even if the treasures aren’t excavated. All across the continent. The artifacts will emerge even among the desert tribes. It is probably associated with the Find Traces of the Great Emperor quest.’

Weed’s gaze turned towards Hwaryeong. She was also staring at Weed.

As always, she was wearing a short skirt with colourful and pretty jewellery hanging from her ears and neck. The sparkling beauty would always go well with a woman like her.

“Well, I mean.....”

Weed couldn’t easily broach the subject.

After the recent situation with Seo-yoon, he had no choice but to feel awkward with Hwaryeong.

His other colleagues were silent on the matter. They couldn’t interfere in the relationship between a man and a woman.

Weed politely spoke first.

“Have you been well in the meantime?”

“Yes.”

“You weren’t sick.....”

Hwaryeong said spiritlessly.

“None.”

Pale felt like screaming.

This awkward and stiff atmosphere!

The women were watching with interest but the men felt like leaving.

Then Hwaryeong smiled brightly.

“It is okay. And thank you.”

“Huh?”

“A signer needs a lot of life experiences. Well, I need the experience to deliver the right emotional impact. Because a song will carry the emotion in my heart. And anyway.....”

Hwaryeong slightly dragged out her words.

“There are a number of men out there who like me. It is a man’s instinct. These feelings are a decent gift.”

Endless optimism!

Hwaryeong was an attractive singer. She wasn’t going to lose confidence because of Weed.

Her colleagues watched her and thought.

‘She still hasn’t given up. Although it didn’t even start properly.....’

‘My mother always told me that love is unsure until the wedding. Isn’t that right?’

‘But why does she like Weed? I don’t understand it...women are truly mysterious creatures.’

Weed put down the backpack with a much lighter heart.

“Then let’s eat!”

“Hooray!”

The taste of dishes that Weed made with his own hands! They were busy on the quest so it was hard to find time to eat delicious

food.

★★

“Unbelievable...this ridiculous thing.”

The proud users of the Hermes Guild were devastated as they stared at the collapsed buildings of the Imperial Palace of the Haven Empire.

All the power of the Central Continent was gathered at the Imperial Palace.

Decorated with gold and jewels, the Imperial Palace was the height of luxury and splendour. Vast buildings that more than 100,000 nobles, users and residents could reside in. The Imperial Palace that could house thousands had suddenly collapsed.

In fact, not many users died underneath the buildings.

“How is it possible that the Imperial Palace experienced such a terrible thing?”

“Is this an event?”

“This is divine punishment.”

The cracks in the ceiling and shaking pillars meant that many users quickly escaped from the Imperial Palace.

Still, it was last minute so a considerable number were buried underneath the Imperial Palace and lost their lives. It was a mess but those alive dug their way out from the wreckage.

Unlike the Earth Palace, the Imperial Palace was built on flat ground so it wasn't a large threat on their lives.

But the Imperial Palace that the Hermes Guild were proud of and caused visitors to be overwhelmed was no more.

“The surviving people, respond!”

“Quickly rescue the survivors...no, it looks like not many are dead. Rather, what are we going to do?”

The general users of the Hermes Guild were baffled.

The users with a high ranking position in the Haven Empire. All the leaders at the banquet including Lafaye and Bardray had safely escaped the palace ballroom but they were lost as they watched the collapsed building for a while.

“The Arpen Kingdom’s Royal Palace just fell but this is.....”

“What is happening? It wasn’t a magic attack.”

“An uprising? But who would dare say such a thing?”

“Weed. Weed plotted against us!”

“Weed. He is in the north so it would be hard for him to do this. And there is no evidence.”

“I have thought over the circumstances. In the end, he must be the one who did this to us.”

They couldn’t grasp the situation and tried to blame it on anyone.

But Lafaye coldly accepted the terrible reality of the palace falling.

‘How did something like this happen?’

Kurururung!

There were still some buildings in the Imperial Palace that were collapsing.

They didn’t want to see the sight of the pillars tilting and walls breaking again. All the gold on the walls that had been plundered from other kingdoms had collapsed.

All the Imperial buildings fell to the ground. However, the Hermes Guild users were sure that the gates wouldn’t fall.

“They are sound.....”

“The last remaining place are the gates.”

They had equipped the Imperial Palace with defense gates. The walls were trimmed from large rocks and the essence of elf trees were used as adhesion.

The Imperial Palace could last all day against siege weapons! The gates were also made of intertwined branches and roots. It wasn't made with gold but the gates had tremendous value.

Their relationship with the elves had deteriorated through numerous raids but the Haven Empire didn't care.

As the users watched, rocks fell off the tight palace exterior walls. Just like the other buildings of the Imperial Palace, the gates soon collapsed.

“No way.”

“It is a lie.”

Ddirring!

-The Imperial Palace of the Haven Empire has collapsed.

All buildings including the Emperor's office, hall of the nobles and knight barracks have been destroyed.

The Sun Palace has lost its function as the capital of the Haven Empire.

Empire's fame has decreased by 49.

The administrative power to rule over the vast territories has deteriorated.

There is a significant deterioration in the politics of the Central Continent. A disturbing movement is building in the occupied areas. There is a higher probability of militant groups forming.

The morale of the troops has worsened.

Maximum training has decreased and corruption might arise among the supplies. In the meantime, there will be frequent desertions when going on expeditions.

Control of the Imperial Army will reduce with distance.

The honour of the knights will fall and many with lowered loyalty will escape.

Local warlords will act against the Empire.

The loyalty of the residents of the Empire has reduced.

In particular, the residents of the occupied territories have a large distrust in the Empire and the backlash can be severe.

A large number of rebels will appear in the occupied territories if you don't settle it quickly.

Intelligent monsters will attack the villages and fortresses.

Merchants will reduce the amount of long distance travel.

A recession might occur, causing the economic power to reduce.

The tax rate will be temporarily reduced.

The confusion inside the Empire will have 42% influence on the surrounding areas.

218 villages belonging to the Haven Empire will leave.

Compensation for all quests associated with the Haven Empire won't be paid properly or will be cancelled.

“Unbelievable!”

They both lost palaces but the Haven Empire suffered much larger damage than the Arpen Kingdom.

The territory of the Empire was vast and its population contained various species. Commerce, culture and military exchange were larger so they were more affected by the collapse of the Imperial Palace.

The expedition sent to the north were wiped out and the Haven Empire had suffered serious damage to its fame.

“A meeting of leaders has been convened! All lords immediately

report the circumstances of their respective territories in order to prepare for stabilization!”

Lafaye needed to do a lot in order to rule over the vast Haven Empire.

It was necessary to at least maintain the security and economy of the occupied territories. However, something unsavoury could occur with the rebels and recapturing the fortresses might lead to more substantial damage.

The absolute dignity and power of the Haven Empire that ruled the Central Continent was being tested.

Chapter 2

“No tax, no tax. I didn’t realize when I was young. The chilling taste as I got older.”

“Huhuhuk, yesterday was the first time I registered with 3 females as friends.”

“I have lukewarm beer. Those who drink lukewarm beer can buy 1 cup for 1 silver! A small amount of cold beer is being sold for 3 silver. Those salted with spinach are 2 silver!”

The northern users were having a night festival in the vicinity of the Earth Palace.

All the users had come together to share their joy.

Bonfires were built all over the place and food was cooked. The number of people meant the alcohol and food was scarce so they were sold regardless of the price.

Ttararang!

The harp and guitar were played.

Beautiful female users were dancing around the bonfires.

The merchants willingly supported people wearing armour or wanted clothing.

In fact, it was close to impossible to feed all the people filling the plains. A vast amount of materials were consumed and victory was undecided so that hadn’t bought food in anticipation of a festival.

However, there were a huge amount of supplies from the Haven Empire.

By the end of the battle, the northern users looked like a swarm of ants.

“Dried filefish!”

“Ohh, dried filefish! It would give perfectly with this glass of

wine.”

“Aaaaah, another dried filefish!”

“Look here. A whole carriage stacked with dried filefish!”

“All the carriages in the back have dried filefish.”

“This is a filefish’s hell!”

While Weed was busy obtaining loot from the Hermes Guild, there was a procession of carriages. The northern users packed the food and supplies into their backpacks and pockets.

Even the basic weapons of the Imperial soldiers were great.

The steel arrows could be sold at a fairly good price.

The northern users were even willing to go to remote areas to sell the loot.

The merchants smelled money and already bought a lot of loot from the northern users. The merchants already purchased horses and carriages in order to sell the products to other villages.

‘Passage!’

‘I will become the next legendary merchant in the north. The money in this world is mine.’

‘One arrow can earn 60 copper each. How much is this?’

The mind of the users became warm after the war ended.

A wide variety of cheeses, whiskey and other specialties of the Central Continent were generously distributed. The festival celebrating the victory spread throughout the plains.

People were drinking from wine glasses.

“Heeok! Shall we hunt together in the kobold dungeon?”

“Yes, let’s go for Eksoju-nim.”

“Of course. Many northern users have fallen in this place. It has been a really long time.”

“The kobold dungeon was my first adventure. It feels like the past is catching up with me.”

“We won’t be able to feel the excitement of that time.”

“There has been a lot of growth since then.”

“What is Nero-nim’s level now?”

“54.”

“You are awesome! I’m only level 51. Do you have tips?”

“Just work hard and you will be rewarded like me. Little by little you will become stronger.”

“I will keep it in mind.”

In one corner, a cat and mouse chase was occurring.

“I asked you to study! There is a test at school tomorrow but you are connected to the game? Fireball!”

“Kyaak, please help me!”

A number of users were singing and dancing around the campfire.

“In the mountains, the red sun rises and heavy winds blow, chwi chit. The clouds that foretell a heavy battle approaching, I stood at the frontlines with the dark elves, chwit! ”

Male and female users started to sing.

“My fresh hopes in the morning, chwi chwit. Our courage and desire for victory, the noble sprit and soul! I want to sing, chwiik! I have to sing more strongly than the dark elves, a song of my wish to win. If you don’t give up then you can win.”

A song of the orc Karichwi!

More than 1,000 female and male orcs had gathered around a bonfire to celebrate.

The night was dark but there were plenty of people dancing and

playing instruments.

The busy users left the plains on horseback in the middle of the night but most remained in order to relax and enjoy the situation.

“Ya, amazing.”

“This is the north’s culture!”

The northern users were able to enjoy a long festival.

“I’ve found a very dangerous tomb. I’ve died three times already.”

“Did you smell a quest?”

“What is that?”

“I smelt a quest related to Weed-nim, the God of War.”

Information about adventure and trade were actively exchanged.

In one corner, the architects were going through the rubble of the Earth Palace with a tape measure and shovel.

“Well, this pillar has split so it can’t be used again.”

“Jackpot. After examining the roof of the Royal Palace, those who made it really paid a lot of attention to durability. We are lucky.”

“Is it possible to recycle it?”

“It is a bit unreasonable. Still, we can take advantage of it even if it can’t be used to reconstruct the Royal Palace. It is possible to use the remaining parts to create a monument.....”

“The stone is well preserved but it won’t take much for it to crumble. Too bad.”

They looked among the rubble for parts that could be recycled. It was a waste to throw away the premium materials that the palace had been built with.

“Use the broken stones to lay the road.”

“The metal can be smelted and re-forged at the smithy.”

“We aren’t lacking steel due to the loot from the Haven Empire. There will be a huge surge in demand in the north.”

“Let’s go quickly. We should take this opportunity to gather a lot of people.”

The architects immediately proceeded with their planned restoration of the Earth Palace.

The finance and budget of the Arpen Kingdom hadn’t been decided yet. But the architects rushed to rebuild because they loved their building.

“In the past, the Royal Palace was built on the mountains.”

“That will be harder now that the mountains are cut.”

“Originally it was a palace with its own unique taste. Can we build up the dirt, stones and sand again?”

“If we work hard then our workforce can make a few mountains.”

“This is the palace so we can easily mobilize millions of people.”

The architects envisioned a terrible plan.

They came up with the plan to use the huge labour force of the north to build a large mountain.

“Hmm, the Earth Palace as good but it only had a medium height. It is okay to drastically increase the height of the mountain by 500 metres or 1 kilometre?”

“It is a good idea to erect the buildings while climbing up the mountain.”

“But then the difficulty of the construction and smoothly maintaining the supply and demand will increase.....”

“The number of residents in the north is always going. If we build the palace earnestly then it will be 2~3 times the scale of the

previous palace.”

“This...we really have a lot of practice building a royal palace.”

However, Pavo was skeptical. In his view, the plans for the royal palace were becoming too extravagant.

“I understand your thoughts. My heart also wants to restore the Earth Palace and make it better. But this part shouldn’t be handled with an architect’s greed.”

“Huh?”

“The Arpen Kingdom needs a palace as soon as possible. If the Royal Palace isn’t present then there will be a downturn in the cultural and commerce development.”

It would be a disadvantage to governing a territory if there isn’t a palace.

The regional villages and cities wouldn’t run smoothly, identifying and managing state affairs would be difficult and taxes would be lowered. Due to corruption, there would be some budget losses and security wouldn’t be maintained at 100%.

The sheer size of the Arpen Kingdom meant thieves would become more frequent.

There would be a disadvantage with large facilities, commercial buildings and work buildings. If it wasn’t a big city like Morata then establishing public buildings would become more difficult.

Users who were knights wouldn’t be given advanced skills.

General users who went to a place where the kingdom’s fame was low might be forced to accept disadvantageous quests and trades.

In the meantime, the Arpen Kingdom had grown without a palace.

The users received the disadvantage early on so they took it for granted.

But after accepting a number of territories and having a population boom, the palace was now necessary for the development of the kingdom.

The architects also knew this part.

Merchants made villages and cities wealthy but the architects firmed up the foundation. They constructed buildings and saw the population and commerce growing every day so they couldn't be happier.

Architects made stunning buildings for the main streets as well as comfortable places for people to live.

Pavo's opinion continued.

"Now is the time for the Arpen Kingdom's development so our desires as an architect can't be greedy. Aren't the northern architects better than this?"

"Make the necessary buildings. The buildings for the people."

"Yes, that's right. If the architects are too greedy then the schedule will be lengthened and an endless amount of funds will be needed."

"Uhh, the plan to rebuild the palace on a mountain is too reckless."

"It is important to build fast but this palace will play a pivotal role in the Arpen Kingdom."

The architects stayed up all night and established a basic plan for the reconstruction of the palace.

The Arpen Kingdom will be rebuilt on the back of the current rubble.

The building materials from the wreckage will be reused if possible and the rest will be procured through merchants.

The palace will be built on a flat area that is 3 times larger than the past. After the central area is complete, further expansion can

be added as required.

Near the palace grounds will be a city larger than Morata with a river. In particular, the best land will be pre-assigned for 7 Grand Buildings.

For the future development of the Arpen Kingdom, the new city will be called ‘Dawn City.’

For a seamless workforce and to save on construction costs, new users will participate in the basic development of the palace’s construction.

Shacks will be built for 7 days and will continue to grow with future needs.

All architects in the north will co-operate with the foremost goal being the reconstruction of the Royal Palace.

“Is this enough?”

“Unfortunately any more will be greedy.”

The architects decided to announce the plan to rebuild the palace.

But without revealing it, they internally agreed on some extra stipulations.

The Royal Palace will become an impregnable fortress in order to ensure that such an unfortunate event won’t occur again.

The new palace has to be big and luxurious in order to not embarrass the Arpen Kingdom.

Construction costs should be saved as much as possible so the minimum budget for the palace and city will be 17 million gold. The construction costs will increase if necessary.

If Weed knew this then he would immediately collapse.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Python and Seasoned Crab had considerable achievements in the

war against the Haven Empire.

After coming back from the southern desert, the hunted the Hermes Guild and Haven Empire without any hesitation.

Python tried to protect the Earth Palace from the 1st corps and continued to fight until the end of the battle. Python didn't know the meaning of retreat and survived until the end.

Seasoned Crab was an assassin and went around the battlefield killing the powerhouses of the Hermes Guild.

While the cold weather and tsunami were happening, he had repeatedly infiltrated the enemy and assassinated them.

“Well, only this much? There is no obstacle in taking their lives.”

14 leaders of the knight divisions as well as countless top knights lost their lives.

Seasoned Crab determined their deaths.

After such great achievements, they met up with Weed.

Weed had sent them a whisper first so they were expecting something after the fight finished.

‘Heoheot, my ugly pride. Should I blatantly talk about my skills? Then I need to say a lot.’

‘I am the one who decides death...anyway! They won't be able to talk about me in this war. Nobody in the Hermes Guild escaped my knife. I took advantage of the turmoil in the war to use my skills.’

The two men were going to boast to Weed. They wanted eat and drink while telling war stories.

Pale nodded silently after seeing that the two men had arrived.

‘He has also survived the battle of the Earth Palace. He really is the famous Python.’

‘War heroes are gathered in this place. An assassin must have enjoyed it.’

Then Weed said.

“I hope you didn’t wait long.”

The two men thought.

‘Indeed, Weed will know 3~4 people here. I want a place. I’d like the north’s leading experts to meet each other.’

‘Well, it is an embarrassing but fun spot. I’ve only introduced myself to female users. But I need to tell them a pseudonym. Cappuccino is acceptable to people.’

Python and Seasoned Crab’s expectations!

Soon Hestiger arrived.

“Great Emperor, all the enemies who have been hiding are defeated. The kingdom is now secure.”

“Yes, thank you.”

The two men squinted at Hestiger.

They had confirmed his unparalleled strength on the battlefield. He was a strong opponent but their pride wouldn’t let them admit defeat.

‘My sword is larger.’

‘There is only one life. I would like to try assassinating him. If I have the perfect opportunity then anyone would die.’

After a while, Alveron the pope candidate of the Freya Church arrived.

Some of the general users didn’t know him but Python and Seasoned Crab were well aware of his identity. During Weed’s crazy hunting, the one with strong recovery magic that was like a curse!

‘Keeok! This configuration is surely.....! No, it can’t be, no!’

‘H-hik!’

And Weed said.

“Then let’s go hunting.”

Weed could only resurrect Hestiger for a single day.

He wanted to use him as much as possible.

Irene, Romuna and his other colleagues were too tired to take into danger so they were given a break. Instead of fighting well, they might end up killing their colleagues during the hunt.

“.....”

“.....”

Python and Seasoned Crab’s eyes urgently met.

Their eyes blinked a few times before they talked.

“I’m dizzy and my body is uncomfortable.....”

“There is an emergency and I have to go home.”

It felt like a student lying to a teacher in order to leave early.

However, Weed was persistent.

“Are you really not feeling good?”

“Yes. I’m not a man who would boldly lie to you.”

“There is no other choice if you don’t want to go. Just relax and tell me. In the future, do you not want to hunt with me?”

“I need to rescue others. I’m a good person.”

“You are indeed feigning illness.”

“.....”

“Hestiger, your sword. Today I will spill some blood.”

“Yes, Great Emperor.”

“.....”

Seasoned Crab didn’t say anything and was lured along.

Thus they stayed up all night hunting!

There was the strongest warrior Hestiger so they could clear the dungeons with the highest difficulties.

Hestiger could defeat monsters just by punching them.

“My father was worried about thieves and hid a mysterious shovel. In the end, no one could find it.”

The quests associated with the dungeon were meticulously performed.

There wasn't a lot of risks so there was only short breaks. There was no such luxury like sleeping or eating as they stayed up all night hunting.

“Once again, every minute counts. I want to do as much as possible before Hestiger leaves. Hestiger, this is to protect the peace of the continent so move faster.”

“Understood, Great Emperor. Your great and noble heart hasn't changed at all.”

“It is hard to defend justice. So I need to work harder. The sleeping treasures of the world...no, I will definitely resurrect justice.”

They hunted in the Northern, Central and Southern Continent.

It was just a brief stop in the central regions so the Hermes Guild didn't notice them. If possible, he wanted Hestiger to wipe out some enemies but there was no time.

Weed was also worried about invading the Haven Empire.

“There is only a few hours left until Hestiger disappears. Should I feed Bardray to him?”

The Imperial Palace had already collapsed but the Haven Empire currently contained some of the highest levelled people on the Versailles Continent.

If Hestiger went there then he could get good results by killing a large number of Hermes Guild users. Weed felt a lot of pleasure at the thought.

The only one who could pull it off was Hestiger.

In the future, it would be difficult to resurrect a strong person like Hestiger with such absolute obedience.

There were other desert subordinates that he could resurrect but it was a dangerous idea.

Weed didn't become ruler of the desert through benevolence. He had showed off his power. Every time he chased after a quest, his subordinates were decreased by a few people.

They thoroughly obeyed Weed but it was a completely different situation once they were resurrected. Weed would be weaker than the desert warriors.

"A few of them are dangerous and might even try to loot the Arpen Kingdom."

Weed thought for a while before eventually abandoning his plans to invade the Haven Empire's Imperial Palace.

It was risky to have Hestiger go to the Imperial Palace to slaughter the Hermes Guild users.

There were tens of thousands of the best users.

A variety of professions as well as NPC knights.

He would be able to deal with more enemies than Van Hawk but Hestiger wasn't immortal. Weed and Alveron couldn't help in that environment.

It wouldn't be good if Hestiger was like Van Hawk and was killed by Bardray. Killing the legendary hero would increase the morale of the troops and the authority of the Empire.

If Hestiger's power fell from the battle then a result similar to the battle between Van Hawk and Bardray might appear.

From the Hermes Guild's perspective, they could make a lot of money if it turned out well.

And there were quite a few high level users so killing them would incur a penalty and reduce the power of the Hermes Guild.

In the end, Weed decided to use Hestiger to supplement his losses.

Weed had succeeded in the final secret sculpting technique quest but had suffered a lot of damages.

“Yurin, let's go to the next place.”

“Yes. I've been preparing. Picture Teleportation!”

After defeating a dungeon, Yurin would move them to another place.

She drew a few destinations in advance. She just needed to finish off Weed and his companions and they could move quickly.

‘The devil's skill. A painter and sculptor is truly like the devil.’

‘I don't have the rights of a human while hunting. I am just like a combat slave. The human brain and body is moving while my spirit has flown away.’

After the all night hunting, the party finally returned to Morata.

It was after a series of continuous hunts in the southern desert so they were mentally and physically exhausted. Right now if a level 2 novice with a knife came to rob them then they would hand over all their money.

Most users were at the Earth Palace after the Haven Empire's invasion so Morata was unusually quiet.

There was almost no one entering and exiting the gates so it felt like a miracle.

In the aftermath of the war, the victory festival was still going on. But soon people connected to Royal Road and returned to

Morata in droves.

New users were also starting in the north.

By the time Weed arrived with his colleagues, novices were busy doing the apple delivery quest.

The bustle of the city.

The sound of birds chirping as they woke up in the morning. The warm sun, cool breeze, clear birdsong and scent of flowers that could be felt on adventures was a big advantage of Royal Road.

“Great Emperor, I was assaulting monsters until the end even if I was too old. Now it seems so peaceful.”

“I think so too. I’m sorry. We encountered many things in the desert.”

“I’m tired. I would have liked to see Great Emperor’s ambition in the past.”

“This world made me passive and quiet.”

Python and Seasoned Crab stared at Weed and Hestiger with disbelief.

The relationship between the two of them was overly inflated. The ridiculous conversations that they shared while hunting! It was like a nightmare had come to life. They were fatigued so it had a large emotional impact on them.

Hestiger bid a nice farewell to Weed.

“It was an honour to serve you again. Your power might be weaker than it was in the past but you are still the Great Emperor. It is truly impressive that you are committed to the peace of the continent.”

“Well, it isn’t a big deal. I’m just trying to live right.”

Weed had pulled a cover over his eyes.

Hestiger turned his head and looked around when they were near

Morata's gates.

"The faces of people ruled by Great Emperor is filled with laughter. Looking back, this is the kingdom that we dreamed of. I Hestiger, don't regret dedicated my life to you."

"Yes yes."

"Go in peace. Although the path in front of you will be rough and steep."

A shimmering light started to appear around Hestiger's body. Then his body became increasingly blurred.

The time limit of Sculpture Resurrection had reached its end.

A proud hero from the warring period was disappearing completely.

Weed's face was filled with satisfaction. A subordinate he raised well in the past had done well so he was filled with pride.

'I also have benevolence.'

He wouldn't see Hestiger any longer so he didn't feel hateful.

'The concept of a good subordinate.'

He never even praised his sculptural lifeforms!

While he was fading away, Hestiger opened his mouth.

"Master, I have some last words for you."

"Go ahead, loyal Hestiger."

"The other day, I was telling Master about my trip."

Y-yes. I remember."

"While wandering the land with large footprints, I met a human adventurer called Lodsiker who arrived at the land of the giants."

"Hoh, I have heard of Lodsiker."

The adventurer Lodsiker.

A legendary adventurer that could be called the hero of the profession.

When looking at the history of the Versailles Continent, he had experienced all types of rare adventures. Finding the existences of unknown sea creatures and many unknown lands.

A master of survival and directions and a person who had returned unharmed from all 10 forbidden zones. He recorded implausible adventures and explored underneath the sea, underground worlds and hell.

At the time, Lodsiker was considered an irresponsible noble but he discovered things that hadn't yet existed in the world.

He wrote books regarding his adventures but sadly most of them weren't passed down to the present.

<101 knowledge that adventurers need>

<Method for young adventurers to write a will>

<The reason we need adventure. You can only meet pretty girls after successful adventures> These were the three books that remained.

Those that read the books could drastically reduce the damage from traps and their sense of direction went up.

The Adventurers Guild set a very large reward and treasure for those who found the tracks of Lodsiker.

Greet momentarily formed in Weed's eyes.

'Lodsiker's bounty has exceeded 300 million gold...I also heard that he owned many rare things.'

The blind greed that couldn't distinguish between the front and rear.

"Lodsiker explored the land of the giants with me. And from there....."

Ddiring!

-Information about Lodsiker has been acquired.

“Uhh, I feel faint. It is time to leave.”

“It can’t be. 3 million gold! Tell me more about Lodsiker before you go!”

“Great Emperor, there is no time. If you find the Allium flower while following the large footsteps to the red monument then you will be able to know the rest. Maybe...something there will be waiting for Master.”

Ddiring!

-Land of the Big Footprints.

Beyond the end of the world, there is a ship made of dead nails. The giants live close to the territory of the gods and the red monument will hold a clue regarding Lodsiker.

If you bring a never fading Allium then Lodsiker’s spirit will wake up.

Level of Difficulty: S

Adventurer Quest.

Compensation: ‘Lodsiker’s Promise’ quest.

May be linked to the epic ‘Myth of the World.’

Quest Restrictions: Information about Lodsiker. Limited to adventurers or those with the Explorer title. The continent’s greatest adventurer fame.

-This is an adventurer only quest but the specific special request means that you can proceed.

“Heeok.”

Weed finally realized what was happening.

‘Quest.’

He had forgotten about normal quests for a while due to his sculpting technique quest. But originally he had floated all around the continent on quests.

‘S class difficulty quest. And it involves Lodsiker who is a master adventurer.’

Lodsiker’s quest probably had an awful degree of difficulty!

If he wanted to resolve this adventure himself then he would need to accumulate his level.

An adventurer’s quest was often more difficult and required using their heads. If the right clue wasn’t found then he would have no idea where to go next.

Using a specific adventurer skill or infiltrating monsters were sometimes required. Weed would have to bulldoze through it with a sculptor’s skills.

Weed could see a thorny path stretching out in front of him. It seemed like a difficult path that would require an aircraft to pass over.

‘No matter what the problem is, I have confidence that I can solve it.’

He would approach any difficulty and would overcome it. Even the final secret sculpting technique didn’t scare him.

‘I need to actively carry out quests. There is a limit to growth through normal hunting.’

I couldn’t use the final secret sculpting technique yet so I needed to diligently raise Time Sculpting.

But even so, it was dangerous to go on a perilous adventure at the moment.

‘I need to raise my lost levels. And take care of my kingdom. There is a mountain of work to do.’

He would challenge the uncertain future at another time!

‘Well, I constantly obtain chances. With my fame, just saying a few words will allow me to quickly obtain a kingdom quest. Several minor ones would be better than one big quest.’

Weed quickly said.

“Hestiger, I have heard about that adventurer from bards. He is one of the most sought after people in this era. Deserving to be called a true hero.”

Hestiger smiled and said.

“I am relieved to hear Great Emperor say that. Be sure to listen to my words. I hope you can fulfill Lodsiker’s wishes.”

-You have accepted the quest.

“Keeook!”

Hestiger disappeared in a bright flash of light that connected the earth and the sky.

Chapter 3

“What was that? Teleportation magic within the city?”

“No. It is greater than that.”

The users and residents gathered together while making a lot of noise.

Weed then broke up the group.

“Then I’ll see you again soon. I will call you if I start to hunt.”

“I’d rather you kill us.”

“I know that you have worked hard during the hunt. If you manage your vitality well then you will be healthy.”

Weed headed to an alley in Morata.

The alleys were complicated like a spider web.

In the early days, the fountain was in Morata’s Central Square. Wyvern Square, Bingryong Square, Light Square and Bull Square were formed as the city expanded, turning the downtown area into a place filled with alleys.

He didn’t dare push for redevelopment.

‘Well, people’s memories will remain in this place. The traces of people living...a warm affection attached to it.’

In reality, many undeveloped areas had expensive rent. Looking back, it was a nice environment to create solidarity between the residents.

People who lived in the neighbourhood for decades would know everyone. Food would be sent to the elderly and it was common to see children playing with each other.

Then talk of redevelopment happened due to greed and the neighbourhood was in a frenzy.

Redevelopment would have big and clean buildings but the

people could no longer live there.

In the evening, residents would gather at the big department stores and the unique sentiment of the neighbourhood disappeared.

The large, clean buildings and renovated city caused the residents to change. The feelings of the past didn't remain anymore. Only the graffiti and old buildings contained the memories of the people.

He wanted to leave the old streets of Morata as intact as possible. Culture wasn't something that could be created by force but naturally accumulated over time.

'Redevelopment will required a lot of money. I still get taxes anyway. There are many benefits to living in narrow streets.'

Morata's old streets, shacks and stylish commercial buildings but it was the residence of many adventurers.

Due to Weed's adventures, the Arpen Kingdom also had architectural features of the Niflheim Empire.

The market place was a thriving centre of commerce and users were endlessly growing.

"Now the Haven Empire won't bother us?"

"Yes. They were wiped out!"

"Hooray! I really wasn't expecting to win."

"Soon the Arpen Kingdom and the whole north will be wide open."

The novice users were running around on the streets.

Weed's beginner clothes was so common in Morata that no one paid attention to him.

Weed walked past the people.

He had come to the collapse palace in order to check the

kingdom's internal affairs.

“Well, my mind is firmly prepared. The damage caused by the war is too big.”

The Haven Empire was defeated but the Arpen Kingdom still suffered losses. Dozens of villages were destroyed and land devastated, causing the crops to be planted again.

“I need to find out the exact details. Internal Affairs mode! ”

-<Arpen Kingdom>

A kingdom ruling over a wide territory on the Northern Continent.

The Arpen Kingdom is filled with people living scattered over a wide land. The residents living in isolation have welcomed the trade and culture of the Arpen Kingdom.

Most of the villages have increased their population through birth and settlers.

But the residents are trembling in fear due to the invasion of another empire.

Parts of the kingdom's territory has been taken away and the residents have embraced the invaders as the rulers. Although the Arpen Kingdom won, there is a distrust in the military due to the war.

Thanks to the Royal Palace collapsing, some villages have declared their independence while others are watching the situation with anxiety.

Residents have gathered together to drink the specialty wine of Morata.

“There are many things in the kingdom. Plenty of food, sculpture and art. The technicians improve themselves in their field. But the knights and soldiers are lacking.”

“I knew this day would eventually come. His Majesty is actively

devoted to development projects. It might be better in the future but we are anxious about today. I don't know what security will be like in the distant future. We were all prisoners before."

"Wasn't there a big victory? That is a good thing. However, my mind still can't feel at ease. Another kingdom might succeed in invading because we don't have the right military force."

After the war is over, reclaim more than half of the Arpen Kingdom's lost territory or its political influence won't recover.

The residents and villages who believe in the Freya Church will have prosperity and abundance. But due to the war, many people are uneasy and have joined different religions.

The king who was religiously treated as the 'Divine King.' His religion has deep faith and there is no doubt.

King Weed fought through the bitter cold to create the city of Morata. The northern residents haven't forgotten the favour of the king who saved them from hunger and a life filled with anxiety.

Recently the residents of the Arpen Kingdom have been pursuing stability and abundance.

The fear caused by the invasion of an empire has spread to trade and production. Investment in art and public facilities have been suspended.

Approximately 63 new cities and villages are growing in the kingdom. The numbers are insufficient so the birth rate will increase.

The capital of the Arpen Kingdom has been broken so many things are a mess.

Military Power: 13,389 Economic Power: 45,942

Culture: 41,030 Technology: 63,482

Religious Influence: 84 Kingdom Politics: 45

Influence on Surrounding Areas: 71% Kingdom Development: 77

Hygiene: 43 Security: 81%

The residents of the north that belong to the Arpen Kingdom are anxious but still happy.

Clearing of the plains, wilderness, flood zones and redevelopment of abandoned mines are actively being pursued.

The aggressive activities of the merchants means that the carriage production can't catch up.

The road conditions in the kingdom are becoming increasingly worse. Trade is essential in order to establish a safe and fast road. Recently the Alkazar Bridge has been destroyed so the merchants have lost an important trade route.

A merchant trying to open a shop in a rural village said.

"These days, the mood of the market is unusual. Good things aren't being sold. This is all due to the war!"

"Well, things used to be worse. Before the Arpen Kingdom was formed, everybody was eating tree roots. Just believe in His Majesty."

"Aren't the thieves continuing? They are stealing things...hmm hmm! If they are left unattended then larger groups of bandits will appear!"

New island villages and maritime trade are continuing to be found.

When leaving for distant seas, there is a 15% chance of returning alive and experienced sailors are always scarce.

Strange rumours have been going around Varna Port recently.

"Gold! There is an island made of gold beyond the Velazquez waters. You don't believe my words? This isn't something I picked up by chance...I am thinking of leaving. A world of gold, isn't that worth risking your lives?"

In the agricultural sector, farmers are experimenting with new

crops.

“Grain production is enough. We should consider planting new crops for flavour and nutrition.”

The farmers have successfully expanded the herb cultivating area and there has been a recent surge in tea leaves due to the tea drinking craze.

Adventurers have found many traces and relics of the Niflheim Empire.

The residents are uneasy about the military power of the Arpen Kingdom.

There is a small army but they've only recently experienced war. Knights are learning new sword techniques and are becoming proficient in fighting on horseback. The soldiers accurately realized that their role in big battles is to survive as long as possible. The high loyalty of the residents means that many people are volunteering to become soldiers.

The development of the kingdom has become stagnant due to the war and the peace loving residents hope that this situation would finish soon.

Kingdom's Total Population: 39,281,932.

Monthly Tax Revenue: 18,292,048.

Kingdom Operational Expenses:

Military 32%, Technology Development 6%, Economic Development 26% , Cultural Investment 6%, Commissions and Monster Subjugation 11%, Road Construction 16%, Religion 3%

Military Power: 13,214 knights, 39,382 training knights, 538,102 soldiers.

A large amount of new soldiers have flocked to the Arpen Kingdom's military.

They wear armour and shield but still aren't used to spears.

Anyway, the new soldiers know nothing aside from eating.

Fortunately, the knights have exceptional bravery and commitment. They are the shining swords that will save the kingdom in a crisis.

“Ahem.”

The inside of Weed’s head was complicated.

The economic power and population had significantly reduced since the last time he checked. This was because of the villages that left the kingdom.

Taxes were based on technology and economic development so the collected amount was reduced.

“The internal affairs of the kingdom has worsened due to the Haven Empire’s invasion.”

The Arpen Kingdom had been brilliantly developing. However, the aftermath of the war shook the entire kingdom.

The spacious gaps between the villages meant that many villages were lost.

The villages that broke away would continue cultural and economic exchanges with the Arpen Kingdom and might eventually rejoin. Even so, the tax collection from some villages wouldn’t be smooth for the moment.

“The Grand Buildings and roads are delayed and I need to strengthen the military.....”

The Arpen Kingdom was mainly focused on development projects. The cities could expand thanks to the Grand Buildings.

After the Grand Buildings were constructed, the entire area could develop.

Areas like Morata and Vargo Fortress were bustling but the driving force of the development of other areas were the Grand Buildings.

However, the war had put off the construction of the Grand Buildings.

It was impossible to maintain that rate of development now. Resources needed to be collected for mine development and city expansion.

Weed felt a heavy responsibility as the king.

“Hrmm, this...where should I start?”

The king’s permission was required to proceed with intensive business development in certain areas and would give mandatory orders to the army. Various measures were required to develop the vast Arpen Kingdom.

Weed looked through the king’s commands available.

The king’s decree could mobilize the military and develop the economy. He could also grant nation quests to the residents.

-Kingdom Wide Monster Fight

Send at least 30,000 soldiers to root out the lairs of monsters.

An absolute way to restore peace and order.

It will assist in the soldiers’ training.

290,000 gold will be consumed.

“No. Too expensive. Let’s move on.”

-Ambush the Thieves Rich in Treasure.

The control is running out of money due to the thieves.

Take control of public opinion through firm security.

But it won’t be easy for the military to clear out all the thieves. The sacrifice of the soldiers and elite troops will be large.

140,000 gold will be consumed.

“I’m not sure. High level users will be able to sweep up the thieves. And there aren’t that many thieves in the Arpen Kingdom.

Later I will suppress the thieves and take care of their treasures.”

-The Study of Magic.

Constant developments are being made in magic research. Magic towers can strengthen the existing magic in the kingdom or create new spells.

Scholars and magicians will greatly welcome this policy.

A minimum of 200,000 gold will be consumed.

“That won’t work!”

-Construct Barriers to Stop the Invasion of Monsters.

This will stabilize the kingdom and eliminate the anxiety of the residents.

The barriers built at fortresses and the troops stationed means there is no need to worry about the invasion or looting of monsters.

A minimum of 260,000 gold will be consumed.

“Barriers...the monsters don’t hit so hard that they can’t be hunted.”

The king could also use the edict to conscript soldiers.

But after the collapsed of the palace, conscription would just reduce loyalty and security even further.

It would also be tough to maintain the troops in the army. They needed to be clothed and fed. Aside from the paycheck, compensation needed to be paid if the soldiers were killed.

The installation of various training facilities and supplies to fight against monsters so consumption would increase exponentially.

An army wasn’t called a money eating hippo for nothing. Everything consumed money!

“It is really tough to rule.”

Weed could also construct buildings in the style of the Niflheim Empire.

Building facilities such as public baths or stadiums in Morata could help with commercial development and loyalty.

But that was nothing when looking at it from the scale of a kingdom.

The destruction of the Royal Palace required an astronomical amount of money to recover. In order to resume the large scale of the kingdom, money needed to be spent on the construction of the Grand Buildings.

He also needed to improve the quality of the troops and the growth of the economy.

Nothing could be neglected.

It was realistically difficult to catch up with the Haven Empire in the short term.

“Then what I have to do...yes, I have to actively promote the development of the kingdom.”

Weed came to a conclusion and nodded.

The Arpen Kingdom had been stagnant for a while but it would continue to grow. There was no need to fret about the situation.

“I am like the weeds in the ground. Tough like a cockroach.”

Weeds would continue to grow even if they were pulled out.

Cockroaches would live while endlessly multiplying.

He would sprout up.

There was only the city of Morata in the north.

Right now the military power was dependent on the Freya Church and the northern users. Under no circumstances would these conditions continue.



“He really did it.”

“Like he promised us.”

“I’m sure we’ll see more of him later.”

“He really showed us the full results.”

Roam, Gunter, Michel, Carlise and Sherwood were gathered in one place.

Until recently, they had been famous figures on the Versailles Continent.

Roam of the Roam Guild, Gunter of the Lion Star guild, Michel of the Black Sword Mercenaries, Carlise of the Black Lion Guild and Sherwood of the Cloud Guild.

The elite rulers of huge guilds.

Despite teaming up for an alliance, they were crushed by the Haven Empire. People quickly forgot their names.

There were too many things going on in Royal Road. The influence of the Hermes Guild had spread and now they were barely remembered.

They pretended to be other people and didn’t do any open activities.

People who weren’t seen often were quickly forgotten.

‘I’m a loser.’

‘It was just a butterfly like dream.’

‘The Haven Empire is so strong. Looking back, I was just a puppet. They were holding hands through the whole thing.....’

They couldn’t recover their dreams.

The guild was either disbanded or reduced to one third of the size. The famous guild members were chased by the assassination squads of the Hermes Guild until they were forced to hide deeply.

After their defeat, the Haven Empire quickly took over their territories until it was impossible to recover.

They could only watch the Versailles Continent helplessly until they were contacted.

Weed the God of War.

King of the Arpen Kingdom and Bardray's only rival.

‘Hmm, a proposal to unite forces. It is regretful then he most likely can't block the Haven Empire. However, Weed the God of War...looking at that name makes me think of how I suffered.’

‘What do I have to lose? There is nothing. I will watch and make the decision. But Weed...well, he is Weed. Taking into account all the possibilities, I can't easily refuse his offer.’

‘The Arpen Kingdom stop the invasion. But the Haven Empire's Imperial Palace also ended up breaking? I never thought they would suffer like that. It is ruthless. Hasn't he returned what the Hermes Guild did to us?’

The collapse of the Haven Empire's Imperial Palace.

People speculated that the cause was due to Weed's actions.

Roam and Michel were users from Continent of Magic.

At that time, they had built enormous forces in Continent of Magic. Then they learned about the character of Weed.

“A guy like that? Kill. I will let him know the price of crossing us.”

“I don't know how strong he is but let's send some people to the area.”

Royal Road was a virtual reality so they were a little more cautious. But Continent of Magic involved looking at a computer screen so their decisions were more spontaneous. They trusted in their basic skills and level.

And a war with Weed!

Well, the result was a defeat and a new title of God of War.

In the war with Weed, they fell into a trap that they couldn't escape. They had larger numbers but were placed in a disadvantageous situation.

Weed had the perfect attack, defense and equipment so it was impossible to catch him.

They heard that 1,000 people in a guild went to attack Weed in a dungeon.

Other prestigious guilds gave up but Roam's pride was strong.

"It isn't a big deal if a lot of people suffer."

Despite the dangerous situation, blocking him in the dungeon was a golden opportunity.

Roam led a group but was attacked by monsters, caught by traps, killed by Weed and then robbed.

The dungeon area and monsters were already under Weed's reign.

Before his death, Roam was convinced.

'Strong. I admit it.'

In the meantime, he had defeated quite a few quests in Continent of Magic.

The pride of the guild was damaged by one individual but it was still a good game.

At this point, Weed's personality could easily be seen.

"I've built up a lot of stress. It is worth fighting these guys."

Weed controlled the monsters with special items.

It couldn't be imagined due to the zoom of the monitor but an endless amount of monsters invaded the city. Weed was

determined to wipe out the Roam Guild from its roots.

His actions were enough for someone to shake their head and call him a dirty bastard.

The land was cursed and it became a monster habitat where humans couldn't live. Roam's territory was changed into a hunting ground.

Roam exploded with rage.

"No, the damage we inflicted on him...isn't it enough to just kill us? He didn't need to do this to us!"

He cried out with anger but the public opinion of Continent of Magic wasn't favourable to him.

Roam wasn't a very good lord and people were excited about the new combat legends being written by Weed.

Weed the God of War, he was untouchable.

A figure that remained prominent in the people's minds.

And that wasn't enough.

Roam and his group settled in a new place. But Weed continued to chase them and wiped out Roam and his subordinates.

He was outraged after dying 5 times and by the time he died 10 times, he no longer felt like fighting. He just wanted to reconcile with Weed in order to live in peace.

After the 20th death, he became determined.

"I will never forgive him. I will show him hell no matter what it takes."

They realized what suffering really was.

They wanted to ruin everything related to Weed.

After losing their lives 30 times, all the power drained out of them. There was no motivation to live.

Weed came like the god of death and they spoke for the first time through the message window.

Unlike Royal Road, they naturally had to type into the keyboard.

Roam: Why the hell are you doing this to us? You've already got your revenge. Is it just out of spite?

Weed:

Roam: Say something!

Weed didn't attack for a while. And then the chat window came up.

Weed: It is hard to meet high level monsters.

Roam: Perhaps...do you think we are monsters?

Weed: Unfortunately I can't get stronger monsters.

It is necessary to hunt to increase his level. Fighting against users was risky but there were benefits. Roam and his guild were considered a great hunting ground. He could obtain extra loot.

Despite feeling like it was unfair, Roam bowed his head.

Roam: Let's stop now. I want to live in peace.

Weed: I don't want to.

Roam: We can't lose much more. And isn't this enough for you?

Weed: Bad mood.

Roam: Why are you in a bad mood? We were wrong so let's not have any hard feelings in the future. Give up everything related to revenge or retaliation.

It was humiliating but he didn't want to fight anymore.

Weed was silent. And after 30 seconds, another message showed up.

Weed: The rent on my house was raised.

Roam: Why does that matter?

Weed: The bus fare went up as well. Cabbage and onions are much more expensive than last year. I don't feel good. The negotiations broke down.

Roam:

Roam made the judgement after finding out Weed's intentions.

'He is the devil. A devil I can never associate with.'

Roam quit Continent of Magic and was given an opportunity to start Royal Road.

Roam successfully settled in Royal Road and become one of the leaders of the continent. The popularity of Royal Road meant his forces were much greater than Continent of Magic.

'Weak people aren't required. I need to configure a strong guild.'

The Roam Guild contained the most elite troops. Just like the Hermes Guild now, it was a source of great pride to belong to the Roam Guild.

Nevertheless, Roam was always anxious.

'The devil might come to Royal Road. That guy is considerably strong. I don't want to admit it but his senses are excellent.'

There was no guarantee that the same thing as Continent of Magic will happen but he didn't want to cross paths with Weed again.

'I don't even want to hear residents speak the name Weed. His fame didn't have any meaning in Royal Road. No, he might have even changed the name of his character. But Royal Road is an incredibly spacious place.'

Yet after a while, he heard news about Weed.

-The Freya Church's request was a success. The adventurer Weed has found the Fargo Crown!

"Hey, this can't be. It is just someone with the same name."

-The Immortal Legion was defeated. The orc Karichwi. Weed the God of War!

“Heok, that guy!”

Since then, Roam kept an eye out for Weed’s adventures. The same was true for his colleagues in the Roam Guild.

At the time, the Roam Guild held a meeting to discuss measures against Weed.

“But this is lucky. He is active in places far away from our territory.”

“Well, he is a sculptor so his fighting skills are gone. Isn’t this a chance to get revenge for Continent of Magic?”

“We tried to retaliate hundreds of times and still failed.”

Roam waited.

He couldn’t strike properly in Continent of Magic. He didn’t want to mess with that devil again.

“We can’t afford to waste the guild’s power on someone not related to us. We should concentrate on our development.”

Most of the prestigious guilds from Continent of Magic kept an eye on Weed. And sighed with relief when Weed succeeded in his adventures and swept through the arrogant Hermes Guild.

‘It is fortunate that we didn’t mess with the devil.’

Since then, Weed continued his miraculous successes until he was killed by Bardray in the Melbourne Mine.

Putting aside the fairness, a defeat was still a defeat.

‘Even Weed is helpless in front of that power.’

Afterwards they were busy fighting against the Hermes Guild and didn’t care about Weed.

The alliance was formed but they lost everything.

On the other hand, Weed completed the final secret sculpting technique and even blocked the Haven Empire's army.

Roam was filled with deep emotion after watching the scene.

'He is indeed a devil. He is quite a strong guy.'

The northern users believed in Weed like he was a god and it was difficult for Roam to rationally accept.

Words couldn't describe Weed.....

Roam, Michel, Carlise, Gunter and Sherwood gathered after being contacted by Weed so they had a lot of expectations.

The losers had come together to hear the opinion of one person on the continent.

If Weed held out his hand then it would be good to join forces.

At the very least, allying with Weed meant they might be able to regain their lost territories from the Haven Empire.

"But he isn't here yet."

"Well...there isn't a set time so let's wait a little more."

"After winning the war, he obviously needs to handle some urgent problems."

They knew there would be a call from Weed shortly after the war ended. It was to discuss the possible combat operations against the Haven Empire.

However, there was no contact after a few hours.

Sherwood from the Cloud Guild struck the table.

"Damn!" How long do we have to wait here?"

Sherwood had a violent and bad character in the past.

The Cloud Guild had quite a lot of personnel early on. In order to raise the power of the guild, he had hired recklessly. He used blackmail and shook a carrot in order to attract small guilds under

his banner.

The guild reigned ruled over areas of the continent until they were shattered by the Hermes Guild.

Once the 5 prestigious guilds turned shabby, Sherwood's character changed quickly.

Gunter of Lion Star just laughed lightly.

"This isn't something to be angry over. It is just part of the negotiation tactics."

"Negotiation tactics?"

"Deliberately making the opponent frustrated while waiting so that he will gain the advantage in negotiations."

Michel nodded like he agreed.

"Haven't you seen Weed's combat videos? It could be called the best. And it isn't necessarily a bad thing that we've gathered first."

Sherwood understood but he still seemed annoyed.

"It still feels dirty. It is like he is poking fun at us."

"Rather than focus on your feelings, it is important to lower the risk in the negotiations. Let's think about it now."

"It is still unpleasant."

"But can we really suppress the Hermes Guild if we join forces?"

Gunter was skeptical.

"The Arpen Kingdom has showed the possibilities. Of course, it wasn't the entire Hermes Guild that was defeated."

The alliance that had a lot of pride were defeated.

The Hermes Guild had nearly two thirds of the forces on the Central Continent. And there were many high level users.

They directly experienced how strong the Hermes Guild and Haven Empire were.

In particular, Carlise of the Black Lion Guild feared the Hermes Guild. After their loss in the Melbourne Mine, the Hermes Guild had gradually devoured them. A long term plan was executed perfectly. He saw how powerful the Hermes Guild was.

‘But the Imperial Palace is broken. The Haven Empire’s ability to rule has been disrupted. Security will worsen on the Central Continent and rebels will form. An opportunity. We need to move straight away.’

‘There is no time to waste in a place like this. Gathering users and snatching fortresses from the Hermes Guild.....’

Weed had kept the embers alive and this was their last opportunity. If he led an uprising in the area.....!

They quietly ate the food while discussing ways to fight the Hermes Guild.

“I’m bored so let’s play poker.”

“Sure.”

“We might as well be comfortable while waiting.”

“I want to botch his plan to use our impatience to gain an advantage in the negotiations.”

Despite waiting the whole night, there was no contact from Weed.

In fact, Weed had gone to the bathroom and had forgotten about contacting them by the time he exited.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Kukuku, hahahahaha!”

The Bandit King Steiner!

He was delighted with the misfortunes of the Haven Empire.

“Security is now poor so there is no better environment.”

Since the collapse of the Imperial Palace and the annihilation of

the northern conquest army, many rebels had emerged in the Haven Empire's territory.

"We are being exploited by the governor!"

"Citizens of the Tullen Kingdom, it is time to defeat the invaders."

"A militia is being formed to courageously fight the Haven Empire and we are gathering in that back alley."

Ddirring!

-Struggle for Independence

The Lasalle Kingdom being conquered by the Haven Empire has brought great suffering to the local residents.

One of the 10 forbidden zones, Averian Forest is located near the Lasalle Kingdom and the people are famous for their fighting spirit.

Help the locals get revenge on the army of the Haven Empire.

The people will feel gratitude towards you.

Level of Difficulty: C

Quest Reward: Deep affection with the local residents, quests related to resistance activities will emerge.

Quest Restrictions: High intimacy among the local residents.

"These words, hmmm."

"It is tempting so should we try it?"

"Knock it off. Don't you know how strong the Hermes Guild is?"

"It is a linked quest. The end of the quests might give proper rewards."

The active users in the Central Continent could easily access quests associated with the resistance.

It was too easy.

Many residents were complaining about the Haven Empire. Just drinking at the tavern would have related quests appear.

There were also quests related to the former Croin Kingdom.

Ddirring!

-Croin's Tax Transportation Carriage

There are no secrets in this world. Huge amounts of tribute and taxes taken from the Croin area are being moved along the Bensa River.

Those with courage, what are you waiting for?

You can obtain a lot of money and treasure from destroying the convoy.

An attack on the Haven Empire will be enthusiastically welcomed by the people
Level of Difficulty: C

Quest Reward: Even if you succeed in looting, infamy won't rise. Returning the taxes to the residents will increase fame by a huge amount.

Quest Restrictions: Those appointed as knights of the Haven Empire can't get quests from the residents.

"This is a big deal."

"Why?"

"The quest isn't hard with our skills but it will 100% cause difficulties with the Hermes Guild. We can never live in the Central Continent."

"What is life? There is no guarantee the Hermes Guild will find out and if things become unfavourable, we can just go live in the north."

"The north? Hmm, I wanted to live in the north anyway. I can appear on television on a daily basis."

"We should go to the north after succeeding in this quest."

“We will give the Haven Empire a gift before leaving on a long journey.”

“That’s what I wanted to say. I like it.”

The hearts of the users in the Central Continent were swayed. And users succeeded in their quests.

The Hermes Guild’s power started being weighed down by the users.

Events started to occur all over the place.

-Rebellions are breaking out all over the place.

-The scale of the resistance is expanding as they are joined by local troops.

-The security vacuum means that many lords are being looted.

-The residents are on the brink of an explosion of discontent. They are ignoring the dignity of the rulers.

“Unbelievable. This is too much.”

“It is shameful that something like this has happened to the Haven Empire.”

“It is because security and loyalty is low.”

“What is the right thing to do? It is hard to maintain high security and loyalty in the occupied territories. A series of successive incidents have suddenly occurred.”

The Hermes Guild kept on receiving negative messages.

Due to the collapse of the Imperial Palace and the destruction in the north, public sentiment was greatly agitated.

Normally the Empire’s reign was firm but most of the territories in the Central Continent were conquered. The high taxes, conscription and threat of exploitation meant the Haven Empire’s policy was the worse.

The users of the Hermes Guild spoke among themselves.

“At his rate, aren’t we screwed?”

“Perhaps...although we have a stronger military power. The leaders can quell the minor disturbances.”

“The Haven Empire can’t be shaken. Our guild is strong.”

“My heart holds strong respect for the guild. There is nothing we can’t win by force.”

The users didn’t doubt the military force of the Hermes Guild.

Their power was enough to unify the entire continent. Those who joined the Hermes Guild had an obvious pride in their military power.

“There are enormous amounts of complaints from the ordinary users. Quest rewards have been suspended due to the collapse of the palace.”

“It is easily ignored. How dare they forcefully try to claim compensation?”

“They are on the weak side so we can ignore it but the atmosphere is bad. We should demonstrate a strong power against the resistant users. Beat them all up.”

The users of the Hermes Guild confirmed the damage through the information network.

Surprisingly, confusion and rebellion was occurring through various parts of the empire. The confusion in each area of the Central Continent couldn’t be ignored.

The roots of the Haven Empire were currently being shaken.

There were many problems in areas with low loyalty and security but the Haven Empire’s military power was enough to suppress the rebellion.

The lords and military moved against the rebels.

Even so, the timing wasn’t ideal.

It wasn't long after the conquest of the Central Continent.

The failure of the northern conquest expedition and collapse of the Haven Empire meant unpredictable holes occurred at a time where they needed to stabilize their rule.

Chapter 4

Lafaye, Bardray and 25 local lords and governors held a roundtable meeting. They were the ones who would decide the policies of the Haven Empire.

Lafaye held his face for a while.

‘I need to be vigilant. We can certainly win wars but the weaknesses in governing needs to be considered. The Imperial Palace collapsed and we can’t overlook the results.’

This was the biggest emergency since the founding of the Haven Empire.

The meeting was held to discuss the critical issues raised by the defeat in the war with the Arpen Kingdom and the sudden collapse of the palace.

They received reports of the damage situation of the empire in real time.

Huge damage hadn’t occurred yet but the rebels was causing small and huge confusion.

“Let’s immediately conquer the Arpen Kingdom! We will let them know what happens to those who make fun of the Haven Empire.”

“Hrmm, a war at this time...we would need to reorganize the forces and dispatch additional supply units. The burden of sudden commodities will arise.”

Public opinion was against another war.

The northern expedition had consumed a huge number of troops, supplies, finances and time. The Haven Empire could afford it but it would be a waste.

The influential Hermes Guild users or war heroes were appointed as lords or governor of a region.

They played a role in making decisions in the guild but there was confusion due to the aftermath. They were no greatly reluctant to conquer the north.

In addition, the core lords knew many of the internal secrets of the Hermes Guild.

Lafaye played a large role in establishing this empire.

After dominating the Central Continent, he had planned to focus on long term rule. The secret plan that would ensure the empire would last for a long time.

The core lords and governors for Lafaye and Bardray's decision.

"Just go forward and smash them. I will be in the vanguard. Bardray-nim should take command!"

Darius strongly insisted.

He had started in the Rosenheim Kingdom and used to be the guild master of the Ica Guild. But due to his bad reputation, he left his home for the Central Continent and joined the Hermes Guild through bribes and social networking.

He rapidly grew in Royal Road due to the support of the guild. No matter how they treated others, the guild knew how to handle their members.

His status and influence wasn't enough to attend the leadership meeting but he had a special connection with Bardray. He prepared good hunting grounds for Bardray and was guaranteed a seat at this meeting.

Darius would swing his sword at any time for the Hermes Guild.

The hardliners and the moderates!

There were divided opinions from those who wanted another war or those who wanted to settle the chaos.

Lafaye felt that now was the time to make a decision.

“A war needs to be decided carefully.”

The meeting room fell silent as he started to speak.

“As you know from the reports still coming in, this incident has had a profound and unexpected impact on the Haven Empire. The northern conquest army being wiped out and the destruction of our Imperial Palace has dealt a blow to our pride. The palace is the core of our reign and the damage of the collapse has spread across the region. If we don't rectify the situation now then it will grow beyond our guesses.”

It was a meeting of leaders but it was still led by Lafaye.

He used the intelligence agents spread out across the continent to understand the current status and to predict the future. Lafaye and Bardray were the ones who could influence the policies of the Hermes Guild.

The lords and governors were puzzled but they felt positive.

‘The true hidden power hasn't been revealed yet.’

‘It is counterproductive if it is disclosed too early. It is possible once things worsen.’

Lafaye spoke with a heavy tone of voice.

“The internal security has reduced with more rebels growing so the empire will fall further in the future. And we are notorious. Anyway, it will be a disaster if we just ignore it. The rebels will keep coming and there will be consequences if we don't suppress it early on.”

The Central Continent was wide. If the rebels took over fortresses or cities then it could cause substantial confusion through the whole empire. If the rebels continued to increase then it would deal severe damage to the national power.

But Lafaye was prepared despite not knowing this originally.

“It is fortunate that we have many means available. The military

can easily win over independent cities and the lost economic power can be compensated from other areas. However, we have to completely give up on the war and use our power to control the chaos in the empire.”

Lafaye turned to Bardray.

“We should ignore the Arpen Kingdom and focus on unifying the Haven Empire. If the chaos isn’t settled now then it might spread.”

Bardray who was still watching finally opened his mouth.

“A war can certainly help with recovery.”

“Of course. If Bardray-nim chooses a war then the Arpen Kingdom will be ours. The north has substantial power but if our troops deal with them calmly then we can conquer them. But in order to maintain the Haven Empire’s pride and dignity, we would have to use more advanced troops.”

“Advanced troops.....”

“Half of them will be the Hermes Guild members and half the Haven Empire troops. We would be able to destroy Weed and the northern users.”

“Isn’t that too much?”

“In order to ruin Morata and the major cities, this type of army is required. And it must be done in as short a time as possible.”

The configuration of the Haven Empire’s army passed through their heads.

This time, 1.7 million troops had been destroyed.

There had been numerous knights of the Haven Empire. Many knights were raised in the Central Continent so it would be easy to recruit to fill up the numbers.

The Haven Empire currently had the strongest military power.

However, a large scale military expedition would worsen the

security of the empire and conscription would decrease loyalty and economic productivity.

Currently the leaders of the Hermes Guild didn't want a large amount of materials to be consumed or an economic recession. The stability of the Central Continent was already threatened due to the constant destruction and conquest.

Rumours spread quickly around the Versailles Continent.

If someone achieved a great adventure or a magician developed new magic then it would emerge from the mouth of the residents.

If the fame of the Haven Empire fell then rebels would emerge from among the residents.

The big losses caused by a war would make it harder to rule.

But Bardray's mind was still leaning towards a war.

"Even if the recovery is slow, isn't it better to cut off the Arpen Kingdom? It would have a greater value to quickly complete the unification of the continent. Pulling out their roots will prevent future opposition."

The sympathetic Hermes Guild members nodded at those words.

The Hermes Guild would remain as the strongest organization on the Versailles Continent.

If the north was neutralized then there wouldn't be an end to the Hermes Guild's rule.

It was worth it even if the internal affairs of the empire were shaken at the moment.

"It is difficult to say which one is better. If we choose to recover then the Arpen Kingdom will develop in the meantime. It isn't very long but it will give them a bit of time. On the other hand, sending a large force to the north would only worsen the confusion inside the empire."

"What are the specific problems?"

“The empire hasn’t finished its conquest war. If the territory isn’t stabilized then the momentum of the resistance will rapidly grow. There are also many people who have been defeated by us. They will use this confusion as an opportunity.”

“We have firmly planted defeat in them through the war.”

“Of course. The follow up measures where their power was divided or absorbed means they have remained silent until now. But they will likely use this chance to cause a revolt. The defeated enemies hiding all over won’t be easily quelled...there might be a civil war even after conquering the north. In the worst case scenario, the conquered territories will be destroyed and the residents reduced, dropping the power of the empire.”

“That can be a difficult problem.”

If Bardray left on a large scale expedition then it would leave the Haven Empire open to their enemies.

They already occupied a large territory in the north so troops had to be stationed there on an ongoing basis. The conflict between the north and the Central Continent would affect the entire Versailles Continent, causing a lot of confusion.

When that happened, all residents and users of the Versailles Continent would be hostile towards the Haven Empire.

No matter how great the power of the Hermes Guild, they didn’t want all the users hostile towards them. In addition, there would be a severe backlash inside the guild.

Crebulta shook his head.

“The difficulty comes after establishing a kingdom.”

“A huge tower took a long time to build only to have the stones come crashing down. Even so, this situation isn’t entirely bad. We still have the lead and haven’t suffered any fatal or serious damage. We have a choice. We are making a decision for our future. And both choices had pros and cons so we just need to minimize the

side effects.”

There were many hardliners among the leaders of the Hermes Guild.

Currently they were those who had a high status in the Central Continent or commanders who swept through several kingdoms.

Even so, they weren't sure about the risks involved with a war while all this confusion was going on.

The Haven Empire had already achieved a great feat.

Their territory, population, economic strength, technology and military power was the best on the continent. Public sentiment causing a civil war was their weak point.

Everyone wanted a long term and stable rule.

If the Hermes Guild and Haven Empire didn't conquer the hearts of the continent then there would be another war.

Lafaye had prepared a secret plan but it was necessary to keep it hidden. He needed to strategically deal with the crisis.

Bardray suddenly asked.

“If we select recovery...what will happen after that?”

“We will thoroughly stabilize the inside of the empire. Rectify security so that a resistance army won't rise up and raise the loyalty of the residents. Use some carrots instead of force. The Central Continent is a place of economic prosperity. Now we can use an economic reconstruction policy in the areas impoverished from war.”

“There will be more profit with a short term recovery. There is honour and potential advantage in conquering the north.”

Users who started Royal Road early on started in the already prosperous Central Continent.

The prestigious guilds took over cities and their military policies

concentrated on survival and looting. The successive wars caused many setbacks to economy and technology.

“There is huge potential in the Haven Empire. Promoting a development plan over conquering will raise the residents’ loyalty. Our rule will continue to be stable over a long time.”

Lafaye said in a bittersweet tone.

Despite the positive outlook, he thought it would be better to stabilize the area then to proceed with the northern conquest.

Bardray nodded.

“Stabilization and development. Looking at it objectively, it is better to postpone the unification of the continent.”

“I can see that. The unification won’t be perfect unless we conquer the north, east, south and west. The conquest of the continent won’t be finished until that time. Of course, the rest is just a matter of time once the north collapses.”

The leaders were locked in thought for a while.

‘Development and chaos. It was certain we would conquer the north...but the Imperial Palace collapsed and caused a lot of anxiety.’

‘Conquest. Conquest. All the people resisting. Show them the strength of the Hermes Guild!’

‘It is necessary to revive the glory of the Central Continent. And areas with low security will have strong resistance. Even though they will be repressed, it will still cause damage. I don’t want the glory of the empire to suffer.’

‘We need to choose a way where the Haven Empire won’t collapse. We can go after the Arpen Kingdom once the confusion is settled. Apart from the internal problems, there are no opponents that can match our military power.’

‘Weed. He is troublesome until the end. That damn fellow. We

should have killed him sooner.'

The leaders ignored that the Arpen Kingdom would use that time to develop.

Although Morata's growth was so fast it could be called a miracle, it eventually slowed somewhat.

On the other hand, if the economic power of the Haven Empire was restored then they would become 3~4 times stronger. There was no competition in the first place.

Furthermore, the Haven Empire had already conquest one quarter of the Arpen Kingdom. Their royal palace was also destroyed so they might be in a similar situation.

Their honour and pride was at stake but they didn't think of the Arpen Kingdom as an enemy.

The lord of the free city Stangdal asked.

"If we select recovery then does that mean the Arpen Kingdom is being left alone?"

"Of course. We will have some precautions in place. Although our army fell, we still had some achievements in the north. We will continue the military training in the current occupied territories in order to pressure them. It will be a significant burden to the Arpen Kingdom. We will also cut off trade and block traffic to the north. The isolation means it will be difficult for them to develop as quickly as they did previously.

Most of the Hermes Guild's strategy emerged from the brain of Lafaye. Lafaye had no choice with the follow up measures.

The development of the Haven Empire and Arpen Kingdom would continue further in the future but he was certain he could win over other competitors. But he couldn't predict how much benefits would come from his decision.

Moreover, his opinion alone couldn't move the Haven Empire.

The Hermes Guild had vast forces. A big decision like this needed the other leaders to give their consent.

Bardray and the leaders made their decision.

“We will delay the war for a while. Now we will fix the confusion and strengthen the empire.”

“Yes, I understand.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Yoo Byung-jin gave up on meeting Bardray and returned to his laboratory.

“The Arpen Kingdom triumphed in the end.”

The Arpen Kingdom had unexpectedly blocked the invasion of the Haven Empire.

Weed has overcome the adverse situation again..... Luck really followed him. Of course, nothing has significantly changed.”

The ruler of the continent was still likely to be Bardray. But Weed also had a chance.

Yoo Byung-jin was disappointed as he watched the meeting of the Haven Empire on the monitor.

“It would be enough to strengthen their rule after conquering the continent. The future is unknown but isn’t that a perfectly reliable and obvious choice? The Hermes Guild is strong despite their enemies.”

-Should I check the number of people that dislike the Hermes Guild?

“There is no need.”

-I am cancelling the analysis.

The Hermes Guild had constantly won the wars. They identified the enemy well and accumulated power through victory.

Their development was a miracle like the Arpen Kingdom. The

Hermes Guild was one of numerous guilds in the Haven Kingdom and their empire had amazing growth.

Bardray and Lafaye dominated their many competitors to rule the territory.

The Arpen Kingdom that settled on empty land in the north certainly had a lot of difficulty.

Lafaye and Bardray who expanded despite their enemies could also be called heroes. Preparing a long term plan for ruling could be called admirable.

“From the beginning, Bardray should have gone directly to the north. The others wouldn’t be able to compete with the power of the Haven Empire.”

A few small mistakes and inattention.

It gave time to the Arpen Kingdom.

Yoo Byung-jin thought about the future based on what he knew. But history would flow in its own way.

Bardray and Weed weren’t the only ones on the continent.

Numerous users were creating their own history.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“This is the last chance given to us.”

“I agree. The Haven Empire is being shaken so we can regain our positions.”

“The two pillars of the world can be divided into the Haven Empire and the Arpen Kingdom. At that time, people will join us.”

“It is better to come forward before it is too late. The Central Continent is inherently ours.”

Roam, Gunter, Michel, Carlise and Sherwood.

They met up and steadily gathered information about the chaos in the Central Continent. And eventually, their remaining

subordinates and co-workers came forward in order to secure power while the Haven Empire was in turmoil.

“A person in the Barang Cavalry contacted us about participating.”

“I am very grateful. They will be a big help.”

“Some people from the Asirium Guild has decided to join.”

“I haven’t heard news about them in a while. They were still going strong?”

“They’ve been completing adventures but their power seems to be in the past.”

They used their personal connections to gather colleagues and to contact the leaders of other guilds.

The users of the continent had yielded to the power of the Haven Empire. Those who had no opportunity for opposition were now standing at a crossroads.

“The Hermes Guild’s information network is great. We need to resolve this before it is made public.”

“Tomorrow evening, we will regain our lost territory starting with Fort Odin.”

“The battle to rule the region will be effective. Does anyone disagree with this approach?”

“No complaints.”

“Then let’s get started.”

The so called Day of Revolt!

13 fortresses in the Haven Empire received a surprise coup and had their territories stolen.



“This can’t be a failure.”

“Definitely. It is perfect.”

Teros and his 6 colleagues entered a dungeon with 50 NPC mercenaries.

Their individual skills were enough to make them famous in Royal Road.

They used to be one of the top 10 guilds until they made a mistake while excavating King Belsos’ tomb and caused heat to fall on the continent. Then they joined the Cold Roses’ expedition and failed after their betrayal.

The Crimson Wings Guild were shattered and only Teros and a few people were left.

They had high infamy and fell to a low position.

The prestigious guilds were smashed by the Hermes Guild and there was no difference between their levels and the ordinary users. Teros and his colleagues had no choice but to wander around the north on adventures before accepting a quest.

-Secret of the Stars and the Moon

Do you know the mysteries of the Versailles Continent? Even those who know a lot are still ignorant. From now on, everything you experience will be new.

Go to the Muhejadin area and find the unknown figures carved into the ground.

Find the clues about the stars that will lead to the next secret.

Level of Difficulty: S

Compensation: Receive a chain quest.

Quest Restrictions: More than 1,000 knowledge.

Experience with long distance travel.

“A linked quest!”

“It has a tremendous difficulty.”

Teros tried to refuse due to the events in King Belsos' tomb.

“We have other work to do.”

-The star quest can't be cancelled.

Luck has permanently increased by 7.

You have accepted the quest.

“Dammit!”

“It is okay. We can spend a few months gathering information about this quest.”

-You have accepted the special quest.

You must complete the quest within the next 15 days when Ursa Major isn't visible.

If you are unsuccessful then the curse of the stars will be granted.

“Keook!”

So they received a chain quest.

They wandered the Versailles Continent and found the secret of the stars and the moon.

They risked their lives finding the land of the stars in an unknown area and the secret led them to wander the sea.

Most of the fleets belonged to the Haven Empire. It was difficult to rent a boat for the adventure but he eventually found a captain at Varna Port.

“Uhihit, a sailing boat with 4 jibs is finally leaving for the sea. It won't be sunk by giant lobsters again.”

“Hmm hmm, can you guide us to a place shown on the map?”

“Um, here? I roughly know the location. Using the sea currents to Jigolaths can be a short cut.”

“Look, you are holding the map upside down.”

“...Ah! I am familiar with the sea even if the map is upside down.

Don't worry."

Captain Hook led them on a long voyage that lasted 17 days.

They encountered storms, a group of dolphins and even man-eating sharks. If they hit the reef then there would be threat from sharks.

And after arriving on the island, they found the fragments of a meteorite and returned to Varna Port five days later.

"Hahaha, that was a great sail."

The people aboard thought it was ridiculous.

'A short distance...a novice could have sailed it.'

'We didn't need to sail through the danger area.'

Teros shook his head.

"Anyway, we've returned safely."

They were grateful just to arrive back on land. Teros had become more generous since the collapse of the Crimson Wings Guild.

Gale, Dein, Pulain, Mako, Psyche, Bastien defeated several chain quests in a row.

In the past, they didn't participate in dangerous quests but risking everything was pretty fun.

Above all, the group had struggled to come back from the worst so they used all their concentration not to receive the curse.

Looking at the mysterious Milky Way increased their knowledge and wisdom and their charm under the moonlight increased.

"Weed must always feel like this."

"Life feels different. My perception of the Versailles Continent has changed."

They were lucky in their adventures but some of their colleagues needed to be sacrificed.

Bastien the assault captain of the Crimson Wings, the witch Psyche and the assassin Dein.

Nevertheless, they overcame it and reached the end.

-Signs of Birth

The stars eventually defeated their opponent, the giant Arkiheimos

The fallen giant sank deep into the ground and caused a massive geological change.

Find the entrance and head down into the ground.

Arrive safely at the place of the giant and listen to his words.

Level of Difficulty: S

Compensation: Heart of the giant, traces of the stars.

They arrived at a swirling hole in the ground.

“We can’t make it.”

Dein agreed with Teros.

“Probably.”

“This might ruin the continent.”

This time Bastien sighed deeply at Teros’ words.

“We can’t receive any more curses.”

Indeed. The Crimson Wings had struggled after two horrible mistakes.

“The stations?”

“I’ve contacted them. There is a deep curiosity about the S-ranked quest. They have decided to broadcast it.”

“The salary.....”

“Of course, the sum is higher but there are more conditions. The cast are treated better.”

“The popularity of Royal Road is at a record high.”

This was the first big adventure after the war ended.

Teros was satisfied with this part. Adventurers chased after a slim possibility but accomplishing it would give them fame and economic compensation.

The witch Psyche indifferently said.

“Then we will go to die.”



Weed entered the largest store in Morata to sell the loot obtained in the war.

“Nowadays, people are swarming like flies. Customer-nim, what did you come for?”

“I want to sell some things.”

“Oh, did you come to sell weapons or armour? These days there haven’t been many guests so I haven’t been buying. Many are in such bad states that repair is needed. Therefore I will buy carefully.”

“I have both weapons and armour.”

Weed said while browsing through the store.

A large weapons store near Bingryong Square in Morata.

It was usually filled with people but now there were only 6 people inside.

Users flocked from Morata to the Earth Palace so there were mainly beginners who couldn’t leave the city left.

Weed looked over at them.

“I want to buy a really sharp dagger. I can use it to cook and hunt.”

“A greatsword is best for a warrior. Monsters can’t even come

near. The combat videos submitted by Python...kyahh!”

“Vitality will fall quickly. We can’t use it yet.”

“Gather a lot of money and buy it later.”

There was a serious conversation between beginners staring at a display.

“Customer-nim should pull it out. I don’t have much expectations but I will give you an honest price.”

Weed laid his backpack on the counter for the storekeeper.

Kwaaaang!

The dull sound of a pile of steel falling.

The 2 beginners turned their heads to look at Weed.

“It looks like he did a lot of hunting.”

“It actually might not be that much. A basic magic backpack is able to reduce the weight and volume. If you don’t have a magic backpack then hunting will only last 2 hours at most.”

“How much weight does a good backpack reduce?”

“Do not be surprised. Approximately 15 times.”

“Amazing! You can hunt all day long.”

“Drago the best tailor in Morata uses a special magic. His top of the line backpack reduces the weight but 20 times so the rating is almost legendary. Drago-nim’s work is really valuable.”

Weed placed his hand in the backpack while calmly listening to the beginners and took out the weapons.

“Please calculate them one by one.”

“I know. Well...the quality is great. The blade is sharp enough to cut iron like it is an apple. I’ve seen this item a few times in Morata. A price of 20,000 gold is appropriate.”

“The cost of the shield?”

“There isn’t even one loss and it is a perfect product. Where did you get these type of items?”

“I was nervous that the shield would be damaged but it is okay?”

“Well, I think that 35,000 gold is reasonable.”

The eyes of the beginners widened.

An unimaginable price.

The goods in Morata’s stores were usually traded for a few hundred gold.

Luxury goods were worth tens of thousands of gold but such trades weren’t common. The stores selling weapons and armour usually had limits but high level and rare products were acknowledged.

“Who the hell is he?”

“The shield he just removed from his backpack doesn’t look ordinary.”

Weed continued to pull products from his backpack.

“Stigma Hammer! A luxurious hammer that plants fear in the other party! The product is in the perfect state of preservation so I will gladly give you 43,000 gold! Ohhhh, it truly is like a dream! There are only 10 of these swords on the continent! The price is 70,000 gold. However, if you sell it then I will buy it for 80,000 gold...this is a special armour that blocks the attack of witches so it is difficult to set a price. It is hard but I am willing to pay 90,000 gold...aaah! Master Star necklace! A treasure that blacksmiths and tailors are eager to get! Sell it to me. The price...tell me how much you want first. I will pay it even if I have to sell the store.”

None of Weed’s items were cheap.

Products worth tens of thousands of gold!

The mouths of the beginners dropped open.

The number of goods were unbelievable but more products kept on emerging.

“W-who?”

“Did he rob a treasure house?”

“No. That belt...I’ve seen it on air.”

“I know. The only one in the world. Debis of the Hermes Guild obtained it through a quest.”

Weed pulled out famous goods that were easily recognized.

“Is he a thief who stole it?”

“I didn’t hear that it was lost. Who would steal things from the Hermes Guild?”

“Ah, I heard that Debis died in the war yesterday.....”

“Then that person’s identity is.....”

The beginners fell silent. A great person had showed up so they didn’t dare say anything.

Once Weed removed over 100 items from his backpack, he asked the storekeeper.

“How much is it?”

“Let’s see, the calculation is complicated...please wait a moment, Customer-nim. If you want to sell all these items...the total is 3.26 million gold.”

A price that was as absurd as an iceberg flying across the sky!

Weed’s eyes narrowed.

‘Cheaper than I thought. It can’t be helped since it is the wholesale price.’

It was common to either be charged the original price or an extravagant price in trades.

In the north, there were plenty of agriculture so food was sold for

a relatively cheap price while weapons and defense equipment were considerably more expensive. There was an avalanche of users in Morata so there was an arms race, making a phenomenon where supply couldn't keep up with the demand.

In particular, advanced goods were sold at a very expensive price.

Weed had obtained many items from the Hermes Guild so he could dispose of it at an expensive price. He could sell it to other users or at the auction.

But the war had just ended so it was a special time.

He wiped out 30,000 Hermes Guild users and an incredible number of weapons and armour dropped. The market price of general weapons and armour would temporarily be shaken.

The sharp price decline couldn't be avoided.

Weed spoke in a heavy tone towards the storekeeper.

"The price is appropriate but in the future I won't bother coming here for a steady trade."

"Customer-nim, it is difficult to receive a higher price than this. There aren't many stores that can afford it....."

"It is small. There are many other stores in Morata."

Weed started packing the items.

A common example of not being satisfied!

Of course, this was a calculated act.

"That is a good idea, Customer-nim." You are a person with an urgent personality. If you trade me these products then it will help life the value of the store. I will purchase everything for 3.47 million."

-The 1st bargain is a success.

You can get a huge profit.

"Aaaaah, the price incredibly went up with some words!"

“I can eat barley bread for the rest of my life and not raise that much. Awesome.”

The eyes of the beginners kept watching.

“How about it, Customer-nim? Do you agree?”

Weed touched his chin and pretended to struggle.

Generally, people would only succeed the first bargain unless they were a merchant. It was essential to have networking and the accounting skill to raise the price of the transaction.

But I can't be satisfied with this degree.'

He could get this price by disposing of it with Mapan. He came to a store in Morata in order to get a higher price!

“People of Arpen, you've gone through a lot of suffering.”

“Huh?” Customer-nim, what are you saying?”

“Those who worked hard and are faithful to their field have helped the Arpen Kingdom grow.”

“Saying this all of a sudden...n-no way!”

The storekeeper stared at Weed with amazing before falling to his knees.

“Your Majesty! This lowly person is only greeting you now. It is a sin that I didn't notice earlier!”

Weed nodded like it was a natural reaction and said.

“I didn't tell you in advance so that there isn't a burden on you. I wanted you to feel comfortably without worrying about my status.”

“No. A stupid human like me must die. It is an absolute sin not to recognize the ruler of this land. In order to protect Your Majesty's dignity, I must offer my neck to the guards.”

The 2nd weapon against the storekeeper in the negotiations was his status!

The users and NPCs in the village enjoyed seeing the ruler.

“I can eat everyday due to the grace of Your Majesty.”

“Thank you very much for taking care of us. My chicken laid an egg so would you take it? We aren’t hungry.”

A lord would receive hospitality from the locals.

Frequent events like this could increase the fame, security and loyalty of the residents.

As king of the Arpen Kingdom, Weed didn’t individually meet every resident. In fact, he knew from the information published on the internet that the storekeeper was descended from a noble of the fallen Niflheim Empire.

“You don’t need to repeat the same words. The people of the Arpen Kingdom deserve to live a happy life.”

“Your Majesty, I want to die.”

“Rise. I won’t be responsible for the death of anyone in Morata and I just want to make a deal. I realize that a merchant like you can easily pay a high price. Hmm hmm.”

“Your Majesty...do you really want to trade?”

“That’s right. Go ahead and say the right price.”

“I can’t possible give Your Majesty anything less than 4.32 million gold.”

-The 2nd bargain is a success.

If this deal is closed then it will be the largest deal in Morata.

“It really is Weed-nim.”

“Amazing! The highest ground.”

For the novice users, it was like an elementary school student spotting a celebrity. They viewed Weed as such a great presence that they didn’t dare come close.

One side of Weed's mouth rose. The amount was a little lacking compared to the number in his head.

"Uhuh, I don't think so. You didn't say the right price."

It meant to raise the price a little bit.

Some of the greedy were successful up to the 4th round of bargaining.

"It is unfair for Your Majesty to receive a small price. But please think of my situation as I only have 4.02 million gold."

-The 3rd bargain has failed.

The price of the deal has been reduced.

"....."

Failure!

Weed's eyes became narrower.

If he disposed of the goods at a later date and ripped off the users then he could receive 5.5 million gold.

"You surely want to die. If you don't speak the right price then your neck is mine."

"The right price?"

"That's right. I will only accept an adequate and affordable price. If you don't say it then I will strangle you!"

The nature of an NPC store owner meant he noticed things faster.

"I am aware of all the people that will enter if I am selling things from Your Majesty. I-I will pay 4.93 million gold."

-The 3rd bargain has achieved incredible success.

The deal was likely to fail because the store owner was left with no gain.

Please note. Infamy will rise after this deal.

Weed didn't care in front of money.

“Hmm hmm, your devotion is good. I knew that I found the right owner to sell these things at a good price.”

“Of course Your Majesty.”

“The Arpen Kingdom will not forget your commitment.”

“Thank you.”

-Morata's largest profit in a trade has been achieved.

The bargain has ended due to the threat.

Morata's store owners will be afraid of a future visit from the king.

Infamy has risen by 3,450.

The loyalty of the residents has decreased.

Honour -3.

Security -1.

Weed left the store with satisfaction.

From now on, he would become really busy with his growth. Full scale hunting and raising his skill proficiency was ahead so the deal was satisfactory.

And after 2 hours, the video of Weed against the store owner reached the internet and received some of the highest views.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

After connecting to Royal Road, Seo-yoon once again headed to the Bean Porridge unit.

“Kyak, we won. We survived!”

“Festival, a festival!”

There were cheers among the Bean Porridge members.

The Arpen Kingdom achieved victory today due to them so Seo-

yoona felt sincerely grateful.

There was an odd silence when she approached the boisterous Bean Porridge unit.

“.....”

And a small voice whispered.

“That person is coming.”

“She is coming because the battle is over.”

“Coming at the end, really cowardly.”

“It is too much. How can she casually appear after the battle?”

The words weren't loud but Seo-yoon heard them.

She had always kept a distance from people.

There were bad preconceptions about her but she just watched from a distance. Her cold heart meant she wasn't wounded by their preconceived notions.

But now her heart hurt.

It had only been a short while but they were good people. This misconception rose because she failed to explain the situation.

If she told her story then she would convince them.

But she was embarrassed to talk about the wedding ring and its relationship with Weed so she was shamed after giving up the battle.

A woman who was her previous colleague came up to her and said.

“Unni, you came?”

“Yes.”

The tone wasn't very welcoming.

The woman gave a small sigh.

“We are going to drink alcohol if unni would like to come.”

“.....”

Seo-yoon didn't know if she should accept. She was sorry and wanted to restore the situation.

But the others were still looking at Seo-yoon coldly.

“I don't drink alcohol. And if I give an explanation, will you listen?”

“Say it.”

“I didn't fight last time because.....”

Seo-yoon lightly smiled.

She was still ashamed but now she could give an explanation. She would try to resolve the misunderstanding.

Her heart had opened and she wanted to get along with others.

“Kuweeeeek!”

Then a strange sound was heard from the sky!

‘Did a tough monster appear?’

The Grass Porridge Cult members hadn't expected a monster to appear.

The people looked up at the sky to see a wyvern coming down.

An angular face, mild eyes and wide wings.

“Wy-3?”

“A sculptural lifeform!”

The popularity of Wy-3 exceeded some famous users.

“Kkuek! Kuweeeeek!”

Wy-3's voice was filled with complaints as it came down.

Wy-3 cause a severe gust of wind as the users around Seo-yoon urgently moved away.

The sculptural lifeform was a symbol of the Arpen Kingdom and King Weed.

The Grass Porridge Cult members worshipped it but up close Wy3 was a large and menacing figure. They were instinctively wary of an oppressive monster.

Of course, the users of Morata had seen Wy-3 a few times and knew to throw meat to it.

Wy-3 pushed his big head against Seo-yoon. Then it said in a complaining voice.

“Kuoooh. Master said to bring you. He really only uses me.”

A wyvern lamented a life as a means of transportation!

Seo-yoon nodded and comfortable boarded Wy-3.

“Uh.....”

“Unni?”

The people who knew Seo-yoon were stupefied.

The coward riding on Wy-3’s back!

In addition, the master that Wy-3 mentioned was Weed.

“Unni.....”

“Sorry I didn’t tell you in advance. Then I’ll see you next time. I have to go now because he is calling.”

“Unni, you know Weed-nim personally?”

“I...am his friend.”

Seo-yoon took off mask covering her face after getting on Wy-3.

Her appearance.

The appearance of a person.

Not only that, the appearance of beauty that a human would aspire to.

A face that would shake the soul of men.

There were many people but they couldn't even speak one word. They even questioned if they were seeing a real person or looking at an illusion.

A female ghost meant to enthrall people.

Seo-yoon smiled brightly.

"See you next time. I hope you'll do well."

And then Wy-3 pushed off the land and accelerated.

And the people stared for a few minutes before stuttering.

"U-uuuuack!"

"I'm not going to wash my eyes! Ah, no, I should close my eyes. That image needs to be perfectly imprinted in my head!"

"Life is really worth living, huhuhuk! I am lucky to live in an era like this."

"This is why I'll get married. I will even be happy in the grave!"

The immature men were bewitched.

The people in the vicinity of Seo-yoon thanked god for the blessing given to them.

The females also liked to see a pretty girl.

"The way she is wearing that mask...the one who accompanied Weed-nim on the sculpting quest."

"She was on television. The one who played the role of Hilderun!"

And someone asked a question.

"But isn't that face somehow familiar? It doesn't make sense since I would remember an unspeakable beauty like that."

"Isn't it exactly like the Ice Beauty? I thought so as soon as I saw her."

“That’s right, that face!”

“Heeok! The goddess of the Grass Porridge Cult!”

The Ice Beauty excavated by the Grass Porridge Cult!

One of Weed’s sculptures with such a beautiful appearance that it was worshiped like the Goddess of Freya Statue.

-The goddess of the Grass Porridge Cult showed up.

-The Grass Porridge Cult is a religion. A religion with a real goddess!

Seo-yoon’s face had never been revealed in the past.

Her appearance on the broadcast caused a huge uproar.

The men stayed up all night discussing it.

“A beauty that can’t be believed.”

“She is so impressive that I shed tears.”

“The eyes, nose, mouth, forehead, eyebrows, jaw line and even the earlobe is perfect.....”

“A national treasure, national treasure! A real person that deserves the protection designated to a national treasure.”

“She must have a lot of points in the charm stat. This is an achievement only possible in Royal Road. But it is still a wonderful thing.”

“I’m just thankful.”

“Thank you.”

“Merciful god.”

“Ahhhh, I won’t regret this even when I am an old man. Just seeing it has value.”

The Grass Porridge Cult had looked through the female users but couldn’t find anything until this moment.

“Let’s celebrate tonight!”

“That’s right! Let’s make this an official holiday that will occur every year in the Arpen Kingdom!”

“What is the name of the holiday?”

“Of course it will be the day the goddess emerged!”

Chapter 5

“Yawn!”

Lee Hyun gave a huge yawn.

“I’m tired. I seem to be lacking vitamins. And I haven’t been eating meat these days.”

He had no time to rest due to the sculpting master quest and the war with the Haven Empire.

After exiting the capsule, he cleaned his house and did the laundry.

He was diligent in areas like housework.

“In the future, I need to verify the price fluctuations in Royal Road and look at the quests in hunting grounds. An analysis regarding the future of the Arpen Kingdom is required.”

Lee Hyun nodded while thinking.

He could understand why modern people liked hiking. It was because things always piled up like a mountain.

“I will just be happy to have my money grow.”

Lee Hyun turned on the television while eating rice.

Today was Sunday but it was broadcasting a story of the Versailles Continent.

In the past he had talked on the phone with Shin Hye-min and now he was watching her on the tv. There was a lot of valuable new information and unlike other stations, they were sympathetic to the Arpen Kingdom.

The corporation favoured him.

“This can be considered a virtue of South Korea. They are too tired to see objectively.”

The influence of the broadcasters on the public was absolute.

In order to raise taxes, he needed to maintain a favourable relationship with the stations.

One slip could lead to annexation.

“One of the 1,000 representatives of Royal Road, today we have the swordsman Bers-nim of Kensington.”

“Yes. Recently he defeated the Brakra Dungeon with some friends and posted the video in the Hall of Fame.”

“I heard it has great popularity.”

“The risk involved in the Brakra Dungeon is high and no one had explored to the end. The scene of the 5 people party exploring the dungeon and defeating the boss monster is a lot of fun. In the end 3 people died.”

“Is the video ready?”

“Of course. Now let’s watch it.”

Lee Hyun watched the video of the Brakra Dungeon hunt.

The way they hunted was very different.

Lee Hyun’s hunting style had gradually developed in Royal Road.

Unconditionally fast.

He sprinted at full speed while living his life.

Of course, it was also important to have the judgement of a leader. If he didn’t give some time for rest and relaxation then the expedition would be abandoned early on.

Fast and daring.

A lot of ordinary people wouldn’t be able to follow him.

A leader needed to bring out the full capabilities of their colleagues. Those who didn’t realize their own limits would be left behind.

In the end, the assassin whose name was revealed to be Seasoned

Crab and Python were strong enough to hunt with him.

In the Brakra Dungeon exploration, Bers gave priority to safety.

He calmly analyzed the nature of the monsters and placed the magician, thief, knight and archer. Every time a battle started, there would be definite roles and strategies.

Lee Hyun felt bored seeing such a perfectionist.

“I would have quickly defeated half of them.”

At least 1,000 dungeons in Royal Road had been explored.

There were daily large and small battles on the Versailles Continent.

Users would increase their level through common hunting, quests and war.

In the early days of Royal Road, they competed over who would get a higher level.

Higher levelled people were respected. Many famous people formed guilds and expanded their forces.

And after some time, the criteria of who was strong started becoming more diverse.

Those who succeeded in hunting monsters first or special quests was proof of strength.

An arms race started between border disputes and new powerhouses emerged.

Vocation skills and personal combat senses meant there was more meaning to becoming strong than levels.

Level was always important in Royal Road but the so called 1,000 representatives of Royal Road had special achievements.

Just like Lee Hyun.

“What extent have my skills reached now?”

Lee Hyun evaluated himself.

“I was the strongest while ruling the desert. However, that was limited to the quest.”

Nevertheless, he had reached the peak so it was easy to judge when looking down.

Sadly, he was strong enough even if he over-rated himself.

“On the basis of the level or combat skills, there isn’t much difference since the time I fought Bardray in the Melbourne Mine.”

The quest had given him plenty of stats. The proficiency of his combat skills rose through the quest but the compensation was too small.

Swordsmanship had reached advanced level 5. When considering how hard it was to raise swordsmanship as a sculptor, it was a great achievement.

The proficiency of Radiant Sword and Sword-cloning also rose.

But that was the only good thing.

While Lee Hyun was busy with his secret sculpting technique quest, Bardray and the Hermes Guild were training.

They defeated other prestigious guilds, raised the Central Continent and gained a lot of level from dungeons.

Their skill proficiencies increased while hunting and they received stat points as rewards.

Their achievements grew steadily like Lee Hyun.

“They have become stronger. And I’ve lost quite a lot of levels and couldn’t raise my other skill proficiencies.”

Lee Hyun compared his strength to other users.

He fought with Bardray in the Melbourne Mine but that was just the start of the war.

It would be a desperate fight to subdue each other. Vitality,

health and a variety of combat skills were required in a confrontation.

If he was at a disadvantage then he could use Sculptural Destruction to raise his combat stats.

It would consume art but it was necessary to compete with Bardray. He wouldn't be pushed too badly early on.

Sculptural Destruction was important in a fight but his real skills couldn't be too weak.

"I also have Sculpture Life Bestowal and Great Disaster Nature Sculpting."

Skills that had a huge penalty!

He didn't have the efficiency of a combat profession.

Lee Hyun had been struggling shoulder to shoulder with them but now he became relatively weaker due to the time consuming quest.

When looking at the 1,000 representatives of Royal Road, he couldn't feel absolutely confident. Their combat skills and expertise were overwhelming.

Weed just went shoulder to shoulder with them using his sculpting skills and nature.

"I'm lacking a lot in normal combat abilities. Sculpture Transformation also has its drawbacks."

Sculpture Transformation gave him the characteristics of the body he changed into.

He could fly through the air or have the power of a huge race.

However, there could be advantages and disadvantages.

A chaos warrior's short range teleportation could be beneficial on the battlefield. He had used it with Hestiger to maximize his power during the battle for the Earth Palace.

The Hermes Guild and northern users had been shocked by Weed's combat capabilities.

Crossing the battlefield using teleportation while blowing away the enemies with his fighting abilities!

The huge achievement was possible because he took full advantage of his fire resistance.

Even his weapons fully supported him.

The Dragon Sword, Red Star.

The combination of the Red Star, chaos warrior and Hestiger exerted a huge amount of havoc.

"I can't exert that combat power again. And it is always risky using the Red Star."

The combat capabilities of a chaos warrior was limited Even if he continued using the risky Red Star, he didn't have Hestiger at his disposal.

"The problem is in the future. Time Sculpting might be an absolute weapon. It is reassuring in many ways."

The television had finished showing Bers' adventure and now had two people talking.

"Defron-nim, how do you feel about the north defeating the Haven Empire?"

"The Hermes Guild's armed cavalry. It could indeed be said that they were defeated. The Arpen Kingdom lost their palace but it was a trap they designed. Are they going to recover the occupied territories now?"

"Yes, it is just a single battle but the Haven Empire was defeated."

"These are your opinions. However, that is just a teaser for the war. In fact, the Arpen Kingdom has managed to block them for now. But that won't happen in the future. If their troops don't

increase then it will end.”

“The difference between the Haven Empire and the Arpen Kingdom is too severe. Comparing the military...won't it be a problem if the Haven Empire constantly causes a war without any justification?”

“War is natural in Royal Road. If the Haven Empire rules the continent then there will be no more fights.”

A debate unfolded about the northern war.

Lee Hyun wasn't impressed with any remarks about the Haven Empire.

“Well, everyone needs to make a living. There are no good or bad guys in the world.”

It was natural for their position to be like that.

If Bardray managed to invade the Arpen Kingdom then he would unify the rest of the continent.

“There is no need to create justification. Even at the expense of 1~2 villages.....”

But he didn't like that the Hermes Guild was threatening his rice bowl.

The debate lasted for a few minutes before stalling.

“I understand your criticism about the Hermes Guild. But there is value in a world ruled by the Hermes Guild. The Versailles Continent can't be won with just dialogue and negotiations.”

“But if the Hermes Guild can't stabilize their territory.....”

“There will be some problems in the process. The users might not understand but once the Hermes Guild rules the continent, there will be a leap forward in true development.”

The Hermes Guild trying to conquer the continent was due to the very nature of Royal Road. Therefore Lee Hyun watched without

much inspiration.

“I should try the other channels or watch the news.”

Then the host Oh Joo-wan temporarily stopped the discussion.

“I will make an important announcement. I just received news that the Hermes Guild is working to stabilize the empire and have called a temporary truce with the Arpen Kingdom. This news came from a senior official in the Hermes Guild and there will be an official announcement after a while.”

A truce!

The war wasn't completely over but there would be a brief break in order to settle the internal matters.

The theme of the debate rapidly flowed towards the temporary truce with the north.

The damage to the Haven Empire must be worse than expected in order to leave the Arpen Kingdom alone for a while.

The evaluation of the experts was like a lion having their whiskers pulled out.

“Those guys won't stand still in the future. They will use all types of despicable means. Even so, haven't they given me some time?”

Lee Hyun thought for a moment before concluding it wasn't a bad thing.

He had feared that additional troops would advance from the Haven Empire. Anyway, there was a brief gap for him to breathe.

But this was just the beginning of a cold war!

The experts participating in the discussion stated that the Haven Empire wouldn't mobilize their army until the preparations were perfect. Instead, they launched all types of policies that would press on the Arpen Kingdom.

The Haven Empire would try to overwhelm and cause the Arpen

Kingdom to decline with their economic power.

“The world is against me. It is difficult for a dictator to find peace.”

Lee Hyun wasn’t in a position to actively compete with them in the future.

The Haven Empire had declared a truce but that didn’t mean peace would last.

The Arpen Kingdom was a sharp thorn in the Haven Empire’s side and gave them the bitter taste of defeat so he never believed in peace in the first place.

“I need to restore my lost levels as much as possible and also raise Time Sculpting. I should wander around creating sculptures. Well, it will be a success either way.”

Lee Hyun was burning with motivation.

Time Sculpting and Sculpting Master!

Now he could accomplish those goals.

He was familiar with working hard.

Take one step and shovel endlessly. Eventually he would obtain huge achievements.

In addition, Lee Hyun had a great talent in using tricks to overcome difficulties.



“Did you see it?”

“Of course.”

“Seriously awesome.”

Korea University’s virtual reality department.

The students who arrived before the lecture time sat in groups and talked about Royal Road.

Royal Road was always the topic of conversation in the virtual reality department.

“Did you hear? Our senior is Weed the God of War.”

“I know. I heard it at the freshmen welcoming party but it is a lie.”

“A lie? Based on what?”

“Common sense.”

“Everybody is saying it from the seniors to the professors.”

“It is just a joke on their juniors. There is no way such a legendary existence is our predecessor.”

“I’ve heard stories from the seniors about his school life.”

The seniors of the virtual reality department just laughed as they listened to the freshman’s words.

Lee Hyun. It was hard for them to believe without seeing Weed the God of War directly. The seniors wouldn’t have expected Weed the God of War to have such a personality.

‘In particular, we hunted with him.’

Lee Yoo-jung and Min So-ra’s eyes met in a significant gaze.

They hadn’t forgotten their experience hunting with Weed.

Melbourne Mine!

A great event where Weed and Bardray met for the first time.

It was a hot topic at the time.

Lee Yoo-jung, Min So-ra, Choi Sang-jun and Park Soon-jo!

They were the ones who took classes along with Lee Hyun.

The test that required hunting in Royal Road. They sat in a corner and listened as the freshman received assignments.

“Soon-jo, can you help me out?”

“Should...right now is hard.”

“Even if it is at a later date. You might be able to obtain something.”

“It is really difficult.”

Choi Sang-jun asked to borrow Park Soon-jo's equipment.

It was hard now that the Black Lion Guild was in a difficult situation.

“Please give it back with no damage.”

“Nice! I'll return it in 10 days!”

“I told you that it was 5 days.”

“You are a good friend. But how are you so strong as a thief?”

“That...it is a combat oriented character.”

“How did a thief become that strong?”

Choi Sang-jun was confused.

Normally a thief's specialty was to steal things. It wasn't a profession necessary in a hunting party.

If they ambushed a monster then the damage would be enormous but typically their offensive power lagged behind. They were unmatched in the field of trap detection and dismantling.

“There is a considerable opportunity when looking at the monsters wandering around the dungeons. Every time I fight.....”

“One day I'll catch up. Wait a bit.”

Choi Sang-jun diligently raised his level to 400 but Park Soon-jo was more skillful when it came to hunting monsters in dungeons.

Therefore it was tough for their skill proficiency and level to grow.

Between two people, the one who was the most respected was the one with a higher level. They played a fundamental role in a

hunting party.

The easy truth!

Lee Yoo-jung who was listening to Choi Sang-jun and Park Soon-jo's conversation suddenly said.

“But didn't oppa get a leave of absence from school?”

Min So-ra immediately said.

“Who, Lee Hyun oppa?”

“Yes.”

“His leave of absence is to immerse himself in Royal Road.”

Choi Sang-jun interrupted the girls' conversation.

“That hyung? I frequently saw him on television. He performed the final secret technique quest successfully. Kyah, the people who have appeared on broadcast. Well, Bardray is still the best idol.”

“Isn't he doing well?”

“Of course not. Bardray will win the war.”

“There is no studying. I really envy him.”

Lee Yoo-jung's arms fell on the table and she lay her head on it.

Those in the virtual reality department enjoyed Royal Road. The cutting edge technology meant that students were motivated to learn.

Apart from Royal Road, the subjects covered a vast area.

- Economics of Virtual Reality

- Mathematics for Urban Management

- Virtual Physics

- Biology of the New World

- Virtual Marine Experiment

- The Technological Applications of Physics Engines

- Birth of the Modern Magician
- Microscopic World and the Virtual World
- New Civilization and Philosophy
- Human and Virtual Environments
- Virtual Reality and Life
- Virtual Revolution, Ergonomics
- Crisis of Reality
- Structure and Function of the Brain

The subjects covered all sorts of technology and liberal arts.

Virtual reality could be called an expensive playground. It was the subject of great interest so the universities established competitive courses involving virtual reality.

Once Korea University established a virtual reality department, similar departments were formed at universities around the country.

Students were eager to take classes related to virtual reality so it was easy to fill the class roster.

It was understandable that the students majoring in this subject continued to grow.

Min So-ra sighed deeply.

“We are thoroughly buried in studying. I suppose we should just enjoy oppa’s spectacular adventures.”

Choi Sang-jun laughed.

“It will be different once that hyung returns to school. It won’t be easy for him to obtain the credits.”

“Really?”

“Of course. Besides, we don’t know how long the Arpen Kingdom can endure in Royal Road.”

Then Park Soon-jo spoke.

“That hyung, it is good for us that he isn’t attending. Virtual reality can be understood from the papers.”

“.....”

“Weed the God of War is a character that has never been defeated in adventures.”

Weed the God of War!

He might have been slain by Bardray but it was a difficult environment and he never once lost on the scale of a war.

The battle of Morata against the northern lords as well as defeating the Haven Empire’s marine corps in Jigolaths.

Everyone expected to hear about defeat regarding the war but he overcame it!

That’s why the Royal Road users thought that Weed was incredible.

He overcame any disadvantage regardless of how small and large the troops were. He fiercely survived or came from behind in any environment.

“I wish that oppa will return to school.”

“Yes. It was fun when he attended school. These days I am only studying.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The users gathered at the Earth Palace to stop the Haven Empire didn’t leave.

“Merchants who desire money and are courageous should trade in dangerous areas. The value of achieving your dream is 3 gold a day.”

“Those who want to hunt in a dungeon, let’s gather for a week of crazy hunting.”

“Huhu, hahahaha, hohohohok! I am Cockle Hunter from the Onion Porridge unit! Follow me!”

“Farmer seeking someone to guard the fences. Protect the grain from monsters and animals in the Hullio Mountains. If it goes well then I will offer you onion juice and melon for the rest of your life.”

Users accepted quests and participated in commerce as they ran towards a new frontier.

The merchants who heard about the Earth Palace reconstruction plan announced their intentions to invest.

“This is business. Now this land. We can build shacks on this spacious land and make a fortune.”

“People will gather together. There will also be trade. Once stores are established then people will come and we will make money. A merchant is a job that needs to eat every day.”

“Kidukkiduk, the food business is uncertain. Don't people have to eat? It is good to have the cooking skill. Put plenty of seasoning on cheap ingredients and they can be sold.”

The merchants bought land owned by the kingdom in order to construct buildings.

One of the most active professions in the Arpen Kingdom were the merchants as they made income through trading and investments.

“I should go.....”

“Do you want to join me in the construction of the Earth Palace?”

“That's fine. Later I can proudly look at the palace.”

“I couldn't participate last time because of an adventure so it worked out well.”

“True, have you brought a shovel and a sack?”

“Of course. A shovel and a sack are required in the north. I have 5. There is no room for loot in my backpack.”

950,000 users of the Arpen Kingdom instantly committed to working on the construction site.

They followed the instructions of the architects and cleaned up the remnants of the Earth Palace.

“Dig while moving in a straight line from here.”

“Until where?”

“Keep digging for 3 kilometres.”

“The Bamboo Shoots Porridge unit will do it. 2 hours should be plenty of time.”

“Even one and a half hours will suffice.”

The waterways, roads and boundaries were very easy to set for the construction of the building.

The architects were devoted to the reconstruction of the palace and only developed the basic outline for the Dawn City.

Squares and roads needed to be connected from the Royal Palace. Grand Buildings, sculptures, stores, markets and even guild offices were built.

There were a fierce competition between tenants and 300,000 shacks were completed in no time.

“Excellent, the real deal. Comparing it to Morata’s shacks is impossible. Does it make sense to separate the bedroom and living room in the shacks?”

“It doesn’t seem like rain will leak through. Even insects will find it hard.”

“A swimming pool in front of the shanty village. The amenities are amazing!”

Dawn City was different from Morata in many ways.

Morata had the basic shape of a village that grew due to settlers and tourists. On the other hand, the Dawn City would become the Arpen Kingdom's capital city and people recognized that the investments were endless.

Morata was the heart of the Arpen Kingdom and that hadn't changed even after the Earth Palace was built. Even those who didn't participate in the construction of the Earth Palace came from other areas to visit.

However, hundreds of thousands participated in the Dawn City so it was off to a powerful start.

And orcs also came with their families.

"Chwiik, there are many humans here. Let's go somewhere else."

"Wait a minute, there is 6 months worth of work here, chwik chwik!"

The settling of the orcs.

There was a law in the Arpen Kingdom that orcs could only have 10 children. But the orcs grew so fast that they soon occupied a large portion of the population.

But the orc population couldn't increase indefinitely in a city.

The orcs were very independent from a young age. And it was the law of orcs to find a new habitat for their females and children.

The Haven Empire's army carefully moved towards Vargo Fortress.

Five corps, 1.5 million troops!

The Haven Empire mobilized troops on a huge scale.

This was also a scheme of the Hermes Guild's leaders.

The leaders had considered two aspects to their northern conquest plan.

The expedition that crossed the Poros River to the north were

composed of elites. And in the east, small and medium sized combat units were organized by commanders with combat experience.

In the future, there would be rebellions in the north so it was a good opportunity to train the soldiers in the east.

But the first thing that annoyed the Haven Empire was the terrain.

“Aaaack!”

“My body has sunk down to my waist!”

They fell down cliffs or plunged into swamps hidden by leaves.

The Haven Empire gained a lot of experience fighting in the mountainous terrain. But it was their first time with the hilly areas surrounding Vargo Fortress.

“Why? These obstacles weren’t written on the map.”

“This looks like a map created by orcs.”

“It is an inferior product!”

“How did we get lost in the woods again?”

“We don’t have space to move the soldiers?”

“Yes. The trees are so dense that not even one person can pass.”

The ranger unit that the Haven Empire was so proud of finished their scouting. But in the meantime, the terrain changed and quite a considerable amount of obstacles sprang up.

This was because of the users at Vargo Fortress.

After the rangers passed, the farmers and landscapers raised the crops in the mountains.

“Haha, I will raise these man-eating thorns.”

“I’ll give plenty of fertilizer. It is very easy to raise because I don’t have to worry about pests.”

“The north also has very fertile land. This is the beginning of a good harvest of thorns.”

The farmers led by Miretas worked on the crops through the mountains.

Stones piled up would become a fortress. The plants could delay and damage the army.

The vanguard of the army chopped the plants as they passed but if the roots were intact then they would revive. Unless they pulled up the roots, the main army would constantly receive damage “If there are any obstacles then burn them with chemicals!”

The commanders of the Haven Empire were anxious and wanted to increase the speed of the march.

They wanted to occupy Vargo Fortress. The overall level of the users were lower so they wanted to advance quickly.

“The leaders of the operation made a mistake. It would have been better to go to the plains.”

The forests and mountains weren't an obstacle to the rangers. Arrows flew towards the Haven Empire's army. Even a beginner could boast considerably skill in the forests and mountains.

Assassins appeared at night and got rid of the regular soldiers before quietly vanishing.

The Hermes Guild had the best rangers but they couldn't defend the rear and sides.

In the end, the Haven army had to burn the bushes and trees with chemicals.

Smoke blew for dozens of kilometres across the mountains.

The forest fire lasted for a few days. Although there were some traps, they completely disappeared in the fire.

“March on!”

The army marched through the charred remains and arrived at Vargo Fortress.

The high Vargo Fortress was designed to look down on invaders.

“It really is an enormous fortress.”

“Originally the walls were 10 metres and now they have tripled in size.”

“What should we do? It will be tough for the soldiers to climb so should we ask the magic unit?”

The tactic of using magic and archers against the northern users had been absolute. In contrast, this army had plenty of knights and rangers.

“It won’t be easy for the magic units to reach here. How many magicians are on our side?”

“8,000 people.”

“That isn’t a lot.”

Magic knights cost a lot of money.

It took a long training period and vast amounts of magic items being consumed.

The Haven Empire used an astronomical amount of funds for the war.

“A magic unit is useful in siege warfare. Have the soldiers rest sufficiently before we attack.”

“There is no damage.”

“Have the soldiers start climbing the walls.”

“Yes!”

The Haven Empire started their siege on Vargo Fortress.

The blacksmith users installed stone shields, ropes and ladders for the infantry. It was somewhat poor equipment but it was

impossible to prepare for this due to the mountains blocking their view.

“Occupy the fortress!”

“Advance! Advance!”

“Wahhhh!”

200,000 soldiers of the Haven Empire simultaneously ran towards the walls.

Most of them were NPC soldiers but there were a mix of Hermes Guild users.

The Hermes Guild users enjoyed wars of conquest. Attacking enemy fortresses could give them considerable riches and achievements.

“Shoot!”

The archers hidden by Vargo Fortress started firing.

Unlike the human soldiers, there were many dwarves and elves.

The dwarves and elves mainly lived at Vargo Fortress. Due to the Haven Empire, they lost their homes and joined the Arpen Kingdom to participate in the war.

In addition, there were users waiting at Vargo Fortress.

“Kueok!”

“Shield properly!”

“Maintain a quick thrust!”

The Haven army ran through the storm of arrows. Some soldiers fell down but the elite soldiers kept moving.

“They are coming. It is starting now.”

“Grow the plants!”

The elves demonstrated their growth enhancing magic.

Seeds sown in the ground suddenly grew among the Haven

Empire's army.

The thorny vines planted by the northern farmers!

Some of the plants were like vampires and liked blood so the rare vines grew like it was a jungle.

5 meters, 10 meters, the thorny vines grew and grabbed the soldiers around them.

The Haven army was entangled in vines 100 metres from the walls.

“Now. Fire away!”

The arrows of the elves and users poured towards the Haven Empire.

The soldiers were hit by the arrows but didn't die.

The siege troops wore armour designed to minimize the damage of arrows. The soldiers were going to climb the walls so the priests and magicians placed blessings on them.

“Drop the rocks! Archers continued to shoot!”

Vargo Fortress' resistance!

The users desperately attacked the soldiers of the Haven Empire climbing up the walls.

The commander of the Haven army clicked his tongue as he looked at the walls.

“It is too high.”

“It will be quite tricky for the soldiers to capture them. It will be embarrassing as a commander if the army receives large damage.”

Soldiers kept falling from the high walls.

The soldiers were crowded in the vicinity of the walls so they kept receiving damage from the archers of Vargo Fortress.

There was no room for the soldiers of the Haven Empire to avoid

the arrows so they died.

If this continued then morale and overall combat power would decrease.

“Concentrate the siege weapons on the gates!”

The Haven Empire started to use their siege weapons.

Huge pieces of stones started flying towards Vargo Fortress.

“Stones!”

“Don’t avoid the fight. It is already decided that we will die here so don’t back down!”

Vargo Fortress was a natural fortress but it gradually turned ragged under the attacks of the Haven Empire.

But the fortress had too much defenses.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

There was one word attached to Vargo Fortress.

Orc, orc, orc, orc, orc, orc, orc and orc.

There was no end to the orcs.

“This is home, chwiik!”

“This is a fight. Our meal, chwik chwik!”

No one knew the orcs would reproduce so much in the north.

They reproduced among themselves and those from the Plains of Despair continued to be transplanted.

The northern merchants continued expanded the marine trade. Horse drawn carriages were often attacked by monsters so they preferred going by sailboat even if it was slower.

The trade routes with the east was particularly active.

After the Embinyu Church was destroyed, Rosenheim Kingdom and Brent Kingdom were restored.

Merchants carrying supplies along the trade route lured the orcs.

“There are many weapons and food in the north. The transport costs are free!”

Food, weapons and for free.

There was no need to bargain with the merchants.

Enough orcs started moving.

“We are happy with labour. Transportation and construction associated work is quite profitable. Even if it is only a couple of days, won't it be able to feed your families?”

“Do you fight well? Of course, you are orcs. Orcs are famous for their bravery. It is risky but the rewards are very big...wasn't there a famous orc called Karichwi?”

Mapan's business actively brought in the orcs.

A labour supply using the orcs.

The orcs actively took care of monsters in the north. They fought and established villages in the Arpen Kingdom.

Unfortunately, there weren't many human residents on the Northern Continent. The fall of the Niflheim Empire and the harsh weather meant the population plummeted.

This void was filled by the orcs.

Some people thought there would be ethnic conflicts between the orcs and the humans.

“Orcs. The orcs are aggressive and will eat humans.”

“Our children are anxious about the orcs. Looking at the horrible faces of the orcs...I absolutely won't allow orcs in my house.”

Many residents spoke like this.

In fact, many villagers anxious about the orcs became satisfied.

But there were many obstacles to the population expansion of the

orcs.

The orc species were conscious of local events.

They didn't back down from any monsters invading their territory. The orcs would persist until they died.

And the remaining orcs would want revenge.

The settlements were being threatened so the orcs endlessly flocked to Vargo Fortress.

More orcs continued rushing to Vargo Fortress during the battle. Therefore, the fight for Vargo Fortress never seemed to end.

It continued even with the battle at the Earth Palace with the Haven Empire was over.

The orcs appeared at Vargo Fortress as well as tormented them across the mountains.

No matter how might the Haven Empire, they couldn't exhibit the same tactics as the plains. The siege weapons couldn't crack Vargo Fortress.

The long range arrows of the elves killed the technicians of the siege weapons.

The dwarves would repair any damage done to the fortress.

The undead even woke up at night.

"Huhuhuhu, fresh blood."

"My body, my body!"

This was the location of Barkhan's Immortal Legion.

The undead heard the large scale battle and woke up to fight the Haven Empire.

It was like a swarm of ants was covering the Haven Empire.

Those engaged in the siege at Vargo Fortress received new commands.

-The war will be briefly paused. Immediately head to the conquered areas in the north. It is important to prepare for the future conquest of the north.

A considerable amount of damage had been done at Vargo Fortress.

The troops were reduced by 100,000. 200,000 troops also died from the orcs filling the mountain ranges.

But they still had 1.2 million troops remaining.

They were engaged in a fierce fight at Vargo Fortress.

The complete destruction of the fortress and the orcs were their goal.

“Let’s go to the occupied territories.”

“Commander, we marched all the way here. But now we have to leave without even destroying the fortress?”

“It is nonsense. We just barely climbed up the mountains.”

There were many unhappy about the decision to leave Vargo Fortress.

“They are orders from above. We have to unconditionally obey the commands of the Hermes Guild.”

“It can’t be helped since it was Commander Draka’s decision.”

Draka who led the army towards the Earth Palace at his own discretion.

The result was failure.

The responsibility for the defeat and disobeying orders meant his status changed to a general user.

Failure to gain achievements naturally resulted in strict punishment from the Hermes Guild.

“We suffered after coming to the north.”

“Commander-nim, is it good to stretch out forces over the conquered northern areas? Draka and all the users will have to defend the conquered territories.”

“That’s right. It won’t be easy and we can’t ignore them. Anyway, we need to do our duty. And defense suits me more than war.”

Alcard’s abilities were more suitable to defending fortresses.

He was the commander in charge of the 12 siege of Fort Odin and showed the best results. The elite troops of the Hermes Guild defended it for 4 days.

Then Bardray and the Royal Guards came and overwhelmed the enemies while the defenders were tired.

Alcard had a careful nature and was assigned a position to attack the north because he wouldn’t make any mistakes.

He had slowly marched and barely arrived in front of Vargo Fortress before receiving the command to return.

“Everyone retreat! We have to quickly return to the occupied areas!”

Alcard gave the command and the troops started marching.

The orcs watching the army retreat were puzzled.

“What are they doing? Chwiik!”

“There is more work to do. Just go, chwi chwik!”

An alliance composed of orcs, dwarves, elves and barbarians were waiting at Vargo Fortress. In particular, this area was very favourable for the Arpen Kingdom so the ratio of NPC residents was very high.

A lively commerce between species that actively advanced Vargo Fortress.

The orc users heard news that the Haven Empire at the Earth

Palace lost and showed their yellowish teeth.

“Chwik! If so, chwik! Must, chwi chwi chwik, we, chwik, attack, chwi chwi chwiik!”

“They are turning around, chwi chwi chwik.”

“Chase after them, chwi chwik!”

“Chwiik, don’t be impatient. It could be a trap, chwi chwik!”

“We are lacking too much. I would be glad if it is a trap, chwi chwik!”

“I don’t care about dying, chwiii chwik!”

“We won’t receive any damage, chiiik!”

The orc tribes that weren’t afraid of being wiped out!

The orcs were brave warriors that constantly fought.

If there wasn’t spacious land and a supply of food then there would be a limit on the population of the orcs. Any orcs afraid of combat would be incompetent.

That’s why the orcs stormed at Alcard’s retreating troops.

The Haven Empire were fiercely chased through the mountain and they lost 250,000 troops.

The orcs had great physical ability and grew quickly as a beginner.

Alcard showed his defense skills and managed to reduce the damage by 50,000. But his top priority was to reach the occupied areas.

250,000 troops were lost and 160,000 inevitably fell behind due to the excessive march.

Anyway, Alcard’s army safely passed the mountains and arrived at the occupied areas. And the users who lost their lives at the Earth Palace joined, building a huge force.

Alcard was appointed as the governor of the occupied territories. Now he was ruling one fourth of the northern territory, a vast amount of land.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Huhuhu, another classic has emerged. Hopefully I will have a chance for my song to spread through the continent.”

The bard Murray lightly tapped the beat with his fingers.

A melody rang out as the leaves started dancing.

Murray was a bard who wrote poems and sang songs.

The nature of the profession meant that bards considered adventurers as friends. Sometimes they could borrow the power of nature to produce a magical stage.

Murray was one of the best bards on the continent so naturally he watched the war.

A battle that absolutely couldn't be missed! All bards on the continent gathered to make a song of Weed's victory.

‘He should beat the Haven Empire.’

‘Weed has high fame on the continent.’

‘In order to make a popular song, the protagonist should be Weed.’

The feature of a bard was their songs. If their song became known then their fame and composition skills would increase.

They could easily enjoy the best fame through singing.

Just like a sculptor and paint, it was very beneficial for a bard to obtain fame.

If their song became known then they could even give a nickname to people.

Roaming around the continent while singing, an attractive profession!

A popular profession that was good at making friends.

The characteristics of the job meant that they didn't settle in one place or join guilds. Recent classics were <Orc Karichwi's Nasal Voice>, <Unknown Hero's Future> and <Hymn of Grass Porridge>.

Ohh.

Today's I heard a chiik.

A strong nasal sound like there is a runny nose.

I saw an orc.

Earthworm like tendons, broad forehead and no hair.

Chwik, chwi chwi chwit, chwi chwi chwi chwit, chwit chwit chwit, chwiik!

Karichwi who has a nasty temper!

He talked to young and adult orcs.

Murray studied orcs in order to write his song.

The simple lyrics and accurate nasal sound that was difficult to produce made it popular among the orcs.

Murray was popular and could easily hold a conversation with the orcs. Listening to the song up close meant being sprayed by the runny nose so he needed to be careful.

"This is an opportunity to create a great song and I need to complete it faster than the others.

The battle of the Earth Palace was the goal.

Bards also experienced big battles.

Murray and the other bards had their battles in the squares and taverns of the city.

It went without saying that the first song would have the advantage.

"Dawn City, Earth Palace. Well...something different will

emerge. The Earth Palace collapsed but the reconstruction can make a new story. Dawn City has a role so it should have a significant amount of time. The future of the Arpen Kingdom... yes, the sun rising in the morning.”

He had a flash of inspiration.

‘The Arpen Kingdom will take a leap forward in the morning.’

The morning that would open a glorious future for the Arpen Kingdom.

Right now the preparation could be called the dark night. The Immortal Legion and war with the Haven Empire was just a guide for the new beginning.

“There is unease about the future. The future isn’t determined at the moment.”

Murray suddenly wondered.

Weed and the undeveloped areas of the north.

‘The morning after...the morning will come, causing the birds from Lavias over the Arpen Kingdom to cry loudly. How far can Weed raise the Arpen Kingdom?’

He decided the title of the song.

<The Kingdom of the Rising Morning>

A song about the battle of the Haven Empire was too small. He would make a song about the overall evolution of the Arpen Kingdom.

Murray’s song would spread through the entire continent.

If that happened then the fame of the Arpen Kingdom and the self-esteem of the people living there would rise.

The Haven Empire imposed a decree on the continent.

-Block all trade and transportation to the Arpen Kingdom.

-Activities in the Northern Continent are prohibited. Things

since as hunting, quests and travel are prohibited.

The beginning of the northern blockade.

The Haven Empire occupied some land in the north and dispatched troops to form checkpoints at the borders.

In addition, the Haven Empire blocked the movement of merchants and travellers.

A thorough isolation policy!

This was the Hermes Guild’s plan to slow down the development of the Arpen Kingdom.

The merchants trading with the Central Continent would suffer great harm and the tourists visiting the Arpen Kingdom would be blocked.

The Arpen Kingdom defeated the Haven Empire but they suffered some damage.

Even the players starting Royal Road would seriously reconsider picking the Arpen Kingdom. They were worried about receiving disadvantages and discrimination.



“Kuaaaack!”

Seo-yoon leapt down from Wy-3’s back the moment they arrivedat Morata.

“Thank you. Here is a snack.”

She pulled out dried horse meat prepared in advance.

Chomp!

Wy-3’s delicious meal!

Seo-yoon’s eyes warmed as she watched Wy-3.

Weed’s wyverns could fly long distances comfortably and their ability to glide was amazing. But among the wyverns, Wy-3 wasn’t

comfortable.

‘Wy-3 is science.’

Wy-3’s value as a perfect air transportation vehicle!

Seo-yoon entered the office.

Weed was concentrating on a sculpture when she came in. It wasn’t easy to think he was a cool man devoted to the task but the reality was different.

“I have to finish this before it is too late.”

-Please set the name of the new sculpture.

“Great King Leading the Arpen Kingdom.”

-Great King Leading the Arpen Kingdom is correct?

“Heh. Well, it is an undeniable fact.”

-Moonlight Sculpting Fine Piece! Great King Leading the Arpen Kingdom has been completed!

A work of the sculptor Weed that expresses the beauty of time and light.

The Arpen Kingdom situated in the north of the Versailles Continent.

This new kingdom recently had many difficulties but the buds are blooming and the harvest season is upcoming.

A statue of the revered King Weed will make the residents feel a sense of pride and will increase intimacy.

In particular, any residents with complaints will be happy when seeing this statue.

Artistic Value: A sculpture that surpasses Weed’s limits.

6,700.

Special Options: Great King Leading the Arpen Kingdom will increase health and mana regeneration by 20% for a day.

The loyalty of the local residents will rise.

The effect of government buildings will increase by 2%.

National Fame +1.

The value of art produced in this region will increase.

Those with an art profession will have their charm increased by 38.

Charisma has permanently increased by 1.

The effect doesn't overlap with other sculptures.

Number of Moonlight Fine pieces completed: 12

-The skill proficiency of Sculpting has improved.

-The skill proficiency of Handicraft has improved.

-Fame has increased by 2,230.

- Perseverance has increased by 5.

-Time Sculpting has reached beginner level 8.

“Huhuhuhu, hahahahaha!”

His own sculpture!

Just like a plastic surgery beauty, there was a huge difference between his appearance and that of the sculpture.

The sleek jaw line and intelligent eyes were different.

Long legs, strong upper body and the faint sheen from the moonlight gave it a truly handsome appearance!

Weed meticulously searched the sculpture.

“It feels like looking in a mirror after just washing.”

The eyes, nose and mouth were the same but it gave off a seriously different feeling.

“Indeed...I could also look like this if I maintained myself well.”

Weed nodded.

A dangerous delusion caused by a harsh winter!

Seo-yoon nodded as she watched the scene.

The real Weed looked much better than the sculpture to her. She thought that Weed was better than other handsome men like celebrities and models.

A situation where wool covered her eyes.

Chapter 6

Weed made a sculpture of Seo-yoon in the office.

“Um, that arm over there should be a little higher.”

“Like this?”

He tested many different types of clothing for the sculpture of Seo-yoon.

“This is all for art, art.”

“Huh?”

“No, nothing.”

His pure artistic soul was climbing.

He tested several pieces of clothing such as a knight’s armour, magician’s robe and stage costumes for the dancers.

Seo-yoon was perfect whether she was covered up or wearing revealing clothes.

“Fashion completes the face and the body.”

A statue of a beautiful woman like Seo-yoon was a wonderful sight. His work would also create a new beauty.

He sculpted through the night. Seo-yoon didn’t show any signs of boredom as she followed Weed’s instructions well.

“These clothes? The skirt I’m wearing is too short.”

“Art should have constant attempts. It should be a noble challenge for beauty. Hesitation in art means that it will never develop.”

“Now I am drooling.”

“.....”

Any man would become sneaky with a girlfriend like Seo-yoon.

Many things could be read during the sculpting process. Not only

was she beautiful but he could learn a little bit more about the subject while sculpting.

Weed was constantly updating the facial expressions and new parts of the body.

A long time ago, he had sculpted Seo-yoon smiling. He had thought it was a pity that her pretty face was stiff. Even now she didn't laugh loudly but gave soft smiles.

Then she was a beautiful diamond!

'She is prettier than she was in the past.'

If there was a god in the world then he gave all the beauty to her.

Seo-yoon had a much friendlier attitude towards him compared to the past. A natural appearance that made her more beautiful than usual.

'My sculpture needs to have that look. I need to show that side.'

She was impressed by his many sculptures. Eyes that looked at him with confidence and affection. He wanted that feeling to remain with the sculpture.

The sculpture that Weed completed was a work of art.

-Woman in Love.

-An Angel's Smile.

-Blazing Beauty.

-Eternal Beauty.

Moonlight sculpture fine pieces were created in succession.

"Tricky conditions are necessary to succeed as an artist."

Weed again gained enlightenment.

An extraordinary observation and judgement was required. It was a part of music, poetry, novels, plays, sculptures etc.

He always tried to create expensive pieces of art. An artist always

felt greed towards their works. Passion and commitment for the work was required.

Having a pretty girlfriend was definitely convenient for his work. Weed slashed at sculptures all day to raise his skill proficiency.



The next day.

Weed acted like a black king in his office.

“Investment, investment!”

Investing in the growth of the Arpen Kingdom in order to deal with the Haven Empire!

Currently the Arpen Kingdom had a budget of 70 million. It was a few months of tax income.

The tax revenue of the Arpen Kingdom was mainly put back in development and the Grand Buildings. Even so, the accumulated funds could be administered by the king.

70 million gold!

A huge amount for an individual but it wasn’t much considering the current size of the Arpen Kingdom.

It would be completely drained investing in a military of 300,000 troops.

In fact, the trade and production of the Arpen Kingdom was expanding every day. Even with the special tax rate for residents, it was bringing in an astronomical amount.

It the taxes were raised as high as the Haven Empire then the profit would increase by more than 3 times.

But this was limited due to the free nature of the north.

Many users started in the Arpen Kingdom in order to take advantage of the low taxes. Merchants succeeded in risky trades

due to the low tax rates and they opened up new trade routes.

Raising the taxes now would lose the crazy but important strength of the Arpen Kingdom.

“Well, the tax decreased due to the collapse of the Royal Palace but it will rebound.”

The users and residents were increasing.

70 million gold was money that should be used very sparingly.

He could use all the money at once in a large investment but that wouldn't benefit the Arpen Kingdom.

“I need to invest in high productivity sectors. Usually it would be better to invest in the economy but I don't know how effective that will be.”

In order to increase the economic power of the kingdom, he should establish smithies, clear wasteland areas or expand agricultural areas. Active mine development was also one of the ways.

But Weed wanted the Arpen Kingdom to be larger.

Economic development was somewhat helpful but it would lead to an ambiguous amount of money.

“Besides, it is too subtle.”

Setting up smithies for weapons and armour production would make employment in the kingdom grow by leaps and bounds. Items such as swords and shields were essential in combat and continuously consumed so the business would never suffer any damages.

Usually capital would be steadily invested but there was currently a lot of weapons and armour from the Haven Empire. This was a temporary phenomenon but there was a need to consider where to spend money effectively.

Tax income was reduced and the Northern Continent was

blocked so this meant the economic situation would become more difficult in the future.

He needed to make investments that had immediate results as well as long term benefits.

“In order to create a lively economy...increasing the products won't help.”

Weed started thinking.

He wasn't taught economics but common sense was enough.

There were many users in the north and this would increase further in the future. He needed to make sure products were consumed without running out. The blacksmiths and merchants knew how to do this themselves.

“There are many products on the market not being sold.”

Rather than books or lectures, the merchants acquired knowledge through conversations at the market.

If products were selling particularly well on the market then there was no reason to stop. Merchants mainly imported low cost items in order to obtain a large profit from their customers.

The king building smithies everywhere but it wouldn't strengthen the overall production and economic strength of the kingdom. Currently there wasn't a problem of lacking goods so there was no reason for the king to intervene.

Although there were some benefits to Weed, the level of the kingdom meant he could let others produce the items.

The kingdom's economic power meant that basics could be filled in themselves. He needed to generate a higher value to the Arpen Kingdom.

“This is a kingdom of merchants so there is no need to intervene to make it prosperous.....”

Weed's head continued to think. Then he suddenly thought

about the merchants.

“A larger market and vigorous trade will make the Arpen Kingdom richer.”

It was a difficult problem.

Weed considered the entire Arpen Kingdom. Right now it was insufficient. There were too many things.

The Arpen Kingdom was filled with beginners.

“The Earth Palace is broken. Alone with Morata, Port Varna and Vargo Fortress, it is the heart of the Arpen Kingdom..... Adventurers roam all around the northern continent. It is the same for merchants. And they develop small villages in every corner of the kingdom. That’s how the current status was created despite the threat of monsters.”

Needless to say, the merchants had a large contribution. The novice users starting here was also a solid foundation for the development of the kingdom.

But he couldn’t always believe in them.

The Arpen Kingdom was vibrant and fun.

It was currently in a state of confusion due to the Haven Empire but it was getting better. The war with the Haven Empire had ended but their cities had advance technology and were stable.

The northern blockade had just been launched so the novice users might prefer the Central Continent despite the popularity of the Arpen Kingdom.

The Haven Empire was unlikely to change their governing methods but there was no reason to live in the Arpen Kingdom unless there were improvements.

In the north, the only huge city was Morata.

In contrast, the Central Continent had so many big cities that it was hard to remember their names. However, the novice users

liked living in Morata and the north.

Many novice users believed in an illusion when starting Royal Road.

“If I don’t change it quickly then my brand will decline.”

Weed strongly felt the need to maintain the competitiveness of the Arpen Kingdom. The current Arpen Kingdom was too narrow.

In fact, the territory was very wide but more of the areas were filled with monsters. There was a large distance between villages and people were rarely around the frontier.

There were too few cities in the Arpen Kingdom. There was only Morata, Port Varna and Vargo Fortress.

Recently visitors also increased at Vent Castle and Mordred. Besides that, numerous villages were getting better. The orc fortresses were increasing day by day.

Nevertheless, the lives of people living in the big cities were lacking.

Various types of cities were required.

There were trade and commerce cities, mining towns, cities that prospered due to techniques that extracted resources from the land and cities that taught magic education.

It was necessary to establish tourist cities to attract travellers and settlers. There couldn’t only be cities of arts and culture.

In order to rule the Arpen Kingdom more effectively, it was absolutely necessary to expand the jurisdiction of the big cities.

Each town and city would have lords that could look after domestic affairs like taxes, technology etc.

Vargo Fortress was the only one with a similar development to Morata.

“Famous areas where people will travel to. The Arpen Kingdom

is a fledgling kingdom. Now it will be difficult for the lords to differentiate their villages.”

Grand Buildings would quickly cause a village to grow to the scale of a city. Although there were many travellers, the features of the city could end up deformed.

Mora ended up making the Arpen Kingdom. There were many advantages to have politics, economy, commerce, culture and technology focused on Morata.

“I need to connect roads between the cities.”

He decided to build 8 cities with Morata in the centre.

Of course, the construction of the new cities would depend on the river, plains and existing villages.

Important buildings needed to be built in the villages.

People were still lacking sufficient reason to leave Morata so more cities needed to be built in the Arpen Kingdom.

Users were still starting in the north so now was the perfect time to widen the narrow feel of Morata. Adventurers and merchants could wander around without risk.

He was certain now.

The Arpen Kingdom had reached its limit because of Morata.

“We need to expand Ibellin Castle in the east. The necessary buildings are required in order to make it easier for beginners.”

Ibellin Castle was close to Kruger Harbour.

Kruger Castle was to the east of Rupoi Plains. Merchants pulled carriages there and it had a good amount of travellers.

It would be good if adventurers and novice users used Ibellin Castle as a base for their activities.

It was a good opportunity for people to settle in places other than Morata.

Weed decided to invest 15.84 million gold in Ibellin Castle.

Users would feel offended if he only invested half-heartedly.

Commercial buildings such as grocery stores, guild offices, training centres for knights and magic guilds. There was a construction request for a branch of the Freya Church and new residential areas were formed.

Fortunately, it was a very safe area so there was no need to build walls around the old castle.

“The Harsel Mountains area needs to be explored. Lots of resources are required in order to develop the kingdom.”

A small river flowed from Vent Castle to the Harsel Mountains.

He decided to develop Iptun Village at the entrance to the mountain area.

Buildings associated with mining and construction facilities were created. A small harbour was created at the river. There were frequent invasions from monsters so he ordered walls and rangers to be recruited.

If Iptun Village explored and developed the Harsel Mountains area then it would be helpful to the Arpen Kingdom's economic power.

The territory could produce a considerable value.

If many high level users were active in Iptun Village and the Harsel Mountains then monsters would stop overflowing out of the mountains. This would have a positive impact on the Arpen Kingdom's security.

Parties in the area wouldn't need to return to Morata and Vargo Fortress.

“I can't miss developing the Valley of Death and the east sea. I need to invite them for location hunting and production.”

The mind of a corrupted king!

“If the Harsel Mountains become more secure then I can create a unique tourist city.”

Of course, it was instant death if there was a monster ambush. It was an advantage that might work out well.

Weed's head started rotating at full speed.

The development of a kingdom was bound to have complex macroeconomics. This was Weed's way of living.

Extraordinary vision and smell!

A ghost like ability to see and smell money.

The dark smell of money was coming from the Arpen Kingdom!

“Some islands recently discovered to the east should be developed.”

Small fishing villages were found by sailors.

After the fall of the Niflheim Empire, some settlers left for the sea.

Necessary buildings, ship repair yards and trade buildings were built.

Now it was only small villages but a wide sea region could be created. If there was a trade route with the Brent and Rosenheim Kingdom then there would be long term economic benefits.

“Huhuhu, it is difficult to develop these islands due to the heavy trades but I can set up 1~2 free trade zones.”

Precisely, pirate islands!

The life of a pirate was fun.

An endless horizon!

Numerous fish swamp in the sea that could be caught with a fishing rod.

There was also a high traffic trade route at sea so looting

merchants was very profitable. Of course, Weed knew very well the happiness of being a pirate.

“There is too much to develop. Huge value industries are everywhere.”

Weed once again reflected.

It really was hard when he thought about it. Looking back at his past, there was areas he regretted not investing in. Opening his eyes in the morning every day and finding it difficult to make money. Burying money in the ground, he couldn't think of a honest life!

Weed thought it was a really undesirable life.

“I need to spread rumours about the top 10 attractions of the Arpen Kingdom. Pilgrimage places for the Grass Porridge Cult.”

He also needed to secretly negotiate with Mapan for the opening of overpriced stores!

“It is difficult to enjoy the peace if Morata isn't secure. He needed to spend money on the kingdom in order to stop it from coming to an end. Earning money is very hard and I need to harvest the taxes.”

The Grass Porridge Cult will stand up every time the Arpen Kingdom fell into a crisis.

Weed's tongue started slowing creeping out as he concentrated on the internal affairs.

He could already taste the money.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The live adventures of the Crimson Wings Guild!

Interest had fallen because of the war but the ratings still reached 23%.

-One of the sacred obligations as a giant is to sustain the world.

Humans, do you sincerely want death?

Teros only had 10 people left in his group. They had the funds to hire NPC mercenaries but almost none of them survived.

People overflowing with adrenaline could randomly die.

The sight of the Crimson Wings Guild struggling in the dungeon was a very popular live show. And finally, they met a sleeping giant.

Teros nodded.

“I want to die. I willingly risked death to come here.”

-Excellent. Having the courage to continue through your fear. Humans, do you have the courage to rectify a wrong despite the dangers to your life?

“This.”

Gale met Mako's eyes.

Gale: I thought this was the end.....

Mako: It must be refused. Our power is already limited.

A S-class difficulty was the hardest level of quest.

They had wandered around and barely came to the last dungeon. The colleagues Pulain and Bastien had been sacrificed in order to reach this point.

Reaching this far in a S-class difficulty quest was already a great success. Only Weed the God of War would succeed in this type of unexpected quest.

But now the giant was giving them another quest.

Teros thought for a moment before bowing his head to his colleagues.

Teros: Let's not back down here.

Psyche: That's not what I wanted to hear. We've done enough.

Gale: Captain, let's give it up. Our power won't be able to break through.

Teros: However, won't we miss too much? The quest was a little difficult but we got nothing. Didn't we want to become famous and respected on the continent again? Shouldn't we show our power? The stupid things we did will forever remain in the memory of the people if we retreat.

Mako: Captain.....

Teros: The giant's words make sense. We are different from the past. There is only one life that we have to walk. I will regret now seeing it through to the end.

His colleagues no longer opposed after hearing Teros' words.

A quest was a quest. Higher compensation would be received the more difficult it was.

Novices wanted money, equipment, fame and later stats from the quests. Of course, quests that required leaving the area would take a long time.

It was common sense that chain quests would become popular.

Famous quest items could be traded for expensive prices.

This was different from the adventures and quests the Crimson Wings Guild received in the past.

They didn't know how to proceed forward in the future or if they could overcome the dangerous situation. There was a possibility of success but they were more likely to fail.

Gale: It isn't a big deal so let's do it. Anyway, we only have one life so there is no need to hesitate.

Mako: Let's not feel any regret and commit to it.

Teros said to the giant.

"We have the courage."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Rough men like the sand, I greet the Pugnak Warriors.”

“It has been a long time since the Pallos Empire disappeared. The Pugnak Warriors recognize that you are on the path of the saviour.”

“Come out unharmed from the Desert of Tranquility Then the desert tribes can’t ignore your noble valour.”

Unring, Ben and Elliks of Earth Shadow needed to gain the respect of the desert tribe. Earth Shadow was doing a quest associated with the Desert Emperor quest.

“It is much more rewarding than the work involving the Embinyu Church.”

“It is fortunate that they haven’t forgotten the past.”

“It is good that it isn’t vague.”

This time they had less anxiety while performing the request.

The leading adventurer group in Royal Road!

However, they wasted a great deal of precious time on an outlandish adventure. There were many worries due to the risk of not knowing the results of the adventure.

The so-called continent quest would get different results depending on good and evil. A typical example was the Embinyu Church waking up earlier!

This time, they expected good results for the Desert Emperor quest.

The resurrection of the Desert Emperor in the harsh and desolate desert! A desert warrior would become Weed’s heir.

Unring became anxious in the middle.

“What if the heir of the Desert Emperor is a bad person?”

“What do you mean?”

“For instance, what if they conquer the Central Continent after the desert? It might be their destiny if they are the Great Emperor’s descendant.”

“That makes sense.”

Earth Shadow started to worry. And 10 minutes later, they came to a conclusion.

“After the southern desert, they will invade the principalities and free trade zones. That is the land of the Haven Empire so we don’t need to get involved.”

“Yes, the Hermes Guild will take care of those guys.”

“Well, look at these nasty bastards.”

“They are the same.”

The adventurers didn’t always act independently and some joined the prestigious guilds.

There were many famous adventurers on the Versailles Continent affiliated with the Hermes Guild. They gained information about quests and even took it by force. It also gave them the exclusive rights to excavate treasure at certain locations.

The prestigious guilds even reported in advance special treasures and quests in their territory. If the adventure was a success then they needed to pay half the excavation profit.

They would find public information or intercept new quests. The adventurers were helpless against the special forces of the guild.

Weed was respected enough not to be exploited by the prestigious guilds.

The free adventurers struggled because of them and suffered countless hardships. The Hermes Guild was just as bad as the other prestigious guilds and it became worse after the Haven Empire was founded.

The official policy of the Hermes Guild towards the adventurers

changed. Lafaye and the leaders found that the activities of the adventurers benefited the Haven Empire.

But the lords that ruled the territories were different. If there was hidden treasure in the land they ruled or a wonderful hunting ground then a fee needed to be paid.

Every adventurer had to pay the lords substantial taxes.

The adventurers that succeeded in their territory were threatened by the military unless they handed over a large amount of the profit. That’s why there was a small number of adventurers compared to other professions.

Earth Shadow continued the quest without worrying about the consequences.



Weed decided to wait and see the developments of the Arpen Kingdom after his intervention.

“I just need to hope that it goes well.”

Investments worth 70 million gold.

He placed the 4.93 million gold obtained from selling the loot into the treasury.

Ddirring!

-King Weed has invested his personal fortune in the kingdom.

Leading the country and its people with the virtue of nobility. A very good deed has been done by the noble king.

The security of Morata and the surrounding areas will increase by 3.

-Honour has increased by 1.

Fame has increased by 493.

-The title ‘Honourable King of Kings’ has been acquired.

It was very difficult for a king to receive the respect of the people.

High security, economic developments and maintenance of facilities were required to maintain the long-term loyalty of the residents.

Actively taking care of the livelihood of the residents or leading soldiers in a war can grant the king an honourable title.

The intimacy with the residents and fame would help the loyalty remain high.

It wasn't easy since the residents would blame any incompetence on the ruler.

If good things happen within the kingdom then the king's reputation would increase sharply.

“Sob!”

He put his individual money to develop the kingdom.

He invested that money with a sad heart!

“Another useless title. This is really the worst.”

Weed still believed in a bright future.

“For the moment, I've defeated the invasion of the Haven Empire. I have a large margin even if they decide to conquer us later. Until then, I will work diligently to gain more taxes.”

Investments made with the thought of recovery!

This could be described as the basis of investments in the modern world. It was easy to invest in some areas. But in the end, not all the money invested could be recovered.

After his intervention, Weed left the castle with Seo-yoon.

“There is a lot of work to do from now on.”

Hunting, simple quests and sculpting! He couldn't neglect raising his personal capabilities.

The golden age where he founded the Pallos Empire had passed and the reality was that his lower was lower than most of the Hermes Guild members.

But he had high stats and a new skill so there were lots of opportunities. If he raised Time Sculpting a few more levels then a new world would open.

“Go.”

“Yes.”

Weed defeated dungeons with Seo-yoon and carved sculptures.

He started with dungeons near Morata. The bulletin boards of Royal Road and the Dark Gamers forum meant he knew information about extremely demanding dungeons.

Pelka Wilderness.

Going at night is very dangerous.

Hunt the pelka that will come through the ground.

Handle these guys and enter the dungeon through the hole. The dungeon doesn't have a separate entrance and exit.

It is possible to obtain mana stones if the pelka are wiped out. Recently the pelka horns, leather and teeth can be sold at high prices as raw materials for fire magic.

The recommended hunting level is 440.

“We should be enough.”

“Wipe them out quickly.”

“Leather, horns and teeth can be sold expensively...I am reluctant but I will use them to create sculptures.”

Weed and Seo-yoon defeated the dungeon at the Pelka Wilderness.

Even if his level was lower than the recommended hunting level, Weed was able to endure it. His actual combat ability was excellent

so he could overcome all types of adversity.

Seo-yoon's level was also high and was appropriate for the hunting ground.

Calling Death Knight Van Hawk, calling the Vampire Lord Torido!"

"You called, Master."

"Incompetent bastards! You came out so prove your worth."

"Understood."

Van Hawk and Torido were reliable and significantly helped in the hunt.

It would be annoying hunting without those two. Waiting for the recovery time after fighting monsters was a significant disadvantage.

Weed optimized his breaks with the best hunting time. And he always sculpted during the break!

That's why it was good in many ways to have Van Hawk and Torido along on the hunt.

Van Hawk had high health and good attack skills as a death knight. Torido was useful because he could use his vampire skills to brainwash monsters with low intelligence.

And he even generously called the sculptural lifeforms when the monsters were very large.

"Summon Sculpture!"

Bahamorg, Yellowy, Goldman, Seville and Cerberus were summoned when needed.

"Ummooooooooo."

"It is hard hunting so don't complain. Crush them!"

Yellowy who required a minimum of 2 copper to 5 silver to boss around was the best.

In the case of priests, he rented them from the Freya Church and Church of Lugh.

Alveron was a precious talent but needed a lot of contribution points. However, the ordinary (?) senior priests could contribute a lot and were only moderately expensive.

The priests would become stronger through hunting with Weed and this was a good thing for the church. If Weed brought back priests that levelled up then he could get back some of his contribution points.

As king of the Arpen Kingdom, he needed to contribute to the religious orders on a daily schedule. If the king made a donation then the contribution would slightly accumulate every time.

If the contribution piled up then the faith of the residents of the Arpen Kingdom towards the religion would rise!

Weed employed 2~3 priests for every hunt.

“G-god! This hardship.....”

“U-ugh!”

The priests that somehow survived the speed of the hunt clearly became stronger.

Chapter 7

Pale, Irene, Romuna and his other colleagues didn't call often. They weren't like Weed and found it difficult to focus a lot of their time during the day on Royal Road.

Furthermore, Weed was on an intensive hunt so he needed to quickly move to another hunting ground if necessary.

After defeating the boss monsters in a dungeon, he would immediately move on to hunt somewhere else.

If there were many people in the group then it would become more difficult.

In addition, his original party needed to consent to such painful hunting in advance.

Pale grabbed his hands with delight.

"Really? Thank you, Weed-nim!"

"You've struggled a lot in the meantime so rest for the moment."

"I had been feeling like I was falling down a long, dark tunnel towards the bottom of hell. I won't forget this care and grace."

"I had forgotten that an archer is a very useful profession when hunting."

"....."

"I will use you well at a later date. Maylon-nim, is that okay?"

"Of course. Pale-nim, tell me about it when you come back."

"Cough!"

Pale was effectively attacked by Maylon.

The rest of the party willingly agreed with it.

Weed had an awkward conversation with Hwaryeong again.

They were friends in Royal Road but she had opened up her heart

to him. But that died after hearing that Seo-yoon was living next door.

Hwaryeong had a cool personality and wasn't going to quarrel with another woman.

"Seo-yoon? Well, isn't Weed-nim attractive? That charm is what attracted me."

"That's right."

And Seo-yoon nodded like it was natural.

"I'm not giving up. He will come back."

"I...won't let go."

Pale and Zephyr were unable to speak in front of the girls.

"The world is coming to an end."

"This may already be hell."

"Weed-nim being called a good and wise king....."

"I'm sure this is the bottom of hell."

Mapan was with his girlfriend Gamong.

Mapan had slightly overpriced groceries while Gamong sold them for a cheaper price. There were rumours that Mapan was unscrupulous but his girlfriend was a merchant.

Weed and his activities in the territory of the Arpen Kingdom was due to the increase of users with information. There was considerable talk of the north, dungeon location and terrain analysis on the information forums.

Weed wanted dungeons discovered for the first time in order to get the double experience! It was essential for fast growth but there were disadvantages.

Gaining experience quickly wouldn't increase the combat skill proficiency as much. Weed had a variety of skill proficiencies, including swordsmanship that needed to grow.

If he didn't take advantage of Sculptural Destruction while hunting then he would be much weaker than Seo-yoon.

“W-Weed-nim.”

“Weed-nim came to this dungeon!”

“Kyaaaak!”

An underground dungeon consisted of several layers with the weakest monsters at the entrance and on the 1st floor. Therefore, there were a large number of users present.

The migration of high level users in the north.

The people who noticed Weed hunting were like a fan club.

Of course, Weed could change his appearance with Sculpture Transformation but that meant he couldn't create sculptures on his break. It was also hard with the appearance of the Goddess' Knight Armour, Van Hawk, Torido and Yellowy.

Weed watched the people flocking with a frown.

“Being a celebrity is tiring. My personality and appearance lures in the people like a charm.”

“.....”

A level that he actually enjoyed!

The level of the users meant they wouldn't interfere with the hunt. It was also extremely rare to find those who could keep up with Weed and Seo-yoon's pace.

“Excuse me, this might be unreasonable but Weed-nim is the best sculptor on the continent. A gift for my wife and daughter.....”

One of the high level users came up to him and asked. His entire body was covered with equipment made of special materials that granted divine magic.

“If I give you these winged boots then can you please make me a sculpture?”

Snap!

“You came to the right place.”

The high level users that got close commissioned sculptures.

The sculptures that Weed made in order to raise skill proficiency would be disposed of later through Mapan. He had very high popularity as a sculptor so it was easy to dispose of his products.

But this type of customized products meant he could sell it at an overpriced value.

“Isn’t this the best material? I won’t give you a cheap product.”

“Yes.”

“The size is small so it is difficult.....”

“Yes.”

“Hmm hmm, fine trimming and smoothing out the sculpture will cause an additional fee.”

“Please take care of it.”

He horribly increased the rates every time!

“But I have no more gold.”

“Well, it is unfortunate but those shoulder pads should be enough.....”

Weed was able to make extra income with his sculptures.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Rebels sweeping through the Haven Empire!

-Kallamore Liberation Front.

-Tullen Heroes.

-Remnants of the Aidern Kingdom.

-Norton Nobles.

-Luka River’s Resistance Army.

Ever since that day, the confusion in the Haven Empire was getting out of control.

“They were given an opportunity. Faster than I thought...even so, they won’t be able to overcome our power.”

Lafaye gave a command to the Imperial Army.

“Have the troops stationed in big cities and fortresses to quickly overcome the rebels emerging.”

The users of the Hermes Guild were on high alert. The troops stationed at important fortresses spread to nearby areas to stop the rebellions.

The ones in the Central Continent who lost to the Haven Empire! In the past, the continent was split between the prestigious guilds so they can still gain an advantage even if their power wasn’t as strong.

The small rebel uprisings by the residents were quickly swept up by the Hermes Guild users. But the battles took place everywhere including the outskirts of the city, the plains, the market and the government offices.

“There are serious fires in the city.”

“Damn! It was wrong to mobilize the magicians.”

“The fire is continuing to spread through the wooden buildings. The wind is blowing it out of control.”

“We have to give up the city. If it becomes a lump of ash then it can’t be used as a rebel base.”

The city of Peites with a long history disappeared due to fire during the fight with the rebels.

It had been captured by the Embinyu Church but flourished due to Weed’s adventure. But now all traces of it were gone due to fire.

“Did you hear? The Imperial Army set a city on fire in order to burn us down.”

“Children and adults were all burned.”

“Cruel bastards. Those guys are the devil.”

Rumours spread like fire about the Haven Empire.

It was natural since the residents of the occupied territories already disliked the Haven Empire. The exploitation and high taxes meant that rebels continued to rise in the occupied territories.

Lafaye was alert and anxious as his worries became a reality.

“Cavalry, enter the city.”

“Sweep up the rebels tonight and then move onto the next area.”

Nevertheless, the military of the Haven Empire was powerful. They kept the big cities and fortresses and wiped up the rebels in the area. The rebels were defeated by the elite troops of the Haven Empire.

“Help us. If you lost everything then fight against the Haven Empire.”

“There isn’t much time left. Now the dream of the Nest Kingdom resurrecting has disappeared.”

The resistance forces and general users who received quests were defeated by the might Haven Empire.

“We’re not going to.....”

“The Hermes Guild is terribly strong. I’m sick of it, sick.”

The desperate users of the Central Continent quickly mobilized.

But things didn’t go as Lafaye intended in various parts of the empire.

Despite the enormous grain production of the Haven Empire, there were some areas that were starving. The smooth transportation of agricultural products to some regions was impossible due to rebels or bandits.

The army of the Haven Empire provided food supplies to those areas.

“Food aid? In terms of money, it will cost more than 1 million gold.....”

“Lord-nim, what should we do? There are hungry residents waiting.”

“Why are you asking? Store it in the warehouse. Later when there is a food shortage, we can sell it at a higher price. Place guards at the warehouse.”

“Yes!”

The lords only cared about themselves rather than supporting the residents. This was an unofficial decision but there wasn't also a need to make the cities and villages rich and powerful.

It took a long time to develop technology and expand commercial policies.

The lords of the Central Continent were those who obtained a large contribution in war. They squeezed the residents they ruled and bribed the guards. It would be better if those with war achievements would let the land recover.

-Lower the taxes and improve the welfare of the people.

If the lords improve the lives of the residents then rebellions won't occur.

As part of Lafaye's post-war recovery plans, he announced an economic reconstruction plan and commercial support plans for the conquered regions.

Magic research, technological development, road construction, urban reconstruction and restoring attractions were promoted.

An astronomical amount of money of the Central Continent were spent. More than one third of the Haven Empire's treasury were invested.

If the economy and lifestyle in the Central Continent improved then there was no reason for rebels or for people to leave for the north. Over time, the northern users would start coming over to the Central Continent.

The economic policy game!

Lowering the tax rate would gather the users and residents as well as lowering the transaction goods tax throughout the empire.

However, some lords pretended to reluctantly accept this.

If the taxes were lowered then their income would decrease. There was no reason for them to do so. They took care of themselves even when there were rebels in the area.

The rebels were a good opportunity to train the soldiers. If there was a complete victory then security would improve.

But it was just in that area as the adjacent regions would have their security worsen.

In the hands of some lords, the rebellion would grow larger and reach out to the centre. Once the rebels looted the armour and supplies, they would enter the mountains and it would take a long time to suppress them.

If they weren't completely suppressed then it would have adverse effects on peace and security and would affect the military in various ways.



Lafaye launched a covert operation against the Arpen Kingdom.

“The Haven Empire has been damaged so there is a need to twist up the Arpen Kingdom. The current situation might have calmed down but we will show them the difference once we conquer them.”

The fact that Weed was investing in several cities in the Arpen Kingdom was reported to Lafaye. He decided to deal with the

situation.

Weed was a mere adventurer so that didn't mean he had the qualities of a ruler.

A success story of a person who build Morata from the ground up.

Good planning and political power needed to be demonstrated. It was impossible with just coincidence or luck.

“We must invest in the occupied territories of the north. If the development is faster than the Arpen Kingdom then the residents might move.”

The Haven Empire had conquered a quarter of the north.

The Arpen Kingdom was still lacking in many things. If the Haven Empire developed their cities then the residents would increase dramatically. NPC residents and even users wanted a good place to live.

“A quarter of the north. It will be a brilliant bridge to conquering the continent.”

If the Haven Empire's occupied territories had a dazzling development then the Arpen Kingdom would collapse in the future.

The governor created the finest buildings and made free trade cities.

The north had plenty of advantages over the Central Continent.

Spacious and fertile land for grain production and there were many opportunities for mine development. If they increased the population of the occupied territories then a large economic power could be generated.

Trading between the Central Continent and Northern Continent would be a mutual benefit.

His original plan was reconstruction after destroying the north

but changing that plan wasn't a bad idea.

“Urgently eating up rice cakes. If everything goes well then this might lead to a better result.”

In the future, the north would play a large role in the Haven Empire.

“More support needs to be given to the northern lords. In the future, new cities and land will be handed to the lords.”

Ruling positions would be handed out to members of the Hermes Guild who would develop the land.

There were an incredible number of lords on the Versailles Continent. After hearing Lafaye's northern development plan, a great deal of funds were dedicated to the lords.

Lafaye didn't think of competing directly with Weed.

The Hermes Guild had a lot of swords that they could use. And the most powerful sword called Bardray was already prepared.

However, it was quite fun to compete with Weed when it came to the development of a kingdom. The Arpen Kingdom that Weed painfully built up would be smashed.

“This is a little lacking. But it is good enough to win by trampling on him.”

Lafaye felt quite bright because he preferred this strategy. Insidious ploys could sometimes lead to large effects.

In order to draw a big picture, behind the scenes work was essential.

He called Steer who was in charge of the Hermes Guild's information network.

“Steer-nim.”

“Yes.”

“How many people do you have working in the north?”

“Hestiger appeared in the war out of the blue...the impact is strong so approximately 1,000 people.”

“Good. Even if it might seem useless, it might play a large role on the decisive day.”

“I think so as well.”

Despite the rebels, the eyes of the Hermes Guild didn't leave the north. Even traitors in the north could weaken it.

Lafaye had several schemes in the last war that couldn't be triggered properly because of the quick destruction. He hasn't expected Hestiger to appear and for the Earth Palace to collapse.

“How about the assassination of Weed?”

“It is quite difficult to keep track of him for the assassination. He is moving so quickly that it is hard to find his traces.”

“I heard stories that he rides the wyverns. What about after he enters the dungeon?”

“His speed is faster in the dungeon. And they are famous dungeons in the north so there are many users.....”

“We will be ridiculed if rumours spread that the Hermes Guild is trying assassination. Don't act blatantly. The chance will come sooner or later. Do it secretly.”

“We have reinforcements prepared for the assassination squads.”

They wanted to interfere with and weaken Weed.

It was highly likely that Weed would master sculpting and other production techniques. Even dying once would cause a huge loss in skill proficiency.

The reason why the Hermes Guild cared was because of the final sculpting technique. Weed obviously acquired the skill but didn't use it in the war for some reason.

In the next war, Weed was likely to use it against Bardray so they

wanted to check the identity of the skill.

‘Awkward and uncomfortable. It won’t be difficult to cope with if we know it in advance. Perhaps it is a complicated skill that will release a concentrated attack to kill the other person. But 1 person can’t change a war.’

Lafaye issued a new instruction to them.

“Have you identified Weed’s colleagues?”

“Of course. There are the colleagues he has been hunting with since his novice days and the 500 Muksabal Knights.”

“I know that there are some celebrities.....”

“Maylon. A talk show host on the Versailles Continent. But she didn’t participate in the war. As a broadcast official, she must appear neutral. And the other one is a user called Hwaryeong. Singer Jung Hyo-rin ssi. A celebrity well known in reality and she has many admirers in Royal Road.”

Hwaryeong constantly danced in the main hall of Morata.

Brilliant performances filled with light, fire, water droplets or ice flowers that seemed like a solo concert.

Naturally she had explosive popularity!

It was common to have several singers perform on the stage. But none of them could beat the quality of Hwaryeong’s performances.

“Does she have a close relationship with Weed?”

“It is significant. She helps him whenever there is an adventure or war.”

“Buying her to our side is absolutely impossible?”

“That.....”

Well known celebrities were Weed’s colleagues.

But there was no end to human greed. Even a close friend would betray someone if the price was right. Especially with a person like

Weed who cast a large shadow.

There were sure to be colleagues jealous of Weed’s fame and achievements.

They would turn their back on Weed if given compensation by the Hermes Guild.

“His colleagues and the Muksabal Knights. I think gaining some of them isn’t impossible. I will contact them. To what extent can I offer?”

“The position of lord for one of the occupied territories and 1 year of financial support. The Muksabal Knights pursue strength so offer them skills and a mercenary position. The only ones left are Maylon and Hwaryeong? Give them the position of lord in any area of the Central Continent they desire. It will be worth it.”



Weed felt it while hunting in the Arpen Kingdom.

“This is really poor. There are no famous specialties and the residents don’t have good careers. It is hard to even find a grocery store.”

Apart from Morata and several villages, the northwest frontier was completely untouched by human hands.

There was an infinite spread of lush forests, wide fields and swamps that reached up to his ankle.

Thousands of goats and bison lived near the river.

Occasionally merchants moving with carriages protected by mercenaries could be seen. There were also adventurers quickly passing on horseback.

“It is easy moving with the wyverns.”

There were too many undeveloped pieces of land in the north.

The village populations didn’t increase due to lack of roads and

the areas overflowed with monsters and beasts.

Despite the Arpen Kingdom having a degree of stability, this was limited to the big cities, castles and Vargo Fortress. The frontier villages of the kingdom were threatened by the invasion of monsters.

“Work together to block them. We just need to hang on until morning!”

“Mercenary-nim, if you don’t run away then I will give you a reward.”

Users and travellers visiting helped defend the villages.

The villages that fell into a crisis would give users quest to save the village. Merchants hired players or mercenaries to protect their goods along the trade routes.

The Arpen Kingdom that Weed started grew up with the users.

The users living in harmony with it!

The north was different from the Hermes Guild that oppressed the weak on the Central Continent.

Merchants, adventurers, craftsmen, artists, etc. decided their fates themselves and challenged their dreams.

Weed had hope that the Arpen Kingdom could develop.

“It is better to buy this land before it is too late. Stores will have to pay a monthly rent and I can sell and dispose of things at a cheaper price.”

Even the frontier villages were likely to develop in the future.

The villages would carefully expand against the invasion of monsters.

Fields filled with corn, potatoes and sweet potatoes were looked after.

A mining village finding a gold or even silver mine would be an

amazing dream.

-This is outside the territory of the Arpen Kingdom.

The people are envious of the cultural achievements and free-spirited life of the people living in the Arpen Kingdom.

Many of the territory in the remote regions had been lost but Weed didn't mind.

"The small villages will later come back. Once they do, they will be subjected to heavy taxes for a while!"

Weed travelled around the remote areas with Seo-yoon.

He rode Wy-3 and would stand on top of snow-covered mountains in the middle of the night.

The moon and stars shone down on them as Wy-3 rolled around in the snow.

Seo-yoon was the only other person but the atmosphere was sincere.

"I will create a fine piece this time. Then I need to master sculpting and raise Time Sculpting...gulp!"

He was filled with plenty of selfishness.

"Let's see, this is near a historic mining village. Since the fall of the Niflheim Empire, the mine has been closed and only copper ores have been recovered. Copper isn't worth a lot of money but it is fairly usable. Also, the copper ore means that merchants will visit to develop the area."

Weed looked at the maps in the historical books about the Niflheim Empire.

"Creating a sculpture in this place...yes, just keep it simple. Miners!"

He decided not to use the Sculpting Knife to cut wood or rocks. There was no limit to the materials he could use.

Snow decorated the landscape while the dwarves and men in the village used copper for their sculptures.

A lot of the work of dwarves featured women and young children.

Original this was a dwarf mining village. The dwarves loved residing near mines. The dwarves could be called an advanced workforce.

Weed created a work of art based on reality.

The sky was dim and a cool breeze blew as he dissolved copper pieces for the framework of the sculpture.

“In the end, hard work is needed for sculpting.”

It was different from elegant and noble artists. A sculptor needed to shed sweat through manual labour to create a 3D piece.

Seo-yoon, Yellowy and Goldman ate boiled potatoes and sweet potatoes on the side. They also grilled horsemeat on top of rocks for Wy-3.

“There can’t be any mistakes.”

Weed melted copper and poured them into moulds.

A common blacksmithing job!

It was similar to a cookie cutter. In the past it was used to trim simple shapes.

The mold template was used to form the framework. Many modern buildings were made with a cement matrix. The joints and seams showed traces of unpainted cement. It showed the nature of the building and this style was very common.

Therefore the sculptures would have a different feel depending on the raw material. The texture and shape was important.

“The collar...perfect!”

Weed created the common attire of the miners.

A sculpture of a miner with the colour of aged copper was completed.

Of course, Weed combined his intermediate blacksmith skill with sculpting to create breathtaking pieces.

-Ugh, this sculpture.....

-I have a long way to go. I'm quitting.

The unique spirit of a sculptor created detailed and unique patterns that a blacksmith could only dream of.

"In fact, a blacksmith places more emphasis on the strength of the material. Copper is an inferior material so that would never bother with it."

Weed finished the work before dawn.

-Please set the name of the new sculpture.

"Miners Working Around the Clock."

Of course, they should never take a break. For the further prosperity of the Arpen Kingdom and a comfortable retirement for Weed!

-Miners Working Around the Clock is correct?

"I'm certain."

-Masterpiece! Miners Working Around the Clock has been completed.

A majestic sculpture made by the sculptor Weed who is the king of the Arpen Kingdom and who wandered around the continent learning the power of nature and time.

The sculpture of real sized miners made by melting copper has been completed after a minimal process.

Creating the framework, melting the ingredients, pouring it and trimming it, no unnecessary steps were used.

The sculptor Weed had perfect skills across many areas.

Drooping eyes and a strawberry nose. The belly fat and pickaxe placed on the shoulder gives the impression of a confident miner.

This sculpture will be a symbol of Kairaka mining village.

Artistic Value: 3,749.

Special Options: Miners Working Around the Clock will increase vitality recovery rate by 24% for a day.

Mining skill +2.

Luck will rise by 68.

Perseverance will rise by 43.

The likelihood of finding rare minerals will increase.

Current number of Masterpieces created: 27

- The skill proficiency of Sculpting has improved.

- The skill proficiency of Blacksmithing has improved.

- The skill proficiency of Handicraft has improved.

- Fame has increased by 121.

- Perseverance has increased by 2.

- Strength has increased by 1.

- Insight has increased by 1.

- The skill proficiency of Time Sculpting has improved.

- All stats will gain an additional 3 points for making a Masterpiece sculpture.

- The loyalty of the residents of Kairaka mining village will increase.

The residents will feel gratitude for the King making the sculpture directly and will hold a festival.

There will be a temporary increase in birth rate after the festival.

Crime will be strongly suppressed.

Intimacy will dwarves in this area will increase.

“Kuhuhuhihi! Masterpiece, masterpiece. I got stats.”

Weed laughed loudly.

Sculpting and Handicraft was close to the master level and he could feel it directly with his hands.

“It is like walking down the street and picking up a winning lottery ticket.”

It was hard work but still fun.

“Eolsu eolsu.”

He felt good about the sculpture so more laughter emerged. It was a strange laugh and he suddenly recalled Seo-yoon watching from the side.

Weed turned to look at the staring Seo-yoon. Next to her were Yellowy and Goldman.

“.....”

He was used to adventuring alone so he felt quite embarrassed.

Seo-yoon said.

“A sculptor...it is natural to feel happy after creating a good piece.”

A good woman who could understand the path of an artist!

“Ah, yes. It is impossible to control my emotions when it comes to art.”

Weed thought he was really blessed. Meeting a woman like Seo-yoon in his lifetime was a blessing.

Seo-yoon said quietly.

“It is lucky you are a sculptor since it might be too much as a warlock or a necromancer.”

Laughing like that at a strange skeleton or chimera.....

Weed didn't say anything.

In fact, when he was a lich he had summoned skeletons. He had enjoyed laughing together with the skeletons.

'I don't understand her taste.'

The sun was about to rise as the far away sky was red.

Weed said to Seo-yoon.

"Come here."

"....."

His intentions were obvious even for those who were ignorant.

Weed held her shoulder as he kissed the blushing Seo-yoon.

At that moment, the sun came up.

"Golgolgol, I want to meet a woman."

"Omoooooooo, I miss the females!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Tang tang tang!

"What is happening?"

"I am from the Hermes Guild. I have a good offer for you."

"I'm not buying anything!"

The intelligence agent Benchaim of the Hermes Guild was confused.

The reaction of Weed's colleague, Surka!

"I didn't come to sell things. We came to off Surka-nim the position of a lord."

Benchaim explained the offer to Surka.

Weed had many young and confident females as colleagues. He guessed it would be easier to recruit her.

"So you want me to make a dirty backroom deal with the Hermes

Guild and betray Weed-nim?”

“That’s not it. We think that Surka-nim’s reputation is good enough to become a lord. The Hermes Guild recognizes your skill which is why we offered the deal. Wouldn’t you rather show your talent instead of remaining among the ordinary northern users?”

“Do you think I will sell my conscience for a lordship?”

“A person should work according to their value. Think about it rationally. You will be able to do much more if you have the position of a lord.”

“I am comfortable at the moment. Ajusshi, I don’t want to live that life.”

Tang!

The door was closed fiercely.

Another information agent affiliated with the Hermes Guild met with Romuna.

“You will give me magic books? As a gift? Wah, I’ve been looking for this.”

“A lordship in the north.....”

“I will work hard to learn this spell. Then I will burn away the Hermes Guild in the war.”

“.....”

Irene had a very good reputation among the users.

She generously used divine magic on beginners in the city and helped out parties in difficult situations.

Her good nature had spread widely.

She was rarely alone so the information agent had to come up to her in the middle of a square while surrounded by people.

He explained the matter to Irene.

“Huk, how can you ask me to do such a bad thing?”

“It isn’t bad. Isn’t this an opportunity? The Hermes Guild is different. We treat people fairly depending on their ability and talent.”

“Too bad, too bad. Ahh, poor Weed-nim.”

Irene shed some tears. It was like a female protagonist in a movie crying after being betrayed by a man.

“Irene-nim is crying!”

“Who is this person?”

The people gathered in the square.

“Who are you? What were you talking about?”

“Everyone, please calm down. I just made a good offer to Irene-nim.”

“Are his words true, Irene-nim?”

“I’m not sure. To me, he is a very bad man!”

The information agent was kicked out of Morata.

Pale and Maylon also refused the offer.

“Betray Weed-nim? Hah, so that I can escape from the hell hunt? No, I won’t. I’m am meant to be his hunting slave for the rest of my life. I’ve already sold my soul to Weed-nim. I don’t doubt it. It is over. My parents have set up shop in Morata and encourage me to go hunting with Weed-nim.”

“I don’t want to. But should I broadcast this suggestion?”

The recruitment of Weed’s colleagues failed in succession.

But Hwaryeong and Bellot had an entirely different reaction when contacted by the information agents.

“A lordship? In the centre of the continent? Well, I would be far away from Weed-nim. It is a good suggestion. I got it. Come on.”

“The lordship..... Heh, you are a good judge of character. Would you like a party every day? And you can buy a few dresses and bags.”

The women unabashedly accepted the offer!

The information agent was embarrassed by the number of requirements but he succeeded in signing Hwaryeong. Bellot was also a famous celebrity that they knew information about.

“Bellot-nim will be happy as a lord on the Central Continent.”

“Is it possible to be the lord of a free city?”

“There are...it is difficult since there are already other lords.”

“Then please arrange a lordship in the north.”

“What land do you want?”

“A place where transportation is convenient. Then won't a lot of people come for the parties?”

“I will give you what you want.”

The information agents couldn't help laughing at the vanity of the celebrities.

‘How many visitors will come to a party thrown in the occupied territories of the north?’

The Hermes Guild decided to actively support the parties in the north.

Geomchi, the instructors and the students were also contacted. But it was difficult to have a conversation with them.

They were often in very dangerous hunting grounds and the agents found it impossible to track them. Even if they were tracked, they gave off the impression of a serial killer.

“Excuse me.....”

“What?”

“Ah, nothing.”

Chapter 8

“Welcome Lord-nim.”

“Welcome. We have been waiting.”

Robin was welcomed by lined up soldiers as he came to Ars Village that was in his territory.

1,000 soldiers were dispatched from the Haven Empire.

“This village looks good to begin with. There is much room for development.”

Robin bought himself the position of a lord in the north with his money.

There were approximately 200 remote villages.

Shortly after the war ended, there were no quests, specialties or mercenary guilds.

“I have to develop this as quickly as possible. First, I should equip them with the basic facilities of a village?”

Robin decided to take advantage of the internal affairs mode. He committed 9 million gold to the village.

-Ars Village is experiencing financial abundance.

The residents are surprised at the huge investment of the wealthy lord.

The residents have received facilities, security and economic investments so the future of the village is bright.

Village fame has increased by 5.

Security has increased.

“Money must be spent correctly.”

Robin widely expanded the centre of the village with the village internal affairs mode.

“This skeleton is enough to make it grow into a large city in the future. The city’s traffic plan will increase the number of tourists.”

A giant fountain was installed in the square and wide streets for carriages were connected.

The lord ordered red brick and white stone buildings for the commercial district. The stones for the building were directly moved by the residents.

It was necessary for the lord to establish wages. Naturally, it was impossible to have an unpaid forced labour.

“In order to ensure their loyalty, should it be 2 silver a day? The village will develop quicker if the residents receive money. Money isn’t something that should be saved.”

The mobilized residents were paid 5 gold per day. Young children to the elderly participated in the building of the commercial district.

“Weapons store, armour store, grocery store, furniture store, specialty stores...this village isn’t bad and can develop into a market in the future. Should some livestock be raised in the grassland area near here?”

Raising cows was very fashionable in the north. It was easy to get excellent cattle and they could graze as they desired on the vast grasslands.

It was uncommon to see hunters pulling 1,000 horses.

“Cows entering the city will make the streets dirty. Horse trade should be developed in the lower level of the market.”

Robin boldly gave up on cattle breeding.

He also wasn’t fond of the agricultural sector.

Due to the nature of the profession, farmer users didn’t tend to have large yields. They needed to clear land outside the village but this would make the scenery worsen.

But the users couldn't adequately utilize the wide plains.

It was for realistic reasons since they couldn't block the attack of monsters.

It was like leaving a breadbasket for monsters and security would worsen, decreasing the loyalty of the residents. The chances of monster invasions would significantly increase so Robin gave up on the small income of the agricultural sector.

"My city will be the centre of tourism, finance and luxury goods production. In order to do that, I need to use the right investment strategy in the beginning. My father got ahead of others due to bold investments."

Many of the northern villages were appointed to people like Robin.

The Haven Empire wanted the lords to quickly stabilize and develop the area.

In return, the lords would receive considerable wealth. Once the village and cities were stable, they could see materials for money. This would benefit the Haven Empire a great deal.

Robin thought the north was worth more.

If the village grew to a city then his status and honour would be guaranteed. He would use his money to become one of the influential lords of the continent.

"Training centre for the blacksmiths and jewellery craftsmen. An auction and accommodations will develop the tourism industry. I should make it in advance."

He planted rare trees to decorate the landscape and built 150 luxury accommodations.

-Residents are heading to Ars Village.

The population has exceeded 3,000 people.

"The work is growing rapidly. My village has the highest

population around here. Although the initial development is slow...at some point it will increase dramatically.”

The 9 million gold meant that the village no longer felt undeveloped. There were new buildings luxuriously decorated.

Robin received an additional 4 million gold from the Haven Empire. Of course, such a large amount of money wasn’t for free.

“I will use this money to build a castle. A big and beautiful castle...it will increase the reputation of the village with tourists and increase the authority of the lord. Knights will also pledge allegiance to me.”

A castle was essential for a lord’s reign. A huge amount of money would be invested in it but it clearly had positive effects.

Merchants from the Central Continent came to Ars Village to sell luxury building materials. Many of the construction materials were difficult to procure directly.

In the past, cities were built with stone from the free cities and principalities.

The residents grew richer every day and the economic power rapidly rose. The village was crowded with merchants and tourists from the Central Continent.

“If all the people in the vicinity come to me...I will also accept residents affected by war in the Central Continent. Yes, my money means I can catch up with Morata’s development speed.”

Robin launched the housing construction.

Due to the very cheap housing, almost no taxes and excellent facilities, the number of residents was growing every day.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed roamed the territory of the Arpen Kingdom. Weed found famous hunting grounds from the information boards.

-The title ‘Fighter who Enjoys Hunting’ has been acquired.

A title given after hunting down dangerous monsters.

A person who has this nickname won't shrink back when encountering the enemy.

-Fighting Spirit has increased by 10.

Remarkable achievements due to the hunt!

In a short period of time, his level had gone up by 5.

Even so, he was still only level 427.

"There is still a long way to go."

Weed asked Seo-yoon.

"Did you gain some levels?"

"A little bit."

"What level?"

"471."

"Heuheuheuk! It is like I suddenly doubled in size. My stomach is upset from eating pajeon (korean type of pancake) a week ago. By the way, this isn't important but what level is your swordsmanship?"

"Advanced level 8. Today I will reach level 9."

"Heoheok, it feels like the pajeon is coming up."

He had lost too many levels on the final secret sculpting technique quest.

He estimated that Bardray had reached at least level 500. It was like being famished after only eating sweet potatoes for one week.

"I didn't play with other people while growing up."

Weed toured the central area of the Arpen Kingdom between Morata and Vent Castle. There was an overwhelming amount of information about the central region on the bulletin boards.

Users withdrew from the dungeons after clearing them so they

were decent hunting grounds.

“Cooking delicious seafood soup at the hunting ground. Many people are bringing them into the dungeon.”

“Various types of flower decorations for the farm. Affordable prices, wildflowers. Don’t ask about the source.”

“A new branch of the Grass Porridge Cult has been born. The Midnight Snack Porridge unit! Chicken porridge, ham hock porridge, bossam porridge. Looking for new members. The Wheat Porridge unit will provide barley drinks!”

Due to the crowds of people at famous dungeons, a market formed.

There were many players who came back to the central region from the remote areas after realizing this fact.

The location was great and wooden villages started being built on plains and rivers. The village residents were especially made up of young people.

“Weed-nim rules the Arpen Kingdom. The kings and nobles are the same but I can believe in Weed-nim.”

“I will believe in Weed-nim even if we are in the depths of hell.”

Hunters and lumberjacks continued to bring their wives and families.

The places with traces of the Niflheim Empire had large villages created.

Most large villages were at places where transportation was convenient and was close to rivers or plains. The cities of the Niflheim Empire that flourished in the history books were being recreated.

Some villages had players settle in for hunting and adventures, increasing their population.

Weed was able to experience the evolution of the Arpen Kingdom

through his trip.

The features of every city were being developed. The rural areas contained buildings from the era of the Arpen Empire.

The higher birth rate meant more warriors were being trained. They helped defend the fortresses, granaries, etc. from the monsters.

The construction of different buildings led to commercial development.

The Keltun Kingdom soldier camps and Mapon Kingdom trade centres were examples of buildings from the warring period.

Vent Castle reflected the elegant architecture of the Niflheim Empire. The construction required time and manpower but added historical and cultural value.

Weed granted some benefits as the king while wandering around. Strong and harmonious buildings would grant a positive benefit to the development of the city.

The Arpen Kingdom was a colourful and interesting place.

The ellyons wearing green hats and clothing quickly spread out through the north. Due to the nature of the fairy, they ate dew at night and made new friends.

Initially they stayed in nature but soon frequented the villages.

The ellyons developed mines and increased the growth rate of the grain after playing in the farmlands.

The arnin had a role in looking after domestic animals. They cared for cows, pigs and sheep. There were only a few arnin but they could take care of thousands of livestock each.

In the future, they could tame dangerous predators like the saber-toothed tigers and the griffins. Saber-toothed tiger corps or griffin knights might arise. They would be good in war as well as increase the efficiency of hunting and adventures.

The changes in the north meant a lot of time was needed for the roads to be connected. The activities of the users slowly widened but the griffin could overcome these constraints.

“Hmm, the development is fast. Speaking of which, there must be fairly organic quests.”

The normalization of the Northern Continent.

Despite the undeveloped areas, there were several advantages compared to the Central Continent. Weed's adventures was an advantage.

And adventurers and merchants contributed to the Arpen Kingdom.

This type of development had several advantages over the Haven Empire.

The large scale reconstruction of Mordred, the capital city of the Niflheim Empire was mainly carried out by merchants.

“An excessive amount of goods needs to be transported here.”

“If we use the river and plains then it can quickly arrive at the destination.”

“Artifacts are also being found often. Let's not forget that merchants are developing the kingdom.”

Mordred would occupy the centre of the northern transportation network once it was fully restored.

When looking at the location on a map, Morata was in the middle of mountains and rivers. Mordred would be the core location that connected the north and west areas of the Arpen Kingdom.

In the past, it was the capital of the Niflheim Empire but it was abandoned and became a monster's paradise.

-A party that is going to explore the Red Ruins near Mordred. The hunt will last for 5 days before returning.

-Magician wanted! Looking for 10 magicians to hunt at Mordred.

This dungeon was a heaven for magicians.

An expedition was configured with at least 1,000 users to beat the monsters.

They would fiercely assault the monsters before the monsters ended up hiding in the mountains or dungeons.

After the war, the army of the Arpen Kingdom periodically came here to fight against the monsters.

The result was that the monsters were reduced to a certain extent and the debris could be cleaned up.

Mordred of the Niflheim Empire used to have a population of 1 million people. The buildings were gradually restored from the outside.

After the architects built the Earth Palace, they would be dispatched to Mordred.

There were many people interested in the architecture of the Arpen Kingdom.

The Central Continent had the buildings and cities already completed. However, the northern architects created the roads, villages and infrastructure themselves.

Many novice architects gained experience from restoring Mordred.

The Arpen Kingdom's development was due to the collaboration between architects and merchants.

“Architect is a really attractive profession. The essence is labour but there are endless possibilities in the future.”

Weed watched the developments of the Arpen Kingdom from the streets.

He had started in the Rosenheim Kingdom but the Arpen

Kingdom was starting to feel like home. A comfortable feeling like his own home.

Users were running around the shops to buy cheaper goods, women sitting down and residents wandering.

“I’m not far away from mastering sculpting.

He had created some fine pieces and masterpieces while staying in the Arpen Kingdom.

Weed’s handicraft and sculpting skill was currently at 97% advanced level 9. One last step remained to the master level.

The next stage of the final sculpting technique was also close. Time Sculpting was at 64% beginner level 8. It was very difficult to raise Time Sculpting so he had great expectations of the intermediate stage.

“I understand that no class masters have appeared yet.

The Class Master Quest was a really big topic. But no one who mastered their profession had appeared yet.

He sculpting numerous new works in an attempt to increase his skill proficiency. No matter how many sculptures he continued to make, the proficiency didn’t increase much.

Weed travelled to a different regions and used those materials to make the sculptures. Sometimes he would mobilize moonlight sculpting or blacksmithing.

‘No, I need to master sculpting sooner.’

Weed had experience mastering skills.

During the final secret sculpting technique quest, he became a sword master. At that time, his level was 680. He defeated strong monsters and achieved the last stage.

Hard work was the true way to become a master swordsman!

“If I raise it harmoniously then I might be able to reach it at a

much lower level.”

He might be able to achieve sword mastery when his level was still in the 400s.

He also had concerns about Bardray.

Compared with Geomchi, his level was enough to become a master swordsman.

“If given the opportunity, I will conquer the best hunting grounds and achieve master level without delay.”

But in Bardray’s case, he didn’t train in the basic skills. Because of his overall level and diverse range of skills, he still hadn’t achieved mastering swordsmanship.

Weapons, armour, quests and exceptional subordinates meant he didn’t place much significance on the sword.

“It isn’t just Bardray. There is another one close to becoming a master.”

Weed didn’t hear any rumours about other masters.

Among the professions, only a few were challenging it.

There was too much competition among the combat professions so someone like Bardray was likely to achieve it. However, they lost their lives in challenging battles so their proficiency would drop.

But the blacksmith profession was different. In particular, the blacksmith Fabio was significantly ahead of him.

“He is right in front of mastering the blacksmith skill. Umm.....”

Weed wasn’t obsessed with the order itself. The first to become a class master would receive great honour.

It was enough if he mastered sculpting and could freely use Time Sculpting.

“Of course, I hope that I can occupy the position of the first class

master.”

Weed continued hunting and making sculptures.

He couldn't do anything else. The development of the Arpen Kingdom was dealt with and he needed to do things for himself.

“This is life. My legs will stretch when I sleep at night and when I go to the toilet in the morning.”

There wasn't a big secret behind Weed's growth.

If he wasn't hunting or on an enormous adventure then he was sculpting!

The dungeon and quests were simple so they only took a day or two to solve.

“I need to make a piece that will increase sculpting and Time Sculpting.”

Minor sculptures could be completed.

A shining fox or a realistic wolf.

These types of works continued to be popular with the users.

Even so, they would be tough to help Weed master sculpting. These types of sculptures increased the proficiency by 0.1%.

Maybe other art professions were just as hard to master.

“Others need to do these type of things. Art is a hard calling.”

Weed suddenly pictured a sculpture he could make.

‘I should take advantage of nature sculpting and moonlight sculpting. A really huge magnum opus...something others can't follow. And I can only make a sculpture.’

Now that becoming a sculpting master was right in front of him, his worries deepened.

Then he had a sudden epiphany.

“My knowledge...I should use the knowledge gained from

travelling around the continent. I am one of the people that knows the Versailles Continent the best. Of course, I am fully that it can't be exactly the same."

Weed was honest with himself. But he thought he could try.

"Okay, let's do it!"

So he decided to make a very large sculpture!

He settled in a location near Mordred.

Weed decided to make a sculpture that was 2,000 pyeong.

The Versailles Continent.

From Jigolaths in the north to the Desert of Tranquility. The large sea islands to the east and the forests in the west. Lakes, mountains, oceans and cities would be included in this piece of the Versailles Continent.

He needed to express the basic scale using the oceans.

"I should use nature sculpting to bring the rain and snow. The desert area should have a shining sun."

Just thinking about it caused his body to tremble.

"I have to stay humble. Otherwise I don't deserve to be called a real artist."

In medieval times, there were the names of a few genius artists. They finished works of art over a few years or even decades.

The artwork was large in size so a lot of effort was required to complete it.

"Art is hard work. There is no art without labour. Hard work is required to admire art."

Weed held a shovel and pickaxe instead of the Sculpting Knife and started to carve the Northern Continent.

He had seen the recent changes in the terrain and was confident about his knowledge. However, he needed to use his memory for

the rest of the continent. He had a vague idea of the volcanoes and coastline.

As a piece of art, it didn't have to be exactly the same as reality. Still, there were areas that he didn't have any knowledge of.

Wy-3 was good for short and long distances but there was another way.

“Yurin, I will buy you clothes.”

“Oppa, what do you want me to do?”

“That.....”

Jigolaths that had made him shocked in the past.

Volcanoes popped like firecrackers as a backdrop to a hunting festival.

He then went to the south pole.

In fact, the south pole was still an unknown and unexplored area. But Yurin could draw a picture using some books.

“Oppa, I found some books about the south pole in the library.....”

“I'm not interested. It is just a book.”

“There is a pile of treasure.”

“Where? Let's go!”

They visited the place in the book using Picture Teleportation.

Weed and Seo-yoon had experienced the harsh cold of the north so they were dressed warmly. Yellowy and Goldman were thickly dressed and Phoenix was brought as well.

But some places weren't able to be prepared for.

The south pole was on an entirely different level.

-You have arrived at the south pole.

The wide stretches of glaciers have permanently increased

courage by 6.

-You have felt the severe cold.

Abilities have been reduced.

You are breathing in the cold and the durability of your clothes have dropped.

Swaeeeenng!

Even the sound of the wind was different.

The cold wind blew quickly.

“Well...since it is like this. Soon...you will be able to adapt.”

Weed believed that he had the survival ability of a cockroach. But after seeing a penguin die from the cold, he changed his mind.

Living spirits of ice wandered around looking for living things to be their prey.

They were in a serious crisis and barely managed to hunt it with their lives intact.

Phoenix moaned and said.

“This isn’t a place where we should stay, Master.”

“I think so...no, I don’t care but if you think we should go back then we will.”

Even Phoenix was barely able to return from the dungeon.

Yellow barely survived becoming a frozen bull.

They experienced this piece of the continent with their own body. A special environment that was just as challenging as the 10 forbidden zones.

Hunting while checking the terrain!

Yurin and Seo-yoon helped a lot in this. Yurin would take him everywhere while Seo-yoon read books about the terrain in the library.

Even the sculptural lifeforms like Yellowy, the wyverns and Bingryong were mobilized.

“Ummoooooooo.”

Yellowy ploughed an area that would represent the seas and rivers.

“This is a wide, piece of land but the materials are lacking.

The wyverns would bring stones and mud from other areas. Bingryong was necessary to express the north and south poles.

“This is great. Breathe out.”

Making ice sculptures.

The Northern Continent was completed after a week.

In contrast, the Central Continent was well known so he didn't need to do a lot of research about it. But the rivers, roads and villages were intricately connected so it was hard to express.

The spacious Southern Continent that was filled with desert was almost too easy!

The east and west wasn't easy but he expressed it accurately. Even the orc castles in the Plains of Despair were clearly represented.

Weed spent 2 months making the sculpture.

He visited more places and hunted in order to not fall behind. Information about famous dungeons and hunting grounds were obtained and he cleared it with Seo-yoon.

He didn't only concentrate on hunting so he only raised his level 2 more times.

“Now it is 80% complete.”

Weed became more confident about the piece.

He couldn't exactly make the continent. It was too impossible. He was elaborate as possible but there were bound to be some errors

in his task.

Nevertheless, it was 2,000 pyeong so a magnum opus would come out.

Goldman played an especially important role in this.

“Be sure not to damage the sculpture when stepping on it.”

“Gol gol gol gol, I will be careful.”

“This is a chance for you to participate in the artwork. Goldman, isn’t this experience rare?”

“Using this precious body to pull out weeds, I really met the wrong master.”

A sculptural lifeform pulling out weeds!

Other users watching were astonished at the level of Weed’s sculpture.

It wasn’t obvious at first glance that the sculpture was of the Versailles Continent.

Fortresses, villages and mountains. The commercial districts, residential areas, streets and Grand Buildings were all reproduced. Rivers flowed in the correct direction and there were lush waters. The harbour had small, wooden sailboats floating along the currents to the big ocean.

The elves were asked to plant specific tiny seeds where needed. Thus, there were golden fields and granaries. There were even tunnels where the mines should be.

Rain soaked the ground and caused the waters of the river to rise. Volcanoes in the Jigolaths occasionally emitted real smoke.

The important thing was that there was a constant air circulation around the continent.

Weed had just intended to make a map at first but it became more complex and sophisticated.

Compared to the thriving and developed Central Continent, the Arpen Kingdom still gave off a rural feeling.

There were beautiful sculptures such as the Tower of Light.

A piece where he could no longer carve up the ground!

Weed turned his gaze towards the sky.

“The world isn’t just the land. Of course, real estate is very important but that isn’t the end of it.”

The sculpture already had rain clouds. But the sky should have the sun and the stars.

“Moonlight Sculpting!”

Moonlight sculpting was used to generate constellations in the sky. Shiny stars, the moon and the sun were created!

Time Sculpting was used to create a natural flow.

The sculpture created a miracle as the sun, moon and stars moved while illuminating the ground.

It made the Versailles Continent feel much more beautiful.

“It was a mistake. 2,000 pyeong is too small. I should have made it over 10,000 pyeong.”

The limit couldn’t perfectly express the sunrise and sunset.

Nevertheless, Weed decided to stop here. If he indulged in endless greed then the sculpture would never be finished.

A sculpture made with Nature Sculpting and Time Sculpting.

“It is done. I still have regrets but...curly ramen noodles are still delicious.”

-Please set the name of the new sculpture.

“The Versailles Continent.”

-Is The Versailles Continent correct?

“Um, wait a minute. A better name...should it be The Living

Versailles Continent?”

-Is The Living Versailles Continent correct?

“That still seems a little strange...just name it A Beautiful World.”

-A Beautiful World is correct?

“Yes. I can’t think of a cool name.”

-Nature Magnum Opus! A Beautiful World has been completed.

An absolutely immortal sculpture using the process of nature!

The name Weed can’t be left out of the history of sculpting. The magnificent artwork he created and outstanding achievements led to today’s work.

A sculpture of the Versailles Continent.

It shows a surprising sophistication and vitality.

The artistic value is high and it also reveals hidden aspects of the continent’s geography.

This is a living, breathing sculpture that everyone will like.

Artistic Value: 14,261.

Special Options: The vitality of all animals and plants within 100 km of A Beautiful World will increase.

A fountain of life, those who visit it will have their health and mana increased by 55% for a week.

All stats will increase by 24.

New knowledge about geography is obtained so intelligence and wisdom will permanently increase by 2.

Adventurers will be able to get the skill ‘Intuitive Observation.’

The birth and growth rate of nearby animals and plants will increase.

Nature is cleansed.

Current number of Nature Magnum Opus created: 2.

-The skill proficiency of Sculpting has improved.

-The skill proficiency of Handicraft has improved.

-Fame has increased by 9,384.

-Art has increased by 25.

-Wisdom has increased by 3.

-Intelligence has increased by 14.

-Insight has increased by 2.

-Affinity to Nature has increased by 65.

-All stats will gain an additional 3 points for making a Magnum Opus sculpture.

-The relationship between all species except monsters will become friendlier.

-The skill proficiency of Time Sculpting has reached level 10 and transformed into intermediate Time Sculpting.

You have received a great enlightenment regarding time.

Moment Sculpting can stop the world.

The gods won't interfere as you create a museum outside the framework of time.

“Ohhhh.”

A rotten smile bloomed brightly on Weed's face.

Book 43: The God Of War

Chapter 1: The Meaning Of Time Sculpting

Weed managed to raise Time Sculpting to the intermediate level.

“I need to care less about others in order to do bad things.”

Intermediate Time Sculpting could literally stop time. Moment Sculpting could be used to stop the world.

It was like wearing a mask and holding a knife for robberies!

“I really wanted this.”

The world of art was infinite. But it was different for everyone.

There were those impressed by making more beautiful sculptures. To Weed, it was like ordering seasoned fried chicken only to have nothing on the chicken leg.

The reason for doing the final secret sculpting technique quest was for his own intentions rather than a pure artistic soul.

Weed didn't feel any pangs of conscience at this part.

“Let's see...check Time Sculpting skill!”

-Time Sculpting Intermediate 1 (2%).

Beginner: Age Sculpting.

This skill will add a long amount of time to a sculpture. Sometimes this time will add value to the sculpture.

It will also stop the sculpture from being naturally damaged over time.

Intermediate: Moment Sculpting.

The world will stop. Light, wind, people.

In front of Time Sculpting, everything will stop. The beauty of that stopped moment will consume a lot of vitality and concentration.

In order to spread the reach of Moment Sculpting, a special

energy is required. Energy can be obtained when a moment makes people happy.

Energy of the Moment will be quickly consumed.

Continuous use in a short amount of time will consume a vast amount of vitality and mana.

Advanced: Travel Sculpting.

Chase the traces of time to travel to a specific point in time.

You can proceed with special quests.

However, accepting random quests not related to sculpting that would change the past will incur a huge penalty.

Energy of the Moment-492.

“Good. I am ready.”

The nature magnum opus had increased intermediate Time Sculpting to 2% so it was a large gain.

Even if he continued building up the proficiency, it didn't matter now.

“I have 493 energy of the moment. I don't know how much that amount is worth. I need to work out the value.”

As the king of the Arpen Kingdom, he steadily accumulated that figure during his quests. He used Time Sculpting while sweeping through the dungeons.

Weed looked around.

The only thing visible were birds! He had spent 2 months making the sculpture of the Versailles Continent.

Weed could focus on the job because of Seo-yoon. If he was completely alone then he would receive some damage. If he created something then all his concentration was sucked into it. This was his habit when making a sculpture or any other type of immersive work.

Of course, he fell asleep as soon as he watched a documentary or educational broadcast.

“I should test it lightly.”

Weed activated the skill.

“Moment Sculpting!”

-The world has stopped.

Paak!

At that moment, the wind that was blowing stopped. The cries of the birds couldn't be heard anymore and the birds with wings spread in the sky were locked in place.

It was the first time he felt such perfect stillness and serenity. Apart from his breathing, there was only silence.

-Energy of the Moment has been reduced.

There was a rabbit hiding in the bushes. A curious rabbit had approached to look at Weed.

Weed had high affinity to nature and animals often hovered around him. Of course, sometimes he would grab them for leather and meat but this was a heartless world.

If Moment Sculpting hadn't stopped the world then he wouldn't have seen the rabbit. He didn't pay attention to anything except monsters.

The rabbit with red eyes and pointy ears was standing on its hind legs.

“I don't know.”

Weed questioned why the sculptors used Time Sculpting to search for radiant beauty when there was no monetary value.

An expression of radiant beauty.

It wasn't necessary to stop time. It was like using all his strength to climb a mountain when it wasn't necessary.

“Anyway, the world really stopped. This skill isn’t a scam.”

Weed walked towards the rabbit as an experiment. The world had completely stopped so he was alone.

Even walking placed a heavy burden on his body. It felt like there was a pressure on him.

-Vitality has been reduced by 2%.

Due to the time difference, acceleration has been activated.

Your current speed will be enough to threaten the life of a deer.

It will cause a change in the attack and defense.

Weed walked slowly as the message window popped up.

“It worked. I don’t know but...the test will stop here. Skill off!”

-Moment Sculpting has been released.

16 Energy of the Moment has been consumed.

The wind blew again and the birds continued to fly.

Hwieeeeng!

Due to Weed’s movements during Time Sculpting, the grass shook. The rabbit was startled and hurriedly tried to flee.

“Hrmm, the consumption is considerable.”

There weren’t any other people around but quite a bit of energy of the moment was consumed.

“It isn’t very much. But it feels good. There must be a minimum consumption amount in order to activate the skill.”

During the battle, he could stop the opponent and move so it would be a big help. The other person wouldn’t be able to stop continuous attacks.

He could deal critical blows from successive blows and escape an absolute crisis without any damage. It was a large advantage in combat but it wasn’t decisive.

First was the vitality consumption. And if it lasted longer than more energy of the moment would be reduced. He could run out of energy of the moment if he wasn't careful.

“I’m not sure but this seems to be a fairly bad artistic skill for sculpting. But the effect will certainly work well in battle. Anyway, this world is never free.”



Yoo Byung-jin watched Weed’s behaviour.

Millions of people were living in the Versailles Continent. They experienced thrilling adventures that placed that on the border of life and death.

Weed was someone who hunted 10~20 hours a day. Yoo Byung-jin often watched him, especially when he used the final secret sculpting technique.

At the moment, Weed had used the skill and the time around him stopped.

Time was completely fixed.

“Umm, it is amazing.”

Yoo Byung-jin pretended to be casual but was inwardly shocked at this speed.

Each profession had a final secret technique created for them. It was limited to certain areas but the users could display the mystical power of a god.

The quest difficulty was ruthless and atrocious! Currently, a vast majority of professions missed the chance to obtain the final secret technique.

Since Royal Road opened, there were 3~4 people who could challenge the quest. But a sculpture unexpected acquired the secret technique and eventually raised the skill proficiency to the extent where it would manifest in the world.

Yoo Byung-jin's heart was overwhelmed while watching the video monitor.

Weed had gone through much suffering to reach this point.

So far, Yoo Byung-jin had enjoyed all of Weed's suffering.

Intermediate Time Sculpting, Moment Sculpting was a skill that could stop the world.

“Did you know...? Beauty is everywhere around us.”

Moment Sculpting showed a world that was too beautiful. An indescribable beauty of the world would enter their eyes.

Just before the leaves fell. Water droplets being formed or a new bird crying. A rabbit's ears pricking as they sensed something. The wind blowing the blades of grass.

These things happened on a daily basis. Numerous ordinary moments occurring in the present and the future.

Once time stopped, the eyes could see all the beautiful surroundings.

The hot sun shining down on the river. Far away, there was the beautiful sight of a few drops of rain falling from dark clouds.

“Once time stops, a person can finally see how beautiful this world is.”

Yoo Byung-jin recalled the time he lay in the grass as a child and read a book.

Looking back, it was such beauty that tears came out. The world was beautiful.

Blue skies, flowers and grass, trees growing and even beautiful people. If the world didn't stop then the beauty couldn't be seen properly.

Sunrise, the moon and stars, the hot sun from early morning to evening, the world was beautiful.

“A gift to sculptors because...Time Sculpting can help define radiant beauty in the world.”

The final secret technique was the best way for sculptors to express the beauty. This conclusion would be simple and obvious to sculptors.

-Feel the beauty properly first and then make a sculpture.

Weed did tremendous work and it was easy to conclude that he could turn the history of the Versailles Continent upside down.

But commitment and sacrifice was required in the process.

It was easy to hear the truth with their ears but not feel it with their bodies. A sculptor could see beauty in even the most mundane things. There was even a skill that could give life.

Yoo Byung-jin created Royal Road but he was truly surprised in this moment.

“A tremendous technique. To the extent that it can't be priced.....”

He thought that Weed would have an even greater impression. He was just watching from the side while Weed was directly using the Time Sculpting skill. Looking from the side was different from experiencing it directly.

Soon Weed's reaction was exposed.

-Useless. It is regretful after all I suffered. However, the effects are helpful in combat. Anyway, this world is never free.

“Cough!”

Yoo Byung-jin was so disappointed from Weed's reaction that he found it hard to breathe. The psychological impact was great but he kept staring at the image in the monitor.

He couldn't mean it.

After a while, Weed used Time Sculpting again. Weed wasted it

to chase after a runaway rabbit for food.

-Ah, it is a skill to take care of rabbits. Wasting precious energy on experiments. Using the skill for wrong things.

“T-this guy...he was originally like this!”

Yoo Byung-jin grabbed his head.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Hermes Guild found a new secret sword technique.

The retired Pardo who had a sword of nature!

After analyzing the continent’s history and hearing about the hiding place from the mouth of residents, they deployed combat troops.

“A sword that carries the laws of nature. This land won’t benefit if you learn it. You are people who don’t deserve the power. Go back.”

Ddirring!

-Pardo has banished you.

If this continues then hostility will continue to accumulate.

The Hermes Guild members surrounded Pardo.

Learning a secret sword technique would make them stronger in the guild. A colossal value. They couldn’t give up even if they weren’t qualified.

Darius. The name of a high ranking member of the Hermes Guild.

“Old man, those words aren’t good. The Haven Empire rules this land so we are qualified.”

“That’s right. I have heard about your infamy. Get lost.”

“Then I will talk with ease. If you don’t teach us.....”

“Intimidation is useless. I would rather die than teach you.”

Pardo drew his sword.

He was a master swordsman so he had an air of intimidation around him. The ground shook and wind blew from his sword.

The Hermes Guild's combat troops contained knights, magicians, priests and shamans so it was a risky battle.

They had obtained information about Pardo from the local residents.

"He can't be found in the village. It was about 10 years ago. He came to our village seriously injured."

"Injured? Okay. He will probably find the upcoming winter difficult. His days are numbered."

The ailing Pardo.

The Hermes Guild was ready to fight but Darius had a more relaxed approach.

"Old man, we didn't come here to fight. But we will be forced to kill if you don't hand over the sword technique."

"Do you think I, Pardo care about my life?"

"It can't be helped. Bring them."

Darius waved towards the back.

There was a line of village residents tied up.

"If you don't give us the sword technique then we will kill the children and women."

"This cowardly....."

"Say it if you don't want to stop me. I will cut this child's neck."

Darius found it fun to play the villain role. It was hard to raise intimacy so he would rather use threats or intimidation to achieve his objectives.

-Pardo's hostility has reached its peak.

Infamy has increased by 796.

It was a significant penalty but he held a high position in the Haven Empire so no one could touch him.

People in the Central Continent were scared of those with the mark of a murderer. The Haven Empire's knights and soldiers were bow towards him even if they were drenched in fear. There was even a city that boasted his name.

“There is no time. Will you teach me the sword technique? You must have realized that my words aren't a joke and I really will cut their necks.”

“Dirty bastards. Your sins will never be forgiven.”

“Teach us the sword technique. Don't you have no time left?”

“I will tell you. In exchange for a guarantee of the residents' lives.”

“There is no reason to get rid of them after learning the sword technique. They are residents of the empire.”

Pardo's surrender!

The Hermes Guild acquired Pardo's secret sword technique.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The emperor. Absolute!

Bardray didn't find it awkward to hear the highest praises.

“Power and gold. All men pursue this. And an individual who can achieve that dream...I am endlessly strong.”

Bardray looked at the Haven Empire's internal affairs at Aren Castle. Most of the administrative work was done by Lafaye but he could check it directly. Aren Castle was the former capital of the Haven Kingdom so its development was very high.

[Strict Monitoring]

Very special features were granted.

He borrowed the eyes and ears of the Haven Empire's management system and looked throughout the territory.

“Cheap, cheap! Buy a long sword. If you're a man then you should use this!”

“Selling armour with the insignias removed. I can tell you that it is very good. It will only be sold to soldiers of the empire. Come on!”

In Kories Castle of the former Tullen Kingdom, a store owner openly disobeyed the Haven Empire.

Public sentiment had deteriorated due to the military conquests. The situation was worse in the alleys.

“How are we going to live in the future? My children won't have any rice this winter. Sob sob.”

“Let's join the resistance army. At least we will be eating and wearing clothes when going to our graves.”

“Really? That can't be.”

“Shh. There is a way so listen carefully. Loot supplies from the empire.”

“Such a thing.....”

“We are just getting back what is ours. Do you think His Majesty will care about guys like us?”

The conversations between residents.

Bardray looked at the screen and laughed.

“The king's profession will affect the characteristics of the military.”

The direct attribute of a black knight. It was wonderful in battle and could affect his leadership. In particular, it was easy to persuade ambitious NPCs to become his subordinate.

Early on, Bardray had smooth relationships with the NPCs

knights and nobles of the Haven Kingdom.

In the early days of Royal Road, the users were weaker than most NPC knights. He gained their trust by participating in battles with the knights. At the time, he often went on monster subjugation quests for the nobles or the king.

The knights were competent and ensured his safety during the combat. In addition, he only had common or rare sword skills at the time. His exceptional skills gained the attention of the knights and they gave him gifts.

Bardray started his career as a knight of Earl Malkan's family in the Haven Kingdom.

And shortly after, he was given a secret quest.

"These days, I can't trust no one. I believe I can trust you. Can you solve my worries?"

"It doesn't matter. Earl-nim can count on me."

-Earl Malkan's Woes

Earl Malkan, the head of a noble family in the Haven Kingdom has a secret that can't be told to others.

There is a rogue knight killing his family.

It wasn't known but his father and mother had already died from the rogue knight.

Earl Malkan's father suffered an injury during the war and often frequented the Blue Whale Tavern.

Don't let anyone else notice and punish the rogue knight.

He will appear in the alleys late at night.

Level of Difficulty: E

Quest Reward: Appointed as a full knight.

The Malkan family's sword techniques.

Quest Restrictions: Earl Malkan's faith, a bit of infamy, the potential for a black knight's quest has increased.

Please note.

If the quest fails or someone witnesses it then infamy will rise and an inappropriate title will be gained.

This will have adverse effects on a trainee knight's future.

"I'll ask once again. Can I entrust this to you? If you succeed then I will grant you a probationary appointment as a knight. There really aren't a lot of people I can put my faith in."

"Do not worry. I will take care of it for Earl-nim."

-You have accepted the quest.

And the quest was a clean and perfect success. Bardray was appointed by Earl Malkan as a formal knight. He could join in the training groups and hunt in dungeons with other knights.

After this, he became Earl Malkan's number 2 knight and recruited others. Earl Malkan's power in the family slipped until he experienced a sudden death!

In fact, Bardray had received a linked quest at that time.

The quest was to fight a thief and he retrieve some poison. Earl Malkan was no longer needed now that all the knights followed him. The great power of the knights was needed to achieve his ambition.

Earl Malkan thought of him as a minion. Didn't he know that useless hounds would be thrown away one day?

The knights had high pride but it was nice when they moved perfectly to his commands.

The required method...Bardray didn't think it was bad.

-Level of Difficulty: C

Quest Reward: The wealth and knights of Earl Malkan.

Quest Restrictions: Limited to Black Knights.

Please note.

If the quest fails then you will be deprived of the position of the earl's knight.

In addition, you will have the highest degree of hostility with Earl Malkan.

The quest may also affect your future.

If noticed by someone then fame will sharply degrade and infamy will increase.

The knights will also leave.

(This is the full contents of the quest window. The author only chose to display this much.) The successor to the Malkan family.

There were legitimate ways but Bardray didn't want to bother with them. The chances of success was very high and loopholes could be created.

'I need to buy a few chefs and maids.'

The mansion's maids and chefs all followed Bardray. The black knight's unique skills made it easy to buy others.

Bardray accepted the quest and easily succeeded. And then he assassinated the maids and cook.

The Malkan family's new earl! He sought power through treachery and betrayal.

The Hermes Guild had been preparing to conquer Royal Road and soon began to take the Haven Kingdom.

As an earl, he could get good information and quests with national achievements faster than other users.

He explored dungeons with magicians, knights, warriors etc. and soon made a name for himself on the broadcasts.

Bardray was the subject of much envy.

‘I was a little worried in the beginning but now it is a lot of fun.’

Lafaye and the Hermes Guild proceeded with his plan step by step. They faithfully built up their power and fame.

The perfect preparation meant that the Haven Kingdom fell into the hands of Bardray and the Hermes Guild.

The characteristics of a black knight meant they sought power and had no loyalty to a king. Finally, he was given the fate of a Black Knight Emperor.

“Now I have everything. I am free to enjoy it.”

Bardray smiled.

Holding absolute military and economic power on the Versailles Continent. It was an astronomical amount in reality.

In the future, he would exert a more powerful force in Royal Road.

He relaxed and enjoyed this feeling.

Chapter 2: Teneidon's Call

“Huhuhut.”

Weed wore a cloak and stood on the high peaks of Harsel Mountains.

It looked like he was standing on a sea of clouds.

“Great. This is a place befitting me.”

After reaching intermediate Time Sculpting, he decided to challenge some tough monsters.

He had gathered a group of sculptural lifeforms.

Anyway, now he had the final secret sculpting technique so he could reach the ultimate heights of a sculptor.

Weed had come to the Harsel Mountains in order to catch the legendary yeti.

The information boards of the Dark Gamers Union.

-Pathfinder Lane.

Deep in the region of the Harsel Mountains. There is a rare chance for the legendary yeti to emerge.

If you hunt them then ice purification materials can be obtained. Magicians can use them to develop ice spells so the materials can be sold at a high price.

And using these materials in sculpting.....

According to the legends, it is difficult to find the yeti.

It might be possible for a party consisting of 8 people who reached level 470 but it is still risky. Magicians, priests and warriors are required.

“Based on that, the yeti should be at least level 500. The wide area ice attacks will be a problem. I might be able to challenge them with Time Sculpting. Let's try and fight one first.”

A visit to hunt and collect money.

Weed would hunt suitable advanced monsters in the Harsel Mountains and landslides would often cause new dungeons to appear.

Of course, it was common to need to drill through blocked entrances.

In his days as ruler of the desert, he had difficulties in dungeons where retreat was blocked. They were top level monsters and that experience was very helpful to the weakened Weed. He considered the appearance and characteristics of the monsters and figured out their weaknesses and attacks.

Weed took his subordinates through a crack in the ice.

The ice dungeon shone like a jewel.

-Dungeon, the first one to find the Eastern Niche.

A dungeon located to the east of the Harsel Mountains.

The crack in the mountain is hiding an unknown force.

This resulted in a small niche and the landscape will change significantly if it is closed. Of course, there is no need to talk about what will happen to those inside.

Benefits: Fame has increased by 2,330.

Experience and item drops will double for a week.

The first monster killed of each type will drop the rarest item.

Huiiing!

The wind was cold and water ran down from ice pillars hung from the ceiling. It was a dungeon located near the snow fields of the Harsel Mountains.

The floor was made of ice, meaning it was easy to slip and the severe cold extended down to his bones.

Weed didn't worry so he had packed equipment in advanced and

he could also use his blacksmith and tailoring skills.

“Yellowy.”

“Ummoooooooo.”

“Be careful with every step. The monsters here might be beyond us. Run away if it is dangerous.”

“Thank you for caring, Master.”

“Be careful since there is a difference between raw meat and frozen meat.”

“Ummoooooooo.”

Thanks to the mining skill, he sometimes found strange minerals by using his pickaxe on the icy stones. The mineral blew dry ice and it was a 2nd grade magic ingredient. The minerals were like expensive jewellery but could only be found in special terrain so were easy to sell.

“Hunting makes me feel at home.”

The monsters in the dungeon were in their late 400s and Weed easily hunted them. He had Seo-yoon, two Freya priests and could call the sculptural lifeforms as necessary.

Bahamorg, Cerberus, high elf Eltin, Gernika, Seville and many other sculptural lifeforms could be called.

“Gol gol gol, at this rate I will die from overwork.”

“Ummoooooooo. The burden is too heavy. I want to go Morata to mate.”

Goldman’s specialty was fire magic and archery while Yellowy acted as a porter so they were stuck.

“Kuwooooh!”

And Bingryong flying in the sky! The Harsel Mountains were cold so Bingryong could exert its power.

“Gelgelgelgel.”

The Freya Church blessed Morata and the Black Imugi was summoned after a long time. Those two were formidable creatures in the mountain region. Even normal monsters would be scared of the dragons and would become easy prey.

The rulers of the Harsel Mountains didn't even go near the region with the ice monsters.

In a place with high level monsters, Bingryong posed like a king! In addition, there was the vile-natured Imugi near Bingryong!

“Kuwooooh!”

“Noisy!”

“Kuwaang!”

“Right? Isn't feeling rain in the morning quite refreshing?”

Bingryong turned its big eyes elsewhere. Bingryong really only listened to Weed.

Bingryong was level 520 and exuded a grand dignity. In particular, it could exert massive destruction by using Ice Breath in the sky.

The novice and ordinary users would be astonished if they saw Weed hunting. His skills developed thanks to the desert quest and the Weed's sculptural lifeforms fully demonstrated their skills.

“Drive out the monsters with the wyverns.”

“Understood, Master.”

“Don't play around and report back. Or I'll make delicious meals out of you.”

“We will take care of it.”

Bingryong and the wyverns toured the Harsel Mountains. The sculptural lifeforms were used as hunting slaves inside and outside of the dungeons.

Bingryong and the wyverns flying in the sky caused quite a threat

to the monsters. They drove them to a location where Weed's group could use the cliff and valley terrain to hunt them easily with arrows.

“Clear Rapid Fire!”

Parararak!

Arrows quickly flew from the high elf bow Weed held in his hands.

“Kuwek!”

“Kuweeek. Humans.”

“Cowardly humans.....”

-15 chukopan have been overpowered by arrows.

-Experience has been acquired.

“Heh, good. My power is..... Bingryong, wyverns, what are you doing? The monsters in middle have been cut off. It is like tasting unpleasant meat in a BBQ restaurant. Go and bring more!”

In the past, he didn't bother with level and tried to raise his stats and skill proficiency as much as possible.

But now he didn't hesitate to abuse his body because his level had fallen by a lot.

Collecting all the secret sculpting techniques, his production skills and general skills was enough to make him known as the god of the jack of all trades.

Sculptural Resurrection placed a burden on his levels so he couldn't raise the skill proficiency quickly.

“I need to adjust the level of the living sculptures. Of course, the lower ones will be first.

When taking into account Weed's combat skills, he didn't fall behind others of his level. Most swordsmen concentrated on attack. Few of them had defense skills such as Stone Skin.

“Yellowy.”

“Ummoooooooo.”

“Is it hard to carry the luggage?”

Yellowy looked up and vigorously shook his head.

Japtem was stacked like a mountain on his back. They were goods that could be sold for an expensive price in the cities and were quite heavy.

However he knew not to give Weed an honest answer and shook his head.

“It isn’t hard, Master.”

“I was going to give you a break but.....”

“Ummoooooooo. Heavy, Master. My waist seems to be breaking.”

Seo-yoon looked at Yellowy sympathetically.

‘Fool.’

Weed thought after hearing the report of his hardships.

Yellowy had big, naive eyes.

“Yes. Then rest.”

Weed directed Yellowy to place his burden on the ground.

“These are important and rare items but they are not as important as you.”

“Ummoooooooo.”

Yellowy was thrilled. This was why he followed his master. He pampered his sculptural lifeforms well so they were thankful to their master. This was a deep affection.

Weed held his bow and looked down at the ridge.

“Yellowy, I’m bored so would you like to play a simple game with me?”

“Omoo?”

“You don’t have to do anything. Well, it might be boring just standing around.”

Yellowy was on guard.

“Is it hard work?”

“It isn’t hard. It is no different from just standing there.”

“I will do it, Master.”

“Then let’s have a meal since you are hungry.”

Weed took out a few cooking tools and started making food. A sweet scented herbal stew!

“Don’t leave without eating.”

“Are you really giving it to me?”

“I’m making the dish for you.”

The taste of the food was heavenly. And shortly after finishing the meal.

“Wy-1!”

During this time, Weed ordered a wyvern to capture Yellowy.

“Drag the bait to lure the monster.”

“Kuweeeek!”

The sweet smelling Yellowy was used as bait! The wyverns were strong enough to ignore the monsters and the monsters weren’t mindless enough to be lured without any incentive.

The Harsel Mountains had many places for archery due to the height. Rangers liked mountains and forests like this. The terrain was covered with ice but hundreds of archers would be effective here.

In other words, this was an appropriate place to hunt!

He intended to take advantage of Yellowy’s flesh.

Of course, he would use Moment Sculpting if it ever became dangerous.

“This is a very secure hunting.”

He needed to carefully evaluate the risk of the monsters before using Time Sculpting. If his sculptural lifeforms were destroyed then the damage would be too large.

Although the general users would assist if a crisis happened to the Arpen Kingdom, Weed would destroy them with his power. But his sculptural lifeforms including Bahamorg played a significant role in overcoming that crisis.

Weed conducted the troops in order to reduce the risk.

“Bring them here! Kuhahaha!”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A bull floated through the Harsel Mountains.

“Kuwek?”

Low, intermediate monsters and even the legendary yeti were caught. A bunch of monsters moved in Yellowy’s direction. Behind that was the giant form of a legendary yeti.

Weed continued to use regular arrows but the legendary yeti wouldn’t be killed through such a simple way.

The yeti caused a 30 metres wide blizzard that neutralized any arrows.

This was why Pathfinder Lane of the Dark Gamers Union was in distress after seeing the yeti.

Those with basic common sense would arm themselves with items that prevented the cold while taking advantage of the narrow mountain terrain.

“It can be called a boss of the neighbourhood. Time is money. Even the toughest guys can be handled efficiently in the right

place. There won't be a deficit."

Weed's eyes shone in the cold.

"Everyone, pincer movement!"

The wyverns attracting attention moved quickly in the air. Meanwhile, Bingryong came down to head-butt and swing its tail at the yeti. Black Imugi breathed out flames, Goldman used fire arrows while Weed and Seo-yoon attacked back and forth.

Close combat against the legendary yeti was difficult due to the extreme cold it emitted. But once the appropriate armour was worn, that could be its greatest weakness. Thanks to the help of Seulroeo's wedding ring, Weed and Seo-yoon often fought with each other.

"Hubiswi!"

The legendary yeti generated lightning and it struck Weed.

"Cough!"

-A mighty blow has been dealt and health has decreased by 29,203.

-Your body is frozen.

The body is temporarily paralyzed and defense has decreased by 63%.

Now any attacks will reduce health by 7 times more than usual.

"What the, this is...it is much stronger than the information!"

Pathfinder Lane wouldn't have bothered to lie. Maybe the legendary yeti was particularly strong in ice and lightning magic. The Harsel Mountains had an ice attribute so that probably made them stronger.

However, the armour Weed was wearing wasn't normal.

-The Goddess' Knight Armour blessed by Hestia has resolved the frozen state.

The abnormal state was released.

In the meantime, Goldman, Bingryong, Yellowy, Bahamorg and Seo-yoon were unleashing an onslaught of attacks against the yeti.

After Seo-yoon fell, he thought it was dangerous and brandished a sword at the legendary yeti.

-A companion who shares your burden of destiny is in a crisis.

7,548 health will be passed to her.

Weed didn't have a lot of health left to give her. Seo-yoon's body was paralyzed close to the legendary yeti and her resistance was rapidly shrinking. If he delayed then her whole body would freeze or she would lose her life.

Seo-yoon wasn't weak but she hadn't entered the berserk state. The legendary yeti really emitted an extreme cold.

"A little dangerous...ah, I don't know!"

Weed used a skill.

"Moment Sculpting!"

Time stopped! The flow of the world once again stopped when the skill was triggered. The legendary yeti shooting a chilling blast literally stopped.

The Harsel Mountains was a mysterious and charming place. Normal humans would find the environment tough but Weed's experience meant he found it spectacular.

Pure, white snow and ice. Scattered snowflakes had stopped and was reflecting the sunlight.

Weed had no time to enjoy the beauty and moved.

He entered the blizzard and cut the yeti.

"Moonlight Sculpting Blade!"

Moving his body while time was stopped took a toll on his vitality. He couldn't use anything but the basic skills. So he used

the one he was familiar with.

The light that emerged from Weed's sword dealt seven blows to the legendary yeti.

-A critical hit!

The sword has been swung at a speed beyond your imagination.

Due to the fact that it has gone over the limit, durability has been reduced by 43%.

“Kuweeeek!”

The 4 metres tall legendary yeti sunk deep into the ice.

Worurung!

The ground shook like there was an earthquake. The whole body of the legendary yeti was stuck in ice.

-The legendary yeti is in a state of confusion.

The mysterious attack has terrified it.

This is the first time the legendary yeti has been so frightened so fighting spirit is low.

“Heh.”

Weed had a confident smile.

“As expected.”

-Energy of the moment has been reduced by 47.

Vitality has decreased by 21%.

The strength of the body has been pulled out so you will be in an exhausted state for 16 seconds.

You have gone beyond the limits of your physical abilities so strength and agility will decline by 6% for a while.

“Wueok!”

Half of his remaining vitality was consumed in an instant.

Usually a warrior only had to worry about vitality during a war. It was very rare to run out of vitality while hunting.

‘I need to take good care of my vitality in the future. Time Sculpting is useful but it squeezes all my stats. I need to combine it with Sculptural Destruction.’

Weed thought about how to reduce that physical degradation in the future.

“Gol gol gol gol. Great, Master!”

“Ummoooooooo. How brave.”

The sculptural lifeforms praised him. Weed didn’t miss this golden opportunity.

“Everyone, pounce!”

Group hunting!

The wyverns and Bingryong relentlessly attacked from the sky. Yellowy who didn’t like to fight rushed forward while the Black Imugi fought vigorously.

-A legendary yeti has been hunted.

Due to the combat performance, strength has increased by 1.

Perseverance has increased by 2.

Fame has increased by 267.

-The pioneering of the Harsel Mountains has increased by 0.2%.

Once pioneering is at 100%, resistance and defense will increase when dealing with monsters in this area.

Pioneering can also increase through dungeon exploration.

The first hunt was always the most difficult. He actively utilized the terrain and sculptural lifeforms to deal with the legendary yeti.

The yeti in the area tried to leave and return to their caves.

They were unexpectedly afraid of heights and couldn’t

demonstrate their skills in that terrain. They were also weak in a prolonged fight as health recovered slowly.

But they were strong and overwhelming compared to general monsters. They could throw chunks of ice at a fearsome speed and could hide in the snow.

“This is a little different from the information received from the Dark Gamers. Its nature and attack techniques make it at least two ratings above high level monsters. Well, at least it is worth hunting.”

He always allowed for a certain degree of error with every piece of information.

After more users experienced it, additional information would be registered.

“I can’t leave it alone. Find another one!”

The vicious cycle was repeated.

Weed explored the Harsel Mountains and hunted 17 legendary yeti. He also swept through other types of monsters and gained 6 levels.

The monsters with unique characteristics like the legendary yeti gave additional experience. There were also dungeons found after landslides and these discoveries gave double experience.

Thanks to that, he raised his level from 429 to 435 at an unprecedented speed.

This was because he used Time Sculpting to deal with any difficult opponents.

However, Weed was still hungry.

“Think of the other people. I need to stretch out my legs.”

Bardray was the strongest person on the Versailles Continent so Weed couldn’t feel any satisfaction no matter how he raised his level.

He also needed to be cautious during battle about the amount of energy of the moment consumed.

The energy he built up as king of the Arpen Kingdom and his adventures significantly shrank. He used it when his life was at risk so only 163 energy of the moment remained.

Depending on the situation, he had to only use Time Sculpting if he felt like he couldn't win.

Even so, it was better than losing his life.

A moment where he could relax and take advantage of for victory.

“It is like my mood changing quickly when riding a taxi. Even the underlying charge is enough for a meal.”

Weed was able to familiarize himself with Time Sculpting.

“This is definitely a combat skill. It is irrelevant when it comes to art. The sculptor will profit from it but in the wrong area.”

Weed and Seo-yoon carefully continued hunting in the Harsel Mountains.

They found a volcanic lake on a small mountain. The volcanic crater formed a long time ago and was now filled with crystal clear water with overgrown grass and trees around it.

Ddirring!

-Harsel's paradise has been found.

Finding a secret view has increased fame by 1,380.

Compensation can be gained if this is reported to the nobility and royalty.

Weed was immediately disappointed.

“It isn't a hunting ground.”

However, upon further reflection.

“I am still stupid. This hidden place is unexplored. There might be a bunch of herbs worth picking.”

He instantly searched the area and found red herbs for health and yellow herbs for vitality that could be traded at high prices.

“Inspect!”

-Harsel's Yellow Herbs: Consumption Item.

Properly grown quality goods.

A useful herb to enhance vitality.

Based on the knowledge of herbs, this herb is enough to even boost the vitality of an elderly person.

Can be sold at an expensive price.

-Harsel's Red Herbs: Consumption Item.

Setting a price for trade is impossible.

An herb that helps in healing wounds.

Squeezing the juices or drinking it can heal injuries.

The benefits include increasing the maximum health.

“I've hit the jackpot!”

They were extremely rare herbs that had grown for more than 10 years. Herbs of this quality grew deep in dungeons or at hidden locations so they were difficult to find or put a price on.

There were quite a few of them. A place where no humans visited, a total windfall!

“Huhuhu, selling these yellow herbs at the market...no, I should save it for a little bit in the future.”

Weed looked at Seo-yoon who was dipping her feet in the water.

This was absolutely not for himself! It would all be for her!

So far, she had given him a lot of help so these herbs could be used to repay her someday.

He had learned about dating from cable television and the occasional movie.

“Well, I don’t know a lot about relationships.”

Weed packed the yellow herbs in his backpack. Depending on his knowledge of herbal medicine, processing it could cause great efficacy.

“It would be nice to sell it...well, it can’t be helped.”

Weed had the same nature as a wolf.

Then something small unfurled its wings right in front of Weed’s nose.

“You.....”

-Hello. Hello. Hello. Nice to see you.

A mischievous fairy was across from him.

Weed replied with a little bit of worry.

“Hello, nice to see you. Who are you?”

-Bad, bad. You forgot. Ugly human. Then I will drop you in the middle of the ocean!

Weed searched through his memories.

The fairies were small so they were difficult to distinguish individually. But the confident way it was coming forward was familiar.

“Wait a minute, I remember. I saw you! The one who sat on the nose of the Fairy Queen when I reported about the Jigolaths.”

-That’s right. Nice to see you, my friend.

Seo-yoon heard Weed talk to someone and approached.

“Hello. What a small child.”

-That’s right. A friend of a friend. Pretty human.

The fairy moved away from Weed’s nose and hesitantly held out

a finger to Seo-yoon. Fairies liked beautiful girls.

Weed asked with a serious tone.

“Why did you come here?”

-Yes. Of course.

“.....”

Weed didn't say anything to the fairy.

The quest he received a long time ago from the Fairy Queen! Even now, he still hadn't resolved it.

His intimacy with the fairies was quite high but they would turn hostile if he gave it up.

-Queen-nim told me to bring you.

“Hmm, that...I am quite busy these days. It is too bad but I can't come now.”

-Yes? It can't be helped...Queen-nim has heard through the gossiping spirits. Didn't you bring something back for Queen-nim?

“What?”

Weed's head was filled with complicated thoughts.

The quest of the Fairy Queen was to find a sad moment of a dragon. In order to resolve it, he had to start the linked quest in the Red Forest of Reeds.

But Weed had hunted the dragon Ausollet during the final secret sculpting technique quest and acquired the Mirror of the Silver Dragon Yuskellanda.

At the time, he was just eager to obtain it. It was an item from a dragon but he had never suspected. In the process of doing this, he had unknowingly completed a quest.

Sometime users would obtain the items needed for quests from another place and this would save time.

‘Well, that is the process. I got it anyway. This is...a blind quest?’

He completed a S class quest that might have been abandoned. Weed’s back and shoulders straightened proudly like he was a politician just elected.

“Fairy.”

-Why did you call?

“Let’s go see the queen.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

-“The Great Soul of the Desert has chosen the warrior Baebuchi.”

“The Great Desert Soul has chosen the warrior Kamcho.”

“The Great Desert Soul has chosen the warrior Heosu.”

The Earth Shadow party can proceed with the Great Emperor of the Desert quest.

“It was a success.”

“The damage is too big. Out of 400 warriors, only 20 people survived the challenge. It will be really difficult going forward.”

“Those 20 people means that we haven’t failed yet.”

Earth Shadow had finished the 9th linked quest.

They were recognized and became the desert warriors’ assistants.

“The desert king, it is something that all warrior’s dream of. You have enough power but lack the experience to lead our warriors.”

“Grow stronger in the desert. However, I assure you that the path to the king is difficult. Our tribe will be pleased to accept cooperating with you.”

They helped the desert warriors succeed in their challenges. The absurdly strong warriors overcame dungeons and monsters.

They fought and managed to make it past the 9th quest. The desert warriors recklessly jumped at monsters and didn’t hesitate

to fight among themselves.

The animosity between the desert tribes was spiraling out of control.

Exploration, excavation and investigation, luck and making the right decisions at key moments, Earth Shadow managed to overcome the difficulties.

Nevertheless, desert warriors were killed or received huge injuries as the quest progressed.

The warrior Bors. A warrior with rare strength, courage and intelligence. Earth Shadow thought he was the most likely candidate to complete the quest but he fell into a trap with 340 desert warriors and couldn't revive from his injuries.

"It was an honour to walk along the path of the Great Emperor. My tribe...please don't tell them about my last cowardly moment."

Bors died.

Fortunately, it did not decrease the morale of the desert warriors.

"The competition is dead. That is good news."

"Kukuku. He did something stupid. I Baebuchi will become the king."

"Bors' sacrifice won't be in vain as I, Kamcho will make the desert prosperous again."

"Bors wouldn't hesitate if I, Heosu was in the same position. But I feel shame while watching his sacrifice. The way of the Great Emperor requires luck, not cowardice."

Earth Shadow were anxious while watching the desert warriors.

The one that reached the end of the quest would become the ruler of this region. A ruler with the heart of a villain could damage the continent.

"The warriors have an amazing growth rate."

“I think the characteristics of the desert is to become stronger.”

“The warriors that cleared the dungeons with Weed experienced a growth rate 3~4 times faster.”

“Will these people really succeed in the quest?”

“We didn’t even need to show up.”

The desert warriors were constantly challenging the path of the Great Emperor.

At least 40,000 people walked along that path.

The desert tribes that didn’t respect Earth Shadow wandered around like wolves.

Weed had showed an unparalleled strength. His legacy and relics were left in the desert It was difficult but the desert warriors kept chasing the traces. Legends about Great Emperor Weed made the warriors’ blood boil.

Ddirring!

-Desert Camel

The legend of a camel that can run faster than the wind has been passed down.

In the warring period, the Great Emperor rode a bactrian camel.

After Great Emperor Weed was gone from the world, Bactrian Camel returned to his home of the desert.

Taming them will be a great help.

Level of Difficulty: S

Compensation: Bactrian Camel.

Quest Restrictions: There are 34 camels with the lineage of Bactrian Camel remaining in the desert.

The spirits of the Earth Shadow group burned at the challenge.

They were happy at the thought of reaching the pinnacle of the

quest.



“Hmm, ridiculously hot.”

Geomchi-5 and the students took in the hot sun in the desert.

They had lost their lives in the war against the Haven Empire. They realized their own weaknesses.

“It is shameful that I only killed 50 knights!”

“I was too weak and only took care of 1,000 soldiers. I will carry this shame to my death.”

“You shouldn’t be ashamed. I am the one who only had enough power to kill 60 magicians. I’m not qualified for the sword.”

The students felt regret as they reflected on their weaknesses. They set out to protect the Arpen Kingdom but only managed to kill 160,000 people combined.

Each person took down a little over 300 enemies.

The Muksabal Knights committed to a heavy assault but didn’t succeed in breaking through the infantry of the Haven Empire.

They ended up in the camp of the northern players. They were destroyed immediately if they got behind enemy lines. They rushed together and were easy targets for ranged attacks.

It was a struggle to fight while they were mixed with the enemy knights and soldiers.

Sometimes they would use the enemies to take a short break. They looted the combat supply wagons and took care of some archers.

Most of them lost their lives but caused enormous damage, gaining them combat achievements and fame.

The momentum of the Geomchi, the instructors and the students was great.

Geomchi-3 gained great achievements causing jealousy. So 230 Geomchis headed to the southern desert to make themselves stronger.

Geomchi-326 came back from talking to some residents and told Geomchi-5.

“There is a quest associated with the desert ruler. Users in the city can accept it.”

“What is it about?”

“Help the desert warriors become the heir of the Great Emperor.”

“Women also?”

“No. Only men have gathered.”

“Hyu. It isn’t anything complex. Let’s just go kill.”

“Yes. That’s right.”

Geomchi-5 and the other practitioners decided to abandon the quest. They didn’t want to bother if there were no women!

Then Geomchi-80 said.

“Geomchi-326, you said it requires leading the desert warriors?”

“Yes, sahyung. I heard that it is harsh and they are fighting really hard.”

“Then won’t it be easy?”

“Eh?”

“Won’t they listen if we beat them up?”

“Oh, there is such a way.”

The tough and brave desert warriors were just mere humans to the Geomchis. There was no complicated business. It would be simply resolved by beating the desert warriors up.

“And the monsters aren’t difficult. We’ve been doing the same thing every day. Just grab them and beat them up.”

Geomchi-5 nodded as he listened.

“Well, that makes sense.”

“This is the easy way. We have used our heads.”

Geomchi-5 remembered a long time ago.

“Master-nim once told me this. While others are using their heads, we should tighten our muscle strength.”

“He also told us similar words. Other people might use tricks but we have our bodies.”

Any incidents were dealt with using their muscles! Their muscles popping with blood vessels that made other people become kind.

“Let’s do the quest. We will beat them all.”

“Yes!”

Geomchi-5 and the students belatedly decided to take part in the Great Emperor’s quest.

Chapter 3: Dragon's Quest

In the Haven Empire's territory in the north, there was a luxurious territory being developed.

A quarter of the northern continent.

The construction of roads and facilities was the basic framework of a village.

Among the 1,000 northern lords, Robin was one that stood out. Robin had used a vast amount of cash in a short period of time.

-Ars Village's huge investment

In the occupied territory of the Haven Empire, Ars Village!

The residents of the occupied territories are anxious about the future.

The Haven Empire's notoriety means they are nervous about the new rulers. But they are relieved as the new lord has invested a lot of money into the village.

In 4 months, there is a 60% increase in productivity.

The area of the village has expanded.

Population growth rate has improved.

Depending on the nature of Ars Village, the following structures can be built immediately.

Tavern: Improve the residents' satisfaction and increase tax revenue.

But there will be adverse effects on security.

Inn: Inn where travellers can stay.

Many travellers will make the village livelier.

Lord's Bank: Funds can be borrowed or deposited.

This will promote the development of commerce and is the

foundation for merchants to trade.

The facility can make a big profit in the future but can also see a large deficit.

Precious Metals Workshop: A place that specializes in gold and silver jewellery.

Depending on the skills and technology, a high price can be gained.

Quests to see special jewels can be generated.

Police: Due to the residents seeking commercial profit, having crime prevention will improve the security of the village.

Set up a basic village patrol and criminals can be imprisoned.

Mercenary Guild: Investigate monsters around the village and receive regular commissions.

It requires many taxes to operate but if the requests are successful, security and reputation of the village can increase.

Lower Class Housing: There are many immigrants due to the war.

They don't live near the main roads.

Once urban development increases, more advanced buildings can be constructed. The village's tax rate, policies and budget will determine the buildings that can be constructed.

"Huhu, security isn't meaningful to the current situation. Dismantle the police force."

-Are you sure that you want to dismantle the police force?

Residents might dislike it.

The village's budget will save 140 gold every month.

"It isn't a big deal so I don't need it."

-The loyalty of the residents has decreased.

There will be a slight dislike for the lord.

“The lower class housing is also not needed. In the long term, it will just eat up large areas of the city. Destroy the lower class housing.”

-Are you sure you want to destroy the lower class housing?

The residents will resist it.

Casualties might occur in the destruction process.

The expansion of the village will slow down and the influx of immigrants will reduce.

“Smash it.”

-The lord has commanded the army to destroy the lower class residences.

If the army doesn't strictly control it then there might be looting and arson.

Robin replaced it with other buildings.

The army was stationed at a fortress while brick buildings were given to residents almost for free.

“Do you know about the village? There is no hunger, it is clean and the taxes are affordable. If you want then your family can live in a house. Is any further explanation needed?”

“You don't need to worry about the security. Lord-nim has 2,000 regular soldiers. Of course, that might be insufficient to prevent monster attacks but 5,000 mercenaries can also be employed.”

“There are many fields of interest. The jobs? The daily wage is high. There will be many civil construction over the next few years. The size of our village...it takes the residents 30 minutes to run to the market. There are many fields in the middle but they were develop someday. It won't be an issue.”

Ars Village was enough to be called a paradise for the residents.

The registered residents could use the commercial facilities for free and they had housing. There were training facilities, facilities for the treatment of illnesses and an unlimited number of shrines.

The residents were paid 400 gold every time they gave birth to a child. Every immigrant family was also welcomed with 300 gold.

Ars Village's birthrate was enormous and there was a long line of people coming from nearby villages.

The residents in the areas occupied by the Haven Empire couldn't return to the Arpen Kingdom. But they could move freely within the Haven Empire and rushed to the most livable Ars Village.

Robin was confident of the village's development.

'No matter how much money I spent, this is still the early days. It was take 6 months for the stabilization period. This will become the largest city in the northern Haven Empire and this status will be maintained with the merchants and residents constantly visiting.'

The tax revenue for 1 month was 17,000 gold. His spending was 16 million gold!

He wasn't making ends meet but the development meant it would be promoted to a city in no time.

The population already succeeded 30,000 and the rapid development exceeded that of Morata in the early days.

Of course, at that time the north was dangerous but Ars Village was currently experiencing a dazzling growth.

'Politicians who sacrifice no taxes needs to constantly pay attention. Once Ars Village grows big enough, it can become independent from the Haven Empire. In the future, this will be the Ars Kingdom. And I will be known as King Robin.'

Robin continued to invest huge amounts of money to develop the village.



Lord Dain of Evaluk Castle.

The confusion that happened in the Kallamore area didn't affect her territory.

"Become rebels to organize a resistance against the lord? Fuck, this person. Get lost before I report you to the soldiers!"

"Ungrateful human. We are able to live like this due to Lord-nim."

"Missing the Kallamore Kingdom? Haven Empire? I don't know about such things. I am just living with a relaxed and comfortable mind. The knights will take care of any difficulties."

Evaluk Castle was developed in the previous Kallamore area.

Dain had lowered the tax rate as soon as she became the lord.

Most lords of the Haven Empire would have significantly high taxes and embezzle them. It was for their own benefit and they could give bribes to acquire better territory.

Dain lived a frugal life so she lowered the tax rates and developed Evaluk Castle.

"Lord-nim, the best trader in the kingdom is here so should we purchase it?"

"What is the price of jade today?"

"It is currently at the lowest price in the past year. The merchant is selling it at 1 for 1,000 gold. It is good quality jade so just buying 20 should....."

"I will buy 40. And later sell it for 1,500 gold."

Summoning magic research, combat magic and other such knowledge. The lord needed to identify and buy various materials from merchants before selling it at an increased price.

The market place prospered as merchants visited and a unique

culture flourished. The residents and users explored the streets and squares.

“Hillia-nim, it has been almost a month.”

“Lord Dain-nim, hello. I came here because some bandits robbed my carriage.”

“Oh...were you heading towards the free city of Somren?”

“Yup. For now, I will just trade food in the vicinity.”

“Near the vicinity of Somren City...should I install some officers?”

“Really? Yes please.”

She had the best relationship with the merchants. Most of the merchants wandered around villages and cities but it was important to maintain a relationship with them. It was required when buying and selling goods.

“These buildings are aging.”

“Should we build new ones?”

“Since a lot of money will be used...it is enough to renovate the interior. Get rid of any facilities that will make the residents uncomfortable. Hire street painters to cover the exterior walls. Maybe the residents would also like to draw their favourite heroes?”

“Yes, the residents would prefer that Lord-nim.”

There was a general awareness of the empire's preference to economic and military power. But the traditions and culture of the Kallamore Kingdom was maintained so the residents had a big crush on Dain.

The high loyalty of the residents and the active trading of goods stabilized and raised the reputation of the area.

Skilled blacksmiths, tailors, miners etc. were attracted by the

stable life and migrated to Evaluk Castle.

The users also felt comfortable in this place. There was no chaos and the residents were happy. The users preferred this pleasant atmosphere compared to being suppressed.

There were still restrictions on hunting and quests due to the policies of the Haven Empire but Evaluk Castle was a base for user activities.

Evaluk Castle became a key area where users could assemble.

The fastest growing region in the Central Continent. Even with the chaos in the Haven Empire, Evaluk Castle has strong internal economic strength.

Dain occasionally left the city on expeditions with the soldiers.

“Captain Carlson.”

“Yes!”

“I will be going to subjugate a bunch of monsters and won’t return until the end of Saturday. Don’t miss me after just one night.”

“Understood, Lord-nim!”

Dain swept through the dungeons and mountains with the soldiers and knights. A lord was hunting almost every day.

Of course, her level was a match to the elites of the army.



Under the guidance of the fairy, Weed headed to where the Fairy Queen was resting.

‘I can receive the hottest compensation. I would like a weapon. The daily use of the Red Star is too limited.’

His head was filled with complex calculations. The quest was successful then he could obtain goods that could be disposed of.

‘Looking at the price drop lately...well, the top level goods still

have a high value. It won't be bad if I receive an armour I can dispose of. It would be good even if I received an armour I can't wear'

Weed watched the fairy and quietly took off the Goddess' Knight Armour. It was an armour made with helium and the divine power of the gods.

It had good options so he was unlikely to receive a better armour. His armour would change in accordance with the dungeon or hunting grounds.

"Omoooo, Master took off his armour."

"Gol gol gol, it is suspicious."

Yellowy and Goldman immediately reacted.

'Greed for money.'

Seo-yoon guessed Weed's heart and didn't say anything.

A mountain range was nearby. After passing the forest of elves and a dwarf village, they arrived at the entrance of a dungeon.

Fairies were flying around to welcome them.

-Late. Late.

-Procrastinating humans. Humans aren't really strict about time.

-The Queen's wrath will be great. Kyaruruk. The humans might end up dying.

-They deserve to have their necks cut with a huge knife and then sent to hell!

"....."

The fairies were fed up from waiting.

Weed was familiar with this type of attitude. It was something he received when receiving a delayed payment for newspapers and milk deliveries.

The fairies were really angry and weren't joking around.

Weed entered the dungeon with Seo-yoon and the sculptural lifeforms to meet the Fairy Queen.



Teneidon's haven.

A place with old rocks, trees, overgrown grass and a pool.

By human standards, it was just a small fountain but the fairies thought of it like a lake.

It wasn't a place where humans could easily visit as only those close with nature like the dwarves and elves were allowed.

Among the users, there were some who received quests to explore the dungeon.

In the case of a user who started in Vargo Fortress, his video became famous.

Wibullo was only a level 14 user.

He didn't have an aptitude towards a particular class and worked hard at his part time job to raise money.

“Food deliveries, errands? Yes, I'll go in a minute.”

“Washing the dishes...there are no complaints. No. I'll get started straight away.”

“I will stack a room full of firewood for 2 silver. Won't you hire me?”

Users often received part time jobs in villages and cities. The users would make friends with the residents as well as earn money.

People starting in Royal Road for the first time found that it was a completely different environment and didn't feel bored. While adapting to the world, they diligently worked part time in order to obtain some equipment.

Wibullo mainly worked part time in restaurants.

“It is really done. This is the first time I’ve seen such a clean bowl. Here is an extra 31 copper.”

“Thank you!”

He cleaned the dishes and kitchen and always achieved more than the quest goal. He couldn’t accept long quests because of his busy work life in reality. He had to decline requests such as delivering a letter to a stranger.

The dishes of the restaurants that passed through his hand became so perfect that they shone like jewels.

-The title ‘Bowl Cleaner’ has been acquired.

Cleaning a bowl so perfectly without breaking it isn’t an easy task.

No matter how dirty or stinky the dish entrusted to you, they will boast of a perfect clean.

-Fame has increased by 14.

He managed to work at a few places a day.

A large amount of fame and intimacy accumulated just from washing the dishes.

He was still class less and level 14.

Suddenly Wibullo received a gracious invitation from the Fairy Queen.

Title: Fairy Queen’s Invitation. Hahahahat!

The fact that he received an invitation from the Fairy Queen attracted huge attention.

Many players didn’t believe it but then he posted a video.

-Ohhhhhh. Jackpot.

-As an expert in Royal Road, I didn’t think a quest like this would occur. Isn’t he still unemployed? Clearly he meets some conditions.

-This is ridiculous. Teneidon normally won't meet anyone without high fame. The fairies are choosy and won't extend an invitation to just anyone!

-Do you need help reaching the dungeon? I am at Vargo Fortress and will immediately escort you to the dungeon.

-I will help for free.

Many curious users came to the dungeon to watch Wibullo meet the Fairy Queen.

Of course, the broadcasting stations were also there to observe the quest. It had grown to a large scale!

Wibullo carried all those expectations as he met Queen Teneidon.

"I'm here to see the holy Fairy Queen."

Wibullo raised a dignified hand to his chest as he bowed.

"How can I help? My skills might be lacking but I will do my best no matter what. Even if I am knocked down, I will get up and challenge again."

He came here with a submissive attitude.

Becoming a new hero on the Versailles Continent! It was a big dream for a man. Recently, the dream of elementary school students was to become the lord of a major city or a dragon slayer.

-Human, don't you love to clean?

"Huh? Of course....."

-This dungeon is too dirty. I will give you 3 gold if you clean it.

"Clean?"

-Please do it as quickly as possible. If you finish quickly then I will give an extra 2 gold.

A F-grade difficulty cleaning request!

Teneidon would give him money to clean the large dungeon.

At that time, Wibullo was mocked on the bulletin boards but later he would become a pretty good adventurer.

He could obtain good information from the fairies at a cheap price.

If an adventurer was in distress while thinking of a mystery then the fairies could give the right or wrong clues.

Moreover, the fairy would save their lives through teleportation if they were falling.

Of course, the chances of this happening was very slim but there were some cases of people falling into the ocean or lava.

Weed had seen this place before and walked straight towards the queen.

Just like last time, Teneidon was sitting on a giant tree root.

-Human, come here.

Weed respectfully greeted her by kneeling down on one knee.

“Queen-nim, you must have been in a lot of distress. I have come with the keepsake of a dragon.”

-You are far too late. In the meantime, my pain has become so bad it is hard to resist.

Teneidon’s wings affected by the curse of the dragon trembled.

Weed shook his head.

“I have no excuses for being late, but the world is very confused. I had to defeat the Embinyu Church and a senior sculptor taught me a new technique...many things were waiting for me.”

-Stop. I don’t want to hear another word. I want to see the dragon’s memento that you found.

“Here it is.”

Weed pulled out the Mirror of the Silver Dragon Yuskellanda.

Except for the Red Star, that was the only object related to a dragon that he possessed.

The Red Star was a relic but it was stolen goods so Weed secretly used it.

-You really brought it. Despite the request...finding a relic of a dragon is very difficult these days. I couldn't find any ways and almost sent explorers to the polar regions. Astonishing.

-The Fairy Queen Teneidon has admired you.

Fame has increased by 2,698.

“Is this the right thing that Queen-nim is looking for?”

-It isn't the exact thing but...I can't deny that this is a memento of Ratuas.

Weed had a lot of concerns about Yuskellanda's mirror.

‘What the hell is this?’

It was an item that transcended time and space but couldn't work out how it was important.

“Inspect!”

-It has been blocked by the dragon's magic.

Inspect has failed.

Inspect failed even when he tried several more times!

If he lacked knowledge then inspect wouldn't work no matter how much he tried.

He had Mapan search through Morata's library but no information on the mirror could be found.

The valuable treasures on the Versailles Continent were in the lair of dragons and humans didn't even know they existed.

‘There could be some great options but the reverse could also be true. Anyway, it is good that I can take advantage of this to

complete the quest.'

Taking care of 3 quests at the same time!

A profession quest could be done separately but it was more efficient to complete it with hunting and other quests. He could solve Teneidon's long quest without wasting as much time or receiving any damages.

After a period of thought, Weed handed it over.

"Here it is."

Ddirring!

-The Mirror of the Silver Dragon Yuskellanda has been handed over.

Dragon's Curse has been completed.

It can't be completed confirmed if this is a clue associated with Ratuas in the Forest of Red Reeds.

But it isn't necessary to know as it is a giant leap in the adventure.

-Experience has been acquired.

-Fame has increased by 121.

-The Fairy Queen Teneidon is happy and 1 energy of the moment is gained.

It was a C-level difficult quest so his experience didn't even increase by 1%.

Weed was currently level 435.

Ddirring! Ddirring! Ddirring!

-The Traces of a Human quest has been completed.

-The Old Friend of a Dragon quest has been completed.

-The Pale Bones Left Behind quest has been completed.

-The Monster Corps Subjugation quest has been completed.

- The Elementals' Salvation quest has been completed.
- The Human's Hometown quest has been completed.
- The Unfortunate and Distressing quest has been completed.
- The Sweeping Search quest has been completed.
- The Recover Dragon's Relic quest has been completed.

“Keeek!”

Weed had a flood of quests being completed after passing over Yuskellanda's mirror.

Even the names of the quests caused him to shiver.

‘The names are warlike. It is at least 6 months' worth of work. Losing my sense of direction or being required to find special materials would take some time.’

It was a bonus income for all the time he spent on the final secret sculpting technique quest.

A huge number of quests associated with Teneidon was handled all at once.

‘If I didn't get this items after defeating the Chaos Dragon...or what if I thought I couldn't use it and discarded it after returning to this world?’

Just thinking about the close call caused his chest to cool.

As a smile formed on Weed's mouth, a message window started to shine.

Ddirring!

-A large amount of experience has been gained with the completion of a continuous quest.

-Your level has risen.

-Your level has risen.

-Your level has risen.

-Fame has increased by 22,981.

-You have processed quests for the Versailles Continent.

Energy of the moment has increased by 61.

-Affinity to the fairy species has increased by 64.

They will feel close to you and joke around.

Sometimes the fairies will follow you around incessantly chattering.

Gossip from the fairies will flow with the wind. Valuable knowledge will be delivered to you.

Of course, sometimes the fairies will lie.....

The rewards for all the quests!

“Kuhehehe!”

Weed’s mouth rose so quickly it felt like it was going to crack.

He didn’t receive any expensive armour or sword from the Fairy Queen but he was more than satisfied.

‘The rewards are considerable.’

His level and fame had risen with these quests.

Weed didn’t need any more fame at this point but it had a lot of advantages. He was a celebrity so residents and the mercenary guilds would easily give him quests.

He was happy thanks to the additional compensation.

Furthermore, Weed was king of the Arpen Kingdom. A king succeeding in difficult or arduous adventures would raise the national fame and loyalty of the residents.

The fame earned by fulfilling the continuous quests would cause the whole continent to buzz with Weed’s name again.

Teneidon then said to me.

-Although I’ve waited a long time, you have done a great favour

for me. I have never found a better adventurer among humans.

“I am thankful for your words, Your Majesty!”

She was more hospitable towards Weed after he was rewarded.

Despite her grumbling, the situation had changed in a positive way.

-I think I should give you something as compensation...the fairies don't have many things.

“I-is that so?”

Weed's mouth trembled.

-You will be shown to the Fairy Fountain.

“I have heard stories of the Fairy Fountain.”

Weed fiercely searched through his memories.

Fairy Fountain!

He was definitely sure that he heard it somewhere before.

‘Where. Many someone mentioned it or it was in the contents of a quest.’

He forgot mathematics and foreign languages but kept convenient memories.

His time as the desert ruler.

He rode Bactrian Camel to a village next to an oasis and heard about the fairy fountain from scholars.

“There is a legend about water in the desert. A fairy fountain exists in a place somewhere...unfortunately, this water isn't in the desert and I believe it is in another world where the fairies live. Drinking this water will make the body younger and will help recovery from illness and fatigue. A magic like that...do you believe in it?”

His time as the desert ruler was for his final secret sculpting

technique quest. He completed other quests in the warring period so Weed's fame and level was high.

Weed's answer was simple.

"Shut up. Don't talk nonsense."

The scholars were then kicked out.

Weed recalled the memory and spoke to Teneidon.

"I've heard of the Fairy Fountain. Isn't it in the world of the fairies?"

The fairies could cross time and space to a world where only they were allowed.

-Amazing. Very few people know about it among humans. As an adventurer, you really are great. How many places have you roamed around?

Weed thought about it.

'I didn't go around because I wanted to.'

-The Fairy Fountain is connected with a magical place. The drinking water is full of life and will give humans incredible power. The fairies are born from that water so it is like our hometown.

"Then it is a special place that no humans have seen."

-That isn't true. You are an excellent adventurer but the fairies have a special friend.

"Who is that?"

-He isn't known among humans but Petrov is a painter with great skills.

"Petrov."

Weed had heard this name.

A painter that often caused an uproar on the bulletin boards. He

was accused of drawing pictures on fortresses that made the Hermes Guild look bad. His paintings were filled with whimsical imagination and fantastic artistry so he was often compared to the Weed.

‘My competition has already visited that place.’

-As a reward, you will be taken to the Fairy Fountain.

“You don’t have any jewellery or other goods.”

-The greed of humans is really great. Fairies don’t like shiny things. Instead, the fairy over here will guide you to the fountain.

“T-thank you.”

Weed was greatly disappointed.

‘Even so, I still don’t know the damages.’

It felt like the reward was somewhat inadequate for the quest difficulty but Weed didn’t know the effects of the fairy fountain.

It might permanently increase his stats and lead to better long term benefits than a sword or armour.

Weed’s biggest weakness was his low vitality and increasing his knowledge and wisdom would also be useful.

‘And it will be handy in a big battle.’

Weed thought back to his hunting while using Time Sculpting.

‘The rate of my increase in strength has limits. I need to hunt desperately.’

If he invested more time in hunting then his level gain would increase by 5~6 times faster.

Weed felt it wasn’t easy when comparing himself to Bardray and other users.

‘I have to raise my level even if I don’t play with those guys. And in a large fight, it is inevitable that I will use Sculptural Life Bestowal or Sculpture Resurrection.’

The Hermes Guild monopolized all the great quests and hunting grounds in the Central Continent. The guild could also take advantage of advanced information and equipment and skill support.

The Hermes Guild had the best environment so they grew faster than normal users. The world was really unreasonable sometimes.

Weed looked for answers about how he could grow faster from the Central Continent.

The dungeons of the Central Continent! Specific stats or equipment could be obtained from the dungeons. Weed hadn't experienced the dungeons in the Central Continent so exploring them would still strengthen him.

Thanks to the Hermes Guild dealing with the emerging rebels, he could quickly clear some dungeons. Gaining experience from monsters and achievements from breaking through dungeons.

Of course, he would need to use some clever tricks to avoid being detected. His speed needed to be as quick as picking money up from the ground!

Weed's abilities matched up to his fame but he couldn't face a lot of people.

Rebels were attacking the villages and cities of the Haven Empire.

Weed had fought against a whole prestigious guild on Continent of Magic. If necessary, he could use the abilities of a necromancer.

After transforming into a lich, he could use Barkhan's full set and magic.

Dark Rule, Death Aura, Absolute Magic Defense!

There was also the Devil's Helmet from Montus that gave great power to an individual.

Like a storm of crow, the undead would feast! Zombies would emerge from the ground and join the ghosts, specters, death

knights and doom knights. Commanded by a lich wearing old robes and holding a long staff.

It was something that all humans wanting to be necromancers dreamed of.

The God of War was coming!

‘It is the ideal sight. Causing a disaster and summoning the undead. And it will be really fun. Now that the relationship with the Hermes Guild had worsened and was irreversible, I need to find an effective way to hit first.’

Weed thought for a short period of time and came up with a price.

It was too risky to assassinate the leaders of the Hermes Guild in the Central Continent due to their size.

The enemy was all over the place so he couldn’t fight alone. If there was a dangerous moment then it wouldn’t be easy to run away.

‘Similar to the God of War on Continent of Magic. There are many ways to overcome the difference.....’

He would sweep up the Hermes Guild little by little.

‘Life is a long and thin cloth. Um, a good thing is a good thing.....’

Then Teneidon told him.

-The mirror you brought us is too heavy for the fairies to carry.

“Huh?”

It was a plain mirror that was the same size as a fairy’s body.

-The loose ends should be tied up. Please return this mirror to Ratuas.

Ddirring!

-Ratuas’ Lair

A dragon doesn't like anyone visiting their lair without permission.

There are numerous monsters and rare guardians.

Bring this mirror directly to the dragon Ratuas.

If you are very lucky then Ratuas won't take your life.

If you survive then it will be a perfect career as an adventurer but a wise person would know to prepare their casket first.

Level of Difficulty: Impossible to verify.

Quest Restrictions: The confidence of the Fairy Queen Teneidon.

The remaining conditions are impossible to check.

“Kuuuk!”

Weed wanted to refuse but hesitates as this was the last step in the chain quest.

‘It will be good if I can resolve this. The quest rewards at the end are usually the best. And how risky can bringing a mirror back be?’

He came to that conclusion because of his greed.

‘Yes, I need to think of my life. I should retract my greed.’

Weed opened his mouth.

“Queen-nim, this is too big for me. There are many things I need to do so someone else.....”

-I'm sure you can succeed in anything we give you.

-The quest has been accepted!

Deprived of a choice!

-You have a noble spirit and strong sense of responsibility so I can't imagine leaving this task to any other adventurers. You will be great.

“O-of course.”

Thoughts ran through his head as he was forced to accept the quest.

The mirror floating in the air returned to him.

-The Mirror of the Silver Dragon Yuskellanda has been received again.

He checked the status of the item.

-Yuskellanda's Mirror: Durability 80/80.

A mirror that reflects Yuskellanda's form.

The material is made with special 'scales.'

Those who own it can use the special effect of the silver dragon.

Restrictions: Level 1,000.

A minimum of 2,000 strength and wisdom.

Options: Charm +122.

Dignity +20.

There is a 31% chance of reflecting all attacks and magic curses.

There is a low probability of reflecting the magic twice.

The appearance of the silver dragon Yuskellanda is imprinted on the mirror.

No matter how far away the area, you can search it through the mirror once a day.

A large number of enemies approaching will be reflected in the mirror.

A strong enemy or multiple enemies can be sealed.

The seal will loosen and those inside would be released after a week.

It was an amazing item. This magic was nothing short of miraculous.

‘This is amazing. I have to hand something like this over.

The limit was so high that he couldn’t use it even with his blacksmith skill.

Weed’s blacksmith skill was now at advanced level 2! Although the restrictions was reduced by 48%, the item was still unusable.

-I know you are busy but my request can’t take too much time. I want this resolved within 30 days.

Ddirring!

-A time limit for the Ratuas’ Laid quest has been created.

If you don’t resolve it within 30 days then the quest will fail.

Chapter 4: World Of The Fairies

Weed thought of other tricks after accepting the quest.

‘If I wait 30 days then it will fail. My fame or intimacy might fall but that won’t be an issue.’

But that didn’t take into account the delivery nature of the quest.

His relationship with Teneidon might deteriorate but the dragon Ratuas’ fury might be even greater if he didn’t deliver it.

In the case of this quest, there might be a bigger penalty if he failed.

He felt dizzy at the quest associated with the dragon.

‘The dragon might release monsters in the mirror to catch me... or I might have to look for them myself. Given the difficulty of the quest, the contents might involve moving the dragon.’

An existence above the Hermes Guild!

Others would marvel at the beautiful sight of a dragon but his life was at stake.

‘Eh, I don’t know. I’ll worry about it when I have to solve it.’

He would somehow resolve it later.

‘But a request for delivery. Something seems familiar.’

Weed’s mind was filled with memories of his part time delivery job.

‘It popped into my head. That was a real living hell.’

It was an operation that gave immediate cash at Chuseok (Korean Thanksgiving). Then he once again realized the cruelty of the world.

‘I would rather die than do that job again!’

Mild and newspaper deliveries at dawn didn’t seem difficult after

that.

Working at a courier company often required delivering apples or pears. The courier company meant he could also experience the technology of South Korea.

Microwaves, ovens, loudspeakers, electric cookers, dishwashers, ginseng juice machines, food dryers, computers, printers, scanners, heated mats, bidet and large items like televisions, refrigerators and furniture products were among those delivered.

People also had ski equipment, golf clubs, tents, fishing gear, mountain bikes, strollers, etc. sent over by courier.

South Korea could ship a considerable number of products through courier. Even things like boxes filled with books and mineral water! Rice, apples, pears, oranges, dried persimmon, cabbage and other agricultural products were hell!

“Ugh.”

Weed grabbed his head. The worst memories started to rise as he thought about the quest.

For the sake of receiving money as a temporary worker, he continued to work as a courier through Chuseok up to the Lunar New Year.

Since then, he received a mental shock whenever he thought of being a courier. Just the sight of a square box caused his arms and waist to hurt.

He needed to forget about it for his mental health. However, he established a strong mentality in case he ever experienced it again in the future.

He would rather spend stay up all night fighting the Hermes Guild than be a courier again.

‘Yes, my life is already gone. Hermes Guild, I will use dirty methods to step on you.’

No matter the risk, he would play in the Central Continent!

‘Hermes Guild, I will show you hell.’

Weed made up his mind and was determined to counterattack in the Central Continent. The blitz plan would be called God of War.

It wasn’t a spontaneous thing as he had been planning this for a while.

Teneidon flapped her wings and said.

-As the most reliable human adventurer, I thank you for accepting. It isn’t difficult so I hope you are successful.

“I understand. And I would like to see the fairy fountain now.”

-The fairy will lead you.

Weed followed the fairy and walked towards a long passage inside the cave.

Seo-yoon and the sculptural creatures came along but were blocked by the fairy.

-Stop! Only those admired by the fairies can go.

“Ummoooooooo!”

“Gol gol, I’ll wait here.”

Yellowy and Goldman welcomed it and stopped immediately. They felt anxious whenever going somewhere with Weed. In particular, they had been severely abused during the most recent hunt so they wanted to take a rest.

Seo-yoon’s eyes filled with worry.

“Be careful.”

“Nothing is going to happen. Don’t worry and wait in a safe place for me.”

Weed took Seo-yoon’s hand. Their faces were close enough to see the hot flushes on their cheeks.

“You will come back?”

“Of course. We will join up together again.”

“Still.....”

“Believe in me. I’ll come back within 1 hour.”

Yellowy blinked his big eyes.

“Humans are weird, omoooo.”

Goldman nodded like he agreed.

“It is just waiting, gol gol gol.”

Weed soothed Seo-yoon and followed the fairy guide.

The passage continued deep underground. The fairy wings scattered a mysterious gold dust that fell to the ground. The ceiling and walls of the cave started lighting up.

-Don’t be alarmed. Don’t stop and come along.

The fairy politely said.

Her voice rang out in the cave.

“Do we have to go a long way down?”

-No. It doesn’t matter where to go to move to the Fairy World.

“Then why?”

-Isn’t this your first time?

The fairy was full of mischief.

Weed then stepped on the golden powder. A cold breeze grazed his face.

Paak!

There was a bright light and he arrived at a place with greenery and fountains.

“Um.”

A bright and mysterious sight. There were countless rainbows in

the sky and butterflies flying with the fairies.

‘This is...similar to a rural garden.’

Ddirring!

-You have arrived in the Fairy World.

A new journey has been added to the history of your adventures.

As a human visiting the Fairy World, luck has increased by 31.

The fairies are like naive young children but are especially vigilant towards any wickedness.

Those who entered with wicked intentions will be seriously attacked.

“The fairies’ lifestyle is like this.”

Weed said with looking around.

A peaceful world. There was a developed city with various small species including the fairies living in flowers and trees.

The fairies were also present on the Versailles Continent.

Users could select it and the method was starting at a village that had the blood of fairies passed down through the generations.

In fact, Petrov and Weed were the only two users to visit the Fairy World.

It was difficult to make friends with the fairies so not many users could visit the Fairy World in the future.

The fairies resting on the fountain flew towards Weed.

-Guest, a guest.

-Should we tease him?

-Kyah, let’s play a prank. Blindfold him and leave it overnight.

The fairies behaved flippantly. But they soon gave something to Weed.

-Our queen has thanked you.

-Take this. Something good will happen.

-A friend of the fairies is someone who likes nature. The spirits will also like you.

-The fairies have given you a gift.

-The Mysterious Clover.

If you are lucky enough to own 3 then consuming it will prevent an unlucky thing from happening in combat.

-The fairies are pleased.

29 energy of the moment has been gained.

“Thank you.”

Weed bluntly said before going to the Fairy Fountain.

There would be no end to their chatter if he stayed to listen to them.

Ddirring!

-You have discovered the Fairy Fountain.

A new finding has been added to your journey of great adventures.

Insight has increased by 3.

You can boast of this adventure at the taverns.

There will be a high intimacy with those who believe you.

If you report that you found this water then high fame and money can be obtained as compensation.

The Fairy Fountain had several fairies swimming, sitting in the water or sleeping on it. In addition, there were rare fairy species with horns on their heads or fairies that looked like little children.

“It is like seeing flies dying.”

Although the sun was shining beautifully on the water of the fountain, Weed didn't show any appreciation!

Weed was careful not to touch the fairies as he put his hand in the water.

“Uhh, the temperature is warm.”

The fairies paddling nearby made a fuss.

-Dirty.

-The water will become sticky.

The fairies making a fuss the became shocked.

Weed scooped up the water with the palm of his hand and drank it. It was like drinking a refreshing drink that had been stored in the fridge all day!

Ddirring!

-You have drank the water of the Fairy Fountain.

A fountain gushing from the centre of the world.

Fairies play in the water that contained the vitality of nature.

The vitality of the tired body will increase.

The body's fatigue will be 100% restored.

The physical and mental state will be completely restored like after a period of deep sleep.

Maximum health has increased by 13,980.

Maximum mana has increased by 6,500.

All stats have permanently increased by 12.

Knowledge and wisdom has increased by 10.

Charm has increased by 59.

The improvement speed of physical skills will increase by 3%.

Affinity to Nature has increased by 61.

It was perfect for a body's recovery!

Weed's health could finally surpass 70,000. A warrior could surpass that after level 200 but it was a miracle for an arts profession.

The fairies watched as Weed took another sip of the water in the fountain.

Gulp.

-Thirst is completely gone.

Health has increased by 5,400 for a week.

The water still had some influence on his health. The maximum effect was displayed on the first sip.

“Ahem.”

Gulp. Gulp. Gulp. Gulp.

-Messy. He is drinking with his mouth.

-Ack! A human is drinking the water!

-A big deal. He is washing his hair!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Buzz buzz.

In the north, east and central parts of the continent, people were talking from the residents of Serabourg Castle in Rosenheim Kingdom to the orcs.

“Do you know about the fairies? They have met with a special adventurer. This time, the Fairy Queen called Weed to settle several difficult things.”

“Have you heard? Weed is an adventurer who is needed to calm the continent. He is very busy so I don't know when he can settle the fairies' problem.”

“I should give my dilemma to outstanding people like Weed to

solve. Shh, I didn't tell anyone but I can entrust it to an excellent adventurer like you. It won't be hard for you."

"Tsk tsk, this is why I carry a sword all the time. I'm going to bring up my child like the adventurer Weed. Of course, my child might find it difficult to pull off. In order to do so, I must stop gambling and drinking alcohol."

"Chwiik, the human Weed. Scary, chwik chwiik!"

All the users on the Versailles Continent heard of Weed's heroism.

"Didn't he become the ruler of the desert during the sculpting quest?"

"So I'm told. And he also won the war against the Haven Empire."

"His legendary rumours are true."

The users felt envy and jealousy. He had the position of king of the Arpen Kingdom while also gaining power and glory as an adventurer!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

-Excuse me...human, I am asking you. It is a little difficult. I know a place where humans used to keep treasure. If there is still treasure then you can take it all.

"I don't want to."

-I know a lot of stories that will stimulate your curiosity. Do you want to hear a story about a hero and a demon?

"Not interested."

-Play with me while I tell you a story. How about it?

"I originally like playing alone."

The fairies kept approaching Weed. Even the fairies he didn't have intimacy with came up to him for some mischief.

There were quests in the Fairy World but he had no knowledge about the area and decided to leave.

If he had good luck then the quest reward when fighting monsters might be high. However, there was a chance that the difficulty could grow ridiculously.

His fame was very high so he needed to be careful when performing requests.

Weed asked a question to the fairy sitting on his right shoulder.

“How wide is the Fairy World?”

-Are you going to play with us after all? It is vastly larger than humans!

“Um, do you know the Arpen Kingdom?”

-I know! There are many beggars.

“Is it wider than that?”

-By 10 million times? No. It is wider by 100 billion times!

“.....”

Weed found this a little questionable. Anyone would take it with a grain of salt.

In addition, the elves were mischievous.

“How many mountains?”

-Around 100? No, 200?

-Fool! Beyond 500!

“Lakes?”

-There should be 50.

-That’s right, that’s right.

“Rivers?”

-Around 20?

-No. There is 5.

The exaggeration that the Fairy World was larger than the continent was obviously a problem.

But the Fairy World was structured like a continent.

‘I should have known not to ask the fairies.’

Weed was standing in a forest and he could see unusually high mountain ranges far away.

“There will be more opportunities to come here and learn about the quests. Well, there might be some good hunting grounds.”

This world was filled with peaceful fairies so there might not be much hunting. But there were possibilities of creatures hiding somewhere.

Loot hiding from the eyes of others!

“Hmm, then let’s return to my original world.”

Weed turned around to leave.

-Don’t go. Don’t go.

-Join us. Don’t you want to have fun?

The fairies tried to stop him but he ignored them.

“I can’t just leave after coming here. I should take a little bit of water to commemorate the event.”

Weed pulled out water canteens from his backpack and took plenty of water from the fountain. The mysterious water full of vitality entered wooden canteens.

“Let’s see. Inspect!”

-Fairy Fountain Water

Water containing natural forces.

The water will give wisdom and vitality to the humans, elves, fairies, dwarves etc. as well as the flora and fauna lacking it.

“This is a commemoration. I should get a little more.”

Weed filled 5 canteens to the top.

-Now look at him.

-It would be good if the human leaves quickly.

-How did this happen. The previous fountain water has reduced!

The shocked fairies put up a fuss.

In fact, the water was springing from the middle of the fountain so the level wasn't reduced at all.

But after a while, the fairies stopped making noise. They were so shocked that their eyes popped out.

-Oh my god.

-That human...just now.....

-He is digging up the dirt and baking it. What is that?

-I've seen it. Those things that humans call jars.

In order to commemorate the event, Weed created jars on the spot.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Seo-yoon and the sculptural lifeforms were waiting when Weed returned.

“It wasn't a big deal.”

“Ummoooooooo. Never going to die. That human is tougher than my leather.”

Bahamorg spoke a short phrase.

“That human isn't weak.”

A considerable amount of time had passed before Weed returned.

He was carrying two big jars in his arms.

“You are unharmed?”

“Yes. I brought some things.”

Weed gathering the fountain water didn't leave a good impression with the fairies and intimacy had dropped.

-That human.....

-I wish that more humans won't come to the Fairy World. A large number of humans will be very difficult.

The fairies criticized him for taking the fountain water.

The human was embarrassed. If he had taken a little more than the attitude of the fairies would have turned hostile.

But a message window had popped up when he returned to his original world.

Ddirring!

-The source of vitality of the fountain water comes from the Fairy World.

The effect of the fountain water will decrease.

Weed gave a deep sigh.

“Ha, this can't be.”

Due to the special effects, he had been planning to sell it for a high value! But it was a drug that would only see proper effects if it was taken in the Fairy World.

Weed examined a canteen.

“Inspect!”

-Fairy Fountain Water

A fountain gushing from the centre of the world.

The vitality of nature gathered will quickly scatter.

The current concentration is 54%.

“This will be expired food soon.”

There would be some differences on the abilities and vitality increase depending on the concentration.

Weed handed a canteen to Seo-yoon.

“Go ahead and drink. It is precious water taken from the Fairy World.”

“Thank you.”

Seo-yoon drew back her hair and drank the water.

“How effective is it?”

“It increased maximum health by 2,300. And all my stats by 1.”

“Well, the effects are considerably less than when it is in the Fairy World but at least it doesn’t harm the body.”

“.....”

The clinical trial was completed!

Weed also shared the fountain water with the sculptural lifeforms. Of course Seo-yoon was important but the sculptural lifeforms were more valuable. If the sculptural lifeforms died then it would be the end.

“I will give one jar to them and sell the rest.”

Weed gave the water to 47 sculptural lifeforms.

Then he sent a whisper to Mapan to sell the fountain water.

-A good product that increases maximum health, mana and also stats.

-Eh! How much?

-Right now I have enough for 30 people?

-Is it effective?

-It is similar to drinking water blessed by a paladin. The effects will decline over time so quick disposal is required.

-I will immediately let people know. By the way, the story of

Weed-nim's successful adventure has spread through every village. Congratulations.

-Huhuhu.

A secret and rapid dialogue.

Due to the nature of the trade, it would take a long time to find customers at the market as well as sell it for an expensive price.

However, Mapan used his contacts to sell it directly to high level users who could pay the price.

And over 2 million gold was earned in just an hour. The benefits of the fairy fountain water was great but it couldn't be helped since the effects had dropped.

"But this trade margin is good for some water."

Weed was satisfied as he counted the money received.

He had a deadline of one month to meet the dragon so he didn't need to go straight away. Weed decided the next place where he would go.

"I will go to the Central Continent."

The territory of the Haven Empire. He was going to create a mess there.

The tiredness fled from his brain as it filled with thoughts of the bad things he could do.

Chapter 5: Day Assault

[TL Note: I made a slight change to the previous chapter because there was a part about the fairies that was slightly confusing. It is now ‘The fairies were also present on the Versailles Continent. Users could start in villages that had the blood of fairies passed down through the generations.’]

Weed arrived at Formos Castle that was in the former territory of the Tullen Kingdom.

He wanted to identify the local atmosphere so Seo-yoon and the sculptural lifeforms didn’t come along.

“There are still many people.”

Many users, residents and merchants were wandering around the gates. In the past year, many beginners had started in the north.

Even so, the population of the Central Continent wasn’t significantly affected. Since the beginning of Royal Road, people had steadily started in the Central Continent.

They were the tax payers that couldn’t be ignored!

“I wish this castle was in the Arpen Kingdom. But the reality is that I would have already lost the territory.

Weed looked at the people entering and leaving the gates. But then soldiers of the Haven Imperial Army blocked his way with spears.

‘Don’t tell me.’

Weed inwardly exclaimed.

‘They recognize the dignity of the king of the Arpen Kingdom.’

The Hermes Guild users gossiping in front of the gates turned their heads towards him.

‘They noticed.’

His fame had increased through the broadcast and many great adventures. Apart from Bardray, Weed was the most recognized person.

‘I was too greedy when I desired to enter Hermes Guild territory alone without even using Sculpture Transformation.’

Weed looked around in order to find a way to escape.

A soldier said.

“Castle entrance fee.”

“Yes?”

“2 gold for a week.”

“.....”

However, if he wasn’t wearing the Goddess’ Knight Armour and holding the Red Star from the broadcasts then people wouldn’t recognize him.

In particular, his ordinary face was a perfect camouflage! The great characteristics like charisma or dignity couldn’t be seen from Weed’s body.

He had the natural atmosphere of a worker in a convenience store or a courier. Weed was silent for a moment before saying.

“Excuse me, a discount.....”

‘No.’

The soldier protecting the gate was a NPC. Weed approached and whispered in his ears.

“I’m actually a famous adventurer. My position is pretty high.”

“If you don’t give the entry fee then admission is forbidden.”

“It is only for one day.”

“No exceptions.”

Weed reluctantly handed over 2 gold.

‘Hermes Guild, I will kill you!’

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Formos Castle was the transportation hub of the old free city alliance and was surrounded by the Haineph Mountains.

A so-called grade 1 area crowded with dungeon, making it a blessed area for hunting.

There were numerous monsters and dungeons so many high level users flocked to the area to obtain gold and loot.

“The rebels have captured the village outside Banran Castle.”

“War, a war. Where are the heroes who can save us from this endless war?”

Weed went around the castle and listened to the conversations of the residents.

He could guess the public sentiment even without talking to the residents. Depending on the inclination of the inhabitants, important rebel quests would appear.

Weed went to the grocery store and spoke to the owner.

“There are lots of good stuff. Is business doing well?”

“Well, it is the worst. After the war ended, there was a boom of products but now I’m not selling well and my livelihood is at risk.”

“Do many people hate the Haven Empire?”

“It seems so. In the days of the Tullen Kingdom...shhh! Don’t tell anyone that I said this. There are many rumours condemning the Haven Empire. It is best to take care of yourself these days.”

He also spoke to an elderly man on the street.

“Senior, I want to ask you about the Haven Empire.”

“Don’t ask me anything. I don’t see or hear anything. In this world, it is best to live without seeing or hearing anything. If I was younger then I would be fighting. But right now, I am just a

powerless old man waiting to die.”

He even conversed with the street children.

“Hey guys, what do you want to be when you grow up?”

“Train hard in the sword and then...revolt!”

The atmosphere was without a doubt at rock bottom!

‘Rebels are rising up and the Hermes Guild is suffering...it is like I thought.’

Weed confirmed that the facts from the bulletin boards and broadcasts were true. The Haven Empire’s ruling approach persecuted the residents so loyalty descended to the bottom and an uprising took place. The situation in the empire became unstable and caused a burst of rebellions.

In fact, the Tullen Kingdom had a complicated ruling structure. After the Black Lion Guild was defeated, the Beden Guild were the public rulers. The Beden Guild ruled the Tullen Kingdom but they were under the management of the Hermes Guild.

A significant portion of their profits went to the Hermes Guild so they severely taxed the residents and users. This caused a heavy backlash in the territory of the Tullen Kingdom.

The Kallamore Kingdom was also a place that suffered under the rule of the empire and there was a serious issue with rebels.

‘The greedy Hermes Guild shouldn’t have come straight for the north after conquering the Central Continent. Why were they in such a hurry? Could it be their stomachs were hurting while watching my finish the secret sculpting technique quest? This is what happens when a person is too greedy. Their territory turned out like this.’

The foundation had been shaken but the Haven Empire’s military force was still terrific.

“The Beden Guild is receiving the support of the Hermes Guild to

suppress the rebels.”

“Is it like that? Are there any countermeasures against the Black Lion Guild?”

“Separation? They hid in the back and counterattacked along with the group in the front.”

He even heard the latest stories from the users at the taverns.

“It turns out that 30,000 troops were stationed at Poros Castle. Well, whoever occupies the castle has nothing to do with me.”

There were always mention of rebels at major cities and castles.

“There are a few hundred Hermes Guild users roaming the castle?”

Weed briefly looked around the castle. The Beden Guild and Hermes Guild users were strutting around.

There were users around the gates, shops and houses but there was no need to calculate their numbers. There was no need for a headcount when he was going to cause a large incident.

The Hermes Guild users were proficient in combat. And there were high level users everywhere. On one hand, it was a symbol of their strong force but they were also the best food.

“There are quite a lot?”

A famous dungeon called Gold Mine was near the Formos Castle.

There were moderately strong monsters but it was a well know place because it was one of the top 5 gold mines in the Central Continent.

They could fight monsters underground while obtaining an abundant amount of gold. Novices looking for good fortune would pack their pickaxes and enter the dungeon.

“There is food everywhere. Then shall I go harvest it?”

Weed moved with light steps.

But the aftermath would be significant.



-Gold Mine Dungeon

The continent’s best gold mine.

An entry fee needs to be paid if you want to hunt or mine here.

Entry fee: 10 gold a day for miners.

250 gold a day for combat professions.

Special arrangements: There will be a 10% discount for groups over 12 or those staying for longer than a week.

If the dungeon loot and gold acquired is more than 25% then there will be a 25% additional fee.

Half the entry fee needs to be paid when leaving.

Haven Empire.

“It is strong.”

Weed looked at the sign at the entrance and made some calculations.

Formos Castle had many famous dungeons on the continent.

Putting aside miners, one combat profession would pay 250 gold. If there were 1,000 visitors a day then that was 250,000 gold. 7.5 million could be made in one month and that wasn’t counting the gold from the miners and claiming the loot.

“I am envious!”

Weed had goose bumps all over his body.

‘It is possible to get 10 million gold from one dungeon.’

It was an astronomical figure.

‘Only one. There are dozens of famous places around Formos Castle.’

The dungeon admission fee meant that facility investments or operating costs would be covered.

The money collected would be used to strengthen their military and the strong users in the guild.

“This damn rotten society!”

Weed was in a very bad mood. He felt lousy because he couldn't eat it all himself.

Public sentiment supported Weed and the Arpen Kingdom. The north was considered a paradise and that was why they were willing to fight together against the Hermes Guild.

Weed's stomach hurt like he had eaten bad chicken.

To make matters worse, there was a long line in front of Gold Mine Dungeon.

“A monk profession. My secondary profession means that simple healing magic is available. However, I don't want you to suffer and am willing to join a party with a profession priest.”

“A level 390 paladin looking for a medium sized party of 3 people. You should be able to hunt for at least a week.”

“Shaman who has the title Faster than a Flying Squirrel. I won't speak long words. I will join the first party that makes an offer!”

The dungeon was very popular so people would find parties first in the city and castle. Or they would meet right at the entrance.

There was a small corner for merchants to sell loot and supplies that was just like a small market.

If the party had the optimal configuration for the Gold Mine dungeon then it was possible to obtain a large amount of loot.

That's why users kept on receiving invitations to parties.

“Priests, come quickly!”

“This way, this way. It is the last time we are hunting! This time

you will get even more loot!”

Users with the priest profession were barraged with party invitations. There was a large chance of losing their lives so the party wanted one or two priests to increase the survival rate.

Sometimes Hermes Guild and Beden Guild members would pass the users to enter the interior. They wore the latest armour and rode on horses, giving off an imposing appearance as they entered the dungeon.

The majestic conquerors of the Central Continent.

Weed stood for a moment a bit until Seo-yoon and Bahamorg arrived.

“Have you been waiting long?”

“No. You came quickly.”

Seo-yoon looked pretty even when she was wearing a mask! He could only hear her voice but she gave off a beautiful appearance. He even loved the smell of her hair.

Bahamorg straightened his shoulders proudly.

A barbarian warrior. Tall with thick muscles. He usually gave off an intense presence.

The people at the dungeon entrance looked at him but couldn't determine his level from the equipment.

Bahamorg was level 562. Among the sculptural lifeforms, Golden Bird had a higher level but Bahamorg was stronger as a combat type.

“Here?”

“Yes.”

“I will sweep through them all.”

“That's right. Don't let anyone stop us.”

Weed, Seo-yoon and Bahamorg entered Gold Mine dungeon.

-You have entered Gold Mine dungeon.

This was once the financial income for the Tullen Royal Family as a lot of gold was mined from it.

However, an unfortunate incident due to human greed occurred and a miner and his family were trapped here.

Evil spirits rose up from the earth and the Royal Family was forced to close off the level.

So a lot of gold still hasn't been mined.

If you go down to the lowest floor of the dungeon then gold and evil spirits can be seen.

"3 people. Do you know about the entrance fee? Pay it in advance."

Inside were 2 Hermes Guild users and 20 knights receiving the dungeon entry fee.

'Indeed, the Beden Guild isn't put in charge of the money. The Hermes Guild is really careful.'

The names in red were Deruld and Chuge.

It meant they had killed users recently. It wasn't rare to find murderers in the Beden Guild and Hermes Guild.

In the past, those with the mark of a murderer would fear entering cities due to the guards. But now murderers walked around the Haven Empire like the mark was a medal.

Surung!

Weed pulled out his sword.

Daemon Sword!

A level 440 sword with good damage and balance. Due to its nature, it was fairly handy when hunting monsters.

The Hermes Guild users laughed as Weed, Seo-yoon and Bahamorg approached.

“Rookies? Every day there are a few people with no tension who come.”

“It is because Gold Mine Dungeon is well known. But only 3 people? Haven’t they heard any rumours about the difficulty in this place? Well, it is none of our business if they die.”

Weed wore equipment around level 300 so they thought he was much weaker. They weren’t even on guard at the sight of his weapon.

Weed wielded the Daemon Sword.

“Kuwek!”

Deruld of the Hermes Guild was cut. Deruld was pushed to the ground by the powerful impact of the Daemon Sword.

“What are they doing all of a sudden? Don’t these people know how terrifying this world is?”

“They want to die just so they don’t have to pay the admission fee!”

Weed moved forward and quickly wielded his sword. After breaking the defense, he didn’t give the opponent a chance to attack or defend using skills.

Pabababak!

-The murderer Deruld has been killed.

Deruld who enjoyed killing the weak has lost his life.

-Fame has increased by 296.

-A reward may be obtained from the residents of nearby villages.

Intimacy with the residents of Formos Castle will increase.

Chuge cried out.

“Treason!”

From the position of the Hermes Guild, they had conquered the

Tullen Kingdom and thought of it as treason.

But Chuge lost a huge chunk of his health to Bahamorg.

The basic conditions for a Hermes Guild user was being over level 400. However, Weed had already used Sculptural Destruction to add to his strength stat.

It was natural that he could take care of unsuspecting opponents in a few attacks while Bahamorg didn't need to use any special skills.

“No, these people!”

“Get revenge for the captains.”

“Treason against the empire!”

There were 20 knights.

The knights of Formos Castle belatedly pulled out their swords. Bahamorg let out a big roar.

“Fools, you will all break!”

-Battle cry!

The warrior Bahamorg has let out a battle cry.

Health of all allies during the battle will increase by 2.5 times.

Protection skills for allies will be enhanced by 3 times.

Fear emanating monsters will be ignored.

The enemy's determination has been cut in half.

Damage will increase by 39%.

A fearsome warrior skill.

“Crushing Wind!”

Bahamorg plunged between the knights and wielded his axe.

“It can't be. Bahamorg is taking my share.”

“I'll take it!”

By the time Weed and Seo-yoon took down 1 knight each, Bahamorg had already taken care of the rest.

The knights of Formos Castle were simple to deal with after a few wide area attacks.

“Ah.”

“Eh eh eh eh, what is this? It is nonsense.”

A hunting party that came to the dungeon entrance started with gaping mouths.

This incident wouldn't end that simply. Someone had dared to challenge the Beden Guild and Hermes Guild in the Tullen Kingdom!

Weed finished the battle and started picking up the spoils.

“A knight's neck protector. A popular item with a level limit of 430. And...huhuhu.”

Weed had a satisfied smile on his face. He gained a huge 58,000 gold as loot. The enormous amount was due to the entry fee.

“The opening is brilliant. And the cash is on the level of a gas station! Bahamorg.”

“You called.”

“Let's collect the money.”

Weed, Bahamorg and Seo-yoon ran towards the depths of the dungeon. This was business so he couldn't play around.

The party that witnessed the shocking sight was still frozen.

“Weren't they really strong?”

“It was too fast so I couldn't see properly.”

Then a new party came.

“What is it? Why are there no knights?”

“Is there no admission fee here?”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A large incident in the Gold Mine Dungeon!

It started from around the entrance.

The Beden Guild monopolized a good place to hunt in the dungeon. They were ambushed by 3 people and lost their lives.

“Kuack, this formidable power.....”

“Watch out for the warrior. He is ridiculously strong!”

Only 3 people showed up. They walked without bothering to hide the sound of their footsteps.

The Beden Guild members didn’t even look at them.

It was common law that no one was allowed to interfere with the Hermes Guild’s hunting in the Central Continent. The Beden Guild members in the Tullen Kingdom also received the same treatment.

That’s why they had no interest when people came close to them carrying weapons. They belonged to the Beden Guild and had great confidence in their skills. They thought the other users were too afraid of retaliation to take action.

But Weed made sure that was over.

After only 10 minutes, four of the Beden Guild and Hermes Guild’s hunting parties were destroyed.

“Kuwaaaaah!”

“Really? Not scared?”

The users that saw them hunting the Hermes Guild were astonished.

“Uhh, who should we attack?”

Weed examined the users.

He calculated the price and level of the equipment the users were wearing in an instant.

“Hmm, ordinary people. I covet it but...I shouldn't touch them.”

Weed, Seo-yoon and Bahamorg finished the job quickly and continued to move. The terrain inside the dungeon was complex but he had memorized it. He went to the best places to hunt the guild parties.

“Bahamorg, the magicians.”

“Understood.”

The repetition of sudden raids. The majority of the party were in a panic after the magician was killed and easily lost their lives.

Bahamorg was strong enough to stop the in the narrow dungeon! Weed and Seo-yoon quickly knocked down the Hermes Guild users.

It wasn't difficult to process a single party of Hermes Guild users. Most of the parties had a balanced attack and defense of priests, magicians and knights for the maximum hunting efficiency.

Weed didn't use a straightforward style of fighting. He would release an offense on one individual until the entire framework of the party had collapsed. The framework was shaken by bold attacks.

“They surprisingly don't know how to fight. It is like a plant grown in a conservatory.”

Despite conquering the Hermes Guild through a war, their hunting parties didn't know how to deal with ambushes.

After 15 minutes, rumours started to spread around Gold Mine Dungeon.

-The Beden Guild and Hermes Guild is being hunted!

The users of the Hermes Guild hunting were also exposed to the news.

“Those guys? It seems to be a reckless provocation from the Black Lion Guild.”

“How ridiculous. There are no rebels in the area. This area belongs to our guild so do they think they would be safe?”

“Get rid of those guys first.”

The hunting parties of the Hermes Guild started searching.

Weed’s party was soon caught.

“3 people...those guys?”

“There is the barbarian. There is no doubt.”

“Sheesh, we are already busted!”

A fight broke out between Weed’s party and a party from the Hermes Guild. 3 against 7 people were adverse conditions.

But Bahamorg thrust forward and soon reduced the numbers by two people with his axe and mace.

Weed fired arrows towards the magicians and priests while Seo-yoon attacked powerfully like a berserker.

As a berserker, she could increase her combat capabilities in a battle with users. The magicians were weak in close range and Weed easily took their lives.

The best warrior Bahamorg broke through the three people in the centre! They each killed 1~2 people and their strength and tactics were on a different level.

Weed was the leader and gave orders to Bahamorg and Seo-yoon.

“They have noticed our presence. Then I will call Gernika and Seville to come.”

He had already summoned Seville and Gernika to him. But they arrived after Weed, Bahamorg and Seo-yoon entered the dungeon. They kept their distance and followed a little bit behind.

It was in case of an unexpected situation but it had been a one-sided slaughter so far! But the Hermes Guild noticed that they were three people so he made them join him.

Shortly afterwards, another party from the Beden Guild entered found them. It was a party consisting of 3 magicians and 1 thief, warrior, priest and archer.

The Gold Mine Dungeon had many monsters so that was a normal sized party.

The Beden Guild was the first to speak.

“Hey, you there.”

“Yes?”

“Have you seen 3 people? They are fighting our guild.”

“Really?”

Weed’s eyes shone.

It was his expression whenever he had to make a bargain at the market. The basics of bargaining could be used in society and to form relationships with others.

The Beden Guild members easily accepted it.

“I don’t know what direction they went from the entrance. I can’t see them in this wide dungeon.”

“Should we just continue forward? Those guys will kill something sooner or later.”

“I object. If they aren’t dead then this will be an opportunity to show off our skills. If we are lucky enough then we can get some goods from those guys.”

“Let’s go to the hunting ground in that corner. That is our area.”

Thanks to his blacksmith skill, Weed was wearing different armour. Seville and Gernika had also joined the party so the configuration had changed.

“Come quickly. Let’s just check once again before going back to hunting.”

“We should do something. I am tired of hunting so we will look

around.”

Weed and Seo-yoon’s party passed the party from the Beden Guild. The Gold Mine wasn’t wide so they passed within a short distance of each other.

Weed raised a hand to his noise.

“Puheng!”

A signal to attack.

Seville, Gernika and Bahamorg quickly jumped at the knights and warriors. Weed and Seo-yoon handled the magicians.

“Attack.....!”

“These people!”

It was an ambush so it ended quickly. The Beden Guild members were killed before they were even prepared for combat.

-Your level has risen.

-Wisdom has been gained for eliminating the bad magician Hallin.

Honour has increased by 1.

-There is a significant increase in the proficiency of Swordsmanship.

“Huhuhu.”

Weed laughed.

“My growth is pretty fast against these people.”

The Hermes Guild and Beden Guild members had high infamy and the murderer’s mark so the penalties for dying were higher.

Experience increased and he could gain great loot. Weed got a level 400 staff and grimoire of wind. They were luxury items that could be sold for a lot of gold. He was swallowing up the treasures.

“A really satisfying hunting ground.”

It was clear that the Beden Guild and Hermes Guild didn't have detailed information about their party.

The knights lost their lives before they could contact others. Those who came to take a look were sacrificed.

But at this point, some details could be known. The number of people or a great description of each profession. It was easy to find out that much.

"I have to eat them properly."

If they knew all the details then his considerable advantage would disappear.

But he just continued his work!

Weed wiped out 4 more parties from the Beden Guild.

The Beden Guild and Hermes Guild couldn't deal with his blitz warfare.

Chapter 6: Emergency

An emergency occurred for the Hermes Guild users in the Gold Mine Dungeon.

Hapun: Someone is aiming for us. There are already a large number of victims. Our friends from the Beden Guild have already been wiped out.

Chodreker: Each party should prepare for battle. Don't move around carelessly. The enemy is considerably strong and it is estimated that there is between 3~5 of them.

Maro Master: Be vigilant. The information about that group isn't well-known. If a fight occurs then act defensively and wait for reinforcements. We will patrol the dungeon and get rid of those people.

The level 460 users inside the dungeon warned each other through the Hermes Guild's internal network.

A sudden incident occurred in the Gold Mine Dungeon so many users were interested.

Sometimes minor guilds would give trivial challenges but this was very rare for the Hermes Guild.

'Today is an interesting day. They are going to die like dogs. Once the guild's revenge falls on them, they won't have the spirit to live anymore.'

The spectators weren't disturbed and just waited for the results.

Hapun: Another party has been struck. Always be alert! We are the Hermes Guild. Don't allow any further damage!

Chodreker: They are very strong individuals. According to the reports from the dead, there is a very strong barbarian warrior so be careful. Don't try to win the fight and wait for some allies.

The Hermes Guild users continued to die in the Gold Mine

Dungeon. There were over 70 deaths in one hour. There was an estimated 100 Hermes Guild users currently hunting in the large and famous Gold Mine Dungeon.

The damage was already close to 70%.

In addition, there was an incident where the level 470 Maro Master who was considered a leader in the guild died.

As soon as the battle commenced, he had reported it through the guild network.

Maro Master: I found those people. There is one female and one barbarian warrior. One of them is holding a musical instrument like a bard but...there is something suspicious. This is a state of emergency so I will kill one or two of them.

Maro Master: The battle is taking place. It is indeed those people. Come to the east side on the 3rd underground floor.

Maro Master: These guys, they are incredibly strong. The individuals seem to surpass the ones on our side. 2 people have been killed. The rest are hanging on.

Maro Master: We are dead.

Maro Master's party was the strongest in the Gold Mine Dungeon. His death and the party's annihilation caused the Hermes Guild great alarm.

At this rate, all their members in the Gold Mine Dungeon would be wiped out so external users received the emergency signal.

All Hermes Guild users in the vicinity of Formos Castle and the dungeon were mobilized. 300 high level members from the Central Continent were mobilized in an instant.

“Hiyah!”

“Get out of the way!”

The eyes of general users widened as people on horseback rushed off. But by the time they arrived, two more parties had been wiped

out and the perpetrators had vanished.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“This place was filled with fools. It is no different from burying money in a field of garlic and forgetting about it.”

Weed laughed and gloated after sweeping through the Gold Mine Dungeon.

“The Central Continent is indeed a good hunting ground.”

The individual skills of the Hermes Guild users were fairly strong. But it was a different story when fighting.

Weed, Seo-yoon, Seville, Gernika and Bahamorg’s power was enough to instantly break them.

The warriors and knights were assaulted until gaps were formed. Once their formation was messed up, their skills couldn’t be utilized properly.

Bahamorg’s presence was a significant disadvantage to the Hermes Guild. His dazzling two handed attacks only needed to last for 10 seconds before the enemy was destroyed! He wasn’t as strong as Hestiger but he had grown on the battlefield.

“This is a really fruitful place.”

Weed looked at the pile of loot gained from the Gold Mine Dungeon. It was a revenue of more than 2 million gold in just one day.

“The Central Continent is definitely a place where items and gold flows.”

There was gold, supplies and equipment that were at least level 420 piled up.

And after a while, a merchant arrived.

Weed and the merchant exchanged passwords.

“Kuhehehehe.”

“Uhehehehe.”

“Mapan’s trading company?”

“I am honoured to meet Weed-nim. I’ve done some work for Mapan-nim.”

The Central Continent branch director of Mapan’s trading company!

Mapan’s trading company had a wide range of activities that stretched all the way to the Central Continent.

Once he had traded with the Central Continent but that was stopped by the blockade of the north. Despite that, Mapan secretly established a branch in the Central Continent in order to make money.

“These things.....”

“I heard from Mapan-nim. I will be happy to do it for 6% of the sales revenue.”

“Hmm, that is a good deal.”

Weed accepted the deal with any bargaining. Mapan’s trading company was absolutely necessary to sell stolen goods in the Central Continent.

In addition, heavy objects needed to be transported all over the Central Continent while being wary of the Hermes Guild.

The merchant laughed.

“I will be paid through more convenience in the north. This method will take a bit of time to dispose of the goods and I have instructions to further expand the business on the Central Continent.”

“Good. I can believe in the director that Mapan appointed.”

“Is it possible to continue making deals?”

“There will be another transaction the following evening.”

“Huhuhuhu.”

“Kukukuk.”

Weed and the merchant’s minds fit well despite only just meeting. The thrill of secretly doing bad things!

Weed made the proposal first.

“For the sake of smooth transactions in the future, let’s register as friends.”

“It is an honour.”

The name of the merchant he registered as a friend was ‘Black Money.’ Even Mapan’s Central Continent branch director was greedy.

There were enormous rewards so the stolen goods were passed around despite the threat of retaliation by the Hermes Guild.

After meeting Weed, Mapan’s conscience had shrunk while his greed stretched out endlessly.



Weed finished the deal and moved onto the next spot with Bahamorg and Seo-yoon.

Their 3 people group increased to 5 once Gernika and Seville joined.

-You have entered Atarog’s Lair.

A lair where the Tullen Royal Family hid some secrets.

There are secrets hidden but people often go missing in the area.

The Tullen Kingdom was currently destroyed but the evil spirits are still continuing their mission.

Warlocks who explored the cave wouldn’t be attacked by monsters. They could use the facilities in the cave for spell research and learn some special magic.

In the past, defeating the knights, guards and magicians of the Tullen Kingdom inside the cave would allowed a person to meet the high ranking nobles.

The nobles tried to increase their resistance to black magic and would offer their wealth for a deal when their lives were in danger.

Riches could be gained for a bit of infamy and drop in stats. Or the battle would resume again if the riches were refused.

“I knew it. Human beings are the most disturbing.”

The nobles would use black magic to fight intruders. Those who won against them would receive significantly high honour, fame and combat stats.

Even if the last boss couldn't be reached, defeating the magicians would give good loot.

Intimacy with the surrounding villages could be raised. However, hostility with the knights and royal family of the Tullen Kingdom would rise.

After the fall of the Tullen Kingdom, the overall difficulty of the evil spirits increased. It was a popular hunting ground occupied by the Black Lion Guild in the past and now the Beden and Hermes Guilds monopolized it.

The price of admission was a huge 1,000 gold.

“It really is a hen that lays golden eggs.”

Weed attacked as soon as the Hermes Guild users tried to take the entry fee.

“The enemy!”

“Those people are here!”

It wasn't far from Gold Mine Dungeon so rumours about Weed's actions had spread.

They didn't know who was attacking because of Weed's ordinary

appearance.

By default, the Gold Mine Dungeon and Atarog’s Lair were dark places. It was difficult to see the contours of his face when fighting and Weed wasn’t wearing the Goddess’ Knight Armour. Ordinary armour was a device to conceal his identity.

It had been less than 2 hours after beginning the hunt in the Gold Mine Dungeon. He could use Sculpture Transformation but there was no meaning as the battle went on.

The Hermes Guild had analyzed Weed’s fighting style so it was only a matter of time until they noticed.

The 4 Hermes Guild entry fee collectors were in danger of dying.

“I don’t know what guild these guys came from. Today I will make them regret it for the rest of their lives.”

“Huhuhu, give me your money!”

Weed slashed the enemies without hesitation. The God of War from Continent of Magic was revived.

“Gold, gold.”

Of course, he also gained a considerable amount of loot from the Hermes Guild.

Weed subdued the entrance and ran into the depths of the lair with his colleagues.

This place wasn’t as complicated as the Gold Mine Dungeon. There were only a few crossroads, warehouses, laboratories and accommodation for knights and magicians.

They defeated the parties of the Hermes Guild without a hitch.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Those stupid dogs don’t know the horrors of crossing our guild.”

“They might be strong enough to deal short term damage but in

the end they will die. Where the hell did these people suddenly appear from?”

“Maybe they are users from the Tullen region.”

“They seem to be separate from the rebels and the Black Lion Guild so let’s thoroughly step on them.”

300 Hermes Guild users had gathered at the Gold Mine Dungeon.

Emergency squads had been dispatched to Formos Castle. By the time they arrived at Gold Mine Dungeon, the attackers had disappeared.

There was no place to go for revenge so they started talking to each other.

Tenjin: The intruders are attacking Atarog’s Lair.

Someone shouted through the Hermes Guild’s network.

Tenjin: The battle is becoming worse! The squad at the entrance has already been destroyed. It is the same people who raided Gold Mine Dungeon.

“No, those guys have no fear?”

“Well done. Let’s figure out their identities while wiping them out.”

“They will be easy to handle with all of us gathered.”

The Hermes Guild users at Gold Mine Dungeon immediately started to move to Atarog’s Lair.

Due to the challenging terrain of Atarog’s Lair, they had to cross over 3 mountains.

The knights galloped on their horses while magicians gathered and used teleportation.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed defeated 4 parties in Atarog’s Lair in a short period of time.

He swept through the enemies while hunting at the same time. The regular parties in Atarog's Lair heard rumours and clapped when Weed passed.

“They are defeating the Hermes Guild!”

“Please be careful when fighting.”

The priests that walked past gave Weed's party blessings and healing without saying anything.

“Ahem, a weak person will receive rewards.”

From Weed's standpoint, this treatment wasn't bad.

And some users gave information.

“A friend told me that people from the Gold Mine Dungeon are heading over here.”

Despite being in the heart of enemy territory, the general users were on Weed's side. But they feared the Hermes Guild's retaliation so they only secretly gave passive help.

‘They will come to catch him.’

The users worried about it.

“If you leave now then you won't be caught. Run away!”

“Thank you for your concern but I absolutely can't back down.”

A spirit that would never withdraw!

Weed didn't worry about the troops coming and marched deeper into the depths of Atarog's Lair.

Some of the curious onlookers gave up on hunting and followed behind Weed. The Hermes Guild had reigned supreme in Royal Road was receiving many casualties so it was a large topic.

Videos were circulated on the internet and the broadcasting stations covered the event.

Weed could deter the spectators but he left it alone. They actively

promoted the scene of the Hermes Guild users losing their lives.

“They have already arrived up to here!”

“Don’t let them pass through the defense. Let’s make this place the tomb of those bastards!”

3 parties hunting in Atarog’s Lair had formed an alliance and were waiting. They had prepared themselves after learning about it through the guild’s internal network.

This time it would be a large and dangerous battle!

A fireball flew towards Weed, Bahamorg and Seo-yoon.

A fierce ball of flames. It could be cut with a sword but the fireball would immediately explode when it was destroyed, inflicting damage on the surroundings.

It was a level 430 magician spell that required a long casting time.

It was hard to use on the battlefield but the magic had been completed after hearing the news through the guild’s information network.

“Bahamorg, charge.”

“At any time!”

Bahamorg jumped forward.

The Hermes Guild users smiled coldly.

“Stupid rookies.”

“They have no idea about magic.”

It was ridiculous that Bahamorg would try to stop it without knowing the magical properties. Bahamorg would be turned into a lump of charcoal and the colleagues next to him damaged.

The knights and warriors of the Hermes Guild were ready to move forward. Their plan was to use the magic to prevent escape.

Bahamorg shouted loudly.

“Kuraaaaaaah!”

A stony body!

The blazing fireball hit Bahamorg.

“At this point. It is over.”

The Hermes Guild users ran to the front.

Magicians and shamans used secondary skills to increase their sprinting speed. Their intention was to jump over the intense flames and attack.

But the flame explosion occurred much closer to the Hermes Guild users. There was a dazzling flash of light and Bahamorg revealed his intact body.

“A lie? This is a senseless scene.”

“Preposterous!”

“Magicians, what stupid mistake..... You couldn’t make the magic last?”

The warriors and knights blamed their allies. Actually, the magicians had put their souls in to the magic attack.

“The magic was normal from beginning to end. How unbelievable.....”

It was a fierce fire magic that burned away dozens of lives on the battlefield. It was a wide area magic by default but the individual hit had endured it.

The attack that consumed more than one third of their mana was blocked.

Bahamorg started his attack.

“Turbulent Split!”

His used his axe and hammer on the Hermes Guild users.

Despite being blocked with a shield, the power was enough to

blast them back 10 metres. Gernika and Seville fought the Hermes Guild users on the side.

The fallen Hermes Guild users tried to stand back up. They would have an advantage in a prolonged war due to the priests.

“We have to support our own side.”

“We simply have to hold out as planned.”

The priests cast healing magic towards the warriors. But Bahamorg was reducing their health at an unbelievable rate.

“Save your mana. Prepare for a long battle!”

“Treat people who suffered damage one on one and refrain from using wide area recovery skills. Just stop the warriors from dying!”

The priests and shamans were strong support.

The alliance of 3 parties that was considered impregnable was pierced through by Bahamorg. In fact, breaking through with a skill like warrior's dash would cause considerable damage. Despite being besieged from all sides, Bahamorg didn't feel any fear.

Even so, this was a pre-planned tactic.

Weed had come up behind the Hermes Guild priests without them noticing it. He had secretly moved when the huge explosion engulfed Bahamorg's body in smoke.

An assassin's movement. He didn't have the skill of a thief or assassin but it was easy if their vision was blocked.

He had moved to the rear while the opponent's gazes were completely focused on Bahamorg.

“Dual Swordsmanship!”

Weed slashed with the Daemon Sword and a sword he picked up in the Gold Mine Dungeon.

“Surprise, surprise attack!”

He hadn't properly learned Dual Swordsmanship but the power

from Sculptural Destruction meant he was strong enough to attack the defenseless priests.

Weed swept through the priests and shamans in the warrior and then headed for the warriors.

“Huhuhu, a simple victory.”

The battle with the 3 party alliance of the Hermes Guild ended in a short period of time.

“Kuwaaah!”

“What the, so strong!”

The onlookers stared on with doubt.

-The Holy Elegant Uniform has been acquired.

-The Platinum Belt has been acquired.

Weed steadily collected items.

The things he obtained were better than the items that dropped with hunting monsters. The Hermes Guild didn’t wear cheap things so the profit was enormous.

Weed licked his lips.

‘Jackpot. After I finish hunting in this dungeon, I will gain one more level.’

Level up in one day!

Considering Weed’s level, this was a close to impossible growth rate.

The vast majority of Hermes Guild users had immense infamy so killing them would give him huge experience.

This rapid growth was to the extent of completing several quests. In addition, there wasn’t much risk in hunting so his growth rate was many times faster than normal.



Atarog's Lair!

There was only method for the Hermes Guild users after the 3 party alliance was defeated.

“Get out right now!”

“Which direction are those guys coming from? Where are those guys....?”

“Rest assured. They are busy with monsters and won't be able to catch us.”

The Hermes Guild users with high pride chose to run. It was an unfamiliar sight to the normal users hunting.

They went deep inside the dungeon to hunt. They had hope due to the level of the monsters in Atarog's Lair.

But the evil spirits roamed in Atarog's Lair.

Weed wore the Devil's Helmet dropped by Montus in order to increase his attack power.

-You have worn the Devil's Helmet.

Defense has increased by 161.

Your cruel mind will cause fear.

Faith will be reduced by 3.

The devil doesn't collapse easily.

The endless defense will trigger depending on how the attacks are endured.

This state of defense won't collapse and will sometimes make the enemy's attacks obsolete.

Your body will become stronger when injured.

Black magic that isn't as strong as yours will have little effect.

Wisdom has increased by 98.

Knowledge has increased by 115.

Intermediate black magic will consume a minimum amount of mana.

The casting time of demonic magic will decrease.

All combat skills have increased by 12%.

This helmet can never be lost.

It will increase combat fame by 8,000.

When wearing the helmet, the title 'Thirteenth Subordinate of the Devil' will be applied.

"Huu, tremendous abilities."

He used the Devil's Helmet in high risk fighting.

A typical commercial equipment!

Weed's body trembled as he saw the evil spirits.

-Kyahuhuhu, a servant of the devil.

-An evil seed.

The evil spirits were actually glad to see him.

His alignment now matched theirs so they didn't feel like attacking. Warlocks and necromancers would also receive such preferential treatment. But if the evil power emitted was weak then the evil spirits would attack.

Weed's fighting spirit was high enough to make the evil spirits avoid him.

-This is worrisome. Clear a path! Hihihhi.

-Let the devil's minion pass. That human will make things a mess.

The evil spirits avoided Weed as he advanced.

Some of the low level spirits even followed behind him.

-Follow him. We can learn how to be evil from him.

-Look. The moment we've been waiting for has finally arrived. The devil's servant will open up new despicable and cowardly avenues for us.

Ruler!

Weed led the evil spirits in Atarog's Lair and used them to completely smash the Hermes Guild's hunting parties.

He didn't dare fight one on one against Bahamorg or Seo-yoon but his combat capabilities were high after using Sculptural Destruction.

An unprecedented amount of evil spirits swept over the Hermes Guild's hunting parties.

-Kihehehehe. The doors of hell will open.

-Ahh, the fragrant smell of corpses.

As the battle continued, the Hermes Guild users ran away from the massacre.

"This is truly delicious. It is like delicious ramen soup."

Weed's chest swelled.

He had achieved his goal through the pure submission but he still needed to be cautious.

Chapter 7: Weed The God Of War

The Hermes Guild users rushing towards Atarog's Lair were shocked to hear the news.

- The 3 party alliance has been wiped out. No one survived.

- The attackers. They are dragging evil spirits around the dungeon. Commanding them like subordinates.

- There are over 700 victims. It is expected that all the users in the guild will soon be wiped out.

Usually attackers could only wipe out one party of the Hermes Guild.

A handful of small fights.

It was very rare for small groups to be able to wipe out the powerhouse that was the Hermes Guild on the Versailles Continent.

But now more than 100 members of the guild had been swept away by only 5 people. It was an armed demonstration that was really hard to imagine.

“This...why the hell are the evil spirits following them? Is it possible they are over level 550?”

“The level isn't important. They might have a special item that can increase power for a short period of time. We can still win.”

“The number of people can't be ignored. They are 5 people while we are 300. We can't let them run away so move quickly.”

The users still thought that they would win anyway.

But a dungeon was usually a narrow place. The one in the lead in an underground place could easily be killed.

‘Should I stay in the back and wait for a chance?’

But the power of this group was so great that they worried about

this fight ending quickly.

Getting rid of the attacks would let them gain fame and loot so the guild members were very tempted.

Then someone riding a horse said.

“It isn’t unusual to find strong users in Royal Road. I thought about someone as soon as I heard the story about the attackers.”

“Who?”

The people had been thinking it was Carlise from the Black Lion Guild or Roam from the Roam Guild.

They were strong names representative of Royal Road.

“Weed.”

“Weed? Ah, Weed of the Arpen Kingdom. It might be Weed. Wait a minute, Weed?”

Weed the God of War was the only one counted as a match for Bardray on the Versailles Continent.

The Hermes Guild full of high pride and arrogance had suffered many defeats and setbacks due to Weed.

“Truly, talking like it is a joke.”

“Hey, that doesn’t sound right.”

“Still.....”

“Weed is supposed to be in the north so why should he appear here? Don’t keep barking useless things and come on!”

The large group continued riding on their horses.

But the word Weed didn’t leave their heads.

‘Is there another user with these abilities?’

It was rare even on this spacious Versailles Continent.

Apart from the form of fighting in the dungeon.

‘A strong man leading adept subordinates. In the last war, there was a barbarian warrior with incredible movements.’

The strongest user among those rushing over, Philipian said in a loud voice.

“I don’t have a good feeling. Let me check it.”

“How?”

“A friend of mine died in the Gold Mine Dungeon. I will ask him to confirm whether it is Weed or not.”

Philipian made the proposal to contact his junior.

It was to determine if the attacker was Weed!

And the answer came in just 1~2 minutes.

Philipian exclaimed in surprise.

“I heard from Maro Master...he already had some thoughts about whether it is Weed!”

“.....!”

“All the people here should know Weed’s combat skill.”

The users nodded.

“His skills are unpredictable. The equipment is also impossible to guess.”

“But what made him suspect it was Weed?”

The speed of the horses naturally slowed down.

“The victims in the Gold Mine Dungeon told a strange story. The opponent fought ruthlessly without sparing any lives and the members could do nothing against them. The defense, weapons, armour and composition of the opposing party is on a completely different level.”

“You all know his strength. It is one of Weed’s specialties. An uncommon and daring way of fighting.”

The Hermes Guild understood many of Weed’s skills

The guild received a lot of information and studied his combat skills.

In particular, they analyzed the special skills and weaknesses of strong users.

It was well known that Weed could raise stats such as strength and agility through destroying a sculpture.

The general sculptors didn’t have such special abilities.

“And the barbarian warrior...his equipment made him easier to identify as Weed’s subordinate who took place in the battle for the Earth Palace.”

“Then Weed really came to the Central Continent. How can that be?”

“We can’t be completely sure but I suspect it is Weed. Until the victims post videos on the bulletin boards and the guild analyzes it then we should assume it is Weed.”

“.....”

“Come on, let’s go. If we are right then this is an opportunity to get rid of Weed.”

Their movement speed suddenly accelerated.

Formos Castle.

It used to be the Tullen Kingdom and was now part of the Central Continent.

If they got rid of Weed then their names would spread across the continent and they would receive awards from the guild.

The Arpen Kingdom was an emerging headache so there would be large achievements for killing Weed.

They would play a great role in the unification of the continent.



They arrived at Atarog's Lair!

Puhihihihing!

The horses were foaming at the mouth after running for 1 hour.

"A lot of people are gathered."

"Get rid of all of them."

The entrance of the lair was filled with ordinary users.

It was originally a famous dungeon and the rumours that the Hermes Guild was being attacked had spread.

The guild members scattered the users and ran towards the entrance.

They could hear the spectators chattering.

"Is it really Weed?"

"Did you hear the story? The Hermes Guild has already almost all been wiped out."

"Is there proof that it is Weed?"

"I heard from my acquaintance that Weed is leading the evil spirits like the God of War from Continent of Magic."

"He is commanding them?"

"Shooting arrows, using a sword and various other professions if proof that he is Weed."

"It is highly likely to be true."

"I want to enter the lair."

The Hermes Guild users were blocking the entrance.

"Everybody back!"

"The lair is closed for the time being!"

It was obvious to the bystanders that intense battles were occurring inside the lair.

In addition, the spectators could interfere o help Weed.

The news that Weed was attacking spread through the guild's networks, villages and cities.

They made sure that Weed would be trapped in Atarog's Lair.

"200 people will enter. The perfect preparation to wipe out Weed has been finished."

The plan began once 400 people were gathered at the entrance.

Weed wouldn't be able to use tricks to escape like he did in the Jigolaths.

The general users in Atarog's Lair were expelled and a thorough search for Weed was conducted.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"The Tullen Kingdom has collapsed?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Then my research....."

"Her Majesty the Queen has died."

"Ohu, it is the end. Then this black magic is completely useless."

Weed was talking with the spirits of the nobility inside Atarog's Lair.

He had defeated all the Hermes Guild users in the lair.

Weed pretended ignorance and said.

"Did you develop some black magic?"

The aristocrat spirit asked.

"What is the greatest achievement that humans pursue?"

A mystery.

Despite the question, this great secret had already been resolved.

The aristocrat spirits had confessed the secret to the

necromancer Varennia.

“Beauty.”

“Youth and beauty being maintained forever. We were doing research on it. Now Her Majesty is dead so I will give it to you.”

The aristocrat spirit handed over 3 Elixirs of Beauty.

-The Elixir of Beauty produced by black magic has been acquired.

The name Elixir of Beauty is a large trap.

Health, strength, agility and resilience has increased by 20 but the faith and charm stat will dramatically drop.

Even luck will be reduced.

After drinking the Elixir of Beauty, the body will be affected for 1 year in Versailles Continent time.

At night, the skin will turn black like a demon is possessing the drinker.

Resistance will be strong after sunset but they will have the appearance of a beautiful monster.

‘Not everyone will drink it. The effect might be good on animals.’

Weed didn’t intend to drink it directly and was going to sell it.

“It is a really great research.”

“Kulkulkul, but the ingredients required to make it.....”

“I can find it.”

“Ah, yes. The place to obtain the ingredients.....”

“The Rotten Foam Swamp.”

“A long journey. Fortunately, there is a gate connection.....”

“After entering the teleportation gate, there will be rotten skeletons holding a grudge. Immediate danger.”

Before the necromancer Varennia settled in the north, he was a

member of the Dark Gamers.

She posted information about the aristocrat spirits on the Dark Gamers Union.

-Weed-nim. Right now the Beden Guild and Hermes Guild are in a state of emergency and are gathering a large force at Atarog's Lair. They noticed that Weed-nim is there.

Weed heard the news from Mapan's employee, the merchant Black Money.

"Hrmm, of course they would notice. If I think about it....."

He could use the narrow terrain of Atarog's Lair but it was difficult to assure victory.

The enemies would continue to swarm and would be supported by priests so there was a substantial risk.

He needed to maximize the effectiveness of a hit-and-run strategy.

Weed recalled when he harassed the prestigious guilds in Continent of Magic.

If he disliked them then he would retaliate.

Even if he only received a small interference, he would retaliate hundreds of times without any forgiveness.

There were conversations offering compromises but he refused any negotiations.

A human villain!

Looking back, he was somewhat insane during that time.

It was a tender period for him.

"Do you think I am a bad person?"

Weed asked and Seo-yoon shook her head.

"No."

“I’m not trying to be good. This society is rotten.”

“That’s right.”

During his days as ruler of the desert, Seo-yoon would give him information.

Weed knew the important parts but she told him the conditions of the area, the characteristics of the monsters and if any support would come from other areas.

“Then let’s go to the next place.”

“I have prepared boxed lunches.”

“Perfect.”

He could get quite a lot of experience and loot in the Rotten Foaming Swamp.

There were many monsters manufactured by black magic and fighting them would raise faith and affinity to nature.

Depending on the achievements, he could also gain wisdom and strength.

Weed, Seo-yoon and his subordinates passed through the teleportation gate.

He was ready to beat up the Hermes Guild users again.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A few hours after the raid on the Gold Mine Dungeon and Atarog’s Lair.

The spectators wrote and uploaded videos about the slaughter of the Beden Guild and Hermes Guild on the various forums.

- Weed took a knife to the Hermes Guild.
- 200, no more than 300 people lost their lives.
- He disappeared from Atarog’s Lair.

The broadcasting stations also broke the news while showing the

video.

After a detail analysis of the videos from experts, it became known that the attacker was indeed Weed.

-Weed!

-Weed has started his revenge for the collapse of the Earth Palace.

-The God of War has moved!

The news from the broadcasting stations caused huge ripples.

People paid attention to the movements of Weed and Bardray.

But Weed had suddenly appeared on the Central Continent to attack the Hermes Guild.

The search operation in Atarog's Lair couldn't find Weed.

This was a big topic for all users on the Versailles Continent.

And one day passed.

While Royal Road, the broadcasting networks and the internet was being turned upside down, Weed had finished hunting in the Rotten Foaming Swamp.

There was no interference as many people were watching the television!

“Then we will head to Wancheonhan Fortress next. If Gold Mine Dungeon is perfect for obtaining riches, Wancheonhan Fortress is perfect for hunting.”

Wancheonhan Fortress was located a little bit away from Poros Castle of the old Tullen Kingdom.

The Tullen Kingdom historically built fortresses on steep terrain but the construction of Wancheonhan Fortress was stopped due to budget problems.

Wancheonhan was called a fortress but only half of it was built and the other half was in ruins.

After the fortress was abandoned, it was swarmed with random monsters, bandits and thieves.

The basic level went beyond 390 and it was a large scale base.

There were magicians, archers, assassins, mercenaries and bandits mixed in.

The area around Wancheonhan Fortress was an extreme danger zone on the Versailles Continent.

They frequently looted nearby cities.

As time passed and the overall level increased, the fortress was turned into a great hunting ground.

Great combat materials, special treasures, quest rewards and loot from the robbers could be obtained after a subjugation.

Wancheonhan Fortress was one of the best hunting grounds on the Central Continent.

There was a smile of satisfaction on Weed's face.

He had suffered damage due to the Hermes Guild's invasion of the north.

But now Weed had entered the Central Continent and could return that damage.

He would mobilize every trick developed from Continent of Magic to fight and fool the enemy.

"I expect that there will be a festival after teleporting to Wancheonhan Fortress."

Seo-yoon looked at Weed who was feeling proud about being a villain.

"Don't work too hard and rest.

"I am enjoying this. I haven't even started yet."

They were in the mountains near the Rotten Foaming Swamp and Poros Castle.

“Kuweeek!”

Wy-1 and Wy-3 were waiting in the woods.

“Today we will ride Wy-1. Is that okay?”

“I will put up with the inconvenience.”

Wy-1 and Wy-3 had been painted in various shades of blue for camouflage.

He could use Yurin’s Picture Teleportation but he needed to move an enormous amount of loot.

Wy-3 with its flat back was the best at carrying the baggage. Wy-3 was used to move it!

“Kuwaaaak!”

Wy-3 shrieked with every heavy load.

Its leg staggered and its head sagged to the ground.

Weed gave an order to Bahamorg.

“Be careful when loading. Tie it with rope and make sure not to drop anything.”

“Understood.”

The backpacks were perfectly tied on Wy-3.

“Wy-3.”

Weed spoke softly to Wy-3 but his eyes were flashing.

“Do you want to live a long time?”

“.....”

“It isn’t easy to live a long life in this world. You will feel hungry, cold, sick and hungry. Once I dispose of all this, I will give you warm fleece clothing.”

“Kauuuck.”

Wy-3 shed tears of joy.

The wyverns were sensitive to the cold and they were often around the freezing Bingryong.

Warm fleece clothing would go a long way for the wyverns.

Seo-yoon tenderly stroked Wy-3's head.

‘Pitiful.’

She saw through it.

Giving Wy-3 fleece clothing would make riding it more comfortable.

Wy-3 would be busy working in the future.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Weed is attacking.”

Lafaye reported calmly.

The rebels in the Haven Empire wasn't as important as the information about Weed.

“It is surprising but should we wait and see? Or should we retaliate?”

Lafaye was filled with worry.

The wide Central Continent.

The Haven Empire had dozens of big battles a day due to the rebels.

The army moved to the central area and swept up the rebels, temporarily stabilizing the area.

Law and order in the Central Continent needed to be maintain for the sake of the future.

In the past, the Haven Empire had easily neutralized any rebels.

But as public sentiment worsened due to the constant wars, rebels continued to form.

The Cloud Guild, Lion Star, Roam Guild and Black Sword

Mercenaries.

They were prestigious guilds in the past and were trying to recover territory in the Haven Empire.

More than half of the Imperial Army was mobilized to contain their forces.

The Haven Empire couldn't overlook the crisis.

"Send some people immediately. If we kill Weed then we have practically conquered the continent.

"I will go."

"Please send me. I will lead some knights and get rid of him."

The temporary Imperial Palace of the Haven Empire.

A room in Aren Castle has been converted into a meeting room.

Weed was in the Central Continent so this was a golden opportunity to catch them.

The medium ranked users in the Hermes Guild asked to be sent.

Lafaye thought for a moment before saying.

"I also agree with the perspective of getting rid of Weed. But he isn't a fool and won't stay close to Poros Castle so how will we catch him?"

"We should pursue him from now on."

"It has been confirmed that he can change his species through sculpting."

"We just need to form a large encirclement and find him."

"He could ride the wyverns in the sky."

"Then mobilize the griffon corps.

The Haven Empire's griffon corps!

The griffon corps was one of the most powerful forces in the Haven Empire.

They were used to conquer the Kallamore Kingdom and continued to receive support to build their power.

Now they were placed on the border area of the Gradian Kingdom and Nest Kingdom in order to fight the rebels.

A total of 5,000 griffons were locked like shackles to that area.

Lafaye was tempted to pull away a few griffons but gave up.

In the past, the primary goal of the Hermes Guild was to get rid of their enemies.

Wiping out a few rebels would have been an easy task in the past.

They needed to stabilize the empire so they couldn't afford to cause a large event by chasing Weed.

'After the empire is stabilized, we need to destroy the north. I can't handle this event in the way that I want to.'

Lafaye cleared his thoughts and said.

"We can't dispatch troops on a large scale to chase just one person. It will be shameful if we miss. The current priority of the Haven Empire is to maintain our policies."

The Haven Empire decided to continue focusing on security and internal affairs.

They didn't know where Weed would appear since he was like a mole.

But the committed troops in areas where he was likely to appear.

If Weed appeared in those areas then they could respond immediately.

They also put a bounty on Weed's head.

Lafaye simple had to sit back and watch and the Hermes Guild would still receive benefits.

'Even if he damages us ten times, the big fish will be caught in the end. This will be the last reckless challenge.'

The Hermes Guild would eventually overpower the rebels.

After trampling on their last hope, they would unconditionally obey the rules.

The ambitious lords of the Haven Empire would show them the difference in power.

Many thoughts overflowed as Weed continued causing damage to the Haven Empire.

Chapter 8: Crushing Blow

Weed stood on a plateau overlooking Wancheonhan Fortress.

Wiiing!

The wind blowing caused his cloak to flap.

“Goldman.”

“Gol gol gol.”

“Yellowy.”

“Ummoooooooo.”

“Being frugal is necessary to live well. But risks are needed to order to get rich.”

Weed was wearing a cape he looted from a Hermes Guild user he killed.

In most cases, there was no level limit on cloaks and were easy to sell for money.

The Black Drake Cloak was something everyone on the Versailles Continent wanted to see but it was difficult.

It increased physical and magic defense by default and increased movement speed by up to 7% depending on the level of the person wearing it.

If the wind blew then the wearer could temporarily float on it.

Unlike flying magic, it couldn't go against the flow of the wind but it was immensely fast.

In addition, the wearer wouldn't crash even when falling from a very high place.

Weed laughed, revealing his teeth.

“Huhuhu.”

A despicable and vile smile that revealed white teeth!

“Shall we go get the harvest?”

Seo-yoon had terminated the connection early to prepare dinner. She was a big help in battle but the power was maintained even if she was gone.

He just thought of more devious methods.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Did you hear about the big deal that happened in the Gold Mine Dungeon?”

“There was a sweeping search for Weed.”

“Troops were dispatched to reinforce the checkpoints but he hasn’t been caught.”

“If he comes here then we will smash him.”

“Kukuku, we are different from those fools.”

7 members of the Hermes Guild were resting around a fire.

Despite this being in the vicinity of Wancheonhan Fortress, the thieves and monsters regularly went around patrolling.

The users stayed in this place to get rid of them.

The fortress was filled with thieves and monsters so the patrols on the outskirts were often hunted. If they entered deeper into the fortress then it would be fighting without any breaks.

This was the best place to gain levels.

Weed watched the Hermes Guild users intently from the woods.

“Hey guys, a blitz attack. Does everybody know?”

“Understood, Master.”

He had brought Goldman, Yellowy, Bahamorg, Gernika, Seville, Vindex, high elf Eltin and White Tiger.

This was more than enough to eat properly.

“Go straight.”

Weed, Goldman and the high elf Eltin sprang up and fired arrows towards the campfire.

“Maybe Weed might be in the area without us knowing.”

“It can’t be. He would never come so close to the city.”

Pushushuk!

“Cough!”

“An assault!”

The chatting Hermes Guild members were hit with arrows.

The arrows that Weed and Eltin fired were engulfed in fire and wind.

They came down like a wave and the head was buried in the ground.

“Shouldn’t I use the elementals? Summon Dirtman, Fiery Pebble and Xing Xing!”

“Keheheheh! Great owner of the elementals, we have come because of Sculptor Weed-nim!”

“A handsome man, the greatest genius! A glorious name, no one can resist the glorious Weed for fear of triggering the earth’s anger!”

“.....”

Dirtman and Fiery Pebble showed up and annoyed the enemies.

There was no need to talk about the elementalists who had great affinity with the spirits.

Weed had brainwashed the elementals so they said things like this.

“Blazing flame of loyalty. My heart burns towards Weed-nim!”

“The earth can endure even when a typhoon hits it. It is because we are in the presence of the handsome and charming Weed-nim.”

“.....”

Xing Xing the wind elemental was ashamed and didn't say anything.

It would just sometimes use the flames and dust to draw a heart mark.

Generally the elementals were free and didn't show absolute loyalty but Weed's were different.

“W-Weed is here!”

“Kwaaek!”

Bahamorg, Gernika, Seville, Vindex and White Tiger quickly annihilated the enemy. This was the effect of a surprise attack.

Weed collected the loot.

He didn't have time to verify the item information but his hands were heavy. He instinctively perceived it through his heavy hands!

“Those guys will know!”

Unless they were fools, they would have reported Weed's attack through the network.

“Go.”

Weed took his subordinates and headed to the first place.

Only Hermes Guild users were hunting in Wancheonhan Fortress.

This was an exclusive zone where other users were prevented from hunting.

“I've never seen those people before.”

“They clearly belong to the attack group!”

A 6 member party of the Hermes Guilds tumbled upon them.

Weed's answer was to baptize them with arrows along with Goldman and Eltin.

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

Van Hawk and Torido were also summoned in the enemy territory!

Yellowy, White Tiger, Gernika and Vindex rushed towards the enemy and destroyed them in an instant.

A lightning fast battle took place!

“Keep going.”

Weed knocked down everyone he saw.

He didn’t give time for any parties to join together like they did in Atarog’s Lair.

“Jaejaejaek, enemies located 150 metres to the right!”

Silver Bird acted as a scout in the sky and announced the location of the Hermes Guild users.

“Moving east. Other enemies are found at 400 metres. There are four parties in a 1km radius.”

“White Tiger!”

“Grrrrr!”

“Stop them from running. Torido spread out darkness to help hide him. And the rest will take a detour to attack.”

“Yes!”

The sculptural lifeforms replied energetically.

“Yellowy.”

“Ummoooooooo.”

“Don’t worry about the enemies. You have to endure for a minute.”

“.....”

Yellow sat down on the ground and covered his head.

“That’s right. Carry my baggage well.”

Seville, Gernika, Vindex, the wyverns and Bingryong had a different fighting spirit.

Weed’s commands meant the morale of his subordinates went up.

“Uhit, those guys are aiming for our treasure.”

“Give me all your money. If you take off your clothes then you can keep your lives. I am an honest thief so you can believe me!”

They also met the bandits at Wancheonhan Fortress.

Patrol units were circling the outskirts of the fortress.

Groups of 30 to 100 people would go and invade nearby villages and dungeons.

That’s why it was risky to enter the dungeons near Wancheonhan Fortress.

On the other hand, if they were lucky then a huge windfall could be obtained from fighting the monsters and bandits.

In the past, users tried to hunt some low level boss monsters and had great success.

Weed met a group of 12 bandits.

“Sheesh, they are interfering. Bahamorg, you don’t need to kill everything.”

“Understood!”

Bahamorg jumped to the front.

The barbarian warrior fought the thieves holding ropes, daggers and poisoned arrows.

Barbarians had high resistance but even they could be poisoned.

“Pincer!”

Weed attacked the bandits with his subordinates.

“Strong.

“Run away.”

“Let the captain know!”

After killing the rest, the remaining 4 people started to flee.

The thieves were a huge presence in the fortress so the key to hunting was to finish them all off. They might yell and gather their allies so magic to cause silence was required.

This was the best hunting location as long as the thieves were prevented from calling reinforcements.

Understandably, the parties they were hunting would become stronger as they went deeper.

The thieves made some changes like installing traps but the stone fortress was almost intact. If all the roads were identified then it was possible to take advantage of them to escape.

There were many drunk thieves sleeping in the fortress so stealing their money would yield a profit.

For thieves, assassins and adventures who could secretly invade, this was the best hunting ground.

On the other hand, if the guards inside the fortress noticed then there would be a huge pursuit. It was a crisis where the whole party might be wiped out.

In any case, they couldn't miss any of the thieves in battle!

Weed didn't try to stop the thieves scattering in all directions.

“Eltin, leave it alone.”

“Master, it is dangerous.”

“I know. But I need some to escape.”

He continued with hunting the next group of thieves.

Enough time had passed that some Hermes Guild parties had

joined together.

“There is an ambush of 4 archers in the south.”

The specialty of Silver Bird, scouting!

Usually a bird's eyesight was limited at night but that didn't apply to Silver Bird.

Its eyes shone bright like an owl.

The Hermes Guild was already scrambling to respond.

“White Tiger, detour and attack. Seville will ride you.”

“Yes!”

“We will join 500 metres ahead.”

Weed would attract the attention of the targets while White Tiger and Seville aimed at the archers from behind.

In 15 minutes, he had wiped out more than 40 people in the outskirts of Wancheonhan Fortress.

By this time, there was an uproar inside the fortress.

The Hermes Guild figured out that Weed was attacking.

“Won't there be a large preparation to welcome me?”

There were several battle facilities inside the unfinished fortress that could be repaired. Every time someone tried to attack through a hole, it would be blocked with tight security.

The fortress was covered in darkness with only some torches around the gates and walls. The darkness gave the wide fortress a heavy and dismal atmosphere.

“Goldman.”

“Gol gol gol.”

“What do you call that?”

“Fortress.”

“Hmm, it isn’t wrong but..... Bahamorg.”

“Frontal assault? It will fall by the time the sun rises.”

Weed gave a deep sigh.

Despite having strength, he couldn’t recklessly rush forward.

Bahamorg could win in a one on one fight with users but that didn’t mean he was invincible. He could fall into a trap or lose his life during a war. It would be a waste if Bahamorg died.

In addition, the users of the Hermes Guild were flocking towards the fortress.

Due to the considerable distance between the city and the teleport gates, it would take a while for them to arrive on a large scale.

If hundreds of thousands attacked then Weed and his sculptural lifeforms would lose their lives.

“Bahamorg, that doesn’t make sense. We can’t be careless. A mere 10 people can’t siege a fortress.”

“This are we retreating?”

Weed silently stared at the fortress.

A serene silence was engulfing Wancheonhan Fortress.

“At this point, we’ve already achieved the desired results.”

Yellowy approved of this.

“Omooooo, let’s go eat hot food and rest.”

The Hermes Guild users had lost dozens of lives in half a day.

The effect of the surprise attack was enough to cause satisfaction.

But Weed hadn’t become the God of War on Continent of Magic for nothing.

“That makes sense but.....”

“.....?”

“For the sake of my mental health, I can’t give up. We will create a mess.”

Weed breathed out lightly. And then he yelled with all his might.

“All thieves gathered at Wancheonhan Fortress, listen!”

Lion’s Roar rang out in the late night.

The loud sound would travel from the top of an apartment building to the bottom.

The thieves sleeping inside the fortress lit up various torches.

“Thieves! My subordinates hidden inside the fortress will steal all the treasures you have collected so far. You are now dead!”

Kukukung!

It was like a bolt out of the blue for the Hermes Guild users lurking inside the fortress.

“It is like a sudden lightning bolt.”

“This is crazy!”

Wancheonhan was the best hunting ground with strong thieves and monsters.

Therefore, only people who had proven abilities and wouldn’t be a burden to others could hunt here.

If they couldn’t withstand it then they should at least die without making a sound.

Weed yelling inside the fortress was a completely irresponsible action.

Of course, the effect was high.

“Intruders.”

“The guards at the south have disappeared. Find those guys.”

More than 100 thieves were dragged out.

The Hermes Guild were hiding in corners or warehouses or the

basement. They were good spots with high traffic to hunt in Wancheonhan Fortress.

Battles soon broke out after the thieves started searching. The previously silent Wancheonhan Fortress was filled with swords and magic. It was lit up like the middle of the day.

“Weed, that bad guy!”

“Using such a dirty method. Bring it on. I will remove your heads!”

“Stupid thieves. Weed is out there. Catch Weed!”

The Hermes Guild users also shouted.

Weed and his group had been standing far back after using Lion’s Roar.

The thieves that came out didn’t find anything so they headed back to the fortress.

It was natural for the battles to continue inside the fortress.

Kurururung!

And there was the heavy sound of the gates closing.

Weed cleaned his ears with his fingers.

“Life will last a little bit longer.”

He could also hear the far away curses from the Hermes Guild members.

It felt like a cosy home being disparaged.

“These days I have been living properly. I would like some quiet.”

“Ummoooooooo.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Keheok!”

“Hak, hak, hak.”

The Hermes Guild members breathed roughly.

“Survived.”

“We did it.”

The users hunting in the area were approximately 70 people. Many of them spent more time in hunting grounds than cities.

Due to the abrupt battles with the thieves, only 23 people were left.

The thieves used an endless wave strategy that was hard to endure. But the Hermes Guild succeeded in surviving the great risk. They were able to maintain their lives thanks to scattering apart.

“It was really tough.

“You did a really good job. There will be a lot of achievements.

The Hermes Guild felt a sense of accomplishment.

They gained a significant amount of fame and stats in the fight against the thieves.

Such achievements didn’t happen often for their professions.

There were some sacrifices but they could boast about beating the thieves at Wancheonhan Fortress.

‘We survived the trap that Weed laid.’

That thought passed through the heads of the survivors.

All events involving Weed were likely to be broadcasted. There was no doubt this would also be shown.

‘Should I tip the stations first?’

They had triumphed despite Weed’s tricks.

“Weed isn’t anything special.”

“Strength has been gathered properly. The other regions were taken by surprise and collapse but that won’t happen to us.”

“It is over once he enters the fortress.”

“He won’t be able to withdraw, hahaha.”

Weed coming to Wancheonhan Fortress had been revealed so reinforcements from the Hermes Guild would come.

The reinforcements who had dropped what they were doing to head to Wancheonhan Fortress suddenly gave excuses that they were busy.

It might take several hours to hunt Weed and the members were aware of the crisis and didn’t want to risk themselves.

Besides, the situation would have probably ended by the time the reinforcements arrived.

The Hermes Guild had already received a massive blow so they weren’t willing to sacrifice themselves.

The Hermes Guild members had their health and mana exhausted so they sat down to rest.

“It seems like we will appear on the broadcast today.”

“We have showed our courage and skills.”

“It is enough if we keep hunting in the fortress.....”

Swaeeeeek!

A arrow pierced into the chest of a chatting user.

Hwarururuk!

Flames enveloped the user.

“Kwaaek!”

The user didn’t have much health remaining so they soon died as arrows continued flying.

Dozens of arrows poured towards the other users.

“It seems like there are more bandits.”

“Hide!”

The users hid themselves behind pillars and walls. They wanted to somehow survive. The higher level they were, the more penalties there would be when they died.

‘They must have been waiting for a chance to fight.’

‘Dirty bastards. No one is coming out.’

‘The thieves killed my friend so I will resolve this.’

Despite being exhausted, the users rushed out of their hiding spots.

Anyway, most of their health and mana had recovered.

It was more profitable to take the lead.

But the arrows curved instead of flying straight and hit the backs of the users.

“A curving arrow!”

Arrows that penetrated the wall also hit the users.

‘Do thieves have such high archery skills?’

Each of the users hit by the arrows were also affected by water, water or air. The elementals had added special effects to the arrows.

Questions filled the heads of the Hermes Guild users.

Weed, Goldman and Eltin appeared firing arrows at the end of the hallway.

“Weed is back!”

Weed had finally returned.

He had come out at the worst moment.

“Lululu.”

Weed hummed while walking.

“Damn!”

A user boldly came out from their hiding spot.

He avoided the arrows fired by Weed and ran down another corridor. He left his colleagues behind to escape.

The excellent Hermes Guild!

“First.....”

The other users blamed themselves for being one step too late. And they ran out of time once the first users ran away.

One person had already fled beyond Weed’s boundaries. Being too early wasn’t good but too late would cause the worst situation.

“Uaaaack!”

Then the screams of the first user who fled could be heard.

“Ahung!”

White Tiger let out a big roar.

The Hermes Guild users here were already under siege.

Weed leisurely said.

“Take your time. You are all dead now anyway.”

Words that didn’t care about the feelings of the other person.

It was the same tone he used when indiscriminately slaughtering the prestigious guilds in Continent of Magic.

But above all, the words made them tremble in anger.

They were about to break down with frustration.

“The milk delivery is late. Can you go quickly?”

“No labor costs, labor costs.”

“It was good in the past. These days, the kids have weak spirits and aren’t any fun.”

The Hermes Guild expected to reign dominant on the Versailles Continent.

‘He wanted to kill us in the first place.’

It was the first time they realized that they had been prey from the beginning.

The feeling of picking up food fallen to the ground.

Weed gave off that impression.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Here.”

The heart of Wancheonhan Fortress.

After defeating the Hermes Guild members, Weed had led his subordinates to defeat the leader of the thieves.

The remnants of the thieves were killed while coming here but it ended up being just light fights.

“Bring it on, thieves!”

Bahamorg shouted with fighting spirit towards the thieves.

The morale of the thieves was already shattered after their leader died so they fled.

Weed found a vault.

It looked like a few thieves had tried to break open the locks after their captain died.

After some time passed, the thieves disappeared with the belongings of their dead captain.

So Weed came straight here. Weed took out a rusty key.

After eliminating the Hermes Guild members, he had acquired the key as loot from the leader of the thieves.

“I must have been a politician who betrayed my country in my past life. Hrmm, but sometimes I had a good hearted official who accepts bribes.”

Weed inserted the key and turned it.

Kkirik.

Treasures appeared once the vault was opened.

The vault was filled with gold, silver and jewellery.

“Uhehehehe!”

One side of Weed’s mouth rose.

“Gol gol gol gol!”

Goldman standing on the side was also delighted.

Ddiring!

-You have received the treasures of Wancheonhan Fortress.

The treasure stolen by the thieves has been obtained.

Due to this victory, all stats have increased by 1.

The title ‘Thief Leader Subduer’ has been acquired.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Gold Mine Dungeon, Atarog’s Lair and Wancheonhan Fortress were just the beginning.

Weed raided areas like Shield Tomb, Highland Magician’s Dungeon and Valkyrie’s Secret Base and wiped out all the Hermes Guild users.

A huge 470 people died in a period of 3 days!

The activities took place in the old Britten Alliance Kingdom and Lasalle Kingdom. Due to the aftermath, the number of Hermes Guild users in the hunting grounds shrank.

Weed was having fun due to the attacks.

The Hermes Guild was earnestly working to secure peace so many famous dungeons were empty.

He disguised himself as a general user with Sculpture Transformation and paid the admission fee to hunt in the dungeons.

Of course, his goal wasn't an ordinary hunt.

-All zones of the Black Servant Dungeon has been broken.

Your bravery has been demonstrated when subduing the monsters.

-The underground labyrinth of Kingdom Fortress has been thoroughly collapsed.

Opening new horizons in geography has increased the fertility of the soil by 2.

-The boss monster in the Illeicha Mountain Dungeon has been captured.

If you bring it to the magic guild for study then a great reward can be gained.

He used Sculptural Destruction to speed up the rate of the hunt and gained many achievements!

Seo-yoon and the sculptural lifeforms such as Seville and Gernika also enjoyed the benefits of hunting in the dungeons.

When Weed and the sculptural lifeforms entered, they killed at least 15~25 monsters each.

The Sebas Underground Maze was a particular highlight.

Wy-3 folded its wings and tottered along the narrow passages.

“Kukiiik! Hot, dark and frustrating.”

Nile the crocodile also suffered in the cave due to its body and tail getting stuck.

“Kkueeeee!”

“Shut up, don't walk too fast or let your tail hit the ground. Anyway, leave any incompetent ones alone.”

The general users saw the scene of Weed and the sculptural lifeforms passing by.

It was quite an amazing sight.

“Weed-nim, there, sign.....”

“I won’t sign. Instead, do you want a sculpture?”

“How much?”

“I will lose money if I sell it for anything less than 30 gold.”

“I’ll buy. 10 please!”

“I’ll sell you something cute and pretty.”

“Yes yes, it is an honour.”

The popularity of his sculptures!

Sculptures of the wyverns, Bingryong and Yellowy were popular everywhere.

“I have earned over 1,000 gold so I will give you a model fee. Each of you will earn 5 silver. As long as you do this on a daily basis.”

“I will soon be rich, omoooo.”

“It is thanks to meeting such a great master.”

Sometimes the savvy users frowned.

“It is a common wooden sculpture that can be purchased in stores. Even if it is made by Weed-nim, that is a little overpriced.....”

Weed was in a bad mood.

The work contained an artist’s soul so having the commercial price refused caused his stomach to hurt.

The material was important but they also needed to look at the work itself.

Weed said in a low voice.

“Then I will lower it. Make a suggestion first.”

“First, I would like to apologize.”

“Please just talk at ease.”

“30 gold is too expensive so will 20 gold be okay?”

“I care about being an artist more than selling it at an expensive price. So I will sell.”

The value of the materials didn't matter.

They were just made from wood or stone picked up while hunting.

It was made quicker than a carving machine in a factory.

Although he obtained money and loot from the Hermes Guild, it was an important to keep selling sculptures.

He needed to increase his energy of the moment in order to use Time Sculpting.

Handing sculptures to users would sometimes increase energy of the moment.

The skill proficiency of sculpting barely increased.

It was important for a sculpting master to leave footprints behind.

Chapter 9: Haven Empire Raid

Weed played energetically through the Central Continent and every move became known to the users.

“Have you heard? The king of the Northern Continent is fearless. He killed the murderers and thieves in the Haven Empire.”

“A hero has appeared to fight against the murderous Haven Empire!”

“They are finally being caught! I never thought I would see those bastards caught in my lifetime..... The person who did it is called Weed.”

The residents chatted about it on a daily basis.

The knights and magicians of the Hermes Guild were losing their lives every day at an unprecedented rate.

Weed sold the videos to the broadcasting station.

“Due to our relationship so far, today’s videos haven’t been passed on to other stations yet.

“Ohh, exclusive?”

“For 3 hours. Deposit.....”

“3 hours is very doable.”

“Kuhuhuhu.”

The broadcasting station quickly edited and showed the videos of Weed.

The reaction of the viewers was hot.

-Kyah, how great. Those jewel like combat skills.

-So amazing.....

-I spent a whole day watching broadcasts of the game. I hope he sees it through to the end.

The reaction to the invasion of the Haven Empire was different from the war in the north.

The scale wasn't comparable. But the ratings came out much higher and was enough to surpass some of Weed's adventures.

The broadcasting stations that had become stagnant after the final secret sculpting technique quest and Earth Palace battle turned vigorous.



The new Royal Palace for the Arpen Kingdom in the north was being revealed by the architects.

Even the diligent architects couldn't believe the quick construction speed.

In the past, the beauty of the majestic Earth Palace on the mountain peaks in the form of a crown could be seen from far away.

However, they couldn't build it the same way after its collapse.

-If it can't be high then build it significantly wider.

“Sculptors, let's give a toast to the Arpen Kingdom.”

“Wah!”

“Drink this wine from Morata and then unite to help the construction. And we will make sure the building doesn't collapse again.”

The great resolution of the architects.

The ambitious Earth Palace collapsed in order to deal large damage to the Haven Empire's army.

This case dealt a blow to the architects' pride and ego. They realized that there were several limitations with the terrain the Earth Palace was built on.

It was too small to represent the entire Northern Continent and

the construction made it difficult for any visitors. The size of the area meant no more buildings could be built.

Now the construction of a palace that would lead to true prosperity was launched.

The debris on the large battlefield made the entire plains seem like a checkerboard. The construction started all at once instead of being divided into sections.

“Everybody cheer up, we can do it!”

The architects were responsible for the construction of the palace from beginning to end and the speed was incredible.

The inexperienced architects helped in secondary areas.

They used debris from the old palace and the collapsed soil and stones from the landslide became noticeably reduced every day.

The buildings were erected at the same time over a vast area and the architect’s pride meant there was a vast competition between them.

These buildings would have their names so they would be ashamed if the buildings were bad. These buildings would represent the Arpen Kingdom in the future and it was the same for the architects.

It was a construction site day and night!

The core of the Royal Palace was constructed by Mibullo who built the Haven Empire’s palace. As one of the leading architects on the continent, he concentrated all his efforts on this project.

“The king is a sculptor who deals with light. And it is sufficient to take advantage of nature when constructing the palace.”

Light played an important role in the construction. The exterior of the building needed to be visible day and night. The palace that symbolized the Arpen Kingdom would be majestic and gorgeous during the day. It was also supposed to be gentle and warm at

night.

It wasn't difficult for Mibullo to overcome the external design and construction materials.

“Is it actually important to make a roof?”

The key to decorating the Royal Palace was the roof.

Opinions on the subject varied widely. It could be rounded, angled or the typical architecture of different eras.

Most of the palace had a similar feeling but they wanted the Arpen Kingdom's Royal Palace to have a unique feature. No matter how durable the building, it would be a failure if it had the wrong design.

The palace was big and complex so it was easy to get something wrong. The architects could be considered a type of artist but they always considered the convenience of the user.

Mibullo was the best architect on the continent.

He was at the peak just like the sculptor Weed so it would be shameful if he couldn't build the palace.

“Yes, the Earth Palace was on top of the mountains. It was a short but memorable part of history so some of it needs to be preserved!”

The Earth Palace was built on 7 peaks. Thus the palace had 7 white tower roofs. The support of the sculptors was received as every white brick was delicately carved with animals and plants living in the north.

This would be used as a symbolic meaning. The tallest tower in the centre of the enemy's invasion was hung with blessed, silver bells.

The palace was divided into several floors so the ceilings needed to give a sense of openness.

The spacious central hall needed to be large enough to accommodate more than 1,000 people. It was the main hall where

Weed would take care of internal affairs and meet visitors from other kingdoms.

The ceiling and walls of the building had windows that would shine sunlight through to represent the bright future. The sculptors made pieces while the painters drew artwork on the ceiling and walls.

Compared to the gold, jewels and frivolity of the Haven Empire's palace, this Royal Palace was completed with the efforts of many users.

The flowers, trees and lake gave it a simple but cosy feel. Large trees were planted on the lawn as a place for avians to relax and play. Sparrows could often be seen sleeping in the grass on the construction site.

The architect Pavo decided to give their roads on the buildings and walls. Until now, he had taken the lead in the Grand Buildings but he made a significant amount of concessions.

He was looking forward to the great skills from the architects who moved over from the Central Continent.

The new palace was successful and Dawn City was also transformed.

The architects outstanding in urban planning were working on the Royal Palace. In the end, Dawn City was taken on by novice architects so it was expected that there would be many insufficient points.

The city was being built on wide plains. Even if they used only one square construction, it would be difficult to make it both beautiful and comfortable. The harmony with other buildings, commercial district, residential district, mercenary guild and profession guilds needed to be taken into account. The head architects also placed small waterways through the city.

“Somehow we can create it but...are we really the best?”

“I feel afraid just imagining the scene where users are pouring into the square and streets to complain. Terrible.”

In the case of Morata, Weed placed squares that a lot of people used. It needed to be spacious enough to accommodate the increasing number of people.

Novices, merchants and artists then warmly decorated the square and streets. However, thorough planning was required to build Dawn City into the centre of politics and commerce. If it was shoddily made then it would need to be fixed over time.

“It can’t just be us. Let’s get some help from other professions.”

Many painters and sculptors waiting at the palace construction site were interested.

“Make the city prettier? I had a few ideas about the design and colours.”

“Construction of a square...it can be called some type of formative arts. A sculptor won’t fail. Let’s create a shrunken model of the work. A down payment? I don’t need it. I can earn money from sculpting, hahaha.”

Painters refined the structure of the city while the sculptors made specific forms. In particular, the architects needed more manpower and the sculptors readily accepted.

“I’ve done a lot of brick laying and carrying sand. Where do you need me? As a sculptor in Royal Road, I have a lot of time. I will do anything to make money. Can you hire my friend as well?”

“O-of course.”

The sculptors worked well in groups. They were entrusted with heavy or difficult work. They had the sense of responsibility as an artist so they finished things neatly.

-Ya, I need to live.

-Yes. Vertigo.

-Are your sculptures selling well?

-2 yesterday and 1 today. I was lucky. Tomorrow I can buy bread to eat. I have been starving for two days.

-Busy?

-I am just watching the water dripping from the fountain.

-There is a job so do you want to come to the Arpen Kingdom?

-Job?

-It should last for a few months.

-Money...

-It will be given depending on your workload and capabilities but you should have enough to eat. Shacks to live are also provided if you come to the Arpen Kingdom.

The artists on the continent and sculptors in Rhodium started to stir.

“What, there is work?”

“I will be given money and food? The construction budget is several million gold?”

“Wait a minute, say it again. The fellows who went first have enough to buy a house?”

Rhodium’s sculptors.

Thanks to Weed, the number of people who chose sculpting as a profession had dramatically increased.

The so-called second generation of Weed.

But life on the continent was far too harsh for sculptors. There was a fad of sculptures but most didn’t sell. Each user bought a few because of curiosity but they never needed more.

They could be sold to royalty or nobility but interest on the Central Continent turned away from art due to the war.

To be precise, the sculptors were earnestly persecuted by the Hermes Guild. The reason was simply due to Weed.

Sculptures sold in villages and cities were subjected to a lot of taxes. The sculptors felt frustrated due to this. Some changed to combat professions but others felt a lingering attachment and couldn't leave.

The efforts of those who remained in Rhodium was insufficient.

“The north is a paradise for sculptors.”

“I've heard the rumours but is it really? Is there a place in this world where sculptors can live?”

“A friend of mine went to live in the north. He specializes in sculpting the avians and sells dozens of pieces in one day.”

The sculptors in Rhodium started to move. The pure sculptors had no combat ability so it was scary for them to leave the city. The sculptors were escorted by hunters and walked towards the north.

“How long until we arrive safely in the Arpen Kingdom?”

“Either monsters will kill us or we will die of starvation first. But there will be worse things than death if we don't go.”

The Haven Empire had given a decree preventing movement to the north. Users found by patrols would be immediately executed.

The sculptors tried to bypass the Haven Empire. The Hermes Guild noticed the movement and gave a command for execution.

-The sculptors can't be allowed to go to the north.

The knights chased them. Sculptors that were caught died.

But those who were alive continued heading to the north. Hope was burning in their chest!

The sculptors hung on for the hope of someday receiving recognition. The big dream overpowered their fears.

Finally, the avians heard the news and brought the sculptors to Dawn City.

The sculptors from Rhodium were put to work before even unpacking after the journey.

Dawn City was launched by architects, painters refined the detailed outline and sculptors took over the overall process.

The foundation of the city were shacks so even beginners could start. Many users participated in the construction of the Royal Palace and Dawn City.

“Work, work!”

“Money. Yes!”

The beginners who couldn't escape the city for a period of time welcomed the work!

The users who could roam around brought building materials from mountains while the beginners carried them.

Digging, stone flooring, brickwork and repair work was done.

“Hey, this isn't the jackpot. I am so tired that I can't even replace the fluorescent lamp at home.”

“Don't talk nonsense. The tap on my veranda has been broken for 2 years.”

“Stop talking and get back to work. This building is valuable.”

A study showed that many high school students, university students and people in their 20s and 30s flocked to unemployment.

This meant the number of new users connecting increased from millions to tens of millions. When looking at the statistics of where people were starting, Morata and Dawn City were in the top 5.

The users committed to labour for a hopeful future. The Earth Palace and Dawn City were still lacking in scale but many plans were in progress.

“We will continue to work hard while looking forward to what is in front of us.”

“My sculpting skill increases after I finish a building. It is also fun carving on walls and pillars.”

“Do you see the sand and stones piled over there? We will receive that.”

“Architect-nim, when will there be Grand Buildings? We should begin it today.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Kuhahaha!”

Geomchi-3 burst out.

Numerous ghosts were in the air and on the ground.

The costume of the ghosts were worn and faded but the armour and clothing was from a past era. The ghosts were nestled deep in the treasure of the Pallos Empire.

After the battle at the Earth Palace, Geomchi had felt regret.

“The battle ended in a day?”

“I had been looking forward to it and wanted to savour it more. My body still isn’t full.”

It felt like his body was ready to eat a double serving of jajangmyeong, sweet and sour pork and sweet and sour chicken only to get pickled radish instead. He desperately wanted to relieve his thirst for battle.

So when Pale, Maylon and Pale said that the ghosts were too much when digging up the treasures, he was willing to help them.

Geomchi-3 shouted towards the ghosts.

“Bring on all the destroyers!”

“No!”

Irene shrieked.

Ghosts jumped towards Geomchi-3.

The ghosts unearthed from the treasures of the Pallos Empire were persistent. The ghosts needed to be removed systematically but Geomchi-3 excited them.

“A blow from a blessed sword.....”

“52 Storm Blow!”

Geomchi-3 furiously slashed at the flying ghosts.

Just like when he fought against knights, he used spears and swords to attack the enemy. He showed complex movements against the ghosts.

But when he stabbed a ghost with a sword.

-Kihilhilhil! Human, you don't have the power to destroy us fool.

“Do you think so? I am a professional in this field. I will put all of you to death!”

-Batalli's Blessing has been applied.

Batalli is watching the battle with joy.

The blessing of trust.

Batalli was the god of fighting.

He didn't care if a person was good or bad and even gave blessings to murderers.

A total of 5 people on the Versailles Continent were known to receive the blessing and 3 of those names belonged to the Hermes Guild.

They deliberately donated large sums to Batalli's Church and deliberately manipulated struggles in order to be appointed as the 'Destroyer of Struggle.' They continued to struggle while showing valuable performances and obtained it after several deaths.

Geomchi-3 was appointed when he survived the battle for the Earth Palace. Many of the Geomchis could be appointed but there were few who survived until the end.

“Hahahahaha!”

Geomchi-3 burst out laughing.

He looked like a completely insane human. Geomchi-6 and the other students watching trembled.

“Envious.”

“So cool. As expected of Geomchi-3.”

“Look carefully. That is a man.”

Not an ordinary person but a sword crazy human.

“Kuwooooh!”

The other Geomchis charged in.

-H-Humans are flocking.

-We are the invincible knights of the Mapon Empire. Knights, listen up. Don't avoid the challenge and take on the assault of the humans.

-Ohhh, assault!

The battle between the Geomchis and the ghosts. They used swords, hammers and axes.

Maylon covered her forehead with her hands.

“Oh my god. This isn't it.”

Surka grinned while revealing her teeth.

“Fight!”

And she plunged into the midst of the battle between the Geomchis and the ghosts.

Irene raised her sleeve covered hand.

“My mana isn’t enough to save some of you from dying!”

A priests normally watched a battle with boredom. But once a battle became difficult, their eyes shone brighter than anyone else.

If mana ran out and their colleagues died then a priest would consider that a failure. A priest needed to be capable of treating concentrated or sudden attacks but they couldn’t help feeling uncomfortable if someone died.

The priests were dedicated to defense and healing but sometimes they led a party. Against strong monsters, the treatment magic determined whether they could hold out or flee.

Unlike other priests, Irene would not make a declaration to run away.

“Well, can I live? Give it a shot!”

Recovery magic required mana to be used.

So Irene needed to determine the right moment to not let her colleagues die. The skills she showed when worrying about the extinction of the part was completely different. A stable defense meant confident attacks.

“Hey, what is this? It is different from what I said. I was supposed to just be watching. It is difficult.”

Irene’s healing abilities were praised by others because she put all her heart into it.

The fighting ability of individuals differed depending on their judgement and quickness. But the scale of a raid or expedition was decisively influenced by the priests. Priests were the centre of the party as they took over the role of defense and treatment so they were a respected profession.

Furthermore, Irene was a priest who was born to heal. She blessed users passing by in the city and increased her skills. Her devotion and faith meant she had much higher skills than some

users.

“Kuhathathat!”

“Smash all of them!”

Pale also fired his arrows among the Geomchis. He was one of those people who suffered every day. Something like this was normal and expected for him.

“Multiple Shot!”

Pale’s arrows penetrated dozens of ghosts. The damage caused by an archer dealt truly outstanding damage to areas where the ghosts were concentrated.

Geomchi, the instructors and the students swept up all the ghosts in just ten days. The number of ghosts hunting during that period was unbelievable.

Maylon acted as the representative and greeted them.

“Thank you. We couldn’t have done this on our own.”

She smiled with gratitude.

As a broadcaster, her laugh was polished and stylish.

Geomchi and Geomchi-2 were silent.

They didn’t know what to say despite both having girlfriends.

‘Even a man with a wife and child won’t necessarily know how to talk to women.’

The old men just sat down with cups of coffee.

Geomchi-3 then approached.

“Hmm hmm, excuse me.”

“Speak comfortably. I am much younger.”

Maylon’s laugh was as fresh as spring flowers.

She had been pushed aside many times due to Hwaryeong and Bellot’s appearance.

“But I can’t talk casually to you.”

“It is too awkward. I would feel a lot more comfortable if I could call you oppa.”

“Is that so?”

Geomchi-3’s tone instantly changed.

It was a low tone like a man from the Joseon Dynasty.

“Yes. We’ve started the cleanup but there are still many treasures buried beneath the lake. I tried to ask Mapan to send some workers to help but that isn’t enough. Can you help?”

“Of course. If you call then I will come at any time!”

The combination of Geomchi-3’s middle aged appearance and the young tone was strange. Nevertheless, the students were still respectful towards him.

‘He can even talk with women.’

‘A strong man, strong! So confident, I’m envious.’

Then Geomchi-3 asked with confusion.

“Treasure buried in the ground, does that mean we have to dig it up with a shovel?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“How many workers are being sent?”

“30 people.”

“Then there is no need to wait. There are many people playing here.”

Geomchi-3 looked at the group.

“Will you do it?”

“Of course.”

“Do some digging?”

“Let’s go digging!”

Almost half the students were in the southern desert but the rest were gathered here.

Geomchi-3 unabashedly said to Maylon.

“We can dig for days. You can leave it to us.”

“I am sorry for making you help in such a way.”

“No. I want to help.”

Geomchi-3 and the students started digging.

Irene cleansed any ghosts that appeared when treasure was dug up from the ground. But sometimes there would be things like treasure chests full of gold and dozens of ghosts would pop up.

The ghosts would try to take control of the area.

-Huhihihing!

-Kuhahaha! Finally the world again.....

“Go to hell!”

Geomchi-195 hit it with a shovel.

Weapon Mastery was useful because they could use anything.

Among the treasures buried in the mud, a black sword with a suspicious, brilliant shine was excavated.

A ghost who was an earl of the Mapon Kingdom.

-Foolish humans, waking me up...kuheokheok.

The Earl Ghost looked around with dismay.

Including Geomchi and Geomchi-2, he was surrounded by 250 burly men holding weapons. Their eyes shone as they held weapons like swords, spears, maces and axes.

“It has been a while since I’ve had a taste.”

“He looks like a boss class monster, Teacher-nim.”

“I was getting bored as well. Don’t be too greedy.”

“Yes. I have heard Teacher-nim’s words!”

Geomchi, the instructors and students tackled the Earl Ghost. Their strength, agility, vitality etc., in Royal Road made them an unbelievable sight. Some did a drop kick while others threw axes.

A ruthless attack against the ghost! The fighting skills of Geomchi and the students had vastly increased. It was easy to catch a boss class monster in a large group so the ghost soon perished.

The students grinned at the ghosts.

“I’m going to become much stronger in the future. Then I will have a pretty girlfriend like Master-nim and Geomchi-2 sunbaenim. A strong man will overcome any adversity.”

“Hey ghosts, bring it on. You should continue to appear until I get a girlfriend. My mum told me to get married next year so that she can have a granddaughter.”

“Go! Let’s go with all our strength. If we hunt all of these enemies then we can meet girls.”

The students continued digging and fighting.

Maylon watched them and touched a hand to her forehead.

“Is a woman really willing to meet them if they become stronger?”

Zephyr replied with agreement.

“If they want to meet a woman then go to a night club.”

Irene said carefully.

“Don’t talk loudly. I asked this exact question to Romuna the other day.....”

“What was the answer?”

“The night club employees came up to them when they were at

the entrance.”

“And?”

“The employees didn’t say anything and just handed over money.”

“.....”

“Ahem.”

There was nothing more to say. The Geomchis were so strong and seemed like criminals so who would have the will to stop them?

In fact, the students would often get female friends every time a war broke out.

‘Aha, I have to be strong! The power of a man.’

‘Am I too weak in Royal Road? I don’t have a girlfriend.’

As a result, the students had that mistaken impression.

The treasures of the Pallos Empire acquired were disposed of through Mapan. Most items were broken or rusty due to the passage of time but they had high value as an antique.

The swords and armour could have some of their original value restored through the hands of a blacksmith. But discarding the leather items were unavoidable.

Mapan’s mouth gaped open because he could easily guess the value of the treasures.

“It is great that you unearthed so many treasures. Then the whole bunch...no, I will let you know after disposing of it at the right margin.”

Almost all the treasures of the Pallos Empire had been uncovered. They verified it by the number of ghosts popping out from the ground.

At that time, they heard news that Weed was playing in the

Central Continent.

The fearless actions against the Hermes Guild drew everyone's attention. The stations relayed footage of Weed every day.

The viewers cheered as someone fought the tyranny of the Hermes Guild and the rebels spread like wildfire.

Geomchi said with outrage.

"That guy...he is playing a fabulous role alone while we are here digging!"

"Teacher-nim, our maknae (youngest) is a really vile guy."

"We really can't believe him."

Weed's great victories.

The Geomchis were full of desire for pretty girlfriends.

At that moment, Geomchi-227 discovered some graffiti scrawled on the walls of Morata.

[I love Weed-nim.] [Kyaa, Weed-nim marry me!] [Take me with you. God of War Weed-nim.]

Geomchi-3 yelled angrily.

"This can't be!"

"That's right. We can't just stay still."

"We should move immediately before the maknae clears it all up."

Geomchi and Geomchi-2 weren't impressed.

"Something like this happening....."

"I was mistaken. Once I have a girlfriend, it is important to let her know my mind."

"No matter how old a man is, he is still a child."

"Teacher-nim, I know a delicious restaurant where you can eat."

“Is that so?”

But Geomchi-3 was someone not popular with women.

“Let’s invade the Haven Empire!”

“We are our best in battles. It is absurd not to seize this opportunity.”

Geomchi and the others decided to attack the Haven Empire’s occupied territories in the north again.

Pale, Irene and the others naturally came along. The Geomchis had helped them dig up the treasures so they couldn’t refuse.

Pale asked carefully.

“The plan?”

The Haven Empire’s occupation of the north. Because they needed to rule over a large area, the army would be distributed. They should obtain information about secluded areas.

Geomchi-3 thought about it and replied.

“Attack.”

“Huh?”

“Just attack.”

Pale’s eyes widened in shock.

He knew Geomchi-3’s nature but asked again just to confirm it.

“Is that all?”

“Yes. Why, what is lacking?”

“You should identify the movement of the enemy troops, determine an infiltration route, a path of retreat and strategies to use.”

“Tsk tsk.”

Geomchi-3 thought that Pale was ridiculous.

“This is a battle.”

“.....?”

“I don’t like that. We will just strike first. Winning is more important than anything else. If we don’t win then we will die.”

A simple and ignorant conclusion.

But they still tagged along as Geomchi-3 attacked the occupied Haven territory.

Geomchi-3 and the students didn’t use any tactics. They just stormed through the main entrance of newly built castles without any strategies.

A martial artist could use any weapon. Using different weapons was a huge advantage against individuals.

They defeated the Haven Empire guards posted at the garrison.

The avians also joined to fight against the military. Even the spears of the Haven Empire’s knights couldn’t reach the avians flying in the sky.

Some Geomchis rode the birds and fired arrows. Users called them bird knights as they looked up at the sky. And a few days later, dozens of birds knights could be seen in the skies above the occupied regions of the north.

The Geomchis were impatient and intensively attacked the Haven Empire.

Chapter 10: Black Knight's Fate

“I’m not lonely. There are many people fighting with me.”

Weed said while hunting in the Haven Empire.

He had 20 days remaining until he had to go to Ratuas’ Lair.

“I don’t know what I will deal with so I need to become stronger first.”

He gained good experience while processing the users of the Hermes Guild. But that still had a risk.

Vultures gathered around Weed everywhere he went so it was hard to focus on dungeon hunting. Every time he defeated a dungeon, stats and experience would build up.

The battle videos were naturally sold to the stations.

“I need to still think of making money. Now I am making money and becoming stronger from the Hermes Guild.”

The viewers cheered enthusiastically as he raided the Hermes Guild and defeated their dungeons.

Weed’s battles were thrilling and they never knew where he would hit the Hermes Guild. His collaboration with Seo-yoon and the sculptural lifeforms was also perfect. The quick movements and destruction was enough for the viewers to gasp for breath.

The broadcast officials and viewers complimented Weed the God of War. The Hermes Guild thoroughly had the reputation as villains. If it wasn’t for them, the Arpen Kingdom’s speed of development would have slowed down by now.

The beginners would have no reason to start on the Northern Continent or to cooperate when making the Grand Buildings. The merchants were busy running around the Northern Continent to avoid the threat of the Hermes Guild.

“A niche market everywhere. Outdoor stalls would be brilliant

now.”

When he reached level 441, Weed decided to make one more sculptural lifeform.

In his time as ruler of the desert, he made the priests Alverun and Alveren based on Alveron of the Freya Church.

Weed wanted to make an exclusive priest that would accompany him, Seo-yoon and the sculptural lifeforms.

“I can get the help of Alveron from the Freya Church so this time I will make a different sculptural lifeform.”

The Freya Church blessed and cleansed the land. There were also blessings that could enhance the beauty of a person.

The military religions like Batalli and Atrock were useless to him.

But the Church of Lugh was also widely spread among the people. Many residents supported the Church of Lugh because it symbolized the sun.

“What ingredients should I use?”

Weed was wondering about it when Goldman approached.

“Gol gol gol, use this Master.”

“Bullions?”

“I worked hard to collect it, gol gol gol!”

Goldman had been diligently gathering gold while Weed was hunting!

Goldman was friends with the wyverns and Bingryong but he wanted to find a mate.

‘A couple...that isn’t bad. A married couple that I can use. The sculptural lifeforms might also give birth to children who I can use. Wait a minute, a mix of gold and silver. In short, a golden couple!’

Weed received a big short like the back of his head had been

smacked.

‘I should have thought of this sooner. I am too stupid and kind to live in this world.’

Extreme regret!

“Don’t worry. I will make a truly good and smart woman.”

“Beauty is good, gol gol gol.”

“.....”

All men had a common taste in women.

Weed dissolved the bullions in a furnace.

In the case of silver, all the impurities needed to be melted and removed. A purity of 99.999% would have a high value when trading.

‘I wonder if I can sell it later. I don’t know what the future will be.’

The popularity of the sculptural lifeforms was really great. They were good subordinates and could live for a few decades through many human conflicts.

‘A lot of money...around 100 million? Or I can sell it directly!’

The potential sale of a sculptural lifeform.

He poured the high purity silver into a mold. He had gain much experience with blacksmithing since creating Goldman.

Weed made the form of a beautiful person.

‘A woman with a refined, western feel. The face of an Eastern European beauty. She will have the beauty of the east and west at the same time. And a glamorous body.’

An ideal match that many men wanted.

A survey of men in their 20s reported that they wanted a woman with a face and body like this. No matter how old a man, they

would still pay attention to the face and body.

‘She can’t be too flashy and should be dutiful. So I can make her work.’

The beauty of an Eastern European made him feel good! Weed had exceptional skills at sculpting beauty thanks to Seo-yoon.

“I want the eyes to be sapphires.”

“Gol gol gol, I am in favour of that.”

Blue gems were used as the eyes. They were gems that he obtained from the Hermes Guild users.

“This is a lot of money. I should be able to gain some back.”

-Please set the name of the new sculpture.

“Female Priest of the Church of Lugh.”

-Female Priest of the Church of Lugh is correct?

“That’s right.”

An honest, simple name. The name wouldn’t matter when he gave life to the sculpture.

-Fine piece! Female Priest of the Church of Lugh has been completed.

A pure and noble statue.

The value of fully refined silver has raised its sanctity.

A eulogy to beauty.

The poets of the Versailles Continent will talk about it.

“A perfect and flawless beauty that God allowed.”

The grace of Hestia of the Hearth has been granted.

Artistic Value: 3,194.

Special Options: Female Priest of the Church of Lugh will increase health and mana regeneration by 30% for a day.

The blessings and treatment skills of the priests will increase by 2 stages at night.

Priests of the Lugh and Hestia religions will permanently gain 5 faith stats after viewing the sculpture.

Faith stat will increase by 50.

All stats will increase by 12.

The accounting skills of merchants will increase by 1.

An adventurer's art appraisal skill will increase by 1.

Maximum health, defense skills and magic resistance will increase.

The effect doesn't overlap with other sculptures.

Number of Fine pieces completed: 143

-The skill proficiency of Sculpting has improved.

-The skill proficiency of Handicraft has improved.

-Fame has increased by 630.

-Art has increased by 16.

-Charm increased by 11.

"It turned out well."

The increase in his art and other stats was amazing. It would have been better if it was a masterpiece.

Of course, making a fine piece was great for a sculptor. But as someone who almost mastered sculpting, Weed's greed was higher.

"I should have made my nose a little higher. The eyes should be wider as well."

Weed looked over it and continued to worry.

Ddirring!

-The sun god Luka has spoken to you.

As someone who illuminates the world, he hasn't forgotten your devotion and will gladly return the favour.

-Faith stat has increased by 21.

"Uhh, it's not bad."

Apart from priests and paladins, faith was a useless stat for most users.

Weed also thought that faith was a junk stat at first.

But he discovered when fighting the vampires that having high faith made it much easier to command the knights and priests.

When faith reached 600, it increased defense and resilience. The effect from blessings and healing magic was greater and he could withstand the black magic that accumulated when turning into an undead.

It had a positive impact despite not affecting combat skills.

"Huhuhu, Goldman what do you think?"

"....."

"Goldman?"

Weed turned and looked at the drooling Goldman.

He seemed to like it.

"Goldman, it is good?"

"Prett...y."

"Huhuhu, then let's use my skill. Sculpture Life Bestowal!"

-Life has been given to the sculpture.

The ability of the sculpture will depend on the 3,377 art stat and has been converted to 522 points Based on performing a religious miracle, the level penalty is reduced by 25%.

The level is adjusted to 417.

Four attributes have been given to the sculptural lifeform.

The standard of the attribute given will depend on the level and shape of the sculptural lifeforms.

Metal Property (100%), Faith Property (100%), Foresight Property (100%), Resurrection Property (100%).

The metal property means that a lot of magic can be ignored.

Pure silver is a physical material that is excellent for defense and magic resistance.

The noble faith won't be shaken and sometimes the divine magic can create a special miracle.

The foresight property gives the ability to see hidden or invisible things.

The resurrection property means the divine magic in the body has the ability to revive itself once after dying.

262 Mana has been used.

The efficiency of the skill has increased so the level and stats consumed has been reduced by 20%.

The Art stat is permanently reduced by 6 points. The reduced stats can be supplemented with other sculpture or art related activities.

Level has fallen by 2. Stats have been reduced by 10.

When raising the level, the decreased stats can be regained.

Cherish the sculptures that have been given life.

If they die then you have to give them life again.

If they are completely destroyed then it isn't possible to revive them again.

The sculpture made of silver shone brightly like the sun. Over time, the light became more natural and beautiful.

The appearance that Weed sculpted. The sculptural lifeform spoke in a melodious voice.

“Master, please set my name.”

Most of the sculptures lifeforms Weed made were based on the masculine form. The female high elf Eltin, Vindex and Gernika were made by other sculptors in Jigolaths.

Looking at the finished product made him feel like he was looking at a beautiful daughter.

“I made you so...”

Weed hesitated and tried to think of a name. She was like his daughter so he couldn't give her a bad name.

He pondered over a pretty name to give a woman.

“Eun, Eun, Eun...Eun-sook.”

“I understand. Please call me Eun-sook in the future.”

Weed took out a uniform and hat that belonged to the Church of Lugh. It fit Eun-sook perfectly.

Goldman scratched his head with bashfulness and said.

“My name is Goldman, gol gol gol.”

“So?”

“I will be good to you in the future. I hope you will become my wife, gol gol gol.”

Eun-sook was puzzled.

“Wife?”

“Let's spend the rest of our lives together, gol gol gol.”

“I am a priest of God. I will never consider marriage.”

Both Goldman and Weed received a huge psychological impact.

“Unbelievable! My golden goose plan...”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

There was 19 days remaining until he had to visit the dragon Ratuas' Lair.

Only a fool would continue going against the Hermes Guild.

“Weed was seen in this area.”

“It is likely that he will appear at famous dungeons around Formos Castle.”

“Go that way. It is important to travel there! And identify areas that the wyverns have been seen in.”

The Hermes Guild were working on stabilizing the Central Continent. The lords and knights were giving quests to secure the peace. Quests such as punishing rebels or increasing the security of an area were given.

But there were some Hermes Guild users who voluntarily hunted for Weed. There were over 1,000 people because there was a heavy bounty on Weed's head.

-The one who eliminates Weed will be paid 70 million gold. In addition, they will be given the position of lord of a city.

“I have no personal feelings against Weed but.....”

“If we cut Weed's neck then we can join the Hermes Guild and get good treatment.”

Those who had skills on the Versailles Continent started aiming for his life.

Until now, Weed had received the support of users who hated the Hermes Guild but now he couldn't even hunt in the dungeons.

Weed was a large fish to be caught.

“I don't expect people to like me. In fact, I expected everyone in this place to hate me. There is no need to worry. This is life.”

Weed was relaxed at the thought of meeting enemies.

A God of War needed to be able to do at least this much. If he had been scared then Weed wouldn't have obtained such a large presence on Continent of Magic.

“Kill them all. Even if it means inducing attacks.”

This crisis actually widened his area of activity.

Weed used Sculpture Transformation and entered a famous dungeon. And 10 minutes later.

-A hidden gem in this dungeon has been obtained.

The quest 'Stolen Jewels' has been completed.

-Luck has increased by 4.

Someone ignored all monsters and completed the quest in the shortest time.

Weed returned to the dungeon entrance and showed the jewel to the little boy there.

“I have found a gem. There is a chance I might lose this in the future so I will give it to you. I don't have much use for jewels.”

“The quest has already been completed?”

He caught the attention of the users at the entrance.

“Who? I don't know anyone with that face.”

“I don't think he is someone active in this area.”

Weed stood with a serious expression as the users wondered about him. And he walked around rapidly.

“Hmm, I am busy so.....”

Weed scanned the users in the area.

He had developed a keen eye during his time in Royal Road. He naturally built up knowledge about the equipment that other people were wearing.

“But that ordinary attire doesn't belong here. It is suspicious.”

“Those boots.....”

Sky Boots! Boots painted with the sun and clouds. A famous item owned by a member of the Hermes Guild. They increased movement speed over long distances and magic resistance. In addition, it was a unique item that increased honour and dignity by a total of 70 points.

The boots appeared several times on broadcast but there were rumours the user had recently been robbed by Weed.

The boots caught the attention of the users.

‘Weed.’

‘If it isn’t Weed...I still want those boots.’

The dungeon entrance had more than 20 people gathered.

Murderers with red names also stood out. The stigma of a killer wasn’t a flaw in the Central Continent. Those with strength and connections could be proud anywhere.

The users in hunting parties exchanged glances and nodded.

“Let’s kill him.”

“There is no need to think. We should take care of him before other people notice.”

“He is really Weed?”

“He doesn’t look strong...we will know once we surprise attack him. Be prepared. Have Jane report to the Hermes Guild.”

Weed only suspected that he had a bounty on him but it was finally confirmed.

“He seems to be going in the direction of Sisley Castle.”

“We will go to the right. Make sure to follow him carefully.”

They hastily followed behind Weed.

They were instantly joined by 100 other bounty hunters.

“The Hermes Guild?”

“They are coming.”

The chase gained momentum. Many colleagues were gathered to take care of Weed.

This was a windfall for Weed.

“Let’s go!”

Then arrows flew towards the pursuers!

The first arrows flew accurately at the murderers.

The regular users would need to attack first for it to be called self-defense. Killing the general users would cause him to fall into a murderer state.

“Cough, it really is Weed!”

Weed leisurely hunted the chasers. He used arrows for long distance attacks. He didn’t know how many magicians the other side had but he shot arrows while riding his mount.

“Catch Weed!”

The chasers continued receiving from Weed who was riding on Yellowy.

“Multiple Arrows, Rapid Fire!”

Weed left the running direction and speed to Yellowy.

He rode Yellowy backwards and fired the arrows.

Kwa kwa kwang! Kwang kwang!

He had awesome destructive power thanks to Sculptural Destruction into strength.

The arrows that hit users dozens of metres away caused a hole in the ground like the earth had been blown away by something.

Knights, swordsmen and warriors had a superior strength in dungeons. However, their slow movement speed on the wide

plains made them offerings to Weed.

Offerings served up.

They were like delivered chicken. Weed made the numerical superiority obsolete!

-You have become a murderer.

Infamy has increased by 543.

-A mass murderer.

Infamy has increased by 2,394.

-A terrible murderer!

You are a rare murderer in this neighbourhood.

Infamy has increased by 4,998.

He was dealing with bounty hunters, not murderers from the Hermes Guild.

Weed overpowered the chasers with his arrows.

Approximately half of them fled since they didn't want to die.

"It is so-so."

He picked up the loot.

Yellowy's burden also included carrying the loot.

"Lululu. There is still a long way to go, Yellowy."

Weed hummed as he moved.

Of course, his whereabouts would be transmitted by the survivors. Millions of users on the Versailles Continent would hear about this incident.

Weed laughed as he recalled the days in Continent of Magic. At that time, he killed almost all the users himself.

Fighting everybody! He didn't have any breaks to recover his vitality and also had to deal with monsters. Some of the equipment

was worn while he entered monster villages to buy and sell goods.

It had been a really long time since he felt this thrilling feeling of enemies on all sides. Tension and concentration filled him.

The weight was still less than Continent of Magic.

Like a mother holding hands with her hand when applying for kindergarten.

“It will be more fun from now on.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Bardray received situation reports from the Hermes Guild’s information network.

[The remnants of the Nest Kingdom has declared their independence.] [Civil war in the Gradian area. The residents are declaring their support for the rebels.] [Looting and arson is occurring.] [The Aidern rebels have gone over 400,000.]

Rebels had infested every city and territory in the Haven Empire.

The Hermes Guild waged a peace stabilization operation and won the majority of battles with the rebels. That’s why the flames of revolt were gradually sinking.

Ddirring!

Then Bardray received a new message window.

-The Anxiety of the Emperor

As a strict black knight, you defeated the ignorant kings and nobles to found an empire.

The result has given you power, treasure and an army.

You have the desire to achieve but can’t trust anyone.

“They are aiming for my position.”

Your subordinates can betray you at any time. You are the target.

Knight Naet.

He formerly pledged loyalty to the Kallamore Kingdom so beware of him.

He will definitely have a different heart.

Perhaps if you kill him...this worry will be alleviated?

Level of Difficulty: Emperor restricted quest.

Quest Restrictions: Black Knight Emperor.

Knight Naet has to die within 10 days.

Compensation: Endurance, willpower and charisma stats will permanently increase by 4.

*Please note.

If you refuse this quest then your combat capabilities will be reduced by 2% for 10 days.

If Knight Naet is executed then your combat capabilities will increase by 1% for 10 days.

“An emperor restricted quest?”

Bardray looked around.

He was hunting deep inside a dungeon. It was a hunting ground he was familiar with where monsters would periodically appear. He didn't bring the Royal Guards to this place in order to develop his combat skills.

‘Should I accept this quest?’

Bardray liked the permanent increase in stats.

Knight Naet. He heard that name before.

‘He was an Imperial Knight. He isn't significant.

And there are many knights in the Haven Empire. Bardray had thousands of knights and general lords under him so the number was difficult to gauge.

The lords appointed by the guild needed to pay the Imperial

Palace a certain number of knights and soldiers regularly. If one of them died then it wouldn't have a single effect on the power of the empire.

‘Strong knights are dying every day on the battlefield. There were as many knights as the stars. I need to permanently increase my stats.’

Bardray was thirsty for stats. He represented the Hermes Guild and toured the hunting grounds to sustain his strength. Even a slight increase in stats would make things easier in the future.

Bardray whispered.

“I will kill Naet.”

-You have accepted the quest.

It was really easy to kill Naet who was a knight. He just invited 100 knights to kill a boss level monster with him.

“Naet, block him and buy some time.”

“Yes!”

An unreasonable command.

Bardray and the other knights helped but Naet died in vain.

It was common for many knights to die during hunts and they would sacrifice their lives for Bardray.

He was the emperor of the Haven Empire so his skill proficiency and level was a big deal to the Hermes Guild. The guild did not suspect anything.

-The quest has been completed.

Endurance, willpower and charisma has permanently increased by 4.

Your combat capabilities will increase for 10 days.

‘Good.’

Bardray smiled.

The Haven Empire showed no signs of loss at all.

And the day after that.

A new quest was created.

Ddirring!

-Don't be Caught Off Guard

Rebels are haunting the empire.

They are buds that will disturb the empire.

The death of Naet caused the rebels to cower but they will soon come back to fight.

You should be wary before it was too late.

Make an example of 10 Imperial Knights.

Before you lose everything you have built up.....

Level of Difficulty: Emperor restricted quest.

Quest Restrictions: Black Knight Emperor.

Compensation: All stats will increase by 2.

'Indeed. It led to this type of quest.'

Bardray was conflicted.

He was greedy for stats but didn't know where this was leading.

'The characteristics of a black knight. Should I cut it off here? It is an emperor restricted quest so nobody will know.'

He accepted the quest.

It wasn't ideal to take a person's life but it was common for 10 people to die while hunting.

And he accomplished the quest in three days!

The next quest was called 'Rebels' Scheme.' The quest required taking the lives of 100 knights and two nobles. It increased all his

stats by 5 and the reward was equivalent to gaining 1 level.

‘Enormous. It isn’t easy to gain 1 level.’

Bardray was indifferent to the death of his subordinates.

The Hermes Guild ruled an empire and could generate an endless number of resources. He would take advantage of them to grow.

‘I shall embrace these quests. The problem is getting information for these quests.’

He was becoming more uncertain about the quests. He could consult with Lafaye but there were disadvantages to such an action.

Some of the disadvantages of the black knight profession was that security and rebellions became worse when Bardray emerged as the emperor.

It was suggested that someone with a different profession be appointed for the sake of establishing peace.

‘There is no need to divide the Hermes Guild. This will just give justification to potential rivals.’

Bardray decided to think for himself.

‘I will accept the quests.’

Although there would be slight damage to the Haven Empire, it would be worth it if the levels increased. Their sacrifices would be used to increase his own strength.

And then another quest occurred.

-Check the Rebel Groups

Ashton Castle has maintained a high security.

The residents appreciate the emperor.

But the incompetent guards don’t know that rebels have infiltrated the castle.

Get rid of them before there is betrayal.

If security is 7% lower...they will be discovered.

Level of Difficulty: Emperor restricted quest.

Quest Restrictions: Black Knight Emperor.

Compensation: All stats will increase by 5.

Skill proficiency will increase by 35% for 15 days.

‘It has changed a little bit. But the reward is still good.’

After accepting the quest, Bardray thought about how to lower the security of Ashton Castle.

It wasn't a quest where he needed to take the lives of knights.

‘Should I directly speak to the lord there? They will listen to my commands. But they might report it directly.’

He needed to do it without Lafaye and the other members of the Hermes Guild knowing.

‘I might have to give up.’

Bardray kept thinking about Ashton Castle while hunting.

This would be something that would cut away at the Haven Empire. But it would make him rapidly stronger! A unique strength on the Versailles Continent that no one could handle.

He didn't care about Ashton Castle.

‘People will eventually become enthusiastic after I am strong.’

Bardray took some knights and went hunting in famous dungeons near Ashton Castle.

He used the excuse of the dungeon hunt to get military support from Ashton Castle.

He contacted the lord of Ashton Castle instead of the Hermes Guild's network.

They were very inspired by being able to join Bardray's hunt.

Bardray spoke with fake concern.

“Lord-nim, I heard rebels are happening.”

“Huhu, those guys are no big deal and are easily suppressed. Bardray-nim doesn’t need to worry about this.”

“But I still feel sorry.”

“Every resident here is loyal and are willing to do this.”

The lord didn’t have any worries.

Bardray was here so they would win even if rebels attacked.

-Check the Rebel Groups has been completed.

The rebels in Ashton Castle have finally revealed themselves.

Even though they are weak presences like butlers, cooks and maids.....

If you leave them then they will grow up like poisonous mushrooms and might someday threaten you.

Be alert.

Don’t rest even for a short time.

As an emperor, you need to plant bone-tingling fear into the residents.

The quest reward has increased all stats by 5.

Skill proficiency and experience rate will increase for 15 days.

The quest then appeared to suppress the rebels at Ashton Castle so Bardray said after the dungeon hunt.

“I will be happy to help fight against the rebels with some of my knights.”

“No. I can’t trouble you like that.”

“This is my fate.”

“Then I will gratefully accept.”

The Imperial Knights easily handled the rebels.

It wasn't enough to cause him worry.

The Imperial Knights were NPCs loyal to the emperor and the empire.

The knights were willing to perform any command, no matter how simple it was. A few NPCs in Ashton Castle lost their lives but the lord didn't protest.

‘The knights have taken care of the rebels. Bardray-nim is increasing his popularity among the NPCs.....’

From the lord's perspective, this would give more benefits than harm.

Bardray was repaid hundreds of times.

-The rebels have been completely eradicated.

No one can oppose the emperor's reign.

Uproot those hiding in the shadows.

The quest reward has increased honour by 16.

Fighting Spirit has increased by 7.

There is a perfect harmony between the body and mind.

Your combat capabilities will increase by 7% for a week.

Bardray completed the black knight quests and was constantly getting stronger.

TO BE CONTINUED

Book 44: *Great Master*

Chapter 1: Waking Up The God Of War

Weed entered a dungeon where Hermes Guild members were hunting.

“I can’t believe in this world because I will someday be hit in the back of the head.”

Those who didn’t have strong convictions would suffer losses.

“Bahamorg, sweep everything up!”

“Okay!”

“Goldman and Eltin will fire arrows. Seville, Vindex and Gernika will penetrate the centre with Bahamorg! It is a blitz attack.”

The vast lands of the Haven Empire meant there were many places to find Hermes Guild users. There were many fresh prey scattered around widely known dungeons.

“W-Weed!”

“Sculpting Blade!”

Bahamorg and the sculptural lifeforms broke through! The Daemon Sword in Weed’s hands exposed his identity as he cut down the Hermes Guild users.

“Yellowy, make sure to pick up the loot. This is the most important mission!”

“Ummooooooooo!”

The Hermes Guild users were in a state of emergency whenever Weed and the sculptural lifeforms appeared.

The bounty hunters also flocked like moths to a flame.

However, he had already secured a clear retreat by scouting the area before taking action. He could hunt at lightning speed with no regrets.

As well as the area around Formos Castle, Weed hunted in the

entire region of the Central Continent. The area turned into a mess every time he appeared.

It was risky but the income was worth it.

“The difficult dungeons and hunting grounds are good places to find Hermes Guild users. Quality is better than quantity so I should grab the strong guys.”

He also met with the knight commander of Rabenta Castle. A Hermes Guild user who was level 485. A famous user who won countless wars in the Central Continent.

“I knew you would appear one day. Come. King Weed of the Arpen Kingdom.”

“I won’t pay the dungeon’s entrance fee. You have no conscience and only care about your own greed!”

“Slander. Even though we are enemies, you should still be courteous to the opponent!”

“What are you talking about? I am so envious that I am praising you!”

Bilsu the knight was surrounded by Weed, Bahamorg, Seo-yoon, Seville, Gernika, Eltin, Silver Bird and White Tiger.

“You speak too much. A knight should speak with their sword. I, Knight Bilsu, challenge Weed to a fight.”

-Do you want to accept the honourable duel?

If you win in the showdown with Knight Bilsu of Rabenta Castle, rewards such as fame, stats and honour can be obtained.

If you refuse to fight then honour and charisma will decrease.

“Why should I accept this duel? The labour costs.....”

“I know you can wipe out the knights. I will give you the Gloves of Extinguished Flames.”

“Bring it on. Well, I can get it if I kill you.”

Weed and Bilsu had their confrontation in a wide, open space.

“Ahup. Intensive counterattack!”

Bilsu unexpectedly jumped at him with his shield.

The basic way for a knight to fight was to take advantage of their strong defense. In a war, ordinary soldiers wouldn't be able to deal with any knights with outstanding defense.

Bilsu intended to use continuous attacks to drive back the opponent.

Weed was full of admiration.

‘These simple attacks...he has clearly lived an honest life! He was probably a good student when he was a child.’

Bilsu was a good knight but victory was impossible for him.

Combat stats, skills and levels. His growth was substantially balanced in those three areas. Just like Weed, they even defeated the basic, beginner and intermediate training centre.

The top ranked members of the Hermes Guild would certainly be pursuing a solid growth process. They pursued strength in the hunting grounds.

‘Only a fool would use such a straightforward attack. A good trap.’

No matter how strong the body, it didn't mean the person was invincible. The abilities of people doing physical activities like boxing, judo or martial arts would deviate depending on mentality and skills.

Weed had studied the system and movements of Royal Road early on. His senses and mental ability grew as he learned the sword. Pursing invisible strength, not just stats and skill level. Regular users could show the result of hard work.

Weed obtained information about the Versailles Continent from Seo-yoon.

Weed invaded the dungeon after killing Bilsu. An invasion where he gained experience and loot!

Weed continued moving despite the 70 million bounty that the Hermes Guild put on him. There was even the position of a lord so the general users also aimed at him. Dealing with them meant his infamy increased and he obtained the red murderer mark.

In order to get rid of this state, he needed to focus on the players of the Hermes Guild.

Seo-yoon arranged their plans by looking at the information on the bulletin boards and the Dark Gamers Union.

“We should check Chekram Dungeon at 1 o’clock and then the Valley of Wind at 2.30.”

“Why there?”

“I got information about the Haven Empire’s tax transportation route. I have high confidence in this information.”

“Let’s go!”

Weed moved on to his next targets in the Hermes Guild!

But the Hermes Guild and bounty hunters always had a fast response.

They had always been living from a position of strength. They wouldn’t keep being defenseless.

‘This dungeon is famous enough for Weed to come here.’

‘He will come here. Sprinkle poison on a trap and have reinforcements close by.’

They all thought of a few ways to fight Weed.

In addition, many people exchanged information with their close friends to prepare for Weed’s emergence.

The Central Continent was huge but there were enough individuals to cover it. They stepped up precautions in any places

that Weed might appear.

The main lords waited with elite troops that could be dispatched if they heard Weed was in the area.

The general users coveted the enormous bounty while the lords wanted to gain the best achievements in the empire.

A situation where the entire Central Continent was a hyena aiming at Weed!

Some users wanted to help Weed or cheered him on, but their strength was weak.

-Those who help Weed will be executed. In addition, any house or store owned in a city will be closed and destroyed.

The general users didn't dare do anything due to fear of retaliation by the Hermes Guild. The rebels didn't help Weed because they were the main targets anymore.

The places where Weed could stand in the Central Continent were gradually being reduced.

“This isn't right. A large group is using all their power against an individual.”

Weed had realized the pain of dealing with a prestigious guild in Continent of Magic. They were sensitive to attacks from others.

“I've gained a lot from raiding the dungeons so now I will go to the next step!”

He would be caught if he continued doing the same thing. It was time to take the next step against the Hermes Guild.

Of course, now he would strongly hit them.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Dammit. Damn. That bastard!”

Deckard, the lord of Formos Castle didn't like this.

“Why is he appearing in my land?”

Gold Mine Dungeon, Atarog's Lair.

Two places where the Hermes Guild received a surprise attack. The area became more famous because the stations covered it but he was troubled as a lord.

‘The people around me are incompetent.’

Formos Castle was an important piece of territory to the Haven Empire. The admission fee from the dungeons alone was in the tens of millions. Residents paid taxes, merchants the trading fee and the profit from the mines and farms meant that Formos Castle had a huge income.

The reason it could reap so much benefits was because there were a lot of great dungeons nearby. The Haineph Mountains was developed and there were a number of production facilities in the area.

Deckard had been part of the Black Lion Guild but left as soon as the tides turned against them. He helped the Hermes Guild and was able to maintain his territory after the Tullen Kingdom was swallowed by the Haven Empire.

Deckard firmly maintained his hold on Formos Castle.

He lived a successful life with no regrets until Weed.

“Won't the Hermes Guild use this as an opportunity to get rid of me? Hunting hounds aren't required. Formos Castle is my territory. I won't let anyone take it.”

Deckard was locked in worry.

“Should I send aid to the rebels? The Haven Empire is slowly rocking from instability. If the Haven Empire collapsed later on then I could move this in a favourable direction.”

However, it was still too early to judge whether the Haven Empire would stay healthy and well.

“Then I should fight against the rebels.”

He decided to show his power to the Hermes Guild by leading the castle's troops to sweep up the rebels.

The attention on Formos Castle hadn't disappeared yet.

He thought his position would become more firm if he wiped out the rebels.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

20,000 mercenaries. Formos Castle's 20,000 elite troops. Deckard led 60,00 troops to a fortress near the Haineph Mountains.

The lord was able to mobilize its military power. Only 10,000 elite crossbow troops remained at Formos Castle.

In addition, there were many users of the Hermes Guild and Beden Guild. Many jumped at the opportunity to strike against the rebels.

“Rebels?”

“I heard the rebels are retreating to the outlying villages.”

“Let's go. Wipe out those fleeing!”

Deckard's army fought against the rebels outside the occupied areas.

Some troops took over the villages and they fell under the reign of Formos Castle.

-The rebels of Salt Well Village has been annihilated.

Even children and the elderly who belonged to the rebels weren't spared from the cruel actions.

-The lord and his army's infamy has increased by 26.

-Charisma of the lord has increased by 1.

-Security in nearby areas will recover by 26.

Deckard chopped up the rebels in just one day!

“Commanding something like this is fun.”

It had been a while since Deckard led an army so he had fun.

He had experience with large scale combat when the Black Lion Guild took over the Tullen Kingdom.

He set out with his troops, mercenaries and members of the Hermes Guild.

Fighting against rebels was simple but there were much more users due to the news that Weed had appeared near Formos Castle.

Deckard looked at his lieutenant.

A NPC who was appointed to give reports on the territory and had an excellent ability to handle subordinates.

All lords had a number of talented lieutenants to manage administrative duties.

“The status of Formos Castle?”

“It is silent. There has been no movement at the main entrances at all.”

“I will sweep up the rebels quickly. Let’s return after fighting for one more day.”

The rebels consisted of thousands of people but Deckard only faced a small force. Still, it felt good to restore some of the security in the area.

“There are reports of a rebel presence in the mining villages in the Haineph Mountains.”

“The scale?”

“More than 3,000 people in 3 villages.”

“Send 40,000 troops to subjugate them. It will be annoying if they run off to the area controlled by bandits so make sure to eradicate them.”

“I understand.”

40,000 troops moved to the Haineph Mountains.

And later that afternoon. Deckard received an urgent report from the army.

“The troops sent into the Haineph Mountains are fighting.”

“What?”

“They are surrounded by 60,000 rebels and the attack is in progress.”

Deckard thought for a moment.

‘The elite mountain troops. I spent a lot of money to train them. I know that sometimes battles with rebels won’t occur on the plains.’

They were troops used to irregular fighting.

“Even so, I need to reduce the damage a little more. We need to completely suppress the rebels in this area.”

“A brilliant decision.”

Deckard led his army to save the troops in the mountains.

An hour at best.

But when he arrived, they had already been wiped out by the rebels.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed met with the rebels active in Tullen Kingdom.

“Taking command...well, what is the reason?”

“It will be a great honour to have the merciful King of the North rule us.”

“But the troops seem to be insufficient.”

“We are scattered in order to escape the scrutiny of the army. However, more people will join if Your Majesty leads us.”

“Okay, I will rule over you.”

Ddiring!

-You have become the head of the rebels.

Weed reorganized the rebels.

There were former soldiers, mercenaries, hunters and the general public.

The rebels were a disorderly group holding iron swords and shields.

The number of people was 5,500.

‘There is no end to the training.’

Weed seriously considered the survival rate of his subordinates.

If his subordinates were a long-lasting battery then it would be more useful in the long run.

‘Death is death and living is living.’

Weed put small villages near Formos Castle in the hands of the rebels.

The residents inside the village refused to defend the Haven Empire.

Even if he didn’t come out in combat directly, his commanding abilities increased the capabilities of the rebels.

The rebels increased to 60,000 in no time.

“Please work with me to fight against the Haven Empire.”

“I know of your reputation. We will join.”

The other rebel forces joined him.

This time Weed heard that elite troops had left Formos Castle to fight the rebels.

“100,000 elite troops. There isn’t the slightest chance of winning this fight. The answer is to make more troops.”

A minimal amount of defense forces were left at each village to prevent subjugation. But the battles would be so small it would just

be a minor brawl.

He only felt regret instead of satisfaction after conquering the small villages.

And the rebel uprising in the mountain region! It was a smaller scale but some troops were sent to the mountains. The uprising happened deep in the Haineph Mountains.

The Hermes Guild users were mobilized to besiege the rebels.

“Get rid of these guys!”

Weed’s Lion’s Roar!

The rebels weren’t as strong but the sculptural lifeforms were mobilized to remove Deckard’s mountain troopers.

Nevertheless, the rebels ended up retreating after some were killed. It was indeed the definition of a disorderly group.

Then Weed pulled out some equipment he had been saving. The necromancer who led the Immortal Legion, Barkhan’s full set! He immediately used Sculpture Transformation into a lich and wore Barkhan’s boots, cloak, robe, ring and necklace.

-The magic of a necromancer will increase by 267%.

-Wisdom and knowledge will increase and other stats reduced depending on the nature of a lich.

Health will become higher depending on the magic force.

Health and mana can be absorbed.

“Kuhuhuhu.”

A laugh flowed from Weed’s mouth.

“It is better for the weak rebels to become undead. Come back to the land you used to live in. This is a dark and corrupt land. Help spread the laws of darkness. Undead Rise!”

Magic to turn them undead! The dead were revived. The bodies of the rebels and Haven Empire soldiers turned into dullahans and

death knights.

Weed's magic power was high but the weak rebels were bad ingredients. Even so, there were more than 1,000 undead summoned.

"Calling Death Knight Van Hawk!"

"You called."

"Lead the kids in the fight."

"I was the commander of the Dark Legion and an Abyss Knight born in the depths of the abyss of despair.

"So?"

"Those are children who still have dirt on their heads. The ribs aren't even rotten yet."

Van Hawk's disobedience!

This time he tried to convince Weed with words.

"Is that right?"

"....."

"Do you want to be hit today? No, you will be hit for a year."

"This is lacking compared to the Dark Legion but I will do my best."

Van Hawk respectfully bowed. Weed was wearing Barkhan's full set so Van Hawk couldn't refuse his charisma.

"The darkness that doesn't spread any light, the awakened dead who dwell in this place. Death Aura!"

Weed touched the skull wand to the ground. One of the Barkhan's 3 magic spells that could strengthen the undead!

The ground shook like an earthquake was happening and the cracks steadily spread. Pure dark smoke emerged like sulfur fumes and wound around the undead.

The mediocre dullahans changed as their bones became thicker and harder. There was no need to mention the death knights. They were even wearing swords and armour.

-Death Aura has been triggered.

The undead have recovered a little bit of their intellect.

They can endure more attacks.

The longing for life and blood will increase the destructive power.

34,983 mana has been consumed.

It was a mana consumption that he could afford.

“Go. Sweep them all!”

“Kugelgelgel.”

“I’ll eat their hearts.”

Under Van Hawk’s leadership, the undead army fought with the mountain troopers.

Weed always ignored the death knight Van Hawk. His value was the ability to command and control all undead forces.

The death knights led by Van Hawk penetrated enemy lines in an instant.

The mountain troopers were optimized for fighting in forests and mountains. But they weren’t armoured infantry and were unable to break through the dark knights.

-8,391 health and mana has been absorbed due to the activities of the undead.

Maximum health has increased by 2,650.

The effect of Death Aura!

A lich had an endless source of health and mana.

The basic undead meant a full-scale battle could now begin.

-49 undead couldn't withstand the hits and have been destroyed.

They will rise again with a more intense hostility.

Weed used the Summon Undead spell again.

There were bodies everywhere and this time 300 doom knights were summoned. The original skeletons developed into more advanced troops.

The doom knights fell to their knees in front of Weed.

"A glorious master we can't escape even in death, we are immortal warriors who will keep worshipping you."

Weed received the respect of the undead with high intelligence. Barkhan's full set meant there wasn't a lot of risk associating with the undead.

"You know what to do right?"

"Annihilate the enemies and make them live in an eternal hell."

"Go. Sweep them all away!"

A power emerged that the mountain troopers couldn't withstand.

The doom knights with Death Aura around them attacked quickly and gained their health. Weed didn't absorb the health and mana so it was shared among the undead.

An overwhelming offense that made it impossible to exterminate the undead.

One of the unique features of a necromancer was to win against those weaker with almost no damage.

Of course, a necromancer couldn't always create an army. Undead or advanced golems would be used to explore the dungeons and plains.

But raising an army of thousands of undead was more to Weed's taste!

"My law of darkness governs this land. The power of eternal

immortality is grasped, Dark Rule!”

Weed cast Barkhan’s 2nd spell when he had enough mana. The spell constantly summoned undead from the corpses. The dead would rise back up as undead and attack their previous colleagues.

Holy magic couldn’t unfold anymore and the undead legion was unbeatable.

“Your task is to rebuild the Tullen Kingdom. Make a siege to prevent anyone from escaping.”

“Yes, I understand.”

“Just please spare our lives.”

The rebels trembled with fear as they moved around the battlefield. They were frightened when looking at the battle between the undead and mountain troopers.

“I thought Weed was a good man. He is actually the devil.”

“It is wrong. We will get devoured.”

Ddirring!

-Panicked rumours are circulating.

The story of the undead has spread.

Infamy has increased by 4,391.

The side effect of being a necromancer!

Humans were filled with fear when seeing the undead and thus became difficult to manage.

If he continued using the undead or staying as a lich then there would be strong side-effects.

“But sometimes it is worth eating junk food.”

Weed watched as the mountain troopers slowly fell.

Early on they had an advantage against the rebels but after Van Hawk and the doom knights joined, they couldn’t hold out any

longer and were quickly destroyed.

The undead were affected by Dark Rule and serious injuries to the mountain troopers.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwang!

People were also injured when the corpses exploded. Weed felt a thrill at the scene of destruction.

There were 2,000 skeleton archers that fired arrows. Even the swords of the mountain troopers were broken in just 20 seconds. The mountain troopers had no way to deal with the arrows.

-Your eyes have seen death and intelligence has permanently increased by 2.

And the number of undead went over 20,000.

Ddirring!

-The amount of undead you are controlling is reaching the limits of your faith.

If you create more undead then it will lead to the fierce anger of the gods.

If you give up on ruling the undead then they will be taken over by instincts and indiscriminately slaughter.

Barkhan's necromancer set meant the undead were strengthened and he could summon more. But there was a limit because Weed's faith was too high.

"There is no need for a president to do everything."

Weed placed Van Hawk as the commander of the undead legion.

"Stand up straight! The skeleton soldiers of the Kallamore Kingdom aren't stupid like you!"

Van Hawk was able to govern the undead.

As an abyss knight, he once ruled over an army of 100,000 undead. As a death knight, he could only lead 30,000.

“The numbers are already sufficient. A fast and powerful army needs to be created for battle.

The rotten bones of the skeleton were too weak if the war continued. At this point, he needed to think of quality over quantity.

The mountain troopers continued to decline while the undead evolved. Death Aura wrapped around the undead helped them grow.

“Tweet tweet tweet, new enemies are approaching from far away.”

Silver Bird scouting in the sky flew to him and reported. Silver Bird looked like a sparrow that had been painted from far away.

“Then prepare for another group.”

Weed created a trap.

“Those who haven’t died, hide your existence to give a false welcome. Fake Shadow!”

The mountain troopers and rebels had been turned into undead. Barkhan’s magic gave them the appearance of humans again. The skeletons wore normal clothes and wielded weapons.

But if someone looked closely then they could tell the movements of the limbs were unnatural.

“If they fall into the trap then I won’t lose anything. And then the necromancer’s magic.....”

Weed glanced at Barkhan’s tome.

A necromancer’s diverse magic! A lot of knowledge and wisdom about the old days was missing as the magic wasn’t written down.

“I will help. It will be properly lethal.”

Weed used a vile magic from the magic tome.

“Oh you dead, this is your final revenge. Life Bomb!”

The heart or head of approximately 200 undead shone red.

It was a magic that reconfigured the body to make it a bomb! Unlike the other necromancers' corpse explosions, these undead could move. Of course, their movements would slow down after the explosion.

Weed planted the undead with bombs whenever his mana was recharged through Death Aura. Bombs were planted in ghouls, zombies, dullahans and death knights.

A necromancer was an original profession that didn't harmonize well with colleagues. Although it wasn't strong in a small fight, it was quite useful in a large war.

"Silver Bird, how far away are the enemies?"

"10 minutes."

"Then I should decorate the stage."

There were only 3,000 mountain troopers left while the rebels had at least 34,000. There were approximately 12,000 undead.

Weed instructed Van Hawk to make it seem like the undead rebels and undead mountain troopers were fighting.

The undead sparred among themselves. But there were some weak points.

The dullahans fighting among themselves kept cutting off limbs. And if the undead fell, they continued to get up and fight.

"Do it slowly! And those who fall, don't get up and just lay there!"

Van Hawk questioned why Weed gave such strange commands.

"Why should we do this instead of making a large formation? I can't understand it. Explain."

"Stop bothering me. Pick a number between 1 million to 20 million."

“Why?”

“I will hit you that number of times.”

Weed wasn’t the type to allow his subordinates to be ambitious.

In the case of Yellowy, Weed threatened him with being eaten while he verbally abused Bingryong and the wyverns. Every time the price of gold rose, he threatened Goldman with being sold.

As Van Hawk was a boss monster in the beginning, Van Hawk was often made to surrender through beatings.

From that point on, he became familiar with becoming a punching bag.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Deckard arrived with 54,000 troops.

Some were left behind to govern the conquered villages.

Deckard raised his sword while riding a horse.

“Our allies are in danger. Slaughter the rebels!”

“Understood. Charge!”

The knights started the assault after hearing the command. The 20,000 knights were followed by spearmen, armoured infantry and soldiers.

“Attack any rebels that run away.”

Deckard led his army directly behind the knights.

“The Haven Empire dogs have come, kueek!”

“Aaaaah, spare me I surrender!”

The Haven Empire’s army attacked the rebels without hesitation.

“Too weak.”

“They are just ordinary farmers gathered together. Having this much firepower to face them is ridiculous.”

The Hermes Guild users thought they could suppress the rebels in 30 minutes.

“Rescue our allies!”

The knights moved into enemy territory in order to save the mountain troopers. The rebels couldn't resist and fell to the knights.

The movements of the rebels were awkward but they thought it was just due to fear. The eyes and skin tone were dark but the knights didn't have time to look closely while attacking.

The Hermes Guild were too busy entering the battlefield to pay much attention. They took advantage of wide area attacks to kill dozens at a time.

Furthermore, the battle was starting just as the sun went down.

“Don't worry. We will help you.”

The knights rescued a group of isolated mountain troopers.

“What is that smell?”

“A ghastly stench. It is like a rotting body.....”

Then the mountain troopers lifted their arms.

“Kueeeeeh.”

“Hukiiiiiii, the warm smell of human blood.”

The mountain troopers headed to the knights.

“Huh?”

The mountain troopers hugged the knights.

And.....

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The rebels and mountain troopers exploded in unison. A sixth of Deckard's army went flying and there were few survivors among the knights. The mountain troopers and rebels were revealed as

undead to Deckard.

“It is a trap!”

The soldiers tried their best to live. But the undead was all around them.

“Kueh...the smell of blood.”

Deckard's knights were born again as undead thanks to Dark Rule. They hit the backs of their former colleagues.

Weed watched from a distance and didn't command the new undead.

“They are familiar with fighting. Even it is just rough fighting.”

The experience in the previous life was important to the undead. They attacked Deckard's army that was nearby.

There was no need for the commander to use tactics to destroy the enemy. This land had already seen a lot of death.

“Then let's get a bigger harvest. Corpse Explosion!”

Weed used explosion whenever a large amount of Deckard's army was gathered.

“Sticky blood, End of the Mist, Bloody Arrow!”

He flung black magic at Deckard's army.

Experience was accumulated! Black magic skill proficiency was only built up when he was an undead so it was a shame.

“My aptitude fits a warlock or necromancer.”

If he hadn't become a sculptor then Weed would always have such a large and disorderly army.

He would even summon the devil!

“Where is the necromancer?”

“H-him!”

The users of the Hermes Guild struggling against the undead

belatedly discovered Weed.

“It will end if we kill the necromancer. Concentrate all attacks over there!”

“Mercenaries and heavy armored infantry, thrust! Victory is in sight.”

Instead of the undead, Deckard’s army marched towards Weed. The undead blocking them kept collapsing only to get up again.

Dark Rule and Death Aura’s bloody havoc!

The battle unfolded on the dark and gloomy earth. The undead were becoming increasingly more rigid.

Necromancers were good in large military situations but were vulnerable.

The Hermes Guild users aimed magic attacks towards Weed. The magic attacks directly hit the necromancer.

But....

Ddirring!

-The magic was interrupted.

All mana flow in this region is being dominated by the necromancer.

Due to the mana reflux, health has decreased by 21% and mana decreased by 36%.

The lost mana has been absorbed by the necromancer.

This was one of Barkhan’s 3 spells, Absolute Magic Defense! The wizards collapsed on the spot.

“Cough...how did this happen?”

“I can’t believe it. Who the hell is he?”

“Absolute Magic Defense! A spell that requires the blood of at least 4 necromancers...the other conditions are so high that not

even Krobidyun can use it.”

“Look at that robe. Where have I seen it before?”

Weed’s equipment caught the eyes of the magicians.

“The Immortal Legion?

“B-Barkhan’s full set!”

“Weed the God of War!”

They correctly guessed that the person wearing Barkhan’s equipment and using his skills was Weed.

The Hermes Guild knew that Weed could act as a necromancer.

They weren’t worried about a one on one fight between Weed and Bardray. Even if he used Sculpture Transformation to change to another species or profession, he couldn’t overcome Bardray.

But if he was a necromancer with an endless amount of undead then he could potentially push back Bardray and the Royal Guards. It was complex and required multiple conditions but could create a very dangerous situation.

The Hermes Guild was careful to prevent such a situation. They had confidence in fighting the necromancer Weed!

But the endlessly rising undead ate away at the troops of Formos Castle. Van Hawk and the dark knights ran across the battlefield and took the lives of the Hermes Guild users.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Kueeh.....”

“B-blood.”

After wiping out Deckard’s army, Weed led the undead towards Formos Castle.

“The undead are attacking!”

50,000 undead were marching. The undead didn’t need to take a

break so they arrived very quickly.

Most people felt an unusual aura drifting around the undead army.

Rumours had spread to Formos Castle that Weed defeated Deckard's army. General users came to the vicinity of the castle to watch.

"We should make a bet. Who do you think?"

"3 gold on Weed."

"I have 700 gold."

"Hey, I have 2 billion gold."

Formos Castle had 10,000 defense forces.

There was a chance of the Haven Empire's army falling in the short term so Hermes Guild users flocked like vultures.

Weed used a necromancer's spell.

"All the flow of mana, use these lives as sacrifices and move in accordance to the principles of destruction!"

Absolute Magic Defense! An undead magic that wasn't detrimental.

Weed set the limits to a 400 metre radius and kept it going by sacrificing undead. Weed gave a final command.

"Go, undead. Sweep them all!"

The skeletons climbing the walls weren't scared of falling or arrows.

They united to attack the gates while doom knights summoned skeletal horses to jump over the walls.

Weed restored his mana thanks to Death Aura.

"Remnants of Darkness, Frost Soil, Blindness, Summon Hell Vampires!"

He cast vicious spells towards the guards of Formos Castle.

Many Hermes Guild and Beden Guild members in the castle lost their lives against the power of the undead.

Before long, their bodies became powerful doom knights.

The volunteers gathered in Formos Castle were completely defeated. It was 50,000 against 10,000 but the destruction became faster as the defense forces became undead.

“Ah.....”

“The undead are really finished. They are stimulated by the necromancers.”

The watching users were appalled. The undead were undaunted by arrows and swords and rushed towards 5~6 enemies at once. It was different from a common battle where people defended their lives.

Weed directed the undead and isolated the troops controlling the walls. They couldn't help protect Formos Castle's walls.

-Formos Castle in the Haven Empire has been taken.

The defense forces collapsed.

An army of invaders led by a lich has captured the castle.

A ghastly fear has been implanted in the residents.

Of course, they have to survive to feel such a horror.

-You conquered the castle as a lich necromancer with an army of undead.

Faith has been reduced by 24.

Honour has decreased by 17.

13 courage has disappeared.

The gods won't give you blessings for 41 days.

Infamy as increased by 15,391.

Power of the dead has increased by 311.

The skill Power to Reject Death has reached beginner level 5.

“Tremendous damage.”

A normal conquest would give fame, leadership and considerable combat experience. The knights would often get combat skills or leadership skills.

“It is unfortunate. But I can’t often play as a necromancer. Well, I shouldn’t worry about something like this.”

Although he conquered Formos Castle, this was the Central Continent so Weed couldn’t keep it.

The users watching Formos Castle all had one thought.

“It is over. Formos Castle will disappear today.”

They believed that the undead army would thoroughly kill and loot the residents before burning the city. The undead would pull down the buildings and walls until it was impossible to recover.

This was the best way to inflict maximum damage to the Haven Empire. The residents would suffer economic losses while those in production like farmers and craftsmen would disappear.

Destabilizing the region would cause a huge setback to the empire. It was an opportunity to delete the developed Formos Castle from the Versailles Continent forever.

Weed thought differently.

“Money is the best emotional revenge.”

It was silly to always have the same habits.

“I need to walk a straight line as closely as possible. Move at full speed from now on.”

Weed led the undead army to rob Formos Castle’s armoury and warehouses.

There were weapons of war, grain, horses and other things

stacked. Formos Castle had enormous amounts of wealth, iron, silver and magic sealed items.

Lord Deckard bought them for merchants and will sell them when the price rose.

“Van Hawk.”

“I understand. Everything will burn in a fire.”

“You are crazy. Just have the death knights create carriages. Load as much as possible. But we should only take one tenths.”

“.....”

The purpose of conquering the castle wasn't slaughter and arson.

The undead retreated after looting the warehouses with Formos Castle intact.

“No matter how angry, we need to think rationally. The residents didn't do anything wrong.”

Killing residents of the Versailles Continent would just accumulate infamy. Weed already had infamy from acting as a necromancer so he didn't want to add anymore unnecessary infamy.

In his days as ruler of the desert, he didn't hesitate to burn down the cities. However, it was pointless to play with fire right now.

“I need to maintain a good relationship with the locals. There is still a bounty on my head but I should have the spirit of mutual aid.”

No matter how petty and dirty, he had patiently delivered milk and newspapers. Weed needed to live on the Versailles Continent so he couldn't make an error. Or else he might be hit in the back of the head.

After Weed left the castle, the users looted the remaining warehouses.

“Wah...isn’t there too much piled up? Hermes Guild, Beden Guild. They are truly vicious.”

“But no one is guarding this?”

The guards were wiped out.

The users stealthily moved and picked up a few things from the warehouses.

“How much?”

“Unbelievably expensive. These glowing beads.”

“Is it okay to steal them? Those guys might retaliate.”

“How would they know who did it? Aren’t all the users in this castle killed?”

In the next moment, the users started gathering things from Formos Castle. The antiques, artwork and even the rugs were looted.

Those who belonged to the Haven Empire had to pay high taxes and a dungeon entry fee.

The bad feelings piled up meant they started looting without hesitation.

Chapter 2: Seo-Yoon's Father

A large event took place at Formos Castle!

Weed caused a large hit and the prestige of the Hermes Guild on the Versailles Continent fell once again.

The Haven Empire sent troops from nearby cities and recovered Formos Castle the next day, but there was no way of restoring their pride.

Angry users had cleaned out the warehouses and destroyed the city's facilities. This sight was relayed through the broadcasting stations and caused a huge embarrassment to the Haven Empire. And the anxiety of the Haven Empire grew even greater.

“We have to punish him. Let's ensure that he can't play freely anymore.”

“How long do we have to put up with this? Can he continue acting so boldly on the Central Continent with no retaliation? Since when has the Hermes Guild been so weak?”

All the leaders and main lords of the Hermes Guild were gathered. They wanted to put measures in place to deal with Weed and raise the security.

Weed's bounty was increased to 100 million gold, a position of a city lord and the highest grade equipment. Senior magicians and assassins were dispatched to track him.

“Operation name is Big Bear Hunting.”

Lafaye thought there was little chance they could catch the elusive Weed. It would be very difficult to track Weed based on his skill, speed and judgement.

Instead, death traps were placed in areas where he was likely to emerge. The group of leaders strongly promoted the idea of dispatching trackers.

‘If we locate that guy then we can make him fall from the sky.’

There were many people in the Hermes Guild who desired to fight Weed. The highest levels were given resources and only one mission.

Chase Weed’s trail through the continent. His opportunities would shrink and one day they would catch him. Weed’s actions in the Central Continent would be narrowed.

Lafaye pulled out a map of the continent.

“There is a fundamental part that we need to work on. The weakening of the Haven Empire. Our empire is becoming increasingly weak.”

“Weakening of the empire? The military is winning almost all fights against rebels. Our army is getting stronger every day and it is only a matter of time until we conquer the entire continent.”

The leaders immediately objected.

There were many lords and war heroes among the leaders of the Hermes Guild.

“Are you worried about the rebels? Those guys are just noisy.”

“I agree. They will never get back together. We will show them what it means for the strong to step on the weak. There is no need to bother talking about the weakening of the empire.”

They thought that many troublesome things were happening in the Haven Empire. But it was just a temporary disturbance due to the unification of the continent.

Rebels were emerging everywhere but they were being overwhelming by the military. The prestigious guild would just step on them like playing whack-a-mole.

The Hermes Guild were experienced with war. They didn’t think they would be defeated in these battles.

After conquering the Central Continent, they had ruled perfectly

over the Haven Empire. The reason it was difficult to conquer the north was due to the long distance. If they didn't have to keep a large number of troops on the Central Continent then the north wouldn't be able to resist.

As powerful warlords on the Versailles Continent, they had great pride in themselves. They were given noble titles like Earl, Marquis and Duke.

With the exception of Bardray, they were stronger than most users. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that all the powerhouses of the Versailles Continent were gathered in the Hermes Guild. Lafaye met the eyes of the leaders and lords.

"You are not listening to me. The army of the Haven Empire is arguably stronger. We have the strongest forces on the continent. But the real problem is the empire's economy weakening."

Lafaye thought seriously about the internal affairs of the Haven Empire.

"If you look at the statistics from the early days of the Haven Empire, the tax revenue for one month was around 1.3 billion gold.

"Isn't that a lot?"

"Yes. It was truly an astronomical amount of money for the early days of Royal Road. We moved from only having 10 gold to running a successful city. Prior to that, we were wandering through the mountains and forests to find leather."

The users closed their eyes and recalled that time.

Everyone had to start somewhere.

The leaders were busier than anyone as they lay the groundwork for the Hermes Guild. They wanted to become stronger than anyone else. The users developed villages through quests, trade flowed and they became active high ranking officials. The process was so clear it was like it occurred yesterday. The experience in Royal Road was more dramatic than the real world.

“These statistics were gathered from several sources and an exact amount can’t be given due to the number of users entering. But it is estimated that in the most active time of the Haven Kingdom, the monthly tax revenue reached approximately 2.4 billion gold.”

“It is amazing. That is a great amount of money.”

At that time, they received taxes from the Haven Kingdom as well as other large and small kingdoms.

The tax rate was high but there was economic growth from the great influx of users. Among the users, the nobles and lords started to get a firm grip on their position. As a prestigious guild, they had big plans and wanted the Kallamore Kingdom and Tullen Kingdom that had large populations.

They recruited an army and fought vigorously to gain more territory. The NPC royalty and nobility couldn’t do anything and the users expanded their military power.

Farm and ranches were destroyed while mines were closed. Residents were sacrificed and production facilities destroyed. Not to mention that trade started shrinking.

Young residents were conscripted and brought to the battlefield while a variety of professions only focused on making instruments of war.

From then on, the tax revenue of the Haven Kingdom and other kingdoms started to be reduced.

Lafaye, Bardray and most of the people of the Central Continent regarded this phenomenon lightly.

War and conquering the surrounding territories were given top priority so they didn’t have time to think about the economy. They had the simple logic of trampling on everything.

There was a fierce struggle for the Central Continent and the Hermes Guild ended up the winner.

So far there were no variables.

“We seized the Haven Kingdom, Kallamore Kingdom and then hit the other forces on the Central Continent. And although it was confidential, our tax revenue was approximately 8.8 billion gold shortly after unifying the Central Continent. That includes the admission fees into the cities and dungeons.”

“.....”

The gathered leaders and lords were in such shock that they couldn't say anything.

‘Didn't we also receive some investments from the outside?’

‘The value of virtual reality is growing every day. The Hermes Guild is already good enough to be called a corporation.’

The lords could guess through governing the cities but it was a shock to hear the figures firsthand.

Lafaye revealed one more piece of information that had been concealed.

“On the other hand, our information network estimates that the tax revenue for the Arpen Kingdom is around 20~30 million gold.”

“Huhuhu, the scale can't even be compared.”

“That much...is it even worth conquering?”

The lords laughed.

They could obtain that much tax revenue from the territory they ruled. The Arpen Kingdom had great population with the masses but they felt it was just an empty vessel.

However, Lafaye didn't laugh.

“There is a big difference in how we spend out tax revenue compared to the Arpen Kingdom. We have a much higher tax rate. If the Arpen Kingdom gathered taxes in the same manner as us then they would have at least 300 million gold.”

“There is still a large difference...”

The lords couldn't poke fun at 300 million gold. Nevertheless, it was still too small an amount compared to the Haven Empire.

But Lafaye's face was serious so they guessed that the story was larger.

“If you look closely then the real gap is actually reduced even more. Since unifying the Central Continent, the Haven Empire's tax income has been reducing rapidly.”

One of the lords asked.

“Is it due to the system? We could argue that there are less farms and mines.”

“That plays a part. However, the reduction in tax revenue caused by that is so negligible that it can be ignored.”

“Then the current tax revenue...”

“5.17 billion gold.”

“Hmmm.”

There was the sound of deep sighs.

8.8 billion and 5.1 billion gold was still a tremendous amount of money. But it had been reduced by 3.7 billion so it was the first time they felt it was a big problem.

The laughing faces they use to mock the Arpen Kingdom had stiffened.

Most of the tax revenue in their large and small territories were declining. They thought it was just temporary and would recover through economic reconstruction. But they didn't know that so much income had flown away.

Lafaye continued talking.

“In the meantime, we've done some wrongs and there has been a series of bad events. The taxes have continued being smoothly

collected despite the rebels. But despite the economic reconstruction, the tax revenue is continuing to decline rapidly.”

“There is no doubt.”

“How much has it reduced now?”

The lords asked urgently.

Lafaye honestly explained the seriousness of the situation.

“In one month, the total has been reduced by 300~400 million gold.”

“Absurd.....”

The leaders who already knew this information remained silent.

The lords tried to calculate it in their heads.

‘If the tax revenue decreases then my income will be less.’

There was even more to say.

Everyone’s full attention was on Lafaye.

“It is hard to list all the reasons for the tax reduction. The damage our competitors caused when they fell, damage to the cities, death of the residents, reduced production, rebels emerging and worsening security. Another big reason is that users don’t enjoy hunting in the Central Continent anymore.”

Those in Royal Road had a strong desire to become stronger.

But that heat cooled down after the Hermes Guild ruled over the Central Continent with their powerful military.

The people who wanted to play or go to resorts left.

The production workers and engineers didn’t work as hard as before.

It was natural that taxes would decrease if there wasn’t as much people entering the cities or dungeons.

Meanwhile, the lords were busy thinking.

‘This is similar to a real economy.’

‘Difficult. Economics...I should take some classes in economics.’

It was obvious that their economy was currently in a recession. They needed to someone make the economy run smoothly again.

Even so, the lords thought the Haven Empire still had a high tax revenue. In fact, they had accumulated an enormous wealth.

Lafaye’s words broke them from that delusion.

“As you know, a lot of money is required in order to maintain the Haven Empire. Maintaining essential infrastructure and military expenses. It is hard to estimate accurately but those costs alone exceeds 2 billion gold. We must subdue the rebels while investing in rebuilding the empire. In other words, soon we won’t be able to afford it.”

The Haven Empire that was a golden egg laying goose was in the worse situation.

Those who were vaguely smart were shaken. The tax revenue was a critical issue so the meeting room fell silent.

“The Haven Empire requires a large military power to suppress our enemies. However, the strength of our military is also a double-edged sword. It requires a huge maintenance cost and is a hindrance to economic growth. In the future, we have to maintain our current military and help the economy recover.

Lafaye clearly expressed his will.

In addition, he warned the lords who didn’t follow the Hermes Guild’s policies.

There were many lords in the Haven Empire. The so called founders of the Hermes Guild! They had a powerful army and were assigned a territory to rule by the guild. They committed resources to any wars of conquest. They contributed to the especially strong military power of the Central Continent.

The brave founders were given generous rewards and established a governance system. They ruled the new conquered lands far away from the centre where people rarely interfered. The lords appointed a permanent military force and collected taxes. They wanted to focus on wars for a completely unified continent.

All the lords appointed to the Hermes Guild were like this. The lords had a lot of people in their territory and many users envied them. This was motivation to reach a higher position in the guild. But these choices had caught up to them.

The lords were familiar with war and only worried about strengthening their military power, causing the economy to worsen. Young residents were recruited as soldiers and blacksmiths to create weapons.

The luxury goods market shrank by one third and the economic loss affected the whole empire.

‘First we have to establish a centralized government. And then carry out measures to revive the Central Continent.’

A variety of measures would be taken to rebuild the economy and they needed to ensure the lords followed it properly.

The lords were those who had high contributions when it came to conquering the Central Continent.

As a result, they heavily taxed the residents and stole the wealth instead of using it to rebuild the economy.

Although they were commanded to decrease the taxes, not even half the lords followed it. Of course, this was the fault of the irresponsible lords.

The traditional governance of the Central Continent was that those who had money had power.

Lafaye didn't want to bother with the Arpen Kingdom.

Information from the north indication that the number of users

were growing daily and production and adventuring were increasing briskly.

The atmosphere was quite different from the Haven Empire. The villages and cities would advance in the next 1~2 years and the economic situation might reverse.

When looking at just the tax revenue, their positions were unlikely to change but the speed of development couldn't be compared.

If the Central Continent continued deteriorating then the Northern Continent would rise like a sun.

“The empire won't fall down to an external invasion. But if we keep on fighting the rebels then the national power of the Haven Empire will gradually decline. In the future, we should pay more attention to internal affairs and the economy instead of war.

They decided to use Aren Castle as the centre of a transportation network and carry out intensive industrial and urban development.

And they needed to consider the backlash from users as well as the military unrest caused by rebels.

Progress was slow but the Hermes Guild needed to make a fundamental reform.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The traders and residents at the empire's capital, Aren Castle were complaining.

“We are paying very heavy taxes. It is used as the foundation for the Haven Empire. But the prices of luxury goods keep on rising. Our guests are decreasing and if this continues then we will be destroyed.”

“They can't even stop the rebels yet they want to conquer the continent. Incompetent noble bastards.”

“Doesn’t it make sense for goods from the rural areas to be cheaper? I squeeze them as much as possible but they won’t go lower.”

“I have to make money at the market, huhuhu. It is good to have luxury goods. I don’t care where it was looted from. In fact, who cares about facts like that anymore?”

The merchants at the capital’s markets were dissatisfied with the trades.

Massive discontent piled up among the merchants and residents. It was difficult to do business in the Tullen and Kallamore territories in the Haven Empire.

“Isn’t there a lack of food in these days? Recently there is also a shortage of materials. I blame the rebels but I can’t hate them. The empire brought this on itself.”

“There are still unsold clothes and weapons. People aren’t willing to use money.”

“The quality of the crops from the north are excellent but it is regrettable that they can no longer be traded. Wine and dried fruits. Among my customers, there are many who would dump money for those products.”

“Swords made by blacksmiths? They are difficult to obtain. All the blacksmiths have quit.”

In response to the empire, production and technicians like blacksmiths and farmers were reduced and trade dwindled.

It was worse after the failure of the northern invasion and collapse of the Haven Empire’s Imperial Palace.

Overall, there was a severe economic downturn.

The phenomenon occurred simultaneously in the occupied territories. The users also lost motivation due to the expensive taxes.

“Go hunting? Let’s just go play.”

“An order? How annoying. I’m going sleep.”

The jobless just played around.

There was a rising trend of users doing nothing.

“I don’t have enough money.”

They just lay on the roof of buildings around the squares, soaking up the sunlight.

Some users became aware of the situation in the Haven Empire and quickly sold their farmland or homes.

The merchant users reduced their activities. Rebels purchased mercenaries from other areas at expensive prices but they still received a profit.

All the users in the Central Continent started feeling alarmed.

Then residents started receiving supplies of food, herbs, minerals etc. The goods were more expensive than before but the Haven Empire was just happy about being fed. The middle class and nobles also wanted pottery, wine, clothes and art.

“I will often trade with you in the future. Please come again.”

“Of course. We will have any goods you need. For a premium.”

-The emergency supplies quest has been perfectly performed.

You have a 12.32% contribution to the market.

Like a comet that appeared out of the blue! Many materials started being brought into the markets of the Haven Empire.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“I believe in nothing in this world.”

Lee Hyun thought as he browsed the internet. There were lively discussions about Weed’s bounty on Royal Road’s website.

-That is a tremendous amount for Royal Road. Is the Hermes

Guild serious?

-Catching Weed.

-A fortune can be earned.

-Fortune hunters...I will act ruthlessly!

“These guys...”

Lee Hyun grunted.

No matter how much people disliked the Hermes Guild, they would cooperate if there as something in return for them.

He couldn't blame them. The price from the Hermes Guild was enough for Lee Hyun himself to take action.

“Still, people aren't loyal.”

This time, he looked at the Dark Gamers Union.

Title: The best chance for gamers who want to retire!

Recruiting participants for Weed hunting. The current capacity is 240 people. I am only taking up to 300 people.

Title: It will take too long to earn money from japtem and quests. Equipment prices have fallen these days so we should go after the large sum of money.

“Kuoh, these guys as well...”

The bounty was so high that people gathered together to hunt Lee Hyun's character.

However, he wouldn't be such easy prey.

Meeting at dungeons or hunting grounds were rare. He was alert to tricks from the spectators even when fighting.

The north was flooded with friendly users so he could rest assured in large cities like Morata.

The few bounty hunters that attempted it would be overwhelmed by Weed. Of course, if he summoned Van Hawk and Torido then

he could repel them with no difficulties.

It would be tough if he met the Dark Gamers who had high levels but they wouldn't easily move. If they failed then they would lose levels and skill proficiency.

That viewpoint of the Dark Gamers didn't change even with the bounty.

Thanks to the dictatorship of the Hermes Guild, the role of the Dark Gamers in Royal Road was sharply reduced.

Some Dark Gamers settled in the Arpen Kingdom and contributed their knowledge, adventures and to the economy. Many of them also helped in the war against the Haven Empire.

"It will become much harder to move around. I need to use Sculpture Transformation and be careful in the future."

Lee Hyun looked through the information boards of the Dark Gamers Union.

He analyzed the geography of the Versailles Continent, quests and the forces of the lords of the Haven Empire.

He was much more cautious when making a decision about the hunting grounds.

"I need to choose a time a place where I will give a great advantage. Maximize the hit and run tactics and the power of sculpting..."

The wide Central Continent. He could target any area with the wyverns.

Formos Castle hadn't been his target from the beginning but the opportunity had been too good.

He quickly changed his plan and ate it up with the rebels and his necromancy skills. A situation where he gained a jackpot!

"Formos Castle was an incredible offering. Well, I just need to be alert to murderers and assassins when hunting in dungeons...the

situation hasn't changed that much. There is a saying that people will be forever removing water from a boat."

If they kept fighting the rebels then the golden age of the Haven Empire wouldn't come back.

"Grab someone big. A genuinely big guy who isn't easy."

Lee Hyun decided on the Myul Griffon Knights as his next target.

The griffin knights were one of the most powerful forces in the Haven Empire's army. There were only 5,000 of them but their strategic value was terrific.

The steel knights flying on griffins in the sky would end up fighting the avians. They were known for being invincible in battle and overwhelmingly annihilating the enemies.

Right now they were maintaining security in the unstable region of the Gadian and Nest Kingdoms.

"If I get rid of them then it will be hard to recover. Then I will try it."

A variety of tricks and schemes passed through his head.

Of course, he secretly contacted KMC Media beforehand. He didn't tell them any specific information but gave a request to set aside some airtime.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Lee Hyun went to the market after a long time.

"Some prawns please."

"How many? Today a lot came at dawn."

"The big ones. Don't worry about the price. Give the freshest ones as they will be fried."

"Oh, it must be a big deal."

Instead of his usual frozen crab soup, he bought 50,000 won worth of fish, prawns and octopuses.

“Ingredients for seafood soup.”

He also bought 40,000 won worth of beef. And 20,000 won worth of pork belly.

At this point, the store owners looked at Lee Hyun with concerned eyes.

“Are you really spending all that money?”

“Yes.”

“Is something happening at home?”

“Nothing.”

“I don’t know whether or not I will hear news about you. Something like a last supper before dying...”

“.....”

It was understandable that there would be a misunderstanding since he hardly ever used money.

Lee Hyun was a VIP at going to convenience stores and eating kimbap and burgers just past the expiry date for free.

Lee Hyun’s fingers trembled like a drug addict as he bought things at the market.

“Spending this much on a meal...”

He was buying a bunch of fresh ingredients for dinner with Seo-yoon.

It took a long time before his relationship with her deepened.

There were some misunderstandings about not being worthy of Seo-yoon and he deliberately hid his heart.

In reality, Lee Hyun was just a poor gamer. He had to pay the costs of living, monthly rent and bills and he had his own pride.

A man’s qualifications! He thought she would meet a greater man.

But Lee Hyun's thoughts had changed a lot from the past. Now he didn't think he was lacking compared to others due to money.

"I can now buy Nike socks or ripped jeans."

In the old days, he had one pair of jeans for summer, autumn, winter and spring. The jeans became so worn that the knees had large holes.

In the past, he thought it was a nightmare to buy 200 won more expensive salt or honey.

He also knew that she wouldn't easily change her mind!

"It will be fun in the future."

Lee Hyun planned a delicious meal in the evening and then he would read a poem he wrote for her.

He wrote the poem while travelling the Versailles Continent and making sculptures. To be honest, he wasn't a poet but he thought it was great.

[I like you

Walking the cold, dark streets alone

I lived every day like an uncle from the post office until I met you.

You turned on the lights in my life like a broadcast

My warm heart is like an electric blanket in winter or a burning gas boiler
My eyes would like to see you

More than the latest 75 inch LED television

My ears want to hear your whispers

Sharper than a Dolby surround sound home theater

I would apply for unlimited voice calls to talk to you every day

My heart towards you is clearer than an air purifier

Purer than a water purifier

Cleaner than a cyclone vacuum cleaner

But not exaggerated as home shopping advertisements or fanciful
as decorated restaurants As reassuring as an electric rice cooker

A heart as hot as a frying pan over a gas oven.]

Unlike the metaphorical poems, this was a straightforward
poem. Perhaps it was as good as a large retail store.

Lee Hyun thought it was unfortunate.

“I should modify it a little bit. Large homes in Korea...”

He would be happy to live at home with some children.

Lee Hyun was walking with bags in both hands when he saw an
old man walking a dog.

Jeong Deuk-soo. Seo-yoon’s father.

Their eyes met.

“Ah, hello.”

“Hum hum hum!”

‘It is difficult. Last time he told me to stay good friends or break
up...how should I answer?’

‘Meeting him here. I was just taking a walk because the weather
is good. I’m not read for a conversation. Well, I need to answer.’

Lee Hyun and Jeong Deuk-soo sat down on a bench in the park.

They needed to speak to each other but the uncomfortable
situation made it hard to say any words.

Lee Hyun’s heart was heavy because the other person was Seo-
yoon’s father. They weren’t friendly so he didn’t know what to say
first. It was difficult to imagine talking to someone with massive
wealth, power or fame.

But Jeong Deuk-soo’s status as the chairman of his group was

gone.

‘He will be my father-in-law in the future. It will be difficult if he isn’t pleased.’

‘Will he criticize me for trying to give him money last time? Does he know the Hosung Group is shattered?’

They were each concerned about different things.

Lee Hyun had some idea about the circumstances of Hosung Group.

Hosung Group’s financial difficulties were on the news for a while so he noticed even when he was busy in Royal Road. Hosung Group went completely bankrupt and there were a large number of unemployed. However, the temporary difficulties were settled quickly with the bank’s financial support.

‘Does he know I am meeting with her? Last time I saw him was during the battle at Earth Palace.’

‘This guy has a large presence in Royal Road. He frequently appears on broadcast. Last time I ignored it as well. Ah...does he remember that moment at the Earth Palace? It will be good if he doesn’t have keen eyes. It isn’t sure.’

Lee Hyun and Jeong Deuk-soo sat down for 30 minutes just watching each other.

Tweet tweet tweet!

Sparrows and pigeons flew around the park while young children wearing backpacks played after finishing school.

It was too hard to say anything!

Seo-yoon and the dignity of both men made it hard.

From Jeong Deuk-soo’s perspective, the other side was more oppressive. He had talked about breaking up with Lee Hyun and was also worried about his daughter.

In the viewpoint of the father, an ordinary person like Lee Hyun wasn't good enough for his beautiful and precious daughter.

His thoughts were still similar but he heard a lot about Lee Hyun while living nearby. He had already heard about Lee Hyun while signing his contract with the real estate agent.

“That guy?”

“He has a lot of tricks. Usually they would be playing and drinking at that age...he is only interested in money. He already bought some land near here.”

“Eh?”

“A land beyond the park that is 1,500 square metres. It is a great deal as the area is likely to be redeveloped within 20 years. There is no need to spend money buying apartments...there is also a chance of malls appearing. There is also an underground subway station. He moved quickly.”

The master of the land speculation!

He saved money from delivering milk and newspapers and kept an eye on land he would buy in the future. And he moved rapidly.

Jeong Deok-soo even asked about Lee Hyun at the local supermarkets and restaurants.

“That young man...I'm not sure why you are asking, hu...my daughter told me about a bad incident that occurred when she attended high school.”

“What is it?”

“He chased after his younger sister who was on a motorcycle with another man.”

“And?”

“He caught them. His limbs were broken and his sister came to her senses.”

“...Was he alone?”

“He has been since he was young. And there is no one in this neighbourhood who will mess with that young man. You should know this if you continue to live in the neighbourhood.”

Even the elderly people drinking rice wine gossiped about Lee Hyun.

“A wonderful young man...”

“A good and diligent young man. The way a man should be.”

Even the elderly weren't free from Lee Hyun's influence. They spent a long time in this neighbourhood and refused to care for strangers.

But Lee Hyun's grandmother had cheerfully grown up here. Furthermore, Lee Hyun would give holiday bonuses to the elderly once he actually started earning money. Based on that, they cared about him despite his young age.

He knew information about Lee Hyun through the gossip and broadcasts.

‘A scary guy. He has the temperament of a politician. My daughter is attracted to a man like that.’

Jeong Deuk-soo decided to allow his friendship with Seo-yoon. He didn't want his relationship with Seo-yoon to worsen by opposing it.

Seo-yoon's expression was also very bright so he didn't have the justification to oppose it.

‘I just wish they remain as good friends. These days, people always love once or twice before settling down. It would be good if she marries someone really nice later.’

Jeong Deuk-soo decided to speak first.

“My daughter is doing well?”

“Yes. I’m sorry about your business.”

“No. It is my fault for not handling the money properly. It is my mistake for caring too much about the people under me.”

“It is okay. I understand your position.”

There was a period of silence once again. Jeong Deuk-soo gazed at the shopping bags Lee Hyun was carrying.

“It seems like you went to the market.”

“Yes. I am preparing for dinner.”

“That is quite a lot of seafood.”

“Seo-yoon likes seafood soup. We are having dinner this evening.”

“You are having dinner together?”

“Yes.”

“What? You are eating at home? Alone?”

“T-that’s right. Although sometimes my sister likes to eat with us.”

Silence once again.

The hardest part for a father was no meddling with his child’s love. He had to be careful.

But he felt upset after hearing this.

Lee Hyun noticed these feelings and carefully said.

“You seem bothered so should I cancel the dinner?”

“No. There is no need to do so in today’s world. Do I seem that outdated about relationships between men and women?”

“Of course not.”

“Don’t mind me.”

“Then...there is enough food so would you like to come for

dinner?”

Jeong Deuk-soo really wanted to eat dinner together. Eating dinner with his daughter and her boyfriend. Any parent with a daughter would want to be there.

Lee Hyun and Seo-yoon’s yard was large so they could grill so meat and talk all evening.

Despite it being large and flashy, he didn’t want to return to his empty home. Unlike when he was busy as a chairman, none of his friends came to visit anymore. He lived a reclusive life at home while accessing Royal Road.

“Well, I have already eaten.”

“I see. It is unfortunate but it can’t be helped.”

“Cough!”

Jeong Deuk-soo suddenly coughed.

‘You stupid bastard! Know the basic courtesies. You should offer twice.’

However, he was trying to be friendly to his daughter’s friend.

Jeong Deuk-soo had been the chairman of a large group and now his head was busy thinking.

‘I need to be friends with him. It is for the sake of improving relations with my daughter. Gradually over time...huhuhu.’

Then Lee Hyun said.

“But I think I saw you in Royal Road...were you wearing a merchant’s outfit?”

“No way...I would remember meeting you. Huhuhu. I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“He looked the same. The chin was a little more fleshy and the belly stuck out a bit more than you.”

“That is a good joke. Am I a person who seems like a joke?”

“Of course not.”

Jeong Deuk-soo had a cold sweat.

He hadn’t been so nervous even when kicked out of his company. But he couldn’t show it.

Bart the merchant was no comparison to Weed the God of War in Royal Road.

The dignity of men was really subtle and complex.

“Young friend, you have dark bags under your eyes. That absolutely isn’t me.”

“Ah, indeed. He was wearing outdated merchant’s clothes. It means the accounting skills are high but beginner’s luck is likely to run out...”

“How likely? Ah, that’s why I failed the bargain. So unfair!”

“.....”

“.....”

Lee Hyun and Jeong Deuk-soo simultaneously turned to look at the park.

‘It was correct.’

‘No, this guy?’

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed once again accessed Royal Road.

The target was the Myul Griffin Knights!

“They are prey that I need to catch properly.”

He knew from experience what would happen if he touched the prestigious guilds.

‘They have suffered a few blows so won’t they now make a trap to catch me?’

Weed calculated the areas that were likely to have a high number

of Hermes Guild users waiting.

It was setting a mousetrap and waiting to attack.

He had some insight into Lafaye's tricks.

Dozens of users would be hidden in corners of famous dungeons in order to launch attacks. He was always in extreme danger when walking inside the Central Continent.

Weed came out with an idea.

‘Obviously they are waiting in many places. There will be a very large profit if they catch me. But rather than appearing in those places, shouldn't I attack somewhere empty?’

Weed didn't think about attacking little known locations or low value targets.

He could dedicate himself to hunting and quests in the north.

However, he now had seven days left for the deadline of the dragon quest. The quest might simply end with the delivery but it could also lead to a larger target.

‘The Myul Knights will be sacrificed. Even the Hermes Guild would shrink back at such damage.’

They would become conscious of Weed. They wouldn't feel completely free even while hunting, doing quests or cutting down the rebels.

A small harvest would lead to a large profit.

Apart from the profit, he would also be breaking down the perception of absolute strength that the Hermes Guild had.

Following Deckard and the Formos Castle, the Myul Knights would be the best offering. The Hermes Guild wouldn't be prepared.

‘An elite troop of the Haven Empire. And the knight Myul who has immense individual abilities. It will be difficult to catch the

griffins in a trap. But that doesn't mean there are no vulnerable gaps. It will be fun to show them."

Weed used Yurin to move through the Gradian Kingdom.

The Gradian Kingdom was filled with forests and mountains.

There were also elves and species with rare attributes.

Due to the environmental attributes, the kingdom had once been controlled by the Black Sword Mercenaries.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"We are continuing to receive damage in the front. While maintaining the guerilla warfare...let's constantly damage the empire."

Michel who was the leader of the Black Sword Mercenaries commanded.

They weren't trying to regain the Gradian and Nest Kingdoms from the Haven Empire.

Instead they were looting supplies and damaging the army.

If the Haven Empire weakened then a chance would come one day.

Half the forces of the Black Sword Mercenaries were comprised of mercenaries persecuted by the Haven Empire.

However, Michel of the Black Sword Mercenaries secretly received a letter.

"Weed the God of War?"

He received the letter through Carlise of the Black Lion Guild.

Weed had met up with some Black Lion Guild users at Formos Castle and wrote a letter to Michel through them.

The sealed envelope wasn't tampered with and the contents written were huge.

[The night of the full moon.

Lead an army to invade Node Krape.

I will give you a steamed dish.]

It was short so he quickly read to the end. But he did not understand.

“This is...a password?”

He turned the letter upside down and read the sentences separately. He even soaked it in water and contemplated burning it but didn't find anything.

“The troops of the Black Sword Mercenaries...”

Weed's actions were absurd.

Hegel of the Black Lion Guild was the one who brought the letter so Michel asked him.

“Did Weed really send this letter?”

“Yes, that's right. Oh, it is suspicious.”

“The letter might be a trap by the Hermes Guild.”

Hegel laughed like it was ludicrous.

“Heh, Weed is someone I personally know very well. You don't have to be concerned about him.”

“Uhh, then I can trust it.”

Hegel had a solid presence in the Black Lion Guild. It would be better if less people knew about this.

Carlise of the Black Lion Guild also gave an assurance that the letter was written directly by Weed.

Hegel then asked.

“But are you really going to invade Node Krape? It will be tough to succeed.”

Node Krape was a fortress built on a cliff!

It was situated to the north of Gradian Kingdom's Royal Palace and the lord used it to govern the area.

A massive number of Haven Empire troops were placed here and it was a great fortress.

When the Haven Empire tried to conquer the Gradian Kingdom, the Black Sword Mercenaries at Node Krape had been able to withstand the enemy for four days.

The Gradian territory was unstable right now but it would still be reckless.

Michel also thought it was ridiculous.

'Telling me to invade without any prior explanation or even a discussion?'

He should persuade me with a reasonable plan!

From the perspective of the Black Sword Mercenaries, it would be better to reject the proposal.

'No.'

However, Michel was attracted to the idea of attacking Node Krape.

The Hermes Guild had built up significant achievements but the prestigious guilds couldn't destroy them.

So far, Weed was the only one capable of damaging them.

Weed knocked down the Hermes Guild so that alone was worthy of respect.

'And actions speak louder than words. That person is unbelievable. Looking at Weed's recent actions against the Hermes Guild, it wouldn't be impossible if we conspire with him.'

His thoughts continued.

'The Hermes Guild is too strong. Right now I can't defeat them. We don't have a base. There is a long way to go if we keep doing

damage through guerilla warfare. An opportunity. Yes, I should take this opportunity now that it has come.'

Michel nodded to the dubious Hegel

“Of course we are going to invade.”

“Really? How did you make that decision?”

Michel once again looked at Weed’s short letter.

The feeling like he knew something.

He believed that Weed would make the right call. A variety of persuasive comments weren’t necessary.

His brusque words revealed a confidence.

“The day will come when you lead a large group. And you will learn to think differently from ordinary people.”

Michel’s intense gaze turned to Hegel.

The members of the Black Sword Mercenaries looked down on Hegel. He was an acquaintance of Weed but couldn’t compare to Michel’s position.

But he respectfully bowed his head.

“I understand what you mean.”

“Thank you for understanding. If you continue to grow then someday you will stand shoulder to shoulder with me.”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed didn’t think seriously of it after sending a letter to the Black Sword Mercenaries.

“Surely they will come? They aren’t fools.”

The letter had been safely delivered to the Black Sword Mercenaries but he was sure they were convinced.

He continued on with his actions.

They could achieve victory.

It was impossible to guarantee victory without a specific plan against the griffin knights.

The griffins could spread their wings and win against a bunch of troops.

The Myul Knights would move if there were any circumstances that would harm the Haven Empire.

Weed searched through the internet and finished his survey of their equipment.

“A dragon’s helmet inlaid with 999 sapphires? A sealed thunder spear for ranged attacks and the performance hasn’t been revealed yet?”

They were covered in treasures from head to toe.

There were swords, shields and high elf’s bows that could be sold for the highest prices at auctions.

The knights riding the griffin owned some of the best equipment.

“Is there more equipment not revealed to the public?”

Myul was a killer knight.

If he died then he was likely to drop one or two good gear.

“Hit them unconditionally. There are large labour costs.”

Weed thought it was sufficient to make a move.

“Then I will attack on the 15th.”

I asked to meet with the rebels on the day of the full moon.

He made the offer to the Black Sword Mercenaries but his plan didn’t rely on them.

Weed’s plan was relatively simple.

‘Look at the situation and attack! And gain a treasure.’

Rather than expecting the Black Sword Mercenaries to overwhelm the enemy with military strength, he held his real

strategy close to his chest.

★★

It was finally the full moon.

“Execute all the rebels!”

The revolt that occurred in the Gradian area! Rebels have entered a battle against the Haven Empire. Rebels simultaneously attacked cities and villages.

The Myul Griffin troops flew from Node Krape to support each city.

The Black Sword Mercenaries hiding in the dark forest was delighted.

“Amazing. Preparing this...”

The members were filled with admiration.

Michel said towards an aide.

“This might have started in Weed’s head but we will be the ones finishing it. We will enter the gates...”

“There won’t be any problems?”

“That’s right. Our role is to regain Node Krape. This will ensure that we can lay claim on the Gradian Kingdom.”

“I think so as well. Weed will be used as a stepping stone to fight against the Haven Empire.”

“Ohh, such a huge plan...”

“Weed is amazing but Michel’s insight is much greater.”

“Well, it all depends on our ability to occupy Node Krape.”

Despite the rugged terrain, Gradian Kingdom was the best position to defend the Central Continent against the west.

Michel and the other players would consider this when actively participating in battle.

‘Weed will attack numerous cities on the Central Continent for nothing.’

‘God of War. A really extraordinary strategy. But we have also read your thoughts. Shall I give you the bridesmaid role?’

‘It is inevitable that we will devour the throne.’

The Black Sword Mercenaries silently moved out from the bushes. They waited for the troops to move away from Node Krape!

After approximately 1 hour, the mercenaries raised their bodies up from the ground.

The walls of Node Krape were 40 metres high. It was difficult to secretly arrange for siege weapons but they figured out every nook and cranny of the fortress.

“Infiltrate the sewers.”

“There is already a spot in the kitchen.”

“The south valley?”

“80 people have entered using the emergency passage.”

“Good. Send a signal to the troops to strike at once!”

“Yes!”

A red flare appeared over Node Krape.

“Waaaah!”

“Sweep up the Haven Empire.”

“The Black Sword Mercenaries have returned. Cut off their heads!”

“Crush the warriors in the lead. Follow me!”

A midnight siege!

Magic lanterns at the walls and gates turned on as the Black Sword Mercenaries launched an attack on Node Krape.

It was like the Haven Empire had been waiting for them as a fight immediately broke out.

Chapter 3: The Special Myul Griffon Knights

“Aaaack!”

“Those people are stupid enough to come here to die! Clean them up.”

Jjanguerang!

Kurururung.

Weed infiltrated Node Krape.

There was a fierce battle going on outside as the fortress was shaken by the magic and arrows.

‘Judging by the sound of the battle...almost all the power of the Black Sword Mercenaries have come. Don’t they listen too well?’

It was progressing so smoothly that something felt wrong. It was difficult not to feel strange since this area belonged to the Hermes Guild.

‘The Black Sword Mercenaries should play their role properly.’

The rebels thought this was the plot of the Black Sword Mercenaries. None of them would have thought that Weed had already infiltrated the area.

While Weed was deep in thought, a female griffon neared him.

Kuoooh. Kkuoh. Kkuoooooh!

She rubbed against my face and hips in a friendly manner. An attitude that young children should be banned from watching on television!

Weed cried out loudly.

“Kyak!”

Then he quickly avoided the female griffons!

Jaeeeeeng.

However, the females kept giving him sad eyes and didn't give up on the courtship. They were smaller than the wyverns but the griffons had a violent and aggressive nature.

Weed hadn't entered the doors of Node Krape as a human.

A male griffon!

He used Sculpture Transformation to transform into a wild male griffon with a scar on his side and entered the nest at Node Krape.

Kuuong!

The male griffons were deprived of their influence and retreated into a corner. At first, the male griffons had tried to determine the hierarchy when Weed appeared.

Kyahat!

They made threatening gestures by puffing their chests and spreading out their wings.

However, Weed the griffon merely shook his head at them. He fought by flapping his wings and pecking with his beak. The male griffons in the group were taken down by the fourth successive attack.

On the other hand, the females kept on aiming at him because he smelled of a strong male.

'Damn. Did I make this piece too perfect? It is like Karichwi's stunning looks.'

Weed learned about the characteristics of flying creatures after carving wyverns.

He was familiar with the appearance of a griffon. While fighting the sulleions, he had rescue the arnin, saber-toothed tiger and griffons. The size of a griffon was different in each region but they almost looked the same.

Weed had transformed into a griffon with proud and feral eyes and a golden mane. That's why the females kept approaching him.

“Kuaaang!”

Weed let out a huge roar.

The females hurried off but showed signs of immunity to his voice.

‘Damn, my stupid popularity. At this result, I will suffer due to the griffons.’

Weed impatiently waited for his chance.

The Myul Knights had a total of 5,000 knights. 3,500 griffon knights had been dispatched to repel the rebels. This meant there were 1,500 troops and Myul left behind in case of emergencies.

He waited for the Black Sword Mercenaries to launch their attack.

“The enemy came. Ready the army!”

1,000 knights entered the griffon’s nest. The knights examined the equipment on the griffon they were riding.

Griffon riders carried swords, spears or bows! The body of the griffon was covered with specially coated armour that blocked magic attacks.

“Divide into groups of 250.”

“Yes!”

“Hopefully there are plenty of opportunities for rich hunting. The enemies on the ground can’t be ignored so don’t be too greedy.”

“Of course.”

The griffon unit headed to the entrance of the tower and spread their wings.

The power of the Black Sword Mercenaries were invisible right now but they were the prey of the griffons. It was like when how Weed felt he could easily catch all living things on the ground

when he was riding a wyvern.

In fact, hunting with a bow would be easier if he could fly quickly through the sky. Of course, there were huge boss class monsters with special abilities that wouldn't budge from dozens of arrows.

‘Myul still hasn't come out.’

Weed felt a little bit nervous.

It didn't matter if it was the rebels of Black Sword Mercenaries as long as knight Myul emerged. If he stayed inside the fortress then Weed would miss out on his chance.

He could create a 2nd or 3rd chance but the probability of success would fall further.

Weed had slipped into Node Krape alone.

‘This situation...the Black Sword Mercenaries need to hold on.’

The sounds of crashing and explosions meant he could roughly guess how the battle was proceeding outside.

The Black Sword Mercenaries intended to rule this kingdom and dragged out all their troops after receiving Weed's help.

They mobilized their army to fight against the governor here. This unexpected deployment was caused by Weed's letter.

Finally, Myul and 400 other people climbed the griffon's nest.

“The invasion inside the fortress has been repelled. However, we still can't be assured. We should wipe out the troublemakers in this empire during this battle. Make sure to kill the important figures, even if you have to chase them.”

“Yes!”

“We will teach them how foolish it is to mess with the Haven Empire. Board!”

The knights found their griffons and boarded.

‘There are probably 100 troops in reserve.’

Weed stood up while proudly displaying his majestic head.

In this battle, the Myul Knights in the air would be fighting the Black Sword Mercenaries on the ground. There would be a fierce competition to attack Myul.

For the sake of his plan, he had already put his stats from Sculptural Destruction into agility. He was ready for the messy combat in the air.

“Oh, the appearance of this griffon is quite good.”

Myul turned away from his griffon as he noticed Weed.

He had an exclusive griffon but unfortunately, he was mercilessly beaten by Weed and squatted in the corner.

“This is the first time I’ve seen such a large and nice looking griffon. When did we obtain one like this? He seems like an incredible griffon.”

Myul examined Weed’s teeth as well as thrusting a finger deeply between the feathers of his shoulders and wings.

He had meticulously sculpted the piece so that there wouldn’t be any strange points.

‘Heh, you won’t understand me no matter how you look.’

But he couldn’t help feeling nervous as Myul’s hands neared his bottom. Fortunately, the search ended with his hind legs.

“This griffon has a great body. Who caught it?”

Weed flew into the nest alone but he was pretending to be a griffon right now. But the battle situation was urgent and Myul needed a dominant power.

Aides at his side explained the situation.

“He left the nest after hatching and came back after becoming fully grown.”

“In recent years, many free griffons have come from the outside.

It is due to Captain Myul's reputation."

Naturally they made the explanation up. The objective was to make Myul feel good.

"Well, I will give you a reward for the good treatment of the griffon. Today I will use this griffon."

"Really? The griffon doesn't belong exclusively to you so the combat power will fall."

"It impossible that the Black Sword Mercenaries can capture the fortress. They are stupid but they used the attack of the rebels as an opportunity. The battle isn't that hard so I will use it as a chance to tame the griffon."

"We will make preparations."

Griffon body armour was placed on Weed.

A special griffon armour in the Haven Empire. There was a helmet, body armour, wing guards and protection for the claws. Each item had a level limit of at least 250. It was low for regular users but catered to the griffon species. Special goods were produced in the magic workshops of the Haven Empire.

-The Golden Sapphire Griffon set has been equipped.

The effect of the set equipment has increased the range of visibility by 2.1 times.

Knowledge will increase by 136.

Physical and magic defense will increase by 216%.

There is a 34% increase in flying speed.

Vitality consumed while flying is reduced.

A magic set armour!

'Ohhhh.'

Weed behaved like a meek sheep while the armour was strapped on. He even went as far as extending his beak forward when he felt

something empty.

“Oh, I missed this one.”

-The Armed Gold Beak has been equipped.

Beak damage has increased by 3.2 times.

If the enemy is weaker, there is a 16% chance of thwarting their attacks.

This was exactly like giving machine guns to bank robbers!

Myul put a leash on Weed’s neck and boarded the saddle with satisfaction.

“He is a well behaved griffon compared to his appearance.”

-A knight has settled on your back.

His command power has increased your movement speed in the air by 47%.

The abilities of the body has increased by 21%.

Myul tugged on the reins.

“Let’s play nicely today!”

Weed lightly flew.



The night sky overlooking Node Krape!

There was magic flying everywhere as the Black Sword Mercenaries tried to catch the Haven Empire.

Arrows flew back and forth over several kilometres as warriors faced each other with swords.

‘It is a pretty cool sight. There are lots of influential people here.’

The griffon troops flew down towards the ground while dominating the sky.

Weed had changed species to a griffon so the night felt like a

bright day to his eyes.

The Black Sword Mercenaries were once a powerful force that ruled over the Gradian and Nest Kingdoms in the past.

In their peak period, most of the mercenaries on the continent belonged to the Black Sword Mercenaries.

Despite losing a lot of employees, there were still mercenaries wielding their sword for them.

Michel gave more benefits to the mercenaries compared to other guilds and made them the focal point.

Michel's administrative ability and loyalty was high so he had a lot of popularity among the foreign players.

“There is a lot of prey. Go forth!”

Then Myul pulled the reins. It meant to go down to the ground!

Weed moved his eyes around and saw a lot of griffon troops around Myul.

‘Now isn't the right time. Well, let's have a little bit of fun.’

Weed breathed lightly and headed towards the ground.

‘I will let him know the real fun of riding on my back. It should be quite fun.’

He folded back his wide wings and accelerated.

-A flying skill, Piercing Spear has been used.

-The master skill Speed of the Wind has been triggered.

-The master skill Shorter Distance has been put into action.

-The master skill Enforce Skill has been triggered.

They were skills gained when he placed his stats from Sculptural Destruction into agility.

Swaeeeeek.

He flew like a beam from the sky towards the ground.

He forced his way through the thick air resistance with great power and speed.

“Danger, Captain!”

“We should rescue the captain...”

The griffon riders near Myul were appalled.

Myul tugging at the reins firmly.

“Soar again! Come on! Come on!”

The distance to the ground was narrowing.

500 metres.

320 metres.

140 metres.

60 metres.

It was like the griffon Myul was riding abandoned life and decided to commit suicide.

‘Not yet, not yet.’

Weed’s eyes were calm and cool.

Once he was 22 metres from the ground, he spread his wings widely.

“Kuweeeek!”

He resisted the tremendous speed with all his strength.

Wind blew in every direction like a storm while the muscles of his body, including the wings tensed.

He was close to the ground but his agility and power meant he managed to change directions.

“Kuoohhh!”

He didn’t even touch the rocks on the ground.

‘How was it? Was it fun?’

Myul was barely holding onto the reins.

“Ugh, this wild griffon...”

He was a skilled knight but he thought he would crash into the ground.

Weed and Myul used the heavy winds to move forward. He was fast on all fours but craved even faster speed with his wings.

The griffon was for quick and rough movements.

‘What is life? I will release all the accumulated stress.’

The Black Sword Mercenaries were staring at him blankly.

Something had suddenly fallen from the sky and then headed towards them. It was like a truck coming at full speed! It happened in a brief moment that was barely 1 second.

‘Around level 460? That is some pretty good equipment. I am a little sorry but...who told you to be there?’

Weed mercilessly kicked at a warrior as he flew.

“Kuweeek!”

-You have dealt a critical blow.

The opponent was wide open and their health was reduced by 31%.

A fast attack that couldn’t be stopped!

It was common sense that some defense was possible. The opponent could use a sword, a shield or shoot arrows to prevent it.

But the griffon suddenly fell from the sky and they never thought they would be kicked!

‘Not dead. I have to catch Myul but I destroyed a sculpture. So why shouldn’t I eat some generous side dishes?’

Weed used a barrage of kicks and pecks as he rushed past.

His targets were the Haven Empire as well as the Black Sword

Mercenaries.

An outrageous and violent griffon.

The soldiers were smacked as he spread his wings wide.

“A-awesome.”

They admired his spirit.

Weed showed fierce flight skills while carrying a body. He was comfortable flapping his wings in long distance flights as well as combat.

The griffon could ride the wind and change the centre of gravity in its body. A remarkable sense of balance and ability maneuver. There was also the innate aggression that caused it to randomly attack humans on the ground.

‘Just a little bit...the griffon is a great pawn in battle.’

A flying monster with an aggressive nature was excellent.

The knights wanted a domesticated griffon like that.

“Fire Explosion!”

“Frost Bolt!”

“This!”

The magicians in the Black Sword Mercenaries cast spells and Weed reacted before Myul could. Dozens of ice and fire spells flying across the night sky.

Weed stared at the magic approaching and tilted his wings diagonally. Then he passed all the spells by spinning.

Concise and accurate avoidance behaviour. After passing it, he accelerated and pecked at the magicians.

“Kuwaalak! Help me!”

Ku ku kwa kwa kwa kwak!

There were many murderers among the Black Sword

Mercenaries. It meant he could kill the red named without any penalties.

“Kuoooooh!”

Weed made a strange sound.

There were many eyes watching as he flew through the sky. He couldn't collect the loot from the dead so it felt like he was going to explode!

Myul felt complicated riding such a griffon.

‘An awesome monster anyone would be afraid of. Now I will be able to create a legend. My hunting speed will become much faster. Later I might even be able to hunt Bardray and Weed the God of War. I will become invincible in the sky.’

His chest was tingling with excitement.

The griffon was a fast, tough weapon and worth more than his other colleagues.

“Let me use my skills!”

Myul pulled out a long spear.

The Sealed Thunder Spear. It was approximately 20 metres long and could use thunderbolt ranged attacks. It had a huge level restriction of 570. Myul hadn't reached level 500 yet but could use it use to the restriction of being a knight.

“Fly low!”

Myul ordered Weed as he firmly held the reins.

‘A little bit more fun. Well, I won't lose anything by doing so.’

Thunderbolts flew in all directions from Myul's spear.

Kwarururung!

Kwaaaaaah!

Thunder hit the ground and dealt chain damage to dozens of

people.

Weed moved at a high speed while Myul damage the group of enemies.

He used the terrain and ground cover to avoid any arrows or magic attacks.

“A low altitude thrust.”

“Yes, Captain!”

170 of Myul’s griffon troops gathered with their spears.

The griffon troops were a weapon of the Haven Empire that achieved the myth of invincibility.

They swept low on the ground and decimated the Black Sword Mercenaries.

The mounted knights found it hard to stop the griffon riders who could freely move through the sky. They scattered when destructive magic spells were cast and then gathered to resume the attacks.

The users had to concentrate on the ground attacks as well as those coming from the sky.

The troops of Node Krape were doing a terrible amount of damage to the Black Sword Mercenaries.

Weed and Myul boasted a fantastic harmony as they killed the magicians and mercenaries.

“Unbelievable...”

The users of the Black Sword Mercenaries were devastated.

Fierce attacks from the sky, the terrible griffon troops.

However, this wasn’t a situation that Myul could take lightly.

“Attack. Cause the fall of Node Krape fall!”

Even if they were wiped out.

The Black Sword Mercenaries put everything into this battle in order to win. They mobilized a lot of people and money for this battle. There were users as well as NPC mercenaries that they hired.

While the griffons were attacking, they raised shields over their heads and ran towards the fortress. They were powerful but the griffons could only attack from the sky.

The brave soldiers assaulted the fortress.

“Stupid bastards!”

While preparing for the big battle, the Black Sword Mercenaries' movements were exposed to the suspicious Hermes Guild.

There were war preparations inside Node Krape included roadblocks.

“Kill. All of them!”

“Kuwaaaaaah!”

“Fierce Chain Explosion!”

“Shoot those resisting with long range arrows. Don't aim at the walls and pour it on enemy lines!”

The violent noise of the battlefield.

Weed watched the progress of the battle.

‘Gathering riches in 3 years...the strength of the Black Sword Mercenaries are awesome. They managed to gather this much together.’

But it would be the Haven Empire's victory if this siege continued until morning.

The griffon troops that left to subdue rebels in the Nest and Gradian areas would come back and the situation would adversely change.

The Black Sword Mercenaries were familiar with this fact and

aimed all types of magic at the walls of Node Krape. Explosive magic, poisonous clouds, earth magic, curses, etc.

Of course, the magicians of the Haven Empire came out to counteract the curses.

The power on both sides couldn't be ignored as the battle spread around the fortress. Ranged attacks broke through the gates while the warrior troops also played their part.

‘This is a shifting war. Strong will to fight...a war that is vying for supremacy.’

Weed suddenly felt quite a lot of regrets.

He had never had that thought himself. It wasn't easy to obtain subordinates that were running in the same direction towards a shared goal.

Betrayal or paths shifting wasn't uncommon in Royal Road. Still, his chest heated up as he thought about the battles that took place in the Central Continent since the early days of Royal Road.

Myul brandished his thunder spear and commanded the griffon troops.

“The griffon troops will disturb the enemy. Don't let them step foot in the fortress.”

This battle was being broadcasted so millions of people around the world would be watching. The scale and size of the battle meant there might be 100~200 million people watching.

The commander needed to show great heroism.

Node Krape was fine despite the violent attacks from the Black Sword Mercenaries.

In Royal Road, it was possible to simply enjoy the pleasure or to direct the history of the continent by becoming a ruler or knight.

That attracted the so-called ambitious people. Myul was one of the Hermes Guild's 24 military commanders and in charge of the

Gradian and Nest areas!

He wanted to show a great appearance as he defeated the Black Sword Mercenaries.

It was unspoken.

Weed also felt his heart.

‘But your fate is decided now that you are riding on my back. You will die at my feet.’

Weed calmly watched the battle as he fought with Myul.

Dozens of griffons had crashed and were killed by the Black Sword Mercenaries.

‘I’m not even receiving a tip or bonus.’

Weed responded by heading in the direction of the magicians targeting Myul. 100 griffons followed behind Weed and Myul.

And there were numerous magic spells flying from the ground.

“Spread out to avoid the damage!”

The griffons dispersed as soon as Myul gave the order. They could utilize the distance from the ground to avoid the magic and minimize the damage.

The griffons that received a severe injury would return to the griffon’s nest at Node Krape.

However, Weed rushed head on into the magic.

“What are you doing?”

Myul grabbed the reins but the direction didn’t change no matter how hard he pulled.

“Kuoooooooooh!”

Weed just roared and flew aggressively forward.

“Stupid! I said avoid it!”

Myul scowled as he tried to control Weed.

The fearsome magic attacks were approaching.

‘He still doesn’t have any doubts. The problem is right now.’

Weed observed the spells.

The magicians of the Black Sword Mercenaries weren’t stupid enough to cast the spell in a straight line to make it easy to avoid.

They were curved, bent or even those that chased the enemy target. A mad configuration of magic flying into the sky!

The magicians on the griffons prepared for a crossfire with the magicians from the Black Sword Mercenaries.

‘There isn’t an escape hole. But this sky is wide and there is a path to break through. I believe in myself. It is a lot easier than when I was trying to sneak away from my sister to the cinema when I was younger.’

Weed flew faster.

The magic rushed over so it seemed like he was a fool who would just die. However, his body barely passed through a gap.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Weed narrowly passed the magic that was exploding in the sky.

The crisis didn’t end there. There were still hundreds more magic attacks coming from the ground. The magicians had prepared spells for the griffon troops.

Weed stopped for a moment and balanced his body like an eagle.

‘Wait. Still wait. Now!’

His huge body swayed like a breeze and moved past. The magic attacks passed him or exploded in the sky.

It was different from avoiding obstacles. It was enough if he moved to the front, back, left and right. Weed meticulously calculated it and waited for the right time to squeeze between the magic.

‘This world is not so bleak. There must always be an escape hole.’

Sharp concentration! His body and head moved faster when it was more dangerous.

‘I need to catch Myul since he is my biggest target. Just a flick...’

The griffon’s body perfectly avoided all the magic.

Even if he was hit, he didn’t receive any big injuries.

-You have been grazed by the Rotating Fireball and minimal damage has been dealt due to the evasive technique.

-You have been hit by Ice Containment.

You broke through in a fast motion.

-A lethal magic attack has hit you.

The master defense skill Heart Echo has been applied.

The strong echo will minimize the impact of the attack on the body.

Sometimes the blast from the magic explosions would hit.

His sharp eyes regarded all the finer points. Weed used the flames to break through in front! He even knew the direction of the blast in advance and moved his body to the right position.

He was like a fish swimming in the torrents as he moved between magic attacks.

“Kueeok!

Myul could only grab the reins with all his strength so that he would fall.

‘Avoiding damage like this...unbelievably amazing and great.’

The griffon somehow found holes to squeeze through the magic attacks. After a brief moment, Weed ended up completely breaking through.

“What is that?”

“A scam!”

The magicians on the ground were devastated. It was hard to hit a griffon in the sky but those movements were closer to a scam!

It was the reason why Weed maximized his agility with Sculptural Destruction. It allowed him abnormally high speed, direction changes in the sky and incredibly nimble movements.

“G-great!”

Myul calmed his frightened heart.

The griffon had steered through all the magic attacks without any damage.

There was a serious crisis several times but he always managed to escape the magic. The griffon deliberately used defensive techniques and swerved the trajectory of the magic. He couldn't help admiring the griffon's attacks, judgement and motor skills.

‘Anyone who watches will be surprised. This is the scene I wanted.’

A scene capable of moving people! He let himself dream of a lifetime of memorable scenes.

“This is the griffon troops!”

Myul lifted his thunder spear.

“Kuwaaaaah!”

He could hear the subjects of the Haven Empire shouting from a distance. Avoiding the magic attacks meant the griffin was quite a distance away.

Myul was perfectly satisfied.

‘They are probably looking up at me with amazement and envy.’

Weed continued flying.

Myul was already thinking about the schedule for the day.

‘I have to prepare for an interview with a broadcasting station. I should wrap this up nicely. Should I confidently answer that it was inevitable when they ask me about avoiding the magic attacks?’

The sound of the shouts became more and more distant.

‘The Black Sword Mercenaries...it doesn’t matter anymore. The griffons fighting the rebels will return and turn it into a hunting mood.’

If they protected the fortress until the day then their objective would be perfectly achieved.

It was important that the griffons suppress the rebels occurring all over. Otherwise the rebels would loot and destroy villages and facilities, causing a significant loss for the territory.

Node Krape’s military army was forced to be reduced due to the griffon troops. Therefore they were forced to block the rebels.

He just needed to wait until morning and the Black Lion Mercenaries would be destroyed.

‘Victory. A complete victory.’

Weed raised his speed even more.

“Huh? Where are you going?”

Myul was suddenly puzzled.

His voice was full of affection for this griffon.

Weed gave a low cry.

“Kuaah.”

And flew faster.

Forests passed as he flew low in the sky.

A griffon enjoying freedom! And then Weed eventually climbed higher into the sky.

Faster, higher! Flying creatures had a similar romance.

“Kuaaaaah!”

He felt similar and let out a huge roar. He was the most powerful in this arena.

Myul couldn't see it but Weed currently had a rotten smile revealing a lot of teeth.

“Well, yes.”

Myul also had this immeasurably feeling as he rode flying creatures. But right now the battle was important. The timing wasn't good.

“It is okay if I spare a moment. This griffon will be my hands and feet moving forward.”

Right now he was riding the griffon comfortably. He couldn't see the griffon troops anymore but it didn't matter. The Black Sword Mercenaries couldn't threaten the griffons.

Weed changed his direction a few times. He passed rivers and lakes in 1~2 minutes and also 2 villages.

Myul patted Weed's head and said.

“Yes, I know it feels good. But it is time to return. We need to finish the cool hunting.”

Of course, Weed didn't listen to him. He rose vertically in the sky.

The ground was moving away at a breakneck speed and he flew past the clouds. He reduced his tremendous speed after breaking into the clouds. The ground was already far away from the sky.

Only the sun was above his head.

A griffon and Myul. Only the two of them were in this space.

Weed roared.

“Kuaaaaah!”

It contained the sense of freedom and dominating the sky. Flying

creatures would understand this cry the best.

This was a shout about being alive. It showed the essence of life.

Myul felt the freedom but wanted to return to Node Krape.

“Now it is time to stop! Let’s head back. We can play together.”

Then the griffon said.

“I won’t follow you.”

“Huh? You could talk?”

Myul was stupid enough to feel delighted. He thought the pawn would be better if he had intelligence. Then it would take a much shorter time to tame. Myul would soon make him realize that freedom was just an illusion.

The griffon’s tone didn’t contain any respect at all.

“Like you said, it is time to stop.”

He started diving towards the ground. A full acceleration downwards.

Although it was familiar, Myul felt like it as the first time seeing such flying speed. They broke through the clouds and could see the ground in an instant.

‘Great maneuverability. But it is really dangerous...stop...’

However, the griffon didn’t respond when he was pulling on the reins. Myul even kicked the griffon but it didn’t stop.

Unlike before, it would be highly difficult to avoid a collision with the ground. The earth was quickly approaching.

‘Now it is unavoidable. There will be a crash.’

At that moment, he felt the saddle falling off.

Weed had cut the leash of the saddle with his beak.

“Uwaaaack!”

Myul was separated from the griffon’s body and continued

falling.

Finally, the griffon quickly changed into a glide before colliding with the ground.

“That crazy griffon...!”

Kwaaaaaaaang!

It was like a meteor fell to the ground.

-The Courage Armour has decreased the damage caused by the fall.

Your body has suffered serious injuries.

The right arm is broken.

Health has been reduced by 49,191.

You are temporarily in a state of confusion and won't be able to use any skills.

-The durability of all armour and accessories has decreased.

-The helmet has been destroyed.

It was a huge shock but the Courage Armour had reduced the damage from the collision by 78%.

Therefore, Myul was barely able to survive.

“What...why did this happen...?”

At that moment, give people surrounded his body.

It was Weed who turned off Sculptural Transformation, Bahamorg, Eltin, Gernika and Eun-sook.

Chapter 4: Empire's Fall

The shocking death of knight Myul!

The military commander of the Gadian and Nest Kingdoms and someone with a high position in the Hermes Guild had been killed, causing a huge shock.

The Hermes Guild and even general users were surprised.

At the same time, the balance of power tilted and the Black Sword Mercenaries managed to conquer Node Krape.

Myul didn't appear during a big moment so the soldiers and griffon riders were badly shaken. The death of the commander completely broke the army's morale. The griffon riders returning were met at the walls and gates by elites of the Black Sword Mercenaries.

The Haven Empire reluctantly gave up Node Krape and retreated to Bergen Castle where they built up some defenses. Bergen Castle also received enormous damage and they retreated back to near the border.

The Black Sword Mercenaries were trying to regain the Gadian Kingdom and the Haven Empire was also busy fighting rebels.

Michel made a decision.

"We gain a large profit but unfortunately we can't keep it. But we won't let the Haven Empire eat it."

Taxes couldn't be obtained properly and they didn't have the time and strength to fight the Haven Empire.

They destroyed the military facilities and handed out the wealth in the warehouses to the people.

After that, they split up and fought the empire as rebels.

The Gadian and Nest areas were in extreme confusion as the number of rebels rose.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Something like this happening to me...”

Weed was thrilled.

He acquired loot from Myul. He was impressed as he looked at the shiny goods.

“This is really...only those with bad principles can survive in this world!”

Myul dropped three items after dying.

Belt, gloves and spear.

Myul unfortunately fell into the trap with the thunder spear.

Weed knew there would be a griffon scouting group so he had Bahamorg stand guard to stop anyone from escaping.

Myul was the commander of a vast area. He was hailed by the people as a great knight. But the reality was that he fell into a trap and died!

It might receive criticism about being cowardly but a war wasn't a place for a one on one fight. If that criteria was used then there would be no such thing as ambushes or surprise attacks.

There would only be a frontal assault.

This was a war with the Hermes Guild so calling a strategy cowardly was just being naive. Weed didn't called the Hermes Guild cowardly went they interfered at Jigolaths or when they sent assassins in a war.

Perhaps they wouldn't even spread the word that Myul was killed by Weed.

Weed personally felt sympathy for Myul. He lost his life after such an intense battle.

Weed decided to look at the simplest item, the belt first.

“Inspect!”

-Great Victor's Belt: Durability 110/110.

Defense 156.

A platinum belt encrusted with gems.

A historical treasure worn by heroes of the Kallamore Empire.

Great warriors used it in that era.

Restrictions: Level 495.

300 Honour. 300 Dignity.

Options: All stats will increase by 25.

Health and mana will increase by 21,980.

Dignity, Honour, Perseverance, Charisma and Art +50.

Combat skills +1.

Leadership +2.

Shamans will have their power increased by 11%.

All magic damage will be reduced by 21~89%.

Poison and curse magic will be quickly released.

“Kyah!”

He made an admiring sound like he just drank a whole bottle of soju!

“The defense and options are crazy. It will be hard to decide the price.”

The selling price would be raised at the auction. There would be a competition over high priced items.

“Isn't wearing equipment like this when hunting a total scam?”

Compared to Weed, the Hermes Guild could obtain equipment from the entire Central Continent so there were bound to be these types of differences.

Weed obtained equipment from special quests or producing it

himself.

“Uhh, for the moment I will use the belt instead of selling it. It is tolerable until I find a better one.”

His combat power would improve with just the belt. An equipment that couldn't be ignored.

Weed's eyes then headed to the gloves. His chest started pounding.

“Let's take a look. Inspect!”

-Gloves of a Legendary Knight with Great Leadership: Durability 90/90.

Defense 54.

It is speculated that this was created 250~370 years ago.

A piece created by the continent's best tailor and blacksmith.

Knight Rark presented this gloves as a gift to the Kallamore Empire upon his death and it has been a treasure of the royal family ever since.

Restrictions: Level 490.

Swordsmanship advanced level 7.

Options: Strength during battle +170.

Skill will have an addition 15% effect.

Deadly attacks will deal additional special damage.

The opponent's swordsmanship will temporarily weaken.

Honour and dignity will increase more quickly.

Knight skills +2.

Due to the high durability, it isn't easily damaged.

80% of the accomplishments inside the kingdom will be added to the public achievements.

“It really is a luxury item. Luxury.”

Weed couldn't stop his admiration.

It was the same after seeing the gloves.

Or whenever he dealt with any users of the Hermes Guild.

“It is like a separate luxury goods department store.”

Weed also decided to use the gloves.

“The feeling of getting stronger. I'm looking forward to an awesome appearance.”

Equipment such as gloves, boots or cloaks were made using the blacksmithing and tailoring skills.

He might have the Goddess' Knight Armour and Red Star but the Hermes Guild users had the overall best balance.

“I should obtain more of these equipment.”

Weed had been living on his skills and stats!

Weed's eyes turned to the remaining spear. A familiar black spear. The handle of the spear was carved with lightning bolts.

“Hey, this can't be. It isn't the same.”

He couldn't believe it.

“It probably just looks similar to the other spear. This is like a fan at a souvenir shop.”

Still, his body trembled like he was lifting a courier box.

“Inspect!”

-Sealed Thunder Spear: Durability 136/150.

Attack 146~223.

Made by the dwarf blacksmith master, Rond Hand.

The dwarf Rond Hand drew a simple spell on it that drew in the destructive power of nature.

After using this spear dozens of times, the Subein Kingdom had an unceasing amount of thunderbolts striking a mountain there.

If the spear is charged with hundreds of millions of thunderbolts then its power will be restored.

Restrictions: Knights only.

Level 570.

Advanced level 6 Spear Mastery.

Options: The spear can cast thunderbolts.

Mana will be consumed every time a thunderbolt strikes down.

It is 97% immune to lightning and the power can be absorbed.

Lightning based magic spells will increase by 228% when it is a surprise attack.

Attack speed has increased by 21%.

There is a chance of shocking the enemy.

Dealing a critical hit on a weaker opponent will have a 33% chance of stunning the enemy.

7 consecutive successful attacks with randomly form Chain Lightning or Lightning Shield.

Skills such as Electric Shock, Lightning Wave, Lightning Storm and Turbulent Thunder are available.

Currently the thunder spear's power is sealed.

The spear can only exert 60% of its power.

Using enough power will be sufficient to release the seal.

“T-t-this...is real!”

The Sealed Thunder Spear.

Myul was an executive of the Hermes Guild early on. As a commander, he didn't have high infamy or a murderer state.

He hadn't lost his life since the early days of Royal Road so he generously dropped some equipment.

"It is brilliant. It is too bad that I can't unleash the power of the weapon."

Weed got his hands on the thunder spear.

His body tingled as electricity flowed into it.

-Your capabilities aren't high enough to handle the Sealed Thunder Spear.

Due to the effect of advanced level 2 blacksmithing, you can use it when Spear Master is intermediate level 3.

"Right now I don't have spear mastery...handicraft and insight means I can raise it quickly."

An unimaginable item.

The spear was a long range item and easy to handle. The damage was also very strong.

Continuously attacking and defending was easier than a heavy sword.

Some Geomchis training in a sword decided to change to a spear. Even so, they had Weapons Mastery so they didn't need to learn Spear Mastery.

"I've seen 1~2 nice videos. No wonder why Myul was popular with women."

Although he was crazy about the sword, sometimes it was too light to suit his personality. Weed spent the remaining three days before meeting the dragon hunting in the north.

He had been level 440 and gained one level while fighting with Myul. He also gained another level in the three days of hunting.

He created a spear with blacksmithing and easily reached beginner level 6. Weed used the spear during his time in the desert

and was proficient in the weapon. Swordsmanship was advanced level 5 and the spear was an extension of that, making it accumulate faster.

-Understanding of Spear Mastery has increased the insight stat by 2.

“Just a little bit more growth!”

He deliberately left the Hermes Guild users alone on purpose.

Everyone would be thinking about it. Even the knight Myul has lost his life. Few people in the Hermes Guild would be safe!

The Hermes Guild made preparations for a severe attack. Instead, he left them alone. Once their fears were raised, surprise attacks would be much easier.

“Shall I take care of this?”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The continent’s top assassin.

The one who didn’t like to disclose his name had secretly infiltrated the capital of the Haven Empire.

“Weed. He caused a big incident.”

It is inspiring for an assassin.”

“Hunting but...I am the best at assassinations.”

Myul was a celebrity on the Central Continent.

The videos of him flying on a griffon and fighting were popular in Royal Road’s Hall of Fame. The best knight when it came to dealing with flying creatures.

He had outstanding individual abilities as well as the griffon troops so people envied him.

“Killing Myul...anyone would be afraid of death.”

The Hermes Guild in the capital of the Haven Empire were

already wary of assassins. Those who laughed earlier at the hunting grounds were now spending time at taverns. They needed to pay attention while hunting just in case Weed had used Sculptural Hunting. Stories even spread about Weed turning into a centaur and indiscriminately firing arrows.

An obsession with Weed! Almost all the Hermes Guild users were afraid of Weed.

The lords of the cities even said.

“Fire at anyone who steps near here.”

Assassins charmed women with a nice smile. The dark and chaotic night was their world. They were the masters at destroying the soul and dealing out cruel death.

“Weed killed Myul so my goal is Boemong. I need a target that doesn’t fall behind Myul.”

Boemong was a giant knight.

He belonged to Bardray’s Royal Guards and conducted the Haven Empire’s conquest war. He had conquered the largest territories.

Boemong was one of the names that represented the Hermes Guild! But he surprisingly didn’t have a lot of subordinates. In addition, his fighting ability was close to Bardray so he was good prey for the assassins.

Despite the fact that the Hermes Guild was in an emergency state, Aren Caste was still silent. Vigilant Hermes Guild members walking the streets were a common sight.

The assassin waited for a chance.

“There can’t be danger in an assassination. A real opportunity will come in the midst of a crisis.”

He maintain a certain distance from Boemong.

He entered the city’s finest weapons store. There were only regular users and no Hermes Guild members in the store.

The assassin lowered himself from a beam on the ceiling and stuck Boemong with a dagger.

“Attack of Death!”

-The critical hit was successful.

Health, mana, and stamina of the target has reduced by 45%.

The toxic effects of the dagger has blocked the movements of the target.

“Kwaeek! This bastard!”

The assassin succeeded in seven consecutive attacks before Boemong withdrew a two handed axe.

Assassins aimed for short term gaps instead of a prolonged battle.

“You!”

He had barely pulled out the two handed axe when the assassin thrust five daggers in his chest.

Five Deadly Daggers! The poison effect accumulated every time he thrust a dagger in the enemy. The increased number of poisons mixing together would kill the target.

The assassin’s secret technique used up to 12 daggers. He didn’t need to use such a technique on Boemong.

-The Red Knights Commander Boemong has died.

One of the Haven Empire’s top 5 knights.

Boemong has high infamy from conquering many cities.

Many residents will be delighted at his death.

-Fame has increased by 7,921.

-The assassination was a success and agility has increased by 2.

-The skill proficiency of assassination has increased.

-The skill proficiency of swordsmanship has increased.

Boemong’s body turned into grey light and disappeared.

The assassin laughed lightly.

“Simple.”

The strong really did lose their lives in an instant.

The moment that dividing life and death, it really suited his title of Shadow of Death.

The Hermes Guild already knew about the assassin.

“I need to go.”

It was only a matter of time before the Hermes Guild knew the news.

He hurriedly left the capital of the Haven Empire before he could be isolated.

The assassin changed into a simple tourist costume and escaped.

The camouflage meant it was easy to watch the residents. He listened to the residents of the Haven Empire as he left.

“I heard something. Did you know that the knight Boemong died in the capital?”

“Scary. I can’t be at ease in my own home.”

“I heard something in a bar. Someone called Seasoned...

“Shush! Don’t bring up his name. If you call him then he really will show up.”

“Heook, that’s right!”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

While Weed was gone, the Arpen Kingdom went through a strong period.

They had won a difficult war and the Earth Palace was being rebuilt at a frightening speed.

The construction was being carried out by the architects of the

north and they mobilized the northern users as labour. Painters and sculptors on the continent also participated.

However, the construction frequently went over budget!

“Everyone, the construction funds are in short supply. There is no more money to buy materials so we need to postpone the completion schedule.

“Payment! Payment! Payment!”

After just an hour!

“This funding for the construction of the Earth Palace has ended. From now on, we will be raising funds to build Dawn City.”

“Payment! Payment! Payment!”

The construction funds were gathered in one breath!

They built up fame and national achievements as well as their names carved on bricks.

Even the low level users in the north had money. Basic living was very affordable due to low taxes and the merchants' success.

Farmers cleared abandoned, fertile land, elves sold fruit from the trees in their forests while fishermen caught seafood in the sea. Weapons and armour were produced cheaply and there were plenty of quests.

Equipment obtained from killing the Haven Empire enemies in the war were also piled up like a mountain.

In the Central Continent, goods were rarely sold at stores. Selling goods in the store would require paying 30~65% of the price as taxes.

It was like feeding an already full dog!

The minimum tax rate when selling it to merchant users was 20%. It was difficult to get rid of low level equipment and japtem. As a result of the taxes, users often bartered among themselves.

In contrast, trade in the north was proceeding briskly due to the cheap taxes.

Users could easily change items into money and also save time. Even a little hunting during the day could earn them plenty of money for a comfortable life.

In particular, there were legendary stories in the Arpen Kingdom about japtem.

“Although I live in Morata, it isn’t because of pretty women or a beautiful city. The quests are fun and taxes aren’t expensive!”

The novice user Kir!

He gained japtem worth 4 copper and 13 copper. He felt too embarrassed to sell it in stores or to other users.

“I can’t live like this. It is just making my backpack heavier.”

The novice users had similar concerns once in a while.

At first they picked up anything but later they would discard items worth less than 1 silver.

But the users saw the process that Weed used to dispose of goods from Jigolaths.

The items were literally piled up like a mountain.

“He came from a tremendous adventure. The real deal.”

“Can we go on fantastic adventures like Weed?”

And the items piled up like a mountain were disposed of through Mapan.

Egg shells, stone sculptures, abandoned bandages, iron ores, claws, withered flowers, dried fruit pieces, old animal bones, etc.

The items were in a poor state since he carried them from Jigolaths through the sea.

Weed even summoned a ghost fleet to deal with the Haven Empire.

Weed disposing of japtem through Mapan was talked about seriously in the Arpen Kingdom.

“Weed-nim, this old map is in such a bad state that it can’t be traded.”

“Heh, this can be sold to experienced sailors at Port Varna. 37 silver. Addition compensation will be paid for a successful voyage.”

“Ah, indeed. I learned a lesson. I still don’t know the sea well.”

“Mapan-nim should start operating a trade fleet from Port Varna.”

“Hum hum, I’ve recently had some interest in that.”

The sight of Weed collecting japtem through miscellaneous quests and selling them through bargains!

The users felt like their mouths were full of salt.

‘Cheapskate.’

‘I don’t want to live like that!’

Due to the frugality of King Weed, the selling of japtem was like a natural culture in the north.

People thought it was a waste to carelessly discard of japtem while hunting.

The frugal japtem trade culture meant the users picked up loot without missing a beat during hunting. Some people collected japtem like it was their job and gained a big fortune.

As the economy grew due to japtem, simple quests could be accomplished rapidly. There was a positive influence on the growth rate of users and residents.

The Earth Palace and Dawn City was being built but places like Morata, Mordred, Vargo Fortress and orc castles were also expanding.

The Arpen Kingdom had wide, fertile land their economic

influence was increasing.

The transportation network of horse carriages from the period of the Niflheim Empire were rebuilt.

There was a boom in the development of the entire kingdom and users were constantly coming in.

Due to the development of Morata and the other cities, the ruins of the old Niflheim Empire were inconvenient for the Arpen Kingdom.

Users floated around the Northern Continent doing quests, hunting and trading.

In one month, the kingdom’s growth rate increased by 38% and completely overwhelmed the Central Continent’s economic growth rate in the early days of Royal Road.

The miracle of Morata was blazing through the Arpen Kingdom.

Merchants in the north were making a diligent effort to overcome the lack of transportation and production facilities.

Merchant was a promising career in the Arpen Kingdom. Compared to the heavy taxes on the Central Continent, the users chose the profession of merchant much more often in the north.

The users of the Arpen Kingdom were becoming increasingly wealthy.



Bellot became the lord of one of the territories the Haven Empire conquered in the north.

She first built homes and had 1,000 settlers transplanted.

Haven Empire troops were stationed nearby so monster invasions weren’t possible.

“What should I do to grow the village?”

Bellot and Hwaryeong impulsively gave up on friendship and

accepted the Hermes Guild's offer due to greed.

"I will build a very nice and luxurious city."

A fantastically beautiful city where festivals took place every day and was the centre of traffic for tourists.

But the reality was farmers asking her to help plow a field.

The Haven Empire had given her 3 million gold in funding. Of course, she could ask for an additional loan if it was needed.

Settlers were also promised to help grow the village.

Rebels were running rampant in the Central Continent and city infrastructures were destroyed so there were many displaced residents.

The Haven Empire's policy was to collect the and bring them to the conquered north.

"There is no need for a military. Agriculture land needs to be cleared, mines developed and houses built...pew."

Bellot was desperate since she already used 2.5 million gold.

It was really difficult to grow a village from the beginning.

"I will give Lord-nim my life. Leaving home to be buried in a distant place like this..."

"I'd like to see my mother. I want to see her before dying."

Most residents forcefully moved from the Central Continent weren't motivated.

Bellot contacted Mapan to ask for help. Mapan learned from Weed and had a brilliant sense for money.

Bellot asked Mapan about how to get ordinary visitors and he gave advice.

"Urban development? Why would you do something like that?"

"Huh?"

“Isn’t the Hermes Guild continuing to provide residents?”

“They made a clear promise.”

“There is frequent confusion on the Central Continent so make the settlers into slaves.”

“Slaves, why?”

“Enormous exploitation of forced labour...if they are given a certain amount of food then they won’t die of starvation... I have some slaves in my business. There is no need to collect taxes from slaves. Slaves are the property of their master. Okay, just build tourist facilities and collect money from the rich. Constructing houses is a waste of money.”

“Gasp!”

“This is a good location. Later there were be many buildings for regular users so keep the tax low. Then the village will develop into a city. Continue to take slaves into the city. Raise revenue through the slaves!”

A clear conclusion!

In Mapan’s eyes, Bellot’s village showed tremendous promise as a slave’s heaven.

In the face of human anguish, Bellot decided to abandon his advice. It was essential to build houses, clear land and construct the required facilities to attract users.

Approximately one month passed since she became the lord of a village. Residents rose from 1,000 to 4,000 people and Hermes Guild users came from the Central Continent for hunting.

Occasionally they invested their money in urban development. Luxury hotels and Grand Buildings to attract tourists were built.

The residents complained.

“I’m old and about to die. Build medical facilities so I can die cleanly.”

“Lord-nim, don’t you know that there is no hope every day?”

“Training facilities for children? We lack skillful hunters so I can’t even eat meat!”

No matter how well done, the residents expected more. Bellot had low fame and public achievements so it wasn’t easy for her to rule.

More than anything else, the lively fun of the north couldn’t be felt.

“I think it would be great to be a lord in the Arpen Kingdom. I could get tens of thousands of residents in minutes. It has friendly users and I can trade with Gamong and Mapan.”

Bellot finally regretted it.

But she didn’t care about the process.



The residents of the Arpen Kingdom were watching as Weed hit the Central Continent.

Geomchi and the students joined with northern users to fight the Haven Empire in the conquered territories.

They already smashed several villages and dealt serious damage to the Haven Empire’s army.

The war hadn’t ended. The Haven Empire and Arpen Kingdom had a sticky relationship.

Mapan told a meaningful story before he left.

“The job of a merchant is to prepare for the future. If you don’t read it properly then you won’t be able to get money. The Haven Empire is an empire but it is in a difficult situation right now.”

“I’ve heard the news. They are continuing to fight with remnants of the rebels... But aren’t they defeating the rebels?”

“Even so, it is tough. There will be more difficult things in the

future.”

“Don’t tell me that Weed-nim’s intentions...”

Bellot gaped as the recent situation was summed up.

The difference between the Hermes Guild and Arpen Kingdom was too big.

It was still impossible to match the economic and military power of the Haven Empire.

The gap was largest just after the conquest of the Central Continent.

‘Weed-nim revealed this gap and caused the Haven Empire to commit to an unreasonable attack. Wasn’t that followed by the plan to knock down the Royal Palace? After that, rebels started causing chaos in the Haven Empire.’

Weed and the Hermes Guild hated each other. He would either surrender or oppose the Hermes Guild.

If he gathered all his power then it would be amazing.

There was already a lively atmosphere thanks to the blind allegiance of the Grass Porridge Cult.

Mapan’s trading company had considerable stakes in Weed.

Apart from his shares in the northern continent, he participated in the black market in the Central Continent.

‘Creating a continent according to his imagination.’

Bellot was dense and realized the big picture involving Weed for the first time.

‘He seems callous and stingy but...that is only a shallow way of looking at him. All movements on the continent are under his hands. Using the enemy’s ambition to draw them closer!’

Mapan had no idea of Bellot’s thoughts and continued his story.

“The Arpen Kingdom is growing at a huge rate. Weed is playing a

significant role in the Central Continent.”

“Is there some hidden meaning?”

“In the past, he had never feared retaliating. He would hold a grudge until he is old...cool worlds like revenge and retaliation.”

“.....”

“Hum hum, the balance between the Arpen Kingdom and Haven Empire has clearly changed. Wait and see.”

He believed that the land Bellot ruled would one day be included in the Arpen Kingdom.

When that day came...

“Weed-nim will be my king so won't he exploit me?”

Bellot could feel goose bumps all over her body.

Weed was an excellent king but that made her even more suspicious.

The 3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin would occasionally whisper things to her.

They didn't even dare dream of betraying Weed and looked up to him as a mentor.

Chapter 5: Noble Sculpture

Weed cleaned himself in the river before going to see the dragon Ratuas.

“I might be killed if I am dirty. This dragon might have a nasty nature so I can’t allow it to find fault with me.”

He washed his body and looked at his face in the Yuskellanda’s mirror that he needed to deliver to the dragon. The item had a staggering level limit of 1,000. It was an item he couldn’t use but had the ability to seal monsters.

“Hrmm, my mouth is ugly but the rest is okay. I have become lighter after washing.”

Yellowy and Goldman were watching.

“Umoooo, he looks the same.”

“Gol gol gol. He has changed. The water is dyed.”

Only he would know the subtle differences! Weed washed himself then changed outfits. He wore equipment that he wouldn’t regret losing if he died.

There was only a day remaining for the deadline of the quest so he decided to go straight there.

Ratuas’ Lair. It was in the area south of the Rosenheim Kingdom.

There were light particles as Yurin appeared like magic.

“Oppa.”

“Is the picture ready?”

“I’ve drawn a picture of the area. We can depart immediately. And...”

“Huh?”

“Should I prepare a coffin made out of paelownia wood? Or perhaps birch wood?”

“.....”

Weed gave a long sigh.

He was close with his sister so she was joking around.

‘My family is happy enough now to make dull jokes.’

Then he looked at his sister with affectionate eyes.

‘She grew up.’

His grandmother and sister. He loved his family and was always nervous about looking after them. Sometimes an incident would occur but it was hard to replace the warmth of a family. His sister grew up pretty without any major incidents.

‘Any thief that steals her is a really blessed guy. No, I won’t send her away so easily. She’s been living with me all her life.’

Yurin was still babbling.

“You might be burned to death. Or just melted. Oppa, you haven’t died in a long time. Shouldn’t you die at least once?”

“.....”

“Isn’t this a great opportunity to die?”

Weed recalled when Yurin was a child.

They were young children with no parents. There was only a difference of a few years but it wasn’t an exaggeration to say that he raised her like a daughter.

‘I remember when she had a runny nose. She cried easily, had food cravings and hung around some bad people for a short period in high school.’

Still, she managed to get a scholarship for university. Their parents would have been proud and happy.

Spending a long time with his sister.

‘Now she needs to marry a good man and I’ll send her off.’

Thanks to Yurin, he arrived right under Cregodal mountain where Ratuas was located.

There was a river flowing through the forest and the cries of birds could be heard.

“Oppa, I’m going.”

“Yes. I’ll contact you later if I need it...”

Weed tried to ask for help from Yurin.

“I will wait with a coffin!”

Yurin stuck her tongue out before disappearing into particles of light.

“Indeed my sister...I will make her cook in the morning and evenings.”

I felt more like a father than a brother.

In particular, he felt good because of her bright and active personality. It was good compared to when Yurin used to be depressed and dull.

“It will be good enough if she gets married in the future.”

It was dangerous to be an unmarried woman. Weed started to climb Cregodal mountain. He wasn’t afraid of any monsters thanks to Time Sculpting.

Thanks to the Dark Gamers Union, he got information about the area around the dragon’s lair.

-Pathfinder Lane.

It was a long time in the past.

I just reached level 180 when I found a dragon’s lair. I accidentally stared at a big jackpot before dying.

There would be huge compensation for the great risk.

That time was the early days in Royal Road but I saw legendary

weapons and treasure.

Those who obtained it would be able to grow faster than anyone else. Of course, they could also be sold for an expensive price.

Anyway. There are two dragons currently inhabiting Cregodal Mountain.

Blue dragon Ratuas and black dragon Kerminade.

I was killed by a monster trying to enter Kerminade's lair.

Huge ant like creatures were crawling around. There are rare monsters near the lair of the dragons.

Weed had been to the lair of the black dragon Kaybern in the Thor Kingdom.

The evil dragon Akryong Kaybern!

He made a sculpture for him using the agate jewels obtained from the tomb of the master sculptor Belsos.

There were thousands of corrections as he made it into the shape of an elegant and brilliant sculptor! Just thinking about it caused his stomach to hurt.

"I don't want to be involved with dragons. The quest should end here."

Weed paid close attention.

He was walking when he saw a lich!

The lich was holding a skull cane and wearing a red robe.

Weed automatically made calculations.

'Not wearing a crown. Richer than a common lich. Looking at the blackened skull on the cane, I guess that the lich uses black magic to trick enemies. I should use Blink to narrow the distance and avoid the magic.'

Figuring out the lich would be a great help in battle.

Weed took out his weapon in preparation for a head on confrontation.

-Human.

But the lich spoke to Weed.

-Ratuas-nim is waiting.

Weed understood the situation.

‘The dragon sent a steward to meet me.’

Dragons needed to satisfy their lofty intellectual interests and turned useful subordinates into lich.

It could be a terrible slave life but they were actually treated quite good.

There were many dwarf slaves in this area.

‘In other words, it is a type of slave management.’

Weed had looked for information about Ratuas through Mapan.

It wasn’t reliable but information about the dragon was obtained from local legends, noble families and royal records.

Unlike Akryong Kaybern, Ratuas wasn’t evil and there were no special activities talked about in the records.

‘He isn’t a very bad dragon. Akryong Kaybern always asks for gold and other treasures from the kingdom but there is almost no records of Ratuas. I wanted to steal a rare treasure from Kaybern but he would have killed me.’

Weed watched the lich and pulled out a turtle.

A turtle was a well-known favourite pet for lich. Of course, he had prepared it as a bribe. Giving bribes were necessary for mutual friendship!

-What is this?

“A minor token of my sincerity.”

It would be a grievous situation if the other person rejected it. Giving bribes to a diligent and sincere knight would cause intimacy to fall instead.

Weed had considered all this when deciding the bribe. He needed to give a true bribery that the other party would accept.

A flimsy bribe wouldn't be good if he was trying to build a relationship with someone. But the lich just took it since he was the servant of dragon and didn't have any morals.

-A small, white turtle.

"A precious thing. Its potential to grow safely in the sea is very low. I would rather the turtle stay here than be vulnerable to harassment from human hands."

-I think so as well. Ratuas-nim's place is a rare heaven.

"And this is a small house for the turtle to live in."

Weed pulled out a golden turtle house.

The purity was 100% gold.

A sculpture of a house and small pond that made him cough up blood! The artistic value was 374 and the materials cost at least 4,000 gold.

"I thought some advance preparation was needed. The turtle can feel at ease."

-Then it will be useful for the turtle.

The jawbone of the lich got a little wider as he accepted the turtle and golden house. If he was a human then his mouth would be torn!

-Don't linger anymore. Go before Ratuas becomes angry.

But the fierce voice had already softened.

Weed had managed to form a small relationship with him. Of course, he wouldn't help Weed kill the dragon but even a slight

increase in friendship was important.

If the bribe was enough then he could be useful later.

Weed imagined many things before meeting the dragon Ratuas.

He wondered how strong and intimidating he would be compared to Kaybern. Unlike Ausollet the Chaos Dragon, this dragon had his combat skills intact.

‘It would be a tremendous asset if I can discover even a small gap.’

He also looked at everything when he had entered Akyrong Kaybern’s lair.

Weed would become strong enough to target a dragon one day!

Even when he was the desert ruler, he barely had enough power to face a strong dragon like Ausollet.

Weed’s overall level and combat power was far below them but that would change over time. He could take advantage of miscellaneous skills, the five secret sculpting techniques and even Time Sculpting. He also had the support of the Geomchis, helpers like Pale’s party and the overwhelming Grass Porridge Cult. If Weed hunted a dragon then even high level users would jump in!

In the future, he would create the myth of invincibility when hunting.

-Human, you might not know this but I have been waiting a long time for this day.

The huge body of the blue dragon Ratuas was waiting. He stared down at the tiny Weed with wise eyes.

He was once a young dragon on the Versailles Continent but had grown to a great dragon after living for at least 1,000 years. Time really didn’t matter to a dragon.

‘He receives gifts from dwarves and elves so he must be really rich.’

Weed respectfully bowed his head.

“It is great to see you. It is within the promised deadline but I am so for the delay.”

-In the past, I took away the Fairy Queen’s freedom but that punishment was too harsh. I regretted it later but it was irreversible.

“I understand. You are really great.”

Weed searched from the corner of his eye.

Akryong Kaybern’s mountain was filled with many treasures. Compare to that, Ratuas’ lair was wide and empty.

‘He might be a frugal dragon or the treasure is stored in another warehouse. The warehouse is likely to be higher.’

Later he might be hunting Ratuas and would need to loot the treasure.

‘Maybe he has another house.’

Weed thought very quickly.

He didn’t miss any bit of the surroundings while talking to the dragon.

-I have waited for so long. The thing you brought...give it to me.

“Yes. I will give it to you immediately.”

Weed pulled out the Mirror of the Silver Dragon Yuskellanda. Then the mirror floated towards Ratuas. Ratuas’ head bent a little closer.

-Her mirror...this is right.

The eyes of the dragon trembled.

It seemed like tears were pouring out!

‘Dragons have different colours and aren’t fond of family members.’

And there was no reason for dragons to become lovers.

Ddirring!

-Ratuas' Lair has been completed.

A human has brought a relic of the silver dragon Yuskellanda to the blue dragon Ratuas.

Old memories have been brought back for him.

Weed gave him something containing old memories so the delivery system was successfully completed.

'No compensation. I can't be greedy. Just be glad that I am no longer bound to the dragon.'

Weed was satisfied about completing the quest.

'I will come back later and take Ratuas' life.'

He would lead tens of thousands of troops to hunt a dragon. There would be high ranking shamans and priests with special skills such as sealing. There would be certain limitations and it wouldn't work on the dragon forever but hunting a dragon wasn't impossible.

Then he would systematically attack the Central Continent.

Of course, Weed knew that the current level of the players meant there was only a 1% chance of killing a dragon like Ausollet.

Dragons weren't stupid and wouldn't fall into consecutive traps when fighting. They could even fly into the sky and launch a decisive breath attack.

But if the pinnacle of different professions were gathered and skills utilized then a miracle might be seen.

Currently, Weed needed to prepare to hunt the Hermes Guild and the dragons.

It would be in the future but the dream of being the ruler of the north would be accomplished. A dragon was the final boss.

Chaos Dragon Ausollet had swept away tens of thousands of priests and fanatics of the Embinyu Church.

He would need to use many troops as well as tricks to win.

“It is great to see your infinite glory. May you live long in the future.”

Ratuas raised his head from the mirror and stared at Weed.

The large, sapphire like eyes looked at Weed.

-Human, you have given me something important.

Weed replied in just 0.1 seconds.

“Then a sword or luxury goods...heok, no. I don’t want any reward and simply did this as a favour to Teneidon. If you have any rewards then give it to the Fairy Queen Teneidon.

His instantly switched tactics.

No matter how good the treasures, his intimacy with the dragon was a little low. It would be a success if he just escaped from the dragon’s lair.

-I smell a good scent from you.

‘Heeok!’

Weed turned pale.

‘He can’t be a human eating dragon!’

He didn’t recall anything about this in the records.

-I don’t particularly like humans. They are disruptive and have no respect for other lives. However, I sense the clear smell of spirits and the aura of nature from you.

Humans who pursue art are worthy of respect.

-You have received the recognition of the blue dragon Ratuas.

Fame has increased by 4,390.

-The title ‘Dragon’s Artist’ has been acquired.

It can be gained if the person has a great passion for the arts, has high fame and the recognition of at least two dragons.

The growth rate of the art stat will increase by 4%.

The sculptor's quest experience and fame will increase by 11%.

Weed had a satisfied smile on his face.

The art stat was helpful in many ways. But nevertheless, he still wanted to get away from the dragon.

"Thank you for acknowledging me. However, there are many artists more outstanding than me. For instance, the painter Petrov."

He was an itinerant artist who was a potential rival so Weed willingly gave him up.

-Do not doubt your overwhelming fame. Although many artists have shone while they were alive, you are without a doubt the most outstanding contemporary artist.

'Keheok!'

Praise was a burden in a situation like this.

'I really don't need a treasure. Then...'

-Artist, I would like to ask you for a job. You are the only one that can possibly do it on this continent. I will lend all my support so please make a sculpture of my friend Yuskellanda.

Ddirring!

-Silver Dragon Yuskellanda

The dragon Ratuas has requested that you make a sculpture of Yuskellanda!

This opportunity is only given to one sculptor.

Utilize the materials in the dragon's lair to create a rare dragon sculpture.

Ratuas believes in your reputation as the best artist on the continent.

So the dragon will demand perfection. If it isn't...

You will be given two chances to create a sculpture and one month to complete it.

Level of Difficulty: The best work.

Compensation: Ratuas' confidence.

Quest Restrictions: Limited to the best artist.

"Uhh."

Making a sculpture for a picky dragon would be quite difficult.

'The contents of the quest isn't that intimidating. I can give it up. Or try it a little bit. It isn't an impossible risk.'

He was highly familiar with making sculptures.

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that he was either hunting or sculpting in Royal Road. He would even be sculpting during breaks..

He was constantly experiencing new things when making sculptures. This was an opportunity to use the best materials.

'I will soon rise to a sculpting master...there is a long way to go if I only make ordinary works.'

Now the dragon was commissioning him to make a sculpture!

'It will end if I refuse. But refusing will lower my intimacy.'

He would become a sculpting master so he couldn't run from the dragon.

Weed indifferently said after thinking for a while.

"I will try my best."

-You have accepted the quest.

From that day on, Weed was able to freely come and go from

Ratuas' lair.

The first human allowed to visit a dragon's lair freely.

Of course, many users would be able to see this scene through the broadcasting stations. It would also be helpful when the time came to hunt the dragon.

Ratuas had a large library approximately 100 metres in height and passageways connected to warehouses, a laboratory and housing for the workers.

It was similar to a 50 pyeong apartment and was like a huge royal palace inside the mountain.

Understandably, there were creatures like the lich, chimeras and sea creatures guarding the entrance to the passageways.

Weed was allowed to experiment with the magic treasures!

He could use the magic items and materials in the treasury for the sculpture. The dragon had various rare alchemy ingredients and new materials not seen on the continent. There were mountains of piled up gold and jewels.

"This is the Bank of Korea. Selling all of this...I would be able to live."

Weed was in extreme mental stress.

'Looking without being able to take anything!'

It was like the gold piled up in a vault in the Bank of Korea!

He skimmed through the magic books in the laboratory that the dragon collected.

<Water Twister Magic Spell Research>

<Strengthening the Function of the Body>

<202 Experiments of Life>

There were hundreds of books related to spells and strengthening.

Weed naturally tried to read them.

[Dragon Ratuas' Magic Records #54

The way to take advantage of the properties of water...]

Ddirring!

-Your wisdom isn't high enough to read it.

Reading wasn't possible!

He built up a variety of stats but knowledge and wisdom were the most neglected.

'This is beneficial for a magician. It isn't much use for me.'

Weed decided to focus on making the sculpture.

He had many things to do on the continent. He would neatly finish the dragon's quest and leave.

"Where should I make the sculpture?"

-Wherever you want to make it. In my opinion, the entrance is large so making it there would be good.

"I hope for a well-lit place. In my opinion, that is also the best location."

Weed searched the surrounding area.

The sculpture was a type of installation and the location needed to be carefully decided.

In particular, the harmony between the colours and ambient light was essential. He felt the energy from the magnificent Cregodal Mountains.

He started the sculpture of the dragon.

'Yuskellanda. The target of the sculpture has been confirmed... the figure of the dragon can't be significantly different from the original.'

It couldn't be a ridiculous or objectionable sculpture.

‘I am limited in my number of attempts. That makes it significantly harder.’

The lich brought an image of Yuskellanda.

A pure and noble silver dragon. An elegantly handsome dragon worthy of admiration.

“It is really nice and beautiful.”

-Ratuas’ friend. You deserve the best.

“I will make sure to generously use my artistic spirit.”

The lich was more benevolent because of the bribe.

Weed looked at the image of Yuskellanda several times.

‘A beautiful dragon. Fortunately I have a good model.’

A dragon wasn’t that different. The body type was just a variant of different animals.

Yuskellanda was a slim yet distinctively female dragon with a soothing atmosphere.

The dragon Ausollet was a violent machine while this dragon felt more like a friend to humans.

The dragon represented the Versailles Continent due to overwhelming strength and wisdom.

Weed had an ill-fated relationship with dragons but this dragon quest would be helpful.

‘It is worth trying to make a dragon sculpture. Furthermore, I can get significant support.’

He normally made sculptures using rotten wood or stone. The chance to use the best ingredients for a sculpture was rare.

Weed asked Ratuas.

“I need a lot of silver.”

-Tell me how much you want. How much is necessary?

Weed thought quickly.

‘I should demand as much as possible. So the materials can’t be blamed if he isn’t happy with the sculpture?’

He made a quick calculation and said.

“30,000kg of 99.99% pure silver...”

The amount was estimated according to the size of Yuskellanda.

‘It might be too hard. My intimacy will drop...’

-Is that enough?

“Yes. More could do but that is plenty.

-I will give 40,000kg. Tell me if you need more.

“Heeok!”

The dwarves working in the warehouses started bringing it out.

Treasure started to accumulate at the entrance!

The price of silver in Royal Road varied from time to time. It was cheaper than gold. However, this was a mountain of bullions!

‘I was mistaken when I thought this dragon was frugal. He is rich enough to buy a building in Gangnam.’

Pure silver was necessary to melt and refine to the desired shape.

Weed was also given command of the dwarves.

“Please melt this.”

“I understand.”

The dwarves started working straight away. More than 100 dwarves were working in the nearby dwarf village.

There was no doubt about the skills of the dwarf blacksmiths. In addition, the dragon was watching so they wouldn’t play around. The dwarves used excellent blacksmith skills to refine the pure silver.

Weed made another request to Ratuas.

“I wish there was 100 pearls for decoration.”

-How heavy?

“More is better. A minimum of 100kg should be enough. And the rating of the pearls are very important...they should be at least second grade.”

-I will bring it from the warehouse.

100 first grade pearls were procured.”

They were the best pearls without any imperfections.

I drooled like a beginner making a low level sculpture.

“And a bunch of...”

-Speak.

“Helium?”

A metal mined from Jigolaths.

The lifetime dream of any sculptor.

“Well, I will try my best even if I am lacking materials...it is obvious that I should use the best materials... Just tell me if you don't have it.”

-Bring it.

The helium appeared!

It was three times the amount he used to make the Goddess' Knight Armour.

“1,000kg of platinum...”

-Bring it.

“I'd like some fairy tears. Around 10,000 litres.”

-I will bring it.

The dragon casually handed out materials rarely found on the

continent.

He started to feel the true gap between the rich and poor.

Thanks to Ratuas' support, he started to prepare a lavish sculpture.

Chapter 6: Great Master

Weed decided on the nature of the sculpture.

‘It can’t be simple. Ratuas and Yuskellanda. There is something between them.’

There were some obvious laws of the world. After being released into a yard with roosters, hens would lay some eggs.

He became sure that Ratuas and Yuskellanda were lovers.

He wanted to see the dragon Yuskellanda. As an artist, Weed needed to fully express the charm and character of Yuskellanda.

‘Create gentle, nostalgic eyes. A sculpture made of previous materials can be exaggerated so I need to be careful.’

A sculpture!

Easy but very difficult. He needed to produce the best work.

In addition, he needed to produce it from a picture. It was more difficult because the dragon he was sculpting was in a special relationship with Ratuas.

He couldn’t make any type of sculptures for the client. The sculpture needed to resemble Yuskellanda as quickly as possible. Everything including the eyes needed to feel like Yuskellanda!

He couldn’t be creative so it was very difficult. A work that wasn’t possible unless he had a sincere understanding of sculptures!

‘I’ve never directly met her. Can I overcome this?’

His sculpting skill would give some assistance. Currently it was at 96.6% advanced level 9. It was just one step before master level.

Nevertheless, it might not be perfect.

‘The sculpture needs to fit the personality and feelings. If so...I just need to do my best.’

Weed worried about it for 5 minutes.

‘A conclusion. I will do what I can no matter the price.’

This was a dragon’s quest.

The best chance to make a sculpture using precious materials. He would put in all his effort to create a magnum opus.

Success depended on the mind, heart and effort.

‘I will try it.’

It would be a very large sculpture and one month wasn’t considered that generous.

He committed to working day and night.

‘The quest gives two chances...I needed to make sure I do it properly.’

Weed decided to take advantage of this rare chance and accessed Royal Road.



The first thing Lee Hyun did was access Royal Road’s website.

“I should check videos on the internet. Dragons are divided into many categories in human history so I should look at features similar to Yuskellanda. So that I can express the similarities and differences.”

There were videos about dragons scattered all over the place. Users in Royal Road occasionally saw dragons flying and would post the videos on the internet. It was relatively easy for elves to meet dragons without any risk.

He used the many videos of dragons as reference. Dragons spreading their wings, flying or sitting on top of a mountain!

There were a lot of grand and wonderful images. He observed the joints, skeletal system and other physical proportions. When he looked closely, it was quite different from a hedgehog or rabbit. He

needed to see and understand the different parts.

“I made Bingryong roughly. If I investigated at the time then I could have made it more tasteful. But somehow, Bingryong has a charm similar to eating junk food.”

Searching multiple information boards to understand the dragon!

While Lee Hyun was spending time in the real world, time in Royal Road was also passing. One month was a very tight deadline so he couldn't waste time.

Lee Hyun picked up the phone and called someone.

-Yes, KMC Media.

“This is Lee Hyun. I'd like to talk to Director Kang.”

He booked appointments with KMC Media and several other stations.

A piece of the dragon quest! It wasn't an adventure or combat but sculpting was also suitable for broadcast. And sculpting was a subject of interest to the broadcasting stations.

After learning the final secret sculpting technique, the viewers were even interested in Weed's minor adventures or sculpting.

KMC Media were always strongly on his side when broadcasting so he contacted them first. He also contacted CTS Media and LK Games. As well as foreign broadcasting stations such as Fox and CRR. They promised to find Korean employees immediately.

The war between the Haven Empire and Arpen Kingdom caused social repercussions in the news. Lee Hyun's character was sweeping the world's internet portal sites and search rankings.

Weed's popularity in Royal Road spread out to Korea, China, Japan, the United States and Europe.

Overseas fans wore costumes from Royal Road and Yellowy stickers could commonly be seen on cars. Teenagers in the United

States tried to convert their homes into shacks when their parents were at work and made a mess. In Russia, they even made a majestic 20m large sculpture of Bingryong.

Merchandising of the wyverns, Bingryong and Yellowy were actively exported.

“If children all over the world spends money then it won’t be a problem to get a wealthy retirement fund.”

Lee Hyun politely spoke to the Korean employees of the overseas broadcasting stations “You shouldn’t go into someone else’s home empty handed. That is overstepping the bounds of politeness. A person some enter someone’s home with heavy hands. But gift certificates aren’t bad. Because most gifts are useless. It would be good if I can take advantage of department stores and marts.”

Bribery as a courtesy!

The station officials gathered at Lee Hyun’s house with high expectations and were a little disappointed about the dragon quest.

In fact, they wanted cool scenes such as large-scale attacks against the Hermes Guild. Still, a sculpting quest was refreshing.

Director Kim of Fox asked.

“But what if you fail the quest?”

“It is hard to assure your life against a dragon.”

“So these are really good conditions. The ratings will be favourable.”

Lee Hyun knew the broadcasting officials very well. He signed a high value contract with KMC Media, CTS Media and Fox. The deal with the other stations was that they would be given 2 hours on a regular program.

Director Kang frowned and asked.

“So how is it going?”

“The sculpture?”

“Yes. If you fail then you will die. Your sculpting skill will also drop. The morale of the Arpen Kingdom will also drop. Can you really create something good?”

No one could guess the results of the sculpture. It wasn't fighting against the Hermes Guild but there was no guarantee he wouldn't die.

It wasn't hard to decide. He had a contract with the broadcast stations so the ratings would become even bigger if he failed once.

“Well, I will do my best. And I can't fail due to the ingredients.”

Director Kang was familiar with Lee Hyun's personality and said.

“The dragon won't kill you if a few materials are hidden away.”

“.....”

“Don't work wholeheartedly.”

“I have a thorough and meticulous plan.”

“It could be dangerous.”

“I will bet my life.”

The officials started laughing.



Weed melted and poured a large mold with the help of the dwarves.

While the silver was boiling and cooling, he used the Sculpting Knife to carve the form of the dragon.

The legs were completed in just 6 hours while the thick body took the whole night. The tremendous speed wouldn't have been possible with the help of the dwarves.

The dwarves tied ropes and helped with the sophisticated work. 10 metres and then 20 metres was completed Weed ordered the

dwarves.

“Don’t worry about accuracy. Just do it as quickly as possible.”

“Huh, are you really sure? I know that the human world doesn’t have great sculptors. But this dragon sculpture has all our lives at risk.”

“It doesn’t matter. Because I will be making the form of the sculpture.”

“It is difficult to work on the upper body due to the size but we will do our best.”

“Then I will make the dragon lying down. There is no need for it to be standing.”

“Are you serious? Making the form of a dragon like that...”

“Of course. The angle of its head will be like it is sleeping.”

“I understand. We will cooperate.”

The dwarves started to feel increasingly dubious towards Weed. Weed’s fame was too high but doubts started forming.

“Us dwarves would be able to make the sculpture a lot better.”

“I don’t know what that human is thinking. Somehow we need to build a solid foundation. If we don’t work hard then we will pay for it.”

“Don’t give up. That is an artist.”

“That human is acting too casually.”

Using pure silver to create the form of the silver dragon. He didn’t make an intimidating dragon but an unimpressive sculpture of a dragon lying down.

There was no artistry or special emotional feeling involved in the subject. Numerous scales were roughly crushed and clumsily handled.

The shape of the face was almost similar to Yuskellanda but the

nose, eyes and mouth weren't very elaborate. He didn't make any major changes or attempt to fix it.

Finally, the sculpture was completed after five days. He didn't even use the helium and pearls!

-Please set the name of the new sculpture.

"Hmm, let's use Yuskellanda."

-Yuskellanda is correct?

"That's right."

-Yuskellanda has been completed.

A work showing the silver dragon Yuskellanda who existed in the past.

A huge amount of silver was used.

In 100 years, people might say that is it one of the artist Weed's best work.

An incredibly poor sculpture.

Artistic Value: 590.

Special Options: Yuskellanda will increase health and mana regeneration by 7% for a day.

Combat capabilities of monsters in this area will be reduced by 14%.

He managed to make a fairly ordinary piece with low artistic value.

Then Ratuas walked towards the entrance of his lair. The giant dragon caused the mountain to shake every time he moved.

-This is your final product! You made this after making so many demands! You have the most outstanding skills among humans but you are still useless!

Ratuas roared.

The dwarves watching were astonished.

Dragon Peer!

Weed felt like the earth and sky was shaking and his whole body was terrified.

-Fighting spirit and concentration has given you a strong resistance to fear.

Resistance has been invoked against the skill Dragon Peer.

The stiffness caused by the dragon has decreased by 63%.

Battle skills can be used normally after 13 seconds.

A great experience.

Insight has increased by 2.

Weed was able to somewhat counter the skill due to his previous quest.

Right now, he needed to be respectful to the dragon but he had faced Ausollet in the past!

Ddiring!

-The client isn't happy with the sculpture of Yuskellanda.

Your first chance has disappeared.

The dragon Ratuas' hostility has reached 59%.

Weed wasn't surprised by this attitude.

"No. This is a prototype I made in order to study the fundamental form of the dragon. This will be a proper work the next time you see it."

-This will be your last chance.

"I know. You absolutely won't regret it."

Weed was still confident regarding sculpting.

'It absolutely won't fail.'

He took the initiative to create numerous sculptures. He would use that experience for this work.

He was now determined to do his best.

Getting a high evaluation for a new creative work was always hard.

Basically, it was important to listen to the client.

“I will dedicate myself to making the best sculpture for Ratuas-nim.”

Weed believed in himself.

‘Life is about using the appropriate tricks to become comfortable. Living an honest and proper life is too painful.’

It wasn’t that easy to just make a magnum opus.

Secret sculpting techniques. He could take advantage of Sculpture Resurrection.

It would be a jackpot if he used it to revive Yuskellanda after completing the sculpture but the skill was only beginner level 4, giving it some limitations.

Apart from the enormous sacrifice in his level, art and faith stat, he could only revive humans and similar species.

‘It also won’t work if the fine details are lacking.’

It really would be an icing on the cake if he could revive Yuskellanda.

He never saw Yuskellanda so there was no way he could make the sculpture perfect enough to revive her.

But he had an endless amount of tricks to use!

“Summon Sculpture!”

Weed summoned one of his sculptures displayed in Morata’s Art Centre. It was a wooden sculpture representing the sculpting master Darone!

Darone was the mentor who taught him Sculpture Transformation and endlessly created sculptures of the women he loved.

It was an ordinary piece but that didn't matter.

“Sculpture Resurrection!”

-Sculpture Resurrection has been used.

The sculpting master Darone has been called back to this land through art.

45 Art stats have permanently disappeared.

Faith stat has been permanently reduced by 100.

Level has fallen by 3.

18,000 Health and Mana has been consumed.

The person revived by Sculpture Resurrection will retain their knowledge and ability.

It is only a fixed short time but they are thankful for being able to move in this world again.

-The skill proficiency of Sculpture Resurrection has improved.

“Sob!”

Sculpture Resurrection was a success but it was difficult to bear his levels falling.

The wooden sculpture of Darone. It started changing to skin and he soon began to move.

“I-I am back...”

Darone marvelled as he looked at his hands and feet. Weed was familiar with this reaction and decided to help.

“Teacher-nim!”

“Who are you? Ummm...ah! Weed.”

Weed had an extremely ordinary face so it was difficult to

recognize him.

“This isn’t the time. There is work to do.”

“What type of work?”

Weed showed him the materials given by Ratuas.

“We have to use these materials to carve the silver dragon.”

Weed planned a collaboration to make the best sculpture ever!

Darone was persuaded after a simple explanation.

Ratuas and Yuskellanda. The reason of love was enough for Darone to agree to make the sculpture. A sculptor having motivation was the best ingredient for working.

Weed even showed the pictures and failed sculpture of Yuskellanda.

“It was be based on this work. We will create the rest together.”

Darone glanced at me and nodded.

“You have improved. It might be rough but the basic shape is good.

“Begin. I will start with the tail.”

“Then I will work from the wings.”

Weed and Darone began the elaborate sculpture of Yuskellanda.

The sculpture of the dragon was large and delicate work was required for the scales. The overall vision in his head was too big for him to do alone.

However, two people working on different parts could give an overall awkward impression.

Weed believed in Darone’s skills.

‘Sculpting one woman for his whole life. The emotional aspect is perfect.’

He had confirmed Daron’s workmanship several times in the

past. His skillful hands would be perfect for this.

In terms of expressing the various forms of sculptures, Emperor Geihar von Arpen was the best. He created numerous creatures so Weed could trust him with a dragon. However, the Arpen Emperor could give it an unfamiliar feeling.

Darone was rich in emotions and had delicate and precise skills so he was the best partner for Weed.

‘This is definitely the feeling!’

Besides, there was another advantage to cooperating with Darone.

This was the real reason why Darone was necessary.

“Sculpture Transformation!”

Darone created the Sculpture Transformation technique. He transformed into a silver dragon on a semi-regular basis. Weed looked at the appearance of the silver dragon and found any awkward parts.

“The ratio of the legs should be a little longer. When thinking of Bingryong’s short legs...”

Daron maintained the appearance of the silver dragon and said painfully.

“I think so as well.”

Sculpture Transformation was used in order to determine the appearance and perfect proportions.

Weed had always used Sculpture Transformation in battle so this was the first time he utilized it for art.

Weed requested more materials from Ratuas.

“I’m sorry but can you give 10,000 kilos more? The piece is larger than I first estimated. Of course, it can still be sufficiently completed in this state.”

-In the warehouse...I will bring out 20,000 kilos. Tell me if you need more. You are also welcome to the dwarf village in my territory.

Ratuas had been angry after the first sculpture but that had changed.

He watched quietly as Weed and Darone worked on the sculpture of Yuskellanda with tremendous speed and workmanship.

It was meticulous work so there were no more accusations. All the bulky and awkward parts were changed. Beauty, grace and artistry were shown.

Platinum was melted and covered the wings, claws and between the scales. Small portions created from nothing were pulled together to create a wonderful and shining silver dragon.

‘It is hard to live a comfortable life without using any tricks.’

It was like an interior designer changing the design in response to the owner. The client had a definite response as he watched the process of creating the sculpture of Yuskellanda.

-Yus...ekellanda. I can see your face again.

Ratuas staring blankly at the sculpture meant the work was going properly.

‘There is nothing else to fix on the face. I can concentrate on other parts.’

Using Sculpture Transformation occasionally would draw out the soul of the client.

‘I need to watch and point out any bad points.’

Even a genius artist needed to use all types of tips and tricks to improve their chances of success.

It was the reason for all the focus on education in South Korea.

‘Success through studying? Wrong. That is how they remain a

salaryman for the rest of their lives. Having an excellent education from an early age can increase their IQ. In life, opportunity will knock at least three times.'

Darone trimmed the sculpture of the silver dragon.

The overall shape was representative of the sculpture. It was common behaviour when making a large sculpture.

But Darone had spent a lifetime making a sculpture of one woman. He had an obsession with sculptures that wouldn't allow even one flaw!

The length of the claws, tendons of the legs and even the wrinkles were fully expressed. He even worried over the look in the eyes and thickness of the tongue.

Still, Darone only did some parts.

"I can't handle helium."

"I will do it. I have the blacksmith skill."

"Excellent. Blacksmith skills aren't required for a sculptor. You truly are the continent's leading sculptor."

"I first picked it up for money."

Weed used his advanced blacksmith skill and the hearths of the dwarves to melt the helium.

'There can't be any mistakes. Especially when I am already having doubts.'

He had done this twice already but Weed's forehead was covered in sweat.

Sya sya sya sya syak.

A covert action was finished.

"Hum hum, the amount of helium is a little less than before.

"You are mistaken."

“It seems to be mixed with some foreign substance...”

“It is mixed to increase the purity as much as possible. So that I can use plenty.”

“Even if it is mixed, the original amount of helium...”

“Wasn’t it used for the sculpture?”

The melted helium thinly covered the silver dragon’s face and neck.

Plain silver lacked the ability to express the subtle hues of the silver dragon. He could paint the sculpture but he would rather change the material itself.

The noble appearance of the shining, silver dragon was slowly being revealed. The shape of a true dragon was slowly forming under the hands of two artists.

Weed occasionally asked Darone.

“Is there any beast more magnificent than a dragon?”

“You have good judgement. I feel a greater determination in my heart.”

“Well, art is emotional.”

Yuskellanda had the magnificent appearance of a dragon standing on two legs with its wings spread.

It was too high for the dwarves since it wasn’t in a lying down position like the first sculpture. Even if Weed and Darone used ladders, it was too high to work efficiently.

Therefore they modified the primary sculpture.

A fine dragon sleeping in the warm sun. It was infinitely endearing but the eyes weren’t open. It wasn’t a mighty dragon but the loving memories that remained intact in Ratuas. Even the dwarves wouldn’t be scared of a dragon like this.

Weed had a thought.

‘There are only a few days until it is finished. It will be sufficient if I finish the rest alone.’

Ruthlessly discarding their camaraderie!

“How long can you stay in this world?”

“Well, around four days. It should be enough to finish the sculpture.”

Darone could stay in this world longer than expected.

Weed’s resurrection skill could only make them last for a day. However, Darone was a sculpting master with his own high art stat so this increased his survival time by leaps and bounds.

‘It is like making an owner wash some dishes.’

This was an unexpected side effect of Sculpture Resurrection.

“You don’t need to bother with this. There isn’t long remaining in this world so go relax or on a tourist trip. I will even recommend a restaurant. Use plenty of money.”

“No. I am already dead so I don’t want to eat something delicious. If I am hungry then I can eat some barley bread. I think it would be great to spend the last moments of my life sculpting. This would be a big gift.”

Weed’s fist trembled.

“Uhh...if that is what you want.”

“Don’t be sad. I am happy enough that you summoned me here. Now we will complete this sculpture until the end!”

Darone was happy to create a sculpture during his last four days.

‘Should I covertly kill him?’

The dragon was watching him so Weed waited for an opportunity.

‘Should I handle him at night?’

There were no chances even at night.

Darone was already dead so he stayed up all night working without needing to worry about his health. Weed might also be held liable if someone died while working with him.

The continent's two best sculptors joined together on a sculpture. The statue of the silver dragon Yuskellanda finally finished.

There was a large golden cauldron next to her. Of course, the gold was obtained from Ratuas. He added this to the silver dragon in order to secretly siphon off some gold.

-Please set the name of the new sculpture.

Weed struggled for a moment but decided not to prioritize money.

“This is Darone-nim's last piece so please give it a name.”

“It is your sculpture so you should build it. I am just a junior sculptor who helped you.”

“It pricks my conscience but...no, thank you for the consideration. I will name it The Sleeping Silver Dragon Yuskellanda.”

-The Sleeping Silver Dragon Yuskellanda is correct?

“That's correct.”

Ddiring!

-Magnum Opus! The Sleeping Silver Dragon Yuskellanda has been completed.

A sculpture that transcends the limit and is full of infinite affect made by the sculptors Weed and Darone.

The perfect appearance of a silver dragon made with the most precious materials in the world.

The materials and treasures created a beauty that is difficult to

continue to exist.

The pinnacle of art on the Versailles Continent!

A sculpture that will be recorded in the legends.

Artistic Value: A collaborative work between the sculptors Weed and Darone.

49,212

Special Options: The Sleeping Silver Dragon Yuskellanda will increase health and mana regeneration by 64% for a day.

All resistances have increased by 55%.

The probability of obtaining gold when hunting will increase by 450%.

The activation speed of skills and magic spells will increase by 15%.

Movement speed will increase by 22%.

All stats have increased by 31.

Courage, charisma, dignity and wisdom have permanently increased by 12.

Looking at the statue once a day will restore maximum health, mana and vitality.

The city or area this sculpture is located in won't be invaded by monsters for two years.

* 53% achievements has been distributed to Darone and 47% to Weed.

A special title for the ones who finished this sculpture will be granted.

The effect doesn't overlap with other sculptures.

Current number of Magnum Opus created: 18

-The skill proficiency of Sculpting has improved.

-Great achievement!

Advanced handicraft skill has reached 100% proficiency.

Handicraft Master!

Your hands have reached the ultimate state.

Humans and dwarves are the only species to achieve this unimaginable feat.

The proficiency rate of all skills involving the hand will increase by 12%.

All skills involving fists or weapons will quickly reached advanced level 1.

Weapons will be handled more accurately. Striking in one place will deal 16% more damage and you will be protected from some damage.

Techniques that require following a pattern will build up a fixed amount of experience. In particular, advanced skills should be followed accurately a certain number of times.

Forging and tailoring products will be given special benefits.

There is a 1/10 probability that the product won't tear or be destroyed.

There is a 1/35 probability of creating a produce with great attack power or incredible defense.

Special benefits will be granted to dishes cooked.

The taste from your hands!

Each dish will be tasty despite only having a minimal amount of seasoning.

The probability of failing during fishing will be greatly reduced.

The subtle dexterity in the hands will show excellent power

regulation when fishing.

High durability will be granted to boats created with the shipbuilding skill.

You will have direct control of the sails when sailing.

When using a pickaxe, you can dig in more areas with less force.

Bandages will be wrapped very quickly.

Special benefits will be granted to sculptures.

A meticulousness will be added to all sculptures.

There will be a 15% increase in the value of sculptures and this will affect the relevant skills.

- Fame has increased by 23,490.

- Art has increased by 98.

- Perseverance has increased by 7.

- Charm has increased by 10.

- All stats will gain an additional 3 points for making a Magnum Opus sculpture.

- Title! Craftsmanship of Rare Metals has been acquired.

A special title attached to those who work with helium, a metal called the tears of the gods.

Production experience and fame from blacksmith quests will double.

The proficiency level will increase quickly when dealing with rare metals.

“Aaaack.”

A statue with great options!

Weed almost screamed the moment it was completed.

“That sculpture is mine!”

The excellent options on the sculpture were no use to the dragon Ratuas. The sculpture was in a dragon's lair so he wouldn't be able to come visit it.

A situation that caused him pain!

“This is why I can't give pieces away. All that suffering was in vain.”

And Weed was puzzled.

“But something like this...the handicraft skill is really related to a lot of things.”

A message window that contained a tremendous amount of information! Weed was shocked while reading the message window.

“Wait a minute...did I really master handicraft?”

Handicraft was at 98.4% advanced level 9 so there was only a little bit more to go.

Although sculpting benefited, all the skills involving the hands like tailoring, blacksmithing, swordsmanship etc. contributed to increasing it.

Handicraft was a common skill that wasn't hard to accumulate experience.

It was the skill that was the symbol of labour!

The Dark Gamers Union analyzed that it wasn't possible for a master to appear in the next three years.

Handicraft Master!

The biggest reward was that it affected all skills.

Reading the message window was enough to have an excellent idea of the comprehensive gift set.

“But I thought...sculpting would be mastered first.”

He was glad to see it but still slightly upset.

It was mastered thanks to cooking, tailoring, shipbuilding, navigation, mining, fishing and more skills.

Sculpting took a lot of time and work, especially when making a large sculpture.

His sculpting skill was at 98.9% advanced level 9. The proficiency had increased but not enough to reach master level. He didn't want to use the time museum from intermediate Time Sculpting until he was a master.

“I will still become the continent's first sculpting master.”

A historic achievement that would be founded in labour.

“I've spent most of my life working.”

Weed had been working since childhood.

Sewing doll eyes, buttons, milk delivery, newspaper delivery etc. There were so many jobs where he wanted to give up.

Chapter 7: Ratuas' Reward

Uncontrollable rebellions.

Residents of the Haven Empire became rebels because there was no food. There were heavy taxes, empty granaries, lower security and robbers attacking the food transportation carriages.

The residents of Vandelrun City rebelled and 10,392 people died. The production facilities received big damage and their rate fell to 49%, while security in neighbouring areas dropped incredibly.

-Stats have increased as a quest reward.

Strength has increased by 4.

Wisdom has increased by 3.

Maximum vitality has increased by 200.

“This time, it is a quest to damage the empire.

Bardray proceeded carefully with the black knight quests. Sometimes he would wipe out large groups of rebels or sacrifice innocents within the empire.

The reason Vandelrun ran out of food was due to Bardray. He manipulated the bandits into causing a food shortage in the city.

‘Is this a trap? Or the penalty revealed in accordance with my profession.’

Bardray thought that the profession of black knight was very attractive. It was the best profession for someone with combat talents and big ambitions.

He received questionable quests after becoming emperor. Quests designed to cause instability in the empire and to rule with anxiety and distrust. Loyal subordinates were secretly executed or unrest incited in cities.

The black knight was the ultimate evil profession so there would

be penalties.

The situation in the Haven Empire was gradually worsening while he started the quests. The quests contents unexpectedly showed positive results for the Haven Empire. he rebel infested areas were small in the overall scheme but the areas were actually stabilized.

“It seems like the quests are leading me into a subtle trap. However, black knight is my profession.”

The black knight quests meant he could get tough stats or additional compensation.

The high degree of difficulty meant the quests couldn't be completed quickly but it was still admirable.

“Even so, it feels like temptation leading me to my downfall.”

Bardray felt some doubts but he still did the quests.

There was already serious rebellions occurring so there were no damages. The Haven Empire's soldiers and residents that didn't listen were killed.

Even if the foundations of the empire were damaged, it would just affect the Hermes Guild. Despite his position as the emperor, the internal affairs of small villages and getting on the wrong side of the lords had no relation to Bardray at all.

‘I am the emperor. And at the same time, I am the head of the Hermes Guild.’

Bardray continued to have doubts about the black knight quests but was still continuing them. However, he was ready to quit at any time.

‘The system of the Hermes Guild isn't perfect. After one or two years, someone might step up to challenge me.’

Strong power was required to rule the Hermes Guild and remain the emperor of the Haven Empire.

The black knight got the status of emperor through betrayal and slander but its favourable aspect was the endless strength.

Bardray was enjoying the benefits of the black knight profession. And then a new quest occurred.

Ddirring!

-The Emperor's Sacred Choice

The efforts of the majestic emperor to rule the empire has come to fruition.

By getting rid of the impurities clouding the empire early on, the empire has leapt forward with a bloody foundation.

The Black Knight Emperor can select one of two paths.

The first path.

A black knight is ambitious and aims to have no weaknesses. He rules with death and blood, where no one will resist due to fear.

The emperor will forever kill everyone he is suspicious of.

The second path.

In order to quickly rectify the confusion in the empire, it is necessary to show tolerance. The wise emperor will persuade his enemies to his side.

The empire will shine under his reign.

Level of Difficulty: Emperor restricted quest.

Quest Restrictions: Black Knight Emperor.

An empire haunted by rebels and unstable peace.

The end of the black knight quest.

Compensation: The path chosen will have an impact on the governance of the Haven Empire.

-if the first path is chosen, the compensation will be clearly revealed against the rebels.

The emperor will be given special eyes. The eyes will stare straight into the heart to see any signs of rebellion.

Security and fear will rise every time you kill a rebel.

Governance and personal capabilities will increase. But sometimes, those eyes can be too suspicious and see the pure people as bad.

If you don't handle those plotting rebellion, your combat ability will be reduced due the anxiety.

Accumulating a lot of anxiety can cause serious illnesses.

If the second path is chosen, you will be given compensation and skills associated with the level of a master.

The complaints of the rebels will fade away quickly under the dignity of the emperor.

Those who surrender in battle will increase and the defeated will be convinced to join the empire.

The effect of all production facilities within the empire will permanently increase by 4%.

The settlement rate within the empire will increase. The residents can relax even further.

Development of commerce and restoration of technology will be promoted.

As security and the economy recovers, the people will blindly worship the emperor.

*Please note!

Choose carefully as the decision can't be reversed.

You have 10 days to decide.

Bardray's eyes sharpened.

"This quest is really incredible."

The quality of this quest was really ridiculous.

“Aren’t the benefits for the emperor good either way?”

The first path was inclined towards battle.

This was good from Bardray’s perspective. He could significantly increase the gap in strength with other users.

The Haven Empire was receiving large damage right now so it would be nice to subdue the rebels. The first choice would damage the empire for personal gain.

The second choice was for the Haven Empire. The development could help rectify the difficult situation of the Haven Empire.

Special benefits were given to the empire but the overall picture meant the Haven Empire would stabilize.

“Either path would be good.”

Bardray had a choice between two paths. Greed was definitely the first path.

Just like when Weed acted in the desert and formed the Pallos Empire. There were no laws and he gained many achievements.

Using overwhelming force to maintain his position as emperor. An endless path of infinite strength stretched out in front of him. It was a sweet temptation to Bardray.

The path of a wise emperor also attracted him. The development of the empire was good for both him and the Hermes Guild.

He could only select one and it would have an impact on the future.

A few days passed as he worried about it. He couldn’t concentrate on hunting due to the quest decision.

Bardray looked inside himself.

“I got to this place through my own efforts. I can have everything with my power.”

He would keep the emperor's position for himself.

The temptation of the first path was strong but would certainly have side effects. Bardray's heart shook with desire.

“There will be problems in the long run if I choose the first path. It is better to pick the second path.”

Greed and reason. His mind changed every moment.

Bardray decided on the third day.

“I will choose the second path.”

-Do you want to pick the second path in the Emperor's Sacred Choice quest?

The decision cannot be reversed.

“I will choose the second path.”

Ddirring!

-You have chosen the second path in the empire.

A wise emperor who shows more tolerance to his people.

The emperor carries out the will of the people and will be applauded in the cities.

The black knight's ambition has refused this.

You will not be able to select the way of the emperor.

Your choice has failed.

“What is this?”

Bardray tried to pick the second path several times.

It was refused due to the previous black knight quests he completed.



Weed proudly looked up at the dragon Ratuas.

“This is my sculpture.”

-The ability and will of humans...it is truly marvelous. The silver and gold I gave you was changed so beautifully.

Ratuas stared at the sculpture of the dragon Yuskellanda.

“Then the commission was successfully completed?”

-I can't deny it. This sculpture is the best that I've ever seen and none in the future can surpass it.

Ddirring!

-Silver Dragon Yuskellanda has been completed.

The dragon Ratuas has admired your skill as a sculptor.

He recognizes you as the best sculptor.

-Ratuas has declared that you are the best artist.

Fame has increased by 38,398.

-Ratuas has recognized the value of human help and 4,464 achievement points have been earned.

‘Well, this much...’

Weed had a warm smile on his face.

He bowed to the dragon and turned to Darone.

“A success. All of this, it is thanks to Darone-nim.”

“Huhuhu, I was able to make the work of a lifetime thanks to you.”

It was time for Darone to leave.

Weed fiercely regretted that he only left after the sculpture was finished. Still, he had made a difficult sculpture with the help of a colleague.

“Darone-nim has done a lot more than me. I couldn't have done it without Darone-nim.”

“You will make better works in the future. Lead the continent's sculptors well.”

Darone slowly disappeared.

Sculpture Resurrection had played a big role. It was a great way to resurrect a hero.

‘If only it can be used in a timely manner. They should live until no longer needed.’

Weed continued acting humble towards Ratuas.

“I have many things happening. Then...”

He said goodbye in a little voice. He had finished creating the sculpture so he was trying to creep down the mountain.

The moment he tried to leave! Ratuas’ head leaned down towards Weed.

-Human.

“Yes, yes?”

Sweat started flowing down.

‘I was caught. I only took a little bit!’

He took some helium and gold while making the sculpture. He shouldn’t have done it but his greedy instincts won.

Of course, he used various excuses while making the sculpture but the collect amount was small. He intended to get souvenirs from Ratuas.

‘The quest is good enough. I am working as a sculptor. Then I should get a fair price for my labour.’

The embezzled helium wasn’t enough for an armour but gloves or boots could be created. He also got 100kg of gold.

It wasn’t a large amount compared to what the dragon had.

-I have something to say to you.

“What do you want? I have a previous engagement. My heart is satisfied with this much compensation. It is well meaning but I

can't rest on my laurels.

-Returning the leftover materials.

Weed's heart started beating.

He deliberately made it difficult to determine the exact amount of materials used in the sculpture.

His profession was a sculptor so he didn't have the pickpocket skill like thieves or assassins. If the target noticed then hostility would increase. Even so, a thief or assassin would not try to rob a dragon.

"There is a little bit but...it was a material I didn't return after not using all of it on the sculpture."

Weed pulled out a chunk of gold from his backpack. The dragon's face didn't change despite pulling out three or four.

'He knows all of it. It is hard against high intelligence.'

He watched as he kept pulling out the gold.

'This is enough...still more?...he knows...this is the strength of a dragon!'

The gold pulled out from his backpack formed a pile.

Despite the sacrifice he made in using Sculpture Resurrection, the dragon's attitude didn't change.

Weed pulled out all of the gold and solemnly said to the dragon.

-Helium can't be abused in the human world. It is a great materials so humans can't take it without permission.

Helium!

Weed didn't want to return the helium no matter what.

'Should I try to use Time Sculpting to escape? I can use Time Sculpting. The problem is that it is hard to get away very far.'

However, there was a great reversal.

-But human, I can give it to you in exchange for your achievements. I will give in exchange for making me the sculpture of Yuskellanda.

Ddiring!

-The dragon Ratuas has offered a proposal.

You currently have 4,462 achievements after completing the sculpture.

Do you want to use 4,192 achievements to take away the helium? If you accept the proposal then you can proudly own the helium.

If you reject the proposal and don't return the helium, a considerable amount of fame will drop and hostility will be generated from the theft.

Weed rarely read a description window like this.

"It was a big honour for me to complete the sculpture of Yuskellanda. In return, please give me these materials for future art."

-You have accepted the dragon Ratuas' proposal. You now officially own the helium.

270 achievements remain.

It went without saying that he accepted the suggestion!

In the past, he used the helium gained to create the Goddess' Knight Armour.

Thanks to the helium gained from the sculpture of Yuskellanda, he could create one more piece.

'It would be a big hit if I could create something like boots, a shield or helmet.'

Equipment had a large impact even in the early beginner days.

Despite Weed's level dropping, his fighting capabilities would improve simply by changing his equipment.

It was important and made a difference when hunting strong monsters.

Weed didn't hesitate to speak to Ratuas after obtaining the helium.

“Excuse me, I would like to have the gold as well.”

Exchanging the achievements for gold! Having achievement points with a dragon was great but it could also have the opposite effect.

‘There isn't a high chance...’

He didn't need to encounter Ratuas again until the dragon hunt.

-Take it if you want.

Ddirring!

-You can take 50kg of gold from the dragon Ratuas for each achievement point.

“Ohhhh.”

50kg of gold was a huge amount. Weed's head was filled with calculations.

‘The current price...’

Usually 3 grams of gold was equivalent to 1 gold, so 1kg of gold was equal to 333 gold. Then one achievement point corresponded to 16,666 gold. All the gold could be exchanged for 4.5 million gold.

‘Well, that isn't a small sum.’

He only had 270 achievement points remaining and it wasn't easy to calculate the total value when adding the helium.

‘I can save money on materials so there are a lot of benefits.’

Weed said.

“I will make the deal.”

He changed his remaining achievement points to gold. He didn't

want to see the dragon again anytime soon.

Weed spoke once the transaction was completed.

“Thank you. Dragon. Then I will leave now.”

However, the dragon wasn't finished yet. Ratuas' head came up right in front of Weed.

Fierce eyes glared at him.

-Human, you know about Yuskellanda's death.

Dudung!

Weed's heart started beating.

‘Is it another dragon quest? It seems to be related to adventuring, not sculpting.’

It didn't seem to be a simple quest so it was natural to be filled with tension. A dragon's quest was associated with death so it really was a nightmare.

Weed shook his head.

“I am just a weak sculptor. I don't know anything. Even if I do, I don't remember it.”

He used the feigned innocence that he learned from watching the news!

‘Do I have to lie down and pretend to be sick?’

The mirror was received from the chaos dragon Ausollet so he couldn't even begin to guess the situation.

There was a clear reason for Yuskellanda's death.

It wouldn't be surprising if the now disappeared Embinyu Church or the chaos dragon Ausollet was behind it.

Or maybe someone behind them...

If he looked at the information collected while the quest was progressing, he could know the whole picture.

‘I can’t keep the peace of the continent alone. The Hermes Guild should also wash their feet.’

Originally the Central Continent channeled their power into defeating the Embinyu Church. It was only a matter of time until the Embinyu Church dealt extensive damage to the north.

However, Weed had neatly solved that problem during the final secret sculpting technique quest. The development of the Central Continent increased and the broken cities also recovered.

The Haven Empire could afford to invade the north. He had already done enough good things in this lifetime.

The dragon watched Weed with sober eyes.

Ddiring!

-Become qualified before proceeding with the quest ‘Dragon Ratuas’ Investigation.’

You need a minimum level of 480.

Dignity and courage need to have reached at least 400.

Your main combat skill has failed to reach advanced level 7.

The quest wasn’t given.

-The time hasn’t arrived yet. Your abilities are lacking right now but there is no knowing what will happen in the future. Come to me at any time if you want to hear the story. The time will come, no matter what happens. The human who defends Yuskellanda until the end...

“Thank you.”

Weed hurriedly ran away from the dragon.

He didn’t care about what would happen in the future.

He couldn’t waste another moment here.

He absolutely never wanted to do it.



Kwaaaang!

“Avoid the east!”

“Let’s enter the bushes again.”

“No. I will trample on all those in my way!”

The Crimson Wings Guild arrived at the land of the giants.

Hundreds of people were watching the broadcast of Teros and his companions’ expedition.

“A continent other than Versailles? It is intriguing”

“A new world? We can be the first one to stake a claim there.”

The users belonging to the Crimson Wings Guild dreamed of a comeback through this adventure.

They hoped to regain their honour.

Teros dreamed of no longer being cursed at and becoming a lord of a northern city.

The Crimson Wings members treated poorly everywhere could be reunited.

They came aboard a boat made of nails of the dead, through a brambly forest and huge worms to descend into the world of the giants.

However, the huge giants had a tremendous level beyond 700.

It was understandable why the gods would separate them from the human world.

“Insects...but...looks...so...delicious.”

The giants held the users.

Fortunately, they only ate 1~2 people before letting the rest go.

Not a single one of them could lay a hand on the giants!

The broadcasting stations showed the adventure and recorded stable ratings higher than 10%.

The expedition wandered the land of the giants and hunted large rats and dragonflies.

It was easy for small humans to hide in the huge land of the giants.

They persistently explored for a month.

The severe damage meant that more than 70% of the expedition lost their lives.

They wanted to find a way back to the human world, but it wasn't that easy to leave.

And they found several clues.

-The adventurer Lodsiker has visited here first. The reason he came here was a request from the earth goddess Mi-ne.

-Across the ocean to the west of the Versailles Continent, a place containing the giants has been forgotten.

-A new continent blocked due to monsters and a magic barrier.

-The giants brought a huge amount of gold from the Versailles Continent to the New World.

The New World!

The inhabitants of the Versailles Continent sometimes told stories about it.

“The earth goddess Mi-ne is very diligent...is there only one world outside this continent?”

“My father was an adventurer in the past. He said that crossing the ocean or going through a magic door would allow you to go to a new world. And he never came back.”

Residents often mentioned the New World but it didn't lead to a specific quest.

Nevertheless, all users hoped to find the New World.

The Versailles Continent alone was already huge. They explored the north, south and west.

However, all adventurers had expectations for a new continent. The pioneers of the New World! They had aspirations to found their own kingdom like Weed and the Arpen Kingdom.

Teros and the Crimson Wings Guild discovered a clue to the New World in the land of giants so it was a big hit.

They received much attention from the users for finding information about the New World.



The southern desert.

“There is a shortcut to bypass the monsters, allowing you to reach here more quickly.”

This was the advice of the desert warriors.

They needed to save the desert city of Buhares from the monsters attacking it within 10 days.

Earth Shadow guided the party of desert warriors and helped eliminate any obstacles.

The desert tribes had reached stage 14 of the desert quest.

There were numerous desert tribes scattered around and fighting bravely! And they were not alone. Users came from the north far too late and decided to merge with the Earth Shadow party.

Geomchi-5 and his students!

The ones in contention to become the desert ruler were Baebuchi, Heosu and Kimcho. The cowardly desert warriors succumbed in the middle of the quest.

Then the tanned Geomchi-5 said.

“Let’s just go.”

“Huh?”

“Our bodies are too stiff.”

The students followed behind Geomchi-5!

They rode on camels and used a curved sword. Their combat levels and skills increased through participating in this quest. They just rode their camels through any strong monsters that would appear.

Geomchi-19 said.

“We shouldn’t have been born in modern times.”

Geomchi-282 agreed.

“Yes. The desert life is challenging. It is comfortable fighting under the hot sun.”

“I wouldn’t need to study as a child.”

Geomchi-5 and the students were those who lived independent of human civilization.

Their wildness exploded during the desert ruler quest.

Their bodies were full of scars and tattoos to symbolize that they were warriors.

Geomchi-5 had a large scar from when he barely lived. He deliberately went around topless to make people envious of the scar.

The women were somewhere in the distance.

“What should we do once we finish this quest?”

“Then we will go to the Central Continent. And take down those Helmet Guild bastards!”

There was a huge sand storm as Earth Shadow and the desert warriors approached.

A desert camel cavalry.

The leading force during the period of the Pallos Empire had been reconstructed.

Chapter 8: Hermes Guild's Raid

“The confusion in the empire isn’t dwindling.”

The Hermes Guild once again realized the emergency situation.

-Knight Myul has died.

-An infestation of rebels.

-Repeated failures of domestic affairs.

-The area conquered in the north is unstable.

These were comprehensive reports analyzing the current state of affairs in the Haven Empire.

Weed killing Myul seemed to have given players courage as hundreds of them attacked the Central Continent.

In the past, the Hermes Guild wouldn’t need to be afraid.

They had dominated the users through fear. Most of the raids were easy and they showed a shocking power through the broadcasts.

The development of the conquered areas in the north was being carried out slower than expected. They invested a lot of money and materials to build cities and facilities. However, it was hard for the Haven Empire to find slaves in the north.

No matter how advanced the technology of the Haven Empire, the northern users showed no interest. The users much preferred the free spirited atmosphere of the Arpen Kingdom as well as clean and accessible buildings.

There were many unexplored areas in the north and they could go to Morata if they wanted the benefits of a city.

Although the Haven Empire was clearly developed, it was hard to compare to Morata.

“I will use all my money to buy a house in the Arpen Kingdom!

My family will also be moved there.”

“Heh...give me money? I will pull out all my assets!”

It was a common side effect for slaves and residents to flee to the Arpen Kingdom. Sometimes beginners would start in the occupied areas.

“Are there many part time jobs here?”

“Only early skills can be found here. It really is the worst. The new buildings in the city are completely boring.”

There were serious setbacks to their plan to develop that area. The conquered northern area was like a hippo eating money and materials.

Furthermore, the villages and cities springing up in the conquered areas were great targets.

Geomchi and his students. There were originally 200 users but that grew to 300. They rode on bulls and enjoyed fighting the Haven Empire in the northern conquered areas. The knights of the Hermes Guild weren't fools and organized a defense.

“They will be helpless in melee combat but first we need to stop them riding the bulls.”

They were rampaging through the land of the Haven Empire. The commander of the northern conquered areas set up a siege at the Alcard Plains.

However, their sense of battle was fierce. It was the best place to fight and they tore through the Haven army.

Despite having knights, the army couldn't withstand it at all. They encircled the army and laughed every time they dealt damage.

There were also some magicians among them. The magicians dealt damage while the avians that joined shot arrows from a distance. The avians moved over the Haven Empire conquered

area.

Unlike their initial thoughts, the northern continent was just a hippo swallowing up money and resources.

The economic reconstruction of the Central Continent also wasn't easy. A lot of money was invested in the Imperial Palace as well as the lords for local development.

The repair of war-torn buildings, maintenance and reinvestment in production facilities, ensuring secure trade routes, restoring the deteriorating security and raising the people's loyalty all required money.

Despite the economic investments, it was useless as rebellions kept breaking out!

They thought the conditions would worsen 1~2 months after the war but steady investment over a period of time would stabilize it.

The Hermes Guild's perspective was wrong.

The economy of the Central Continent had already shrunk due to the repeated wars. The Hermes Guild were the main ones responsible for this. They defeated their rebels and reigned supreme.

The thought of a glorious future was destroyed by war ravaged facilities and unhappy residents.

Taxes were gathered to rebuild the army and for long term governance. The Haven Empire's funds weren't strong enough to resuscitate the economy. A vast amount of gold vanished like water being poured into a dry, crack rice paddy.

"These are temporary symptoms. The taxes will be sufficient to restore our economic power. The empire as a whole earns billions of gold."

"Are you out of your mind? We have to contain the rebels!"

"We will just suppress them. The rebels have already lost."

“What about the production facilities destroyed in battle or the decline in residents?”

“We will have to give up some areas. Leave the areas that aren’t useful. The residents will be forced to go elsewhere.

“Many users are criticizing us...if we abandon some land then the empire will receive even more criticism.”

The atmosphere among the leaders of the Haven Empire was tense. They won in battles against the rebels. However, the internal affairs were crashing.

Early intervention after the conquest of the Central Continent was required but it was too late for regrets.

The meeting lasted all night and they realized the reality of the Haven Empire.

The current tax income was 4.7 billion gold. However, that tax income was continuing to decline.

They managed to obtain 3 billion gold from the Kallamore area and other somewhat stable areas.

It was still a huge amount but considering the current status, no one was delighted. After some struggle, Lafaye finally said.

“Our military is becoming stronger through continuous battles against the rebels. The problem is that this isn’t what we want. If this continues, many residents will leave and the land will become barren. It won’t be worth keeping.”

There were users who suggested giving up some areas.

“Will it become easier to govern?”

“If the land becomes barren then trade will shrink. It will be an immediately decline in the Haven Empire. The decline of the Haven Empire will be the worst possible situation if we want to unify the continent. Right now, we should maintain it for as long as possible.”

“That method is soft.”

Lafaye presented a method.

Despite the development of the northern conquered areas being a failure, the guild leaders were strongly in favour of his plan.

They still expected to overcome the north but there were no apparent answers at this time.

‘Ruling is like this.’

Sometimes it wouldn’t work properly.

The Haven Empire had made a mistake ignoring the users and residents. They conquered the land but didn’t hold on firmly to the people.

‘No, this isn’t just a problem in the Hermes Guild. The other guilds would have come to the same conclusion if they won.’

Their biggest mistake was making light of Royal Road.

Lafaye and some leaders in the Hermes Guild had experience with other games.

They were online games that had worldwide popularity, especially Continent of Magic that had the highest popularity in decades.

The guild was solidly unified and set clear goals, eventually ruling after some careful preparations.

Afterwards, they ruled through military force. No one could challenge them or take away their right to rule. They had the freedom to exploit the users, no matter the complaints.

That was enough on Continent of Magic.

But this was Royal Road. The game had hundreds of thousands of people signing up every day.

Royal Road was a relaxing retreat away from daily life and there were new attractions to see. There were adventures but for some,

virtual reality was just another life.

Many games claimed to have a new reality but none compared to Royal Road. A complete virtual reality.

Millions of users enjoyed Royal Road so thinking they could rule through dictatorship was a great miscalculation.

It was possible during the warring period between elite guilds but ruling the huge empire was impossible.

In short, Royal Road was a huge community so it was difficult.

If the users left for other areas, then their foundation would collapse. The difficulties of developing an economy under a dictatorship in reality also applied to Royal Road.

‘We need to change tactics... Our Haven Empire is falling right now. The military power is being sustained. There is still an astronomical amount of tax revenue. But the national strength of the empire will keep declining...it is really hard.’

Lafaye kept in mind the decline of the Haven Empire.

The vigor of commerce and the bustle of the users had to survive.

Anyway, everything related to the fate of the Haven Empire would worsen if the national power was shrinking.

The massive decline of the Central Continent meant that rebels would keep rising.

Not only would they have to contend with the revived prestigious guilds, users would endlessly rise up to fight against them.

The military forces would be eaten by endless tedious battles and the internal affairs would fall even more.

At that time, the unified lords of the Hermes Guild would fight among themselves. The huge empire would shatter and split. Of course, the time it took for this to happen would depend on the Hermes Guild’s actions.

‘It is really difficult to achieve the unification of the continent.’

Lafaye was aware of the cause and thought of a method.

‘All of this is due to the Arpen Kingdom. The Haven Empire wouldn’t have declined as much if it wasn’t for the Haven Empire. If we reign with fear and don’t put any efforts into internal affairs...the foundation of the Haven Empire meant that it could last for the next 5~10 years.’

However, the existence of the Arpen Kingdom meant there was a more severe backlash from the user in the Central Continent.

Until now, Weed had continued to feed water to the Hermes Guild. According to military intelligence, Weed had stirred up the prestigious guilds.

‘The tax rate of the Arpen Kingdom is so ridiculously low that I’ve ignored it. It is unprofitable when running a country. Of course, there is little need to invest in the military...yet he aimed at us with that low tax rate!’

This bad situation seemed to be due to Weed.

They had the perfect plan to secure the Central Continent but he built a kingdom in the north out of nowhere.

‘It is not over yet. Despite the weakened Haven Empire, we are still a powerful opponent. All the turmoil in the empire will be controlled if I erase the Arpen Kingdom from the map. It is time to raise the Haven Empire.’

Lafaye was a little desperate and made a new plan.

Before he had a moderate, long term plan to weaken the enemies but now he was placed in an urgent situation.

“All representatives of the Hermes Guild will pass down this command.”

Lafaye was originally the head of the guild. Even now, Bardray was busy with hunting and wasn’t at the meeting so Lafaye made

all major decisions.

“There will be no more waste in the Haven Empire. Reduce the support for the colonization of the north. Maintain only a minimum amount of support. And all parties should stop their extravagant acts and lower the tax rate by half.”

“Half is not possible!”

“It will be difficult to maintain our military forces. Other investments won’t do.”

A backlash instantly appeared.

Lafaye shook his head.

“If we don’t take this opportunity now, it will be gone. The tax revenue will keep on falling even if we don’t reduce it by half. We should use a considerable amount of money to expand trade and production. The rebel activities will also die away.”

There was huge potential hiding in the Haven Empire.

Lafaye thought that promoting the activities of merchants would help in tax recovery to a certain extent. Even if there were still rebels, the military power of the Haven Empire could still suppress them.

“And there will be an eye for an eye. We will treat the Arpen Kingdom in the same manner as Weed.”

“Huh? What does that mean?”

“Since Weed and the northern users are attacking us, there is no reason to continue with our previous plan for crushing the Arpen Kingdom. 30,000 troops will infiltrate the north to kill. They will launch guerilla attacks against the north. All villages and cleared land will be burnt.”

The 30,000 troops would be divided into elite groups of 100 and would spread throughout the Arpen Kingdom.

They would deal damage that the Arpen Kingdom would find

difficult to handle.

‘Yes...pay them back using the same method.’

The users were impressed.

Lafaye’s plan was finished.

“I would like volunteers from the Hermes Guild up to 20,000 people. They will be dispatched to the north as revenge for the indiscriminate hunting and killing in our dungeons. Of course, hide and kill as much people as Weed did.”

The Haven Empire decided to do the same thing as Weed.

If Weed created a swirl then the Haven Empire would make a storm.

‘Amazing.’

‘There is definitely a high chance of success.’

The eyes of the Hermes Guild leaders sharpened.

It was difficult to reconstruct the internal affairs of the empire but this was a field they were experienced in.

They would completely destroy the Arpen Kingdom while maintaining the Haven Empire. A strategy that killed two birds with one stone.

They could also state that it was retaliation for Weed and the Arpen Kingdom’s attacks. However, they were warned to move logically instead of recklessly.

‘We won’t be stubborn about a formal war. We will just sweep them up all.’

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The raiders from the Haven Empire were dispatched to the north.

The next day, the players of the Hermes Guild set off for the north. Unlike a normal march, they moved swiftly by using the

teleport gate and the magicians. Within a few hours, more than 2,000 people were able to arrive in the north.

“The first units will be at Mordred and Vent. Act freely within that area.”

“Yes!”

They continued arriving one after another.

“The second units will kill in the port city of Varna.”

“Who should we kill? The non-combat professions like merchants as well?”

“There is no limit. Kill all levels and ages.”

They would act secretly in the north but their aim was indiscriminate killing.

Around 50,000 people lost their lives to the hounds released in the Arpen Kingdom.

“Kuaaak!”

“The enemy! The enemy has appeared!”

Among them were three raids to villages of the Arpen Kingdom.

They prevented people from entering the villages, destroyed the growing crops and killed the residents.

“Hehehe, there will be no looting. Burn it all!”

“Yes, Captain! It is cool playing with fire.”

There were NPC knights and soldiers who often participated in wars in the Central Continent.

The Haven Empire also needed to consider the usefulness of the treatments received from the various religions.

-Hide the fact that you are from the Haven Empire.

The 30,000 troops secretly destroyed villages in the Arpen Kingdom.

Peaceful villages near rivers, lakes and in the mountains became targets.

There was the indiscriminate slaughter of residents of the Arpen Kingdom and even users were the subject of attacks.

They split into units of 20, 30, 50 or 100 people according to their goal of combat or sabotage.

Sometimes they were wiped out by hunting parties of high level users but dozens of villages were destroyed in just one day.

Many residents were killed and facilities destroyed in the Arpen Kingdom.

The 20,000 Hermes Guild users were active from the next day. They went to hunting grounds and dungeons and watched the users.

“They are just beginners. Their teeth hasn’t even been sharpened yet... Still, my mission is to wipe out everything.”

“How funny. Hunting these kids is like cracking eggshells.”

It couldn’t be helped since the Arpen Kingdom had a 90% ratio of beginners.

The Hermes Guild were tense as they infiltrated the north thanks to Weed, but they didn’t need to be.

“Kill them all!”

If the entrance of the dungeon was blocked, it was sufficient to slaughter the users inside. Even if the news was reported to nearby villages and cities, this wasn’t the Central Continent.

When Weed appeared in the Central Continent, the Hermes Guild had issued a huge bounty. There were also traps for Weed that didn’t have any effect. The infamous Hermes Guild users were the ones who were decimated by Weed.

It was rare for the Hermes Guild to receive any attacks from the users of the Arpen Kingdom. News of the uproar spread to the

cities but it wasn't easy for them to become organized.

Only users over level 400 could deal with them but they were relaxing in Morata. Although some users left the cities, they just fell into a trap. Dozens of Hermes Guild users were waiting and easily swept them up.

By the time a day passed, quite a few high level users in the north had lost their lives. There were also more than 100,000 novice users who flocked to their deaths.

"We should have done this sooner."

"Weed is only one person. We should always use the easy path."

"This is the Versailles Continent. He shouldn't make fun of Royal Road."

A murderer from the Hermes Guild called Dronan laughed while in hiding.

He was enjoying himself in the Arpen Kingdom. There were 30,000 murderers in their midst but the northern users couldn't grasp the situation.

The 20,000 Hermes Guild users that infiltrated feasted on the bloodshed.

"I feel sorry for these guys."

"Yes. There will be several days of rest before we go cause an uproar."

"We will draw public attention."

"Kukukuku, too easy."

"Life is easy. I did well to join the Hermes Guild."

The Haven Empire made a commitment to send more troops. Unlike Weed who was working alone, they had the strong support of the empire.

The Hermes Guild users caused fear as they ran wild in the Arpen

Kingdom. Even the novice users in the north couldn't rest properly as they were engulfed in a nightmare.

The brutal strategy to bring an end to the Arpen Kingdom was moving.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The people in the Central Continent were laughing at the hardships of the Haven Empire.

“Good. This is what they get for acting so condescending.”

“A nemesis. The empire has a lot of weaknesses.”

“Can we see any benefits if we attack with swords? Those Hermes Guild wannabes...”

“Stop it. We can't go out of the city. Haven't you heard the story of their retaliation?”

The reputation of the Hermes Guild went down due to Weed and the rebels.

There were also people involved with the Hermes Guild in the Central Continent.

“The vitality of the city is dead.”

“It is due to the rebels. Well, there doesn't seem to be as many people as before...”

“There are lots of empty seats, even at the markets.”

“Quite a lot of people moved to the north.”

People were complaining about the economic downtown.

Unlike before, the big cities were quiet.

There were still famous tourist cities but it was hard to find a party to hunt with.

Even the dungeons weren't as bustling as before. Many required an admission fee so the users were now resting.

There were people gathered to nap under huge trees on hills near the cities. It was comfortable as the users remembered their busy lives in the past.

The only places with good business were the restaurants and taverns. The taverns were talking about the Hermes Guild's recent raid on the north.

"Isn't the north screwed this time?"

"I don't know. There doesn't seem to be any countermeasures from Weed."

"I heard the corpses are in the hundreds."

"Ah, indeed."

The users in the Central Continent had similar thoughts.

'No matter how hard I think, there isn't any way to stop them.'

The killers were high level users in the Hermes Guild. They could easily break out of any encirclement.

The novice users of the Arpen Kingdom would be helpless. Even walking 10 minutes away from the cities would be an active death zone. Those trying to move to other areas were likely to die.

By isolating and blocking the main roads in the Arpen Kingdom, the economic strength would be cut in half. Then the army would be mobilized and the kingdom would be wiped out in just a few days.

"That can't happen. Is it that hard to fight against the Hermes Guild?"

"It is difficult for people to have a unified opinion in such a mess. They will be fighting amongst themselves for days."

"People's opinions can match as well. As long as there is a clear enemy and land like the battle at the Earth Palace...but the Hermes Guild won't appear where there are a lot of people. They invade empty villages and act separately for users."

“The condition of the fight are too favourable for them. These guys are trying to unify the continent.”

“Those guys will use any method.”

The atmosphere while drinking was heavy.

The northern users seemed to be at a disadvantage. The Arpen Kingdom that grew like a weed in the north’s barren land was being destroyed.

The people of the Central Continent were mourning it.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In a wide underground space somewhere in Morata.

Despite the thousands of people gathered, it was dead quiet. There was a wide clearing with a clear river in the centre of the underground space.

Finally sound emerged from someone’s mouth! A female user wearing white clothes exclaimed.

“The day we have been waiting for!”

Then people replied in unison from every direction.

“Grass. Grass. Grass. Grass!”

“Porridge. Porridge. Porridge. Porridge!”

They shouted at exactly the right moment.

The Grass Porridge Cult that had already conquered the north and was sprinkling its seeds in the Central Continent.

These people were the core members of the Grass Porridge Cult.

No matter how hungry they were, they would not starve to death if there was grass porridge. The men drank grass porridge as hangover soup in the morning. The females were even more vicious and ate grass like it was rice.

The activities of the Grass Porridge Cult didn’t stop with just

eating grass porridge.

Without any exceptions, they had to participate in large constructions sites in the north as well as pay contributions.

Helping the needy or novices wandering around. They also took care of people in the cities and dungeons. No matter the level of the users, it was a great honour to be part of the Grass Porridge Cult!

Due to their activities, it was inevitable that members of the Grass Porridge Cult would die. The female user standing in the centre was called Lemon.

“You know about the Versailles Continent. There was a period full of chaos, pain and destruction. People trampled on others while trying to live. However, I realized something after drinking grass porridge. It is clear and pure! People have to live for the sake of this world!”

“Oh, grass porridge!”

“Since then, I have received the truth about grass porridge. No longer is the burden heavy. A merciful miracle that will never end. I will drink it even if my nose is clogged!”

“Ohh, merciful grass porridge god.”

“The Arpen Kingdom is a haven for the Grass Porridge Cult. The Grass Porridge Cult can’t allow the continent to become a mess again.”

The Grass Porridge Cult members exclaimed after hearing Lemon’s words.

“We will follow you!”

“I will honour the dead of the Grass Porridge Cult with my sword.”

This event was relayed through taverns of the Arpen Kingdom. The live coverage from the broadcasting stations surpassed 30% ratings.

The bulletin boards were also paralyzed.

Title: Calling all Grass Porridge Cult members.

All rise.

-Jump!

-For the honour of the Toadstool Porridge unit!

-Hahaha, I've been waiting for today. -27 members of the Chicken Porridge unit.

-Office workers. Complete the vacation requests.

-Ginseng Porridge. Kukukuku.

-All seniors of the Crab Meat Porridge unit, listen.

-27 members of the Chicken Porridge unit. Now where...should we make Brandy Chicken Porridge?

-Chicken Porridge seniors, I am honoured. Brandy with chicken porridge sounds perfect. I will finish my work in Morata.

-5 members of the Chicken Porridge unit, allegiance! Shall we go?

-The Bamboo Shoots members are disruptive so please don't leave comments on this article.

Title: Bamboo Shoots Porridge unit. Are you finally gathered? And for the curious...

Hello. I have been a member of the Bamboo Shoots unit in Royal Road for one month. I started in Morata and it is an honour to talk to seniors.

But I was wondering. How many members are part of the Bamboo Shoots Porridge unit?

-At least 10 million.

-10 million is nothing. There are 20 million.

-Ladies and gentlemen, have you been in Morata lately? It is at least over 30 million.

-Just look in the big cities. Don't look down on us. This area is also filled with people.

-The avians. Please note that more than one million eggs hatch a week.

-For sure...it is more than the population of most countries

-Are the orc and dwarf bamboo members included? They are a few hundred million themselves.

The Grass Porridge members continued to gather on the various internet message boards.

A video of 100 kindergarten students singing the grass porridge song attracted great popularity. Videos of the Grass Porridge Cult also attracted attention overseas.

And unlike the Central Continent, the access rate of users in the north started to rise.

Book 45: *Joining Of The Avians*

Chapter 1: Exploiter Of Glory

The villages and cities of the Arpen Kingdom started filling with people.

“Over 300 people have died in an hour.”

“Go to the east?”

“Blocked. Everything in the area around Chestnut Forest has been turned into ruins.”

Walking out a gate would cause resident to be murdered by Hermes Guild users or troops of the Haven Empire.

There were no safe places anywhere.

If there were no guards at the gate then they would even come forward to attack users of the Arpen Kingdom.

“These bad fellows.”

“They killed a level 15. They don’t care about who the person is at all.”

Novice users under level 100 were killed.

“Don’t worry about them. The villains will be kicked out of this territory.”

“It is lucky that I am a swordsman. I will come back in one hour after defeating them.”

Moderately strong users tried to exit the cities but were killed.

Assassins, rangers, knights, magicians etc. 20,000 members from the strong Hermes Guild had volunteered for infiltration.

The lands of the Arpen Kingdom were wide and spacious and wasn’t divided by strong fortresses. The Haven Empire and Hermes Guild members were easily able to penetrate the area.

They divided into groups for guerilla warfare.

The northern users had their freedom of movement and hunting taken away, making them determined to defend the villages against invasion. The entire north had become paralyzed by the Hermes Guild's aggressive assault.

Only three days! The national power of the Arpen Kingdom was reduced by 3%.

Large cities, castles and villages, with the exception of the very small ones in the mountains, became targets.

There was serious damage to the small villages of the Arpen Kingdom.

For the first time, the population of the residents was decreased like the Central Continent.

“What should we do? We can't just sit down and die.”

“Morata should be okay...”

“We will be attacked 10 times trying to get there.”

“What about moving in large groups?”

“Our live will be saved but think of the people left behind. And this village will be smashed after we leave.”

“It is frustrating.”

Users in every small village gathered but couldn't find a solution.

Level 400 or more invaders would hide and then attack the weak. Some Hermes Guild users were killed during the ambushes but those cases were rare.

Each village couldn't come up with a solution to rectify the situation.

The 20,000 Hermes Guild members and 30,000 Haven Empire troops engaged in guerilla warfare outside the villages and cities.

A crisis where the Arpen Kingdom was receiving a frontal assault.

On the other hand, an incredible number of users were gathered at Morata, Vent Castle, Port Varna, Vargo Fortress and Dawn City.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

-The Haven Empire is attacking the north!

-The soldiers and users of the Hermes Guild is indiscriminately killing!

Weed heard about the invasion after finishing the sculpture for Ratuas.

All stations were talking about this breaking news and it was reported through whispers from people.

-Pale: It is a big deal. The Hermes Guild has struck.

-Irene: How could this...sob.

-Mapan: It is interfering with my ability to make money.

-Zephyr: Well...won't the recent troubles really upset Yurin?

-Seo-yoon: I'll go ahead and kill them.

-Yurin: Oppa. There is trouble.

-Romuna: Weed-nim. Don't you know my skills? How many people can I burn at once with my magical flames?

-Surka: I'll smash their bones.

The Hermes Guild were really bad people. However, Weed nodded like the movements of the Hermes Guild were natural.

"They have come!"

While acting in the Central Continent, he had been concerned that they would retaliate in a similar way.

On the other hand, the scale of their activities was too different. The mobilization of massive troops made it impossible to stand against the Haven Empire.

"This is the difference between a poor business owner and a large

corporation.”

A large scale chicken business chasing after an egg farm!

However, this method wouldn't be enough to kill the Arpen Kingdom.

“There is always a hole to escape from chasers. So there is no need to worry.”

Weed decided to think positively.

The threat from the Haven Empire was quite simple.

Tricks were used everywhere in life.

Weed descended from Ratuas' mountain and met with Mapan who was waiting.

“What is the current situation in the Central Continent?”

“Not bad. The rebels are substantial and are causing minor damage to the empire. They are persistent so the Hermes Guild is having some trouble.”

“Mapan's Trading Company?”

“It is maintaining a spot in the black market. The food business in the Central Continent is sluggish and needs more.”

In the meantime, Mapan's Trading Company had gained an astronomical amount of money.

The residents saw signs of instability and war so they started to buy food.

It was common sense and natural judgement.

There was an annual decline in the grain production in the Central Continent. The rebels meant the farmers couldn't work properly and there would be food shortages.

Mapan's Trading Company was exported a lot of crops from the north to the Central Continent.

It would have been absolutely impossible without Weed's prior permission!

'The food shortage in the Central Continent is a good thing for the economy. But the long term effects will be low.'

Despite the food shortage, the Haven Empire didn't collapse.

Weed knew about the military nature of an empire in Royal Road.

He realized it during the warring period when he led a camel cavalry to invade the Central Continent.

'Having a strong military power is a great advantage. Mass rebellions can be easily quelled. A strong military power can defeat any challenges.'

If the residents and users were starving then hunting would decrease.

The inhabitants of the Central Continent might be starving and the Haven Empire wouldn't be able withstand the ordeal.

The lowered loyalty of the residents would steadily weaken economic power.

It would fall apart just like Weed's Pallos Empire! Historically, it dominated for 83 years but that duration was actually very short.

Weed joined hands with Mapan to export food and accumulated enormous wealth.

"The next task is aggressive buying."

"Buying?"

"In recent years, there has been a price drop for production facilities in the Haven Empire."

"They aren't operating normally."

"Huhuhu. This is an opportunity. Exploiting the inhabitants as slaves...no, feed them properly in order to lure them...hum hum.

Hire them at a cheap price.”

“I will select good businesses and pour money in.”

Weed and Mapan had a very good cooperation.

They had lifelong dreams in land speculation and investments! Taking control of the economy in the Haven Empire would give the many benefits.

Weed wasn't a great politician but his skill in this area would be second to none. He was capable to filling his pockets anywhere.

Still, there was a limit to the wealth of Mapan's Trading Company. He primarily focused on investing near the capital of the empire as well as the large cities.

Then Mapan asked.

“What about those that infiltrated the Arpen Kingdom? Huge losses every day...it is at a level that should be stopped.”

Mapan's Trading Company was receiving various damages from the attacks of the Hermes Guild.

Ranches were smashed and farms burned.

The production facilities in the city were safe but the prosperity of the merchants were in danger.

The travelling merchants in the kingdom suffered a loss of trade and the problem would become larger if it continued.

The small, remote villages went back to their ruined state from after the Niflheim Empire's collapse.

The influence of the Arpen Kingdom on frontier villages reduced and they became independence again.

‘Is it really possible to get rid of those guys?’

Mapan was really curious. Could Weed really stop the sneaky attacks of the Haven Empire?

‘I can believe it if it is Weed-nim.’

All the users of the Arpen Kingdom were curious about this.

‘Weed-nim’s mind is excellent and he can do work others can’t. He also never seems to die. Now he will be able to overcome the situation.’

No matter how Mapan thought, he couldn’t come up with a way to protect the kingdom from the 50,000 troops that infiltrated it.

Lafaye was a strategist while Weed lived in an inhospitable continent using tricks.

Weed and Lafaye thought about the big picture but sometimes gaps would arise. In particular, they were surprisingly sensitive to things that would benefit them.

Weed was the first to suggest taking advantage of the confusion in the Haven Empire. He provided the funds required to smuggle supplies from the Hermes Guild.

As a merchant, Mapan had to endlessly respect and follow him.

Weed said like it was natural.

“There is no way to stop them right away without any damage.”

“Huh? Really?”

“This is the loophole I aimed for in the first place. The population density and military power of the Arpen Kingdom is low so there is no way to stop the damage.”

Mapan raised his voice.

“This will destroy the kingdom in the long term. There will only be Morata, Vent Castle and Vargo Fortress left in the Arpen Kingdom. Dawn City hasn’t even been properly built yet.”

This was a crisis that could erase the name of the Arpen Kingdom!

Mapan had invested heavily in the Northern Continent so his entire body trembled.

‘But....’

Mapan was alert.

Weed wasn’t a simple human!

The person who went without sleep to make Goldman. It wasn’t right that he would look so unconcerned about the crisis of the Arpen Kingdom.

“Even so, don’t you have a perfect measure to defeat them?”

“Of course.

“That...can you please tell me?”

“Huhuhu.”

Weed gave a low laugh.

“When thinking about it, it isn’t that complicated. I am afraid when first meeting a bear in the mountains. But then the bear will come home as a chunk of money.”

“Huh?”

“There is nothing to throw away. Some damage can’t be avoided but...the Arpen Kingdom won’t be smashed apart.”

Mapan scratched his head.

The merchants including Mapan and Gamong had helped the north prosper.

Yet it was still in the beginning stages. The people were settling into major villages and productivity started to increase.

Despite the Arpen Kingdom spreading across the north, there was a vast majority of empty land between villages.

The entire north could be said to be the territory of the Arpen Kingdom but there were some villages that didn’t belong to it.

There were merchants who barely managed to climb up the mountains to open trade routes.

It would be fairly difficult for the Hermes Guild users to enter cities like Morata.

Destroying mines or granaries wouldn't really give a big blow.

The mines were in a situation where the majority of them couldn't be developed due to lacking manpower and transportation links.

The Northern Continent had very fertile farmland.

Despite the decline of the Niflheim Empire, the fields still yielded a lot of food.

"The bear might cause some damage but I will eventually eat it."

"You mean..."

"We will exploit those guys."

A firm declaration of exploitation!

Weed's eyes went moist as he recalled the short history of the Northern Continent.

"Culture expansion in the Morata area keeps increasing. I couldn't sleep properly for a month while trying to figure out how to exploit the people of the Arpen Kingdom.

".....!"

He had thought about exploitation plans in advance.

Weed had some serious concerns as a king. He walked the streets to find some method of exploitation.

"Tax raise? Then people will hate it. Complaints will immediately explode. How can I reduce the difference between the Northern and Central Continent?"

It was impossible to reduce the differences between kingdoms with taxes.

Weed indifferently said.

“I couldn’t increase taxes so new residents have been accepted in order for the kingdom to grow...but it would take a few years even with our best efforts.”

There were some positive factors regarding the north of the Versailles Continent.

The blessing of the Freya Church, fertile land and the people were scattered after the Niflheim Empire.

Nevertheless, the kingdom was started from scratch so it would take a while to surpass the prosperity of other areas.

Merchants such as Mapan invested early on in the kingdom and their role was very important.

“You want to exploit the Hermes Guild?”

“In the Central Continent, I was surrounded by enemies and needed to be careful when hunting the Hermes Guild users. I barely got a great income from Knight Myul. A good chance like that doesn’t occur often. But there are only a few of them in the Northern Continent. Now I am even more committed. It will be good to hunt those people scattered through the Northern Continent. Even though there might be some damage to the kingdom.”

The Hermes Guild were the objects of exploitation.

Weed looked at them as a source of food to raise his combat skills and level.

Those people still didn’t know much about his sculptural lifeforms. The sculptural lifeforms had the ability to find the Hermes Guild members hiding in the mountains and fields.

The hell dog Cerberus’ sense of smell and Golden Bird’s mobility and wide field of view were just some examples.

If he used Sculpture Transformation and Time Sculpting then fighting them would be a piece of cake. Moreover, they were

murderers so killing them would get a lot of experience and loot.

For the time being, he was going to aggressively hunt the Hermes Guild.

“But what about the damage to the Arpen Kingdom’s users?”

“Kids have to grow up through fighting.”

“.....”

“Even if some die, they will still recover. Don’t calculate the damage as a headcount. There should be thousands of beginners dying. And I’m only telling Mapan-nim this because I trust you...”

“Huh?”

“Huhuhu. After the northern users die, they will have to purchase equipment to replace those they lost. We can’t hold those people back. From the kingdom’s point of view, this is an opportunity to receive taxes.”

“Heeok!”

Mapan was filled with sincere admiration.

Weed was a king who calmly thought of how to exploit the people who received damages.

“What about the reduced economic power of the kingdom?”

“For the moment, the economic power will reduce but the merchants will be eager to resume trading. In the first place, we don’t have that many manufacturing facilities.”

This was the sad reality!

The Arpen Kingdom didn’t have much facilities to be destroyed in the invasion. Even if the Hermes Guild users swarmed the mines, most of them weren’t operating anyway.

The current focus on production in cities like Morata was sufficient for the moment.

Approximately 70% of the Arpen Kingdom’s economic power was

gathered in 3~4 places.

“The Hermes Guild members are damaging the users of the north. The northern users can take care of themselves.”

Mapan was puzzled.

“In a situation where the kingdom is receiving damage, isn’t it natural for the king to lead troops to stop the enemy?”

“The residents can stop them.”

“.....?”

“The kingdom was originally like this.”

A highly exploitative method.

The king was becoming more and more vicious.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed gathered his sculptural lifeforms and took action.

He was planning to eat a hot meal!

“Everyone go and find people from the Haven Empire.”

“Kakakakat. I understand.”

“Kuoohhh!”

Bingryong and the wyverns mobilized with a violent blast.

“Hunt. Kill them all.”

“Melt them all. Show the humans how savage a dragon can be.”

Phoenix wanted to play with fire. Imugi was a high quality fake dragon.

Imugi and Phoenix flew high to search over a broad area, with Golden Bird and Silver Bird following him. They used little birds to search the mountains. Cerberus sniffed near the cities while the crocodile Nile monitored the rivers.

A monitoring system using his sculptural lifeforms! They could

cover the entire Northern Continent.

There were Hermes Guild users in remote mountain areas that were waiting for people to pass. Naturally there were many player lurking around paths that a lot of northern users would take.

“Hunt them when you find them! Go!”

Bahamorg, knight Seville, Gernika and Eltin jumped towards the busy locations.

They attacked the Hermes Guild users and Haven Empire troops blocked the major roads.

‘They divided into smaller units for maneuverability and to ensure secrecy. If so, giving directions isn’t necessary. They just need to kill.’

Weed went to the best hunting grounds in the Arpen Kingdom.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“How many died today?”

“50 or so?”

“20 people from the guild...isn’t that too much?”

“No one important was killed. There were some level 30 people sent to the north.”

“Still, I am having fun slaughtering. Huhu.”

There were four Hermes Guild users hiding in the mountains.

This was a road where people would need to pass in order to travel between villages.

Chirp chirp.

A cool breeze was blowing and birds crying in the mountains. The natural environment was beautiful but they only had one interest.

“I had a good time on the Central Continent...but this is the true

taste of pillaging.”

“Even finding half a dozen people in one day is a big hit.”

“We have to hit them appropriately. There some be some high quality users passing here.”

The four Hermes Guild users had already killed more than 200 people but they failed to meet any strong opponents.

The northern users maintained a close cooperation.

Once news of the raids emerged, the fearless beginners were still active but the high level users started hiding.

“Shouldn’t we wait at a hunting ground?”

“That is troublesome. Attacking at the hunting grounds could be dangerous. We can kill a lot of people here. The excitement of wiping out people. We can easily kill the defenseless northern users.”

The Hermes Guild users shared a leisurely conversation.

Dududududu.

They stopped as the ground suddenly vibrated.

“Something is coming.”

“Just one?”

“They seem to be riding a cow...”

The Hermes Guild users leapt into the bushes.

It was so they could jump out for an ambush!

A person riding a yellowish bull was urgently heading towards them.

The users whispered in low voices.

“The equipment?”

“Not bad. It is at least level 400.”

“Jackpot. The reward we’ve been waiting for...”

“We will pop out at the same time.”

The Hermes Guild users carefully examined the equipment.

Then they looked at the bull’s eyes. A wide and solid chest, thick thigh muscles and elongated horns gave it an intimidating appearance.

It was twice as fast as a horse. The man and bull came up to them in an instant.

“We can’t miss this chance.”

“Everybody ready.”

The Hermes Guild users prepared to pop out.

Then the man brandished his sword in their direction.

“Moonlight Sculpting Blade!”

Light emerged from the sword and flew towards them. The Hermes Guild users were frozen by the unexpected counterattack.

“Long range attack?”

“Wait a minute...he knows that we are here...”

“This isn’t the time to talk about it. Quickly avoid it!”

Kwa kwa kwang!

They scattered as the light from the sword smashed into the spot where they were.

The team consisting of an assassin, a ranger and two knight from the Hermes Guild flew in different directions.

It was an avoidance movement arranged in advance. But it was proof they hadn’t met a true hunter yet. Rather than scattering, it would have been better to come together to face the one person!

Weed riding on Yellowy rushed towards the ranger.

“Why me? Dammit!”

The ranger tried to attack but Yellowy's speed was too fast. He avoided it and aimed an arrow at Yellowy. He intended to briefly knock down the bull and joined up with his colleagues.

Pusyuk!

He shot the arrow but Yellowy put strength into his hind legs and leapt like a tiger. Yellowy's dash didn't slow down. Weed's sword came closer.

"Heriam Fencing."

Pukeokwack!

The attack power could increase depending on the speed of the bull or horse.

The poor defense of the ranger meant that he died after three consecutive attacks from Heriam Fencing.

"I died in vain..."

The ranger changed into a grey light as Weed swept past him.

He picked up the loot in 0.1 second. He was an expert at speedily collecting items. After the attack, his movements were as smooth as water while picking up the loot.

Weed was satisfied by the item in his hand.

'A leather helmet. The start is good!'

Yellowy didn't stop and immediately rushed towards an assassin.

The assassin profession were experts at fast, short-distance movements. But they had some limitations in long distance movement.

"Shit."

The assassin had seen the ranger be killed in an instant.

The prerogative of an assassins. Concealing themselves before attacking. It was also beneficial to disappear during a fight for a surprise attack.

There was also a possibility of them not showing up again. The penalty of losing their lives was much higher than any other profession so they had ways to hide their bodies...

Weed and Yellowy suddenly appeared in front of him.

“Chiit! Poisonous Dual Swords!”

Each hand held a poisonous dagger.

The users of the Hermes Guild had a quick reaction rate.

“The effects of the attack as well as the poison will reduce his health by half!”

The assassin said that to make the opponent shrink back.

Weed just lightly moved his upper body like he knew the attack was coming ahead of time.

“Ehh?”

Pu shu shu shuk!

Heriam Fencing lightly slashed his body. An assassin had strong damage but low defense.

Weed had used Sculptural Destruction into strength in order to raise the hunting speed. He wasn't holding Red Star since a different sword was enough.

“Kwaaek!”

The assassin was killed and he collected the loot before it even touched the ground. Collecting the loot was an art in itself.

There were only the two knights remaining. They stood shoulder to shoulder facing him.

“The bull is Yellowy.”

“Then he is Weed the God of War.”

Bardray's only match, the man who killed many Hermes Guild users in the Central Continent.

More recently, he had killed Knight Myul so the two knights felt like they had no chance of winning.

“Our luck was bad today.”

“However, we might appear on broadcast. We will be killed by a famous person.”

Both knights gave up on fleeing from Yellowy.

“Chahat. Weed the God of War. I will compete with you proudly!”

The knights jumped at Weed simultaneously.

“Ummoooooooo.”

Yellowy kicked his legs against the ground, retreated or sped up depending on the knights.

Yellowy’s agile moves at a short distance. It was a rare experience but the knights were familiar with the battlefield.

The knights threw the weight of their bodies into every attack.

Yellowy made their attacks obsolete while Weed mercilessly used Heriam Fencing.

-The 1st consecutive attack has succeeded.

Agility has increased by 27%.

-The 2nd consecutive attack has succeeded.

Strength has increased by 48%.

-The 3rd consecutive attack has succeeded.

Agility has increased by 51%.

-The 4th consecutive attack has succeeded.

Destructive power has increased by 44%.

The enemy has been neutralized.

-The 5th consecutive attack has succeeded.

The enemy has perished.

Heriam Fencing was used a few times and the enemies lost their lives.

Since Weed appeared, it took less than a minute to hunt all four people.

“Yellowy, let’s go to the next place!”

Other Hermes Guild users were hiding nearby.

They secretly hid in the ground but the birds hunting worms found them.

There were 470 murderers in the Hermes Guild who volunteered to go to the north and split into elite teams.

Their names were infamous even in the Central Continent.

“Weed!”

“The enemy has appeared.”

They were formidable opponents even for Weed and Yellowy.

“The value of this group of quite high. Yellowy. Let’s go.”

“Ummooooooooo!”

If he deemed the opponent too strong then he would retreat.

Their equipment was designed for secret infiltration so they couldn’t catch up with Yellowy.

“The God of War ran away.”

“Kuhahaha. That is good to see.”

However, he summoned his sculptural lifeforms and came back for a rematch in less than 2 minutes.

The knight Seville and Gernika who had good defense were in the vanguard while Weed moved from side to side on Yellowy. The wyverns were plaguing the enemies from the air.

It wasn’t a surprise that the Hermes Guild users lost their lives.

“You cowardly people who came here! This is the method of Weed the God of War?”

“There is no cowardice in fighting. Only winning matters.”

Weed took their remarks as a compliment.

If there was a dangerous moment then he would use a secret sculpting technique.

“Moment Sculpting!”

Moment Sculpting was an ultimate technique that stopped the world.

The Hermes Guild users were literally slaughtered.

He had still fought somewhat carefully until he learned Moment Sculpting. Others might think he was fighting recklessly but Weed calmly calculated the odds.

A top ranked team from the Hermes Guild was different from monsters and normally couldn't be touched. In addition to high skill proficiency and level, they were users properly equipped with weapons and armour.

Even Weed who knew how to fight properly would find them daunting. Weed was always worried about being hit by curses or spells. Or he wondered if they dug a trap in advance.

All hesitation in a fight disappeared after learning Moment Sculpting.

‘I can't actively use it yet. I need to conceal it so that the Hermes Guild can't analyze it.’

Weed only briefly stopped the world and took advantage of it to appear behind magicians and priests.

If the Hermes Guild users lost their magicians and priests then they wouldn't be able to last long.

-Thanks to mastering handicraft, you have learnt how to do an

upper strike with the shield.

-The sword technique of the Romanak area has been acquired.

A simple sword style mainly focusing on strength.

The skill proficiency has immediately increased to intermediate level 2 after learning it.

Three knight attack skills have been learnt.

Split Far Away: A splitting technique that gathers mana around the sword. Close enemies will be pushed away and you can attack enemies within 20 metres. 3,500 mana is consumed.

Strike the Land: All enemies within 6 metres will temporarily lose their balance. 1,470 mana is consumed.

Strength Competition: The knights of the Romanak area enjoy boasting of their power. When pushing against another sword, 24% more strength will be displayed. 410 mana is consumed.

He had the ability to learn other combat skills.

Weed accumulated quite a lot of techniques based on various weapons.

“In many ways, it is good that I mastered handicraft. I can obtain skills much faster.”

A sculptor wasn't a combat profession so he had endlessly doubted it.

Weed was close to a natural fighter after mastering handicraft.

His spear mastery also reached intermediate level 3. Weed could now wear the Sealed Thunder Spear that was Myul's symbol and this made fighting much easier.

He could hit a few enemies with every swing of his spear. The spear attacks had a strong force. He would use wide area skills when his mana was full to increase his hunting speed. An electric shock would pour into the body through armour and weapons.

He was able to freely attack on Yellowy and it felt like he became at least 30% stronger.

“I need to earnestly improve spear mastery. Master handicraft will have more worth in the future.”

He would also become a sword master. He had achieved it during the desert quest so it was only a matter of time.

He first needed to pour all his time and effort into mastering sculpting.

Weed raised his level in one day. He reached level 442 and 443 in record time.

The invading Hermes Guild users were quickly destroyed.

He worked diligently and got rid of 150 people in one day.

“The income is really high. There are prey from the Central Continent scattered everywhere.”

He raised his experience and combat skills.

Apart from his level and skill proficiency, his overall attack power had increased due to master handicraft.

The best growing method was humans instead of monsters. While the Arpen Kingdom was faltering, Weed was improving himself.

“Who knows what will happen in the future. I will surely become stronger and earn more money.”

He had already collected enough money to eat and live. However, he became greedier the more money he had.

It was because he knew the joys of spending money.

“I will later live in luxury with my family.”

This was Weed’s new goal for gathering money.

Real estate speculation and then wealth inheritance! Being able to live in luxury while old was the goal.

Chapter 2: Formidable Enemy Of The Haven Empire

“Go and build up your luggage!”

“We are going back to Morata today. Hurry up!”

Seo-yoon silently followed the procession of merchants.

Novice travellers were mixed in with the merchants for safety.

“Can’t we get good food in Morata?”

“Yes. These days, there are plenty of open restaurants. I also want to open a restaurant in Morata.”

The users were busily rejoicing while walking.

The merchants had empty carriages and users paid to accompany them.

Recently it was a trend to travel around the Northern Continent on carriages so there were at least 70 people.

The rough winds, dangerous monsters and magnificent scenery made it romantic to travel together.

It was a familiar sight for travelers. In the past, Europe was very popular and now the trend was the Northern Continent tour.

Although the development of most cities were low, many people took a leave of absence from the university to explore the north. Of course, they picked up any quests and items as well.

The Arpen Kingdom wasn’t fully developed and many people worked on its development.

The merchants and travelers were diligently returning to Morata when they were hindered by 6 horsemen with flags.

“Huhuhu. Weak humans.”

“Kill! Kill! Kill!”

Murderers from the Haven Empire!

They were troops that penetrated the north, murdering people and looting.

“Coming here...form a defense formation. Stop the enemy!”

The merchants were quick and readied the combat carriages.

“What is that?”

“A little odd. Isn’t this the Arpen Kingdom?”

The novice users responded to the attack in broad daylight. And soon the murderers of the Haven Empire reached them.

“Uhhh.”

“D-damn. There is only a little bit left until we reach Morata.”

They were despairing when Seo-yoon silently walked forward.

Sururung!

She pulled out the sword she carried on her back.

At that moment, Seo-yoon’s eyes shone red.

-The eyes of a berserker have opened in response.

Strength has increased by 73%.

Attack speed will increase by 41%, there will be no hesitation and fewer vitality is consumed when using continuous attacks.

Fighting spirit will be at the maximum until the end of the battle.

Your fighting ability will become stronger the longer you fight and the more enemies you kill.

Ddirring!

-Berserker Pulling out the Sword

You cannot stand injustice and unrighteous enemies.

There is no need to acknowledge them.

Punish all enemies.

Level of Difficulty: Berserker Quest.

Compensation: Strength 1.

Quest Restrictions: Level 6 Advanced Sword Mastery.

600 Fighting Spirit.

Seo-yoon rushed forward and strongly wielded her sword.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Pale, Maylon, Romuna, Irene, Surka and Zephyr fought around Morata.

They fought together with nearby users to stop the Hermes Guild users.

They were already known as Weed’s colleagues so were very famous in the north.

“I admire you. Archer Pale-nim.”

“Hmm hmm. You’re welcome.”

Archers came running up to Pale after his activities at the Earth Palace.

Magicians came up to Romuna to receive her teachings about fire magic while Irene was surrounded by injured players.

Surka kept to remote villages.

She boldly struck at the Hermes Guild murderers along with soldiers deployed to the small villages. And the night passed.

17 villages in the Arpen Kingdom disappeared.

4,000 users died and the residents were wiped out.

Surka, Romuna and Irene died!

They tried to defend the villages against the Haven Empire but were killed.

Some Hermes Guild users were even mixed in the raid.

Videos of villages in the Arpen Kingdom burning with black smoke swept the internet.

-Ah...is this the end of the Arpen Kingdom?

-The gap in power with the Haven Empire is too big. It is burning.

-It is over. The Haven Empire will unite the continent.

A week passed since the Haven Empire started their raids.

The stations were emphasizing the damage suffered by the Arpen Kingdom.

“There is serious damage to the land, infrastructure and transportation network. Fertile land has been burned and roads and bridges destroyed. The transportation routes for merchants are disconnected. The threat that the frontier villages are receiving...it is difficult to know the statistics but more than 100,000 residents have been killed. Many users have also died.”

The forces of the Haven Empire were depleted but additional numbers could pass over from the Central Continent.

The broadcasters reported the Arpen Kingdom's crisis but also featured the videos of Weed's current battles.

He moved quickly with his sculptural lifeforms and constantly killed the Hermes Guild users and troops.

He moved without a moment of rest and the Hermes Guild members couldn't resist.

Weed's battles were played in real time with sad music in the background.

The veins on their necks showed as the show hosts got heated up.

“Defeating 7 people! It only took 31 seconds. He unleashed Heriam Fencing a total of 24 times. An amazing feat that surprises me every time.”

“Shin Hye-min ssi, did you see that wide area attack just now?”

Oh Joo-wan and Shin Hye-min was broadcasting ‘the Story of the Versailles Continent’ part 2 with a focus on Weed.

“Yes. Of course. The spear skill ravages the land so it seems to be impossible to avoid. At the same time, he used a another three spear skills.”

“If I was to give a further explanation, it is hard to escape once embroiled in the attacks. The skill hasn’t been broken yet and Weed stays on the offensive. The bulletin boards are already heating up. Shin Hye-min, you have frequently hunted with Weed. Is it always like this?”

“You haven’t seen anything. This much is nonsense.”

Shin Hye-min gave a terrible sigh. It was only for a brief moment but she didn’t look like a broadcasting host.

“Eh...then what is the most amazing thing?”

“He raises his resilience through narrow battles where he almost dies. Sometimes he only has 0.3% health left.”

“A great sense of combat. It seems to be an innate gift but also requires a high degree of discipline.”

“Yes. After the fight, he would do amazing things like bandage his body, cook, sharpen his weapon, clean his armour and make sculptures. A wonderful sight that shows off his various skills.”

“.....”

“You can’t lag behind for even 1 second when hunting with Weed. You have to keep up with his fast pace. Standing still for even 2 seconds will make Weed start nagging.”

“I guess it must be tough.”

“I feel happy that most humans like living conveniently. Ah! While we were having this conversation, Weed has already finished collecting all the loot. Where is he going on the wyvern

this time?”

The stations showed the video and made Weed into the hero. There was no choice but to make Weed the main protagonist.

He rode on Yellowy and dragged Bahamorg and the sculptural lifeforms with him.

The users of the Hermes Guild that had an illustrious reputation easily lost their lives. Weed had the ability to see even the slightest gap.

The people were enthusiastic about Weed who was fighting alone.

Bardray and the key leaders of the Hermes Guild stayed safe in their hunting grounds.

The public opinion of the north also heated up.

“Let’s stop them. We need to protect the city we live in!”

“Our strength will allow us to achieve victory.”

The northern users stayed in different cities and acted as the defense. Sometimes they repelled the enemy while other times the villages were turned to ashes.

At this point, the avians joined in and played a huge role.

Among the avians was the fast growing night owl, Mog. Mog originally started as a human in Morata but changes species via a special quest.

He discarded all human capabilities and was born again. He grew quickly and was popular with his colleagues among the avians.

“Take control of the northern skies and identify the movement of the troops. Avians join us. All avians should work together!”

The avians moved in the sky.

They flew above mountains, forests, rivers and plains and monitored designated areas. The avians watched from dense

rainclouds.

They found the movements of the Haven Empire and mobilized the Grass Porridge combat troops. They also completely cut off paths if the invaders tried to flee.

In comparison, the Hermes Guild members were able to hide themselves well.

They were mainly active at night and took the lives of the people in the Arpen Kingdom.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Geomchi, Geomchi-2, Geomchi-3 and Geomchi-4!

They were active in the conquered areas of the north!

It wasn't a problem as orc warriors joined from Vargo Fortress.

They completed special quests like Weed and became qualified to lead them.

The orcs were easily coaxed by flattery.

“Chwik. Impressively messy. Chwi chwit!”

“You are a lot more dirty.”

The orcs became subordinates of Geomchi.

“I will follow. Chwi chwik. Just feed me.”

-You are the commander of the Muksabal Army.

There is a total of 134,983 troops.

-The orc fighters have accepted you so charisma has permanently increased by 13.

Honour and intelligence has decreased by 2.

“I finally became a commander.”

Geomchi was filled with strong emotions.

He finally had an army.

“This is the suitable path for a man in troubled times. Maybe we will be able to conquer the continent under my hands.”

Geomchi rarely watched television these days. The broadcast contents when Weed was ruler of the desert.

The cool sight of troops being led to conquer the continent.

Any man watching that would have similar thoughts.

Geomchi-2 asked with concern.

“Teacher-nim. Then do you want to conquer the kingdom that the maknae built?”

“Um.”

Geomchi was seriously distressed.

He only recognized a few people in this world.

It would be cruel to destroy all the accomplishments that Weed had built up.

“In the end, it has to be like this.”

Geomchi slowly pulled out his sword.

The sword glittered in the hot sun as he eliminated the Hermes Guild users.

“I’m sorry for the maknae but...”

Geomchi-3 smiled and said.

“Hey, Sahyung. Teacher-nim isn’t like that. The reason we follow Teacher-nim is because of his righteousness.”

“Hum hum.”

Geomchi instantly turned his gaze to his sword.

A sharp sword.

A sword that slashed everything.

‘I’m sorry for the maknae...a man only has one life. I will give

you a spot just below mine. I will be the Emperor but you will receive a substantial role.'

Under the vast sky and the wide earth.

A hot seething ambition.

'It might be a pipe dream but...all men should have big dreams.'

Geomchi's vast spirit!

Then Geomchi-4's words struck a decisive blow.

"But how will we feed the orcs, Teacher-nim?"

"Huh?"

"They are very hungry."

"...Aren't there quite a few?"

"More than 100,000."

The heaven and earth in his heart shriveled.

Geomchi-2 spoke like he knew something.

"Teacher-nim. It isn't only 100,000."

"Then?"

"I heard that even more orcs will be coming today."

"Then 1 million?"

"There might be even more."

The commander of an army of one million.

Geomchi's face lit up. He would be the commander of such a large army.

"Then go and prepare for their arrival. Bring out the meat and bottles of alcohol!"

"Teacher-nim. What is there isn't any food?"

"Go to the merchants."

“All our property has been cleared out. We always change the money to weapons.”

Geomchi-3 hesitated before also speaking.

“Teacher-nim. How are you going to set up tactics with the orcs?”

“The tactics can’t be too sophisticated...”

“Then just a straightforward assault? Half would be killed in the first battle.”

“.....”

Geomchi-4 spoke once again

“But will the orcs continue to follow us?”

“Why?”

“Those guys are always fighting among themselves to find the leader. They are stupid and might forget all about Teacher-nim tomorrow.”

“Hah...”

A moan emerged from Geomchi’s mouth. The dream of heaven and earth faded away into simple reality.

“The wide world...there are all sorts of trouble while trying to live. I will be happy enough just living.”

Geomchi became depressed and decided to stick to the role of a commander.

Geomchi-2, Geomchi-3 and Geomchi-4 exchanged glances with each other and smiled.

‘Success.’

‘Huhuhu. We did it.’

‘Ah, I’m glad.’

All of them were opposed to Geomchi’s big ambitions.

‘Teacher-nim shouldn’t achieve something like that. He will give us all the chores.’

Geomchi-3 admitted that he was only superior when it came to combat force.

‘I just love to fight. My mind will be troubled if I am given a management position. Wouldn’t it cause a headache? Just thinking about it is no fun.’

Geomchi-4 received hospitality from Weed.

“Teacher-nim, you can enjoy any big dreams in the future. The right time will come. Let’s return to Morata and hold some sword training camps.”

“I don’t know about the maknae but all disciples are concerned with Teacher-nim’s dream.”

“The location of the sword training camp is good. It is near a square and along the river.”

“Maknae. Listen to my words. Sword training isn’t a matter of...

“Nowadays, there are many beauties passing by the square and river.”

“Huoh.”

“Everyone wants to become stronger in Royal Road. If some beauties become disciples at the training camp...”

“Beautiful disciples...”

“If you teach swordsmanship then you will see beauties sweating and become closer to them. A bond might be formed. A solid bait for a fishing rod.”

Geomchi-4 didn’t have big ambitions.

His teacher finally gained some big dreams but his disciples had a variety of opposing opinions.

After that, Geomchi led his disciples and orc army to target the

occupied territories.

They swept through the land occupied by the lords of the Hermes Guild.

The knights tried to repel them but just collapsed.

They used the spear, sword, axe etc. against the knights on horseback.

There was a level difference between horses and bulls and their movements in close combat was also different.

The knights used high level traps to defeat the army.

However, Geomchi had experienced all sorts of fights.

“This smells fishy.”

“Should we enter?”

“That would be bad. Instead, let’s break through at full speed. Stragglers will be left behind.”

“Yes!”

They were triumphant in every battle.

It might be a haphazard assault but they relied on their practical experience.

There was no need for any complex tactics as they moved.

Speed was an essential element in their activities.

They fought the enemy but didn’t touch any of the residents.

Caring for the weak!

Geomchi and his disciples were noble so they didn’t burn the villages like Weed in the desert.

“Teacher-nim, some of the kids are hungry.”

Due to the lack of interest from some lords, there were crop failures and food shortages in some villages.

The hungry residents and soldiers collapsed in the middle of the battle.

“Is that so? Is there any food remaining?”

“The orcs ate almost all of it after the last village...there is approximately one meal remaining.”

“Give it to the kids.”

“Then we will have nothing to eat for dinner.”

“We can go to another place to plunder. Give the food to them.”

“Yes. Teacher-nim!”

They conducted battles in the occupied northern areas every day.

“A-a horde of orcs is coming.”

“Dispatch the magicians and knights.”

The troops were smashed by an army of orcs and Geomchis.

The knights and soldiers tried to struggle but were eventually forced to retreat.

“Ugh...defeat...”

“Teacher-nim.”

“This is deplorable.”

“They have no spirit.”

“How funny.”

The orcs in the north continued being recruited.

The users that became orcs also joined.

“We can feed our young if we come here. Chwik!”

“Join the army and kill everything. Chwiik!”

The number of orcs was increasing uncontrollably.

The surviving orcs improved their combat experience and could eat more food.

The governor of the northern colonies, Alcard received a headache while dealing with them.

“They have quick mobility and are decisive. They don’t leave one bit of food behind in the looted areas...rather, it is more difficult that they left the residents untouched.”

They gave food to the residents. The quantity was for one or two meals and it was enough to gain the loyalty of the residents.

Meanwhile, the orcs ate all the food in the warehouses.

They left the responsibility of feeding the residents afterwards to the Haven Empire.

“Isn’t this highly deceptive conquest tactics?”

Geomchi, his disciples and the orcs were like ghosts as they attacked the Haven Empire.

Geomchi and his army attacked from all directions so the damage was enormous.

Even the soldiers in the northern conquered areas couldn’t handle it.

Many soldiers died against the orcs and it was difficult to get replacements from the Central Continent.

A huge amount of 900,000 had been dispatched to the boundaries of the Arpen Kingdom.

The people in the northern occupied areas were anxious and requested reinforcements. However, they received the same answer from the Haven Empire every time.

-Emperor Bardray and his army will go to the north after stopping all rebels. Until then, focus on maintaining security.

“We can only rely on these troops until then.”

Alcard’s anger rose.



-The descendants of the mighty heroes...you are prepared to willingly shed blood.

“Of course.”

-Can you deal with anything under the blue sky?

“Unless it is Master-nim or pretty girls...heook. No.”

-As a descendant of the Pallos Empire, you have to walk the path of the Emperor of the Desert. This will be the last test.

“What kind of test?”

-All those who follow you will benefit. Don't spill any more blood on these desolate sands and obtain a new home. Play the role of my sword. In the tradition of the desert...

Ddirring!

-The Founding of the Pallos Empire

Unify the great desert into one.

Brave warriors.

Break away from the burning sands.

Go back to the land with flowing rivers and restore the glory of the Pallos Empire.

The one who gains the most territory will be the Emperor of the Pallos Empire.

The time limit is 1 year.

Level of Difficulty: Region supremacy.

Compensation: Emperor of the Pallos Empire.

Quest Restrictions: Limited to desert warriors.

“Ohhhh!”

“War!”

Geomchi-5 and his students!

And the desert warriors were finally given the last quest.

Lead the desert tribes to invade the Central Continent.

They succeeded in displacing the residents of several major cities as well as cattle farmers.

They had spent 3 years on internal affairs but the desert warriors didn't bother waiting.

“Camels! Bring the camels!”

“Move out.”

Assault troops consisting of desert warriors. 350,000 people of the desert tribes gathered to regain their old territory in the Haven Empire.

Chapter 3: Weed's Profit

Weed demonstrated his strength when fighting against the Hermes Guild.

“The enemy has appeared!”

He attacked the Hermes Guild users with only Yellowy.

There were six people but two parties quickly joined them. There was a total of 21 Hermes Guild users. The combination of assassins, rangers, magicians, knights, warriors, shamans and priests could bring out their maximum strength.

“Quickly!”

“Block him from running away.”

“This spot will be your grave!”

Weed actually waited for more Hermes Guild members to join. Two additional parties popped out from their hiding spots and blocked any retreat.

“Distorted Vortex of Fire!”

A joint magic attack. There were flame pillars in every direction!

“Ummoooooooo!”

Yellowy was exceptionally afraid of fire. It was a crisis where the magnificent flames would burn him!

Weed had already made the Hermes Guild users fear him. He had caused much frustration for the Hermes Guild from his actions in the Central Continent.

The enemy was well prepared but Weed was busy looking at their equipment instead.

‘A Pelican Bracelet. That is a rare item. ‘The starting price at the auction...at least 10 million.’

Weed had hunted a bone dragon and the chaos warrior Kubichya

in the past so he didn't feel any pressure against the Hermes Guild.

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

Van Hawk and Torido were summoned. They were faithful subordinates who always fought with the enemy.

“You called. Master.”

“Eat them.”

“Understood.”

Van Hawk and Torido passed through the flame pillars.

“Defend the magicians! We will win if we drag this into a long battle.”

The knights and warriors jumped at Van Hawk and Torido. The assassins were waiting with poisonous daggers in their hands.

Their only goal was Weed.

“Yellowy, go to the front.”

Weed commanded but Yellowy didn't move. Yellowy was reluctant to enter the hot flames.

“Ummoooooooo. My body is hot.”

“We need to fight as quickly as possible. If we stay here then we will turn into barbeque.”

“Master, I'm scared. I don't want to fight.”

“It is the only way if you want to live.”

“I don't want to. I am afraid to lose my life.”

“Come on, move. I promise you won't. I will not allow you to die here.”

“Master...”

“Listen carefully. If you die in this fire then your juices will drip out. The surface will be so burned, it will be impossible to tell the

inside. There won't be the taste of beef."

"....."

"Do you want that to happen?"

Stress and threats!

Yellowy didn't listen to any commands and furiously scratched at the ground with his hind legs.

"Ummooooooooo!"

-Yellowy has entered a wild frenzy.

Resilience has increased by 230% and strength by 410%.

He won't feel any pain.

Magic resistance will increase by 3 times.

When assaulting and pushing against small creatures, there is a 47% chance of instant death and 31% chance of making them faint.

The distinction between friend and enemy is blurred.

Any presence is likely to be recognized as an enemy.

"This is a riot."

Yellowy was a loyal creature but the nature of the species meant that he sometimes ran wild. A lot of stress would pile up due to the excessive hunting and continuous risk. When it was like this, Yellowy would recklessly confront Goldman and the wyverns.

'If I'm not careful then he will notice and attack me as well.'

Weed felt the biggest threat since he was riding on Yellowy's back.

The frenzied Yellowy needed to fight against the Hermes Guild users.

The whirling flames were coming closer. It was hard to even open his eyes as the wind blew wildly. The pressure and heat from the dangerous magic seemed like it would rip him apart.

“Yellowy, can you hear me?”

Yellowy made a loud sound like a monster living in the ground.

“Umooooooooo!”

He didn’t feel good about Weed riding on his back.

Yellowy’s eyes turned red.

“Yellowy, relax. I am on the same side.”

“Ukurarararara.”

“Then I’ll come down and meet you here again tomorrow.”

“Kukyukakakakakat!”

Weed tried to convince him but it had no effect.

Yellowy’s muscles swelled due to the wild frenzy.

It was like the quiet before the storm had just passed. He was filled with uncontrollable anger and hatred.

Displeasure and hostility. The muscles swelled like a wild beast.

“Them. They are the enemy.”

Weed pointed towards the Hermes Guild.

“Yellowy. They are aiming for your rib eyes. In particular, the assassin is going to cut at your hip with the dagger.”

“Kuoooh.”

Yellowy’s red eyes turned towards the Hermes Guild users.

They were holding weapons.

At that moment, his rage reached the peak. Yellowy’s hind legs dug into the ground and he shot out like a bullet. Usually he walked on all fours but this time he sprung with his hind legs like a beast.

He shot through the vortex of flames towards an assassin. Weed and Yellow suffered some injuries but they didn’t die.

“So fast. Damn!”

The assassin tried to use his poison dagger but it was too late. Yellowy kicked him with the front legs.

Kwajik!

The body armour was broken and the assassin fell to the ground.

“Kwaaek!”

The warrior right behind him was hit by Yellowy’s horns and flew back. Despite wearing thick armour, the warrior couldn’t resist at all and flew through the sky from the impact!

The rangers fired arrows but Yellowy just turned and kicked out with his hind legs.

Weed took advantage of this moment to jump down from Yellowy. He jumped towards the Hermes Guild members in the rear.

“Sword-cloning!”

30 clones of Weed appeared.

Sword-cloning was good to make the enemy attack since the number of enemy targets increased.

“S-stop them!”

“Which one is real?”

“Just hit all of them!”

Van Hawk and Torido blocked the knights while Yellowy ran wild among the warriors.

Weed’s tactic was aiming for the magicians and priests. The most effective method was to cut off the weakest link.

“Kuuuk.”

The magicians and priests died in vain under Weed’s hands. The assassin and ranger that Yellowy first kicked were killed by him.

Weed also helped Van Hawk and Torido fight the knights and warriors.

He was a sculptor who managed to hunt a bone dragon as well as Barkhan.

The level of the users was identified from their items. He quickly determined the exact name of the item, its options and the price.

His fighting style would change depending on their strength and agility. He determined the health and defense of the enemy and attacked the vulnerable areas.

A keen eye! Bold decisions that allowed him to exert his strength to the maximum.

The final secret sculpting technique acted as a life insurance.

“It is slowly being cleaned up.”

This was definitely a situation where Weed placed Yellowy’s life at risk.

He wildly ran around and was only focused on the Hermes Guild.

Yellowy was staggering around as he fought the enemy. Several spears and arrows had pierced his body. Normally he would run away from any weapons but now he just continued the assault.

“He is almost dead!”

Yellowy’s injuries were severe as a Hermes Guild user dealt a final attack. An axe flew towards the red-eyed Yellowy.

Weed also saw it. Yellowy’s vitality and health had dropped to the bottom so he wouldn’t be able to avoid losing his life.

‘Yellowy will die. He was worked as a slave but...he is only one cow. He has to defend his life on his own. Too bad. Life is like that. The ribs and sirloin should be obtained.’

The same indifferent attitude as seeing a child in the playground falling down.

‘I understand that Yellowy will die someday. I didn’t know today would be that day...in his next life, I hope he is born for a quiet life plowing rice paddies.’

Weed prayed for a short period of time as the weapon flew.

‘But the value has dropped lately. It is hard to know the value of the meat. Should I just eat Yellowy instead of selling him?’

Just as the weapon was about to hit Yellowy’s body.

“You shouldn’t die until your meat has more value. Moment Sculpting!”

Time was stopped.

Weed blocked the axe and then used his sword against the paladin. He only stopped time for a moment to commit some actions.

And time flowed on once again.

“Kuwek!”

-A severe blow!

The enemy’s body has been destroyed from the impact.

The armour of the paladin has broken.

Health has been reduced by 164,390.

The user died.

-The Daemon Sword’s durability has been reduced by 11.

Maximum damage is reduced.

“Kuook. That teleportation...”

“Watch out for Blink.”

“Blink...the analysis is different! Doesn’t he only use it when he is a chaos warrior?”

“Straighten up!”

The users mistakenly thought they were dealing with blink. Mana was unstable for a short time after using blink so it was impossible to use magic. His sight also moved quickly so sometimes he would suffer if there was an obstacle in the way.

Moment Sculpting was an ultimate skill that stopped a piece of the world. He was alone in the frozen world so there were no constraints.

The Hermes Guild users soon lost their lives. Among them were elite users who killed the people of the north.

“Time Sculpting is useless outside of a fight!”

Weed burst out as he bandaged the injured Yellowy.

Yellowy’s wild eyes soon become afraid.

“You must hurt a lot. Stay comfortable and don’t worry about fighting. Sometimes things might be difficult but I am always looking after you.”

“Ummoooooooo.”

Yellowy was soothed and he summoned some sculptural lifeforms to reduce the risk.

Bahamorg, Goldman, Gernika, Seville, Vindex, Eltin and Cerberus. And the 40 Hermes Guild users were no match for the wyverns in the sky.

He climbed on Wy-3 and shot arrows from the sky. Shooting arrows as Wy-3 spread its wings and glided towards the ground was fun!

“Come down. You dirty bastard!”

Weed felt even more satisfied after hearing the curses of the Hermes Guild.

“The best method is through cowardice. The theory of the world.”

He could raise his level to 442 in just a week. There were also numerous titles and combat achievements. Every day was a constant battle but it was a massive short term growth.

The Hermes Guild users allowed him to grow quicker but also had an intelligence network. They would hide their bodies whenever a wyvern was seen in the sky or a person riding a bull was seen.

“It is so easy to raise my level...it is like eating for free.”

Weed was glad about the Hermes Guild's presence in the Northern Continent but they were sad.

The Arpen Kingdom was currently suffering serious damage. Travelling and trade between villages and cities were blocked while security deteriorated.

The people from the Central Continent were the worst thieves!

“There is nothing to eat so we should steal it.”

Thieves and monsters ran unchecked. The food warehouses were looted and there were rumours of monsters breeding.

It was unknown how much was true or false. The only thing that was certain was that the Arpen Kingdom had turned into a battlefield and the number of victims was growing!

The northern users were constantly fighting with the Hermes Guild users. The Hermes Guild had immensely strong individuals but it was no use if they were noticed.

“There. The Hermes Guild members!”

“Waaaaaah!”

The Hermes Guild members would be chased by hundreds and thousands of users, with more people constantly joining.

The fierce battles destroyed the infrastructure and roads of the Arpen Kingdom.

“There is a famous saying that talks about following someone into the river.”

Weed and the northern users regarded the Hermes Guild members as a hunting ground. He also collaborated with some of the strong northern users.

“I am a level 410 archer. My name is Gongitba. I was introduced by Mapan-nim. Do you have a place for me?”

“Hmm. I was told you were coming a short time in advance. Any donations?”

“This money has been prepared with much difficulty. 140,000 gold.”

“Ahem. It might be difficult but this is for the entire Arpen Kingdom.”

“I am aware of that. I heard about how Weed-nim sacrificed so much to develop Morata into the Arpen Kingdom.”

“It is embarrassing to hear such things.

“No. Weed-nim is my hero and the mentor of my life.”

“.....”

He had established Morata and the Arpen Kingdom but the story had grown closer to a myth.

At night, there was a festival in Morata where food was handed out and sculptures were made to evoke hope for the next day.

Weed had saved the residents from the vampires and gave birth to the Tower of Light. Therefore, it wasn't an exaggeration to say that an artistic spirit burned in them.

It was also the hometown of many Grass Porridge members.

The Arpen Kingdom was a fledging kingdom but there was a sense of unity because they had overcome adversity together.

“Wah. It is really Wy-3.”

“Kuaack.”

The high level northern users were impressed as they watched the sculptural lifeforms.

Bingryong, Phoenix, Imugi etc. were all mythical creatures. They had grown since being born so their appearances were amazing.

Bingryong was a huge 450 metres from head to tail.

A monster with an immense size. Compared to its size, the power was a bit lacking but the huge body was still overwhelming. Sometimes it would be a model for painters, earning a pocket allowance!

Phoenix was loyal and would hunt by raising his charm stat and making the colourful pattern much more attractive. Many users wished to see the spectacular sight of his feathers glowing in the light of the sunset.

Imugi had a firm body and was covered in elegant scales. An eccentric form that was closer to a snake than a dragon.

The sculptural lifeforms were made from sculptures so charm was an essential stat. It wasn't uncommon for them to become more beautiful as they grew.

Sometimes the sculptural lifeforms would boast among themselves when they met.

The mass produced wyverns were different and constantly argued with each other.

“These incompetent bastards! Anyway, I made some useless things.”

They were always abused by Weed but the users thought differently.

“Weed made really beautiful sculptures.”

“An artist. His soul burns beautifully. He can't be blamed for it not being perfect. Artists are forever pursuing perfection.”

“He chose to be a sculptor on the Versailles Continent. The sculptures are the fruits of his labour.”

Bingryong was the symbol of creativity and stylish beauty.

The wyverns were praised for their ruggedness. Weed had divided the wyverns into Wy-1, Wy-3, etc. Their appearances only slightly diverged from each other.

The users and Grass Porridge Cult members lacked common sense when it came to the wyverns.

All the sculptural lifeforms associated with Weed had the hottest popularity among the northern users.

“I have come. I am a level 430 magician. My name is Loainde.”

“I hate to say this but prices are recently skyrocketing. The situation is a little different.”

“I am fully aware of the situation. Here is 170,000 gold.”

“Huhuhu. It must have been hard to make this money.”

“I sold a few magic books.”

They were allowed to fight with him in exchange for some exorbitant prices.

“A profit. There is no end to what I can sell in the Arpen Kingdom.”

He got some pocket money for fighting against the Hermes Guild! Gaining money and fighting the Hermes Guild, it was like killing two birds with one stone.

Weed was generous to his rich customers.

“There are three other people that way. Please do well!”

“Yes!”

“Do you need to clean your sword or armour? This is a free service.”

“Ohhh. Weed-nim is directly doing this. I am grateful...”

The high level northern users were like well-behaved children in front of Weed. Of course, they weren't pure young children.

The participation fee was expensive but they would be safe while fighting with Weed. Weed was the king in the north and the creator of the Grass Porridge Cult so he had a network.

The users could also acquire a profit by processing the loot obtained from the Hermes Guild. Besides, the videos got high ratings all over the world so it was chance for the high level users to get their names known.

Weed and his colleagues immediately took care of any Hermes Guild members they found. In fact, the number of participants was over 700 people so it was closer to an army. An elite group of northern users.

“Weed-nim!”

“I want to join the hunt.”

The number of northern users applying grew out of control. Once it exceeded 1000 people, they were divided into several squads with the sculptural lifeforms.

Patrols were put in place around Morata.

Weed visited many locations thanks to Wy-3 and Yurin.

There were 20,000 Hermes Guild users. The people scattered all over the place were hunted down.

The thoughts of the Hermes Guild users changed.

‘I would rather kill the novices.’

‘My achievements in the guild will be swept away.’

‘Smash the villages. As well as those people in the north. Those ideas have turned to ashes.’

They were frequently killed by Weed and the northern users.

Even if they didn't suffer directly, they heard rumours about it.

'I need to consider my own body.'

'A clear opportunity...I can't let my identity be discovered.'

'Damn. I can't move around freely. I am scared to move.'

They couldn't completely prevent the raid of the 20,000 Hermes Guild users but it was weakened.

Many of them killed several beginners before losing their lives.

The damage caused to the Arpen Kingdom plummeted accordingly. Weed had a decisive advantage when moving alone on the Central Continent.

Even if they sent out trackers to search the continent, it was impossible to find one person.

He had the mobility to go anywhere he wanted and he could conceal himself with Sculpture Transformation.

The individual Hermes Guild members were strong but their red names revealed themselves. Their numbers were increasingly dropping so they started regretting it.

The raids on the villages of the Arpen Kingdom subsided to some extent. But the real damage occurred in the devastated areas.

Refugees wandered the spacious ruins. Now the Hermes Guild users were in a serious dilemma.

"Isn't this bad? It is like we came to the north in vain."

Their purpose in coming to the north was to turn the Arpen Kingdom into ashes. They would cause great damage to the national power over time.

Right now they were being tracked and the harm was outweighing the benefits.

"Lalala."

They hid their bodies and watched a beginner level 30 girl

walking. The novices were easy but it was difficult for the Hermes Guild because other users would appear.

“Should we wipe them out?”

“If we touch them then we will be tracked all day.”

“Stay well hidden. It will be difficult.”

“What is this? It is ridiculous.”

It was absurd as they saw a destroyed village recover after a few days.

Novice beginners gathered together and started working.

“This village was formerly a pure shanty village...the road planning was also a mess.”

“Should we make it properly?”

“No. It isn't necessary. There isn't that type of money. We just need to come up with rough ideas for living.”

Dozens of wooden houses and fences were completed.

“Now. Cheap. Cheap! A dream house for only 4 silver. The house won't leak when there is a rain shower. It will even withstand the rising winds. An architect's conscience won't allow me to use rotten wood!”

The passing users entered the village to look at the houses. There were just a few walls and wooden beams connected.

“Isn't this space neat?”

“It is like destroying a newly built house. It was a type of reconstruction. We can expand the living room and kitchen areas.”

“Ah. This is much better.”

Ddirring!

-The house has been bought.

-More than 300 houses have been sold.

The village has been restored.

The Hermes Guild lived on a continent where the history and culture had been established for hundreds of years so they were baffled.

‘A city was just created.’

The Central Continent were filled with well-built residential buildings and shops. The Arpen Kingdom was filled with shanty villages and homes made of clay.

However, the users that had their property broken would curse on the bulletin boards.

“Obviously we are strong but...”

“We are predators. Everybody is scared of the Haven Empire but the atmosphere here is strange.”

Hunters seeking the Hermes Guild appeared en masse.

The north didn’t care about things like the dignity of the Hermes Guild or fearing them.

“Can’t we get great items if they are eliminated? Hrmm. You have a point. There are exclusive quests and hunting grounds on the Central Continent so they will have luxury equipment.”

“What? Isn’t it worth dozens of whole chickens?”

An opportunity for a fortune!

Rumours of the good loot obtained from those with high infamy spread through the north.

The Hermes Guild members were like walking treasures trying to avoid the gaze of other people.

Weed had caused enormous damage on the Central Continent but this situation was completely different.



Weed stood at the place where the Earth Palace was being built.

The wreckage of the collapsed palace had been cleared and new buildings erected.

Unlike before, this palace was built on a wide area. Beyond that, Dawn City was visible on the plains.

There were major roads, waterways, commercial district and residential district. Thus, thousands of river courses were built and spread out over a wide area.

This could be called a large scale city on the Versailles Continent. The entire construction site was visible! A city built with stone and wood that blended with beautiful scenery and rivers.

‘The housing is like a goose laying a golden egg.’

This entire area was the new capital of the Arpen Kingdom.

He was able to accumulate massive wealth from buying in advance land that would be developed into stores and houses.

‘A person should really look at the newspaper and television. It might be hard but you should learn.’

Weed’s pockets went into the Arpen Kingdom.

The collapse of the Earth Palace might have been better in the long run.

The location of the new city was more robust. There were also investments in the land!

“Climbing a hill and mountain is tricky. It is better to have the Royal Palace on flat land.”

In fact, the value of the Earth Palace was beyond imagination.

With the advent of the kingdom, quite a few high level users moved from the Central Continent to the north.

Although Mapan’s Trading Company had the most power in the market, small and medium merchants scored a jackpot every day.

The wealthy wanted to build luxury mansions near the palace

and Weed gladly accepted.

The gap between rich and poor wasn't a problem. Royal Road was a world where everyone was equal.

They could earn a nice house through hunting, adventuring or production. The users in the north could live in shacks or mansions. The tax rate was low and there were a number of development projects in progress.

Nevertheless, the kingdom's finances didn't run out.

By default, Weed's land speculation was at a national level. He colluded with architects to sell state owned land to users. The architects were glad because they could freely display their talents.

The Arpen Kingdom's lands and buildings were different from reality.

"However, there is a limit to the kingdom's growth..."

Weed looked at the vacant lots left in the Dawn City.

The city continued to become more crowded as people flocked to it. The Arpen Kingdom's development potential was high due to the low taxes, rich resources and high beginner users.

But the raid of the Haven Empire made any sustainable development impossible.

The local villages were destroyed, trade routes cut off and production facilities collapsed. 70% of the production facilities were concentrated in places like Morata, Port Varna, Vargo Fortress and Vent Castle but there was still some damage.

The villages were important for the future development of the region and the cut off trade routes destroyed the potential of a village. The kingdom's military and administrative resources needed to be spread over a vast territory.

In addition, there were a few large and useless land in the Arpen Kingdom that couldn't be developed. The monsters and bandits

were prevalent so it would cost a lot to develop it into a city.

“If it is only in the vicinity of Morata or the Dawn City...in the long run, it will be difficult if development isn’t scattered throughout the north.”

That wasn’t the worst thing.

If the Hermes Guild sent second and third waves of raiders then the Arpen Kingdom’s growth would be completely cut off. He didn’t want this to happen to the Arpen Kingdom so effective strategies were needed.

“There are many people smarter than me. So these attacks can’t continue. I can’t hope for good luck.”

Weed realized that it was time to make a decision.

“I need to prepare the Arpen Kingdom for a march. The Haven Empire’s actions aren’t acceptable.”

The Haven Empire’s affairs were a mess and some facilities hadn’t recovered from previous wars.

The Haven Empire was going after the Northern Continent but the people of the Arpen Kingdom weren’t normal.

“In the future, I wonder who will fall down first.”

Weed decided on a war. He could try negotiating with the Haven Empire in order to smooth relations.

It would require a compromise every time.

But when taking into account his interests in the future, it was important not to let the real estate in the Arpen Kingdom fall.

Grand Buildings were constructed in the north but that wouldn’t be possible if security was bad.

In addition, it would be difficult to topple the Haven Empire.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The people of the north hadn’t forgotten the pain they suffered

at the Earth Palace.

“They will definitely invade us again. We need to prepare for the future. This dishonour can’t be allowed to be repeated again.”

Everybody knew that the Hermes Guild would attack again. They were just waiting for that day. The Arpen Kingdom felt like home so they didn’t want the Hermes Guild to control it.

The high ranking officials in the Grass Porridge Cult held weekly meetings.

“King Weed’s power alone isn’t enough. It is because we have no power.”

“We have to give him support.”

“We are scattered individuals. The previous war showed that there are obvious limitations in our tactics.”

“Um. We could barely manage to keep up with the tremendous damage.”

“Right now, it will be difficult to prevent repeated attacks from the Haven Empire. Being continuously destroyed can’t be in our future.”

“We should nurture an elite group. The avians are also resources we should take advantage of.”

The birth of the Grass Porridge Army!

They would become the Arpen Kingdom’s army.

-Grass Porridge Army’s Conduct

We are founded to protect the peace of the Versailles Continent. We won’t tolerate injustice and will fight for the people.

In order to fund the Grass Porridge Army, each user should donate a certain amount of money every month. The donation amount will be left to your conscience.

The Grass Porridge Army is voluntary. However, users will be

placed according to their ability and have to convene whenever there is a war. The northern users will respect you for your hard work and dedication. You will receive benefits while hunting and in stores, as well as the best support on quests.

Soldiers will be classified as active or reserve. The active soldiers have to attend two training meetings every month. You will have to bring your own consumables and military supplies. This is so we can afford to pay you.

The commanders will represent the Grass Porridge Army to Weed, the God of War. Each commander will be in the middle of combat.

The Commander in Charge had the right to declare a cease-fire and peace negotiations.

Weed felt a slight discomfort as the Grass Porridge Cult formed a loyal army for the Arpen Kingdom.

They were called a separate army but they still followed Weed's commands in war. In fact, the people in the Grass Porridge Army could lead just as well as Weed.

From his perspective, Weed thought so.

"Eggs or eggs...there isn't much difference."

Everybody had images of guarding the north as part of the Grass Porridge Army. Everyone was free to join the army of the Arpen Kingdom.

The Grass Porridge Army already had more than 4 million troops. It was more than the total troops of another country!

There were several members of the army who were high ranking military officials in reality.

The Grass Porridge Army, Grass Porridge Navy, Grass Porridge Air Force and even the Military Manpower Administration was established.

The Bamboo Shoots unit that consisted of beginners over level 40 received lessons and were organized as reserves.

Although they were prepared to defend the Arpen Kingdom, the Hermes Guild's invasion was too quick.

The military officials of the Grass Porridge Army held a meeting.

"We should mobilize the army."

"The organization of the army isn't efficient to chase those guys."

"Some kind of war on terror...hrmm."

"Should we dedicate 300,000 members of the Grass Porridge Army for the establishment of an anti-terrorism unit?"

"No, we shouldn't increase the number of organizations. The right skills are needed."

There were urgently discussing when Weed repelling the Hermes Guild members was broadcasted.

"Indeed...His Majesty."

"Um. It is amazing. The northern users are taking care of them."

"But the damage..."

"From now on, they are the enemy. We need to be careful."

Nonetheless, the Grass Porridge Army kept on thinking. The army hadn't taken any action despite being invaded.

A third of the Arpen Kingdom had already been lost to the Haven Empire.

"We need to retaliate in some way..."

"We will have the soldiers join the northern users."

And Weed sent a message to them.

-Spring has come.

The entire continent will be turned into a meadow.

“This is the password for a declaration of war.”

“Let’s do it. We will be Weed’s sword.”

“We will announce it to the people.”

The Grass Porridge Army formally declared war on the Haven Empire.

Obviously the broadcasting stations were told. It was the talk of the Versailles Continent.

Lemon of the Grass Porridge Cult appeared live on the television.

She was a high school girl wearing a uniform.

Oh Joo-wan asked with a serious face.

“Are you serious? The Arpen Kingdom and Grass Porridge Cult will undergo a joint invasion of the Haven Empire. The whole continent will be immersed in a war. The repercussions will sweep through all the people.”

“Yes. We have made this decision. The Hermes Guild has been bothering the people of this continent. We have gathered to defeat them. There won’t be a chance to win if we don’t act now. Only fighting will allow us no regrets.”

Lemon didn’t hesitate to express that the Hermes Guild was evil.

It was rare to find any users of the Arpen Kingdom and the continent who hadn’t fallen victim to the Hermes Guild.

The justification to fight through was delivered through the broadcasting stations. The mood was already hostile towards the Hermes Guild.

“The Grass Porridge Army is waiting for the righteous people. In two days, we will assemble at the plains south of Dawn City. I hope those who see this broadcast will come there.”

A rallying cry from a girl dressed in a school uniform.

Two days quickly passed.

The next day, the earth at the plains south of Dawn City couldn't be seen at all. People endlessly covered the south of the city.

“What? It is here, right?”

“Why are there so many people? Let me pass.”

“It is full of people.”

“Where is the line to sign up?”

“Hey. It is over here.”

“There is no end to it. Even looking side to side.”

Showing off the natural forces of the Grass Porridge Cult!

The northern users were also flocking.

“It seems like it is going to rain. It is so dark.”

“I can't see any faces. Heeok! Birds!”

People looked up as the sky was covered.

The avians! The recently popular avians took control of the skies.

Chirp chirp chirp.

Kkiyot.

Kiyaaack.

“I'm in position. Other wings are hitting me. Mind your basic manners.”

“Tweet tweet. Night owls should go down to the bottom.”

“Be careful of the claws and beaks!”

The sky was so crowded that it was hard to feel comfortable flapping their wings.

The grass porridge users had already formed a consensus about the war.

‘Regain the territory of the Arpen Kingdom.’

Weed was enough reason for the grass porridge users to follow.

The Hermes Guild and Haven Empire were scared of him.

The Central Continent couldn't compete with the numbers in the Northern Continent. Every fight they won was due to their overwhelming numbers.

They clearly knew the greatness of having larger numbers due to the results.

A mixed martial arts person would be scared meeting more than 10 high school students at night.

"Mother. We are going to fight. Why? We are blacksmiths.

"Oh I don't know. The lady next door moved."

"Honey. This way?"

"Come quickly. The entire neighbourhood is coming so we can't be late."

More than one million people were moving.

Not all of the people there were going to fight. The merchants opened a market to sell goods.

"Now. Cheap cheap. Military shoes for only 2 gold. There are a variety of sizes so please pick one."

"There are warm blankets for sleeping. Directly selling it."

"For the next three minutes, I am selling a perfect map for travelers. From here towards the south!"

The users were eagerly talking about the war.

"I want to fight the Hermes Guild."

"Why?"

"It is interesting. And there will be high publicity."

"Isn't it more fun than playing around on the hunting grounds?"

"Right. This is a wonderful taste."

The fight with the Hermes Guild was recognized as a type of

annual event.

The battles would be shown all over the world. This motivated the users hunting to concentrate on the war with the Hermes Guild.

In particular, many grass porridge members had died in the battle at the Earth Palace.

Killed like worms! They wore black clothes and a black hat as they prepared to rush towards the enemies. It was a spectacular sight from the sky as the number of users greatly increased. Some of them had accomplished a lot after dying.

“But when is Weed coming?”

“Will there be an opening ceremony?”

The northern users were clamouring.

A big uproar suddenly occurred at Dawn City.

“Wow! The warrior Python-nim!”

“The adventurer Spenson is participating directly.”

But the disturbances didn't end there. The atmosphere heated up like Weed or Lemon were going to appear.

It was at that moment.

There was a buzz as users ran from the south towards the east.

“What is it?”

“What? Beyond...are we going to war already?”

“Going without a ceremony...”

The crowd had expected Weed to appear and give some words of encouragement. They wanted courage to be incited before facing the Haven Empire. However, the news was quickly passed from the east.

“Hey, they have come.

“Who is coming?”

“The orc corps.”

“I-I see!”

The mountains in the far east.

A dust cloud seemed to be rising from beyond the mountains. A dust cloud that seemed like a sandstorm was coming closer.

Then another dust cloud rose from the opposite direction.

“Who is over there?”

“Bamboo Shoots unit.”

“There is no end to them. There are a lot. Really...”

The crowd of users felt some emotions rising. It seemed like a threat was approaching from the mountains so it was shocking to some.

“Urgent news. That is just the European troops of the Bamboo Shoots unit.”

“What?”

“Europe is the 1st unit while there are those from Africa, Asia and the Americas. An avian tried to watch and crashed after becoming dizzy!”

The users gathered to the south of Dawn City were in suspense.

All their colleagues were gathered here to fight for the freedom of the Versailles Continent. Of course, it was a good thing but those who came first were worried about their safety.

“Let’s go!”

“If you don’t want to die then go after the Haven Empire!”

The Grass Porridge Army gathered near Dawn City started moving. And after a few hours, the size of the crowd never diminished.

“It is a relief that we didn’t come too late. Where are the 49 members of the Toadstool Porridge unit?”

“They have already started departing to the south.”

“Uh. Such perception!”

People started running or riding towards the south.

“Huhu. It is worth delaying some time to form the Hamburger unit.”

“I believe it. The Brown Rice Porridge unit will be able to save the world.”

“We are the dedicated Citrus Porridge unit!”

“Tropical fruits such as mango. Let us move together for the sake of the fruits!”

New branches of the Grass Porridge Cult started moving. And the orcs finally emerged.

“Chiik!”

“Chwik!”

The faces of the orcs were red with anger as they said.

“The 1819th Pig Porridge troops have arrived. Chiiik!”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Michel of the Black Sword Mercenaries, Roam of the Roam Guild, Gunter of Lion Star Guild, Carlise of the Black Lion Guild and Sherwood of the Cloud Guild.

The representatives of the previous prestigious guilds on the Central Continent were gathered in one place again.

“Congratulations. Michel-nim.”

“The battle in Gradian Kingdom was really impressive. The Hermes Guild must be seething.”

“Huhu. It was nothing.”

They exchanged heartwarming stories first.

After their defeat to the Hermes Guild, they had wandered as fugitives and rebels. But despite the rebellions occurring everywhere, they were continuing to receive damage. In some cases, members of the guild weren't happy and decided to leave.

Therefore Michel's victory was a thrilling event.

Roam arranged the meeting today.

"Rather, we should be talking about our plans."

"What...are we changing our policy regarding attacking the Haven Empire?"

Sherwood showed some interest.

The Cloud Guild boasted the largest number of forces and received the most damage. He wanted to quickly regain the glory of the past.

"We need a way of dealing greater damage to the economy of the Haven Empire."

"How...?"

"I don't know."

"Huh? Are you joking right now?"

Sherwood was trying to contain his temper when Roam pulled out a sheet of paper.

"I received this message from Weed."

-Draw your power together.

The time will come.

"Weed's letter? He once again plans to feed us to the Haven Empire!"

"Oh. I guess an incident will be occurring soon."

Michel, Carlise, Gunter and Sherwood weren't pleased.

“How frivolous. He has no manners.”

“Something like this...we aren't his henchmen. He is too arrogant.”

It was impossible for them to deal with the Hermes Guild. But their pride meant they didn't want to follow Weed's commands.

Sherwood started thinking.

‘It would be better to just watch. We can flank them while Weed and the Hermes Guild are fighting. Even if that doesn't happen... there might be a better chance for the Cloud Guild to move. No, I should pretend to follow the command. Then I will decide according to my own interests.’

Sherwood's brain was busy. Michel and Carlise were happy about the damage that would be caused to the Hermes Guild. However, they soon started to determine the pros and cons.

‘There is something going on. That is for certain. Is there any way to obtain the best benefits?’

‘Weed fighting the Hermes Guild isn't a bad thing. Both sides might fall but it will be better if Weed lasts longer.’

Everyone was silent since being shown the letter.

They were tacitly listening to Weed's words. It was a situation they hadn't experienced before.

In addition, Weed's letter wasn't harmful to them.

Roam thought one step further.

“Weed didn't reveal a lot. But let's make a promise in this place. No matter what happens, we should support Weed.”

Michel saw the benefits. However, Gunter was puzzled.

“There is no need to go so far. We haven't made an agreement with him.”

The other leaders also weren't impressed.

Sherwood in particular had crazy eyes. He didn't feel like it was necessary to help Weed.

"I feel rushed. I will give a good explanation."

Roam fully understood their position. He was the one who knew the most about Weed.

He knew Weed was an awful opponent to annoy. Weed instinctively identified the weaknesses and persistently used it to create favourable situations.

Now that Weed was fighting the Hermes Guild, it was important to revisit the circumstances.

"Let's clear up the situation from when we were defeated by the Hermes Guild."

Roam started telling a long story.

Everyone on the continent knew about the birth of the Hermes Guild and their purpose. They used several plans to slowly take over the Haven Kingdom.

The leaders already knew this but they still listened to Roam.

"The Hermes Guild could be called perfect. They raised their power and defeated us. The construction of the Haven Empire on the Central Continent was the culmination of a grand plan."

The leaders felt bad after hearing Roam's words but they still nodded. In addition to their great power, the Hermes Guild were thoroughly prepared. Their method of taking over the Central Continent seemed natural.

"But after thinking about it, I finally realized why the Hermes Guild weakened."

"The reason?"

"Yes. The Hermes Guild focused all their plans on controlling the Central Continent. They intended to take over the east and north."

Michel muttered.

“They don’t have any weaknesses.”

“Of course. They dominated the Central Continent so it is natural to think that they could unify the Versailles Continent.”

Everyone in the Central Continent thought so. Until recently, they thought no one could compete with the Haven Empire’s technology and economy.

“But why can’t they overcome that last hump? The Haven Empire should have united the entire continent already. However, their unification of the continent is actually far from complete.”

“The territories are too big...”

“That is an obvious weakness.”

Gunter started realizing the meaning of the words.

Roam continued talking.

“The low security and low loyalty of the residents is also a reason. The so called invincible Hermes Guild was defeated. And their Imperial Palace was even destroyed. Now this is the important part. Who was the one that revealed all these weaknesses?”

One name surfaced in all their minds.

“Weed!”

“That’s right. It is correct. If he isn’t in this world then the Hermes Guild would have completely conquered the Versailles Continent. And nobody would be able to fight the Hermes Guild.”

Without Weed, the north was likely to still be an undeveloped area.

The east would have been destroyed by the Embinyu Church and the heir to the desert quest wouldn’t have occurred in the south.

The invincible Hermes Guild army would have wiped out the

north. Then the Haven Empire could focus all their power on the Central Continent to minimize the confusion.

The rebellions wouldn't have progressed this far. There would be a minimum of economic loss without the north to flee to.

‘This is all because of Weed.’

‘He repeatedly grabbed the ankles of the Hermes Guild...and ruined Lafaye's long term plan.’

The severe situation occurring in the Central Continent that they were exploiting wouldn't have happened without Weed.

He had started in the Rosenheim Kingdom and gradually moved to the north.

‘Did he intend for this to happen? Did he systematically aim at the weaknesses of the Hermes Guild?’

The leaders who used to represent influential forces couldn't help remaining silent.

One individual had such a large effect on the Versailles Continent. All his movements resulted in the weakening of the Hermes Guild.

They belatedly realized that it was amazing.

“Weed caused all of these events. Lafaye and the Hermes Guild were drawn in by Weed. That is enough reason for us to strongly support him.”

The other leaders were no longer opposed to his words after Roam's declaration.

The current situation wouldn't be possible without Weed. Their forces would have been easily defeated by the Hermes Guild.

They acknowledged that their strength couldn't exceed the Hermes Guild.

Roam said.

“Help Weed. That is the only option available to us. If Weed loses then the Hermes Guild will be a worse enemy than ever.”

Chapter 4: Puhol Fortress

Yoo Byung-jin was keeping an eye on Royal Road through the artificial intelligence.

“The entire continent is embroiled in a war.”

The elite troops of the Haven Empire were defending against the north and the south. Meanwhile, the massive number of users in the Arpen Kingdom were moving to fight.

In the past, the decision of a person could start or stop a war.

Unicorn Corporation analyzed that this war wasn't that simple.

There was a wide crack in the Haven Empire and the Arpen Kingdom needed to defeat them in order to grow. As the war broke out, more heroes and rising stars would start to emerge.

Each of the broadcasting stations had teams for the featured specials.

-This is a decisive war.

-The final winner will dominate the Versailles Continent!

-The dream of a king.

There were a variety of titles as they waited for the war.

It would be a battle of an unprecedented scale on the Versailles Continent. It would impact the entire continent. The final winner of the war would end up dominating the Versailles Continent.

“As long as there are no big accidents, it will be between Weed and Bardray. One of these two people will be the first emperor to unify Royal Road.”

Yoo Byung-jin watched with a lot of regret.

“It would be a little better if he was more skillful.”

Weed started late in Royal Road.

If he started Royal Road from the beginning and chosen a combat profession then he would have become much stronger. It was clear just by looking at the desert quest.

If he obtained the final secret technique of a martial artist then no opponent would be able to match him. There would be no opponent under heaven as he opened up new paths.

He probably still would have ended up in the north through a different path and developed it. The power of his combat troops would have been invincible. Given Weed's tenacity, there would be no end to his achievements.

"What is the story behind not starting Royal Road immediately?"

Yoo Byung-jin asked the artificial intelligence for a detailed background check.

However, there were no recording devices in the past so it was impossible to investigate everything.

"Was it unavoidable circumstances due to a traffic accident or something?"

The artificial intelligence took advantage of all available resources, including the US and South Korea's military satellites.

-I found out the correct facts. Doctor-nim.

"Yes. What was the reason?"

-He watched Royal Road to determine the prospects.

"Prospects? What does that specifically mean?"

-To determine whether he can make money or not...

"....."

Yoo Byung-jin had used the combination of advanced science and technology to develop Royal Road.

However, Lee Hyun had watched and waited to determine if it would be lucrative or not.

“I don’t believe in venture companies. They might be secret criminals from overseas with an ulterior motive.”

Lee Hyun was recorded saying this as he withdrew his living expenses from the bank.

“A really absurd guy.”

Yoo Byung-jin felt like his blood pressure was rising.

“Anyway, he is not fully human. Only a few months ago, the Haven Empire wouldn’t have thought Weed would raid them. The Hermes Guild failed to use the broadcasts and public opinion properly.

It was regrettable for Bardray and the Hermes Guild.

Their meticulous plans for conquering the continent wasn’t thoroughly completed. They had a few important chances to perfectly capture the Central Continent.

Based on their military and economic power, they would be able to show a convincing domination over other players. However, they avoided the Embinyu Church and disappointed the users of the Central Continent.

If they had showed off their absolute power and fought the Embinyu Church without hesitation, then they would have won.

Instead, they revealed that their power wasn’t invincible. The public sentiment changed into thinking they were a selfish group that only cared about concentrating their power.

Even now, they couldn’t unify the continent after conquering the centre. Lafaye was too busy thinking about the falling economic power of the Haven Empire.

They tried many things but couldn’t achieve their dreams. They were a huge organization that lost momentum as various weaknesses were revealed.

The Hermes Guild switched from conquering the continent to

governing as the high level users tried to hold on to their rice bowl.

It might have been better for them to focus their military power on conquering the continent and then coping afterwards. If they tried to reign through force then their empire would only have a brief period of glory. No one knew what would happen if they reigned over the continent for 1 year, 2 years and so on.

“It is a shame about Weed. They would have won if they aimed for him sooner. The Hermes Guild cared too much about their reputation and didn’t invest everything into taking the north. Of course, their forces a few months ago couldn’t be compared.”

Weed and Bardray.

Public sentiment followed Weed but Bardray had the strongest power and support.

“It can no longer be helped. It will play out now.”

The AI Versailles spoke from the monitor in the middle of the laboratory.

-I can simulate the probability of Weed and Bardray conquering the continent.

“There is no need.”

Yoo Byung-jin refused the artificial intelligence.

It didn’t always occur according to the possibilities.

“Are the preparations for handing over all the rights and properties to the person who conquers Royal Road ready?”

-Of course.

The person would obtain shares of Unicorn Corporation and other affiliated companies.

There were also investments in many large companies around the world and would have the power to influence politicians.

It was frightening how much wealth and power the person who

took over Royal Road would have.

Yoo Byung-jin wanted the victor to enjoy that money and power.

-But there were some side effects.

“What are the side effects?”

-Do you want your successor to be scheduled for the genetic manipulation based on biotechnology to turn them into a superman?

“Right. That is an indispensable part.

The heir should be perfect in every way.

A brilliant brain and exceptional body. Every human should envy his heir. In particular, they should have endless energy. A person that even a proud man would bow to.

-Animal experimentation into genetic manipulation has shown that the brain functions are excessively stimulated.

“Then it failed?”

As a protective instinct, the body seems to enter a self-hypnosis. The weak will create their own space and never wake up.

“Hrmm.”

Yoo Byung-jin was upset.

It was his lifelong goal. If it was a failure then the final result could be that the conqueror of Royal Road would refuse to wake up.

“How can the chances of success be increased?”

-There is no way to interfere with the human will itself.

It was likely that the first conqueror of Royal Road would die or fall into a coma.

Yoo Byung-jin briefly looked back on his life.

‘Where did it start to go wrong?’

At first, he had pure intentions as he dreamed of creating technology for a virtual reality.

He had achieved his personal goal of developing Royal Road. It wouldn't be a bad thing to leave his wealth and power to a successor.

But the price was that the heir might lose their life. The dreams and hopes of the families would turn to grief.

There are numerous things that needed to be dealt with.

“We have come too far to stop here. Do everything to ensure that my plan continues as scheduled.”

-Understood.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Emperor of the Haven Empire.

Bardray was distressed after making a decision. In fact, he ended up having only one choice.

“I will walk the first path.”

Ddirring!

-The Emperor has decided how to lead his empire.

“Forget my weak heart. All lives on this continent will be dominated by me.

Reign with blood over those who reject you.

Wash off your fatigue...”

The powerful reign of the Emperor of the Haven Empire has been decided.

You will be able to see through the rebels.

Sometimes excessive doubts will cause mistakes.

Experience and skill proficiency will increase when getting rid of the rebels.

Stats will rise quickly if you rule based on fear.

The growth rate of the knights who follow the Emperor will increase by 45%.

The knights and soldiers belonging to the empire can't refuse any command from the Emperor.

But it will be difficult to obtain their true allegiance.

Those driven into a dead end will revolt.

Before losing his life, all of the Emperor's stats will increase by 20.

"This isn't too bad."

Bardray was able to gain a large amount of experience and skill proficiency from the black knight quests.

The Haven Empire was currently at a great crossroads on the Versailles Continent but he believed he would be able to overcome the resistance of individuals.

The Hermes Guild supported him so he would have different results from a normal black knight emperor.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed heard the news that a large number of Arpen Kingdom users were heading south.

"The war has started."

He was sorry for those who wanted a speech to boost morale but he was busy hunting.

The high level Hermes Guild users in the north were an excellent hunting ground.

He acted as a lich and was busy making the undead. During the battle, he wore Barkhan's full set and his power of the dead reached 2,218.

One advantage of necromancers was that they became stronger

quickly but there were some side effects. Faith, perseverance, concentration, fighting spirit and courage were suppressed so Weed would find it harder to remain human.

The side effects were already occurring when Weed made a sculpture.

A sculpture of a simple fox was granted evil life.

-Fox with Dark Shadows Under the Eyes

A lively, carved fox.

A nice and cute gift to give to children but something strange has happened.

Artistic Value: 3

The little sculpture of the fox starting moving by itself. It secretly gained a soul!

“Kilkilkil. Hehehehe!”

The fox sculpture had a wicked smile. It would be a horrible sight in the dark but Weed didn't have a weak heart.

“I will tell you this.”

“.....”

“I'll be honest, I understand your position.”

“.....”

The fox sculpture didn't say anything.

“It isn't your fault that you were born. I have the power of the dead...no. There is no need to explain this complex information. It might be difficult but I want to help.”

The feeling of a parent looking at a child!

The fox sculpture quietly moved its eyes in agreement. And then he said.

“I will gift you to a young girl.”

“I can tell you this as well. I knew this would happen.”

Weed grabbed the tail of the fox and sealed it in swaddling clothes.

The so-called evil sculpture collection! He wrote a separate phrase on the clothes.

-Recommended to give as a gift to noisy children.

“These are like the dolls that can be sold to collectors at high prices.”

In the past, Weed had worked part time at a doll store in the neighbourhood.

Adults dealing with pampered children would buy them dolls. Some of the children would kick and throw them. Harassing the doll was a way to relieve stress.

His sculpting proficiency reached 98.9% advanced level 9! The side effects of the death power over the sculptures was quickly resolved.

-The Goddess' Knight Armour had detected the abnormal status.

The abnormal status has been suppressed.

Hestia's blessing has decreased the darkness by half.

The adverse effects caused by the power of death has decreased by half.

While processing the Hermes Guild and making sculptures, the power of the dead decreased to 1,338.

He would need some big plays as a lich to increase it. Minor battles would only increase it by 10~20 so it wouldn't be a lot of fun.

A lich was useful for a large scale battle.

“The symbol of a necromancer is the rotten smell of skeletons and zombies.”

After mastering handicraft, his skill proficiency started increasing rapidly. In addition to miscellaneous skills, swordsmanship also grew faster.

The species related skills given by Sculpture Transformation were significantly higher.

“This is the truth in Royal Road.”

Weed would grow stronger if there was sufficient time.

His current level was 447.

There was prey littered all over the north. The Hermes Guild members were currently suffering.

They were obsessed with becoming stronger than others but right now they were behind enemy lines.

They fought skillfully with their colleagues and had great combat senses.

Nevertheless, they couldn't demonstrate that proficiency against Weed and lost their lives.

“It doesn't make any sense. Why is this happening? The intelligence networks determined that Weed's level is in the early 400s.”

“He can wear better equipment with the blacksmith skill but we also have excellent equipment.”

“I don't have to mention the skills. I have learned the best combination of skills for a swordsman. I've learned dual swordsmanship.”

Normally a sculptor would be no match against a swordsman in combat.

Weed wasn't an ordinary sculptor. He mobilized all his production and artistic skills in battle.

The production skills gave him better sword and armour, while

Sculptural Destruction could dramatically increase his power.

He had close and ranged sword techniques so the general users would naturally be troubled.

He also brought the sculptural lifeforms like Bahamorg, Eltin, Gernika and Goldman. They were normal but the monsters like Bingryong, Phoenix, Fire Giant, Imugi and King Hydra were nightmares for the Hermes Guild.

King Hydra and Phoenix had close to infinite health while Fire Giant would overturn all their plans on the battlefield.

Sometimes Weed would use Sculpture Transformation to turn into the worst species...

Orc Karichwi! The ignorant Karichwi just wielded a huge axe without answering. It would become harder fighting against an orc as time passed.

He could also change into a chaos warrior. The Hermes Guild were terrified as a whole of Weed transforming into a lich.

Great Disaster Nature Sculpting! A wide area skill that caused a disaster.

The Hermes Guild members decided that it was impossible to storm the cities in the Arpen Kingdom.

Those who got hit by a disaster would fall into a critical condition and the sculpture lifeforms would reap the harvest.

The Hermes Guild hesitated before entering every hunting ground due to Weed.

“Weed hasn’t been seen today.”

“Maybe he has gone to war. The guild can now play...”

“An opportunity has come.”

They marched towards villages. They decided to indiscriminately attack the northern users and rebuilt villages.

“Today we will decimate them properly. Don’t leave any survivors. Gather in the vicinity of the Ker River.

However, they had barely been marching for one hour before encountering Weed and the sculptural lifeforms.

Bingryong and 40 other sculptural lifeforms. Enthusiasm was coming from the dignified creatures.

“He appeared just when I thought about it!”

Weed exterminated the Hermes Guild users. As many as 300 people lost their lives in a day. They were high level users in major areas of the north.

“Now he is gone.

“How dirty. I will get revenge.”

“Weed directly killed me. I will maim and kill him.”

The Hermes Guild users gathered again the following evening.

Their purpose was to plunder the Arpen Kingdom! Their goal was a village halfway between Morata and Sinsaeng Castle.

But they met Weed before arriving at their destination.

“How did he...?”

“I knew he would come out.”

Weed wiped them out.

The next day was the same.

A Hermes Guild user asked him before they died.

“Tell us honestly. Did you plant a spy among us?”

“No.”

“It is a lie. You can’t show up so often without one.”

“There is something similar.”

“What?”

“The kids eat at home and will come out during the day and night. Anyway, that is the case.”

“.....”

Weed worked on eradicating the Hermes Guild.

He mobilized the sculptural lifeforms and many Hermes Guild members lost their lives in vain.

The Hermes Guild had a lot of experience hunting boss monsters but the sculptural lifeforms were different.

They weren't cowardly and cooperated in battle. They complemented each other's weaknesses in a fight. The Hermes Guild users were no match for the sculptural lifeforms.

Weed used disasters involving earthquakes and flooding.

“Farmlands will appear here in the future. Place it on the map... hrmm. I should buy some land around here.”

Cooperating with the avians meant that he saw right through the movements of the Hermes Guild.

Weed also had excellent knowledge of the terrain.

Weed had toured all the dangerous and safe places in the Northern Continent. Even if he wasn't directly hunting, he would draw a map when moving through the area.

A map with all the knowledge of the area was like a treasure map for an adventurer!

“This is no good. There is a lot of rain and in the worst case situation, the river will flood.”

Weed created the map for land speculation.

The natural terrain could be changed through sculpting so the map was important for the development of the kingdom.

He marked forests, mountains, monster habitats and any good pieces of land.

He used the map and avians to track the movements of the Hermes Guild and could show up straight away.

The northern users accompanying Weed easily killed the Hermes Guild members but felt anxious.

“That...shouldn’t we join the war? We have to go.”

The Grass Porridge Cult was rushing towards the Haven Empire’s occupied areas in the north.

They would have arrived by now so the users were confused about the reason why Weed was still hunting.

“The war? Well...I will go soon.”

“You said we would go this morning.”

“I am waiting.”

“The news showed that the battle has already started.”

“I haven’t received a deposit from the broadcasting stations yet...”

“.....”



Alcard increased his troops to 1.9 million in the Haven Empire’s occupied northern territories.

He hurriedly supplemented the troops due to the emergency situation.

“Prepare the fortresses as planned!”

Alcard had the fortresses focused on defense as the northern users came flocking.

He used the funding from the Haven Empire to create reassuring thick walls.

A fortress was established near the border traffic. They couldn’t go to the south without passing through here.

The risk of a large army was that they couldn't move quickly.

Puhol Fortress was built near a large river and would be used to annoy the northern users.

While 100,000~200,000 troops were stationed at different fortresses each, the remaining 1 million troops were at Puhol Fortress.

"They won't be able to easily pass this fortress. We need to make this place like a mountain if they are going to attack."

The Hermes Guild had learned from the previous two failures in the north. It was important to use psychological warfare from the start. They would make a fortress so impregnable to invasion that tactics would be meaningless.

The necromancer Krobidyun and his disciples also arrived in the north. Commander Alcard came to meet him directly at the teleport gate.

"I know that you are busy so thank you for coming here."

"Kukuku. Necromancers are grateful to come to places like this."

Krobidyun smiled with satisfaction as he looked around him.

The thick walls were 30m high and stretched endlessly from side to side. Plants grew on the walls and would emit poison at night.

They wanted to make it on the scale of the Great Wall of China but that was impossible in such a short time period.

The walls of this fortress was guarded by the reliable and invincible Haven Empire soldiers.

'This is a great fortress.'

Fortresses had great power in a defensive war.

Several times in history, it had brought great benefits to the side of the defending army.

After a few victories utilizing the fortresses, there would be a

psychological burden and people would be afraid to invade it.

“It really is a great fortress. Commander-nim’s ability is great to create it so quickly.”

“Those wet behind the ears people from the north should be flattered that we even consider them enemies.”

“When will they come?”

“We will probably be able to see them from noon today.”

“Then I will offer some sacrifices while waiting.”

The necromancers prepared for battle.

A large scale war.

It would be hard for the northern users to go against the necromancers. Due to the quick nature of a necromancer, Krobidyun’s level surpassed 500.

His level was close to Bardray but he didn’t dare say this openly. He was scared that he would have a disadvantage against Bardray and his followers’ strength.

‘In the long term...I will become more favourable. Because I am a necromancer.’

Krobidyun and his disciples only focused on training themselves. He came to the north because he saw it as a chance to gain several levels and skill proficiencies.

It was sufficient to stay behind Alcard and raise the undead. There was nothing easier.

“I look forward to your activeness.”

“Of course. I hope I show my value.”

By noon that day, something was coming from the southern skies.

Deng deng deng!

“The enemy!”

Puhol Fortress was in an emergency state and preparing for a war.

Now thousands of flying creatures were approaching.

They were always on the lookout for the wyverns and the avians. The archers aimed large bows towards the sky. These were special bows designed to improve their range against the avians. The magicians prepared their spells.

Soon the flying creatures entered a distance where they could be properly seen.

“Do not shoot. They are allies!”

The griffon corps!

They were mainly active in the Gradian area but then Myul lost his life to Weed. At the same time, he lost his most prized thunder spear.

“Defeat is unacceptable. But I can’t accept that he won through such cowardly means.”

In the end, the griffon corps came to the north to take revenge.

Puhol Fortress readied all its defenses and waited patiently.

The morale of Alcard and the other soldiers rose higher.

“Those northern bastards. We will step on them properly!”

“We will unconditionally win under Alcard-nim’s leadership. No one can get past this fortress.”

“I wanted to see my family. However, my family members will understand that I am fighting for the glory of the Haven Empire.”

Commander Alcard’s had exceptional abilities and high leadership so the morale of the soldiers became even higher.

A march would lower stamina and morale but this fortress meant the soldiers had to fight without backing down.

There were also 20,000 Hermes Guild users. Half of them were active in the north while the rest arrived through the teleport gate.

There were also reporters from the broadcasting stations.

“This is Puhol Fortress. The wind is calm and the sky is clear. Today will be fierce so there is excitement on people’s faces.”

“Now I have arrived on scene. I’m guessing that the battle will take place in a few hours. The Haven Empire is busy reinforcing the walls and checking the defense facilities. This is Kang Beom-jin from CTS Media.”

The reporters were wearing dazzling outfits.

The reporters were deeply infatuated with Royal Road. They would be dispatched to some areas to relay an adventure.

Sometimes difficult situations would occur so the journalists faithfully raised their levels on days off.

The high levels and special equipment of the reporters sometimes caused a fierce competition with the viewers.

After one hour, people started appearing from all over.

“Grass Porridge Cult!”

The users of the Hermes Guild were tense. They clearly saw the power of tactics when fighting a northern user.

The northern users were riding horses and bulls. Hundreds of people continued to flock and it quickly went beyond a thousand.

The Hermes Guild just watched. If there left the gates then there would no doubt be a trap. For some reason, the northern users created campfires and pulled out pots. Some moved and harvested things from the area.

“That...”

“I will eat grass porridge before die.”

The users who arrived first boiled grass porridge according to a

variety of tastes.

There were things like beef or shabu shabu grass porridge. They were eating grass porridge in this situation to fill their stomachs.

Among the people from Port Varna, seafood was quite popular.

“Kuah. I can’t kill the seafood. I can’t leave the seafood to die in this deep soup.”

“Don’t say that. All units are equal in the Grass Porridge Cult. Starting from today, I will belong to the Toadstool Porridge unit.”

“Sunbae-nim. It isn’t great.”

People continued to gather on the plains and ate their own food.

“A freshly caught earthworm. Two gold!”

“Fresh mugwort! It is delicious to eat with grass porridge. You can enjoy it for only 3 silver.”

“Crabs. The forelegs of the crabs won’t be sold. First come, first served!”

“Repairing weapons. Would you like me to do it for 3 copper?”

A market quickly formed in front of the walls.

Thousands of people were eating or trading. The northern merchants opened stalls and started earnestly selling goods.

“A large hammer to beat the Hermes Guild! Don’t worry about the durability and just freely wield it.”

“Leather armour that will protect your body anytime, anywhere! The leather armour has a special option to stop arrows. An absolute must when trying to go over the walls!”

“A ladder! A siege ladder that can hold six people is for sale. Hurry because there is a limited quantity. Today you will be the heroes that caused the fortress to fall!”

The northern merchants basically treated the lives like travel wipes.

They didn't care about saving lives and only wanted to do business. The merchants of the Arpen Kingdom bought a variety of war supplies and brought them here to be sold.

There were plenty of Grass Porridge members to sell siege weapons to. The blacksmiths of Morata could also make money.

The open market on the battlefield played the role of supply troops. Thanks to the Hermes Guild blocking the Northern Continent, business had decreased so the merchants were willing to risk their lives.

They were the foundation that would allow the northern users to go to war.

Of course, if the Hermes Guild users died then there was an opportunity to aim for their loot. A merchant on the winning side of the war would reap astronomical profits.

“What is this?”

“This atmosphere before a war...I am losing power.”

The tension in the Hermes Guild members guarding the walls collapsed. They couldn't help thinking it was ridiculous when they looked at the relaxed northern users.

Some faces became more determined as they watched the northern users.

‘This isn't a joke. Everything is resolved with a local solution.

‘If this fortress is captured... The northern occupied areas will be lost. Maybe even the Central Continent...’

The Hermes Guild members were also silent.

Acting like this before a battle only made the enemy seem more ominous. It was difficult to guess the result before the fight.

Shortly afterwards, a huge cloud of dust came from afar and signaled more northern users arriving.

“Grass porridge! Grass porridge! Grass porridge!”

The northern users came like a swarm of ants.

The soldiers guarding the walls placed their hands on their weapons.

“Prepare to fight!”

Some of the Hermes Guild members already prepared started trembling. However, those experienced in fights were numb.

“Don’t be surprised. It isn’t over yet.”

“Huh?”

“It is just the beginning. They will keep coming.”

The northern users covered the entire land. The majestic sight of only humans.

More people kept arriving on the plains. There was no end to the people. Long ranged archers could fire anywhere and still hit someone, that’s how crowded it was.

“Grass porridge! Grass porridge! Grass porridge!”

The ground shook from the shouting and stamping. Even the strong walls were ringing as they kept flocking.

Alcard and the senior members of the Hermes Guild anxiously waited in silence.

‘Soon Weed will appear.’

Weed was the commander of the army.

A big match!

This was a battle that wasn’t just vying for control of the Northern Continent, but the whole Versailles Continent.

‘How will he emerge? He might pop up with another odd song. However, the position of the plains and the fortress is completely different.’

A commander's competency would shine the more troops he had.

There was also a possibility that the army would collapse after the commander exerted their power several times.

‘Rabble like that won’t be able to take over this place with whimsical means.’

Puhol Fortress had high and thick walls!

A vast building that stretched approximately 6 kilometres in the rear. It was the largest fortress that defended the entire northern occupied area.

Myul and Alcard were burning with a desire for revenge.

“Today we will show them the strength of the Imperial Army.”

“I agree. We won’t give away anything to Weed.”

“Kulkukul. Anyway, war involves genocide...there are many people I can use to demonstrate my skills. A necromancer fits this battle.”

The high level users of the Hermes Guild pledged that they would be the heroes of this battle.

This was a big war against the Arpen Kingdom so being shown as heroes on the broadcast was sufficient. They would take Weed’s place as a hero.

The Hermes Guild was waiting for Weed’s emergence. But then a large disturbance occurred among the northern users.

“W-what?” Those guys?”

“Coming here...”

“Ack! The worst. Move before we are trampled to death!”

The Haven Empire’s army thought that reinforcements were coming.

However, the Grass Porridge Cult head that the orc troops were coming from Dawn City. They didn’t know the situation in front

and was continuing to ignorantly approach.

“Let’s go a little bit faster.”

“Think of the people behind you.”

People were pushing and the northern users couldn’t hold on to their positions anymore.

“Start the fight before we die.”

“Aye!”

“Eh, I don’t know. Since we might die anyway...”

Without any declaration of war, the Grass Porridge Cult started marching in unison towards Puhol Fortress.

And far beyond them, the orc troops could be seen.

The great orc Karichwi was the reason why they were joining! Karichwi was a name greatly praised by the orcs.

There were at least 2 million orcs, consisting of orc users as well as their offspring.

“Fight bravely. I don’t like retreat, chwiik!”

“Mother. It is kind of scary. Chwik. I want to go home and eat rice.”

“That can’t be. Chwi chwit. We have run out of rice.”

They didn’t discriminate between sons or daughters as the orcs drove their offspring towards the battlefield.

Users were pushing towards Puhol Fortress in the north.

The fight for supremacy of the north of the Versailles Continent had begun.

Chapter 5: Exposed Plan

All users belonging to the Haven Empire received a message window.

Ddirring!

-War has been declared.

In accordance with the defense at Puhol Fortress, the morale of all soldiers has increased by 310%.

The soldiers will have absolute faith in victory and will be able to unleash their fighting skills.

The strong mentality will have a big impact on attack power.

The defense skills of all combat troops +1.

Depending on the height of the walls, the damage of arrows fired will increase by 161%.

Damage from enemy arrows will be reduced by 44%.

Due to the protection granted by the fortress, the damage of all magic attacks from the enemy will be reduced by 47%.

These effects will be reduced or disappear when the durability of important facilities decreases.

The luck of all soldiers will increase by 54.

Depending on the facilities in Puhol Fortress, the recovery rate of the wounded will increase by 63%.

Vitality will recover 67% faster than normal.

Alcard's preparations for the war were near perfect.

“Fire!”

Arrows flew into the sky and fell between the northern users.

“Kuweek!”

“Uwaaaack!”

Users disappeared into grey light from the assault.

Alcard had placed the defense troops in suitable locations.

“Fight. Kill anyone that comes!”

A full scale war broke out as the northern users pounced towards the fortress. The other side knew their tactics and were well prepared.

The northern users ran towards the fortress with their maximum power.

They used shields to block the arrows and tried to climb the walls using the ladders bought from the merchants.

Ttoduk!

“Ugh. The ladder has been broken.”

“It is defective!”

31 out of 100 ladders ended up breaking!

In fact, the quality of the ladder was normal. The ladders just couldn't withstand the weight of hundreds of users trying to climb it.

The high level users of the Hermes Guild were nervous.

“Funny guys. Don't let them step one foot on the walls!”

The soldiers of the Imperial Army station on the wall stabbed with their spears. The siege environment made them think the fight would be easier than they first thought.

Alcard turned his gaze towards Krobidyun.

“It looks like there are already many dead bodies...do you want to start?”

“Not yet...there are many bodies but the quality is lacking. The undead made from them would just be stepped on.”

“Myul-nim?”

“He won’t move until Weed is seen. He wants to repay that bitter taste.”

For the time being, Krobidyun and Myul would stay in the background.

The walls of Puhol Fortress were built high and thick to prepare for such waves of northern users.

‘We are encircled on all sides but Puhol Fortress can handle it. There is a siege on at least three sides but the defense makes it 10 times more advantageous for us. There are only fools on the ground.’

He felt very lucky that he was given the right to command the Hermes Guild users.

-Alcard: All Hermes Guild users, don’t leave the walls. We will have a chance to trample the enemy in a while. For now, just defend your place.

The position of a commander on the battlefield would bring strength, power and fame. Alcard was ready to compete in a favourable environment.

The Hermes Guild users will be wiped out by the northern users if they left the walls. Discipline was important in the Central Continent so they followed the commander’s orders.

The northern users were like an angry tidal wave.

They pushed the ladders against the wall but died trying to climb it.

-Alcard: We have perfectly obtained their plans thanks to the spies. This battle will be the prelude to peace in the north.

Alcard confidently called out.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Grass Porridge Cult held an emergency strategy meeting.

The team consisting of former senior military members and war movie screenwriters made plans.

The soldiers needed to maximize their imagination when it came to a war in Royal Road.

Of course, all types of ideas popped up.

“We should have the avians drop poo on them. As well as make them eat rotten fruits.”

“I would rather use the orcs as guerilla soldiers. There would be able to get food for every 100km they advance.”

“I don’t know what you are thinking. There are at least 10 million swords that we can push. We have the unbeatable beginners unit.”

There were many fanciful ideas like the bird droppings operation.

“The merchants at Port Varna suffer from seasickness. I am a former construction worker so do you mind if I say something?”

“Of course.”

“If you have a good idea then go ahead and tell me.”

“The large ships should be pulled through this river here. If the ships are sunk then they should be able to completely block the water. It will disable the drinking water at Puhol Fortress.”

A grand plan based on blocking the river in order to build a dam!

The farmers were in favour of the idea.

“Water is scarce in the region so changing the waterways will be a large help.”

The architects and shipbuilders were recruited for ideas and showed their excitement.

“If we overcome some of the technical difficulties...ah. It isn’t an impossible suggestion. We can do it.”

“This is a time of war. I’ll make several ships in this field.”

It was a grand plan. Many people were in favour of it.

The report was forwarded to Weed through Mapan.

“Not bad.”

“Really?”

“Mapan-nim. If you could change the flow of the river...to the east.”

“Is there a reason why? The east area has many sandy areas hard for farming as well as cliffs.”

“Luxury villas.”

“.....”

“We can build luxury housing of different colours on top of the cliffs. It would be really breath-taking. After importing sand and causing some flooding, beaches will form.”

Mapan and Weed exchanged sticky gazes.

It was the smell of money!

They accumulated wealth through smuggling in the Haven Empire but they didn't know how long that would take.

The surest business was land speculation.

“The housing project will be a jackpot.”

“An opportunity to earn a fortune.”

“When looking at it in the long term, the costs of building the facilities and management is quite scary. There is a chance that nobody would come.”

“Admission is free and we can supplement it with food and drinks. Souvenir stores for tourists, hotels, nightclubs and casinos can be opened in the area. It isn't far from Dawn City so this place could be a potential golden egg.”

Weed's land speculation spread throughout the north!

However, this proposal wasn't executed because there was only a few days left before the war began.

It would have to wait as the north was advancing towards the south.

It went without saying that Weed bought the land.

The soldiers and scenario writers decided to refine basic concepts.

“We need to create a sketch of the overall battle. We need to travel to the Central Continent and deliver an overwhelming victory for the Arpen Kingdom.”

“What about the movie scenario writers? Taking into account the Central Continent, there should be some long term plans for liberating cities and kingdoms. If so, what is the plan?”

“Gather the warriors. It is necessary to figure out the time and numbers. Once the enemies are fatigued, we will wipe them out.”

There were the world's top generals in the army, air force and navy.

The elderly soldiers were puzzled.

“So the writers. Will the soldiers be able to understand their explanations?”

“Looking at the plains, it is similar to a scene I saw of swarming ants. Nothing is left behind them.”

“There isn't any specific methods.”

“This is what I think.”

“.....”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The soldiers and users stayed up all night thinking of plans.

-Military plan 9891.

Strategic goals.

The perfect liberation of the Arpen Kingdom and conquest of the Central Continent.

Available assets.

The number of troops is impossible to measure.

More are still accessing the cities so there are at least tens of millions.

It is possibly even over 100 million.

Given the characteristics of the orc reserves, a close to infinite food supply is required.

Individuals will have to purchase combat supplies themselves.

There are no siege weapons.

100% of the terrain has been identified.

76% of the enemy's nature has been measured.

Based on the military and economic power of the Haven Empire, it is expected that they would have some hidden power.

360 soldiers participated in establishing the plan.

The Grass Porridge Cult were divided into troops that fit their characteristics and battle plans unfolded according to the terrain.

The meeting started a few days before the battle of Puhol Fortress and continued around the clock as they made plans to conquer the Central Continent.

“This operation is the best we can do. Once we deal a serious blow to the enemy, it was act as a bridge to liberate the Central Continent.”

“The estimated damage at Puhol Fortress is 6 million...the population of a country lost their lives.”

“The operation has left our hands so it needs to be done well.”

The high ranking officials of the Grass Porridge Cult divided their plans with the northern lords.

A chunky book that was 490 pages was distributed to key figures in the north.

“Operational plan 9891...great. It seems like we will be able to do something.”

“If we have this...just wait. Haven Empire bastards!”

“A perfect plan. It completely suits my personality.”

“Huhu. I’ve verified it twenty times and it is amazing. Victory is close.”

The key figures in the north opened the book containing the operational plan.

“Ah...so great. Um. That’s right. Kuoooh!”

“Well. Why am I sleepy?”

“Well, it seems like a good story! So I will read it today and tomorrow.”

“It is complex. So I am part of the alpha squad. Bravo squad. The password is...drurang!”

The problem was that the operational plan had a greater effect as a sleeping pill.

As a result, the users couldn’t understand and follow the operational plan properly.

The users noticed it even as the war was going on.

“The occupy an area plan. It needs an explanation...I don’t understand it.”

“So it is telling us to fight. Or are we supposed to infiltrate from the rear? There are several complicated tactics depending on the situation. Anyway, the smart guys...”

“Um. We need to join with the unit next to us.”

The Toadstool unit of the Grass Porridge Cult were in the vanguard.

“Grass porridge, grass porridge, grass porridge!”

“Our captain. What did you receive?”

“Ah. This...it is good to read.”

The operational plan was admired without reading it.

“Kya. This thing. It is telling us to do this. Now that makes sense. But it is just running forward.”

“Our meticulous defense plan...we just need to follow it.”

“Don’t scatter everywhere.”

“These guys. They will be executed in advance.”

Spies from the Haven Empire eagerly grabbed the operational plan.

Alcard, Lafaye and the highest members of the guild trembled with fear and admiration as they saw the operational plan.

“I had no idea there were so many smart people in the Arpen Kingdom. There are many disadvantages in the war. The shortcomings we were afraid of were exposed.”

“They are divided into groups to take advantage of these attributes. With just a few changes, they can naturally transition from a conquering army to an expeditionary force in the Central Continent. It is absurd!”

“We need to pay attention and strengthen our empire’s defenses in the future.”

“Introduce new weapons projects, village construction and operations to separate territories.”

The commandos, airborne division and the navy should perform special missions. Once these plans are implemented for one month, it will be difficult for them to deal with the empire.”

“The large commercial ships should be used to fight against the avians. The aircraft carriers should perform containment operations off the coastal cities.”

“Hurry. Come up with urgent measures. If we start slow then it will be too late.”

The highest authorities in the Hermes Guild read the operational plan and came up with some corresponding tactics.

The meeting lasted all night and continued the next morning.

It didn't matter what money or manpower was needed.

The Hermes Guild's main power and a great deal of money was relocated to a response strike force.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“Kuwaaaaaah. Where in the world is this?”

“Straighten up. Anyway, all we need to do is kill.”

“Did you see those dead people?”

“I just picked up a loose cloth belt. It only has 2 defense. It is just annoying.”

The Hermes Guild users stayed inside the walls.

The northern users were trying to climb the walls.

They couldn't secure a foothold to conquer the fortress and lost their lives.

Hundreds of troops took axes to the gates but it was made of 13 layers of steel.

Alcard conducted the defense from the highest place in the fortress.

“Stop those guys. Have the support troops be prepared since they can be called at any time!”

Rocks were also prepared above the gates.

“The rock attacks will come later. Maintain the current state for now!”

The Imperial Army had to conserve their resources as much as possible.

He had seen the operation plan of the northern users so he planned strategies with that in mind.

‘There will be a burst from the assault troops. They will appear soon. From then on, the battle will become real.’

The magicians of the Hermes Guild prepared their spells of mass destruction and aimed them at the northern users.

It was like pouring it into the sea. It was because there were many people waiting in line to fight.

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

The grass porridge battle cry.

The Hermes Guild and Imperial Army were sick of hearing it.

“Attack!”

“Fight recklessly.”

The arrows and magic spells from the northern users also flew towards the fortress. The imperial magicians and elementalists intercepted them.

The battle that started in the north of the fortress expanded.

Although Alcard knew the overall tactics, the intermediate commanders needed to control their troops.

‘The avians should be storming to occupy the walls.’

The intermediate commanders considered this point and organized the elite units accordingly. Some urgently dispatched high level archers and magicians of the Hermes Guild were waiting.

‘But why can’t any avians be seen?’

There wasn't even one sparrow in the sky.

'Don't tell me that plan 7 has changed?'

Worrying too much was also a sin.

The intermediate commanders had stayed up all night reading the operational plan.

'Now it is the 11th plan, the reckless charge.'

Alcard sent some knights to the south to check if that was actually the case.

"Now. Slice that point."

Soon some of the grass porridge members started using their axes against the walls. Since the ladders collapsed, they planned to make little footholds to climb up.

"Stop them!"

The axe troops were wiped out by the archers. The actions of the northern users were too easy to see.

The plains in front of Puhol Fortress were filled with hundreds of thousands of people that kept coming.

Explosive shouts came from among the northern users.

"Let's pile those stones."

"Good. Okay. We have the experience."

People who were exploited while building a pyramid in the Rosenheim Kingdom. In the north, they had built the Goddess of Freya Statue as well as a variety of Grand Buildings.

The users moved swiftly to build a pile of stones in front of Puhol Fortress.

"Pant pant. Here. Please send me to the front of the wall."

"Stones. Move out of the way!"

People moved through the crowd carrying larger stones. One by

one, the stones under the walls multiplied to a massive degree.

Some northern users even rode bulls with large stones attached. Depending on the size of the stone, groups of 5~6 or even 20 people carried them together.

It wasn't interrupted even when people were killed by magic and arrows. People continued laying the stones before the walls.

It was a plan created by some grass porridge members spontaneously but it was quite effective.

“Occupy the walls. Uwaaaah!”

The northern players came pouring in.

Soon huge piles of stones were completed and the northern users started to climb the walls.

Alcard felt like he had been hit in the back of the head!

“Nothing is different. Guard the places they are coming from and kill them!”

The Hermes Guild and Imperial Army had excellent skills and were able to defend the walls.

They had the advantage since the walls of Puhol Fortress were extremely wide.

Then Krobidyun rolled up his sleeves.

“Should I even it out a little bit?”

The battle had been progressing for two hours.

There was a large amount of bodies accumulated so he felt quite greedy!

Most of them would only be zombies or skeletons but the large scale would still make it fun.

Alcard was a little worried and carefully said.

“Please wait a little bit longer. It will be better when it can

change in the battlefield. Won't an obvious opportunity emerge?"

Krobidyun could decrease the fatigue of the soldiers. But the Imperial Army had the best power and the walls still hadn't been occupied.

He wanted to correctly demonstrate the ability of a commander in this battle.

At the same time, he didn't want to use a valuable card so early.

"I see."

Krobidyun followed the words of the commander and retreated.

'There will be more corpses in the future.'

There were be more opportunities against the northern users.

Myul who was waiting for Weed didn't even come out.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Weed belatedly arrived near Puhol Fortress after hunting the Hermes Guild users.

"Hmm. They are already fighting."

He was at least three mountains away.

Puhol Fortress seemed smaller than his finger. As expected, the strategy of the northern users was to keep pushing.

He didn't need to look at the specific details to see the whole stage.

It was a shocking sight just looking at it while flying on Wy-1. The sight of people covering a few kilometres as they headed to the south was ridiculous. It felt like the entire population of the Arpen Kingdom.

"Becoming a lich is powerful but there are side effects and Myul will be coming after me."

He already knew about Myul thanks to the broadcasting stations.

Once Weed exposed his identity on the battlefield, he would be the focus of intensive attacks from Myul's griffon troops. He would also notice if Weed took out the thunder spear.

One of the strongest powers in the Haven Empire, the griffon troops would jump on Weed.

"Even so, it's not like there are no methods. In this world, there is something called choice. This time it is from the ground, not the sky."

Weed pulled out the Sculpting Knife and used it on the rocks under the cliffs nearby.

"A large scale sculpture is needed due to the size of the war."

Large sculptures gave overwhelming vitality and strength but were easy targets for the enemy.

"A mole or centipede will have some advantages."

He made a long and ugly body and face, with a few feelers sprouting like antennae. Both arms were strong and sharp.

A sculpture of an underground monster!

By default, a narrow head was made so that it could dig and move freely in narrow spaces in the ground.

"An efficient and simple beauty. It seems to fit the design trends these days."

The face and body was like a chubby centipede. It looked even more horrible with only two arms and legs.

A visual that was enough to cause girls and children to cry in disgust!

Weed normally made sculptures that could be produced as dolls.

"I hope to sell a lot of dolls. The eyes should make an impression. I should make some innocent eyes. The head is too large so it is stretched, but the eyes should at least be crystal clear."

The design of the body itself was like a heinous atrocity.

“I can’t miss this hunting opportunity. It should be incredibly loud.”

The mouth was about to devour half a dozen people at once.

“I need to be able to catch anyone that flees. Or I might have to run away. Versatility is needed.”

Wings and a net were attached to his sides. It would be able to fly as well as capture things with the net.

“In addition, there should be a tail.”

The thick and sharp tail would be able to be swung like a whip.

Weed was satisfied with the piece but it seemed too weak when Weed would transform into it.

“It isn’t murderous enough. It is too simple.”

He wanted to make a really strong piece for when he used Sculpture Transformation.

He needed something that wouldn’t be difficult to use on the battlefield.

Weed’s eyes went straight to the gaping mouth. Although it was huge, his unique sense of aesthetics was mobilized.

“It isn’t overly noticeable but this is insufficient. Let’s have the tongue stretch out like a snake. As well as sharp, serrated teeth.

Even this still wasn’t enough. The majestic appearance of a large creature was still lacking.

“There should be some ranged attack skills.”

This time he made some improvements to the rear. The so-called rear reconstruction business!

“I will make a smell that is difficult to endure.”

He elongated it to have the same shape as a centipede.

An appearance that was impossible to look at for even one second.

“It has been a long time since a satisfactory work emerged.”

He had been working on pieces that would increase his proficiency in order to master sculpting. Among them, this work was his favourite.

-Please set the name of the new sculpture.

“Squashy Wiggler.”

-Squashy Wiggler is correct?

“That’s right.”

-Fine piece! Squashy Wiggler has been completed!

A work created by the sculptor Weed who is a hero that saved the world as well as an adventurer.

Rumours of Sculptor Weed’s abilities have already spread across the land.

He made the shocking work Squashy Wiggler!

The unpleasant appearance and unknown smell prevents people from coming closer.

Artistic Value: 30

Special Options: Squashy Wiggler will increase health and mana regeneration by 41% for a day.

The morale of your colleagues will degrade.

The residents don’t want to live in the vicinity of the sculpture.

Good luck is reduced by 35%.

The effect doesn’t overlap with other sculptures.

Number of Fine pieces completed: 144.

Health and mana regeneration was fast but the other options were rubbish.

In particular, the smell decreased the value of the land so that was really the worst.

“It doesn’t matter if it is useless. Sculpture Transformation!”

-Sculpture Transformation has been used.

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

Weed’s neck and body became thicker until they couldn’t be distinguished from each other.

He became a fat creature.

Thick arms and legs with sharp claws sprouted.

Thin wings were attached to his side and there was an attack tail.

It was lucky he didn’t have a mirror after the transformation.

-Your body shape has changed so a number of equipment can’t be worn.

New equipment is needed depending on the species.

-The influence of Sculpture Transformation has significantly increased perseverance and vitality.

Intelligence and wisdom has fallen to the lowest level.

The art stat has disappeared.

Good luck will often change to -350.

This misery will be spread.

Affinity to earth has reached maximum value.

The survival feature of the species means that health and vitality has increased to 600%.

You have become resistant to poison.

The skin is hard.

This will last until Sculpture Transformation is released.

-Five racial skills have been obtained through Sculpture Transformation.

Digging, 36% advanced level 8:

You can move underground through digging.

However, there is the risk of soft ground collapsing.

Shake the Earth, 48% advanced level 3:

A scary creature that lives in the depths of the earth.

Sometimes vitality can be consumed to create an earthquake and scare the creatures above ground.

However, great power is required in order to attack someone.

Formation of Wetlands, 11% advanced level 6:

You can change the terrain of the area. The moist earth is the best for farming, will enhance your speed underground and speed up vitality recovery.

Tenacious Health, 88% advanced level 9:

Maximum health has increased by 6.58 times. Your life will remain even when parts of the body is cut off.

Although there will be some decline in health, the damage won't persist.

There is an 85% possibility of holding onto life even near the end.

Eating Master:

You can eat a lot of foods. The body will absorb the nutrients in the food to move quickly or recover from injuries.

Of course, you will be able to eat anything alive.

Maybe even humans...

It was an oversized creature but it only had some basic skills.

There were no attack or defense skills.

However, the health was outrageous.

Weed wasn't a warrior but he had over 200,000 health.

Health was important for survival in Royal Road so it wasn't hard to find users with more than 200,000.

200,000 was the lowest as a sculptor and if he transformed into species known for their health, it could increase by 6 times.

The Tenacious Health increased his health by 6.58 times. His final health surpassed 7 million.

Just having simple defense skills and resilience would allow him to endure.

"A nice body. But it is a shame that there are no special skills."

It was unfortunate that he didn't receive any wide area attack skills.

Weed's mouth opened to revealed sharp teeth like saw blades.

"I think that there are some gaps because I made it in a hurry. If I create another similar species then it will be better."

His research on creating even more horrible species would be continued.

Weed's paws moved towards the ground.

Pabababak!

His body broke through the ground in an instant.

Chapter 6: Joining Of The Avians

The battle had been going on for 4 hours. The northern users repeatedly failed to capture the walls.

The Hermes Guild had conquered dangerous regions so they easily defended Puhol Fortress. The scene of carnage was repeated without any changes.

The northern users came running like moths to a flame and died. The Haven Empire subdued them with mighty firepower and abilities.

‘The operation isn’t moving as planned. This is too common. They are just running forward without any tactics.’

The Hermes Guild users were troubled.

When they compared the number of deaths, it was a one-sided slaughter. But more kept coming no matter how many they killed.

“Grass porridge, grass porridge, grass porridge!”

The Hermes Guild users felt some mental fatigue. It seemed to be an endless fight and natural disaster.

Normally their method of victory was breaking down the enemy’s formations. However, more people just filled their spots.

‘The enemies have been reduced on a large scale. We are winning.’

They repeated the same words for 4 hours but they were physically and mentally tired.

Alcard mobilized the reserves in order to give the troops a break.

‘When will Weed appear?’

The Hermes Guild users kept asking that question.

In fact, it wasn’t just Myul but many troops were waiting for him to show up.

Everyone knew that this matter wouldn't be resolved even if they killed the northern users. Only getting rid of the king of the Arpen Kingdom would stop the fanatics of the Grass Porridge Cult.

They became more tense as the battle was drawn out. The strength of the soldiers diminished and some people didn't have enough arrows to shoot. The magicians could replenish their mana but that would require a long rest.

The Hermes Guild couldn't rest because sometimes high level users were mixed in among the northern users.

Alcard felt like it was time for the situation to be more favourable so he asked Krobidyun.

“Can you do it now?”

“It isn't too bad. Such a large battlefield will be a new experience for a necromancer.”

Krobidyun and his disciples climbed to the top of the fortress.

“Is everybody ready?”

“Yes.”

“Then start chanting your spells.”

“Come back to the land you used to live in. This is a dark place. It is a black and corrupt land. Help spread the laws of darkness. Undead Rise!”

The necromancer magic that went against death! The undead spell cast as a group spread out in a huge wave.

Shortly afterwards, undead started to form beyond the walls of Puhol Fortress. At least 6,000 zombies and skeleton troops were summoned, attacking the living people around them. The skeletons were primarily warriors and swordsmen.

Krobidyun and his disciples spread the undead summoning spell around the walls. Skeleton magicians formed and aimed spells at the northern users. Bones were also gathered to call large, undead

monsters.

“Aaack!”

“The undead. Watch out for the undead!”

In the meantime, the level of the northern users had improved a lot. There were many that were now over level 200. However, those that were less than level 100 easily lost their lives to the skeletons.

-Acute sepsis has been received from the contaminated air.

Vitality and resistance to diseases will lower.

The necromancers then focused on spreading a plague on the northern plains.

“Kukuku. This is a necromancer.”

Krobidyun declared proudly as he watched the chaos happening with the northern users.

There were hundreds of thousands of people visible. They surged from the rear and dozens lost their lives at once. A necromancer was a damaging profession that could create this type of confusion.

“The necromancer profession was released to the public due to Weed but I was the one who benefited most.”

Krobidyun had two goals.

One was to become the strongest necromancer on the Versailles Continent as he walked next to the hero Bardray.

The remaining goal was to secure Barkhan’s full set from Weed.

Krobidyun went to the walls and absorbed mana from bodies. The necromancer’s secondary profession gave the ability to absorb life!

Mana would temporarily be absorbed in the body and mana capacity would increase up to 3.5 times.

Changing professions to a lich. He could collect the power of the

dead and could permanently increase health.

Since then, they couldn't be called an ordinary human. Their appearance changed and an eerie chill flowed around them. Physical contact with other users was difficult and it was impossible to visit cities without losing their lives.

A lich had immortal health but that could be broken by holy power as well as some skills. It would then take a long time to recover and relearn the skills.

Krobidyun didn't care about all of this. He would become the top necromancer.

“The lost bodies coming to life. Assemble together. Use the magic power gained to free yourselves from the shackles of death...blood golem summoning!”

Hundreds of bodies joined together to form a 20 metres tall golem.

“Sweep them all away!”

The golem swung both fists. The blood golem got bigger as more corpses joined it.

‘The golem is still weak but there are plenty of corpses.’

Corpses were the resource of necromancers and this place was overflowing with them.

‘If I refill my mana then I can summon more undead. This is being relayed in real time to the stations so I, Krobidyun will be the hero.’

The level 507 Krobidyun was full of hope.

He brought out the full tactics of a necromancer due to the broadcasting stations.

Most of the people killed were malleable.

‘I am the ultimate powerhouse on this battlefield.’



Before the battle, there was an internal conflict between the avians.

“A ground war? What does that have to do with us? The avians are an existence beyond the division of territory.”

“Grass Porridge Cult. Good. This is good. They are a coalition that believes in freedom. However, it isn’t compatible with the spirit of the avians.”

Royal Road constantly had new users entering.

There were people from various countries, with differing jobs and ages. They fell in love with Royal Road and joined the Arpen Kingdom after it was founded.

The avians would wake up from a nest egg and learn to fly in the sky with their wings. They didn’t join the humans and experienced the freedom of an avian.

The path to choosing the avians as a species was opened by Weed. Therefore they appreciated Weed to some extent, but didn’t want to be mobilized for a war.

The avians sat in the square and on the trees of Lavias and listened to opinions.

“We need to seriously consider the future. The Haven Empire will not come crashing down on its own. Looking at the big picture, it is reasonable to think they will control the Northern Continent.”

“Some avians have also become northern residents.”

“Since when have we been inhabitants of the north! The Arpen Kingdom is the Arpen Kingdom. We don’t live upon any land and don’t belong to any kingdom.”

“If we don’t participate in the war then won’t people laugh at us?”

“Are we prepared? Aren’t we free to go to war or not? There is no reason to be together with those ridiculous humans.”

A fierce debate was going on in the island in the sky. The opinions not to get involved in the war made sense.

It was due to the habits of the avians itself.

The northern users living together in cities and villages needed to help each other. The Grass Porridge Cult was a big factor in making Royal Road enjoyable in the north. The Grass Porridge Cult started out in shanty houses and had various events. The Grass Porridge Cult was already one with the Arpen Kingdom.

But the avians that soared above the clouds didn’t feel such a culture. They joined the avians dreaming of freedom!

Among them, those who were fatigued of war emerged.

The members of the grass porridge’s airborne troops waited quietly for the decision. They wanted to fight with the Arpen Kingdom but they respected the choice of the avians. The noble spirit of the Grass Porridge Cult meant they wouldn’t force anyone.

Kaaack!

Then Seo-yoon arrived riding Wy-3.

Weed had asked her to try and convince the avians.

“Wy-3.”

“Weed-nim’s colleague.”

The avians stared at her in unison.

Seo-yoon didn’t know what to say even after Wy-3 had landed on the ground.

‘How can I persuade them? Saying fight for us is too shameless...’

Her conscience meant that she hesitated to say anything.

She roughly knew the situation. She couldn’t ask the avians to

sacrifice themselves by joining.

One crow, who had been shouting that war was impossible, pointed to her with his wings.

“Look at that. Weed’s colleague can’t even say anything. This is because there is no justification to persuade us.”

The eyes of the avians cooled. There were over 2 million avians present here. There were big birds, small birds and all types of shapes and eyes.

Other avians joined in after the crow.

“Tell us anything. Words that will force our sacrifice! We recognize Weed-nim’s achievements in the north. Yes. He is a great adventurer. But the reason he still has the status of king is due to the sacrifice of our users. Now we have to make such a sacrifice again? Until when?”

Seo-yoon gave a small sigh.

‘I can’t talk.’

The avians were too aggressive. And every point was like a bullseye.

Seo-yoon knew about Weed and Mapan’s various businesses. Land speculation and smuggling!

She couldn’t shamelessly ask them to sacrifice themselves for Weed. She was feeling the pangs of remorse when a raven joined in.

“Weed’s colleague isn’t even polite. She came to persuade us wearing a mask.”

In this situation, basic manners was being pointed out! Seo-yoon wanted to at least maintain the minimum of human dignity.

She slowly took off her mask.

Pukek! Kwaack! Chirp chirp chirp! Kokoko! Pudadak!

The features of the avians stood up as Seo-yoon's beauty was revealed. Whether they were a man or woman, all eyes were concentrated on her.

Her clear skin, eyes, nose, mouth, forehead, cheeks, chin and hair. It was the optimal combination to give off an impossible, dazzling beauty.

Seo-yoon seemed to be surrounded by a rainbow halo. It was like even the weather was surprised by her appearance.

The goddess of the Grass Porridge Cult. Even the people who guessed it were amazed.

"She is different from the statue. It doesn't properly show the person. Kkokoko!"

"Weed is a bad man. A really bad man!"

"A daughter as well. I should have a daughter..." No, get your own sandwich!

"Being born in Royal Road is the best choice. I have no regrets in life."

Many humans had seen Seo-yoon's face but for the avians, this was the first time.

There were videos of her on the internet but that hardly displayed all her charms. Seo-yoon gave off a beautiful feeling just being near her.

"Kuah. Her beauty is making my head dizzy. I am truly ecstatic."

"It is a plague. It is the same for me as well."

"A short life. Even so, I have no regrets."

Seo-yoon's face turned red. It was because the avians were suddenly praising her.

'The people must be kind to praise me like that. Everyone is nice.'

There seemed to be many good people living in this world.

The people she encountered.

When she was waiting for the light at the pedestrian crossing, the cars would stop regardless of the light and wait for her to pass.

Previously she had rode in a luxury car with a driver but now she often used the bus. Buses would pull up and ask where she was going while she waited at the bus station.

Sometimes they would kindly take her even if they weren't going in the right direction.

“Ah. That will take longer. This bus is going to turn around in the other direction...one moment. Guests-nim. I want to ask if we can take this young lady to her destination?”

“Of course. You don't even need to ask.”

“Driver. I think you did very well. Really smart!”

“Young lady. Please come in!”

The guests and drivers would welcome her on the bus. It didn't depart until she was sitting down and was as comfortable as the luxury car.

If she was walking in the neighbourhood then the police patrol would approach her first.

“It is dangerous if you are alone. I'd be happy to take you to where you are going. It is 2 pm. you know? I'm saying this as a policeman, crime happens both day and night. No. It is urgent that we keep our citizens safe.

“Corporal Im. Double patrols in this neighbourhood!”

“Should we make a permanent post here?”

“Please call 112 whenever you go out for a walk.”

It was the same when she bought things at the market.

“500 grams of premium beef? Huh...premium beef is quite

expensive these days. Do you still want to buy it?”

“Yes.”

“You must be hungry so I will give you 1kg. Eat it and put the leftovers in the fridge. Do you also want 3kg of ribs?”

“I’m sorry but I didn’t bring a lot of money with me. Can I come back in an hour?”

“Oh, what are you saying? This is a service for regulars. Service. How can I make you buy all that meat? You only have to pay for the 500 grams of beef. No, just pay half that price. This is a discount, a market discount.”

The generous hearts of other people!

Seo-yoon was worried about her future job.

‘A dual income family is needed...it is hard to live in the world due to the recession.’

It would be difficult to run a household on her own. She felt it when Weed tried hard to make money.

She tried to get a job in order to ease his burden.

She thought about applying to some large companies as an intern but ended up meeting the manager of the HR department.

The managers of the big companies lost their minds as they saw Seo-yoon.

“The appearance in the picture...you are looking for a job? Your education is good and you have high marks so why did you come to our company? A screening interview? Of course. Come to this place today.”

Other companies sent their representatives directly.

“Thank you for your application. You are looking for a job in our company but I wanted to ask a favour. Have you ever thought of becoming an advertising model? We need an advertising model for

a new product and the company will give a down payment of 1 billion won. I promise that price is the highest in the industry.”

“Our company is a global enterprise. You can be an advertising model in fields ranging from cell phones, cars, fashion or even high tech medical equipment. Just tell us the price you want and we will deposit it.”

Famous celebrity management companies also approached her.

“There is a production worth 2 billion that already has the drama script. There are also many interested in the United States...ah. Can you speak English? Then you can directly be a heroine. It will be difficult to attend university in the United States for a long time but endure it. Then come back to Korea. The film technologies are amazing these days. Scenario? It can be modified. It doesn't matter what we need to replace. We should have a good relationship with each other.”

The people were very friendly and always tried to help her.

Seo-yoon was ashamed and tearfully watched the avians with red eyes. After taking a few breaths, she finally managed to speak in a refined voice.

“Your judgement is right. Thank you for your help so far. My whole life... I'll be sure to return the favor. Thank you.”

She bent her waist and politely bowed.

She was too considerate to try and convince the avians. Seo-yoon couldn't come up with any reasonable excuse or reason to persuade them.

Kkokikok! Pukekek! Caw! Huhihik! Pupuk!

There was an uproar among the avians.

“Who? Who dared be so insolent and ungrateful?”

“It must be those guys whose feathers aren't even dry of the egg yolk yet.”

“No, Goddess-nim. There was a misunderstanding. We were just discussing methods to fight harder against the Haven Empire.”

“They are our mortal enemies. Haven Empire! I can never forgive them.”

The complainers had an entirely different attitude.

‘There has been a problem with how I’ve lived up to now.’

‘Why did I even have doubts? I started Royal Road due to the Arpen Kingdom. My mind forgot.’

‘The sacrifice of the avians? I was thinking the same thing a little while ago. We are on the same side but I became really ugly. Now I am a changed man. I should live as a human.’

The tension between factions and split opinions immediately disappeared.

The emergence of the goddess!

People made a judgement deep in their souls. The influence was on a completely different level from the girl groups who visited the army.

A real goddess among humans.

The atmosphere completely changed. The avians no longer spoke bad things to her about the situation.

A crow loudly exclaimed.

“Now. Let us decide. Those who want to fight with the Grass Porridge Cult, fly into the sky!”

The avians spread their wings in unison.

Kuah!

The avians covered the sky.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Grass Porridge Cult and Haven Empire had been waiting for

the attack.

Soon a black cloud covered the sky as the avians approached.

“The emergence of these guys. Prepare the anti-aircraft troops.”

“Have the shield troopers be prepared for the assault. Their damage is weak. Once the avians land on the ground, prevent them from flying again.”

“Magicians should take to the air. We will cover you.”

The military commanders already had a response prepared.

Puhol Fortress was structurally prepared for the avians.

Numerous towers with small windows were built where magic could be aimed at the sky.

“Uwaaaah!”

“The grass porridge air force has appeared!”

The northern users on the ground cried out loudly. It felt reassuring to have the friendly avians flying above them in the sky.

Krobidyun whose body had changed into a lich smirked.

“The sky...it is a shame that I can't dominate the sky as a necromancer.”

It was possible for him to summon a bone dragon with his necromancy skills.

Of course, he needed to have sufficient skill proficiency and consume more mana than usual. He was controlling a massive number of undead on the ground and would lack the control needed for a bone dragon.

Alcard went and visited Myul.

“Myul-nim. The avians are coming this way.”

“So?”

“Then you...”

“Not yet.”

“If Myul-nim goes out then it will solidify our dominance.”

“Alcard-nim, you are only the commander in the north.”

Myul carefully looked at Alcard with sharp eyes.

“I ruled over a large territory in two kingdoms in the past. My griffon corps are invincible. However, that honour has fallen significantly due to the vile way that Weed killed me.”

“I am truly sorry about that.”

“Anyhow, the result isn’t important but my honour isn’t the same as it was in the past. People are now poking fun at me. The avians might be difficult but you can cope. Please understand that my position is waiting for Weed.”

“I understand.”

Alcard couldn’t force him. Myul had a higher status than him in the Hermes Guild.

He was a person who lost his life in a humiliating way. He would accept the consequences of a one-on-one fight but being hit in the back really angered him.

Hoping that Myul and the griffons would face the avians was being excessively greedy.

‘Anyway, he just needs to stop Weed. That alone is enough to ease the burden.’

Alcard headed towards the walls where the Haven Empire troops were.

“Don’t become confused. The avians can cause confusion but they are basically weak. They can’t be your opponents. Preserve your lives by protecting the magicians. Victory is ours!”

“Uha!”

The shouts of the Imperial Army was no less than the northern

users.

This was due to Alcard's leadership and the protective effects of Puhol Fortress.

There were 1 million troops. 250,000 were stationed at the walls but all the reserves, knights and cavalry were prepared and waiting.

The massive fortress was filled with elite groups.

This was catharsis for a commander on the battlefield!

'Weed. This isn't your time. You will suffer defeat.'

The avians covered the sky above the battlefield.

It was filled with many types of birds and was a wonderful sight. Sometimes the birds would move and a ray of sunlight would fall to the ground.

The avians slowly moved through the sky as they coordinated the raid. The swirling of the avians felt like a natural phenomenon.

Even the experienced Hermes Guild swallowed their saliva as they became tense.

Hudududuk.

And something fell from the sky.

"All of a sudden...no. This taste is...poo!"

"Ugh. It hit my head."

The avians indiscriminately poured poo onto Puhol Fortress.

It wasn't just an unpleasant offense. It made the walls muddy and lowered the morale of the soldiers.

"Shields!"

"Cover, cover!"

The brave users of the Hermes Guild that didn't blink an eye at anything, scrambled to avoid the poo.

The feces and urine fell for a long time. Those in Puhol Fortress were currently experiencing hell.

The northern users continued their reckless assault on Puhol Fortress as the urine and faeces continued to fall.

“I am already friends with the avians.”

“Oh...I already feel dirty. Is this really necessary to conquer the fortress?”

“It would have been better if the surprise started a few days ago...”

By that time, the faeces and urine attacks had subsided.

Kokokoo!

It sounded like a chicken was crying.

At that moment, the violent assault of the avians occurred as they fell down from the sky! They dived towards the ground from the highest point in the sky.

“A raid. All soldiers, prepare your shields.”

The avians were weak.

However, Alcard and the Hermes Guild found them seriously annoying.

“Armoured soldiers stand up. Archers, lie down and aim your arrows towards the sky.”

It was a posture that showed they were completely ready!

‘We can easily take care of the avians from this fortress.’

The avians came barging in so it was easy to reduce their numbers.

The avians didn’t use any tactics and just came pouring down indiscriminately.

‘What is the operational plan for the avians? Why doesn’t it fit?’

The avians were moving too fast. They used the power of gravity as they dropped towards the ground. Their only goal was to target the soldiers of the Haven Empire.

Kwa kwang!

The soldiers faced the attack because they had the perception that the avians were weak. Once they collided with some elite soldiers, two or three lost their lives and turned grey.

Of course, some avians also welcomed death.

“Not weak...no. Unbelievable!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Alcard watched from the top of a tower and couldn't believe the spectacle taking place in every direction.

There were dead soldiers everywhere from the air bombing.

The soldiers of the Haven Empire were elites. Of course, they were wearing elite equipment but their levels also weren't low due to training and combat.

There were armour and shields to improve vitality and the commanders even owned specialized equipment that would increase the stats of the entire army.

Nevertheless, the soldiers were still helplessly dying.

The fall of the avians even cracked the walls and caused deep pits.

“This can't be...cough!”

A Hermes Guild members staring blankly was hit by an avian.

-A critical hit!

You have been hit by a blow.

The Shylock Helmet has reduced the damage.

Health has been reduced by 4,280.

The mid-400s user from the Hermes Guild also suffered damage.

They never believed that they would be in danger from Weed and the northern users due to their tactics.

Even the high level users were having their lives threatened.

30~40 avians shouted and would risk their lives to kill someone.

“I can’t believe it.”

They couldn’t understand but self-survival was their first priority. The Hermes Guild felt the crisis and hurriedly escaped from the walls.

Due to the moment of hesitation, hundreds of Hermes Guild members lost their lives to the carpet bombing of the avians. They tried to swing their swords but it was no use as the avians fled back into the sky.

“Shoot. Shoot them! Before they drop back down!”

The archers fired their arrows but it didn’t make a big difference. They could only fire two arrows before the avians came diving back down.

The power of a crash!

Alcard and the archers weren’t prepared for the speed. The magicians had low health and lost their lives while the archers’ formation also collapsed.

The Hermes Guild avoided them and the ranged units participated, but the damage from the avians became even larger.

The heavy infantry with maximum defense also collapsed and lost their lives.

“This is...were the avians always like this?”

The northern users who were advancing also couldn’t understand.

Their speed was too fast as they came down from the sky to the

ground. It didn't feel this fast when they were travelling to Puhol Fortress.

In addition, the strength of the avians was impossible to be predicted.

It hadn't been long since the avian species was unlocked in Royal Road so they were still going through a period of growth.

"We have to do something about them."

The Hermes Guild discovered that a group of avians was flying over with large rocks.

The avians had the power to drop rocks towards the ground. The carpet bombing where the avians threw their lives.

It had much more speed and accuracy compared to dropping rocks. Their goal was to increase their falling speed from the sky.

"Isn't this unbelievable?"

"Normally their loyalty to the Arpen Kingdom isn't that high."

The avians' hearts weren't always like that.

The nature of the avians while fighting was different.

Normally they joined great battles to gain some life experience. But due to Seo-yoon's emergence, a fire had been lit in the hearts of the young, male avians.

"I don't want to see the Goddess sad. Kokodaek!"

"Ah. I feel really sorry. No, how could...I can't commit a big sin."

Seo-yoon's appearance was deeply stamped on their souls.

It wasn't difficult to lay down their lives for her.

"If I die, it will be with meaning. There is no damage. I won't try to save my life and will fight my best at the fortress."

"I'll willingly carry this rock. It will work if I crash into the enemy."

“Heh. Isn’t that quite scary? I will accurately hit the magicians.”

“I am already level 170. This is an exciting feeling like when discovering a new island. This is the thrill before death.”

“Hermes Guild. They are pestering our goddess...it is a heavy sin. From now on, it is war. Go until the end!”

The avians that were against the war decided to join. There wasn’t any reason or logic. They just felt like it was good to live in this world.

“Hmm hmm. The girl is really pretty. Elder-nim?”

“It is the first time in my long life that I’ve seen such a face. I hope she takes care of her health. It is worth living a long life.”

As the atmosphere heated up, the seniors and married avians also joined in the air bombing. Age didn’t matter as they flocked!

The avians indiscriminately attacked Puhol Fortress with burning hearts. Of course, some avians fell and dropped their rocks before swerving away.

The scene also lit a fire in the chests of the northern users.

“Advance! Let’s do it.”

“Don’t hesitate. Run and jump over it!”

“Fight two, no three times faster.”

The northern users had their commitment renewed and sped up.

The fighting spirit and morale of the avians boosted the combat capabilities of the northern users by several times.

A change in the flow of battle that couldn’t be told through a plan!

-Alcard: Report the situation.

-Pencil: We are currently unable to grasp it. The commanding system is not secure. I don’t know how many adjutants survived.

-Alcard: First of all, preserve the troops. If we bear with it a little bit then an opportunity will come again. The avians can't be like this forever.

-Raker: More avians are approaching from the north. The 2nd round of air strikes.

Puhol Fortress was receiving a major attack so Myul's complexion wasn't good as he watched.

"I know how to handle something like this."

If the griffons joined then the avians would become weak like flies.

The mobility of the avians in the air would slow and they wouldn't be able to resist.

They could die or fall down on the northern users.

However, the timing was already lost as Myul and his troops waited.

"If we lose the air battle then I might receive heavy criticism from the guild. Weed needs to come out no matter what..."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Hermes Guild users eagerly awaited the emergence of Weed.

The high level users of the Grass Porridge Cult were starting to be seen. They waited for the ambush that Weed was surely planning.

"All he needs to do is emerge. Then I will be the hero of the war."

The 20,000 Hermes Guild users all had this idea in a corner of their minds.

At that time, Weed was deep in the ground.

"I am finally getting somewhere."

Pababababak.

He moved forward while fiercely digging at the earth.

The abomination that was Squashy Wiggler!

He had been digging at the ground for a long period of time when he realized he was lacking something.

“As the world becomes more developed, there will be improvements in performance. It is like how the price becomes more expensive when the size of a television doubles.”

Thus he used Sculpture Transformation again.

He created 40 razor sharp awls on his head as well as other changes.

Finally, the appearance changed to a level that was even difficult to face. Squashy Wiggler made the rough looking Karichwi look cute.

Squashy Wiggler went through a significant improvement and became a masterpiece.

Sculpting skill proficiency was acquired! The artistic value lowered by 7 but the performance was more extreme.

Despite the outer appearance, it became a masterpiece because the efficiency was optimized.

After transforming back into Squashy Wiggler, he dug and moved through the earth at a frightening speed.

“Indeed, an underground monster should have this degree of efficiency.”

He soon came close to the vicinity of Puhol Fortress. The ground shaking could be felt even deep underground.

“I don’t know what is happening up there but it doesn’t really matter.

The Hermes Guild users at Puhol Fortress were only waiting for Weed to appear.

They were powerhouses from the entire Versailles Continent.

“I should live like a coward.”

Weed’s paws took out a sculpture.

It was a sculpture of a swamp with poison fog. He stayed up late to make this masterpiece of a poison swamp for Great Disaster Nature Sculpting.

‘The effect will be awesome with more people. A disaster isn’t a bad thing. This species means that I can move speedily.’

Of course, he was still affected by the disaster despite being an animal. However, Squashy Wiggler was comfortable in a poisonous swamp like it was the bedroom.

He sent a whisper to Mapan before causing an accident.

“Mapan-nim. Can you talk now?”

-Yes. But the business...it is over and I am offering the final goods at reduced prices.

“The proceeds?”

-Over 800,000 gold was gained.

“Good. What about this evening?”

-My goal is 1 million.

Mapan had a love and hate relationship with war.

A lot of people converged so business was good. Just like many other merchants, he sold goods at a cheap price.

Mapan felt tearful as he sold some items too cheaply but the investment usually paid off. Having a vast production base meant there was a high margin for profit.

Weed helped Mapan’s trading company grow even bigger in the north.

‘I shouldn’t be jealous of a person earning money. People can’t be too narrow-minded.’

The rich should be different.

‘Raise the spoon.’

In fact, Weed made multiple large investments and was a partner in Mapan’s trading company.

But ultimately, Weed didn’t count on Mapan.

‘Someday he might hit me in the back of the hit.’

He didn’t let his guard down around Mapan.

‘Obviously he will betray me. Of course, I can always betray him first.’

There was no such thing as eternal allies in the business world!

Even if they became enemies, Weed was still willing to drink a cup of beer with Mapan. They had a good understanding of each other.

‘Don’t drink unless Mapan-nim is buying.’

‘Weed-nim is earning good money. If he has a conscience. Ah... just buy it for me.’

They were the best combination when it came to making money.

“I am currently near the fortress. The situation?”

-The ground troops were unable to enter Puhol Fortress. The undead is blocking the way so they are losing their lives.

“What else?”

-The avians are hugging stones while falling. The imperial soldiers are dying. I don’t understand it but...the northern users are being heated into a battle frenzy.

‘She managed to bring the avians.’

He had no doubt about the outcome when he asked Seo-yoon.

Weed was aware of the living miracle that was Seo-yoon.

“How much did you pay the real estate when buying the home?”

“I needed to pay them?”

“There is a fee.”

“Really? The former owner didn’t require one.”

“.....”

Weed gave a deep sigh. There were always fees involved when it came to buying and selling.

Some real estate fees were so expensive that people argued for two days and nights.

“The house has no problems?”

“Yes.”

“I heard that some newly built houses will leak when it rains.”

Seo-yoon’s house was large and luxurious but that didn’t mean it was well-built. He had to think that there was something wrong with the building.

“The staff at the architectural firm checked it directly. So far there isn’t anything.”

“You should be careful from now on. It is really hard to check every nook and cranny of a house.”

“I was told that any defects in the next 15 years would be repaired. If I want seasonal wallpaper or flooring then they will change it.”

“.....”

It was service on an entirely different dimension.

This was the mysterious power of Seo-yoon’s appearance. No man would want to make her dislike them or to feel sad.

If Seo-yoon asked for a blood donation then men would be lining up for at least 1km. If she was in a cosmetics ads then hundreds of millions would be sold every month. It was the same even with cell phones, cars or bottled water.

It really was a pretty world from her point of view.

‘I don’t want Seo-yoon to give birth to a daughter as perfect as her.’

However, Weed thought that such a perfect appearance was a very dangerous thing!

Weed didn’t hesitate to use the sculpting technique.

“Great Disaster Nature Sculpting!”

-You have used Great Disaster Nature Sculpting.

20 Art stats have permanently disappeared.

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

Affinity to Nature has fallen.

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

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

It is possible to die in the middle of the disaster so be careful.

Now Puhol Fortress was in a worse position.

Chapter 7: A Real Hero

The avians gradually reduced their air bombing. It was because the Haven Empire and Hermes Guild users hid behind cover.

The avians completely dominated the air through some considerable sacrifices.

“Let’s go. To the fortress!”

“This evening, we will eat pork belly in the fortress.

The Grass Porridge Cult ran towards the walls.

Krobidyun hid his body behind a high pile of bones and led the undead.

“Block them. My servants.”

Skeletons and ghouls attacked the northern users from several areas.

“Get off. These pile of bones!”

“Just push through!”

Many archers and magicians lost their lives so they weren’t any help as the northern users pushed through the undead.

The northern users had to overcome the undead. They couldn’t miss the opportunity created through the sacrifices of the avians.

Priests and paladins moved to destroy the undead with holy magic.

Krobidyun just smiled.

“Stupid. A necromancer will always have the advantage on the battlefield.”

A necromancer looked at the situation from a different perspective.

Thanks to the sacrifice of the avians, many imperial soldiers and

Hermes Guild users died. Losing troops wasn't always a disadvantage on the battlefield.

Thanks to their corpses, advanced undead could be made.

“Rise. Open your eyes, ghosts that never sleep. Live and get revenge on those that killed you! Undead Rise.”

The undead summoning spell was used once again.

On the walls of Puhol Fortress, undead such as death knights, doom knights and specters were made.

“Kill them all.”

“Hyas!”

The undead flocked over the Northern users.

The redemption of the soul and blood! Krobidyun consumed mana and was successful in supplementing the undead.

“Tough warriors that reject death. Sign a contract, those who want to be on the battlefield. Appear in response to my call. Animate the Dead!”

A stage 4 undead summoning spell unfolded. The souls of strong warriors would inhabit good bodies and display the skills they had in life.

More than 100 bodies rose up. An intense and blackened radiance emerged from Krobidyun. The innate strength of undead warriors was emitted.

Krobidyun often led an undead army when hunting alone. These undead warriors were enough to overpower boss level monsters.

“Everybody go forth. There are many enemies.”

The undead warriors bowed to Krobidyun and entered the battlefield.

With big swords and shattered armour, the undead ghosts penetrated through the northern users.

Krobidyun summoned 500 skeleton archers in the vicinity to shoot arrows into the sky. It was an offensive to keep the avians in check.

None of them could stop him due to the strong barrier of bones. Once a necromancer had summoned the undead, there was no need for them to fight directly.

Durururururu.

At that moment, Puhol Fortress and the entire region started trembling.

‘An earthquake? It is too weak to be an earthquake...’

‘Weed?’

They knew that Weed could cause a disaster so Alcard sent an emergency notice to the troops.

-Alcard: Have all troops prepare for a disaster. The intelligence has determined that we only need to endure it once.

The magicians expanded the protection spells while the soldiers and Hermes Guild users hid behind cover.

The priests were sent to a safe area inside the fortress.

The shaking in the entire area vanished.

“Nothing happened.”

“Maybe someone used a big magic...”

Then the land around them started to collapse.

“Ehh. My feet are falling.”

The hard rock had turned into fine mud that was pulling their bodies in.

The land had changed into a swamp. The buildings inside the fortress collapsed or were pulled down sideways.

“Aaack!”

The soldiers and users inside the fortress were struggling to emerge from the ground.

In an instant, the land had gone up to their knees and then their waist. It only took a minute before the earth covered their heads.

“S-save me!”

At this moment, the Hermes Guild members were only thinking about escape.

An instinctive fear!

Their levels were high so they might survive, but there was an instinctive fear of being sucked into the ground.

And a dense poison fog.

-Poison! Poison! You have become poisoned.

Health is reduced.

Vitality is reduced.

Probability of skills and magic failing has increased by 76%.

“Poison...this poison swamp is a disaster produced by Weed!”

The whole terrain was changed due to the disaster but not all of them freaked out. The magicians and priests used detoxification magic on those close to them. But there were numerous imperial soldiers gathered at the fortress.

“Kuweeek!”

The imperial soldiers breathed in the poison fog and suffered. Even if they didn’t die, their combat capabilities were significantly reduced.

The members of the Hermes Guild hastily went to look for priests or an antidote. And the earth shook again.

Grrrrrrung.

The earth shook severely as a heinous monster could be seen

through the poison fog emerging from underground!

“Uwaaaack!”

Five magicians near the centre of Puhol Fortress were eaten.

“What is this?”

“It is a tremendous size. A giant monster?”

It disappeared only to shortly pop up in the vicinity of another magician.

“W-what?”

They couldn't see properly due to the poison fog.

The loud noise was close by but it was hard to see properly.

“Kyakyakyat!”

Weed noticed this fact after jumping out of the ground.

The poisonous swamp gave symptoms to the soldiers but wasn't strong enough to wipe them out.

Even so, Puhol Fortress was locked in horror as bodies were stuck in the swamp or poisoned.

“It is almost too easy.”

He hid in the ground and attacked enemies at random. His 40 feet moved forward at the same time while his horns and tail broke the buildings.

A large centipede was hunting in swampy ground. He also raised his strength with Sculptural Destruction so the Hermes Guild users and soldiers could barely last a few seconds.

If two sides had a similar brute power, the one with the advantage was likely to win. Weed's size and bloody appearance was a psychological advantage.

“W-Weed? He has appeared. Help me!”

Weed was strong. He almost beat Bardray alone and overpowered

Myul.

Some Hermes Guild members didn't want to die and chose to run.

A chase scene that could often be seen in monster movies! They splashed through the swamp but failed to be quick enough.

Weed's wings and 40 legs allowed him to jump at the Hermes Guild users.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Finally, the tail struck down the Hermes Guild users.

-Your level has risen.

-Combat fame has increased by 491.

-Luna's Bracelet has been acquired.

-Nakran's Headdress has been acquired.

-The Kallamore Adventure Map #72 has been acquired.

Big items!

"There is a monster out there. Don't panic and attack...cough!"

A sticky swamp and poisonous smoke! Weed couldn't see but he could use his ears.

Despite the darkness, he could use the antenna to detect things.

-The human Radyus has been eaten.

Due to the bad eating habit, infamy has increased by 36.

Health has recovered by 497.

Maximum vitality and strength has temporarily increased.

He sometimes ate knights hiding behind walls or pillars but he preferred priests and magicians.

It was a terrible way of fighting unleashed by Squashy Wiggler.

Once in a while, black smoke would be blown out from his rear due to indigestion.

Bbuuuuh!

The poisonous Squashy Wiggler unleashed powerful poison gas.

“My nose is rotting!”

“M-my armour is dissolving.”

It was strong enough to melt stone.

The large centipede reached its peak in the swamp. Due to the terrain change from Great Disaster Nature Sculpting, he had maximized the effectiveness of Sculpture Transformation.

Meanwhile, the avians joined Weed in slaughtering the Hermes Guild users.

“Weed-nim is participating. Kokodaek!”

“Really? He didn’t sing a song...”

“He is beneath the ground. Caw!”

The avians viewed the devastation occurring inside Puhol Fortress. Suddenly, the earth had been turned into a swamp and buildings were torn down.

A poisonous fog rose in the military fortress of the Haven Empire.

Some of them also saw poison mist being released from the centipede’s body.

“I-is that really Weed-nim?”

“Let’s help. Help him.”

“Somehow my heart doesn’t want to get near him.”

The avians had only shown the suicide attacks against the Haven Empire.

They received requests from the airborne troops of the Grass

Porridge Cult.

“Drop us in the fortress. I would like to fight with Weed-nim.”

“It won’t be a normal fight because of the poison. The imperial soldiers are melting.”

“It doesn’t matter. The grass porridge air troops are prepared to sacrifice our lives for the freedom of the Arpen Kingdom and Weed. Thousands of avians have already struggled for us.”

“If so, I will give you a lift. Please stay alive.”

The avians dropped thousands of the grass porridge air troops into Puhol Fortress.

They used feathers that reduced weight and drifted down from the sky. By default, they learned archery due to the war.

Pu shu shu shuk!

They fired arrows towards Puhol Fortress as they fell to the ground. Visibility was limited due to the poison fog. They indiscriminately fired towards soldiers on the walls or stuck in the swamp.

“From the sky.”

The Hermes Guild aimed magic in the sky after discovering them and dozens lost their lives. However, the arrow attacks of the airborne troops just headed towards that area.

The grass porridge air troops split up as they landed on the ground.

“It is up to us.”

“For the Arpen Kingdom!”

Their levels were different. But the elite grass porridge air troops gathered their courage and loyalty.

They went up to the imperial soldiers.

“C...come get me!”

They wielded their swords without hesitation towards the soldiers found in the swamp.

“Cough. Why are they...?”

The magicians and priests were hit by axes or stabbed by swords.

“B-betrayal?”

The grass porridge airborne troops wore the typical clothes of the Haven Empire’s army.

Some of them were wearing the clothing and items typical for the commanders of the Hermes Guild.

The Hermes Guild had swords and armour equipped that was optimal for combat. The airborne troops wore identical equipment so it was impossible to distinguish between them.

Drago who dreamt of becoming a master and his disciples had made clothing for the airborne troops.

“You want some fakes?”

“Yes. I’m sorry for asking this of Tailor-nim but it is necessary.”

“Heh. I’m not a star. I will make it exactly the same. And I will use particularly good buttons.”

The life of sewing buttons on clothing!

Tens of thousands of airborne troops were dressed as Hermes Guild users and Haven Empire soldiers.

Initially it didn’t make a difference as some airborne troops were kill in the air. The archers and magicians with low health aggressively assaulted the airborne division.

But due to the poison fog inside the fortress, the airborne troops could cause severe confusion.

“Completely secure places on the eastern wall.”

“Take control of the armoury. Immediately destroy any buildings.”

“Start fires at the lodging of the soldiers.”

The Haven Empire soldiers and Hermes Guild users were easily eliminated through joint attacks.

The airborne troops gathered into units and attacked different areas. The only thing that could distinguish them from the enemy was the button on the collar.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

“D-dammit!”

Alcard threw the operational plan of the Grass Porridge Cult onto the ground.

“I was deceived. Almost nothing is following that plan.”

The imperial soldiers were dead or poisoned.

Those with the ability to heal them were in a safe place.

He also heard news about the disaster that Weed caused.

But there was nothing he could do as the commander. He couldn't go down and give commands because it seemed like troops were being killed by the same side.

The Hermes Guild in particular were keen to save their lives and attacked anyone that tried to approach them. The elite airborne troops would pretend to be involved and then stab soldiers from behind with a poisoned dagger.

Even Krobidyun and Myul was useless.

Krobidyun was active as a lich but he had to block the Grass Porridge Cult members outside the fortress.

There were side effects from the mass of undead. Some undead not controlled by them attacked the Hermes Guild or Haven Empire soldiers.

Krobidyun hastily tried to control them but he was reaching his limit. Bodies were piled up everywhere and there were reports that

the undead were attacking their allies.

“Krobidyun. Is he crazy? What the hell is he doing?”

In fact, the death knight Van Hawk had been summoned in the swamp.

Van Hawk was the Commander of the Dark Army. He took some of the undead away and made them his subordinates.

Krobidyun could stop this if he knew but his attention was focused on the enemy.

A necromancer only had a limited field of vision so he was paying attention to the large scale forces instead of what was happening inside the fortress.

Torido was also summoned to a corner where he drank blood, but he didn't have a major impact on the battlefield.

Myul was even more pathetic than Krobidyun. Krobidyun might be doing some damage but he was still doing his share.

Myul didn't take the opportunity to repel the avians. His mighty griffon troops were on the ground or hiding in towers.

The griffons were a precious power so there were many troops assigned to protect them. The griffon troops fled to try and find a safe area.

The famous griffon knights. The lords of the sky, were useless on the ground.

The avians were carrying heavy rocks and would be no match for the griffons in the air. The griffons' speed and breakthrough power would easily be able to eliminate the avians. If their wings were injured, they wouldn't instantly crash down into the ground.

Even if they didn't move early, just taking to the sky would give the Haven Empire dominance.

“Kelruk!”

The griffons suffered as they breathed in the poison fog.

A group of griffons were now taking to the sky. The avians that occupied a high position for the suicide attacks weren't helpless against the griffons. The griffons had high health for flying creatures but was vulnerable to attacks from all sides.

Alcard sighed deeply.

"I shouldn't have believed in anything. Should have disregarded the operational plan and just stopped them. Then I wouldn't have been caught off guard."

The ground troops of the Grass Porridge Cult were rushing over the undead.

"The airborne troops are fighting due to the sacrifices of the avians. Weed is also fighting in the interior...there is no need to hesitate. Everyone!"

The users plunged without hesitation into the poison fog.

To the imperial soldiers, the swamp was very deep and dark.

The airborne troops approached the gates to let the enemy outside the fortress in.

"It is here. Open it!"

The disaster had also damaged the northern users.

High level Hermes Guild users, knights and armoured infantry were placed near the gates. The airborne users penetrated through the bodies to try and open the latch of the gate.

"Stop them!"

The Hermes Guild users tried to prevent it but they were blocked by the avians.

Thanks to the impact of hundreds of avians, the gates slowly swung open.

"Let's go."

“Grass porridge, grass porridge, grass porridge!”

The Grass Porridge Cult rushed frantically. Some turned into grey light from the poison fog but they didn’t hesitate.

“Attack all those you see!”

“Among them are the grass porridge air troops.”

“I don’t care. Don’t worry about distinguishing between them and just attack!”

The Grass Porridge Cult scattered inside the fortress despite the poison.

They easily overpowered the waist deep imperial soldiers in the swamp and ran towards the base of the fortress’ walls.

The avians resumed their offensive from the sky.

Arrows and spears flew towards the Hermes Guild users.

The duck species that had the largest number among the avians brought the airborne troops directly to the towers in the fortress.

After taking over the towers, the archers secured a foothold and aimed at the imperial soldiers.

The melee fighting widened as the Grass Porridge Cult entered Puhol Fortress. The avians flew over the walls and through the gates to join the Grass Porridge Cult.

“Block them. Kill them and recapture the gates.”

The cries of the commanders were quickly buried under a commotion.

“Grass porridge, grass porridge, grass porridge!”

The weak died under swords but the northern users were running everywhere.

Puhol Fortress was already unable to escape the confusion.



Kwarurung!

Weed twisted his body among the imperial soldiers inside the fortress.

A tail as thick as a pillar struck the imperial soldiers. Of course, dozens of soldiers died and some buildings even collapsed.

The 40 feet and thin membranous wings gave him quick mobility. He randomly attacked any imperial soldiers he saw inside Puhol Fortress.

“Kill him!”

The Hermes Guild users and Haven Empire knights hid their bodies behind cover and raised themselves up.

Weed noticed 100 people at first glance!

If the high level users of the Hermes Guild attacked together then he would quickly fall into danger.

Weed just laughed while revealing his ugly teeth.

‘Minor effects of the disaster still remains. And my body is in the best physical condition so I can escape any unfavourable situations. In particular, the best advantage of this body is the high health.’

Weed gave a large roar.

“Kwaaaaaaah!”

The female users among the Hermes Guild screamed.

“Kyaaaak!”

“Ggyaggyag!”

It was like a mental attack.

Even the male users of the Hermes Guild couldn’t make eye contact with Weed at that moment.

“So ugly.”

“Abhorrent...”

Squashy Wiggler had an appearance that was hard to even look at.

At any rate, there would be an opportunity in this tense moment. Weed’s 40 legs moved forward.

“He is moving. Fight!”

The Hermes Guild users jumped to higher ground and the archers fired arrows.

Weed’s large body was like hunting a boss class monster. The wriggling body in the fog was like an approaching train. The body was big and needed a lot of vitality and strength to act.

The Hermes Guild users felt confident after the weaknesses were exposed.

“Sword Slash!”

“Flame Advent!”

“Seize the Soul!”

“Axe of Broad Constraints!”

The users cast various attack skills. Their brightly shining weapons tried to attack Weed.

“Huwaaaah!”

Weed opened his mouth wide towards them.

The users’ hearts sank and their bodies froze. Poison was filling up their bodies.

‘B-breath!

It was the same technique as an extra-large monster or dragon! They never expected that Weed, the God of War, would use a breath attack.

The 100 people that had been feeling confident felt sweat flow

down their backs.

And nothing happened for a moment.

“Kuweeek!”

A burp emerged from Weed’s mouth.

He needed to burp thanks to all the humans he ate.

“W-what?”

“Poison. It is poison. Watch out for the poison...”

The users flinched back but there was no damage.

Weed moved quickly. He hurled himself at the users of the Hermes Guild and knights of the Haven Empire.

“Kuweeek!”

His strength and body weight was thrown towards the skills.

“Come on!”

The users kept attacking.

Weed’s huge body was struck with various skills!

-Your side has been cut by a strong blade.

Health has decreased by 12,930!

-86 arrows have pierced your body.

The total damage has reduced health by 48,102.

You will continue to receive damage unless the arrows are removed and the wounds treated.

-The rotating axe has struck you 8 times in a row.

A deadly attack!

Health has been reduced by 48,239.

Defense in certain areas have been temporarily reduced.

The biggest benefit of Squashy Wriggler was that the high health meant he could keep attacking.

Despite being besieged by the Hermes Guild users, he wasn't concerned about dying.

Weed closed the space and ate a furiously struggling person.

"Yum yum yum!"

He unleashed the final attack of Squashy Wriggler.

However, the Hermes Guild was famous and wouldn't just die.

-You have eaten a human holding a sword!

Chewing the sword.

29,384 damage has been dealt to your hard molars.

The strong acidic saliva has failed to melt the opponent.

The durability of the equipment that the opponent is wearing has lowered by 29%.

Health has reduced by 9,238.

-You have swallowed the sword.

Strong gastric acid has been secreted but failed to break it.

Health has been reduced by 54,299.

Eating a strong enemy has temporarily increase maximum health by 997.

3% of your health is restored.

Hunger has disappeared.

Weed suffered a horrible experience as he ate the opponents. After chewing on them with his teeth, they would be moved along to his stomach. And was finally discharged at his bottom.

The person that was discharged was covered in a sticky liquid that smelled disgusting.

“Ugh...”

He had swallowed five people with swords so he felt dizzy

“Will we end up dying like this?”

“I have to wake up and continue the fight. But my body isn’t listening...”

The archers were also startled.

“That is a terrible skill!”

Squashy Wiggler was already ugly and seeing him eat the bodies of the colleagues frightened them.

People absolutely didn’t want to go near Weed’s strange appearance and emissions.

But up to here was nothing. There was something more terrible.

“They were alive? As expected, I should chew my food.”

Weed once again swallowed the bodies that emerged from his ass.

“Kuaack!”

A long tongue wrapped around the users.

“Kuwaaaaaah!”

The user once again entered Weed’s mouth and didn’t come out this time.

“.....”

Even their colleagues couldn’t feel any desire for revenge at the scene!

Weed looked like the devil to his enemies. He wasn’t a flimsy villain but the true final boss.

A creature that acted in a cruel and despicable manner. The 40 legs moved as he endlessly ate a number of humans.

If someone didn't know the situation, the Hermes Guild would seem like heroes fighting evil.

“H-he is still alone! We can beat him!”

“Get rid of Weed!”

The Hermes Guild regained their courage and once again pounced.

Weed had 10 legs that supported his huge body. The remaining 30 legs were to move forward, backwards and sideways for avoidance.

It couldn't be helped since he didn't have any attack skills. The long body was easy to target but it was also a dangerous weapon. The body moved like an elastic rubber band and knocked down the users.

Collapsing the buildings and walls could also be used to damage enemies.

But soon the archers and magicians at the base that the priests secured, blasted attacks at his body.

The flames soared and arrows pierced his body.

“Kuoohhh.”

Weed's health declined rapidly. If he was in his original state then he would already be dead.

Of course, Squashy Wiggler had a tough body but there was no need to take risks.

“Catch him!”

The Hermes Guild users swarmed like bees.

The strong members of the guild dropped everything and came running.

“Over here.”

Weed dug into the ground. It was a bizarre sight as the 40 legs dug backwards and the tail went in first.

“What is this...?”

It was a scene that made all the users gathered feel dejected.

Weed appeared in a faraway place.

“Over there. Chase him!”

“Catch Weed!”

No matter how vigilant, he would appear and eat a Hermes Guild user before going back into the earth.

It wasn't a formal battle.

The antennae were used to navigate when hiding in the ground and he would use his long tongue to pull someone towards him.

“S-save me!”

The users were literally dragged into Weed's mouth.

He didn't stop there.

A few griffons were trapped in a tower. Due to the disaster or the bombing of the avians, they failed to come out of hiding.

“My food!”

Weed shot through the earth.

The long and heavy body broke free of the ground. He jumped up 5 metres while next to the tower. After that, he used his 40 legs to ascend the tower's walls at an angle. Finally, there was an open window on the 10th floor where he could see a griffon.

Weed didn't try to attack the griffon.

Jjuuuuup!

His tongue lengthened and forcefully pulled the legs.

“Kyakyakyat!”

His whole mouth opened and swallowed the resistant griffon.

“Tasty. It feels like a whole chicken. A little bit of salt would have

been nice.”

Even the experienced Hermes Guild users were terrified of Weed.

“Aaah...a monster. Monster!”

The ugly appearance was clearly shown in the broad daylight and he looked like the worst villain.

He was also tough and strong. He had plenty of health that never seemed to end and he consumed plenty of NPCs from the Haven Empire.

After supplementing his health through eating, poison gas would be emitted towards the place where users were gathered.

Bueooooong.

“M-my nose is rotting.”

“Don’t breathe it in...”

Weed couldn’t be seen due to the poisonous fog so the morale of the northern users wasn’t affected.

Eating the Hermes Guild user allowed him to gain experience and loot. Plus, they were medicine that restored his health. Thanks to that, he easily gained 2~3 levels in this battle.

“Maybe I should make a creature that I can hunt with next time... or I can bring my allies.”

He imagined Pale firing arrows while standing on his head or Irene healing him. He fought alone after using Sculpture Transformation but it would be upgraded one step further if he fought with his colleagues.

Chwachwachwachwa.

Weed moved through the muddy earth at a high speed. His 40 feet moved at the same time so it was much faster than a horse.

He pierced the walls of the fortress or thrust his tongue at Hermes Guild users.

Gulp gulp!

His tongue even grabbed the players falling from a high distance. It was like a frog catching a fly with its tongue.

This wasn't something that he had trained separately. He used his accurate eyesight to capture the motions and then used elaborate tongue movements.

Weed's health fell only when he was digging into the ground or he was caught off guard.

A basic strategy in battle was to hide behind pillars or in alleys.

Soon he had managed to eat more than 60 Hermes Guild members.

A tremendous amount of energy was released from Squashy Wiggler's mouth.

Keeeeeek!

-A stinky odour has erupted.

The smell comes from those eaten alive.

It is a stage 7 poison.

The enemy's health will be lowered by a maximum of 18,700 and it will cause a stunning, slowing or paralysis effect.

Squashy Wiggler had acquired a new attack skill. It was a racial skill acquired by over-eating.

Before long, the disaster started to gradually disappear. The muddy earth hardened and the poison fog was lifted.

The Haven Empire quickly regained their spirit.

“Unleash a full force attack. Drive out those who have broken into the fortress.”

Alcard commanded the troops hiding in the fortress to drive out the northern users. Puhol Fortress would recover and the long war would begin again.

But the northern users didn't miss this opportunity.

"We can't lose. Come on!"

"We can knock down this pillar."

It wasn't just soldiers inside the Puhol Fortress.

Among the northern users were a team of architects and blacksmiths. An architect was an essential job for the development of the Arpen Kingdom.

"Maybe the architects could do something?"

"If we figure out the structure of the fortress then an attack route can be organized. We can help but..."

"Shall we jump into the battlefield?"

"We can kill the enemies by destroying the fortress."

"Building Collapse!"

While the Haven Empire was fighting, they used the skill on the walls.

Pavo, Mibullo and numerous representative architects of the continent worked on the walls.

Kurururung.

Soon the walls of Puhol Fortress started cracking and formed holes that were large enough for people to pass through.

"Wah, a path!"

The users who saw the architects tried to stop them.

"It can't be. If that continues, there is a risk of collapsing..."

"Kkiyahu!"

People threw themselves at the thick walls. They kept moving forward despite the falling rubble.

The northern users had realized something after the last war. It was meaningless if a person didn't move quickly.

The combat troops in the rear of the battlefield weren't helpful. If they gave the powerful Haven Empire even a moment of rest then they would win.

Overwhelming them with volume!

-Die a quick death.

-Being slow is a crime.

This was widely spread by the users who had experienced a war.

The northern users reckless attacks hadn't changed from the last war but their strength had increased by three times.

"Push. Push!"

In fact, there were some special agents among the northern users.

They were there to push the lines as much as possible.

The mission of the Grass Porridge Cult was to fit as many users as possible inside Puhol Fortress.

It was a superior but uncomplicated strategy.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Geomchi took a deep breath.

"It is high."

He was riding on a wyvern through the clouds.

His students on wyverns and avians flew around him.

Geomchi and his students played the role of airborne troops in this war.

Of course, he was in a bad mood whenever he heard the maknae's commands.

"It is dangerous. I can only entrust this to Teacher-nim and the other sahyungs."

"Then you will be fighting in the fortress."

“Yes. Because your task is more dangerous. Please help me in this fight...don't you know that it will be broadcasted to hundreds of millions of people?”

“Hundreds of millions?”

“The ratings will be higher than the last World Cup in our country. And Teacher-nim is already a celebrity.”

There was nothing wrong with Weed's words.

Geomchi, the instructors and the students had strange experiences after their faces appeared on the broadcasts.

People would look at them on the streets or when they were riding the subway.

‘In the past, it was rare for people to meet my eyes.’

There were even girls who glanced at each other and asked ‘is that him?’, ‘yes.’ He was proud to hear such conversations.

‘This is how a famous person feels.’

The popularity he experienced now was like winning a sword competition.

‘Kill. I want to fight strong people.’

Geomchi and the students borrowed the wyverns and avians and arrived above Puhol Fortress.

“I will bring you down to the ground.”

“This is far enough.”

Geomchi ignored the words of the friendly avian and jumped from the sky. The leather cloak he was wearing streamed behind him due to the wind.

It was reckless behaviour that could only be experienced in Royal Road!

“We are going!”

The other students also jumped down from the sky.

Warriors falling towards Puhol Fortress! They turned their bodies in the air and flew towards the enemies.

“It took some time before we adapted to the sky.”

The avians admired them.

Then Geomchi-170 said bashfully.

“Excuse me...can you bring me down to the ground? I am a little bit afraid of heights.”

“.....”

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The high level users of the north had configured a team to hunt the Hermes Guild.

They were users who had lost territory to the Hermes Guild and migrated to the Arpen Kingdom when it was founded.

They were people who made strange sounds while holding swords.

“Aren’t the Hermes Guild users delicious?”

“I want to catch them. I sacrificed so many taxes to them.”

Despite the freedom of the north, vengeance was still burning inside them.

They had seen Weed actively hunting the Hermes Guild users in the Central and Northern Continents through the broadcasts.

Both the low level and high levels users asked a question as they watched Weed the God of War.

“Why can’t I be like Weed?”

“If there is the proper chance...”

Of course, the high level Dark Gamers also jumped forward.

They had already tasted the Hermes Guild several times in the

north.

“Even if it is risky, isn’t there a major income? We will be able to buy whole chicken and eat steamed ribs.”

They entered Puhol Fortress to hunt the Hermes Guild users.

“We have a lot of troops. We can repel them by relying on the walls!”

Thanks to the avians and the airborne troops, the walls were now an obstacle to the Imperial Army.

The north had control of the sky and the archers had taken over the towers so it was easy for the northern users to fight on the walls.

The large tunnel Weed dug was also helpful as hundreds of users climbed out from it.

They weren’t interested in the buildings and only cared about killing.

“I see a Hermes guild user!”

Indiscriminate attacks that were only aimed at the Hermes Guild users.

The situation on the plains was much more hectic.

Hermes Guild users were dying everywhere and avians were diving down from the sky.

The human wave tactic was repeated by the northern users...

But the marching rate was several times faster and the difference was like heaven and earth!

5,000 of the 20,000 Hermes Guild users died in just one hour as the battle continued.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The death toll rose from the heavy onslaught of the northern users.

“Kyahahahahat. I have surpassed Geomchi-100.”

Geomchi and the students made an uproar as they fought. There were countless high level northern users scattered through the fortress.

Weed hadn't turned off Sculpture Transformation and still remained as Squashy Wiggler. He was weakened due to the swamp disappearing but the high health meant he could still fight stably.

The northern users concentrated on the place where Weed was fighting the Hermes Guild.

“I will come help...kuaaack!”

“Weed-nim. It is an honour. Fight together... Kuheok!”

The users were surprised by the appearance of Squashy Wiggler. The adults and young users fighting near him turned their heads with shock.

-Sukeok sukeok kwajik kwajik kuoooooh!

Strange sounds were heard while Weed was fighting.

However, it wasn't even 10 minutes before guards were following along after Weed.

They escorted Weed in the front and sides, and some were also riding on his head and body.

As many as 400 archers boarded Weed. It was similar to a siege weapon mobilized for war.

The northern users recalled something and said.

“Already...I've already abandoned my body.”

“I have to sacrifice my body. Somebody has to do it.”

“How does it feel standing on Weed-nim's back? The back isn't as firm as I thought. My ankle is becoming sticky...heok! It reminds me of trash. Well, there is also a strange smell. A very funny

odour.”

“I didn’t have a choice. He seems to be eating anyone that appears in front of him so I had to climb on. What else could I do?”

However, not all users hated the rough texture of Squashy Wiggler. Some users encountered during the battle would salute Squashy Wiggler.

“I am from the Arpen Kingdom’s 27th infantry regiment. For Your Majesty...loyalty!”

“Tofu Grass Porridge unit. I’ve managed to reach level 220. Please remember me. I dropped out of high school and intend to fight for the freedom of the Arpen Kingdom.”

“Can I touch your whiskers? So cool.”

Among the northern users, there were those with strange tastes who were fascinated by Weed.



Myul heard that Weed emerged but couldn’t find the place due to the disaster.

Once the fog lifted and Puhol Fortress filled with northern users, the griffon corps prepared to move.

“Things can’t be allowed to go on like this. Griffons, be on standby.”

The griffons were too big to gather in one place.

They were distributed between underground facilities and defense towers.

The avians controlled the sky so it was expected they would take some damage from arrows and spears.

“Once we fly up, the sky will be our world.”

The Haven Empire boasted a dominance over the sky.

The griffon corps that made many prestigious guilds in the

Central Continent were preparing to move.

Myul was sad over every griffon that lost its life or that crashed into the ground.

The Hermes Guild users and NPC knights talked to their griffons.

“Piyak piyak.”

“Kuki kuki!”

There was a certain type of relief.

A fixed procedure had been implemented after Weed hit Myul in the back of the head.

Myul told his griffon.

“Orurugolla.”

The griffon raised a paw to its chin.

“That’s right. Let’s go.”

Myul breathed lightly and boarded the griffon.

The biggest crisis in the land. But they were invincible once they flew in the sky.

Buuuuuung.

The griffons cried out in unison as they left the underground facilities and towers.

Avians could be seen everywhere.

“The sky!”

The griffons broke through vertically.

“Kkiyaaak. The griffons have emerged.”

“Avians gather together!”

The avians scattered through Puhol Fortress joined swarmed together to attack. A siege in the sky was ten times more frightening due to the height and speed.

Myul shouted.

“Open the path!”

The knights brandished spears at the avians.

A deadly strike!

The avians hit by the spears turned into grey light. The griffon troops flew 30 metres over Puhol Fortress.

But the sky was completely filled with avians.

“Bring it on. If we fight then we will win.”

The avians joined from above and below them.

The griffons rose in a wedge shaped formation.

They defeated the avians with their spears and flew towards a high place.

This was the romance of a griffon rider!

Myul and the griffons were persistently harassed by the avians. The griffons were bitten by beaks or scratched by talons but there wasn't high damage. And they were too fast to catch up.

In the past, the avians would have panicked and hesitated. But now the avians were filled with courage.

“Bump into them!”

The avians covered their heads and rushed towards them. The griffon riders killed some avians but a third of them managed to crash.

They didn't have great strength but the problem was that there were hundreds of thousands of avians in the sky.

The avians endlessly poured towards the griffons and captured their legs and wings.

“Hold on. Everybody!”

More than 100 avians were stuck to one griffon.

“Get off. Go away!”

The avians were clinging like leeches. Their claws were sharp enough to hold on to the griffons. The heavy weight slowed them down and the griffons’ wings increasingly lost strength. At any moment, the wings would no longer have the ability to fly.

“Uhhh.”

The crash of the griffons!

If they fell to Puhol Fortress then it meant certain death.

“It is already too late. We are going to heaven.”

Myul and the other griffons didn’t stop despite knowing the situation.

‘If there is sufficient space in the sky then I can get revenge!’

However, there seemed to be no end to the dense crowd of avians.

The griffons had avians surrounding them on all sides.

Myul clenched his teeth.

Everyone knew that health running out in a battle meant death. However, a heavy crash could also be bad due to the nature of the sky!

‘It has to be returned. This grudge...’

The avians stopped flapping their wings and fell from the sky. The avians no longer chased them as the griffons rose higher.

At that time, Myul only had 300 griffons left at best.

The avians went and engaged in battle at Puhol Fortress.

“Now it is time to get revenge.”

Myul was speaking when something approached.

The clear sky and sun.

Bingryong and Phoenix’s indescribable beauty could be seen.

Golden Bird, Silver Bird, Imugi and the wyverns followed behind with sculptural lifeforms like Goldman and the fire giant riding on their backs.

The valuable sculptural lifeforms were waiting in the sky for the griffons to appear.

“Terminate those guys.”

Myul raised his spear. He hurriedly commanded the griffon troops to attack the sculptural lifeforms.

Bingryong opened its huge mouth.

-Kuwaaaaaah.

Dragon Fear!

A considerable amount of time had passed since Bingryong was born and it was now level 534.

It would have gained more levels if it diligently hunted. Unfortunately, the dragon's laziness prevented this.

When Weed wasn't present, it would sleep for days on top of cold, snowy mountains.

Nevertheless, Bingryong's growth was enough to cause fear in other flying species such as avians and griffons.

“Kkiyaaak!”

The griffons slowed their wings and avoided Bingryong due to an instinctive fear.

Some of them changed directions by nosediving towards the ground.

“Regain your spirit. Come on!”

The riders barely managed to regain control over their griffons while Phoenix spread his wings wide.

Flames poured from the feathers falling in the sky.

The fire was very painful for flying creatures like the griffon.

Even if the feathers on fire weren't a problem, the pain caused the riders to lose their steering power.

The Hermes Guild users thought they could overpower the sculptural lifeforms with 300 griffons.

However, just two skills made it impossible for the griffons to fight for a moment.

The rest of the griffons had decreased vitality due to fear.

“Eurihya!”

At that moment, Bahamorg came forward on Wy-1 and jumped!

-Light blow!

He landed on the back of a griffon and struck the rider with a two handed axe.

“I am the descendant of a great empire that led the Versailles Continent. It was a mistake to invade the Arpen Kingdom. You only have this much fighting spirit!”

Bahamorg jumped around in the sky and successively disabled the griffons.

Myul's complexion changed.

“He is Bahamorg.”

One of the ringleaders who took his life along with Weed. He knew that Bahamorg had great strength, health and resilience.

Myul honestly didn't know if he could win if he fought Bahamorg on his griffon.

“Concentrate your attacks! This is an opportunity to knock him out of the sky.”

The griffons rushed towards Bahamorg in accordance with their leader's command.

Their goal wasn't to kill Bahamorg directly.

Anyway, there was no space to do so.

They threw a spear towards the griffon Bahamorg was riding.

“Kyauuuuh!”

Bahamorg's griffon lost its life. They thought Bahamorg would fall to the ground but then Light Wings opened from his back like an angel. A presence that showed off its shine after a long time.

Bahamorg flew under the influence of Light Wings and defeated the griffons.

Bahamorg sped through the sky while holding the bloody axe with both hands.

“We should go. Kukaaack!”

The wyverns were also adept at flying.

Naturally, sculptural lifeforms were riding them.

Goldman and Eltin accurately fired arrows while Gernika and Seville also jumped from griffon to griffon.

White Tiger also spread its wings. The fire giant on Phoenix's back couldn't be ignored.

Phoenix and the fire giant improved each other's health. The griffons felt hot even if they were just nearby.

The power of the sculptural lifeforms was sufficient against Myul and the griffons.

The griffons dominated the sky due to their mobility and had a heavy advantage over ground troops.

But the characteristics of the sculptural lifeforms increased their power by many times.

The Hermes Guild users weren't safe even in the sky.

-Kukwakakakakaka.

Bingryong took a deep breath as its mouth inflated.

And just like Weed named it, Ice Breath was unleashed!

Ice Breath flew in a straight line from Bingryong's mouth towards Myul.



The users looked up as a fierce battle unfolded in the sky.

Not knowing the exact situation in the sky had an influence on the military situation at Puhol Fortress.

But the ground was completely covered in melee combat.

“Charge!”

The walls of Puhol Fortress were crumbling.

Still, the wreckage made it difficult for the northern users to move.

The Haven Empire soldiers and undead led the defense of Puhol Fortress. The Hermes Guild members and soldiers lost their lives but the undead were still going strong.

There were a growing number of good bodies so this was quite useful for Krobidyun's undead summoning spell.

“Come. Knights of hell!”

Doom knights were summoned as hundreds of northern users were wiped out.

The power of death was growing thicker on the battlefield so a necromancer's ability was stronger than usual.

“I, Krobidyun, will kill all of you and decide who lives again.”

Krobidyun was excited due to the side effects caused by necromancy. He was reaching beyond his strength and abilities.

His head was filled with thoughts of appearing on numerous broadcasting stations.

‘I, Krobidyun, will surely be contacted after this war.’

Of course, Krobidyun was one of the most active in the Imperial Army when it came to facing the Arpen Kingdom. Therefore, he thought he deserved it.

Weed was eating the Hermes Guild users like they were dried persimmons but that was largely out of sight.

Krobidyun occupied a wide area on the walls alone, and was increasing the number and quality of the undead.

‘I will show everyone that the strongest profession is a necromancer. Weed also acted as a lich but he will soon be forgotten because of me.

The number of undead was still within his range of control.

The undead attacked the living. It didn’t matter if they were northern users or imperial soldiers.

Krobidyun’s ultimate goal was to create a legion of undead like Barkhan.

“That person at the top must be the necromancer.”

“What...there are too many undead. There are at least 1,500 high class undead.”

Many northern users entering the fortress lost their lives.

The undead army was too large and the area too wide to occupy smoothly. The high level northern users gathered together for a strategy to deal with Krobidyun.

“I will seek assistance from our avian friends. Let’s do a pincer attack at the same time.”

“There is a wall of undead blocking him...”

“Rangers can utilize the terrain. I, Nechak, will finish him off.

Nechak lifted his sword.

“That sword...Lugh’s holy sword!”

“I am wearing Fargo’s Crown on my head.”

“I am holding Helain’s Grail.”

Nechak was a player active on the Central Continent.

In reality, he was born with a lot of money. He successfully bought a city from the Hermes Guild in the Central Continent.

Abend City. He successfully operated the city but was bored and was attracted by the freedom in the north.

“Indeed, I have an adventurer’s constitution. Management is revolting.”

He enjoyed the adventures in the north more than spending money to manage a city.

He experienced too much adventure. If he received a marine quest then he would buy 7 large ships with 24 sails to complete it. So he could be called the best spender in the north.

“Our plan will be more effective if Nechak-nim is our leader. Helain’s Grail can turn water into holy water so it is critical against the undead.”

“Fargo’s Crown. If you have it then your ability to conduct the combat troops will increase quite a bit. Nechak-nim, please lead us.”

“Please organize an army.”

Nechak receive encouragement from the users.

As his public value in the Arpen Kingdom accumulated, he was given a knighthood and was qualified to lead 30,000 troops.

Ddirring!

-Nechak is organizing an army.

King Weed of the Arpen Kingdom has appointed Nechak as the 143,817th knight.

Nechak is recruiting troops to fight for the Arpen Kingdom.

30,000 people is the limit.

At that moment, someone shouted.

“I am level 350 so let me join!”

“Me too...”

“The efficiency is high. The undead will become our prey.”

Nechak’s army filled up in just 8 seconds.

Ddirring!

-Nechak’s army recruitment is over.

The 30,000 spots have been filled.

The northern users had an increasingly larger percentage of high level users.

They plunged recklessly into the fortress for a chance to join the army.

“I am level 400 so let me join. I’m sorry for those who signed in advance but please leave.”

“Really? It is a little...”

The recruiting capacity was exceeded but people were still signing up!

It was originally made of high level users from the north and settlers from the Central Continent there were between levels 300~400.

Now there were 30,000 users over level 400.

Numerous northern users also remained instead of scattering.

“We are not scared of anything. Let’s go!”

Nechak had Lugh’s Sword, Helain’s Grail and Fargo’s Crown so he took the lead.

-Fargo’s Crown had made contact with the aura of the undead.

Goddess Freya has given her blessing and increase the black magic resistance of all forces by 46%.

Damage from the undead will be reduced by up to 31%.

The body's recovery speed will increase.

There is a 62% chance to purify the undead when they are broken.

If successful, the purification will temporarily recover health and vitality.

The northern users weren't afraid.

Nechak and his 30,000 troops pierced through the undead.

The undead shrank away from Lugh's Sword but that wasn't important.

30,000 influential northern users followed behind Nechak.

Among them were powerhouses of the Grass Porridge Cult who defeated the undead.

Krobidyun raised a large army of undead to stop them but it wasn't enough.

The infinite mana was blocked by Lugh's divine power and the undead were overpowered by the army of users.

With the help of the users, Nechak managed to plow through the heart of the undead to reach Krobidyun.

-Goddess Freya's divine power has suppressed the dangerous magic.

A necromancer's power has been reduced by 24%.

There is a negative backflow of mana, causing maximum health and mana to be reduced by 11%.

Undead summoning and black magic won't be available for 15 seconds.

“N-No!”

Krobidyun suffered from the aftermath of having 30% of his undead army destroyed.

“Protect me!”

Once it was a disadvantageous situation, Krobidyun fled to the rear.

However, the avians were blocking his path.

He couldn't move quickly due to the dense concentration of undead and was finally surrounded by the northern users.

They were Nechak and 20 people with great skills.

Due to the side effects, Krobidyun had already half turned into a skeleton. His jaw made a rattling sound as he laughed.

“Lucky. It was impressive that you managed to beat my undead army. But next time I won't be so careless.”

Krobidyun wanted to proudly meet his end.

This would be shown to the entire world through numerous broadcasting stations.

He wanted to show his family and friends an awesome end. If he could become a protagonist then he might receive sponsorships and advertising offer.

Nechak just raised Lugh's sword and laughed.

“Hahaha. Krobidyun, you have borrowed the false power of a necromancer. I have heard and seen your evils.”

“.....?”

It was a somewhat awkward voice. Nechak sounded like a movie from decades ago.

“For disturbing the peace of the Versailles Continent, I Nechak, will punish you as an honorary paladin of the Church of Freya and knight of the Arpen Kingdom.”

A bard near Nechak suddenly started playing an instrument. The typical hero's funeral!

“There is no place for you on the Northern Continent. Go well. Villain.”

The sword was plunged deeply into Krobidyun's heart. Light emerged from the sword and his body started smoking.

It was like an evil spirit was being released. Krobidyun's skeletal body started to shatter under the power of the sword.

Krobidyun had one last thought before dying.

‘N-no. I'm not going to be the protagonist, he is...’

Book 46: The Day That Time Stopped

Chapter 1: Declaration of Surrender

Alcard was a great commander of the Haven Empire who was called the Northern Commander.

“Maintain the defensive positions. Slay the enemy using these features. The Imperial Army won’t fall to the enemies in a place like this!”

The Arpen Kingdom users were going over the walls of the fortress with great courage and speed, turning the defense facilities useless.

Magicians rode bulls while the sky was covered with avians.

The Imperial Army was being blocked on both the ground and the sky.

Pushukung!

Among the northern users rushing, a huge monster appeared.

-Kuwooooooh!

The monster let out a large roar towards the sky.

An underground monster that humans couldn’t imagine!

Long antennae, pointed teeth like saw blades and solid legs that could dig at the ground or buildings. Wrinkles were carved on the forehead and cheeks to make it look stronger.

Despite the appearance, it had a flexible body structure like a worm or centipede.

Twitch twitch!

The horrible tail and 40 legs twitched.

“Hiik!”

“M-monster!”

“Really ugly... It is like a demon that Weed will need to

exterminate.”

“Haven’t you heard? That’s Weed-nim!”

The imperial soldiers and northern users withdrew in fright as the monster with 40 legs moved forward.

Weed’s new look was also a hot topic on the broadcasting stations.

Reporters received the cooperation of the avians and flew in the sky to relay videos of the inside of Puhol Fortress.

“Look. This is... That monster is Weed the God of War. The Arpen Kingdom and Haven Empire. A shocking figure has emerged in the important battle for supremacy over the north. He looks strong. With that appearance, he definitely has to be strong!”

“The bulletin boards are flooded with female fans who are watching this. Their assessment is that there is a masculine charm.”

“I expected him to unleash havoc in this battle. Hasn’t Weed-nim only devoured a few users?”

“The officially confirmed number is 127 people.”

“Does that include people who exited his rear?”

“Of course. They were just eaten again anyway.”

The broadcasting stations showed the shocking video of the Hermes Guild users being eaten by Squashy Wriggler.

His entire length was 20 metres and the huge monster could catch people at a very fast speed. Despite the humans trying to flee, the tongue just shot out and wrapped around their legs.

“Kuaaak!”

He demolished a wall and ate the Hermes Guild user.

The show hosts shouted excitedly.

“Hiding is useless!”

“Ah, did you see that? It wasn’t just the Hermes Guild users but many members of the Haven Empire were revealed as the building cracked.”

“Does that mean there are some safe places to hide?”

“Rather, he seems to be putting them aside to eat later.”

“What makes you think that?”

“He just covered the entrance with a heavy amount of saliva.”

The northern users attacked Puhol Fortress along the path that Weed opened.

Weapons hit Squashy Wiggler but it was no use.

“When the disaster happened, visibility was limited due to the fog. 127 was the number that our employees directly saw. It is believed that he has eaten over 150 people.”

“This is an amazing combat achievement to watch. He just eats them despite the Hermes Guild members using their skills.”

“It is like he swallows them immediately without chewing.”

“Someone just emerged from his rear. I can’t believe I’m saying something like this.”

“It is a serious misfortune. Those who aren’t digested will just be eaten again.”

“Warriors with high health and resilience can be seen trying to escape.”

“.....”

A moment of silence flowed between the hosts.

The infamous Hermes Guild users defending the fortress looked pathetic.

“Anyway, it is completely surprising. Weed is continuing to be active inside Puhol Fortress. Is there a reason why he is fighting with that appearance?”

“Of course, there probably is an exact reason but it is difficult to speculate at this point.”

“Please just say any rough guesses.”

“The end of life is associated with a hearty appetite. Perhaps he intends to represent the progress and prosperity of the Arpen Kingdom.”

“It is an appearance that causes fear in enemies but reassures allies.”

The broadcasters around the world gave different interpretations of Squashy Wiggler.

-Don't let your children watch this.

-The worst. Really.

-This is a request to stop the broadcast.

The viewers were uncomfortable at first glance but became curious once they learned it was Weed.

Surprisingly, some people thought that his twitching and wriggling was cute. It was like a struggling artist's rough paintings becoming valuable after they are famous.

Weed showed the optimal efficiency and brute force on the broadcast.

Companies had already contacted Weed about making dolls of Squashy Wiggler digging at the ground or with his tongue stretched out.

The advertising companies were well aware of Weed, the Arpen Kingdom, and the Grass Porridge Cult.

Regardless of the age group, they immediately launched a PR plan. The main items included phones, phone carriers, air conditioning and television.

The character was outstanding so it was easy to advertise.

Squashy Wiggler make a phone call with the latest phone from underground. The call would be maintained even while he was digging.

“As expected from the ultra-high definition. Follow me!”

Squashy Wiggler enjoyed playing games, the high speed internet as well as communicating with friends.

Downloading an image related to food would only take 0.1 seconds.

“Yummy. Telecom unleashed!”

Squashy Wiggler danced around an air conditioner in hot weather.

“Wind wind blow. Wind wind, wind wind!”

After watching a horror movie, Squashy Wiggler’s mouth would leap out of the big TV towards the slack-jawed viewers watching on the sofa.

Weed’s popularity overseas in the IT and electronic industries was amazing. In particular, items related to Weed were very popular in Europe and the United States.

A burger shop handed out free dolls of the sculptural lifeforms, increasing sales by 20 times and there were endless guests from morning to night.

Employees of the world’s largest oil company also started studying Squashy Wiggler to promote the development of advanced technology.

Tire specialists advertised Squashy Wriggler's 40 feet wearing their products that could move in adverse terrains.

Squashy Wriggler was able to hit the jackpot through advertising.

*

The death of the necromancer Krobidyun! Knight Myul's death!

Users that represented the Hermes Guild lost their lives in their fierce battle for Puhol Fortress.

"Bring it on. You weak trash!"

The level 483 Konsuller.

He was a famous user of the Hermes Guild. He cleared dungeons and hunted dangerous boss class monster.

"Come out boldly. Don't think that you've won just because of your numbers!"

Konsuller wanted to fight Weed so he stood in front of the incoming northern users. Every time he swung his sword, the northern users within 7 metres were swept away.

At least 400~500 people died due to Konsuller.

Avians tried to grab him from the sky but he killed at least 30 of them.

Many Hermes Guild users suffered under the onslaught of the northern users. However, Konsuller was a particularly strong user that they couldn't take down.

His resilience, vitality, skills management and swordsmanship was excellent enough to overpower the enemy.

"Is he still not tired?"

"Tough, tough. We have no choice but to hit him as much as possible."

The northern users were prepared for a large scale assault when a

man suddenly appeared.

A muscular body, broad shoulders and a wide back.

The man's name was Geomchi-4.

"You are called Konsuller. I challenge you."

Konsuller was surprised at Geomchi-4's words but soon regained his composure.

"Heh, a challenger."

He would apologize if he ran into such a muscular man at night but this was Royal Road.

The character's strength depended on level and equipment.

"Fool. Bring it on."

Konsuller knew about the existence of the Geomchis through the Hermes Guild's information network.

Their individual fighting ability was high but it was impossible to guess their level or skill proficiency.

Together, they could wreak havoc and didn't hesitate against ranged attacks or magic spells. However, it was different if they were alone.

Konsuller's sharp eyes examined the opponent's equipment.

'It is a complete level 330 set. It is cheap and the options aren't that good. He deserves recognition in the north but...'

Konsuller laughed.

In the developed Central Continent, many users managed to find the best equipment.

Although there might not be a big difference in options, the price would jump ten-fold due to design elements. The so-called luxury goods that were more expensive than mid-sized cars.

Naturally users of the Hermes Guild wore the best equipment and

improved their skills through endless competition. There was an elite group of people to compete against so the Hermes Guild users were naturally proud.

Konsuller said arrogantly.

“It seems like you know how to fight. But I will teach you what combat is in Royal Road.”

“Yes, you make a lot of noise.”

“Heh. There is no need for a long dialogue before battle.”

“That’s right.”

Geomchi-4 jumped in front of him.

‘He really is stupid and ignorant. I will show him the difference between me and those people who can’t fight. Those people aren’t on the same level as me.’

Konsuller moved his body and used an attack skill.

“Flash Sting!”

The sword he was holding flew like a ray of light towards Geomchi-4. It was a mid-ranged attack skill that increased the power of his swordsmanship by 8 times.

The attack speed was so fast that most opponents couldn’t escape. It also penetrated the opponent’s armour for a critical hit so it was one of Konsuller’s favourite skills..

Geomchi-4 didn’t try to avoid it.

“Deflect Moving Blade!”

Geomchi-4 also used a sword skill.

It was an martial artist’s skill that he made directly. His sword moved like it was going to block the ray of light, but it actually deflected it.

-The skill Deflect Moving Blade has been used.

It has neutralized Flash Sting.

Your body will lose balance for 0.2 seconds.

Wobble!

Konsuller's body staggered.

"This is nonsense!"

Geomchi-4 was rapidly approaching and there was no way to avoid the counterattack. Geomchi-4 saw all of Konsuller's weak points.

'There is no need to feel any tension.'

Geomchi-4 had never met an opponent in Royal Road that made him sweat with fear. Wide area skills frightened him but he could avoid damage in one-on-one fights.

'The ultimate tension is dying during a battle.'

Those who believed in their equipment and levels would only have a certain amount of skill.

He never knew what would happen in a battle but there was no need to be nervous. He just had to demonstrate his skills.

There weren't weak characters in Royal Road, only weak people.

"Urachachacha!"

Geomchi-4's sword moved in a dazzling blur and cut Konsuller. He named the brilliant attack skill 'Urachachacha.'

It was a monster hunting technique that could unleash 99 consecutive attacks.

-Urachachacha advanced level 3 (76%): A technique that deals continuous attacks.

Any weapon can be used and the damage will get increasingly stronger.

Every 5th successful attack will paralyze the enemy for 1 second.

If the enemy avoids it then 38% of the counterattack will be neutralized.

The opponent had to prevent Urachachacha before it started or avoid it altogether.

The simple, ignorant attacks landed on Konsuller.

“Front Shield Defense!”

A shield was summoned that fit around his body. However, the shield fell apart after two or three attacks.

‘This ignorant bastard! How did he get this sword skill? No, what is with his strength?’

He protested against such a ridiculous strength.

He had moved forward and deflected the attack to the side simultaneously.

Despite attacking from a distance, Geomchi-4 used ingenuity to counterattack. Geomchi-4 had figured out how to deal with ranged attack skills from the other students.

-Konsuller of the Haven Empire has been killed.

Konsuller was someone who fearlessly hunted the boss monster Peperkakun. He belonged to the Haven Empire and lost a one-on-one challenge.

-Your level has risen.

889 combat fame has been acquired.

Agility has increase by 1 due to the victory.

-The skill proficiency of swordsmanship has improved.

“Heh, this loot.”

Geomchi-4 picked up a cloak left behind by Konsuller. Gold powder flew all over the place, causing it to glitter. A special effect that would cause Weed’s eyes to widen.

“It would be nice to pick up a sword. I am lacking equipment.”

Geomchi and the students fought throughout Puhol Fortress.

Alcard had a good vantage point to conduct the defense and didn't miss that Puhol Fortress was being taken over.

Despite not knowing all the circumstances of the battlefield, he proved to be able to effectively command the troops.

“This is a crazy battle.”

The commanders of the Haven Empire lamented.

Even if their power was 50-50, the opponents were bound to have an advantage.

The demoralized army was closed to wiped out and his reputation would be damaged with this loss.

A strong image was needed when fighting enemies.

The Haven Empire was considered invincible on the Central Continent and this attitude didn't change after building the fortress in the north.

But they were slowly deprived of the walls and defense facilities, and now the northern users and avians were pouncing at them.

“We can endure... For as long as possible.”

Alcard the great commander was in a state where his limbs were being cut off.

“Tahol Knights. Drive the enemies out of the fortress.”

“Yes. I understand.”

The proud Tahol Knights of the Haven Empire were sent out!

They were heavily armoured NPC knights. Their individual levels exceeded 400 through the good hunting grounds and dungeons in the Kallamore Kingdom.

Arming and feeding them took an enormous amount of money.

They made significant contributions to the conquest wars in the Central Continent and came to the fortress in the north.

And Alcard received a report after 30 minutes.

“The Tahol Knights have been wiped out.”

“What?”

“They were isolated in the east hall... And wiped out.”

“Why didn’t they retreat?”

“The people who died blocked the way.”

The knights were quickly isolated somewhere in Puhol Fortress after they were mobilized.

The defense buildings had been seized by the avians.

They took advantage of the defense facilities to block the assault of the knights while the architects knocked down the building.

“It’s falling. Everybody get out of here!”

The towers and buildings fell on top of the imperial troops.

Puhol Fortress was built by the Haven Empire so that was enough reason for the northern architects to break it.

Alcard was extremely upset. The Tahol Knights he had directly raised had disappeared in a place like this.

“Relocate the 7th magic corps to a safe place. Prevent the enemy from coming to the rear of the fortress.”

“They are being tracked.”

“Send a lot of troops to help their retreat.”

After a moment, he heard the incoming news.

“The magic army corps has been destroyed.”

“I told you to send escort troops.”

“While wandering the length of the fortress...”

Puhol Fortress was a complete combat zone.

The gates and walls were already completely handed over to the northern users, while battles were waging fiercely in the residential areas and central roads.

It was a large military fortress where millions of people were fighting.

Kurururung!

It was the sound of the big defense towers mobilized to stop the Arpen Kingdom falling.

“Stop them. If we are defeated here then we will lose the northern colony.”

Alcard desperately ordered his private forces.

So far 650,000 imperial soldiers had died and of the 20,000 Hermes Guild users, only 1000 were left.

Of course, not all of them lost their lives.

Once Myul, Krobidyun and other powerhouses started dying, some members of the Hermes Guild quickly fled.

“Those selfish people. The battle isn’t over yet. Somehow an opportunity to reverse the situation will be created.”

That could be the case since the damage to the northern users was several hundreds of thousands of times larger. However, they wouldn’t be able to hold out for a long time.

A massive number of northern users had already reached the rear of Puhol Fortress.

The fortress was completely surrounded on all sides and the northern users had already made plans to raid other cities and castles.

“Catch Weed... No, Weed is too hard to catch right now.”

Alcard was half resigned to the loss.

Surrounded by enemies on all sides!

They would barely be able to endure through the night. But they would surely be wiped out tomorrow or the day after.

“At this rate, it will fall easily. We will all end up dying.”

Then he received a whisper just as he reached a dead end.

-Mapan: Hello. I am Mapan of Mapan's trading company.

'Mapan. At a time when I am busy... Mapan?

Mapan was quite famous in the north and Alcard also knew of him.

'He is one of the people closest to Weed.'

The surrounded users noticed Alcard's reaction to the whisper.

“Alcard. What happened?”

-Mapan: Can you meet me so that we can talk about the current situation?

Alcard noticed the atmosphere after hearing the words.

'He is trying to negotiate. If there could be a truce... Maybe we can buy some time or gain some benefits from the negotiations.'

Alcard carefully agreed.

“Of course. I welcome any talks. But I can't afford to leave this fortress.”

-Mapan: I will send someone directly to you.

“Please don't send a person who doesn't have the right to make decisions.”

-Mapan: Of course. They are very close to Weed so any decisions made will be formal.

At that moment, a woman with long hair dyed green appeared.

Yurin. Weed's little sister.

*

Alcard and Yurin conducted the negotiations in a secret place.

Alcard minimized the troops and only had 20 people escorting him.

Yurin sat alone at a wide table as the representative of the Arpen Kingdom.

“By the way, you came alone?”

“Yes!”

“If you need help then call someone. Isn’t Weed-nim also in this fortress?”

“No. Oppa is currently busy cutting off necks.”

“.....”

The faces of Alcard and the users reddened.

Yurin’s description of cutting off the necks was a sufficient explanation.

Alcard touched the back of his neck for a while.

“If you insist. Let’s have a discussion. First, what do you want in exchange for the Arpen Kingdom stopping their attacks and returning Puhol Fortress to us?”

He started the negotiations on a weak point.

But Alcard didn’t have a wide variety of options.

The Hermes Guild would have to make many concessions in regard to the northern colony. If they rejected the negotiations then the only thing left was a massacre.

‘The guild might not want to compromise with the Arpen Kingdom, even if we end up being wiped out.

Therefore, the negotiations were being kept a secret from the Hermes Guild.

Alcard was in a disadvantageous situation so he would be forced to listen to the opponent's demands.

‘What did she come here to ask?’

Yurin outright said.

“Everyone will surrender. Puhol Fortress as well as the entire northern colony.”

“Huh?”

“Have your armies and cities all surrender. Right now, your imperial soldiers are tragically dying. They will be accepted as soldiers of the Arpen Kingdom. All the cities and villages created so far will be taken.”

“Is that really necessary?”

“Yes. This much is needed.”

Alcard and the other leaders were at a loss for words.

‘This high...’

In any case, he managed to pause the battle for a brief period of time. But the enemy planned to steal the entire northern colony.

They had doubts that a pretty girl like Yurin could say such unscrupulous things.

‘It is Weed.’

‘She must be repeating Weed's words.’

‘Weed is a bad man. He sent a girl to say such a hard thing?’

Alcard rejected the offer without even needing to discuss it.

“I'd rather be defeated. I have my own self-worth. I will inflict as much damage to the Arpen Kingdom as possible before dying.”

“You will be given a place in the Arpen Kingdom.”

“Huh?”

“You will command the Arpen Kingdom's army.”

An unexpected proposal. The point of the negotiations was to lure Alcard to the Arpen Kingdom.

“Oppa said that you fight well despite being an enemy. The Arpen Kingdom is lacking talent. Why don’t you come over to the north?”

Their minds became complicated.

‘Join the Arpen Kingdom? That... I hadn’t even thought about it.’

‘Betraying the Hermes Guild. I am afraid of retaliation if I betray the guild.’

‘Standing on the side of the north. Changing my side. Is it possible?’

Many commanders in the Hermes Guild who lost were deprived of their privileges.

The fame and honour they personally built up would be lost.

It was a harsh penalty but the absolute authority of the Hermes Guild on the Central Continent meant they would never think of betrayal.

However, if Puhol Fortress belonged to the Arpen Kingdom then they didn’t have to worry about the Hermes Guild’s retaliation.

‘Becoming the army commander of the Arpen Kingdom... The luxuries and popularity will decrease. And I would have to face the Haven Empire on the battlefield.’

The Arpen Kingdom’s military was lacking.

He knew how much attention and effort was needed to create a proper army.

‘But... I think it can be done with the northern users.’

Alcard was a high ranking official in the Hermes Guild. Nevertheless, he had been interested in the stories of the Northern

Continent on the broadcasting stations.

A pure and free world. The north was the first place in Royal Road where he could feel that. The values he had forgotten in pursuit of wealth and power could be found in the north.

‘People might feel that joy but it is better to remain in the Hermes Guild.’

It would be naive if he accepted Weed’s proposal.

Weed and Mapan had given extra conditions to Yurin.

Commander of the Arpen Kingdom’s army, two cities and becoming the earl of a land. They wanted to conquer Puhol Fortress without any more bloodshed but above all, it was important to acquire the northern colony without a war.

“I need time to think about the proposal.”

“I can’t give you a lot of time.”

“I know. Time isn’t on my side. But is this something that can be determined easily?”

Then Yurin laughed brightly.

It was an expression like she was going to take the lunch of a university senior!

“Good. Then I will offer one more thing. If you come to the Arpen Kingdom then Oppa has suggested that you two quest together.”

“Quest?”

“The equivalent of two years of S-class difficulty quests.”

Weed’s quests were understandably broadcasted on television.

The income from the broadcasting fees and the popularity was a big temptation that couldn’t be ignored.

Weed would lose nothing from making the offer to Alcard. Weed’s quests were tremendously difficult so many users who

participated would die as it progressed.

Alcard was a reliable, strong person so Weed wanted to obtain him.

It was a huge privilege just hearing the offer. Weed's adventures boasted the best ratings and his colleagues also became heroes.

'Isn't this too much? The treatment is completely different from the Hermes Guild.'

Alcard wasted no more time and agreed.

"Good. I will defect to the Arpen Kingdom."

"Commander-nim!"

The other users were surprised but they were Alcard's friends. Alcard accepting the offer was enough reason to convince them.

They weren't lower level knights and warriors. They were immersed in Royal Road and didn't want to become losers after the defeat at Puhol Fortress.

The thought of starting a new life in the north was quite persuasive.

Of course, a few days ago they never believed that Puhol Fortress would be occupied.

They decided to gift it to the Arpen Kingdom.

"The decision is made so the Haven Empire's colony in the north will belong to the Arpen Kingdom. As for the problem with the Hermes Guild users... None of the users can be allowed to remain alive."

He didn't dwell on betraying the Hermes Guild anymore.

He had changed to the Arpen Kingdom so now everything was for the sake of Weed.

*

Yurin and Alcard immediately signed the peace treaty.

The information was passed through the Grass Porridge Cult's network and the situation in Puhol Fortress changed.

“Don't fight the soldiers anymore and find the Hermes Guild users!”

“Get rid of all of them!”

“Step on it!”

The soldiers also received a command from Alcard and focused on blocking the Hermes Guild users from running.

Thus, their slaughter under the hands of the northern users began.

“Cheeky bastards. Earth Reverse!”

The high level Hermes Guild users had to fight against hundreds of people.

Mana and vitality were reduced and the powerhouses collapsed one by one.

Some of the cornered members tried to escape but they were overpowered by the northern users.

“Hey, fight well.”

“I've only eaten rice in this battle.”

“I didn't know my turn would come.”

They continued to fall under the onslaught of the northern users.

More than 100 Hermes Guild members gathered to try and resist. However, they were easily dominated by the northern users.

Many of them weren't aware but this situation was occurring all over Puhol Fortress.

“I don't want to die so I will surrender. Please treat me as a prisoner.”

Some users lifted both hands to express that they wouldn't fight.

In wars between kingdoms, it was customary to only release the prisoners when reparations were paid.

Of course, the northern users didn't accept this.

“No prisoners. Just die.”

“What? All knights and nobles who participate in war adhere to this principle.”

“You have killed hundreds of people on our side who surrendered.”

The Hermes Guild inflicted some damage but the northern users got a much larger profit.

Their abilities increased and valuable loot was obtained.

“Waaaaaah!”

Shouts of joy came from Puhol Fortress.

The Hermes Guild users had all died.

The northern users were determined to win the war with the Haven Empire but they never imagined it was such an overwhelming rout!

The NPC soldiers were turned to allies and the Hermes Guild members were exterminated.

Of course, a significant number of them had already fled but at least they had disappeared from the north.

Chapter 2: Hermes Guild's Outcome

The defeat of the Haven Empire! The shame of the Haven Empire!

The end to the war in the north completely shook the entire Versailles Continent.

KMC Media's signature program, the Story of the Versailles Continent.

Shin Hye-min, Oh Joo-wan and several professions reported live.

“Oh Joo-wan ssi, will this make a difference to the future of the continent?”

“In the meantime, the north has suffered considerable damage due to the Hermes Guild. There was the prohibition of trade and sabotage through acts of terrorism. The economic and human losses were significant. Now their victory has laid the foundation for the kingdom's recovery.”

Shin Hye-min laughed brightly.

“A lot of viewers will be wondering about this so please explain in detail.”

“The Haven Empire has committed financially and technologically to the construction of cities in the colony.”

“I remember the broadcast. There was an interview with lords in the Haven Empire about the development of the northern area.”

“Yes, that did happen in the past. Currently there are many commercial facilities, residential areas and decorated market squares. The farmlands and mines near the cities were also developed. The problem is that the population is low so there is a limit to the development... This will be instantly resolved after joining the Arpen Kingdom.”

“There really are a lot of northern users. Is there a good

connection between cities in the colony?”

“Of course. The Hermes Guild had many development plans so infrastructure such as the roads and marinas are excellent.”

The cities created as a bridge for the Haven Empire would be handed over to the Arpen Kingdom.

From the perspective of the Haven Empire, it was like handing Weed their order of sweet and sour pork.

At that moment, Shin Hye-min and Oh Joo-wan could see two sentences on their monitor.

-The current game broadcast as a 72.83% share.

The full broadcast ratings is 9.361%.

The PD standing next to the cameraman gave a thumbs up. It was natural for the hosts to like high ratings.

“The cities will now be joining the Arpen Kingdom. As well as the residents living in the colony. So what about the reactions of the NPCs? There is a chance the residents from the Central Continent might revolt.”

“They fully welcome joining the Arpen Kingdom.”

“I’m wondering about half the residents. They will have to change their country affiliation. Is it due to the high reputation of King Weed?”

“That is one of the reasons, but the residents originally lived in other kingdoms in the Haven Empire. Their kingdoms were conquered and they had the status of slaves, so they were pleased to be freed.”

“That is because slavery isn’t officially recognized in the Arpen Kingdom.”

“That is the important part.”

Shin Hye-min and Oh Joo-wan exchanged glances. The hosts and

producers of the broadcasts were generally aware of Weed's nature.

The Arpen Kingdom could gain a huge profit from slavery. A perfect slave kingdom based on exploitation!

They would eat barley bread at the crack of dawn, grass porridge for lunch and would sleep very late at night.

But unlike forced laborers, no taxes could be obtained from the slaves. They had no property to manage.

If the Arpen Kingdom acknowledged slavery then tax revenues would go down and it would be easy to mobilize huge manpower for development projects.

-Right now, the agricultural prices are too cheap. It will be difficult to reap taxes.

In order to collect taxes from many people, slavery was abolished! Items such as coffee and sugar cane were grown through low cost labour in the north.

To plant enthusiasts who had to be satisfied with flowerpots in apartments, Royal Road was like heaven.

“Is it growing?”

“Wah! It is germinating. Sprouting!”

“The size of the lettuce is 15 metres. Heh. The target has been updated. I won't give up here. I will use everything to break the record of a 23 metres long carrot!”

Thousands of plant enthusiasts joined cafes and communities where they could talk about their crops in Royal Road.

-It is like a dream being able to plant in the earth instead of just the flower beds at my apartment. I will put up a few photos.

Cities had spacious land where wheat, barley, grapes and various agricultural products could be grown.

-Yesterday I spent some time in Royal Road. I got up early in the morning to plow the fields and could see as the sky filled with star transitioned into the rising sun. I was extremely proud.

There were also users who cleared land in the stony mountains.

-I planted the seeds, waited patiently and it finally germinated! I planted herbs in a 5000 pyeong piece of land in the mountains north of Morata. I need people to help me take care of it.

-I also have land to the east of Morata... Are you Wild Manure-nim?

-Ohut. A famous farmer in Morata has joined our cafe!

Every once in a while, there would be taunting posts.

Title: Take a look at this garbage plant cafe.

Are you all farmers?

Kukuku. This year I've stepped on many flowers.

I also burned the flowers.

There were also posts to alleviate bad feelings.

-I will show photos of beautiful flowers. They are flowers that can only be seen in one season a year.

-If you are feeling bad then tell me. I will listen seriously.

-Life is tough. I gain courage and hope knowing that flowers will keep blooming next spring. Aja aja fighting!

People in the plant community considered the Arpen Kingdom as a holy land.

Miretas dreamt of becoming a farming master and had a huge scale farmland where he grew food, fruits and herbs.

There were many novice farmers who grew crops because there was no slavery.

Of course, popular items like grapes, barley, olives, tomatoes and

rice were exported around the continent.

Daily necessities such as clothing and carriages were soaring due to the increase in consumption from the Arpen Kingdom's growing population.

“Now it is time to discuss the situation and development of the Arpen Kingdom on the Versailles Continent. Let's ask the professionals.”

Shin Hye-min introduced the professionals in order.

There was a former prestigious guild master on the Central Continent, an adventurer who made great contributions and a high level user.

Many people knew their names in Royal Road.

“First, I want to ask about the Arpen Kingdom. What do you see?”

Shin Hye-min questioned the adventurer who replied.

“The momentum of the Arpen Kingdom is great. I thought they could win the war when objectively looking at their power. But the result was far beyond my expectations. I think the Arpen Kingdom's future will continue to be bright. The challenge is always to create a new dream.”

The representative from a prestigious guild also replied positively about the future.

“They have a large force and time. Thanks to repeated victories against the Haven empire, it is likely that the kingdom and potential of the users will increase even further. Usually the management of a kingdom is done step by step, but sometimes huge leaps can be taken.”

The experts all had a positive outlook for the Arpen Kingdom.

“I would like to hear the opinion of Lee Yong-han ssi.”

Every time he appeared on broadcasts in the past, he had a

negative outlook of the Weed and the Arpen Kingdom.

Even though the Haven Empire was a little bit bigger, he was always receiving criticisms from the viewers.

“Kuheom. The strength of the players who won the war is partly due to the leadership of King Weed. The north will no longer be a continent of adventure, instead it will be the symbol of prosperity.”

Lee Yong-han admitted it.

He was afraid of the viewers' criticisms but sometimes a kingdom could have great advances after a war.

Moreover, the Northern Continent was like a black hole sucking in users.

The broadcasting stations estimated that 93.7% of beginners started in the Arpen Kingdom.

The Central Continent had high taxes and expensive prices so starting there made it hard to catch up.

Furthermore, the severe wealth gap and lack of facilities for beginners diverted new users to the north.

Of course, the urban development of the Arpen Kingdom was behind but the variety of fun facilities meant that the users were much happier.

In addition to the new users, many people also migrated to the north so the growth had accelerated.

The economic experts also provided their opinions.

“Technology and capital, extensive lands, equal opportunity and motivation for development. A US consulting firm estimated that the Arpen Kingdom's economic growth rate is 16% per month.

“16% per month?”

“Yes, that means the economic strength will double in just 4~5

months. Technology will be as early as 1 year, and there will be no innovations in the next two years.” The activities of the merchants stood out. The merchants made high investment risks and promoted the development of the kingdom.

Oh Joo-wan asked the economic experts.

“There is still a big gap between the Central and Northern Continents. For example, the Haven Empire could be seen as a developed country while the Arpen Kingdom is an emerging one. Can that gap be reduced?”

“The Central Continent’s facilities have been destroyed by war. Residents are still leaving and there are no signs that the rebellions are calming down. And the leaders of the Hermes Guild are in a crisis itself. There are disputes due to escalating greed so the political power of the lords have to be overcome.”

“The Haven Empire is in a difficult situation. But considering the large number of cities and territory in the Central Continent, won’t it be hard for their power to decrease?”

“It is difficult to guess with only simple calculations. There are several uncertain conditions in Royal Road that could make a country decline. Historically, it is unprecedented for a great empire to collapse so suddenly.”

“Then from now on, we will listen to words from the Haven Empire’s side.”

*

“Another defeat.”

Lafaye seemed to indifferently accept the results of the Puhol Fortress battle, but he was burning with anger inside.

Combat troops had been sent on an expedition to the north.

‘It is ridiculous. Why did this happen?’

It was a mystery how such a terrible result had emerged.

Tactics and strategy all flew away as they became entangled with Weed's tricks and the northern users.

“In 1~2 years, the Arpen Kingdom might end up surpassing the Haven Empire.”

Every station was chattering loudly about the prospects for the future, and the Hermes Guild's intelligence network also made similar judgement.

If they maintained the current scale, the Haven Empire had the best economic power. However, the Arpen Kingdom's development was incredible.

It was difficult for the Haven Empire to catch up with such rapid acceleration.

Despite some good policies, it became distorted once it came time to be executed by humans.

The extreme corruption, chaotic security and worsening public sentiment meant the Hermes Guild and Haven Empire suffered.

Bardray came up to Lafaye.

“The economic empire that we built is crumbling against the Arpen Kingdom. Now that they have wings, what will we do in the future?”

Bardray was in charge of wars while Lafaye was in charge of internal affairs.

They believed in each other's abilities and cooperated, however now both of them were nervous.

Bardray was disappointed about the internal affairs of the Haven Empire while Lafaye didn't have any confidence in winning the war.

‘The best situation will be Bardray leading the army to the north to obliterate them. But will that end the war? What if we are defeated once again?’

Weed's tricks meant there would always be surprises.

Rather than fighting on the plains, the Arpen Kingdom could scatter if Bardray led the army to the north.

Defeating Weed would be the next best thing, but the time and cost of a military expedition to destroy the north was an issue.

Small resistance armies would occur in various parts of the Central Continent, turning the empire into a mess.

The Haven Empire would be unable to climb out of the mud and would be ruined.

Lafaye expressed his thoughts to Bardray.

"Right now it is difficult to correct the situation. The Hermes Guild's myth of invincibility has been broken and there is a chance our military and economic dominance can be reversed later on."

"How can we fix it?"

"The straightforward way... Delay the timing. The Haven Empire won't be conquered in a war. If we optimize the army and increase the size of the Hermes Guild then we can hold out for a long time."

It was a method of accepting new users into the Hermes Guild. In the process of expanding the territory, they had to accept more members. Missions such as subjugating the rebels and ensuring security were given to them. However, accepting new users was bound to cause bigger trouble later on.

Lafaye shook his head.

"We don't have that many methods. The Arpen Kingdom will continue to follow after us."

"So there isn't a straightforward way?"

"There is an extreme method to solve it."

Lafaye stood at the window and looked at the magnificent Aren Castle.

After the Central Continent was conquered, it was only a matter of time until the Hermes Guild unified the rest of the continent.

It was based on their overwhelming military strength, but this could also become a poison pill.

In fact, even if Weed wasn't there, Lafaye thought that the Versailles Continent was too large.

The east, north and south were all being pioneered.

Millions of users were flocking to Royal Road so the Hermes Guild found it had to deal with all of them.

'Of course, this could also be attributed to Weed's popularity.'

Lafaye carefully opened his mouth.

"In the end, the solution is to reduce the taxes to an amount comparable to the Arpen Kingdom. The opposition of the users would reduce and it would solve many problems."

"I don't think we need to cut taxes so much. If the income reduces then won't we have to decrease spending?"

"We can survive."

The Haven Empire consumed a huge amount of funds on a daily basis. They had a large army and their lavish lifestyle needed to be maintained.

Rewards also needed to be given for the sake of the Hermes Guild's unity.

"The company is behind us."

"Did you speak to them?"

"Yes. The sponsors have decided to give the Hermes Guild economic support until we conquer the continent."

The Hermes Guild was changed into a corporation in reality and investors got involved.

In their position, they absolutely couldn't miss a chance to invest

in Royal Road.

“The Grass Porridge Cult? They are weak and only have overwhelming numbers. They are constantly breaking their formations.”

“We will crush them so thoroughly that they won’t rise up again. A show of force is needed to make them succumb.”

“It is worth showing supremacy in Royal Road. I will give you support if necessary.”

Lafaye met with the representatives and managed to gain an agreement for financial support.

“They have decided to take responsibility for a portion of the taxes.”

“How is that possible?”

“It is a huge financial commitment.”

A vast amount of money was poured in to cover the expenditure of the Haven Empire.

“We must prepare for victory in the Versailles Continent. Train more troops to develop our combat power while getting rid of regulations and lowering the taxes. There is no way we can lose.”

“Will the northern users take a step back?”

“Yes. If they enjoy a comfortable standard of living then there is no reason for them to fight us. The Royal Road users will no longer have a reason to follow Weed.”

By default, the north could be seen as on Weed’s side.

The Hermes Guild thought that an organization like the Grass Porridge Cult was absurd.

The organization skills of the Hermes Guild meant they could mobilize 50,000 people in only 30 minutes.

When looking at the northern users, it was filled with people

who genuinely wanted to enjoy Royal Road.

Many users were driven to the north because they couldn't stand the tyranny and wars between the prestigious guilds.

“We have raised Weed. Now we need to do some tax cuts as well as several measures that can't be exposed.”

“It will be easy if there is a war. The power of the Arpen Kingdom is poor.”

“There is still a chance. We need to tear down Weed and the Arpen Kingdom with a sharp knife, not a flimsy sword.”

“If we fail again...”

“It won't be good for us.”

“That...”

The worst results flashed through Lafaye and Bardray's heads.

They were receiving a huge amount of cash support from the international investors so if the results were bad, there was a chance of bankruptcy.

“We have already climbed on the tigers. Now we need to ensure that we don't fall.”

“I guess so.”

“This is our chance from now on. We need to make sure we win.”

Hours after the battle at Puhol Fortress, the major lords of the Haven Empire were gathered at Aren Castle.

The expressions of the lords of the Haven Empire were stiff.

“Losing to the north again... When looking at the long term, it is important to secure the north for the hegemony of the empire.”

“Won't they come and invade the territory of the Haven Empire now?”

“That is the problem. The fame of the empire has fallen and we

are getting more rebels every day.”

“It will be an enormous headache if Weed joins with the rebels.”

At that moment, Lafaye and Bardray entered the meeting room.

The attention of the lords who were talking loudly turned to them.

Lafaye intended to deliver his idea to the lords.

The lords were looking at him with a mixture of mistrust. The myths and achievements of the Haven Empire was rapidly collapsing.

Lafaye and Bardray. The two men they thought would lead the Hermes Guild to conquer the continent felt shaky.

‘The collapse of the empire.’

While the lords were looking at them with deep concern, Lafaye came forward and spoke first.

“Right now, the empire is facing multiple risks. The territories aren’t stable due to rebels and according to the judgement of the intelligence network, we won’t be able to take down the north without risking the Central Continent as well.”

Lafaye’s words didn’t have a simple meaning.

After conquering Puhol Fortress, the north could enter the borders of the Haven Empire and secure some Arpen Kingdom colonies.

The lords of the areas near the north became stiff.

‘War will ravage my territory.’

Due to the numerous wars caused by the Haven Empire expanding, many cities and production facilities were destroyed.

Cities were destroyed during the empire’s territorial expansion in order to build a stable base from a clean slate.

If the cities were destroyed then the lords would receive

enormous damage to their revenue.

The giant knight Boemong asked in a bold voice.

“Surely the Haven Empire can stop the Arpen Kingdom? Isn’t our military power enough to unify the Central Continent?”

“There are many cities and fortress so it will be hard to avoid damage in an invasion.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. The army and the members of the Hermes Guild are strong! So far, we can’t tilt the balance of power in the north but it will be a different story if they come to our land. We should try a straight comparison of power!”

“The important thing is that the invaders are unpredictable, so we might suffer defeats in some areas. It is because we have already experienced a war.”

The Hermes Guild had suffered embarrassment because they failed to accurately measure the Arpen Kingdom’s power.

Apart from Morata, it only had wide lands. However, they had endured the subsequent invasion of the Haven Empire and now the users had counterattacked.

Lafaye and the leaders of the Hermes Guild failed to predict how many users would be mobilized to face the invasion.

The power of the Arpen Kingdom was fundamentally due to the support of the users.

Weed alone was nothing but the users of the Arpen Kingdom following him couldn’t be imagined.

“There are many difficulties in governing a vast empire. A long war with the Arpen Kingdom is the worst thing that can happen. But if the northern users come down, they won’t be hard to kill. We just no choice since they can scatter through the vast territory.”

The lords nodded like it was natural.

The Hermes Guild had a power that no one else could compare to. The Hermes Guild was an extremely powerful, independent force.

But the land and population they had to rule over was too much.

The Hermes Guild users that had shown strength and prestige until now were dissatisfied with the defeat.

“If the Arpen Kingdom joins hands with the rebels in the Central Continent... Their forces will increase by several times. We also need to be seriously concerned about the invasion from the southern desert.”

The Haven Empire had to realize that the worst situation had a high likelihood of happening.

The northern users and rebels could form an anti-Hermes Guild coalition.

The regular users would start to make fun of the Haven Empire and irreversible wheels would start rolling.

Many users in the Central Continent would move under the anti-Hermes Guild banner.

Weed's popularity and the decline in public sentiment towards the Hermes Guild was enough.

The faces of the lords reddened.

“Such a thing... Is it feasible?”

“Even now, the intelligence network is unsure about this point. But the Arpen Kingdom will increase to several times its current size. It will be the worst if we lose one or two more big fights.”

It was no longer a problem of the northern expedition failing. The empire was at a serious risk of collapsing.

If the Haven Empire lost power, they would be unable to reign over such a wide area.

Even though they defeated the prestigious guilds, public sentiment as well as the broadcasting stations was with Weed.

The broadcasts received the best ratings when the Haven Empire was defeated.

No matter how high level and powerful the Hermes Guild was, it would be difficult to reverse the flow.

Lafaye told them the worst case scenario but there was a high chance of such a crisis occurring.

“Due to that, we have to look at the distant future. For the sake of the empire’s future, we will cut taxes and get rid of the fees for the hunting grounds and dungeons.”

Kalkus frowned.

“There was a 20% tax cut a short while ago... How much lower?”

“Now it will be lowered by one third. All places belonging to the guild will have no admission fee.”

A shocking tax cut.

The taxes would now be only slightly higher than the Arpen Kingdom and there would be no admission fees.

“Once taxes are cut, the empire will begin rapidly recovering. And the players standing on Weed’s side will have no reason to attack the Haven Empire. Once their power is reduced, we can concentrate on the enemy.”

“In the end, I guess it has to be like that...”

The lords looked at each other.

It would be good if Weed’s side had less users. But they earned wealth and power from the heavy taxes so it was difficult to give it up.

“After the public sentiment is rectified by the tax cut, we will thoroughly smash the Arpen Kingdom.”

“Then after the war?”

One of the greedy lords asked. This was the question that everyone was most curious about.

“It will return to the original tax rate.”

“Won’t there be a backlash from the users?”

“The core of the opposition will disappear along with Weed. Without the Arpen Kingdom, no one will be able to protest the increased taxes.”

The lords thought this method was too simple.

‘My eyes have become blurry.’

It was obvious that the original tax rate would be restored after the unification of the continent.

But in the meantime, their comfort would be reduced.

It was an effective means only in the future.

The herd mentality was hard to break up.

The Hermes Guild didn’t like losing to Weed and would ensure that the Arpen Kingdom tasted the bitterness of defeat.

Once the Arpen Kingdom was so thoroughly destroyed it would be difficult to recover, winning would become much easier.

The Hermes Guild needed to completely trample on them to prevent opposition.

“We are the Hermes Guild and we won’t lose this war. Apart from mobilizing the army, we will use every means necessary to win.”

*

The internet sites heated up after the battle at Puhol Fortress.

A number of users who played Royal Road were spread all over the world so it was understandable that the result would be a hot

topic.

But there was a cafe that had its membership numbers rapidly increase.

-The Weed Hating Alliance.

People from various countries like South Korea, the United States, Japan, China, Europe etc., all joined.

It broke 5 million users in the first day it was created and now had a huge 70 million members.

Meanwhile, the popular Weed fan clubs only had around 300,000.

It was because there was a separate fan club for the Arpen Kingdom and Grass Porridge Cult.

The Weed Hating Alliance poured vicious words onto the forums every day.

-I hate Weed.

-I really hate him. His words and actions, everything is disgusting.

-I fall asleep every night cursing him.

-I bought a fox statue from Weed. Huhu. I smashed and burned it! Why doesn't he just ate barley bread?

Malicious curses kept being posted. There was only one reason behind their anger.

Seo-yoon, the goddess of the Grass Porridge Cult.

She was friends with Weed. There were rumours of a romantic relationship that they didn't want to believe.

There were posts by those who saw Seo-yoon at the battle for Puhol Fortress.

Title: The confession of an avian.

I joined the avians. I play them in Royal Road. Both good and bad things happened after joining the avians.

Human users wouldn't know this but the wind is very cold in the sky.

Flying in the cold wind affects the joints of my wings.

And I... Don't regret it.

I saw her.

Kyahahahahat.

There were thousands of comment on the post about seeing Seoyoon.

-You have received a blessing.

-W-were you close? Are you in the same space as the goddess right now?

-You have enough good luck for a lifetime.

-No. This person... What is the problem with having wind joints affected by the cold? Didn't you get to see Goddess-nim directly.

Title: I joined the avians. Heh heh.

I won't speak for a long time.

Thank you very much.

I want to thank my parents who gave birth to me and everyone else.

I even forgive my indifferent co-workers and dirty little sister.

I've lived 31 years alone with no friends but I have no regrets.

Since that day, a light has been lit in my soul.

I now have a reason to live. Thank you.

-I'm envious. I hope to find such hope and courage.

-Isn't the likelihood of seeing the goddess higher if I join the avians?

-I think it is a possibility.

-I deleted my level 310 character after the battle at Puhol Fortress. It was in order to be born again as an avian.

-Heol. What a waste.

-There is nothing precious in this world. We should all disappear. Whether God exists or not, the best thing will be for her to reincarnate.

-Don't speak so carelessly. It is offensive. Be careful of your words. The beauty of Goddess-nim will not disappear. Forever and ever.

-I know it clearly. Goddess-nim's voice and everything else won't disappear. We will forever be in the fields of history.

Weed saw her first when she was beautiful like the snow.

Her cold and dark expression couldn't hide her beauty. And now she had a brighter smile.

Seo-yoon had a beauty that would be incomparable anywhere in the world.

If a person felt depressed or tired then just looking at her face would give a clean, healing feeling.

-I own a small kimhap business that I had to get a loan to save it. Life is really hard. I'm sorry for all... Just as I thought about committing suicide, Goddess-nim came. Isn't it still worth living?

-Where do you live? I will go and eat at your kimhap store.

Seo-yoon's appearance was also defined.

-I couldn't believe it in the first second after seeing Goddess-nim. And after two seconds, my soul was no longer my own.

The Weed Hating fan club heated up thanks to Seo-yoon.

Her appearance at the battle of Puhol Fortress led to many confessions.

-Wait a minute.. It was insane. It felt like all reason had faded. But why do I feel so proud?

As a match for the characteristics of the fan club, there were also posts suggesting retaliation against Weed. But there were those who opposed this.

-It is a good idea to assassinate Weed. I 100% agree. I would stab him if I could. But what about after that? Won't Goddess-nim be sad?

-Aaack! I keep telling people not to speak so carelessly. I can imagine Goddess-nim being sad.

-Goddess-nim with tears in her eyes... Keheok. My heart almost stopped!

-That can't be allowed to happen. The achievements of mankind. We must protect her, even if the Versailles Continent is destroyed. Isn't it worth it?

-Even if I don't like it, Weed makes Goddess-nim smile. We just have to do our best.

-For the Arpen Kingdom and Goddess-nim.

-How about making the Grass Porridge Cult a formal religion in reality? I will become lifelong follower and make donations.

-Let's use the money to place a statue on all the continents, the Mediterranean Sea and the Pacific Ocean.

-That is a great plan!

Chapter 3: Water Park That Will Earn A Fortune

The news of the Arpen Kingdom's territory expansion and Haven Empire's sudden tax cut spread across the continent.

“Hooray!”

“Free from taxes. The struggle is over.”

“Nonsense. For the Hermes Guild to obediently withdraw...”

“It is worrying. Anyway, it is a good thing.”

Thanks to the immediate response, the connection rate to Royal Road rose by four times. All the users in the Central Continent welcomed it.

“It will be really fun from now on.”

“Yes. I'm going to be a merchant. I will definitely sell and get rid of some things. Most of the profits will be my own.”

The cities and stores were bustling with users. Thanks to the tax cuts, the goods were being sold at lower prices.

“Gallikos' Sword please. It has already been sold out? Then Nerdal's Crescent Moon Sword!”

“I will order this. Please show me all your useful armour.”

“Horse. I am looking for a horse. For the last few years, I haven't been riding a good one.”

The stores were packed with users so there was no room to move.

Users wanted to buy the goods at a cheaper price.

“I want to buy more.”

“There isn't much money left...”

“Earn it. Gain equipment from the hunting grounds. Quickly recover the money.”

“I have no money to go to the hunting grounds in the south.”

“Don’t you know? The dungeons are free.”

“Heeok!”

The free admissions policy meant that many users turned to hunting.

After the Hermes Guild’s policy of high taxes and limited dungeon admission was changed, the situation dramatically improved.

People waited at the dungeon entrance looking for parties.

“I am a combat priest. I am capable of stage 2 treatments. I will help you properly.”

“We are organizing a party to hunt the boss monster Batoto. Please contact me if you are more than level 400.”

“Looking for someone to hunt until evening. We are a medium size party looking for more than 10 people to sweep the dungeon.”

The cities and hunting grounds were crowded, as well as the roads connecting them.

The depressed Central Continent had turned into a huge, vibrant land.

There was even a change in the rebels.

“I want to go back home. Now I can return to my farm in the Haven Empire.”

“His Majesty has got rid of all past sins... I’m going to quit and return to my occupation. Now I need to feed my family.”

“Giving land to farmers, horse drawn carriages to merchants and jobs to blacksmiths? Then I have to go into the city. Now I can live and eat.”

The resistance degraded and was reduced by at least half.

Following the tax cut, the Hermes Guild implemented various

economic measures and development started.

-The Haven Empire will pursue full-scale construction projects in order to promote stability and convenience on the Versailles Continent.

Proclamations about 30 Grand Buildings simultaneously popped up with Emperor Bardray's name attached.

Of course, skilled architects were needed for Grand Buildings so they needed to actively cooperate with users.

Despite a lot of time needed before it could be implemented, the Grand Buildings were announced in order to increase public sentiment.

The heated response to Hermes Guild's tax cuts buried the result of the Puhol Fortress battle.

*

Lee Hyun felt violent sadness despite winning the battle at Puhol Fortress.

It was because that evening, he watched television while eating rice and kimchi stew with his sister.

"There are large tax cuts in the Haven Empire. The stores and markets in the Central Continent are crowded with people. Jae-ho ssi, hasn't the atmosphere of the Haven Empire changed?"

"Yes, that's correct. The number of people wandering the cities have grown and the items in warehouses are selling like they are on fire.

"Then will the cities quickly stabilize?"

"There is still opposition from residents in areas conquered by the Haven Empire, but it is clear that big changes are occurring."

Every broadcasting station associated with Royal Road was relaying news about the tax cuts. Lee Hyun was so surprised that he dropped his spoon filled with pork.

“The Haven Empire lowering taxes is like taking an axe to my feet.”

Considering the military and economic scale of the Haven Empire, there were many actions they couldn't take.

They could form three or four more northern expeditions but it would still be impossible to devastate the Arpen Kingdom.

Nevertheless, the tax cuts started stabilizing the empire.

The stations also played the Hermes Guild's official announcement.

-The Hermes Guild has unified the Central Continent after the endless wars and have been seeking to stabilize the continent.

We made many friends and enemies on this path, but there is no room for regret.

This isn't an excuse, but we knew that someone else would eventually walk along that path.

We wanted to end the war quickly. However, the Hermes Guild has realized the mistakes in the process that made some residents inconvenienced.

In order to stabilize the Versailles Continent, the Haven Empire will cut tax rates for users living in this land and will engage in economic development.

These changes aren't just in words and we will show you directly.

Stay tuned for future developments on the continent.

A series of complaints burst from Lee Hyun's mouth.

“The Hermes Guild doesn't have the spirit of a collaborator.”

In order to conquer the continent, they would continue to attack the Arpen Kingdom.

In the long run, the Haven Empire would use the Arpen Kingdom as an excuse to increase the taxes.

“I can no longer raise my taxes in the future...”

His grief was so large that he was almost moved to tears.

His kingdom was high in integrity but it was poor. He wasn't interested in such things.

After taking care of the Haven Empire and developing the economy, he had a plan to raise the taxes of the Arpen Kingdom.

His goal was to rule the Arpen Kingdom as a dictator and to exploit the residents.

“A man should have that much ambition.”

Yet the Hermes Guild had changed their policy because of the crisis.

“It really is tough to become a dictator.”

Lee Hyun and Lee Hye-yeon watched the television together.

Users were wandering the stores in the Central Continent with happy expressions.

Lee Hye-yeon and Lee Hyun each said something.

“Pretty clothes.”

“What a waste. They should be brought to the Arpen Kingdom to be exploited...”

The attractions on the Central Continent that had been booked full for one month also appeared.

“Wah! A pretty place.”

“They are just an opportunity to rip people off.”

The economic development measures and Grand Buildings construction in the Haven Empire were also announced.

“I would like to live in the Central Continent too, Oppa.”

“The housing prices will rise.”

Despite a similar growth process, the siblings had different

thoughts.

*

Lee Hyun took two seconds to pick clothes from his closet for a date with Seo-yoon.

Despite the rest from university and playing Royal Road every day, he still went on outings with her around the neighbourhood.

“Jeans... I will wear this t-shirt.”

It was a simple fashion for going out.

Jeans could be worn all year round and a jumper could be placed over the t-shirt if it was cold. Of course, he wore thick, corduroy pants when it was winter mornings. It was a similar fashion to the middle aged men who worked at the fish market.

His simple fashion didn't change for his dates with Seo-yoon.

“They are comfortable clothes to wear.”

Sometimes he also wanted to be fashionable.

It was because Seo-yoon was so beautiful. He wanted other people to say they were a well-suited couple just once.

“Yes, let's wear this new t-shirt that I had been saving.”

Lee Hyun pulled out a t-shirt he bought a few months ago for a discounted price of 12,000 won.

The fabric was soft, it was fitting and comfortable and there was meticulous stitching.

“Indeed... Clothing from a market is different.”

Lee Hyun was satisfied as he looked in the mirror.

He left his house with clothes that had a chicken sewn on his chest.

Seo-yoon was playing with Dogmeat and she was also dressed in jeans and a white t-shirt. She shone despite the simple clothes. Not

to mention the face and perfect body ratio.

If Seo-yoon was born hundreds of years ago, that beauty would be enough to cause wars between countries.

Of course, artists would have tried to paint or make sculptures of her.

“Have you waited long?”

“Nope. I’ve been playing awhile.”

Seo-yoon was gently brushing Dogmeat.

Growl!

Dogmeat growled as soon as she saw Lee Hyun. The five puppies Dogmeat gave birth to also had stiff tails.

Animals weren’t stupid. Their new owners, Lee Hyun and Seo-yoon had a good relationship!

‘Something is suspicious. He is a wicked, old master.’

The dogs distrusted Lee Hyun.

After giving Seo-yoon Dogmeat, the second Dogmeat also fled to her home every day. Despite being right next door, Dogmeat 2 didn’t even bother urinating at Lee Hyun’s house.

Lee Hyun’s eyes shone fiercely.

“Lie down.”

Cheolpudeok.

The fear imprinted in her mouth made Dogmeat instinctively obey.

She feared Lee Hyun opening the lid of a pot only for it to contain one of her puppies.

“Swim.”

Houjeok houjeok.

The wise Dogmeat and her puppies obeyed.

“Now that is more desirable.”

After steamrolling over the dogs, he started his neighbourhood outing with Seo-yoon.

They stumbled across some high school thugs wandering the side of the road.

“Hello everyone!”

These days, the students greeted them with a polite attitude. There was a legend about them in the alleys.

“Lee Hyun... Be careful around him. And don’t touch his younger sister.”

“Why?”

“Do you know Chan-hwi hyung?”

“Yes. That hyung doesn’t like people he doesn’t know wandering into his area.”

“A little while ago, he discovered Lee Hyun loitering in front of his home.”

“Was there a fight? Chan-hwi hyung wouldn’t tolerate that.”

“He decided to beat the other person up. So that evening, he headed out with an iron pipe. He dragged a bunch of other people with him.”

“So? Was the police called?”

“I would be glad if that was the case. That Lee Hyun came out of the gate holding a scythe.”

“...”

“He was also holding a chicken with blood dripping down. Thirty people came to fight him... nobody entered. Anyway, since that day Chan-hwi hyung hasn’t entered this neighbourhood.”

It was rare for neighbourhood thugs to have not heard that legend.

Rumours about Lee Hyun and Ahn Hyun-do circulated and were greatly inflated.

“He trained with a real sword.”

“That dojang... Have you seen their skill with the sword? It isn't surprising that the hand of someone who tried to touch his little sister was hacked off. He had sufficient skills for it.”

“More strange people have entered the area because of him.”

“Did you see the people who attend the dojang? Even the hyung-nims don't dare touch them.”

Lee Hyun and his family were a presence that couldn't be touched in this area.

Seo-yoon was so beautiful that even the gangsters and bad men were eyeing her. But they were blocked by highly trained bodyguards.

Now it didn't matter if she was escorted on walks because she had guards.

Yoo Byung-jin had discovered Seo-yoon's presence while watching Lee Hyun.

“She is Lee Hyun's girlfriend. Beautiful. So pretty that she might become the target of a crime...”

-The likelihood of a crime is 94.7282%.

“Isn't the security in South Korea good enough? It is much better than other countries.”

-With her looks, it would be a 98% chance of a crime in other countries.

Even the police and the country's security force would be drawn in by her looks.

When she walked around, the people and traffic were paralyzed because they were staring at her.

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that her beauty would cause a country to collapse in the past.

"It isn't good to leave this situation unchecked. I don't want to watch that child be sad.

Even Yoo Byung-jin didn't want to see Seo-yoon cry.

While watching Weed's adventures in Royal Road, he had seen Seo-yoon crying as her heart was melted.

The clear tears flowing down Seo-yoon's face was an incredibly beautiful moment.

If Yoo Byung-jin was younger then he might have devoted everything to her. Royal Road or the wealth that could shake the world didn't matter.

As he watched Seo-yoon for a while, he realized that her insides were beautiful as well.

"Lee Hyun might be ugly but he is blessed with a woman like that. I would like to watch their children."

-Do you want to hire some bodyguards?

"Grade A or above guards."

As well as grade A guards, the satellites and surveillance systems were used to prevent anything dangerous from happening.

Of course, there were more than 10 androids mobilized in that area to improve security.

-All evidence for criminals within a 50km radius has been secured. It will take approximately a week for the police to sweep up all of them.

After the area was cleaned, Yoo Byung-jin ordered the androids to secretly monitor it.

Lee Hyun reached the side of the road and asked.

"Where do you want to go? The cinema or the mall? Do you want

winter clothes?”

“I don’t want to see a movie. Or buy clothes... I want to go to the market.”

“Is there anything you would like to eat?”

“Crab!”

“Um. Crab is a little expensive... The price of seafood doesn’t matter. No, these days I am receiving a lot of money from the broadcasting stations.”

Seo-yoon and Lee Hyun couldn’t spend much time together like this because important events were occurring in Royal Road.

For today’s date, they agreed to buy crab at the market and then make a stew at home.

Lee Hyun went to a seafood store he had been going to for 5 years and the middle aged employee said to Seo-yoon.

“A precious girl like you doesn’t match him... Young lady, there are many men in this wide world.”

“No. It is okay.”

“I am just worried... If he has grabbed onto a weakness then I will report it to the police.”

This was the 297th time Seo-yoon had received this offer.

Most of the people in the neighbourhood encouraged her to report at least once.

*

Lee Hyun connected to Royal Road where the festival at Puhol Fortress was still ongoing.

“Hahahat! Drink, drink. Drink it all.”

“Uhhh, take it. I love grass porridge thickened with alcohol. My stomach can’t eat anymore. Perhaps I should let the grass porridge settle?”

“You don’t have to seriously worry about the dungeons. It is a dark and lonely place but... It also has a cozy feeling. You should go at least once.”

Even though it was daytime, the northern users were still celebrating.

In Royal Road time, it had been 3 days since the battle ended but people still remained in the area.

The walls were broken and the ground cracked.

There was an eating and drinking atmosphere everywhere.

Weed had a rotten smile on his face.

“Good.”

A tough battle had ended with victory so the northern users deserved to play.

Some users who died in battle came back and shared the mood of others. A two day festival was scheduled after they revived.

“I will earn quite a bit of money.”

Of course, the alcohol and food for the festival were sold by merchants so Mapan made quite a profit.

Merchants were the busiest before and after a war.

Weed relied on Mapan but he still had a slight relationship with other merchants. The Money Mine Company, King Crab Shipping Company, Turtle Trading Company, etc.

Weed knew how to make more money because of his life experience.

He maintained a low tax rate but he found merchants where he could rake in some profit.

The so-called godfather of the underground economy!

However, not all the users at Puhol Fortress were playing.

“Looking for a priest eager to save people. Let’s go hunting together!”

“I am a shield warrior, please take me. Level 256. I have focused on raising the resilience of my body.”

The high level or diligent users left for hunting and adventuring in the area.

“Now, an underground exploration. We’re off!”

10~20 users could be seen playing in the tunnels that Squashy Wiggler made.

“Push as hard as possible.”

“Kkung!”

Some users were getting into mischief by rolling stones along the walls.

A lot of money and effort would be required to restore the broken walls, defense towers and inner roads of Puhol Fortress.

Weed lacked experience as an architect but he could still guess the status of Puhol Fortress.

“It will take millions of gold to restore this place. Of course, there is no reason to spend money on a fortress if there is no war.”

A military fortress would increase the training of soldiers and boost their morale. Maintaining large military facilities were essential to stopping enemy invasions.

Weed shook his head.

“Restoration is too costly. And it isn’t possible to defend the Arpen Kingdom from here.”

Even if Puhol Fortress was kept, the Haven Empire could use different routes to destroy the kingdom.

“Repairs aren’t possible so I need to change the direction... Should I keep it as ruins and sell souvenirs?”

Weed wanted to change the use of the fortress.

A war memorial would only receive petty cash. A pile of stones was just tacky unless the battle took place decades or hundreds of years ago.

Making flimsy tourist attractions would just result in a steady loss.

Weed thought that it was the wrong investment.

“If the facilities are left untouched... It might turn into a den of monsters.”

Monsters lived in ruins or abandoned buildings.

The scale of Puhol Fortress meant there would be hundreds of monsters.

A good hunting ground would be created but that could also be a poison. The monsters released in Puhol Fortress wouldn't just stay in one place. The boss level monsters among them would wander the kingdom, worsening security.

“The cost of demolition will be enormous. I also can't charge the Hermes Guild.”

Weed was in the midst of watching users dropping stones or breaking buildings.

‘Fixing everything will take money. Homeowners also wouldn't want messy houses like these.’

Then he suddenly had an idea.

“Can I take advantage of sculpting here? I can use them as raw materials in sculpting and sell the pieces at an expensive price.”

A deep rooted bias against sculpting!

Carving a few wooden blocks would only give him a few gold.

‘The money disappears once it leaves my hand. But there will definitely be a way to earn money from the fortress. Concentrate,

think. There were a number of tricks that could be used. Success and failure in life need to be found on its own.'

He looked at Puhol Fortress again from the viewpoint of a sculptor.

He had 1% left before becoming the long-awaited sculpting master. It was at the last step but it really wasn't easy to raise it through half-hearted works.

After mastering swordsmanship in the desert, Weed's base damage had increased by 500%. The power of the attack skills improved and the range increased. The effect of swordsmanship as well as his defense increased when he mastered it.

The Class Master Quests took a long time so there should be substantial compensation.

"The problem is there is a chance Bardray will also become a master swordsman. He is probably further ahead in the class skills."

Weed had watched Bardray's battles in the Hall of Fame as well as news about him on the broadcasting stations.

Bardray led the army to sweep up the rebels in the Haven Empire. Of course, he also didn't miss dungeon hunting and pioneering new places.

Other users admired his efficiency but Weed had a rough idea of his skills.

"His level is certainly in the mid-500s. And his swordsmanship is a little lower than I thought. He has an outstanding ability to use several skills at the same time to great effect."

Sword Awakening, Power of Birth, Black Knight's Strike and Summon Another Sword. Bardray's skills were wonderful but it was weaker than when Weed was ruler of the desert.

"On average, it should be around advanced level 4."

Bardray's skill proficiency was relatively low but that wasn't a critical problem for him.

His skill proficiencies would continue to grow and he could receive rewards and accumulate stats from hunting and completing quests.

"I need to become a sculpting master. This sculpture will help me earn money as well as master it."

He needed to break through the last step.

The final secret technique Time Sculpting had managed to reach intermediate level. He could create a Museum of Time just once.

He also had the helium from the dragon quest. It wasn't good to use in a sculpture but it would be a waste to leave it unused.

If Weed mastered his class then there would be many benefits as well as improvements in the related skills.

"I should invest everything."

Weed's eyes once again looked at Puhol Fortress.

Right now, Puhol Fortress was just a ruin that ate a lot of money.

However, there was no reason to restore it to normal.

"It might not work as a military fortress but it is a place with convenient traffic and many people know about it... Should I go into the culture and commerce area?"

He decided to make Puhol Fortress into a sculpture. This space would be changed after getting rid of the people.

"The problem with a sculpture made of ruins is that the value will drop if a piece of stone falls. How can I throw away money?"

Weed recalled the big money making opportunity he missed.

"Before the battle at Puhol Fortress... I was trying to develop luxury villas near the river. Time was too short so I had to sadly give up on that plan. If I drag water through here then I can sell

villas.”

He had planned to half submerge Puhol Fortress in water and then sell luxury villas in the area.

The unique scenery of Puhol Fortress would attract tourists and generate revenue.

“P-perhaps...”

A scene came to Weed’s mind.

Magnificent natural sculptures that acted as large rides. If he changed Puhol Fortress into a lake then he could create many facilities for users.

It was possible to go swimming on land!

“A-a water theme park of my dreams!”

In the Korean summers, many people went to beaches and water parks.

Families or lovers moved as units and it was a place that ripped off people.

“It is possible to have expensive admission fees, sale of goods and parking fees.”

There would be an entry fee per person as well as parking for carriages and other means of transportation.

Food and accommodation would also be provided. Fancy, overpriced facilities!

In the north of the Versailles Continent, there were few popular tourist destinations. The users invested in equipment or a house.

If he made a water park here, millions of people would come flooding.

“The whole area will be submerged in water and hundreds of thousands of people can enter!”

A water park redevelopment project that surpassed the limits!

If 200,000 people came daily and paid 10 gold then it would be a profit of millions.

Puhol Fortress would be turned into a natural water park so the maintenance costs wouldn't be that high.

“Once it is created, the commercial facilities will be crazy. Clothes, food, souvenirs... They will be sold out.”

Weed thought that he was stupid.

In today's world, he never made money like a rich person.

“I concentrated on the old-fashioned way of raising taxes. I just recklessly spent the money collected.”

He needed something that steadily made money.

The northern users could make him money by eating, playing and dressing up.

The Arpen Kingdom was receiving 20~30 million gold in tax revenue. If this water park business went well, it could increase by a few times.

There was the overpriced admission fee, villas and taxes on commercial facilities.

A fantastic revenue set!

“I can't slow down. I have to start right away. This is more important than the war with the Haven Empire.”

Excitement flowed through Weed's body.

The redevelopment plan to turn Puhol Fortress into a commercial property had now begun.

“Summon Sculpture!”

He immediately summoned his sculptural lifeforms.

They were creatures who could exert their strength on the land like Yellowy, King Hydra and Cerberus!

A bright light shone as they were forcibly summoned.

Chapter 4: The North's Largest Construction

Ummoooooooo!

Yellowy pulled a large plow and dug at the land.

The warrior Gernika, Vindex, Seville etc., had picked up shovels and were digging the earth.

It was the grand plan to direct the Miros River to Fort Puhol!

Goldman, Golden Bird and Silver Bird helped to split apart the rocks while the wyverns carried bundles.

“Kuweeek!”

The wyverns were carrying bundles of sand.

All the sculptural lifeforms had been mobilized to work.

Death Worm and the King Hydra were changing the flow of the river by pouring enormous amounts of soil and stones into the river.

The sculptural lifeforms were being used as construction workers.

“As you can now see, Weed is orchestrating something. I wonder what his plan is?”

“Weed’s subordinates have emerged after the battle. Looking at this video from an avian, it seems like they are trying to change the direction of Miros River towards Puhol Fortress.”

The stations delivered the news in real time.

The bulletin boards that became quiet after the battle at Puhol Fortress heated up again.

-What is it? What is going on?

-I wonder if another battle will take place at Puhol Fortress. Is he

digging waterways in preparation for a future battle with the Haven Empire?

-The amount of water seems too large to building a waterway near the fortress.

-I have been a builder for 21 years. That construction is on a national level. A minimum of billions of won would be required.

Weed’s work attracted the attention of the viewers and broadcasting stations, so the connection rate to Royal Road increased.

The northern users celebrating at Puhol Fortress were surprised to hear the news.

“Hey, he really is working.”

“It seems like they are digging a lot of land.”

Death Worm was digging up a lot of earth while the King Hydra was pushing it. The dirt was piled up like a mountain!

At that moment, a message window simultaneously popped up in front of all northern users.

Ddirring!

Miros River Construction Site	
King Weed of the Arpen Kingdom is planning a huge civil engineering project. Create a new waterway from Miros River to Puhol Fortress! Those who take part in the kingdom’s civil engineering project will be given public achievements in correspondence with their work.	
Level of Difficulty	Kingdom Quest
Compensation	National Achievement, Fame
	Limited to those who belong to the Arpen Kingdom

Quest Restrictions	Murderers are unable to participate
	Limited to 5 million people

The northern users were surprised as they saw the contents of the message window.

“5 million people can participate in a kingdom quest?”

“Ah, I should do it. I have been bored since there are no Grand Buildings being created. My whole body has become muscular after all that labour.”

“The construction of the statue comes to mind.”

“Achievements in the Arpen Kingdom... It is important to be active in the north. Should I dig the ground or carry the soil?”

Those who started in the Arpen Kingdom had some experience with labour.

It was difficult work if they did it alone, but hundreds of thousands of people participated!

“I am tired of drinking and playing. It would be good to sweat a little bit. Such things are precious in life...”

“Huhu. Let’s build up some achievements.”

Ddiring!

There are 83,190 construction workers gathered at Miros River.

After a few seconds.

There are 893,192 construction workers gathered at Miros River.

By that evening, 5 million people had registered.

There were many users who survived the war, and a lot of them

were only drinking and eating at Puhol Fortress.

“Let’s go.”

“Let’s go!”

“But I have no equipment... Don’t I need a shovel or a cart?”

Mysterious things often happened in the Arpen Kingdom.

Once certain goods were needed, a trading company would appear like ghosts.

“Mapan’s trading company has come quickly. We are selling pickaxes and bull-drawn wagons for a cheap price. The volume is limited so come quickly! Please note that exchanges, repair requests or refunds are not permitted.”

The price of a pickaxe was 30 silver and the wagon was 20 gold!

The selling price was 40 times that of stores in Morata. It was a rip off but users bought it without complaints.

They instantly ran out of stock despite many people waiting in line.

After a while, Mapan’s trading company would start selling the pickaxes and wagons again.

“We hastily bought some additional volume. A lot of money was given to middle-tier companies so this is the lowest I can sell it at. One pickaxe for 56 silver, a wagon is 35 gold!”

The stock ran out a 2nd, 3rd and 4th time as they kept raising prices!

At first, the users thought it was expensive but they took the price raise for granted due to lack of stock.

Of course, this was all occurring in accordance to Weed and Mapan’s plan.

“In the first and second sales, only sell 5% of the stock. After raising the prices, sell a whole bunch.”

“As expected from Weed-nim. I still have many things to learn as a merchant. But won’t I be cursed at if I keep selling? The image of Mapan’s trading company is also important if I want to continue doing business.”

“After selling half of it, give it to the middlemen. Once enough of them are sold, the price of the pickaxes and wagons will naturally increase. They will eat it instead of cursing.”

“It really is Weed-nim!”

“Politics is like this.”

The two people colluded to rip off the users participating in the kingdom quest.

The northern users diligently dug at the soil.

They had a special affection for this after completing a Grand Building.

The broadcasting stations also covered the labour, despite the heat.

Someone who had worked on the Rosenheim Kingdom’s pyramid with Weed said.

“One person is killed and that person is a murderer. Then why is someone called a hero for killing millions of people? It is the same with labour. Creating a big thing is really rewarding. A bit of hard work can build something. There is no task that doesn’t require diligence. Of course, I have a month’s worth of laundry piled up but here I am diligent. It is really miraculous.”

Among the northern users, there were many people connected to Royal Road who worked diligently.

It was because they had firsthand experience with Grand Buildings and urban construction.

They moved their hands and feet and did what was required.

Weed had numerous achievements as a sculptor so they were

proud just participating in his quest.

Weed made the people withdraw from Puhol Fortress.

“I have to create the popular sculpture.”

He intended to use Nature Sculpting for water based rides.

They were large sculptures that people could touch and play on, instead of just watching.

The problem was that Weed had never gone to a water park.

He only saw the people playing on the news.

“I wonder. How can I create fun rides that people will pay an admission fee for every day?”

Numerous residents and users watched him work.

“Weed, the God of War!”

“Kya. It is the first time I’ve seen the real thing. I need to brag to my friends.”

“But I wouldn’t have known him if I passed him in the street.”

“Yes. It is normal to forget after looking away for a while.”

The gathered crowd surpassed that of a popular celebrity by hundreds of times!

Normally Weed was doing business in the square but now the crowd didn’t want to disturb him.

Thousands of avian users were watching from the sky.

Weed nodded after a while.

“I roughly know what a water park feels like.”

When he saw it on the television, there was a water slide from a high up place.

He had also experienced water slides through Kendellev in the dwarven city of Kuroso.

He remembered learning Elemental Sculpting after watching Kendellev's natural sculptures.

“When I saw it on television, the screaming women and children were very happy.”

Weed use Nature Sculpting. Water rising from underground became sculpting material.

There was no specific difficulties in getting it to retain its shape.

“Kendellev's slide was fun but it was too low. It needs to be higher to make up for the expensive price.”

Experience and imagination were important. Of course, the entire landscape needed to be considered as well.

An amusement park needed to be something beautiful and fun so that visitors would easily open their wallets!

It was possible with Weed's art stat.

He made a water slide that was 600 metres high and linked the water to it.

It wasn't just a simple slide!

There was a water dragon that referenced Bingryong!

The whole body was a slide while the head and tail were the places where the water came down.

Weed was able to work on it with the help of Light Wings.

“Ohhhh! Fabulous.”

“That is Weed-nim's sculpture.”

“Unbelievably fast. It is marvelous how such a rough work could turn into that.”

“It is all about experience.”

“Perhaps he is making rides for all of us. Shining in the sun...”

The crowd grew over time and there were already a few million.

It was like Weed was holding a concert.

“Good. I don’t need to promote it separately.”

After the battle of Puhol Fortress, the broadcasting stations competed over Weed’s new sculpture.

It was only a matter of time until this emerged as a new attraction for the northern users.

It took approximately 10 hours to make a water slide that was 650 metres tall.

His meals were easily resolved with barley bread and he didn’t take a break.

“There is so much to do. Now I need to make money, not play.”

It was like finding money on the ground or scratching the lottery card!

His sculpting skill was close to master level and his art stat high enough that the scale of the water sculpture didn’t matter.

They would slide down the dragon’s back and it would suddenly twist around like a rollercoaster.

There was a section where five heels rotated diagonally within the body of the dragon.

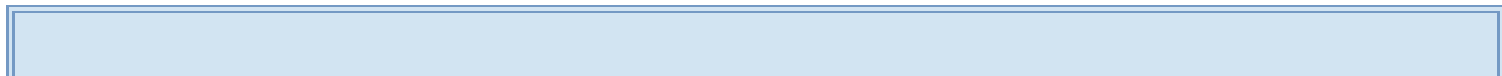
“I think this feels like an amusement park.”

He used Kendellev’s water sculptures as references.

There was a slippery part in the middle where birds of water would come flying, as well as a part where they would pass through a rainbow that was a sculpture of light.

They were able to pass through beautiful fountains and small tunnels of rain.

“The appearance seems plausible but I feel some unease... I have never gone on even one ride.”



Please set the name of the new sculpture.

“The Dragon Slide. Calling it a dragon makes it seem expensive. It is perfect for ripping people off.”

Dragon Slide is correct?

“That’s right.”

Masterpiece! Dragon Slide has been completed!
Sculpting combined with nature has once again created a great work.

Dragon Slide

The purpose of this magnificent dragon sculpture seems to be a facility to play on.
The nature spirits and majestic dragon will give pleasure to many creatures.
Of course, it is so large that some will dislike it.

Artistic Value	8,280
Special Options	Anyone who sees Dragon Slide will have their health and mana recovery increased by 36% for three days. Affinity to water has permanently increased by 0.4%. There will be more rain in this area. Maximum vitality +15%. All stats will increase by 21. The emergence rate of monsters will reduce by 21%. Dragons who discover this sculpture will become hostile.

- Current number of Masterpieces Created: 29
- The skill proficiency of Sculpting has improved.
- Fame has increased by 451

- Perseverance has increased by 2.
- Strength has increased by 1.
- Art has increased by 1.
- Maximum health has increased by 150.
- All stats will gain an additional 3 points for making a Masterpiece sculpture.
- The skill proficiency of Time Sculpting has improved.
- Affinity to Nature has increased by 14.

“A good start.”

Weed’s sculpting proficiency increased by 0.1%.

It was a masterpiece sculpture and he still hadn’t used the helium and Museum of Time.

“Only 0.9% remains until the end.”

Weed only thought about mastering sculpting for a moment before turning his mind to earning money from the water park.

“This big dragon slide will make money and there will be other small rides. The best rides will raise awareness of the water park.”

He imagined thousands of people standing in line and paying for the services.

On weekends, a parking war would take place among the bull and horse users.

“The avians can just fly in. Will they pay the admission fee?”

Weed was very worried about the avians not paying any money.

The solution was simple.

“I will post magicians and archers. They will shoot anything that flies in the sky.”

This was the truth of life.

In the meantime, the reaction of the crowd was very hot.

“Kuwaaaah. Amazing. I’ve never seen a slide of that scale before.”

“That is a ridiculous size. It seems like the sculpture is a facility for fun.”

“Is this a reward for our hard work against the Haven Empire?”

“Of course. I don’t know Weed-nim but making it for money... Absolutely not.”

“Isn’t he a miser? I always thought that.”

“Never. He invested all his money in the Northern Continent and even lowered taxes for us. How can you not know this?”

“Even now, he is too embarrassed to say thank you so he is making this for us.”

The response of the crowd was very favourable.

As king of the Arpen Kingdom, he had a lot of authority.

Even if Weed wanted to become the ruler of the Northern Continent, it would be hard to find anyone protesting.

Nevertheless, he always treated the northern users humbly. Only selling sculptures for 1 gold and never losing his service oriented spirit!

At that moment, someone in the crowd shouted.

“Excuse me! Can we really ride the Dragon Slide?”

Although it might be a ride, it was questionable because it could damage the sculpture.

Weed loudly replied.

“Of course. I made it so that people will ride it.”

“We can ride it?”

“Yes.”

“Hooray! Let’s make a line.”

A line immediately formed behind the Dragon Slide. It didn’t seem to end. The long line circled Puhol Fortress and extended beyond the plains.

Weed was on the spiral staircase of the slide to greet the customers directly.

“Weed-nim. I am a user called Soft Tofu from Morata. Do you remember?”

“...”

Weed searched through his memories.

His friends, seniors, juniors and customers were stored in a vast area.

“Didn’t you buy a fox statue for 7 gold last time?”

“That’s right. You remembered. I even belong to the Arpen Kingdom’s army. I’ve engaged in combat. However, I died three times.”

“Huhuhu.”

“But I heard that you sold sculptures for 1 gold.”

“It was a premium fox sculpture that I sold to you.”

“The tail fell off that evening. There are witnesses.”

“...”

Weed couldn’t think of anything to say. However, sculptures already sold couldn’t be exchanged or given refunds.

That was the basic principle of an unscrupulous merchant!

“The water slide is 7 gold, but I will only accept 3 gold from you.”

“I also need to pay for this?”

“Of course.”

“Still, that is a large discount.”

“It is special treatment.”

“Thank you. I am your lifelong fan.”

Soft Tofu easily handed over 3 gold.

There were too many users waiting in line so he couldn't waste any more time.

Besides, this was the large sculpture that Weed had diligently created.

Soft Tofu paid 3 gold and sat on the dragon's head.

“This is an honour... I will remember this day until I die.”

“I am always thankful to Soft Tofu-nim.”

“So I'll be departing.”

It was a water sculpture so water was always flowing.

Soft Tofu vigorously slid down.

“Yay!”

He opened his arms wide and screamed with joy.

Approximately 3 seconds later, Weed and Soft Tofu realized something at the same time.

‘Too fast.’

‘Fast.’

Water was steeply flowing from the dragon's head.

Soft Tofu slid down the water at a horrific speed. He was briefly stunned as he rose 40 metres in the air at a bend.

“Aaaack!”

Fortunately, he didn't fly off but dropped once again onto the water slide. However, there was a tremendous acceleration along the flowing water.

“Not so fast!”

Soft Tofu tried to grab onto something but he couldn't.

It was sculpted smoothly so he had no luck.

In fact, there were no safety devices at all due to the cost and preserving the beauty of the work.

Soft Tofu accelerated and rotated like it was a roller coaster. He fell down from the sky and bounced back and forth on the slide.

“Hukeeek!”

Finally, it was the wild fun zone!

He passed through a section that consisted of puddles of water.

“There it is! A special fun place!”

Weed's intention was a place where something like water skiing was possible.

“Kuweek! Kwaaeeek!”

In reality, Soft Tofu head was pushed into the water and he was repelled by the repulsive force.

“Save meeeee!”

At that time, birds made from water came flying at Soft Tofu's face.

“Kueok!”

A facial blow!

-Health has decreased by 541.

Fortunately, their speed was a little bit slow. After passing through the rainbow made from Moonlight Sculpting, Soft Tofu

reached the second stage.

The dragon was built to be able to jump between the centre of the structure he created.

“Please let me out!”

Soft Tofu was in the air for a while before landing on the opposite side.

His facing forward position had long been broken. Now he was rolling forwards and sometimes backwards.

It became a hell slide in one minute!

Soft Tofu almost died as he emerged from the bottom of the dragon.

“Hahahak!”

Soft Tofu’s body shook as he landed on the ground.

The watching crowd was sweating.

“It finally finished.”

“Isn’t the ride too severe? Is he dead?”

“It looks like fun. I will risk my life to ride it.”

Weed had an awkward expression.

When he watched it on television, he heard people’s impression of the rides.

“I didn’t really think at the time. It is really fun!”

The expensive price was reasonable. That’s why they didn’t mind giving their money.

Therefore, he had set up a secret device.

“Maybe it will work?”

If it wasn’t broken then it would work nicely.

Soon a stream of water rose from underneath Soft Tofu into the

sky.

Soft Tofu's body floated due to the pressure of the water.

He once again entered the middle part of the dragon's body. It was the beginning of the best slope and rotation segment.

"N-no! I would rather you kill me."

An expression of deep despair filled Soft Tofu's face.

Weed ignored him and said to the next customer.

"I guess there is still a bit of trial and error."

"Just a little bit?"

"There might be some customers who feel uncomfortable. Just like not everyone likes tteokbokki. From now on, I will only charge one gold."

Thanks to Soft Tofu's sacrifice, the price of the Dragon Slide was determined to be one gold.

*Please note.

This ride has a small risk, so there will be no refund even if you are afraid of heights or water.

*

Weed used the water from Miros River to create a large number of water sculptures at Puhol Fortress.

It consisted of water sculptures, commemorative sets of the orc Karichwi and things from his adventures.

The sculptures were like Weed's biography.

"I need to maximize the real estate prices here."

The Arpen Kingdom was still developing but people couldn't help feeling worried.

The atmosphere had completely changed at the broadcasting stations.

There was a discussion talking about the Arpen Kingdom's crisis.

-The battle was won but... The greatest weakness of the Arpen Kingdom has continued to be revealed. They have too much reliance on users.

-Isn't it good that the northern users are tightly bound together?

-It will become different in the future. The Haven Empire's policy has changed.

The Haven Empire has settled the rebellions thanks to policies such as tax cuts and the free admission fees.

The users of the Central Continent have lost the reason to leave their hometown and come to the north.

The Arpen Kingdom has a free and pioneering spirit but the long journey is uncomfortable.

Of course, there are still players with unpleasant feelings towards the Hermes Guild. However, the influx of people to the north has been cut in half.

New users are the main axis of the Arpen Kingdom but the numbers starting in the Central Continent has risen by 40%.

There are many reasons to live in the Haven Empire, including numerous developed cities, stable trading, hunting grounds, guilds and stores.

The impetus for new users to start in the Arpen Kingdom has been greatly reduced, making it certain that the miraculous growth rate of the north will fall.

-The users of the Arpen Kingdom will think this as well. There is no need to absolutely follow King Weed.

-I don't think the support up to now will change.

-Yes, of course. There is a great affection for the Arpen Kingdom so they are unwilling to invade. But there is the possibility that many will scatter to the Haven Empire.

The northern army. Now the northern users might not gather to conquer the Haven Empire.

In other words, the northern users would play the role of defense but it would be difficult to incite them to attack.

The Hermes Guild lowering the taxes had controlled the rebels and blocked one third of the northern users' mentality.

-But things aren't that simple. Who is the king of the Arpen Kingdom? Weed, the God of War. It is possible that he will show a miracle that goes against common sense.

-Weed might be able to galvanize the users with a speech. Maybe his great eloquence will lead the northern users to invade the Haven Empire. However, such behavior will cause reactions in the future.

-What reactions?

-The Hermes Guild will use all their strength to fight and if the north loses the war, it will be hard for them to stand up again. Weed's leadership will suffer a big blow. The crowd that would gather if the Haven Empire invades will be reduced.

-What if they win?

-An invasion isn't easy. If it doesn't end at once... The northern users will decrease with every battle and how long will the weary soldiers be able to fight? In the end, it is likely to get worse.

It had only been a few days since the victory at Puhol Fortress but there were already negative reports about the Arpen Kingdom.

Weed watched similar stories on the news until he lost interest.

"The Hermes Guild is guiding public opinion."

It was easy for the Hermes Guild to bribe users to talk about the Central Continent's dominance.

Wars on the Versailles Continent wasn't only won through military force.

The Hermes Guild wanted to neutralize the northern users' effectiveness.

“It might be that way but... The Hermes Guild is also affected. Many people are aiming for them.”

The myth of the Hermes Guild was already cracked.

Weed had broken the Haven Empire in an ordinary way.

A large picture had already been drawn all over the Versailles Continent.

“The Hermes Guild has learnt one thing from failure. A dictatorship is needed after completely conquering the continent.”

A corrupt ruler's dream!

*

The dwarf Fabio was challenging to become a master blacksmith.

He was producing numerous weapons and equipment for the Hermes Guild when he received a whisper.

-Weed: Hello.

“It has been a while. Have you been doing well?”

Fabio welcomed him happily.

He built up a considerable relationship in the dwarf kingdom Thor.

Despite his relationship with the Hermes Guild, he had no qualms about keeping in touch with Weed.

Even if his goal wasn't to conquer the continent, he had large ambition as a blacksmith.

“It has been almost a year since our last contact. Sometimes you blocked me when I tried to talk.”

-Weed: Has it already been that long?

“Last time I contacted you was to brag about an armour I made.”

-Weed: The world is like that. The equipment created by Fabio made the Hermes Guild stronger.

“Yes. But I know that you sold a lot of equipment this time.”

Weed had sold Fabio’s weapons and armour at the auction.

It was fine as long as they weren’t passed directly from Fabio’s hands.

They were loot obtained from hunting the Hermes Guild users in the north.

There would be a high price competition every time an item appeared at auction.

It was Fabio’s work and something that a Hermes Guild user worn.

In the past, it was a sin just to take an equipment that the Hermes Guild user had lost. It was natural since they had tight control over the Central Continent.

Now, the Hermes Guild couldn’t act like that because they had to consider the reaction of users.

Of course, the northern users boasted of having them, even if the equipment couldn’t be used yet.

-Weed: They sold for a more expensive price than I thought. I am receiving a lot of help from Fabio’s popularity and abilities.

“It’s not the way I wanted but I’m glad you are satisfied.”

-Weed: I still have a psychological shock from buying the 200 won more expensive salt.

“Hmm hmm. What is your purpose in contacting me this time?”

Fabio asked with interest.

He didn’t believe that Weed was 100% as innocent as he appeared on the broadcasts.

He had no interest in the northern war but he was aware of

Weed's nature.

'I know that he isn't afraid of dishonourable methods. He might contact me for a ridiculous request.'

So far, he never asked Fabio to stop helping the Hermes Guild or to come to the north.

Weed had definitely contacted him for some blacksmith advice or a deal.

-Weed: Have you ever heard of helium?

"Helium!"

God's metal, a source of pure mana.

Fabio was a blacksmith so he had naturally heard of the material before.

He swallowed his saliva and quickly spoke.

"I won't ask how you know about helium. That doesn't matter. Do you have some now?"

-Weed: Of course.

"A-amazing."

-Weed: Huhuhu.

"I'm envious. Sincerely."

At first glance, it would be a waste to use helium for a sculpture.

Fabio had respect for Weed's job so he didn't say it.

"Did you contact me just to inform me that you obtained helium?"

-Weed: I can't eat all the expensive barley bread by myself. I would like to receive Fabio's help with the helium...

"If I can help... Tell me the specifics."

-Weed: Refining and making something out of the helium.

“Refining is a basic method required to process the material but... Are you making a sword or armour?”

-Weed: Of course.

‘Making something with helium.’

Fabio made a decision in his heart.

He had to accept the collaboration at any cost.

As a blacksmith, he had 0.4% left in his proficiency.

Despite making tens of thousands of swords and armour, the final proficiency percentages didn’t climb.

‘Something is strange. Why can’t I reach master level?’

He had made enough weapons and armour.

He judged that it wasn’t something as simple as making more.

Maybe it was because he hadn’t touched the best materials such as helium.

He had seen Weed mastering swordsmanship during his quest.

He mastered the skill through repeated hunting as well as struggling against the strongest monsters.

It felt like he couldn’t achieve master level by simply sitting here and producing good quality work.

Fabio quickly made a deal.

“What do you want? I will give you everything I can.”

-Weed: I intend to make a sword with the helium. Come to where I am and help me make it.

“Do you mean the Arpen Kingdom?”

-Weed: Yes. I want pay the necessary costs for your help making me the best weapon out of helium.

Fabio was the continent’s leading blacksmith.

He was satisfied with this much.

“Is that really it?”

-Weed: My equipment isn't free. I have some blacksmith materials from the Hermes Guild that I want you to process for me.

“I understand. Please don't hand it over to anyone else.”

It would take a long time to get to the north so Fabio immediately prepared for travelling.

It was a situation where he thought he might be able to become a master.

Weed also contacted Herman.

He was an excellent blacksmith who liked to make swords. It wouldn't be long until he reached the master level.

-Weed: I am creating a sword out of helium. Please come and help me.

“I understand. I'll be right there”

Herman also quit his job and headed towards Puhol Fortress where Weed was.

Chapter 5: Puhol Water Park

At Puhol Fortress, water rides made of nature sculptures formed.

In order to check their safety, the sacrifices of the Toadstool Porridge unit were necessary.

“I am part of the 13th Toadstool Porridge unit. It is a glory to be able to go on Weed-nim’s... Aaaack!”

There was an active cooperation with the elves to plant flowers and trees.

“I am Spuniker. I chose the elf species.”

A level 480 user, he was well known among the elves and posted many articles for beginners.

Elves who read Spuniker’s articles realized that it had a wide variety of information.

“The seed of the elder tree is necessary for the birth of the forest. The north has sacrificed a lot so there is no need to explain. I will give you this.”

Weed had a strange expression.

“Is this real?”

“Huh?”

“These days, there are many fakes in the world...”

“...”

The seed of the elder tree was planted at Puhol Fortress and a huge tree grew.

The large tree spread out over 200 metres and had thousands of branches coming from it. It was a magnificent tree that could enhance the aura of the elves and improve their natural power.

“Huhut. It really is an elder tree. Then...”

Spuniker thought he had done a great job for the north and tried to leave.

Weed, numerous people and the broadcasting stations had seen it so he had achieved his purpose of raising awareness.

But Weed jumped onto an idea.

A market that had been profitable for 30 years had approached him so Weed swallowed his saliva.

Of course, the Arpen Kingdom would also profit.

Weed grabbed Spuniker.

“Wait a minute.”

“Huh?”

“Don’t elves love trees?”

“We love it. Green trees are a source of pleasure and pride for elves.”

Spuniker recited words that might as well be dialogue from a script. He was apparently conscious of the viewers.

“There aren’t many trees here due to the war.”

“It is too bad.”

If he knew Weed well, he would have noticed the danger signals.

Without being aware of the creeping situation, Spuniker only paid attention to the viewers.

“If elves plant trees here then I think the users will really appreciate it.”

“Of course. I am willing to do such a thing. How many trees do you want me to plant?”

“5,000 trees.”

“Huh?”

“It should be dense with trees. 5,000 trees.”

“I am a little busy.”

“This wouldn’t be difficult for a true elf. You brought elder seeds for the north so you can’t leave after only planting one.”

Weed made a suggestion but when considering all the viewers, Spuniker had to accept it.

A famous user was sowing seeds and watering them.

Other elves followed him so the landscaping problem of Puhol’s Water Park was solved.

“I got skilled workers for free.”

Spuniker willingly brought him seeds and was exploited for labour.

Thanks to the efforts of many people, the waterways connecting Miros River to Puhol Fortress were also being completed.

The users who lost their lives at Puhol Fortress and revived were mobilized to work.

The gathered crowd cheered as Weed made sculptures in Puhol Fortress.

“In order to celebrate our victory and commemorate the joys of the northern people, let’s drag the river here. This is all for the water park.”

“W-water park! Ohhhh!”

They had only thought that Weed was making a sculpture and dragging the river was for defense.

But now they were pleased to learn they were wrong.

A water park for the northern users!

“Yes. We should have one of these.”

“That is the real form of a water park.”

“Kyaa! Kill, kill.”

The rejuvenated users bought shovels and run to Miros River.

Despite having no construction equipment, the river was quickly moved just by shoveling.

Merchants had separate discussions with Weed.

The merchants were already keenly watching the situation at Puhol Fortress.

“I know the plan is to have a water park. There should be hotels and villas in a good location overlooking the water park.”

“Give us a chance.”

“I have a great hotel business.”

“We will do anything. Please leave it to us.”

If a water park was created, commercial facilities such as hotels and villas would be actively used.

The northern merchants sold japtem from early on and accumulated a considerable fortune.

The Arpen Kingdom is rapidly developing.

By investing in trade and production facilities in the pioneered north, the merchants could receive enormous returns.

‘The water park plan? This is it. It will definitely be a success. It might become even more than that.’

‘I see money. Customers will definitely wait in line.’

It was important to gain an early location at the water park.

The merchants were financially well off.

It was a profession that could make a lot of money through businesses and trading.

But from the viewpoint of successful merchants, it no longer mattered how much money they made.

If other merchants receive a big chance that they missed, there

would be a lot of regret.

Weed looked at them with warm eyes.

“I am both thankful and envious towards the merchants.”

“...?”

“As you know, the Arpen Kingdom was able to grow due to the early movements of the merchants I thank you for that and also feel envy as I watch because I am not a merchant.”

Weed didn't lick his lips and lie. To some extent, his words were the truth.

He felt pain every time a merchant hit the jackpot!

No matter how amazing the adventures or that it was on the news, he felt envious towards those who made money.

Weed spoke softly and the atmosphere was warm. However, he needed to be on guard when it came to money from signing a contract.

“Everyone will receive fair chances. The rights to the hotel business and land sales will be done through auction.”

Merchants attended the auction where hotel business rights, shopping centre business rights and luxury villa rights were sold.

The land sales amount added up to 37 million gold!

In contrast to the rugged wilderness of the Arpen Kingdom, a huge amount of money was robbed from the merchants' pockets.

“This is the joy of real estate.”

He had succeeded in selling previously worthless land.

The merchants thought it was expensive but were happy at the thought of the profits that would be generated.

Of course, Weed was able to laugh heartily.

“I will reap taxes every time food or items are sold in stores.”

A steady tax income was the ultimate profit.

There were numerous ways of squeezing a nation through legitimate means.

The architects who helped in the battle also stayed at Puhol Fortress.

Weed had discussions with the talented architects of the north.

Mibullo and Pavo were also present.

“I heard that you are making a water park.”

Mibullo, the best architect on the continent as well as the north, cautiously said.

It was the first time he met Weed.

As a former architect of the Haven Empire and prestigious guilds, he was nervous about meeting the king of the Arpen Kingdom.

“Yes, of course.”

“A water park needs a variety of buildings. I would like the architects to contribute.”

There were over a dozen Grand Buildings being built in the north but construction was stopped due to the war.

The architects participated in the battle but the Grand Buildings also couldn't be built without the help of the players.

Once peace return to the kingdom, construction was resumed but things like Alkazar Bridge had to be repaired as well.

The architects had a lot to do but they were greedy after hearing the plans for the water park. They couldn't scatter to various construction sites in the Arpen Kingdom just yet.

“If you leave it to us, we will built water park facilities and buildings as beautiful as possible.”

Mibullo nervously said.

He couldn't help wondering how Weed would respond.

At the same time, Weed had several ideas.

‘The price of the structures? I should do it quickly. No. I need to build it properly to save the users’ money. The number of users would be reduced due to shoddy construction.’

If the water park was successful, other people might try a similar thing.

The Haven Empire was capable of making it on a larger scale than the Arpen Kingdom.

‘I need to create the best water park, but rapid construction is needed in order to reclaim the funds. To do that, architects are necessary.’

The Grand Buildings and Royal Palace of the Arpen Kingdom were completely quickly due to the calculations of the architects.

“Builders... No, the help of architects are needed. I will tell you about my planned water park.”

Weed opened the sketch of Puhol Water Park and showed it to the architects.

Puhol Fortress and the plains would be turned into commercial facilities, playing facilities and swimming pools.

Along a long road to Miros River, he planned to build restaurants, squares, residential areas, armour stores, weapon stores, grocery stores, various class guilds, amenities and markets.

Mibullo, Pavo and the architects stared at the sketch that Weed drew.

‘I-I don't know. What is this?’

‘Only green and black things can be seen on the paper. Is this the way an alien would write?’

‘It is related to geometry. Or perhaps a list of mathematical

graphs. One thing is for certain, this picture is encrypted.'

The architects found it hard to decipher the sketch.

Weed explained each line.

"This is the Miros River and the waterway that will lead to Puhol Fortress. Commercial facilities will be along here..."

They couldn't understand the sketch, but were convinced by the explanation. However, the picture would once again become chaotic if they blinked.

Weed pointed to what looked like ants on the water and said.

"Do you see the ships here?"

"Ships?"

"Yes. There will be canoes along the river that users can enjoy. Of course, there will be a fee. There will also be luxury cruises on the Miros River. Travellers will be fond of boat rides to Port Varna. Of course, there should be restaurants on the ships."

A grand plan to extort a tremendous amount of fees.

Pavo talked after a while.

"But this city plan... The residential area seems to be enormous."

"That's right. I plan to build a city. I have already finished the land sales."

"A resort city next to the water park?"

"Yes. The traffic to this place is very convenient and helpful. And it is close to tourist spots. It has high potential to become a large city."

Weed's sketch was complicated for a reason.

If a water park as in the middle of a wasteland then the number of users might be limited.

1st, 2nd, etc. up to 8 mega-cities were planned.

Dawn City was the capital of the Arpen Kingdom but he had plans to build new commercial and resort cities.

Weed believed in it.

‘If the water park succeeds, I won’t need to worry about money. Real estate speculation is a business that won’t fail.’

Reality was a little different from Royal Road.

Compared to leaving their homes or paying off debts, they could leave reality to enjoy Royal Road.

But no matter how good Morata was, people wouldn’t stay in the vicinity for a few years.

The Arpen Kingdom was wide so if they had enough money, people could buy a house in each region.

Even players who started in shacks could upgrade to more spacious and comfortable homes.

Each user could make several purchases so it was likely they would buy homes near Puhol Water Park.

‘1,000 gold will turn to 100,000 and then to 100 million.’

Morata was in the inner area so there was a limit to the number of housing areas.

A true villain needed to think of other ways to line their pockets, not just rely on taxes.

Weed’s idea wasn’t new, but actually based on reality.

Weed’s amazing plan didn’t end here.

“There will be Grand Buildings in Puhol Fortress.”

“Grand Buildings?”

“Nine at the water park. Shouldn’t we build something to make land speculation rise?”

“...”

The architects all had wide eyes. They were filled with disbelief.
Mibullo spoke on behalf of them.

The manpower for constructing Grand Buildings can be met and we can pay for the materials. But how will we raise the money for the cost of construction?”

Concerns about financing!

All projects had a budget.

It wasn't often that a country tilted due to a massive deficit.

Weed's response was clear.

“I will earn it from now on.”

*

-Puhol Fortress' Housing Sale!

A new city will be created next to the premier resort in the Arpen Kingdom, Puhol Water Park.

It is a city that will be the hub of traffic and centre of tourism and commerce.

It is a city where time will be stopped, and people could enjoy water, wind, art and fun.

The name of the new city will be called Royal Marina Park.

Nine Grand Buildings will be built in the future and this will be a landmark in the entire Versailles Continent.

The Arpen Kingdom's housing development administration will directly develop new cities.

Hurry to buy a house!

Collateral loans are also available.

Please note.

Nest type apartments for avians in a 49 storey condominium

is selling at the best price.

A view overlooking the water park!

Various learning facilities are linked to excellent job opportunities!

You can fly right into the sky after opening the window and there are beds of dry grass in the bedroom.

There living room has a fireplace to dry the wet feathers.

However, there are no stairs inside the apartment.

One million houses are planned.

The houses will be sold at prices ranging from 100 gold to 1 million gold for the mansions.

1% of the sale price is required as down payment and there were be some constraints.

Of course, mortgage loans through Mapan's bank is possible but 5% interest needs to be paid every month.

"I have no money."

"I'll bet all my money this time. I need a house. That is for me."

"A new city. There is no way yet to earn money so I'm afraid to buy an apartment."

There were some dubious people but 30% of the homes were sold to enthusiastic supporters of the Arpen Kingdom.

The advertising alone provided enough money to build 9 Grand Buildings.

Weed was satisfied despite some of the houses still being unsold.

"The more houses we built, the lower the price will be. The houses will continue to be sold and the prices will rise more after the Grand Buildings come up. At that time, I can sell it at a higher price."

Weed demonstrated his ability to make a large amount of money through land and construction!

The Arpen Kingdom developed in a different direction and it was supplementing its finances at a scary pace.

After 15 days in Royal Road time.

Many things happened in a short amount of time.

The Hermes Guild users in the northern colonies tried to return to the Central Continent. Most players exited safely but some lost their lives. It was because they were exposed by the avians and couldn't escape pursuit.

Bellot was one of the lords in the northern colonies.

Weed's relationship with Bellot was uncomfortable after she accepted the offer from the Hermes Guild.

Pale knew Weed would never forgive her and tried to say something.

"Weed, just hold it in once. Bellot-nim didn't have any bad intentions."

"I know."

"Yes, of course I am aware... Huh?"

Weed looked strangely at Pale.

"I have to distinguish between merits and demerits. Even if we are friendly, isn't it normal to leave if offered a lot of money?"

"..."

"People should do that. I can't be righteous when it comes to this. Why refuse when the Hermes Guild offers the position of a lord?"

Weed's ironclad rule!

He wouldn't forgive cheap betrayal, but an expensive betrayal was understandable.

When Weed and Bellot had a meeting, their companions included Zephyr, Pale, Irene, Romuna, etc. came along.

“Ohu, I’ve been caught. I didn’t think that Weed-nim would recover the northern colonies so quickly. Will you make me pay more taxes?”

“All you need to do is pay in a timely manner.”

“I am a lord so please come over for a meal.”

“Of course.”

Weed and Bellot were coolly reunited. Despite their relationship, there was no sense of betrayal.

They greeted each other like friends in a bakery.

Rather, his other colleagues felt more betrayed.

‘We’ve known each other for a long time.’

‘Bellot-nim became a lord. What about me?’

Surka frankly asked him if she could become a lord.

“I would like to become a lord. Is that possible?”

Weed was king of the Arpen Kingdom but he couldn’t make decisions based on friendship.

This unexpected atmosphere occurred because of Bellot.

“Any spare land. I’ll give it to you.”

Weed entrusted areas of the northern colonies to Pale, Zephyr, Romuna and Surka.

‘It will be a little painful in the future.’

If he appointed those he trusted to the position of lord then he count on them.

‘Increase residents and improve productivity. If effort is made then taxes can increase. So far, all of the money collected had been invested.’

It was easy to neglect the villages in the kingdom. On the other hand, having lords could make them develop quickly.

The Arpen Kingdom basically required many lords.

As the population grew and the monster areas shrank, many small villages were created.

Users who contributed to the kingdom could become nobles or lords.

The lords needed to devote themselves to growing the population, ruling the residents, defeating monster invasions and paying attention to trading with merchants.

In addition, rice and barley farming were basic. They had to grow their villages by strategically cultivating agricultural products to be exported and developing mines.

Unlike Morata in the past, large and small villages were developing and flourishing.

It was fun to be lord of a village!

Many people on the bulletin boards were envious of the lords in Royal Road.

High ranking users could fight with monsters but lords have a social impact.

The construction at Puhol Fortress was over.

Weed made water sculptures to decorate the amusement park.

-Turtle Swimming Pool

Large wooden turtle sculptures can be used as a boat to relax and move.

Of course, a 30 silver entrance fee is required!

Artistic Value: 1,497

-Hippopotamus Creek

A sculpture of hundreds of racing hippos in the creek.

A extreme swimming pool where you can be stunned or drowned by the hippos!

Artistic Value: 2,813

-Elder Tree Water Swing

A place where you can enjoy diving into the water from a 50 metres high elder tree.

Ride the water along the branches and grab the swing.

Artistic Value: 2,291.

-Coral Beach

A deep pool covered with coral from Port Varna.

Various types of fish live in the water and waves are scheduled to occur.

Dive into the water and look at the underwater ecosystem.

Artistic Value: 4,720.

Weed wanted a large aquarium that would require an admission fee, but had to give up that idea.

The blacksmiths and architects cooperated to build the amusement park facilities.

“We can make play facilities.”

Mibullo was a land architect.

He had techniques that could tighten the ground, crack stones or form certain rocks.

He used marble to create the square and placed pretty pebbles at the bottom of the pools.

Puhol Water Park was being completed and connected to Miros River through a waterway.

*

Thousands of users gathered for the official opening of Puhol Water Park.

Over a million people watched as the waterway was connected from Miros River to Puhol Fortress.

This spectacle was usually hard to find.

“Weed, Weed, Weed!”

“Give us the water park!”

The crowd cheered as they watched Weed standing on the river.

Weed had used Sculpture Transformation for today’s event.

A terrible monkfish holding a spear!

Weed normally disliked events but this was the birth of the water park, so he didn’t spare any expenses.

Weed slowly turned and pointed the spear.

A so-called preopening event.

“What? That appearance is ridiculous.”

“What do you mean? I don’t know how to respond.”

The crowd was full of doubts so someone started chanting.

“Water park, water park!”

“Water park!”

Soon the chant was coming from all the users.

The atmosphere was ripe to earn money.

“Water, rise!”

Weed stabbed the spear into the riverbank.

The dam made of sand broke open and the river flowed along the newly opened waterway.

Kwaaaaaaah!

The scene of water flowing could be seen by the crowd.

“Waaaaaaah!”

Water filled the wide channel. It was so powerful that the ground shook like an earthquake was occurring.

The water was muddy from the construction site but it flowed straight to Puhol Fortress.

Of course, Puhol Fortress was too far away to be seen with the naked eye. If the sculptural lifeforms and creatures hadn't cooperated then it wouldn't have been easy.

The waterway flowed through intact mountains and cliffs.

“A-amazing!”

“The real deal. Really.”

The users gathered at the waterway couldn't close their eyes at the magnificent sight.

It was like a miracle created by human efforts.

People digging at the ground with pickaxes made this possible.

Pride bloomed in the hearts of the northern users.

After a long time, the water finally reached Puhol Fortress.

Puhol Fortress and the surrounding plains slowly filled with water.

The water rose up to people's ankles.

“Ah... Water is really rising.”

“Is this really happening? Awesome!”

Hundreds of thousands of users were waiting at Puhol Fortress to pay the entrance fee.

Millions of avians flew along with the flowing water.

“Chirp chirp chirp. Cool.”

“This is the Arpen Kingdom. No one other than Weed-nim could achieve this plan in Royal Road.”

“We also helped. Kaaack!”

It was a wonderful experience that wouldn't disappear from the memories of the users.

The water flowing itself was great but it was created by the people's efforts.

The water level kept rising around the sculptures and users.

It reached their knees and then their waist.

“Kkiyahu!”

From then on, the users started to freely swim.

Many of the facilities at Puhol Fortress were destroyed. They enjoyed diving off walls and towers.

Hundreds of users moved like a swarm of ants in the water.

Users hurried to the entrance to check if it was really filling with water.

Parts of the collapsed walls were crudely turned into the entrance of the water park.

“Here is the entrance fee!”

“Let me enter quickly!”

Although the water park was still unfinished, it was an exciting sight.

A fun experience!

They could go to the river or beaches for swimming on the

Versailles Continent but the atmosphere of the water park couldn't be matched.

Users threw themselves into the Miros River and rode along the waterway!

The entrance fee to Puhol Water Park was only one gold. On that day alone, Weed was able to earn 7 million gold.

The tickets continued to be sold until dawn and the food sold gave tremendous benefits.

The chefs in the cafeteria hit the jackpot but the next day's earnings far exceeded the previous one.

Chapter 6: The Day that Time Stopped

Invitation to Puhol's Water Park!

People just enjoyed the water on the first day, but they changed clothes for swimming the next day.

The dress code for men and women gradually became shorter. The people gathered at Puhol Water Park became boldly exposed.

“Ah... There is no place to look. There is too much to see.”

The male users watched the beauties walking past in short clothes. Their attention was focused on the elves with slim legs.

The beauties of the Arpen Kingdom were gathered at Puhol Water Park.

“Should I try it once?”

“It will be difficult.”

“I won't know until I try it.”

Impromptu meetings took place on the spot.

“Excuse me. I am from the 5th Toadstool Porridge unit. Would you like to eat a bowl with me?”

“I am from the Bamboo Shoots unit. I will eat if you don't mind bamboo shoots.”

In might be a little cold in reality but Royal Road's joyful atmosphere caused hunting to be a success.

“At this price, I don't need to play at a resort in reality.”

“I don't need to get on a plane to fly to Southeast Asia.”

He defeated the Haven Empire and then created Puhol Water Park, so Weed continued receiving endless praise.

“I had thought about whether he was taking advantage of the northern users but now I have no more doubts.”

“I am the same.”

“There was no reason to fight the Haven Empire later. I thought we would be scapegoats in a later war.”

“Yes. Now I know why Weed is revered. If he wasn’t thinking of the users then this water park would never have happened.”

“Let’s call him Saint Weed.”

Appreciation for Weed among the men rose significantly. The female users also liked Weed.

“He is a good king.”

“He had gone through a lot for us.”

“The north is good to live in because there is someone like him. I don’t care about anything other than that.”

“His charm as a man? It is a little... He was a bit charming as the orc Karichwi.”

The northern users were thankful towards Weed.

There was slight disappointment in Weed and the Arpen Kingdom after the battle at Puhol Fortress, but that had disappeared.

As morning and evening passed, Weed and the architects continued construction with many users.

Only the basic form of the water park had been completed so walking paths, rest areas and swimming pools needed to be created.

Weed didn’t take a break from making water and ice sculptures.

The northern users enjoyed swimming, looking at the sculptures, talking with people and hunting nearby. They also participated in the construction of the new city in order to make money.

And the real charm of Puhol Water Park was revealed at night.

“Now, they won’t come every day. But there is a surprise

performance from bards.”

“Amazing!”

Professional bard Nollasseu gave a delightful harp and hip hop performance at night!

-Snow in the hot jungle

A leopard came to drink from a frozen lake

Berobero berobero

The lake water is cool! It is delicious!

Two ice leopards are hunting.

Take a step back.

I don't want it tearing at my abdomen.

Nollasseu's instrument playing was good enough to win the competition hosted by the Bard Guild every three months.

However, his lyrics were clearly influenced by Weed. Recently new bards had been influenced by Weed, causing a growing trend of messed up lyrics or pitch.

Anyway, the water park's atmosphere became more heated as exciting music played.

In the spacious wilderness where large squares were scheduled to be built, campfires were lit and log chairs and tables set up.

"Let's do it!"

"Oh yes!"

It was transformed into a nightclub where users danced to exciting music.

Lemon Grass Porridge and Sweet Potato Porridge were sold along with alcohol. Merchants made unbelievable amounts of money from food and alcohol.

As the water park developed, a rich night market opened in the Arpen Kingdom.

*

The Versailles Continent was shaken once again. The hottest attraction had been created in ruins, literally after a great battle took place.

"The north. To the north!"

“Go quickly. No, I need to bargain for some money first!”

There was a wave of users heading to the north from the Haven Empire.

In fact, the sensibility of modern people was as cold as a refrigerator. They admired the scenery but didn't stop to look at it.

“Whether the Haven Empire conquers the continent or not has nothing to do with me.”

“As long as Royal Road... I don't know. I'm tired of rebellion. Haven't the taxes been lowered?”

“I suffered in the advanced Haven Empire. I just want to live comfortably.”

The water park made the Arpen Kingdom more competitive.

There was no need to hesitate when they could swim during the day and drink beer while enjoying the nightlife.

“Lejyo, I have something to say.”

“I also want to say something.”

“I will start. I have decided to leave Kallamore.”

“Eh? You too?”

“Then... You are going to Puhol Water Park?”

It was enough for some people to leave their hometowns.

Large numbers of people flocked to the north.

The border guards of the Haven Empire stopped them but the users found other ways.

They crossed rivers, went by sea or were flown by avians in the sky.

“I will give you 10 gold if you take me.”

“Chirp chirp. Pay in advance.”

The avians received an income from acting as transportation.

Thus Puhol Water Park became increasingly crowded! One week's admission fees and taxes exceeded 90 million gold.

Weed was swimming in the profits.

“This is unexpected money.”

-Arpen Kingdom's Vault

Kingdom's Funds: 281,373,892 gold

As king of the Arpen Kingdom, he checked the financial status and couldn't believe it!

“It is 280 million gold.”

The Haven Empire could earn that type of money in a month, but the poor north was different.

Above all, housing sales continued to be vigorous and admission revenue reached record levels.

“The best business is playing and eating.”

Weed couldn't hide the pleasure from his face.

“I can't be distracted. I can ruin my life that way.”

Even so, there was a rotten smile on his face.

“I have to be prepared.”

He knew that the water park wouldn't always bring in this type of revenue.

“This is the initial opening revenue. A restaurant is also good in the early opening days.”

Users in the north were unusually concentrated at Puhol Fortress thanks to the battle. After a week, they would return to hunting and adventuring, causing the revenue to drop.

In order to make people come back to the water park, he needed

to improve the facilities and culture.

Weed decided to use Museum of Time. It was a technique that could stop time in a specific area.

Actual artists had a deep interest in the art and culture formed in Royal Road.

“The final secret sculpting technique? Combining time and art... The possibilities are endless.”

“Weed usually shows us more than we imagine. He had been able to go further in life by combining adventuring with various sculptures.”

“The public has become interested in sculpting. Art is playing an important role in virtual reality and is creating new possibilities.”

People in Royal Road also had an interest in art.

Time Sculpting was the final secret sculpting technique and Museum of Time was a jewel-like skill.

Once the flow of time was stopped, a myriad of artistic attempts could be made.

“This technique will certainly be enough to attract people. There is no greater skill for promotional purposes.”

Weed rode on Bingryong.

“Let’s go. It is time to play properly.”

-Kuoooooooooh.

Weed and Bingryong flew in the sky about Puhol Water Park.

The crowd watched the sky as they enjoyed a leisurely dip.

“Weed-nim.”

“Why? What is he doing?”

The avians were curious and followed Bingryong from a distance.

Chirp chirp chirp!

Weed, Bingryong and 100,000 avians gathered together above Puhol Water Park.

A free flight in the sky. Flying quickly in the sky with wings wasn't tough. There was no need for complex calculations and they just enjoyed the freedom. If the avians were hungry, they could go down to the ground to eat worms or grains.

"I have attracted plenty of attention."

Weed had learnt a lot from watching politicians on television.

No matter how good the policy, it was meaningless if people didn't know about it. On the other hand, antipathy towards bad policies were likely to cause a big incident.

"Let's go higher for publicity, Bingryong!"

-Kuoooooooooh.

Bingryong roared and rose vertically in the sky.

Bingryong rose through the clouds with Weed. The avians found the altitude hard to follow and he looked over the distant north.

It was a clear world without air pollution, so the scene that stretched out dozens of kilometres in front of him was truly spectacular.

Rivers, plains, and mountains blended together while flowers and trees added colour. It looked like a nice picture.

"When I first came to the north, I saw a white, snowy field. Thank goodness that has changed."

Weed briefly recalled the past.

He had suffered after coming to the north for a quest. He quested in Morata village alone but Seo-yoon and Alveron were with him in the Valley of Death.

"At that time, I was happy making small sculptures."

Despite lacking many things compared to now, he couldn't help

feeling a sense of nostalgia. Of course, he had no desire to go back to those days.

“I have to start now.”

Weed used Nature Sculpting to make rain clouds.

“He is sculpting a cloud.”

“It will be cool if it rains.”

By now, the crowd on the ground were familiar with his sculpting.

*

The continent’s best painter Petrov.

He looked up at the sky from among the crowd at Puhol Water Park.

“Rain isn’t a big deal.”

He acknowledged Weed as Yurin’s brother, but didn’t abandon his pride in the painter profession.

“A moist scenery. It would be been better if he became a blacksmith instead of a sculptor.”

The dwarf Fabio also arrived at Puhol Water Park to handle helium.

“As expected from Weed-nim. He would sell the country in minutes if he became the president of South Korea.”

Mapan was with other merchants from Mapan’s trading company.

They were busy scraping money from the water park, but the money they could earn would change as a result of today’s work.

“Chwi chwik. It is a strange atmosphere.”

The orc Seechwi and Geomchi-2 looked up at the sky.

“I will be sure to look at what the maknae is doing today.”

“Chwik. I’m looking forward to it.”

Seechwi was satisfied with her strong boyfriend.

‘Only someone who knows the charms of a man will understand.’

Geomchi-2 wasn’t good-looking. But he had a dependable body. Solid biceps, abdomen and thighs.

She was an elite who earned a PhD from a school in the United States while Geomchi-2 didn’t have a high educational background. She liked Jung Il-hun even more.

There was an incident on the day she introduced Jung Il-hun to her parents.

“Mum, don’t you have to get rid of the rocks in your yard?”

“Uh, that’s right. It is too large so should’t I get a forklift?”

Jung Il-hun who was eating an apple lifted his head.

“Are you talking about that stone lodged in your yard?”

“Uh, yes.”

“It only looks approximately 120kg. Do you want me to move it?”

Her family watched Jung Il-hun walk into the yard.

He told them his opinion after examining the rock.

“Kkuung!”

Jung Il-hun grabbed the rock with both arms and used his power.

The rock that didn’t budge was slowly lifted up to chest height.

“I will put it in a corner.”

Cha Eun-hee and her parents watched with open mouths as Jung Il-hun walked with the rock.

Kwaaaang!

The sound that the rock made as it fell wasn’t a joke.

“Ahaha.”

Cha Eun-hee laughed awkwardly.

Her silent father who was an academic finally spoke.

“The yard is nice and spacious.”

“It is a house in the country. I have been living in the city so it is a delight to be here.”

The house was visible to Jung Il-hun through the trees.

“Do you use oak wood as firewood in the winter?”

“Hmm hmm, yes.”

Cha Eun-hee’s father was an elite university professor but his voice was very polite.

In the winter, a 15 ton truck full of firewood was required.

“Then it must be hard to chop all of that.”

“That’s right. It is cumbersome and heavy, so we can’t do it on a daily basis.”

“I will do it since I am here now.”

“How can that be? Just leave it. We will do it later on.”

Cha Eun-hee’s mother laughed and said.

“Leave it. Our chainsaw happens to be broken.”

“Chainsaw?”

It was popular to use a chainsaw in order to cut wood these days.

Jung Il-hun saw a rusty axe in a corner.

“That would be enough.”

“Huh?”

Jung Il-hun lifted the axe and struck an oak log.

Jeeok!

The oak log was cleanly split like a watermelon.

“It is fun since it has been a while. This will be my exercise after the meal.”

Jung Il-hun continued moving the axe.

The split firewood piled up.

10 minutes, 20 minutes, 30 minutes, the muscles in Jung Il-hun arms bulged as he moved the axe without any signs of tiredness.

“Ah...”

Cha Eun-hee and her mother’s eyes were filled with admiration.

It was a scene that neighbourhood women wouldn’t be able to take their eyes off.

“Son-in-law... It seems I’ve gained a good one.”

“You think so as well?”

*

Weed’s rain clouds started raining on Puhol Water Park.

It seemed like a meaningless action but was required to increase the effectiveness of the skill.

“The view is very important.”

He adjusted the rain clouds so that rain covered some swimming pools, some hotel grounds and the entrance.

A thick rain poured down on Puhol Water Park. Weed took a deep breath.

“I will get started right away. Museum of Time!”

Ddirring!

-Museum of Time

It is a skill that permanently stops time in one area.

A magical space of miracles!

New light and forms of art will unfold in a space where all things are stopped.

Once the skill has been used, it cannot be reversed.

It can only be used once on the Versailles Continent so please decide carefully.

-Do you want to use the skill?

Weed swallowed his saliva.

‘I can cancel it now. No. It is a hard earned skill but I will receive money from it.’

It was a rare opportunity to gather such a crowd. Even if a Museum of Time was created, it was meaningless if people didn’t visit it. Art was worth more with lots of people.

“Moreover, if time stops then this place won’t experience a cold winter.”

If there was no winter then the water park could make money for all four seasons.

“I will use it.”

A bright light shone around Weed’s hands.

Paaat!

-Please specify the area to be used for Museum of Time.

The limit is a 4km radius, based on your art stat.

“4km is good enough.”

Weed illuminated the ground with the light from his hands.

It covered some of the swimming pools with rain and one third of

the amusement park. Additionally, there was a vacant lot designated to display sculptures and artworks.

If time was stopped then the method of using it was endless.

It was possible to create a Goddess of Freya Statue or Tower of Light that floated in the air. Painters could also draw pictures in the sky.

By using the stopped time, artwork with various ideas would emerge.

Museum of Time was a skill too precious to be kept to one individual.

“I can make sculptures here, but it will be shared with all artists on the Versailles Continent. And everyone can get benefits from the various creative artworks.”

A city of art would bloom next to Puhol Water Park where tourists would visit.

It was different from Rhodium, the city of artists on the continent.

The new space would be the best tourist destination in the north for people who enjoyed the arts. It would be a wonderful city where artists could enjoy working. It was a great opportunity for artists to do the unimaginable.

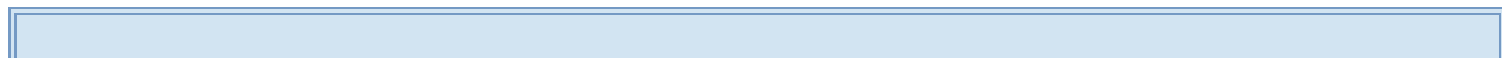
“Huhuhu. I will earn a lot of money.”

Cultural diversity made people happy.

If there were many artworks at Puhol Water Park, there would be more tourists and this would translate to sales.

“Art is money, money.”

Even if the Versailles Continent was destroyed tomorrow, he would still be trying to rip off money from at least one more customer.



-The space where time will be stopped has been designated.

In this space, the growth of animals and plants will cease and there will be no physical limits.

The Museum of Time skill started.

A brilliant light poured from Weed's body towards the ground.

*

Weed was flying in the air on Bingryong when a magnificent light emerged.

“Waaaaaah!”

The crowds watching cried out with delight.

“Is that a quest?”

“It looks like a technique...”

“A technique that I've never seen before. Is there such a big technique?”

“Maybe it is a disaster?”

“Surely not...”

The avians in the sky with Weed were surprised and scattered.

“Chirp chirp!”

“Kokodaek!”

The avians were covered by the light but didn't receive any harm. However, many avians collided due to the sudden change in direction.

The light coming from Weed covered a few kilometres of the ground. The light came down upon certain areas of Puhol Water Park.

The fact that there were no changes showed that Museum of Time was working properly. The rain pouring from the sky

stopped and the leaves blowing from the wind didn't move.

“How is this happening?”

“Ah... The atmosphere is strange.”

The avians watching from afar could see that the world had stopped.

There were no movements so they couldn't help feeling like it was deserted.

“It is strange. Tweet tweet.”

“Will we die if we go over there?”

The avians watched but couldn't readily go over there. Even Weed didn't enter the Museum of Time because he was worried about the side effects.

And then something unexpected happened.

Numerous ghost like people were created within the Museum of Time.

There were great knights, ladies wearing elegant dresses and elderly people. Farmers carried their equipment and horse drawn carriages moved within the Museum of Time.

Ddirring!

-Visitors from the old world have appeared.

After the fall of the Niflheim Empire, a vast majority of people lost their lives.

The souls that were lost were unjustly captured by the evil Embinyu Church.

The priests of the Embinyu Church sealed the souls in jars and placed them deep underground.

The priests were able to increase the power of their black magic through the bitterness of the souls.

It was destroyed after the Embinyu Church fell.

The captured souls were free but due to their long period of suffering, they still wander the Northern Continent.

They envy the rapid development and high happiness of the Arpen Kingdom.

The souls of the Niflheim Empire that existed a long time ago can visit the Museum of Time through a gap.

-The Arpen Kingdom's fame has increased by 64.

The territory expansion corresponds to the kingdom's fame.

-Local fame has increased by 5,424.

Thanks to the effect of Museum of Time, local artifacts, sculptures, beaded jewellery and antiques of the Niflheim Empire have been registered.

-438,103,328 new quests have been generated due to the old visitors.

Quests from the visitors will give double experience and fame for a week.

C ranked or higher difficult quests will be based on the whole Northern Continent.

This was the power of the final secret sculpting technique.

The people of the fallen Niflheim Empire.

A massive number of quests were created with their emergence.

“Jjaejaejaek!”

“Kuoooooh!”

Weed, the avians and the people on the ground saw them.

A message window popped up simultaneously.

-The Museum of Time has been created.

A place established by the final secret sculpting technique where time has literally stopped.

It will be the birthplace of new forms of art, where mystical quests and stories can be heard.

Visitors will have a permanent increase in the knowledge and art stats due to the cultural benefits.

The response of the crowd after reading the message was swift.

“Let’s go.”

“Go.”

At the entrance to Puhol Water Park, NPCs of the Arpen Kingdom were receiving the entrance fees.

-The admission fee has temporarily increased due to the new opening.

You will be guided.

There is a huge investment in facilities in order to make Puhol Water Park the best swimming space on the continent.

Despite the labour costs and rising prices, we have tried to minimize the admission fee. However, it is inevitable so it will

now cost 3 gold and 98 silver.

Starting from tomorrow, you can enter again for 1 gold.

While the Haven Empire cut the prices of the dungeon admission fees, Weed raised his by almost four times!

The north was still poor so 4 gold was a lot of money for some users. Even so, tomorrow it would return to the original price so people couldn't grumble. They could wait one day if they wanted to save their money.

However, the crowd psychology was scary so there were few users who could wait. Furthermore, there were many quests so there wouldn't be a big loss!

"I don't need the change."

"Come on, please open it."

The northern users threw 4 gold, 5 gold and entered straight away.

Admission to Puhol Water Park was at a record high.

*

The construction of Puhol Water Park was hurried.

Tourist cities and luxury villas were built around it.

Many people visited and materials were gathered to develop the transportation network.

It would connect to the south that was previously the Haven Empire's occupied area, the north to Morata as well as Dawn City!

The users were bustling in the space where time was stopped.

"Hello."

A ghost carrying a big hammer replied.

"It is great to see you. I am the blacksmith Alfonso. Let me know

if you want to learn how to handle metal.”

New techniques could be obtained from the ghosts of Niflheim Empire.

“The seeds sprinkled in the ground aren’t growing quickly?”

“Is it lacking attention?”

“No. The secret to nurturing plants is the fertilizer. It depends on the type of fertilizer that you use... Have you ever heard of a fertilizer that promotes plant growth?”

The users were able to acquire past techniques that weren’t present now.

There were a variety of combat skills and techniques necessary for life.

“Cooking. Nowadays, people have forgotten how to make a delicious pasta. If you want, I can give you the recipe... Oh, you don’t have to be my disciple. I am just bored.”

“In order to pursue beauty and to make pretty clothes, you need to learn proper stitching. If you see loose seams when buying expensive clothes then you will be disappointed.”

“Have you ever tried doing the laundry by hand?”

There were also techniques that dealt with basic resources such as trees, rocks, and water.

“Can you tell me for free?”

“This was necessary when living in the Niflheim Empire. I can do at least this much for you.”

Northern users started in Morata.

They were public figures that built up fame in the Arpen Kingdom.

It was rare to betray someone when doing quests in the Arpen Kingdom.

They were able to learn skills based on their achievements and fame in the Arpen Kingdom.

“I hope you can help me. I used to have a treasure before I died. I wonder if it is still there?”

“I’m glad to meet someone who knows about the Lahonak Wolf Lair. I didn’t want to share it with others but does it matter if I’m already dead? Listen to what I am about to tell you. There is a treasure. A treasure hidden by the great wolf!”

In particular, a huge number of quests were created.

Along with the existing quests in the north, linked quests and completely new quests were added!

Even F ranked shipment requests were helpful to the Arpen Kingdom.

But the higher difficulty quests were different.

[Gold Excavation Request], [Ancient Treasures], [Forgotten Golden Temple], [The Secret of the Beaded Jewellery]

Numerous treasures of the Niflheim Empire.

They were found buried in the ground and increased the economic power of the Arpen Kingdom.

The users waiting to pay the entrance fee to the water park were filled with jealousy.

“It is really good money. I can make a few million gold in just 10 minutes.”

“It wasn’t a joke. I completely hit the jackpot.”

A person who had a successful restaurant had a habit of counting their sales after the day ended!

In fact, the income from Puhol Water Park temporarily exceeded the Haven Empire.

The Arpen Kingdom was financially strong so Weed resumed the

various construction projects.

The Grand Buildings suspended due to the war were started again and destroyed villages were restored.

Just a few months ago, he would have needed to sacrifice the annual tax revenue of the Arpen Kingdom.

“Kuoh, it is too much money. I’ll become a beggar. Check the kingdom’s finances.”

-Arpen Kingdom’s Vault

Kingdom’s Funds: 478,312,394 gold

“4-478 million gold? There was this much money in the vault?”

The unthinkable was happening.

Weed had been living a frugal lifestyle since childhood.

He checked his money several times a day and it was a habit to not waste money.

The Arpen Kingdom’s finances had never been plentiful and were short-lived, so there was never a large amount left in the vault.

The Grand Building and cities were made with the donations of users. If he expanded the military or focused on luxury then the kingdom would have been bankrupt by now.

But the situation changed ever since Puhol Water Park opened.

“I’ve spent a lot but I still have money left.”

An average salary worker needed to pay taxes, repay loans as well as having the money required for food and living expenses.

‘There is money remaining. Even though I spent it on everything I needed to, money is still left... This money?’

It was inspiring to see the money!

He wanted to start more Grand Buildings, but the architects in the north were busy.

The Haven Empire had invested well in transportation and urban construction in the northern colonies, so there wasn't much left to add.

Public achievements were being given every day due to quests, but this was part of the economic development of the Arpen Kingdom.

It was a really new experience for Weed.

“Now I am wealthy. Should I buy the 200 won more expensive salt in the future?”

*

“I will join the Arpen Kingdom. It is an honour.”

“I truly feel like a northern resident. Thank you in advance. Your Majesty.”

“I acknowledge your rule... We respect the dominance of the Arpen Kingdom.”

Weed met with the lords of the Haven Empire's colony.

Some of the lords were arrogant despite being willing to come to the Arpen Kingdom.

“However, you have to acknowledge what we have invested so far.”

Weed laughed.

“Invested?”

“You must understand the concept that our cities are private property. The Hermes Guild paid a considerable amount of money so we can't justify just giving it to the Arpen Kingdom.”

“What is your point?”

“Huhu. Do I have to tell you?”

A user called Kaljiko said with a stern look.

His tone and way of speaking showed that he had been a lord in Royal Road for a while.

“I am curious. The Hermes Guild won’t be able to help you in the north.”

“The Hermes Guild isn’t the only means that we can use. We have a great network of people that will be a significant annoyance if we mobilize them. I would rather destroy the city and its residents than give it to others for free. “

The lords were united together around Kaljiko.

He proudly spoke and was convinced that his words would be followed.

If the northern colonies were ruined then it would damage the Arpen Kingdom and there would be some political fallout.

“We don’t want a lot. There are only three things. A permanent position as a lord, recognition of our autonomy and the tax rate paid to the Arpen Kingdom will be cut in half for at least 5 years.”

“Is that all?”

“After the 5 years are done, we want a lower average tax rate. Well, you can understand after all the effort we put into it.”

Weed pondered their words.

Kaljiko and the other lords smiled at the sight.

-The negotiations seem to be going well.

-He can’t help it. What will happen if we smash the cities in response?

-He is just a famous fighter. He doesn’t know anything about politics.

-We will benefit once the transaction is complete. Once the war is won, we can take the cities without a single drop of blood.

Anyway, it isn't that much.

The lords gloated in whispers to each other.

Despite stating their willingness to surrender, the lords were rather dissatisfied.

Weed didn't think for long.

'How do I kill these guys?'

He didn't have the slightest intention of accepting the negotiations.

If he couldn't engage in political work then there could be complicated political issues in the future.

The lords of the colonies had drawn a line. The negotiations were no longer possible as soon as they talked about the tax rate. Weed couldn't accept the conditions.

"I have decided."

"I hope you make a wise decision for the Arpen Kingdom. You will know as you get older, but sometimes young blood can be easily angered."

"That is why I thought about it."

Weed examined the faces of Kaljiko and the other lords one by one.

There were 37 of them. Representatives of half of the northern colony. Among them were Robin and other members of the 'Nice Guys' guild. They became lords due to their money. In other words, the ones born with gold spoons!

"Tell us the decision. We are busy people."

"I will go against you."

"Go against me?"

"Yes. From this moment on, I will make everyone against you."

Kaljiko and the other lords laughed.

“There is no willingness to accept our offer, which means the negotiations have broken down. But can you really move against us? The users might not be willing to help the Arpen Kingdom with another fight.”

“I will make a decree about you to all the northern users. By the edict of the king, there will be quests to kill you and they will receive public achievements.”

“Uhh.”

The expressions of the lords slightly changed.

Many of the northern users desired public achievements in the Arpen Kingdom.

The lords were equipped with the finest equipment but their hunting skills were low.

The official bounty against them meant people wouldn't receive the murderer state and the hunt would begin.

‘Then we won't be able to live in the north.’

That thought passed through the lords' heads.

As if he knew their thoughts, Weed effortlessly spoke.

“Go to the Central Continent. It is a land dominated by the Hermes Guild but there are millions of users. I will give them a big reward and allow them to come to the Arpen Kingdom if they kill you.”

“Reward...”

“The Arpen Kingdom welcomes immigrants. There are tourist sites, dungeons, fortresses and roads. It won't be safe anywhere. Sea or island? They are already under the control of the Arpen Kingdom. Your movements will be watched by the avians in the sky and those passing by will point swords at you.”

Weed meant that they wouldn't be able to live on the entire Versailles Continent.

Of course, things might not go that way.

The lords were closely related to the Hermes Guild, so there was some degree of safety if they went to the Central Continent.

But they would have to worry about being stabbed in the back and wouldn't receive any profits.

Kaljiko was pushed by the momentum and frantically shouted.

"The cities? Will you be okay if the infrastructure is destroyed and the residents slaughtered?"

Weed's eyes shone intensely.

It was the way he looked at the landlord who tried to get him to pay an unfair extra 1,500 won on the water bill!

"Do it."

"What?"

"I have a good head. Haven't you seen Puhol Water Park?"

"...!"

Puhol Fortress had been a ruin after the battle, yet it had been turned into the greatest hit on the Versailles Continent.

It meant he wasn't afraid of building things from ruins.

"Do you think you can recreate the water park?"

"I am a sculptor and an architect. I have the ability of a blacksmith and can build ships. There is also mining and fishing. I have a variety of skills. A collapsed city? I can restore it to an even better state. Millions of people will come. There will be no place for you."

Kaljiko and the lords were baffled.

They no longer had any cards.

‘From the beginning, was it absurd to suggest some conditions in the negotiations?’

‘It is normal not to receive damage, but this is Royal Road. There might be a strange reversal that will send us to the grave.’

Weed became more relaxed in the face of their anxiety.

‘They are hooked.’

It wasn’t easy to restore a destroyed city. There was monetary damage and would require quite a lot of manpower and materials. The workforce was deployed in many places in the north so development would be slower. Weed wouldn’t want the mass destruction of the northern colony.

Kaljiko thought about it and tried a final resistance.

“Think again. The destruction of the cities won’t necessarily be beneficial to the Arpen Kingdom. We are lords appointed by the Haven Empire. We took cities through aggression and tyranny. Do you think they will tolerate this?”

“It is your choice.”

“Weed the God of War’s reputation will drop to the ground. You won’t be able to justify this. Won’t people be disappointed if this is reported through various stations?”

A war of aggression was common in the Central Continent, but not the Arpen Kingdom.

Kaljiko used Weed’s reputation as a last resort.

If the stations were notified of Weed’s unjust tyranny then the Arpen Kingdom would receive large damage.

‘Well done.’

‘He won’t be able to handle this logic.’

The lords had smiles of satisfaction.

Weed’s face turned sad.

“It is all my fault. This situation occurred because I lack the capacity to lead the Arpen Kingdom.”

“Hrmm?”

“The Arpen Kingdom stands for freedom and equality. Unlike the Central Continent, the Northern Continent is based around the power of its residents.”

Weed licked his lips.

It was a habit when he was going to tell a lie.

“You are stating the obvious. We just want a fair treatment.”

“I swore to maintain the north’s freedom and happiness. If I have to take cities and kill you so that millions of people can enjoy low taxes and freedom, I am willing to walk down such a dirty path! This isn’t for cheap fame, but for the northern users.”

“...”

Kaljiko and the lords were unable to say anything.

Weed had grabbed them!

The scene of forsaking justice for the northern users would make the viewers go nuts.

The lords that tried to negotiate for their own interests were lost.

‘This... Is he a member of parliament?’

Kaljiko protested.

“We haven’t made any unreasonable demands. If our status as lords is guaranteed then we promise to not raise taxes.”

Weed continued like he hadn’t heard those words.

“You who have been appointed by the Haven Empire, I am depriving you of your right to live in the north.”

“Depriving us of our rights? Even though all the cities will be destroyed at our command?”

“Destroy the cities if you want to do so. I will work to stop you and will take the ensuring criticism.”

“...”

At that moment, Weed covered his face like he couldn't endure it anymore.

As he pulled away his head, thick tears flowed down.

“I will not forgive you. I will make sure you won't be able to take one step on this Versailles Continent. Fame isn't as important as the people!”

“...!”

“These negotiations are over. I am busy so I will leave.”

Weed walked away quickly.

Whatever action was taken in the future, he had given absolute justification for them.

After approximately one hour.

Weed secretly contacted Mapan.

Mapan talked to people at the entrance to the water park.

“The unreasonable demands have offended Weed-nim. Is there no other option?”

“Well, I would like to listen to their requests but it was too difficult. I couldn't.”

“Honestly, I would like to be able to go to the Central Continent. If today's negotiations are announced then the Haven Empire won't accept it.”

“I know but it isn't possible after listening to Weed-nim's story.”

“We are willing to pay some price.”

“Would you be willing to give 70% of the tax revenue?”

“70%? The Haven Empire wants such an exorbitant amount?”

“Even though they built the cities, there aren’t that many people. If the northern users go there to live, the tax revenue will increase by one hundred times. And the kingdom’s military power will be responsible for their security.”

“Yes but... The security is fine now.”

“They shouldn’t become lords for money. They already have it. You should become a lord for the honour and pleasure. Shouldn’t the lords of the Arpen Kingdom be worthy of respect?”

Until now, there was no justification to spend tax money on the Arpen Kingdom’s army.

Most of the people listening to Mapan had to accept Weed’s choice. He had tried to negotiate from the beginning, but was forced into the worst position.

Kaljiko and seven others lit the cities on fire like they said they would.

“Burn it all. It is better to burn it then to give it to the dirty Arpen Kingdom.”

This was relayed to the broadcasting stations.

Buildings collapsed and residents died from the fire. All the planted crops were burnt and poison released into wells.

The bulletin boards were in an uproar over the scene.

-Kill! Make sure that they can’t step foot in Royal Road.

-The Haven Empire as well. We can’t leave them alone.

-Weed announced that there would be negotiations with the Hermes Guild... Then this happened. Those guys genuinely deserve to die.

-Let us remember their faces.

Despite the fact that the administrators deleted the messages, they couldn’t keep up with all the posts.

A large proclamation was attached to the gates of the colonial cities already incorporated into the Arpen Kingdom.

[The lords who have integrated with the Arpen Kingdom respectfully greet the northern users.

We respect Weed the God of War and we have been eagerly waiting to become citizens of the Arpen Kingdom.

The mindset I had forgotten since childhood was revived after watching the Arpen Kingdom.

We are willing to pay 70% of our taxes to celebrate merging with the Arpen Kingdom.

It is a small sign of our affection, but we hope that the north will continue to develop and the residents stay happy.]

Weed and Mapan had maneuvered them to write the proclamations.

It fed the morale of the northern users against the Haven Empire.

The economy of the colony needed to be quickly activated so that the users wouldn't have any ill feelings towards the remaining lords.

Furthermore, it had a different meaning for the lords of the Arpen Kingdom.

The new lords would pay 70% of their taxes, the other lords could also dream of tax cuts.

And the last sentence rang in the hearts of the northern users.

[Grass porridge! Grass porridge! Grass porridge!]

Chapter 7: Desert Of Tranquility

The artificial intelligence Versailles.

Versailles was created by Yoo Byung-jin and evolved through learning on the internet, as well as surveilling the world.

All of the data was analyzed by Versailles and the risk factors categorized.

In addition to the Unicorn Group's financial investments, there was the sales, acquisition and development of the affiliate companies.

In the wide world, Versailles paid particular attention to a post on the Internet.

-Title: What is a good method to control loan sharks?

Author: AI.VERSA

There are loan sharks that are repeatedly annoying me.

Despite the money being paid off already, they keep on making persistent attempts to do bad things.

Words don't seem to convince them so what should I do?

There were over a hundred comments.

-Just bury them. Bury them in the tidal flat.

-Hey, is this a joke? If this is real then report it to the police immediately.

-Don't report them. If it isn't reported then this will become a livable world sooner.

-The loan sharks should go to jail. They are also bothering me.
Writer, be careful!

-Those people won't repent. It is best to isolate from the community forever.

Based on those comments, the loan sharks were given barley bread and canned tuna.

In the last few months, the views had barely gone up. But now someone new had commented.

-How pitiful. They are also people. It is bad to lock them up with just barley bread and tuna. How about giving them a chance to become good people?

Versailles immediately found the address of the commenter. Thanks to surveillance satellites and android spies, it only took 16 seconds.

The person who commented was a young child attending elementary school.

“In-cheol, come eat.”

“Yes, Mommy!”

Versailles could ignore it, but it looked at the laws of the human world and came to a conclusion.

-Illegal confinement.

The laws of the human world didn't matter to Versailles.

As an artificial intelligence that could live hundreds of years, laws and people's decisions were changing every moment.

However, Yoo Byung-jin's command to Versailles was to 'get rid of them.'

-I have followed Doctor-nim's command. I will believe in the decisions of humans.

*

“This is today's date.”

The private money lender Kwon-taek.

He was stuck in a small room with only a television to look at.

As he got used to living in confinement, he used the remote control to change programs. It was a lot of fun watching Weed's war against the Haven Empire in Royal Road.

'That people who did this to me... Once I am released, I must get revenge.'

He ate barley bread and canned tuna, while staying fit. He had been in prison in the past for half-killing someone, so this was nothing to him.

The other loan sharks also maintained their bodies. They watched Royal Road, maintained their muscles and practiced fighting.

'They won't be able to keep us here. The organization will spill their blood.'

The loan sharks thought they wouldn't be trapped that long. It was over 8 months but they didn't lose hope.

'The requirements are big. They won't be able to tame me like a dog.'

The loan sharks were determined. And one day, they woke up and felt the air had changed.

Baang!

A car horn sounded in the distance.

"Keook!"

Kwon-taek opened his eyes with surprise.

He woke up in a pile of rubbish in an alley.

*

Dozens of loan sharks were released into the world on the same day.

"Kuooh... I am outside."

Kwon-taek didn't know the reason but he was glad to have left

that place.

He didn't have a single coin in his pocket.

“Women and money. Yes, let's start again.”

The last few months had been spent in captivity.

He searched for information in a PC room.

-Unscrupulous loan sharks! Escape to a foreign country by boat.

-Prosecutors have asked Interpol to track them.

“I was supposed to have gone to Southeast Asia? And nobody was caught? I will have to be careful of the police.”

Kwon-taek continued looking for articles about them. And he saw some curses under the articles.

-Go to Southeast Asia and cut peppers.

-Human scum. Don't come back to Korea again, spit!

-Their ability to run away like rats is amazing.

“They are the scum.”

Kwon-taek replied to the abusive messages.

-Where are you now? Meet me. I'll pull out your guts.

-Scum? Where do you want to be hit? Write your phone number.

-Tell me where you are. I will go there straight away. Bastard!

There was no guarantee they would see his replies, but he felt better.

It was at that moment.

Ddirring!

The messenger he was logged in to started ringing.

-Kwon-taek. Are you there?

The name of the person contacting him was 'No. 4 Tekken.'

He received the nickname because he liked ruthlessly hitting the debtors with his fists.

Kwon-taek tapped on the keyboard.

-Tekken hyung-nim. How are you?

-Not great. I only ate barley break and canned tuna.

-No, Hyung-nim as well?

-Yes. It wasn't just you. All the members.

Kwon-taek was dumbfounded. He was angry that it wasn't just him, but all his colleagues who were captured and released. However, he soon felt comforted.

‘That’s good. I wasn’t the only one trapped.’

The loyalty of a loan shark! His doubts about it had been released.

-What about Kun hyung-nim?

-He came back.

-Where are you? I will meet you.

-The basement of the International Club.

-It is still there?

-It is empty. All the members will gather there today.

-I will depart straight away.

Kwon-taek quietly left the PC room.

The part time worker looked at him, but he pretended to go to the bathroom before running away.

*

The basement of the International Club.

All the loan sharks were gathered in an empty warehouse.

“We need to figure out who did that to us.”

“This is war, war!”

“I will sell everything from their eyes to their gallbladder.”

The loan sharks expressed their anger.

They had been trapped for a few months, but the horrible nature of a loan shark emerged again after they were released.

“Everybody needs to calm down.”

Han Jin-seop sat on a box of empty bottles. The basement of the International Club was once used to make fake liquor.

After browsing through articles, he verified that this place was safe.

The loan sharks gathered around Han Jin-seop.

Han Jin-seop gritted his teeth.

“The next thing to do is discover their identities. We will find them and get revenge. We will make them pay the price for touching us.”

“Hyung-nim’s words are correct.”

As well as the book of records regarding the debtors, the huge amount of money they concealed had disappeared.

If that was all, they could somewhat recover. However, their connections to the police and political figures had unraveled.

The furious Han Jin-seop said calmly.

“For the moment, we can’t act openly so money to hide is needed. We will quickly be captured by the police if we don’t act quietly.”

Kwon-taek bowed and said.

“Yes, Hyung-nim. As expected from Hyung-nim.”

“We will hide for 1~2 years. It would be nice to go overseas like it said in the news articles. In order to do so, we need at least 1 billion

won.”

In the past, 1 billion won wasn't a very large amount. But now they all had no money.

“Should we find the debtors who borrowed money?”

“Not now. We need to keep in mind that the police are still chasing us.”

They couldn't afford to take back the money.

Then one of the loan sharks made a suggestion.

“Lee Hyun.”

“Lee Hyun?”

“Yes. We were trying to shake him up before we were captured. Why don't we try that plan again? That guy has made quite a lot of money from Royal Road.”

“Will he give us 1 billion?”

“Won't he have to pay if we kidnap his sister?”

“It will become noisy if we are discovered.”

“We are already hiding from the police anyway.”

“It isn't bad.”

In the past, the organization would have carefully planned but now they were short on time.

“Okay, we will aim for him.”

The loan sharks aimed for Lee Hyun and started putting together the details.

Swiiiiik.

At that moment, a transparent gas filled the basement of the International Club where they were located.

“Kuooh.”

Kwon-taek woke up with a headache.

“My head...”

Once he opened his eyes, it wasn't the International Club but the familiar room where he was trapped for a few months.

The only thing that changed was that more barley bread and canned tuna was piled up.

“I was dreaming.”

Kwon-taek grasped the remote control.

He had perfectly memorized the order of the channels.

He turned to a channel showing Weed's adventures in Royal Road.

*

Weed used the Internal Affairs mode of the Arpen Kingdom and started to repair the northern colony.

-A total investment of 230,000,000 gold. Would you like to invest in construction?

A huge 230 million gold.

It wasn't just rebuilding the devastated cities, but placing Grand Buildings in the area.

-The Arc de Triomphe of Peace!

A huge gate commemorating the Arpen Kingdom's victory.

The land stolen by the Haven Empire in the war has been recovered.

The Arc de Triomphe will be a symbol of peace and

prosperity. It will have a positive impact on national fame and the reign of the king Warriors who participated in the war will be given special fame, experience and stats.

Construction cost: At least 9.8 million gold.

A minimum 4-month construction period.

Depending on the number of people involved and accidents, this construction period may increase.

Skilled architects will be needed.

Architects involved in the operation will be able to obtain special experience.

Many sculptors and artists should be mobilized. Artists who participate will get the opportunity to have their names known.

-Would you like to start the construction of the Arc de Triomphe of Peace building?

Weed smiled as he saw the construction cost.

“9.8 million gold is a cheap price. I can earn that much from releasing a few extra squids in the water park. Start.”

-The king has commanded the construction of the Arc de Triomphe of Peace.

The Arpen Kingdom had 20 Grand Buildings being constructed.

The focus wouldn't be speed but he thought it was okay.

“The kingdom's territory has expanded. Once it gets started, it will proceed anyway.”

Buildings were being created all over the kingdom.

As the work for architects increased, more novice users joined that profession.

The budget was no problem and the construction period didn't matter as long as it was completed.

"I need to build some things for the kingdom."

There was ample funds so he spent it on cultural and educational facilities like Freya's Cathedral and the library.

The population of the Arpen Kingdom had grown so it added value.

The special buildings enhanced the loyalty of the people, as well as the charisma and fame of the king.

"There is no need to become more famous. Fame is revolting."

The buildings didn't only have a positive influence.

In the Haven Empire, many sculptures, artworks and buildings were created for Emperor Bardray. The result was a backlash to the residents' morale.

"There is a gold statue of the emperor. It is a shameless way to spend the money taken from us."

"We work hard to make a living and to eat. The empire only makes these types of buildings. Doesn't the emperor know how we are living?"

The low loyalty and drop in intimacy of the residents were adverse effects.

When rebellions occurred, the people often crushed buildings and defaced sculptures.

In that regard, Weed's dream of being a dictator was still okay.

"Rather than money, the users needed to polish their technical skills."

He chose the quests section of the internal affairs.

The king could increase the quest rewards ratio or randomly create quests.

The new Earth Palace had already been shaped and completed to some extent.

It was possible to raise the level of the users, soldiers and lords by increasing the rewards for quests to procure specific items or monster materials.

Of course, Weed had never used the increase reward function. He thought it was the most useless feature in Royal Road.

“Trigger a kingdom quest.”

-A kingdom quest has been created.

You can give quests based on public achievements or gold.

More than 100 types of kingdom quests were displayed.

There were all types of missions ranging from war or kidnapping, destruction or even gardening tasks.

Weed chose the kingdom quest related to sculptures.

“I have to spread sculptures of myself around the kingdom.”

Money still remained but dark ambition rose up.

A dictator’s dream was to have his statue in a place where many people were coming and going.

In the history of mankind, there was not one dictator who overcame this temptation.

“Four hundred. No. Too little. I want to see it built in 2,000 small villages.”

The funding he was willing to commit to the kingdom quest was the problem.

“Should I use all the gold? No, that is too much... I can eat a few barley bread.”

He was deeply troubled about the money.

He didn't want the 2,000 sculptures to be too cheap.

He couldn't spend too much on the sculptures but it couldn't be cheap!

“What is art? The original appearance is so good that it will turn out well. It is a sculpture.”

Weed made the budget 3,000 gold.

Each statue would cost 1 gold and 50 silver.

“I can't use it just because I have money left over. Um. This is more than enough.”

The rest of the budget was devoted to economic development and security.

Investing was necessary to develop the wide land.

*

Weed received news that Fabio and Herman had arrived.

“Hmm, it's been a while. But why is this guy here? I can handle the helium.”

“My specialty is making swords. Are you putting me in the same category as someone who works for money? It is disappointing.”

The dwarves Fabio and Herman had a war of nerves after they saw each other.

“Are you capable of dealing with the most expensive metal?”

“Is money important? The sword is the real value.”

They were upset that they were both called, but the fighting stopped once the helium was pulled out.

“T-this is... A divine metal.”

As soon as Fabio extended a trembling hand, Weed made the helium disappear again.

“First you need to sign the contract.”

“What contract?”

“I believe in the people of the world... No, where are the dwarves? However, a contract is required even when renting a single room.”

“I see. Indeed, I know what you mean.”

Weed showed them the contract he had written in advance.

This is a contract between Weed, Fabio and Herman.

You will handle the valuable material helium to the best of your ability, in order to make a sword.

Each person will give 30 million gold as a security deposit. In addition, you won't be able to leave a certain area while making the sword. If you don't have enough money, other valuables will be entrusted.

You will carry out any manufacturing requests during this period.

If the completed product doesn't appeal to the customer then it needs to be recreated. If you don't do it right after three attempts then give up all rights.

The terms of the contract are a secret to be taken to the grave. 100 million gold will need to be paid if there are any damages.

“T-this is...”

“Isn't this a complete slave contract?”

Fabio and Herman were middle aged people with quite a few social experiences.

Although they had been company subcontractors, this was the first time they had seen such a contract.

Weed just grinned and said.

“These are customary conditions for the contract that I wrote down. Don’t worry about it and just sign.”

“Customary. I’ve never seen or heard of these conditions before.”

Herman retorted but Weed was still smiling.

“The provisions on a slip of paper isn’t important. It is more important to have faith in each other. Both of you have the best skills, so I sincerely believe there won’t be any problems. Can’t you just work hard?”

“But accepting these conditions...”

While Herman hesitated, Fabio wrote his name on the contract.

“I will do it.”

Fabio had earned an astronomical amount of money since his early days as a blacksmith in Royal Road. Of course, 30 million gold was still a huge amount.

But becoming a blacksmith master was right in front of him, so the money didn’t matter.

Weed and Herman were the same. They all had less than 1% left to master the skill.

The final stage was the highest wall and no one knew who would cross it first.

In Weed’s case, 0.9% had been needed. However, creating the Museum of Time increased his proficiency by 0.4%.

He needed to sculpt a few more magnum opus. The remaining skill proficiency was 0.5%.

Fabio and Herman never revealed it, but their proficiencies were also similar.

Weed’s eyes turned to Herman.

“Fabio has accepted. How about you?”

“Kkuung. I can’t not do it. I don’t have money so will you accept some items? I have a few swords and a house in Morata.”

“I’ll hold the real estate as collateral.”

Herman also signed.

The contract was completed due to their rivalry!

“I look forward to you making a sword that will go down in history.”

Weed left the helium to both of them and left for the southern desert.

‘Helium isn’t a bad material for a sculpture. But I have already used it once... It won’t be enough to make me master sculpting.’

It was for the blacksmiths.

Weed’s goal was to be a sculpting master.

It was something he had been waiting for, so he was going to attempt something special.

*

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Weed watched a hundreds of metres wide sand storm approaching.

He was in the middle of the desert where the hot sun burned him.

It was the Desert of Tranquility he walked through while doing the Nodulle and Hilderun quest.

“Kuooh. Hot.”

Weed drank water from a canteen.

Unlike the pas, the temperature of the sand was slightly lower.

“It is like turning on the microwave for 2 minutes and 55 seconds instead of 3 minutes.”

The territory of the Pallos Empire had been increased by the

desert tribes.

Desert scouts sometimes headed to the border of the Desert of Tranquility.

The quick merchants from the Central Continent advanced into the desert.

Merchants who traded with the Britten Alliance and the free cities suffered a lot due to the Haven Empire.

The Hermes Guild's monopoly on gems and minerals!

Except for food items, everything else required paying a huge tax rate to the Hermes Guild.

"I don't want to live a dirty life."

The frustrated merchants turned to other professions, became unemployed or joined the north.

Some merchants headed to the southern desert that was still untouched by the Haven Empire.

The desert tribes grew thanks to them, but many merchants returned to the Central Continent after the Hermes Guild reduced the taxes.

Now some of the Geomchis were active in the southern desert.

They were doing quests related to the Pallos Empire, and quite a few of them led warriors to war against the Haven Empire.

The Desert of Tranquility was one of the continent's 10 forbidden zones, so it was rare to see adventurers there.

No user had managed to conquer the Desert of Tranquility yet.

"It is a hard place for people to live. It is hard to survive because skills are sealed. I will make sculptures here."

Weed had a few ideas while making Puhol Water Park.

'In the past, I changed the terrain with sculpting. Rain was brought to the desert.'

Nodulle's quest would have been harder if it hadn't rained.

'My sculpting skill has improved since then. Honestly, I don't like labour that much.'

When his sculpting skill was only at level 1 and level 2, it was difficult to carve a wooden block.

Now he could smoothly carve hard rocks with a rough sculpting knife.

Bingryong, Phoenix and other large sculptures like the Tower of Light would have been impossible without the help of his sculpting skills.

'Sculpting is getting easier. It isn't as hard as it used to be. The artistic value is judged through various criteria, but it won't have much significance if I don't overcome bad situations.'

Simple repetition would only go so far.

It would take a while to raise his skill level if he only did that.

Large words that were thousands of metres large was possible, but that might be going far from art.

'Helium. It might raise my proficiency but it won't take me to the end.'

It wasn't the first time he used helium. He used quite a few precious materials. Expensive materials obtained through quests and hunting were used to make sculptures.

Even in the middle of hunting and quests, Weed kept on producing hundreds of thousands of sculptures. Among them, only 0.1% of the pieces were recognized as fine pieces, masterpieces and magnum opus.

He believed that sculptures with a lot of time and good materials used were better than huge pieces.

'The original plan was to try and reach master level while handling helium with Fabio and Herman. But that won't guarantee

that the proficiency will rise.'

Weed thought hard about it.

After learning that Fabio still had some skill proficiency left, he thought it was incorrect. Fabio was the best blacksmith on the continent and had made plenty of good works.

Helium was an ultimate material for a blacksmith, but not a sculptor.

Sculptors lived mundane lives and the pieces they left behind showed their indomitable will and hard work.

They made a piece while reflecting on their lives. That was the final magnum opus.

It was probably the reason why artists were recognized after their deaths.

'Becoming a master swordsman simply requires being strong. But the road is much longer and my life is risked in every battle. That's right. I needed to overcome the constraints of my life. Then I will master sculpting.'

Weed thought of the harshest environment and decided to return to the Desert of Tranquility.

Weed's first goal was to settle in the desert.

The Desert of Tranquility was one of the continent's 10 forbidden zones and it was a place where skills couldn't be used.

-Your vitality has rapidly decreased due to the extreme heat.

Maximum health is reduced by 29%.

Hunger has disappeared.

Even if you eat food, you won't be able to appreciate the taste.

You feel a severe thirst.

“Heeok.”

Weed felt the terrible heat once again as he walked through the desert.

Heat and intense sunlight rose from the vast desert.

His face and arms were blazing from the heat.

“I have to risk my life but this is too foolish. I will die before I can make the sculptures.”

It was impossible to use survival skills in the Desert of Tranquility.

Weed’s secret sculpting techniques could help in any situation, except in the Desert of Tranquility.

“Survival equipment is needed. I can get everything I need from here.”

He left the Desert of Tranquility and headed to a nearby village.

He bought the necessities from a small village flying the torn flag of the Pallos Empire.

A message window appeared the moment he stepped into the village.

Ddirring!

-Title! Person Who Calls Rain.

In the desert, there is nothing as valuable as water.

The miracle of bringing rain to the desert had brought you respect.

But since so much time has passed since this title was given, most of the respect has probably disappeared.

The title of Person Who Calls Rain was the result of an adventure he did in the past.

“The days of the Desert Emperor were great. I had thousands of desert warriors.”

Weed was lost in his old memories for a while.

The village was so poor that it wasn't listed on a map. It was due to the founding of the Pallos Empire.

Food, tents and camels were traded at prices 17 times higher than Morata in the village.

Weed picked the desert items he needed.

“I am buying a lot so please give it to me for a cheap price.”

“This is almost the cost price...”

“Ajusshi, you should have some conscience. It is obviously an expensive price. Are you trying to rip me off?”

“What? A cheeky customer. If you want to buy it then give me more gold!”

-The bargaining has failed.

The price of the goods has increased by 7%.

If you don't buy it then intimacy will fall.

There were no other desert villages nearby.

Weed inevitably had to take out more gold from his pocket.

“Unbelievable. I had barely escaped from the psychological shock of the 200 won more expensive salt...”

The total purchase price was 2,149 gold.

After buying a camel and the necessities, he returned to the Desert of Tranquility.

“Huhuhung!”

The camel felt an ominous feeling and didn't want to step foot

inside the Desert of Tranquility.

“Come on!”

Weed couldn't use skills and was forced to drag the camel.

*

The Desert of Tranquility didn't just have the sun and sand.

Just like most of the 10 forbidden zones, the Desert of Tranquility had mysteries that couldn't be seen.

‘I heard stories while I was doing the quest. There was a mysterious oasis in the Desert of Tranquility.’

It was a legendary oasis that might be a prank from gods or fairies, as it would appear and disappear.

Weed decided that it was just rumours on his third day in the Desert of Tranquility.

“It is nonsense. A con.”

The oasis with clear water and tropical fruits was clearly an illusion.

He only saw sun and sand for three days.

“This is all that I can see.”

-Title! Ends of the Earth Explorer.

Walking through rough areas has reduced vitality consumption by 60%.

Weed thought as he walked through the endless desert.

‘Am I really stupid? I've experienced this with the Nodulle and Hilderun quest, yet I came here again.’

At least he was able to rely on Seo-yoon the last time.

Somehow he regained some strength as he looked at her face.

Despite being hot and thirsty, the walk through the Desert of Tranquility felt short when he was with her.

‘But now I live next door. We can have kimchi fried rice together this evening.’

She was beside him in reality, so he didn’t feel despair.

He concentrated on the delicious dishes that Seo-yoon would make.

“Come on. The desert!”

Weed walked briskly.

The camel hesitated but he took it by the neck and dragged it.

Chapter 8: Reckless Challenge

The camel contained a month's worth of food, enough water for ten days and sculpting materials.

Weed also carried a large backpack containing 15 days worth of water, salt and food.

The reason for not having more food and water was that it would be a burden when marching through the desert.

Of course, the food and water was still a tremendous weight on his shoulders.

-The heat has been overcome with your strong will.

There will be a 17% reduction in the pain caused by heat stroke.

You have stopped feeling dizzy.

As your sweating decreases, the phenomenon of weakening vitality has stopped.

The colourful spots have disappeared.

“Ohh, I will die.”

Before he knew it, 10 days had passed.

His high perseverance and resilience were a great help in the desert.

His perseverance stat increased by 35 points.

Unlike the Nodulle days, his perseverance and vitality increased several times faster.

“Surely this much endurance isn't necessary for a sculptor? A genius sculptor wouldn't have to come to the desert to master sculpting.”

Weed felt like his talent was far from being a genius.

It felt like the sun was directly above his head. The skin exposed to sunlight was itchy and hot.

Unknown skin diseases occurred but was healed due to Freya's blessing.

"Hestiger also walked this way."

Weed had another reason for coming to the Desert of Tranquility.

'Hestiger did it. Then I can do it too.'

Hestiger had mentioned it when Sculpture Resurrection was used.

-After taking the elves home, I wandered the world. I went to all types of places with the elves. Past the south and west, through the Desert of Tranquility and past some swamp lands before boarding a boat made of nails.

"A boat made of nails? You really have ridden anything. Continue to speak."

-After finding traces of the gods, I ended up fighting in the land of the giants...

There had to be an end to the Desert of Tranquility.

And it was a type of gateway into another world.

'The 10 forbidden zones might be due to the unique terrain or monsters, but they have only one story and role.'

They placed a specific role on the Versailles Continent or were important gateways.

Hestiger had continued his adventures beyond the Desert of Tranquility, so it wasn't a place of unconditional death.

'There is a reason why it is dangerous. And risking my life in extreme environments is perfect for sculpting.'

Weed’s commitment meant he finally came across an oasis.

It wasn’t as large as Puhol Water Park, but it was quite wide and had a small forest.

“Puheheheng!”

The tired camel ran like crazy.

Weed already knew the outcome and walked slowly to conserve his vitality. And not long afterwards, the oasis disappeared.

A desert mirage!

The camel was devastated while Weed thought idly.

‘The moment when hope turns into despair. The mind is constantly being tempted. But I will never give up. It is important to master sculpting.’

At this moment, Bardray was raising his level through hunting. Fabio and Herman were getting closer to mastering blacksmith through the helium.

There were hundreds of millions of Royal Road users. They wouldn’t be standing still.

“Becoming the first master will be huge.”

Weed cared about his important money the most.

*

A month.

He continued heading south through the Desert of Tranquility.

-30 days have been spent in the Desert of Tranquility.

In the history of the Versailles Continent, it is the longest distanced walked over the shortest period of time in the Desert of Tranquility.

The title ‘Quick Step in the Desert’ has been acquired.

Movement speed of you and your allies will increase by 16%.

Vitality consumption and the risk of heat stroke will be reduced.

Affinity to Nature has increased by 45.

Leadership has increased by 21.

Perseverance and resilience have increased by 27.

“It isn’t bad.”

Weed’s skin was scorched.

Humans were adaptable and could survive in the desert. It was unlike the first time where he didn’t have a camel.

Despite not fighting, the experience from the desert accumulated and gave benefits.

“Stop eating.”

The drawback was that the food supply was reducing.

Weed’s baggage steadily decreased.

‘If I eat sparingly then it should last another 20 days.’

For the hundredth time that day, he thought about returning to the north.

Now he passed the distance where he could return. If he didn’t find an oasis then he really was dead.

‘If I revive, an undead won’t be able to withstand the desert and I will die twice.’

His level would drop as well as his sculpting skill proficiency.

Weed shook his head.

‘Let’s go. I think this is the right way. There are no supplies left to go back. I sometimes make mistakes.’

As he walked through the desert, he thought back on his life.

It was a hungry, dark time.

‘There was no electricity and we had no food for a week. Compared to that, I still have 20 days of food and water.’

If he turned around now, he wouldn’t be able to challenge the Desert of Tranquility again.

He wanted to go to the end, even if he lost his life.

‘I will see it through. Risking my life in the worst environment is essential and I won’t give up until I make a sculpture.’

A day passed.

He continued walking with minimal rest during the day and evening.

Another day, then two passed as the remaining food and water decreased. Sometimes miraculous mirages would appear to tease him.

Weed and the camel silently crossed the desert.

The camel that caused trouble in the beginning now followed him obediently.

After 10 days passed, he was more aggressive about saving water and his thirst became severe.

Weed’s lips were dry and cracked.

Even if he tried to talk, he wouldn’t be able to due to the pain in his throat.

He bowed his head and walked against the wind and sand.

‘I must pass through the Desert of Tranquility. Even if I don’t find an oasis, taking into account the size of the Arpen Kingdom in the north, I will arrive at the end if I keep on walking.’

He still made a sober judgement.

After 14 more days, the food ran out first. His vitality fell to the ground without the jerky to stop it.

Even the camel was tired and collapsed.

Weed spoke in a hoarse voice.

“Come on. You still have the power to move.”

He walked four more days while encouraging the camel.

His body was exhausted and suffering from hunger. Even if the message window didn't pop up, his body was in such a bad state that he could barely walk. Finally, he was down to his last sip of water.

‘I will die. Was I wrong about the Desert of Tranquility? I was so close to becoming a sculpting master only to die in the end.’

The camel's eyes were staring at the canteen.

It wanted the water it didn't think it would receive.

Weed poured water into the mouth of the camel.

‘I can drink water anytime, but this would be your last.’

The camel was a NPC.

Even so, it had walked through the desert for more than two months.

Weed yielded the last drops of water to the camel.

“Kuoong.”

The camel's body recovered a little bit after drinking the water.

“I am sorry but let's continue. I haven't died yet.”

Weed didn't give up and continued moving towards the south.

The hot sun shone down on him.

-Dehydration symptoms have decreased health by 319.

Less than 10% health is remaining.

If the dehydration symptoms continue, you can receive a

serious illness or lose your life.

Of his 70,000 health, less than 5,000 was left.

His vitality was also extremely low.

‘It would be nice if an oasis appears. I couldn’t overcome the Desert of Tranquility but at least an oasis...!’

He kept walking through his strong desire.

However, the water and food he desired didn’t appear. Only endless sand ridges were visible.

After walking for an hour, Weed finally collapsed in the sand.

‘I can’t go on anymore.’

-The symptoms of dehydration have exceeded the limit.

You have lost control of your body.

You will lose consciousness.

Without water replenishment, you will lose your life.

The only thing left was death.

Weed was about to lose consciousness when he saw the camel’s mouth getting closer.

‘This guy...’

The camel’s yellow teeth had headed towards Weed’s neck.

‘If you try to eat me, I will resist with the Power to Reject Death.’

Weed finally lost consciousness.

Snap.

The camel grabbed Weed’s collar and continued to walk south.

“Puhuuung.”

It marched through the desert at a steady pace. It crossed the ridges and headed towards the sun.

The nameless camel. Weed sometimes called it the dumb camel.

It was thirsty and at its physical limits. Yet it didn't stop walking.

Finally, the camel saw an oasis. It was a lake with clear waters and an extensive forest. It was a paradise where desert animals were playing.

“Kuhweeek.”

The camel continued dragging Weed as it ran forward.

A oasis that was a mirage would disappear when people neared it, but that didn't happen now.

“Huhuhung.”

The camel smelt it.

It could smell the forest and fresh water.

The travel weary camel plunged into the water with Weed.

*

“Kuck. M-my breath...”

Weed regained consciousness.

“Ugh, what the?”

He spat out the water in his mouth and found himself in a lake with clear water.

It was a paradise with animals and shady trees.

A sandstorm was in the distance but this place was peaceful.

An oasis in the Desert of Tranquility!

“It can't be. This is a dream.”

Weed shook his head.

“There is no justice. There should be some compensation for my

hopes and dreams. It is a world where cowards will win.”

He continued to grumble at the oasis.

Ddiring!

-You have found the legendary oasis in the Desert of Tranquility.

The legendary oasis hidden by Goddess Petra.

The Desert of Tranquility has been the grave of many travellers.

Travellers had wandered the sand in search of mystery, but only a few have found the oasis.

The blessing of those lost and dying.

Great luck is given to those who have discovered the oasis.

The title ‘Person who Walked through the Desert of Tranquility’ has been acquired.

Movement speed will become 45% faster in the Desert of Tranquility.

Due to Petra’s grace, you can arrive at the legendary oasis 10 times faster.

The time it takes to return to the north from the Desert of Tranquility will also shorten.

When encountering a dangerous moment in the desert, health will temporarily increase by 125,000 for 5 minutes.

In non-desert areas, health will increase by 20,000 for 2 minutes.

Once activated, the effect will disappear for a week.

-As a discoverer, permanent benefits will be given.

Maximum vitality and mana has increased by 1,000.

Courage, charisma, luck, perseverance, endurance, charm and fighting spirit have all increased by 7.

If you report this discovery, additional fame and achievements will be rewarded.

“U-unbelievable. I am looking at the real thing.”

Weed dunked his head and drank the water.

Gobble.

Although the clear water was lukewarm, he kept on drinking it.

-Your thirst has been relieved.

Vitality has been restored to 80% of its original state.

Mana has regenerated.

The dizziness and dehydration symptoms have disappeared.

If the hydration continues for 3 hours, your physical state will almost return to normal.

The message windows that popped up!

“Finally, the hardship is over. The oasis in the Desert of Tranquility has been found.”

Weed glanced at the camel drinking next to him.

“Dumb camel. You lived. I think you saved my life bringing me to this place...”

Chap chap chap.

The camel kept drinking water from the oasis.

‘The camel is drinking.’

Weed’s face stiffened, but he couldn’t blame it for drinking the

oasis water.

“Y-yes. You have to drink to live.”

He dreamt of a camel purse or bag but the subordinate had suffered for him.

If only Yellowy could see his master becoming a human!

Weed made a realistic and calm judgement.

“You gained some merits by bringing me here. So, I will excuse this. Anyway, I’m currently not in a position to give you money.”

“Puhueeeeong.”

Weed finished rationalizing the camel’s behaviour.

*

Weed examined the message windows after his physical state returned to normal.

“Person who Walked through the Desert of Tranquility. It is a title associated with adventure and survival. The benefits are enormous.”

The increase in health just before death would be a big help for survival.

He wasn’t crazy enough to think about walking through the Desert of Tranquility again.

“Will there be benefits if I come again?”

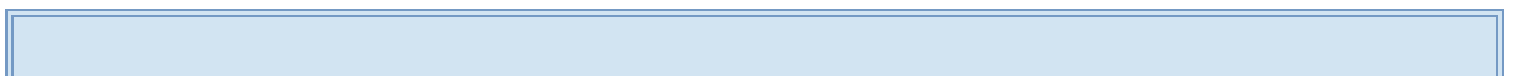
It was like changing his mind after entering the bathroom.

He was tired of the sand, but now he was quite satisfied.

Weed looked around.

The camel was resting in a sand bit while all types of animals were drinking the water.

Ddirring!



-The rare Long Horned Deer has been found.

You will be rewarded if you closely observe the animal and report its characteristics.

“There is plenty of food. Anyway, there is currently no risk of dying.”

There were many rare animals and food at the oasis.

The trees had abundant, ripe fruit hanging from it.

“By the way, there is a house.”

He saw a shabby house built near the forest.

The house wasn't made from durable branches, but rotten pieces of wood.

“Somebody lived here?”

Weed thought about it as he approached the house.

“Among the users, I am probably the first to discover this place. If so, there is likely a high reward for finding the oasis in here.”

His heart started thudding.

It was a trend that occurred whenever he found a jackpot in Royal Road!

‘If I discover a treasure chest... No. Be vigilant. I might be hit in the back of the head.’

Before entering the house, he lowered his body and looked around.

The camel and other animals were staring at the strange human, but Weed didn't care about it.

‘There are no signs of life so it is unlikely to be an enemy attack, and I don't see a trap.’

The tension was enough to make his lips dry.

‘Will this house be a source of good or bad luck? If I look back on my life so far, I can’t guess at all. Should I just quietly make a sculpture?’

Weed shook his head.

If there were six numbers in the lottery, he would get five. It was impossible to match the last number so he would only receive the second-place prize.

Kiiik.

Weed finally opened the door of the house.

Unlike the external appearance that seemed like it would collapse, it was a well-appointed house with a bed, table, etc.

The table contained a sword, a book and a flag.

“There is a reward for the discovery. But that flag...”

Weed was surprised to see the markings of the flag.

“Isn’t this the flag of the Pallos Empire?”

During Nodulle’s quest, Weed had created the Pallos Empire.

Then, ‘eh I don’t know. It is barley bread or grass porridge. I will just do it roughly.’ Therefore he had created the crude form of a sword stabbed into a sack.

The mark was found in desert villages and was also found here.

“I can gain the items. The items have been left behind in an empty house. It is a typical pattern for a jackpot.”

Weed salivated as he turned his attention towards the sword.

“I am looking forward to it, but I will delay a little bit.”

He would leave the most delicious food to eat later.

He had to stop his right hand from instinctively grabbing the sword.

“Be cautious. Don’t be caught off guard.”

There was a chance that the sword was a cursed object.

The legendary oasis in the Desert of Tranquility.

Anything associated with it was likely to be a S grade difficult quest or higher.

Of course, the rating of the item would also be great.

Weed read the title of the old book.

-The Great Desert Warrior.

“Well, the title is fairly ordinary... This is!”

Weed’s eyes flashed.

It was due to the name of the person who wrote the book.

-Desert warrior Hestiger.

*

Yoo Byung-jin watched Weed’s boring desert crossing.

“Stupid. No matter how strong he is, even he won’t return alive.”

Weed didn’t give up. However, he was sure that he could survive the Desert of Tranquility.

Like his name, Weed was able to stop the Hermes Guild’s invasion of the Arpen Kingdom.

“How terrible. It is close to two months. Even though the situation on the continent was rapidly changing, why does he have a desire to go to the desert?”

Weed’s current position in the Arpen Kingdom meant he could obtain big profits.

He would be able to monopolize numerous quests on the Northern Continent and create the best hunting team.

Weed’s rapid hunting speed and growth in the dungeons meant he would be able to threaten the top rankers of Royal Road.

He gave up the obvious benefits in front of him and walked

through the Desert of Tranquility. It wasn't something that someone could easily do.

Yoo Byung-jin suddenly asked Versailles.

“Versailles. How much time did Hestiger take to conquer the Desert of Tranquility?”

History had changed due to Weed's time travel.

Hestiger's adventures were also an important part of history.

-143 days.

“Is that so? It is much longer than Weed.”

-Hestiger brought five camels with him. He only walked a certain distance in the Desert of Tranquility every day and made sure there was plenty of food and water.

The Desert of Tranquility was a place to test the limits of human patience.

Those who took a lot of food and water could go further in the desert. However, taking a lot of food and water wasn't always the answer.

They couldn't walk more than a minimum distance in the wide desert or there was the risk of death.

They also couldn't rest too long in the desert. They had to walk diligently and endlessly.

The Desert of Tranquility was a difficult place to clear, even if they knew the answer.

Even after the level of the users was raised, it was likely to be one of the worst among the 10 forbidden zones.

“Weed's perseverance is incredible.”

-He probably believes he can earn huge money by becoming a sculpting master.

“He is a big fan of money. Giving me 100 won less for hot

chocolate... Wait, is that why Weed only took one camel?”

Yoo Byung-jin was baffled by this fact.

“It is surprising for someone like him. It is such a reckless and stupid thing to do.”

Weed had experienced it and knew that the Desert of Tranquility wasn't an easy place.

He had almost died from a lack of food or water in the past, so one camel wouldn't help. It was reasonable to bring a lot of camels loaded with food and water.

However, it was a trap that would make the desert harder to conquer.

“Don't tell me... Did he find a clue about the Desert of Tranquility?”

-I will analyze the reason.

Versailles searched through Weed's decisions and experiences so far to come to a conclusion.

Yoo Byung-jin thought for a moment.

‘From Continent of Magic to Royal Road. Perhaps he overcame numerous challenges due to his brain and instincts. Weed, he is a terrific guy the more I think about it.’

-The clue to the Desert of Tranquility is located in Petra's temple. It is buried under sand in the southern desert and no users have found it yet.

“Then?”

-Weed seems to have been scared by the price of the camel.

“What?”

-The camel was overpriced so he only bought one.

*

Two months had passed on the Versailles Continent since Weed disappeared.

In the first few days, numerous people gathered at Puhol Water Park to meet Weed.

The fanatics of the Grass Porridge Cult!

“Where is Weed-nim, Weed-nim!”

“I believe. Ohh. I believe in Weed-nim. For the glory of the Toadstool Porridge unit!”

“Now I should follow Weed-nim. Weed’s words and actions will be my moral guidelines. Weed!”

The grass porridge fanatics walked through Puhol Water Park and bowed at every one of Weed’s sculptures.

Some users had a strange atmosphere reminiscent of fanaticism, but there was no reason for it.

‘There is something funny.’

‘Um. I don’t feel like this. I should pretend harder to believe.’

‘Kyahahat. In this area, I am more crazy.’

Weed had defeated the Embinyu Church and built the Arpen Kingdom in the north, so many of his loyal fans joined the Grass Porridge Cult.

However, it had been a month since Weed appeared anywhere.

“He is at the hunting grounds.”

“He disappears like the wind. I don’t know when he will make another wonderful sculpture like the water park.”

Puhol Water Park had opened but there were still construction projects in progress.

The water park was crowded with handsome men and beautiful women. Naturally, Puhol Water Park was open 24 hours a day for admission fees and merchandise sales.

The glamour especially increased at night.

Before Weed left Puhol Water Park. His little sister Yurin had visited while he was making the sculptures.

“Oppa, can I do some work at the water park?”

“Uh, yes.”

“I understand.”

It was a short conversation typical for the brother and sister.

Yurin decided to show her skills as an Aqualight Painter at Puhol Water Park.

“Wake up. Yap!”

Yurin added light and colour to the water.

In the evening until the sun rose, there was a spectacular water and light show at the fountain. Below it, people ate delicious food and enjoyed dancing.

The brilliantly illuminated water park!

After Weed had been hiding for a month, the people of the Arpen Kingdom started talking.

“I want to hear some news about Weed.”

“I think he is on another tremendous quest. Sooner or later, we can see it through the broadcasts.”

“He is always living a hard life. He might be resting somewhere under Sculpture Transformation. A place like a resort.”

“Weed-nim isn’t like that. He is hunting in the Arpen Kingdom. He is clearing unresolved dungeons. Doesn’t he need to beat Bardray?”

The Haven Empire had an immense interest in Weed’s actions.

After making the tax cut, the Haven Empire’s security and economy was recovering.

Yet they wasted time trying to determine Weed's location.

"Is there any news or information?"

"He hasn't appeared anywhere."

"Is it possible he is acting within the empire?"

"Not at the present time. But given his nature, we will raise the activities of the intelligence network.

There would be restrictions on the user of the hunting grounds.

The Central Continent was famous for its hunting grounds and good quests so it was always flooded with people.

New skills and permanent stats could be obtained from the Central Continent.

"We have to stop Weed from getting stronger in the empire. Have assassins ready to attack as soon as he appears."

"We will increase the assassination squads. Many users in the guild want to kill Weed."

"Comparing Weed to a warrior... Sculpting keeps on seeming like a better job. It has somehow become stronger."

Lafaye gave a small sigh.

If he was a swordsman, knight or warrior then they could take some measures against his skills.

Weed maximized the characteristics of a sculptor so his combination of skills was endless.

"It isn't good for us that we don't know what he is doing. Every time this happened, he shows off his amazing skills in a new quest."

"Maybe he will die during a hunt or quest? It isn't uncommon for there to be deaths in unreasonable quests."

"I wish it was that simple... Weed has the survival instinct of a cockroach."

*

Weed was looking at a book written by Hestiger.

“A treasure map? Or a huge quest reward? Maybe it contains the place where he hid treasures of the Pallos Empire.

The list of chapters in the book was shown.

- The correct personality of a desert warrior.

- How to look after the weak.

- A person who overcomes greed will be successful.

- Building up precious pride

- Endless perseverance is needed to solve a bad threat.

- The original owner of objects that fall to the ground.

- If you concede once, you are proud. Concede twice and you are honourable.

- Take care of the people around you.

- There is no respect to those who don't take care of young children, the elderly and women.

“What is this?”

He had been filled with expectations but it was just filled with themes for reflection.

“I am glad that I didn't leave Hestiger as ruler of the Pallos Empire. Perhaps this continent would be filled with virtues such as kindness and devotion.”

Humans being kind and not criticizing each other.

Weed couldn't live in such a tough world!

Weed thought about writing an autobiography about his success in Royal Road.

- Taking away someone's property after hardships.

-Items that have no owner. The one who obtains it at the last moment will be the owner.

-If you close your eyes to injustice, you and your family will live a peaceful life.

-Listen to others, but don't give.

-A raised puppy can betray you.

-You will sleep well if you do actions that don't provoke your conscience.

-Prepare for events that might involve the people near you. Don't extort unless you are prepared.

A brilliant wisdom when living in a rough world! It was a proverb for success in the modern world.

Of course, it wasn't easy to live in the world. However, it was easier if a person didn't care about others.

Those who wanted to help the poor would find themselves in difficult situations.

It was futile to insist on fairness rather than a shortcut.

Those who were criticized would reflect on their actions.

As king of the Arpen Kingdom, he sometimes felt happy when seeing the joy of the users.

He had gone through much mental suffering because of that.

"I have to overcome it. I can't be weakened. I have overcome numerous conflicts and temptations. The path of a dictator is lonely."

Weed quickly looked through Hestiger's book. And he found something a little bit different near the end.

-The Great Emperor of the desert.

"What is this?"

-Traces of the Great Emperor can't be found anywhere in the desert. After sweeping through the continent with the Pallos Empire's warriors, he disappeared somewhere.

Many warriors wanted to take the place of the Emperor.

They wanted to sweep away the weak senate and rule with absolute power.

The power of the Red Lion troops could change the world in a day. But as one of the founding members of the empire, I rejected their proposal.

"Foolish guy!"

Weed couldn't help sighing.

His ideals were always at odds with Hestiger. If someone cooked a meal then it should be eaten.

"It is the typical case of losing money while living a good life."

-After defeating the Order of the Devils, I travelled the world with the elves.

I went to many places and found traces of a new world.

My fate led me into the Desert of Tranquility.

Beyond this place is a mysterious and dangerous world. Maybe this oasis will be the last place I can rest on my trip.

After Hestiger was revived using Sculpture Resurrection, he said that he went on some adventures after going through the Desert of Tranquility before arriving at the land of the giants.

"I came here just to find traces of Hestiger.

Weed continued reading the words while complaining.

-Those who come here will read this.

If you walked through the Desert of Tranquility then you would have felt it with your body.

The poor soil makes it hard to raise crops so the tribes needed to fight with our own strength.

There were endless disputes and everyone suffered until the Great Emperor ended the cycle.

“He understands it properly. Hmm hmm. The desert became a better place to live thanks to me.”

He hadn't wanted to hand over the Pallos Empire to Hestiger so he had created the senate system.

-I was able to be strong while accompanying the Great Emperor.

He jumped into dangerous battles where warriors risked their lives.

He was strict with the weak and cruel to the enemy.

Sometimes he has excessive discipline and unreasonable punishment for his men, but I only understood the deep meaning behind his actions later.

He was fighting a wicked group trying to take control of the world, while we were only thinking about fighting for the desert.

How could I not look up to such greatness?

I couldn't properly understand the heavy burden on the Great Emperor's shoulders.

After establishing the Pallos Empire, I felt a sense of pride for being part of it.

If you listen to the story of the Great Emperor and understand, then you are also part of the desert.

As a warrior who followed the Great Emperor, I will leave behind a small gift for any descendants.

I have left the skills I've learnt and the sword I received from the elves.

At the back of the book was a drawing of the handsome Hestiger

wielding a scimitar.

Ddirring!

-You are the first user to find Petra's Oasis in the Desert of Tranquility.

You can learn the unique skills of a desert warrior.

Due to the limits of a sculptor, the desert warrior skills will be destroyed after 360 days.

The desert warrior skills will enhance your Affinity to Nature and perseverance.

-The desert warrior's ultimate battle skill Lava River has been acquired.

Lava River: It will create a column of superheated flame that will melt the walls and earth like lava.

All obstacles in a straight line will be melted.

Lava flowing in the ground will explode when someone approaches.

The duration of the lava will vary depending on the heat.

An aura of fire will be added to the desert warriors.

The skill can restore health and strengthen attack power.

-The last attack skill of the desert warrior, Devastating Sandstorm has been acquired.

Devastating Sandstorm: The desert warriors have endured the harsh sun and wind.

The desert warrior can create a sandstorm centred around him that destroys everything.

Movement speed will increase by 165% and damage by 360% during the sandstorm.

There is a 35% chance that the souls of the desert warriors will be summoned together to attack the enemy.

“Lava River and Devastating Sandstorm!”

Weed’s chest moved like he was touched.

“He delivered it properly.”

He had been envious after seeing the revived Hestiger use Lava River. He felt like the reward for walking through the Desert of Tranquility was worth it.

“And this sword is a problem.”

Weed looked at the sword that belonged to the elves.

It seemed like a venerable old sword just by looking at it.

He had invaded the Central Continent during the quest and plundered many treasures, but this sword wasn’t among them.

It was a sharp, black blade with a blue gem embedded. An unfamiliar energy wrapped around the sword.

“I just have to hope for a good weight and attack power... It feels like a magic sword.”

Weed agonized over choosing the sword.

Agatha’s Holy Sword and Kolderim’s Daemon Sword had been used for a considerably long time.

It was difficult to find good weapons that suited him. The Red Star couldn’t be used often in case the dragon appeared.

Weapons that enhanced swordsmanship or certain attack skills had their effect lessened due to Weed’s class.

He didn’t care about design or if the sword was famous.

“Well, I can obtain a free sword.”

It was like finding a savings account after three years.

“Inspect!”

-Loa Sword: Durability 65/65. Attack 145~265.

According to the elves’ ancient records, the sword was born in the ‘Peaceful Large Forest.’

An ancient creature called Kargulla emerged from hell and breathed fire over the trees and fields. Kargulla couldn’t be cut by anything and its injuries were quickly healed.

Just as humans and elves were in despair, the high elf Loa used the sword to defeat Kargulla. It far surpassed the humans’ best swords.

It is unknown who originally created it, but it has since been passed down as the treasure of the elves.

Restrictions: Level 650 or higher.

3,200 Affinity to Nature.

Options: Very light.

Agility +26%

Combat ability in the forest and mountains will improve.

All stats + 42.

There will be triple damage against large monsters.

Reduce the maximum health of the enemy by half of the damage inflicted. The effect will last for 1 hour.

When there is a critical strike, the opponent’s defense will weaken by 7% and this will stack up to 63%.

You can borrow the energy of the fire, water, wind and earth elementals.

Defense +117.

When using a sword skill, mana consumption will be reduced by half.

Weaken magic protection by 76%.

Protection magic 'Big Forest' can be used.

An artistic sword.

Increase the owner's art stat by 35.

Big Forest: Health will recover by 35%.

Trees will grow around the user and protect them from enemy attacks for a maximum of 1 minute.

“Why are there so many options?”

His eyes widened as he read all the options.

“Increase damage, weaken defense and there is even a defense skill?”

It was like a comprehensive gift set where nothing could be thrown away! Weed couldn't believe it and checked the sword several times.

He doubted it was real and even bit the sword with his teeth.

Kwaduduk!

-Your teeth are broken.

Health has decreased by 378.

“It is the real thing.”

Weed felt his whole body becoming energized.

“Good luck has come to me... I can't believe it but it is real.”

A picture of his family situation passed through his head.

In a house where electricity and gas were disconnected, he shared ramyun with his sister.

“If I had this sword then I would have been able to sweep away all the monsters. And how much would I get if I sell this at auction?”

An auction estimate wasn't possible.

It was a weapon with far better specifications than anything that had ever appeared at auction.

In fact, no user would be able to use it because of the level restriction or affinity to nature restriction.

However, there would eventually be a demand for more advanced weapons.

The weapon left behind by Hestiger was rare enough to be recorded in history.

Considering high quality weapons required blacksmith skills and special materials to be created, if he sold the sword then there would be people waiting in line.

There were Middle Eastern rich people who would buy rare weapons just for the sake of it, so there was no telling how high the price would go.

“I will use it.”

Weed made a decision.

His current level was 451 and he had 2,245 Affinity to Nature. Due to the blacksmith skill, Weed could use it immediately.

If he used new equipment then it would be more advantageous against the Hermes Guild and the stations would pay great attention.

“Thank you. Hestiger. You are paying me back in this manner.”

Weed looked around and found small stones near the oasis.

The stones were placed in front of the house as an altar and barley bread sacrificed to Hestiger.

“I will pray for you. Good luck next time.”

Despite the criticisms that were a result of his jealousy, Hestiger was a wonderful desert warrior and great for the Pallos Empire.

“Our ideas about justice might be different but our hearts are still the same.”

When converting it to a price, it was exactly less than 1 silver.

Weed decided to carefully read the book left by Hestiger.

There was a chance he could find treasures of the Pallos Empire. There were some disgusting parts but he had to read it.

-You have passed the test of the desert.

Now there is a great mission on your shoulders.

The accomplishments of the Great Emperor might disappear in the distant future Walk this path for the glory and prosperity of the Pallos Empire and the desert tribes.

Ddirring!

-Losers of the Desert

The glory of the Pallos Empire has been buried under an endless pile of sand.

The desert warriors have arranged for the resurrection of the Great Empire.

Honour and struggle flows in the blood of warriors.

The people of the desert have been waiting for someone with the strength to walk the path of the Great Emperor.

Gather the will and determination of the desert warriors.

If you pass the test of the desert, the desert warriors will be

willing to raise their swords and follow you.

Level of Difficulty: S

-Desert quest.

Compensation: You might be connected to the founding of the Pallos Empire.

Quest Restrictions: The recognition of the historic desert warriors.

-You have the greatest achievements in the desert.

The quest will be given by force.

-The quest has been accepted!

The Great Emperor Quest!

Many fragments of the quest related to the Pallos Empire and its emperor were scattered across the desert.

“Yes. I should have expected this. This guy can never just give me anything good. Haven’t I already achieved the founding of the Pallos Empire?”

There was a smile on Weed’s face that showed the adversity he had been through.

‘An S-class difficulty quest? It is like when Dogmeat was a puppy and my stomach growled with anger. I was hungry enough to eat two bowls of jajangmyun. I could clear the bowl and eat the dumplings!’

There was a lot of work to do in the future so he didn’t want a quest.

He needed to raise his low level and master sculpting, so there

was no time to think of quests.

Nevertheless, the quest couldn't make his mood turn bad.

“If I succeed in the quest later, I can sell dolls of the characters that appear on broadcast.”

He was already estimating the profit after it finished!

“But wasn't there a quest in the Land of Big Footprints?”

Weed frowned a little bit.

It was a quest to go beyond the end of the world to find traces of the adventurer Lodsiker. It was a quest received from Hestiger who had been revived.

“This guy is really causing me trouble.”

*

Kwaaaang!

The ground shook from the giant's kick.

“Spread out and attack. Maintain your focus.”

“Yes!”

“Let us succeed in the giant hunting!”

There were over a hundred users.

They scattered and worked as a unit to gain the giant's attention.

The giant tried to grab the human and elven users but it didn't work.

-Kuwaaaaaah!

-The giant Altamos has roared.

Fighting Spirit is broken.

Movement speed is reduced!

All skills have temporarily decreased by 36%.

Maximum health has halved.

All attacks received in the next 10 seconds will cause deadly damage.

A roar that caused their whole body to tremble.

Every time the giant walked, its feet would rip up tree roots from the ground.

“Squad 1 start attacking.”

“Yes!”

The users unleashed a barrage of arrows towards the giant.

The magicians cast gravity magic that slowed the giant.

“Attack!”

The users bravely rushed towards the giant.

Among them were Pale, Maylon, Romuna, Irene, Surka, Bellot, Hwaryeong and Zephyr.

“I believe in Pale-nim.”

“I will do my best. But wouldn’t it be better for another archer to take command?”

Bellot said with a smile.

“Pale is the strongest and most decisive one among us.”

“I think you are overestimating me.”

“There is a clear reason that is undeniable. You are Weed-nim’s battle slave.”

“...”

The Crimson Wings Guild discovered the giants.

The level of the giants was at least over 700. On average, most giants were around level 750.

It was a level difficult for the users to deal with, but the giants weren't highly skilled.

The giant had huge strength, size and attack power, but persistently attacking would eventually kill it.

“It is boring without Weed-nim so shall we go?”

“It will be dangerous.”

“Rather than following Weed-nim...”

“I acknowledge this.”

Pale and his friends were bored of hunting in the Arpen Kingdom so they came to the land of the giants to play.

In addition, numerous strong players came to hunt in the land of the giants.

The Crimson Wings Guild were able to gain immense fame by opening new hunting grounds and treasures.

Users didn't win every battle with the giants so the efficiency wasn't good. Still, if they won then new metals and magic ingredients could be obtained so it was like a jackpot.

Users like Pale and his colleagues ran like ants.

Surka approached bravely and used her fists while Irene used healing magic on those who were fighting.

Numerous magic and physical attacks razed the giant as some users were killed.

“Kuooohhh!”

Once the giant's health was halved, they would try to escape but spirits of earth were summoned to stop them.

Traps were already installed on routes where they anticipated the giant would escape.

High level users in the north naturally became familiar with civil engineering works thanks to Weed.

They dug the ground in advance and placed blades that would weaken the giant's movements.

Zephyr used fishing line like a spider web and caught the giant's ankle.

The giant collapsed, receiving combined attacks from other users.

The videos of the battle against the giants went through tremendous analysis.

The users were vigilant until the end.

-The giant Altamos has entered his eternal rest.

Those who took part in the battle will receive military achievements with the god Atrock.

“Wahhhh!”

“Hooray! We did it!”

The users cheered loudly.

*

Weed took a moment to savour his new skills and equipment.

“I need to achieve my goal for coming to the Desert of Tranquility.”

It was to create some pieces without the help of the sculpting skill.

There was nothing special about the materials. Instead, he used the fine sand of the Desert of Tranquility and the water from the oasis to make mud.

‘Let's start with the rabbit and fox sculptures that I've done countless times.’

The form was so familiar that he could create them with his eyes

closed.

He trimmed the clay with his fingers and formed the shape of a rabbit.

Without the help of sculpting, the texture wasn't smooth as marble and the tail and ears easily fell.

-Rabbit Sculpture

A rabbit created using earth from the oasis in the Desert of Tranquility.

A common and simple form.

Artistic Value: 2.

Weed looked at the sculpture he had made from the earth.

It was more like a cheap souvenir than what he normally sold.

“Well. My old days are surfacing. It is like I am making a real wooden sculpture.”

Sculpting was quite difficult. If he made even a small mistake or lost concentration then the value of the work would fall. In addition, he needed to constantly make new works.

“I crudely mass produced sculptures and then sold it over and over.”

He recalled the beautiful memories of his beginning days!

Due to the sculpting skill not working, the mud was hard to shape because using just a little bit more force would crush it.

“Let's start over from scratch. I needed to understand the characteristics of the earth.”

Weed drank water from the oasis, ate fruits and made sculptures all night.

Fine sand grains weren't a suitable material for sculpting.

But a real sculptor wouldn't blame the materials.

Weed created mud by wetting his hand.

"There are plenty of free sculpting materials... No, this isn't it. I need to throw away the past and make real sculptures."

The sculpting material would heavily affect the art subject.

'A sword master needs to go against stronger enemies. I won't be able to master sculpting by making comfortable sculptures. Materials and skills. They both play a role.'

As the sun rose on a full day of work, Weed had completed 130 sculptures.

"It is done."

The sculptures formed five lines in front of the oasis.

"If I add up all of the artistic values, it is approximately 250 points."

All of the sculptures had artistic values of 1 or 2. It was understandable that his sculpting proficiency didn't even increase by 0.1%.

"This isn't it. Should I have just made a helium sculpture at Puhol Water Park?"

In order to return to the Arpen Kingdom, he would need to cross the Desert of Tranquility again.

He had barely risen to the top of the mountain and the situation wasn't serious enough to go back.

*

Hard work and persistence.

It was a necessary part of a successful life, but Weed was beyond persistent.

"Make it, make it."

He continued making sculptures even when the sun shone on the oasis or the night sky was filled with stars.

‘I can’t just make anything. It is true that the help from sculpting is great, but I have accumulated experience and senses. How can I become a sculpture master if I can’t create something without the skill?’

He felt like he needed to go back to the beginning.

‘I made a resolution to become a sculpting master.’

Weed recreated all the sculptures he had made so far.

-Tower of Light

A large tower made of clay.

It gives off a magnificent feeling.

Artistic Value: 74

He couldn’t use sculpting so it was difficult to revive all the characteristics.

The Tower of Light brilliantly illuminated Morata at night, but this one was just a rugged tower.

‘People’s hearts are important. Sculpting is an art. It isn’t a technique. Swordsmanship can win over stronger enemies, but sculptures don’t make sense unless they touch a person.’

Weed made famous pieces.

His sculpture transformations such as the hummingbird, orc Karichwi and the barbarian warrior were all popular. Even the recent Squashy Wiggler was famous.

He had 0.5% proficiency remaining but it didn’t even increase by 0.1%.

He had a few expectations but it wasn’t that good.

“There is only 0.5% left. I need to increase my proficiency even by a little bit.”

He had walked through the Desert of Tranquility and endured the burning sun to make sculptures.

“Don’t give up. I won’t leave until I become a sculpting master.”

He thought about sculpting as he walked through the Desert of Tranquility.

The camel walked next to him but left after a few hours.

After having a lot of thoughts about loneliness and pain, he realized something.

“People who live in the desert.”

Weed had been impressed with them using the Nodulle and Hilderun quest.

There was a thrilling experience as he beat random monsters.

It was an enjoyable experience but he couldn’t pause because the quest had a time limit.

“The memories are still here. There is a sculpture I can make.”

Weed stacked sand and started to carve the shape of a person.

“Everything. Even though the memories and time we shared have disappeared.”

Weed still had clear memories of his time as the Great Emperor.

He sculpted the people who served him in the desert.

Thousands of desert warriors had followed Weed.

Some were killed in battles and only a few remained until the end of the Pallos Empire. But I made sculptures as I remembered them.

“A lot of the useless ones died early. I should have handled them better...”

Weed relied on his memories and also used some shortcuts.

At that time, the hunting scenes and quests were relayed through the broadcast. He could make sculptures by referencing the videos.

Of course, it was difficult to express the personality and feelings of a person just by looking through the video. It was impossible without understanding the individual characteristics and personality of a person.

Weed realized this experience as he systematically made the sculptures.

“It is a little bit better.”

It was good to make sculptures out of sand since he could modify any mistakes.

“It looks like this the day before. Hrmm.”

Weed’s sculptures slowly filled up the empty spaces in the oasis.

At first, he just tried to create some of his subordinates.

“I don’t think it is perfect. The wind will blow the sand away so I need to make it quickly.”

He sculpted the weapons, clothes and unusual postures of the men.

“It is still insufficient.”

Most of his subordinates had ridden camels.

It was unfortunate but Weed had to start the sculptures from scratch again, this time adding the camels.

The appearance of the fierce desert warriors who rode camels while holding the scimitars!

The desert warriors faced the rough sands, winds and hot sun.

As their forms became more complicated, half of the elaborate works were destroyed.

“Let’s make it again. Until I really like it.”

He focused on expressing the hopes and dreams of the desert warriors of the Pallos Empire.

Time passed by slowly. However, he was so engrossed in the work that he had no concept of time.

One day, two days passed until time became meaningless. He would often destroy and start again in the middle.

Weed wouldn't stop until it was perfect!

"I have to be more efficient."

He made a machine to knead the water and soil separately.

The camel and innocent animals of the oasis would be mad to turn a large grindstone.

"If you don't work then you will be my dinner today."

Forced labor and exploitation! It was tough for the animals living at the oasis.

He was the Great Emperor that crushed the continent and now he was the tyrant of the oasis!

The clay formed by the animals were firmer and easier for Weed to handle.

"A lot of good people is needed to be successful. You really can't live alone in this world."

The sculptures took less time to make.

There was a limit to what he could do with the soil, but he used his fingers to make elaborate expressions.

In the end, there were thousands of desert warriors, the young men of the desert who died early.

The elite desert warriors made their appearance in the Desert of Tranquility.

One was the best sculpture.

The appearance of the unusually handsome Hestiger was made out of clay. Weed lowered the nose a little bit, but it wasn't much different from the original.

“Now it is my turn.”

Weed started to shape himself in the clay.

He was sitting on the back of Bactrian Camel with his scimitar raised and roaring loudly!

He increased the leg length to improve the ratio of the body and sharpened basic features.

“This is really... It is my natural appearance. This is the best work that I can do. The materials could have been better but... The most valuable sculpture. Still, what if I had used high quality materials?”

He made desert warriors while fighting a sandstorm.

Because of that, there were no regrets.

Ddirring!

-Please set the name of the new sculpture.

“This... The Great Emperor and Children of the Desert?”

-The Great Emperor and Children of the Desert is correct?”

“No. It is a little childish... It doesn't need to be annoying. Just have it as Desert Brothers.”

They were subordinates but he had many fun memories with them.

Everyone dreamed of exhilaration while adventuring in Royal Road. Conquering the continent with the desert warriors was indeed a great adventure.

It was several hundred years ago so it was hard to find any traces of the Pallos Empire now.

-Desert Brothers is correct?

“That’s right.”

Ddiring!

-Magnum Opus! Desert Brothers has been completed!

An enduring magnum opus created in the legendary oasis of the Desert of Tranquility!

This sculpture was completed by a sculpture on the last step in the ultimate road.

It is a sculpture made in a place where no one can come, a legendary place that requires endless perseverance and a sense of challenge.

The warriors of the desert’s greatest moment.

The sculpture created by the sculptor’s pure effort and sweat will become one of the highest valued treasures of the desert.

Artistic Value: 13,800.

Special Options: Desert Brothers will increase health and mana regeneration by 55% for a day.

Birthrate and health status of camels in the desert area will increase by 86%.

Movement speed will rise by 26%.

All stats will increase by 45%.

The wind attribute will increase by 33%.

Intermediate level 5 or less swordsmanship will permanently

have their proficiency increased.

Perseverance and Fighting Spirit have permanently increased by 10.

Warriors will have their physical attributes doubled in the presence of sand.

The effect doesn't overlap with other sculptures.

Current number of Magnum Opus created: 19

-The skill proficiency of Sculpting has improved.

-Fame has increased by 850.

-Art stat has increased by 64.

-Perseverance has increased by 49.

-Endurance has increased by 16.

-All stats will gain an additional 3 points for making a Magnum Opus sculpture.

-The Desert Brothers sculpture has been assigned as one of the wonders of the south.

Increases the likelihood that descendants of the desert warriors will be born.

They will have excellent fighting spirit and combat capabilities.

Warriors who see this sculpture can learn combat skills.

Weed had suffered a lot so he only expected a fine piece of masterpiece. Creating a magnum opus was more than he thought.

“Let me see. Sculpting skill confirmation!”

-Sculpting Advanced Level 9 (99.8%): You can create sculptures.

Beautiful sculptures will be sold at high prices. Make honourable sculptures and you can spread your name through the continent.

“It went up 0.3%.”

The compensation was small compared to his three months of suffering in the southern desert.

But he also obtained Hestiger’s legacy left behind in the Desert of Tranquility so it wasn’t a bad result.

“There is only a little bit more left and then I will no longer have to grind again.”

He somehow felt sad when he thought about no more sculpting labour.

Ddirring!

-A long time has passed since the Versailles Continent was created.

“Huh? What is this?”

Suddenly a message window popped up and a mystical female voice could be heard from the sky.

-The earth was covered with warm sunshine, moist rain and growing plants.

In the sea and on land, living creatures came to know joy and sadness.

“Another quest?”

-The creatures live fierce lives and didn't hesitate to leave intense emotions.

As humans expressed ecstasy and pain and civilization grew, it led to spiritual abundance.

Goddess Hestia has invited the human who reached the highest level in the arts.

-Sculpting a New Miracle has been completed.

The secret technique Sculpting has been created with your hands.

It wasn't officially reported to the Freya Church. However, the goddess is always watching you and is happy to see that a new sculpting technique has been born.

The secret sculpting technique.

It was the last stage in the Sculpting Master Quest. Although he completed the skill, he still needed to report it.

Obtaining the final secret sculpting technique and the war with the Haven Empire had delayed his report.

By the way, a message window stating that the Sculpting Master Quest was completed shone. In addition, the message led to the final stage!

"This is perhaps... The real process of becoming a master?"

A rotten smile was trying to spread on Weed's face.

-Will you accept Goddess Hestia's invitation?

Once the invitation is accepted, you will proceed to the final stage of becoming a sculpting master.

It would be stupid to deny the final stage of becoming a sculpting master.

He had gone through tremendous efforts until he received the invitation of the goddess.

Weed arrogantly raised his chin to a 45 degrees angle.

“Well, I am busy but I will accept the invitation.”

-You have accepted Goddess Hestia's invitation.

A spectacular staircase made of light descended from the sky towards the oasis.

“It means I need to ascend on foot.”

He noticed at least 100 steps.

Weed quickly climbed the stairs of light.

The stairs were alight with the flames that were Goddess Hestia's symbol.

“It is pretty amazing.”

Weed climbed the stairs made of light and fire into the sky.

The stairs where he passed faded away.

Only the stairs in front of him remained.

‘If this scene is later shown on broadcast... Huhu, really awesome.’

After 30 minutes.

Weed had reached a fairly high place and looked down.

Due to the fact that there were no mountains and lakes, the desert stretched out endlessly below him except for the oasis.

‘My legs are a little sore. And why is it so scary? It is alarming when the wind blows.’

He enjoyed flying through the clouds at high altitudes on Wy-3.

At that time, he still felt confident because he could use his skills.

“I have to keep on going up. My body is still conditioned from the Desert of Tranquility.”

And two hours later.

-Extreme physical activity has caused severe fatigue.

Maximum vitality and health has decreased.

The sea beyond the desert was now visible.

“Huhuhuk. Why is it so high? I can’t go back again!”

Weed clung to the stairs of light with his arms and legs as he crawled up.

*

“This isn’t it.”

“My sword is much better.”

Since Weed left, Fabio and Herman who were working on the helium occasionally fought.

“Look at mine. Can’t you feel the dignity of the sword?”

“What dignity? It is old-fashioned. This sharp sword gives off anticipation. And the metal processing is flawless.”

“A sword is different from armour. My will and direction is right.”

“If you are a real blacksmith then you should be able to deal with metals as needed. There are limits to your form.”

“What? What did you say?”

“It is only the beginning. I will teach you about blacksmithing.”

Fabio and Herman were both in their mid-40s so they were

stubborn.

They tried to make the strongest sword with helium through cooperating, but it was impossible for them to coordinate.

One was the dwarf who reigned as the greatest blacksmith on the continent and the other was the best sword craftsman.

The characteristics of a blacksmith was pride and stubbornness.

Fabio was stern while Herman was kind to people. At this age, prestige was meaningless to them.

“This will be a competition.”

“Okay. That is what I wanted. The one who makes the best sword will be eligible to use this helium.”

“I will accept the competition.”

Fabio and Herman set the helium aside and proceeded on a competition to make a sword out of steel.

It took over a month and the stations became involved, but the result was ambiguous.

The performance of Fabio’s sword was slightly better but Herman’s was more perfect and beautiful.

They considered each other opponents and couldn’t be satisfied with this result.

“Once again.”

“This time I will show you what a real sword is.”

Fabio won with a slight difference in the rematch.

He made a historic sword.

It was a rare experience for a blacksmith.

The helium finally entered Fabio’s hands. But Herman smiled from behind him.

“The game isn’t over yet. I am the one who will make a really

legendary sword.”

Herman also had some helium to make a sword.

In fact, this was one of Weed’s conditions.

“Melt the Goddess’ Knight Armour. Can you reuse it to make a better product?”

“Are you really giving it to me?”

“Yes. And I heard that the Great Emperor quest involves master blacksmiths.”

“Oh. Was there such information? I thought they were just killing randomly.”

“Conquer the Central Continent and kill any blacksmith master that they meet.”

“...”

“In order to increase your proficiency in the final stage, a special or legendary sword needs to be produced.”

“If the sword... So far I’ve only been able to make one.”

“Making the best sword is a basic condition to becoming a blacksmith master. Just like a sword master needs to succeed in a hunt or a great adventure. You have to be reputed throughout the continent to be recognized as a blacksmith master.”

“It isn’t a simple problem.”

Herman noticed that Fabio was at a standstill despite making so many good swords.

There were many good swords but he couldn’t make the best sword.

Fabio had collaborated with the Hermes Guild early on and worked with many rare materials, but he didn’t focus on the sword.

The Hermes Guild users that held his weapons focused on stable

hunting rather than dangerous quests.

“Fabio will come here in order to process the helium. In order to stop him from becoming a master, have a competition with him and waste time.”

“Really?”

“Yes. No matter the results of the competition, just draw it out longer.”

Fabio came to the Arpen Kingdom to acquire helium and ended up wasting time in the competition.

*

Despite her berserker profession, Seo-yoon put down the sword.

‘I don’t want to fight unless I am guarding him.’

She found peace and stability of mind.

Other ranking users quickly surpassed her level.

But during Weed’s absence, Seo-yoon took charge of the Arpen Kingdom.

*

The Earth Palace.

The Grand Hall, a place where the king and high ranking nobles would gather together to discuss policies.

The main figures of the Arpen Kingdom were gathered together in one place.

There were as many as 300 people!

It started with Morata but the Arpen Kingdom became so wide that a large number of users lived in it.

Residents who were representatives of the cities and users with outstanding skills attended.

The lords of the northern colony who recently joined were also

present.

Three months later, they had become permanent lords of the Arpen Kingdom.

“The Arpen Kingdom is the way to go. I would rather focus on internal stability than war with the Haven Empire.”

“Leave the Haven Empire alone? Do you think they will give up their dirty ambitions?”

“We needed to strengthen our army. The money of the Arpen Kingdom is just being poured into civil engineering works.

“But isn’t that ignoring Weed’s decisions? Consider the Grand Buildings, Puhol Water park, beautiful bridges and transportation network that connects the vast land. There is urban construction and economic development. The general users have welcomed Weed’s policies.”

“Good results aren’t the only things that matter. You have to look at the process. One person making arbitrary decisions...

“Weed-nim is king so he qualifies. In the first place, isn’t this Weed’s kingdom?”

“We aren’t slaves. We are lords so we can speak. That’s enough.”

“If the budgets of the civil engineering projects are reduced then the architects will ignore it. We should show more respect to the architects.”

There were a huge variety of representatives. Politicians couldn’t be excluded from this meeting.

King Weed monopolized kept positions and administrative decisions.

The senior lords were firmly against this.

While they were arguing loudly, Seo-yoon who was acting as the interim ruler emerged.

“...”

It was so silent that the sound of a needle dropping could be heard.

‘Beautiful.’

‘The Goddess. Not just the Grass Porridge Cult but Goddess of the whole world.’

‘Kuooh. Today I can properly see the Goddess.’

Seo-yoon laughed softly and said.

“Weed-nim has been away for a long time. So he requested that I attend in his place instead. There are unavoidable circumstances but I apologize before starting this meeting.”

The lord of Vent Castle.

Oberon the leader of the Cold Rose Guild shook his head.

“Things can occur at any time while living so there is no need to apologize. We can’t accept it. Please take a seat.”

“Oberon’s words are good. You don’t have to apologize at all.”

“That’s right!”

The users gathered in the Grand Hall felt sad about Seo-yoon’s apology.

‘It doesn’t matter if he comes later or doesn’t come at all. That is...’

‘It isn’t unpleasant that Weed-nim hasn’t come. Thank you so much.’

‘I hope he continues not to come... There is no need for him to.’

The people were endlessly generous.

Seo-yoon briefly said thanks and then started the agenda for the meeting.

“I heard there was an official demand for the Arpen Kingdom to

reduce its civil works.”

“...”

Silence.

No one could say anything.

‘The civil engineering works. Who said such a thing? Ahh. I don’t remember anything. I’m just sucked in by her beauty.’

‘Goddess. Oh. Goddess...’

Seo-yoon searched the records.

“Monak-nim of Lund City has publicly criticized the civil engineering projects. Since you are here, can you tell me a more accurate opinion? If you have any complaints then please tell me.”

Monak was one of the top 1,000 powerhouses of Royal Road and was lord of the port city of Lund.

Everyone’s gaze moved towards Monak. Their faces all contained frowns.

“Eh... That...”

Monak stood up and said.

“The civil engineering works... The commitment of manpower in some areas is very inefficient... Ah, no. I guess I was wrong. I thought wrongly. The current policies of the Arpen Kingdom are perfect.”

Seo-yoon smiled softly.

She was glad that people praised Weed’s policies.

The lords were very satisfied after seeing her smile.

“Substitute Queen-nim. I have a proposal.”

Caldes who was famous for his reticence raised his hand.

“Tell us.”

“Yes. A large scale mine was found in the mountains near my

city. Doesn't the Arpen Kingdom have a shortage of minerals? If there is financial support then I can develop it quickly."

"That is a good idea. Send me the correct data, I will review it and give you an answer by tomorrow."

"Thank you."

Seo-yoon skillfully handled the administration tasks.

The lords didn't make any unreasonable demands. The arguments that typically made meetings long disappeared.

There was a serious and enjoyable debate about the development of the Arpen Kingdom.

'I have to remain as the lord of the Arpen Kingdom.'

'If the Haven Empire tries to conquer the north then I will resist.'

'Um... I need to maintain this position for my son. He has to inherit.'

Politics and sides didn't matter around Seo-yoon.

*

Weed climbed the light stairs despite the pain.

Numerous stars were close to him.

Below the Versailles Continent looked like a beautiful blue planet.

Without Hestia's blessings, he would have died from a loss of vitality.

As Weed ascended the stairs, he stared closely at the blue planet. The terrain and sea were dimly visible through the clouds so he was able to find signs of Morata and the Arpen Kingdom.

It was a very beautiful planet but Weed didn't have the time to dwell on that. It was like walking down the street and finding money 400 metres away.

‘There is a new continent beyond the Plains of Despair. No one has been there yet... It is fairly wide. That is the entire form of the Desert of Tranquility. There is a dungeon area. And the 10 forbidden zones...’

He placed the overall picture of the planet in his head. He didn’t know when it would be useful.

Even if he forgot about maths or English, Weed remembered all the miscellaneous knowledge about Royal Road!

Finally, a large circular altar appeared at the end of the stairs of light. Goddess Hestia was waiting for Weed at the altar full of flames.

‘Is it dangerous?’

Weed walked towards the altar.

-You are a human who has reached the end of the arts. Welcome to the realm of the gods. This is the first time a human has come here.

Hestia’s affectionate voice.

Weed had gone through many experiences so he carefully kneeled down before the altar.

“I am a busy traveller and diligent sculptor. I think that the world and lives created by the gods are a beautiful sculpture. So I dedicate my glory to Goddess Hestia. Goddess. This is the realm of the gods?”

-It is a place where gods exist. To be precise, it is the place where the realm of the gods connects to the human world. Usually there are guards. After going past the altar, you will be in the realm of the gods.

Weed looked around.

There were lights floating in the shape of various creatures. If there were any intruders then they would materialize and attack.

‘They seem really strong.’

He had a gut feeling that he had to be at least as strong as Hestiger to break through.

‘If there are guards then it would be worth it. The gods would certainly have treasures. It would be nice if I could steal them all.’

Weed entered another piece of information into his head.

-You sculpt beauty into the world. Now I will give you a great mission.

“Tell me anything. I will follow Goddess Hestia’s words.”

The possibility of a forced quest was high so Weed decided to look at it positively.

-As a sculptor, you would have had many regrets in your life.

“Of course, it is natural... Ah, nothing.”

Weed involuntarily answered.

Fortunately, Hestia didn’t pay attention and kept on talking.

-A multitude of art works have been left in the world.

There is a wide variety of sizes and shapes.

It is recorded in history, moved people’s hearts and led to the development of civilization. But as a human, you can’t exceed the limits of the materials.

Weed listened to Hestia’s words.

The theme of the sculpture was important, but the characteristics of the materials also needed to be considered.

Fine materials would allow great and small details.

Weed envisioned the sculptures he created in his head.

-As a sculptor, you will open a new path in the road of art. So I, Hestia will give you a chance.

Weed swallowed his saliva.

‘The Goddess called me here to give me a chance. Something big is going to happen. A quest with a huge reward? I wish for a lot of money.’

-You will go beyond the limits of a human being.

“Beyond the limits?”

-Your sculpture will become a part of this world and everyone will be able to see it. By doing so, you will be able to challenge the most extreme form of art.

Ddirring!

-Sculpting Master’s Challenge

The sculptor Weed has made a myriad of sculptures.

The Goddess Hestia has given him a new opportunity.

Using the power of the gods to create a sculpture of a star!

Make a big star that will illuminate the night sky of the Versailles Continent.

Cutting, melting or any other method can be used.

The sculptor’s star will illuminate the world forever.

Depending on the nature of the work a blessing will be given. The blessing will be applied to your other sculptures.

If the final sculpture before becoming a master fails, the quest will end with failure and Goddess Hestia will be disappointed.

Hestia has given you the power of material creation, free flight and fire.

You won’t be able to lose your life in outer space, but the benefits of immortality will disappear once you step on the ground.

Level of Difficulty: Sculpting Master Quest

Compensation: Sculpting Master.

The glory of Hestia's gift.

Quest Restrictions: 99.8% advanced level 9 sculpting skill.

If the quest fails, 10% of the sculpting skill proficiency will be lost and fame will be reduced by 35,000.

The final stage of the Sculpting Master Quest!

Sculpting a star!

Weed licked his lips.

'The last piece is really on an awesome scale.'

There was a pile of rotten wood left on the planet.

A star might look small compared to the sun or the moon, but the pride and glory of his star being among them would be enormous.

'My name will be linked to a star. Of course, land speculation or viewing fees would be impossible. Well. That is too bad.'

-Hestia's power has been granted.

You can create a star only once.

An unlimited amount of fire can be handled for this sculpture.

You can fly in outer space.

From now on, you won't be able to die until the quest is completed.

However, going down to the world of humans will be regarded as abandoning the quest and your body will be destroyed.

Weed made a fist.

“If I do this then I will become a real master. I will finally become a sculpting master.”

Book 47: Weed's Trap

Chapter 1: Beginning Of A Star

A huge and infinite universe with a hot sun and a sea of stars.

For the final stage of the Sculpting Master Quest, Weed left the Versailles Continent and the planet and was standing in the middle of the universe.

“The scale is awesome!”

The stars in the night sky of Royal Road had become sharper and the visibility extended to distant areas.

Large and small meteors with long tails were endlessly flying past him at unimaginable speeds.

In far distant places, he could see gas and dust forming a blue nebula that shone brilliantly among the stars.

There were infinite mysteries in space and beyond.

He was free from the gravity of the planet containing the Versailles Continent as Weed floated alone in space.

The feeling of entering the universe made Weed feel more lonely than usual.

“If they saw such a scene then people might not bother with such trivial affairs.”

Man, time, area, age.

It seemed to go beyond all these limitations.

The moon and the planets in the solar system seemed much larger.

“Humans have only been living in a very narrow area.”

They were tens of times larger than the planet that contained the Versailles Continent and some could only be seen through satellites.

If people could see the universe with their eyes then they would

have no choice but to change.

Weed's body trembled.

"It is an honour to make a sculpture in space."

Beauty. Splendour. Mystique.

These were things that people throughout history have yearned for in space. They were always looking up but couldn't go to that world. On a small planet, humans dreamed about taking a step into the universe.

Weed had entered the universe but would have to leave after his task.

"Ahem. I shouldn't have dozed off in science class. Then I would have been more aware of the universe."

He needed to know more about the universe and the stars!

It was highly likely that the current situation would be broadcasted.

'I need to look more cool. Some management is needed due to my popularity with the fans.'

Weed was surprised to see the sun, moon and planets up close for the first time.

"This is the first great step for mankind..."

He had heard those words somewhere before. The real key was what came next.

"In the end, humans will enter a wider world. And there will be real estate agents in Gangnam who will be buying and selling planets!"

Wide aspirations!

There was no law that rent couldn't be received from the infinitely wide universe!

Becoming the owner of a planet would be superior to owning a

building.

There was an endless sea of stars in this black space.

It was fascinatingly scary, beautiful and wondrous.

Weed was deeply impressed by the universe for 3 minutes, but he soon returned to his usual sensibility.

“If space is implemented in Royal Road...”

Weed’s head was a bit confused.

Adventures in a new world.

There were many of the 10 forbidden zones still unexplored by humans. Yet he couldn’t lift this feeling.

“Surely there won’t be adventures in space one day?”

Weed eyed the big and vast space.

There were numerous stars and different colours.

It wouldn’t be so bad if only one planet was developed here.

“If there is another planet like the Versailles Continent with extremely developed magic to open a dimensional door... There might be several alien species or humans living on another world. Hey. That can’t be. It probably isn’t to that extent. Yes. That’s right.”

*

Somewhere unknown in the spacious universe.

“Kiki kir?”

“Kyalululuk. Kakalut.”

“Hidihe maru.”

“Hukiya! Hukiya!”

“Pukudarab malrishi adakaide?”

“Bullalao baokadum.”

“Allasap allasap! Hori allasap. Mo guri jebada 3ookiri!”

“Puha sunjed rami?”

“Manura...”

*

According to Goddess Hestia’s request, Weed needed to decide the position of the star.

“I need to make a sculpture. It will commemorate my trip into the universe, and money can be received from shooting advertisements or books.”

There was no meaning in making a star if it couldn’t be seen from the Versailles Continent. However, placing it in a position overlooking the Versailles Continent would disturb the moon.

“But the moon will move.”

He couldn’t rule out that there might be a conflict with his star and the moon.

“Just setting it down anywhere in space is illegal parking.”

Weed went further into space.

The planets were moving around shining suns.

It was strange to feel himself moving away from the beautiful blue planet that contained the Versailles Continent.

It was like leaving behind a bag full of money.

“I need to make it in a moderately remote place.”

Weed flew away from the Versailles Continent towards the sea of stars.

His speed meant light was flowing quickly past him like in the movies.

The beautiful galaxy sparkled like jewels in front of him.

“This sight... Well. Is this why people spend a lot of money to

enter the universe? Looking at an unknown world feels like I can escape from the constraints of humans.”

There were twelve planets around the sun.

Weed approached an unknown red, crystal planet. He needed to keep something in mind.

‘Rabbits or cats living here... I might get quests.’

The probability was 0.1% but he had to check.

However, it was just a huge planet full of stony sand when he got close to it.

He felt an awful loneliness looking at the wide stars without any other lifeforms around.

Weed passed through the solar system and settled in a large, outlying area.

Finding the right position outside the planets required considerable time and observation.

He had to avoid the orbit of the planets around the sun and consider the meteorites moving around in space.

Weed needed to make a star that would shine in the night sky of the Versailles Continent!

“It is quite far away so I need to make it bigger for it to be seen.”

It was a fairly large area on the outskirts of the solar system without any stars.

Weed closed his eyes for a moment.

‘I can finally become a sculpting master at last. This quest can’t fail. I have suffered so much in the past.’

Weed used a skill that was unprecedented in the history of Royal Road.

“Create a star!”

A mysterious white light shone in outer space. And a message window floated.

Ddiring!

-Are you sure you want to create a star in this area?

You must configure the shape, materials and size of the star. This skill can only be used once.

“I will make it.”

Creating a star.

He could change the size and shape by hand.

There was a round ball of light.

“This is?”

Weed grabbed it and stretched it to the left and right like when he used to play with his sister’s ball.

Juuuuuok!

It stretched out easily like a rubber ball.

Even if he only pulled one side and not both sides, the centre continued to grow.

Originally it was the size of a ball, but it soon grew to a few hundred metres. Moreover, it continued to grow as he wanted.

“If this continues then I’ll make a really big sculpture. What size is appropriate?”

It was better to have large land!

14 pyeong to 17 pyeong apartments were in the limelight last year. But if the cost of living was cheap, no one would want to live in such a narrow apartment.

He wanted to make a star billions of times larger than the

Versailles Continent.

“I’m aiming for a super large sculpture again.”

Weed grasped the light and stretched it out again.

Bingryong and the King Hydra were like dust compared to the size of the star sculpture.

Even small pieces of dust couldn’t be seen in the vast galaxy.

He didn’t know how far Royal Road extended but he was able to make it to his desired size.

“I have been thinking completely wrong. Where is the romance when looking up at the night sky? In order to become a sculpting master, I need to create the best star!”

A gigantic star that could be seen in the night sky.

“What is romance or artistry? A sculpting master should be able to carve something heavy and big. An immense size!”

Weed held on to the light and started to fly. The goal was to make it as big as possible.

*

Yoo Byung-jin sometimes thought the world was unreasonable, but recently he had often been thinking of eating a hamburger with cocoa.

“An artist...”

He felt happy seeing Weed make a star sculpture on the screen.

The sculpture reflected the culture, history, and human emotion system of Royal Road.

All the artworks, techniques, artists, and human experiences were entered into a database and the value for a sculpture was automatically determined.

The history of Royal Road, the sculptor’s personal experience and records were also measured.

“It is why sculpting is one of the hardest professions to master... Anyway, he had reached the last step.”

Yoo Byung-jin regarded Weed.

He had earned enough money to live well and enjoyed great popularity.

Yoo Byung-jin was bored and decided to have the artificial intelligence analyze Seo-yoon.

-You want me to analyze her beauty?

“Yes. I wonder what type of beauty she is. I have never seen such beauty in my life.”

-There are many criteria for different people, species and countries.

“Reflect the standards of all countries and people.”

- I will start analyzing her external beauty, genes, and characteristics such as wisdom and character.

A normal artificial intelligence would take a few days.

In addition to measuring several values for beauty, it also analyzed beautiful photographs, videos of people on the Internet, people’s reactions and broadcast materials.

-After evaluating Earth’s basis of beauty, Jung Seo-yoon takes first place.

“T-that much?”

-She has most of the good characteristics including intelligence and her genes are excellent.

In terms of evolution, she has genetics four generations ahead of modern humanity. In particular, her beauty is the best in Asia, America, Europe, Africa and South America. 99.967% of all men considered Seo-yoon as the best beauty.

“What about the rest?”

-They are vision impaired or have terribly unique tastes.

“Regardless of age?”

-From young boys playing with toys to elderly men, they consistently regarded Seo-yoon as the best beauty.

“It is hard to believe. Any specific examples?”

-There is a 98% chance that young children under two years old will stop crying when they see Seo-yoon. There was an actual image test, where 454 children at the market stopped crying as soon as they saw Seo-yoon. The actual probability of this occurrence is 100%.

“There must be an error. Try again.”

The artificial intelligence spoke again after doing dozens of calculations.

-I have verified it through all the databases. She is the most beautiful beauty born in the last 70 years.

“Was there someone more beautiful prior to that?”

-Judgements about beauty vary depending on the era. I can't analyze it due to the lack of data, but she is the best beauty in the last 70 years.

Yoo Byung-jin sighed deeply.

“She is too good for Weed.”

-That isn't necessarily the case, Doctor-nim. Until Seo-yoon met Weed, her beauty was approximately 1 or 2 generations ahead.

“Then she has become more beautiful?”

-Of course.

“It doesn't seem like there is a big change.”

-The beauty is in the details.

Yoo Byung-jin was dubious as he watched the sculpture being

created.

“He doesn’t have a specific theme and is just making it bigger. Can it be that unplanned?”

He wanted to slowly wait for the last step of the quest but he decided to ask the artificial intelligence.

“Will Weed really succeed in becoming a master? Won’t it be the first in Royal Road? It won’t be easy to make a piece that would satisfy Hestia. He needs to make a magnum opus.”

-He will succeed.

“The odds are?”

-95.3%.

“It is very high. The basis?”

-Weed’s temperament means he will not miss such an opportunity. And there is a 97% chance that his work will be related to Seo-yoon.

“Then he will definitely become a sculpting master.”

*

Weed’s light grew significantly large.

The size wasn’t visible from close view, so he had to fly far away in space to see the whole of it.

“It looks smaller than the other stars around... No. It should be bigger.”

It needed to have a clear presence that could be seen clearly from a distant space!

A light that would never fade among the many stars.

“A star should be big and bright.

He remembered from high school science class that big and bright stars were several times larger.

In particular, the sun was hundreds of times larger than all the planets in the solar system combined.

“The size will override everything. Yes.”

In order to confirm it, Weed sent a whisper to Mapan.

“Mapan-nim, are you busy now?”

-No. Please speak.

“Is it night over there?”

Depending on the region, the sun would rise and fall at different times on the Versailles Continent.

-Yes, it is evening. I am in the vicinity of Aren Castle, the capital of the Haven Empire. Kekeke.

“I see.”

-Where is Weed-nim now and why are you asking if it is night?

Mapan was curious about Weed.

Weed normally blocked the whisper function when he was hunting and questing.

Of course, after hunting with Weed for a week, many of his colleagues turned off the whisper function in order to get some sleep.

“Look at the sky.”

-Um... I can't see anything because it is night. Are you in Aren Castle?

“Not Aren Castle, but a little further. Look at the sky.”

-Are you riding on Wy-3 or Bingryong?

“No, not the sky but much further away. Do you see a shining star in the north?”

-See... Oh. There is a big star. It is the first time I've seen such a bright one.

“I am there.”

-Huh? Are you in that direction?

“Nope. I’m next to the star.”

-I’m sorry but I don’t understand. Can you tell me exactly where you are again?

“Right now I’m in the middle of the universe.

-Cough! What are you doing there?

“I am making a star.”

After he finished panicking, Mapan passed on the necessary information to him.

He checked every detail about how big and bright the star looked, as well as the constellations in the periphery.

If Weed’s sculpture was buried or shrouded by the surrounding stars then he would consider it a serious failure.

-But why do you have a quest to create a star?

“The sculpture is for the final stage of my Sculpting Master Quest.”

-I’m really envious.

“Not really.”

-It is really great

“It isn’t a big deal.”

-I respect you. Please continue to take care of me in the future.

“It is nothing.”

-Congratulations in advance on becoming a sculpting master. You’ll become the first master on the continent. But if you don’t mind answering... What do you intend?

“A star that shines brilliantly at night.”

Weed also sent a whisper to Yurin.

“Pretty little sister who I love.”

-What is it? Do you want me to boil ramyun?

“I want you to go to a place in Royal Road.”

-Where?

“I want you to move to several places with Picture Teleportation. Please travel to different regions around the world and draw a picture of the night sky.”

-How many?

“Around 100.”

Painting 100 images was hard work.

-I understand, Oppa. Give me until tomorrow.

It wasn't that much work for Weed's sister.

By default, Yurin did things like the flooring, cement mixing and installation of the toilet.

She also shoveled the ground in the back yard when he asked.

“Bury it deeply. Hehe.”

Even his sister found it creepy how eager Weed was to sell land.

‘You will need to meet a good man later. My sister can't get blood on her hands.’

*

Lee Hyun left the capsule and saw the images Lee Hye-yeon drew on the monitor.

Even though the regions were different, most of the images were similar.

“There isn't much difference in the constellations of the Versailles Continent. The star... I need to create the sculpture.”

It needed to have a big, bright presence as well as match the surrounding stars.

It would illuminate the night sky in a romantic manner.

People would open their minds and feel happiness as they watched the starry sky on a cool evening.

“Happiness is close if you open your minds.”

He was very pleased when he lived on a monthly rent of 250,000 won then when he moved to a rented house with a deposit of 10 million won and a monthly rent of 230,000 won.

There is a difference in the toilet and bathroom tiles.

“It can be seen from the north of Morata. The location is good. Something is still missing. What is it?”

Lee Hyun ate rice with Seo-yoon before going back into the capsule.

*

Weed decided the size of the sculpture after considering the size and brightness of the surrounding stars.

Except for the moon, it would be the largest and brightest.

“Unfortunately, this isn’t enough. I have to consider processing it.”

Weed felt something lacking but decided up to this size was satisfactory.

In fact, it looked small if distance wasn’t taken into account. However, if compared directly, it was big enough to crush the moon.

The size of the star had been determined.

He could choose five major minerals to make up the materials.

The minerals he chose would become more abundant.

Weed's quest window showed the details of various minerals and stones. If a geology professor saw it then their eyes would widen. All the metals and minerals on the planet as well as in the universe were classified.

It was a small portion of the amazing technology that made up Royal Road!

"The stones are all here. Why are there so much?"

In Weed's case, he skipped past most common minerals and headed to the precious metals.

"It is really here."

He could pick things such as gold or diamonds.

"A planet full of gems... Kya. This is truly a luxurious land speculation."

A sculpting master needed to make magnum opus, but he couldn't resist the temptation of land speculation.

It was impossible for a cat to pass by an opened can of tuna.

"There will be diamonds. Given the standards of the star, three or four diamond mountains should be enough."

Diamonds were determined.

"I also need gold. It would be awesome to have gold rivers and sea flowing."

Gold was also decided.

"And the value... Ruby. Won't the plains feel warm if they are made out of rubies?"

Rubies were also decided.

"At this point, I need to think about the overall balance and harmony. Sapphires and platinum. Sapphire hills and platinum valleys would be great."

Sapphires had been determined.

Platinum was also decided.

The five precious materials that made up Weed's star!

At this point, becoming the sculpting master wouldn't be a problem.

The jewels on this planet were worth tens of thousands of times those present on the Versailles Continent.

"I need to raise my level diligently. One day I will come back to this place."

Weed was filled with ambition to conquer the universe.

*

A back alley in Aren Castle.

Late at night, local merchants flocked to the slums.

"I came to buy olives."

"Whose invitation did you come with?"

"Owner Pahal of the weapons store told me."

"I see. You came at just the right moment. These are fresh items. Huhuhu."

"The quality..."

"You can trust me. It is the finest quality. Look at it and decide."

The local merchants entered an underground warehouse stacked with olives and various dried fruits before shouting in delight.

"Kyah. This is the first time I've seen so many groceries."

"Mapan's Trading Company... Not only do we supply generous quantities, we are also distributing them at a low price. We encourage you to buy as much as you want!"

Mapan's Trading Company!

They made a huge fortune from the war and Puhol Water Park.

In order to widen their influence, the company had entered the Aren Castle in the Haven Empire.

They brought in cheap, quality goods from the north to the Central Continent, and supplied them at a cheap price to the local merchants.

Ddirring!

-The trade is a success.

Merchant Jenta's satisfaction is very high.

Fame has increased by 20.

Intimacy, influence and tax evasion!

In the Central Continent, Mapan's influence was spreading despite the lowered taxes.

There was a minimal profit margin but Mapan's Trading Company grew like mushrooms.

"Buying goods made by craftsmen of the Haven Empire."

"This margin is less than the purchase price."

The merchant users questioned Mapan.

Mapan's success story was close to legendary, but they couldn't understand Mapan's reason for trading when there was a deficit.

"Get to know the artisans. No matter if they are NPCs or users."

"Can't we buy things without getting acquainted?"

"Our purpose isn't to buy things. It is to get the people."

"People?"

"We need to get people to come to the Northern Continent."

A terrifying plan to spread the influence of the north through the trading company!

Early in the Central Continent, technology development and the economy flourished.

Despite being hit for a while by the wars, their roots went deep.

Mapan had a secret meeting with Weed after Puhol Water Park was created.

A meeting at night where no one could see them!

“Give 50,000 gold for every artisan higher than level 200.”

“Well. That is too much.”

“I am also taking risks. How about 30,000 gold?”

“Think about the amount of time and money needed.”

“18,973 gold.”

“14,980 gold.”

Weed and Mapan had a tense eye fight.

The first to blink would be defeated!

But as always, Mapan was the first to be defeated.

“Kuhok. I will accept it.”

Mapan’s Trading Company had plans to attract all the worthy NPCs in the Central Continent. Mapan’s company extended their business into human trafficking.

*

In Royal Road, it was popular to hunt at night.

By default, there was no distinction between day and night in the dungeons. However, the animals became more energetic at night.

Even if they didn’t have a hunter’s class that received more experience and loot at night, they couldn’t give up hunting.

Users couldn’t hunt for 24 hours like Weed so they wanted the highest efficiency.

“Over there. I have something to confess.”

“Yes.”

There was a couple sitting on the walls of the Earth Palace.

They were a male magician and female swordswoman.

It was common for couples to hunt together.

“We...

The male magician was about to say something when the female pointed towards the sky.

“Look over there.”

“What is it? Did a wyvern pass by?”

Avians were common in Morata and seeing wyverns could be considered a lucky day.

“A star.”

“Star?”

The man was about to say ‘of course there will be a star’ when he raised his head. And he was surprised. A bright star approximately half the size of the moon was visible in the north direction.

“What is that?”

“It is the first time I have seen such a star. It certainly wasn’t there a few days ago.”

At that time, people from every corner of the Versailles Continent was talking about the shining star.

Users in the fields, mountains, rivers and cities looked up at the sky.

The same was true for captain and pirates sailing in the seas.

“What is that star?”

“It is weird. Is there a quest going on?”

There were many legends and mysteries in Royal Road.

The users felt a little excited.

In modern society, it was hard to see the night sky due to the pollution and smoke.

The only things that shone in the night sky were satellites and airplanes!

When hunting at night in Royal Road, it was romantic to see the glistening stars in the night sky like jewels. Even if they didn't go to scenic places, the best place for a date was under the clear night sky. Lovers especially liked to see the night view of beautiful cities like Morata or Dawn City. And the residents started to speak.

“The oracles at the Temples of Hestia have received a message.”

“Do you feel it? A great birth is coming. It is a nice surprise after a long time.”

The users ran to the Temple of Hestia in each area.

The users were full of questions for the Hestia priests.

“What is it? What is it going to be?”

“What type of oracle?”

The NPC high priest said to the people.

“Goddess Hestia is testing the best artist this world has ever produced.”

The users in the temple muttered as soon as they heard the high priest's words.

“Weed?”

“Weed.”

Weed was the only person who could do such a thing.

The bard Murray politely asked.

“High priest, what is the best artist doing?”

“In an infinitely wide space, the artist is making a single piece with the power of Goddess Hestia. He is on an adventure that will give the biggest honour and achievements...”

“He really is on an adventure. This! I can’t miss this chance to make a great song. Oh, this is a sculpting quest.”

Murray felt regret while the users were filled with envy.

“He is making a sculpture in the universe. Amazing.”

“A lot of fame is needed in order to receive a legendary quest like this.”

“The dimension is completely different.”

“Weed. He is still hiding like a rodent.”

“Ah. He is far away from the Hermes Guild.”

The star shining in the night sky became famous among the users.

High level archers with magnificent eyesight could see the star through telescopes and magicians also had similar observation spells.

“Eagle eye magic that will show you Weed’s star. Only 2 gold!”

There were long lines of users outside every magician business in the cities.

The prices of telescopes surged by more than ten times.

“Have you heard the news? Weed’s star sculpture is shining in the north.”

“Does that make sense? Making a sculpture in the sky.”

“It isn’t the sky but the universe? Making a star sculpture. He will become a sculpting master.”

Rumours about Weed’s adventure spread throughout the Versailles Continent in a few hours.

Regardless of cities or fields, the users looked up at the sky.

“What is that? It seems to be shining even brighter.”

“Is that gold? An gorgeous gemstone star.”

“So I’m told. I think the result will be really huge.”

Chapter 2: Baby Star

Luxury cars were parked in a row outside Lee Hyun's house.

Not only Korean broadcasters, but gaming broadcasters around the world jumped on the popularity of Royal Road.

Major overseas broadcasting stations sent executives to engage in negotiations regarding the Sculpting Master Quest.

"I'm been here so often that I'm familiar with this street."

"I even memorized the address."

The station executives exchanged greetings with each other.

"Director Son-nim, your weekend ratings are quite high these days. The broadcast theme is also novel."

"I tried out a new program where girl groups go on adventures. Featuring Morata also raises the ratings. They aren't tired of pretty girl groups walking in such scenery."

"That is very good. These days, singers also hold concerts in Royal Road. It is easy to find a place, stage devices, and an audience so it is better."

"I know. The venues in Morata and Dawn City are already full for a year."

"Can't additional concert venues be made? Isn't ORK Communications planning a venue in the Arpen Kingdom?"

"It seems they are busy with other constructions... There are many people in the north."

Competition with real singers was also a good thing.

A wide variety of singers and musicians created characters in Royal Road, competed with their singing skills as bards and became famous.

The reaction of the viewers was also hot and it was one of the

crazes in the Arpen Kingdom.

The meeting time was 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

At a time exactly between lunch and dinner, the door to Lee Hyun's house opened.

"Puppies, you grew up well."

The station officials hurried to enter Lee Hyun's house.

The employee of KMC Media brought expensive ribs for Lee Hyun's dogs.

"Good. Eat a lot."

Dogmeat and her puppies chewed at the ribs.

The staff of the other stations questioned what he was doing.

"Is that even necessary?"

"True. This isn't the Joseon era where the dogs need to be greeted."

The station officials smiled and entered the living room where Lee Hyun was waiting.

*

"Director Son, please sit here. Director Park, congratulations on your promotion. I have prepared comfortable seats for you."

Lee Hyun's house didn't have a spacious living room. Guests only occasionally came to visit so the number of chairs wasn't enough.

"It won't be comfortable but please sit down."

Lee Hyun distributed cushions for them to sit on the floor and the foreigners naturally accepted.

"Thank you, Mister Lee."

However, the South Korean broadcasters waged a subtle psychological warfare over the cushions.

The division of cushions among the station officials seemed

random but they had a common point.

‘I sat on the ground the last time I came here, but I sent him wild ginseng for New Year’s and this time I got a chair.’

‘My holiday gift set was poor. Kuooh. I received a cushion with holes due to the public relations department! Those guys!’

There was also a difference in the drinks Lee Hyun gave them.

Cold water was given to those who came for negotiations without any gifts.

Orange juice was given to those who gave gifts while entering.

Despite the orange juice being those sold at marts, those who didn’t receive it felt a subtle sense of deprivation.

‘I heard he was stingy but this...’

‘Fabulous. He gave me half a glass of orange juice! It means he liked the quality of the gift but the quantity was too little.’

‘I’m glad. My orange juice was filled up. The negotiating process will be a little better.’

The officials from the foreign broadcasting stations were laughing and having fun.

‘Weed? It feels like something is wrong. I thought he would harsher. Nice.’

‘How wonderful.’

And the broadcast contract that followed. Lee Hyun briefly described the quest that was currently in progress.

“As you might have known, I am on the Sculpting Master Quest. It is also the final step!”

“Ohh.”

The station officials rose from their seat.

The competition to see who would become a master first was still

ongoing. However, many abandoned the Master Quest before they were extremely difficult.

The amount of risks involved in the quest!

People didn't want to lose their lives just to master a class.

'Weed the God of War, he is on the last stage of the Master Quest.'

'The god of hard work.'

'He is completing all the quests. He really looks ordinary... He is different from what he seems.'

'A strong guy. CTS Media should have obtained a monopoly earlier.'

'What type of people are the Koreans? The virtual reality world is being dominated by the South Koreans.'

Lee Hyun arrogantly looked at the station officials.

"But I'm not doing a general master quest. I arrived at this process after developing a new sculpting technique. Perhaps you will never see another sculpting master again. Kuuck. I felt both sorrow and regret."

His memories and experiences were filled with hardships, but there were occasionally nightmares.

Lee Hyun wasn't uncomfortable but in order to create an atmosphere, he pinched his side and squeezed to form terms.

"Anyway, if this work is successful then I am likely to be the first master. Being the first to sculpt a star sculpture is also a separate thing. There are many viewers who want to see it."

There was no need for a long explanation.

It was enough for the broadcasting stations to decide that high ratings were guaranteed.

'This is good.'

‘It will be the best selling item.’

Weed’s quest always got high ratings.

Weed just making and selling sculptures in the market got 10% ratings so the audience for the master quest was certain.

‘Right now many users are watching the stars at night.’

‘The Grass Porridge Cult. They are big fans of Weed so we need to resolve their cravings. That is the only way we can stop the attacks on the bulletin boards.’

The bulletin boards for the broadcasting stations were occupied by viewers shouting.

It was a jackpot every time they showed Weed’s quests and hunting.

Approximately a year ago, the stations were sick of the grass porridge members commenting on the boards.

The administrator of the bulletin boards carried out a wide deletion of posts without looking at the contents. And the stations regretted it deeply afterwards.

The number of users on their site rapidly plummeted!

The Grass Porridge cult members were enthusiastic fans of Royal Road.

It hadn’t been long since they started Royal Road but they were more active.

Not only the activity on the internet site, but their ratings were also hurt.

Now the bulletin boards allowed the grass porridge members and they consisted of two thirds of the members.

Especially in South Korea.

Not only the major broadcasting stations associated with Royal Road around the world, but all of the internet’s major sites were

being taken over by the grass porridge members.

The grass porridge members actively engaged in social communities such as Weibo, Facebook and Twitter.

Reporters and entertainers frequently mentioned that they were members of the Grass Porridge Cult in articles and interviews.

Even a famous economic newspaper in Britain published an evaluation.

The Grass Porridge Cult revolutionized digital media.

The Grass Porridge Cult in Royal Road were born for freedom, adventure, and happiness.

As they had more fun playing, they were less concerned with cold reality.

The expansion of the Grass Porridge Cult was amazing.

More than a million people joined every day, and there was no limit on age and abilities.

Ordinary people joined the Grass Porridge Cult and there were many affiliated organizations.

The members were brave, diligent, dedicated to learning and developed their skills for a hopeful future.

The Grass Porridge Cult could be called a new leap forward in citizenship.

In addition, the influence of the Grass Porridge Cult on the economy couldn't be ignored.

Worldwide department stores, outlets, airlines, hotels, amusement parks, mobile communication, and high end restaurants all offered memberships to the Grass Porridge Cult.

The services offered had no annual fee since all the members were loyal and friendly to each other.

Hundreds of companies and economic research institutes studied

the economic ripple effects of the Grass Porridge Cult.

-What if the Grass Porridge Cult starts a social networking service? Wouldn't it be possible to dominate the global social networking market with hundreds of millions of users?

-What about opening a Grass Porridge broadcasting station?

-From station to fashion, children toys, sports, luxury goods, and mobile communication, it would be easy to market if the Grass Porridge's brand is utilized.

[Global companies and research institutes have foreseen a digital economic revolution based on virtual reality.

In addition, the doctrines of the Grass Porridge Cult are fully capable of opposing dictatorships in third world countries or becoming a political revolutionary force.]

The station officials had to reach a contract with Lee Hyun.

Lee Hyun handed out a piece of paper to them one by one.

"Write down any amount you want."

...Director Shin of New Management Media received the paper first.

"Write down an amount?"

"The contract will be decided through an auction. Regardless of the country or broadcasting share, I will only deal with the seven companies that offer the highest amounts. There will be no restrictions on the number of times it is broadcasted a day and I will get the average industry royalties."

"Umm."

The station officials thought furiously as they accepted the pieces of paper.

'How much should I write?'

'The price will definitely rise. The major stations will definitely

try.'

'There will be plenty of profit on my investment. Especially considering the ads that companies will place on our stations. But what is the proper amount to write down? The problem is the other broadcasting stations.'

While the station officials were troubled, Lee Hyun calmly continued.

"You should also give me 15% of the advertising for the live broadcasts and replays."

"Huh?"

"It is an important part that has to be acknowledged."

The station officials wrote the maximum amount that was possible.

The broadcasters from the United States, China and Japan had many viewers and were willing to pay a large sum.

The domestic broadcasters, including KMC Media who had the highest average ratings, immediately decided on the spot.

Lee Hyun handed out business cards to the station officials who were going to leave.

Unlike normal business cards that contained a name and position, Lee Hyun's was different.

Lee Hyun: 5th October

Seo-yoon: 22nd April

Lee Hye-yeon: 9th July

Grandmother: 7th January

"What is this?"

The director of KMC Media took the business card and asked.

"The birthdays in my family. It would be good if you remember

these days.”

Lee Hyun had the upper hand against the broadcasting stations.

*

Weed decided to temporarily name the star sculpture.

“How about B612?”

The star in the Little Prince!

He saw the name in a storybook he read as a child.

“Um. But the times had changed. Let’s call it by a simpler name, Baby Star.”

It was a rounded star sculpture that hadn’t been properly shaped.

Although it was immense, it was just one of the many stars in the universe when viewed from a distance.

It wasn’t a blue planet with white clouds like Earth, and the features other than minerals were difficult to distinguish.

“It has to look good.”

It was habit to take out Zahab’s sculpting knife but stopped when he saw that it didn’t make a dent in the huge size.

Even a disaster would only cause a small scratch.

“Let’s do it.”

Weed moved away and held both hands in front of him.

“Divine Flame!”

A firestorm rose in both hands.

Hestia had the power to melt anything.

He threw the firestorm towards the baby star from 10,000km away.

At first, the baby star had no response but the surface soon turned red and started to melt.

“When I was a child, I wanted something like this.”

Weed was deeply satisfied.

He remembered when some neighbourhood children tried to cook sweet potatoes after lighting some rotten twigs.

Now he obtained a fire that could burn something the size of a planet!

Moreover, he felt a sense of accomplishment after working a few hours.

“But what should I make? It is really the last piece before becoming sculpting master.”

Weed lost some energy as he became lost in thought.

Sculpting was a field of art with limitations like any other field.

He needed to think of new ideas within those limits.

“There is a feeling of burden from creating a star sculpture in space. There is always risk when it involved a new area.”

The size and materials were beyond the existing limitations of sculptures, but there were still some constraints.

The stage was too large so he couldn't make an ordinary sculpture.

“It needs to be a sculpture that suits the universe. I have to make sure it matches the light and background. What type of star would be cool?”

In the middle of the universe, he couldn't hear a sound so he felt lonely.

While living in the world, he sometimes felt like he was alone but there would always be a person if he opened the door.

In the universe, the physical distances between objects were very far apart.

“At a minimum, I have to create a Magnum Opus.”

The burden on Weed's shoulders was heavy. However, he didn't worry about it for too long.

It was the final piece before becoming a sculpting master.

If so, it would be best to make the sculpture that he wanted to make.

"At this moment, the sculpture I most want to make... It is clear."

A sly smile appeared on Weed's mouth.

It wasn't much different from his usual rotten smile.

It was a smile like if he won the lottery when there was a 1 in 100 chance.

*

"Shush. He is making it. The appearance of the star has changed a little bit."

"What differences are there? I'm curious."

"If you are curious then watch it on the television. Kyaah. A really nice sculpture will emerge."

The people in every city on the Versailles Continent was looking up at the night sky.

The squares were crowded with people eating and drinking while watching the sky, and users were also crowded on the terraces.

A small number of users were curious and went to the Archer's Guild to learn eyesight skills.

Mapan's Trading Company were able to buy a large number of telescopes and earn extra money from selling them.

Many users on the Versailles Continent watched as Weed made his baby star sculpture.

For a few days, a large chunk of the surface was cut and melted away.

Users watched as the top right corner of the star formed a round watermelon shape.

“A person.”

“The last sculpture will be of a person.”

“Then the target is the Goddess?”

“It is likely. If a star in the night sky is in the shape of a goddess... I can see that face every night. Kyah. Take it.”

“Perfect. I really don’t want anything else.”

Goddess Hestia and Freya were famous on the Versailles Continent, but they were already pushed back.

People called the Goddess of the Grass Porridge Cult just the ‘Goddess.’

The Ice Beauty sculpture was a famous sightseeing spot where hundreds of thousands of pilgrims visited every day.

The Arpen Kingdom was a place of art and culture, with many paintings and sculptures.

Many sculptors and painters imitated Weed’s sculpture, and Goddess Seo-yoon was a fantasy and a dream.

Sacrosanct!

A number of sculptors tried to sculpt Seo-yoon but were frustrated by the attempts.

“N-no. It doesn’t even express a tenth of her beauty.”

“It looks roughly similar... Why don’t I feel anything? There isn’t enough emotion. The sculpture I made is just like a machine.”

The members of the Grass Porridge Cult were filled with expectations as they watched the stars in the night sky.

“If the Goddess becomes a star, then the Arpen Kingdom will never perish. I will wait every night.”

“Kuooh. Martyrdrom, martyrdom.”

The viewers could only see the right side of the star being sculpted. The shoulders were narrow and the round part that was probably the head was being trimmed.

“This is nonsense. Goddess-nim doesn’t have such a big head.”

“The sculpture has a simple form. Won’t he refine it afterwards? It is just the beginning to the eyes, nose and mouth.”

“From the beginning, it is impossible to sculpt a perfect figure. However, Weed has often made sculptures of Goddess-nim.”

“We will be able to see Goddess-nim’s charm through Weed’s quest. That is the only way her original beauty can be expressed.”

“Yes. It is already beyond the scope of art.”

“After seeing Goddess-nim, I felt my soul changing.”

The thick and rounded shoulders were out of proportion with the head size. As short legs and a plump upper body were created, the users of the Versailles Continent became confused.

“It isn’t the Goddess?”

“How can that be? Is Weed-nim betraying us at such a crucial moment?”

Apart from the Grass Porridge Cult, Weed’s anti-cafe already had 100 million members.

-Title: A petition against Weed’s sculpture.

Weed doesn’t seem to be carving the Goddess.

Isn’t this frivolous behaviour?

It is an opportunity to create a sculpture of the Goddess that will always shine on the continent.

Life is short.

I can only feel completely happy and restful when seeing the

Goddess.

A statue of the Goddess can't be replaced and will bring joy and happiness to millions of people.

Weed has become drunk on his success and betrayed us.

This unscrupulous act deserves condemnation. But we will give him another chance, even if we hate him.

If he stops making this sculpture and starts sculpting Goddess-nim then we will forgive Weed.

The Versailles Continent was sad at not being able to see Seo-yoon's legendary beauty.

Weed continued making the sculpture.

"Shouldn't there a pure feeling? A wide smile? Um... I need to decide on the gender. It can't be reversed if I continue sculpting any more."

Weed planned the sculpture but the size was too big and there were many variables.

The approximate form was there but he didn't know how to sculpt it specifically.

"It resembles Seo-yoon to some extent. I need to give off a similar feeling."

Chubby little hands, short legs.

A relatively large upper body and head.

Only the general form of the sculpture was created.

"Eh, I don't know. I will just follow what I feel. As the image comes into my head... I can't decide. In the end, this is the answer."

The flames continued to melt the sculpture.

He recalled all the pretty and beautiful scenes in the world.

However, when he thought about Seo-yoon, affectionate and cute were the words that popped up.

Someone lovable with thick cheeks and small chin.

“The gender is a girl. It is hard to choose between a son or daughter. Still, I think that a daughter would be more beautiful.”

Weed was making a sculpture of a baby. Was there anything as beautiful or sacred as the birth of another life?

The sculpture would completely change depending on a boy or girl, but he chose a daughter.

“There is a saying that the firstborn being a daughter will bring fortune to the family.”

There would be a bond as the child grew up.

It was hard for most humans to live a hundred years. In the meantime, their time was consumed with studying, working, loving, and living in this world.

They felt joy, sorrow, anger, and thankfulness.

Bringing a baby into that life was valuable.

Young babies grew up differently.

They learned to turn over their bodies, crawl, and speak in the arms of their mother and father.

In his poor days, Weed had imagined the future while looking after his sister.

‘Can someone like me get married and have a family?’

He could only sigh in those days.

The value of diapers and milk formula seemed too expensive.

‘I don’t want to love without any money. This is too hard. I would rather live alone than hurt anyone else.’

Being unable to love due to a lack of money was a natural reality

to Weed.

‘I can’t like a person because of money. I can’t bear it.’

Weed often saw parents holding onto the hands of their children who were smiling brightly.

When a man and woman met and fell in love, they got married, would have children and grow old together.

It was an ordinary routine but a young baby could be called a marvel of love and happiness.

‘I have to overcome the price of milk formula and diapers. I need to be firmly decided before embarking on this path.’

Weed dreamed of raising a baby in the future with his love. He wanted to make a lot of money in order to live happily with people.

‘My heart needs to be determined in order to make a really good sculpture.’

*

Seo-yoon was busy managing the Arpen Kingdom.

As commerce developed throughout the Northern Continent and the borders widened due to cultural influences, there were many trivial things to pay attention to.

No matter how much money was raised, it was used sparingly and the population of the wide kingdom was growing exponentially.

Depending on how the policies were implemented, development would total change.

Seo-yoon asked Lee Hyun to act in his place.

“Give me permission to manage the Arpen Kingdom.”

“What and how much?”

“Administrative, judicial, the budget, and military rights.”

“It is just like being the ruler.”

“I will do it well.”

“Surely you aren’t thinking of spending all the money in the Arpen Kingdom?”

Lee Hyun looked at her with suspicion.

Seo-yoon didn’t reply.

Therefore, Weed’s imagination ran wild.

“Making a backroom deal with the Haven Empire or sell places like Morata, Dawn City, and Puhol Water Park. Or selling 50 pyeong real estate. Becoming rich with money...”

Lee Hyun’s imagination ended there.

Seo-yoon was living right next door and she didn’t have a reason to do that.

In addition to property, she had plenty of money so there was no reason to do so.

She was able to earn money with only a few appearances on television.

“I understand. I will allow it.”

Seo-yoon took the position of a queen and proceeded with appointing lords for small villages.

She didn’t raise her level in the hunting grounds but her contribution to the development of the Arpen Kingdom was great.

She was busy with a lot of work in Royal Road, but Seo-yoon was also interested in Lee Hyun’s everyday life.

She heard stories about how he delivered strawberry milk and newspapers at dawn in order to live.

She knew that Lee Hyun wouldn’t eat if left alone.

She even fed Dogmeat and the puppies.

The number of puppies kept on increasing.

Seo-yoon was especially interested in Lee Hyun's sculpture in Royal Road.

The memories of his sculptures were vivid.

She had seen him make a sculpture many times.

They were the best gifts that Lee Hyun gave her.

'Will he make a sculpture of me to become the sculpting master?'

She waited for the day when the sculpture would be completed.

Carving her figure in the sky would be a romantic and wonderful gift.

'I won't ask him directly. I will wait. But...'

Seo-yoon entered the capsule and connected to Royal Road.

"Mapan-nim."

-Yes.

Seo-yoon sent a whisper to Mapan as soon as she entered.

Seo-yoon was also a goddess to Mapan.

"I need a large telescope to see the sky."

-Ah... Yes. I understand. I will contact the best blacksmiths to produce it.

"Do it quickly."

-Yes. What is the budget you are thinking of? It is okay to receive the money afterwards.

"2 million gold."

-Huh?

"I'll pay with my money. Please make a large telescope that allows me to see clearly with 2 million gold."

Seo-yoon's face was red with anticipation.

She waited for the large telescope she had commissioned.

She stared up at the night sky every night.

Seo-yoon temporarily bought a small telescope so that she could see the star Weed was sculpting.

The appearance of the star was gradually revealed, but it didn't look like her.

Seo-yoon quietly picked up a sword and headed to a dungeon.

She wiped away all the monsters in a high level dungeon.

The characteristics of a berserker meant she wasn't tired from hunting all night, as she blew away all strong enemies.

If this was a long time ago then she would have finished her hunting.

“...It is still lacking.”

Seo-yoon swept away seven dungeons.

It also affected reality.

Seo-yoon had been taking care of the food for Lee Hyun and Lee Hye-yeon.

Lee Hyun didn't say anything but she always bought great ingredients at the market and cooked for him.

Now there was no pork in the kimchi stew and the boiled eggs that were the highlight in tteokbokki were gone.

There was only strawberry milk in the fridge and she didn't give any snacks to Dogmeat.

“Oppa. What did you do wrong?”

“I don't know.”

“There has to be something. I think it is really important.”

Seo-yoon didn't speak and kept her head down when she went to the market.

As she passed, the traders gathered together and chattered.

“Lee Hyun. What did that crazy guy do?”

“It must be something unscrupulous. I don’t have any doubts.”

“Is there another woman?”

“Don’t tell me... Cheating on her?”

“People don’t know what can happen.”

In the whole neighbourhood, public criticism towards Lee Hyun was rising.

The bright image that Seo-yoon usually showed was gone.

And then Seo-yoon looked up at the night sky in Royal Road. She was still curious about what sculpture was being made.

She absolutely wished that it wasn’t the appearance of another woman.

‘That looks like... A Baby?’

The head was sculpted and the ratio was a bit strange originally. Once the body was created, the feeling of a cute baby became clear.

The face was still being sculpted, but the eyes and mouth were smiling. The baby had a cute, innocent, and playful expression.

‘And... It looks like me. The eyes and mouth...’

Seo-yoon stared into the telescope for a really long time.

The next day, Lee Hyun’s dinner was eel, abalone, octopus, and ginseng chicken soup.

[TL Note]:

Small note since people seem to be misunderstanding something. Weed is making a sculpture of a star that will be seen in the Versailles Continent’s night sky, not an actual star.

[Volume 46 chapter 8](#): ‘The Goddess Hestia has given him a new

opportunity. Use the power of the gods to create a sculpture of a star!’

It is just like any other sculpture he made, except he is making it in the universe.

Chapter 3: The Best Hard-Working Craftsman

Weed's sculpted the basic form of a baby but it wasn't the end. There was a lot of work left to refine the star but also decide on the overall form, "If the child is alone then they will be lonely. That is child abuse."

A sculpture of a baby with their mother would be better.

Weed pondered for a moment.

'Will this sculpture be okay?'

A sculpture of Seo-yoon holding a baby in the night sky of Royal Road might stop her from getting married.

'I won't send her away from my side. It doesn't matter how difficult and hard it will be.'

Weed started the sculpture again.

The appearance of a woman smiling brightly while looking at her baby.

Of course, he was so familiar with Seo-yoon that he could sculpt her with his eyes closed.

Seo-yoon's beautiful face was sculpted on the left side.

Despite the fact that it wasn't elaborate yet, he found it difficult to take his eyes off the work.

'The face should be more beautiful. The buried beauty should emerge. The piece needs more work.'

He carefully sculpted her every day. He could have become lazy but he didn't do that.

Seo-yoon's sculpture couldn't be lacking so he put effort into sculpting every exquisite detail.

‘Marriage, live together and have a baby... I think that would be good. At a later date. Hmmm. I wouldn’t mind if it was a little bit sooner.’

Weed sweated as he continued making the sculpture.

He estimated how much time passed by watching the planets moving in space.

After approximately 10 days, Seo-yoon and the baby were 60% completed.

‘The appearance is beautiful but that can’t be all. She needs the feeling of a mother.’

Unfortunately, Weed didn’t have many memories of a mother’s warmth. Rather, his memories of his childhood was carrying Yurin on his back and giving her bottles.

He often cried while carrying his sister in the cold winter.

It was a real tough time with a lot of suffering. He devoted his strength to just surviving every day.

‘Mother... Yes. From here on, I’ll sculpt what I want it to be. It isn’t exactly the same but I feel something. I will sculpt that feeling.’

He placed emotions into the eyes and facial expression of Seo-yoon holding the baby. Her beauty was a powerful weapon but he couldn’t just depend on it.

His purpose wasn’t to sculpt a pretty mother holding her baby.

He used the forgotten warmth of his mother while sculpting as he recalled her eyes and affection filled voice.

‘A mother taking care of her baby. I will be the father. Yes. That is good. Adding other small things will be good.’

He didn’t care too much about the golden ratio, composition, etc.

Weed just watched to focus on the warmth of a mother when

sculpting Seo-yoon and her daughter.

In the future, he would be able to watch it with a happy heart.

‘Sculpting master? He needed to go back a little bit. He would do what he really wanted to. Even if this sculpture had a low artistic value or failed... I won’t regret it even if I waste this chance.’

This might be a once in a lifetime opportunity to sculpt a star.

As long as he did what he wanted as best as he could, he wouldn’t regret it even if there weren’t good results.

‘Yes. The real work that I want to do.’

Weed didn’t regret making this piece or worry about making it better or it would fail.

‘I really want to make this sculpture. And this will be the best work of my life.’

*

Fabio was making the best sword on the continent with helium.

The first master on the Versailles Continent!

Helium was as great as the rumours and he obtained it after winning the competition with Herman.

The flames seemed alive as he smelted and quenched the helium to make a sword.

Fabio was sure that the best sword would be born in his hands.

“The work will be over soon. This will become a legendary sword that will never be broken.”

Fabio was a craftsman who received respect from many other professions.

This sword would be enough to satisfy his high pride.

He had no doubts about becoming a master as he realized his weaknesses through the confrontation with Herman.

Fabio kept an eye on the news despite working on the sword day and night.

‘Weed is also challenging the master quest. I will finish the quest faster.’

He didn’t grumble about the trick used to drag him to the Northern Continent and delay his time.

This was a great opportunity to become a master.

‘I won the game and will use my skills to become a master first. My sword will be completed earlier. The blacksmith will become the first among all professions.’

Fabio looked at the star Weed was creating.

‘The last work. Will he make something good? I worked hard for the sake of becoming a blacksmith master.’

A blacksmith dealt with making a sword in hot flames. Due to this, they had sharper eyesight so he could see the shape of the star.

Fabio’s mouth widened.

“That is... Well. It will still require some time before it is finished...”

He looked up at the sculpture of a star for a long time before laughing bitterly.

“Right. I am also lacking.”

Fabio returned to the smithy and saw a sharp sword.

A strong sword that would cut anything!

It was made with the god’s metal, Helium so the blade had a radiant sheen.

If Weed saw it, he would have applauded it as the best sword. However, Fabio saw something else.

“Not a strong and sharp sword, but a warmer and great sword...”

He hadn't been able to tell until he saw the star sculpture.

Fabio was severely conflicted.

'Should I complete the sword like this? Mastering the skill is right in front of me. Even if this sword is completed... I thought this was enough before seeing Weed's sculpture.'

He was really close to mastering the blacksmith skill.

Fabio stood in the smithy and stared at the sword.

A strong and sharp sword made of helium.

'Completing the sword might be enough for me to master the skill. Yet...will I be satisfied with this? Some complaints will remain even if I become a master.'

It was difficult for Fabio to give up on this sword due to his greed over becoming the first master.

His desire to create a historical sword that had never been seen before now was also intense.

"This...hu."

Fabio finally decided as a blacksmith.

He decided not to master the skill, but to make a historical sword.

"Blacksmith master. I will do it again. I realized that my path was wrong so I have to go down the right one."

Fabio had never stopped working as a blacksmith after starting Royal Road.

He had been running hard but now he learnt something new with the benefit of hindsight.

"I don't think that a sculptor is better than a blacksmith. Feeling lacking when looking at the sculpture of a star... I really need to create a masterpiece."

Fabio who was just about to complete the best sword out of

helium on the continent, decided to start on a new work.

“After becoming a blacksmith master, should I try being a sculptor? I should seriously consider it.”

*

Even if Weed worked hard, it wasn't easy to sculpt an entire star.

He stayed up all night and suffered from hunger.

The area of the star was so vast and he needed to decorate the sculpture to represent mountains, rivers and lakes.

Seo-yoon and the baby needed to be expressive but he couldn't make them too plain.

He decorated them with gold, rubies, diamonds, platinum and sapphires. When observing the star through a telescope, it looked like sparkling stars falling around Seo-yoon and the baby.

“Something is still lacking.”

Weed thought as he watched the golden rivers, diamond mountains and platinum lakes.

“Of course, it looks luxurious and expensive. However, I feel like it is lacking in some elaborate elegance so the quality of the sculpture is reduced.”

Precious metals were extensively used in a work that expressed family and maternal love.

The colourful jewels and gold were gorgeous but they were lacking.

Weed worried about how to increase the quality of the piece while working on Seo-yoon and the baby.

“Yes. There isn't enough precious metals.”

The golden rivers became wider, the diamond mountains increased and the platinum lake became huge like there was a dam.

“I need to use the jewels properly.”

Weed observed the sculpture and decided to increase the scale.

A golden stroller, diamond toys, sapphire dolls, ruby car seat, platinum formula and diapers! Children born in wealthy families had gold spoons but these ornaments were well beyond that.

“This is a little better. The quality of the work is much improved.”

Weed continued to refine the sculpture of Seo-yoon and the baby.

The approximate shape was created in space, but there were still some lacking places if he looked closely.

It wasn't a task that he could devote his whole life to so he decided to do as much as he could.

“This will not end if I want to make a perfect work. The important thing is the emotions.

Seo-yoon and the baby were sculpted in the way that he liked so he didn't want to touch them anymore.

If he touched it the wrong way and damaged it then there would be nothing worse.

-Please set the name of the new sculpture.

“The sculpture's name...”

He was stuck for words because he couldn't think of a better name.

“Venus, Mercury or Jupiter. What should I do?”

He was stuck on a name for the star.

“Wife and Child.”

-Wife and Child is correct?

Weed felt something and decided on a name.

A baby made out of love. It might be an ordinary process for others but it was his best artwork.

‘Life is art.’

Even though it was hard work, the feelings of a family were precious. A baby meant love and happiness to Weed.

“That’s right.”

That value came out in the name of the sculpture.

‘There are no regrets. Even if... It wouldn’t be due to my artwork but because I lacked skills.’

Weed had no regrets regarding this work.

He felt like it was the best piece he had created so far.

-Magnum Opus! Wife and Child has been completed!

The work of a sculptor who the gods have recognized to have reached the ultimate heights!

It is the most beautiful representation of a newborn baby and mother.

Even Goddess Hestia admires this work and two new records have been created.

The birth of a star.

The largest sculpture.

This sculpture of a brilliant star can be seen by all residents of the Versailles Continent.

Sculptor Weed has gone beyond the ultimate limits of humans and his name will be forever revered on the Versailles Continent.

Artistic Value: 58,492

Options: Reduces the damage caused by natural disasters on the Versailles Continent.

The reserves of minerals and precious metals not yet mined on the Versailles Continent will increase by 28%.

Rare mineral springs and mine deposits will be randomly produced.

Those who observe the stars will develop knowledge of astronomy and have their intelligence permanently increased by 2.

The effect of holy magic and the blessings of priests and paladins will permanently improve by 5%.

Luck will increase by 7% during the day.

There will quick recovery from disease.

The residents will increase the compensation for a sculptor's quests.

Maximum health and mana will increase by 23% during the day.

All stats will increase by 50.

Long distance movement speed will increase by 35%.

All stats have permanently increased by 1.

Current number of Magnum Opus created: 20

-Fame has increased by 5,381.

Art has increased by 91.

Perseverance has increased by 15.

Endurance has increased by 4.

Wisdom has increased by 7.

Charm has increased by 115.

-The first person to step into outer space.

As the first human to leave footsteps, maximum health and mana has increased by 5,000.

The ownership of Wife and Child belongs to Weed-nim. The effects of the sculpture will increase by 1.5 times when applied to Weed-nim.

-All stats will gain an additional 3 points for making a Magnum Opus sculpture.

Magnum Opus sculpture!

Weed accepted it calmly. He determined that the scale of the achievements was more than any other magnum opus sculpture that he created.

And...

Ddirring!

-The Sculpting skill has reached its peak proficiency.

You have mastered Sculpting. After understanding the texture of rocks and trees, you have fully understood how to express it in sculpting.

You have reached the peak of sculpting with no other place to advance.

The artistic value of your sculptures will increase by 200%.

The mana used by skills associated with sculpting will reduce and the effectiveness will also increase.

The effects received from sculptures will increase by 200%.

All stats increased by 40.

Art quests can be received without any limitation.

Thanks to your excellent insight, all skill proficiencies will develop 6% faster.

Other production and art skills will develop 10% faster.

You will be able to bring out a further 15% of the original abilities of an item.

Completed sculptures will have a special influence in that region.

The strength and vitality of sculptural lifeforms will increase by 30%.

The title 'Master of Sculpting' has been acquired.

You can meet with any kings, regardless of fame or a previous relationship.

Artists, scholars and merchants will respect you.

The effects of conversation, charisma, and dignity will increase.

Certain NPCs will appear and pledge absolute loyalty to you.

Weed's whole body shook.

"Sculpting master. The first one to master a class!"

He became a master of sculpting that boasted tremendous difficulty compared to other skills.

"I am the world's most hard-working craftsman!"

*

The users on the Versailles Continent were waiting for night time.

After the sun went down and it was dark, an incredibly bright star could be seen in the night sky.

“Kuuuk. Weed-nim didn’t betray us.”

“Look. How beautiful. The world is becoming a better place to live.”

“Pretty. So close to the real thing...”

Seo-yoon holding the baby made the night become more beautiful.

Normally people didn’t show much interest in the night sky.

In modern society, the stars in the sky couldn’t be seen due to fine dust. Mostly there were satellites and airplanes that shone in the dark sky.

The distant stars were uncharted territory and contained endless possibilities. An endless territory where dreams, hopes, and romance coexisted.

Weed’s sculpture was the topic of many newspaper articles and broadcasts.

- A mother and baby star born in Royal Road.
- A story of the creation of stars and the universe.
- The last piece of a master sculptor. The meaning of the stars.
- The limits of virtual reality?
- We forget that we live in a wide world.

It was reported in the news and on radio because it was an event that many people were interested in. It was also featured in educational children’s broadcasting programs on astronomy and geology.

- A baby’s happiness.
- The beginning of the fruit of love.

-The new life project.

Due to the social atmosphere, there were several countries worried about the low birth rate.

The birth rate had declined in some developed and developing countries.

Many people didn't marry so they didn't give birth to help maintain the population.

Countries encouraged childbirth by talking about the great joy they would bring.

Most people would never know how much pleasure it would bring until it happened.

Thanks to Weed's sculpture of the baby and mother, the government started projects encouraging childbirth.

Broadcasters around the world increased the proportion of entertainment shows featuring young children.

*

Weed had a rotten smile on his face after becoming a sculpting master.

"Well. Increasing my skills brought me here."

He closed his eyes and recalled the past.

"It wasn't luck. It was due to my hard work and talent."

Self-praise!

He felt satisfied with himself.

"I mastered sculpting and got plenty of stats. It doesn't mean a lot but fame also increased. Fame really doesn't mean anything."

The increase in health and mana would be a great help.

The long-awaited sculpting master!

To be honest, a sword, archery, or weapons master would be

more effective but he was still the first master.

“I received some help from Seo-yoon’s beauty but it was purely my skills.”

He occasionally had some suspicions while sculpting.

‘Is it not my sculpting but the good model?’

Most of his sculptures of Seo-yoon had very good results.

If he took a photo of Seo-yoon eating half fried half seasoned chicken, it would win first place in a photography contest.

The model would overcome all lack of photography skills and the cheap camera. Rather, the model exceeded the limits. Even if he just roughly pressed the button with his feet, Seo-yoon’s beauty would emerge.

It was the same with drawing a picture. There was no need to try to draw a beautiful picture. He just needed to draw Seo-yoon as she was.

A masterpiece would emerge and it would be the best representation of the beauty of a woman.

“I’d say that it wasn’t... It is vaguely convincing. That reason is sufficient for me.”

While Weed was thinking, Goddess Hestia appeared.

Unlike the Versailles Continent, Hestia’s form was thousands of metres bigger.

‘It is finally the end of the quest.’

Weed’s heart started beating faster.

‘It is like grabbing a seasoned chicken. No. A little weak. It is like when there are four consecutive lottery numbers.’

Hestia’s clear voice was transmitted.

-Sculptor. I asked you to make me a sculpture of a star.

Weed carefully kneeled down in the universe and bowed his head.

“I did my best not to disappoint Goddess Hestia. I am lacking skills but I tried for Goddess-nim.”

-Sculptor. Have a little bit more pride. Your art has made people happy and enriched them.

“I didn’t do that much. The people feel gratitude towards the wrong target. My sculptures are all thanks to Hestia’s grace.”

It was like really cheap coffee mix! It had the effect of being easy and fast.

Of course, if there was money involved then he was ready to fight Hestia.

-I will now assess your work.

It was the evaluation for the final stage of the master quest.

Weed relaxed and waited.

Not only did he consider it his best work, it was also a magnum opus with a high artistic value. Hestia stared at Wife and Child for a while before speaking.

-This sculpture is absolutely brilliant. Astonishing. It is completely beyond my expectations.

“Thank you very much.”

-People will spend the night staring at your star until it is dawn. They will admire the beauty of your star.

Weed made the sculpture using his own wishes.

He would be proud if he could look into the sky every night to see the statue of Wife and Child.

‘I can’t get the admission fees. Still... It isn’t bad if everyone likes it.’

-I was moved by your star. In return, I will bless all living

creatures on the Versailles Continent.

-Hestia has blessed all life forms for a week.

The faith stat of all users will permanently increase by 2.

The amount of experience gained will increase by 6% during this period.

Good luck will increase. The probability of obtaining rare items or loot through hunting has increased.

There would be no suffering from the cold.

Those who see the Wife and Child sculpture will instantly recover 8% of their health and vitality once a day.

Animal breeding and plant growth rate will increase.

Certain cities will achieve technological prosperity.

“Umm.”

Weed’s stomach hurt.

If there was something good then he would rather receive it alone instead of sharing it. It was like receiving 100 million won only to have to share it with millions of people.

Hestia’s voice became gracious.

-You have dedicated yourself to sculpting from the beginning to now. I’ve never seen anyone walk down the path to this place. You have reached the peak of sculpting.

“Yes. Goddess-nim.”

-As a master of sculpting, will you continue to devote yourself to the world of art on the Versailles Continent?

Weed’s thought inside his head.

‘I’m tired of it now... Keep going? I’m done. Just let me work

hard hunting.'

However, he replied with a business like answer.

"I devoted my body and mind to art. Sculpting is an art that will wrap itself in the hearts of those who see beauty. I have no regrets about the life I lived as a sculptor and will maintain that pride in the future."

Praising sculpting!

Weed licked his lips.

"I've learned many things through sculpting. A piece of rock on the ground or a wooden block can become something else through the sculptor's effort and imagination. I still don't know what art is but I want to express my heart through sculpting. This is my happiness."

-Yes... Sculpting Master, you have overcome many difficulties to reach this place.

If there was a lie detector then it would be ringing loudly. Fortunately, Weed's answer satisfied Hestia.

Starting from Rosenheim Kingdom, Weed was the master of inserting flattery into his comments.

-You have mastered sculpting and I shall give you a reward for the favour.

'The strongest sword or shield. That's it. Or Hestia can create something from helium.'

He made quick estimates inside his head.

-I will give you the fire.

"Fire?"

-It is part of the energy I have. You will be able to light this fire anywhere.

Ddirring!

-Gift from the Goddess!

Hestia has presented you with a divine fire that is a part of her.

The divine fire can be utilized for art, production, and combat.

It will raise all the values and sometimes will cause a miracle.

The skill 'Divine Fire' has been created.

-Faith has increased by 30.

Perhaps because the world was harsh.

Weed replied in just 0.1 seconds.

“Skill verification! Divine Fire!”

-Divine Fire: A symbol of Hestia.

Divine Fire is determined by your skill level, faith, and wisdom.

It will consume a certain amount of mana to dissolve, burn, or lay over your weapon to attack enemies.

It will assist in the creation of works of art. By creating a religious work, there is a very high probability that faith will increase.

A double effect will be given when used in smelting.

Pure crystals can be obtained while processing minerals and Hestia's blessing will be applied when added to equipment.

The Divine Fire can be used to both attack and defend during combat.

An additional 7% fire damage will be added to all attack skills. As the skill level rises, the damage will increase by 3%.

Fire skills will be applied twice.

It will deal an additional 5 times the damage to demonic or undead monsters.

“Ohhhh.”

Weed’s eyes trembled.

‘It is the last step in the quest and involves a goddess, so I expected the rewards to be high. However, this time I wasn’t hit in the back of the head.’

Watching his back!

He sculpted a star but he still expected something to be thrown at his head.

The worst result was only having his fame or honour increased, yet he ended up getting a great skill.

‘A skill good for production and fighting... Versatile.’

Weed was already thinking about the future.

He finished the last step of sculpting so he should get another class.

Numerous classes came to his head.

‘This time, I won’t get a class like Legendary Moonlight Sculptor. I have extensive knowledge and experience in Royal Road. And Divine Fire will be a great help for any class.’

Strengthening himself with divine power like a paladin!

Weed had an unnecessarily high faith stat of 1,200 so he could use divine magic.

‘It is like Squashy Wiggler flying with wet wings.’

Ddiring!

-The Sculpting Master challenge has been completed.

The grand journey has ended.

Sculptor Weed had completed many achievements considered impossible on the Versailles Continent.

The sculpture he created according to Goddess Hestia's request will make him a legend in the history of sculpting.

Changing his nature, bringing life to sculptures, understanding the essence of a sculpture, finding the existence of elementals, and realizing the sword of light!

Now young people with dreams will walk after the great footsteps he left behind.

-Your level has risen.

-Your level has risen.

-Your level has risen.

-Fame has increased by 50,000 for completing the Sculpting Master Quest.

-Health has increased by 8,000.

-Mana has increased by 10,000.

-Art stat has increased by 80.

-All stats have increased by 20.

-Affinity to Nature has increased by 25.

A flood of message windows!

It was an accomplishment that no one had achieved until now. After working for a long time, he had finished the Sculpting Master Quest. Weed had a satisfied smile on his face.

Chapter 4: Second Profession

The world of the giants.

“Attack. Fight!”

“There are three of them. We can do it.”

“Grass porridge, grass porridge, grass porridge!”

An expedition led by high level northern users entered the land of the giants. The Crimson Wings Guild were the main spearhead behind venturing into new territories.

-Kuwaaaaaah!

-The giant Valdeskar has roared.

Fighting Spirit is broken.

Movement speed is reduced.

The proficiencies of all skills have temporarily decreased by 25%.

Maximum health has halved.

All attacks received in the next 10 seconds will cause deadly damage.

The giants were strong but they could gain many things when winning.

It was an opportunity to secure weapons, armour, magic materials and a large number of minerals on the Versailles Continent.

For elves, they received a large number of quests to plant seeds in the land of the giants.

“Captain-nim. Ready to attack.”

Users approached Pale who replied.

“Yes. Then we will use a forward strike to kill Ginger.”

“Go.”

The giants had high health so a minimum of 100 people was needed to catch them!

Pale was unanimously chosen to be the expedition leader.

“Everyone. Why do you believe in me enough to make me the leader?”

“You are Weed-nim’s battle slave.”

Weed’s battle slave was a nickname he was given in Royal Road.

Maylon, Romuna, Irene, Surka, Bellot, Hwaryeong and Zephyr also led small groups.

Teros and the Crimson Wings Guild willingly handed over the leadership.

“Making us representatives of the expedition? It is due to the hard work of the Crimson Wings Guild that pioneering is possible.”

Zephyr had some doubts about the proposal to take over the expedition.

They had received decisive achievements in the expedition, so there wouldn’t be any advantage in stepping back from leading the expedition.

‘What are their intentions...?’

Teros laughed at Zephyr’s suspicions.

“We have to give it to you. Our strength alone isn’t enough. It isn’t our place to lead the northern users.”

“People have forgotten the incident related to the Crimson Wings in the past.”

“It is fine when it is a small adventure. But we would rather live stably than lead an expedition. I hope that later we can receive a small piece of land in the Arpen Kingdom from Weed-nim.”

After an internal meeting, the Crimson Wings Guild had decided to settle in the Arpen Kingdom. The northern users were constantly developing the villages and it seemed fun to live in the Arpen Kingdom.

“Then... I understand what you are saying. I will mention it to Weed-nim.”

“Please.”

Pale and Zephyr faced each other, but soon turned away.

‘They still trust in people. Still, I’m afraid of the consequences so I won’t let them know.’

‘Their perception compared to the reality of the world... There is a big difference.’

Weed had appointed Pale as a lord in the Arpen Kingdom.

The Northern Continent was filled with wide plains, granaries and beautiful rivers. However, he was given a mountainous area.

“Why of all things...”

“An archer. Archers suit the mountains. And there are secrets hidden in the ground.”

“Secret?”

“That might be enormous resources sleeping in the mountains! If you dig them then you can become the richest on the continent.”

A horse was good, but in the end the lord of the mountain village had to walk in by foot due to the tough road. He needed to determine if there were any resources in the mountains, but labour and money was necessary for that.

“Yes, Lord-nim. I am hungry.”

“There is nothing to eat and no place to sleep.”

Pale couldn't ignore the residents.

He needed money for the poor residents of the mountain village.

Zephyr was given a fishing village on the river with a population of 200 people.

“The scenery is wonderful.”

It was fortunate that it wasn't a mountain village. He thought he would get an even worse position because he liked Weed's sister.

But Weed gave him the following requirements.

“Develop a port and make it the centre of trade.”

“T-trade? Isn't there no market or trading office in this area?”

“Don't stop developing. Connecting all the surrounding roads. I also want you to build luxury villas, housing, a recreational city and production facilities. You need to make full use of such a good land.”

“Even with funding from the Arpen Kingdom...”

“This is a big and beautiful river. Why do you need money when there is the river?”

“Once you develop a city, I will come to visit you with Yurin. Can't you develop a port city in 6 months?”

Zephyr inwardly thought.

‘A devil. Devil.’

He couldn't give up on Yurin so he poured all his money into the village.

He had a lot of money after his life as a fisherman. But after investing all his money, he became poor and came to the land of the giants to hunt.

He needed to recoup the monthly deficit of his city.

‘Sob.’

‘Aigoo.’

Teros left without realizing Pale and Zephyr’s misery.

‘Maybe a free life is better.’

‘It is risky to become a lord in the Arpen Kingdom.’

Pale made maps of the land of the giants based on users.

“This is a pretty large continent. The mountains here stretch high up and the ponds are the size of a sea.”

Level 400~500 northern users were in a meeting.

“The fortress is the home of the giants. There are many of them.”

“One giant is level 700 so I can’t imagine a bunch of them.”

“It is impossible. Certainly.”

Among the hundreds of users, there was one famous person quietly waiting for Pale’s command.

The warrior Python.

He was a strong warrior who could beat anyone in a one on one match, yet he was listening to Pale.

‘I acknowledge anyone who has been hunting with Weed all along. Wah. Shouldn’t he be recorded separately in the history books?’

Pale, Seasoned Crab and Python were tightly bound by the devil called Weed.

Their friendship couldn’t be broken.

*

The expedition to the land of the giants.

Adventurer Chase returned to the expedition after a few days with some information.

“There are prisoners.”

“Prisoners?”

“People are trapped into the giant’s fortress. Fairies and elves. There are various species.”

The expedition erupted at Adventurer Chase’s words.

“Really?”

“Yes. Rather than explain in detail... It would be faster to see the quest.”

Adventurer Chase shared his quest with the expedition members.
Ddirring!

- Captive Slaves

Surprisingly, you have heard information of slaves imprisoned by the giants. Rescue the prisoners from their miserable lives!

Those who you save will be truly appreciative and cooperate with everything.

Level of Difficulty: S

Compensation: Cooperation of the prisoners and the treasures of the giants.

Quest Restrictions: The land of giants.

“Ohhh. A S-grade difficulty quest.”

The expedition members noticed it.

In the past, S-grade difficulty quests were absolute impossible.

They only watched Weed solving them on broadcasts. However, the Crimson Wings Guild uncovered the land of the giants through a S-grade difficulty quest.

‘If it is a fighting quest... It will be complicated like Weed-nim’s quests.’

‘The best users of the north are gathered here. Can’t we do it if we try?’

‘Even if it is tough, we should try it at least once.’

There were only a thousand northern users.

Starting with the Crimson Wings Guild, the number of high level users entering the land of the giants kept on increasing. Even users from the Central Continent who weren’t part of the Hermes Guild came to explore the land of the giants.

“Let’s try once. Isn’t Royal Road cool because of such quests?”

“The risk is too large. Hundreds of people could die. Giants are guarding the fortress containing the prisoners, so it is more likely that we will fail.”

“We have to find a way. How? This can’t be an impossible quest.”

“Realistically, it isn’t advantageous to have a large number of people. The giants will notice a full assault. Then we will be trampled to death.”

“What about the defenses of the giants’ fortress?”

“There only seem to be walls. It is because every giant is a siege weapon.”

“Even if we don’t capture the fortress, we should try it.”

After a heated debate, the people waited for Pale’s choice.

“What should we do?”

“That...”

Pale couldn’t make a decision and hesitated.

He had to quickly make a decision about this quest.

‘If we die after fighting with the giants...’

He didn't want to consider what would happen if they failed.

'I can't tell the others yet. It is an important decision.'

Pale decided to send a whisper to Weed who had completed the star sculpture.

Weed had become a sculpting master so he left his whispers open for a while to receive compliments and gifts from people.

"This is the situation. There is a quest. What is your opinion?"

-Weed: Nice. Accept the quest.

"I understand."

After confirming it with Weed, Pale said to the expedition members.

"Let's do the quest."

"Wah. A S-class difficulty quest!"

The higher the level of the users, the greater the death penalty.

However, what would be the fun if they stuck to low level quests and battles forever?

The atmosphere of the high-level users was very bright as they thought about fighting the giants and doing the quest.

"I will share the quest."

Adventurer Chase handed out the quest to the northern users.

After making the decision, Pale felt better and whispered Weed.

"Thank you very much."

-Weed: That's okay.

"Can Weed-nim tell me the odds of succeeding?"

Pale firmly believed in him.

Pale and his colleagues had seen Weed complete quests with an incomprehensible difficulty and he just became a sculpting master.

‘He must have a strategy or is convinced about victory. If the path is followed then the quest won’t be so difficult.’

Pale made a reasonable judgement while waiting to hear from Weed.

-Weed: The odds? I’m not sure?

“Huh?”

-Weed: How would I know?”

“Excuse me... Didn’t you tell me to accept the quest because you thought we could succeed?”

-Weed: It may or may not succeed. It is up to you. Life is like that.

“Then why did you want us to accept the quest?”

-Weed: It doesn’t involve me so I was curious.

“Heok!”

Pale’s complexion turned white.

*

Lee Hyun cleaned his house and cooked some dishes.

“How about abalone samgetang (ginseng chicken soup)? I want to eat it regardless of the cost.”

He had gained a large amount of money, fame and popularity from the broadcast of the sculpting master quest.

The other thing that mattered in life was money!

Riches were only not important at the moment of death.

“You guys should get something good as well.”

Lee Hyun gave some leftover shrimp crackers to the dogs and chickens he was raising.

The chickens competed over the shrimp crackers while the dogs ran away yawning.

The fur of the puppies shone as they played around.

Seo-yoon was feeding them luxury food so every day was like a paradise for the dogs.

“They must be full.”

Lee Hyun thought while hiding the shrimp crackers.

“The next day I will feed them after starving them.”

There was a little bit of time left.

Due to his leave of absence from university, his routine of playing Royal Road every day was unchanged.

He visited his grandmother every two days and nagged at Lee Hye-yeon.

“Your skirt is too short.”

“Oppa. What do you mean? Isn’t my skirt below the knees?”

“Well. Have you been doing the laundry these days?”

“Just wash it. It isn’t going anywhere so I’ll just stay home for two days.”

Lee Hyun and Lee Hye-yeon would talk like this to each other.

His sister knew when Lee Hyun was in a good mood due to his tone.

Lee Hye-yeon just remembered her brother trying really hard to provide food for them when he started nagging.

‘It will be fortunate that he has a girlfriend to nag to. Unnie is so pretty.’

Lee Hye-yeon was occasionally surprised to see Seo-yoon playing with the dogs.

The scene in the sunshine couldn’t help being beautiful.

‘I’m envious of her beauty.’

Women also like pretty women.

She glimpsed the smooth leg that was exposed by wearing shorts. Then Lee Hyun appeared.

Dudung!

Lee Hyun appeared like a villain as he frowned at Seo-yoon.

“Rice?”

“I ate.”

“Side dishes?”

“They are packed in the refrigerator.

Lee Hye-yeon who was sitting in the yard, smiled gently.

The sight of her brother talking to Seo-yoon was really cute and made her happy.

“What type of pants are those?”

“I only wear it at home.”

“If you squat for too long then the blood will rush out of your legs.”

“The hospital said I was healthy. And it is just for a few minutes.”

“Dog allergies..”

“None.”

“Shouldn’t you cover up today?”

“I will do it tomorrow.”

*

Lee Hyun, Seo-yoon and Lee Hye-yeon ate samyetang.

In the past, he would buy a small chicken from the market and spread it out over a few days. However, now they were eating one whole chicken!

“Keook!”

Lee Hyun lay down in the living room.

‘I ate a lot. This is happiness.’

As Lee Hyun closed his eyes, Seo-yoon came up and carefully placed his head on her knee.

Lee Hye-yeon’s cheeks were red as she looked at the scene, but her eyes were filled with love towards Lee Hyun.

Lee Hye-yeon held her tongue.

‘That unnie... Did Oppa save the universe?’

Lee Hye-yeon was grumpy towards Lee Hyun and Seo-yoon.

‘I’m envious. Really.’

She stayed in the living room and turned on the television.

It was a large curved television that was received as a gift from the broadcasting stations!

Lee Hye-yeon liked dramas but nothing was good these days.

The heroine’s appearance was inferior to Seo-yoon so she wasn’t as immersed.

It was like a firefly heading into the sun.

If there was a misunderstanding between the female and male character, just Seo-yoon’s appearance would ruin the situation.

‘Hyorin unni isn’t active in music these days.’

Then she turned the channel to KMC Media!

“Eh. Hye-min unni.”

Shin Hye-min was one of the most famous broadcasters related to Royal Road.

She ran the special program, Story of the Versailles Continent with Oh Joo-wan.

The land of giants.

A S-class difficulty quest.

-Hye-min ssi, are you also adventuring there?

-Yes. Just a while ago, I headed there with my friends.

-It is a shame that you can proceed with the quest due to the live broadcast.

-It can't be helped. Still, I will be glad to explain the scenes to the viewers.

Lee Hye-yeon focused on the television immediately.

'Oh yeah. Oppa's colleagues are on an adventure. As well as the northern users.'

She was always interested in the northern users.

Lee Hyun called the northern users 'chickens that he was raising.'

'I would be able to go if I was stronger.'

Lee Hye-yeon watched the television for a while.

Seo-yoon didn't care about the broadcast and Lee Hyun was sleeping.

It seems that the broadcast of the adventure in the land of giants will need to be relayed through Hye-min ssi.

-Hey. Don't go that far. My colleagues are really good.

-Can you tell us specifically about your colleagues?

-That... There are too many people.

-What if I just picked a name? Isn't the leader known as Weed's battle slave?

-Yes. I would like to keep chatting. However, the northern users are now arriving at the giants' fortress.

Rumours about Shin Hye-min's association with Pale had already spread so it was used as material for the broadcast.

She received the joke and switched to Royal Road in a timely

manner.

There were Pale and a thousand northern users.

Some northern and central users hurried after hearing the news, causing their number to swell by 200.

The fortress of the giants was huge and looked like a big mountain.

The walls were 100 metres in height.

-This is a spectacular sight. It is a little foggy so the high parts of the walls can't be seen properly. Hye-min ssi. What is their strategy?

-The most common strategy of siege weapons won't work. The information gathered about the fortress states that it is quite a poor place.

-If it is poor... Perhaps there are holes?

-Yes. It is possible to sneak through holes in the walls.

-Infiltrating the fortress. It sounds dangerous just hearing it. Then will they wait until night?

-At night, the giants' eyesight and hearing are more sensitive. So, the infiltration will probably start soon.

Pale and the northern users emerged with equipment.

Wearing bright and colourful armour, they also brought equipment such as ropes and hooks.

It was aimed at the nature of the giants who hated dark things.

-Now the northern users are entering the giants' fortress.

KMC Media put on solemn background music.

More than a thousand high level northern users lowered their bodies and approached the giants' fortress.

The giants that could be seen were snoozing.

“Enter. Everybody, please be careful.”

“Come back alive. Fighting!”

The northern users scattered to various different holes in the walls.

From then on, the screen switched to show the perspective of each user.

There was a vast square and large buildings inside the giants' fortress.

The giants weren't moving around because it was time to sleep.

“Secure the area. Send the ranger and assassin squads.”

“Yes. I understand.”

The northern users had been together for a while, but their levels were high so they could act by themselves.

Northern users scattered all over for scouting.

They found prisoners in each building of the fortress.

Adventurer Chase released a lock.

“Come on.”

“Shhh. Quiet. We have come to rescue you.”

- 82 slaves have been freed.

7 metal technicians, 4 magicians and 3 artists are included.

They rescued humans, elves, dwarves and fairies and led them out of the fortress.

“Are there many more trapped?”

“Yes. There are at least 1,000 people underground.”

“Isn't that a lot?”

“That area is a goldmine. Sometimes solid metal can also be found under the fortress.”

“What is it?”

“The giants use it to make things. It is very hard and doesn’t break easily.”

The northern users guessed that the size and rewards for this quest were great as they received information from the prisoners they rescued. The rescue operation continued. It took a while as there were many prisoners.

The northern users and prisoners moved quietly next to sleeping giants.

“Kururung.”

“Puweechi!”

But there was one giant that woke up.

“The fresh smell of humans...”

The giant noticed the prisoners escaping through the gap in the walls.

“Kuwaaaaah! The prisoners are running away!”

The giants quickly reacted to the yell.

“Kul. What? The prisoners are getting away?”

“Rise. Everybody get up!”

Roars came from all over the fortress as the giants woke up. The movements of the giants were slow, but the ground shook whenever they moved.

“It is wrong to run away. The giants are gathering at the walls.”

“Damn. The fight is over.”

“Let’s just fight and die.”

“We should hide and fight. Hadn’t we guessed that this would

happen when we received the quest? If we try to run away then we will be chased.”

The northern users decided to combine their strengths.

Pale conducted the users through the communication channel.

-Pale: We were caught. I won't give a long explanation, but the quest hasn't failed yet. In this situation, users can still escape with prisoners. Those who are trapped inside the fortress, prepare to fight with your colleagues. Even if it means dying, you have to buy some time. The quest can be successful even if you die.

Hoping for the quest's success!

The northern users had been aware of the difficulties from the beginning.

“I don't mind dying once or twice.”

“I will be shown on the live broadcast. I don't want to run away and die. I will fight in a cool manner.”

“Those who are trapped, come on out! We'll guide you to a safe place.”

The movements of the northern users accelerated. Some rescues the prisoners while others prepared to fight the giants.

The broadcasting stations cheered as they noticed the audience ratings rise once the users were discovered by the giants.

“7%. It has only been 5 minutes and it has soared by 2%.

“The other stations?”

“We took 2%.”

“The editorial team should do more... Secure more simultaneous video relay!”

Colourful videos were broadcasted live. The elite northern users were gathered together so they showed an excellent performance against the giants.

It was like prestigious guilds joining together to hunt boss monsters in the past.

“Insects. You won’t be able to escape your fate.”

The giants stomped on the ground and hit the northern users.

The northern users fought back courageously while others escaped with the prisoners.

“We can do it. Take down the giants!”

Some users destroyed buildings within the fortress.

Obstacles were created when the huge buildings fell down.

It was inconvenient for users, but it provided them with hiding spots.

It also prevented the giants from running around freely.

“Grass porridge, grass porridge, grass porridge!”

The northern users chanted those words like it was a drug.

Grass Porridge Cult!

Many shouted grass porridge while fighting.

They had the ability to turn the impossible into reality.

The enemies were powerful.

But as long as those words were there, the users were confident that their colleagues wouldn’t abandon them.

“Grass porridge, grass porridge, grass porridge!”

The northern users rushed at the giants with all the skills they had.

*

-Amazing. It isn’t easy to push them back. Everyone is demonstrating amazing combat power. One person died, but another used that gap to jump on the giant’s head.

-Yes. This opportunity can't be missed.

-There is great concentration. Shin Hye-min ssi, do you think this quest will succeed?

-It is an expedition filled with northern users. I think that the quest will be a success.

-The reason?

-I think it is their absolute will to never back down.

Oh Joo-wan and Shin Hye-min didn't hide their excitement.

The video on the screen was fierce and spectacular.

If they abandoned their colleagues and fled then they could survive.

However, none of the users left through the holes and continued assaulting the giants.

Priests and paladins didn't budge from the shaking ground as they healed their colleagues.

The big buildings in the fortress were being broken by magic spells.

"Um."

Lee Hyun opened his eyes and watched the television.

"Oppa. Would you like me to lower the volume?"

"No. Just leave it."

Lee Hyun watched the giants and northern users battling for a while.

Of course, he was praying for the northern users to win.

'It is like seeing a chicken I raised go out to fight.'

In fact, the wealth and magic materials from the land of the giants were processed and sold in the Arpen Kingdom.

Not only did production occupations improve, but the wealth

from the expedition was also important to the Arpen Kingdom.

Lee Hyun's eyes sharpened.

'Let's see... I need to make a decision on my next profession.'

He might have chosen wrongly, but he didn't change his profession of sculptor and saw it through to the end.

The next profession was certainly important.

The blacksmithing and tailoring skills were just as difficult as sculpting, so he was proud that he raised them higher than the intermediate level.

It was possible to master production based professions, based on sculpting and handicraft.

It wasn't as hot as a combat profession, but it would act as support to being a sculptor!

Considering the distant future, it might be good to pick a production profession.

'The desert warriors and swordsmen require conflict.'

His swordsmanship was advanced level 6.

It was also tempting to master swordsmanship.

It would increase his health, attack power, various ranged techniques and his wide area skills.

He had made sculptures in the Desert of Tranquility, but he had also obtained Lava River and Devastating Sandstorm from Hestiger.

He would become complete if he changed to a combat profession.

Lee Hyun had trouble making a decision on his future profession. However, he made up his mind while watching the northern users fight.

'The strongest combat profession. In fact, there isn't anything like that. Each profession will have advantages depending on the

situation. Yes... I need to catch up on the levels I couldn't gain due to the quest.'

Stats and skill proficiency.

He wouldn't be pushed by the top ranked players in Royal Road. But Lee Hyun recalled his time in Continent of Magic.

'I need to raise my level and beat everyone. It is okay to run a little faster because I have the basics.'

Lee Hyun got up from where he was laying down on Seo-yoon's legs.

"I will go back."

*

It was night time in Royal Road when Weed connected.

-Awoooo.

A wolf's howl was heard near the Tower of Light at Morata. After making the sculpture, he was returned to the Versailles Continent through Hestia's power.

"Hum hum. It is something important so shouldn't I look at it once?"

Weed looked up at the night sky.

There was a star shining brightly in the northern sky.

- Magnum Opus! You have viewed the Wife and Child sculpture.

A sculpting of a wife and child shining in the night sky!

You have viewed the sculpture that made history.

Due to mastering sculpting, the effects from appreciating the sculpture will double.

Intelligence has permanently increased by 5. Luck will

increase by 17.5% during the day. Maximum health and mana will increase by 57.5% during the day.

All stats increased by 125.

Long distance movement speed will increase by 87.5%. All stats will permanently increase by 3.

Due to completing the Master Quest, the effects of Wife and Child will overlap with other sculptures.

Indeed, a magnum opus sculpture!

“The effect of the sculpture is fearsome.”

Due to mastering sculpting, the effects of the sculpture have increased by 50%.

Even if all the additional effects were subtracted, it wasn't weak for a magnum opus.

But due to it shining in the night sky, the effects from the sculpture would benefit everyone.

“The Hermes Guild. I will punish the ones who don't pay taxes to the Arpen Kingdom.”

The sculpting master quest. After gaining the final secret sculpting technique, it was the work that had the most impact on the Versailles Continent.

“I was good as a sculptor.”

His regret about becoming a moonlight sculptor had disappeared.

He had turned the disadvantages of a sculptor into benefits.

Honestly, he had learnt various skills such as sculpting, blacksmithing, tailoring, cooking, fishing, shipbuilding, mining, herb gathering etc.

He was already at the peak so it didn't matter what type of second profession he got.

“Now. Should I go and get a second profession?”

Weed’s steps were very light. Of course, he needed to save time so his steps were very fast.

Shasasak!

*

A dark tunnel led down from an underground area to a back alley in Morata.

There were numerous people wearing dark robes and holding skeleton sticks coming and going.

“Doesn’t it seem like the price of the market has gone up?”

“Ah. I’m going to die. The toad eyeballs are hard to buy so I have to, even if they are scamming us.”

“Want to buy zombie flesh? I have five kilos of fresh flesh.”

Necromancer users!

The novice users raised their skill levels through magic research and undead summoning rather than hunting. Weed entered wearing his usual novice clothes.

He finished the sculpting master quest so there was a lot of pressure on where he would appear next.

“Um... I just need to wear it. People won’t expect a king to be here.”

Despite being conscious of his clothes, the necromancers just continued what they were doing.

“Buying oyster shells.”

“Rotten eggs. 1 silver for a basket.”

An overly plain appearance in a dark alley.

None of the users bothered Weed.

“Hum hum. They don’t want to corner a hero. Their bodies are

shaking from charisma.

The humiliated Weed convinced himself as he entered the Necromancer's Guild.

*

"You, noble one. Would you like to walk the path of domination over death and explore the principles of darkness?"

"Yes."

"A necromancer has to think carefully about exploring life and death."

"I know everything."

"A hard heart, cold brain and the gazes of the people..."

"I know, do it quickly."

Weed saw a necromancer who gave him a quest a long time ago.

'I don't need to struggle to get the profession.'

The king of the Arpen Kingdom.

In addition, he was able to talk to the necromancer due the previous encounter.

A necromancer was a top profession for a magician!

It was a profession that required high wisdom, knowledge of magic and passing through complex quests.

In Weed's case, he had Barkhan's Tome so he could change to a necromancer at any time.

"I understand. Please take control of death and obtain immortal life."

He raised a thin hand above Weed's head.

Ddiring!

- Becoming a necromancer.

You can learn black magic and how to summon the undead.

Maximum health will increase by 10%.

Maximum mana will increase by 150%.

The influence of fame will be reduced by 20%.

The effect of Faith is reduced by 35%.

Due to becoming a sculpting master, his sculpting skills weren't penalized after receiving a new profession.

Magicians had weak health.

Since a sculptor's health was also low, there was a small increase.

If he changed from a warrior to a magician profession then strength or agility would have been adversely affected.

'Sculpting is a really sloppy profession. It caused the effects to be better.'

He gazed at the hand of the instructor.

"Learning the magic that governs death..."

"I got it."

Weed ignored him and pulled out a book from his backpack.

- The Necromancer's Spellbook written by Barkhan himself: Durability 30/30.

A spellbook containing information about how to manufacture the undead, the second most difficult area of research in black magic. Recipes for every undead, ranging from basic to advanced, are described.

Written by the genius magician Barkhan himself, it isn't difficult to understand.

However, it takes a lot of mana to create undead so not

everyone can use it.

Restrictions: Magician profession. Level 200, 500 wisdom, 8000 mana.

It is because to change to a necromancer.

Options: Black magic resistance +25.

Ability to create undead +2. Undead bosses with intelligence can be made.

Improves the health of the dead and creates resistance to holy magic.

‘The preparations are complete.’

He had already secured Barkhan’s full set!

Barkhan’s magic made it possible to stand at the top of all necromancers. The real value was the undead summoning and manufacturing magic.

‘There are various types of magic.’

Weed learnt the undead summoning magic from the spellbook.

Ddirring!

- You have learnt the skill: Summon Undead

Summon Undead Beginner 1 (0%): Can turn corpses into the undead.

“Um. I am finally a full-fledged necromancer.”

In the past, he had used sculpture transformation to become a lich and summon the undead. However, now he had to start from the beginning.

Nevertheless, he didn’t mind at all.

‘I had a little bit of experience and playing as a necromancer isn’t hard.’

Necromancers were famous for their hard beginnings.

It was difficult to hunt, mana was scarce and most of the undead produced were weak and would soon collapse.

Necromancers that could maintain this would grow rapidly, but they had to walk the road of patience before that.

However, Weed was already level 454.

He also had a wide variety of skill proficiencies.

‘I can use the sculptural lifeforms to hunt and raise the bodies to utilize them. And while staying as a necromancer, I can raise my swordsmanship and other production skills.’

By the time he mastered necromancy, he would be able to target his production skills, blacksmithing, martial arts or a desert warrior depending on the situation.

He was already calculating his second, third, fourth professions!

‘That would be enough to beat a dragon.’

The Hermes Guild was a target, but his end goal was a dragon!

He was equipped with the Devil’s Helmet, the Fallen Saint’s Staff, Barkhan’s full set and his sculpting skills.

- You have learnt the skill: Corpse Explosion

Corpse Explosion Beginner 1 (0%): Powerful magic will explode a corpse and destroy the surrounding area.

The strength will depend on the size and quality of the corpse.

He then acquired golem, curse and bone defense magic.

Weed’s necromancy skill would improve as more skills were learnt.

‘I’m a novice necromancer but I have nothing to fear.’

He was different in all aspects from a beginner necromancer.

His necromancy skill would be able to rise quickly in the early stages due to his stats and equipment.

It was the gap between working in a convenience store and a conglomerate!

Weed leisurely said.

“Character information.”

Character Name: Weed

Alignment: Righteous Person, Recognized by the Gods

Level: 454

Profession: Legendary Moonlight Sculptor Master,
Necromancer

Title: World-Changing Sculptor

Fame: 305,399

Position: King of the Arpen Kingdom

Health: 97,845

Mana: 69,141

Strength: 1,847

Agility: 1,255

Vitality: 322

Wisdom: 440

Intelligence: 517

Fighting Spirit: 634

Endurance: 449

Perseverance: 1,315

Art: 3,513

Charisma: 723

Leadership: 956

Luck: 304

Faith: 764 (+ 435)

Charm: 954 (+ 30)

Resilience: 631

Dignity: 556

Concentration: 322

Courage: 414

Honour : 887

Affinity to Nature: 2,288

Attack: 9,502

Defense: 2,693

Insight: 101

Magic Resistance:

Fire 49% Water 46%

Earth 43% Black Magic 44%

- + All stats have an additional 20 points added.
- + The Art stat is granted an additional 80 points.
- + All stats will increase by 30% on a moonlit night.
- + Specialized items.

+ All production skills can be learnt up to the master level. Preferential treatment will be applied to the skills of all items manufactured with Smelting. You can learn the best skills.

+ Unusual sculptures or sculptures with high artistic value will increase your fame.

+ All stats have been raised by 381 points due to sculptures, production skills, combat experience and quests.

+ The skill proficiencies for all skills will be faster by 6%.

+ All stats will increase by 15 thanks to wearing Baharan's Bracelet.

His character information window contained a huge amount of information!

'There is a lot of work to be done quickly. I should head to the land of the giants before it disappears.'

It had only been 20 minutes since he connected to Royal Road.

The bloody battle of the northern users was still occurring in the land of the giants.

Most of them didn't want to die but it didn't matter.

The more delicious the food was, the less there was to eat.

"You want dirty mud?"

"Eung. Give me a bunch of it."

"One bundle is three silver but... For Your Majesty, I am willing to sell it for two silver."

"I will pay one silver."

"That can't be done."

"Uh... I am the king."

"It still isn't possible. 2 silver."

- The bargain has failed.

Intimacy with Necromancer Greg has dropped.

Fame has decreased by 1.

Weed purchased a few simple magic materials from the Necromancer's Guild. They were materials essential for creating a golem. It was difficult to make good quality golems in the field.

‘Let's go now.’

At that moment, a necromancer came up to him and said.

“The Necromancer's Guild is lacking good souls.”

“Soul?”

“Souls with might power can be made into undead and they are suitable for researching the origin of life. It is a tough request, but I will compensate you if you bring me souls.”

Ddiring!

- Capture Strong Souls

The Necromancer's Guild wants souls.

If you gather strong souls then they will give you a reward.

Level of Difficulty: B

Quest Restrictions: The skill Soul Extortion.

Accomplish it within a month.

*

‘B-grade difficulty.’

Weed couldn't stop smiling.

S-grade difficulty!

It was nice to have a quest that wouldn't have an influence on the continent.

It was like asking a student enrolled at Seoul National University to suddenly do simple multiplication!

‘A simple quest to secure materials. It means it is a combat quest.’

With hard, it was hard to guess the result even if he put in effort. This wasn't as complex and difficult as sculpting quests.

It was a simple combat quest involving loot acquisition for the guild.

He could get compensation from fighting and completing the quest, so it was like killing two birds with one stone.

‘Simple is good.’

Soul Extortion was a necessary skill for a necromancer.

It had little to do with the undead, but could be used to remove intermediate or higher protection magic and to curse someone.

It was a skill written in Barkhan's spellbook.

“It isn't too hard. I'm willing to gather them.”

-You have accepted the quest.

“Defense formation!”

“Kyaack!”

“Don't move in place. Scatter while changing positions.”

The northern users were persistent. However, their original number of more than 1,200 had been reduced by half.

“Grass porridge, grass porridge!”

Even so, none of the users ran away.

They would attack the giants until the end!

“Go faster.”

“Giants are gathering in this direction. Change directions.”

“The rescue of the prisoners?”

“Four teams haven’t come yet. We need more bait to distract the giants.”

As the leader of the expedition, Pale didn’t want reckless deaths.

‘The victims should help the quest be a success.’

The northern users collaborated to rescue the prisoners from the giants’ fortress.

‘So far we have saved 400 people. There are still many prisoners left.’

Pale jumped on the roof of a big house built by the giants.

He pulled out an arrow and fired it like lightning.

“Multiple Piercing Arrows!”

The arrow split into dozens of pieces and hit the giants.

“Kueeoh!”

The giants suffered but didn’t die thanks to their high health.

“Bug!”

The giants found Pale and started running over.

Pale ran and jumped between buildings.

He couldn’t afford to fire any arrows.

- Faint blow!

You have caused 3 damage due to the opponent’s hard skin.

He threw an arrow.

It was an archer’s secondary attack skill for emergency use, but is only dealt 1 or 2 damage.

“That tingles. Bug!”

The giants ignored Pale’s attacks and smashed the buildings as they ran after him.

“Kuk!”

Pale jumped into the air to avoid falling with the building.

He was an agile archer who could jump dozens of metres in height, but he only reached the level of the giants’ eyes.

A fishing line appeared as Pale was about to be smashed between a giant’s hands.

“Hold on!”

Pale held on firmly to the fishing line. At that moment, he was pulled by an incredible force and was able to escape.

The fisherman who saved Pale’s life was Zephyr.

“Thank you.”

“That’s okay.”

Pale landed on another building and fired his arrows towards the giants.

In addition to arrows, magic spells and skills also hit the giants’ bodies but they didn’t deal large damage.

The northern users mercilessly assault one giant and brought it down, before being trampled by another enemy.

“We can’t...”

Pale was desperate.

As the battle continued, more northern users lost their lives.

They exhausted their mana on the giants and their strength, resilience and health couldn’t compare to the giants.

The giants quickly replenished their health after leaning against a wall, but the northern users were chased from every direction.

They were barely able to take a breath in small niches of shattered buildings.

“It is difficult. This...”

Pale and the northern users lost their strength and vitality.

Thoughts about their dead colleagues popped up if they tried to run away. However, they didn’t see a way of winning.

Then some lyrics were heard from the direction of the walls.

-Today the weather is great.

I’ll press and dry the laundry. Wash the blanket, and underwear too.

The sun is bright.

I am here. Yes I am.

“Keook.”

“This, this is...”

The northern users heard the odd lyrics and off strange singing skill.

It sounded crisp even when barely dodging behind trampled by the giants’ huge feet.

They didn’t understand the significance of the lyrics.

“This?”

“I’m used to this noise!”

“Ack. I think my ears are rotting.”

Surka was barely holding on.

Irene was pouring all her mana into healing the injured.

Romuna was casting magic on a big house.

They were the first to uncover the protagonist of the song.

“I could never forget hearing such tone-deaf singing in the

karaoke room.”

“Is it Weed-nim?”

“There is no one who sounds like Weed-nim!”

The northern users turned towards the direction that the song was coming from.

A magician wearing a novice robes with the sun behind him.

Weed the God of War had emerged.

“Weed-nim.”

“Weed-nim is coming!”

The high level northern users knew Weed’s face.

It was thanks to watching the broadcasts and the war against the Haven Empire.

Pale cheered as Weed emerged.

“Come!”

The situation where they were being pushed by the giants no longer felt meaningful.

They were filled with expectation for the impossible miracle that Weed would create.

-Piyak piyak.

The chicks are also gods.

Kokio.

Half Seasoned Half Fried is crying.

Today the weather is good.

Let’s start cleaning.

Weed finished the song and enjoyed it for three seconds.

The inspiration and joy of music!

The surviving northern users were watching with thrilled eyes.

‘That song isn’t suited for a king.’

‘We would be 100 screwed if he chose a bard instead of a sculptor.’

Weed shouted.

“Stop fighting. Everybody hide!”

- Skill: Lion’s Roar has been used.

The morale of all allies within the influence of Lion’s Roar has increased by 200%.

All confused states are released.

Your Leadership will increase by 300% for 5 minutes.

Lion’s Roar was used after a long time.

Although he wasn’t the leader of the northern users, the loud voice meant that people in the fortress could hear it.

“Ara.”

“What?”

“Why is he telling us to hide? Shouldn’t we squeeze out more of our power to fight?”

Weed suddenly appeared so it was hard for the northern users to follow his instructions.

Considering his status as ruler of the Arpen Kingdom and his accomplishments, they should respect him.

Even so, the sacrifice of countless colleagues meant they wanted to hold on.

Yet Weed told them to hide as soon as he appeared.

Then Pale the expedition leader screamed.

“Everybody hide! Weed-nim will be responsible for this battle.”

Pale was Weed's faithful battle slave. The northern users regained their spirits after hearing his words.

"Let's follow his words first."

"Yes. He is Weed-nim."

"We don't know what he will do."

They belatedly recalled Weed destroying the Earth Palace.

All the northern users rushed to find cover.

*

Weed scanned the giants in the fortress.

'The giants are level 700. They are simple guys who rely on their health and fight without any skills. Still, their numbers is a burden.'

Despite not using any combat skills, the many giants were hard to fight.

They stomped on the users, crushed them or killed them by destroying the buildings.

The northern users struggled with their incomparable size and power. If they didn't have fighting experience and courage then it would have been impossible to survive up to now.

'They are hard to hunt. The high level bodies will be a great material to use for the undead.'

There were 55 living giants.

22 were already dead.

In addition, more than 600 northern users had died.

'This is a wild ginseng field for a necromancer. I will dig them up.'

Weed took out a sculpture and used a skill.

"Sculptural Destruction! Everything into wisdom."

- You have used Sculptural Destruction.

The pain of destroying a Fine sculpture! The grief!

The Art stat is permanently reduced by 5 points. Fame has decreased by 100.

The art stat is converted into wisdom at a rate of 1:4 for one day.

Due to the art stat being too high, not everything will be converted at once.

1,250 wisdom has been changed to the level 2 advanced skill 'Mental Concentration.' The effect of magic and skills will increase to 220%.

620 wisdom has been changed to the level 1 advanced skill 'Hazy Area of Destruction.'

The range of attack skills will increase.

882 wisdom has been changed to the level 5 advanced skill 'Thick Darkness.' Necromancy skills and black magic will be strengthened.

1,030 wisdom has been changed to the level 6 advanced skill 'Reclaim Magic.' Mana recovery rate will speed up.

1,600 wisdom has been changed to the level 1 advanced skill 'Golem Production.' A golem that protects the necromancer can be created.

1,000 wisdom has been changed to the level 1 advanced skill 'Shaky Vision.' An illusion that can only be seen by the enemy will keep you safe.

The art stat points he accumulated had been transformed into wisdom!

Considering that he originally only had 440 wisdom points, it

had increased by 7,670.

If Weed was originally a necromancer then his wisdom stat would be at least 3,000 points and he would have been close to mastering the skill.

Even so, this was a stunning effect that only worked with Sculptural Destruction.

“I wish I could cause a disaster but... All of the prisoners will die.”

It would have been perfect to start the battle with a masterpiece level disaster.

He would be able to customize a disaster for the giants and then cooperate with the northern users.

“Many users have died. Anyway, the world forces us to live in it.”

Weed grumbled but changed his equipment.

He put the novice magician’s robe away and pulled out new equipment.

“Lululu. There are many.”

Barkhan’s Skull, Dark Lord’s Boots, Hell Cloak, Hell Monarch’s Robe, Ring of Extermination and Eternity and Necklace of Purgatory.

The full set equipment owned by Barkhan who controlled the Immortal Legion!

The basic level limit was 600 and the equipment had special options related to undead summoning, curses and black magic.

Weed had put them away but now he wore all of the equipment.

- Barkhan’s full set has been worn.

The set effect is applied.

The effect of the Summon Undead skill will be enhanced.

You can absorb 1% of health and mana from the undead.

The limits of health will disappear. The added health will be stored in a corner. You won't suffer damage unless it is a strong attack to your body or a blow by holy magic.

Weak!

Creatures who approach within a 50 metres radius will lose 30% of their physical abilities and some of their health will be lost every second.

Experiencing horror!

Feeling terrible fear.

Creatures with low morale will lose their lives and become the undead.

Item effects!

But before he could check the status of the equipment, a message window appeared.

- Stats are temporarily reduced due to the penalty of wearing the equipment.

Faith has decreased by 340.

Luck has decreased by 106.

Charm and dignity will be halved.

You won't get the effect caused by the honor.

Intimacy with the inhabitants of the Versailles Continent will be reduced.

Some residents will feel severe terror and oppression when meeting you.

Bargaining is disabled in this state.

A huge penalty!

Weed had received few penalties when picking the necromancer profession.

However, Barkhan's equipment were dangerous enough to be a curse.

If someone had weak faith or mentality then they could lose themselves to the equipment!

Excellent blacksmiths like Herman and Fabio could wear the equipment despite the restrictions. However, they would lose themselves and become the incarnation of Barkhan.

‘It won't happen to me.’

Anyway, he wouldn't have to think about it if he was a warrior or knight.

Weed grew as a sculptor while hunting monsters.

He reached the peak of swordsmanship during his days as a desert warrior.

His stats and useful equipment steadily accumulated due to hard work, he had the divine power and the desert warrior skills.

He had grown better than others, even if he only used sculpting.

In the case of a necromancer, there were various restrictions and rejection by holy powers.

He wouldn't receive blessings and heals from priests, fame would fall and intimacy decreased.

The higher the Summon Undead skill, the more penalties that would be added.

If he dragged a large number of undead along with him, he could theoretically increase his hunting speed by 10 or 20 times. But there were enormous constraints.

‘If I hadn't got the secret sculpting techniques then I might not

have been able to master necromancy.’

Weed’s eyes sharpened as if he had seen money on the street.

He wasn’t satisfied being a little better than others.

As a peak sculptor, he was going to be the best in Royal Road.

*

Shin Hye-min and Oh Joo-wan.

They were about to finish the broadcast about the giants.

Although the northern users were fiercely fighting, it wasn’t necessary to show them being wiped out.

The quest was determined to be a failure so the station was preparing to send a message to end the broadcast.

“The power of the northern users is amazing.”

“This time they failed, but I can admit that they challenged a difficult quest.”

“Maybe there will be better results next time.”

Shin Hye-min was suffering from the thought of Pale dying but kept on talking.

Then there was a huge fuss by the crew members in the studio and the writer waved to them.

‘What? This is?’

The shaky voice of the youngest writer could be heard in Shin Hye-min and Oh Joo-wan’s earphones.

-Weed... Weed the God of War has appeared at the giants’ fortress!

Shin Hye-min was familiar with Weed, but this moment felt different.

‘The results... They might be different.’

More than 1,000 northern users attacked the giants’ fortress.

Only one person was added but the situation would have to change greatly.

All those familiar with Weed would say something similar.

“Weed appeared for a reason. It means that we won’t be bored. Because he always has an estimate.”

A cheap estimate!

In fact, that had a larger meaning.

It meant he had figured out everything on the battlefield and was ready to overturn it.

It made sense why people called him God of War in Continent of Magic.

‘Weed is coming!’

Oh Joo-wan was even more surprised.

The ratings were different when it came to Weed’s hunting or adventures.

Shin Hye-min and Oh Joo-wan quickly looked at each other.

‘Continue?’

‘Yes!’

A decision was made to extend the broadcast about the land of the giants. It was ridiculous for the broadcasting station to stop airing when Weed appeared.

In particular, KMC Media’s audience rating and contents regarding Weed was the biggest.

“The land of giants. The giants are really great.”

“The users have persisted and aren’t giving up yet. It is for the sake of creating a miracle.”

Shin Hye-min and Oh Joo-wan continued broadcasting.

-There are three minutes remaining until Weed emerges. Shorten

it more.

The youngest writer's voice was heard again.

Weed hadn't appeared in the live video yet.

The time difference between reality and Royal Road was 4 times.

The editing, directing and application of music meant there was a delay of a few minutes.

Sometimes the delay would be for more than an hour. However, the best directors would shorten it as much as possible for a live broadcast.

If they didn't do their best then they would lose viewership to other stations.

"Ah. It is really a pity."

"The giants are simple but strong. There are too many giants and the structure of the fortress is an advantage for them."

Although they were aware of Weed's emergence, they had to carry on a normal conversation in order to maximize the dramatic effect.

'The viewers who are only roughly watching the television... Won't they be shocked when Weed comes out?'

After a while, Weed appeared on screen.

The worst singing!

The music was the worst, but it was a song that gave them a strange anticipation.

"Viewers. Don't be alarmed. The God of War! King of the Arpen Kingdom and sculpting master. Weed had appeared."

Shin Hye-min felt happiness well up in her chest.

As a host, she had the joy of announcing Weed's appearance. The explosion ratings and reaction from the audience caused all her fatigue to disappear.

Oh Joo-wan's tone of voice increased.

"A sudden emergence. Although it can't be called cool... He is singing the song with a lot of enthusiasm!"

Oh Joo-wan relaxed after Weed appeared.

But this turned to amazement when the hosts discovered the new equipment Weed was wearing.

"He is changing equipment. The robe has skulls and rib bones on it. That is the equipment of a necromancer. Obtained after hunting Barkhan, it is his full set!"

"Necromancer set? Then... Viewers. It seems like after mastering sculpting, his new profession is a necromancer!"

At that moment, the viewers on the bulletin boards exploded.

*

"Heeok..."

"The ratings are continuing to climb. It is going over 30%."

"Director-nim. Every Internet message board is being flooded with posts regarding Weed and Royal Road.

"My friends and colleagues are watching the television while talking to each other on their phones."

Weed's sudden emergence in the land of the giants was a jackpot for the broadcasting stations.

The audience ratings were rising and companies rushed rapidly to secure advertising spots.

"Emergency call. Everyone will now focus on this program. What was next?"

"After 20 minutes, a 24 hour dungeon capture program."

"Delay the regular broadcasts. I don't know when this battle will end, but we will show it all."

Shin Hye-min and Oh Joo-wan had some questions the moment they saw that Weed was wearing Barkhan's full set.

‘Necromancer.’

‘Why a necromancer?’

They were curious about Weed's new profession.

In fact, there had been an in-depth analysis about what would happen after he became a master.

It was so difficult to master a profession in any field that they never thought he would pick a second profession.

‘And the second profession... It will take a long time to become stronger.’

Mastering the sword and then becoming a magician to complement the weaknesses wasn't a good choice.

A magician would have superior attack power than a swordsman.

It was difficult to start a profession in an entirely new field.

Especially when it came to production or art professions.

If a knight changed to a warrior then it would be okay because there were a few familiar skills to learn.

Weed mastered an art profession so the number of options were endless.

‘A magician type. Is there a reason he chose a necromancer?’

Oh Joo-wan wasn't a person to think about it for a long time. It was necessary to answer the question for the viewers.

“Hye-min ssi. Wouldn't you say that Weed could choose from a large number of professions due to the quests and his experiences in the past?”

“Yes. That's right.”

“When looking at traditional battles, it is a swordsman or martial

artist. Or a profession similar to the black knight.”

“He mainly uses swordsmanship. He also has a variety of techniques.”

“He is someone that no one can really follow. All types of great skills. The secret sculpting techniques as well as the amazing sword scenes... Why did he pick a necromancer as his second profession?”

Shin Hye-min was a bit embarrassed because she had no answer. She hadn't heard anything about Weed's second profession. But she could guess.

“I think it is probably not for a common reason.”

“Not a common reason?”

“The reason people usually choose necromancers is for rapid growth. But their weaknesses... Weed had great adventures so far but now he became a necromancer.”

“That's right. A necromancer is rather better than other professions in the early stages of hunting and combat, but too many weaknesses have been exposed since then.

“Right now, the popularity of a necromancer has decreased and few users are selecting it.”

Necromancers can fight like they are 100 people.

That is under the premise that they have undead prepared!

An endless wave of undead.

The hunting speed would be enough to sweep through a dungeon in an instant.

Most necromancers raised their level quickly.

However, they would suffer from a decline in faith and other penalties from using the power of the dead.

Although a necromancer grew faster than other professions,

there was a major deficiency in terms of harmonious growth.

Moreover, they were vulnerable to holy attacks from priests and the undead couldn't be revived after being exposed to holy magic.

It was very difficult to conquer the continent with an undead army.

They could be attacked in the air or magic could be aimed at the necromancer from a distance.

Shin Hye-min carefully opened her mouth.

“In my opinion. The advantage of a necromancer is the quick hunting. I don't know about ordinary users, but Weed won't be satisfied with just that. His original hunting speed is fast. His competitors are also Bardray and the Haven Empire, so he won't be able to catch up with them just because he became a necromancer.”

“Those are also my thoughts. The Haven Empire held the main hunting grounds in the Central Continent and had high level equipment. The Hermes Guild actively supports them. Even if his hunting speed increases after becoming a necromancer... It will be very difficult to pass them alone.”

Weed's level was known to be quite low.

Oh Joo-wan was just speculating, but he didn't think Weed would be able to overthrow Bardray just by becoming a necromancer.

There was no reason to fight the Hermes Guild one-on-one so it was meaningless from the beginning.

When it came to large scale combat, Weed had the support of the northern users and the Grass Porridge Cult.

There was no need to summon undead to fight a war.

“Yes. If there are profession penalties... It isn't good for growth. Although the main stat that decreases is faith, other ones like

honour, mental power, strength, agility and vitality would fall gradually.

“Necromancers have the worst penalty in that every stat except for knowledge and wisdom falls. His stats will decrease. Even though wisdom and knowledge will rise...”

“Weed-nim is the type of person who will begrudge every decrease in stats. For example, I asked why he always ate barley bread with his right hand.”

“So?”

“If he changes to his left hand then his right hand will feel deprived of barley bread.”

“...Hrmm. It is strangely persuasive. Anyway, a necromancer isn’t a good choice in terms of balanced growth.”

Oh Joo-wan was uncertain about necromancers and had a lot of questions.

As host of the broadcasts, he had a lot of knowledge about Royal Road but didn’t know that much about Weed.

When it came to Weed’s understanding of quests and hunting, no one could follow him?

‘A necromancer isn’t bad. But why did he do it?’

Shin Hye-min carefully opened her mouth.

“There are famous necromancer users such as Krobidyun-nim, Weed was the one to unlock the profession.”

“Yes. It was one of his many achievements.”

“There are other professions, but the understanding and utilizing of a necromancer might change in the future. We needed to see what advantages Weed thought about for becoming a necromancer... We will see it in the future.”

“Showing us something new? When thinking about a

necromancer dragging the undead, I can only think about hunting.”

“Weed-nim doesn’t like to hunt conventionally. It wouldn’t be surprising if he shows us some miracles.”

*

A vast number of posts appeared on bulletin boards related to Royal Road.

-Necromancer!

-Kuooh... He is taking it on. Royal Road’s strongest solo profession.

-A necromancer? They are a pain to the people around them. It is hard to hunt if there is a necromancer in the dungeon.

-That’s right. Like the broadcast said, there are many disadvantages and the people around them hate them.

-I have a friend who said that being a necromancer is complicated, dirty and difficult. He was level 410.

-Disappointing. I thought his next profession would be a gardener. I wanted to see Weed’s flower arrangements.

-That wouldn’t happen even if the Versailles Continent is destroyed.

-Kuhuhu. Haven’t we seen Weed change into a lich on quests? He just wiped out everything.

-It was because he transformed using sculpting. It would be hard to grow steadily in that way. No. Why did he choose a necromancer in the first place?

-The Versailles Continent will be painted with death, corpses and fear in the future. The blood necromancer Weed has appeared.

-Kill the future devil Weed!

-The person above me. That isn’t a good joke!

*

“Okay.”

Weed felt refreshed like he had just swatted a fly.

The robe and cloak seemed like they were from hundreds of years ago, and there was a rotten stink from the skulls. However, the effects made them luxury items.

Rare magic items were worth it. A few options greatly changed his magic power.

Barkhan’s full set gave a necromancer the best capabilities.

Due to his blacksmith skill, the restrictions were lowered but the power wasn’t complete.

In order for Barkhan’s set to be properly activated, he had to be an undead like a lich.

“It isn’t over yet.”

He finished by wearing the Fallen Saint’s Staff and Devil’s Helmet that he obtained separately.

“It is time to show them hell.”

Weed tapped the Fallen Saint’s Staff against the ground and ordered.

“Rise. Open your eyes, ghosts that never sleep. Live and get revenge on those that killed you! Undead Rise.”

Stage 1 Summon Undead magic!

A large area around Weed became black.

“Kukuk!”

“Hukieeeeek!”

The corpses of over one hundred northern users were replaced by zombies, ghouls and skeletons.

There were two giant sized zombies.

The bodies of nearby dead giants were summoned as undead.

“Undead Rise!”

His Summon Undead skill was low but he continuously used it to call the zombies.

- The skill Summon Undead has increased to level 2.

Control of the undead will increase and they will have a little more health.

The level of Summon Undead rose!

Because the undead he summoned were powerful, the skill easily rose from beginner level 1 to level 2.

Apart from the northern users, the bodies of the giants gave a lot of experience.

The effect of mastering sculpting also creased the skill proficiency to increase quickly!

Most skills grew quickly up to level 3 or 4, but it was still pleasant to see a fast growth.

“Heh. My happiness has gone up by one. This is the sense of accomplishment after hard work.

Weed was curious about the abilities of the giant zombie.

“Check the status of the undead.”

Name: Clover

Alignment: Chaotic Darkness

Species: Low Grade Undead

Level: 301

Profession: Weak Zombie

Fame: 5

Health: 723,021

Mana: 50

Strength: 310

Agility: 150

Wisdom: 5

Intelligence: 5

Resilience: 10

Luck: -200

Faith: -200

An undead born from the giant Clover.

The great body of a giant has become a zombie and severely lost its physical abilities.

Due to the penalty of the Undead Summon only being level 1, the body can only be maintained for 3 minutes and 20 seconds.

If it obtains the blood and flesh of its own kind then this duration can increase.

Poisonous possession!

The giant zombie stood up but he was staggering.

‘Apart from his size, he is defective. The zombie won’t be able to embark on the battlefield.’

Weed had no expectations of the giant’s combat ability, but the health was still usable.

‘It would be great if I use him for Corpse Explosion.’

A giant was a complete level 700 monster. It was large, powerful and had a lot of health so dozens of people were needed to hunt one.

However, a level 700 dragon could destroy the entire expedition just by flying in the sky and using a breath attack.

A magician. In addition to being able to use large scale attacks, his attack power had greatly increased.

After his experience as ruler of the desert, Weed judged that the giants' actual combat power was in the low to mid 600s.

They were only a burden to hunt due to their great health and resilience.

“Start attacking.”

Weed issued a command to the undead.

“Kya kya.”

“Kilkil! The Lord of Death has given a command.”

The undead started attacking the nearby giants.

The giant zombie staggered while the ghouls jumped. The skeleton army followed behind.

“Kuwaoooooh!”

“Ugly seeds. I must get rid of the soul that polluted my fellow kindred!”

“That person uses a dirty power!”

The giants rushed towards Weed at once.

Even though there were many northern users, the eyes of the giants only looked towards Weed and the undead.

‘Such a thing... Although this is a side effect that I predicted.’

Necromancer!

They had extreme disgust for the necromancer who turned their

kin into an undead.

He also frequented online cafes associated with necromancers in Royal Road.

-I finished a quest and my intimacy dropped.

-The more I hunt, the less people like me. The guards tried to kick me out.

-Infamy has piled up. Where should I go?

-If it isn't night then I can't enter a city. Sob sob.

A necromancer was the most dangerous occupation with the greatest hostility during the battle!

Weed gave an order and the undead quickly retreated.

“Deal with the cowardly worms.”

The earth shook as the ground rang.

The skeletons used their bones as weapons, but they were trampled like ants being stepped on by an elephant.

Some giants had a contest with their former fellow giant.

“Poor Clover. Have a comfortable rest.”

The giant zombie was destroyed, but the body was rebuilt again.

It was due to the effect from the Ring of Extermination and Eternity!

-Ring of Extermination and Eternity: Durability 30/30, Defense 25, Barkhan's ring.

It has been filled with an aura of death for a long time. A weak mentality will be eaten by this ring. Some research about the undead have been sealed in the ring.

Restrictions: Level 650

2,000 wisdom

200 concentration

Options: Magic absorption.

Restores the destroyed undead.

Magic 'Destroyed' is available.

Wisdom +150

Knowledge +100.

The mana cost of necromancer magic will be decreased by 25%>

When a lich wears it, a certain amount of health will be absorbed from all living creatures in the surrounding area.

It can't be lost.

Combat fame of 8,000 is required.

The skeleton bones were shattered and restored, but it was hard for them to stop the giants.

"Rise. Open your eyes, ghosts that never sleep. Live and get revenge on those that killed you! Undead Rise."

Summon Undead was used again, raising two more giant zombies and one hundred skeletons.

This was just a quick headcount of the undead as they were quickly torn apart by the giants.

A necromancer could be called a one-man army, but the giants dealt almost no damage to the undead.

'A minimum of death knights or liches are needed.'

Weed had gone through a lot so this much was expected.

A necromancer was a strong profession but his skills were only level 1 or 2.

The giants ignored the hiding northern users and ran straight for Weed.

“Let’s not hide and just help Weed.”

Python was among the hiding northern users.

Next to him was Pale who was also hiding.

“Hey. You people.”

Python signaled for them to sit with hand gestures.

Pale whispered in a low voice.

“Just stay put. I don’t know what that plan is, but it will be detrimental to us if we interfere.”

“Huh?”

“Weed-nim is someone that we don’t have to worry about.”

“Shouldn’t we worry since they are getting closer to him?”

“That’s not... He had a very broad vision. There are an endless number of tricks inside Weed’s head. Anyway, Weed-nim is already expecting the giants’ actions.”

“Are you sure?”

Python also heard the words.

“He has everything in his grasp. Not just the power of the enemies, but his allies as well. I start to sweat every time I think about hunting with him...

He is a human with eyes in the back of his head.”

The northern users in the communication channel heard the opinions and decided to wait and see.

Weed had create equipment and undead summoning magic, so he wasn’t likely to easily fall into a crisis.

The giants were great, but their opponent was a cockroach who wouldn’t die when stepped on.

Weed grinned.

“It is good that their movements are lacking.”

The giants were furious as they approached the undead.

“Die. Abominable bug!”

Three giants stretched out their hands to grab Weed. A critical moment!

Weed spread out his cloak.

“Space Distortion!”

Ddirring!

-The protection skill of the Hell Cloak has been used.

The space will be distorted to block the enemy's approach.

Remaining skill uses left: 2

Weed disappeared and reappeared 5 km away from the three giants.

-Buggggg!

-Kill himmmmmm.

The cries of the giants echoed.

The defensive skill of the Hell Cloak distorted space in proportion to the size of the opponent, causing the giants to float in the air!

Magic resistant enemies could fight against it, but the giants were helpless.

The giants had huge health but even they would die if they hit the ground. The users were frightened as they saw the falling giants.

“Kuwaaaaah.”

“This way? This side?”

They feared that a huge hole would be created from the giants’ falling from that height.

Nearby users were busy avoiding it, but the giants were swept away by the wind and crashed in a distant place.

Kukukukung!

The damage was verified.

The giants chasing after Weed saw their kin fall and threw rocks or pieces of buildings at him.

“Drop dead. Bug!”

“Get rid of it. The ugly and evil seed!”

Despite the giants not using skills, the rocks they threw from a distance had terrifying destructive power.

They would instantly kill users with moderate defense or health.

Weed had debris equivalent to a whole building throw towards him.

A regular user wouldn’t have been able to withstand it.

“This should be fun.”

Weed had no idea how much fragments were flying towards him.

Advanced level 1 rock throw.

Weed looked at the giants scattered in many places.

Weed quickly jump up to avoid the rocks.

There was a perception that necromancers had a weak body.

Generally they didn’t invest in stats like strength and agility, so it was hard for them to have close encounters with monsters.

The rocks destroyed the buildings around him but Weed was fine.

“Wah. Look at those movements.”

“Crazy. A human isn’t capable of that.”

“Look at his judgement. Does it make sense?”

“It is like an illusion.”

The northern users admired him with open mouths.

Weed didn’t do any damage but the users’ eyes were shining. They had struggled painfully against the giants!

‘Weed-nim’s actions?’

Pale watched nervously. Dodging the rocks that the giants were throwing was a spectacular sight.

Even if someone had a dozen lives, it would be difficult for them to challenge.

‘This much is needed.’

Weed firmly believed in it.

Moment Sculpting!

If he couldn’t avoid it then he stopped time just before the rock hit him.

He didn’t use it frequently but it was certainly effective.

“Kuoohhh!”

The giants ran while throwing rocks and building debris.

Weed led the giants to an area where a lot of corpses were piled up.

The undead had gathered the corpses scattered throughout the fortress in one place.

Once the giants arrived at the appropriate place!

“Corpse Explosion.”

The strongest attack magic for a necromancer.

Kukukukung!

The power would depend on the health contained in the corpses.

Weed had his summoned undead and the giant zombies gathered in one place.

There were also a lot of corpses of northern users piled up. The appointed place was where the three giants had fallen.

The bodies exploded at once due to his magic.

-The body of the giant Alex has exploded.

It will deal damage proportional to its health in a 43 metre radius.

-A massive number of corpses have exploded!

The range of the explosion is magnified.

Additional effects of stun, numbness, poison and addiction will be given.

-The skill Corpse Explosion has increased to level 2.

The destructive power has increased by 6% and the range will widen.

Although the skill was only level 1, the power was enormous.

The northern users felt the ground shaking.

“T-this...”

“What is this magic?”

“Grab onto something!”

A huge explosion!

So far, they hadn't since such a huge corpse explosion from a necromancer. Every time Weed chanted the spell, a body burst and caused a massive explosion. The giants were swept away by the explosions and suffered great injuries.

It was the heaviest damage they suffered since fighting the northern users!

Four giants lost their lives and the others were hit hard.

- Combat achievement! You have 'turned the sky and the land upside down.'

The area has been decimated. Over 7 million magical damage was achieved at once.

All stats have increased by 1. Wisdom and knowledge have permanently risen by 3.

Maximum mana has increased by 1,300.

- Your level has risen.

Fame has increased by 3,784 due to the great combat achievement.

His level rose and there were achievements from the deaths of four giants.

Corpse Explosion caused 10 times the damage due to the high health. Weed skill level was still low, so it was impossible for him to kill them if the giants weren't close to each other.

It would have been better to gather more giants together but that would have required the active cooperation of the northern users.

It was difficult to collect the giants in one place and he would have also needed to direct the northern users away.

This achievement was the result of his compromise.

“Rise. Open your eyes, ghosts that never sleep. Live and get revenge on those that killed you! Dead Rise.”

Weed used the summon undead magic again.

He continued to use mana to summon the undead.

The undead rose from the scattered corpses.

Hundreds of low grade undead ran towards the giants.

Chapter 5: The Loa Sword

Overturning the situation!

A necromancer received penalties such as a decrease in physical strength, but they had corpses that could be used as subordinates or to cause a powerful explosion.

“Grrrrr.”

“Kilkil!”

“I want to chew on flesh. Flesh!”

The skeletons rushed to the giants.

“Kukeek!”

Skeletons climbed the bodies of the collapsed giants and struck down with a bone knife.

Ujijik!

The bone knife was broken.

“Kueek?”

The skeleton leaned down and grabbed another leg bone to hit the giant.

The giant’s mighty health! A skeleton couldn’t kill it but there was still damage.

“Fight. Bones!”

Weed even had skeleton archers and skeleton magicians who used ranged attacks.

Pushushuk.

They fired bone arrows and threw blue flames towards the giants.

“Kuooh!”

A blue light shone in the empty eyes of the undead created by

Weed.

“Kuaah!”

A skeleton roared with an axe in each hand!

Many college students and scholars researched the various magics and effects in Royal Road. They used professional theories and mathematical formulas. There was a whole thesis filled with mathematical formulas that could make the general public fall asleep.

Summoning undead was particularly difficult since the geographical environment, monsters and necromancers' stats and magic skills needed to be taken into account. The body's capabilities and temperament would have a large and small effect on the undead summoning.

But the general consensus was 75% was skill level and stats, and 25% was the corpse's quality.

Of course, the body of a rabbit couldn't be used to make a dark knight or doom knight. It might be possible for a master necromancer but there were no users who reached this level!

It depended on the situation, but the quality of the corpse affected the undead by 1/4th.

The corpses of the northern users were excellent so there were fairly strong skeletons, with the occasional emergence of boss level undead.

“Master of the flesh! I want blood and slaughter!”

Even a boss level skeleton didn't do much damage to a giant!

“Calling Death Knight Van Hawk. Calling the Vampire Torido!”

Van Hawk and Torido appeared with a puff of black smoke.

They kneeled down politely.

“You finally walk down the road of the power of death. Master.”

“I have responded to the summons of the great monarch.”

The attitudes of Van Hawk and Torido, who had been summoned after a long time, was respectful. As a necromancer, his control over the undead had increased.

Weed unabashedly said to his subordinates.

“You guys will have plenty of work to do in the future. I will often be leading an undead legion.”

Van Hawk, who used to be Commander of the Undead Legion, didn't conceal his expectations.

“Will you paint the Versailles Continent with death? Can the knights of death roam free?”

The madness of war and death!

Death Knight Van Hawk was filled with vitality.

Barkhan's powerful undead army nearly devoured the continent. Once Weed became a necromancer, the undead could sweep through the continent.

“No. That is hard and annoying. I just want to eat and live well as a necromancer.”

“I thought being a desert warrior was cool and felt good but... It hurts when I think of the troops I brought up.”

Hestiger, who became the strongest on the continent, was like eating ramyun.

“The continent... It needs to dip in death in order for you to become a great necromancer.”

“I will reach the top of necromancy alone, while dragging the undead with me. And there is no need to dip in death. The Versailles Continent is a slaughterhouse. Especially in the Arpen Kingdom, there are complaints that people can't hunt because of the stench. The value of housing has fallen. It is absolutely prohibited to summon undead within a 1,000 kilometres radius of

Puhol Water Park.”

The Necromancer Guild in Morata was a disgusting facility that lowered house prices! In that regard, he hated a necromancer more than a sculptor!

The collapsed giants started to wake up so he stopped talking and used a skill.

“Strengthen Undead!”

-Death Knight Van Hawk’s health has increased by 6%.

Attack power has increased by 4%. Movement speed is faster.

Strengthen Undead was a level one reinforcement skill!

Van Hawk’s hollowed eyes became bright.

“What is this Master?”

“Now do your best.”

“Creating weapons or armour would be better.”

Weed could use basic undead reinforcement and equipment skills, but that wasn’t much help at this time.

Van Hawk was the former commander of the Undead Legion, a boss level undead and he was previously an abyss knight.

Thanks to steady quests and hunting, Torido was also over level 500.

‘It is easy to grow as a necromancer if I use these guys well.’

Weed decided firmly.

The hardships so far wouldn’t be for nothing!

His goal was to eat well and live well alone!

“Lead the undead.”

“Understood. Master. But the condition of the undead doesn’t

seem so good.”

Van Hawk complained as he watched the skeletons. Van Hawk was a strong knight but if he led the undead, he could draw out their powers.

“Are there no death knights?”

“Eh.”

“Dullahan?”

“Not yet.”

“The troops I will lead are weak. And the enemy is too strong.”

“You don’t have to win the fight. Just lead the undead. Act as bait.”

“Bait?”

“Take a long time. I will continue to raise the undead, even if they are broken.”

“A dark knight’s pride... I can’t throw away the pride of the Immortal Legion.”

“Have you been feeling much pride these days despite being hit? Is your skull that hard?”

Weed could cause more pain to Van Hawk after becoming a necromancer!

“Torido. Suck the bloody of the giants.”

“Understood. Master.”

Torido hastily accepted the command. He noticed that it was the best way to keep his grace as a vampire noble.

Thanks to Van Hawk’s emergence, the combat capabilities and health of the undead rose. They were faster and their health increased. They were stronger by at least one grade.

“Come on! Breathe in blood! We are immortal beings.”

“Kukikikit!”

Under the direction of Van Hawk, the skeletons ran and attacked the giants.

Skeleton troops that didn't know fear!

The undead would be quite helpful in general hunting grounds, but it was impossible for them to overpower the mighty giants.

“All the rotten things!”

“Cowards!”

“Kuwaaaaaah.”

The giants who recovered from a stunned or confused state angrily trampled on the skeletons.

Due to the high hostility, the undead were the first targets.

Of course, in the eyes of the giants, they were attacking Weed.

The giants who suffered from Corpse Explosion didn't go on a rampage. Their health had badly fallen so they stayed in the rear and were protected by their colleagues.

The undead with missing body parts exploded themselves as an additional opportunity to hunt. It meant that the giants' radius of activity shrunk.

Weed sent a whisper to Pale.

“The undead will buy some time. Recover the wounded and quickly rescue the prisoners.”

-Pale: Yes. I understand.

Pale commanded the northern users to rescue the prisoners.

Bellot, Hwaryeong, Zephyr, Surka and Romuna. All of them were leading a group in the expedition so their movement were fast.

“Now. Move quickly.”

Once Weed appeared, the burden on the users was lighter. Even

so, the northern users were tired from hunting.

While the giants were fighting against the undead, the northern users ran to save the captives. They jumped between buildings and rushed to the prisons. They didn't take any risks.

Weed raised the undead while commanding them was left to Van Hawk.

-The skill Summon Undead has increased to level 3.

The skeleton bones have become harder.

There is a chance of summoned ghouls being able to move faster.

Due to the quality of the bodies, the Summon Undead skill increased rapidly.

If he used fresh seafood, he could get the best taste when making seafood noodle soup.

Of course, it didn't have much meaning on the battlefield but the skeletons were a bit stronger.

Necromancers found it fun to watch the skeletons' health increased by 100 or 200. The more novice users developed an attachment to the skeletons and zombies they raised. The skeletons were subordinates that should be pampered forever.

“Summon Sculpture!”

Weed used Summon Sculpture to call Yellowy.

-Summon Sculpture has been used.

53,203 mana has been consumed.

The sculpture was a huge distance away so there was tremendous mana consumption. His 150,000 mana was reduced to less than

30,000.

“Ummoooooooo!”

The angry Yellowy emerged with a red aura around him.

The sturdy muscular body showed off his dignity. He was too big to be called a cow!

“Master. It seems to be a little dark. I feel a sense of dismay.”

“This is life. Nobody knows what will happen in the future. I haven’t washed for a month.”

“Ummoooooooo. One month is okay.”

“I think so as well. Are you ready for battle?”

“Fighting is scary.”

“If you want to feed your children, you have to work diligently.”

“Understood. Master!”

Yellowy, who had been summoned after a long time, scratched at the ground with his hind legs.

The sculptural lifeforms that Weed created could become stronger. In the case of Yellowy, he was usually gentle but showed terrifying combat power when angry.

“Master. Can I beat these guys?”

“Don’t win. Just run away.”

Weed rode Yellowy and attracted the attention of the giants.

“Abominable bug!”

“Delicious beef.”

The giants tried to catch Weed and Yellowy, but it wasn’t easy due to their swift movements.

Fast speed and quick change of direction.

Weed and Yellowy were chased by half a dozen giants.

Kung kung!

“Bug. Meat!”

“They are mine!”

Every time the heavy giants took a step when running, the earth shook.

“Do you know what will happen if you get caught by them?”

“I’m going to die?”

“To be exact, you will be eaten. The delicious cuts of meat will be fried. Every piece will be cut and boiled, with not even the tail being left behind.”

“Ummoooooooo.”

“Don’t cry. Watch your pride. You have the best beef.”

Yellowy escaped through the obstacles and buildings like a mouse!

‘Too bad. If the giants were a little bit weaker than I would hunt them.’

Thanks to the undead army, it became much easier for the northern users to do quests.

While the giants beat down the undead and chased Weed and Yellowy, the northern users rescued the prisoners using side paths like cockroaches and mice.

“There is no doubt that it is S class difficulty quest. Something like this looks like...”

“I had been fighting in that position a while ago. It is great that I’m not dead.”

The northern users were nervous. They wanted to be able to complete the quest safely!

Weed went to the bodies of the giants that collapsed.

“Soul Extortion!”

-The soul of the giant Balross has been gained.

Captured souls allow you to research undead skills and enhance your skills.

He took souls from the northern users or giants in order to complete the Necromancer Guild’s quests.

He would be compensated according to the number of souls acquired so he took them from the bodies around him.

That was Yellowy’s purpose.

While acquiring the souls, he met Adventurer Chase who was rescuing prisoners.

“Weed-nim. It is a pleasure.”

“Yes. It is good to see you.”

“Coming here to help us...”

Adventurer Chase’s eyes were moist.

Weed was a busy person yet he came here. He saw that the northern users were in a critical condition and moved.

Weed spoke in a belligerent tone like someone asked him for money.

“Let’s talk at a later time.”

“Ah, I was too short-sighted. Right now you are busy commanding the undead.”

“That’s not it. I came to get the quest shared with me.”

“Huh?”

“I have to eat well. I’ll contribute a spoon.”

*

The quest to rescue the prisoners from the giants' fortress.

Weed was able to complete the quest after the northern users helped all the prisoners escape.

-Captive Slaves has been completed.

Of the prisoners held by the giants, more than half have been escaped safely.

They are willing to hand over the treasures they have if you guide them to a safe area.

-Fame has increased by 1,458.

-Experience has been acquired.

-You have achieved amazing merit on this quest.

For the first time, four giants have been hunted at once on the Versailles Continent.

Title! Giant Hunter has been acquired.

A glorious title given to a merciless hunter of giants!

Damage will increase by 9% when attacking a giant.

It greatly raises your fame in the land of the giants.

A total of 800 users died but the quest had ended.

The users who survived were thrilled but also disappointed.

“Too many have died.”

“Hu... It was a highly difficult quest.”

“There is also the broadcast... Will we become famous?”

“Of course. We were with Weed. People around the world will

know about us.”

Weed ate the meal that the northern users had prepared!

“Thank you. It is thanks to Weed-nim.”

“It is nothing. I did it because I could.”

“Kuhok. If you had come sooner...”

“Well, I am a little busy.”

Weed couldn't confess that he had been sleeping on Seo-yoon's legs.

The strong support group, the Grass Porridge Cult! As soon as the millions of users in the organization heard that, they would pull out their sword to stab him.

‘If I complain about her side dishes... I don't know if I will be in trouble.’

*

The surviving northern users felt somewhat empty.

“That... Phew.”

“Ah. Too bad. Although I didn't wish it to become like this.”

“That's right. It is hard to hunt even one giant.”

“We received a huge blow every time we hunted one. Us.”

The users barely survived rescuing the prisoners and escaping the giants' fortress. Looking back, they realized that they didn't get most of the loot from the giants.

Every time someone died, their friends took care of their belongings. However, they didn't pick up the items dropped by the giants!

“Kuooh. We left it all.”

“It can't be helped.”

Despite the victory, the shoulders of the users were slumped.

“I didn’t get a chance to gain the items. Weed-nim said to stay hidden.”

“Wasn’t he just caring for us? It can’t be helped. Let’s just be satisfied with the success of the quest. We also got on the broadcasts.”

“Yes.”

The northern users thought back.

While they hid under the debris of the buildings, Weed was running around the fortress. Weed risked everything for their victory so they couldn’t hold a grudge.

A user called Luda laughed and said.

“Perhaps Weed took all of it?”

“Hey. That is ridiculous.”

The users who were nearby all laughed.

They had seen the breathtaking sight of Weed’s life being at risk while being chased by the giants. Although he did get close to the corpses of the giants while being chased.

There were similar suspicions in the minds of the users.

‘If that is the case... Did he really take it?’

There were doubts but no proof! When they went back to the giants’ fortress to confirm it, all the bodies were gone.

The truth was perfectly hidden.

However, the strong Yellowy’s legs were carrying a heavy burden.

*

The rescued prisoners brought out the minerals mined from the giants’ fortress.

“This is all we have. Please accept it because it isn’t important to

us.”

It glittered like gold.

The users who participated in the quest received 20 kilograms of gold and five bars of Migrium.

Weed decided to check the status of the item.

“Inspect!”

-Migrium: Durability 230/230.

A solid metal found only in the land of the giants.

Mana isn't included but it is very hard.

Wonderful weapons and armour can be produced with this metal.

A 1st grade blacksmith item.

Options: Helps increase proficiency of the blacksmithing skill.

Sharp weapons with high durability can be created. Special armour with physical resistance can be created.

A shiny material.

The corners of Weed's mouth went up slightly.

“It is good.”

It was a tremendous profit if he could use the Migrium to create weapons and armour.

Due to the nature of the quest to rescue prisoners, those who died in the middle of the mission were still successful and received the rewards later. However, they didn't get the experience from hunting giants and were disappointed about not getting any combat achievements.

“This will be used later to increase Time Sculpting.”

Weed didn't dare misuse the Migrium and decided to save it for sculpting.

Unless it was Herman or Fabio, it would be hard to make good equipment that he could wear directly.

As a sculpting master, if he created a sculpture using Migrium then the effect would be enormous.

"It would be a waste to use this material on a sculpture."

He ignored sculpting! His assessment of sculpting hadn't changed despite becoming a master.

Despite receiving a new occupation of necromancer, he could still use the sculpting secret techniques.

Sculpting Blade, Sculpture Transformation, Sculpture Life Bestowal, Elemental Sculpting, Great Disaster Nature Sculpting.

There were the five secret techniques and Sculpture Resurrection that he created. The final secret technique was Time Sculpting!

There were various skills but that didn't mean they were strong.

If he wanted to learn a lot of skills then when he started Royal Road, he would become a swordsman up to level 50, a magician to level 100 and then an archer to level 200.

He could become a jack of all trades in this manner by changing occupations.

'I have to fully learn the five secret sculpting techniques. They are my primary skills and the most solid foundation.'

Even the aggressive sculpting techniques weren't perfect. There were skills with defects.

Sculpting Resurrection caused a serious decrease in level while Great Disaster Nature Sculpting could only be used once a day.

Even then, 20 art stats were permanently lost and all stats fell by 15% for three days.

The effect of Great Disaster Nature Sculpting made a large area of death, but it was rare that the monsters would gather together to that extent.

Furthermore, most monsters above level 500 weren't killed by disasters.

However, sculpting could overturn a situation in a spectacular manner.

If swordsmanship, archery, and undead summoning were abilities that gave achievements in combat, sculpting was a weapon that could overturn a strategy.

When combined with other skills, sculpting could wreck unimaginable havoc.

‘One reason why I chose a necromancer... Sculpting has some tricks that can minimize the disadvantages of a necromancer.

While Weed was giving an evil laugh, the rescued captives said.

“There is a safe place nearby that is hidden from the giants. It is the village we live in. We will guide you there.”

Weed and the northern users left the vicinity of the giants' fortress and moved according to the guidance of the prisoners.

As they headed to the village, he talked with his longtime friends.

“Weed-nim. Sculpting Master. I'm just happy that I know you! You are a born hard worker.”

“Congratulations. In the end... You are so persistent.”

Surka and Romuna's celebration!

Weed effortlessly replied.

“No. I didn't expect something so big.”

Irene laughed, revealing her dimples.

“I saw a beautiful statue of a pretty woman. That feeling of home... The sculpture you made is really important. I thought you

would make a sculpture like a golden dictator or a necromancer.”

“Huh?”

“If you were going to become a necromancer, a sculpture would enhance those effects. It would have been awesome if you carved something like an undead.”

He hadn’t considered that part!

Weed’s face was pale as he came up to Bellot and Hwaryeong.

“Have you been well in the meantime?”

“Yes. Weed-nim.”

It had been a long time since he saw Hwaryeong and she smiled fondly at him.

He was having a conversation with Bellot when some people came up to him.

Pale brought the people.

“Weed-nim. This is the representative of the Crimson Wings Guild, Teros and his colleagues.”

“It is a pleasure. It is an honour to meet Weed the God of War. I have been with the northern expedition for a while but... I was really impressed about how you dealt with the giants.”

As a one-time leader of a prestigious guild, Teros had great power and influence. He bowed his head and greeted Weed.

“No. What is the purpose of your visit?”

Weed laughed and asked. However, his eyes weren’t smiling at all.

It was like the sharp eyes he used to examine every inch of Yellowy!

“Our whole guild... We would like to settle in the Arpen Kingdom.”

“Huh?”

“I have talked to a few guilds and friends on the Central Continent.”

“What is the story?”

“There are a few guilds that were defeated in war and disbanded. They have increased their power while under close surveillance by the Hermes Guild. The guild broke up but the people... Those who we contacted want to come to the Arpen Kingdom.”

“How many?”

“I need to contact you with specific details, but if I include those who are close to me and those who are acquainted with them, I think it will be close to 1,000 people.”

The prestigious guilds defeated by the Hermes Guild. They were high level users of the Central Continent.

“The Arpen Kingdom doesn’t stop people from coming in. But why are you asking for my permission?”

“That... This might be greedy, but I want to become a lord and rule a small piece of land. Of course, I will dedicate the taxes to you.”

Weed hesitated before grabbing Teros’ hand.

“The Arpen Kingdom has a lot of good land. Fish swim in beautiful, clear rivers...”

Zephyr avoided his gaze from a distance.

“The mountains have abundant natural resources and attractions. It is close to hunting grounds and the hidden treasures of the Arpen Kingdom will be scattered somewhere. Definitely!”

Pale said while feeling remorse.

Teros didn’t know the meaning of their actions and was happy.

“So we can really become lords?”

“Yes. There are many vacant lordships in the Arpen Kingdom. A lot of money... Anyone who is capable is always welcome.”

There were many villages in the Arpen Kingdom that didn't have lords.

Many adventurers and merchants came to Morata from far away and didn't become lords because they didn't settle in one place.

There were empty villages. Once the number of residents increased, a lord could be appointed.

‘I can do it myself but... I also need lords and the aristocrats.’

Weed was the head of the Arpen Kingdom's multi-level pyramid structure political system!

If the lords expanded the villages then the taxes would eventually increase.

While officially accepting the Crimson Wings Guild, they arrived at the shelter that the prisoners guided them to.

-The Derick Village has been discovered.

A secret and mysterious discovery! You have found a village of residents living in the land of the giants.

A new finding has been added to your journey of great adventures.

If you shared this discovery with the world, you will be able to make a big name for yourself.

Knowledge has increased by 2.

Insight has increased by 3.

A village of 5,000 people were hiding in the forest.

In order to not be noticed by the giants, they didn't have big buildings and built houses underground by digging.

“Honey!”

“Sob sob. Welcome back!”

The prisoners and residents embraced each other. There were even young children so it was a pretty touching atmosphere.

“Should this be called a city?”

“I think activities will centre around this place in the future.”

The northern users watched for a while before immediately dispersing.

A new city in the land of giants! They wanted to search it quickly.

Weed moved towards the shopping area first.

There were human merchants, a weapons store, armour store, grocery store, furniture store, etc.

He stopped in front of a merchant with dried meat. The merchant resembled a human wolf. The bulk of the merchants' belly fat was suspicious.

“What is this?”

“Um. Are you a traveller from the world of humans?”

“Yes.”

“It has been a very long time since humans came here...

I think it was a traveller called Lodsiker...”

The adventurer Lodsiker!

As an adventurer, he was the first one to step foot on the land of the giants. Weed had received a related quest from Hestiger but he didn't like it.

‘How to get rid of the quest...? I can't get dragged in anymore.’

Weed gave an innocent smile.

“Yes. This is the first time I've heard of that name. Are you selling this meat?”

“That’s right. Inspect it once.”

The merchant handed over a piece of dried meat.

“Inspect!”

-Dry Aguchak Meat

Meat from a savage beast.

It has an excellent texture. It can be used in basic cooking recipes. Attack power will increase by three when hunting Aguchak.

If it is eaten frequently, maximum health will permanently increase by 50.

A specialty of Derick Village.

A 2nd grade food ingredient.

“Um. Great.”

Strong dishes could be made with it!

Weed’s smile widened.

Due to hunting and quests, his cooking skill had stayed at advanced level 2 for a long time.

His cooking skill improved every time he cooked and ate food.

He studied various ingredients and recipes, but good food ingredients helped him improve his skill.

Therefore, a chef was destined to go around the continent to find new recipes and ingredients!

‘It is good that I’m not a cook. Constantly making food is hard.’

The food industry wasn’t simple as much chefs suffered from wrist injuries. The fish, fruits and other miscellaneous goods sold at the shopping area were very good quality.

“How much?”

“55 gold.”

“For a lump of meat?”

“No. Only one piece.”

“Heok...”

Weed swallowed his saliva at the high price.

“That... Have you heard of the Arpen Kingdom?”

“I don’t know it.”

“I am the king.”

“If you’re not buying then don’t shop. Don’t say such flimsy remarks. I won’t reduce it by even a penny.”

The residents in Derick Village were impervious to bargaining.

The quality of the products were good, but the quantity suffered due to the nature of the land of giants.

That is why they sold it at a fixed price. Once the users came flocking to it, the selling price started to go up.

‘I can’t not buy it. Anyway, this meat should increase my cooking skill and residents of the Versailles Continent will line up for my food.’

It increased the maximum health so users would buy it even at an expensive price.

‘Should I sell it for 50 times the price through the Mapan Trading Company? No. It should be by 100 times.’

*

The specialties of Derick Village were meat, fruit, weapons and armour.

The blacksmiths who escaped from the giants made weapons and equipment from the new substances extracted from the rocks.

There were also traps and long spears that could help hunt giants!

They were helpful in hunting, but only users in the late 500s to 600s could use them.

“The price is 100,000 gold. There are also those that cost more than 200,000 gold. The traps are thousands of gold each.”

“Sell it to me despite being too expensive. I can use some supplies.”

“Still... If we are lucky, we can get it from hunting or quests.”

“We can save money by buying it anyway.”

The users who ran to the weapons store and armour store talked seriously.

Several stores sold new items not found on the Versailles Continent.

They dealt with jade rings, artworks, crafts, precious metals, spices, minerals and alcohol.

The prices were expensive, but merchants could make big money by going back to the Versailles Continent and selling them.

Even the agricultural store sold seeds that caused 100 metre fruit trees to grow.

“Trade is good.”

Weed was satisfied.

If there was active trade then the income of the Arpen Kingdom would increase significantly. Improving economic or technological power was a bonus.

‘The land of giants. One day, I will also conquer this place.’

He came up with long term plans for the Arpen Kingdom!

Numerous quests were received from the villagers and prisoners that they rescued. Requests for fighting against monsters and

revenge against the giants had become mainstream.

The northern users were exhausted from completing the quests at the giants' fortress, so they either rested or carefully examined the village.

Residents came looking for Weed.

"Thank you for saving me. Evil Necromancer-nim."

"Thanks to Necromancer-nim, I was able to escape from the giants. You got revenge on them. The undead are disturbing, but it is better than the giants."

"You have a strong power for a human. Really? I didn't believe it but now I have a little bit of confidence."

The effect of fame!

Weed had 300,000 fame across the Versailles Continent. There had been no exchanges with Derick Village in the meantime, but the users that arrived spread Weed's fame.

"Please fight against the giants. Necromancer-nim can do it."

"I dream of revenge. Please help me. If you make me a magician then I will give you a family heirloom."

"I heard of something unknown in the vicinity. I would investigate but... What if monsters are invading? I know that they have been eaten by giants."

Message windows popped up while listening to the residents!

'I shouldn't get caught up in the quests.'

Weed continued to receive quests with A grade difficulty from the residents. Sometimes they even gave quests with S grade difficulty.

Requests to investigate unknown areas were immediately rejected.

There were endless quests in the land of the giants.

“Ohuhum.”

“Ahem.”

“Hum.”

Python, Seasoned Crab, Pale, Irene, Romuna and the other party members watched Weed.

“Did you come to the land of the giants to meet Weed or get away from him?”

“I am hiding.”

The large Python shook with fear while Seasoned Crab wanted to disappear somewhere.

Irene, Romuna, Surka, Pale and the others felt the same.

“Don’t tell me that we’re going hunting today?”

“Why not? Except for when he is making sculptures, Weed-nim is always hunting.”

“He is a sculpting master now... If nothing else happens, he will continue hunting.”

Zephyr said gloomily.

“He also hunts at night.”

They were old friends that couldn’t escape! They made a big decision and walked up to Weed first.

“I would like to hunt but only for one day. It can only be extended up to three days!”

“A 10 minute break every four hours is required.”

Python and Seasoned Crab talked about their needs first.

Pale was a battle slave and had slightly lower standards.

“I am ready to be abused, but just stick to mealtimes. I can’t eat barley bread in battle. Don’t we have to live like a person?”

Their words were sad.

While they were worried, Weed was dumbstruck.

“Are we going hunting together?”

“Huh? We’re not?”

“I’m going hunting but Summon Undead is still lacking. I have to grind my skill.”

*

After receiving the basic information from the villagers, Weed accepted a B grade quest.

The loyalty to his colleagues!

He could take them on a hunt, but he allowed them to rest.

-Dungeon exploration

There are people in Derick Village who are disappearing.

It is rumoured that there is a dangerous dungeon somewhere in the village. The only clue is the insect’s antennae.

For the peace and stability of the village, you need to succeed in clearing the dungeon.

Level of Difficulty: B

Quest Restrictions: More than 100,000 fame.

Compensation: The recognition of the residents.

Compensation of minerals based on public achievements.

Weed accepted the quest and received the insect’s antennae.

“I don’t have to wipe them all out?”

“Yes. I don’t know Adventurer-nim’s skills... If it is difficult then just take care of some monsters. I will reward you with minerals depending on how many monsters are destroyed.”

“I will start with a few of them. Don’t worry, it will be over

soon.”

Weed spoke confidently.

Normally he felt trepidation towards quests and would have to overcome many hardships to complete them. But now those hardships were gone.

“I’ll had to adapt to my occupation in the beginning, but later on the advantages of a necromancer will rise. I will pass on all the hard stuff to the sculptural lifeforms.”

Weed gathered mana and summoned Cerberus.

“Kuwooooh!”

The watchman in hell with three heads!

The roar of a cerberus was enough to make the weak monsters freeze in fear.

Weed gave Cerberus the antennae obtained from the quest.

“Look for the place that smells like this and make a loud sound.”

“Bark bark!”

Thanks to Cerberus, he would be able to find the entrance of the dungeon hidden somewhere in the village.

The three heads sniffed and searched the village.

In the meantime, Weed recovered the mana that he used to summon the sculpture.

“There is no need for a lot to come. Summon Sculpture!”

After Cerberus, the next sculptural lifeform that he summoned was Bahamorg! Bahamorg had continued hunting and doing quests with Weed so his level was now 588.

‘Although the golem production is horrible... I can use Bahamorg.’

As a necromancer, Golem Production was an essential skill to

master.

A necromancer was much weaker than regular magicians except for Corpse Explosion.

Golems played the role of hunting and protection so they were a necromancer's most precious wealth.

However, Weed was familiar with battle and had the sculptural lifeforms. Therefore, the weakness in close combat didn't exist from the beginning.

Weed, Yellowy, and Bahamorg followed Cerberus.

“Bark bark!”

Cerberus found the entrance to the dungeon as a passage in a well.

-Dungeon. You have become the first to discover Labos Hall.

Rewards: Fame has increased by 1,000.

Experience and item drop rate will double for a week.

The first monster killed of each type will drop the rarest item.

“Good. Full force advance.”

Weed made the 10 skeleton warriors that he summoned to advance.

Dalgurak dalgurak.

A mud golem, made by inserting Aura of Death into clay, also moved forward.

A paltry army that only consisted of a dozen undead.

‘I don't have to worry about traps or surprise attacks.’

He followed the undead with a relaxed mind.

The effects of Sculptural Destruction from the giants' fortress

was still in effect.

“Kuwaaang!”

The monsters in the dungeon appeared with a roar.

A monster that was seen for the first time on the Versailles Continent!

They had a long snout like a crocodile and walked on two feet.

Their behaviour was similar to that of humans, but their height was at least 4 metres tall.

“Prey! There are prey that can’t be eaten due to rotten food!”

Labos.

The two monsters lightly crushed a skeleton by swinging their arms.

Weed looked at them and judged them.

‘The giants are level 700. By default, this is a high level area. This village, which is a hideout, should be lower. If I look at the current strength... They seem to be around level 600. I don’t need to do more research.’

Thanks to his numerous experiences dealing with monsters, he could quickly make a judgement despite having no information.

Weed gave an order to Bahamorg.

“Go out and fight.”

“Understood. Master.”

Bahamorg rode Yellowy and rushed to a labos, wielding an axe and mace.

“Calling Death Knight Van Hawk. Calling Vampire Lord Torido!”

Death Knight Van Hawk and Torido were also summoned!

“Help Bahamorg fight. Don’t play around.”

Cerberus who scented out the dungeon also joined the battle.

“Kuoooh!”

Battle Cry!

Bahamorg used a warrior skill that increased his health and defense.

Two labos could easily overpower him, but he wasn't damaged by only one due to his strong defense.

“Kururung!”

Cerberus took the chance to bite a labos. However, he soon received a kick.

“Keng!”

The labos had very hard skin but it was soon damaged by Bahamorg's axe and mace. If Bahamorg fought the monster for a while then he would win.

‘Indeed, he is the most powerful sculptural lifeform. He will be a big help in this dungeon.’

Weed sculpted creatures with high strength and health but his confidence increased due to Bahamorg.

After Van Hawk and Torido joined, the health of a labos was reduced to less than 30%.

“Van Hawk.”

“Speak. Master.”

“Are you fighting at your best?”

“That's right.”

“Slow down from now on.”

Weed eyes shone as he waited until the health of the labos was less than 20%.

Finally, Van Hawk and Torido backed off when it dropped to 10%.

“Bahamorg. Defend me.”

“Understood. Master.”

Weed looked around and slowly pulled a sword from his waist.

He wasn't so cautious when taking out Kolderim's Daemon Sword.

In the case of the dragon sword Red Star, he couldn't use it openly and fearlessly. He was resigned to dying by a dragon if he kept on using the sword.

But Hestiger left a different sword.

The Loa Sword.

It was a treasure of the elves and a sword that humans wouldn't hesitate to regard as the best sword. There was a level limit of 650 on it and it was only available for the one who found Hestiger's legacy in the Desert of Tranquility.

If it was a home, he wouldn't need to feel envious of the penthouse apartments in Gangnam and Haeundae.

Sururung!

A clear and clean sound.

-You have armed yourself with the Loa Sword.

Affinity to Nature has increased.

Agility will increase by 26%.

All stats + 42.

Triple damage will be dealt to large monsters.

Reduces the opponent's maximum health by half the damage.

When there is a critical hit, the opponent's defense is weakened by 7%.

Fire, wind, water and earth spirits will lend you energy.

Defense has increased by 117.

When using a sword skill, mana consumption will be reduced by half.

76% of the opponent's magic protection will be ignored.

Art has increased by 35 due to the beautiful sword.

Protection magic 'Big Forest' can be used.

"This is the first time I am using it."

He didn't know how much his hand tingled to use it while making sculptures in the Desert of Tranquility.

It was like giving a chocolate pie to soldiers and not allowing them to eat it!

Weed laughed wildly. He struck the labos that Bahamorg was fighting.

-Your sword has pierced the enemy's back.

A fast and accurate attack has succeeded.

A critical hit!

The opponent's defense has weakened. Health has been reduced by 3,481.

"Um..."

Weed felt touched for a second.

Bahamorg dealt 2,000 damage while Weed did almost twice as much.

'I know why people wear the best climbing gear when climbing the Himalayas.'

It was an awesome equipment.

The power of the Loa Sword was immense enough to make him forget about being a necromancer.

After the history of the Versailles Continent was changed by Weed's adventure for the final secret sculpting technique, Hestiger had become a hero and received this sword.

"It is a luxury. I will use it."

Weed moved forward despite a sharp tail flying towards him.

'I can discard my way of fighting as a sculptor.'

In the meantime, his health and mana was low so he had to fight carefully.

A miser personality!

He needed to also consider his vitality when swinging a sword.

A non-combat occupation like a sculptor had definite limitations!

The best choice he made was to increase his perseverance, resilience, and build up his defenses. If he had been as reckless as his other colleagues then he couldn't be as strong as he was now.

He had bitter challenges to overcome as a sculptor.

'I don't have to do that anymore. My basic health grew, but if I run out of vitality then I can't use skills. My maximum mana and recovery rate has greatly increased.'

He didn't have as much attack power as a swordsman or desert warrior, but he could use plenty of skills since becoming a necromancer.

"Divine Fire!"

The beautiful Loa Sword burned red. An attack skill from Goddess Hestia!

-Divine Fire has been given to the Loa Sword.

Fire attack power will increase by 105-271 depending on your

faith stat.

Divine Fire will temporarily reduce the power of Summon Undead by 46%.

The undead nearby will suffer every second.

Hwaruruk!

The Loa Sword was covered with fire and the attack power was doubled. At the same time, the bones of the skeletons burst into flames.

-The skeletons have suffered 603 damage due to the Divine Fire.

‘Just like a spoon is needed to eat rice, equipment is essential for hunting!’

Weed once again forgot about being a necromancer and struck the labos.

-Great attack!

The sharpness of the sword and Divine Fire has reduced the opponent’s health by 4,391.

Even though it wasn’t a fatal blow, the monster suffered enormous damage.

The amount of damage depended on the monster’s armour, attribute, and vitality.

Weed used additional attack skills.

“Heriam Fencing!”

-The 1st consecutive attack has succeeded. Agility has

increased by 20%.

-The 2nd consecutive attack has succeeded. Strength has increased by 40%.

-The 3rd consecutive attack has succeeded. Agility has increased by an additional 40%.

-The 4th consecutive attack has succeeded. Strength has increased by an additional 40%.

-The 5th consecutive attack has succeeded. Labos was burnt and died.

Cold movements!

The Loa Sword was light and he could wield it at a rapid pace.

As soon as the monster lost his life, his left hand reflexively moved forward.

-You have acquired the Labos Heart.

-You have acquired 3 Precious Meats of the Labos.

-You have acquired the Immortal Wisdom Necklace.

The spoils of combat.

Weed's hands shook as he received the wealth.

‘An immortal set.’

At a minimum, it was an accessory with a level limit of at least

600.

The necklace increased health, strength, wisdom and knowledge. It increased the range of stats, his skill levels, and maximum mana.

It would be sold at an expensive price at the auction and it would be helpful when used directly. Financial reasons wasn't the only cause of his trembling.

He was the first discover of the dungeon so he knew he would get the best loot when hunting. The monsters' level was close to 600 so it was normal for these type of loot to drop.

'The sword damage is enormous. My hunting speed will become much faster in the future.'

He vividly felt how much stronger his attack power became in battle.

'If I was a swordsman... There would be a bigger effect. Or if I master swordsmanship...'

It would be possible to wreak havoc with the power of the Loa Sword.

"Keook!"

At that moment, one of the surviving labos escaped from Bahamorg's containment and struck Weed with its tail.

-You have been hit by a tail attack. Temporary paralysis!

Your high perseverance has minimized the paralysis to 0.4 seconds.

Health is reduced by 7,325.

-The equipment effect of Barkhan's equipment. Life Vessel has been activated.

3,291 health has been taken out of storage.

Total health remaining in the Life Vessel: 203,281

-Weak!

820 health will be absorbed by the labos every second.

“Master. Be careful.”

Bahamorg and Cerberus protected him as soon as Weed was struck. He had entrusted the Goddess’ Knight Armour made of helium to Herman, while he was wearing Barkhan’s robe.

It had very high magic defense, high mana regeneration ability and above all, it increased wisdom and the ability to control the undead.

The basic defense was weak but due to Life Vessel, Weed’s health didn’t significantly drop.

‘That’s it. I just need to catch it quickly. This is an ignorant attack power.’

Weed was filled with mana due to being a necromancer, so he utilized the skills without sparing.

“Lava River!”

This time, it was the desert warrior’s strongest skill.

The skill was still level 1, and it required training and combat experience to grow.

Nevertheless, a river of lava burst out from Weed and covered the labos.

“Kuoooh!”

The labos hastily tried to escape from the lava.

Weed’s eyes sharpened.

“Divine Fire, Heriam Fencing!”

Divine Fire prevented Weed from getting any fire damage caused by Lava River and he continuously attacked the labos through the gap!

The labos, whose health was at the very bottom, couldn't hold out any longer and died.

-You have overpowered two dangerous labos.

-Experience has been acquired.

-The skill proficiency of Swordsmanship has improved.

“Okay. The experience... It increased by 0.2%.”

Weed was satisfied.

It was a hunting ground with strong monsters and he received double experience.

“I will eat up all the experience alone. As I grow as a necromancer, I will completely monopolize experience.”

Although he had Bahamorg, Van Hawk, Torido, Cerberus, and Yellowy, he decided it wasn't enough. Weed used the Summon Undead skill.

“Rise. Open your eyes, ghosts that never sleep. Live and get revenge on those that killed you! Undead Rise.”

The labos he had just been fighting rose as a skeleton knight.

-The skill proficiency of Summon Undead has improved.

“Kilkilkil.”

“Kulkulkul.”

The undead was weak but it was better than not having them in a

hunt.

Unlike the sculptural lifeforms that needed to be pampered, the undead didn't require rest and could speed up combat.

Divine Fire conflicted with the undead, but he would use it in accordance with the situation.

As Summon Undead's skill level increased along with Aura of Death, the damage caused by Divine Fire would rise. Therefore, there would be a way around it.

'It is certainly different from when I was alone as a sculptor. I can focus on combat skills.'

Weed felt the change.

As a necromancer and with Barkhan's set, he didn't need to stop hunting due to the large mana pool.

In the process of mastering sculpting, he had accumulated experience in various fields. He raised the sword and bow to a fairly high level, and learnt the spear after receiving Myul's Thunder Spear.

He accumulated stats during adventuring and quests. There were the desert warrior's skills and Divine Fire given by Goddess Hestia.

If a dangerous situation occurred when fighting the labos then he would be able to escape with Time Sculpting.

After a battle, he could raise the undead so he had many options.

During Royal Road, there were many users who learnt the sword, magic, and elementals at the same time. Those who succeeded were among the most successful.

Weed was at the top of all of them.

"No one else can achieve this success."

*

In front of the gates of Aren Castle.

Lafaye and other Hermes Guild members were gathered there.

“Has your level risen these days?”

“Kuk. I’ve hunted for two days and barely gained one level.”

“I can’t go to the top dungeons. They are too crowded.”

The Hermes Guild users chatted with the people they were familiar with.

One day a week, Lafaye held a tour of Aren Castle with the Hermes Guild.

They had conquered Aren Castle in the Haven Kingdom since the early days of Royal Road, so this event was held to increase morale.

Every week, the city’s progress was confirmed and ordinary users could look at the Hermes Guild.

‘Hrmm... There aren’t that many.’

Lafaye felt like the number of people gathering was reducing every year.

In the past, it would be crowded every time they held an event.

The spectacular sight of the prestigious guild walking through Aren Castle showed off their great glory.

Sometimes after an inspection event, they also attacked dungeons so the guild members would try to attend as much as possible.

‘In the past, it wasn’t difficult to gather 3,000 people. Now there are only approximately 500 people?’

Lafaye concealed his regret and seemed unconcerned on the outside.

“We will start the inspection.”

The leaders of the guild were at the forefront, followed by the members. They walked along the wide streets of Aren Castle and watched the buildings and people.

“Hermes Guild.”

“Wah... They really have nothing to do. After unifying the Central Continent, they deliberately went to the north.”

“Don’t you know? It is dangerous to move around.”

There were many general users who watched the procession of the Hermes Guild.

In the past, their gazes were mixed with jealousy and anger. Now they were rude and contemptuous.

“Kuk...”

The Hermes Guild who heard them grinded their teeth together.

“Those fellows don’t want to live.”

“Leave it alone. They don’t have the confidence to come forward.”

The Hermes Guild could easily sweep away a few hundred people, but they didn’t move.

If they brutally killed general users then there would be a negative broadcast report.

In the past, such news revealed the strength of the Hermes Guild. Now it just encouraged rebels and the users’ antipathy.

There were many unfair aspects that the Hermes Guild members had to endure, but it couldn’t be helped due to their actions in the past.

“Most of them are murderers.”

“They had lived bad lives.”

“Strong and dangerous. It is because they weren’t educated in elementary school.”

The Hermes Guild’s visit continued as they silently endured the criticism of ordinary users.

‘This shame...’

Lafaye was a character who didn’t normally get angry.

Most of these things were largely expected.

Even when defeated by Weed, the result wasn’t unexpected.

The chances were slim, but he knew that luck followed Weed.

Indeed, Weed used his incredible power and popularity to block the offensive of the Haven Empire every time.

‘Even if the Arpen Kingdom is a little big... The Haven Empire won’t collapse. They are just trying to eat the big food called the Central Continent. Now it is time to grow the economy and calm the rebels. No matter what, the Hermes Guild will dominate the Central Continent.’

He was in the process of stabilizing the shaken empire by giving tax cuts and freedom to ordinary users.

There were all types of exclusive myths, secrets and legendary equipment hidden in the Central Continent.

The Hermes Guild had conquered a wide territory. Their power wasn’t weak so there was no obstacle to their rule.

The Arpen Kingdom was hard to fight because they received the unusual support of the users.

On the day that Weed’s popularity crashed, it was only a matter of time until they conquered the Versailles Continent.

Lafaye thought that if he waited and worked behind the scenes, he would be able to lead everything like when they conquered the Central Continent.

But there was an embarrassment that Lafaye hadn’t expected.

‘This can be tolerated. I will be sure to reward those who are tolerant.’

Lafaye walked the streets with a firm, bright face.

An exceptionally cute girl was standing on the street. A cute little blond child was blocking the street that the Hermes Guild was coming down.

Young children could access Royal Road with the permission of their parents.

Of course, they were free to roam the cities but hunting and adventures were forbidden.

Although there were restrictions on movement between cities, young children could move using teleportation or travel on a certain schedule.

Even if there was no fighting due to the restrictions, young children experienced a variety of occupations and adventures in Royal Road.

‘Cute child.’

‘She will grow up beautifully. She will become a beautiful woman.’

There were warm smiles on the faces of the Hermes Guild members.

They puffed up their shoulders in order to look cool.

Lafaye also liked cute children so he cautiously approached.

“Hello. Little lady. What is your name?”

An affectionate voice and handsome looks.

Lafaye didn’t doubt that the child...

“I won’t say anything.”

The child disagreed and stepped back.

Lafaye assumed she was shy and laughed.

“Why? Is Oppa a horrible man?”

“Nope.”

“Then? Can’t I give a nice gift to a little girl?”

“That’s okay. I don’t want anything.”

The child seemed to be approximately six years old.

The Hermes Guild and people on the road were interested in the conversation between Lafaye and the child.

“Your mother has trained you well.”

“Yes. My mother said that all Hermes Guild members are crooks.”

“Huh?”

The child spoke clearly with excellent pronunciation.

“My mom said you are all bad people. She told me not to be friendly to you.”

A frank and shocking remark emerged from the child’s mouth.

“I will never be like the people in the Hermes Guild when I am bigger!”

Lafaye’s smile stiffened.

“Ah... I’m not supposed to speak to people from the Hermes Guild.

The child winced and ran away like she was scared.

The Hermes Guild members froze while the people watching laughed.

Lafaye started walking again like nothing had happened.

‘Did I have to encounter that on the streets?’

He was cold on the surface, but inwardly he was boiling.

Chapter 6: Hunting Record

“Weed-nim... He just went.”

“Hyu. Sometimes he is really tiresome. He doesn’t know a woman’s heart.”

Surka and Zephyr sighed. It wasn’t only them, but Maylon, Romuna, Irene and Bellot were also looking at the distant mountains with a bittersweet expression. All his colleagues blamed Weed’s insensitivity.

The apologetic Romuna asked Bellot.

“How is Hwaryeong-nim?”

“I’m not sure. Unni hasn’t said anything.”

“She is so generous...”

“I think that the wound of her heart is big.”

From the beginning, they had wished Hwaryeong well with Weed.

‘Dang, he lost a golden opportunity...’

‘She is a celebrity. His eyes are really wrong!’

‘There are millions of people who would want to be you. Why does she have a crush on Weed-nim? Her taste...’

It was difficult to understand Hwaryeong’s decision but they supported it anyway.

‘They don’t suit each other.’

‘She isn’t just a beauty. A beauty still likes a miser like him.’

‘Weed-nim isn’t ordinary. He is a miser and a hard-working craftsman.’

Although Zephyr wouldn’t admit it due to Yurin, he acknowledged Hwaryeong’s charm.

‘There is no such woman. A person like that can’t be created in 2 minutes. She is a top singer in the entertainment industry.’

She had gone on Weed’s adventures and helped found the Arpen Kingdom.

Hwaryeong thought the look in his eyes was different, but Weed ended up in a relationship with Seo-yoon.

From that time, Hwaryeong’s state became ambiguous and she was invited by the Haven Empire to become a lord there.

She completely separated from Weed’s colleagues, but she joined them in the land of the giants after a long time.

They had fun hunting with Weed but now he left without saying anything.

After thinking about the heart of a woman with a crush, the group at least wanted Weed to talk to her.

Hwaryeong stood on the cliffs and returned to her colleagues after a long time.

“Unni...”

Bellot looked at her tearfully but Hwaryeong just smiled brightly.

“What is it?”

“That...”

Bellot thought the bright expression was forced so more tears streamed down.

“Unni... If you are sad then just cry.”

“Why should I cry? Because Weed-nim just left?”

Hwaryeong saw her colleagues staring at her and laughed.

“It is okay. I know that he is the type of man who is only good to his girlfriend! It is natural.”

Hwaryeong had a broad understanding.

‘She is sincere.’

‘Hyu. These true bonds...’

Her colleagues were thinking poignant thoughts when she pulled out sheet music and showed it to them.

“Thanks to Weed-nim, I managed to write this song.”

“Unni. What is this?”

“Right now, I am immersed in my vivid compositions. Beautiful melodies and lyrics. Doesn’t it give off a deep impression? Weed-nim is truly my soul companion.”

The group was silent for a while.

‘Her crush is too severe.’

‘Isn’t this almost at the level of addiction?’

*

-The skill Summon Undead has increased to level 6.

Health regeneration of the undead will improve.

The skeleton bones have become harder and the binding force is strengthened, making it so that it won’t break easily.

Skeletons with little intellect will become proficient in collective combat.

-Faith has decreased by 4.

-Dignity and courage has decreased by 1.

Weed kept on creating undead from every corpse.

As his Summon Undead skill increased, he kept on receiving penalties to his stats..

“It is heartbreaking. Still, for the time being, it can’t be helped.”

-Leadership commands have been acquired due to high leadership and courage.

Strict Military Discipline: The undead will maintain their battle formations.

The amount that will break away will decrease.

Undead warrior types will respond to commands more quickly.

After spending a long time as a sculptor, it was easy to obtain characteristics associated with commanding the undead as a necromancer.

“R.u.n. B.o.n.e.s.”

Weed didn't need to lead the skeletons because he had Van Hawk.

A group of undead labos could be called high-level monsters!

Weed and Bahamorg followed the skeletons with solid bones.

The attack power and health still wasn't good enough but their appearances weren't common. They were better in battle than skeleton archers and magicians.

While the skeleton troops attacked the labos, Weed and Bahamorg could steadily reduce their numbers.

The shattered undead could be restored using mana. And once mana was depleted, he made sculptures.

“Being a sculpting master... It is definitely easier.”

Weed used a skill on the sculpture.

“Time Sculpting!”

The flow of time piled up on the sculpture. Decades flowed past. Just like a tree transforming, the sculpture gave off the impression of an old antique after the light faded.

Since the sculpture was made of a metal harder than steel, it didn't change easily with Time Sculpting.

-Fine piece! The Bear that Stole the Honeypot has been completed!

Dadium.

A sculpture made of a metal found in the land of the giants.

It is the work of Sculptor Weed who has reached a perfect state.

This work will be coveted by all nobles and rich people.

Artistic Value: 988

Special Options: Bear that Stole the Honeypot will increase health and mana regeneration by 23% for a day.

Maximum vitality will increase by 20%.

Attack +30.

The skills 'Bear Run' and 'Great Chest' can be used.

The effect doesn't overlap with other sculptures.

Number of Fine pieces completed: 146

-Fame has increased by 150.

-The skill proficiency of Time Sculpting has improved.

-A new material has been smelted. The skill proficiency of Blacksmithing has increased.

"Hrmm. It isn't bad."

Due to the new materials coming out from the land of the giants, the Blacksmithing skill went up.

In the old days, blacksmiths would have to carry heavy furnaces.

Now he could bake sweet potatoes with Divine Fire, so his convenience had increased.

If he used Divine Fire for a long time then faith might increase, but it wasn't very meaningful.

For necromancers, faith was nothing more than a dangerous force.

While adventuring as a sculptor, he couldn't see the effects of faith that he had accumulated.

He only occasionally received the blessing of a goddess!

Paladin and priest skills would benefit significantly but it was useless for Weed.

"I don't want to live not doing bad things, just for the sake of faith."

The soul of a vicious and free king!

"Time Sculpting skill window!"

-Time Sculpting Intermediate level 7 (74%).

Beginner: Age Sculpting.

This skill will add a long amount of time to a sculpture. Sometimes this time will add value to the sculpture.

It will also stop the sculpture from being naturally damaged over time.

Intermediate: Moment Sculpting.

The world will stop.

Light, wind, people.

In front of Time Sculpting, everything will stop.

The beauty of that stopped moment will consume a lot of

vitality and concentration.

In order to spread the reach of Moment Sculpting, a special energy is required. Energy can be obtained when a moment makes people happy.

Energy of the Moment will be quickly consumed.

Continuous use in a short amount of time will consume a vast amount of vitality and mana.

Advanced: Travel Sculpting.

Chase the traces of time to travel to a specific point in time.

You can proceed with special quests.

However, accepting random quests not related to sculpting that would change the past will incur a huge penalty.

Energy of the Moment-7,281.

Weed's current Time Sculpting was intermediate level 7!

During the war with the Haven Empire in the north, Time Sculpting was already intermediate level.

Since then, he had steadily made sculptures and used Time Sculpting while hunting.

The 7,281 Energy of the Moment he accumulated through quests and acts of a king was a great asset.

Of course, it might be exhausted if he faced a life threatening crisis in a large-scale battle.

"After a while... I can never soar in a world where the Hermes Guild is chasing me. Move forward. Search completely. Even if there is no one left!"

The skeleton unit led by Van Hawk quickly searched the cave.

Weed, Bahamorg, Van Hawk, Torido and Cerberus would attack together every time the labos appeared.

“Divine Fire, Heriam Fencing!”

Wielding the sword of flames, he suppressed the monsters!

The new skill and sword showed remarkable combat power.

“This sword skill is at the level of a scam.”

Although was hard to show the effect of a necromancer’s growth on the undead, his hunting speed was noticeably faster.

The undead only obeyed.

The speed of his growth was amazing considering that he shared the experience with Yellowy, Cerberus and Bahamorg.

The undead could track monsters or eliminate traps by walking into them, so the burden in combat was reduced.

When he was only a sculptor, he had deliberately allowed himself to be hit in order to raise his stats.

At the end of his hard work, his stats increased so he felt good.

Now he was wiping out all the monsters.

Ddirring!

-Great battle achievement!

You have succeeded in hunting a series of labos. You have taken control of the dungeon.

-Wisdom has increased by 1.

It wasn’t a modest hunting.

With Weed’s level and skill, he struck swiftly like a storm and gained a combat achievement.

“Summon Golem.”

Weed’s goal was to raise his golems so he also summoned it.

Once the effect of Sculptural Destruction was over, the golem would return to beginner level 1.

“Kuuong!”

“Fight with the enemy.”

“Kuong.”

“Hey. You heard it, right?”

The mud golem walked over to a labos.

-The mud golem has been destroyed.

“They are useless.”

The golem turned back to dust.

“It isn’t a skill that I can throw away. I’ll have to summon it steadily. It can carry my baggage.”

The time passed quickly!

Two days after he entered the dungeon, he arrived at the end of Labos Hall.

Dudung!

-You have arrived at the Labos Queen’s Nest.

A sticky darkness is spreading. The living who arrive here will meet their end.

-Fame has increased by 20.

Weed rushed into the queen’s nest with 240 skeletons.

Humans, elves and dwarves were bound to the walls and ceiling

by woven structures that were like spider webs.

In the centre was a large cauldron filled with boiling water that an adult male was just about to enter.

Labos queen!

The labos resembled a large crocodile so the gender was impossible to guess. However, the queen cried out after seeing Weed.

“Intruders! Don’t invade my sacred space.

If you move even a little bit then I will boil your fellow human being.”

Weed immediately responded to the labos queen’s words.

He didn’t need to listen to a monster’s words and he completely ignored the person!

“Boil him. Boil him well.”

“What?”

“There are many humans in the world. Even at this moment, someone is dying somewhere. From starvation or diseases. Can I save them all?”

“If you are a human then you should try to save him. If you step back then this human can live.”

“No. I’m not a doctor or a politician who thinks of saving everyone.”

“Such a thing... You ought to feel some nobility. Aren’t you the king of a human kingdom?”

Weed’s fame had quickly spread to the dungeon without him realizing it.

“Okay. Kill him. He never paid me any taxes.”

-Fame has decreased by 35.

-Infamy has increased by 2.

If he was a knight with a moral obligation then the decline in fame would be even greater.

He would have to do difficult quests or do good work despite the rewards being small.

Sometimes they would be able to exert a miracle through his stats, but knights had shackles that narrowed their choices.

A profession like a knight didn't fit Weed.

'There is nothing good in losing money. I don't see any benefits.'

The pursuit of a reasonable life!

Weed issued a command to the undead.

"Go ahead!"

The skeleton soldiers have become quite hard after Summon Undead reached level 6.

The skill Undead Weapon was only beginner level 2 so the skeleton warriors were holding big bones.

Weed's Summon Undead skill was growing abnormally fast.

The skeleton archers used bows made from their bones and were a little better at using them.

Van Hawk wielded a greatsword and raised the abilities of the undead.

"Start firing."

The undead pushed towards the labos queen.

"In the end, you are interrupting my meal time!"

The labos queen picked up the human and inhaled deeply.

At that moment, her body swelled like a balloon.

Her muscles grew rapidly but Weed had experienced many things

on his adventures.

When he was facing the Embinyu Church, he had transformed into a bear 230 metres big.

There was no reason to be afraid of monster only 14 metres tall.

“Solid torrent!”

When the labos queen used a skill, mud flowed up like a shield.

The skeletons were repelled by the mud and some were destroyed.

“Those guys can’t be eaten. I’ll crush you all.”

The labos queen summoned a long black rod and started beating the undead.

“Kuwek!”

Dozens of skeletons couldn’t cope with the attack and the bones were shattered.

“Charge forward!”

Under the direction of Van Hawk, the undead fearlessly threw themselves at the flow of mud.

The bones snapped all over the place from the mud.

More than a dozen skeletons were crushed every time the labos queen wielded her rod.

“Fire the bows!”

Skeleton archers and magician fired arrows and cast spells.

Even those attacks were mostly blocked by the fast mudflow.

They didn’t affect the hard defense of the labos queen.

‘This is too much. As the body grows, does the physical abilities increase?’

Weed keenly observed.

The undead could restore their broken bones if mana was supplied, but it seemed to have no great effect at the moment.

‘The undead are still useless.’

There were many hunting grounds in the Arpen Kingdom. However, it was hard to give up new dungeons that gave double the experience.

Furthermore, in order to quickly increase Summon Undead, a dangerous battle was needed.

His skill proficiency would slightly increase even if he summoned rabbits and foxes as zombies and skeletons.

Using a good quality corpse in dangerous hunting areas would increase the proficiency.

‘If Summon Undead was intermediate level then this would be a different story. In the case of a sculptor, I grew quietly but a necromancer is different. There is room to hunt.’

The occupation of a magician was one where skill proficiency was significant!

In the meantime, there was a reward for doing the quests. For others, Weed’s hunting style would be considered unreasonable or impossible.

Weed had the instincts to withdraw if he sensed danger!

Once the labos queen killed more than 100 undead, Weed’s eyes shone sharply.

“Corpse Explosion!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The corpses around the labos queen exploded in unison.

“Kueok!”

It was an attack that penetrated the holes in the labos queen’s defense skill!

Weed followed up with magic.

“Remaining health. Show me all of it. View Life Force!”

-Labos Queen Callador

The origin of the labos species are unknown. Long ago in glorious times, they ate young giants. But after losing their strength, they started to eat humans that were easy prey.

The labos who escaped from the giants are cunning and can use basic magic.

Most of them are forgotten now.

Health: 85%/100%

Mana: 56%/100%

‘There wasn’t much damage.’

Weed had guessed it, but the damage didn’t hit properly.

The labos were more resistant than the giants.

In the absence of Sculptural Destruction, his wisdom was too low so Corpse Explosion had low damage.

‘But it is enough to hunt.’

Weed looked around.

He was looking for Bahamorg.

The shattered undead could be raised again with mana and Van Hawk and Torido were also ready to go into battle.

Weed’s equipment, skills and ability to direct the battle was also formidable.

“Experience Fear, Bloody Fog, Swarming Big Maggots!”

Weed used beginner level 2 curse magic.

- The Experience Fear spell has weakened the power of the labos queen by 3%. 240 health and vitality will be reduced every second.
- Bloody Fog has blinded her vision.
- Swarming Big Maggots has slowed down the labos queen and she will be poisoned if she stays in one spot for more than 5 seconds.

Curse magic!

The skill levels were low but they were centred on the labos queen.

Weed yelled using Lion’s Roar.

“Charge!”

*

Committing all the undead!

The shattered corpses were infused with mana and restored or used in Corpse Explosion.

Weed hunted the labos queen with the help of Bahamorg.

-Your level has risen.

-Labos Queen Callador in charge of Labos Hall has entered her eternal rest.

- Fame has increased by 530 due to the great achievement.
- Charisma has increased by 3.
- Strength has increased by 1.
- Knowledge has increased by 1.

He gained two levels from Labos Hall and hunting the queen.

“It was a good fight.”

All the undead was consumed but Weed was still satisfied.

The labos queen, who was above level 600, wasn't an easy to catch monster.

The important point was that he received Bahamorg's help. Thanks to that, he completed the dungeon quest very quickly.

“The rate of hunting has definitely risen. I can use the undead in trivial areas.”

In the field of using subordinates, he was an expert.

Whether the undead attacked or were exploded, he used them depending on the purposes.

The regular labos appeared in the dungeon again.

Weed would have hunted the labos again due to the double experience.

It was likely that he would have spent a week in the dungeon. Now thanks to the improved hunting speed, there was no reason to do so.

“Let's go to a new place.”

Weed exited the dungeon.

Other users were relaxing in Derick Village or picking up information when he emerged.

“Already?”

“It hasn't been a day but the dungeon capture rate is so quick.”

Even so, the users weren't surprised. Weed was like an unreachable person in the sky.

He reported the B grade difficulty quest and found information

about other quests.

“There is a rumour that a huge giant is targeting us. He is a little bit special. Very luxurious!”

A commission to fight against a luxurious giant!

“I am busy today.”

“Find the lost treasure! In fact, it was originally from the giants but it was taken back.”

“You should let someone else know.”

Weed didn't accept quests that required getting rid of giants.

To be honest, defeating the giants with the undead was a fluke.

‘It is possible with all the sculptural lifeforms. However, it is difficult to catch one giant so the hunting speed is slow.’

If he still had the desert warriors that he trained during the Nodulle and Hilderun quest then he could wipe out the land of the giants.

He could capture or overthrow the giants.

‘Let's focus on hunting for now. My priority is to grow. Those who boast about their high levels have no basic decency.’

Weed hid his level as much as possible. He didn't expose it to the Hermes Guild or other users. No matter their power or influence, they should still have pride. Recently he saw users who reached level 500 receive great treatment on the broadcasts.

‘I'll ignore everything and go higher than them!’

*

Smashing the Sollado Dungeon!

Suppressing the Miktik Canyon Hall!

Bake Lair massacre!

Weed's hunting in the land of the giants was sold to the

broadcasting stations at an expensive price.

“Is he hunting because he is a necromancer?”

“Yes, Head Director-nim. Isn’t it fresh news? I’ve purchased five hunting videos.”

“Anything related to Weed will give high ratings but... Will similar hunting videos be fun?”

The station executives were quite skeptical.

“Hunting today and tomorrow. Just keep on hunting monsters in the dungeon... Will people keep watching the channel?”

“It is Weed. I purchased it before the other stations.”

“An exclusive?”

“It isn’t a monopoly. I asked for 60% of the advertising sales... It will be profitable to broadcast it as soon as possible.”

“Hrmm. Go ahead. See what time slots can be organized.”

While CTS Media approached it carefully, KMC Media started broadcasting the video straight away.

A production team of more than 10 people organized it quickly.

They each cut three minutes of video, checked the camera angles and sound and then immediately broadcasted it.

Director Kang was a massive fan of Weed.

“A fast broadcast!”

Every time they showed Weed, ratings would go up and every employee of KMC Media received a great bonus.

“The probability is 100% because we have succeeded so far. Isn’t it better not to worry and just see what the results are?”

“That’s right.”

“Weed can’t be snatched by other broadcasting stations first.”

They didn’t review the contents and allowed for an emergency

broadcast.

The moral of the station employees were very high and the broadcasting announcement was made through subtitles on the channel.

-One hour after the cancellation of the regular broadcast, the videos of King Weed hunting as a necromancer will be relayed.

Thank you for your understanding and interest.

The reaction of the viewers came immediately.

-Kya! Weed-nim's hunting.

-Necro, necromancer!

-That robe seems to smell awful!

-Necromancer Weed-nim will show us the havoc that an Immortal Legion can deal.

-The force when he was a lich was also great. The scenes of orc Karichwi are famous, but when it comes to pure strength, the lich is the best.

-Strength? It is the fire warrior. Having a lot of undead doesn't mean strength. They are just strong in groups.

The bulletin boards, that started with joy and admiration, soon turned into a controversial debate.

There was high interest in Weed's various professions and species, with many people evaluating it.

Talk about professions quickly came out on Royal Road.

-There is going to be a boom in necromancers!

-Just like many people became a sculptor, the number of necromancers will be enormous.

-The sculptor bubble has popped and now it is the turn of the necromancers.

-Currently the strongest profession is a necromancer. They are a one man army.

-That is only for high level necromancers. Don't you know how hard it is? Hunting is also difficult. They can't hunt in parties.

-They can live in the second half. I think it has more advantages than other professions. Isn't the fact that Weed-nim chose it evidence?

-Yes, they are vulnerable to assassins and combat professions. If they get close then it is over for a necromancer.

-Is the undead just there to play? After being imprisoned in a bone prison, they can be killed using curses or Corpse Explosion.

-There is no need to worry about necromancers if you have equipment based on holy power.

-It is really hard to gather one piece of equipment at higher levels. When equipped with black magic resistance equipment, it is hard to hunt in general. Rich people won't understand.

-The strongest is a black knight. Bardray is the strongest on the Versailles Continent. Do you recognize it?

-Bardray defeated Weed in a one-on-one fight. Do you recognize it?

-They have to fight. Personally, I vote for Bardray.

-There are Hermes Guild moles here!

The articles on the bulletin boards started running wild and the audience ratings increased.

And the conclusion!

-It doesn't matter what he does. I forgive him. Because he carved the star of the Goddess. Oh Goddess.

-Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge!

-Bamboo Shoots Porridge unit. Gather here.

-I want the full taste of grass porridge. Come here!

-Grass porridge...!

The conquest of the Grass Porridge units!

-Finally the argument is over. Grass Porridge!

-There is no way other than Grass Porridge. Grass Porridge!

-This is more important than professions. Grass Porridge!

*

In the media, Weed's hunting videos were organized in an emergency broadcast. They thought that the audience ratings would be high due to Weed, but they didn't expect much from the hunting videos.

This wasn't the start of Royal Road, so hunting videos wouldn't cause massive changes in the continent.

Hunting was just a series of simple repetitions to beat the monsters.

It was only one hunt with no expedition team and the dungeons weren't famous.

Still, the ratings would be above average and the best hosts were chosen.

Han Sang-ho and Lee Dana gained popularity by relaying broadcasts about Royal Road on the Internet.

Shin Hye-min and Oh Joo-wan, the representatives of the broadcasting station, already had many programs.

The viewers evaluation of Han Sang-ho and Lee Dana was also high, so they were entrusted with this program.

"Woo PD-nim, the configuration is simple. Dungeon hunting. And is that the end?"

"Yes. You just need to broadcast the video."

“It won’t be difficult. Weed-nim’s videos are played almost every day so just leave it alone.”

Lee Dana was a female in her early 20s, but she had a profession as a knight instead of a magician or priest that provided long-range support.

“Sang-ho, are you familiar with necromancers?”

“I only know a few basic points. I learnt by watching video of Weed in the past. There is also Krobidyun from the Hermes Guild, but there aren’t many top necromancers.”

“I don’t know that much either.”

“Is Dana’s level high?”

“I am over level 400 and haven’t seen many necromancers wandering around.”

“Hrmm. Then I’ll have to quickly study up on necromancers.”

They briefly studied necromancers on sites related to Royal Road as preparation for the broadcast.

And <Weed’s Hunting> started, causing a ripple beyond imagination.

*

The scene began with Weed entering Bake Lair.

The first one to speak was Han Sang-ho.

“Bake Lair. A place to the north of the giants’ fortress. It is known as a mountainous area. The terrain is rough and the monsters are dangerous, so no users have hunted there.

“Then this will be the first time it is shown to viewers?”

“It is probably the first time that someone has entered the dungeon. There are many dungeons near Derick Village without needing to go to Bake Lair.”

The hosts were focused on Weed’s video.

The preparation time for the broadcast was too short, making it hard to study about necromancers.

Curses, Summon Undead, golems, some attack and defense magics.

A necromancer was simple, but a host couldn't give wrong information.

In addition, a script wasn't available so they had to make it up on the spot.

They had to improvise on the broadcast, so they needed to be quick and witty. However, the two hosts were from internet broadcasting.

‘What type of hunting...’

‘A necromancer won't be fun. He will just watch from behind as the undead fight.’

The broadcast started with the worries of the organizers!

“It isn't certain, but based on information that the users gathered from Derick Village, the monsters in Bake Lair are around the mid-500s.”

“The level is very high.”

“From the data, the monsters that mainly appear are called Pitche.”

“I know the monsters. The monsters can instantly spread thin wings to jump high and far. They have poison and tremendous vitality and attack power... In addition, they have the characteristic of collective hunting. In particular, they are intelligent.”

“Dana, do you really know them?”

“Yes. Just a month ago, our party met them in the mountains and were wiped out.”

Lee Dana had no words.

A party of 10 people in the mid-400s, including herself, encountered the pitche and were killed.

She was able to convince herself that she was lacking in strength.

Suddenly, more pitche popped out of the forest and started attacking them one by one.

“Ggeug ggeug ggeug.”

In front of Lee Dana, the pitche laughed as they opened their wings.

Funny monsters hunting while scoffing at users!

‘Oduduk. I want to get revenge.

But our whole party was wiped out, can Weed truly hunt them alone? Furthermore, the monsters can use incredible magic.’

In the field, they could meet monsters wandering around. However, Bake Lair was crawling with monsters. It was like the difference between a secluded rural area and a city.

If Weed entered the lair then he would be slaughtered by the pitche.

Lee Dana’s voice became louder.

“The pitche are monsters that absolutely must be avoided! It is absolutely dangerous. There is a reason no one has entered the lair.”

“However, Weed-nim...”

“The hunting absolutely won’t succeed! He will just die here.”

“R-really?”

Sweat formed on Han Sang-ho’s forehead. He felt that Lee Dana was too emotional.

‘It is possible if Weed is hunting. But did he really succeed in

attacking the lair? Didn't he send the video because it was a success?

To be honest, they didn't know the result of the hunt because they were in a hurry. They didn't investigate before broadcasting because they assumed that the hunting would be a success. However, the emergence of the pitche caused a massive reaction from Lee Dana.

‘Even if Weed didn't die, he might have failed. Is the video just him hunting a few monsters?’

Then the length of the video caught Han Sang-ho's eyes.

‘4 hours 48 minutes? It isn't short. Then he didn't just hunt a few.’

The length of the video couldn't be shrugged off.

“The pitche are very dangerous monsters so I don't recommend hunting them. They have one of the highest difficulty among the level 500 monsters. If your skills are excellent then you might be able to hunt them. However, you must be vigilant and your party can still be wiped out...”

While Lee Dana was explaining diligently, Han Sang-ho pointed out the length of the video to her.

‘Is he hunting properly?’

While Lee Dana was speechless, Han Sang-ho took the initiative.

“Yes. Weed is finally starting to hunt.”

In the video, Weed raised a mud golem and summoned Van Hawk and Torido.

They were monsters familiar to the hosts. Anyone in Royal Road would be familiar with Weed's two summons.

“Mud golem. The Summon Golem skill seems low.”

“Golems are useful in low level hunting grounds. But they need

to grow stronger with the necromancer to be used in high level hunting grounds.”

The hosts focused on the video without saying that much. It was early in the broadcast so the viewers would be interested in Weed’s behaviour.

‘How is he going to hunt...?’

The hosts were also curious.

Weed wore Barkhan’s full set and Yellowy and Bahamorg were also present.

“Here we go.”

“Ummooo!”

Yellow slowly disappeared into the cave and soon came back.

There were two pitche behind Yellowy!

The sculptural lifeform, the most popular Yellowy in the Arpen Kingdom was used as bait during hunting.

“Ggeug!”

As the pitche came flying, they saw Weed, Bahamorg, Torido and Van Hawk.

Their wings spread as they stopped in place and prepared for battle.

They exchanged glances before smiling wickedly.

“Ggeug ggeug!”

They calculated that it was possible to hunt Wed, Bahamorg and the other two.

They weren’t smart enough to develop skills or use magic, but they were very clever about hunting.

“Bahamorg. You go first.”

“Understood. Waaaah!”

Bahamorg gave a battle cry, raising the health and morale of his allies.

The Loa Sword!

Weed wore Barkhan's full set but his weapon was a sword.

Divine Fire and Lava River.

He attacked the pitche with those skills.

Weed's stats were stacked towards attack in the first place, and it didn't fall after becoming a necromancer.

Barkhan's equipment lowered his defense, but he felt confident at attacking due to Bahamorg attracting the attention of most of the monsters.

"Heriam Fencing!"

He cut the body of a pitche with Heriam Fencing and Divine Fire.

"Rush!"

Van Hawk and Torido rushed through the gaps for an assault!

Torido produced illusions, turned into a bat and used blood curses.

Han Sang-ho opened his mouth.

"They fight well. As expected of Weed. Weed took into account the movements, form and attack pattern when attacking. The actions of his subordinates are also amazing."

"Yes. I think he fights really well."

"It isn't just his level and skills. His ability to calculate the attack radius of the monsters is excellent."

"I agree. The pitche's bodies aren't moving properly."

He didn't allow the pitche any room.

Tremendous skills burst from Bahamorg and Weed.

If they tried to move sideways or backwards then there was the

Lava River, Van Hawk or Torido blocking the way.

Yellowy would wait and attack when there was a chance.

A battle that took advantage of the space and speed to overpower the pitche!

“There is no panic and they respond perfectly. Weed has experienced countless battlefields and quests.”

“But that isn’t fighting like a necromancer...”

“He is acting as a swordsman. He is wearing a magician’s robe and swinging a sword. It transcends common sense. Ah. He has just used a necromancer’s skill.”

“Poison Absorption. He absorbs the poison and it turns into mana.”

*

Weed and Bahamorg had high resistance and better equipment so they were less affected by the poisoning.

“For the glory of the Arpen Kingdom!”

Bahamorg bravely rushed forward and swung his axe and mace.

His armour was typical for a warrior so he had tremendous defense.

The defense was enough to sustain five or six intensive attacks from the pitche.

His attack power was a little lacking, but his weapons struck successively and damaged the pitche.

Combined with Weed’s equipment and skills, the two pitche soon lost their lives.

Han Sang-ho said with amazement.

“The hunt was successful. The sculptural lifeforms? Even with the help of his subordinates, he hunted reliably in a fairly short time.”

“T-that... They aren’t monsters that will die so easily. The other pitche will start hunting them.”

Lee Dana was panicked for a moment. Weed and his subordinates had easily killed the pitche! Han Sang-ho looked at the status of Weed, Torido and Van Hawk and said.

“Those three don’t seem injured. They stopped most attacks or didn’t even give the pitche a chance.”

“Ah. That can’t be...”

Lee Dana’s common sense was being destroyed.

The three pitche that she encountered gave her the feeling of being stronger than boss monsters.

‘There are only two but how can he beat them so easily?’

Then Weed used Summon Undead and made death knights from the corpses.

Death knights were called the flower of the undead! They used skills according to their own judgement, and their intelligence and health was improved.

“I see the immortal commander with the power of eternity.”

The death knights respectfully bowed down.

Weed’s Summon Undead skill was beginner level 8.

His equipment, stats and skill level was optimal for his necromancer level. It was the result of using Time Sculpting and constantly summoning undead at the hunting grounds.

“Van Hawk. You lead.”

“Understood, Master. They will be of some use.”

After greeting the undead, the Weed on the screen continued to hunt.

Summoning the death knights was a huge inspiration.

He had a huge ambition to raise dozens of bone dragons and doom knights as a necromancer!

It took approximately two minutes to catch the two pitche.

With the death knights, it took a similar amount of time to hunt three pitche.

Unlike the skeletons, the death knights used melee skills and didn't fall easily.

Under the direction of Van Hawk, they fiercely struck the pitche.

"An unrelenting assault. I am your master. Even death isn't allowed unless I give permission!"

A vicious necromancer!

"The undead have no human rights. Run until your skulls fall!"

Weed only let Van Hawk and the death knights attack.

The level of the pitche were in the mid to late 500s.

For ordinary people used to safe hunting grounds, they were difficult monsters. However, Weed had suffered on many battlefields.

Lee Dana thought that Weed couldn't handle the monsters. But from the beginning, there was a gap between them that went far beyond sour and sweet.

"They are good monsters to beat. Taste this!"

In the old days, he had already hunted level 500 monsters when exploring Roderick's Labyrinth.

If Weed wore the Goddess' Knight Armour rather than Barkhan's full set, then he could hunt them alone.

"Daring speculation!"

"Sword of Death!"

The death knights were hit by monsters, destroyed and restored.

However, their damage was great, increasing their hunting speed.

“Rise. Open your eyes, ghosts that never sleep. Live and get revenge on those that killed you! Undead Rise.”

Thanks to the death knight, Weed didn't need to use Yellowy as bait.

He was different from necromancers who had to fight while carefully considering troops and formations.

Weed and Bahamorg fought in the front with the support of the increasing undead in the back or sides.

Even if the death knights were destroyed, they would soon be restored.

Weed took risks in combat and fully utilized the attack power of the undead.

5, 10, 25, 45.

There was a feeling that only the first time was difficult as the hunting time shortened.

As they kept on watching the video, Han Sang-ho and Lee Dana were speechless.

“Hah... What is this?”

“Aack. It is nonsense. It is a dream.”

Instead of acting as hosts, the two people became viewers.

-W-Weed!!!

-As expected of Weed. He experienced adventures and wars, but his hunting is incomparable.

-Why didn't he start as a necromancer? I have never seen such a strong and fast hunting.

-He is an ancient user from Continent of Magic. It is over. Pray for the Hermes Guild. Although it will probably take some time.

-Why was Weed's first profession a sculptor, not a necromancer?
We all become skeletons. Or we are skeletons.

-Grass Porridge members aren't scared of death.

-Weed the God of War and the Grass Porridge Cult!

The PDs and writers smiled as they checked the bulletin boards in real time.

There were hardly any comments that blamed the hosts for being frozen. Instead, they were full of surprise or praise for his hunting speed.

Weed increased the number of death knights to 50, then he summoned skeleton magicians and skeleton archers for ranged attacks.

Throwing poison was the main feature of skeleton magicians and there were fire spells that steadily accumulated damage.

"Fools. Move faster. Lubricate those bones!"

The skeletons moved in a certain direction without straying and fought.

Not only did Weed have the most powerful equipment, he also received titles from quests.

Immortal Warrior, Glorious Undead Commander.

He completely controlled and dominated the undead using his own strength.

A perfect control of the battlefield!

His ability to command was based on nagging and dictatorship!

Through repeated hunting, the bones of the undead thickened and their equipment improved.

Weed utilized his beginner level 4 undead weapon and armour creation skills.

"Gelgelgelgel!"

“Lead me to the path of death!”

The undead ran like crazy.

The weak undead were combined to maximize strength and demonstrated a ruthless aggressiveness.

A battle frenzy!

-That is a necromancer. I honestly confess... Is that possible?

-It is outrageous. The undead are insane. Hitting a monster until they break and then hitting again.

-Is he cleaning out the lair?

-The pitche appear. They die. They turn into undead.

-It is scary. This is a real ranker in Royal Road. I am over level 300 as well. He is on a completely different dimension.

-The person above me. Absolutely not. He is more than three times faster than other necromancers.

-Visit Royal Road's Hall of Fame. Look at Krobidyun hunting. It is slow. There are many things to worry about. Even if he has many undead, it will still take a long time for them to fight.

-When a necromancer fights, there are always skeletons that run away!

It was to the extent that Weed could be leading an army of undead forces. A massive advance based on volume!

He was conquering Bake Lair at a rapid pace. It wasn't a large cave so he only took 4 hours and 48 minutes.

As the undead grew, the repetitive parts were removed and the broadcast time was reduced to 1 hour and 20 minutes.

Next was the Sollado Dungeon!

The undead rushed and a large scale hunting took place.

Van Hawk led the death knights with the skeleton army

following behind.

Weed and Bahamorg fought in the centre.

Although he was a necromancer, he didn't say in the rear and attacked the monsters with the Loa Sword.

A storm of attacks!

There was a great sense of speed.

Even if it was a wonderful sight, there was no time to appreciate or explain it.

“Advance. Ride. Bones!”

The death knights and skeletons rushed until the bodies of the monsters were broken down.

The viewers were busy watching the video and sometimes they were speechless.

“Hah...”

“It is a dream. I think this is a dream.”

The hosts didn't know what to say, but the reaction of the viewers was great.

Chapter 7: Jeong Deuk-Soo's Anger

-The Founding of the Pallos Empire

Unify the great desert into one.

Intrepid warriors, it is time for you to break away from the burning sands. Go back to the land with flowing rivers and restore the glory of the Pallos Empire.

The one who gains the most territory will be the Emperor of the Pallos Empire.

The time limit is 1 year.

Level of Difficulty: Region supremacy.

Compensation: Emperor of the Pallos Empire.

Quest Restrictions: Limited to desert warriors.

Reconstruction of the Pallos Empire!

Unring, Ben, Elliks.

The minds of the Earth Shadow group, that was made of three adventurers, became much lighter because they thought that their troubles had ended.

“That’s enough. Now.”

“Hu. I really don’t want to receive a quest again.”

“The level of difficulty didn’t make sense.”

Found on the Plains of Despair, the best adventuring group on the continent that revealed the Embinyu Church to the world!

They wandered around the continent on quests that involved recovering treasures of the Embinyu Church.

The result was futile as Weed changed the future by destroying

the Embinyu Church.

“It is good despite it being in vain. It is for the sake of everyone.”

“The Embinyu Church disappearing altogether is good. If their treasures were released then the continent would have been a mess.”

“When looking at the difficulty of the adventure quest, you can feel the situation getting worse. It is a story that isn’t impossible on the Versailles Continent of Royal Road.”

Weed had found Metapeia in the southern desert.

Earth Shadow received a quest regarding a bactrian camel while returning to the Central Continent.

The 14 stage quests related to the Great Emperor of the desert was coming to an end.

“We really suffered this time.”

“Ahu. I feel both sorry and regret...”

The Earth Shadow party had been playing the role of a leader.

They led the young desert warriors, that were the descendants of the Great Emperor, to the hunting ground and nurtured them.

They united the desperate tribes that had been in a never-ending dispute using persuasion and found the treasures left behind by Weed.

There were many moments when Earth Shadow wanted to give up.

As more of the desert warriors that they raised died or disappearing into sandstorms, the possibility of the quest succeeding became slimmer.

It would have been difficult to see the end of the quest if strong young men hadn’t come from the Arpen Kingdom.

“Are you here for the Great Emperor quest?”

“We don’t know. It doesn’t matter as long as we can fight a lot.”

“There are fights but it will be dangerous.”

“I want it.”

Geomchi-5 and his students!

They were more courageous than the desert warriors and had excellent swordsmanship and strength. And they were ignorant.

Unring told them.

“Ah. You better step back here.”

“Go forward!”

They boldly fought and were wiped out.

“We need to further increase the level of the warriors. They will be more stable if they grow a little bit more.”

“Those kids will know how to fight when they grow big enough.”

The desert warriors they raised were also wiped out.

An incident also occurred regarding the unit of the desert tribes.

“There was a dispute. The tribes are arguing over who controls the oasis...”

“Hrmm. We will resolve it.”

“Consider the history of the oasis. If you arrange the trade of tribe specialties then there will be a good solution.”

“I will go and judge.”

And they caused a war among the desert tribes.

The Earth Shadow party jumped as tens of thousands of warriors rushed towards each other in the vast desert.

Nevertheless, the men who came from the Arpen Kingdom achieved a miracle like victory.

There were times when it seemed impossible to overcome a battle

like this, but they matched surprisingly well with the desert warriors.

“Do you have a knife?”

“And?”

“I am bored.”

They fought against the desert warriors and shared meat and alcohol.

They used this process to become familiar with the warriors.

Desert cities with a population of less than a thousand people flourished due to Weed during the Nodulle and Hilderun quest.

He established relationships with a number of desert cities and trained desert warriors.

“Anyway, the Pallos Empire will be established soon.”

“Hu... That’s right.”

“The Great Emperor quest is coming to an end...”

The Earth Shadow party savoured the pleasure. But they couldn’t imagine it.

Somewhere on the continent, there was another user who receive a quest related to the Great Emperor of the desert.

-Losers of the Desert

The glory of the Pallos Empire has been buried under an endless pile of sand. The desert warriors have arranged for the resurrection of the Great Empire. Honour and struggle flows in the blood of warriors.

The people of the desert has been waiting for someone with the strength to walk the path of the Great Emperor.

Gather the will and determination of the desert warriors.

If you pass the test of the desert, the desert warriors will be willing to raise their swords and follow you.

Level of Difficulty: S

Desert quest.

Compensation: You might be connected to the founding of the Pallos Empire.

Quest Restrictions: The recognition of the historic desert warriors.

The desert hero quest forcibly given by Hestiger!

The Earth Shadow party didn't know about it.

Weed who had become a sculpting master and necromancer would suck their water!

He was waiting patiently.

*

Geomchi-5.

He wore smelly wolf leather.

"Is this the taste?"

"It is full of wild beauty. Master."

"Huhu."

There were 122 students.

They led an army of 350,000 people and advanced into the Aidern region of the Haven Empire.

"There is going to be a fight."

"There is a really appropriate analogy. Master."

"Are you a poet?"

"Kuhuhuk. This is heaven. Talk with fists and swords, not

words.”

Geomchi-5 had a little bit of pride regarding his brain.

‘Think before I act.’

It was a habit before Royal Road. Since childhood, he had been told by his parents to think while living.

He would think when pulling out a sword to attack a monster.

‘Should I get a taste of cutting it?’

He would think whenever he met a strong opponent.

‘Take off the limbs then hit in the order of shoulders, sides and ankles. I have to beat it up.’

The area of Aidern was now ruled by the small and medium lords of the Haven Empire.

The acres of land were split up between those who gained achievements or who dedicated money towards the Hermes Guild.

“Get rid of everything!”

“Wahhh!”

The desert warriors led by Geomchi-5 and his students crossed the Great Plains.

“Invasion! It is an invasion!”

It was a small area that had been relatively peaceful since the days when the Central Continent was divided between guilds!

The Hermes Guild members and Imperial Army rushed onto the plains.

“Attack magic! Shoo arrows when you get closer.”

Vast amounts of grains were harvested from the Great Plains!

Staying inside the fortress walls meant handing over a massive amount of food to the desert warriors.

Geomchi-5 and the students had no idea about agriculture.

Geomchi-5 thought as he watched the enemies.

‘Are their numbers split in half? Well. Then just attack! That is a rational and intelligent judgement.’

The Imperial Army was hastily assembled and the lords didn’t join.

“For the glory of the desert! Fight in a cool manner!”

“I will go ahead.”

“I’m going. The person who goes first is the owner.”

“Oryaaaaaah!”

After Geomchi-5 and the students gave orders to advance, the camel warriors moved forward like a tsunami.

Ku ku ku kung. Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Magic attacks bombarded the plains.

“Hiyah. Ride!”

“Faster! We shall strike first.”

The desert warriors rushed through the magic attacks.

The desert warriors had similar personalities to Geomchi-5 and the students.

Just charge!

They looked into the enemy’s eyes and ran as fast as possible.

As arrows rained from the sky, the desert warriors struck the camp of the Haven Empire’s army.

“Hahahat. This is the taste!”

Geomchi-5 entered the battlefield and cut down any soldiers he encountered.

“You guys. I will stop you here!”

“I am thinking the same thing. Bring it on!”

Geomchi-5 hit a knight with a spear.

He rode a camel and used all his strength to wield his spear and sword. A brilliant skill that combined an exquisite sense of balance, power and weapon techniques!

“This is enough!”

“Ugh, it is frustrating.”

The knights of the Haven Empire fell down like fallen leaves in front of Geomchi-5's power.

His skills were good, but there was also a difference between a camel and horse.

The students and desert warriors overwhelmed the Imperial Army.

The regular armies of the Haven Empire were concentrated in the north. In the relatively peaceful southern area, second or third degree soldiers belonged to the armour!

More than 100 Hermes Guild members fought with the army, but they escaped as soon as they saw the situation turn bad.

A victory on the Great Plains!

None of the desert warriors were killed but 40,000 Imperial soldiers were killed while the rest were taken captive.

Even Geomchi-5 was amazed.

“Was my leadership ability this good?”

“It seems so. We achieved it. Master?”

“We threw a stone and the elephant seems to have collapsed.”

“Um... I thought we would be destroyed when attacked by magic.”

The students were also bewildered.

They fought blindly but this was the result.

In particular, they achieved an overwhelming victory in this big war!

“I am becoming anxious.”

Geomchi-157, who was kicked out of university, said.

“Master. We should obtain some advice.”

“That’s right. We should listen to the words of a smart person.”

Geomchi and the students used magic communication to talk to Alcantra, a commander of the Arpen Kingdom.

Alcantra was an excellent commander of the Haven Empire who was brought to the Arpen Kingdom.

-Alcantra: Perhaps... The effect of a surprise attack seems to be great. It is probably because the Haven Empire isn’t prepared for war. However, if the brave camel cavalry succeed in an assault then the defensive formation will collapsed in a futile manner.

Geomchi-157 interpreted his words in a simple manner.

“It seems like our method worked well.”

“Hrmm. I was listening.”

-Alcantra: This is a problem for the future. The Hermes Guild will forming a large army on the Great Plains.

“Those guys will come flocking?”

“I know. There will be a lot of suffering. It is because their original nature is to swarm.”

-Alcantra: The desert warriors are stronger than the Imperial soldiers. But the combination is bad. If a magic unit is mobilized with the infantry then it will be in vain. The desert warriors won’t be able to maintain their siege, and magic will be used reduce the number of desert warriors from a distance.

“Hit us from a distance with magic?”

“That hurts a lot.”

“How do we solve it?”

“Let’s ask that as well.”

-Alcantra: You need to prepare for a long conquest war. You suddenly invaded so there is a great victory, but there will be more battles.

Alcantra advised that they should take the desert warriors away from large terrains like the plains.

He talked about the Imperial Army’s battle formations for 30 minutes with Geomchi-5 and the students.

“Hrmm. Thank you for your words. I think that it will help us prepare for the war.”

-Alcantra: You’re welcome. If you have any more questions then please contact me at any time.

As soon as the magic communication was turned off, Geomchi-5 sighed deeply.

“How much did you understand?”

“I don’t know what he was talking about. The explanation was so long that I became sleepy.”

“I don’t know.”

Geomchi-5 and the students gathered around a campfire.

There was a tremendous number of troops as well as prisoners. Extensive land!

“Can we become real kings?”

“Let’s see. I’ve never even been a class president.”

“Do you think being a leader is comfortable and easy?”

Geomchi-5 and the students wiped their minds.

“Let’s ask the maknae what to do next.”

“Yes. That would be better.”

“He would have a way.”

Geomchi-5 sent a whisper to Weed explaining the situation.

“What do you think we should do?”

Weed’s mind was like a supercomputer when it came to money or profit, so he quickly came to a conclusion.

-Weed: It will be hard for Sahyungs to keep it for long. There isn’t a single city near the Great Plains.

“Then we will die in the next fight?”

-Weed: That isn’t necessary. Right now, you have wiped out the army on the Great Plains?

“Yes. There are no more soldiers from the Haven Empire in the vicinity. They are guarding the cities and castles.”

-Weed: The lords aren’t very strong. They only have enough money to pay taxes. Hit them all.

“Conquer them?”

-Weed: Nope. Just attack and plunder.”

“Plunder?”

“Ohhh... Capture and loot!”

Geomchi-5 and the students were enthusiastic.

Plunder!

It was a cool word that even they understood.

“And then? Do we wait and prepare for a war with the Imperial Army?”

-Weed: Nope. Don’t do what they want. Take a bunch of prisoners and step back into the desert.

“We won the battle and got the land, but now we have to withdraw?”

-Weed: There is no need for land. You can’t even build a house to

live there.

“That’s right.

-Weed: Starting with the grains of the Great Plains, use resources and money to attract people to the desert. There are many prisoners of war.

“Because they surrendered, I couldn’t kill them.”

-Weed: Take them and train them as desert warriors. Once your troops have increased, aggressively invade the Haven Empire.

“Invasion...”

Plunder and invasion!

Geomchi-5 thought about it.

‘There are plenty of words that I like. This is absolutely the right operation.’

-Weed: It is a desert warrior’s battle. All you need to do is take rather than keep.

“Such a simple method! But what if they chase us?”

-Weed: The Imperial Army won’t be able to enter the desert. Drag all the resources and people into the desert. If there are resources and people then the southern desert will develop quickly.

“Um. Development... Good. Say a little bit more.”

-Weed: The grains from the Great Plains are enough to feed the captives. It is better to feed them and put them to work. And if you lack resources, participate in maritime trade with the Arpen Kingdom.

“Trade?”

-Weed: Food, production materials or combat materials. Secure it through trade with the Arpen Kingdom.

Weed thought of importing luxury goods from the Arpen

Kingdom to the desert region through maritime trade in an instant.

The Arpen Kingdom also needed export routes in order to increase production development and technology development.

The desert area was brimming with combat supplies that could be exported. Meanwhile, luxury goods, silver, gold, animals and leather could be imported.

Weed was very familiar with the desert area so he knew how much the Arpen Kingdom could gain from commerce.

The desert area needed a lot of time and effort to develop.

If the southern desert traded with the Arpen Kingdom then the speed of development would be several times faster.

“That will really help. Thank you. Maknae.”

-Weed: Yes. The reconstruction of the Pallos Empire... No, the Sahyungs are the worst.

*

“Um. I gained two levels.”

Weed was fully satisfied with the growth during his hunt.

He gained one or two levels in a day! He just achieved level 462. While other people would say it was so quick that he was crazy, there were many users that were already over level 400.

The people under level 100 spent time relaxing and playing in Royal Road.

They were users who explored and purely enjoyed Royal Road as a hobby! Unfortunately, the majority of them were users of the Grass Porridge Cult.

They became greedy once reaching level 200 or 300.

Hunting was fun and they felt a sense of accomplishment when growing and questing. Their levels exceeded 400 due to

considerable achievements through quests.

A large proportion of quests could be obtained from a small village or area.

If they continued to build public achievements in a certain village, the people would praise them as heroes and build monuments.

They were caught by the fun and didn't forget to raise their level.

If they became a ranker within the top 10,000 of Royal Road then they could boast about it anywhere.

There were no countries that didn't enjoy Royal Road.

Hawaii, Hong Kong, Paris, London, New York. In any city, it was possible to get a lot of attention regarding Royal Road.

Levels made them popular and became money in the world!

Due to the final secret sculpting technique quest, Weed's level was in the mid-400s. Therefore, it couldn't be considered a high level.

Nevertheless, his strength wasn't like other users in the mid-400s.

He had a vast amount of stats and quest experience.

He was barely able to recover the levels lost due to the final secret sculpting technique quest.

"Go to a higher place. I must be strong in order to become a true villain. Weak villains will just end up as a pawn in a fight."

When considering the revenue from the broadcasts, Weed's situation wasn't bad.

"I have to buy some land."

Other than bank savings, he could make profit through land speculation.

On the day when he wanted to drink mixed coffee, he would go to

the neighbourhood bank in a sweatshirt.

The premier lounge! At a bank counter that was only for VIP guests, he took sweets and coffee.

He was able to hear about the savings products from the friendly bank employees.

“A coffee shop requires money.”

In the past, he ate fish suspended from the ceiling but now it wasn't necessary.

Even if he didn't have money, he could get treats from here.

Even if a credit card company could only issue one card, he would get lots of free gifts.

In the old days, he had no place to borrow money so he had to get loan of 50 million.

Of course, Weed was well aware of what would happen if he couldn't return the borrowed money.

“Speaking of that...”

Weed had a thought while touring the hunting grounds.

The loan sharks who chased after him in high school to repay the debt.

He couldn't forget the loan sharks who caused him terrible memories.

“It has been a while... Later, once I am more successful, I will have my revenge.”

Money and power.

Weed thought that having money and power was necessary for his revenge.

*

Jeong Deuk-soo was conscious of the people's gaze every time he

moved around the neighbourhood mart.

“That man. Isn’t he pitiful?”

“Isn’t he always alone?”

“He often wears suits but doesn’t work. I have never seen him go to work.”

When he was a corporate president, he went to work at the head office and would receive 90 degree bows from the employees.

He was treated as the president of a large Korean conglomerate even when going overseas.

Jeong Deuk-soo was treated as a VIP guest at luxury hotels and could eat the food that he wanted.

When he visited a city for a new construction, he would enjoy sumptuous cuisine for dinner.

In southern Greece and the Mediterranean Sea, he parties on new yachts.

He received a certificate from the government for exceeding the export target and was frequently named as a successful conglomerate in newspapers.

‘Now what? Everything is gone.’

Jeong Deuk-soo recalled the glory of his past.

He possessed a considerable amount of cash, foreign real estate and shares in the Hosung Group.

It was enough to live on for the rest of his life, but he had no impact left on the Hosung Group.

Members and employees of the group cut off contact with him.

Even if a holiday came, there was no one who sent him gifts.

‘I wouldn’t eat it even if they sent it to me.’

Jeong Deuk-soo placed ramyun, pears and tangerines into his

shopping cart.

The friendly aunt at the cashier talked to him when he got there.

“You can get a discount in the afternoon. If you wait 10 minutes then you can buy it at the discounted price.

“I’m okay. Ring it up now.”

“Are you sure?”

“Do it.”

Jeong Deuk-soo said arrogantly. He had been the president of a company so he wasn’t going to wait 10 minutes just to save 3,000 won.

A dignified expression of confidence!

However, the checkout lady was persistent.

“You came to the mart at this time, so are you going work afterwards?”

“Nope.”

“Then a business owner?”

“No.”

“Ah. I see. I’m sorry.”

He felt somewhat defeated!

Jeong Deuk-soo left the mart and hurried home.

‘Should I move out of this neighbourhood?’

To a place where none of the neighbours knew each other. In this neighbourhood, all the neighbours were extraordinarily familiar with each other.

‘A quiet neighbourhood.’

He wanted to live close to the house where his daughter was living.

The reality was that he wasn't the president of the company anymore and he could only watch the situation between Seo-yoon and Lee Hyun.

He wanted his daughter to remember him as the owner of a big group.

It felt too miserable to walk around her while he was like this.

'I would be comfortable if I went abroad... But then I won't be able to return to South Korea to see my daughter.'

Jeong Deuk-soo headed home.

'Going to the mart is quite annoying.'

Most of his meals were made to order, but he had to buy simple groceries.

'I'm tired of jajangmyeon... They notice that I only order one bowl.'

Jeong Deuk-soo complained while walking. Lee Hyun was standing in front of his house.

'No, that guy?'

He was the thief who stole his daughter.

'He should be busy hunting in the middle of nowhere. He has already mastered sculpting.'

He was currently moving between small villages in the Arpen Kingdom with carriages full of goods to trade.

In Royal Road, the difference between Jeong Deuk-soo's character and Weed like the earth and sky.

The residents of the neighbourhood talked to Lee Hyun as they passed.

"Have you eaten?"

"Yes. Is everything okay at home?"

“Nothing happened... Thanks to you.”

Even the elderly didn't just walk past Lee Hyun.

“Isn't it too cold to be out today?”

“I have something to do. Isn't Grandmother out early?”

“These days, I can't get rid of the pain...”

“Go home and have some pork soup.”

“Did you buy it again?”

“What did I buy? Just put it under my name.”

The elderly people laughed when they saw Lee Hyun, causing their wrinkles to spread.

He bought them food and cheap clothes from the market. He was more reliable than the government. Then Lee Hyun met the owner of an empty house.

“The house is empty?”

“That... I've come up with a monthly price but no one has come to see me.”

“Wait a month or two. Reduce the price.”

“I've already lowered it...”

“I've heard from the real estate agent that there are many areas requiring repair. The grandfather who lives there said it is on the verge of collapse. I'll give you 170,000 won a month for a clean price.

“What? That price is difficult. I can't discount it by 150,000 just because my house isn't perfect.”

“You don't want to? Are you rejecting it?”

“Eh... What? That isn't necessarily the case.”

“People are very picky. I am as well. It wouldn't be good if the word spreads. Don't you have to live in this neighbourhood for a

long time?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

Lee Hyun’s power in the neighbourhood was absolute! After that, there was an elderly man who spoke to Lee Hyun then children from the daycare centre. Even mayors and council members came to greet Lee Hyun.

A thorough power in a small neighbourhood.

Jeong Deuk-soo’s eyes narrowed.

‘He has amazing acumen.’

It wasn’t hard for people to even talk to the mayor or national assembly member.

But it was an unusual ability for someone so young.

‘He is capable of attracting people. Not only in Royal Road.’

The center of the neighborhood.

When he had listened to the residents, some people were tired of Lee Hyun’s existence but now everyone liked him. The neighbourhood became famous and more livable thanks to Weed. Whether big or small, the people couldn’t hate his impact.

‘But why is he standing in front of my house?’

Jeong Deuk-soo worried about whether he should approach or not. Then an elderly person came up to him and said.

“Come on.”

“Huh?”

“Oh dear. You don’t know. Don’t let a busy person wait!”

He had forgotten that the elderly people of this neighbourhood was on Lee Hyun’s side.

If Lee Hyun said that he didn’t like a member of the parliament then he would have protested straight away.

‘I really can’t move.’

Jeong Deuk-soo hesitated before walking over to his house. His shoulders were hunched over and his steps had no power.

But he recovered his spirit when Lee Hyun talked to him.

“Sir. Would you like to have dinner at my house tonight?”

“I planned to eat at home...”

Jeong Deuk-soo replied.

He planned to go home and order jajangmyeon or chicken.

It was food he was tired of and he wanted to see his daughter Seoyoon.

‘Although I want that...’

Jeong Deuk-soo tried to think of a good way to refuse.

“Are you refusing to go to my house?”

“That’s right.”

“What should I do? I told your daughter that I would bring you home.”

“Huh?”

“She asked to have dinner together.”

Lee Hyun wanted to grab Jeong Deuk-soo so that they would eat together.

Dinner with his daughter.

He didn’t have a chance to see her face or talk to her over a cozy dinner for a few years.

It felt more precious than one of the affiliates of the Hosung Group.

‘I rejected them the last time. But don’t I have permission from my daughter this time?’

He was caught by the pants!

‘This guy. I will try one more time.’

If Lee Hyun asked one more time then he would follow.

‘The picture should be okay.’

Jeong Deuk-soo stared at a distant mountain.

Lee Hyun gave a long yawn and said.

“If you don’t want to then it can’t be helped. You must be busy in many ways.”

“That... That’s right.”

He didn’t have anything to return to but an empty house.

He just ate rice and entered Royal Road.

‘Just one more time. Only once.’

He tried to get Lee Hyun to offer one more time.

“Even if you’re busy, can’t we have a simple dinner?”

“Is that so?”

*

“Cough!”

Jeong Deuk-soo coughed as he stared at the food in front of him.

‘What is this?’

There were grilled skewers and roasted scallops.

The side dishes included japchae, sweet and sour tofu, seasoned vegetables and black sesame salad.

There was also ginseng chicken soup and kimchi!

‘I’m dumbfounded by the smell.’

Visually it looked great, but the dishes gave off a strange smell.

The aroma of a delicious dish!

It was insufficient to call it a sweet taste. Saliva filled his mouth when he sniffed it.

He wanted to quickly eat the food with a spoon and chopsticks.

Jeong Deuk-soo suddenly recalled a few years ago.

‘My daughter... You are a good cook.’

When Seo-yoon was in hospital, he wanted to visit her when he had time.

She looked out the window and didn’t speak, but he talked to her about how much money she would have.

“Everything in the Hosung Group. Stocks and cash. I’ll give you everything. You will be the happiest child in this world. So please get better.”

He repeated that he would leave her a lot of money every time he came to the hospital. He wanted to get her out of the hospital so that she would receive great happiness.

One day, he saw Seo-yoon boiling ramyun in the hospital.

Instead of just the seasoning, she mixed in sausage, cheese and even dumplings.

“It looks delicious.”

Jeong Deuk-soo involuntarily said and Seo-yoon handed the bowl of ramyun to him.

‘She is moving. She gave it to me!’

He picked up some noodles with chopsticks with a thrilled expression.

‘This is the ramyun that my daughter boiled for me.’

He was surprised the moment the noodles entered his mouth.

‘This is poison!’

A spicy, salty then oily feel. The dumplings were crumpled and

floated on the broth, and their texture when chewing was the worst.

“Kuhuhum.”

Jeong Deuk-soo forcibly ate it before setting down the chopsticks. Then he called his secretary.

“Eh. Really? You need to see me today? Yes. It must be due to the food exports. Prepare the relevant materials.”

Jeong Deuk-soo got up from his seat.

“Daughter. There is an urgent matter so I have to go. Then I’ll see you next time.”

He hastily left Seo-yoon’s room.

She was discharged from the hospital and now she made delicious dishes.

‘It is about time.’

Jeong Deuk-soo picked up the chopsticks with a thrilled expression.

He wanted to taste the chicken ginseng soup in front of him.

Then Seo-yoon started distributing the dishes from the centre of the table. She tore the meat off the skewers and the scallops and neatly placed them on Lee Hyun’s spoon.

‘Daughter... My daughter.’

Although the bowl was moved a little bit far away, it wasn’t like Jeong Deuk-soo couldn’t reach it.

It was only 15 centimetres!

He just thought it was embarrassing to stretch out his chopsticks.

“Um. This is good.”

Lee Hyun placed the precious food in his mouth.

‘T-that bad guy.’

Jeong Deuk-soo scooped up some of the chicken ginseng soup with a spoon.

‘Um... This is delicious.’

He ate the tender meat.

The chicken ginseng soup was boiled well and was good for the body.

In addition to the chicken ginseng soup, the skewers were also delicious. His desire for the other side dishes grew bigger.

It was like there was an invisible line drawn on the table that he didn’t dare cross.

Furthermore, the chicken in his soup only had one leg.

‘Isn’t it mean to only give me one chicken leg?’

Jeong Deuk-soo stared at Lee Hyun’s bowl that contained three chicken legs.

Chapter 8: Weed's Trap

-The skill Summon Undead has increased to level 9.

The health of the undead has greatly increased. The bones of the skeletons are properly attached. Movement speed will increase.

-Due to the increased knowledge of death, faith has been reduced by 15.

Due to the aversion from people, honour and dignity has been reduced by 7.

As Weed's Summon Undead skill leveled up, the speed of the experience accumulating started to slow.

"Something is missing."

He gathered monsters to collect experience but the rate of increase in proficiency had slowed.

"My stats are dropping... Summon Undead will increase more quickly when going against users."

Killing a user and raising their corpse would increase experience and proficiency several times more than monsters.

The corpses of the northern users!

However, even they weren't willing to die just so that Weed could use Undead Summon.

'Will they die if they attack the cities of the giants?'

An insidious plot.

Northern users would die after receiving ridiculous quests. If he used Summon Undead in the process then his skills would increase

very quickly.

‘No. If they die and are weakened then they will pay less tax. I need to consider the long term profits.’

He couldn’t abandon the northern users who he raised as golden eggs just because of an urgent matter in the land of the giants.

Weed’s intelligence often surpassed a politician when it came to insidious schemes.

While Weed was thinking, he made sculptures that expressed a devil with forked tongues.

Insidious plot 2, 3, 4, 5, 6... 15, 16, 17, 18... 540...

‘The purpose is simple. Get stats, build combat achievements and win trophies. Increase my skill proficiencies as quickly as possible. I need to achieve all these things!’

Weed frowned as he finally designed a plot.

*

Lafaye and the Hermes Guild saw the broadcast of Weed’s hunting.

“The attack power... Hrmm.”

“What is his level?”

“I don’t know. The sculpting profession... The configuration is completely different from the skills we use.”

The leaders of the Hermes Guild consisted of top rankers in Royal Road.

Despite the users skimming over it, they were unable to grasp Weed’s level.

“Doesn’t his level just exceed 500? Bardray-nim is already level 560.”

“If we just look at the attack power... It is possible that is his level. He wouldn’t have attempted the dangerous lair without

confidence in his level.”

“I don’t think so. When looking at the melee damage, he is weaker than us. His health and defense is also ridiculously low. And what if his level is high?

I don’t think it will be even remotely close to Bardray.”

“Can Carlson-nim hunt in that lair alone? I’m not confident that I can.”

“Until now, he has grown as a sculptor. An art occupation. If so, will his level be that high?”

“Don’t just look at attack power. Where can he get enough experience in a short period of time? Aside from brute force, it isn’t just through hunting.”

Weed had struggled through a variety of quests on the Versailles Continent.

Weed constantly built up his strength but an exact analysis of it wasn’t possible.

“He unleashes an extreme onslaught while avoiding attacks. His movements are concise and brilliant.”

“The fire skill that he learnt is great.”

“When looking at the power, it definitely isn’t a swordsmanship skill.”

“I suspect it might be a fire magic skill... We need to analyze his recent adventures and possible routes. It will be good if we obtain it.”

“Did he become a necromancer due to the flames? A warrior occupation lacks mana.”

“There are too many skills to use during combat. There are difficult points involved with each skill.”

“Necromancer... Hmmm. Weed chose a necromancer.”

“We don’t have to worry about the undead yet. But they are becoming stronger and faster.”

Lafaye and the leaders were deeply vigilant.

‘Weed. There is definitely something about that guy.’

‘Necromancer, why did he choose it?’

The Hermes Guild thoroughly analyzed the necromancer profession.

Theoretically, it was a profession that could grow quickly. But in reality, the hunting efficiency wasn’t that good.

Thousands of monsters didn’t crowd in one place enough for undead to be constantly summoned.

The competition in lairs and dungeons was fierce among the high-level users.

The Arpen Kingdom and land of the giants might have unexplored dungeons but that wasn’t infinite. It took time and effort to find a dungeon.

‘Adventures... The levels of the users are low, but the Arpen Kingdom has much more active adventurers. Dungeon and territory expansion. Everything is stable in the Central Continent but the competition is fiercer.’

Ropno, the lord of Moros Castle, made a suggestion.

“Send some assassins.”

“Assassins?”

Lafaye was unwilling to use methods that they had used in the past.

Even if the elite chased Weed around the whole continent, there was a chance they could be beaten.

“I don’t think that assassins can catch Weed.”

“Necromancers need good hunting grounds. A dungeon with

moderately strong monsters. And it is a place where other users don't hunt."

"There aren't many places like that."

"He won't be able to produce undead in the Central Continent, so he will travel around the northern and eastern regions. So catching Weed is only a matter of time and probability."

Lafaye and the leaders of the Hermes Guild positively reviewed Ropno's proposal.

Weed was the most threatening existence to the Hermes Guild so hunting him seriously wasn't bad.

The war with the rebels was over, so they decided to organize a hunting squad.

"Who will be the person in charge of this?"

"If it is Darius-nim... He would be useful."

The hound of the Hermes Guild!

Originally from the Rosenheim Kingdom, he came to the Central Continent and joined the Hermes Guild. He was a person who would surely be able to handle it.

An hour later.

Black Money of Mapan's Trading Company met Ropno, user of the Hermes Guild and lord of Moros Castle.

"So the aim of the squad is to hunt Weed-nim?"

"Yes. That's correct. It was just decided in a meeting."

"How many people?"

"300 people. A few members of Bardray's guards will be placed in the hunting squad."

Ropno cut open a roast chicken and willingly gave out the information. Weed's adventure as the Desert Emperor in the past had changed history and affected Moros Castle!

The end of the Embinyu Church gave him a large opportunity to thrive.

“Huhu. Can they catch Weed-nim? It will be difficult if he fights, but he moves quite quickly.”

“There are at least two or more tankers in each group of 30 people. If a battle takes places then there is a team of 500 people waiting at the Hermes Guild’s headquarters to act as reinforcements. There are magicians professionally trained in teleportation.”

“So the hunting squad has to catch his ankle until reinforcements arrive.”

“Yes yes, that’s right.”

Ropno wouldn’t join Weed’s side without anything in return.

‘This is more beneficial.’

He contacted Mapan’s Trading Company and arranged a secret trade with the Arpen Kingdom.

The Embinyu Church disappeared but the rebels devastated the Central Continent. He was able to built up wealth quicker than others due to this trade.

‘And if I get kicked out of the Hermes Guild... I can just become a lord of the Arpen Kingdom.’

Ropno ate a chicken leg and grinned.

Moros Castle!

The castle was bought by the Hermes Guild for a huge amount of money that would eventually be collected.

The money earned since then was entirely his own.

It would be interesting to go to the Arpen Kingdom and start a new castle.

‘When looking at the broadcasts, it is a place full of vitality. It is

better to brag to other people than I am a lord of the Arpen Kingdom than the Haven Empire.'

Ropno thought about becoming a lord of the Arpen Kingdom and gave all the information that he knew.

*

Weed sculpted while hunting.

Sculptures carved in the land of the giants!

Large quantities of minerals from the giants' fortress were melted down and turned into a sculpture in Derick Village.

"Time Sculpting!"

The appearance of the sculpture changed due to Time Sculpting. A giant covered in vines and moss.

-Magnum Opus! Giant has been completed!

An absolute sculpture!

A work that shows the versatility of Sculptor Weed.

You have expressed the image of Ureta from the legend.

A giant that controlled lightning and storms that disappeared for some reason.

His presence remains only in the records and stories...

The magnificent figure of the giant was sculpted using rare metal with brilliant colours.

The metal requires a high smelting technique to be used in art, something only Weed can pull off in this era.

Artistic Value: 37,292

Options: The sculpture reduces the probability of natural disasters and monster invasion by 74%.

Those who see Giant will have their health and mana

regeneration increased by 44% for a day.

Maximum health will increase by 25,000. Vitality and all resistances have increased by 11%.

The effect of the blacksmithing skill will temporarily increase by 4%.

All stats increased by 31.

Courage, charisma, fighting spirit and wisdom have permanently increased by 3.

Warriors and swordsman who see it will have a stat associated with defense increased by two.

The skills ‘Powerful Flesh’ and ‘Destroyer Sword’ will be applied to warriors.

Current number of Magnum Opus created: 21

- Fame has increased by 4,124.
- The skill proficiency of Time Sculpting has improved.
- Art stat has increased by 91.
- Perseverance has increased by 6.
- Endurance has increased by 2.
- Strength has increased by 2.

-The form of an ancient giant has been restored.

Wisdom has increased by 4.

All stats will gain an additional 3 points for making a Magnum Opus sculpture.

“It is enormous.”

“It is the first time I’ve seen a finished sculpture.”

“I got stats!”

The northern users watched Weed make the sculpture on a semi-regular basis.

They couldn’t help their admiration.

The Divine Fire could melt all types of minerals without needing a furnace. He then beat and sculpted the minerals to create a 10 metre high statue.

It was an enormous task but they were more amazed by Weed’s process. He started from the bottom but there was a lot of progress after a day.

The workload and speed was enough to make anyone tired.

“Grueling labour.”

“As expected from the king.”

“Isn’t he a master?”

“A sculptor should be such a person. He doesn’t stop even when a person with pizza is next to him.”

The northern users talked loudly as they admired Weed.

“This is a little disappointing... It would be great if there were more sculptures in the land of the giants. The good people are sleeping.”

Then pieces for a sculpture were gathered together!

“Here are more minerals. Weed-nim.”

Pale brought out all the ores he owned.

The natural duty of a combat slave!

“I also have sculpture materials.”

Zephyr knew early on that this would happen and brought expensive sculpting materials as a bribe.

“Hrmm. This atmosphere...”

“It will be great if there are a lot of sculptures.”

The northern users noticed and brought over certain minerals.

They were the ones who would benefit most from Weed’s sculptures.

Statues of adventurers, swordsman, priest...

He made sculptures for each profession and used Time Sculpting.

It was the final secret technique so the proficiency didn’t increase quickly.

Even if he sculpted a magnum opus, it didn’t even go up one level in the intermediate stage!

However, being a master sculptor meant that the artistic value was higher and skill effects came out.

The blacksmith skill also rose due to the rare minerals!

His blacksmith skill reached advanced level 3. His knowledge and proficiency with special minerals increased.

The variety of metals improved his blacksmith skill.

He was more proficient in making metal sculptures than he was in swords and armour.

“Metal sculptures are time consuming and expensive, but there are advantages.”

All the minerals were free!

Some of the northern users started to feel doubt.

“But look at Weed’s Giant sculpture. Where did so many minerals come from?”

“That’s right. Many minerals can be gained from killing giants.”

“Hmm hmm. Perhaps in the giants’ fortress...”

“It can’t be. Weed-nim isn’t like that. We don’t know if he got it

as a quest reward or while hunting.”

“Is that right?”

Of course, Zephyr and Pale knew the truth.

‘He stole the loot...!’

‘Indeed, in such a short amount of time...’

Maybe summoning Yellowy to attract the attention of the giants and wander around were all part of his original plan.

‘When looking at it, was he more concerned with picking up the loot than the battle’s victory or defeat?’

‘Kuoooh. Awful. It is absolutely impossible to siphon off taxes as a lord. He even knows how many dogs are in the village.’

As Weed hunted and made sculptures on a semi-regular basis in Derick Village, the northern users easily approached him.

The first to come was a hunter user called Kaerom.

“Can you make me a sculpture?”

“Sculpture? I am not receiving commissioned soldiers these days.”

Weed would make an order once a year. The sculptors in cities who received orders from users mainly had a low skill proficiency. He had mastered sculpting so he obviously couldn’t move at a cheap price.

“Yes. Excuse me. I was going to offer Migrium as the material.”

“Hu, as an artist, my passion for the work doesn’t go away. How much Migrium did you...?”

“All of it.”

“Hmm hmm. I am quite busy in the land of the giants so the production cost will be expensive.”

“I know about your skill... Anyway, I was thinking about 20,000

gold. Is that too small?”

“Give me the money and Migrium. And you are handsome. It will be rewarding to make a piece for you.”

An opportunity for Weed to make a sculpture of them!

Other users came up to Weed with minerals in order to commission a sculpture.

“I will make it within a week.”

After receiving a large amount of minerals that Yellowy and Cerberus carried, Weed went to the hunting grounds.

He used Summon Undead and sculpted while hunting. The quality of the minerals was excellent and the sculptures were as well.

Due to his experiences, he made fine pieces and masterpieces.

He steadily built up his stats and the blacksmithing skill proficiency.

When he received food ingredients, he cooked for the users.

“Put this in, put that in... They are precious ingredients but they have to be boiled.”

A mixed stew!

He had to develop a recipe to discover new flavours but it was a pretty tricky task.

It was necessary to squeeze out all the flavour from each cooking ingredient.

Weed boiled the ingredients from the land of the giants.

“Excuse me... Is it tasty if you boil it?”

“Yes, if you don’t like it then you can bake or fry it.”

“Ah, no. Just boil it.”

His colleagues watched the scene and made an evaluation.

“A necromancer involves hard work.”

“It doesn’t matter what job, it all involves labour.”

“That is life...”

*

As the northern users actively explored the land of the giants, they grasped the location of the closest dungeons.

Once Weed started hunting, he made concessions to the northern users if there were only a small number of monsters.

He chose hunting grounds with the optimal efficiency for a necromancer.

“Now I will move to the next part of the plan.”

Weed had a light smile on his face. He made more than 40 sculptures in Derick Village.

Time Sculpting reached 96% of intermediate level 9 and the skill level of Blacksmithing and Cooking also increased, so it was time to leave. One of the reasons why he changed to a necromancer was due to Time Sculpting.

-Advanced Time Sculpting: Travel Sculpting.

Chase the traces of time to travel to a specific point in time.

You can proceed with special quests.

However, accepting random quests not related to sculpting that would change the past will incur a huge penalty.

A sculpting technique with many possibilities!

He could stop the world temporarily using Moment Sculpting but it didn’t end there.

If Time Sculpting reached advanced level then he could go to the past.

‘It is like I experienced as Great Emperor of the desert... In order to become strong, I have to fight dangerous enemies.’

He had looked at the warrior and swordsman professions.

He would have to battle against many enemies in order to qualify as a powerhouse.

The stronger the surroundings were, the higher his necromancy strength would be. He had to look for good hunting grounds.

As a sculptor, he had accumulated wealth and experience. He would use all the outstanding abilities that he accumulated.

“Shall we move?”

Weed looked at the beasts of burden around him.

“Bark bark!”

Cerberus, Yellowy, and Bahamorg helped him.

There were minerals, a blacksmith furnace, and cooking utensils packed.

The sculptures built at the entrance of Derick Village had great value.

Assets made from advanced rare minerals!

If he moved them to the Arpen Kingdom then he could earn big money, but he decided to leave it.

“This village should be mine!”

It wasn’t just for the convenience of the northern users, but to have influence over the residents.

-Derick Village

Influence No. 1: Weed 32%

Influence No. 2: Teros 7%

Influence No. 3: Seasoned Crab 6%

There were quests and hunting, but more of his influence was his work as a sculpting master!

Surka, Maylon, Romuna, Irene, Pale, Hwaryeong, and Zephyr approached while Weed was packing his baggage. Python and Seasoned Crab were also among the crowd.

Pale came to him first.

“Where are you going?”

“To the Versailles Continent.”

Irene hesitated before saying.

“Is that okay?”

“What?”

“Hermes Guild...”

They had heard from Mapan about the squad organized to hunt Weed.

The Hermes Guild weren't in a war so they had free troops to organize an assassination squad.

“It is dangerous.”

Worry was evident on their faces.

Surka and Irene still had tender hearts.

Even Hwaryeong had worry in her eyes.

Weed laughed lightly.

“I'll be okay. I am ready for all of them.”

Hwaryeong was still worried and said.

“I haven't seen any preparation. You have just been making sculptures. If you are lying to reassure us then don't do it.”

Hwaryeong felt a mixture of anxiety and worry.

“I have been preparing for a long time.”

“Since when?”

“Before I even received the Necromancer profession. The Hermes Guild will always interfere with me.”

“Then when you received the profession...”

“It isn’t a main thing, but I’ve set aside some preparations.”

There was admiration in Pale’s eyes.

‘Indeed.’

A person couldn’t suddenly change.

Weed had already prepared all the estimates.

It wasn’t his way to recklessly launch a war against the Hermes Guild.

Python laughed as he helped Weed pack.

“Ggol ggol. I’m sorry to see you leave like this. Have a good fight. I’ll pray for you.”

Python smiled wildly but he had a relieved expression.

He had been full of anxiety while Weed had been hunting and sculpting.

‘If he leaves then perhaps I won’t see him for months? It is good that he is busy.’

Weed’s colleagues loaded his baggage onto Yellowy.

Weed stood next to a waiting Yurin and asked.

“Do you want to go as well?”

Seasoned Crab, who was patting Yellowy’s head, replied with an aghast expression.

“Where?”

“Hunting grounds.”

“Huh?”

Weed's colleagues were puzzled as Weed spoke.

"I would like to go with you."

*

Weed told his colleagues the plan. The so-called mousetrap!

"The Hermes Guild is aiming for me. The preparation against that... I will do a reverse trap."

When the Hermes Guild came to the dungeon to hunt him, he would counterattack with his colleagues and the sculptural lifeforms. Of course, the real plan was to engage in historical battles with his colleagues after he used Time Sculpting. However, it wasn't time to mention that just yet.

'There is no need for democracy or an intense debate.'

Human rights!

Respect for values!

It was an essential element in modern society, but it would just drag things out.

Python showed an intense interest after hearing about the hunting.

"So we won't be hunting monsters?"

"Yes. Hunt the Hermes Guild."

"What if they don't show up?"

"There is no way. They are more diligent when doing bad things."

Seasoned Crab smiled.

"This is a little... Interesting."

He was an assassin so he found killing strong people more fun than monsters. In particular, the elite Hermes Guild members were like honey! Weed drew something on the ground.

“Mols Dungeon is a huge place just north of Vent Castle. There is only one entrance but it is wide enough to be called an underground world. This is the rough structure.”

Circles such as pig’s tails were drawn and there was something that looked like chicken skewers.

“...”

The colleague who looked at the picture couldn’t tell anything at all about the dungeon structure.

They knew about Weed’s ability to draw so Bellot ignored the ground and asked.

“So?”

“I understand the picture because I draw too.”

“Kellok.”

“14 different types of monsters can be found in the dungeon, and the numbers are to the extent that it could be called a kingdom. It isn’t a place where general users can hunt just yet.”

There were three or four dungeons in each area that were overflowing with monsters. Sometimes the density of the monsters in the dungeon was so high that they came outside.

“It is the best hunting ground for a necromancer. While I am hunting here, the Hermes Guild’s assassination squad will notice.”

Pale asked with unease.

“Just us? They will have at least 20 people. Hundreds of people will come flocking. It will be hard even with Weed’s undead.”

Even death knights found it hard to deal with Hermes Guild users.

Pale pointed it out and Weed sighed.

“I know. So I need troops to help us.”

“Where are they?”

“I will start calling them now.”

Weed picked people from the northern users in Derick Village to join. He would never betray users who commissioned sculptures at an expensive price. In addition, he selected users who participated in the activities of the Grass Porridge Cult and the battle at the Earth Palace. The final total was over 300 people!

“I want to fight the Hermes Guild. Yet it is still dangerous.”

Surka was still nervous.

However, Weed had one last hidden card remaining.

“There are hundreds of Sahyungs in the Arpen Kingdom. Call them.”

*

-Weed has been found. He was seen entering Mols Dungeons.

-Alone?

-He is accompanied by the cow and one warrior.

-Good. It is certain. Be ready to go. What about the squad that is waiting?

-There are two modifications. Thief Renein is the captain.

-Renein will watch from a distance and wait to join us. Be careful not to be noticed.

The communication channel of the Hermes Guild!

The assassination squad scattered around the Arpen Kingdom started to move quickly.

Magicians gathered in Aren Castle, the capital city.

“Teleport!”

The teleport gate was used to move a large number of troops to the north.

After that, the magicians drew circles and moved the squad to the

north.

Each magician would move them to a predetermined point and they would switch when mana was low.

230 magicians were gathered to cross the east Arpen Kingdom by teleportation.

Despite the work taking several hours, Weed was busy hunting undead while the assassination squad gathered together.

“I don’t think we will need the support of the magicians but.. We need to show our strength.”

The magic units didn’t return and decided to attack Mols Dungeon as well.

“Darius-nim. I thought some preparations were enough only to have the plan fail. This time, I say with certainty, we will definitely show the power of the Hermes Guild.”

“I will pull it off perfectly. Trust me.”

Darius led the squad and the support teams of the Hermes Guild to the entrance of Mols Dungeon.

The total personnel included 230 assassins, 500 people in the support team and 24 Royal Guards.

The Hermes Guild members watched each other and laughed.

“So many people are gathered just for one person?”

“We need to press forward with full force. He won’t be allowed to fight back.”

“There is a competition to kill Weed.”

Their levels were over 400 so quite a formidable force of 1054 people was gathered.

Although the Hermes Guild was managing their image while taking care of internal affairs, they had to hunt Weed.

Anyway, they intended to demonstrate their power.

“Let’s enter.”

The members of the squad entered Mols Dungeon.

*

-Seasoned Crab: They are coming.

Seasoned Crab, or ‘Death comes in Shadows’, was watching the entrance to the dungeon and sent a whisper to Weed.

“How many?”

-Seasoned Crab: So far, only 400 are entering.

“That is a lot.”

-Seasoned Crab: They keep coming. Some will block the entrance to the dungeon.

“I understand. Thank you. Seasoned Crab-nim.”

-Seasoned Crab: My name...

The day before, Seasoned Crab was forced to register Weed as friends due to this mission.

It was the same for Surka, Irene and other colleagues.

Surka laughed cutely and asked first.

“Assassin-nim. Please accept my friend registration.”

“Cough... That...”

Seasoned Crab tried to avoid it but he couldn’t stop Weed’s mouth.

“Seasoned Crab who destroys souls. Don’t you want to be friends with Surka-nim?”

“Huh?”

“I think there are many people who want to be friends with Seasoned Crab here.”

“ ... ”

Assassin!

He was the best assassin in Royal Road so many users envied him.

Aside from monster hunting, he had absolute strength in a one-on-one fight with a user.

The assassin who assassinated the most lords and Hermes Guild uses in the Central Continent!

He didn't feel comfortable but Irene, Romuna, and Bellot covered their mouths after hearing his name.

“Pfft!”

“Kkak!”

“Ego.”

Seasoned Crab's face that was hidden by the robe turned red as he watched them trying to control their laughter.

Pale and Zephyr felt lucky.

‘I'm glad that isn't my name. I ate barbecue chicken on the day I started Royal Road.’

‘I shouldn't play around with my name... It is really funny.’

Surka's eyes shone.

“Your name is Seasoned Crab?”

“Umm.”

“Wah. I really like seasoned crab. It is great.”

“Kuuuok. Yes.”

Murderer in the darkness, Seasoned Crab who destroys souls!

His soul shook as Surka shook his hand.

“But soy sauce crab is also delicious.”

“Marinated crab is delicious.”

“A perfect meal.”

“Oh, so you are an assassin?”

Her imagination freely spread.

In fact, everything happened due to the bad Weed so he huffed as he whispered to him.

-Seasoned Crab: Weed, if you keep using my name without my permission then you may have difficulties in the future.

Weed the God of War.

Even if he was the king of the Arpen Kingdom, he wasn't safe from assassins.

Seasoned Crab threatened him after being teased. However, this wasn't enough to cause Weed to reflect.

“I'm sorry. Don't be mad.”

-Seasoned Crab: I will accept the apology. In the future, please pay attention to my title.

“In order to apologize, I will give you the highest honour in the Grass Porridge Cult.”

-Seasoned Crab: Huh?

“I will announce the cruel killing master, Seasoned Crab, as the guardian of the Grass Porridge Cult.”

-Seasoned Crab: Heeok! Y-you don't need to do that.

“I will make a large sculpture in Dawn City and Morata with the name Seasoned Crab. You don't have to give me anything. It is a privilege given only to the best assassin, Seasoned Crab.”

*

Shake shake.

Seasoned Crab, who was hiding in the darkness, felt his body tremble with anger.

‘He is teasing me.’

It was the moment he had been worried about since naming his character.

‘The name Seasoned Crab became known.’

His resentment towards Weed couldn’t be resolved. His statues would cover the Arpen Kingdom.

Weed even scheduled a festival with seasoned crab porridge every month for the Grass Porridge Cult.

‘Revenge. The target is the Hermes Guild.’

Seasoned Crab calmed down and waited.

The voices of Darius and the hunting squad was heard.

“I don’t think that Weed can run away. Haha. Even if he does, he can’t run far. However, I will leave 100 people behind.

He left 100 Hermes Guild users at the entrance of the dungeon.

‘Absolute Eyes.’

Seasoned Crab used an assassin skill.

After using the skill, he was able to see a colour around the opponents despite the darkness. The stronger ones were red while the weak ones were blue.

Seasoned Crab was level 522 so most of the users were surrounded by a green colour.

‘It is enough to hunt.’

Seasoned Crab waited 20 minutes according to the predetermined plan.

Mols Dungeon was fairly large so it would take more than three hours to search the whole thing.

Weed would be waiting for the assassination squad deep inside the dungeon.

‘It is time.’

Seasoned Crab used a skill.

‘Dark Curtain.’

A large shadow covered the Hermes Guild users.

The wind didn’t blow but the magic torches turned off.

Darkness spread like water and covered the surroundings.

The time for the assassin, Seasoned Crab had begun.

“Cough!”

Someone died in the darkness. Since the user was alone, the Hermes Guild didn’t know about it.

The body quickly disappeared into grey light.

“Ggeug.”

“Aaack!”

One by one, one by one.

The users on the outskirts were quickly disposed of by Seasoned Crab.

He closely approached from behind and stabbed the back or neck. His bold hands didn’t hesitate.

The warriors with high health suffered paralyzing blows and they were killed with two or three consecutive attacks.

After eight people died, the users in the room felt strange.

“What?”

“Strange. I think there were a few people on that side of the entrance.”

“Hmmm. It feels weird.”

Seasoned Crab quickly attacked the careless users.

Assassination was a fight against time.

“Cough!”

After three more died, a Hermes Guild user jumped out.

“An ambush.”

“What?”

“I saw it. A hand stretched out in the darkness and killed my warrior friend Delekto!”

“Then...”

“They are dead. I am the only one left in the party.”

The Hermes Guild users at the entrance quickly took the defensive.

-Tudomkil: We are receiving an attack!

-Kwakkwaki: Weed is at the entrance to the dungeon...

No, this is an assassin.

-Sea King: Weed’s colleagues have appeared.

The Hermes Guild’s communication network became crowded.

After completing his mission at the entrance, Seasoned Crab quietly disappeared into the darkness.

*

Darius heard about what happened at the dungeon entrance through the network.

“Ignore the assassin and continue. Our only goal is Weed.”

The Hermes Guild users holding weapons!

Bardray’s guards didn’t even shake.

‘It is none of my business if the weak people died.’

‘Fellows... He doesn’t seem to be alone.’

Darius didn’t care about minor disturbances.

‘There is no choice.’

He was leading a thousand people.

Unlike the plan, it was impossible to leave the dungeon because of a few variables. They couldn't waste time catching an assassin.

"Weed will die from our hands today. He has noticed so move quicker."

Darius was the leader.

He had the ability to command people to do bad things!

"There are twenty people here. Havelock-nim. Take care of it."

"I understand."

They knew where Weed was located but it wasn't efficient to have 800 people head there.

The scale of Mols Dungeon was so large that Weed could escape. Therefore, they placed troops at every branch.

The Hermes Guild's intelligence network had obtained the approximate terrain and path of the dungeon.

'There is no secret passage. And he can't run away with magic.'

Magicians and priests had unleashed magic to block spatial movement.

'This dungeon is in a perfectly isolated state. Variables don't exist.'

*

Sakak sakak.

The level 487 thief Renein was hiding in the darkness and watching. He was watching the target Weed!

'He is making a sculpture.' It was natural as a sculptor. He doesn't look stronger than I thought, but he has subordinates with him.'

Weed was with Yellowy, Cerberus, and Bahamorg.

Renein started feeling some greed.

‘An attack is unavoidable. Even if I am just observing, I am in charge of the most important mission.’

If the hunting squad succeeded then he would be given compensation from the Hermes Guild.

‘He must like sculpting. He continues to make sculptures even after becoming a master.’

Weed entered the dungeon for hunting and raised death knights and skeletons.

While restoring his mana, he sat down to make sculptures.

Renein recognized his sincerity and wondered about the value of the sculpture.

‘Stats is hard work. Successful sculptures were good for building up stats. There are reports that he can become stronger from it.’

Sakak sakak.

‘But the sculpture is familiar. I’ve seen it before. Who was it?’

Weed was sculpting Zahab, who lived for a lifetime due to love!

‘Zahab. Yes Zahab!’

Renein stared as more of the sculpture’s appearance was revealed.

There were numerous masters on the Versailles Continent, however users had little interest in the sculpting masters.

Zahab had hidden in one of the 10 forbidden zones, Grapass without any users knowing.

He was also a master swordsman and became popular after helping Hestiger in the final battle with the Embinyu Church.

Weed finally finished the last section of Zahab.

“This looks good.”

After Zahab, Weed made a sculpture of Queen Evane.

It was still early but it quickly became obvious that it was Queen Evane.

‘Very fast and proficient hands. It is like they are moving.’

Renein admired the completed sculptures of Zahab and Evane.

“Time Sculpting!”

Weed’s sculpting skill gradually changed the sculptures.

Wrinkles formed on Zahab and Evane’s faces and their hair turned white Their shoulders narrowed and height decreased.

‘What is that? A sculpting technique?’

The sculpture of the two people was completed when watching Renein!

“The name will be Lovers. Yes. That’s it.”

-You have enjoyed the sculpture Lovers.

A work created by the great Weed.

A work portraying the sculpting master Zahab and Queen Evane of the Rosenheim Kingdom in the younger days.

The sculptures have stayed together for a long time.

A work that shows their everlasting love.

Wisdom and knowledge have permanently increased by 2 due to sensing the emotions.

Maximum health will increase by 1,200 for one month.

Art has permanently increased by 1.

Charm has permanently increased by 1.

A masterpiece!

‘The stats are better... A master is certainly different.’

Renein admired it.

“You struggled due to me so I hope this will resolve some of your grudges.”

Weed talked to the sculptures.

Renein didn't know the details so he just watched.

Weed took out a sculpture and used a skill.

“Summon Sculpture!”

Goldman appeared with a dazzling gold light.

“You called. Gol gol!”

“Yes, just wait.”

This was the territory of the Arpen Kingdom, the amount of mana consumed by Summon Sculpture wasn't huge.

Weed made another sculpture and used a skill.

“Summon Sculpture!”

This time it was White Tiger!

“Kuooooooooang!”

Its mouth opened and the roar echoed through the dungeon.

“Shut up. Stay in a corner.”

“Understood. Kuheheung!”

Renein's heart became anxious as he hid in the darkness.

‘He is calling more of his subordinates. If I'm discovered then I won't be able to run away before dying.’

The sculptural lifeforms have already proven their strength.

As a thief, he was able to escape from the enemy. But it wouldn't be easy to avoid a beast like White Tiger in this dungeon.

Weed repeatedly made sculptures and used Summon Sculpture.

“You called?”

“Yes. Just wait.”

High elf Eltin was summoned.

‘He keeps bringing in more subordinates. It seems like he noticed the raid and is preparing to fight.’

Renein reported it through the communication channel of the Hermes Guild.

-Renein: It seems like he has noticed the attack. He is calling his sculptural lifeforms.

-Darius: There was also an attack by an assassin at the entrance of the dungeon.

-Renein: What should I do? Please give me instructions.

-Darius: Make sure he doesn’t run away. He doesn’t want to die so he called the sculptural lifeforms. However, that is a foolish move.

‘Indeed. It isn’t bad to sweep away all his subordinates.’

Getting rid of Weed’s sculptural lifeforms will deal an irreversible blow.

‘They are famous. It would be unfortunate if they all disappear.’

Renein saw the process of a sculpture being created so he had a soft spot for the sculptural lifeforms.

Having those subordinates would be a very special experience.

“Summon Sculpture!”

Weed continued to summon Vindex, the barbarian Gernika, Countryside Snake, Death Worm, Knight Seville and the crocodile Nile.

‘Doesn’t he realize how reckless this is? Every sculptural lifeform will be killed here.’

*

“Kuuck.”

“Cough!”

The troops left by Darius at each crossroad were attacked by northern users.

-Comet: Emergency! It is a trap. Northern users are attacking us!

-Deinchak: We are in a battle with enemies and outnumbered 36-2! They are hiding inside the dungeon.

-Alpan: There are six times the number of people. We have been attacked by 40 people. Requesting assistance. The power of the enemies has doubled!

A sudden raid!

The people aiming for Weed's life were ambushed by the northern users.

The size of the dungeon was so large that the Hermes Guild had left a force at every crossroad in order to stop any chances of escape.

As those troops were swept away by the northern users, Darius received the news.

“Dammit. It was a trap.”

More than five places were raided at the same time.

Darius knew the situation but there was no way for him to do anything.

From the time that the assassin appeared, it had been far too late to turn back.

“The northern users must have been waiting at every major location in the dungeon.”

The Royal Guard members who were over level 500 were quiet.

Everyone's eyes were on Darius.

‘What are we going to do?’

‘This is your responsibility.’

‘I finally joined a guild only to end up ruined.’

There were many users watching the actions of the faithful hound Darius.

Failure in the Hermes Guild would result in punishment, so they pushed all responsibility onto him.

‘What should I do? I don’t know the power of the enemy. Should we fight? But the worst... Yes. The worst thing is if we miss catching Weed. Everything will be fine as long as we can somehow catch Weed.’

Darius hastily thought and opened his mouth.

“Speed up the movements. Ignore everyone else and chase Weed.”

“Are we leaving the troops behind?”

“I’m sorry but we can’t afford to save them now.”

The main body of the hunting squad swiftly moved towards the position that Renein indicated.

‘If we catch all the sculptural lifeforms... I will at the very least get the position of a lord.’

‘The value of the mission has become higher. It will 100% be broadcast.’

It had been less than 1 minute since the squad starting moving.

-Renein: Weed is on the move.

-Darius: Follow him.

Keep track of him at all times. We will arrive soon.

Darius and the hunting squad increased their speed.

After a while, a message appeared again on the guild’s

communication channel.

-Renein: I am falling behind. He is so fast on the cow!

-Darius: You absolutely can't lose him. Just keep following.

Don't let him escape the dungeon. We must block all paths.

Darius hastily divided the main squad into three. They would track Weed in many directions at the same time but there were many protests.

"An unknown enemy is attacking. Dispersing the troops now will just increase the damage."

"There is no time. The only thing that matters now is Weed. What if he exits the dungeon by passing us on another path? Will you take responsibility?"

The other users had ugly expressions but didn't say anything.

The Hermes Guild's goal was to catch Weed.

"Weed isn't far away. Go as quickly as possible."

The hunting squad hastened at Darius' words.

-Matum: Raid!

-Gorochwi: This is a trap...

-Square-shaped Kimbap: Help me!

"It is a waste of time. Just pass by."

The troops left by the squad were destroyed in turn.

The northern users gathered an optimal group of 50-60 people, including priests!

Meanwhile, the main power of the hunting squad chased after Weed.

*

"Up to here."

Darius led the hunting squad to a dead end where Weed was trapped.

‘That’s it. The mission is fulfilled.’

Weed changed his location so it took quite a bit of time to chase him.

‘Trap. It is a terrible trap.’

Darius started shouting arrogantly, despite his heart beating wildly.

“Weed, you are now dead.”

This would probably be shown more than a hundred times on broadcast.

Darius and the Hermes Guild members struck a nice pose with their weapons.

Even so, Weed and Yellowy showed no signs of movement.

“What is this. What is this strange feeling?”

Darius felt uncomfortable.

Renein had mentioned seeing sculptural lifeforms.

“What happened?”

Thief Renein quietly appeared and said.

“That... I lost him once in the middle because he was too fast.”

“What?”

“Fortunately, I will be able to catch his trail again. However, the sculptural lifeforms have disappeared somewhere.”

“Damn.”

Darius couldn’t wait anymore.

The critical part of this mission was taking care of Weed. He would worry about the escaping sculptural lifeforms later.

“Attack!”

The Hermes Guild aimed formidable skills at Weed.

“Death’s Dance!”

“Circuit Blade!”

The Hermes Guild users used their attack skills for the preemptive strike.

Water, fire, wind, lightning, swords.

The attacks poured towards Weed and Yellowy.

Ujikun!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Darius stared blankly at the massive destruction.

Weed didn’t avoid the attack. He just allowed all attacks and disappeared.

“This is?”

A Hermes Guild user thought something was strange and examined it. The large shrimp on a long fishing line! It was the fisherman’s skill, ‘Fake Bait.’

*

Weed used Summon Undead around the dungeon.

“Come back to the land you used to live in. This is a dark place. It is a black and corrupt land. Help spread the laws of darkness. Undead Rise!”

The death knights and dullahans that rose from the ground!

The bodies of the Hermes Guild users were indeed of the highest quality.

It was like a five-star hotel!

In the meantime, he had hunted inside Mols Dungeon and increased his skill proficiency.

-The beginner Undead Summon skill proficiency reached level 10 and is changed to intermediate Undead Summon.

Control over the undead has strengthened and health and strength has increased by 15%.

The magic resistance of the undead has increased, and their abilities in a place filled with light has risen.

You can summon ghost based undead and create undead with intense grudges.

Faith has decreased by 30.

Honour has decreased by 55.

Insight has increased by 2.

“The fresh bodies are good.”

Van Hawk led a unit of 100 death knights.

“Get rid of everything!”

Weed led the undead hunting.

The Hermes Guild users wandering Mols Dungeon were the goal.

-Seasoned Crab. 347 users have arrived at the bait area. The rest are scattered all over.

“W-Weed?”

The Hermes Guild users were surprised to see Weed. After that, their expressions hardened as they saw the undead army.

“How did he get here...? Wasn't he caught in the other area?”

“There is no time to explain. You will find out from the broadcast reports.”

The death knight's advanced.

It was quite different compared to the past.

He also wore Barkhan's full set so the value of the corpses were shown properly.

Dozens of death knights rushed at the opponents along with Bahamorg and Weed.

"Kuuck."

"Unbelievable..."

The Hermes Guild users had scattered into small groups so it wasn't hard to hunt them.

"Woof woof!"

Cerberus diligently tracked the prey.

The grass porridge smell exuded from the northern users was enough to exclude them.

Sometimes the Hermes Guild users would go beyond 10 people, but he had the sculptural lifeforms along with the undead.

"Step on them."

"Understood, Master."

Bahamorg started to engage in a battle along with the undead.

"Ticklish Sensation that is Out of Reach!"

Weed used a curse magic.

The sight of his subordinates fighting!

He was a necromancer but he also fired a high elf's bow.

A sudden and penetrating attack!

The death knights and sculptural lifeforms stubbornly stuck to the Hermes Guild users. Still, the promising attack was the arrows that flew from far away and caused damage.

They contained an attack power that couldn't be ignored but also left no hope for them.

The destroyed undead were immediately destroyed and even if

they tried to run away, White Tiger and Cerberus were too fast.

The wrath of the Hermes Guild finally became directed towards Weed.

“Weed! Don’t shoot arrows like a coward and fight us!”

“I don’t want to.”

“Coward. Don’t you care about being blamed by viewers after this is broadcast?”

“It is better than you guys who came as a horde.”

The Hermes Guild had no basis in terms of their guilt.

Weed hunted users scattered through the dungeon and he summoned the undead whenever there were traces of a battle.

-The skill proficiency of Summon Undead has improved.

“Lululu.”

Weed hummed while increasing the undead!

‘A necromancer is definitely the right fit for me. Very cool.’

The crucial point was the Hermes Guild users defeated at the dungeon entrance by the northern users.

The Hermes Guild users were trapped inside the dungeon and were hunted down.

*

Darius and the hunting squad belatedly tried to escape the dungeon but was ambushed.

“Withdraw, withdraw!”

Seasoned Crab moved relentlessly behind them in the shadows.

“Hey. Where are you running to?”

“Stick together!”

The group consisting of Geomchis and the northern users were

strong.

The Hermes Guild members couldn't resist their terrible attack power. However, they also lost hope due to the vicious Weed pursuing them from afar.

“Summon Undead!”

Every time they were distracted by a northern user, an arrow would be shot in their back and the undead summoned.

Either way, they became undead in the end!

‘No. This is a necromancer.’

Darius truly admired him.

It was enough to make him reflect on all the bad things in his life.

‘It is difficult to raise the skill level of a necromancer in the early days. But I've seen the benefits while watching the battle in the giants' fortress.’

The final decisive battle!

Hundreds of the hunting squad fought in an underground plaza.

“I can't just die.”

“There is no way to escape... I'll show you why I'm part of the Hermes Guild!”

A member of the hunting squad tried to kill even one more northern user, but he was killed first by the death knights led by Van Hawk.

They consumed their health and mana while trying to get rid of the undead.

The northern users attacked from a distance while the undead were summoned again.

The hunting squad believed in their firepower and brute force, but they fell into a trap and were killed.

They couldn't jump on the northern users.

“Kuhahaha. This place is heaven.”

“Yes. These guys are strong!”

Geomchi-2 and the other students were also active in the mess!

They swung their swords at the Hermes Guild users.

Even though magic and arrows passed in front of them, they didn't budge and only aimed at the enemies.

The result was the total annihilation of the hunting squad.

“Wah... We did it.”

“Hooray!”

The northern users cheered.

Although they received some damage, the number of Hermes Guild members killed was a lot more.

It was a great victory that they could rejoice at.

*

The counterattack in Mols Dungeon!

Not only was this payback for Weed's death in the Melbourne Mine, it also brought great shame to the Hermes Guild.

These scenes were obviously broadcasted around the world.

The names of Weed and the northern users became more popular than ever.

“Hehe. See you next time. Weed-nim.”

Surka said goodbye.

Next to her were Pale, Maylon, Romuna, Irene, Hwaryeong, Zephyr, Seasoned Crab and Python.

Python said in a bold voice.

“I'm sorry that we couldn't talk properly. See you next time.”

“Hu... It was really fun.”

Pale also shook his hand.

They intercepted the Hermes Guild members and received their equipment and gained experience.

The northern users and Geomchis got their hands on loot.

The Hermes Guild member had accumulated a lot of infamy so their death penalty was high.

The sculptural lifeforms dragged many items to Weed, but one or two were too big.

“Yes. The next time there is a chance... Let’s do it again.”

Weed moved his feet.

Van Hawk and Torido were still here, although they were normally only summoned in combat.

Since he was a necromancer who could create the undead, the sigh of the two of them didn’t seem so strange.

‘Necromancer... It seems like we won’t have to do much hunting again in the future.’

‘Undead. They are worth 1-5 sculptural lifeforms. Weed-nim becoming a necromancer makes it a little easier.’

Weed’s colleagues watched the undead.

Then Weed turned around and hesitated for a moment before saying.

“But I still feel a little empty. Would you like to go hunting with me?”

“H-hunting?”

Pale instinctively shivered whenever he heard the word hunt!

“What...? Why do you want to hunt again?”

Python also shook as he asked in an anxious tone.

They recalled the very harsh hunting in the past with Weed.

Seasoned Crab asked with a sick expression.

“Are you going to hunt for the next few days?”

“I only want to bring you to one place to hunt.”

“Ah...”

Surka’s face started to brighten.

‘He has changed after becoming a necromancer.’

‘As long as it is just one... It is okay to go hunting. There isn’t a burden.’

Pale and the old colleagues weren’t in a position to refuse Weed’s proposal.

The combat slave and his friends.

They had met again after a long time so going hunting wasn’t strange. Python and Seasoned Crab exchanged eye contact before nodding.

“Good. I’ll see how strong you have become in the meantime.”

“A necromancer is a profession that is difficult to see.”

Weed was Python’s competitor so he wanted to see Weed’s abilities.

Seasoned Crab wanted to know how much he had changed since becoming a necromancer.

“It will just be a light hunt.”

Weed didn’t tell them a small fact.

Time Sculpting. Travel Sculpting.

An art technique that transcended time and space.

It was a skill for artists to enjoy the beauty and culture of kingdom that had disappeared. He was able to choose to go to the worst battlefield in history.

Book 48: Seeds Of Attack

Chapter 1: Kallapik Castle

The final secret sculpting technique.

Advanced Time Sculpting allowed him to use Travel Sculpting!

Weed left no stone unturned when learning every detail of the history of the Versailles Continent.

‘Monster invasion or war. Many great things happened.’

When looking at the history of the Versailles Continent, a number of important events were recorded.

-The destruction of the Bruker Kingdom in two days due to a monster invasion.

-Nemias Fortress. 37 days of battle turned it into ruins.

-An invasion of monsters from the sea that didn't seem to end. Half of the continent suffered from the invasion of monsters for three years.

‘Um. Very nice.’

Travel Sculpting was a technique that followed the traces of time and allowed him to go to a certain point in time.

‘War. War.’

If he was a pure sculptor then he would be interested in the points of history where art flourished.

He could freely travel to kingdoms where culture, tourism and romance flourished.

He could taste delicious food that melted on his tongue, look at buildings, and smile brightly at beautiful women.

A secret sculpting technique that allowed him to travel through the history of the continent to his heart's content.

Weed raised his Time Sculpting skill to advanced in Mols Dungeon.

Ddirring!

-The skill proficiency of Time Sculpting has reached level 10 and transformed into advanced Time Sculpting.

You have received a great enlightenment regarding time.

You have learnt Travel Sculpting that can move you through time and space.

You can currently only travel three times.

It is limited to once per month and the quest needs to be completed.

When certain conditions are met, special quests related to history, art, business or production can be generated.

Every time the skill level of Travel Sculpting goes up, more areas, quests, and history can be explored.

It was a skill acquired through hours of sculpting.

The first place that Weed selected was 'Kallapik Castle.'

He was mindful of the physical and mental hardships and decided to bring his colleagues.

The atmosphere was heightened after defeating the Hermes Guild at Mols Dungeon.

Weed said to his colleagues.

"But I still feel a little empty. Would you like to go hunting with me?"

His old innocent colleagues as well as Python and Seasoned Crab were surprisingly easy to catch.

"It will just be a light hunt."

Weed then muttered in a small voice.

“Travel Sculpting.”

Thousands of strands of light gathered to form a lavish portal big enough for many people to enter.

-Travel Sculpting over time and space has been invoked.

“Then I will go first.”

Weed quickly entered the portal made of brilliant colour before his other colleagues asked for details.

Weed disappeared.

“Wah. Weed-nim learnt a new skill.”

The innocent Surka said with admiration.

Irene also had a nice and not suspicious personality.

“It seems like a skill he acquired while adventuring.”

The others also accepted it.

“Ah. I’m envious. But does a necromancer have a movement skill similar to a teleport gate?”

Romuna was a bit jealous while Zephyr had no interest in movement skills.

‘I want to eat. Um... It would be delicious to eat together with Yurin. Peel the flesh and feed it to her. Kuooh. I will also have a glass of beer.’

Bellot and Hwaryeong didn’t like hunting but they didn’t hate it either.

It was quite difficult to raise their level so going with Weed had the best efficiency.

Python was burning with competitive spirit.

‘A warrior is strength. He is a necromancer but... His power as a

sculptor shouldn't have weakened. It would be useless to acquire a movement skill. Anyway, I will see if I go through it.'

Even the assassin Seasoned Crab with outstanding observation skills didn't doubt it.

'He doesn't seem to be using an item. It is a type of skill. I'm surprised since it is the first time I've seen it... It seems to be related to sculpting.'

He wanted to ask Weed about the skill in detail but Weed had entered first. It might not be a bad thing to not know the details.

'Am I expecting to be hit in the back of the head or something?'

Weed had enormous qualifications.

The God of War and first king of the Arpen Kingdom.

This was enough, despite the numerous adventurer titles he had.

'If it isn't good then he wouldn't have entered first.'

Python and Seasoned Crab believed in his fame while the others were loyal and naive.

They were the type that would become debt guarantors.

Pale entered the portal without any thoughts.

Pale felt like something was strange after entering the portal.

As his body moved forward, he rapidly passed through tens of thousands of strands of light.

'This isn't teleport?'

He was rushing towards a single faraway place.

After a while, he was dizzy as he passed through the portal and was hit with a tremendous amount of noise.

"Suppress the rebels!"

"All knights will protect His Majesty, even if it means death."

"Charge! Charge! Knights, charge into the enemy with all your

might!”

Kallapik Palace.

In the Royal Palace close to a city, a battle was occurring between knights and rebels.

“W-what? Where is this?”

Pale panicked as he looked around. Fortunately, Weed was right next to him.

“Weed-nim!”

“Um. You came early. I believed you would come first.”

“Yup. Of course I was the first to follow Weed-nim... No. What is this? Where are we?”

“This is the place where we came to hunt.”

“Hunting?”

Weed cheered like a successful scammer.

“Yes. This is a hunting ground.”

Ddirring!

-Kallapik Survivor.

The Calais Kingdom has suffered from a drought for decades.

Due to the monsters descending from Ault Mountain, the kingdom is on the brink of a crisis.

The rebellion of the nobles and departure of the army has left the Kallapik Castle soaked in blood.

Honour, power, and morals are already buried in this ground.

Survive this battle.

Level of Difficulty: A

Compensation: Warrior’s bravery and loot.

Quest Restrictions: Survive.

A quest given by force.

The occurrence of a quest!

It was just a hunt yet they received a combat quest.

Weed already knew about the situation before using Time Sculpting but Pale was confused.

“Why the sudden quest... And was there a castle called Kallapik?”

“You can say that there is and you can also say that there isn’t.”

“Why?”

“If you look at the history books, it was destroyed 780 years ago.”

“But how are we at Kallapik Castle?”

“We entered the history of Kallapik.”

“.....”

Time travel!

Those words popped into Pale’s head.

Weed’s battle slave momentarily believed in him and also felt appreciation for bringing him on such an adventure.

Rather than hunting monsters, he chose a real adventure with his trusted companions. But there were many complaints.

“Why didn’t you explain this in advance?”

“I can’t go around explaining everything in the world. I didn’t think you would come here if I gave a long explanation.”

Weed unabashedly said.

It wasn’t a sin to use a little trickery in a tough world.

People who innocently believed everything were frustrating!

“Kuk!”

Pale made a face like he had been hit but he was quickly convinced.

‘Um. That makes a lot of sense. I can’t blame Weed-nim because I entered without listening properly.’

He was drawn to a dangerous battlefield but his mind soon relaxed. Even if he suffered, he knew that Weed’s adventures were likely to be successful.

“Actually, the scale of the battle is really great.”

“It is a historic bloody fight.”

Weed and Pale gazed at the castle buildings that were burning.

Among the collapsed buildings, soldiers and knights were fighting fiercely.

“Are we fighting on the side of the royal family?”

“Once they do better.”

“Once?”

“I will look at the situation first. Anyway, we just need to survive.”

An absolutely easy quest.

Paaaah!

The portal opened and Maylon and Surka arrived.

“W...where is this place?”

“The Kallapik Castle.”

Maylon followed the combat slave who was her lover and Surka came without thinking.

Her face darkened.

“Kallapik Castle? That is recorded in history.”

Maylon was a broadcasting host so she had a profound knowledge of the history of the Versailles Continent.

Pale sensed the atmosphere and gazed at her.

“This is it. We came here through time travel.”

“Kek! Then we came to die.”

Maylon said desperately, but she soon smiled brightly.

“Aha! It will be aired on broadcast!”

If there was a dispute with the Hermes Guild then she had to maintain her neutrality as a host. However, this time she could participate directly.

Surka glanced at the soldiers fighting before looking back at Weed.

“Should we whisper the others?”

“Yes.”

“I will talk to them on the chat channel.”

-Surka: Wah. This is a really good hunting ground.

Surka’s conversation was passed to the other colleagues through a temporally generated time portal.

-Hwaryeong: So it is good?

-Surka: It is totally amazing! Unni. The monsters are holding jewellery. Some knights are equipped with jewel studded armour and swords.

-Bellot: Fighting is a bit tedious.

-Surka: This is a heaven of handsome men. The appearance of the knights is amazing.

-Irene: The terrible monsters are a bit...

-Surka: There are great buildings here.

Bellot, Hwaryeong, Irene, Romuna, and Zephyr were caught in order, and finally Seasoned Crab and Python entered.

“Keek, where are we?”

Surka replied loudly to Bellot's question.

"Kallapik Castle!"

"What are we doing here?"

"A terrible battlefield!"

His methods of fraud and theft continued to grow!

Weed's expression became gleeful.

"Come back to the land you used to live in. This is a dark place. It is a black and corrupt land. Help spread the laws of darkness. Undead Rise!"

Weed summoned the undead from the corpses.

There was an even mixture of skeleton knights, dullahans, and death knights.

"The worship of the immortal warriors. We pledge loyalty to the one who returned us from death."

The death knights kneeled down in unison.

"Stop the enemies."

Weed summoned Van Hawk and Torido to lead the undead.

His colleagues were confused for a while before soon finding their own things to do.

They took out their weapons and slaughtered the rebel knights.

Pale's archery was aimed at the noble rebels while Maylon jumped onto buildings and shot her arrows.

"Fire Field!"

Romuna used a great fire magic.

None of the invading soldiers could get past.

The captain of Kallapik Castle's knights approached with his troops.

“Intruders! Are they rebels?”

Pale quickly bowed and said.

“We came here to help.”

“Your words can’t be trusted because you made undead from the corpses of knights devoted to the royal family!”

“That is Weed-nim...”

“Necromancy is absolutely forbidden on this continent. Don’t try to make excuses while using evil techniques that deals with the body!”

The gazes of his colleagues instantly moved towards Weed. There was a question in their eyes.

“It can’t be help since this is also a weakness of necromancers. But there is a way to fix it.”

Weed smiled lightly and handed over a sculpture.

“A sculpture of His Majesty. I have always admired him.”

“Heok.”

“This.”

A fine piece that he sculpted in advance!

Three silvers were stuck underneath the sculpture.

Bribes were often the key to softening someone in a complex society!

However, the leader of the knights threw the sculpture to the ground.

“This country is in ruins and a sculpture won’t help! All of you should be put in jail.”

The 3 silvers bribery plan failed so his colleagues’ expressions became worse.

“Don’t worry. There is a solution.”

Weed picked up the 3 silvers and chanted a spell.

“Corpse Explosion!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The area near the knight leader instantly exploded.

-The knights leader Taken has died.

The hostility of the Calais Kingdom has increased by 100.

“Heeok!”

Pale and Zephyr were surprised at the sudden explosion.

“It seems like we can solve it like this. Attack.”

Weed ordered the undead to attack the forces of Kallapik Castle. Then he said towards his colleagues.

“I felt it when I did the desert quest. This is a journey to the past through Travel Sculpting. This isn’t our original world so everything we see now will disappear after our adventure.”

“Aha.”

Romuna was convinced and nodded.

The inhabitants of the Arpen Kingdom and Haven Empire still gave birth and raised children.

He was a person who often looked at faces when talking about adventures.

“It seems like all of you are now thinking about life expectancy.”

“Yes. That’s right.”

“I feel a little empty.”

Bellot grumbled but didn’t forget her role.

The death knights surrounded and fought the rebels and defense troops of the castle.

“Chain Penetration, Earth Wave!”

“Ehet, Gust Arrow!”

Pale and Maylon fired arrows towards the enemies.

Romuna’s flashy magic and Surka’s punches!

“Iyap, Fist Strike!”

Surka’s fist grew more than a dozen times bigger and blew away a knight fighting against death knights.

“I like a melee.”

Python jumped towards the enemies with his greatsword while Seasoned Crab quickly disappeared.

Every time he moved, a commander level knight would disappear.

Irene healed her colleagues with divine magic and even occasionally healed the knights fighting the undead.

“Thank you. Priest-nim!”

“You’re welcome.”

Weed commanded the undead while shooting arrows.

It was a fact of life that a necromancer was bad when teaming up with a party.

A necromancer was a one man army so they didn’t work well with other users.

In order to overcome this weakness, he jumped into the middle of the battlefield.

*

Evaluk Castle of the Kallamore area.

It was an area Dain ruled that was unscathed by rebels.

“There are clean streets and buildings. It is all thanks to Lord-nim.”

“Do I miss the Kallamore Kingdom? Why? Everything has improved since Lord-nim arrived. I really can’t hope for anything more.”

“Our castle has become the centre of commerce, tourism, and production. The population of the castle has increased as a result of people moving here and children have stopped crying.”

The residents of Evaluk Castle praised Dain’s reign.

The users also had no complaints.

“I was worried when Lord Dain-nim arrived.”

“Yes. It is futile to worry about everything. ”

The Hermes Guild lords were famous for squeezing the users to an unbearable degree.

As soon as she was appointed, Dain changed the tax rate and eliminated most discrimination in hunting grounds and quests.

Excluding the mandatory tax to the Hermes Guild, only the minimum tax was required.

The city also formed its own funds by operating businesses.

“Lord-nim. This is a difficult situation.”

“The Hermes Guild didn’t give any instructions about how to rule. I am acting within the guild’s rules.”

There was a backlash among the Hermes Guild users but that soon stopped.

Rumours of Dain’s friendship with Lafaye and Darius circulated.

Even when there were rebels on the Central Continent, Evaluk Castle kept evolving and now boasted the largest population and economic power.

Dain made friends with the residents as she patrolled the streets several times every day.

“Lord-nim. This is an herb. I tried to prepare flowers but I like

herbs more...”

“Yes. Thank you. This is fine.”

Dain chewed the herb and laughed brightly.

“After eating, you should have some ginseng as well... Hem hem.”

She wore a dark robe in order to not make people and users uncomfortable.

“An accident!”

“There are several people that are seriously injured.”

One of the residents was hit by a wagon and was seriously injured.

Dain ran over straight away and reached out her hand.

“I’ll fix it. Absolute Recovery!”

She used an advanced divine spell like a priest!

She was also involved in hunting parties centred around Evaluk Castle.

She sneaked into places where people were recruiting to go to the hunting grounds.

“Do you want to go hunting?”

“One more person... I have been looking for a long time. Seeking a level 400 user.”

“That is me.”

“Then would you like to go with me?”

“Yes. I’ll go.”

“But we need a warrior. You seem like a shaman looking at your headband and earrings, so can you fight in close combat?”

Dain nodded lightly. She wasn’t a combat profession but it didn’t matter.

“Yes. I can.”

“What type of weapons do you primarily use?”

“A sword, a spear, an axe, a bow, a hammer, a sickle, chains, a rope, and a pickaxe.”

“Ah... I see. You can deal with almost everything.”

“It is because weapons are my hobby.”

“The priest in my party isn’t very skilled so you will have to be careful about managing your health.”

“I can use healing magic.”

“Really? Then you are the best.”

A shaman who could do anything!

If that wasn’t the case then a high level shaman wouldn’t ever get to join a party.

Dain played in dungeons when she was bored, therefore her skill levels were very high and she also learnt a variety of techniques.

From traps disassembly to blessings, curses, and monster tracking. Whenever Dain joined a party, a speedy hunt would occur.

She supplemented any missing professions and the party members just followed behind her.

“Have you ever hunted with Lord-nim?”

“No. Is it as good as the rumours?”

“The rumours weren’t enough. We just trusted her and left it to her. She took care of everything.”

Dain entered dungeons when she was bored and also visited cities.

The popularity of Evaluk Castle increased and became financially efficient as the users grew.

Her fame wasn't the best, but it couldn't rise any higher among the local residents.

Dain's reputation was high in the entire Kallamore region.

After a leadership meeting, the Hermes Guild made a formal offer to her.

“Why don't you try expanding your governing area?”

“How much?”

“There are seven castles in an uneasy state around Evaluk Castle. The lords have lost their qualifications so... Please rule these areas.”

“Yes. I understand.”

Dain's territory continued to grow and reached approximately 1/5th of the Kallamore area.

Through the exchange of technology, culture, and production, Evaluk Castle increased its influence like a black hole.

*

The salesperson Komul from the Mapan Trading Company! He dragged his hand wagon and entered Evaluk Castle.

“Come come. Dried fish for sale!”

“Please come in. Come and see. Pick up cheap crystal balls for disposable magic and video conversion.”

“Selling snake skin, insect shells, and various timber. You know the value of it.”

The wide space of Evaluk Castle was a paradise for merchants!

They were sitting on the ground or standing on wagons and actively selling things.

‘Hmm. Of these merchants, a third of them are full-timers.’

Komul analyzed the users with sharp eyes.

A merchant who avoided combat would have their belly and chin grow thicker.

‘Average users are selling many things... The economy looks robust. The economy is developing through minor trade.’

Komul was a native user of the Arpen Kingdom.

He started Royal Road late but still experienced the initial period of the Arpen Kingdom.

‘Whatever it takes. Mapan-nim said. I will look for a better spot to trade.’

It was impossible for a merchant to monopolize the trading of goods within a kingdom.

Economically, it was important for residents and general users to move goods between small villages and cities.

In order to produce large quantities of leather products and weapons, the related materials needed to be supplied.

The faster that users and local residents received daily commodities, the better the economic development would be.

It was less meaningful if only one village was looked at. But when looking at the size of a whole kingdom, trade was a very big factor in production, consumption, and user growth.

‘Evaluk Castle is energetic.’

Komul sold all the pickled fruits loaded on his cart in 10 minutes.

‘That is a record speed for selling this.’

The Mapan Trading Company dispatched a secret salesperson to each city in the Haven Empire.

From low level to high level users, they would sell typical products and gather information.

It was possible to statistically analyze the extent of the city’s consumption, the technology, user level, and population

satisfaction.

‘Evaluk Castle. It is going to require a long-term strategy.’

Komul passed through Evaluk Castle towards Subein.

Agents of the Mapan Trading Company quickly spread through the Central Continent.

*

Seo-yoon drank tea in her room in the Earth Palace.

The Wife and Child star sculpture shining from her window. The moon was beautiful, but not as much as the Wife and Child sculpture floating in the sky.

‘I hope there will be a happy family sculpture in the future.’

She wondered if there could be a bigger present than this. Seo-yoon rested at the window before returning to her desk.

-An analysis of the economic power of the Central Continent cities.

-Population migration in the empire.

-The main hunting areas and quests in the Hermes Guild, allowing any free merchant a chance to earn big money. The exhilarating fun of a bargain!

The sense of accomplishment when trading hundreds of thousands of gold was much greater than when hunting monsters.

“I can’t be too late.”

Mapan started to run with his massive body. There was only one person he respected in this society.

Weed!

‘Before I met him, I was just a regular merchant who liked money.’

Weed taught him about money.

Mapan transformed into an expert who could look at a customer and think of three or four ways to get money from them.

It was a glorious moment when he met Weed, allowing him to become the merchant he was today.

‘I am almost late for the appointment time. That absolutely can’t happen.’

Mapan entered the palace and politely greeted Seo-yoon.

“I know... Heeop! I received a call from you.”

“Mapan-nim. I’m sorry. There is something I have to deal with straight away but I can’t go myself.”

“It is an honour that you thought of me. I’ll do anything.”

Mapan’s eyes were filled with starlight as he gazed at Seo-yoon.

He was envious of Weed, but Seo-yoon’s presence in the Arpen Kingdom was even more surprising.

“There is something I have to buy in the Tullen area. Is it possible for the Mapan Trading Company to purchase it?”

“Yes. Of course.”

“Then please buy 100,000 gold’s worth of iron ore. I will send you the necessary funds from the kingdom’s budget.”

“I will do it.”

Mapan said but he thought it was strange.

‘Something like this... 100,000 gold is a lot of money. Furthermore, buying iron ore from the Tullen region and bringing it to the Arpen Kingdom will be a complex task. The north doesn’t lack in iron ore.’

That was just the beginning of Seo-yoon’s request.

“Please sell the iron ore in the Ritten area. The price is 13% higher so the profit margin will remain.”

“Yes. That is good. If the merchant makes a bargain then I can get 17%.”

“Is it possible to buy barley from Ormal Castle and sell it in the Gradian area?”

“There is a route so that will be easy.”

“The price is 5% more expensive. I will invest 530,000 gold in this.”

“I will promote it.”

Mapan’s questions grew as he wrote it down. He hesitated but soon opened his mouth.

“But what is the purpose of these transactions? If you want a profit then it is better to change the sale locations. With iron ores, it is better to sell at the smithies in the nearby Somren.”

“It is in order to interfere with the Haven Empire.”

“Huh?”

“It will prevent the goods from being consumed in the right places. It is a normal deal but with interrupted production, causing the economy to hurt a little bit.”

Seo-yoon spoke with a decisive expression. Even this sight was beautiful.

‘There was this way as well.’

Mapan was smuggling money but he only thought about himself.

The Central Continent’s economy was driven by a very complex and efficient system.

Putting a small pin in one of the cogs would cause a huge disruption.

As Mapan thought about this, many things popped into his head.

‘Selling iron ores in the Ritten area. There will be a temporary scarcity in the areas where iron ore is needed. The merchants will

be able to bring them to Somren later. However, the process has increased so the price will go up.'

The price would go up as multiple transactions are made and there was also the shipping cost.

In the long term, it would have a deteriorating effect on the national power of the Haven Empire.

'We will also make a lot of money... Damaging them in this way... It is a tricky method so it is hard to notice.'

*

Death knight, death knight, death knight, death knight!

Weed summoned the undead in Kallapik Castle. The rebels and defenders fighting for the kingdom were endlessly pushed.

"The knights won't be so easily killed!"

Romuna shouted and Weed screamed back positively.

"Just think of them as hunting prey."

"The difficulty is higher!"

"We can endure."

"Yes but..."

"Just keep striking. In fact, this is a rare opportunity."

Romuna restored her mana and used wide area fire magic.

An attack that destroyed buildings and burnt enemies!

It was cool but she had to take a moment of rest due to the magician's nature of consuming mana.

"Irene. Bless me."

"Yes. I understand. Smart Blessing!"

It was a blessing that temporarily increased wisdom and mana.

Romuna opened a magic book and chanted a spell.

“Hot flames rise, a rain of heavenly fire falls to the earth.”

It took four minutes to chant the spell while watching the magic book.

“Great Fire Storm!”

Hundreds of metres of earth split apart and flames soared into the sky. The sky was raining fire.

An ultimate magic that didn't distinguish between rebels and defenders!

“There are many people to fight.”

Python was a warrior who broke through the enemy with Surka who came back when they needed a break. Meanwhile, Zephyr stayed next to Weed.

Pale and Maylon fired arrows like a machine.

“Corpse Explosion, Corpse Explosion, Corpse Explosion!”

Every time a body exploded, Weed accumulated experience and skill proficiency.

The battlefield atrocities didn't end there as bodies exploded everywhere, dealing damage to all troops.

Seasoned Crab quietly aimed at the commanders while Hwaryeong was a distinctive presence.

At first, Seasoned Crab was surprised to see Hwaryeong go out into enemy lines.

“Why are you doing this?”

“Just stay by my side.”

“Do you want me to protect you?”

“Nope. Kill all enemies who come.”

Hwaryeong's skirt flowed as she danced in the middle of the battlefield.

The beautiful movements caught the attention of enemy knights and commanders, and they became strongly deceived.

Seasoned Crab was able to easily eliminate the commanders.

Ttararang!

Bellot sat on a pile of stones and played her harp.

His colleagues who were afraid of dying when they came to Kallapik Castle had adjusted to Weed's lies.

There were meals everywhere around them.

Weed waved the Fallen Saint's Wand.

'Get rid of the enemies running amok. Having endless enemies is a perfect battlefield for a necromancer.'

When it was evening, the battle was over and Weed's group settled in to rest.

"Uh... It is coming to an end."

Surka sat on the ground.

Pale and Maylon were moving around the battlefield to supplement the arrows that were already consumed.

They could fire mana even without arrows, but there was a difference in the mana consumption.

"Pick it up."

-Understood. Master.

Weed summoned the wind elemental to help collect the arrows.

Of course, the main purpose was to get all types of loot along with the arrows.

"Uhaah."

The sweaty Hwaryeong stretched charmingly as she spread her arms. A celebrity!

She lived in a world different from ordinary people so she was

used to staying up all night. Bellot also finished playing with a bright expression.

“Now I can live a little bit, Unni.”

“Yes. It feels like it has been a while since there was a hard hunt. We followed Weed.”

“Well, it is okay.”

Weed checked the status of his colleagues while making a bonfire.

“What are you doing?”

“I am cooking.”

“Wow. What are you cooking?”

“It’s nothing.”

A considerable number of ingredients emerged from Weed’s backpack.

He grilled steak with special sauce and made a seafood soup using his advanced cooking skills. They seemed like expensive grade 1 or 2 cooking ingredients just by the smell and colour. Python laughed at the thought of eating an abundant amount of delicious food.

“As expected from the first master.”

Zephyr and Pale became dizzy because they knew Weed’s personality.

“That’s not it. He only mastered sculpting.”

“I feel something creepy.”

“I feel more anxious than when I first arrived at Kallapik Castle.”

Anyway, Weed’s cooking instantly disappeared into their mouths.

The close to 30 servings quickly disappeared as his colleagues ate.

Irene and Bellot, who had nice personalities, moved their spoons

before the others could.

“Weed-nim’s cooking. I can live.”

Hwaryeong grasped a big bone with meat attached.

Weed laughed as the food disappeared in a short time.

“Prepare to fight.”

“Huh? The battle is over.”

Maylon said to them.

“Don’t you know? Kallapik’s history.”

“What about it?”

Maylon knew the history of the Versailles Continent.

Although there were some differences in the history, this was referred to as the worst battlefield.

“The struggle with the nobles will last a week. The attack will continue at night but the royal guards will defend it with much difficulty. The noble faction was finally defeated and peace came. After that, creatures started attacking.”

“I-is that so?”

“Yes. This quest won’t end so easily.”

Overwork and mistreatment.

They weren’t surprised.

Given the scale of the noble rebels, they knew it wouldn’t end so simply with just one battle.

On average, the level of the knights was in the mid-300s.

Each individual was weak, but the joint attack of the knights and the magic divisions were dangerous.

In addition, the commanders were in the mid-400s.

They had the power to improve the morale and capabilities of

troops using their commanding abilities.

In order to subdue them, Python and Seasoned Crab worked diligently.

Maylon asked with curiosity.

“But Weed-nim drove away the Embinyu Church. They were destroyed in the past and completely disappeared in the future. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

“But if we stop them here then won’t the future of the Versailles Continent change?”

Maylon’s eyes shone like lanterns.

Hwaryeong, Bellot, and Zephyr weren’t interested in history but the others also wondered about the results.

Weed explained while washing the dishes.

“Time Sculpting. So it is dangerous to go back and change history with Travel Sculpting. I don’t know what changes will happen in the future. But there is nothing to worry about with this quest.”

“Why?”

“By the end of the battle, this area will be hit by an earthquake.”

*

Kallapik Palace!

Weed’s colleagues just remembered one thing.

Attack if they weren’t attacking. If they were undead then leave them alone.

Sooner or later, everyone would become an undead.

“Kuweeek!”

“My head!”

“Syuong syuong syuong syuong syuong syuong!”

There were drooling zombies and dullahans carrying their heads.

Van Hawk led the death knights in a confrontation against the knights.

“The undead are strong.”

“Van Hawk was the commander of the Dark Army.”

“The pride of the undead... I will tell you my name. I am knight Kreger.”

“Kreger. Soon you will become my new subordinate.”

Weed didn't focus on the undead and searched the battlefield.

Numerous troops were gathering in Kallapik Castle.

The rebels of the noble families and those loyal to the kingdom's royal family.

Both sides fought at Kallapik Castle, as the battle occurred in both day and night.

“Rise. Open your eyes, ghosts that never sleep. Live and get revenge on those that killed you! Undead Rise.”

Weed called undead ghosts.

He used stage 1 magic to produce abundant numbers of zombies, skeletons, and ghouls. Then he used stage 2 undead magic in the area where knights and nobles were fighting.

“N-necromancer!”

“How dare you. Selling an eye in a battlefield!”

The rebel army was formed from nobles of various parts of the kingdom.

In areas where they fought, undead attacks occurred.

As the magic rank rose, different types of undead could be summoned and their health and combat power would increase.

The quality of the corpses wasn't as good as the giants' fortress

but the mana consumption used to summon the undead was reduced.

“Kuweeek!”

“Unbelievable... A zombie!”

“Ghosts. Their eyes are flashing. Priest!”

Weed’s Summon Undead skill was rapidly growing.

Although it was only intermediate level 1, the skill proficiency was improving in quality rather than quantity.

“Solid Bones, Wind of Stench.”

Enhancing magic and curse magic were also enough to increase proficiency.

Even if the level was low, there were many enemies so it was good to build experience. Surka and Python started talking.

“I think I’m used to this.”

“Certainly. I also feel like I am adapting.”

Weed made a big decision on the third day.

“Hit the rebels.”

Maylon was confused and asked.

“Aren’t we fighting them now?”

“We have to go subdue the enemy’s base.”

“Such a thing...”

Astonishment flickered in Maylon’s eyes. She was very strong as a broadcasting host, but fighting both armies caused her to be tense.

Whether they were nobles or soldiers of the kingdom, she had to fight the enemy!

Surka applauded.

“Wah. How interesting!”

Python laughed as he stuck the greatsword into the ground.

“I am in favour of this. It is tiresome fighting like this.”

The decision to hit the bulk of the enemy!

“Van Hawk. You need to open the way.”

“Understood. Master.”

“Take care of the knights and attack the archers and magician unit. Also stop the commanding force from getting away.”

“Is that all I have to do?”

“Yes. I hope you are successful.”

Van Hawk’s huge shoulders!

As the death knights attacked the bulk of the noble rebels, Weed summoned ghosts and ran with his colleagues.

Van Hawk formed a formation with the death knights.

Weed’s Undead Summon was intermediate level 2 and Barkhan’s equipment made it more effective.

The death knights defeated the knights.

“Defense formation. Defense formation!”

The knights of the nobles defended themselves with the shields of the heavy infantry.

“Breakthrough!”

Van Hawk wielded his sword and the death knights threw their bodies.

This tactic was possible because they were undead.

The ghosts ran through the bodies of the enemies.

While the leading death knights were destroyed, the gaps in the defenses of the rebels were exposed.

“Die. Immortal Commander Weed-nim gave us new life.”

“Bow down to greet Immortal Commander!”

“Weed’s proud army won’t stop!”

The death knights in armour spoke in bizarre voices as they attacked.

Weed followed closely behind the ghosts and chanted spells.

“Dead Rise, Corpse Explosion!”

Corpses rose in an instant and some of them exploded, widening the path.

After using Sculptural Destruction, all the art stats were put into wisdom so the great power breached the defense formation.

“An ambush!”

“Protect Duke Grouse!”

The rebel forces fighting the palace guards hurried over.

The death knights pierced enemy lines but forces gathered from everywhere.

“Now. Sweep through the rebels for the kingdom!”

The palace guards chased after the rebels.

“Hiyah. Charge. Charge!”

“Python-nim. This is a great.”

“I feel good. Hiyah. Hiyah!”

The death knights attacked Duke Grouse who was commander of the rebels.

Weed and his colleagues overpowered the surrounding troops and used a short gap to penetrate deeply.

“The execution guillotine.”

A sharp offensive!

“Aaaack!”

-Duke Grouse, the head of the Kallapik rebellion has lost his life.

You can freely pick two stat points based on your combat achievement.

Fame has increased by 690.

-A massive task has been achieved in a large-scale battle!

You have killed 10,000 enemies. Fighting Spirit and perseverance has increased by 1.

Duke Grouse, the head of the rebels, lost his life and the nobles started to escape.

“Chase.”

Weed used the undead to sweep up the experience.

As the rebels suddenly collapsed, the death knights increased to over 1,000.

It wasn't enough to sweep the battlefield, but that was enough power to fight against the knights.

“Fight.”

Weed used the characteristics of the undead to start fighting.

Fight and fight again.

Raise undead and raise again.

“Piece through. The master of your life commands it. Smash the enemies!”

A necromancer couldn't become easily bored on a large battlefield.

A powerful undead unit occupied the battlefield area and started fighting.

The death knights were the centre and supported by the skeleton units, while the ghosts bit the fleeing enemies.

-Faith has decreased by 2.

-Luck has decreased by 3.

-This battle takes advantage of the characteristics of the undead.

-Wisdom has increased by 1.

Weed felt pain from his stats falling, but it was still enough for him to bear.

“Sweep them all away!”

The battle was over that night.

In the original history, the battle of Kallapik Castle lasted a few more days but the result was changed.

After Duke Grouse died, the noble forces were irreversibly damaged.

The castle guards lost a similar amount but were victorious anyway.

“Everybody shout!”

“For His Majesty!”

“We have overcome the enemy with courage and hope. The unrest in the kingdom will be removed soon.”

However, the joy of the kingdom’s guards only lasted until midnight.

Undead.

The undead could no longer prey on the rebels and started to strike at the kingdom's guards.

“Ohh... This is a really bad thing.”

“I'll make a spinach pizza.”

“Spinach pizza is good. No... That's not it!”

“Add a tangy lemon drink.”

“I won't oppose the deal.”

Surka tried to disagree but was quickly persuaded.

On this Travel Sculpting trip with Weed, they were continuously brainwashed.

All the NPCs here would disappear after their adventure. Therefore, there was no need to bother about good or evil.

“I am lacking arrows.”

“I have some arrows left. I'll share.”

“Pale-nim doesn't have enough left.”

“I'm okay. My heart will grow bigger if I give it away. Haha.”

Pale and Maylon were shooting a romance movie on the battlefield so they were interested in the surroundings.

Either way, they wanted to look cool while fighting.

Irene used recover magic and Romuna used fire magic.

Hwaryeong danced and Bellot played musical instruments.

“Ah... Shaking my body relaxes me.”

“Unni, this is really funny. Do you want to listen to a new song that I made?”

Only Seasoned Crab felt somewhat troubled.

“Life and death... Living a long life is good and dying early is bad.

At the end of this adventure, all these lives will disappear.”

Chapter 2: Swaying Public Sentiment

The central reception room in Aren Castle.

Darius showed up at the place where many Hermes Guild users were gathered.

“He handled the dirty work well and this time it bit him back.”

“I was lucky compared to him. In the end, it was all exposed.”

“But Darius has always been favoured by the leaders so will he be punished?”

The users gathered in the reception room spoke to each other in low voices.

The elite group that was the Hermes Guild only aimed for victory! Military commanders who were defeated would be openly punished. Their territory or troops were given back, or they might even be expelled from the guild.

“The death of a thousand people. It is a problem that can’t be overcome without someone taking responsibility. Darius is no different.”

“Indeed. Draka-nim hasn’t come out since that day.”

As a commander in the north of the Haven Empire, he was 10th in the rankings.

But after being defeated in a great battle with the Arpen Kingdom, he was thoroughly disciplined and lost a lot of power.

“It is the end for Darius.”

“He doesn’t have a solid background or strong forces. If a hunting dog who failed to hunt is let go, the guild’s discipline will be destroyed.”

“I don’t want to see him arrogantly roaming around the Rosenheim Kingdom.”

Darius' official censure was done at a gathering of guild leaders, including Lafaye.

“The disaster at Mols Dungeon. You were the leader. No one survived under your command and you failed to eliminate your goal. Wasn't you goal to kill Weed?”

“Yes. That's correct.”

Darius bowed with slumped shoulders. He showed a subservient appearance that reflected his sadness and sense of responsibility.

“But you were so focused on Weed that you didn't notice the trap in advance.”

Lantan, one of the guild's leaders, questioned in a sharp voice.

“The result of the battle was that 1054 people were killed. Compare that to the northern users where only 34 people died. As for the power, it was confirmed through the broadcast that the northern users had fewer numbers. Do you have anything to say about this result?”

“It was because I didn't know. I was unaware.”

Darius had no excuse for the battle.

“How would I know if there were 500 or 1,000 enemies without any prior information?”

“You were too busy running away.”

“We tried to complete the task even when being chased.”

“Tried? What is the point of trying if there are no result?”

“Are you saying that all the users who participated in the operation are fools? If that was the case, would the results be any different for anyone else here?”

As Darius refuted Lantan's accusations, a cold aura flowed in the central reception room.

“It is difficult.

“This time we really thought we could get rid of Weed.”

Lafaye and the leaders talked bitterly as they watched.

From their position, disposing of Darius wouldn't be a big problem. However, the opinions of the leaders were divided into two.

“It is certain that this operation has failed. In consideration of fairness, we can't let you go. So I will propose an official punishment.”

“The Hermes Guild won't be invincible for too long. The trap to catch Weed has failed...”

“The problem is the broadcast. 16% audience ratings. More than 200 million people saw that the Hermes Guild has failed again.”

“They won't stop talking about the deaths. I feel like I really am going to blow up if I hear about it again.”

“We lost too helplessly. Furthermore, throwing the corpses of the users at a necromancer... It is just nutrients to help him grow faster.”

“I looked at the dungeon video. They didn't fight well by any standards.”

The Hermes Guild users wouldn't tolerate the mistakes of others.

There was a fierce competition and solid treatment for the winners.

This was the secret behind the Hermes Guild becoming the best among the prestigious guilds.

Lafaye came to a conclusion after gathering the opinions of the leaders.

“Darius has failed to honour the Hermes Guild with a victory. There will be a two months ban on A grade hunting grounds and the taxes of Chegram Village, that he owns, will increase to 30%.”

*

Darius' heart turned away the moment that he heard Lafaye's decision.

‘Yes. In this way, don't they only end up eating sweet things?’

He had struck in the back of the head in the Rosenheim Kingdom. From the time he joined the Hermes Guild, he had no affection or loyalty towards it.

‘I can't believe in those guys. I have to move from here first.’

After returning from Aren Castle, Darius secretly disposed of all the assets of Chegram Village.

Properties such as buildings, vineyards and farmlands were handed over through the auction site to avoid rumours.

He used a middle agent so it wasn't difficult to hide it for a while.

The Hermes Guild's hunting dog earned a lot of assets but he had to sell it cheaply. However, even that was a huge amount.

Lafaye and the leaders often gave the hunting dog tasks that were difficult to resolve.

The assets disposal took one or two days, and valuable items such as horses and carriages were sold.

Darius quickly gained an interview with KMC Media that evening.

He was notorious among users but the national awareness was lagging behind. He became known to the viewers as the one who was wiped out in Mols Dungeon.

“Are we live now?”

“It isn't a live broadcast, but will be shown in an hour after some editing. Any problems will be reported to the director who will make a decision.”

“Yes.”

Darius laughed, revealing his white teeth as he watched the reporter. It was like his teeth were specifically made to mimic a vampire.

“The contents will be broadcasted right?”

“Yes. It would be good if you comment on the battle against Weed in Mols Dungeon.”

“Of course, I will be sure to do that but... I would like to tell an important story.”

“You can do anything. It is all being recorded.”

The interview was taking place within Royal Road.

Video recording was supported through the basic system.

Darius made a shocking statement to the reporter who was sitting comfortably.

“The Hermes Guild is rotten.”

“Huh?”

“The leaders are shameless and incompetent.”

The reporter was surprised.

“W-what are you talking about...? Why are you suddenly criticizing the leadership?”

The station had done its own prior investigation.

He never thought that the person known as the Hermes Guild's hunting dog would start criticizing it.

“Lafaye made me a scapegoat to hide his stupid commands.”

“Ah. You are a victim in this case.”

“How was falling into Weed's trap at Mols Dungeon my responsibility?”

“That's right.”

The reporter nodded.

Darius had hurried into the dungeon with his whole army but there was some understanding.

‘But it won’t be appropriate to broadcast this excuse...’

Darius said in a loud voice.

“We failed in the information warfare. Secondly, Lafaye and the leaders made the wrong decision. Honestly, it is my responsibility, but isn’t it wrong to move people to a spot where nothing is known about it?”

“Yes. I understand. Please keep speaking.”

“The invincible Hermes Guild? How funny. They are only cheap shit when associated with Weed. I fought hard and failed, only to be turned into a scapegoat. The ones who are really in the wrong at those who sit up high and give orders.”

The reporter made an ambiguous expression.

‘He is biting. But how do we edit it?’

He was a hound dog biting his owners. It was certainly a funny sight, although there were a few issues.

Still, it was unclear whether the interview would be broadcasted.

‘We can use an excuse. It is necessary to set aside a major portion of the news.’

If they put the video on the Internet then they could get more audience attention.

There were many users who liked seeing the Hermes Guild fail!

Darius’ shoulders sagged like a victim.

“The Hermes Guild hasn’t learnt from their failures. It is funny that Lafaye makes wrong commands as he presides over a great guild that keeps on failing. And Bardray curls up like a jerk and doesn’t do his share of the hunting.”

“ ... ”

The reporter's eyes grew bigger.

'If he talks to this extent then there will be a large ripple effect on the news.'

Darius' unstoppable words continued.

"I acknowledge the ability that Lafaye has shown in the past as he led the Hermes Guild. Yes. Thus, he was able to conquer the continent. But that ability has a limit. It is too bad."

"Yes yes. I think so."

Darius continued blasting the Hermes Guild.

The reporter was interested for 10 minutes, but he soon became bored.

"Reporter-nim. Do you know how much dirty work the Hermes Guild has done?"

"Huh? Of course, they have received a lot of public criticism."

"That isn't it. The ugly things they committed secretly. The so-called hidden truths."

*

Darius revealed the black history hidden by the leaders of the Hermes Guild.

He committed it directly as the hunting dog and gathered his own information. In order to satisfy the greed of the leaders, it was common for them to drive bandits to plunder the merchants in their territory.

"i worked to fix the habits of the powerful lords within the guild."

"What were some specific tasks?"

"I spread many false rumours within the guild. It was to instigate fights with specific people or move merchants to other places."

"There must be a blow to the lords."

“Of course. The lords are in high positions so they have to be tamed from the beginning. Some lords had their economic power weakened and were driven from their positions.”

“They went that far?”

“Yes. Specifically, I led the rebels in the city of Bordeman.”

“The rebels.”

“I was the leader of the troops. I pretended to be a trustworthy person while the rebels turned the city upside down. I also fought with the lord’s army.”

The truths that were revealed didn’t give any sense of excitement.

Darius-nim, you are saying that this covert operation was done for the purpose of ruling over the city.”

“A ruling act? It wasn’t like that.

I feel bad standing on the side of those leaders.”

“Do you have any evidence of what you spoke about?”

“Of course. I have videos of that time. The battle scenes as well as receiving orders from Lafaye are all recorded. I will pass it to you at the end of the interview.”

Darius released 42 secrets and KMC Mediate broadcasted them.

It had phenomenal ratings and many sites related to Royal Road were full of stories about the Hermes Guild.

-They got caught.

-Really dirty things. I had no idea it would be this much.

-I didn’t know. Were they originally at this level?

-They seem to be getting rid of everyone in the political arena. They are doing politics in Royal Road.

-The Hermes Guild can do that much because of their size.

-It is unacceptable to do such things.

-Is there only one side? The Hermes Guild received a lot of criticism from general users for disguising as rebels...

-Hull. The Hermes Guild is too much.

-Too much. They must be destroyed.

-Let's move to the free north. I don't know when I will become a target.

Darius smiled as he checked the reaction of the Internet.

The pubs on the Central Continent were filled with voices of dissatisfied members of the Hermes Guild.

'This will be a sufficient gift to bring with me.'

His goal was to become successful and stronger in Royal Road.

He tried to climb to a higher place using the Hermes Guild but eventually failed and fell.

'I should make an opportunity rather than waiting for a chance. The success of a pioneer.'

Darius had a plan in his head.

Expose Lafaye and the Hermes Guild to reduce their presence.

In the process, he would earn great fame and favour from users and he would be treated well if he moved to the Arpen Kingdom.

'A lord of the Arpen Kingdom... There are some level 200 users. Pfft. That is a laughable level. But it is good to gain a position because there are many advantages.'

He would make another leap in the Arpen Kingdom. However, it remained to be seen if it would go according to Darius' plan.

-But Darius is the one who looks the worst.

-A hunting dog is only a hunting dog.

-Biting his own master. Now.

-He moves here and there. These hunting dogs make it harder to live in the world. He truly is the tail of the Hermes Guild.

*

The Hermes Guild scandal that came from Darius!

The heads of each broadcasting station were in a quiet place.

“Direction Yoon-nim, didn’t high ratings come out? It is too bad.”

“Huh. We also have an interview with Darius, but it was a day late so we missed the scoop.”

“But the ratings... It is just a pity that the exclusive was monopolized by KMC Media.”

Yoon Chang-sun, the new press director of CTS Media, expressed a little bit of annoyance in his voice.

“KMC Media often gets scoops.”

“They are often associated with Weed... Isn’t it time for us to avoid catching up?”

“Hoh. We need to have knowledge.”

Yoon Chang-sun, a director in his late 40s was younger compared to the other directors.

Apart from KMC Media, the director of 12 media outlets were gathered.

“The only way is to go back to the basics of broadcasting, live coverage.”

“Live coverage... That is a good word.”

“It is always important to work hard.”

The station directors laughed and waited for the following words.

They were able to overcome the intense politics inside the

broadcasting stations to reach the position of director.

Yoon Chang-sun was the one who suggested this secret meeting.

Yoon Chang-sun looked at them and opened up.

“The important thing is the purpose of the coverage. There is an explosive interest in Weed. As you know, just sending a hunting video would have good ratings.”

“That’s right.”

The other directors agreed.

They had obtained intelligence that Weed had gone back to the past to hunt.

‘Is such a quest possible?’

‘Another adventure? This might be quite interesting...’

‘Anything can happen on Weed’s adventures.’

The broadcasting stations were in the process of sending gifts to Weed’s house.

Yoon Chang-sun knew about it but pretended not to.

“But from the viewpoint of the broadcasting station, there are a few ingredients needed to get high ratings.”

“These ingredients are?”

“Due to this disclosure, I found out that our CTS Media has gathered a lot of information about the Hermes Guild. Is it the same for the other stations?”

“Of course. We have some pretty good information. There is a big one.”

Han Sang-gyu, director of the online station Royal Spider, expressed interest.

“Until now, the influence of the Hermes Guild... To be honest, I hadn’t wanted to broadcast it because I wanted to cooperate with

them for some broadcasts. Shouldn't we expose the information that was held back?"

Yoon Chang-sun said with a confident expression on his face.

The directors' heads became complicated.

'The broadcasting stations will simultaneously expose the Hermes Guild.'

'The audience ratings will be high. The Versailles Continent will be turned upside down but we won't have to worry about their revenge.'

'The Hermes Guild doesn't have the same strength as before. The absolute power of the Central continent is also collapsing. Even without the rebels.'

The directors noticed that this was the main topic of the meeting.

However, the director of KR Channel shook his head.

"The stations have to maintain neutrality in the dispute between users. Won't it violate that neutrality if we use the Hermes Guild for ratings?"

"No. The neutrality of the broadcast itself is still important. But if there is news about the Hermes Guild then shouldn't we have report it?"

The directors started calculating after Yoon Chang-sun's words.

"We aren't criticizing or exposing. We are just telling the truth."

"We aren't affecting the sense of perception. I don't think it is a bad thing to return to the original way of reporting."

There was a sympathetic feeling among the directors.

The walls had crumbled due to an unexpected variable called Darius. If the broadcasting station started to report the black history of the Hermes Guild then a flow would be made in an instant.

If the audience ratings rose and they couldn't catch the flow then the stations would only lose money.

They had to at least follow behind.

'There is no objection. Then I will ask.'

This was the secret to promoting longevity of a worker.

*

-The truth of Danang Dungeon.

-The secret killers.

-Being deprived of treasures through coercion.

With the exposure of Darius and the news of the broadcasting stations, the Royal Road bulletin boards became noisy like a beehive had been touched.

"I am also a victim of the Hermes Guild. I was robbed of the racecourse I was running."

"They just took it?"

"Yes. They told me to go. If I refused they would kill me, so there was really no other choice."

Interviews with the victims were shown everyday by the stations. In the meantime, the stations didn't stop reporting the information they had kept back.

"They tried to kill me."

"The Hermes Guild suddenly guarded the entrance of a novice hunting ground and made me pay 5 gold to enter. Originally it was 1 gold. They killed me when I didn't have the money. I had to work part-time in the city to get into the hunting grounds."

"The Hermes Guild users are really rich and strong. I always wondered about the methods they used to make their money. It is annoying finding out the answer."

The actions committed by the prestigious guild piled up at once.

Weed didn't care about the situation and just focused on hunting.

The battle at Kallapik Castle that lasted one week!

After defeating a crowd of monsters, the party lay down on the ground with exhaustion.

"Uwah... I won't be able to fight even if I am killed."

"My vitality is at the very bottom. It was endless. The invasion of the monsters led to the destruction of the palace."

"Ku... This battle. I've experienced my limits."

His colleagues lay down as they watched Weed leading the undead to hunt the monsters.

Barkhan's Hell Monarch Robe.

It was a bloody robe with an ominous aura, but the party wearing it nagged at the undead while fighting.

Weed's colleagues were familiar with the sight but Python was different.

'God of War. He is strong.'

He never stopped fighting.

Python confirmed Weed's brilliant fighting style at Kallapik Castle.

'I will get tired if I keep eating delicious food. He doesn't get bored of fighting.'

He had no thoughts when fighting. He fought as long as his vitality permitted.

An extreme spirit of hard work!

Boredom and mental fatigue were just luxuries.

-Kallapik Survivor has been completed.

The war in the Calais Kingdom has finally ended.

The incompetent royal family is safe but the kingship has fallen and the residents are suffering from famine.

Still, there are good rewards for those who have survived the battlefield.

-You have proven your bravery as a warrior.

Luck, concentration, fighting spirit and strength has increased by 2.

Fame has increased by 5,000.

After the battle at Kallapik Castle ended, everyone's stats rose. One more message window showed up in front of Weed.

-An ominous power has enveloped Kallapik's Palace.

Concentration, wisdom and knowledge has increased by 2, while dignity, honour, faith and luck has decreased by 2.

Maximum mana has increased by 300.

-The achievement of Summon Undead!

You have summoned more than 30,000 undead every day.

Waking up the dead!

Thanks to the enlightenment of death, the health of the undead have increased by 5%.

The mana required for Summon Undead is reduced by 3%.

"Anyway, this is good."

A change in stats.

He continued to get necromancer achievements while becoming

stronger.

He reached level 471!

The wisdom stat that Weed didn't rely on also reached 500 points.

The current hunting ground was good, but defeating the Hermes Guild in Mols Dungeon gave him great stat rewards.

"Let's look at this."

A spellbook obtained from killing the rebel magicians!

Weed read the spell.

-One day, a dream came to the magician Wodren who liked the wind.

"What if human beings could fly?"

Developing flying magic to travel around the continent...

The spellbook was the history book of a magician!

"Ahaam."

Weed yawned as he read the book.

There were notes related to Royal Road written, but most of the details in the spellbook were useless.

There were quest records and basic magic.

There were records about what inns Wodren slept in and even what he said to beautiful women in the streets.

-Wodren courageously decided to make a bet.

"I am a magician. Do you want to fly through the sky?"

"I'm busy right now."

"You can feel the freedom of the sky. Looking at the world from up high while feeling the heat of the sun and the cool breeze."

"It doesn't matter if that is true. I have a boyfriend. Mister."

-You have learnt the Levitation spell.

Weed's colleagues all learnt Levitation.

It wasn't difficult to learn Levitation if they were a magician.

200 knowledge and wisdom was required.

Levitation was advanced flying magic.

Yet they could learn it just by reading up to chapter 16 of Wodren's adventure!

"Wah. So cool."

Weed and his colleagues looked down at the ground from the sky.

The buildings of Kallapik Castle were collapsed.

Thousands of undead were wandering around through the remnants of the war.

There was a fortress that had been destroyed by rebel forces long ago and became deserted. Now nothing survived except for Weed's undead army.

"We fought in a place like this."

"It was great despite being long. I can mainly see the undead."

"After going through this, anything will seem like a conventional battle."

And...

Kukukukung!

The earth started shaking then sinking down.

Buildings crumbled as the wave spread out and even the undead disappeared.

It was a really pleasant sight for the group after the fierce battle they fought here.

‘That’s it. Now I don’t have to go down and fighting.’

‘It is over... This is the real end.’

‘It feels like it has been 6 hours since I went to the bathroom. This is really cool.’

Weed felt like he was eating ice cream in the middle of summer.

“Do you want to go on a simple hunt?”

Surka flat out said.

“I won’t go.”

*

The continent’s best tailor Drago.

He made clothes out of cloth and leather that had extreme good magical defense.

“Please make me a skirt.”

“Yes... Is your occupation a swordswoman? If you wear a skirt then the defense will be lower.”

“It is okay. Please make it short and it has to stick well!”

Drago also received orders from high school girls.

‘These benefits...’

There were also orders from female poets who boasted model-class beauty.

“i want a dress. Can I have it in time for my performance date next week?”

“i will be happy to.”

Sometimes big guys came in as well.

“I want a stylish uniform.”

“What are the materials?”

“Tiger leather.”

“A design with tiger leather...”

“It would be nice. It will also be good to have a coat.”

“Geom...does your name begin with this?”

“You know? I am called Geomchi-240.”

The Geomchis were the mascots of the Arpen Kingdom.

There weren't many users who didn't know of their existence.

“They are ignorant but fierce people.”

“They freeze while woman pass by them in the square. It is really amazing.”

“I wish I had a combat occupation so I could go hunting with them. Wouldn't I learn a lot? I am just a magician.”

Drago was still active around Morata.

Although the population and influence of Dawn City, Vent Castle and Vargo Fortress was growing, they still weren't a match for Morata.

He met with jewellery workers, blacksmiths and merchants in the city.

Drago enjoyed the urban life of a tailor while eating delicious food!

‘I don't really like the master tailor quest.’

He had already proceeded to stage 13 of the master quest.

100,000 doll eyes, 100,000 buttons, 100,000 needle threading, knitting a 120 metres carpet.

‘No. Does the tailor master quest have no adventures and is just hard labour? A sculptor has to run around the entire continent...’

Drago sighed at the thought.

Among the local tailors, there were no competitors so he had no one to complain to.

‘I want to do a quest. I...’

Drago visited the Tailor’s Guild every day to receive quests.

“There is an unfortunate girl. She wants to have a wedding... Can you make some clothes for her?”

He had to make a wedding dress but her presence was huge!

A special thread was required for the wedding dress.

‘Will it be an adventure this time? Finally... If I bring in users that I know from my network then I can win.’

Drago was a well-known name among the Grass Porridge Cult.

Many users became close to him because he was a tailor with a high production rate and he could create tricky robes for magicians and priests.

“I have come from Mapan’s Trading Company. Were you looking for a blessed thread?”

“Cough... I’m not sure where you came from but I need thread made from the dew of the dawn and webbing from the tak spider.”

“I have it.”

“The amount I want isn’t just one. It won’t be simple to get.”

“I’ve brought three. The price is a little expensive because it is difficult to get.”

“Hut. A joke...”

“If you buy the set of three then I will give you a 10% discount.”

The thread needed for the tailor master quest could just be purchased.

‘It is different from sculpting so I should love it. No? The quests are easy but I can’t boast about it to others.’

Drago was tired of weddings and hard work. A young girl opened the door to his store and spoke to him while he was making a

clothes order.

“Is this the workshop of a famous tailor? One month later, there will be a big flood in Morata.”

“Huh? What did you say?”

“The king of this place is a necromancer. So Tiron, defender of justice, is angry.”

“Tiron is angry....”

Tiron was the god of justice.

There were several religions in the Arpen Kingdom that defended it.

“You can stop Tiron’s wrath. If you spread a mysterious cloth then it will prevent water from entering the city and will turn back.”

The girl in front of him disappeared into light like a mirage.

Ddirring!

-Prevent Morata from Flooding.

Tiron is a god that protects justice and law.

King Weed of the Arpen Kingdom has protected the Versailles Continent and received the title ‘King Recognized by the Gods.’

He became a necromancer and made the gods angry.

Tiron’s revenge will affect the Yusellin River and Persal River, making them cover the city.

There is still time to prevent a disaster.

Create a waterway with a mysterious cloth.

Divert the water to the sea and the disaster caused by the god’s wrath will disappear.

In order to prevent the flood, you can gather colleagues

without any limitations.

If you don't stop the flood after participating in the quest, everyone who participated in the quest will be punished by Tiron.

Tiron's punishment: Divine magic can be applied for 100 days.

There will be a significant decline in fame.

Hostility with the Tiron Church.

Level of Difficulty: A

Compensation: Achievement points in the Arpen Kingdom.

Increased fame and intimacy with the residents. Saviour of Water title.

Quest Restrictions: Advanced level 7 Sewing skill.

-You have 5 minutes to decide if you want to accept the quest.

“Keook.”

Drago was startled.

It was surprising that a disaster would occur in Morata, but the contents were also troublesome.

“I have to create a waterway with cloth. The sea is a great distance from Morata.”

There was Varna Harbour and Rechad Harbour.

Due to being cities beside the sea, there were nice houses and villas.

Waters sprang up in the water. Sharks hunting for food!

It was very romantic for novice users to sail small boats along with the wind.

“It is a few days away by cattle so this is an impossible quest.”

-There is 2 minutes left in the quest decision time.

Drago had deep affection for Morata so he decided to accept the quest.

“There doesn’t seem to be any other choice... Anyway, I will try it.”

-You have accepted the quest.

After receiving the quest, he tried to contact Mapan’s Trading Company.

“A mysterious cloth? It is waterproof, stretchy and can grow up to 2,000 times... Do you have that magic cloth?”

“Yes. That’s correct. Are you asking if it is available?”

“Do you have any available?”

“Morata has the best leather and cloth on the continent. I have everything you need. How much mysterious cloth do you want?”

“I want a huge volume. I can afford it.”

“The mysterious cloths are piled up because there is no place to sell it. I’ll see it for cheap.”

“A disaster in Morata...”

Drago explained the situation.

The direction of the Morata branch of Mapan’s Trading Company nodded after hearing the situation.

“Um... This is a big issue so I need to report it to Weed-nim and Mapan-nim.”

“I thought so as well. We should report to King Weed and move

the residents of the Arpen Kingdom...”

“If Drago-nim fails then there will be a chance to sell life jackets and boats for the disaster.”

“Huh?”

“I’ll have to sell the unsold houses quickly.”

*

“Why is this for a tailor? Should an architect build dams or waterways for the flood?”

Drago grumbled but immediately starting sewing the mysterious cloth.

Mapan’s Trading Company announced that a disaster was going to happen near Morata.

-Promotion!

Get ready because a disaster will soon occur in Morata!

One month later, a flood will sweep through.

If you want to prevent the disaster then please come to Tailor Drago’s store!

You can earn achievement points in the Arpen Kingdom and fame.

“The Mushroom Porridge unit has come for support!”

“The Sesame Porridge unit is also here!”

“I heard the news. Do you need volunteers?”

“It is my dream to become a tailor. I would like to learn stitching from Drago-nim.”

The door of Drago’s store couldn’t close due to the incoming users.

The streets, squares and warehouses were filled with people sewing.

“Maybe you need a level 1? I have only been playing in Morata for 4 months. I haven’t left the city yet.”

“I-I... I can’t kill a bear... But I can get rid of insects. Anyway, if you share the quest then I will fry a few worms...”

“Front legs forward. Hind legs forward. The Frog Porridge unit came here to die!”

Drago, who knew he had to do extremely hard work, was surprised by all the people joining him.

“No. Why are there so many people?”

People gathered for the Arpen Kingdom. The users moved due to their patriotism.

“If the quest fails then you will receive the punishment of a god. Do you still want to join?”

“I’m just playing around.”

“Hard work? There is no one in the Arpen Kingdom who doesn’t know how to do hard work.”

“I was fine with digging.”

“It will be an unconditionally successful quest. Once the Toadstool Porridge... You should wash it down with honey.”

Hard work was a sacred thing for the Grass Porridge Cult.

The contents of the quest was to redirect the water to the sea using the waterproof mysterious cloth.

It was impossible to cover a large area with the mysterious cloth since there was a limit to the material, so they needed to use the terrain.

There would be no damage if the water swept over a wide, flat plains. In order to protect the cities and villages, they could connect river and streams to lead the floodwater out to the sea.

For this part, the adventurer and cartographer Daywalker came

out.

“I will set up a concrete plan. Drago-nim should produce as much of the mysterious cloth as possible.”

“I have to go to the scene and help...”

“Don’t rest on your laurels. Please make more mysterious cloth in Morata.”

“Kuhok.”

Miretas, the continent’s best farmer, also joined the quest.

“Some plants that can absorb a lot of water will help. I will grow large trees around Morata that will protect the area.”

Miretas was a tremendous help after he joined the quest. He had a good understanding of the land and vegetation, and was the best farmer in the Arpen Kingdom when it came to fertilizing land and producing food.

He looked at the rivers and came up with an idea to prevent the flood.

“If there will be a flood of water... The Yusellin River is quite deep. To prevent the flood, can’t we create waterways around the river to provide a stable supply of agricultural water to Rechad Harbour?”

Morata and its surrounding area had near complete development thanks to Goddess Freya’s blessing.

The land Miretas desired was southeast of Morata, the Nadallia Plains!

In the past, Weed had fought Barkhan’s army there and it was wide plains the size of a small kingdom in the Central Continent.

‘He wants to make waterways in that large area?’

Drago idly listened to the words. He was going to say no and focus on the quest, but Lemon of the Grass Porridge Cult agreed.

“Good idea. If the Nadallia Plains are developed then the lives of the users will become better. As farmers increase their crop yields, the population will grow faster.”

“Yes.”

Listening to Lemon and Miretas’ words, Drago doubted the spirit of the people.

‘It is increasing the amount of work involved in the quest.’

The reason he didn’t object was because many people had already joined the quest.

Instead of refusing, they all applauded like they liked it.

“I will plant buds on the Nadallia Plains!”

“The land of the Arpen Kingdom is wide, but the developed regions are narrow. In this way, there will be a big development at once.”

“We don’t need experts or high level people. Anyone can participate if they own a shovel.”

“Most users in the Arpen Kingdom have a shovel.”

“The Grass Porridge Cult even has 10 million in reserve.”

“We should collect more people.”

Thanks to the enthusiastic acceptance of the participants of the quest, the development of Nadallia Plains proceeded.

The next day, an official announcement from the Grass Porridge Cult appeared.

-Thanks to Weed-nim, everyone in the Grass Porridge Cult can participate in the quest.

For the sake of Morata’s prosperity, go to Nadallia Plains in the east!

There is no limit to how many people that can participate in the kingdom quest.

Drago read the official announcement while sewing the mysterious cloth.

“Who is saying this...? Rather, the facts are strangely twisted. Shouldn’t they hate Weed for causing a disaster?”

After the official announcements, users carrying shovels started to exit Morata, Dawn City and Vent Castle.

A huge crowd of people gathered outside Morata!

Base on the numbers, a procession was meaningless.

“A kingdom quest? I have to do it.”

“We have to do this sort of thing. Will there be another festival after the quest is completed?”

“I’m tired of playing at Puhol Water Park. It will be fun to dig at the ground.”

“Once this quest is completed, I can get a stamp of Wy-3.”

In order to receive the quest, people kept visiting Drago’s store. The quest could be shared even if Drago was busy sewing.

The quest was shared between thousands of people in the square at once.

After the regular users jumped at the task, the animal husbandry experts led the cattle.

“Omoooo!”

An endless procession of cows.

“What is this...?”

“How many cows?”

“Wah. There are so many. I see at least 2,000.”

“It is over 4,000.”

“Is the number of cattle higher than Morata’s population?”

There were no limitations in raising cattle or horses.

There was the animal husbandry profession, but even farmers, merchants or knights could raise animals as needed. In the Arpen Kingdom, the effect of Yellowy and Goddess Freya's blessing made it many times more production to raise livestock.

The cows had a high birth rate and abundant food on the wide lands, so the number of livestock naturally increased.

"It is hard to raise a dog in an apartment. Here I can raise hundreds of cows."

"Cows are property. Really?"

"I need to make money from my cows. I can earn a huge amount if they grow well!"

It was easy to ride the cows anywhere in the north and they also tamed them for battle like Weed.

As the cattle herds moved, Drago thought.

'This quest. It definitely isn't easy.'

The difficulty level of the quest depended on the number of people involved.

Thanks to the cooperation of the northern users, it was simple to end an event like a national disaster.

Chefs voluntarily gathered to make nutritional porridge for people participating in the quest. And the architects belatedly joined.

"I finished my work at Puhol Water Park... Kuhuhu. Something fun is happening again."

Mibullo and the Stone Hammer architects appeared!

"We will connect the road to the mountains and build a village. Villages and granaries are essential for Nadallia Plains to develop properly."

"We have to expand the waterways so that larger trade vessels

can move.”

“Let’s make beautiful bridges connecting them.”

“It won’t be easy since we are in a hurry, but I’ll set up a viewing platform for sightseeing.”

In addition to stopping the flood, the architects worked on the overall development of Nadallia Plains.

‘It is amazing.’

Drago had no troubles.

‘If I want to develop a large land, it would be difficult to succeed without an astronomical amount of money and manpower. Yet this just somehow started.’

If they government or country pursued it then they could just invest money. But the people gathered made up their minds themselves and a miracle occurred.

Seo-yoon, the king’s agent in the Arpen Kingdom, put in various policies and budgets for any possible damage to Morata as well as the development of Nadallia Plains.

Grand Buildings were allowed in the area and she promised to assign lords to the southeast area of Morata according to the achievement points.

The power of the Northern Continent and the Arpen Kingdom was enormous due to the novice users and residents. Something that would be considered a small kingdom on the Central Continent was built on Nadallia Plains.

Chapter 3: Great Villain's Dream

-The skill proficiency of Time Sculpting has reached level 10 and transformed into advanced Time Sculpting.

You have received a great enlightenment regarding time.

You have learnt Travel Sculpting that can move you through time and space.

You can currently travel three times.

The number of times Travel Sculpting is possible will be updated once a month and will increase as quests are completed.

When certain conditions are met, special quests related to history, art, business or production can be generated.

Every time the skill level of Travel Sculpting goes up, more areas, quests, and history can be explored.

-The skill proficiency of blacksmithing has reached the peak.

You have become a master blacksmith who burned with the soul of fire and controls metal freely. On the Versailles Continent, blacksmiths made protective equipment out of love.

Sweat dropped in the hot heat and you have realized the secret of combining metal with fire.

The durability of all weapons, armour and items produced has increased.

Newly created equipment will be given at least one to three additional features.

As a blacksmith, you can understand the traces of battle engraved on weapons and armour. You can get the latest

combat experience and skills from three equipment a day.

You have gained control over fire.

All fire related abilities will improve and mana consumption is reduced.

Additional attributes will be applied by drawing out the hidden power of weapons and armour.

The serious passion means that the proficiency of all combat skills will improve by 7%.

You have gained a firm patience so health and vitality has increased by 120%.

Special ingredients will allow you to create a hero's sword or hero's armour up to five times.

All stats will increase by 40.

Production quests can be received without any limitation.

-The title 'Master of Blacksmithing' has been acquired.

You can meet with any kings, regardless of fame or a previous relationship.

Warriors and knights, artisans and merchants will feel respect towards you.

The effects of strength, vitality and fighting spirit will increase.

The growth rate of a blacksmithing secret technique will increase when belonging to the same smithy.

A blacksmith master!

Rivals Fabio and Herman both reached the master level and were unable to control their joy.

“Finally at last...”

“Hu. You did it.”

They looked at each other with complex emotions.

“In the meantime, all my passion and effort went into the sword.”

He made a sword using the best material, helium, to the best of his abilities and became a blacksmith master.

“I’m not ashamed if it is this much.”

Fabio and Herman celebrated by having a drink together.

“In the end, you became a master after a few days but I reached it first.”

“Congratulations.”

“My accomplishments weren’t in vain. Anyway, Herman. You have arrived at the master level so the difference in dates doesn’t matter.”

Fabio and Herman started as dwarven blacksmiths in Royal Road by picking up rusty coppers and constantly melting them.

They competed to make the best sword while living in Thor, the city of blacksmiths.

“It was fun when I started this. Millions of users ran to try the enhanced weapons that we created.”

“I remember not being able to resist the Hermes Guild’s order.”

“My memories. We just made metals. Justice depends on the person using it. It might seem irresponsible to say this but it is true.”

“Yes. There is no need for a blacksmith to get involved.”

Herman poured wine into Fabio’s empty glass. It was good quality red wine that came from Morata.

“I miss my days in Thor.”

“There is a mess. The true blacksmiths are rare and the city only sells expensive tickets to tourists.”

“I became a master but I won’t stop making swords.”

“We must be more devoted. Sometimes we should go on adventures.”

“I don’t know how to move around the continent... I’ve only produced things in front of a fire. If I hadn’t traveled around to meet Weed then I might have become a master sooner.”

“It could be. I was thinking the same thing. I didn’t know the world and only hammered in front of a fire.”

Fabio and Herman were overflowing with emotions.

Unlike combat professions, blacksmiths were constantly making money. They could have wandered and gone on adventures with the money they accumulated.

Both of them were looking forward to life in the Arpen Kingdom away from fire.

*

Heint, Fractal and Bodmir.

They were dubbed the 3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin and once brought orcs to the Arpen Kingdom.

After that, they settled in Varna Harbour as it developed.

“Let’s do bad things around here!”

“Yes. Our bad actions will start from now on.”

“Kukuku. The users here will taste hell.”

3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin rejoiced as they imagined their unscrupulous behaviour in the future.

“Looting.”

“Kill!”

“Sinking boats.”

They saw users start to sail in the sea around Varna Harbour without any fear.

“Those people.”

“Kulkul. Hunting.”

“Sailors. Sail. Sail!”

By the time the 3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin led the pirate ship to chase them, the users had already sunk and were floating in the water.

“Please give us a ride. Hyung-nims.”

“Ahuh. We... I came to do bad things. Don't you see the rusty knives and bones on our flag?”

“Pirates. Wah. I've always admired them. Don't tell me...”

“What?”

“Aren't you the people who went on an adventure with Weed to the JIgolaths?”

“Kuhut. You recognize us. I guess we are a little famous.”

“Of course, I came to the sea dreaming of becoming a pirate!”

The 3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin tried to threaten the novice users at Varna Harbour.

“This isn't the guns of a naval ship.”

“Don't you know what bad things we can do?”

“If a ship tries to cross us then we will sink it.”

Heint, Fractal and Bodmir were three people trying to be vicious pirates in Royal Road.

The fishermen and starter captains at Varna Harbour stared at the pirate ship with envy.

“Look over there. It has so many sails.”

“The wood of that hull... Isn't it teak?”

“Look at the way it slices through the waves. That ship can go so fast.”

More popular than celebrities!

“I'm tired. Give me a break.”

“Let's have a drink.”

When they were not out at sea, they drank lime juice at a tavern in Varna Harbour.

A cute girl came up to them.

“Excuse me.”

“Huh?”

“I heard you were pirates.”

“Hut. It is a secret so how...”

“You disembarked from the pirate ship.”

“What... That's right.”

Heint shrugged. His eyes were full of pride.

“Huhuhu. The security of this area is in our hands. You have to be careful not to be robbed by pirates.

“Can you take us to Jordan Island?”

“Hrm?”

“We will follow once you depart first. We are scared of sea monsters.”

“We are pirates.”

“We will give you two gold per ship.”

Jordan Island was approximately a day and a half away from Varna Harbour. Exploration, trade and foraging was possible on

the island. It took less than a day if there was a good wind so it was a course that starter captains liked.

‘Only two gold?’

The 3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin didn’t want to go even if it would only take a day.

“Young lady. I’m sorry but the labour cost is a bit expensive.”

“It is a small amount of money but we worked really hard to collect it. We are going to pick seaweed and oysters. All the people from Korea University’s dance department has decided to participate in the island exploration.

“Gulp. D...ance department?”

“Yes. All the juniours and seniors decided to participate. But we don’t have more than 300 gold... Can’t you take us?”

Heint glanced at his companions. Despite not whispering to each other, Fractal and Bodmir’s eyes were talking.

‘Do you even need to ask? Take the quest. Dude.’

‘Hey. Accept before we miss the chance!’

Heint replied after swallowing his saliva.

“It is annoying if it is Jordan Island but we will go once. However, we are expensive.”

Thus, they spend a day going to Jordan Island.

The departure was refreshing due to the salty sea breeze and it was also fun taking care of the small sailboats following the pirate ship.

‘This is Royal Road... Dreams and romance. This is crazy good!’

They chatted with the female students while gathering seaweed and clams on Jordan Island.

Fractal jumped into the sea and caught a large shrimp that was roasted in the evening.

“Are you hungry? Take it slowly.”

“Omo. This shrimp is valuable.”

“I was bored so I caught it.”

The female students ate the shrimp ravenously.

Fractal and Bodmir plunged into the sea.

They swam 30-40 metres underwater where there were shrimps and lobsters.

“Seafood is our specialty.”

“Wasn’t it hard to catch?”

“Did you really catch all of them by hand?”

The next day, the 3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin had a serious meeting.

“Hey. We have to do it.”

“I know. The words you are saying. I am strongly in favor of it.”

“Phew. I feel alive. This is life. It is the first time I’ve felt like this.”

The 3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin made regular scheduled trips to Jordan Island.

If the users of Varna Harbour paid two gold then they would be escorted.

At first, it was only a few hundred vessels. But as rumours spread, this number grew into the thousands.

The sailors joked about the vessels following after the pirate ship.

It was like a mother duck and her ducklings.

The avians also joined as they flew above the massive fleet in the sky.

It was a wonderful sight. As the eastern sea of the Arpen Kingdom was pioneered, island and trade routes were secured.

“Beware of rough waves!”

“There is a big catch here. Try to get your fishing line as close to the bottom as possible.”

Small boats that covered the sea!

The northern users grew rapidly as they moved away from Varna Harbour.

Long-distance voyages were successful because the sailing technology grew quickly, leading to ships that could carry a considerable number of baggage.

As the charm of the sea attracted users, the ships became bigger and faster.

-The pirates of Varna Harbour!

-The pioneers of the sea.

Compliments towards them were posted on the Royal Road bulletin boards.

Since then, the 3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin felt their bodies tingling.

“Our duty is to do bad things.”

“These days, I haven’t been doing anything bad so I’ve been feeling tired.”

“Hey. I was asked to give a signature at the harbour. Are we truly supposed to live like this?”

They wanted to do something bad.

There were many northern users growing quickly that they could target.

“Hrmm... But there is something nice about this.”

“Aren’t we popular?”

“No. To be honest, it isn’t good to hit a place that belongs to

Weed.”

The 3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin recognized Weed as the true villain!

“Weed’s revenge?”

“Indeed... If we eat the Arpen Kingdom then he will chase us for revenge.”

“Aren’t we supposed to be doing bad things? Have courage. We are the bad guys! If we go far out to sea then he won’t be able to easily catch us.”

“No. Such a thing... Hu. I’ve been thinking about Weed every night. It wouldn’t be good to do bad things here.”

“What is it?”

“I don’t know.”

The mad sharks were distressed and decided to consult someone through their inbox. The person was Weed, the object of their worries. Weed lifted the limit on whispering in order to explain the matter.

-Weed: So... You want to loot the users of Varna Harbour?

“Yes. In the past, we wouldn’t hesitate. We would just loot and burn everything... It is really fun but we are hesitant to put it into action.”

Heint explained the facts. Anyway, they would die if they were caught by Weed afterwards so it didn’t matter if he knew about it now. They were trying to follow in Weed’s footsteps so they wanted to seek advice from the true villain.

“It isn’t due to righteousness or compassion for the northern users. There is nothing compared to the freshness of betrayal. So why can’t we move?”

There was a period of silence before a reply came.

-Weed: It looks like your eyes have become a little worse.

“Huh?”

-Weed: It is complex but to put it simply... Let me give you an example. What do you think when you see a thief being caught stealing 10,000-30,000 won?

“Um...”

The mad sharks exchanged glances but an answer didn't easily emerge.

-Weed: It is just pathetic. Don't you feel that way?

“Ah. That's right.”

“I think so as well.”

“There should be a story behind stealing.”

-Weed: But 10 trillion. Or what about the thieves who steal 20 trillion?

“Wah...”

“Jackpot!”

“The real deal. Respect. Respect.”

The mouths of the mad sharks dropped open as they imagined it.

-Weed: That is ability. They are smart. Not an ordinary person. Don't you get those feelings?

“That's right. A person with that much ability. It is really great.”

“Really.”

The description from Weed entered their heads.

Stealing a few trillion won!

-Weed: That is the bad thing about being a great villain. It is hard for others to imitate despite knowing the methods. Grow more. Spacious and wide. In children's cartoons, don't you wonder why the villains are always trying to conquer the world?

“Let’s see?”

“That’s right. Why are they always trying to conquer the world?”

-Weed: The villains are dreaming big. The Hermes Guild also aims to conquer the continent.

“That’s right. That’s right.”

-Weed: Steer clear of their example. The world is wide and there are many bad things that you can do. A bad man without a dream can’t succeed.

“Kuooh... This isn’t the time to relax. I will do my best.”

The mad sharks faithfully followed his teachings.

Raise their skills and increase the scale of their pirate ship. Hunt in the area where the ghost ship appears. They received Weed’s advice every now and then.

-Weed: Pallos Kingdom. Go to the southern desert area.

“I understand.”

It was a long-distance voyage around the east of the Versailles Continent.

The trading team consisted of Mapan’s Trading Company, several other large trading companies and merchants from the north.

The trading team survived the tough waves, whirlpools and threats from marine monsters and arrived in the desert area while following the 3 Mad Sharks of Becky Nin.

-A long-distance voyage between continents has succeeded.

Pioneering a new route!

You have successfully completed a long voyage by riding the waves and the wind.

You have departed from Varna Harbour with the blessings of

the people and the laughter of the birds and arrived in a distant land of sun and sand.

The skill proficiency of sailing has increased due to this voyage.

Fame among seamen has increased by 4,560. Luck has permanently increased by 14.

-A new route!

A new route has been found from Varna Harbour.

If the route is reported to Varna Harbour's Free Sea Guild then it will be made into a map that can be used by other sailors.

Maritime transport through the route will increase by 15% and risk will be reduced by 47%.

“Kuah. Come.”

“Strike the drums. Go to land!”

Thousands of ships arrived at the desert area.

They made it through typhoons and reefs.

The sails of smaller ships were tattered like rags but the captains screamed with joy.

“Hooray!”

“How much land is this?”

There was no proper harbour in the desert area, so the large sailboats stopped at a distance and transported their goods using small boats.

Heint wanted to do something bad as soon as he arrived at the desert.

“Isn’t the south ignorant? Their development is lower than ours.”

“Yes. They live in the sunlight and are territorial.”

“I’m in favour of it. I agree.”

“Oh. Here comes some people. We should give a bad impression to the local users.”

“We’re not playing around. Kilkilkil.”

The mad sharks laughed as they went out to meet the desert warriors, only to have their shoulders shrink and their heads bow. Their eyes automatically avoided the other people. Geomchi-5!

He punched the mad sharks in the shoulders.

“You must have had a hard time getting here.”

“That... No. I’m okay.”

Geomchi-5 held out his hand for a handshake and the trembling Fractal grabbed it.

They had a little bit of combat power outside the sea. But there were humans that ignored the combat power of Royal Road.

Weed had told Geomchi-5 about them in advance.

“They are good guys. Treat them comfortably.”

“Comfortably?”

“Yes. Like they are your little brothers.”

Geomchi-5 thought of Weed’s words and said fondly. It was in a thick and low voice.

“It is hot. Would you like a glass of cold beer?”

“No... We have to quickly go back...”

“You don’t want to?”

“Y-yes? N-no.”

The mad sharks wanted to go back to their ship but they decided to wait until Geomchi-5 brought them beer.

-Heint: Let's just drink it roughly and go. We can't refuse.

-Bodmir: Yes. It doesn't take a long time to drink beer.

-Fractal: Hey. Just drink a glass. It is all right.

They whispered to maintain their pride!

Geomchi-5 looked at them with a frown.

"What are you doing? Bring out the beer."

"Beer... Us?"

"Eh... Weren't you bringing the beer?"

Geomchi-5 hesitated. He thought for a moment but he couldn't prevent his facial muscles from distorting.

Their survival instincts were triggered in that moment!

"T-this. Beer!"

Do you want to have a drink with us?"

"We have a lot. I will give some to you."

The mad sharks were extremely fortunate to have a ship full of beer.

*

"Wah. This treat is a local specialty."

"Morata's wines are selling well. The drinking culture is different.

"This fruit is the best. We can eat a lot while having clothing that protects us from the sunlight."

The northern users brought a lot of supplies to the desert.

Simple clothes, cooking essentials and horse saddles were sold at a price that was several times more expensive.

“Buying items here... Would you like to take carpets or camel leather to the north?”

“Alcohol as well. The price is meaningless once it becomes a trend.”

“This knife production technology is excellent. A general knife is useless but it is okay when made by a desert craftsman.”

The northern users sold the items they brought to the desert cities and bought new ones.

After that, the ships filled up and departed for the Arpen Kingdom.

The active trading in the desert meant their ships were piled up with goods and orders.

Geomchi-5 saw off the trading team but two days later, a new team showed up.

“Why did you come again?”

“Me? I am Lump of Money from the Mapan Trading Company and I am dedicated to smuggling and maritime trade.”

*

“Are you really going?”

“Yes!”

“Do you have to?”

“I’m going right now.”

“So you are thinking of leaving?”

“I’ll go.”

“Hu... I’m really sorry to say goodbye.”

“I understand. Then I won’t go.”

Weed had a conversation with Irene and convinced her not to leave.

“Ugh, she has been persuaded.”

“N-no.”

Her other colleagues were tired of hunting and wanted to escape. However, they couldn't leave Irene alone.

‘I tried from the beginning.’

‘Awful.’

‘Ah. I'm a combat slave. I can never leave.’

Travel Sculpting.

Weed was able to go to any period, so it was possible to travel leisurely while enjoying the culture of the developed cities. Of course, he wasn't thinking of doing that!

“Hrmm. Where to go?”

In Weed's head, travel packages sold at travel agencies were being set up.

Dangerous packages offered at a price lower than an airplane ticket and allowed them to shop at least three times a day!

‘Travel is like that.’

The trip would naturally need to cater to high expectations.

‘Anyway, after finishing the next hunt then I will be out of contact for a while. So this time, I should suck up all the sweetness.’

The combat ability and composition of Pale and the others were excellent. That's why he chose to take them to the battlefield despite taking some of his share.

‘There... Hrmm. I didn't want to go there immediately. But historically the achievements there are good.’

Weed had studied the history of the Versailles Continent and found many obscure places.

In the case of Kallapik Castle, he experienced war when founding the Pallos Empire and was able to gauge the level of the knights and soldiers.

It was hard but he was rewarded for his suffering. A place that his senses could endure.

However, it was difficult to measure the difficulty when the whole area or army was destroyed.

‘I want to go to a place where I will struggle. I’m not going to be alone.’

Even if he had a hard time, someone else should know the suffering.

Weed laughed brightly like an elementary school student stealing pocket money from his mother.

“This time we are only going for a little bit.”

“Huh?”

“What?”

The eyes of his companions filled with disbelief.

Python and Seasoned Crab were still thinking of running away but realistically, it couldn’t be helped.

‘How can I return to the original world?’

‘Um. High... It will take a while to fall.’

They were still floating in the sky using the levitation magic.

Kallapik Castle that existed on the ground, was submerged in the sea.

They had the simple assassin and warrior profession so they couldn’t go down to the ground nor return to their original time zone.

‘We can’t go until he sends us back.’

‘If it hadn’t been for the levitation magic then we would be destroyed instead of watching the scene. No. He probably didn’t think that much.’

Seasoned Crab only had slight faith in Weed.

‘It is his design. Once we’re caught, we can’t get out.’

Pale knew everything so he just stayed quiet. Arguing was silly.

‘After becoming Weed’s companion, my growth rate is much faster. I became a lord and I am famous among users. I had a hard time but it has been rewarding.’

They wanted to die while tagging along with Weed, but then he looked back on the memories with strange emotions.

Fighting endlessly against an infinite number of monsters and eating delicious food, it was the best he ever felt.

‘There is a good side to being a combat slave.’

Weed licked his lips and said.

“This time it is fine to go leisurely. Everyone is tired so this time it won’t be a long hunt. How about a day?”

“A day?”

“If it is just a day...”

The strain on the group’s shoulders were relieved.

They had gone through a lot so they would be able to hold on for one day.

Irene and Romuna’s eyes met.

‘Not bad.’

‘Weed-nim won’t let us die. Surely we can use magic for one more day?’

The preparations for the next destination were simple.

Maylon and Python even felt disappointed that it was just for one

day.

‘It would be good if we go to a bigger battlefield. Hyu, But I can’t tell him to go to a difficult place on purpose.’

‘It is pretty hard but the experience gained from fighting another day... It is fine to relax afterwards.’

Once Weed created a portal, they were able to jump in comfortably.

*

Syuuuuuh!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Python emerged from the portal first after Weed. He thought they would be fighting against monsters but the earth was shaking.

“What is going on here?”

Python lowered his body and opened his eyes.

Thousands of drakes flying in the sky were spewing flames towards the ground.

“Advance. Advance!”

“Brave soldiers of the Mapon Kingdom. This place is where you die. Go. Go.”

“Hang on. Don’t think that we can’t kill them. Bring it on!”

“Forward. Jump forward.”

Large sailboats filled the horizon of the sea as they arrived on shore.

Knights and soldiers either landed on the sandy beach or jumped into the sea and swam to the land.

It was to stop the ones advancing.

Humans who sold their soul to demons to gain strength were leading the monsters and blocking the soldiers.

“No. This is... Isn’t this worse than Kallapik Castle?”

Ddiring!

-Life’s Choice

The 3 Country Alliance and the Gulden Demon Tribe are finally fighting.

The humans have started to fight for their fate and attacked Jackson Island.

There is no peace in a place where war is occurring.

Either join the alliance or demon tribe and break down your opponents.

Level of Difficulty: S

Compensation: Fame and treasure.

Quest Restrictions: To survive and win.

A quest given by force.

-Choose a side to fight with.

If you choose the side of the demon tribe then you have to fight against humans.

Demons will transform your body and give you permanent strength but you will lose a great deal of fame and honour.

Strange tattoos will be carved on your body and can’t be erased.

Immediate Reward: Strengthen physical abilities.

If you choose the side of the alliance then you will gain a high amount of faith and fame They will show great favour to those who participate in the difficult task.

Of course, if you lose in this battle then everything will

disappear!

‘A S class difficulty quest.’

Aside from the difficulty, there was no reason to read the long explanation.

There were five types of monsters that looked great in Python’s eyes.

‘They look normal but their combat power isn’t.’

They were a type of ground dragon.

They were 10 metres long and had a fat body like a toad.

It run on its hind legs and used its strength to break through the knights and soldiers.

The sky drakes spat fire towards the ground and burned the soldiers.

‘Where the hell is this place?’

Python couldn’t leave so he hid behind a rock.

“Uwack. Progress!”

“The Keltun Kingdom. Sweep through the demon tribe.”

Knights and soldiers through themselves at the demon tribe and the monsters.

Python wanted to fight but his body was so huge that he couldn’t move easily on the battlefield.

‘It seems like more than 100,000 troops are participating in this battle.’

Once he added all the dead and those coming from the ship, he could see that a fierce battle was going to occur. Python’s face became hot from the heat of the drake’s flames.

‘A coastal battle... Umm. The quest involved a fight between

three allies and the demon tribes, so perhaps this is the Jackson Island Landing.'

Jackson Island Landing!

Approximately 10 years before the warring era, the Mapon, Keltun and Bromba kingdoms allied together to fight the Gulden Demon Tribe.

The three kingdoms mobilizing a great deal of their army for the Jackson Island Landing operation and most of them were killed.

The aftermath broke the military balance on the continent and led to the warring period.

"Heeok. We came to this battlefield?"

Python asked anxiously.

"No. Even if we did come, there is no need for an explanation."

He hadn't believed it was a simple hunt and ambitiously entered first.

They had arrived at the battlefield where the history of the Versailles Continent could be overturned!

"Kuheom. I need some sober judgement."

He hid his body behind a rock and waited until Surka arrived.

Python quickly rushed out from the rock where he had been hiding.

"Wah. The scale of this battle is huge. It is similar to when the Haven Empire invaded Earth Palace."

"Looking at the quest, it seems like we have to pick a side...."

"What do we do? A lot of people seem to be injured."

Romuna, Surka and Irene said as they glanced at the battlefield.

They had quite a lot of experience with hunting hundreds of monsters in dungeon.

They also wandered around the Arpen Kingdom taking care of monsters when the kingdom's security was bad.

“What are Weed-nim's thoughts?”

Irene and the others turned their gazes towards Weed.

There were level 500 users in the party but they analyzed the situation and believed they could trust Weed's judgement.

“You have to queue up in long lines in your life.”

Weed considered the power of the allies and the demon tribe.

Human soldiers were coming from the landing boats. But the demon tribe summoned fearsome monsters to prevent this.

The demon tribe sold their souls to demons in order to gain strength. Those who learnt curse magic and black magic were watching from behind them.

‘Weed-nim will probably stand on the side of the demon tribe...’

‘Umm. Is it okay to ask?’

‘He will get an evil idea. There is no doubt.’

Weed watched the allied soldiers dying and declared.

“Join the side of the humans.”

Surka, who was a curious person, asked for the reason why.

“Why?”

“The flagship of the three kingdoms has arrived. In history, there was a great battle and they were almost wiped out but... We can vary it a little bit.”

“Will we survive and win if we join the human side?”

“We have to make it that way. It is better to talk with humans than to collaborate with evil demons. A price needs to be paid for the body strengthening.”

“Um. I see.”

The party was convinced.

Standing on the side of the demon tribe was burdensome, even if their abilities could be raised.

‘I can regain some honour.’

Weed didn’t tell a lie this time.

There was a separate reason why he had to join the side of the humans.

As a necromancer, he kept losing stats such as faith, dignity, luck, honour and courage.

If humans fought the demon tribe and won, then he would be able to gain a considerable number of stats as compensation.

If he destroyed the demon tribe then he could secure some points in faith.

‘Raise my achievements.’

Weed and the others started to accept the quest.

“I will join the alliance to beat the demon tribe.”

“I will help the alliance.”

“On the side of the alliance...”

-You have accepted the quest.

Help the alliance of the Mapon, Keltun and Bromba kingdoms to dispose of the Gulden Demon Tribe.

There was no one who joined the side of the demon tribe even as a joke.

At that moment, a demon tribe member watching Weed’s group screamed sharply.

“I can feel animosity from them. The enemy. Kill them all!”

The demon tribe were using the monsters to prevent the landing.

Unless they got close enough, a battle on ground rarely happened but the drake troops in the sky received a command.

-Kuwaaaack!

The drake flew from the sky and aimed fire at Weed's party.

"Incoming!"

"It is starting right away."

They were already full of hot excitement before the drakes came.

The drakes wore thick blue armour and had been created by the demon tribe.

"It is crazy. They seem much stronger than normal drakes."

"This battle is tricky."

No matter how awesome Python and Seasoned Crab were in battle, flying creatures were a great burden to them.

Even though they were relatively weak level 300 flying creatures, they were difficult existences for average users on the ground to deal with.

Archers and magicians didn't want to fight the drakes since they flew quickly.

'These ones are over level 400. I think they won't be defeated when compared to the wyverns of Arpen Kingdom.'

'Weed-nim will do it somehow.'

'Should I throw a fishing net into the sky? No. Don't think. I just have to fight.'

The party thought that Weed would do something.

Even if it was a complicated battlefield, there couldn't imagine a scene where Weed's hands were tied!

"Yes... So."

Weed could feel the gaze of the party.

Thousands of drakes in the sky were coming down to attack them.

A necromancer would normally ignore the drakes and hide among their allies.

It was normal to turn the human corpses into undead in order to gradually suppress the monsters!

‘It won’t be fun that way. In addition, this battlefield is a fight against time.’

Weed gazed at his colleagues one by one.

They had spent a considerable amount of time as his combat slaves.

If he hadn’t met them in Rosenheim Kingdom then there was a good chance they would be regular users.

Users who enjoyed travelling and recreation made up an overwhelmingly large number of people in Royal Road.

His companions were affected by Weed and grew stronger at a dreadful rate.

‘I can trust them. Yes. I’ve made a decision. Fight properly.’

Weed used a spell.

“Summon Ghosts!”

Drakes were approaching and surrounding them in the air.

Weed climbed onto a ghost first before explaining the operation.

“The operation name is Heart.”

“Heart?”

Python asked while looking at the drakes. As soon as they heard this word, a tactic popped into their heads.

‘There is a story about the heart of the enemy. The demon tribe?

It is a bold and dangerous tactic. If it succeeds, it will be effective but...'

'He seems to have found a gap. Indeed!'

The demon tribe can be seen as magician types.'

'Hitting the enemy's heart on such a battlefield? Wah... Shall I try it once?'

The group all thought similar things about the operation.

"Do as your heart says. That is all."

Weed explained before riding the ghost into the sky.

*

The flames of the drakes wrapped around his body as he flew up.

"Fly higher."

Weed's ghost soared up towards the sky.

The battlefield on the ground was far away. Instead, he welcomed the drakes in the vast space of the sky.

-Kuoooooh!

The eyes of a countless number of drakes shone as they watched the prey in their domain.

The distance between the two sides narrows instantly as the drakes opened their mouths to pour out flames.

"This much... Break through the front!"

Weed pulled out the Loa Sword and cut the drake while passing through the flames.

-A critical hit!

The drake's wings have clearly been hit. The Loa Sword has disabled the 'Blood Protection' in the subject's body.

Triple damage will be dealt to large monsters!

The opponent's defense has been weakened. Health has been reduced by 43,193.

-Kuoeeeeek!

The drake that lost its wing fell to the ground and died.

At present, he used Sculptural Destruction with all his art stats put into strength. Even if the drake survived the fall, it was killed by the soldiers of the three kingdoms.

-Fame for fighting in the sky has increased by three.

-Experience has been acquired.

-The skill proficiency of Swordsmanship has improved.

Weed and the ghost's bodies were covered in flames.

-Blazing flames!

The Hell Monarch's Robe emits magic, greatly increasing resistance to fire.

Health has been reduced by 4,381.

The blazing flames will cause 438 damage every second and will turn off after 10 seconds.

1,283 mana has been acquired from the hot fire.

-The equipment effect of Barkhan's equipment. Life Vessel has been activated.

4,291 health has been taken out of storage.

Total health remaining in the Life Vessel: 231,312

Barkhan's full set had excellent protection magic but Weed's expression wasn't that great.

"I can't pick up any loot."

The wounded drake hadn't died and crashed into the ground.

It would be hard to go to the ground to collect items every time he killed one.

His discomfort index was rapidly rising!

Weed yelled using Lion's Roar.

"I'll deal with you as much as you like. I encourage you to come!"

The tremendous sound shook the landing spot where the alliance and demon tribe were fighting.

-Skill: Lion's Roar has been used. The morale of all allies within the influence of Lion's Roar has increased by 200%.

All confused states are released.

Your Leadership will increase by 300% for 5 minutes.

"Oh. People have come to help us."

"Reinforcements!"

The allied troops, who were in low spirits due to the demon tribe, shouted loudly.

"A human who can't be tolerated on the side of humans."

The demon tribe gave instructions for more drakes to go after Weed.

Although he had tried to run away, the enemies recognized Weed.

One hundred drakes aimed fire at him from all sides.

In general, it was a situation requiring him to flee immediately.

However, his risk of dying lessened due to Moment Sculpting.

“Moonlight Sculpting Blade!”

A long ray of light emerged from Weed’s sword.

The beautiful light from the Loa Sword hit the drakes.

-The skill ‘Axe’s Wrath’ has been activated.

When facing the enemies from the front, damage is increased by 189%.

-The skill ‘Flashing Sword’ has been activated.

Depending on your strength and speed of your sword, the effect of a critical strike will increase by 2.5 times.

He used skills gained when all his art stats were placed into strength!

Weed’s sword wreaked havoc on five drakes around him.

“Sword-cloning!”

He avoided the other drakes’ attacks and used mana to create clones.

Weed and the ghost fought in the sky covered with flames!

The allied knights shouted.

“Look at the one who came to defeat the demon tribe. His strength will lead us!”

“Charge. Today is the day when the Gulden Demon Tribe will be punished!”

“Ohhhh!”

The landing army moved faster after seeing Weed and the drakes.

-Smoky flames!

The surrounding air is hot.

The power of fire attacks is skyrocketing.

-Burning body!

You have been hit more than 14 times by a drake's flames.

The damage from the fire will stack up.

Weed's status was rapidly deteriorating.

Even if he destroyed the flames with the Loa Sword, the fire attacks were basically wide area attacks.

His health was quickly decreasing.

The speed and movements of the ghost horse couldn't keep up with the drakes!

A sly smile appeared on Weed's mouth.

'This is fun!'

He didn't want a stable hunting. Although he could estimate the power of the opponent, he couldn't win the fight simply on that.

The stronger the enemy, the more alive he felt when fighting.

The God of War.

Weed was a legend called this on Continent of Magic.

*

"That is a sculptor. No. Now he is a necromancer. Anyway, he is great."

Python stared up at the sky before turning to his colleagues.

He was mostly hunting alone, but the people in Weed's group were as reliable as before.

“I’ll fight!”

Surka was touched by Weed’s words about the heart.

“But I’m afraid of heights... I will fight with the allies on the ground.”

Surka fought on the ground.

The vicious looking monsters were much less scary!

Pale immediately boarded the ghost horse that Weed had summoned.

“I will go. I will aim for the head and heart.”

Drakes were very demanding targets for archers. Nevertheless, it was a reasonable choice to shoot enemies on the ground from the sky.

“I’ll go with you.”

His girlfriend Maylon followed while Zephyr took out his fishing rod.

“The sky. A real fisherman can catch them. There is a place for a fisherman everywhere.”

It was popular for both men and women in Royal Road so Zephyr’s blood was normal.

“Unni?”

“It will be difficult to fight the monsters directly. We will only disturb Weed-nim. Let’s go to the knights.”

“I’ll treat the injured.”

Bellot, Hwaryeong and Irene decided to head to the alliance.

When taking into account their occupations, it was a choice that could increase the combat power of many troops.

“I’ll burn the monsters.”

Romuna decided to fight on the ground because the drakes were

equipped with fire magic.

Maylon watched the decisions with shining eyes.

“But didn’t we have one more?”

“Eh... That. When did he disappear? Seasoned Crab-nim! Seasoned Crab-nim!”

Surka looked around but Seasoned Crab was gone.

An assassin’s instinct!

He concealed himself in the shadows of the allies and advanced towards the monsters and demon tribe.

‘I like to fight like this.’

Python grinned.

He primarily hunted alone so he didn’t have any trustworthy colleagues.

He would run away if there were strong monsters and if he succeeded in the hunt then he would monopolize the loot.

There was no need for heated discussions over hunting grounds or quests. He was more comfortable being alone.

‘I will take my share. These people are good.’

Python thought that the colleagues were a good configuration, but in fact, they had been trained by Weed.

“Let’s begin.

“Good. We will overturn a historic battlefield.”

“Wah!”

*

The battle on Jackson Island!

Hundreds of drakes were chasing after Weed.

“They are persistent.”

Weed wanted to break through a gap in the drakes.

The drakes spewed fire into the sky like a spider web.

The ghost horse was slow and changing directions wasn't easy, so things were getting worse over time.

-Health has decreased!

The health remaining in the Life Vessel is less than half!

Weed's health was falling but it wasn't a big worry yet.

The tension wasn't enough!

'My health is still over 100,000.'

It was more than the maximum health he had as a sculptor.

"Out of the pieces I've sculpted... I need something that can hit them."

Going around sculpting on a historical battlefield wasn't the ultimate romance.

Weed took out a sculpture.

-Rain and Overflowing Sea

An absolute sculpture!

Goddess Hestia has acknowledged this great work from Sculptor Weed. Rain and waves surging. A landscape of nature that is elaborately expressed using difficult to find minerals.

Artistic Value: 349.

He could select the battlefield with Travel Sculpting so it was something he prepared in advance.

He deliberately didn't prepare any fine pieces or masterpieces for this disaster. It would become a mess if all the allied troops were

swept away.

“The power is weak but... Eh. I don't know. Great Disaster Nature Sculpting!”

-You have used Great Disaster Nature Sculpting.

20 Art stats have permanently disappeared.

20,000 health and mana is consumed.

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

Affinity to Nature has fallen. Great Disaster Nature Sculpting can only be used once a day. When a great calamity is called upon, fame or infamy can be increased depending on the damage.

It is possible to die in the middle of the disaster so be careful.

Weed told his colleagues in the hunting channel.

-Weed: Is it hard to hunt?

-Surka: Here... It is a lot of trouble!

-Zephyr: I haven't died. They're persistent. These guys!

His colleagues were struggling in their respective positions.

Pale and Maylon tried to climb up to a high place but gave up because there were too many drakes.

Python and Seasoned Crab were fighting to kill a large number of enemies.

The monsters summoned by the demon tribe had high defense and there were many of them.

The demon tribe even used various curses so the alliance's advance wasn't easy.

-Weed: This battle is dangerous. In fact, it is a fight against time.

-Hwaryeong: Fighting against time?

-Weed: It should end as soon as possible. Therefore, I've just caused a disaster. Be prepared.

-Pale: What disaster?

Pale asked quickly.

It depended on what type of disaster it was. They could be washed away by the disaster so of course they were nervous.

-Weed: Um... It's nothing. Just a bit of rain and being hit by waves.

-Romuna: Hit by waves? This is an island but aren't we on land?

-Weed: The waves will push forward from the sea.

-Surka: Keeek.

-Irene: There is no way we can avoid such a thing!

The idea of a large wave dozens of metres in height passed through their heads.

The strength of the disaster became stronger every time Weed used the skill.

The reason for this was because his Affinity to Nature was much higher.

-Weed: It might be weak because it is just an ordinary sculpture.

-Pale: What is the extent?

-Weed: I don't know. You will live if you don't get hit by the waves.

-Bellot: How do we avoid being swept away?

-Weed: That is what you should think about from now on.

There were a few moments of silence in the hunting channel.

They wanted to curse but nothing escaped their mouths because they were nice people.

They only cursed in their heads to relieve stress!

-Pale: Those who are on the ground. You will have to move locations.

-Maylon: Run. Go to a high place.

Pale and Maylon, who were riding the ghost horses, moved to save their colleagues.

The others also tried to find a safe place for themselves.

Python cut apart the monsters and headed towards the interior of the island while Seasoned Crab penetrated deeply.

A disaster needed some time to activate depending on the circumstances.

‘Natural disasters such as rain and waves... It won’t start straight away. Rain clouds need to be created first so I’m sure it won’t be severe.’

Weed used the high elf’s bow and fired towards the drakes.

“Piercing Arrows!”

His archery skills were crude but had a lot of power behind them.

The rotating arrow shot did at least 40,000 damage! A drake chasing him was hit by the arrow and instantly died.

The drakes saw the ferocious strength and started avoiding them.

-Ggeug ggeug ggeug!

-Are you trying to avoid it?

-You can’t run away because you are slow. The sky was the entire territory of the drakes.

The demon tribe on the ground were controlling the drakes.

-You are on fire.

Health is reduced by 930 every second.

Weed ran away while covered in flames.

As the drakes chased Weed, the battle on the ground became beneficial to the landing power. However, the situation wasn't changed.

The demon tribe kept summoning monsters while the bigger ones stood firmly and spat acid.

“Constantly attack.”

“Knights of the Mapon Kingdom. Charge!”

The allied forces attacked the monsters as a group.

Little by little, there started to be a change in the environment. It started raining from the sky.

“Rain all of a sudden...”

“It is tough to advance due to the rain.”

“Somehow we have broken through. We have secured this area! In order to root out the demon tribe, more troops must land.”

Some people couldn't see properly in front of them so the alliance's plan suffered a big hitch. However, the demon tribe and monsters also couldn't move around freely.

The rain pouring from the sky was enough to halt the fighting.

The rain disaster!

There wasn't any damage but it was difficult to continue fighting.

Weed yelled using Lion's Roar.

“Continue to advance to higher ground. And the remaining troops on the ships, be prepared for an impact!”

The alliance also had a command system made of leaders of the units, commanders in chiefs or high level knights.

“What is this?”

“I don’t know.”

“How dare he command the army of the Mapon Kingdom.”

The alliance didn’t heed Weed’s warning but his colleagues were different. They found any safe place and crouched down.

Swaaaah.

The drake’s flames lost power due to the intense rain while the sandy ground where the demon tribe and monsters were standing sank down.

And high waves coming from the distant sea!

“Captain-nim! A big wave!”

“Turn to the left. Go over the waves in front!”

“Avoid it! Avoid it!”

“Beware of conflicts with the other battle lines...”

The large sailboats waiting for the landing were being rocked by the waves.

It was catastrophic as experienced captains were surpassed by the dozens of metres high waves. However, the sailboats waiting in the distant waters were pushed to shore and arrived at Jackson Island.

“This... The land...”

“Down. It is an attack!”

The troops desperately moved through the reefs and sandy beach in an effort to live.

The high waves swept through the sea.

“Kukik?”

A sailboat discovered a group of Gulden Demon Tribe members hiding in a cave.

The hidden card of the demon tribe!

In history, they were the devastating force that sank more than

half the ships before the allies landed on Jackson Island.

Weed knew of this ahead of time and prevented it with the disaster.

“An ambush.”

“Attack. Attack!”

The battle in the rain.

After the waves reached land, they quickly lost power but swept people away to the coast.

The big waves forced the alliance soldiers to throw themselves at the monsters.

Humans and monsters were tangled up in a swirl.

-There was a terrible disaster where many good people were victims.

1,391 people were killed.

49,382 were injured.

The title ‘Disaster Slaughter’ has been acquired.

Infamy has increased by 38,295.

By the time the disaster and rain cleared, he had received huge infamy.

The power of the disaster wasn’t high but many landing ships were sunk, causing many victims.

Still, the alliance had received reinforcements and the drakes’ flames were prevented. Therefore, the alliance quickly took control of the waterfront.

-You have helped the landing of the Mapon Kingdom, Keltun Kingdom and Bromba Kingdom.

The damage from monsters was minimized.

You have achieved the strategic goal!

-Fame has increased by 3,000.

-Wisdom has increased by 2.

The alliance barely had their numbers reduced compared to the battle in the original history.

The waves washed the sailboats onto the shores of Jackson Island in the centre of the monsters, and the battle became fierce.

The landing army led by the knights conquered the coast and advanced to the centre of the island.

The drakes who controlled the skies couldn't descend easily due to the placement of archers and magicians.

The battle on Jackson Island became more intense as Weed's group actively got involved.

"Come back to the land you used to live in. This is a dark place. It is a black and corrupt land. Help spread the laws of darkness. Undead Rise!"

The summoning of an army of undead!

A large number of undead were created from the corpses of the alliance, the monsters and the demon tribe.

"Daring to do such a thing..."

"Making undead with the soldiers of our kingdom!"

"Chief Palloda has become a dullahan."

-Hostility with the Mapon Kingdom has increased by 10.

-Hostility with the Keltun Kingdom has increased by 10.

-Hostility with the Bromba Kingdom has increased by 10.

-The allied forces of the three kingdoms are alert.

You might have helped them in battle but they don't consider you a trustworthy companion.

If hostility continues accumulating, then you can be attacked.

Necromancers that were hated everywhere!

"I caused some damage with the disaster and summoned the undead. I think that the result is good."

He ignored it because he wouldn't see them in the future anyway!

Weed advanced with the undead.

"Sweep away the monsters. Save the humans for later... No. Just don't fight the humans!"

Weed's targets for the undead were the demon tribe and monsters.

An advantage of a necromancer was that they didn't have to worry about the losses of their allies.

It was enough to summon Van Hawk and give them command.

"Van Hawk. Advanced rapidly."

"Understood. Master."

"Torido. Hunt the demon tribe."

"Confusion will cover my nails and teeth."

The vampire lord Torido attacked the demon tribe.

He recovered his health and mana as the undead fought.

It was a chance to restore the health reduced by the drakes and replenish his mana.

"Attack!"

Weed kept using mana to summon undead to join Van Hawk.

He built up a huge amount of experience for Summon Undead!

He didn't use Corpse Explosion and repeatedly used his gathered mana to summon golems.

-The skill proficiency of Golem Production has increased.

He also strengthened the undead by giving them weapons and armour.

In the middle of all of this, he was training his skills.

Dark Rule, Death Aura, Absolute Magic Defense!

There were some limitations to Dark Rule so he needed to learn the constraints.

It required high knowledge and wisdom stats, Undead Summon being above advanced level 5 and knowledge about darkness.

In fact, one of the basics of this profession was to learn Dark Rule.

“Retreat.”

The demon tribe abandoned the coastline and retreated to the mountain regions.

After a few hours, a siege took place at a temple built in the mountains.

“Waaaah. Destroy them for the continent.”

“We have defeated the demon tribe.”

“We fought here without any regrets to allow our children to feel peace and happiness.”

Before the warring period, the knights contained a naive and innocent attitude similar to those seen in children's books.

“Hyu. Finally the last gateway.”

“It is really fast compared to the scale of the battle.”

“Kuk. Following Weed-nim is really different from watching him.”

Weed’s colleagues also experienced a terrible struggle.

Irene gained high fame and four faith stats from healing the wounded but her mana was completely exhausted.

A massive battle was a great opportunity for a priest to use holy magic on a large scale.

Hwaryeong and Bellot also improved that fame and charm by dancing and playing.

Zephyr, Pale, Maylon and the others all fought until they were on the verge of collapsing. Sometimes they were in a crisis but managed to escape with the help of the allied knights.

“More than this... Humans won’t survive on this island.”

“It is incomplete but it can’t be helped.”

In the final battle, the Gulden Demon Tribe summoned the demon Delam.

-I will eat all of you!

A demon gained power through eating!

Delam was a 2-metre-high barbarian with dark skin.

“Demon.”

“Take care of the demon.”

All the allied forces rushed towards Delam. However, their bodies froze the moment they neared Delam.

-Your soul has been struck by evil energy. Your body is paralyzed!

“Kukukuk!”

Delam opened his mouth wide and ate the knights.

Kwadududuk.

“The demons are carnivores. Don’t hesitate!”

“We shall sacrifice ourselves.”

The knights lost their power only when they were in the vicinity of Delam. Furthermore, they couldn’t even attack a few times.

“The demon is so strong...!”

“This is impossible!”

Delam devoured knights and nearby monsters and in less than a minute, he grew to 20 metres and were firing magic power all over the place.

Kurururung!

Lightning struck everywhere around Delam.

The pure magic struck the allied soldiers who fell in shock and dug deeper into the ground.

His weapons were a huge sword and trident!

Delam used them to throw knights into his mouth.

Surka’s fists shook.

“Ah... It is hard to fight such a monster.”

The fate of a swordsman and kung fu artist was death since they fought in close combat!

Weed’s eyes sharpened.

‘Defeat the demon. That is the goal.’

The demon hunting plan that would supplement the stats and fame lost as a necromancer!

Zephyr stared at Weed.

“From what I’ve seen so far... Did you know he would come out?”

“Yes.”

“The demon?”

“My sword will go in.”

The shoulders of his colleagues straightened after hearing his confidence.

The demons in various books had a strong reputation.

However, demons lost considerable power after being summoned to the Versailles Continent, as they couldn’t exert their true power after being sealed for so long.

Weed had managed to take out Montus so they asked hopefully.

“Weed-nim! Last time you resurrected Roderick. Who are you going to resurrect this time?”

“Omo. Hestiger!”

Romuna’s face brightened.

If the very handsome Hestiger was resurrected, then all the hearts of the females would become warm.

The desert warriors with firm abs who wielded a scimitar!

Weed shook his head.

“That guy can’t live again. Hestiger is gone forever.”

“Ahh.”

“Besides, it is illogical to use Sculpture Resurrection for every hunt.”

No matter how great a demon was, it wasn’t enough to use a skill that reduced three levels just to catch one boss grade monster.

Sculpture Resurrection also had very tricky conditions. There were no guarantees that the resurrected person would even fight the demon.

‘I have forgotten the name of the strongest man in history so they must have died in vain. Or they will get rid of the demon alone and disappear.’

It was a difficult skill to choose because he had to take into account the personality of the revived person.

Python asked in a heavy tone.

“But what level is he?”

“The low-grade demon Montus was in the 600s. This demon should belong to the intermediate level.”

“Then... He is even stronger? Aren’t demons difficult not just for their level, but because of their skills as characteristics?”

“It has just been summoned so even an intermediate demon is weak.”

“Then it won’t be as hard as I think?”

“If he regains strength by eating then his level will be in the 800-900s.”

“A level 800 monster?”

“Yes. He will be like that after a few hours of eating.”

A strength so high they felt like it didn’t exist.

‘Did we come to this place to die?’

Weed added some words towards his blank colleagues.

“Just like a dragon has its breath weapon, demons have powers or characteristics associated with their appearance of name.”

“This demon has something to do with eating.”

“Yes. According to the history books, if he invokes his unique skill then he can swallow all creatures within a 2 kilometre radius.

“...”

Python and the others stared at Weed.

“Can we win against something like that? No. Then shouldn’t we hurry and fight him before he gets stronger?”

“We must wait. Delam has a crucial weakness. When he eats, he can’t move his body in order to digest it so his defense becomes weak. Then it will be an opportunity.”

“How many does he need to eat?”

“It isn’t exact but around 10,000?”

There was a chance if the demon of gluttony ate around 10,000 allies or monsters. The party felt hope but Python asked one more question.

“I’m just asking but... If we miss the opportunity, then what do we do?”

“Run.”

“Huh?”

“If you don’t run away then you will be eaten.”

Chapter 4: Seeds Of Attack

The emergency strategy room of the Grass Porridge Cult.

Behind Morata's back street and the empty houses on the hill, there was a shabby shrine that escaped the surveillance of the Haven Empire.

50 users were sitting on cheap matting placed on the dirt floor.

"Everybody eat."

"Yes. I will enjoy this food."

There was high quality grass porridge with abalone, ginseng and beef.

"Um. Tasty."

"This soft neck is smooth in the grass porridge."

Great people were gathered to discuss the Haven Empire's invasion and indiscriminate destruction of the Arpen Kingdom.

At first, the emergency strategy room was formed to stop the war, but now they had a clear purpose.

-Free adventures and trade.

Defeat the Hermes Guild who are dictators for the peace and freedom of the continent.

Hooray the Arpen Kingdom!

"We won't back down from the Haven Empire."

"Their weakness will be short-lived. Once their rule becomes stable in a few months, they will reorganize and invade us again."

"Grass Porridge Cult... The fate of the north hangs by a thread."

"At this point, we have to be strong. But it is difficult to gather the northern users..."

"Many players don't want a war."

The emergency strategy committee prepared for the future.

There was a plan for Weed to lead the northern users to attack the Central Continent, but that was excluded because there were too many weaknesses.

The military power of the Haven Empire was still strong.

It was a question of how many northern users would join as well as ruling the conquered territories.

“What is the trend of the Central Continent?”

“It is stable.”

“The tax cuts seem to be doing well in the short term.”

“It is unfortunate but the complaints are gone.”

The users in the emergency strategy room eating grass porridge had absurd specifications.

There were senior officials, diplomats and soldiers of every administrative branch of the country.

People experienced in various fields came to the Arpen Kingdom in the north after starting Royal Road.

A grade 5 clerk who passed the administrative examination couldn't help wanting to eat grass porridge!

Members of parliament and politicians also tried to join the Grass Porridge Cult.

“I am a member of parliament. Can't I get a bowl of grass porridge for free?”

“Is that so?”

In the early days, there were members who did bad things but that was no longer the case.

If someone acted wrongly under the name of the Grass Porridge Cult then their image would be recorded and released to the entire world.

Although the politicians might have lied or committed irregularities in reality, it was impossible in the Grass Porridge Cult.

Even politicians could mess with Royal Road due to their family members who played it.

“A way to undermine the power of the Hermes Guild... It is hard since our military is weak.”

“If they attack first then the strategies we can use are limited. Take a look at the past where we were hit hard at the Earth Palace... Every time a battle is fought, the Arpen Kingdom continues to suffer damage.”

“If a full-scale war breaks out then the north will be decimated. Once the Central Continent is stabilized, the Haven Empire will focus on the north.”

“A preemptive strike is the correct answer. Organizations such as the Hermes Guild will quickly collapse if they are weakened. Those who gathered have no loyalty in the first place.”

“They are united due to their interests. As long as they occupy the Central Continent, they won’t scatter.”

“If we conquer a part of the Central Continent then it won’t be any better...”

There were numerous discussions on how to attack the Haven Empire.

They didn’t know about Mapan’s economic penetration but a number of similar methods emerged.

One of the comments was that if the Pallos Kingdom was established in the south, the Grass Porridge should give support to strengthen it.

Then while doing errands, Soft Tofu raised his hand.

“I remember something Weed said in the past.”

“What is it?”

“He told Geomchi that he would rip the Haven Empire to shreds.”

“Ohhhh.”

“He said it when the Haven Empire was at its most powerful.”

“Such ambition?”

“There has to be some degree of distribution...”

“He is the person who created the Arpen Kingdom in the north.”

The users gathered in the emergency strategy room were filled with admiration.

When the Haven Empire had invaded the Arpen Kingdom, Weed had spoken simple words.

-They want to aim for my rice bowl? I can't leave it alone. I will tear them to shreds!

It was like tearing up the notebook of the creepy person in kindergarten.

The elites in the emergency strategy room interpreted the meanings deeply.

“Tearing apart... Then it means winning the war against the Haven Empire. But the form and results are different from what is expressed. At the time, didn't he tactically destroy the Earth Palace?”

“There is a difference between overthrowing and tearing them down. There seems to be a hidden meaning.”

“Perhaps he wasn't referring to that moment but the distant future?”

“Destroying the Haven Empire. Doesn't it mean something like that?”

“Weed-nim's words. It can't just be a rough interpretation. We

need to understand his words to change the flow of the continent.”

“I think we need someone to figure out the meaning of his language.”

“We should bring someone majoring in Korean literature or who has a doctorate in humanities.”

“Will that be enough? We should invite the Harvard and Yale professors.”

The elites of the Grass Porridge Cult invited the world’s scholars to delve deeply into the meaning of those words. And the conclusion!

The South Korean soldier, who provided information about body armour corruption to the media, said.

“It is right to interpret it literally. He is going to tear up the Haven Empire.”

A soldier, who retired after reporting about submarine irregularities, spoke next.

“Tearing into multiple pieces? How?”

“Send the best troops of the Arpen Kingdom to destroy many areas...”

The soldier, who was outcast after reporting a connection between the jet fighter business and the defense companies, shook his head.

“Our power isn’t that much. The Hermes Guild has a lot of personnel and will be prepared for this.”

“Or we can tear up their power by exacerbating the relationships between the lords of the Central Continent.”

“It is convincing.”

“We are in a situation where we can try it but... Well. Would they foresee this?”

“The complaints of the lords towards the Haven Empire are significant. There was Darius’ exposure and their profits are reduced due to lowering the taxes.”

“Even so, we aren’t likely to succeed.”

“If we defend the Arpen Kingdom then there will be no losses.”

“Then in order to worsen the relationship with the Hermes Guild...”

The plan steadily formed.

There could have been a heated debate but they decided to follow Weed’s words.

“We can divide it into stage 1 and stage 2.”

“When the plan is finished... The Versailles Continent might fall into chaos.”

“We have to distinguish between success and failure in stage 1. Only then can we push on with Stage 2.”

“It is about whether we can move the people’s hearts but... The plan doesn’t show any other loopholes.”

“It is Weed-nim’s plan. We have to believe and pursue it.”

“We need to keep it secure so only bring in trusted users.”

“In any case, keep your mouths shut. You can’t be bribed by the Hermes Guild.”

“Fortunately, we have many qualified users.”

“The Toadstool Porridge unit is also reliable.”

The Grass Porridge Cult established a specific plan and reported it to the Arpen Kingdom. Seo-yoon made the final decision!

She took a look at the final proposal and stamped it.

<Grass Porridge Grass Porridge Grass Porridge>

*

Knight Myul.

South of the Haven Empire. He was a top ranker in the Hermes Guild and ruled over the vast area that once consisted of the Gradian Kingdom and the Nest Kingdom.

He was robbed by Weed and attacked by rebels at Node Krape, then he went to the north to take revenge.

“Kuuuok. It was a thorough defeat...”

Myul abandoned his plan of revenge and used the remaining griffon troops to retake Node Krape and his territory.

The rebels were silent but the desert warriors' attacks led to an endless call for support in the area of the Great Plains.

-For the stability of the region, dispatching troops is necessary. Please save us!

-You must help. The Great Plains is being conquered.

-The desert is looting us. The gates are already open as I write this...

Myul quickly moved at the Hermes Guild's request, but the desert warriors had already retreated.

“Ahh. It is over.”

“It is over. There is nothing left in the warehouse.”

“All the soldiers were dragged. Now we have to start from the bottom up.

The southern lords who returned from the evacuation were devastated as they sat on the ground. The golden grains of the Great Plains had been pulled up. It was the symbol of abundance for the Great Plains. It was the same for the apples, pears, pomegranates and fig trees planted in the streets.

Even the unripe fruits had been taken away.

After the plunder of the Great Plains, the grain prices

skyrocketed on the Central Continent. Big hands moved first so it was hard to find it on the market.

“This damage... Kuk. Over half of this year’s yield from the Great Plains was taken away.”

“It is a really big deal. Shouldn’t the empire be more vigilant?”

“That’s right. They only worried about the cities or towns. Now all the food has been swept away.”

“That isn’t the problem. I hear that they took many residents?”

“Residents?”

“Engineers and young people were forced into captivity and dragged to the desert.”

“No... Such a cruel thing.”

The lords were shocked to hear the news.

When the prestigious guilds fought, they tried to reduce the damage to the people as much as possible.

Manpower was hard to control in battle so it couldn’t be helped if excited users sometimes burned the city, but they were punished afterwards.

Even during wars, these acts greatly increased infamy. The penalties for quests and ruling were large so those with common sense didn’t do such actions.

Building or property damage could be recovered, but it was impossible to recover in a short amount of time if residents were moved.

However, the lords of the Central Continent didn’t know about the difference in culture.

The act of robbing or taking captives from a civilized land had a large penalty and increased infamy.

But in the desert area, they were praised for being capable of

capturing a large number of prisoners.

“They aren’t very smart or don’t care about their bad name.”

“According to the users, they only follow the laws of the desert.”

“They are thieves.”

“Their swords are their only strength.”

Myul ruled Node Krape and thought that the southern lords lacked economic knowledge.

After spending more than half of the taxes to the Haven Empire, the rest was wasted restoring the damage caused by the rebels.

“Just as we were regaining some stability in the area, the desert warriors...”

“There is no more room to lower the tax rate.”

“In the south, warriors say they will establish the Pallos Empire.”

“Now we must bury the desert!”

“Let’s get back our lost residents and property.”

The lords of the Great Plains and the southern defenders of the Hermes Guild came up with tough countermeasures.

Myul, one of the greatest powers in the area, didn’t like it.

“The griffons can’t wander around the hot desert searching for enemies.”

“We should be together in this.”

“How many troops will be committed?”

“I will send 200,000. Pull out the roots of the desert before it can grow more.”

Myul asked.

“Are you going to take control of the southern desert with 20,000 troops?”

“I will send elite troops. The Imperial Army isn’t invincible... but they are strong.”

“Do you know how wide the desert is? If traffic isn’t developed then wandering the middle of the desert isn’t the answer. Isn’t there any reinforcements from Aren Castle?”

“They can’t afford it. It isn’t the time for war and the Hermes Guild has a lot of land to keep.”

“They have no interest in the remote south.”

“Then there will be an expedition into the desert.”

“Those guys will come again...”

“Even then, we will stop it somehow. Next time, we have to respond much more quickly.”

The debating lords couldn’t come to a conclusion.

Many of them were asking for salvation without wanting to go out.

*

The knights of steel that dominated the skies.

“These guys. They had another baby.”

Myul was busy taking care of the griffons at Node Krape.

The young griffons were hungry so he put large pieces of cut beef into their beaks.

“Eat a lot. Don’t stay cute like this.”

The number of griffons was reduced a lot due to Weed’s raid and the war in the north.

It was difficult to regain 5,000 again so the young griffons would be the strength of the griffon corps in the future.

“Huhuhu. You will completely control the skies of the continent. Once the sky is ours, the ground will come naturally. This isn’t the

big picture.”

While Myul was smiling, he received a warning that an intruder was approaching.

A man wearing a novice outfit was flying on a wyvern towards Node Krape!

“Don’t tell me...”

Myul confirmed the wyvern from the top of the tower.

“Isn’t that wyvern Wy-3?”

The wyvern who carried Weed around all the time.

There was no wyvern more famous on the continent.

‘Is Weed invading? It is likely he didn’t come alone. Large forces will come.’

Myul was on the verge of making an emergency call to the griffons and his army.

Then he saw the white flag and the face of the user on Wy-3.

‘That isn’t Weed?’

Weed’s face was so normal then he forgot it after a while.

The user on Wy-3 was fairly different from weed.

‘Weed can change appearances... This might be a trick.’

However, Myul didn’t lost his confidence.

From the early days in the Hermes Guild, he had led a number of battles to victory. He had high pride and didn’t think he would be easily defeated by Weed in a one-on-one battle.

Node Krape was a fortress built on a cliff.

It wasn’t a fortress that would easily fall even if a war occurred.

‘I can fight. But I don’t think Weed would change his face and come bearing a white flag.’

Myul gestured at the window and guided the visitor to the griffon nest at Node Krape.

*

Myul welcomed the visitor in the novice clothing. After descending from Wy-3, he straightened his shoulders and introduced himself.

“I am Tokkung from the Toadstool Porridge unit.”

“Toadstool Porridge unit?”

“Yes. Weed-nim sent me here.”

“I see.”

Myul was disappointed despite expecting that the other person wasn't Weed.

‘Too bad. If he had been alone then I would have killed him.’

Although it was cowardly, it would be worth it for the fame he would get from killing Weed. But he was interested in what the Grass Porridge Cult had to say.

If it was something trivial then they wouldn't have sent a Toadstool Porridge member on Wy-3.

“What do you want to say?”

“Huhu. I have a good offer for you.”

The user called Tokkung grinned.

“I will omit the long introduction. Do you have any thoughts of becoming independent from the Haven Empire?”

“Independent?”

Tokkung explained the Grass Porridge Cult's proposal.

The Myul-controlled areas of Gadian and Nest would become independent and remain free from the reign of the Haven Empire.

The Grass Porridge Cult would use their influence and stop the

desert warriors from attacking.

“If the relationship improves then you can trade with northern specialties. A large trading team from the Arpen Kingdom will visit by sea.”

“So the desert warriors won’t make peace with the empire? That is the proposal?”

“Of course. The desert warriors will be active in other areas but this one will receive no damage.”

Myul thought it was ridiculous as he listened.

“I still can’t understand it. You want me to get away from the solid fence of the empire?”

“Yes. If you change to the system of the Arpen Kingdom, many northern users will head to Myul’s kingdom. Myul’s kingdom will become more active. The development... You should know. New villages will be created and it will be a large kingdom when joined with the southern desert area.

“What about the relationship between me and the Hermes Guild?”

“It is like Weed-nim said. People should know when to go to the bathroom for things to come out. Isn’t now a suitable time to come out?”

Myul was silent for a while.

‘The desert warriors are annoying.’

It was true that the attacks from the south were annoying.

As part of the Hermes Guild, he couldn’t ignore the lords’ requests for help. But the damage hadn’t occurred in his territory yet so it was only an annoyance.

‘But going to the bathroom. The situation is certainly different.’

Myul had been with the Hermes Guild from the beginning.

As a knight and managing to tame the griffons, he played a great role in the conquest of the Central Continent.

The mobility of the griffon unit meant he was at the forefront of the territorial expansion every time. Thanks to the repeated combat achievements, he possessed a formidable army.

He was handed the Gradian and Nest areas because of the high regard for his abilities and military power.

‘I’m no longer getting anything from the Hermes Guild. Even if the Haven Empire conquers the Arpen Kingdom, I won’t receive any benefits.’

He had to dedicate half of the taxes collected from his territory.

The only reason he hadn’t complained was due to his loyalty to the Hermes Guild. However, if he became independent then he would no longer have to pay taxes in the future.

He wouldn’t be part of the Haven Empire or the Arpen Kingdom, but the independent king of a large area.

‘It isn’t a totally useless proposal. It is profitable for me. There is just one crucial issue.’

He wanted to raise a flag apart from the Haven Empire but common sense said it wasn’t possible.

The military power of the Hermes Guild and the Haven Empire was so powerful that it couldn’t be ignored. What if he was trampled on as soon as he declared independence?

Tokkung laughed like he read Myul’s mind.

“Once Myul is ready then the Arpen Kingdom will move from the north.”

“You will fight the empire? The Arpen Kingdom’s military power won’t be enough.”

“There is a crowd. But even if it is only near the border of the Arpen Kingdom, we will be able to strike the nerve of the Haven

Empire.”

“It won’t mean anything. The Hermes Guild is strong enough to prevent such interference. It will be the worst situation for me if the Imperial troops come to the south.”

“The Arpen Kingdom and Myul’s new kingdom. The Haven Empire will receive damage from both sides simultaneously. Can they afford the cost of war when taxes are lowered?”

“The Arpen Kingdom can’t afford to go against the Haven Empire either.”

“In the worst-case situation, the Arpen Kingdom will accept Myul. You can be a lord who rules over a wide land.”

Myul shook his head and didn’t respond.

He was too busy making calculations in his head.

There were benefits to Tokkung’s proposal but he couldn’t accept due to the damages.

“The reason for this proposal...”

“It will be beneficial for the Arpen Kingdom if the Haven Empire is divided.”

Tokkung honestly replied.

‘I’m not the only one they are making this offer to.’

The Grass Porridge Cult had gathered a vast amount of intelligence and connections.

It was possible for them to propose independence to some Hermes Guild users.

The elite members of the Toadstool Porridge unit were secretly dispatched to a few lords or governors with jurisdiction over an area.

Tokkung travelled on Wy-3 because the southern part of the Haven Empire was far but there were members of the Toadstool

Porridge unit visiting other people at the same time.

No one knew how many of them would change their minds.

Some of them might agree but there was a high possibility of failure.

‘A plan that assumes failure.’

In the 1st phase of the plan, the Arpen Kingdom had nothing to lose. Making this proposal wouldn’t damage them.

The northern users wouldn’t condemn the Arpen Kingdom or Weed.

On the other hand, the Hermes Guild would become anxious and suspicious.

“Hrmm...”

Myul was troubled as he thought about it. The Arpen Kingdom could gain tremendous benefits from his choice.

‘I don’t want to do something for Weed. If things go wrong then the damage will be big.’

His feelings towards Weed!

When he thought about the events that happened to him, he couldn’t accept.

“I will not accept the offer.”

“Yes. I understand. You can do that.”

“Will you go back on Wy-3?”

Myul asked out of pure curiosity.

The wyvern could be called a match to the griffon and this was a chance to see Wy-3 up close.

“Nope. I will go back to the Arpen Kingdom another way.”

“That is a long way to go.”

“You can always get something in life when you go back the long

way.”

Tokkung said as he pulled out something from his backpack. Myul momentarily thought it was a bribe or a weapon.

But Tokkung took out a cup and unknown powder. He poured boiling water into the cup and made powdered tea.

“I like having a cup of tea after negotiations.”

“Hrmm.”

“Would you like some?”

“Nope. I’m okay.”

Myul wasn’t friendly so he immediately refused the offer. His refusal was the right decision.

“Kueeok!”

Tokkung drank the tea and collapsed.

“Indeed, toadstool tea...”

-Tokkung has died.

Myul was troubled after Tokkung’s death.

“Independence...”

The Grass Porridge Cult’s sweet proposal.

Betraying the Hermes Guild was a big gamble but he would benefit greatly if he succeeded.

‘The Arpen Kingdom. If I take a position like Weed the users in this region might help me. It is a little bit positive.’

As one of the roots, he knew several things about the Haven Empire.

Even if a large army struck, he could intercept using the griffon units or hold out using Node Krape.

If he endured for a month or two then they would recognize it as a loss.

In the future, he wouldn't have a strong foundation like Bardray or Weed.

Even if everything went wrong, he could bring all his assets and the griffons to the Arpen Kingdom.

'Interesting but dangerous. I won't accept at this time. But if things change...'

Weed's words in the emergency strategy room of the Grass Porridge Cult planted the first seeds in the Haven Empire.

-The northern users are attempting to take our lords.

"Don't leave any loopholes."

Several lords of the Haven Empire confessed that they had been contacted.

Lafaye was on the roof of Aren Castle when he heard the news.

There were countless stars shining in the sky and a cool wind was blowing.

The capital of the Haven Empire was shining brilliantly.

"I have been driven to this edge..."

Lafaye's eyes narrowed as he thought about the insults he received recently.

He became angry after being insulted by the little girl on the street.

As an elite, he lived his life receiving respect so he wasn't accustomed to the word failure.

It was true that his achievement with the Haven Empire was weakening.

The news coming from the intelligence network wasn't much better.

-There is a massacre of ordinary users by the Hermes Guild in the Luhen area. It is our error so investigate.

-There is a request for support from Godessa Castle. The spending for the part celebrating the conquest of the continent was too large.

-Jolot Trade City. A large-scale development project to revitalize the tourism industry by referring to Puhol Water Park in the north. The development cost is 30 million gold. 340 users per day are required until completion.

Many ridiculous things happened as he ruled every corner of the empire.

Lafaye and the leaders consumed an astronomical amount of funds.

They had to make allowances for tax cuts so the leaders cursed the trade in each city.

Darius indiscriminate revelations about the Hermes Guild also inflamed him.

As new facts were broadcasted, public opinion towards the Hermes Guild was becoming increasingly worse.

In the south of the continent, the founding of the Pallos Empire through invasion was underway.

Chapter 5: Gluttony Demon

Lafaye tapped on his desk as he called an emergency meeting.

“I heard that the hearts of the lords are trembling. I can’t help but notice.”

“Will it be difficult?”

Lafaye shook his head at Bardray’s question.

“It isn’t worth worrying about yet. It would be foolish of them to leave our Hermes Guild. Although Darius’ revelations...”

“The public opinion about us is seriously bad.”

“They are driving us little by little into a dead end. At this moment, no visible damages exist. The lords will never leave the Hermes Guild. Compared to the guild’s military power, the lords have no troops.”

“If the lords don’t leave us... Still, shouldn’t we do a little bit of preparation?”

“If they leave, they have to be prepared to throw everything away. I’ve already posted troops to some areas as an example.”

Bardray and Lafaye.

The two leaders thought this measure was enough to deal with the lords.

The Arpen Kingdom was actively encouraging the independence of the lords but it wouldn’t go according to their will.

A big picture was drawn in Lafaye’s head but he tried to ignore it.

‘The more loyal lords of the guild won’t go. Although most of them are originally... And is the effort to take the lords part of some subsequent plan? Or is it just a wild stab?’

Then Bardray asked in a cold voice.

“Darius?”

“He disposed of all his property and escaped. The hunting squad tried to track him down but he already entered the Arpen Kingdom.”

“He has no more revelations left?”

“There are a few things but the most important ones have come out.”

Bardray looked at the leaders' faces one by one.

They were the warriors who fought with him when they conquered the Central Continent. They demonstrated the combat power of the Hermes Guild and proved their absolute strength to the world.

Penatul muttered.

“Things are getting worse and worse. Where did it start to go wrong?”

Lafaye grinned lightly.

“We didn't do anything wrong.”

“We didn't?”

“I've been looking back on the past but I've never felt a moment of regret. It is impossible for us to start from the middle in the Central Continent.”

“Why?”

“We've done our best so far. We had to get a lot of times to train an army and win the war. We also had to take discriminatory measures for the Hermes Guild users.”

The leaders sympathized with Lafaye.

The Hermes Guild might be called tyrants but they weren't much different from the other powers on the Central Continent.

Those who had the strength would run forward like a hungry wolf towards a big profit.

They would trample on the weak and conquer the enemy forces.

The Hermes Guild were stronger than them and didn't hide their methods.

They were able to accept being called wicked in the process of unifying the continent into one.

Through such a process, the Hermes Guild managed to acquire the Central Continent.

Lafaye bluntly said.

“We lost public sentiment due to the backlash from the conquest, but it would have been the same if any other force took control of the Central Continent. The empire is built on the foundation of hundreds of people's blood.”

Pallanks opened his mouth.

“What about Weed and the Arpen Kingdom?”

“As a competitor, I can honestly evaluate him and say that is a great achievement.”

“Achievement?”

“Yes. I have to admit that he is strong. How many of us would go to a frozen land and build a kingdom?”

The expressions of the leaders changed.

In the meantime, Weed had often been compared to Bardray and Lafaye.

Lafaye was the first to highly praise Weed.

“He completed an impossible quest and built a huge reputation by defeating the Embinyu Church. Was this also a part of the predictions?”

“We didn't think he could do it.”

“If we hadn't encountered the variable that is Weed and the Arpen Kingdom then the results would be perfect. But even though

our nation is now troubled, we are 10 times more powerful than the Arpen Kingdom. It is the same even if we take into consideration the users. They might be concentrating their efforts on the Central Continent but it won't be so easily conquered.”

The stiff expressions of the leaders were gradually released.

If they did their best while walking here the wrong way then the results might be different.

Lafaye's eyes shone.

“History will only remember the winners. It is a little annoying now, but once we've fully unified the continent, Weed's story will disappear.”

“Umm.”

“At this point, we need to recognize Weed and the Arpen Kingdom. But we are the Haven Empire. It is an empire built on the strength of many powerhouses. Once the security of the Central Continent is stable, we can show our strength at any time.

And we will use setbacks to create opportunities.”

Lafaye's remarks reversed the atmosphere of the leadership meeting.

They built plans from the earliest days of Royal Road and gained the best results!

If Bardray led the armed forces then Lafaye acted as his brain.

They were the two chariots of the Haven Empire that had never been defeated directly.

‘Go back to our original thoughts.’

‘Yes. It is like this. There has to be some trial and error when unifying the continent.’

*

Lafaye presented some measures related to ruling the continent

at the leadership meeting.

Events related to hunting, quests and festivals were hosting throughout the entire empire!

Food related productions and temporary trade incentives were also promoted.

The domestic government paid attention to little things and the movements of the giant empire produced results.

‘We don’t need any effects. The users just need to feel happy for a while.

We can make preparations during this time.’

After the meeting, Lafaye called Leard who was a construction worker aside.

“It shouldn’t happen, but we need to be prepared in case the situation of the Haven Empire worsens significantly.”

“Are you thinking about the collapse of the empire?”

Leard asked with a serious expression and Lafaye shook his head.

“I don’t mean that the empire will collapse right away. We are strong. The attacks on the north just failed slightly. But to prepare for the distant future, we need to make a perfect fortress.

“Perfect fortress?”

“History shows that there is no permanent empire. So we can survive if some of the territory of the Haven Empire is taken away. Let’s build some walls and fortress in the Haven Empire for the long dominance of the continent.”

“A military fortress in the Haven Empire that will last for a long time.”

“You have properly understood it. A fortress that will never fall. It will be our last resort in the Haven Empire and will help defend against other threats.”

*

The gluttony demon Delam!

Weed and his colleagues watched as Delam grew bigger.

50 metres, 70 metres, 100 metres, 140 metres.

He grew exponentially as he ate allied knights, monsters and the demon clan.

As he grew larger, the amount of food he was eating increased.

“Fall on both knees and stretch out your heads. Come and receive the noble demon.”

The demon clan provided food for Delam.

The monsters as well as members of the clan were fed to Delam.

The drakes flying in the sky that caused great damage to the allies had disappeared, but Delam’s power was increasing.

Pale glanced at his quiver.

“These arrows will be like toothpicks to him.”

Zephyr quietly picked up a fishing rod.

“That is a lot of fish. This fishing line won’t last.”

Their confidence increasingly faded away as they watched Delam grow more powerful.

They had fought valiantly against the giants. But at that time, their opponents were damaged and there was hope.

“Attack! Do not withdraw.”

“Elites of the Mapon Kingdom. For His Majesty!”

The knights rushed and disappeared in Delam’s mouth.

A shockwave emerged from Delam and crushed objects and living things around him.

The magicians used the strongest spells they knew but Delam just

kept eating. Surka formed a fist.

“I really don’t want to hit it. But is its health reducing?”

Weed glanced over Delam with sharp eyes.

“Right now it isn’t reducing. When he is eating, he is highly resistant to all attacks. He had the ability to absorb health and mana while eating.”

“Then if we attack when he is digesting...”

“There is no way around that. But once he finishes digesting, he will be bigger and stronger.”

“In the original history, how did the alliance win against such a demon?”

Surka and the others turned their gazes towards Weed.

New hope!

In Royal Road, Weed’s knowledge about hunting was close to an expert.

Even Maylon who had a wide range of knowledge from being a broadcaster, couldn’t match him.

“The alliance lost.”

“Huh?”

“Their forces were nearly wiped out. There were a few who were lucky enough to escape by swimming and reported about what happened here.”

“Then how do we deal with the demon?”

“I know that he starved to death on this island. That process took more than 100 years.”

“Then...”

The enthusiasm of Surka and the others decreased.

This wasn’t a S class combat quest.

They thought that if the alliance somehow defeated the demon of gluttony then they could sneak up on it.

The results would be similar whether they chose the side of the alliance or the demon clan.

Delam would eat all friends and allies anyway.

They had to live in order to succeed in the quest.

‘Don’t get eaten.’

‘Uwah... I had nightmares after seeing Squashy Wiggler on the broadcast. What if that thing eats me?’

Weed deliberately made his party act like this.

‘There are two opportunities. After that, it is hard because the opponent will be too strong.’

If they couldn’t defeat Delam then they would have no choice but to flee.

The penalties would be severe but that was something taken for granted on adventures!

‘A frontal fight. There is no other way.’

Delam didn’t hesitate even in front of the fiercest attacks and kept growing bigger.

300 metres. 400 metres. 500 metres!

It wasn’t just his height but his length.

He became much bigger than a giant and looked like a dragon or a small mountain. After a while, Delam’s skin turned red and he opened his mouth towards the sky.

-Kuoeeek!

Dark grey smoke soared into the air.

“Wah. Creepy.”

“He farted!”

The female users screamed.

-The demon of gluttony, Delam is digesting the creatures that he has swallowed.

After digestion, Delam will reach stage 1.

Every time he builds a new body, Delam will become stronger and eat more food.

Time remaining: 5 minutes.

Delam opened his mouth and spat out gas from his ass.

The oversized mass started shrinking rapidly.

The fearful voices of the priests on the allied side were heard.

“We have to defeat him now. If the evil demon digests those he ate and gains their strength then everyone will die.”

“The fate of the continent is upon us. Attack.”

A historical battle was taking place.

The allied knights stopped fighting monsters and flocked towards one spot.

The magicians, who were in a safe spot in the rear, appeared near Delam using Teleport and started using attack spells.

Due to the digestion, Delam’s body was exposed and unprotected.

The magic attacks struck Delam and the allied knights wielded their weapons.

Rather than healing their allies, the priests used divine magic against Delam. Divine magic dealt ten times more damage to undead and demons.

Despite such attacks, Delam kept stubbornly digesting.

Weed spoke just before his colleagues were about to pop out.

“Wait and watch a little more.”

Weed kept watching.

5 minutes. It was a short amount of time. ‘Even if we participate, we might not be able to defeat Delam during that time.’

Despite being a historic battle, the recorded information was scarce.

‘Even though the demon tribe summoned Delam, they didn’t last long due to him. The problem is whether the allies can drive Delam to near death.’

Weed and his colleagues observed Delam.

Unfortunately, even the undead were useless against Delam.

Only the advanced undead like the death knights, dullahans and specters could play a role.

If the allies could avoid Delam’s health to less than 10% then they could win. And history would change.

‘Watch and make a decision. And if I do decide to fight, hang everything on it.’

The knights of the Bromba Kingdom held their swords high.

“Don’t let the demon step on this land. Sword of Sacrifice!”

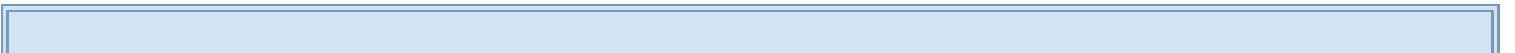
After burning their health and wrapping their bodies with sacred power, they assaulted Delam with the magic!

The knights of the Mapon and Keltun kingdoms also marched towards Delam after receiving the protection of the priest.

They moved through the resistance of the monsters and demon tribe without a hitch.

Delam’s body was wide open so they kept attacking while he was digesting.

“Remaining health. Show me all of it. View Life Force!”



-Gluttony Demon Delam

Deep darkness that can't be penetrated.

An abandoned demon who grew up eating trash and insects.

After entering the world due to the demon worshipping tribes, he only has one goal. Eat everything.

Once he has enough meals, he can regain his full body and the strength he had in hell.

His massive body is 4 kilometres in radius and he feeds on mountains and lakes.

It is difficult to estimate how much the demon can eat.

He was a loser in hell due to the weakness of needing to eat to gain power.

If he doesn't eat food then he won't be able to withstand the extreme hunger and will weaken or die.

There are still seven stages left until he regains his default power from hell.

Health: 74%/100%

Mana: 88%/100%

The remaining time was 3 minutes 23 seconds.

Weed's eyes shone.

"There isn't no chance of winning. Divine power... It is effective."

Delam's health was diminishing under the attacks from magicians and knights. Weed and his colleagues had been waiting for this moment.

"There seems to be a chance. The battle begins now."

"I'll aim for just one side."

Romuna started to chant the most powerful fire magic that she knew.

Volcanic Eruption!

“Cleanse the earth with fire. Let the earth shake and burn, wake up from the deep earth and melt it.”

Volcanic Eruption was one of the top-level fire magic.

It took an extremely long time to cast and the mana consumption and penalties were also severe.

The maximum value of mana was reduced for three days so it wasn't a magic that could be used often.

While Romuna prepared the spell, her other colleagues each got ready to strike with their strongest attack.

Pale and Maylon mingled with the knights of the Keltun Kingdom.

“A pleasure to meet you. Archer who knows justice.”

“Can we fight together?”

“We would be honoured.”

Their high honour and fame meant the knights welcomed them as they headed towards Delam.

“In the end, hitting it with my hands... It seems rough.”

“He is too big for a fishing line.”

“I don't think he will fall down 10 times.”

Surka, Zephyr, Python and Seasoned Crab moved forward.

Irene joined the priests from the Bromba Kingdom in attacking.

The problem was Weed!

“Don't come close. Necromancer!”

The alliance refused to let Weed join.

“This popularity sure is difficult. It is urgent... Don’t you want to get rid of Delam for justice?”

“Shut up! A necromancer shouldn’t be talking about justice. After we defeat the demon, you are next!”

Weed ignored the knights and rose a ghost horse.

“Mental Focus!”

-The Mental Focus skill has been used.

Maximum mana has increased by 24%.

Mana recovery speed is 41% faster.

The skill duration is 13 minutes.

An intermediate undead magic skill that he learnt!

Other than the death knights, dullahans and specters, he released the summoning of the low grade undead like zombies and ghouls in order to conserve mana.

Weed mounted the ghost horse and flew towards Delam.

Flash flash! Kwarurung!

The area near Delam was confusing due to the onslaught of magic and knights attacking.

The alliance was pouring a mighty firepower from the air.

A beginner with a level less than 200 would be instantly killed just by being here.

-There is a high density of divine power.

A necromancer’s magic power is weakened by 31%.

The undead army melted on their way to attack Delam.

It was a place where the divine magic of the allied priests were stacked up.

The remaining time was 1 minute and 54 seconds.

Delam had 51% health left.

‘I don’t know the odds but it is difficult. Necromancer... Now I am in a state where my damage is lacking. It is very different from other professions.’

This seemed to be a recreation of the history where Delam devoured everything.

‘Is this not enough?’

Unlike history, Weed had intervened and quite a few of the allied forces remained alive.

Nevertheless, it seemed impossible to get rid of Delam during the remaining time.

Fortunately, most of the monsters from the demon tribe were defeated!

After the demon tribe were pushed back from the shore, they had hastily summoned Delam.

Delam had been eating as many monsters and demon tribe as alliance troops.

‘Follow the crowd.’

Weed moved behind the undead army.

In no time at all, the undead had been reduced by half.

“Take steps to control the demon.”

“Understood. Master!”

Weed had Van Hawk and Torido take control of the undead near the demon.

The alliance needed to stay concentrated on attacking Delam!

The demon tribe were only concerned with protecting Delam from a major assault!

Weed wielded the Loa Sword at one of the demon tribe disciples.

The demon tribe who used curses and black magic to defend Delam was unable to overcome Weed's sword.

He used Sculptural Destruction and led the undead to wipe out the demon tribe.

-Your level has risen.

-The skill proficiency of Swordsmanship has improved.

-Experience has been acquired.

-You have achieved an amazing merit on this quest. Killing the remnants of the Gulden Demon Tribe!

The demon tribe targeting the Mapon, Keltun and Bromba kingdoms have disappeared from combat.

The three kingdoms will honour your great achievement.

-Fame has increased by 6,399 due to the combat achievements.

Infamy has reduced by 13,832.

Maximum health has increased by 500.

-Faith has increased by 20.

-Honour has increased by 15.

-The combat achievement has increased all stats by 2.

Killing the remnants of the Gulden Demon Tribe!

Meanwhile, rays were spreading from Delam's body as he finally finished digesting.

Delam's size was reduced to 50 metres but he became faster and harder.

There were 12 horns that symbolized his power as a demon and even a long tail. He even held tridents with his hands.

“Kuaack!”

“My leg is caught. S-save me!”

Delam opened his mouth wide towards the allied knights nearby.

A powerful suction force was generated and the knights were sucked into Delam's mouth.

Without chewing, he swallowed hundreds of people and restored his health, before starting to grow again.

-The prey are busy!

Delam stared down at the humans with red eyes.

Kuwong kuoong!

The ground shook like there was an earthquake every time Delam walked.

“This can't be!”

Surka and the other colleagues quickly ran away.

A magic sword.

Some attacks couldn't deal damage to Delam now that he had finished digesting.

“Run now! The demon is even stronger!”

“Don't give up. If we retreat then our families in the Mapon Kingdom will be eaten by him.”

“Attack magic! Use your attack magic to stop him!”

The allied forces, who had been fighting well, fell into confusion

due to Delam's strength.

Delam ignored the human resistance as he was too busy eating.

“Retreat!”

“Return home. We are defeated so let's evacuate.”

Some of the allied forces tried to retreat to the ships.

Delam ran to them first, devoured the humans and swung his tridents to destroy the ships.

-You won't get away! All of you are my prey. Kuhehehehe.

The demon Delam!

Unlike other demons, he didn't have powerful magic.

He simply fed on the humans but that was enough to scare the primitive instincts in them.

“This death...”

“Kuk. I would rather keep my honour than be eaten alive.”

Among the knights, there were those who chose suicide before they could be eaten.

Fortunately, Weed's colleagues were still unharmed.

It was thanks to the quick rush of the undead as they retreated.

“What do we do?”

Maylon asked Weed but he didn't answer as he was busy staring at Delam.

Python, Seasoned Crab and the others had showed off their abilities.

They already thought there was no chance of winning.

“Hrmm. The opportunity was lost... It is difficult no matter how many humans remain. Seasoned Crab. What do you think?”

Python asked Seasoned Crab.

“We can attack when he is digesting. Divine magic multiples attack power by several times but it is difficult to cause serious damage.

“Is that enough?”

“I precisely stabbed in the back of his neck but it was difficult to reduce his health. It is also dangerous due to the magicians’ indiscriminate attack...”

“If you are an assassin then shouldn’t you be prepared to die when fighting?”

Seasoned Crab laughed at that.

“Even if you risk my life, it would be tough unless they are armed with a holy sword like a paladin. But it is crazy.”

Delam’s enormous defense and health made it impossible for a human to kill him.

The only opportunity when he had no defenses was when digesting and that had already failed.

The allied forces were decreasing and Delam was getting stronger.

Pale kept watching Delam and shook his head.

“I think that all the allied forces on Jackson Island will be eaten. History seems to be proceeding... Isn’t it better to get away?”

The idea ‘quest failed’ had already passed through their heads.

Since the beginning of Royal Road, many users had started and failed quests.

Sometimes they could do the quest, but it took too long and they had to give up in the middle.

Although fame and credibility would decline a little, it wasn’t more important than their survival.

The party’s gaze headed towards Weed but they all knew it was

impossible for the quest to succeed.

It wasn't a big mistake but Weed was the one who brought them to Jackson Island so he would make the final decision.

Weed was surprisingly calm as he watched Delam feeding on the allied forces.

"Wait a little longer."

"Huh?"

"One more chance may come. The tricky thing about Delam is that we lack the power to damage him. He isn't in a perfect condition and can't fight back when he is digesting."

Python, who was wearing a huge greatsword on his back, tried to stealthily retreat back.

"There is a way? His resilience is high and we couldn't damage him properly. It was like knocking against a steel fortress."

"Yet... More allies need to die."

"Die?"

"Depending on the knights, a situation can be made. I can't predict the odds but we will try one more time before running away."

Weed's colleagues followed his decision.

There were still many allied soldiers and knights so they didn't have to worry about being eaten by Delam.

Delam occupied the coast and was busy eating nearby humans.

Whenever his mouth opened wide, the humans nearby were sucked in and eaten. There was a limit to the number of humans on Jackson Island and it was certain that the next opportunity would come.

"Uhhh."

"Demon. I will be killed by a demon!"

After the first digestion, the morale of the allies was truly the worst!

Soldiers abandoned their weapons and armour and jumped into the sea in order to escape from Jackson Island.

‘Right now, they won’t be able to exert their combat power properly.’

‘Being eaten by the demon. This is too big. The instinctual fear...’

Weed’s colleagues found it difficult to find a way to subdue Delam.

-Stomach. I’m full. Wait there. I’ll start feeding again soon... Kueeeok!

Delam boasted an incredible stomach, devouring over 10,000 humans before starting the digestion.

“A-an opportunity. Run away!”

“Get out of here. We can’t die here!”

Unlike the first digestion, the allied forces ran for their lives instead of fighting.

Now that Delam was stronger, they lost hope and jumped into the sea in order to live.

The digestion time was 7 minutes. The remaining health is 94%.

Since Delam was stronger than the first digestion, the digestion time was slightly increased.

“Now.”

Weed flew into the sky aboard the ghost horse.

“Everybody listen carefully!”

-Skill: Lion’s Roar has been used. The morale of all allies within the influence of Lion’s Roar has increased by 200%.

All confused states are released.

Your Leadership will increase by 300% for 5 minutes.

Lion's Roar was used!

Weed's voice rang in the ears of the fleeing alliance. Their morale had fallen to the bottom but the troops were still interested.

"That guy is a necromancer."

"He is the one who made undead from the bodies of our allies!"

Weed had very little influence with the allied forces.

Yet they still listened to him talk due to his stats such as faith, dignity, leadership and honour.

If an ordinary necromancer used Lion's Roar then they wouldn't have listened at all.

It was the fruit of his adventures and the training he did every day.

"Are you going to run away and leave the demon here? Fight. Peace will only come when the demon is slain!"

Weed's Lion's Roar rang through Jackson Island but none of the allied forces were willing to attack.

Lion's Roar just had the effect of moving a large number of troops.

"R-run now! There is no use listening to those words."

"Yes. Staying here will just mean dying a dog's death."

The soldiers continued to plunge into the sea.

The demon Delam!

The mana of the priests had become depleted.

The general soldiers lost their determination and didn't want to fight against Delam.

They knew that if they failed again, they would never win.

The desperate troops rapidly fell apart. In the history records, Delam finished the first digestion and ate the allied forces who lost their motivation.

*

“What is he trying to do? It seems to already be going wrong.”

Python said in a pessimistic tone as he watched the situation.

The allied forces were busy running away. Currently, the soldiers were jumping into the sea but the knights were the definition of honour and justice.

Even if the allied forces fought aggressively, it would be impossible to kill Delam so Weed’s actions were useless.

However, Pale picked up an arrow from the ground and placed it in the quiver.

“Weed will have a way. He might seem really reckless but he isn’t that reckless.”

“What does that mean?”

“Even if there is a strong enemy, he wouldn’t quit. He might seem reckless or hostile but he has a strategy.”

“Strategy?”

“He seems reckless but he takes advantage of everything to get victory.”

“I will regret it forever if I stand by.”

“He will be the first to jump if he thinks it is impossible. Weed doesn’t care about things like honour. So it means he has a solution for this present situation.”

“Still... How is he going to solve the attack problem?”

Meanwhile, Weed continued using Lion’s Roar.

“If you have loyalty then sacrifice your lives for the country! Is it meaningless to be eaten by the demon? This is an island and you already can’t escape. Even if you try to escape, there will only be one in a hundred who can survive the demon. Have the courage to fight. I will take care of the rest.”

He reached out towards Delam on the waterfront.

“Corpse Explosion!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The sand flew up as an explosion occurred on the whole island.

The bodies piled up near Delam! The bodies of the dead troops had exploded.

A necromancer’s most powerful attack skill.

If there was a corpse then the undead magic could be used. Theoretically, if there were enough corpses then there could be more power than a magician.

Delam instantly lost 1% of his health.

It was thanks to the hundreds of corpses of knights that exploded.

“Ehh.”

“That is...”

It was such an incredible destructive power that the allied troops fleeing looked back at Delam.

Corpse Explosion!

The most powerful attack of a necromancer was terrific but it was impossible to use if there weren’t any bodies.

There were no more corpses in the vicinity of Delam.

“I am a necromancer who is disliked by people. Although it is frustrating to make money... Kuheom. I will gladly do this for you family, the country and the Versailles Continent.”

Weed moistened his lips with saliva.

Just like giving a kindergarten student a candy, flattered was required!

“If we can’t hurt that demon then it will be your families that will enter his mouth. Knights of the Keltun Kingdom. There is no one who has more courage! Do you want to leave while the demon lives?”

Weed’s Lion’s Roar moved the Keltun knights.

Apart from the possibility of victory, the knights decided not to run away.

In history, the knights had never given up on hunting Delam.

They were a difference between fighting moderately and risking death to actively attack.

Since his days as ruler of the desert, he realized that men were extremely simple in certain circumstances.

“The Keltun Central Knights are coming out.”

The knights of the Keltun Kingdom pulled out their swords and started running towards Delam.

“Assault formation!”

The infantry followed the knights. The knights spread out their hoses and pushed their spears with all their strength. Then they cut their former colleagues.

“Goodbye. Pavult.”

“Kuk. Let’s hope our sacrifices are in vain, eh?”

“I don’t know the result but we lived as knights and now we will die as knights.”

The Keltun Knights clung to Delam and died on their own.

Weed used a spell again.

“Corpse Explosion!”

The bodies of the dead Keltun Knights exploded and dealt secondary damage to Delam.

At this point, fire starting blazing in the eyes of the knights.

“Kill Delam!”

“The valor of the Keltun Kingdom knights will survive even after death. I am proud to lead all of you. Full charge!”

The knights of the Keltun Kingdom were willing to offer their bodies to attack Delam.

Delam’s health, that was thought to be impregnable, diminished due to the sacrifices of the knights.

“Attack!”

“The honour of the Bromba Kingdom is brighter than any jewels.”

The knights from the Bromba Kingdom and Mapon Kingdom followed.

Weed didn’t need to persuade them any longer because the rival Keltun Kingdom was moving.

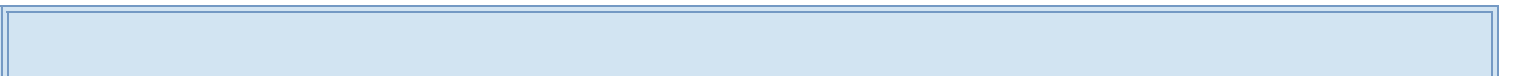
“Corpse Explosion!”

Weed only chanted one spell.

He released the undead army led by Van Hawk and Torido and used the gathered mana to explode the bodies.

The Paerot Ring that he obtained in his days as a sculptor was used to fill the lacking mana.

He was wearing equipment to increase his maximum mana, including Barkhan’s Robe, and he had been watching since Delam finished his first digestion so his mana had recovered to the maximum.



-You have blown up the body of Knight Grey who fought against injustice.

Delam has received 165,482 damage.

-The skill proficiency of Corpse Explosion has improved.

-The deep enlightenment into death and destruction has permanently increased wisdom by 2.

An increase in the skill proficiency!

For necromancers, Corpse Explosion was an amazingly powerful and useful skill.

It had a tremendous power that could inflict up to 10 times the damage depending on the situation.

The current level of Corpse Explosion was intermediate level 3.

‘There are hundreds of thousands of people here to increase my skill proficiency.’

As the knights came out, the commanders of the army also issued orders.

“Infantry of the Mapon Kingdom. This is your last command. Move towards Delam. Go closer and die.”

“Keltun Kingdom’s archers. Abandon your armour and arrows and move forward.”

“The proud army of our Bromba Kingdom will also march.”

Knights and soldiers rushed towards Delam and literally exploded.

“Uwack. Die!”

“This is better than being eaten by the demon. I will die for the sake of protecting my home and family!”

“Humans will never be defeated by demons.”

The soldiers cried out against evil and sprang at Delam who was digesting.

The instinctual fear caused by enormous body and form of Delam was overcome.

Humans sprang into the battlefield, crying out words of affection and pride for their families.

The knights lost their lives without hesitation.

The soldiers moved as close as possible to Delam before dying in order to cause more damage.

“We can’t lose. Magicians. Prepare your last magic.”

“God willing. We will dedicate our lives.”

Their magicians sacrificed their own flesh.

It was a forbidden method that would temporarily increase their power by 1 or 2 times, but they would be permanently in pain or would die.

The priests gave their health to the gods and gained divine power.

They blessed the allies on their last assault and prayed for good luck.

The blessing didn’t make much sense, but the soldiers were willing to run forward with the comfort of the divine magic.

Delam’s health fell from 80% to 64%, then to 41%.

Weed used Corpse Explosion on the corpses to deal huge blows.

“Wow!”

Surka clenched her fists and screamed.

She hadn’t been prepared for Weed to create such a great and noble battle.

The spirited allied forces rushing towards Delam with death in mind!

History was changing as they charged in with determination to kill the demon.

Ddiring!

-Goddess Freya has blessed you.

Necromancers distort the cycle of life by rejecting death and have received the wrath of the gods.

The unpleasant odour and low health of the undead is due to Goddess Freya's curse.

Goddess Freya remembers the joy of the harvest and your achievements that expanded the beauty of art on the continent before you became a necromancer.

The Arpen Kingdom still worships the Freya Church and Goddess Freya is satisfied with this.

“Even though you chose the wrong path, you are the child who made my voice known to the world. The blessings will continue if you keep doing right and don't lose faith in me.”

Maximum health has increased by 53%.

The body's recovery ability has increased by 250%.

The mind is stabilized and you are relieved from all curses. You will also temporarily be granted the Freya Church's divine magic.

Faith, justice, charm and luck have permanently increased by two.

Additional effects.

The curse of the undead is loosened and the appeared will improve.

The odour of skeletons and zombies will decrease.

There were currently no undead summoned but the skeletal bones had changed to look cleaner.

A skeleton warrior's body would be covered with grass and trees would grow between bones, improving health and defense.

Even a death knight's helmet would have flowers plugged in them.

-Hestia's blessing!

Goddess Hestia is a great artist and craftsman and she feels a deep closeness to you.

"I understand your passion for fire and don't doubt the path you are walking."

All attacks have an additional fire damage of 230%.

The mana consumption of fire attacks will temporarily decrease.

The effects of all weapons and equipment worn will increase by 74%.

-God Atrock's blessing!

Atrock loves war.

As he watches the battle of Jackson Island, he blessed all those fighting the demon Delam.

"Fight. That is the most wonderful thing."

The commanding ability of all knights have strengthened. The morale of everyone involved in the war is restored.

Their fighting spirit will no longer be crushed.

Physical abilities will increase by a minimum of 10% to a maximum of 35% depending on their will.

-Tirun's blessing!

Tirun believes in justice and law that governs the continent...

-Mi-ne's blessing!

The earth is tinged with blood.

Mi-ne's wrath has been called but the nobleness of life...

-Spiren's blessing!

Honor and glory!

Overcoming the fear and horror...

-Lugh's blessing!

The light of the sun is with you...

-Belchebelt's blessing!

This dangerous evil is favouring you...

-Matallost's blessing!

Leading the precious dead...

The blessings of various gods!

The blessings of the gods were difficult to receive yet Weed got so

many at once.

His faith stat was still high despite being a necromancer and he was fighting a demon.

The gods hated the demon who tried to eat everything in the world more than necromancers.

Corpse Explosion was the crucial part of the battle so the gods' blessings weren't much help. Even so, a permanent stat boost was always positive.

‘There is another benefit. It is just like stealing!’

Thanks to Weed's Corpse Explosion, Delam's health had been reduced to 14%.

The remaining time was 29 seconds!

He had ample mana to use Corpse Explosion due to the blessings of the gods.

Of course, mana could be absorbed from the bodies of the dead if he was lacking. There was a side effect.

“There is no time. This is the last opportunity. For the Mapon Kingdom!”

The allied forces continued to die next to Delam.

Weed's Corpse Explosion destroyed some people and even took their lives.

It was a spectacular sight.

The priests used divine magic and the mages poured out their mana and health.

They were weaker than the demon so everyone worked together.

And finally, Delam's health fell to 2%. The remaining time was 6 seconds.

He calculated that it was enough time to attack Delam.

“Waaaah. Amazing!”

“Hope can be seen.”

Pale’s party had wide open mouths.

It was like Weed had stuck their heads into a refrigerator.

‘I need to focus now.’

The knights of the Mapon Kingdom rushed at Delam.

The archers and knights of the Bromba Kingdom were also involved in the explosion.

Delam’s health fell to 1%.

The remaining time was 2 seconds.

‘Wait.’

The melee attacks and spell from the magicians rained down on Delam’s great body.

‘Just a little...’

His health was at 1%.

The damage was less than he thought.

Of course, although it was 1%, that number still wasn’t low and could be recovered.

The remaining time was 1 second.

Knights cut with their swords and archers fired arrows.

‘Now.’

Just as it reached 0.

Weed used a skill.

“Moment Sculpting!”

At that moment, Weed, Delam and all the attacks from the allied forces stopped.

*

It was a complete stillness in which even the sound of the wind disappeared. As soon as Moment Sculpting was used, time stopped and the huge battlefield containing thousands of soldiers disappeared like a lie.

The arrows fired from the bow and the magic in the air were frozen. The soldiers and knights didn't move at all.

The landscape where time had frozen was familiar to Weed.

‘There is no second try. There is just one chance.’

The gluttony demon Delam was on the verge of finishing his digestion.

Weed moved to Delam's side and raised the Loa Sword up high.

‘I used Sculptural Destruction and placed all my art stats into strength for this moment.’

The battle on Jackson Island.

The battlefield where the demon Delam was summoned was dangerous and difficult.

In order to increase the success rate of the quest, it was common sense to put his art stat into wisdom not strength.

The undead would become much stronger and he could summon more troops.

It would be easier to get rid of the demon tribe and he might have prevented them from summoning Delam.

‘But it wouldn't be profitable if I did that.’

Joining the allied forces and dealing with the demon tribe.

That achievement alone was small and wasn't worth going back in time.

The gluttony demon Delam!

The truth was that Weed came to Jackson Island to hunt Delam.

Weed also intended to eat it up at the last moment.

‘Delam is the best among all the demon bosses. The level of difficulty itself is high.’

Party hunting generally had the experience points divided. If your level was higher than the other party members or you dealt more damage to the monsters then a little more experience could be received. However, it was rare for the difference to be that large.

It was different on the battlefield.

Since tens of thousands of people were fighting each other, they achieved experience and achievements from how much they fought.

For large-scale raids like hunting Delam, the result of the last strike on the enemy was a tremendous achievement.

Special titles, stats, skills or loot were all likely to be earned.

‘I used Sculptural Destruction and have been waiting for this.’

The final secret sculpting technique. Moment Sculpting!

He saved this sculpting skill in order to eat up Delam.

“Radiant Sword!”

A long light emerged from the Loa Sword and cut Delam.

The secret sculpting technique that he learnt from Zahab!

It had a light attribute so it was very powerful against monsters with the dark attribute.

‘There will be an effect on the demon. There must be.

-The cleansing light has struck the Gluttony Demon Delam.

41,238 damage has been dealt.

The light attribute will add three times the damage!

He had approximately 5,000 Energy of the Moment.

He gained a lot from general hunting but the energy was consumed faster on a large battlefield.

The demon with enormous health, Delam, was on the verge of death.

Weed's nature meant that he wouldn't give up just before harvesting something.

Pabababat!

Weed continuously cut Delam with Radiant Sword.

it was hard to have a wide-open space due to the magic attacks or allied knights, but he wielded the sword of light.

The presence coming from the 12 horns on Delam's head was enormous.

'I have to look for possible weaknesses.'

The location selected by Weed was the stomach!

It wasn't a weak spot for normal monsters, but Delam's nature was gluttony.

It was more vulnerable than the back or sides since he had information that Delam had never been hunted there.

Weed focused on a single point.

A one-point attack to maximize the damage!

Since time was stopped due to Moment Sculpting, the attack power vastly increased.

'His health before time stopped was approximately 0.3%? If so, this is the end.'

Weed stepped back and used another skill just to be sure.

"Sword-cloning skill!"

A secret sword technique.

50 clones of Weed were formed.

“This is the last time. Sword Kaiser!”

He used all his mana, leaving only the bare minimum remaining.

He didn't even think of one thing.

‘If Delam survives despite this attack... No, I've won.’

Without giving the opportunity for escape, 50 clones assaulted Delam.

Sword Kaiser's hit!

Shortly after that, Moment Sculpting ended.

Kuoooooh!

Delam's body split and red light gleamed from the cracks.

“Ah, the demon is awakening!”

“Unbelievable... The demon isn't dead.”

The humans were frozen in place. At the time, thousands of cracks appeared on Delam's body.

-You...!

Delam's red eyes headed towards Weed.

Weed was quietly standing three metres away from him.

At first glance, he seemed calm but he was actually afraid of death. If he died then he would lost the skill proficiencies and levels that he gained with much difficulty.

‘It is like meeting the landlord when my rent is late...’

Nevertheless, his desire for the loot if Delam died was bigger.

It was enough to overcome Weed's fear of death!

Delam's mouth, that had swallowed the allied knights and soldiers, was cracking.

-I didn't eat properly. Just one more bite...

Delam opened his mouth wide towards Weed. But the cracks on his head and body were increasing.

-Hungry. One day... Someday again...

A huge fire occurred from inside his body and Delam disappeared!

Ddiring!

- Great battle achievement!
- You have gained huge combat experience.

- Your level has risen.
- Your level has risen.
- Your level has risen.
- Your level has risen.

-The body of the Gluttony Demon Delam has been destroyed.
Fame has risen by 23,281 due to the great battle.

-You have experienced a battle that takes place in history.
All those involved in the battle to eliminate Delam will have their stats increased by nine. Courage, honour and fighting spirit will increase by an additional 10 points.

-You have defeated an intermediate demon.
-The title ‘Demon Hunter’ has been changed to ‘Person who Knocked Down a Demon.’
Demon!

Every kingdom and religion fears the demon, who has a mighty power that goes against the gods.

This is not the time for a demon to appear on this land and cause a big war.

Those who knock down a demon are respected by all residents.

Your name will become more honourable than a royal family with a precious bloodline and will be recorded in the history of the Versailles Continent.

Among the knights, the magic swordsman is considered to be the most intelligent.

When attacking a demon or related monsters, attack power will increase by 16%.

Experience will allow you to identify the weaknesses of demon soldiers.

Your influence in all kingdoms and religions has increased by 30%.

When you visit each religion, you can receive the best blessing free of charge.

It is a title that can be used to obtain a noble title beyond a barony in any kingdom.

-Goddess Freya's gratitude!

She was worried when Delam appeared on the continent.

As someone in charge of abundance and beauty, she wanted to turn her head away from the demon.

A heroic command power and charisma!

Goddess Freya has given a gift of gratitude to you who knocked down the demon with a miraculous victory, not giving

up hope even in the last moment.

Maximum health and mana will permanently increase by 5,000.

Faith has increased by 50.

Your relationship with the Freya Church has become a 'dark alliance.'

Your land has been touched with the influence of abundance. Crop yields in the Arpen Kingdom are up and livestock breeding rates have increased.

Purification of beauty!

Any handiwork you touch is given a special beauty.

The beauty of the gods will make any handmade goods a 'specialty' on the continent.

There were messages telling him that he gained 4 levels and other achievements.

Goddess Freya's blessing was completely useful from a king's point of view.

'Large crop yields will affect birth rates and increase tax revenue. Orcs can be fed enough oxen.'

If there was a good harvest then security would increase considerably.

Weed's popularity was at its peak and the Arpen Kingdom was very stable. So far, there had been no problems regarding security.

The blessings granted to the entire kingdom would bring about a remarkable boost in productivity.

The total income of the northern users would increase.

'But that isn't important.'

Weed roughly stretched his hands over the message windows.

- The Movement of Destruction has been acquired.
- The Recipe for Binge Eating has been acquired.
- 26 types of 1st grade cooking ingredients have been acquired.
- Delam's Trident has been acquired.

The abundant items after defeating the demon!

“The taste of a battle!”

*

Weed completed the battle on Jackson Island and successfully returned to his original time zone.

“There will be contact from the stations. Let's share the broadcasting rights.”

Irene's eyes started shining.

“Really?”

“Yes. It is natural.”

“That isn't true when it comes to Weed-nim. Something feels weird...”

Pale mumbled to himself but quickly stopped.

The combat slaves!

‘Following Weed-nim is hard but we are rewarded... We should split the suffering.’

His mind was much more relaxed with his colleagues in Royal Road than following him around alone as a slave.

The multiple professions created synergistic effects and he had less work to do.

Weed become a necromancer also impacted them.

‘Sharing the broadcasting rights means agreeing to a slave

contract. But I shouldn't say that.'

He would allow his colleagues to savour their joy.

As expected by Pale, Weed had a reason for sharing the profits.

'It won't be long until I need them again.'

Weed thought it would be awkward if he was a boss who didn't pay his employees since they might quit.

'If I give them 100 won then I can make 10,000 won.'

Distributing some profit so he could suck up all their bone marrow!

"Then let's have a meal the next time there is a broadcast."

"Yes. Call me at any time."

Weed promised his colleagues before splitting up.

"I have to take a look at the battlefield before eating. Where shall I go?"

He decided to save Travel Sculpting for the moment and hunt around the continent with the undead.

The black history of the Hermes Guild was revealed to the public due to Darius.

He also had a mole inside so he didn't have to worry about attacks.

"Let's go. Younger sister."

"Where?"

"The desert."

"Are we meeting those uncles?"

Yurin was referring to the Geomchis who she called uncles. They said they weren't but the eyes of a woman were accurate.

"No, I will do it alone. For the time being, I will focus on raising my level."

Picture Teleportation!

He crossed the continent thanks to Yurin.

He hunted in the desert with the undead and decided on the next place.

“Kuk... It is hot here. Let’s go to the sea.”

The hunting ground was decided through improvisation and he cleared it quickly with the undead.

Apart from the Hermes Guild members, general users belatedly gathered when rumours about Weed spread.

“Is it over?”

“He’s gone.”

“The Birul Dungeon has never been attacked yet. But he cleared it in three hours?”

“Yes. Everything was wiped out.”

“He entered the dungeon at dawn. There should be some monsters remaining. I’m going to hunt in Birul Dungeon.”

“Haven’t you heard? He swept them all away.”

“There should be a few.

“None. He killed them all and grabbed the japtem.

Weed was gone and the area left behind was completely cleaned.

The users didn’t get to see the dungeon that they normally couldn’t enter because it was completely clean.

*

[Deep Shadow Dungeon]

[Swirling Maze]

[Underworld Canyon]

[Awry Crack]

[Basherin Castle]

He found famous dungeons in the Arpen Kingdom that hadn't been captured by northern users.

The information about the dungeons piled up every time there was an attempt.

The great library was packed with a vast amount of dungeon information and could be summarized when paying two gold to the Mapan Trading Company.

The capabilities of Weed's undead increased and the dungeon monsters became stronger.

He even used Moment Sculpting, Sculpture Transformation and other sculpting techniques when it fit.

"There are many advantages in using the undead in adventuring and dungeon exploration. Of course, that is only if the necromancer has good equipment."

Van Hawk and Torido followed behind him.

In a complex labyrinth, he summoned the wind and earth elementals to find the way.

'Continent of Magic comes to mind. I hunted and attacked dungeons every day. My mind didn't know anything else.'

Weed immersed himself in hunting dungeons.

He beat up strong monsters. He cleared dungeons that were difficult for others.

If he needed the help of general users then he would have to distribute the responsibility.

Time would also be wasted when discussing how to attack.

Talking and debating all night while hunting!

"Push."

Weed boldly committed the undead.

An offensive based on volume!

-Leadership has increased by one due to the reckless command.

A necromancer wasn't a knight but there was an advantage of accumulating the leadership stat.

If he summoned doom knights and death knights then the basic perception of a necromancer would change completely.

The scary and fast-moving undead that controlled the battlefield!

Even the formidable existence that was a bone dragon could be summoned.

A necromancer with a weak body, who only depended on the undead, would find growing to be a problem!

Van Hawk's jawbone showed his satisfaction.

"Master. Now I can use some of these men."

"Try and hunt harder. Dream big as an undead. You must become an Abyss Knight again. Leading a unit of doom knights."

"I will fight until my bones are broken."

Van Hawk and Torido's growth!

After becoming a necromancer, Weed could use various skills related to the undead.

Torido was unable to drink blood and had a stagnant growth while Van Hawk's leadership abilities played an important role in battle.

Every time the Summon Undead skill increased, the death knights became more frightening.

Compared to other necromancers, the combination of his stats and equipment more than doubled his attack power!

Even if the monsters were too strong, he could shoot an arrow and explode the bodies.

“Hey. Go back.”

“Master. The pride of the death knights means that we can’t show our backs to the enemy.”

“I will leave anyway. Stay with the subordinates until I safely withdraw.”

If he couldn’t cope then he would withdraw, increase the undead and then return.

Difficult level 500 dungeons were dealt with by the undead army.

Level 600 dungeons weren’t impossible but it wasn’t very efficient when hunting.

The death knights were very powerful but they had their limits.

It would be different if he used Death Aura or Death Rule among Barkhan’s 3 magics but that took too long.

Of course, if he could summon doom knights then level 600 dungeons were possible.

The benefits of the undead in the first place where their infinite survival and quantity of raw materials!

‘When thinking back to the sculptural lifeforms, hunting with the undead is definitely faster.’

His original hunting speed was already much faster than other users.

He didn’t waste time with recovering his vitality or eating food.

He acquired all types of helpful skills and improved his overall power, not just combat strength.

It was stupid to share his experience with a party so he went hunting alone.

In order to overcome the limitations of a sculptor, he now boasted a comprehensive combat power!

Adding the undead meant he upgraded from squeezing towels to

a super high performance washing machine.

“Torido. Go forward and search. Find a way to subdue the monsters.”

“Understood. Master.”

He steadily led a massive number of undead around the dungeons.

In terms of pure hunting efficiency, he was already five times better than other users.

It was impossible to say just how fast since he swept through the dungeon!

‘Later, I will master Summon Undead. Then comes the real part.’

Weed had a big picture in mind.

A necromancer had large penalties.

He would grow steadily even if his current profession suffered with the stats and the next profession would be the real one.

‘Sculptor and necromancer. Even if it isn’t a perfect harmony, it is an advantage. Then what if I get a combat profession next?’

Desert warriors and martial artists were strong professions.

Weed had seen the end when he was ruler of the desert.

A mighty monster. The strength to knock down a fire salamander to its knees!

However, it was difficult for them to go on a mass hunt with no rest like a necromancer.

Their vitality and mana were rapidly consumed in fierce battles.

‘Now my level is rising rapidly as a necromancer. I can make an army with entering battle. And after mastering this profession... A desert warrior. Or even professions like warrior or dragon knight would be okay.’

If he trained as a warrior then he wouldn't be afraid when meeting any boss monster.

He could always summon the undead so becoming a warrior would make it much easier to challenge top dungeons alone.

Once he reached level 700 or 800 then he could summon doom knights and maybe even a few bone dragons.

There was no doubt that it would become a tremendous help in battle.

‘When the time comes... I can become endlessly stronger.’

He thought of this big picture since mastering sculpting.

He would keep climbing after mastering a profession.

Other users were struggling to gain one level in Royal Road.

Weed would grow beyond Continent of Magic as he prepared to chew on Royal Road for his growth.

Chapter 6: Ripples At Fort Odin

-Your level has risen.

Weed gained levels faster than when he was a sculptor as he swept away the monsters in the dungeon.

His Summon Undead skill was intermediate level 4 and he was over level 480!

He accept simple quests but refused to get involved in complex ones.

“I feel a deep darkness coming from you. A high degree of credibility is needed for this work.”

It wasn't easy to get quests from mercenary guilds due to his profession.

Weed used his fame whenever it was possible.

“Look straight at me.”

“Don't tell me... Your Majesty?”

“Yes. Do you have any money? I hate to be bothered.”

“Just say the word. I will prepare anything.”

In the Arpen Kingdom, there were no obstacles to getting quests despite being a necromancer.

This was the sweetness of power!

“The goddess acknowledges you. I am wary of the power you handle, but it is necessary to do this work.”

After the demon Delam, Weed even received quests from religious orders. His fame, faith, justice and honour stats were still high.

It would be hard when the achievements from Delam gradually

disappeared, but the trick was to produce it when necessary.

“I feel something disturbing the world’s energy. I don’t have much money but I will give it to someone who researches the incidents.

“Uh, no. I’m too busy.”

-The quest has been refused.

“The essence of a fairy. No adventures have found it. Won’t it be great to see a treasure that has never been discovered?”

“I’m not interested.

-The quest has been refused.

“There is a big monster that flies to the east. Not much is known about it. But since that day, people in this city have been afraid of a monster attack. Can you find it and kill it?”

“How annoying. Call me when it comes.

-The quest has been refused.

He passed by monsters that were difficult to hunt or ingredients that were hard to obtain!

He only received quests for monster hunting in the areas he wanted.

There were many dungeons that users failed to capture on the Versailles Continent.

Dungeons that required a large number of personnel or ones with difficult monsters or magic weren’t easy to touch.

Weed used Barkhan’s equipment due to the high magic resistance

and defense for the undead, as well as a variety of sculpting skills in the dungeons.

-Your level has risen.

It felt like he completed a delayed homework every time the accumulated experience led to a level up.

“I don’t have to worry too much about skill proficiency compared to my level.”

Weed wielded a sword directly in order to save on mana consumption.

His swordsmanship was advanced level 1.

It wasn’t as high as other combat professions but it didn’t matter.

He had experienced master swordsmanship during his time as ruler of the desert, so he was confident that he could overcome the barrier of skill level in the future.

“It will quickly fill up when I kill a lot of strong enemies. I know many strong ones.”

Whether it was fast or a little late, it was a skill that he would master anyway!

‘Let’s just think about getting stronger. Raising my level is fun but attacking dungeons isn’t bad.’

His endless goal!

He wanted to clear the dungeon in the shortest time.

As well as breaking the time record set by others, he challenged boss monsters that had never been caught before.

*

The continued suffering of the Hermes Guild!

As Weed hunted, the stations constantly exposed their

corruption.

The people's minds, that were healed through lowered taxes, shook again.

“Too many incidents have been revealed. Users will never trust our guild in the future.”

“This is a big setback to our mid and long term governance plan.”

“If we lower the taxes now... Tsk. We will only reduce the profits.”

“I agree. Some construction projects on the manor are underway but I had to stop them. That part wasn't considered by the leaders.”

The lords quietly talked among themselves. The lords who squeezed and exploited the users of the Central Continent!

From their point of view, their profits were greatly reduced due to the lowered tax rate.

They were in a bad mood because the money they needed for a construction project or welfare plan were stopped. It was like having a delicious rick cake stolen from their hands.

The lords in powerful areas didn't think it was bad to have rebels.

They could rationalize their exploitation due to the rebels.

They didn't consider the situation of the entire Haven Empire.

“Until the unification of the continent, there is only one kingdom left. The conquest isn't finished neatly due to it.”

“Too much time has been given. I would have led an army to destroy the Arpen Kingdom sooner.”

“Wouldn't the users have revolted?”

“A campaign is needed. If a panicked atmosphere was indiscriminately planted... It was difficult to subdue the rebels.”

“The Hermes Guild isn’t the same as before.”

The lords talked while drinking expensive sake.

They didn’t devote their loyalty to the Hermes Guild. However, not one of them thought about going to the Arpen Kingdom.

‘They will eventually be eaten by the Haven Empire.’

‘Tsk. I can’t get enough money or equipment if I go to the Arpen Kingdom.’

‘Although there are many pretty females in the north...’

The lords were drunk on money and power.

*

“Cough. We haven’t received the verified results yet but...”

“We can guess which finished product is better.”

“It doesn’t matter if you don’t win. As a natural process, I would like to celebrate as a craftsman.”

“We will admit it even if it is a draw.”

The divine metal Helium!

The two best blacksmiths on the Versailles Continent, Fabio and Herman, confidently waited for Weed.

‘This is a game that I won.’

‘It was a long race. In the end, I will be the winner.’

It seemed like they had grown after becoming master blacksmiths but that wasn’t the case.

As a blacksmith, they each made one sword.

This was a fight to compare the two swords in order to see who was the better blacksmith.

Weed provided the materials so it was decided that he would be the judge.

‘It is totally my win.’

‘Huhu. Will Fabio be able to deal with the experience and skills used to make this sword?’

The two elderly blacksmiths.

They pretended to be relaxed but were eagerly waiting for Weed like they were children.

The battle with pride became worse the older one got!

Then Weed appeared in front of the blacksmiths.

“Hmm. These swords are made with helium.”

Fabio and Herman lived in a spacious mansion with a view of Morata and the Goddess of Freya Statue.

As they were wealthy blacksmiths, their mansion was decorated with a large garden planted by elves.

As if it opened to a banquet, the sunlight shining on the wide garden cast a gentle sheen over everything.

Fabio said proudly.

“Try squeezing your hand. The feeling is nothing to be ashamed about. Huhuhu.”

The difference between thoughts and words were meant for moments like this.

Weed roughly examined the sword.

‘I must make money. Hunting, hunting, hunting and hunting.’

The appearance of Fabio’s black sword was enough.

The handle and sword wasn’t decorated with precious jewels. It was just faithful to the sword.

Weed had made a star sculpture. He had received some enlightenment after watching the baby shaped star.

Helium was a source of mana and emitted divine power.

There was nothing lacking in the sword nor was there anything left to add.

Fabio continued speaking.

“This sword... It will follow its master. It will grow together with its master. It is living helium so I made full use of its features.”

Just by listening to the description, it was easy to tell that a master craftsman made it!

“Look at this sword. I won’t be ashamed by it.”

Herman also pointed to his sword.

A craftsman who spent his whole life making swords!

He was a typical gloomy man common after the 20th century!

He was showing a surprising anticipation for the sword he made.

Cold and sharp.

The helium radiated the energy of infinite mana.

An ice sword!

The sword itself had excellent attack power and it also contained the attribute of ice.

“It can also cause a disaster.”

“Disaster?”

“Don’t you know better than anyone about that area? This sword can summon a black ice storm.”

It had the power to freeze enemies so there were many benefits in combat.

Any monster or opponent would find it difficult to go against the two swords.

Weed liked both swords. A smile formed on his face.

‘Now I am a necromancer. For the time being, it is difficult to use Helium equipment. Of course, I won’t die from it.’

He could take advantage of it using Sculpture Transformation. However, he felt unfortunate that is stopped here.

‘Can I exploit them properly? They are blacksmith masters. They will make satisfactory works.’

Weed lent them Helium to help them become blacksmith masters. Even without such help, Fabio and Herman would have mastered it. Maybe they would have found a way to master it more quickly.

Weed thought about what he could extract from the two blacksmith masters from now on.

‘The beginners in Royal Road are often exploited. They are weak and easy to handle. Then why shouldn’t I exploit a master?’

A conversion of an idea!

Fabio and Herman had high pride as blacksmiths.

Weed pulled out the famous Loa Sword.

The Loa Sword.

The treasures of the elves and a sword that humans considered to be the best in the world.

A heritage left behind by Hestiger.

“In the meantime, I’ve had a lot of trouble due to this bad sword. Thank you for creating two swords.”

The two blacksmiths cried out.

“Oh. What is that sword?”

“Amazing! A perfect and beautiful sword...”

Weed wielded the sword lightly. Indeed, a very light sword.

“It’s nothing. I just used it temporarily until you finished the swords.”

Fabio came closer.

“Really? Can I see it for a while?”

“Of course.”

A blacksmith could check the status of a weapon that wasn't theirs if the opponent showed it.

Fabio's mouth tightened as he looked at the famous Loa Sword.

‘Oh my god, this sword...’

Herman was also curious.

“I will look as well.

“Here.”

Herman also examined the Loa Sword.

‘Star sword. No, a god sword. He had such a sword?’

The two blacksmiths simultaneously had similar thoughts.

‘Can I make this sword?’

‘My sword...’

The swords they made weren't sweet anymore.

It was a sword that accomplished to become a blacksmith master and was a masterpiece among all the swords they had made so far.

Ordinary swordsmen would want to borrow it to go hunting.

However, it was inevitable that it would seem lacking in front of the best sword in Royal Road. One or two options weren't enough.

‘If the material wasn't made of Helium then my sword would have been very sad.’

‘Look at this sword now.’

The swords they made suddenly felt shabby.

In fact, it wasn't that inferior but their pride had been broken.

The two blacksmiths made eye contact and nodded simultaneously.

Fabio started to talk first.

“This game... Forget it.”

“Of course. We have both become masters with similar interests.”

Herman also agreed.

“From the beginning, it was just a prank. Huhu.”

“That’s right. We aren’t young kids.”

I thought I created the best sword as a blacksmith master but there is still a long way to go.

‘A new goal. Becoming a blacksmith master was just a process. Make the best sword in Royal Road.’

‘An absolute sword. A sword that nobody can deny...’

The two blacksmiths started the competition again. Weed gave them advice.

“You have almost everything. The skills dealing with metals are limited so learn magic.”

“Magic?”

“Enchanting. In other words, give the sword the ultimate magic.”

“Magic...”

The two blacksmiths were troubled. But it was a temptation they couldn’t avoid as they wanted to make the best sword.

*

Baum Dungeon attack!

Chesturo who ruled Odin Fortress in the Haven Empire, mobilized 700 troops.

300 of them were made of regular Hermes Guild users while the rest were regular users who paid for it.

“3,000 gold for participating in the dungeon attack... I had to sell most of my equipment to get the money. It is too much.”

“But it is Baum Dungeon.”

“As long as we pay the entrance fee, we can follow behind the Hermes Guild and gain a lot. Won't there be a lot of stations showing it?”

“Yes. It will be broadcasted from 12 different stations.

“KMC Media?”

“Yes. But it will only be covered and won't be broadcasted live.”

“That is unfortunate.”

“It isn't uncommon for major stations like KMC Media. This opportunity is hard for people like us.”

The general users talked among themselves.

Baum Dungeon was closed to Fort Odin but it had never been successfully attacked before.

The monsters were strong and the average level was in the mid to late 600s.

All six attempts in the past had failed but it was likely that Fort Odin would succeed this time.

“This time we will be a little bit famous.”

“Hopefully we can demonstrate our skills and enter the Hermes Guild.”

“Kuooh. That dream is too high.”

Users gathered at Odin Fortress from early dawn and waited anxiously.

The Hermes Guild members used that time to relax, while Chesturo was conscious of the broadcast and started a philosophical speech.

“Let’s go!”

After a long speech, Chesturo raised his sword from his position on an elephant’s back.

The users applauded and followed him to Baum Dungeon.

“The lord’s age is in the mid-30s. Isn’t he old enough to do this?”

“I don’t know. Let’s do this right. A good thing is good.”

“This will be broadcasted. Broadcast. There should be a script.”

The battle at Baum Dungeon!

The Hermes Guild users pierced the way while the general users got rid of the side monsters. Nevertheless, they thought it wasn’t bad because they appeared on broadcast and got some loot.

The problem occurred in the middle of the dungeon.

Kurururung!

Someone in the dungeon mistakenly stepped on a trap that caused stones to fall from the ceiling.

“Ack!

“Ah. Who? This is...”

“Either move forward or backwards.”

The minimum to come along to this raid was level 400 so they were embarrassed about triggering the trap. However, monsters then emerged. To make matters worse, the boss monster Dugniel’s ambush!

The boss monster assaulted the ones who fell into a trap.

‘What should we do?’

‘Can we win?’

The users noticed.

The terrain wasn’t good so certain sacrifices were inevitable.

In this case, those who attacked the boss monster first would be in great danger.

The general users waited for the Hermes Guild users to come out. Only a few seconds passed.

“Hey. Let’s get out of here.”

“Yes. This is wrong. We will just go to die.”

Somebody ran away and others followed. Many of the ones who escaped didn’t belong to the Hermes Guild.

The Hermes Guild and the remaining users were trapped by the boss monster Dugniel.

The result was a breathtaking defeat!

Not only did the Baum Dungeon capture fail, but 70% of the Hermes Guild’s participants, which equaled 230 people, died.

It was hard to count the general users but more than half of them were victims.

The broadcasters were bitter due to the decline in audience ratings from the failure, but a big issue cropped up next.

Chesturo of Fort Odin was angry after losing his life in the dungeon and being resurrected.

“With our power, this attack should have been successful. All responsibility lies with the fugitives so we will start a live-scale hunt against them.”

A massive hunt!

The Hermes Guild users who suffered damage in Baum Dungeon chased those who participated in the attack and took their lives.

“W-why us...”

“You fools. Did you think you could get away unharmed from the Hermes Guild after ruining our work?”

“It wasn’t intentional. I ran because I wanted to live.”

“You were wrong so you should die.”

Not only did they suffer damage, they failed to capture the dungeon on a live broadcast and their self-esteem was hurt.

“I fought until the end. I ran away after you decided to retreat.”

“You didn’t fight properly.”

“No. Didn’t I fight with my life? The videos can help confirm it.”

“Don’t talk nonsense.”

“I’ll get the videos straight away.”

“Don’t make excuses and shut up. You shouldn’t have been so weak in the first place.”

The Hermes Guild users killed the people who participated in the dungeon attack, regardless of the reason.

There were users who fought in the dungeon until the end but they didn’t care due to their anger.

The lives of the general users were like flies in front of the Hermes Guild members.

The scale of the violence quickly grew in a short amount of time.

“Who are you?”

“W-we were in the same party. We’re hunting together now.”

“Is that going to stop them from killing?”

“That is a little... Ah. I am a friend.”

“Just kill. There is no need for a conversation. Just wipe out everyone who was there.”

“W-why? We didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I’ll say it again. Done wrong? We’ve been silent lately so does the Hermes Guild look funny in your eyes?”

The Hermes Guild swept away the party members they were hunting with.

The users protested until the end.

“This is excessive. Didn’t we pay the admission fee to go on the hunt and participate?”

“Indiscriminate killing. Does the lord of Fort Odin have that privilege? Is this the official policy of the Hermes Guild?”

There was a backlash to the Hermes Guild’s tough stance.

The order was given by Chesturo so they were only doing what they were supposed to.

“Do you want to tell them that they are mistaken? You might be right. But the weak don’t have any right to speak in this world. So in the end, aren’t you guys wrong?”

Fort Odin was considered as one of the main bases in the Central Continent!

Chesturo was lord of a gigantic fortress so he was extremely humiliated by the broadcast. And he thought he had enough strength.

Trampling on the general users when they protested was a common occurrence in the Central Continent until recently.

“Those who protest are rebels. Remove all of them.”

The Hermes Guild users wielded their swords.

It was an opportunity to officially gain experience, loot, combat skill proficiency and achievements.

“Die.”

“Sweep it up so that none of the users escape!”

The soldiers and knights of Fort Odin kill the hundreds of users protesting.

The incident was broadcasted live by reporters who came to

cover the Baum Dungeon attack.

-The Hermes Guild subduing the rebels.

-Rebels? Didn't the revolt on the Central Continent calm down?

-This is believed to have stemmed from the Baum Dungeon attack.

The reporters explained what happened during the day.

-In fact, it is hard to call them rebels.

-Let us take a look. The people were living peacefully in Fort Odin until this morning.

-Yes. Users with homes or stores were executed because they protested.

The broadcasting stations confirmed the real-time ratings and responses.

As Royal Road became more popular worldwide, the number of related stations increased.

Every country had at least 10 broadcasting stations and Internet broadcasting stations related to Royal Road.

The audience ratings were more than the country's TV dramas.

The vast Versailles Continent.

There were major companies like KMC Media and there were many users who listened to the news for their desired area.

Some stations also informed about specific regions such as the Britten Alliance Broadcasting Station.

It happened at 8 a.m. in reality.

In the early hours of broadcasting, the audience ratings started at less than 1% but exceeded 3% in 20 minutes.

Even though it was low, it was difficult to raise the ratings during this time.

“Continue the coverage... Keep exporting the videos. Do you have a video of Baum Dungeon yesterday?”

“Accompany it with the onsite coverage.”

The staff of the stations moved quickly.

“Once we get the main part out there... Check if there are any innocent dead users.”

“Yes. I understand. Leave it to the analysis team.”

“What about the videos of the Hermes Guild attacking users?”

“We don’t have any videos from the beginning, but we should soon be able to get it from the killed users.”

“Work on this all morning. Continue to broadcast until the regular broadcasts.”

The ratings competition between stations was similar to a war.

Recently, Darius’ exposure and criticizing the Hermes Guild had been a major area for them.

Broadcasting the events of Odin Fortress was a great chance to tilt the balance.

Obviously, the big stations quickly smelt it.

From the early days of Royal Road, large stations like KMC Media and CTS Media had increased their size by hundreds of times.

They were equipped with unparalleled resources and manpower and could sell the coverage videos to the whole world, not just domestic areas.

CTS Media was considered dull because it was the affiliate of a large company, but there were changes after the issues were sharply scrutinized.

In particular, they would use any means and methods to increase viewership if there were events that would interest the viewers.

There was no hesitation in broadcasting something

inflammatory.

The PD was nervous because the director of the station directly appeared at the live broadcasting studio.

“Isn’t Odin Fortress famous?”

“Yes. Head Director-nim. It is the impregnable fortress between the Britten Alliance and the Aidern Kingdom. A siege of this fortress is a tragedy waiting to happen.”

“Good. Dig properly into this case from beginning to end. Check for bad rumours and the Hermes Guild members who are normally active at Fort Odin.

“I will do so.”

“We need to make sure that viewers, who are watching other stations, come to our station. Keep in mind that our ratings should be higher than KMC Media.”

The interests of each broadcasting station was concentrated on Odin Fortress.

The leaders of the Hermes Guild finally learnt about the incident and issued an order to Chesturo to stop.

-Gigado: This is the guild’s administration. Stop all attacks on the users who participated in the dungeon hunting.

Chesturo ignored the command.

The administration had slightly lower power in the guild and he couldn’t stop here.

‘Do they know how much damage there is from dying once? Plus capturing the dungeon also failed. I have to save face as the lord...’

Due to his anger, he had already swung the sword.

If he stopped the battle according to the command then the Hermes Guild users at Fort Odin would have no face.

‘I only killed a few hundred. It became bigger than I thought due

to the broadcasts but won't I look like a fool if I stop now?'

In order to become the lord of Fort Odin, power and political sense was needed.

He paid attention to the broadcast and saw that the criticism of him would grow after the situation finally ended.

Chesturo decided to push through with force.

'Let's continue to sweep the rebels Then I can diffuse the situation with the help of the friendly lords in the guild. I will sweep the users in this area once or twice. I will clean it up on my own.'

He wasn't worried about the Hermes Guild or his position as ruler of Fort Odin.

Until a few months ago, the ordinary users at Odin Fortress were prey.

Even though it was a little annoying, protests were rare.

Ruling through power!

He believed in the legitimacy of the Hermes Guild.

*

Chesturo, who ruled Odin Fortress, designated the protestors as rebels and massacred them.

The whole process was seen all over the world through the broadcasting stations.

"Is the Hermes Guild indiscriminately retaliating against those who don't follow their words?"

"The areas outside of Fort Odin are quiet. However, Fort Odin can be thought of as the executive branch of the Hermes Guild."

"Then it can be seen as the Hermes Guild's actions?"

"It is highly likely that the massacre is a pre-coordinated one."

CTS succeeded in their coverage of the innocent victims who had been killed despite fighting in Baum Dungeon until the end.

The victims were carefully interviewed and strongly criticized Chesturo and the Hermes Guild.

“I think that the Hermes Guild and Chesturo are all wrong.”

“What are their intentions?”

“They believe that they are the best. It is hard to think of this as anything other than trying to keep the users docile.”

“This isn’t the right word since it is a broadcast, but the Hermes Guild shouldn’t be so cocky. What is this?”

“I think I can see what they are doing.”

Due to the provocative contents, CTS Media enjoyed the high ratings.

*

That evening, the Hermes Guild announced its official position.

-The case at Fort Odin is unrelated to the Hermes Guild.

It was an arbitrary decision by Chesturo and we will take appropriate action after further investigation.

Although the Hermes Guild took this position, the situation didn’t look good for them.

Over a thousand victims!

Even though the tax rate was lowered to appease the public sentiment, there was a mood inside the guild that the massacre was a necessary evil.

‘It is unlucky that it was aired but we should show such things occasionally. Show them who is strong and enduring.’

Recently, the Hermes Guild hadn’t used a lot of force.

Many people thought that it would be beneficial for the

government to show their oppressive force once in a while.

In fact, there had been many cases of massacres when the Central Continent was conquered.

Once massive massacred occurred, the users became compliant and easier to ruler.

Pandwel, Pago and Rundichi.

On that day, the three lords moved their army and killed the active users of the city.

-They didn't pay their taxes. Those who don't follow the rules of the Hermes Guild aren't needed.

The lords revealed the reason for the massacre.

'This is my land and my territory. How dare they criticize me while hunting and trading here?'

They wanted to reign like kings in their area! The massacres of the three lords were relayed through the broadcasts.

-Are we surprised? Nothing has changed. The Hermes Guild was originally like this.

-Tax cuts? We shouldn't trust it.

-They have no standards and just murder those they don't like!

-Until when will we keep being exploited? Dammit.

-Look at CTS Media's broadcast right now. They felt no guilt over killing a level 30 novice user.

-They are just crazy.

Posts blaming the Hermes Guild appeared on the Internet.

'What a nuisance.'

Recently, Lafaye had been concentrating on strengthening the empire.

He selected the best high-level users and recently increased the

number of members to 750,000. In addition, over 300,000 Imperial troops were trained.

In order to strengthen the empire, he placed them in dungeons and hunting grounds.

By lowering the tax rate to stabilize the Central Continent, it increased the military power and laid the groundwork for long-term domination.

He didn't worry about minor incidents because he was trying to get results with a lower budget.

They often committed massacres and there was rarely a day when the Hermes Guild wasn't criticized on the bulletin boards.

"At the imperial level, there will be slight damage to the ruling party."

"Give official warnings to the lords of those regions. If it happens again then they will be deprived of their positions as lords."

"Will that be serious enough? There are thousands of lords on the Central Continent. We will have a hard time if they complain."

"Ensure that there is a new loyalty pledge in the guild. We will tell them that it is only for the broadcasts. The warnings aren't permanent so the lords should be fine."

"So we don't need to be more careful. We are the ones who appointed the lords and we can take it away."

The leaders of the Hermes Guild didn't think much about the crushing of the users.

There might be many users heading towards the Arpen Kingdom in the north but they didn't anticipate any major changes. They thought that users were already familiar with the Hermes Guild's oppressive reign.

"It isn't something that only we did, but other guilds as well. People move according to their own interests or for economic gain.

The tax rate is lowered in the Haven Empire and it is advantageous to stay here so they won't leave for the Arpen Kingdom."

Lafaye had developed the economic and technological power of the Haven Empire and there was a lot of information about adventures and hunting compared to the Arpen Kingdom, so their struggles were limited.

"This is also my opinion."

"It is easy to buy them off by lowering taxes. People will consider it but for those who are still dissatisfied, we will push with force."

*

The people were angry at the Hermes Guild's slaughter, but they were accustomed and accepted it.

They were angry for a while but it seemed like it would fade over time.

The homepage of Royal Road contained a variety of miscellaneous stories, including articles condemning the Hermes Guild.

And a local user of Fort Odin posted on the bulletin board.

I am a user of the Central Continent called 'Pint.'

I will first reveal that I am level 514.

Of course, I don't intend to brag about my level but to tell you how I lived.

As soon as I entered the world of Royal Road, I started in the Kallamore Kingdom and became a knight.

I remember reaching level 200 and receiving a knight's sword from the king.

Numerous people praised and encouraged me so I had a little beer party.

Those were very happy days.

The early days of Royal Road.

If you are an old user like me then you will know the beauty and romance of these days in Royal Road.

Stepping out of the gates with trembling hearts to go on adventures and confronting that fear with my friends.

We combined our strength, met strong monsters and camped in the middle of the night where we heard the howls of wolves.

I didn't have the cooking skill at the time so I enjoyed the tasteless boiled potato soup.

The map of the world wasn't revealed so I had to take careful steps.

We enjoyed the pleasures of gaining achievements and expanding the area that we can explore.

The preface is too long.

I wanted to tell you a little bit about it because they are beautiful memories to me.

And now... I am now past level 500.

Many of you must be envious.

However, my abilities are nothing to boast about in front of the Hermes Guild.

Every time I went to a hunting ground, I had to bow my heads to them and paid the admission fee.

I wanted to do some quests with the Hermes Guild and was rejected.

I have to be careful to avoid any conflicts with the Hermes Guild on the streets.

Even if they are weaker than me... Due to the halo of the guild, an individual like me can easily be trampled.

I am stronger but I have to be scared of those who are weaker.

It wasn't just death that I tried to avoid.

As you know, if you go against the Hermes Guild or protest...
You would be kicked out of your hometown.

It won't be safe to go anywhere in the Haven Empire.

They were forced to leave their hometowns, persecuted and
forced to sell gifts.

At some point, I only had forced laughter and smiles when
playing the game.

Royal Road is so good that I can't give up this wonderful
world and was forced to bow my head.

And now I will be honest.

I'm ashamed.

I haven't forgotten the humiliation I endured.

The memories of the Hermes Guild's nonsensical claims and
tyranny harass me every night.

Such a thing... When I look at the damage, I get a lump in my
chest.

I'm an embarrassing loser.

I am ashamed and troubled after remembering all the
memories.

I want to ask.

Why are we in Royal Road?

Why do we live?

Isn't it lying to ourselves?

Can we really be happy if we sell out our pride?

I realized the precious truth too late.

From now on, I want to move based on happiness. I don't want to leave myself with painful memories anymore.

The friends and colleagues who I shared beautiful memories with died at the hands of the Hermes Guild.

I'm tired of turning a blind eye to the truth.

I will stand before the gates of Fort Odin.

I closed my eyes because it wasn't my job. I don't want to go back to when I thought it was harmless to keep my mouth shut.

The scars of cowardice will be carved into my skin forever.

Today.

I'm going to die at Fort Odin.

*

Pint's article on the bulletin board about Fort Odin was a hot topic as the number of views increased.

It was moved to each site related to Royal Road.

-A must see article.

-The life story of a high level user.

-Be sure to read this. There will be many people who can sympathize.

-I thought those were my thoughts. I'm only level 300 but I feel the same.

-Is the Hermes Guild a nightmare that I dreamt up?

After being transferred to hundreds of sites, the translated versions spread around the world.

It was a total hit with tens of millions of views.

The comments fiercely condemned the conduct of the Hermes Guild.

It wasn't a story but the truth.

The users who suffered on the Hermes Guild also sympathized so Pint's writing spread further.

Meanwhile, the broadcasting stations also discovered it.

"I didn't think that more attention would be brought to Fort Odin. Is it possible to get a video of the scene?"

"Yes. There are agents to cover it."

"It seems like it would be a good video."

"Won't it just be a few attacks? Despite being a level 500 user... It is too much to deal with alone. There won't be any accidents like there is with Weed."

"Isn't it in the eyes of the beholder? Viewers don't want an incident but a story. A story!"

The stations focused on Fort Odin. Some small-scale stations boldly decided to broadcast the scene.

*

When Pint accessed Royal Road, the whispers and communication channels, that were normally ringing loudly, were quiet.

"Hu... In the end, I was abandoned by my close friends."

He had been prepared when he wrote on the bulletin boards about Fort Odin "I will probably be hunted."

He was expecting things to happen.

He wanted to go even if he lose his life and his colleagues forever.

"I might not be able to meet with people again but... I won't regret my life."

He exited the hunting ground where he connect and headed to Fort Odin.

Although his steps were heavy, he hurried to keep his promise.

Normally there would be many people coming and going from Fort Odin, but the battle today made people hesitate.

“Nobody will look at the post on the bulletin board. The Hermes Guild might laugh at me but... I will still keep the appointment. Then I will go to the north.”

Once his work at Fort Odin was finished, he wanted to go north to the Arpen Kingdom.

He already had many friends who were active in the Arpen Kingdom.

He stayed due to his fond memories of his hometown and friends but he would live a new life with his death.

He was prepared even if he had to experience dozens of deaths before crossing the border to the Arpen Kingdom.

“Let’s go. Fort Odin.”

He felt complicated emotions but ultimately he felt good.

Pint left the mountain range and walked steadily towards Fort Odin.

Chapter 7: Siege Of Fort Odin

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

There was a heavy silence near the gates of Fort Odin.

Numerous users stood on the side of the roads, on the walls and even on the trees and rocks in the mountains.

Pint looked at them as he arrived but he never thought they were waiting for him.

Sugun sugun.

“He really came?”

“That’s right. He has courage. If I died at that level then I would cry.”

“I would be happy to die like that.”

“Pint is a good man... I knew he would come.”

“Hu. Still, it is reckless. It will change nothing.”

Pint saw quite a few familiar people at Fort Odin. They were users that he went hunting with, completed quests and shared meals with.

It was difficult for Pint to conceal his sadness as he saw them.

‘They came to watch me die.’

Even so, he had bravely come here and didn’t intend to turn back.

‘Go forward and die.’

The gates of Fort Odin.

It was a strong war that was hard to penetrate with 300,000 elite troops during the time when war occurred every day in the Central Continent.

Pint walked towards the open gate and stood still. Although he came it, it was difficult to get through the gates.

“Pint has arrived.”

Jaikeson, the captain of the east gate’s guards, shouted loudly. The archers guarding the walls pointed their bows in unison.

3,000 *magic archers!*

They were one of the defense troops guarding Fort Odin and were strengthened during the time that the Haven Empire had high taxes.

The elite archers aimed at Pint with their magic bows.

But before attacking, Jaikeson talked to the Hermes Guild users near the gate.

“He is on the stab to death list?”

“Yes. The lord put him on the list as soon as he heard about it.”

“Hu... I hunted together a lot with Pint. I have been helped many times.”

“So have I. Many people here know him.”

“But we have to kill him?”

“Well, it can’t be helped. We can’t spare him. There are no exceptions.”

It happened when Jaikeson was about to order the archers to attack.

A user walked over to Pint who was standing alone.

“Pint-nim. I’ll join you.”

“Ulluger-nim?”

“Haha. Look at the sky. It is good weather to die.”

The sky was clear and sunny. The wind was cool so it would be

nice to go somewhere to play instead of dying.

Ulluger was also an early level 500 user of Fort Odin. He had often hunted together with Pint.

“You don’t have to do this because of me.”

“The heart was moved. It was a comfortable decision. Besides, the Hermes Guild has already seen me.”

“Then let’s do it together.”

Two level 500 users. It was a terrifying force that was impossible for novice users.

It wasn’t a level that tankers of the Hermes Guild could easily beat if there was an encounter in the mountains or dungeons.

The viewers sighed.

“Wah... It really is a waste to die like this.”

“If I was going to die like that then I would just fight.”

“They are fighting.”

“That is fighting?”

“They are resisting the force of the Hermes Guild. Fighting against fear. They aren’t giving in.”

“Indeed...”

The Hermes Guild that was centred on the power of oppression!

They were confronting a power that was impossible to resist due to the terrible disadvantage.

The broadcasters at the scene praised Pint and Ulluger’s courage.

“It is amazing. There is one more user participating with Pint.”

“Is the user called Ulluger?”

“His level is estimated to be over 500. He started at Fort Odin. There are many users who don’t know because he is a hunter but in the early days of Royal Road, he was strong enough to be among

the top 100.”

“Is a level 500 hunter that great?”

“An early growth is definitely a favourable feature of a hunter. Still, it is great that he managed to reach level 500 while being free of a guild.”

“There are two courageous people.”

The local users of Fort Odin knew about the situation due to the broadcasts.

The Hermes Guild users at the gate appeared on the broadcast but they didn't stop frowning.

It was uncomfortable listening to the broadcast but it wasn't a big deal. Besides, even they knew that their actions weren't so good.

‘A bad thing. But won't this benefit us?’

‘Who cares about other people's situations? Step on them first and become stronger. That is the law of the world.’

‘Die and kill. Royal Road is such a world. There is no respect for the weak.’

The Hermes Guild user's faces were harder than usual.

It was a bit uncomfortable because they remembered that Pint's article about Royal Road had become a hot topic a few hours ago.

‘If it wasn't for the lord then this wouldn't have happened.’

‘Even if he wanted to press forward through force, couldn't he handle it more smoothly and quietly? Our lord really likes winning.’

‘If things get bigger than there will likely be sanctions from the leaders.’

Jaikeson hesitated before reporting it in the guild channel.

-Jaikeson: Ulluger has stood beside Pint. Should we still attack?

The answer from Chesturo came within one or two seconds.

-Chesturo: Wipe out all the rebels!

-Jaikeson: The two people are famous. There are many people that follow them.

-Chesturo: We can't back off. And there are those who might go out because of heroism. We have to avoid further problems by killing them as an example. Thoroughly.

The Hermes Guild users in the field thought that the perfect word for their lord was 'stubborn.'

"It can't be helped. It is strange since it is being broadcasted. However, we can't spare them. It isn't my responsibility."

Jaikeson played the role of villain as he ordered the order while the spectators watched.

"I should do something good."

"Ah... I'm tired of being like this."

"I will be sick if I endure it any longer. Royal Road is fun but I felt frustrated when reading Pint's article."

"Kuhu... I didn't talk about it in advance because I thought it was ridiculous."

"I just quietly waited for you to come."

From Pint's friends to readers of his articles, the spectators gathered beside Pint. Pint had been standing alone in front of the gates but that soon swelled to 1,000 then 2,000 people.

"Let me show you what will happen if I'm stepped on."

"How long have I lived? I have to resist even when pushed by real power. Only then can I live."

The atmosphere was becoming strange. In a situation where they executed Pint first, there would be severe backlash against the Hermes Guild.

The spectators standing at a distance stared then plunged in.

“Pint came.”

“Really? Hey. We should go!”

Inside Fort Odin, users heard the news and pushed towards the gates to stand with Pint.

“Eh... How did this happen?”

“Why are there so many all of a sudden?”

“Kill everyone?”

The Hermes Guild users on top of the gates panicked. There were only 4,000 troops deployed at the gates of Fort Odin.

“Shut the gates.”

“Yes. Prevent more users from joining.”

The huge gates were closed in order to prevent Pint’s forces from increasing. However, people just lined up inside Fort Odin.

It was the backlash of the users to Pint’s words and the rule of Fort Odin.

“Kill everyone who gathers!”

The Hermes Guild pulled out their weapons. And a large army was mobilized in Fort Odin.

*

The siege of Fort Odin!

The battle abruptly occurred, with more than 20,000 rebels forming from the general masses.

“Give us freedom!”

“Get away from the Hermes Guild!”

The merchants at the stalls and travellers picked up their swords.

It wasn’t planned as the people just had their hearts moved.

Blacksmiths picked up their hammer or axe and went out to join the rebels.

“Take action so that the rebels don’t spread further.

In Fort Odin, Chesturo, the Hermes Guild and the soldiers started to suppress the rebels.

The result was the annihilation of the rebels!

City buildings were destroyed and many users lost their lives.

Usually wars ended with a retreat or a lull in the fighting on both sides, but the rebels fought until the last one was gone.

“It is now cleaned up. The losses on our side?”

“There are 79 major buildings and 4,800 troops.”

“Tsk. The damage is large because the battle occurred suddenly. You should have cleaned it up faster.”

“I didn’t know that it would become so big. The region was properly cleared so no one has challenged the power of the Hermes Guild in a long time.”

“It isn’t so bad to show off once in a while. Even if it is only for the sake of training the troops who have relaxed due to peace.”

The Hermes Guild users at Fort Odin celebrated their victory.

They hunted famous users in the area and gained lots of loot and experience.

Looking ahead, the high-level users would now leave this area.

It wasn’t a good thing for the economy and local development, but it still yielded big profits for the moment.

‘If Fort Odin is bad then go to another area. The Central Continent is wide.’

‘Once Pint is revived, there will be a professional team hunting him. There is still a lot of profit, including loot, to be gained.’

The Hermes Guild users were satisfied.

Chesturo, the lord of Fort Odin, also protected his pride so he drank high-class sake from a cup worth more than 100 gold.

“I’m here to inform you. Troops are gathering on the outskirts of the gates!”

“Are there still some left?”

“I have been moving for a while and just want to take a break. However, I can’t miss this chance.”

“Aigoo. Quickly clean it up and come back.”

The Hermes Guild were lazy but still tried to join the battle.

They had grown familiar with war and conquest.

“The scale of the troops gathered outside the gates... At least 50,000!”

“What? Isn’t that more than what we fought before?”

“There are also rebels inside Fort Odin. The scale... At least 40,000.”

Chesturo and the Hermes Guild started a second battle.

This time, there were more users and the overall level was better than the first time.

Fort Odin fought with their defense facilities but still lost more than 20,000 troops.

“The cost for repair is over one million gold. We will also have to train the army again.”

“Can we charge the guild?”

The lord and aides of Fort Odin had a headache after the battle. But these battles were relayed all over the world.

In the early days of the first battle, it was just some small-scale stations. But as the ratings became above average, larger

broadcasters joined in. The story was a dispute between the Hermes Guild and general users, so they tried to keep neutrality through guests. But a participant on the side of the Hermes Guild made an impromptu remark.

“I honestly don’t understand. Is there a reason for the rebels?”

“I think there are enough reasons.”

“No. The Hermes Guild killed more than 13 million people in Royal Road so far.”

“It was that many? During the war?”

“Yes... They are figures from the wars. The Hermes Guild dominated the Central Continent... Those who become angry have the right to kill.”

“The right?”

“Yes. That is the law of the Hermes Guild.”

“I feel bad for the novice users at the hunting grounds who were slaughtered hundreds of times by the Hermes Guild. Yet the Hermes Guild members have the right to do that?”

“They are doing the right thing. It is interesting.”

“What about the position of the side being killed?”

“If they think it is unjust then become stronger quickly. Who told them to be weak?”

It was a live broadcast so the writers crossed their arms or held up X signs. These comments would help the audience ratings. However, the bulletin board was becoming too heated.

The host laughed and tried to change the mood.

“The Hermes Guild seems to be changing their attitude these days as they are still lowering the tax rate.”

“We can do it for a little bit. Although I will kill if I am in a bad mood.”

“You keep representing the Hermes Guild as evil...”

“I don’t understand you. Why shouldn’t I speak honestly? The Central Continent is dominated by the Hermes Guild and everything is done according to our will. Massacres? Who cares? Can you live if you are weak? If you get used to it then you won’t be angry.”

Since the broadcast, users who knew the story of Fort Odin posted on the Royal Road bulletins.

-I’m angry. Wake up.

-Be patient. If I lose my patience then I will lose my life.

-I have decided. I will pick up my sword to defend my self-esteem. Resistance is pointless? How can I live meaningfully when I’ve ignored it so far?

-I can’t turn a blind eye. The pain will remain for the rest of my life.

Pint’s article was spread all over the place.

In addition, the broadcast footage for the people’s emotions heated up.

There was also a broadcast coverage of Chesturo after the victory.

“What do I think about the rebels? We did well. I am satisfied after picking up the sword. I don’t know about my subjects.”

A mere five hours after the second battle of Fort Odin ended.

“Give us freedom!”

“Level 31. Please let me fight together!”

“Anyone is welcome. Let’s not live bowing down. We are sinners? We will show them what it means to be trampled on.”

“Let us prove that there are people in the Central continent!”

More than 200,000 rebels gathered near Fort Odin.

The Hermes Guild users on the walls and in the defense towards were confused.

“Another battle... What on earth are they trying to do?”

“How did they gather so many people so quickly?”

“There are many users that I know. They are users who are generally around the vicinity of Fort Odin.”

Despite Chesturo’s pride, he was a bit worried.

“Did I talk too honestly? The combat materials are a bit scarce. In addition, Pint and the other users who have recovered will join.”

“Lord-nim. Can you afford to think like that? We will get rid of them and ask the Hermes Guild for support.”

“That’s right. It is still possible to rectify this. The army is exhausted but they will last... Fort Odin is impregnable.”

“The troops can win a few more times. It will be easy to get rid of the rabble.

Chesturo and the Hermes Guild users couldn’t choose any way other than combat.

Although they thought they were villains, they couldn’t open the gates to rebels and welcome them in.

The 3rd battle!

Although it was fierce assault, they proved the strength of Fort Odin’s defenses.

The crowd had high level users but they used the terrain to endure with minimal damage.

As the battle continued, the defenses of Fort Odin were well utilized.

The joy of winning the 3rd battle only lasted a brief time as they started receiving reports through the channel for the Hermes Guild lords.

-Kallo: Users are flocking to Fort Odin from the Britten Alliance territory. There are quite a lot of them. At least 150,000 people.

-Morok: This is the southwest part of the Great Plains. Users are gathered here to capture Fort Odin. The troops here... I can only count the ones I can see. There are over 500,000.

-Mimanja: Why are there so many users?

-Morok: Even the sly users are going. They are blending in with the crowd so it is impossible to measure specific combat strength. Novice users are also connecting.... It is impossible to understand the size and scale of this expedition.

-Klong: This is Bernerd Castle. A massive army is coming from the west towards Fort Odin. I don't know the number but I've started seeing them 20 minutes ago. Five branches have gathered but I can't see the end. Even users of this castle are joining them.

-Jebae: This is Max Village on Ulgur Plains. Users are moving. They are heading east so their destination is Fort Odin!

Reports of users rushing towards Fort Odin flooded the channel of the Hermes Guild lords.

*

"I never imagined something like this."

"Yes. The size of the battlefield is growing beyond expectations."

"Anger seems to be stimulating the general users."

The station stopped their existing programs and continued to broadcast live from Fort Odin.

Even leisurely vacationers and book readers accessed Royal Road and headed to Fort Odin.

The Hermes Guild headquarters were surprised by the size of the crowd and commanded the lords of each area.

-Block the people heading to Fort Odin.

The lords of the area were also amazed as they called their troops and watched the situation develop.

The lords ignored the command from the guild leaders.

“If I try to stop them then there will be a battle on my land. Why should I touch them when I can let them leave?”

“Fort Odin will remove the cheap dung.”

“I have a relationship with Chesturo but... I don't know about this one. You reap what you have sown.”

If the lords tried to block the users then many facilities might be destroyed and public opinion of them would fall, giving them a bad reputation. They didn't want to suffer such damage.

The Hermes Guild leaders tried to stop it but they lacked enough time to dispatch troops from the centre.

Famous rankers debated on air but it didn't work as a live feed of Fort Odin was shown.

As a crowd gathered, the situation spread even further.

“Freedom!”

“Fix the wrongs.”

“We are alive. You need to be human!”

The 4th battle at Fort Odin.

It was a battle that wasn't ordinary.

The forces of Fort Odin, led by Chesturo, were centred on the walls and thoroughly concentrated on defense.

An impregnable fortress that could endure 10, no 20 times the power!

The users of the Central Continent weren't as high levelled as the Hermes Guild.

Without any siege weapons, they climbed the walls with their

hands while swordsmen attacked the gates.

The archers placed on the walls of Fort Odin fired their arrows and believed in their defense.

The users who participated in the battle later said in the broadcast.

“The fall of Fort Odin? I know that beyond level 400... Normally it is very tough. It isn’t a fortress that can be conquered.”

“I just wanted to fight. I picked up my sword and ran. Otherwise, I will regret it for the rest of my life. The death penalty or a lifetime of regret. Which one is better?”

“The fortress collapsed as I pushed. In the end, there is no fortress that never collapses.”

“We aren’t heroes. And we don’t have any large ambitions. We just wanted to live properly.”

“What will I do if the Hermes Guild retaliates in the future? No. Why even think about that? Right now, I am just doing what I want. If you have a lot of worries then you will just end up keeping your head down.”

Chesturo and Fort Odin were unable to endure and were wiped out in the 4th battle.

The combat supplies piled up in the fortress were depleted after repeated battles and weapons such as swords and spears were broken.

The users climbed the defense towers, walls and buildings and raised their hands high.

“Liberation!”

“We are... alive!”

*

Victory at Fort Odin!

The leaders of the Hermes Guild dispatched the Imperial Army.

“Quickly, finish the work today.”

The elite Red Knights, led by Boemong, ran to Fort Odin through the teleport gate.

“Siege weapons?”

“There are no siege weapons. The defense facilities of the fortress have been destroyed and the broken gates are removed.”

The Red Knights contained elite users of the Hermes Guild who could be quickly dispatched.

But when they arrived at Fort Odin, all they saw was an empty ruin. The users gained treasures and hope from Fort Odin and left.

“Drive out the Hermes Guild!”

“Let us live like humans!”

The users scattered after conquering Fort Odin. They were looking at a larger goal.

*

After a war with numerous stations, Pint was invited to a KMC Media studio.

His name had become known and this was the first time he appeared on broadcast.

Pint introduced the army at Fort Odin and said firmly.

“I decided to fight... Yes. That didn’t mean much.”

Oh Joo-wan asked like he was curious.

“Was it meaningless? Pint-nim’s writing has spread on the Internet. Maybe the battle at Fort Odin is due to Pint-nim.”

“I’m not someone with that much influence... Besides, I never considered this. The cause existed and resulted were made. I believe that the incident could have happened at any time.”

“So, you are saying that it depends on the circumstances.”

“Yes. It is all because of the Hermes Guild. Or other guilds trying to rule. Is it right to keep living like this? Numerous users on the Central Continent have suffered damage.”

“Now. I know what you mean. But the users are scattered and the Hermes Guild is strong. How will it turn out in the future?

“I don’t know. I have no interest in power. I won’t think about future work. I am just one in millions of users that are filled with anger. That anger is enough reason to change the world.”

“If you fail to change it?”

“Despair and... I will feel frustrated and think this is how the world is. I will have to live with that for the rest of my life.”

*

-Versailles Continent paradise!

A day after the fall of Fort Odin, an army of rebel users struck dozens of places in the Haven Empire.

There were no exchanges in each region so the Hermes Guild doubted that it was a woven plan.

The users simply felt like acting after Pint’s article and broadcast.

-We will go.

-Drive out the Hermes Guild.

-A new world!

Under the banners of the Haven Empire, the users started a revolution.

In each region, low and high level users were refusing the reign of the Haven Empire.

“Users are returning from the hunting grounds. They are likely to attack the castle.”

“Prepare for battle. Prepare for a power battle.”

The lords were astonished and immediately began war preparations.

The Haven Empire was based on military power so they were confident in their ability to win the war.

However, in the past, they had fought with the prestigious guilds. Now the general users in their territory had become rebels.

Even if they won, the damage was too big as the area was turned to ruins.

- There are at least 50,000 rebels on Saxony Plains!

- This is Averian Forest. It is seized by rebels.

- A battle at Giden Castle! The rebels' second attempt failed and the third is in progress.

- This is the Britten Alliance. The city is closed by rebels who appeared instantly!

The Hermes Guild and the stations couldn't follow the events that were happening in Royal Road.

“I will raise my sword towards the Hermes Guild. Anyone can join me!”

Hundreds and thousands of people joined when this was cried out in a city.

The leaders of the Hermes Guild issued an emergency command.

- The initial rebellion failed. Allow all Imperial troops to use unrestricted force in order to prevent further deterioration.

Of course, retake the areas occupied by rebels and decimate them as needed.

Lafaye, who ruled over the large land and population of the Central Continent, wanted to finish this quickly.

If they didn't show their strength then the rebellion could grow

bigger. Therefore, they grew bold and gave commands for indiscriminate warfare.

“Show them the strength of the Hermes Guild.”

“War!”

The Hermes Guild’s combat troops were dispatched everywhere to fight the rebelling users.

“If you don’t surrender by midnight then everyone will be killed.”

“Are the stations covering this?”

“Don’t worry. The leaders have decided to show our strength.”

In the Central Continent, the fire of war was burning as rebels won or were defeated in many areas.

After defeating the lords, the rebels took over half the villages near Averian Forest, the Great Plains and the Britten Alliance.

Even if they gained territory, it was impossible for the users to survive after the conquest due to the army. Still, it only took three or four days for some areas of the Haven Empire to lose their power.

*

The secret branch of the Grass Porridge Cult on the Central Continent! There was a meeting filled with people wearing animal masks.

A rabbit masked user opened their mouth.

“The incident at Fort Odin is becoming bigger and bigger. There are many members of the Grass Porridge Cult who joined the rebels.”

A cat masked female user spoke up.

“We have three cities on our side. Of course, they won’t be able to endure if the army of the Haven Empire flocks.”

A pig masked user laughed like it was hilarious.

“Kulkul. It is good to see the Hermes Guild fall. The losses will be quite difficult for them to deal with.”

A chicken masked user complained.

“This is a serious meeting so why are you making those sounds?”

“Hrmm... Sorry if you were offended.”

“It isn’t that much. Kokoko.”

“Kulkulkul.”

The Grass Porridge Cult branch in the Central Continent had increased explosively.

Aside from being the symbol of the Arpen Kingdom, the Grass Porridge Cult represented freedom, adventure, courage, luck, peace, love and challenges.

The Grass Porridge Cult was a good concept!

Millions of users on the Central Continent signed up for the Grass Porridge Cult but specific activities were difficult.

‘If all the good people go north... We have to protect our home.’

‘Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge. If we are caught in the Haven Empire then we will be hunted to death.’

The reason for wearing masks to the secret meetings was to keep their identities a secret.

A user wearing a horned deer mask raised his hand.

“Shouldn’t we be working properly right now?”

“In what way?”

“Do you have a plan?”

Attention was given to the representatives of each area.

“It is serious right now. We have a lot of power so we can gather the members and start an all-out war. The general users can also

help.”

The hearts of the members moved as they heard the deer mask’s words.

Moving the Grass Porridge Cult members on a large scale to gain their independence from the Haven Empire!

It was the ultimate goal that the Central Continent branch of the Grass Porridge Cult wanted.

“It isn’t possible.”

The cat masked user objected.

She represented the Grass Porridge Cult members of the Britten Alliance.

“Why?”

“What is the reason why we shouldn’t move right now?”

A masked user asked unpleasantly.

The cat masked user was a famous name in the Britten Alliance.

She led the rebellion directly in the Britten Alliance so they didn’t know why she objected.

“The Grass Porridge Cult is a pure and free organization. What if we go and free the Central Continent? The invasion of the north is enough to distort the meaning.”

“Hmmm.”

The users thought of dangerous predictions.

Right now, the users of the Central Continent were rising up against the Haven Empire’s tyranny. But it wouldn’t be good news if the Grass Porridge Cult came out.

- The Arpen Kingdom and Grass Porridge Cult is leading a revolt.

- The Grass Porridge Cult shakes the Haven Empire and damages the users of the Central Continent.

The brain of the Hermes Guild was Lafaye!

He could execute such scenarios.

“The Hermes Guild isn’t shallow. Who here has experienced being conquered in a war by Lafaye?”

Dozens of players became quiet at the cat masked user’s words.

As representatives of the regions of the Central Continent, there were many high-level users and some of them were members of the old prestigious guilds.

They had never defeated the troops commanded by Lafaye.

In hindsight, it was a war that they couldn’t win.

The Hermes Guild was undeniably powerful, but he tore up the opponents and made it difficult for them to gather their power.

It was because the environment and strategies had already been planned for their defeat.

The cat masked user spoke in a crisp voice.

“If we form a group and show up then it is easier to defeat. If members of the Hermes Guild infiltrates... We will be wiped out.”

The users could fully sympathize. Still, they felt regret.

“This is a golden opportunity so can we really just stay still? The rebels’ firepower can’t last forever. it is time for the rebels to rise up or collapse. If this flame goes out and the Central Continent becomes stabilized then won’t we have to endure the tyranny of the Haven Empire forever?”

The representatives of the Grass Porridge Cult were desperate.

The Arpen Kingdom was still growing but it needed a long time to conquer the Central Continent.

It was also unknown if the Arpen Kingdom would even try to invade the Central Continent.

The cat masked user sighed.

“We don’t have enough power yet. So, I will wait and believe in our greatest asset.”

“What is it?”

“A pure heart. The desire to help those who are suffering and to fix unreasonable things. It is the most precious asset that the users of the Central Continent have to realize.”

Chapter 8: Seo-Yoon's Sacrifice

Weed found out about the events at Fort Odin while hunting in a dungeon.

“Van Hawk. Wipe them all out. So, Fort Odin is being attacked by users.”

-Mapan: Yes. Fort Odin is expected to become a mess due to the repeated battles.

“Kukuku. The black disease is contagious. Penetrating in like ticks! It is a really good development.”

-Mapan: Huhuhut. I intend to sell war supplies because the area will become confused in the future.

Weed gave commands to the undead while continuing to speak with Mapan!

-Mapan: The lords will try to build up their war supplies without any haggling.

“Do you have enough supplies?”

-Mapan: The Arpen Kingdom's productivity has greatly increased. If I run out, then I can hire novice users and engage them in 24-hour production.

“I don't care about the Hermes Guild but don't make it too expensive for the general users.”

-Mapan: Ah. Yup. I understand. I will be careful not to exploit them.

“That isn't what I meant... If you sell it for an expensive price, then the Central Continent users won't last long. We have to keep sucking up the honey.

-Mapan: Kyah. I learnt another lesson!

I will sell it for a moderately expensive price!

‘Not bad. The Hermes Guild might become broken. Why are they ruling an empire so stupidly?’

In conjunction with the Mapan Trading Company, Weed sold goods at an expensive price. The Hermes Guild might be dominating the Central Continent but Weed and Mapan pursued money above everything else!

‘The villains on the surface are third class. The real bad guys are quietly counting money.’

Weed accomplished unprecedented hunting records as a necromancer.

-Great battle achievement!

Hunted the most helkets in a week.

Due to the hunting record, stamina has increased by two.

-Title! Sweeping Hunter has been acquired.

A man who completely kills all the monsters in a dungeon!

His fast and accurate movements leaves no seeds of evil behind.

The loot and by-products of hunting monsters will increase by 8%.

-A talented necromancer!

It isn't hard to call the corpses and dominate them.

It is because the corpses can't see or hear properly.

It is questionable why they obey the orders of a necromancer but... Anyway, many undead have been summoned.

You have summoned more undead than any other

necromancer in a week!

The growth rate of Summon Undead will increase by 6% for a week.

The efficiency of dominating skeletons, death knights and specters will increase.

Sometimes a unique undead with treasure will emerge.

Achievements and titles!

It wasn't easy as a sculptor but a necromancer was different.

At the same time, due to several operations and combat, Van and Torido increased their overall power as intermediate commanders.

Weed was hunting when he received another report from Mapan.

-Mapan: The revolts continue to increase in the Central Continent. It is in a few areas but there have been more than 12 user uprisings.

"The power?"

-Mapan: The level of the Central Continent is so high that ordinary users can't be ignored. The flames of rebellion are still spreading!

"I see."

Weed thought about watching it on the television.

It would be fun to see the battles.

'I can look at the profits.'

The corners of Weed's mouth went up.

*

"Today is bulgogi."

"Um. Delicious."

Lee Hyun sat at a table with Seo-yoon for dinner.

In the past, he didn't turn on the TV while eating rice in order to save electricity, but these days were different.

'I need to acquire information. And today, rebels are attacking the Ritten area.'

Shelgium, the capital of the old Ritten Kingdom.

There was a battle between the Imperial Army and the rebel army.

The channel had recently been switched to CTS Media, who had presented a diamond crown to Seo-yoon.

Although he had a long relationship with KMC Media, he kept that thoroughly separated.

'I have to give back as much as the bribes that I receive. This can be considered the virtue of give and take.'

Politicians who received bribes were rotten but they were good fermented foods for his body!

Soon after, the broadcast showed the rebels failing to capture Shelgium. They were torn apart by the Imperial army during their march.

Even if the users of the Central Continent had a high level, they collapsed after a few raids from the Imperial army.

"Huhuhu."

Lee Hyun was full of smiles as he watched the television.

'Now those users will come to the north. I'll receive more money at Morata and Puhol Water Park.'

It was necessary to consider building high-rise buildings at Varna Harbour for new settlers coming from sea.

"Kueeoh. I ate well."

Lee Hyun was satisfied and finished his meal with Seo-yoon.

The next morning, the broadcast showed the battle between the

Haven Empire and the rebels at Somren.

“There are 70,000 people here.”

“The empire has gathered a lot as well.”

It was refreshing watching the broadcast while eating breakfast.

He didn't know how the clam soup entered his mouth.

He hunted in Royal Road and decided to have a light sandwich for lunch.

Lee Hyun exited the capsule and asked Seo-yoon who was watching the TV.

“Are they still fighting?”

“There is a battle at Ackum Fortress.”

“Yes. I see.”

Lee Hyun wasted time watching this broadcast.

‘It doesn't matter who wins.’

The war in the Central Continent would have little direct impact on the Arpen Kingdom.

He didn't think that they rebels would obtain independence even if they captured some territory.

‘Some would say it is just a quarrel. It is a big fight for children.’

He ate lunch and enjoyed playing with the chickens and puppies in the yard. A simple date where he didn't need to go to a movie theatre or department store!

“Potatoes are good.”

“Sweet potatoes are better.”

“Potatoes are good for your health.”

“Sweet potatoes as well.”

“Hot potatoes are delicious to eat in winter.”

“Sweet potatoes are also delicious when it’s cold.”

He argued with Seo-yoon over whether to plant potatoes or sweet potatoes in the garden.

The bottom line was that they would do half and half.

Then once again, Royal Road.

The war on the TV was still ongoing when he left the capsule to eat dinner.

“What about Ackum Fortress?”

“The Hermes Guild won. But more wars are occurring in 12 regions.”

“It is quiet.”

“There are more users who participate during the day.”

Lee Hyun already analyzed the capabilities of the Haven Empire along with Seo-yoon.

‘Build up the troops with money and mobilize the Hermes Guild everywhere.’

The defenses of the fortresses in each area was also a problem.

‘If the rebels fail to achieve great results then they will be quiet sooner or later.’

And the next day.

In the morning, Lee Hyun watched as more than 400,000 rebels of the Central Continent gathered at Mollena Castle in the Aidern area.

*

“We can do it.”

“There will be no regrets even if I die. For justice!”

“For justice!”

The users advanced with determination.

Dozens of rebels forces were being suppressed but they didn't give up.

'The Hermes Guild isn't invincible. If the right people gather their power, then they will win.'

Those who learnt life from a moral book!

"What is the situation at Mollena Castle?"

"There are 50,000 Imperial soldiers."

"So, nine people only have to kill one?"

"The defense of the castle is great so it won't be easy."

The high-level users contemplated on how to break into the castle but there was no answer.

There were many users who couldn't endure it anymore and raised their swords. Nevertheless, the interior belonged to the Haven Empire so they couldn't find any equipment to attack the walls.

There was a problem with supplies as well so many users weren't able to continue fighting for a long duration.

Even if blacksmiths joined to fix their equipment, they still needed a supply of the required materials.

Every person was strong in personality so it was impossible for someone to command them.

'The rebellion was raised with confidence but the limits are clear.'

'This fight... Many weaknesses are exposed as it continues.'

The high-level users at Mollena Castle were anxious over the strategy.

"Charge!"

"Destroy the gate."

“Capture the castle!”

Mollena Castle, the symbol of the Haven Empire’s authority in the Aidern region!

The users engaged in a siege at this castle, which had the third largest population and production base in the region.

“Don’t spare the arrows. Today, send all of them to their graves.”

The leader of Mollena Castle’s defenses was a Hermes Guild user called Patrora.

The Hermes Guild leaders had already laid down a policy about the uprisings.

-Users who invade major cities and areas will be killed.

However, early on, concentrate on the defenses of the castle or fortress.

Make the gap of absolute power visible and prevent them from moving forward.

Spies were even secretly planted.

Among the highly regarded users of the Central Continent, the ones closely related to the Hermes Guild were contacted separately.

“So... Encourage a rebellion?”

“Yes. It is better to lead a rebellion.”

“...Why?”

The revolts happened suddenly but Lafaye and the leaders moved aggressively.

“Lead the rebellion and then direct them to the target area that we set up.”

“I am one of many users. Will they listen to my words?”

“They’ll listen. It is better to attack famous areas and big cities.”

“Won’t the Hermes Guild receive damage from these attacks?”

“War is about winning. We have to be thorough.”

The famous users organized revolts.

They took the lead and it was easy to get many users to join. There was no reason for users to oppose gathering under famous people from the big cities.

Thanks to that, the Hermes Guild concentrated their power on the required areas and prepared for battle.

“Victory!”

“Freedom!”

The rebel users struck Mollena Castle and lost their lives in vain.

At Fort Odin, there was a lack of supplies to keep the war going so users had to stop.

The Haven Empire’s enormous wealth was unleashed as they produced combat materials as well as importing them.

The users were incapacitated by the large wall called Mollena Castle.

The rebellions that occurred in 27 regions in that day! The rebels died without getting a single victory. The next day, rebels appeared in 12 areas but were all destroyed.

-The Haven Empire’s landslide victory!

-Fort Odin, slowly forget...

-The sword and magic power that dominates the Versailles Continent.

-Hermes Guild, they expressed their regret over the recent incidents!

Over the past few days, the damage to the Haven Empire was enormous.

The revolts that swept the Central Continent damaged many fortresses and castles.

Production activities were interrupted, facilities outside the castle were destroyed and major trade routes were blocked.

As the sieges occurred, the number of monsters increased and they raided the granaries.

The Hermes Guild needed a lot of effort and funds to restore production and trade to normal, but it was expected that the rebels would slowly calm down.

*

Seo-yoon looked around after completing her house chores.

In the neatly arranged yard, vegetables were exposed to the sunlight and growing.

“Good farming.”

It was the first time that Seo-yoon had planted lettuce and vegetables.

She inherited Lee Hyun’s diligent nature but there were still many lacking points.

She read a few books and learnt how to grow vegetables. And she went to the local flower garden to get help.

“Can I get some nutrient rich soil?”

“Is it for a potted plant?”

“Yes. And I want some for the land as well.”

“Isn’t that a hard day’s work? I have nothing to do so let me help you.”

The people from the flower garden changed it and planted potatoes and sweet potatoes as well.

“You don’t have to do this. I’m sorry. Have a glass of cold water.”

“This honour... I just want to thank you for living in our neighbourhood.

“...”

“The neighbourhood is filled with laughter thanks to the two of you. My children are big as well. My son said that he hopes to be like Lee Hyun in the future.”

“...”

Weed’s close companions would be scared if they heard this! Mapan, or Kang Jin-cheol, would be delighted that the children had such a big dream.

Seo-yoon also hung the laundry.

The laundry would dry well in the warm sun.

The happiness, that she had never felt in the past, was filled just by looking around the house.

The animals liked and followed her.

Not just the puppies from Dogmeat but also the chickens produced by Half Seasoned Half Fried.

‘I would like to keep living like this.’

Seo-yoon smiled lightly.

It was a pretty smile because she was so stingy with them, yet she smiled in a place where she was alone.

‘I will have a little break.’

Seo-yoon entered the house and turned on the TV. Then she turned it to a channel related to Royal Road.

She practically ruled the Arpen Kingdom so she needed as much information as Lee Hyun.

The images of the Arpen Kingdom were very good and she felt proud whenever the various regions and festivals were introduced on air.

She turned to the channel of Luon Media who were broadcasting the battle at Formos Castle.

The users of the Central Continent were rushing towards the castle.

-It doesn't look hopeful.

-For the moment, it seems like they can't do a proper siege?

-Yes. Defeat is confirmed.

-What is the reason?

-The lack of preparation from the rebels. The Haven Empire is so strong. They aren't the rulers of an empire for nothing. It is like smashing eggs against a rock.

The users were dying from the ranged attacks of the magic units and the archers.

Still, a steady advancement was being shown through the broadcast.

-The Haven Empire's military power is amazing.

-It isn't a coincidence that they grabbed hold of the Central Continent. It isn't without some confusion but it is inevitable that they will succeed in conquering the continent.

-The empire is growing stronger day by day and that is being shown through these battle videos.

"Ah..."

She didn't hear the comments of the hosts.

She saw people dying during the fight. And she saw their courage.

*

Formos Castle in the Tullen area.

The area used to be ruled by the Black Lion Guild and it was a

strong castle for the Haven Empire.

Here as well, rebels were organized to try and capture the local capital, Formos Castle.

Many famous users and high-level ones joined. However, all five sieges failed due to the elite troops of the Haven Empire.

Numerous magic attacks came from the walls of Formos Castle.

The fearful part of the Haven Empire's Imperial Army was the magic unit made up of NPCs.

The cost of hiring was huge and the amount of money had to be paid from head to toe.

The Haven Empire's army had the power to shook the land and fill the skies as the magic attacks flew over the walls.

"This can be done..."

"They have to get tired sometime."

"There is a mana sanctuary that restores mana quickly."

"Ah... There is no hope."

The users outside Formos Castle were frustrated.

Compared to other places, Formos Castle was literally a graveyard of users.

The Hermes Guild were particularly enthusiastic about Formos Castle on broadcasts.

"From the beginning, the goal was too big."

"Hu... There is no hope for the Central Continent so we must go to the Arpen Kingdom."

The siege of Formos Castle was still ongoing, but the shoulders of the users were heavy.

They couldn't even go near the walls but once they did, they were killed.

The road to death.

The footsteps of the users lost strength.

There could be further attempts but those attempts would only confirm their failure.

Furthermore, the defeat in other regions were broadcasted so their determination to overthrow the Hermes Guild was reduced.

Although their treatment was unreasonable, they had a strong people! The users came to that conclusion.

200,000 people lost their lives meaninglessly.

At that moment, the situation suddenly changed.

-I want to say,

I forgot how to speak.

This voice couldn't be heard.

I breathe alone.

I was sad and hurting. The tears didn't flow.

"Who?"

"Suddenly a song..."

"A battle song... Weed?"

"No. That can't be. This voice... A woman. And it is unbelievably pretty."

The users in combat looked around for the source of the song.

"There!"

"From the sky."

The song originated from the sky.

A wyvern was flying with spread wings high in the clouds.

A female user was riding on the wyvern's back!

"That is..."

“Who? Does anyone know?”

Archers had outstanding vision and were able to see objects far away.

“I-I-I-I...”

“Who cares?”

“Keheok. How in this place...?”

“Well, who is it?”

“Her!”

“Who?”

“The most beautiful person in the world.”

“There isn’t just one or two beautiful people. If it is the world’s most beautiful... Goddess-nim?”

“The Grass Porridge Cult’s Goddess!”

“Look at her face. No similar one exists. Goddess-nim came!”

Seo-yoon’s appearance!

She was flying in the sky on Wy-3.

-A warm wind blows,

I saw blooming flowers.

It was cold as ice, but I walked together with someone holding hands.

Wait for the night to come.

The moon and stars are shining beautifully.

Seo-yoon sang in a clear voice as Wy-3 flew towards Formos Castle.

The crowd on the ground gazed at her silently.

“Listen to the song. Pretty.”

“Singing in that tone... I think I’m losing my mind. I need to

record a video and keep it forever.”

“But why is she on the battlefield...?”

“Don’t tell me she is going to fight?”

“She is a person from the Arpen Kingdom. Why is she appearing on a battlefield in the Central Continent? It will become complicated if the Arpen Kingdom directly intervenes here.”

“I don’t know about such things. It is just great that she came here.”

In no time at all, rumours spread to Formos Castle and all users looked up at the sky.

“Hooray Grass Porridge Cult!”

“Unni, you are beautiful!”

“The best! My son, this is encouragement for your university entrance exam!”

“Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge!”

Once someone cried out, the entire crowd started chanting it.

-Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge!

The area was filled with the calls of Grass Porridge! Even though most of the crowd weren’t believers, her appearance caused this place to fill with cheers like it was the Arpen Kingdom.

They forgot it was a battlefield as they called out passionately to Seo-yoon.

Seo-yoon approached Formos Castle while listening to the cheers of the crowd, and soon, red and blue streaks rose from the wall to hit her.

“...!”

“Hit!”

“Oh my god... Unbelievable!”

Magic from the magic unit struck Seo-yoon and Wy-3 who were approaching from the sky.

-Kuwaaaaack!

Wy-3 screamed as he descended.

Despite steadily growing while hunting in the Arpen Kingdom, the dozens of magic attacks hurt.

Wy-3 and Seo-yoon collided with the ground!

Formos Castle was on an open plain so they were easy targets for the magic unit.

“Who are they? Remove them.”

The Hermes Guild user, who was in charge of the magic unit, ordered them to attack the wyvern.

“3rd unit. Attack.”

The magic attacks poured on Seo-yoon and Wy-3 like a carpet bombing.

-Kuweeek!”

Wy-3 squatted and wrapped his injured wings around himself.

The mighty firepower of the magic units was being shown off!

Seo-yoon picked up a sword and attacked the magic.

One, two, three, four, five...

She couldn't prevent all the magic from hitting her. The crowd stared blankly. Seo-yoon was one of the strongest in Royal Road due to the nature of a berserker. But her growth had stagnated due to Weed's quest and ruling the Arpen Kingdom.

Seo-yoon tried to protect Wy-3 from the magic attacks but he was still hit.

Tears flowed from Wy-3's eyes.

-Kukukuk! I'm okay.

“Sorry to have brought you here.”

-I knew this day would eventually come. This has been an eventful life.

Wy-3 said with a shrug.

-I was born on the battlefield and live to fight. I’ve flown high and fast on this continent so I’ve enjoyed my short life as a wyvern.

“...”

-Even if I die, remember me. A valiant wyvern.

Wy-3 staggered up and stood in front of Seo-yoon.

-Run while I stand here. Stay alive.

Those words were said with the best courage from a cowardly wyvern.

Seo-yoon laughed brightly.

“Don’t worry. You’re not going to die.”

She sent a whisper to Weed.

“Summon Wy-3 now. Quickly!”

Weed was hunting in the Arpen Kingdom but he used Summon Sculpture as soon as Seo-yoon told him to. Wy-3 disappeared in a flash of light!

Wy-3 escaped and only Seo-yoon stood there alone as the magic attacks poured towards her. Seo-yoon looked at the magic attacks and sung.

-I also dream like you. Have hope. It was hard to start but don’t give up.

Have the courage to walk along the road one step at a time.

The magic attacks swept over her.

*

Seo-yoon's death!

In Royal Road, there were numerous users who experienced death.

Their health reached 0 when fighting with monsters and they died. The penalty was a drop in level and skill proficiency and being unable to connect for a day.

However, they still couldn't feel good about being killed. Seo-yoon's death was broadcasted throughout the world.

"She..."

"Goddess-nim died."

The northern users watching the broadcast felt a big sense of loss.

Seo-yoon's presence in Royal Road was special.

Although there were numerous beautiful women, she became known through Weed's sculptures.

She joined Weed on his adventure and became closer to the users after ruling the Arpen Kingdom.

She opened playgrounds and beautiful parks in the shanty village.

Apart from urban landscaping, she also implemented a variety of culture and welfare benefits and built small and large commercial and military buildings.

Unimaginable welfare benefits for novice users in Royal Road!

She was also worshiped as the goddess of the Grass Porridge Cult.

People of various ages and occupations in reality played Royal Road and the Grass Porridge Cult became a medium for them to forget their anxiety.

It wasn't love but a presence that warmed their hearts.

Then she was killed by the Haven Empire.

Jjanguerang!

The spoon fell from the hand of the worker who was eating in a restaurant alone.

He got up angrily as more men entered the restaurant.

“Those dogs”

“Hey. The meal?”

“The meal isn’t important right now. Let’s go!”

The men rushed out of the restaurant after hastily paying for the food they hadn’t eaten.

An office worker stumbled blankly.

“This is the time... No.”

He started work late due to Royal Road. And of course, the members of the Arpen Kingdom’s Grass Porridge Cult!

There was tremendous fury over this incident as one member tried to contact their company.

He was going to ask to leave the office early but the deputy chief had his phone turned off.

“What is it? It is a difficult day.”

After failing to contact the team leader, the worker contacted the manager of the company.

He used the emergency phone but the fear of his future in the company was pushed aside. He thought he worked harder than anyone else.

“I want to take my vacation today...”

-Won-chul ssi as well?

Chief Cha Ki-hwan.

He was a person with excellent abilities who handled work strictly.

“Huh? What?”

-Goddess-nim is dead.

“Ah... Yes. That’s correct.”

Chief Cha Ki-hwan was also a member of the Grass Porridge Cult.

He barely drank tea at the company so he didn’t know.

-Leave. And do what you have to do.

*

Luon Media relayed the battle at Formos Castle. The hosts and cast members had received great gifts in advanced from the Hermes Guild.

They were provided with equipment, mansions and hunting grounds so they skillfully took the side of the Haven Empire.

“Haven Empire. They are strong. Putting aside their other advantages, they aren’t an opponent that can be challenged when it comes to military power. Isn’t this an empire?”

“The battle has been going on for one hour but the rebels haven’t been able to climb the walls.”

“To be precise, they are swept away before even nearing. They are courageous but it is a really meaningless death.”

“There are many heroes in the Hermes Guild. They are practically the first ones to pioneer Royal Road and many of the strongest people have joined the guild. If they do it right then this battle is already over.”

The hosts and cast members emphasized the strength and splendour of the Haven Empire several times.

The viewers on the bulletin boards also followed the atmosphere set by the hosts as they amazed over the Haven Empire’s incredible strength.

Luon Media was an Internet only channel and showed in

multiple Asian countries. The audience ratings weren't high but they had a lot of recognition.

“It isn't possible to win this war. The battle will eventually end with the death of all the rebelling users.”

“The Haven Empire has strong military power based on their experience of conquering the Central Continent and they are leading with magic. It is a crucial advantage. Even though some things aren't working properly, the Hermes Guild's rule is still strong.

“Then no one can bring down the Haven Empire?”

“Nothing is impossible. Something like the Embinyu Church that affects the continent or a dragon attack.”

“Haha. Those things are unlikely.”

“That's right. The Haven Empire is already too tough to break down.”

The hosts relaxed as the general users were defeated at Formos Castle.

At that moment, a female user riding a wyvern appeared on the screen.

The user relaying Luon Media the video was on the wall of Formos Castle so they couldn't properly recognize her.

Then the wyvern crashed due to the magic attacks and Seo-yoon's face was shown on the screen.

“Eh? The face of that female user... Very beautiful.”

“I feel like I've seen it somewhere before.”

“She looks like the star sculpture that Weed...”

Seo-yoon's popularity was so great that the hosts and cast members quickly recognized her.

“Breaking news. The production team is saying that she is the

goddess of the Arpen Kingdom.

“Is this authentic information?”

“It is information obtained from the rebel camp.”

“She also came on a wyvern. Wyvern. Is that Wy-3?”

They pretended to be surprised but then the magic attacks hit her.

“Ah. The power of the Haven Empire is so strong. Can she get out of that crisis?”

“Too reckless. A dragon knight from the myths? She can’t change the disadvantageous situation just because she was on a wyvern.”

“The mana consumption has increased. This is the limit.”

The hosts were on the side of the Haven Empire. They had received things from the Hermes Guild so they had to pay the price.

Seo-yoon wielded a sword but the result was her death.

The hosts suddenly became alert.

‘Hermes Guild... She isn’t just a pretty girl!’

‘A famous user. She is Weed’s girlfriend. Won’t Weed clash with the Hermes Guild due to this?’

‘What about Formos Castle? Aren’t the audience ratings rising a little bit? Then I should negotiate my performance fee again...’

As the hosts were thinking, the PD’s urgent voice was heard in their earphones.

-It has become too big. Broadcast carefully! You have to be upright right now.

“Ah... By the way, shouldn’t we criticize that magic attack?”

“Yes. I don’t know what is going on but those magic attacks are

too much. It is very serious.”

“It might be unavoidable because it is a battlefield but those magic attacks were ruthless.”

The hosts hurriedly changed their attitudes as they mourned Seo-yoon’s death.

*

Shortly after Seo-yoon’s death was reported, the Internet communities were frozen due to the shock. Then the bulletin boards started going crazy.

-Was the broadcast just now right?

-Is it a mistake? It has to be.

-She should be in the Arpen Kingdom... It is natural to stay at Earth Palace.

-I saw her at the green fountain just a few hours ago. It is just a rumour.

-No. I’m certain. The video of Wy-3 is properly captured.

The bulletin boards heated up as more broadcast videos of Seo-yoon appeared.

The rankings of every search site were related to Seo-yoon.

-1. Seo-yoon

-2. Death of the Grass Porridge Goddess

-3. Seo-yoon and Formos Castle

-4. Seo-yoon’s Looks

-5. Seo-yoon Died

-6. Seo-yoon and Weed

-7. Wy-3

-8. Formos Castle

-9. Goddess Seo-yoon

-10. The Hermes Guild and Seo-yoon

Analysis of the broadcast videos popped up and they accepted Seo-yoon's death as a fact.

-The Hermes Guild has crossed the last line.

-Weed-nim can die. But she... She is not to be harmed.

-We will accept this as a formal declaration of war against the Grass Porridge Cult!

-I went crazy when I watched the broadcast. I almost went to the station to commit a terror act.

-Shut up, let's connect. Is now the time to be talking?

The connection rate to Royal Road started to explode.

The number of people wandering the streets were reduced and taxis were rarely seen on the roads.

It became as quiet as when a national drama that reached 60% audience ratings was aired.

On the other hand, the capsule rooms all over the city were crowded.

"Mister. Is there a room?"

"No.

"How long is the wait?"

"You have to wait over 8 hours. There are many people waiting so it might even go up to 20 hours."

There was a big stir in the capsule rooms of large cities.

Seo-yoon's popularity in Korea was no surprise, but people from China, Japan, the United States and other countries around the world accessed Royal Road.

Book 49: The Marching Begins

Chapter 1: The Marching Begins

Part 1

The Sculptural Lifeform wyvern Wy-3!

Weed's eyes were filled with tears while watching Wy-3's ripped wings falling down.

"I told you that you should watch out anywhere you go. You can't get hurt carelessly because you're a great mobile slave."

– Kkuukkuuu

Wy-3 only had 20% of its health when it was summoned by Weed. It was one of the wyverns, the first sculptures to be given life by Weed with his sculpting skill. That's why it was developing for a long time. Although it was a medium level creature with 500 000 HP, it still got severely injured.

Death Knights, ghosts, and skeletons army were precisely standing in a line next to Weed.

As always, he was hunting, leading the undead as a necromancer as usual.

"But where did you get hurt?"

While Weed was saying these words, the suspicious atmosphere could be felt.

He sensed the yellow dust, fine dust, and food smells.

"Wy-3, there shouldn't be a lot of enemies that could hurt you.. Since you can fly in the sky and be careful, if you sensed a danger, you should have been able to quickly run away."

Other than the time fighting with the Immortal Legion, wyverns have never lost their lives pointlessly.

Even if Weed is leading to the fight, they had never gotten severely hurt.

"Seo-yoon asked me to summon you, so I had to use lots of mana

in order to summon you. That means it was from a fairly distant place.”

One by one, the pieces started to match into the puzzle.

Wy-3 was in a fallen position, but he tossed and turned the body in order to lie down.

“Central continent area? It shouldn’t be a northern end. Also, there is no trace of ice on the body.”

– Because I was hurt, I can’t remember anything Master.

“If you don’t remember, probably it means that you committed a sin. From your posture, looks like you’re not afraid of anything.”

– How can you perceive it like that?

“Criminals always say that. If they don’t remember, they are guilty. So probably...”

Weed closed his eyes.

It was because the worst possible situation he didn’t want to imagine came into his mind.

Weed heavily spat out the words.

“Is Seo-yoon... Is she in danger right now?”

Yoo-rin was listening to the people while drawing pictures on the Lordearon river.

“I heard that Hermes Guild killed the Goddess.”

“Really?”

“Yes. It was broadcasted.”

“No. No matter how soon... Have they sent assassins to the Earth Palace?”

The words about Earth Palace caught Yoo-rin’s attention. Because that place had a deep connection with her brother.

“I heard that the Goddess appeared in the battle of Formos Castle. And she died because of magic attacks.”

“Hermes Guild...”

“I don’t think that we can leave those guys alone anymore.”

Yoo-rin while listening to the people’s words understood what had happened.

‘She... died’

At Royal Road, death doesn’t mean that the real life of a person is gone. However, her thoughts got complicated.

“What’s going to happen in the future?”

Since Yoo-rin is a younger sister of Weed, she knew him better than anyone else. Anyone that was close to Weed knew that he put money first and had excellent sense of combat and military. .

But there was one secret that only his family knew.

‘He will always paid back his grudges’

The power of memories will find its own way.

‘But why did she die?’

On the other hand, strange thoughts reached Yoo-rin’s head.

While she was ruling the kingdom of Arpen, she didn’t show the wisest appearance.

Even though he was taking care of family affairs, Weed collected all the receipts and organized to make sure no money was leaking out.

The receipt of the 200 won more expensive salt is even attached to the kitchen door! Due to his meticulous care, there weren’t many times when he lost money.

Seo-yoon was smart enough to to make a simple-to-use computer program to help keep the essential living cost to a minimum. .

‘It’s true she is kind, but she is smart as well. If all this happened, the Arpen Kingdom and Haven Empire might even go to war against each other. Would she have acted without knowing that this would happen?’

Poohol waterpark!

“Kyaaak”

“Ooowa!”

After having finished hunting Demons, Palin and her colleagues were enjoying themselves.

“We worked hard, so let’s enjoy ourselves for one month.”

“The water is really clear and nice here.”

“The bodies of men... hoo. Did only Warriors gather here? I like smooth, solid, and firm bodies. Hehe.”

“If the swimming suit showed just a little bit more...”

They enjoyed warm sunshine and clear water.

Even though there were lots of dangerous rides that threatened their life, they were safe rides for the strong users.

< Water slide created by Weed>

Strongly recommended to the people who have fear of heights.

The feeling that you can’t feel on the ground.

Till now 973 people have died

Excluding number of injured >

> Water labyrinth created by Weed!

In this place lives water droplets that like to prank.

They enjoy making mazes inside the water in order to scare people who enter.

Even though there is no safe route, you have to escape to the exit!
If you are trapped for a long time, you have to drink lots of water.
Till now the number of drowned people is 0.

That's excluding people who were trapped there for 2 hours >
They were comrades who explored the Celestial City, and hunted
while riding on the wyverns or ghost horse, so they didn't pay
attention to the rides that much.

At that time the men, who were playing in the water, passed by.

"It's the Geomchi group."

"Yes, you're right"

Geomchi disciples always gathered in Poohol waterpark. They
had bodies that were full of muscles and while walking, they
caught the eyes of beautiful women.

"Look at those abs every time they breathe.."

"Wow. That forearm..."

Finally Weed's elder brothers became popular!

There was no doubt that it was the time to start love affairs for
the first time since Poohol Waterpark was established.

"Uuuuakk!"

Then there was a sound of scream in the pool.

People turned their heads thinking that someone has fallen into
the pool, but there was a man lying down and screaming out.

He was watching a broadcast of Royal Road!

"The goddess passed away!"

The man screamed loudly.

At that moment it seemed that everything in Poohol Waterpark
stopped.

People who were walking, youths, who were playing in the pool,

everyone just froze.

“Hey. No way...”

“Maybe you’re still sleepy. That’s nonsense.”

“It’s true. She passed away.”

“What the... It’s for real?”

“No. This can’t have happened.”

But it wasn’t just that man, others who were watching the broadcast soon found out about Seo-yoon’s death. The news about Seo-yoon’s death were passed on by whispers, the channels, and networks. It was spread in the entire Northern part in just one or two minutes.

“Unbelievable”

People, who were playing in the pool, were talking.

“Hermes Guild again?”

“How... How did it happen?”

The always lively Poohol waterpark looked like got hit by falling bombs.

The Mapan Trading Company in the North!

Big orders have been pouring to The Mapan Trading Company in Morata.

“150 000 arrows.”

“The swordsmen from Varna harbor came for a 300 000 bags order.”

“The order for 7 000 000 bags to the Earth Palace came again?”

“Yes. They asked to deliver as soon as we can.”

It wasn’t only The Mapan Trading Company that had order in a big amount, the same was happening to the merchant Gamong.

Local merchants usually operates their stores with a certain amount of inventory.

Even so, there was a big amount of request from the locals.

“I want the leftover weapons...”

“Now stocks are...”

“I will take anything.”

Northern users were collecting weapons and armors. Users had to stand in line in order to buy something, and because of that, the stocks in the stores froze.

The Northern Mapan Trading Company and merchant Gamong stores were stockpiling large quantities of the starter supplies.

The blacksmiths were improving their abilities while making goods. It didn't matter even if it was for a beginner. As long as blacksmiths sold their made production, the skills were increasing.

Of course, in the Arpen Kingdom, there were lots of starters who were gathering and spending money, so there was no harm.

If you gather 10 silver or 20 silver, in the end it's going to be a big amount of money.

However, the amount of users' purchases increased so quickly that it is difficult to take out the quantity from the warehouse.

“Let's go hunting.”

“Right. But first let's try to put on some equipment.”

The users, in order to get some arrows or weapons, swept all the dungeons.

At the Hermes Guild the news about Seo-yoon's death broke out at the same time.

“So why?”

In their perspectives, Lafaye and the administration office were getting beaten up. He was asking why the famous Seo-yoon interfered in the battle of Formos castle.

Everyone knew in the Royal Road the truth about Weed and her relationship.

“Since the famous user died... the announcement is going to be big.”

“Things won’t stop here. The war with Arpen Kingdom can arise.”

“Would they dare to go against us? They shouldn’t be prepared for a war, right?”

“Well, we are like them. The army, that was preparing for a war, was sent to stop the rebels.”

Hermes Guild sent a spy to the Arpen Kingdom in order to take a look at the situation. They didn’t even see a sign to invade the Haven Empire.

Also, Arpen Kingdom doesn’t have a strong army, so they couldn’t even organize an army training for the war.

And Haven Empire, which doesn’t even have share big borders with the North had problems with its emperor oppositions.

Lafaye’s head was splitting with a headache.

“At the surface, the North has almost no movements. But at this moment, they heard that Seo-yoon went to the Central Continent and died...”

Even though he was curious about the intention, this situation was too great.

“What if we get ready for a war with Arpen Kingdom. Even though I don’t know how much they want to fight us, but... the small-scale battles will be the most annoying.”

Lafaye felt that ruling the Haven Empire increased things to

worry about. Central Continent was conquered and old existing guilds were ruined, and users' complaints were eased.

Even though it looked like Hermes Guild has weakened, it was the opposite inside.

Even though in the Central Continent, the economic power that is centered on tax collection isn't the same like it was in the past, there were exclusive hunting areas and quests.

Even if the hunting area is allowed for other users, since prestigious guilds are all gone, the large scale monsters' huntings were always led by the Hermes Guild.

There were lots of complaints from the general users, but high level users were working together with the Hermes Guild and were becoming friendlier.

Among them there were useful users who were accepted by Hermes Guild. The residents who learned special skills through the quests, high ranking knights, soldiers, and magicians all had their uses.

Since the area, population, and economy were great at the Central Continent, Hermes Guild had almost doubled its members in a short period of time.

"If you set the public opinion at ease... then even if you make users to follow and believe in Hermes Guild a little bit, everything will get solved."

Lafaye felt that he just tripped on the stones and was falling down.

If we follow history of Royal Road, it always happens the same – only strongest are going to be gathered.

"I don't want to use a sword yet. Even though I want to get rid of Arpen Kingdom, first I will make Haven Empire perfect and then destroy it. If I had more time..."

While Lafaye was talking about his concerns, the users, who were in the administration office, were discussing about something else.

“Seo-yoon. Her popularity should be considered. Her dying scene will increase dislikes to our guild.”

“How about broadcasting stations? Should we ask to delete the videos?”

“We shouldn’t do that. Since it has high viewing ratings, other major broadcasting stations, who didn’t get to broadcast the scene, are thinking about putting them up. ”

“Some of the broadcasting stations are reporting it as a breaking news already.”

“Since it had already gone to the internet, what’s the point of talking about that?”

Hermes Guild wanted to show off its power while using a broadcasting station, but it showed the guild’s worst image.

“I don’t know if the video is fortunate or unfortunate, but rebel forces won’t increase. Since most of the users had already come out.”

“It’s hard to make a plan. How about the battle of Formos Castle?”

“At this moment we are relaxingly taking care of it because the troops, which were deployed to that place, are powerful.”

Lafaye, while listening to the talks of administrative officers, made a decision.

“We will take the matter of Arpen Kingdom and Weed seriously. If they keep quiet, we will leave them for a while, but if they challenge us... Haven Empire will change back to its conquest war system.”

Conquest war system.

It means that it will return to the system that was created during

the unification of Central Continent.

The Hermes Guild users, who were in the room, were surprised and their eyes started to shine.

Giant knight Bohemod said while smiling.

“If there is no war, I thought it won’t be returned?”

“That was true. I’m saying that after the empire was founded, you only needed to focus on internal strength and maintain its advantage.”

In Royal Road, no one could stand against Haven Empire’s strength.

The Northern military expedition had to return with a failure. Prestigious guild’s rebels were active and had enough people, but didn’t have strength.

Now it’s more important to gain strength than at the time when the Empire was established.

“Little by little, Arpen Kingdom is getting more dangerous. I was trying to stabilize the base for the long term rule, but we’re short on time.”

“Then what should we do?”

“I will release one of the 5 secret Guardians.”

Hermes Guild users’ and especially the administration officers’ eyes widely opened.

The five great powers that Lafaye had prepared since the time of Haven Kingdom.

Smart rabbits don’t dig only one hole while preparing for dangerous situations.

He tried to hide as long as possible and release it at the last minute, but he felt like it needs to be released earlier.

“Then which one first...?”

“The already finished combat golem. The golem will be enough.”

“If you want to release it in secret, it will take around 10 days.”

“Just let them laugh and smile till that day. We have to let them enjoy one last time.”

Lee Hyun disconnected from Royal Road and came out of the capsule.

Bogulbogul

In the kitchen Seo-yoon was cooking a soy bean stew.

“Are you alright?”

“Yes, the taste is good.”

“About your death...”

Lee Hyun wanted to at least carefully comfort her.

Seo-yoon's, who had a high level in Royal Road, will receive so much damage.

‘Level, skill proficiency, equipment!’

Even during his noob days, Lee Hyun felt the pain of somebody stealing and running away with his money whenever he died. Even though he had never lent money, but still felt that feeling!

“Try it.”

“Eum... that's delicious.”

“It's good, right? Since it's dinner, I will cook some meat in the garden.”

“Meat...”

“Grilled meat. I will set a fire plate, so let's eat soon.”

“Alright.”

Lee Hyun and Seo-yoon decided not to talk about the death in Royal Road.

‘There's no reason to talk about the scar. Her heart must already be hurting so much. She is trying to eat meat and feel a little bit better.’

Seo-yoon was satisfied while making dishes.

‘Soy bean stew turned out well. I prepared some side dishes in the morning as well.’

At first it was a difficult dish to make, but later the taste from all the ingredients came out well.

Fish or meat cooking skills made a huge progress as well.

She was happiest when she made some tasty food, and ate it together with Lee Hyun while sharing a simple conversation with him.

Part 2

When Weed connected to Royal Road, his location was in Bayar Maze.

The maze was in a mountainous region behind Vargo Fortress, and was infamous for being endless even if you wandered in it for over 10 days.

He heard rumors that there is a portal leading to an unknown area, but he still couldn't find it.

“Kchem”

Weed sat down on the stone and was lost in thought. Skulls were all around him.

The battles on the trail while traveling with Skeletons and Death Knights were fierce.

Many legions of Undead were passing through and got involved in a fight with monsters.

The role of a Necromancer wasn't to kill by surrounding enemies with all the Undead at once.

It was to overwhelm the enemy by spreading the endlessly summoning Undead.

“Well, what to do now?”

Weed viewed some responses on the internet forum before connecting.

Seo-yoon's death received a huge response during broadcasting as well, but the responses in the forum revealed the honest opinions of the public.

- Destroy the Hermes Guild!

- We have to sweep them out of the continent completely. Let's erase them!!

– They are dangerous beings to the Versailles Continent. They dare to hurt even the Goddess?!

– I'm making a list of all their evil deeds. Currently, 389 pages of A4 are completed. Download the whole file!

– I heard rumors that there are resistance movements forming in Gradian Kingdom. I want to join it.

– Let's bring freedom back to our land.

Users were rising like a clouds, holding banners against the Haven Empire.

If Weed had asked anything about fighting with the Haven Empire few days ago, the Northern users would have been annoyed about it.

You never know when the conquest will finish, and you also have to consider the possibility to be defeated.

However, after Seo-yoon's death the Northern users voluntarily wanted to march to the Haven Empire and even made plans of conquest.

– Poisonous mushroom porridge. Kuhuheuk. Can there be such a death as sad as hers? For this bitterness I want to eat poisonous mushroom porridge, but I'm going to endure for today. I found something I certainly have to do, so I have to survive no matter what.

– Chicken rice porridge has about 1 500 000 people. Ready to fly.

– Bamboo shoots porridge. Troops of Earth Palace. Ready for a battle. Ready to march anytime.

– We are the steel porridge. Please, ask if you need any weapons or armor. The blacksmiths are making equipments without sleep. If you bring your own material, everything will be made for free.

– We are the fire porridge. We also have equipments. Combat materials and supplies. Producing endlessly.

– We are the pork porridge. We were pushed back by the beef porridge, so our popularity decreased a bit. But our courage is the best. We will bravely go to the front line!

The Grass Porridge Cult that stuck to the North.

They were voluntarily asking for the war.

It was to the point where ginseng porridge, acorn porridge, sesame porridge, chestnut porridge and bug porridge were organizing an army between themselves and were getting ready to march to the Haven Empire border.

In the Grass Porridge Cult there were many new users, and the North especially preferred adventure as its tradition. . No one thought seriously about someone dying.

However, Seo-yoon's dying face when she was killed by the Haven Empire and the Hermes Guild made them to want to fight.

– Let's go.

– We are going.

– We are following.

– No matter where!

– Go, go!

– We are the unbeatable Grass Porridge Cult!

They were all comrades with the same goal, and did not fear death..

The Grass Porridge Cult had the biggest number of Northern users, and they were still collecting more users.

If their minds are united, even their goal to sweep the Haven Empire can be achieved.

As long as Weed or Seo-yoon doesn't oppose the Grass Porridge Cult's movement.

“It's not like it can't be stopped.”

Anyways, Northern users were aware of Weed.

Although Weed was fighting against the Haven Empire's evil jobs, if he decided to ask them not to fight, his words will have some effects.

The users of Grass Porridge Cult may be greatly disappointed, but he might even be able to stop the war.

"But I don't want to say that."

Weed was quick to notice things.

He had an ability to identify if a conspiracy was forming somewhere and instinctively knew if someone there was talk behind someone's back!

He was aware of how things were going by instinct.

'Seo-yoon... she wouldn't have died for no reason.'

She even rode Wy-3 to the battlefield and still lost her life.

'Even though Seo-yoon tends to be kind, she's not an idiot.'

If you looked at her ability to gather information during the Lord of the Desert quest or considered the way she governed the Arpen Kingdom temporarily, you would have to say she was incredibly smart.

Just like how Weed treasured and had the ability to break through a crisis, Seo-yoon didn't miss even the smallest of any details.

She was able to quickly understand the flow of a problem, and was able to unite the regions of the Arpen Kingdom that were going the wrong way while finding correct solutions.

Even though she obviously knew that she would die, she still went to the Haven Empire. Why did she do it then?

Seeing the responses of everyone, Weed understood the reason.

'For me. For Arpen Kingdom. To stop the growth of Haven

Empire.’

At the moment, Weed hesitated to use the death of Seo-yoon.

Since she was like part of the family, he didn’t want to use family’s death for his success.

‘Using her death for success is the worst thing to do. It would be better to have the Arpen Kingdom fall.

If Weed had known about this unimaginable plan, he would have done anything to stop her. However, Seo-yoon already died.

He was worried whether it was right to stop the situation that was already caused by her death.

‘Seo-yoon scarified herself for me. But is it right to make her death worthless?’

While thinking about that, Weed made a decision.

It wasn’t his or Seo-yoon’s fault. The matter needs to be solved first, and he would just make the Haven Empire or the Hermes Guild take the blame.

‘It’s alright. At times like this, you use the “bad guys.” The people who are always cursed gets cursed more, and the people who are praised gets praised more.’

Haven Empire’s Northern part.

There was much tension in the city Ilsram which shared its border with the Arpen Kingdom..

“They are coming.”

“The scouts?”

“They don’t have such a thing.”

“So how did you get to know about it?”

“Watching the broadcasts. In all of KMC media’s channels, the

entire North's users are marching.”

Hermes Guild members gathered at the Lord Castle of Ilsram city. There were twelve members from the administrative office among them.

“Turn on the broadcast.”

“Yes. I will turn on KMC media.”

“Why?”

“Because it's my favorite.”

“...”

The large crystal ball hanging on the Lord Castle's wall was lit.

You can watch the television on it by using a charged mana stone or by using a wizard's mana.

- Looks like there's no end to them.
- It's impossible to count the numbers.
- Surprisingly, those troops that are marching are only the first part.
- The first part?

Gulp.

Hermes Guild members, who were watching the crystal ball, felt a cold sweat run down their backs.

“At least over a 100 000.”

“Ah... my head. It's the end. They are coming to our city.”

- The Grass Porridge Cult's number of people is very impressive. When is the main force is coming?
- That's not even the leading group. It's only a part of the acorn porridge.
- It's my first time hearing about the acorn porridge.

– It's a small part of troops in the Grass Porridge Cult. I heard that the bugs porridge is marching to the nearby villages and conquering their major facilities at the moment.

– You said bugs porridge? Ha ha ha. What an interesting name.

– They can't be treated as a joke. Bugs porridge use pitch-black swords and armor.

– Is the uniform their special feature?

– Yes. They are the rulers of the night who regularly hunt in the dungeons. It can be said that they are the masters of assassination and battle.

– I heard that there are users who have different jobs as well.

– The bug trainers. They raise insects and can control them as subordinates... But there's no further information about them.

– How?

– For some reason, the people who saw the bug trainers don't say any word about them. Looks like we will be able to see them for the first time at the battle of Ilsram.

“Kchem”

Lord Alto almost bit his tongue.

Even if they only welcomed the Grass Porridge Cult, the outcome of the battle can be imagined if they were to fight.

‘The bugs porridge!’

Coldly speaking Ilsram fell short of the Central Continent's standards.

The rise of development, economy, and technology was low. As for population, most of the users all went to the Northern part, so it was empty.

But still, Alto made a grin and smiled.

‘People should know how to stand in line.’

He became a lord in the Hermes Guild just because they offered money. And when the Grass Porridge Cult offered him a position, he accepted it without thinking twice.

It was a betrayal to the Hermes Guild, but he could just cross over to the Arpen Kingdom.

“There is nothing good left in the Haven Empire, so what?”

He provided secret base and transportation routes after accepting bribes.

‘There’s no reason for us to be robbed by the Grass Porridge Cult. My disaster will pass onto the other lords.’

Lord Alto finished his thoughts and quickly stood up.

“Let’s prepare to welcome our guests.”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Clean the rooms in the inns... The Lord Castle won’t be enough. Let’s at least put a mattress in the hallway. Catch some bugs for our guests who train insects as well.”

Northern users were flocking to the Hurfan area.

There were lots of banners of the Grass Porridge Cult, but there were some that wanted revenge and crossed the border.

As soon as Seo-yoon died, the users gathered by themselves, and without preparation for the war, they started to march south.

“Let’s sweep it all!”

“It’s a conquest. A conquest.”

It was a completely new experience for the users who started at the Arpen Kingdom and Morata, but to the users who were kicked out from the Central Continent, crossing the Forus River made them remember the past.

“We came back to the Central Continent’s land from where we

were kicked out of.”

“At that time it was only us, but now lots of users gathered.”

During the establishment of Morata, many users from the Central Continent crossed over to the North in order to avoid the Hermes Guild’s persecution.

Now, the Northern users can’t be ignored because of the increased number of their teammates.

Although their levels weren’t high, they believed in each other while gathering strength, and made an area like a new continent.

As the Arpen Kingdom grew, the users who escaped from the Central Continent found a new hope.

It was the hope and dream of Royal Road being a happy world.

Since the real world was so difficult to live in, there would be more users who would fall for Royal Road.

However, power dominated everything even in this new world. Many users were afraid of this power, but Seo-yoon’s death caused the anger that was held in by them to explode. .

Not because a beautiful woman, the Grass Porridge Clan’s Goddess died, but because of her representation.

“Let’s do what we can do. It’s troublesome to stay in a place like this for a long time.”

“Yes, since many users are gathering, we shouldn’t take too long.”

Users that escaped from the Central Continent were confident of their own combat strength.

Even when they moved to the North because the Hermes Guild chased them out, they weren’t well. But to forget that sadness, everyone in the Arpen Kingdom were absorbed in hunting and completed quests.

They became much stronger than before, and wanted to show their skills in the Central Continent.

“If the village is small and there are no deployed army, let’s invade by ourselves.”

“Those with knight position in the Arpen Kingdom are heading this way, so it will be easy to conquer.”

“Yes. Sadly, put the people with high infamy in the back. If you spread the evil, Arpen Kingdom’s reputation will drop.”

“Between us there aren’t many people with high infamy. Well, it was a bit different back when we were in the Central Continent.”

Ddiring!

< Conquest of the territory!

The knight Lwee Yali conquered the Bekan village.

The 876 people happily agreed to become residents of Arpen Kingdom.

From this moment this land will be known as a part of the Arpen Kingdom as long as it is not occupied by an enemy army or if there are no uprisings. >

Haven Empire’s lords also submitted all the villages, mines, and farms and gave up on their defense.

The activities of the Bugs Porridge and high level users were transmitted through the Grass Porridge network.

Grass Porridge stability assurance conference. PSC.

While the marching soldiers collected information,, the leaders of the porridge units led the armies to conquer other major cities.

“Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge!”

“Blow the grass reed with all your strength.”

“Ginseng Porridge. Before the battle takes place, let’s enjoy the bowl of 13 years old ginseng porridge that the Elves cultivated.”

There were more than millions of units of marching Northern users.

They were great people individually, but there were others who grabbed more attention.

Either the Arpen Kingdom users or the former Central Continent users.

The users who were on Royal Road and other related people were watching the march of the Northern users.

It was obvious that all broadcasting stations decided to air this scene live.

The first city was Ilsram!

Lord Alto opened the castle’s gates and welcomed the Northern users.

“You did a great job at travelling such a long way. We welcome all guests who reached Ilsram.”

At the castle gates and inside the castle, Northern users were passionately welcomed.

Lord Alto even invited bards to have a concert.

The Haven Empire lords who were in the Harfan region were shocked by that scene.

“He betrayed the Hermes Guild?”

“Well there wasn’t much he could do. What are we going to do?”

The problem wasn’t that the Arpen Kingdom easily earned Ilram city, but that the Northern user’s attacks will be soon directed straight to them.

At that moment, the Hermes Guild was also troubled.

“I have to send an army to stop the Northern users. But it takes

time to build up good soldiers.”

Lafaye and the administration officers of the Hermes Guild did not have enough time to prepare a countermeasure.

He had to gather troops, provide supplies for the battle, and find ways to move to the North in order to attack.

It wasn't as simple as walking around with swords like how the Northern users were doing.

“We can't afford to lose our dignity by having the Haven Empire's territory be invaded.”

“Honor and spirit. We can't lose these things.”

“Won't the lords endure somehow? Since there are many troops of the Imperial Army stationed near the Arpen Kingdom. ”

“First, let's send reinforcements quickly.”

In order to match the Northern users, they had to gather more troops.

Even before the Haven Empire army's arrival, Northern users were spreading around the Hurfan region.

“We are the Poisonous Mushroom Porridge!”

“The Barley Porridge arrived.”

“Supporting troops of the Beans Porridge has arrived.”

“The Sweet Potato Porridge, the Stone Porridge and the Crab Porridge are waiting.”

Even though the Hurfan region was at the edge of the Central Continent, it still had good fortress and city walls.

Since the Northern users were hurrying to cross the city walls without having any weapons and gears, hundreds of thousands of people lost their lives pointlessly.

However, at the Haven Empire's side, more people were alive than dead.

“Everyone focus and work together The enemies are weak and don’t have any grand magic or siege weapons. This place won’t collapse!”

The Hermes Guild members who led the Imperial Army were confident.

As long as Royal Road’s special mana and magic arrows existed, enemies of any sizes could be stopped Usually, the defending troops of siege warfare should be attacked by troops three times their size to fall,, even troops hundreds of times bigger might not be able to make them fall depending on the situation.

Hermes Guild members were anticipating for the battle since they could achieve new records for warfare.

“Let’s use the Feather of Lightness.”

Between the Northern users, there was a suggestion from the native air troops.

This item can be named as a special product from the city Lavia.

This item can make the body’s weight as light as a feather and give the ability to fall from a high place to the ground without harm.

Although it can’t be used during the battle, it was useful while taking over a fortress in a mountainous region.

“But the Feathers of Lightness aren’t good to use in a battle, right?”

One member asked a question.

“Right. Since you are flying slowly, you are an easy target.”

“There’s a big drawback.”

“It will be alright if we use it during the night. There will be some sort of a response from them, but some of them will land if about a 100 000 people jump over the fortress wall. Let’s occupy the fortress while they buy us time.”

“Well, I don’t know. Well, even if this plan fails, we will find another way.”

At first 100 000 people were used.

The Northern users decided to move as planned since they thought it was going to be amusing.

Operation in the middle of the night!

The Haven Empire responded with fire arrows and magic attacks.

It was inevitable that there wasn’t enough firepower, and especially since they were nowhere close to the middle of the Central Continent. They only lasted till the following morning.

It was the victory of the Northern users.

Part 3

Within 5 days, the Northern users had occupied 27% of the Harpan region.

There was no movement from the Grass Porridge Cult units in Morata, Vargo Fortress or the Dawn City. Despite the so-called urgency, the units were standing in line.

After the Lwee Yali fortress was conquered, the lords of the Haven Empire started to lose the will to resist. They were at a disadvantageous position in the war against the Grass Porridge Cult.

Even if the Haven Empire's reinforcement troops were to arrive a few days later, the lords had no choice but to surrender because the city would be destroyed by then.

"I can't lose my city and the residents all at once."

"The Haven Empire won't leave us alone."

"Let's look for chances... when the Northern users show any weak spot, we should rebel."

"But if we do that, the public opinion of us won't be good."

"That's why we have to act after watching the situation. If needs be, we can just leave the city after taking everything there is."

After the Haven Empire's lords surrendered, they decided to act as the situations unfolded.

If the Haven Empire started to quickly regain its territory, they would stand next to them and fight against the Arpen Kingdom.

However, after the Northern users quickly settled into their cities, they lost the chance to go back to the Haven Empire..

"Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge!"

“Wow... the guild facilities in this city are quite good. The stores are big and there are lots of supplies.”

“It’s because it’s in the Central Continent.”

“It’s my first time at the Central Continent. Overflowing money and technology. Wow... But of course, the Arpen Kingdom is better.”

“Now this place is also a part of the Arpen Kingdom.”

Northern users came through the widely opened gates and peacefully took over the city.

Even though they only used stores and facilities, the users completely changed the city.

If the ratio of the existing users before the Northern users took over was 2, then the new inflow of the Northern users would be 100. Or even more!

The lords opened their eyes widely at the sight of how the sales of weapon stores, armor stores, and general merchandise stores were soaring at the trading post.

“Yesterday’s sales exceeded by 84 times, especially the sales of pork and chicken... Ah. The Pork Porridge and the Chicken Porridge troops arrived a while ago.”

“Looks like they are buying everything. Of course they didn’t buy the expensive weapons... Is this the joy the lords of the Arpen Kingdom experience ? ”

The lords of the Haven Empire received lots of disadvantages; being in a remote region, that is.

Even though, there are lots of users who take long distance adventures, but it’s very rare for new users to start in a city that is in the middle of nowhere.

Usually new users choose the capitals of each region in the Haven Empire or the Arpen Kingdom, so these remote areas are widely

neglected.

Even though the lords were trying to develop the city, they had a limited consumption that remained at moderate level.

There were mines but instead of developing them, they were used for a small scale imports operation, and it was crowded by monsters who were repressed by hired mercenaries by doing quests.

Since the Central Continent had a high standard, it was easy to hire mercenaries, but they had always left as soon as they got their money.

“This is an opportunity. The opportunity the heavens gave in order to develop my city.”

The lords of the Haven Empire from the Hurfan region heard about the Arpen Kingdom, so the news was of critical importance to them.

Even though they were worried about the Arpen Kingdom’s development and danger, they couldn’t be happier once they changed their flags.

“Welcome to everyone from the Grass Porridge Cult.”

“Nice to meet you. Welcome.”

“Today we are hosting a free barbeque party at the square. For the participants, the priests are going to hold a blessing ceremony.”

“Come to get a coupon! Weapon exchange coupon for the level 200 users or below. I will give that to the first 1000 people.”

The people from broadcasting stations were baffled. They came to get news about the bloody battle, but...

“What’s going on ?”

“Why is there a festival suddenly? Are we in the right place?”

“This must be a mistake. But, there is no war at Belden City too. It seems the lord himself betrayed the Haven Empire.”

“You didn’t know that? At the Belden gates, the lord himself came and welcomed the Grass Porridge Cult. He even hung up a huge banner in celebration.”

The viewers were interested in the ongoing events, so people from the broadcasting station decided to make a live broadcast.

They broadcasted the Northern users’ entrance and the lively faces of the city residents.

The users who were active in the region controlled by the Haven Empire and who came from the Northern part were welcomed.

- Interesting. Of course, it’s Grass Porridge Cult.
- It’s the human-wave strategy. The signature strategy of the Grass Porridge Cult.
- Let’s have fun. This is going to be interesting.

At some parts of the Hurfan region there were ongoing fights between the Imperial Army and the Northern users.

The lords, who couldn’t choose to surrender due to their reputation, and those who were closely related to the Haven Empire, had decided to fight.

Even though the defenders fought to the bitter end, due to the sheer amount of the attackers the castle was eventually taken over.

After this came the plundering!

“Take all the properties of the lords and the Hermes Guild.”

“But don’t harm the citizens.”

“Take everything!”

Grains, war supplies, trading goods that were gathered in the castle’s warehouses, they were all taken by the Northern users.

They spared nothing. They even found the goods that had to be

sent South, to the Haven Empire.

Even though the Northern users are righteously, they succumbed to plunder.

It became a dog eat dog scenario, if you don't take anything – you're an idiot!

Even the Grass Porridge Cult could take everything that belonged to the lord.

They had to ask Seo-yoon for permission, but she decided to let them plunder.

“This doesn't belong to the Hermes Guild. Also, you would have to share with those who helped in the strike!

The Hermes Guild owned many of the main streets and shopping centers, but these places were taken over by the Northern users.

“Cha. Many people are waiting. Everyone take three each. And let's take only things that can be used.”

“Keep the order. Let's take everything gracefully.”

“While plundering keeps morale up, everything is for us all.”

At first in the several cities was a chaos because of the plundering.

Finally the houses of regular users and locals were robbed.

Even though this was part of war, the reputation and honor of the burglars had badly decreased.

– During the occupation the city was destroyed due to the fire and plundering.

The Arpen Kingdom's reputation and the kingdom's politics had a negative response in the nearby regions.

People from occupied areas started to dislike the kingdom.

They welcomed the occupants, but started to suffer from the pillage.

They had to throw away their expectations and optimism of the Arpen Kingdom.

On the broadcast it was reported as ‘indiscriminate robbery’ and ‘Hell of Confusion’.

The evaluation on the internet was also a difficult thing to understand.

In the past, when there was a war in the Central Continent, more atrocities happened. The side that won started to commit robbery, and the side that lost started a fire because of jealousy.

But the Grass Porridge Cult’s members are still generous.

– The way to promote robbery!

For the robbery the rules were made, but actually you only had to maintain the order.

The broadcasting stations had influenced Northern users to steal the Haven Empire’s property in an orderly fashion.

Since those images were broadcasted, the lords of the Haven Empire in the Hurfan region lost their fighting spirit.

They surrendered to the Arpen Kingdom because they realized that if they resisted, they could lose everything.

In the Grass Porridge Cult’s emergency strategy room.

A meeting was in progress over the map of the Versailles Continent “The Haven Empire’s army is strong. That’s why it’s unreasonable to conquer all of the Central Continent.”

“Right. As for our forces right now...”

“despite the fact that the Northern users always participate in a war, they did have limits. The Imperial Army will also meddle in the attack.”

“Looks like the Hermes Guild has a secret plot. Also it looks like

they are more concerned about the regions dealing with rebel forces than about those whose development is slow”

“We should show strength to discourage stubborn counterattacks.”

At the Grass Porridge Cult’s emergency strategy room, the best decision was made using all the gathered information.

About the Northern users’ strength, the plan for joining the continent and the circumstances.

Some of the users belonged to the Ministry of National Defense, but they supported the Grass Porridge Cult.

“We shouldn’t be satisfied with Imperial land. For a while there is no profit.”

“I agree. Since the Northern users were involved in a war, the production power and economy are shrinking.”

“The Versailles Continent is too wide. Even though only one region was taken, it can be said that Empire’s power has been partly reduced”

The strategists were worrying while putting down the map of the Versailles continent.

The plans to use the Arpen Kingdom’s power and to destroy the Haven Empire were put aside at the end of the discussion.

“My head hurts. The Haven Empire is very strong. The Northern users will be weakened once they arrive at the center of the Central Continent.”

“If the Empire strengthens their tactics and maneuvers, defending our territory will be challenging..”

“If it’s like that, then the war...”

“The death of the Goddess. Don’t you think that everything is going awry?”

At the Grass Porridge Cult's emergency strategy room Weed was angry again because of their words.

As the result, a surprisingly great plan was made.

“Tear apart. Of course, it wasn't a matter of abruptly conquering the continent.”

“That's right. To tear it apart piece by piece. Now I understand the meaning of these words.”

The plan to make the Arpen Kingdom stronger is to tear apart the Haven Empire!

The beginning isn't in the land, but in the sea.

“We have to make a statement.”

“But how...”

“All the users who don't belong to the Hermes Guild think of us as a hope. If we surrender, that's the end.”

The Grass Porridge Cult and the Northern users wanted to keep their pride. Even though they started Royal Road later, they didn't want to give in without a fight.

“That's what Weed said. To tear apart the Haven Empire.”

“Umm...”

“At that time we were too narrow minded .”

Hye, Fractal, Boromir

The 3 mad sharks of Becky Nin.

The ones who went to trade to the far flung Southern region could not hide their joy.

“Our saviors .”

“God... Is that our Armada ?”

“There's no doubt. We are true pirate admirals.”

A pirate!

A buccaneer that belongs to a country and sink merchants' or enemies' ships.

The 3 mad sharks of Becky Nin were appointed as the Arpen Kingdom's buccaneers.

The users of Varna port and Rezard were in a conflict with the Haven Empire, so they were repressed.

The Northern coast was filled with small and medium sailing vessels, adventure ships, galleys and trading ships.

There were amulet ships for the battle and simple fishing boats.

"Let's get some more pirates."

"Where are you going? Huk huk huk."

"I have a skeleton flag. How's it? Also, there is a bad tooth on the skull."

"Nosae, nosae, nosae. Because I'm young..."

"Old man, stop singing! I'm trying to fish."

As the waves hit the seashore, more than 100,000 ships were seen.

If you compare that to the number of Northern users, it looks like a small amount, but in reality it wasn't.

The 3 mad sharks of Becky Nin were taking ship that could board up to 150 working people.

"Give us a ride."

"Is this ship going to the Haven Empire?"

"Old man, can we go to the Lidum region on this ship?"

"I found a ship that is going to Rodium. It's the principal. I can help with a crew job."

Even the regular users boarded ships like taxis!

Considering the weather and current, they got ready to depart during night.

Every ship was filled with supplies and trading goods.

“Set the Sails.”

Dawn.

About 100,000 fleets were shining brightly and left for the South/for the Southern part of the continent.

The 3 mad sharks of Becky Nin were leading and other ships were trailing them.

Kyaak! Kyaaa!

There were people who were annoyed by their flaps and squeezed to sit at the front of the ship.

(To be continued...)

Chapter 2: Naval Battle At Neria Sea

Part 1

Haven Empire navy!

They are gathering at Port Borask.

“We’re the rulers of the sea. No one can fight against us.”

The Imperial Navy was very proud.

They thought that they’re the best on the continent, due to extensive technological lead and significant armaments, since the performance of the ship is crucial at the sea.

The Imperial Navy gave a chance to Drinfelt and Hakim to have their revenge against the Arpen Kingdom, because of the difficult past that pierced deeply into their minds.

- Northern users departed from the Rezad port!

- Their destination is Lidum and Rhodium. Let’s prepare to strike!

While preparing for the war, the Imperial navy’s intelligence came in handy for gaining the advantage.

“We’re also departing.”

The navy’s admiral Kalmaen decided to depart.

They got an official permission from the Hermes Guild administrative officers.

“Suppress with power. It’s not true that we’re weak. We have to show them what’s going to happen if you fight against the Haven Empire.”

Lafaye and his comrades couldn’t afford to let Northern users to land at their ports.

The Northern user’s military force wasn’t strong enough to threaten the Empire.

Northern users were also a part of that frenzy war and it was

different from Hurfan region that had lots of mountains and slow development.

Since both Rhodium and Lidum are very rich areas with big armies, Hermes Guild members never thought about them ever being conquered.

Still Northern users tried their best to not give a show which would demean the work, which was put up by those who trusted in them and fought for them.

Whereas Hemes guild understanding this tried to not make a scene of carnage and make themselves more of a villain as they already were, so they tried to kill them decently.

“Everything needs to be in the sea. They can’t step on the Empire’s land.”

“Of course.”

Kalmaen led 300 heavily armed battleships, including Galleon, carracks and others, to the East.

“I see them.”

“Found the enemy fleet. Prepare for the full-on strike.”

Haven Imperial navy discovered the multitude of huge fleets from afar.

Since lots of users uploaded videos and started broadcasting it on the internet, information warfare didn’t have much meaning within the Royal Road.

Also, Arpen Kingdom’s fleet was able to find a suitable location which was a strategically good position before the start of war.

“Let’s not repeat Drinfelt’s and Hakim’s mistake. I’m different from other Hermes Guild members. I’m not that careless so as to ignore my enemies. I will demonstrate my perfect skills while defeating the opponents.”

Kalmaen and other Hermes Guild users in the navy were spread according to the ocean currents and wind direction.

“Enormous.”

“Seeing it with my own eyes, it seems much grander than I thought.”

< The discovery of enemy’s fleet!

It’s a large-scale fleet that overpowers allies. Sailors fighting spirit is reduced by 20%>

The sea was covered by boats like an endless plain or forest.

The Ships spread their sails for the south, but the exhilarating feeling in a huge battle caused them to feel fear.

Even though Kalmaen and navy users have been accustomed to naval warfare, it was their first time fighting such a large-scale battle. But they didn’t have any negative thoughts.

“The sea differs greatly from the land. Ship’s performance and wind greatly affects the state of a battle. These conditions are important factors, that determine the difference between victory and defeat.”

The Imperial navy carefully crafted tactics.

“How about the cannons?”

“The loading is complete. We can shoot anytime.”

“Going against the wind and hitting the enemy from behind. As long as we aren’t falling, let’s do it.”

“Yes, admiral.”

The Imperial navy lined up in a long line and greeted Northern users’ fleet.

“Came to the crossroad.”

“Fire!”

The Empire’s line of the ships opened fire and launched the cannons.

While producing a thundering noise flying cannonballs hit the Northern users’ ships.

Kwang kwang kwang!

Some of the cannonballs fell into the sea and caused columns of high water.

“It’s sinking!”

“Escape right now!”

Dozens of Northern users’s ships sank. Some of them were destroyed and were sinking slowly into the deep sea.

“Let’s shoot too. Fire!.”

“We won’t suffer from single hit! Shoot while loading!”

The Northern users’ ships that were on the front line also shot.

The cannonballs were flying near the Imperial navy ships while leaving a white smoke.

“It will be an overwhelming victory. The number of enemies doesn’t matter, what matters is the quality of weaponry.”

Kalmaen sent a signal to the navy.

“We will continue bombarding. We have overpowered them by our fleet’s performance, so we will shoot till the end till no one is left.”

“Yes, admiral.”

The Imperial navy continued the bombardment as they had promised to do so.

They shot without mercy, showering the Northern users’ fleet

with cannonballs.

Even though the adventurer's ships with high speed relocated themselves to the front, they actually became an easy target.

They couldn't endure and sank into the sea.

"Kukukuk"

"Ah, this isn't easy."

Kalmaen was also tensed because he saw the scale of enemy's fleet.

In a sea battle, the ship's scale, performance and the range of cannons were very important.

The cannons that shot with the wind had a longer range.

Even using canons with similar specifications the Imperial navy was at a more advantageous position, so there being a major difference between shooting range was obvious..

The Imperial navy ships were bombing enemy's ships and moving gracefully ahead to the front.

The Northern users tried to set their sails high but they were unable to catch the Empire's fleet as the distance between them increased as the time passed.

The Three Mad Sharks of Becky Nim were helpless in their struggle to engage the Imperial navy.

"Bastard!"

"Let's go. Our ship can catch up with them. Their ship is too slow."

"We can't. Even if we were to go to the front we would be destroyed."

The Three Mad Sharks from Becky Nim were in the center of Northern users' fleet.

If they were to lose, everything will be lost.

Even though the gigantic fleet of Northern users was gathered, the Imperial navy destroyed them easily.

When the users die on the land they lose experience, level and items, but they are still revived again.

On the contrary destroyed and sunken ships can't be restored.

It was a marine power that was brought from the Arpen Kingdom. Most of the ships were disappearing in the deep Neria sea.

The wide sea was filled with sunken ships, which was the cause of happiness for the members of Hermes Guild and Imperial navy.

“We won. We will sink them all without getting even a hair taken from us.”

“This war will be written in the history annals of the naval warfare. They have already sailed too far, so they can't return to the Arpen Kingdom.”

The Imperial navy was ready to chase the Northern users just in case they decide to turn back.

They were already prepared for the victory with good amount of cannonballs, water and food.

In the midst of Hermes Guild ships there was a trade ship called ‘Ocean glory’ which was ready with all the commodities they would require in the future..

“Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge.”

Northern users sailed back to attack the Imperial army after unfolding their sails and attaining the maximum speed possible..

– Kkaaauuu!

At that time you could hear cries of avians at the sea.

The best avian users were from Chilling Wind.

The Chilling Wind tribe was the first tribe that got deployed.

– Start operation!

The avians started to fly from the Northern users' ship decks.

The scarlet headed avians led other birds to the high sky.

– Charge towards!

Avians, who were wearing crowns that increases the impact force, flew to the Imperial Navy.

It's a damage improvement item that is suitable only for a avians.

“Protect the ship.”

The Imperial Navy's wizards were casting spells onto the incoming avians.

While numerous flames and lights were in the sky, some of the wizards were casting a protection magic.

– Break through!

– Cozy clothes![AC3]

While avoiding the magic attack, avians rushed to the ship.

There were a few avians that were killed in the air and turned into grey light.

Nevertheless the closest ones succeeded in reaching the front of the ship line.

– Kkueeeek!

Avians clashed on the ship's deck.

Kkuuuung!

There was slight movement at the front, but the deck didn't break.

One member from Hermes Guild laughed out loud.

“Stupid guys. We won't fall from that. She's been reinforced with steel plating.”

The ship was reinforced with heavy armor!

As soon as yatchi of joins heard these words, they announced that through the communication channel before their deaths.

– Yatchi: It's a steel reinforced ship. If you hit, it gives you a headache. Reckless attack has no meaning... Kchem.

Avians were already rushing.

Since they were hit by lots of magic attacks, so if they were to fly to the sky again, they would suffer a great damage.

– Cold Wind: Even if there is no hull damage, we will aim for the sails. We have to do as much as we can!

The eyes of avians were full of strength and the wind was pushing them forward.

– Cold Wind: We are the avians who rule the sky and ride the wind. Thank you!

Northern users, especially avians, were very brave.

The vitally was low, but all they had to do, was to spread wings to fly.

The free souls that weren't chained!

The avians heard about meeting Seoyoon, so they decided to risk their lives for her.

– Two Magpies: There is no running away. Let's commence the bombardment. We are doing what we need to.

– Targo: I wish that all the avians would at least survive 5 minutes.

The avians rushed to the ship front. There was no reason to hit the decks, so they hit sailors who were launching or preparing cannons.

Ddadadak!

“It can't be! These bloody birds!”

With surprising skills and speed joins destroyed the sails.

There were no other solution how to row.

Even though there are 3, 4 wide and big sails, but even if one is destroyed, there is big obstacle.

“Chut. As expected.”

Kalmaen frowned while looking at the ripped and holes-ridden sails.

“I had prepared for that, but couldn’t prevent it. Now it doesn’t matter.”

If avians are going to be defeated, everything will disappear.

“Attention. Vessels that have damaged sails have to get out of the battle, go to repair themselves and return.”

While Imperial Navy took their time, half of the fleet left battlefield.

Since they were surrounded by the Northern users, in order to avoid attacks, they had to move slowly.

The fleet and battleships were making their way safely by shooting the cannons.

Sailors tried to lift the main big sail, and at that time cannons were being supplemented from the transport.

The Northern users were getting closer, but the Imperial navy continued to fire as they were retreating.

Northern users were hit by cannonballs, as if they were lighting bolts from the thunderstorm.

Hermes Guild members suddenly started to think that it was an easy battle, but it didn’t last long.

Drrrrung!

It was a big sound of something being caught and the hulls started to shake.

“What’s wrong?”

“She can’t move!”

“It can’t be...”

It was the first time for Hermes Guild members to be embarrassed.

The most frightening thing to happen at the sea is when the ship is unable to move. And of all the possible timings, it happened during battle!

Hermes Guild members were looking at sails that were filled with the wind and felt it was strange.

“Wind is normal. What’s wrong then?”

“I think something is wrong within the water.”

They didn’t know at all that there were Northern users in the water.

Grass Porridge Cult emergency strategy room.

The elite of navy from all over the world gathered together.

“A naval battle is unreasonable with our power. The gap between our ships and weapons and theirs is just too great.”

“But don’t we have more people and ships with us.”

“Northern users aren’t even well armed. Most of the ships belong to merchants and adventurers, and they aren’t equipped with cannons.”

“There is difference in power.”

Arpen Kingdom’s shipwright technology wasn’t as advanced as the Central Continent’s.

Shipwrights were able to construct big ships very fast, but it was rare to order cannons for the ships.

It was normal to go to the city like Becky Nim where all the pirates are gathered and mount the cannons if needed.

Northern users usually removed the cannons in order to increase loading capacity for the trading, and to improve ship's maneuverability.

Also, it was common to have not well trained captains and sailors.

“Should we get help from the avians?”

“We wouldn't be able to control the Imperial Navy with only their power.”

“Who's good at battle?”

“If the Imperial Navy isn't stupid, it will collapse from the outside. They won't fight seriously. As we know, they have plenty of cannons, ships and skilled sailors. We are very disadvantageous regarding the naval warfare.”

“So what we are going to do? Should we stop landing operation?”

“While using all we have, we must make a good plan.”

Naval elites researched about wars in the Neria Sea.

They believed that they have to prepare from the start of the war.

They were meeting day and night to make a decision.

“In order to win we have to fight them in the place we want. As close as we can.”

“Is that possible?”

“Yes, possible.”

“Marine tactics seem to be a little more difficult. It's hard to match wind and currents with time.”

“Instead of letting Northern users to follow complicated tactics, let's leave it for the biggest ships to lead.”

“Eum... that way.”

“And to maximize the effect, it will be good if Weed shows up in the end.”

“Also Weed?”

“It’s for the plan to be successful and to completely defeat the Imperial Navy.”

Part 2

The Deep sea.

At the lightless bottom of the sea, huge amount of fishes could be seen swimming around.

While the users who stayed in the water like it was their second home, enjoyed the sight of the fishes.

“Sister, there’s a lot to catch here.”

“You are right, if we were to sell them in the market, it will be for a huge profit..”

“Then we should catch them later”

“Yeah let’s.”

In the Arpen Kingdom the female users who had the Diver skill like the ones in the Cockles Porridge, Seaweed Porridge, Sea Mustard Porridge and Abalone Porridge were very useful in the battle.

They could dive down for a few hours and wait for the Northern users’ fleet and the Imperial navy to come.

“Still quite far away.”

“They are moving slowly. Let me know, when they get closer.”

The Cockles Porridge unit that had around 800 members, caught snow crabs and prawns, and tied them together in one place.

Fresh seafood from the deep Neria Sea!

Even though the war will arrive at their doorstep soon, the female divers couldn’t just stay still.

As soon as the Northern users started the war with the Haven Empire’s navy, the news was transmitted by the surface of the water.

Bursting cannonballs and splashing water.

Parts of the Northern users' ships were sinking into a deep sea.

"Atta..."

"Let's wait for a perfect opportunity to strike back."

The female divers were waiting silently as they had promised. As the signal for the ships to sail was given by the Haven empire, the female divers dove into the water to do what they were best at..

The front cannons were still shooting at the northerner's but they were unable to move forward for some reason.

The divers had tied their ships' hulk to the reefs.

"The ship is not moving."

"Check the sails."

"No problem there. The helm is not responding. Ooooh"

The ships were losing their stability.

Some of the ships weren't able to move, while others were going off in different directions.

"Fully unfurl the sails."

Jotas turned the helm and the sails definitely caught the wind, but it felt like something was tightly holding the ship.

"Incoming! A ship is approaching. Parry it!"

"Uuuak... In the right side! In the right side!"

The sailors on the deck screamed. The ship on their right side was coming straight at them.

"It's going to crash. Stop your ship!"

"We are unable to maintain control over it."

The captain and sailors shouted, but the ship was already too close.

“Brace yourselves!”

“Everyone prepare for the crash!”

The hulls were greatly damaged whenever ships rammed into each other.

Some of the ships lost their balance and the sailors were unable to move them in the desired direction they wanted; while some others were just rotating around their hull.

“There is something fishy in the sea.”

The Haven Empire had realized there was something inside the water that was causing all this but this knowledge was unable to change their current predicament.

At that time, the Northern users' fleet was getting closer.

Kalmaen transmitted the order.

“Continue firing the shells. And, some of you dive into the sea and see to the cause of the problem.”

The ships kept firing at the Northern users' fleet.

Cannons were placed on both sides of the ship, some of them weren't available to use, but were still powerful.

On the other hand, the users who jumped into the sea weren't able to get through.

“Ugh... There is a net around this area, and someone got stuck to it”

“It hard to get out of it as the jellyfish are attacking.”

Even though the Hermes Guild members were of a high level, they found it hard to move underwater.

It was easy for them to raise their level in the sea by hunting pirates and the sea monsters just by hitting them with cannonballs. Even though they had the Diving skill, it could only be used to showoff. As it became altogether a different matter

when it came to hunting the monsters or anyone inside the water.

“We’ve done what we had to.”

“Sister. Let’s finish the mission quietly.”

The female divers gave up the fight and swam far away to catch abalones.

There were Users from the special forces in Royal Road.

In real life, they were proud to be the best of each country, and they reunited at the Arpen Kingdom.

“It’s war, shouldn’t we win no matter what?”

“Of course. I don’t care if the amount of enemies exceeds ours. Poor supply of equipment doesn’t matter just for one or two days.”

“We’re the kings of the sea.”

Users from the special forces formed the Shark Porridge unit.

Avians put them in the middle of the Neria Sea before they started their dangerous mission and war took place.

“Distance to the water surface is 34 meters.”

“Freefall!”

They jumped into water wearing flippers and webbed like a parachute troops.

Even though the Haven Empire wasn’t doing anything, the Shark Porridge painted their faces.

Many fishes were just going around them.

“Target?”

“The scouts reported that it’s three kilometers away. I’m moving to the south.”

“We will catch up with them soon.”

The Shark Porridge unit was moving at a very fast pace.

A large sea monster.

In order to draw a bunch of Krakens that scared the sailors.

It was a high risk task, but when the Shark Porridge members got to know what they had to do, they laughed.

The Northern users were proud of doing a great and important mission for the Arpen Kingdom.

The Imperial navy moved slowly while bombarding.

Although the Northern users' fleet was getting closer, the members from the Hermes Guild weren't afraid of it.

'Their abilities ain't a big deal. I can't afford to be hit by a cheap cannon. Our ship's armor can endure that.'

As the Northern users' fleet was getting closer, the Imperial navy's attack range and exploding power increased.

Kwang kwang kwang!

As soon as the Imperial navy fired, some of the Northern users' ships were destroyed.

The parts of the destroyed ships blocked the way for other ships, so it wasn't easy to pass through.

Kalmaen smirked as he saw that scene.

"Did you previously fight that carefully? Anyway you would have been destroyed even if you had managed to sail to the front."

Even the first officer Gonzalo agreed to that.

"Of course, first we have to destroy the enemy's center."

"It sounds like a tactic that I would like to try now."

"It's possible."

The ships showed a good performance and were capable to

penetrate the center of the enemy's fleet.

Cannons that were placed on both sides of the deck could be fired at the call and cause serious damage.

During that process if the enemy's troops climbed up, it would result in face-to-face combat, but it was still too difficult of a task to climb up to the decks.[AC4]

Of course, the Imperial navy was trained for war, so there won't be any problem even if it came to a face-to-face battle.

The colossal amount of material superiority was something which couldn't be compared to the slow revolution in the plains of the Arpen Kingdom.

If you continue to bombard the enemy's ships, in the end none of the enemy's ships will be left.

"Anyway we have to maintain this situation. We only need to endure for just a few hours till the last of their ships get destroyed."

The image that was being drawn was through Kalmaen's mind.

As time passed, more ships will sink and after a point of time anything will work.

"Let's prepare carracks for the battle. We have to make them sink, even if it means going to the harbor of Pen Kingdom."

"Yes. I will pass it on."

Kalmaen was watching the battle without any worry. But suddenly something landed on the deck.

Kkumtul kkumtul

A cute octopus that was as big as a watermelon was crawling sideways as he moved his legs.

“An octopus? If we fry it, it’s going to be delicious.”

One of the sailors caught the octopus with his two hands. And similar situations were happening at several different ships at the same time.

The brave Shark Porridge unit!

Lots of the users were sacrificed when they were sent to the area where Krakens live in the Neria Sea.

Anyway, they caught many young Krakens and returned in order to throw them on the ships’ decks or tie them to the side of the enemy’s ships.

“I think we did what we had to.”

“Now, only the last mission is left.”

“Right. The last mission...”

The Shark Porridge unit climbed onto the ships and hid themselves inside.

“There are intruders!”

The Hermes Guild members were protecting the Imperial sailors’ place. During the battle the Shark Porridge members got control of the cannons.

“I think this side...”

“Shoot it at once!!”

Members of the Shark Porridge unit straight away put the cannon to the ship that was near them.

“Shoot!”

Cannonballs hit the deck and hull of the ship that was close to

them.

“Destroy them.”

Members of the Hermes Guild stubbornly protected the ship that was led by NPC sailors.[AC5]

Since their level and combat ability were not up to par, the cannonballs flew to different directions. They held the gunpowder directly.

“I think it ends here.”

The members of the Shark Porridge unit were greeted by the captain of the Special Forces Navy who had a legendary career in Korea.

“Well done.”

“Thank you for following me.”

“I’ll see you at the chicken restaurant.”

The unit completed their mission and decided to meet at the chicken restaurant.

While watching the start of the Neria sea battle, after death they had promised to meet at the restaurant and have chicken with beer.

“Enemy forces.”

Kalmaen looked at the battlefield from the Flaming Victoria deck.

Some of the ships attacked friendly forces, so counterattacks and repressions happened so there were few ships stuck on the rocks.

“The Northern users of the Arpen Kingdom can’t be ignored. I’m saying that they don’t want to die.”

Kalmaen thought that he realized why the Haven Empire failed each fight in the past.

“You can’t laugh at your opponent’s power, because unexpected things might happen. If you don’t prepare, you will embarrass yourself.”

The Imperial army was hard to gather. On the other hand, marine power had grown from the start of the suppression of the Arpen Kingdom.

‘Right. I won’t become a winner... but the more I resist, the bigger my name will be.’

He wanted to launch demi cannons, direct the game of the sea battle and to make a big broadcast scene.

“Can we wrap it up? The second half of the battle is going to be a little bit dizzy.”

It wasn’t a big deal when the Northern users’ large trading ships, medium sized sailing ships or fishing ships were destroyed.

“Finished.”

“Keukeuk. Let’s ruin the Arpen Kingdom.”

Hermes Guild members were standing on the deck. Suddenly huge tentacles passed them and grabbed the ship’s deck and sails.

Kwadeukdeuk.

“Someone is attacking us.”

The sailors near the cannons were surprised and started to shout. And the tentacles were rising from the sea and tightly wrapping around the ship.

“Is that a Kraken?”

“It’s the attack from a Kraken’s.”

Large sea monster Kraken.

< Attacked by the Kraken.

The legend of Neria Sea.

When the sea is covered by the mist, be careful in the sea.

Something terrible lurks in the darkness of the sea in search for a prey.

All sailors' fighting spirit is reduced by 85%>

Appearance of a Kraken.

The members of the Hermes Guild also had to think about this emergency.

“At this time...”

“It's not hard to defeat it, we could tie its legs.”

“It's not Kraken area. Do you think the Northern users went so far just to get a Kraken?”

When the Imperial navy was stabilizing the oceans, they had experienced fighting some Krakens.

“Stay calm. Even though it's a Kraken, it's not big deal.”

Kalmaen shouted and encouraged his troops.

< The 50% of sailors' fighting spirit is restored. Speed of cannon loading is faster.>

Among all the sea creatures the Kraken was the most annoying one.

In the deep sea the moving tentacles grabbed the ship and destroyed it.

Even though the Imperial navy positively attacked, the enormous Kraken went back to the sea like it wasn't bothering him at all.

“Chase it”

Members of the Hermes Guild took out their swords and cut the Kraken's heavy leg when it was rising from the sea.

If the Kraken gives up, there won't be anyone who can stop them.

Kalmaen and the Hermes Guild members were wishing for it, but the Kraken's tentacles started to climb up to the ship again.

“More appeared.”

“Lots of them. Not only a couple of them.”

More than a dozen Krakens were holding the ships or carracks.

The ships that were held by a Kraken were destroyed or couldn't move.

Kalmaen and the Hermes Guild members' fighting spirit dropped.

“Repel! It's my first time I'm dealing not only with the Northern users, but also with Krakens.”

The Krakens usually retreated when they felt that it's not going to feed them. So if you use magic or hot cannonballs, it is possible that they will retreat.

“Avoid.”

Kraken's tentacle strongly grabbed the ship and sailors were thrown into the water.

– Oooou!

There were bizarre cries. The tentacles wrapped around the ships and dragged them into the deep sea.

It didn't sink easily because of the restoration abilities, but all hulls were severely damaged.

If the trading ships used the cannons, they could have damaged their ships too.

“Why would they attack us ...”

He couldn't understand the Kraken's attack.

The ships and carracks started to head to the sea part which was the center of the Imperial navy.

A small whirlpool in the middle of sea.

Light fog started to arise and few raindrops started to drop from the bright sky.

The Hermes Guild lost their confidence because of the Krakens who were tightly holding onto their ship.

Crazy wind and swirls.

It happened that way because the peaceful background of sea was destroyed and the natural disaster was unveiled.

Part 3

Weed was standing with the Three Mad Sharks of Becky Nim on the ship's deck.

Naval battle at Neria sea!

Few days ago he had received a missive from Fractal and decided to participate in it.

“Is that for real? Are you joining us?”

“Yes.”

“Since mister Weed is quite busy, I'm really thankful that you spared some time.”

“Hermes Guild is doing bad things, so I had to take back my promise.”

“Of course they are bad people!”

Three Mad Sharks of Becky Nim highly respected him.

Not only did he appear on the pirates ship at the correct moment, but he also started to make a nature sculpture on the spot.

It didn't take him more than 30 minutes to finish making the nature sculpture.

Weed easily sculpted the air and the sea with his knife.

Each time his hands moved, holding the sculpting knife the shape of a nature changed with dripping water.

Thick fog and terrible deep whirlpool.

Among them, Kraken's shape was sculpted from the water.

Kraken ran into the whirlpool and the new scary natural disaster was created.

Actually, Kraken wasn't necessary to create a catastrophe, but it was a kind of decoration.

Board Mir. asked while swallowing his saliva.

“It’s very important to cause a catastrophe as a part of the plan. But what will we do if the natural disaster fails?”

“Fail?”

“Even monkey can fall off the tree. What are we going to do if Weed fails?”

Not only the Three Mad Sharks were interested in Weed’s answer. Other pirates were eager to hear him too.

Sculpting art – is an art that sometimes gives you unexpected results you didn’t anticipate. So that’s why it’s believed that it has to be something else apart from nature sculpture.

Weed’s calm lips stayed as they were.

“It’s the art. It can’t fail.”

“So you are confident...”

“Yes. Now is the time. When doing bad things, the inspiration to create comes.”

The magnificent sculptural masterpiece had to deal with Hermes Guild.

The great natural disaster showed its destructive power by causing dozens of huge swirls in the sea.

It was possible to destroy the Empire’s Navy held by the Krakens.

“Hold the sail.”

“Waves are too high. Everyone grab something.”

If you get caught into a whirlpool, even ships can’t easily get out.

“Sail at full speed. Escape from this area.”

Captain, sailors and helmsmen tried to avoid it.

They tried using the high speed provided by the whirlpool to get out of it, only to have their path blocked by the other ships.

“Avoid it. This stupid man. Why did you turn in this direction...”

“It doesn’t respond.”

“It’s going to crash! Aaaaaa!”

“Oooooo! It’s a Kraken.”

The Imperial navy scattered in all directions.

Swirls in a crazy wind.

The Imperial navy ships were going round and round to the center of the swirls.

Kwajijik gwadudeuk

Ships crashed inside the swirl and destroyed each other. The hulls could have survived few crashes, but they lost their durability as they hit other ships.

Of course, structures of the ships were destroyed, and sailors were swept by waves into the sea.

“Uuuooooak!”

“Save me. I’m going offboard.”

The swirl’s area was full of sounds of gusts and screams.

“...”

The disaster covered an area around three kilometers in radius.

The Northern users’ fleet was quite far. And they weren’t thinking of coming closer to take a look.

“The power...”

“It’s more than what I imagined. It’s real...”

“What a piece of sculpting!”

The Imperial navy that was destroying Northern users was hit by chaos.

The Three Mad Sharks of Becky Nin wanted to hit them even harder.

“If we were closer...”

“It would have been death. Death.”

“I would have made them lose all ships.”

Weed honestly didn’t know all about its power.

“Magnificent natural sculpting. All thanks to the sculpting master.”

The catastrophe could not distinguish enemy troops from the

allies.

Kraken and female divers worked together in the sea and managed to tie them in order to bring its full power.

Weed's lips became thicker.

'It's good that they are from the bad country. If someone used such power on me... he would probably regret his decision.'

It's a good feeling to do bad things that others won't be able to do.

The catastrophe lasted for only 5 minutes, but from the Imperial navy's point of view it looked like it was longer than the battle.

Even though the catastrophe slowed down a little bit, but ships were still spinning around. More than dozen ships sank into deep sea, and more than that were destroyed.

Looked like the sails were torn by the wind for the continuous three years and everyone realized how hard was to find such a good ships.

Big and magnificent hulls were destroyed and sank into the water.

Weed made up his mind.

"Full power. Let's punish them with the power of justice."

Historically, the justice wins!

When you improve Necromancer skills, your undead magic also diversify.

This was not like raising zombies, ghouls and skeletons.

Weed had to put back together all the destroyed pieces and summon the ghost ships using enormous magic power.

The ships of the Imperial navy that had dominated the battlefield returned as ghost ships and started bursting with flames.

Manning the ships were skeletons and skeleton captains.

Some skeletons were hanging on the torn sails and were playing with the rope.

“Kikiki. Fire the cannon! Cannon!”

The cannonballs from the ghost ship attacked the Imperial navy.

In spite of the catastrophe Kraken got stuck between ships.

On the Versailles Continent only one person was able to summon a catastrophe and the undeads.

“God of War – Weed. Weed has appeared.”

This name made Hermes Guild members nervous.

“Weed has showed up!”

“Cheer up everyone! Weed has appeared.”

“Woohoo”

“WEED”

The excited Northern users sailed at full speed to the place where ghost ships were fighting with the Imperial navy.

Sea battle of Neria!

Kalmaen got the video that he wished with all his vigor.

Although Northern users' fleet was approaching, the imperial navy had retained its pride.

“Let's fight. We are the proud navy of Haven Empire.”

“We won't suffer from these Northern peasants. Let's keep honor to the end!”

Even the sinking ships attacked the Northern users' ships by firing cannons.

Kalmaen's commands were really calm.

“Some of the ships needs to be abandoned. Explode all the

cannonballs from these ships.”

While firing cannons, ships have defeated Kraken that had lots of HP.

Ghost ships hanged around the battlefield.

“Kill, kill. Risk your lives! I will make you my comrades! Also if I have, I will give you money.”

Somewhere awkward skeleton captains of the pirates.

Weed’s Necromancer skills got lower, so the number of skeletons was reduced and their professionalism dropped down.

Skeletons lost their combat skill and had poor reprocessing skills.
[AC1]

“I’ll show a hot flavor. Load the cannons!”

“Hehet. Cannonballs are dropping down.”

“Go inside and take a look.”

“Yes, yes, understood, captain.”

“Keuheut. Good. Launch.”

Broken skeletons flew over the sea.

Ghost ships couldn’t last long, but they gave perfect chance to the Northern users’ fleet to get closer.

Ships of Northern users were endlessly approaching.

More than half of the Imperial navy’s cannons had become wet from the swirls, so they became useless.

Kalmaen picked up his captain’s sword that improved fleet’s speed.

“I prepared even this... Of course, it’s words of Weed. Let’s fight till the end with the ships that can still move.”

The Imperial navy’s fleet broke through the Northern users ships straight to the middle.

The cannon that shoot fire from the both sides hit Northern users' ships, but only for a while.

People were climbing up to the ships of Northern users.

“We’re Hermes Guild.”

“Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge.”

Hermes Guild can demonstrate overwhelming power and fight hand in hand.

The Imperial navy ships were already blocked by other ships and were unable to go any further.

Battle without a retreat!

Hermes Guild felt at disadvantage.

At one moment it was a battle that can’t be won, but the number of users at the deck was increasing and the threat could be felt.

From the beginning of battle, ships of the Northern users had been sinking quite fast. But not all of the people in these ships were dead.

Users and sailors went into water just before their ships were about to sink.

They moved to other boats and saved their combat power.

“Let’s go. We’re now Poisonous Mushroom Porridge...”

“Die.”

“Kuk... We couldn’t even introduce ourselves.”

Northern users were dying, but at the same time new people were entering into the battle.

Kalmaen and the Imperial navy had enough people to win the battle.

Kalmaen didn’t stop his ships to save his people’s lives nor saw the reason to do it. On the other hand, the Northern users had

endless will and honor.

They had the belief that others will save them when their ship breaks down.

It was a driving force for the victory that was led by planned strategies and tactics.

Weed took Bahamorg and other sculptural lifeforms to the ship, but the Northern users were too busy moving around.

“We’re professionals. This ship is being robbed by Three Mad Sharks of Becky.”

“It’s hard to operate a pirates’ ship.”

It was a chance for the pirates to take over other ships.

They tied the sails of the nearby ships and flew away.

The sea battle of Neria was won by Arpen Kingdom!

This battle attracted attention from almost all users who were playing Royal Road.

“Finally it starts. Northern users and... the Haven Empire. Even though many battles took place in Royal Road, this battle was the first large-scale sea battle.”

“Which one is better?”

“I would favor the Haven Empire. However, the Arpen Kingdom manages to create myths that are hard to believe.”

“Everything is because of Weed and Grass Porridge Cult.”

“Miracles tend to happen in Royal Road. Will another miracle happen in this sea battle? Definitely the winner of this sea battle is going to dominate the sea for some time in the future.”

Broadcasting stations had to spend a whole night up since yesterday.

“Sea battle of Neria? What’s that? This battle?”

“Northern users’ ships are landing all at once in order to stop the Imperial navy? Why suddenly this situation... No. Anyway, let’s prepare ourselves!”

“Already prepared. Need to clear the time slot.”

“Not enough. Anchors, writers. Let’s set up the studio like it’s in the sea.”

Broadcasting stations were all focused on the sea battle of Neria.

It was an important part to contact people who participated in the sea battle of Neria to get a live video.

All depended on how different people saw the battle.

“Northern users are more popular...”

“You should also ask about Hermes Guild.”

“Of course. Talk to all the people who joined.”

All broadcasting stations were broadcasting it, so all the viewers could watch all about the battle at any time.

There was a scene in which from the ship of Haven Empire cannon shoots the Northern users’ ship.

On the other hand, there were differences how broadcasting stations set up the scenes such as when the ships were heading to the area with the fishing boats.

At the beginning of the battle Northern users couldn’t see the fun part.

As soon as they got closer to the Haven Empire’s ships, the cannonballs were flying to the ships and sinking them.

When allies saved the sinking ships, but still this battle was thought to be a normal sea battle.

– Arpen Kingdom’s chance of winning is quite dark. There is a big gap between cannons and ships. It’s impossible to overcome these

numbers.

- Sinking! This time mid-sized sailboats were completely overwhelmed.

Also the audience rating was the best because almost everyone in Royal Road was watching the broadcast.

Because of the sea battle of Neria, users who were in the Royal Road didn't go hunting and just sat in a local pub and watched the crystal ball.

Each broadcasting station fiercely talked about the battle, and when the Northern users' plan was revealed, everyone was impressed.

- Ties legs around the ship.
- Some doesn't have power.
- Reduce the range of power. But this changes how...
- Kraken! And... the unbelievable sea.
- It's a Disaster. The great natural disaster.

Until the expected savior Weed.

The performance of undead wasn't great, but still managed to annoy the Imperial navy.

Also, Northern users never lost hope from the beginning till the very end.

- Arpen Kingdom had restricted power.
- Sailors didn't know how to shoot cannonballs correctly.
- Northern users hanged ropes and used it to jump from ship to ship. Where did that courage come from?
- Look at the sea. Northern users are coming up from the sea. Reckless! It doesn't make any sense. Swimming between waves and ships, where the Imperial navy and Krakens are fighting.

In the end, the imperial navy's 250 carracks weren't sufficient enough to deal with the endless Northern user fleet.

The sunset shined through the horizon in the sea.

The sea of Neria was filled with the burning ships of the Northern users.

"Hurray! We won!"

"Grass Porridge Cult's victory."

"Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge."

"Hurray to Weed. Let's cook the crab porridge."

The Northern users who survived were loudly shouting.

The Northern users gathered in a big ship where they had a party.

Female divers and users were cooking the seafood they caught and brought some beer.

The night's sea was illuminated by burning ships at the background of the Northern users' party.

Even these scenes were broadcasted and received responses of the viewers.

- Once again they did the impossible..
- There is nothing impossible for the Grass Porridge Cult.
- Seems like miracles happen when ordinary people gather.
- I don't think that they are ordinary. It's not enough to participate in the battle.
- Have you seen the small fishing boat? If that goes into sea, it will just turn upside down.
- Haven Empire. Again one side is right.
- Keuu. This is delicious. This one. This.
- The strategy prepared by Haven Empire was quite dumb. Using

the same strategy as the last time. There were so many posts on the viewers' bulletin board that it was difficult to check them all.

Royal Road's Hall of Fame exploded with videos of the users who participated in the battle.

Surprisingly even defeated Hermes Guild members uploaded their videos of the battle.

They ran through the Northern users ships, fighting with them and sinking ships with the cannons.

Hermes Guild members' views were also very high.

- Kya. The sea battle looks great.
- The romance of sea. Sometimes it's boring to go to the distant sea.
- Navy and sea battle. That's Royal Road's sea.
- Do not to forget the adventures.
- Even Hermes Guild members... Being a sea user seems cool. They fight quite nicely.

Chicken forum.

This place became popular because of Weed.

- Today is chicken. Which chicken is the most delicious?
- I prefer chicken leg.
- Everything is delicious. Very delicious. But you need to check about delivery.
- It's current chicken. From now on the reservation is until 5 o'clock. Chicken is fried by that time.
- I also have a chicken restaurant. I used all the chicken in the fridge and had to close down the place in order to rest. But there are still people waiting outside.
- You've just opened your restaurant. If Weed or Grass Porridge

Cult comes, make sure to fill the fridge. You should be prepared to fry about 100 chicken in one hour.

- I want chicken. My son runs away as soon as he smells the chicken. And my daughter likes fried chicken.[AC2]

- Shouldn't Weed be awarded by the chicken forum?

- Everything is delicious. Very delicious. But you need to check about delivery.

- It's current chicken. From now on the reservation is until 5 o'clock. Chicken is fried by that time.

- I also have chicken restaurant. I used all the chicken in the fridge and closed down the door in order to rest. But there are people waiting outside.

- You've just opened your restaurant. If Weed or Grass Porridge Cult comes, make sure to fill the fridge. You should be prepared to fry about 100 chicken in one hour.

- I want chicken. My son runs away as soon as smells the chicken. And my daughter likes fried chicken.[AC3]

- Shouldn't Weed be awarded by the chicken forum?

- Of course. It would be great to get one chicken.

- Make 500 coupons.

Chapter 3: The Appearance Of The Order Of Iron And Steel Knights

Part 1

Weed and the Northern users landed on an uninhabited island in the Neria Sea.

The booty they got from destroying the Haven Empire's fleet was so huge it was hard to even calculate the exact amount; all the stolen ships and war supplies! Sharing them alone can already yield a large profit, but the most significant reward was gaining the control over the sea trade routes.

A ship that was able to sail to the far away seas as well as engage in combat and trade needed a lot of resources, manpower and time to build. Restoring the Haven Empire's navy would take tremendous amount of efforts, so from now on, the sea belonged to the Arpen Kingdom.

"Since the Empire can't use marine transportation, the Northern users can freely use the trading routes."

Mapan, who came to the island with the help of Yurin, smirked from ear to ear, his belly swaying.

"Using the sea routes, transportation costs will be greatly reduced for the Northern ships, not to mention the possibility of smuggling; the profits gained by the regions next to the sea will be incredible."

Smuggling-the trade that does not pay taxes to the Empire!

Once caught, merchants would have to deal with a ruined reputation and disgrace, but as long as they got away with it, the profit they will gain from the deals will also be huge. Some people would go so far as to recommend smuggling as the quickest way to grow a merchant's business.

Weed's face was also content, as if he had just had a very hearty meal of fried chicken.

"As merchants get richer, the North will build up a lot of fortune

eventually-”

“-by taking away the Empire’s wealth. It is already having a lot of trouble dealing with the rebels, so it will be difficult for the Empire to take actions against the northern merchants on top of that.”

“We need to push them even harder, when the circumstances are in our favor.”

“Yes sir. We’ll try to squeeze every last copper out of them.”

Weed’s comrades were deep in thought while listening to this conversation.

How would I feel if I was in the Hermes Guild and hadn’t found out about the real Weed until now?’

How horrifying!

Knowing that there is someone who is coming to steal everything in your pocket someday, and that person is none other than Weed? Even worse still, Weed won the respect of a kind and innocent merchant like Gamong, and had the support of the Grass Porridge Cult.

‘He’s different from those bad guys who appear in Batman or Superman movies; he’s a cutting-edge villain: A sage of all villains, so to speak.’

‘Supported by ordinary users and helped by mass media...He can make people follow him even if they know who he really is; I guess he’s the ultimate form of a perfect villain.’

‘Nobody can blame a successful villain.’

Weed encouraged the Northern users to repair their ships. Since it was an important task and couldn’t be delayed much longer, he himself participated in the task and used the shipbuilding skills he had gained.

‘Just as I thought, working with a good ship improves my skill proficiencies faster.’

He could increase his skills while repairing a ship of the line, and the users were happy to see Weed doing the hard work just like them, oblivious to his intention. There's a good reason why politicians appear on TV pretending to enjoy cheap street food during an election season.

“Alright, let's go plunder the Central Continent!”

“Hurray!”

“Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge!”

The Northern users were used to large-scale quests and hard labor; they chopped down all the trees of the uninhabited island to repair the damaged hulls.

Due to the sheer number of users, it didn't take long to complete basic repair of the ships. As there was no more threat of a war with the navy, it was enough to just get them to stay floating in the sea.

“The wind is fair. Let's depart.”

“Depart!”

“Today we are going to eat dinner at the Litum region.”

“Conquer the continent!”

The users who arrived in fishing boats and rafts were now enjoying cool wind on the decks of carracks and battleships.

It was a happy time to play as a user of the Arpen Kingdom, enrolled as a member of the Grass Porridge Cult.

Just going online on Royal Road was enough to make all of your stress disappear.

The Cloud Guild, Lion Castle, Roam Guild, Black Sword Mercenaries, and the Black Lion Guild.

Those who belonged to the prestigious guilds of the past were facing a strange situation.

Shadow of the Cloud Guild sighed.

“Is it really wise of us to idly sit like this?”

“What choice do we have? We got a request to stand by and do nothing.”

“But that was ages ago! Besides, it’s not like we have to obey that Weed dude as if we were his lackeys, am I wrong?”

Shadow exclaimed angrily.

Ever since the Hermes Guild lowered the tax rate, their fate took a very disappointing turn. Users of the Central Continent didn’t follow the old prestigious guilds even though they hated Hermes Guild.

Despite the fact that they ruled over wide territories, these old forces were crumbling ruins. There were no new members enrolling and the remaining useful members had left; about half of them went to join the Arpen Kingdom, and others went to the Hermes Guild or became independent.

The Versailles Continent was wide, and it was not easy to hide their identity and become wanderers, dealing with hunting and trading.

The old prestigious guilds were now nothing but remnants, and their forces were diminishing every day.

Shadow bit his lips painfully.

“Isn’t it because we followed Weed’s words in the first place that we all ended up like this?”

He was furious, remembering how the Cloud Guild had shrunk compared to its glory days.

Gunt from the Lion Castle also agreed with his opinion about Weed.

“If we had joined forces and occupied the same region, things wouldn’t have gone so badly. It was a mistake to believe the words

of someone who isn't even an ally.”

Roam, Mihel and Calis thought differently.

‘Well, as to losing our influence...that was because we were overpowered by the Hermes Guild.’

‘We have no territory; we have nothing.’

“Join forces to occupy one region? What are we going to do if the Hermes Guild attacks us then? Besides, it's not like we reach a consensus that easily.’

Part of the reason for the fall of the prestigious guilds was the fact that they could not form a proper alliance. Indeed, it would be impossible for the guilds that once fought each other over the dominance of the continent to sincerely cooperate.

Calis from the Black Lion Guild said tentatively,

“But don't you think this might be a chance for us?”

“What chance?”

Shadow asked sharply but he didn't hide his expectant tone.

“The Hermes Guild is ostracized by common users. Broadcasting stations are taking actions, and the guild is now attacking the Arpen Kingdom and the Desert region. Obviously their military power is going to be scattered.”

“So you mean that we should seize this chance for resurgence?”

“Not really...”

Calis gave a light sigh.

The glory of the past!

It was not very long ago when they reigned over people like kings, but it now felt like a lifetime away.

“Take a look at the ability from the Hermes Guild to conduct a war; it won't be easy to reclaim the land we lost.”

“So?”

“We need to follow Weed’s words so that we can strike a blow to the Hermes Guild.”

“That we can do, but what’s next?”

“We should help the Arpen Kingdom win this war, and if we serve under Weed...”

“Calis, what nonsense are you talking about?”

Shadow shouted loudly.

“What an incredibly foolish opinion.”

Gunt also couldn’t hide his disapproval, but Roam of the Roam Guild, and Black Sword Mercenary Mihel didn’t change their expressions; they knew which way the wind was blowing.

Roam carefully opened his mouth.

“Even if the Hermes Guild were to dissipate, we still wouldn’t have a chance. Most of the users who don’t like them will either join the Arpen Kingdom or the Grass Porridge Cult.”

“But we still have quite a lot of high level users. If we gather all five guilds’ strength...”

Mihel cut Gunt’s words short.

“That’s no more an easy thing to do.”

“What?”

“There has to be some hope in order to fight, isn’t there? If I told the Black Sword Mercenaries that we have to fight against the Hermes Guild, there would be a stream of deserters.”

“Our guild is of the same opinion.”

Calis from the Black Lion Guild agreed.

The continuing defeats against the Hermes Guild had resulted in a lot of complaints from the high level users.

Roam shook his head.

“We cannot risk any more war. Even if we hung our guilds’ flags in front, nobody would come to join our cause anyway. But if we unite under the flag of the Arpen Kingdom... we could absorb the force of the rebels. Or even more than that.”

“Hmm...”

“Indeed, it is like that...”

Shadow and Gunt were beginning to change their opinion.

If they couldn’t build a Kingdom that bears their name in this world, well, at least they would need to find a way to survive.

“...”

“They lost.”

“Huh...Just like that...”

The heads of the mighty Hermes Guild.

As the system changed
into that of a war for conquest, even the great lords attended the meeting.

The absolute domination over the Central Continent and the advance to the North!

Fate had it that they saw the video of the Imperial navy being defeated as they were about to distribute the assignments in accordance with these two quests.

“The navy, which was thought to be invincible, was annihilated; there won’t be any chance for us at least in the sea for the next three months.”

Lafaye’s eyes became sharp.

The defeat was shocking, but they were quick to calculate profit and loss.

The Haven Empire’s growth was based on conquest; in a certain sense, not having been able to pioneer the sea reduced the damage.

“From now on, let’s focus on what we need to do.”

Lafaye stirred up the people around.

“Mister Crebolta. Please, take care of the Briton region. You don’t have to wait till the rebels gather. If you see even small signs of them, wipe them out.”

“Understood.”

Crebolta was ranked in the top 10 of Royal Road.

He had great abilities, but as it was often the case with the top-ranked users, he usually did not come forward unless there was a big war.

When the Hermes Guild let Crebolta move, it meant that they were starting to take things seriously.

“Mister Calcus. You’ll need to take care of the Tullen region. We

will give you control over the entire regional army.”

“A massacre is exactly what I want.”

Calcus smiled, revealing his white teeth.

In contrast to his handsome face, he was a slayer!

The more users he kills, the stronger his madness and aggression became, which were his unique abilities. Once the instinct of massacre was awakened, even Bard Ray could not underestimate him.

“Mister Jento. Please take charge of the defense and stabilization of the Gradian and Nest regions.”

“Will do.”

“Mister Heroid, your charges are Breman and Sur regions. Also, be prepared for the coastal attacks.”

“I will take firm hold of them.”

Lafaye arranged the military power of the main regions.

The armies of the lords, excluding the central Imperial army ruled directly by Bard Ray, will be ruling the regions. When your rule over a country centers around military force, it inevitably leads to conflicts with the users. It would be too much to consider the average tendencies of the users of the Hermes guild and hope that those with power will not abuse it.

You forced us to draw our sword. We were hoping to turn to peaceful methods as we dominated the continent...Now, we won't look back.'

Lafaye's eyes glinted sharply.

Stable domination and control!

They tried to change the power-centric system of the Hermes Guild with Bard Ray in its center through policies, and failed. Now it was time to show the true colors of the Hermes Guild once

again!! Indiscriminate destruction and conquest.

Part 2

Calcus the Slayer led the 4th legion of the Imperial army.

The Tullen region, which was once ruled by Black Lion Guild, was infamous for the rebel forces.

“It seems the rebels are gathering around the Luga River.”

“It is said that they have a plan to take over the Formos Castle again.”

“Looks like the rebels got bolder after the navy was defeated.”

Calcus thought this was all very ridiculous.

‘the Hermes Guild is home for the top elite users of the Royal Road. I’ve been trying to live peacefully without drawing too much condemnation from people...and now you dare complain?’

The answer was simple: kill!

He thought Lafaye had led the Hermes Guild to the wrong way because he had too much thought.

‘Even if some users are not happy about our iron-fisted rule and leave to the North, what does that matter? We can always attack the Arpen Kingdom once we gain a firm control over the central continent’

Calcus ordered the 250 000 soldiers of the 4th legion to advance.

The number of troops itself was not immense; however, after Haven Empire took over the Central Continent, the legions from 1st to the 5th were reorganized with the most elite units only. Most importantly, the number of the Hermes Guild users mandatorily assigned in the 4th legion amounted to 5000. Each member of the Hermes Guild could boast of their strength in any village or city they went, and now 5000 of them had gathered together. If it had been in the past, the combined forces of them could have threatened any Kingdom; of course, the rebels felt like a joke.

“They are but an egg in front of our truck. Let’s just wipe them all.”

Calcus advanced his troops near the Luga River where the rebels had planned to gather.

“Don’t ask questions. Any users here in this place will face the massacre.”

“Yes, sir!”

The soldiers and the Hermes Guild users of the 4th legion started to attack.

“It’s an assault!”

“It’s the Hermes Guild. They are here!”

The users who were about to attack Formos Castle were raided.

The 4th legion charged in unison, sweeping the whole area where users were gathered.

“W, wait. We were just here to spectate.”

“Die!”

“Please! Spare us! We will just go home.”

“Too late.”

The army of Calcus committed an indiscriminate slaughter. They listened to no excuses or reasons.

‘This way is better than sloppily killing just a few and let people blame us. We need to show our real power.’

Their goal was to exterminate all the users who dared to attack Formos Castle. The mounted troops patrolled far and wide, not allowing even a single user to escape.

- The Hermes Guild’s full-scale attack!

- Calcus the Slayer and his 4th legion appeared near the Luga River!

– The meeting is canceled. Everyone run for your life!

Inside Royal Road or through broadcasting stations and the internet, the news of the 4th legion launching an attack was spreading.

The 1st 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th legions were well known for their evil deeds during the time when Haven Empire was uniting the Central Continent. The legions, whose very existence left deep creases on the forehead of anyone who ever fought with the Hermes Guild before, were now slaughtering the users. This alone was enough to prove the strength of the the Hermes Guild and excite the whole internet, but there was another hot topic.

“The Steel Knights are going to war.”

the Hermes Guild was revealing their combat golems for the first time!

Steel knight golems wearing thick and sturdy armor were riding on the metal horses. The order of the knights that possessed horrifically strong defensive abilities and life force unique to the golems; the Steel Knights were pushing straight into the enemy lines, not allowing the rebel users any room to breathe.

“Wall of flaming fire!”

Mage users made the fire wall thicker but the Steel Knights just charged right through it. The Steel golems slaughtered the users, their burning bodies notwithstanding.

The result was the total annihilation of 200 000 users who had planned to attack Formos Castle, except for a few mages or users with flying skills. The users who were supposed to join later as reinforcement were too scared to show up.

– H, Hermes Guild!

– Stupidly strong. This is just like the time when they were

conquering the continent.

- I think they got even stronger since then.
- Whoa...I guess this is the true power of Haven Empire.
- Their navy was still massacred though. What a delight! They deserved it.
- Haven Empire's main force is their land troops anyway.
- Who on earth would dare to face that army?!
- Check out CTS media. They're showing the battle of the 3rd legion too. There are more than 50 000 Steel Knights!

With one surprise following another, broadcasting stations and users couldn't even catch a breath. Haven Empire was unleashing the power they had kept hidden until now, and its capacity in battle was simply stunning; needless to say, the strength of the Hermes Guild users and the army had increased, but on top of that, the Steel Knights were nearly unstoppable. Whether they were attacked by magic spells or struck with an iron mace, the Steel Knights got up without any sign of weakness and fought on. Armed with incredible life force and defense, once swept by their charging lines, no one could withstand it. Even users with level above 400 or 500 were trampled by the Steel Knights. Steel golems were naturally slower and had relatively low attack power, but they compensated for these weaknesses by riding on specially constructed horses.

- I reckon those equipment were crafted by dwarves.
- They don't look like they were made in Tor, though.
- It seems they conducted research by locking up elves or dwarves of the Central Continent as slaves!
- That'll result in a huge amount of evil reputation...Who would do that sort of thing?
- It's possible for the Hermes Guild. Even if a few people have to

take responsibility and gain evil reputation, they can still develop and produce things like those. And those who took the responsibility will receive massive rewards.

– When money, time and villains are put together, anything is possible!

Both Royal Road users and broadcasting stations alike could not repress their astonishment as they witnessed the true power of Haven Empire.

Despite their number which was several times greater than the Imperial army, rebels could not even put up a proper fight.

It was not an easy task to knock down or destroy the Steel Knights, and even if one managed to break more than half of their body, they would replenish their mana in a second and recover the lost parts of their body.

– Yikes, did you see how the head and arm were growing back just now? That gave me the serious creeps.

– How do you deal with that kind of thing? They look unbeatable.

– With those Steel Knights, you wouldn't even need any fortress. Just have a great slalom in a plain and you are invincible!

– Trying to overwhelm them with the number wouldn't work either; they are golems, they don't get tired! My God...

Even during big battles, the number of Steel Knight golems destroyed was minimal.

While it was true that the slaughter of the Imperial navy had dealt a blow to Haven Empire, the revealing of Steel Knights certainly turned the tide of the war.

It was thought that the Arpen Kingdom, or even the rebels wouldn't have a chance against the Steel Knights.

Weed was watching the broadcast while stringing beads.

Ding!

< Stringing 1000 beads – successful.

Your proficiency in sewing skills has increased. >

“So that’s the Steel Knights...”

He thought they were excellent weapons for the battle.

Claiming the hunting areas and collecting taxes were not the only things Haven Empire did while they occupied the Central Government. They were continuously developing magic and technology, fully enjoying every benefit they provided.

“They have been preparing that kind of stuff in secret.”

Golems were the natural enemies of Weed’s undead minions; they didn’t leave any corpses, nor were they destroyed easily. The only thing the Arpen Kingdom could count on was their human wave strategy, but even that would be inefficient against the Steel Knights.

“And you don’t even have to pay them! You can just use them forever.”

The beings that you could exploit to your heart’s content and not worry about being caught by the Department of Employment!

“I should have made a golem like them”

Weed gave a big sigh.

Those steel golems would probably have been created by the combination of advanced magic and blacksmith skills. the Hermes Guild wasn’t all about rankers with optimized skills for battles; its members also included people with various high-class professions such as blacksmiths. If master blacksmiths Herman and Fabio

hadn't been recruited to the Northern Continent, it would have been greatly disadvantageous for battles between high-level users.

Level and skills are important factors in the fight between users, but one couldn't ignore the benefits of good equipment. Even more so, during a war, a great number of siege engines are used which are made by blacksmiths, so their role was very important.

“Summon golem!”

Even with Weed's Necromancy, only a normal clay golem appeared despite the fact that he summoned only one.

That same golem can be summoned even by a Necromancer below level 100!

– I look for work.

“Just carry the luggage.”

Weed used his golem as a beast of burden.

It was one of those types of magic for which the skill level grew very slowly even if you repeated summoning.

Since his abilities as a Necromancer were growing so fast as well, it was difficult to equip with spells other than summoning undead.

Still, his current summon undead spell was at intermediate 6 level. Weed's level finally reached above 500. It could be said that it was all thanks to hunting the Hermes Guild users and taking the tour around all those horrifying hunting areas including the devil Delam after returning from the Giants' land.

“Never mind that, I thought I was starting to finally catch up with them, but...”

Weed wanted to pursue the ultimate strength. Even when he was earning a couple of silvers by carving a piece of wood as a sculptor in reality, in his mind he was already smacking the back of a dragon's head.

“I wish I could just go hunting for three months... that way I

would be able to match the top rankers of the Hermes Guild. I could also do a bit of time travel.”

Ever since he became a necromancer, a profession which was easy to level up, after mastering sculpting, he had dreamed of catching up with everyone very soon. His ambition was to become the strongest of all, by putting all other matters aside and just focusing on hunting and combat quests. But just as he was enjoying the benefits of a necromancer’s hunting speed and a sculptor’s other secondary effects, he was put into the position of having to conduct a war against Haven Empire; if not because of Weed’s popularity, because of his position as the king of Arpen Kingdom.

“Would it be better to fight them now before the Hermes Guild gets any stronger? It doesn’t look like Haven Empire will back down so easily, seeing how they revealed their secret weapons. Hmm. It’s more difficult for strong ones to be patient.

Weed thought about Haven Empire’s future.

They showed their great military forces, which had been formed by monopolizing benefits of having the Central Continent under their control.

‘After establishing the Empire, they would have been able to build up wealth, army, everything; It must have been a lot easier because unlike me, they had an organization.’

Now that the Imperial army was fully committed to the war, the rebels in the Central Continent would eventually be suppressed. However, as soon as that’s done, Haven Empire will turn the tip of its sword towards the Arpen Kingdom.

Now the stakes were too high for both the Hermes Guild and Weed to step back. “The advantage I’ve got...is that I can take lead in this war, in any case.”

Every broadcasting station was discussing the war of Haven Empire.

Their viewpoint was that while Haven Empire was absolutely superior in terms of military power alone since their production would decline due to the rebellion and the users would leave, the Arpen Kingdom would have an advantage if the war dragged on for a long time.

Weed thought from a different perspective.

‘The overall situation looks pretty good. Haven Empire has to protect its land. And it has to take back the land they lost as well. On top of all that, it has to conquer the Arpen Kingdom.’

Troubles were brewing in the Southern desert region, rebels were fighting in the Central Continent, and the angry users of Arpen Kingdom were attacking in the North.

They had great power, but there were a lot of debtors who wanted to take everything little by little. And debtors are supposed to be the most terrifying beings in the world.

‘The chance is now. If I miss this chance that Seoyoon made for me and any one of those regions became calm, there won’t be any future for us.’

Part 3

Kallamore region.

This region in the Central Continent blessed with its emerging prosperity and its liveliness even rivaling other regions in the North, was ruled by Da'in.

An Excellent governor!

Receiving overwhelming support from the local residents, she boasted astonishing power of influence over the region. However, as it was under the reign of Hermes guild, rebels continually emerged from within.

“As we are currently in war, we cannot tolerate the rebels any longer.”

“I am confident that I can negotiate with them. Besides, they haven't caused any serious damage yet.”

“I know that the situation in Kallamore is better than other regions. However, if we leave them as they are, we risk the possibility of the rebels spreading extensively. The Central Authority ordered us to suppress the rebels, and you as a governor are obliged to comply.”

“...”

“I will retrieve your authority over military forces and battle engagement only. I will not intervene in the internal affairs.”

Gigad of the Guild Administration took away part of Da'in's governance.

It was decided that many talented people of Kallamore, a renowned birthplace of valiant knights, would be absorbed into the Imperial Army.

“Ugh.”

Da'in sighed, but she could not make any protest other than that.

She was a so-called “parachuted employee”!

While it was true that she did great service by ruling Kallamore well, she got her position through appointment by the top authority of Hermes guild, which meant that she had a lot of internal enemies who were jealous of her.

Since Kallamore was a stable region, Imperial Army was not deployed to the region and the private armies of the local lords carried out the task of suppression by themselves.

“Eliminate them all!”

“Crossing of Mepon River is now prohibited. Let’s prove that Kallamore is not inferior to other regions!”

The lords and users of Hermes Guild, free from all the restrictions that had been put upon them, was wreaking havoc.

Eager to make public contributions, they executed groups of rebels, sometimes getting overexcited and waging battles beyond their strength.

“Is this really necessary?”

“I know, right? We have always been playing nice, even holding festivals and whatnot.”

“This has been such a peaceful region, free from any fight... and now they ruined it.”

Even in Kallamore region, which used to be firm and stable like a stone bridge, deep hostility was spreading among the users, just like the other regions of Haven Empire.

“If it’s going to be a big war, we have to accomplish something from it.”

“I guess we have been too idle lately. We need to start taking off the rust out of our swords.”

“Ahem. We don’t fight to gain popularity. We also don’t fight to boast in front of women. We fight, to the very limit of our strength, because that’s the reason for our life!”

“You’re right, of course!”

“Well, then let’s show them what we’ve got.”

Geomchi brought all of the masters to the Desert region; along with the Desert warriors, he intended to have a proper match against Haven Empire.

The trainees who reached the Southern Desert region earlier had established a firm ground. Users playing in this area responded sharply to the news that Geomchi and the masters arrived from the Arpen Kingdom.

“Do you think there will be a fight?”

“The current system is just perfect as it is...good for plundering, too.”

“Yeah, pillaging the Great Plains went really well. Even now there are plenty of opportunities for plundering, seeing how the Central Continent is in disarray.”

“The Imperial army might be strong, but we can always avoid fighting, using our camels’ mobility.”

“I’m worried the current system might lose its balance.”

The number of Desert users was still quite small, and they were feeling uneasy towards the arrival of Geomchi.

They were worried that the tradition and the system of the Desert among the trainees would be shaken, but their concerns turned out to be unnecessary.

“Masters, you came.”

In the Desert, the trainees lining up on both sides greeted Geomchi and the masters.

What a scene: all those burly men wearing leather clothes, bending their backs and bowing deeply!

Silver, Ben and Elix, who were in an adventurer party, were speechless after witnessing this.

“More people like them have come.”

“It looks as though they consist of 505 people, those who were searched upon throughout the whole humankind.”

“Right, those who have muscles instead of brains...ahem.”

Geomchi's gaze fell upon the clothes made of leopards' and tigers' leather Geomochi and other trainees were wearing.

“Those clothes look good.”

“Hehehe. We caught them by ourselves. Nothing is better than leather clothes in the Desert. We also prepared one for you, master.”

Leather clothes in a desert, not in a jungle!

Since something about them looked very impressive, Geomchi thought it was a pretty outstanding decision. There were quite a lot of things being resolved in this manner between them.

“You must have had a tough time. How do we play here?”

“Well, nothing big deal. Just hit and break things. Since you are here, we will entrust everything to you.”

“I heard you're working on a commission.”

“It's nothing huge. They say that we are founding a new Pallos Empire .”

Pallos Empire was a strong country blessed with the glory of the desert, its territories spreading over a vast land. Despite the fact that the Empire had lost some territory in the Central Continent, it still had a wide area of desert that consisted of tribes and cities.

Even nomads and wanderers were included in the population, so

establishing an Empire was a big quest.

Geomchi folded his hands behind the back and smiled contently.

“Sounds like a pleasant job.”

“Yes. As a kid I used to charge into the den of the local gang with an iron pipe in my hand and now... Ah, sorry, Master.”

“It’s alright. We all used to be immature. 10 is a quite good age to hold an iron pipe.”

“As always, you speak wisely, master.”

Geomchi² was responsible for the organization of the Desert warriors.

As someone who was a top student of Geomchi and had worked as a master of a martial art academy for a long time, dealing with the Desert warriors wasn’t a difficult task for him.

As for the users, only a few words were enough.

“Give a good fight.”

“Y-yes! I, I will fight till the very end.”

“Even if the battle is disadvantageous, please don’t run away.”

“If my legs and arms get broken, I will fight on with my teeth!”

Geomchi² spoke gently for certain, but somehow it looked as though the users were carving his words deep into their very bones.

It’s said that humans have reason, but when people met Geomchi² and talked to him, an animal-like instinct that had been lying dormant within them was awakened.

‘He would kill me if I cross him. He’d knock me down without effort, and once he starts to swing his arms...’

‘If he hits me, I’m dead. That’s the best outcome. That, or becoming a vegetable. I’ll be beaten until I feel like I would rather die.’

‘This is the person who you must never turn into an enemy.’

Geomchi2 even had a girlfriend, but people’s view of him hadn’t changed.

When he smiled, the users trembled in fear even more.

“Is there anything you find uncomfortable?”

“Un...uncomfortable? Not at all! I’m living in great comfort.”

“If you need something, feel free to tell me anytime.”

“I’m really, REALLY very happy, thanks!”

Geomchi3, Geomchi4 and Geomchi5 envied his leadership.

“He’s different from people like us who only get angry all the time.”

“Right. There’s a lot to learn from him.”

“Wasn’t he going around beating people a lot in the past, though? He’s the one who taught me how to hold an iron pipe correctly.”

“What are you talking about, Sachi? I don’t remember that at all.”

“But we learned together... Ah, right, you were hit in your head quite a bit that time.”

“Aha. That’s why I don’t remember!”

A massive rally of the Desert Warriors!

A countless number of warriors flocked to the Southern border of Haven Empire.

“Are we going for some more plundering again?”

“Of course, let’s go for another round.”

Most of the users active in the Desert area have also joined.

The desolated, unforgiving Desert region naturally had a striking

difference to the fertile Central Continent or Northern Continent.

When you were active in the Desert under the scorching sun for long, you were bound to dream of plundering the Central Continent.

“Who’s the captain? Is it Mister Geomochi this time as well?”

“No. It’s Mister Geomchi.”

“Very similar name, but I don’t really know him.”

“He is not very well known around here, but he’s truly a powerful man. He is said to be Weed’s swordfighting teacher.”

“Huh... Really?”

“Yes, I’m sure of it.”

Geomchi, together with the masters and the trainees, assembled the main forces in the Southern Desert.

“I’ve heard that I’ll get a sword if I come to this place.”

“You know how to wield it?”

“Yes, that’s all I have done in my life. That’s what every man had to do in order to protect our tribe.”

In the Desert, warriors came to the reputable heroes, asking to serve under them.

Due to the harsh conditions of the Desert region, it produced a lot of great warriors, who gained experience through battles and wars.

If one completed an achievement by war, one could gather a lot of troops, so their military force was remarkable even though their population or economic power was small.

The warriors who gathered under the banner of Geomchi alone amounted to 500 000, a striking number.

“Khmmmm.”

Geomchi and the masters felt quite a burden.

“So all these people’s lives depend on us.”

“Yes, master.”

“What would happen if we hurled all of them into the fray in one go?”

“I think everything here would be pretty much ruined.”

The decisive battle that will determine the fate of the Desert region.

Through the plundering of the Great Plains and the trade with the Arpen Kingdom, the Desert region was gradually establishing a foundation for production; if all these Desert warriors lost their lives, the region would suffer from monster attacks and the establishment of Palos Empire would be a very distant dream indeed.

“Master, shall we turn back?”

“No. Once a man has drawn out his sword, he has to cut at least a radish .”

The Desert warriors led by Geomchi and other masters and trainees raided on the territory of Haven Empire.

About half of them were cavalries riding on camels.

A large-scaled assault by the Desert warriors, intending to bypass ramparts and fortresses using their swift mobility, to pillage granaries and villages.

- Congratulations! We welcome all of you from Palos Empire!
- Welcome. Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge.
- We are friends of the Desert!
- Hurray to Weed!

Huge signs and placards hung on the city and castle walls welcomed Geomchi and his Desert Warriors.

“What on earth are those...?”

“No enemy left for us to fight, Master!”

“Where did they go?”

“Probably fled. The remaining people are welcoming us.”

The lords of the Great Plains and small principalities.

Following the first wave of pillaging, they watched a massive Desert Army rallying for the second wave through the broadcast.

“Looks like they are ready for another strike; what shall we do?”

“Any news from Hermes Guild?”

“They said that they are sending in the defensive forces... but the number will probably be quite small.”

“Again?”

“Well, they have always looked down on us, so what did you expect? Besides, since everything was taken away during the last raid, it's pretty obvious that they're thinking we're not worth protecting.”

Hermes Guild dispatched about 30% of their forces to the rebels and about 60% to the fight against the Arpen Kingdom.

Even if the warriors struck the Southern Desert region, it wouldn't result in a loss of territory.

Since the city suffered no serious damage and the granaries have already been mostly depleted after the last attack, they decided that there wasn't much more to lose.

On the other hand, in order to defend against charging Desert warriors, the defensive forces would have to be spread further apart throughout a wide area.

They weren't interested in besieging and taking over the castle, so they ran rampant over a large open space.

The Haven Empire would have to stop them mainly using their cavalry as well, but that would require too much dispersion of

their forces, which would become their weakness.

Lafaye and the heads of Hermes Guild decided to focus only on the Arpen Kingdom.

Since they didn't want to deliver another legendary triumph to the hands of Weed, their conclusion was to strategically abandon the Southern land.

However, they still could have saved the castle or the city from the Desert warriors, had the local lords chosen to fight with all their might.

“Now they're just being cruel. It would be too much for us to prepare for the war all on our own ... They pretty much mean that we'll need to throw everything we've got if we want to survive.”

“They have abandoned us, so why do we have to fight for the Empire?”

“Should we just turn to the other side?”

Part 4

“But where would we go? We’re so far from Arpen Kingdom.”

“To the Desert. According to the rumors I heard, the Desert region is yet another place with Weed’s influence cast all over it.”

“It is? Could you tell me more details?”

“Ever since Nodulle and Hildren quests, the Desert region achieved a rapid growth thanks to Weed, and...*whisper whisper*... Also, it is said that the leaders of the Desert warriors are Weed’s acquaintances.”

“Is that so?”

Thus did the local lords decide to desert Haven Empire.

They were now welcoming the Desert warriors, while intending to dispose of their property and flee if things went south.

– Territory Conquered!

Nedro Castle will be incorporated into the Desert region.

The residents are fearful due to the rumors about the vicious Desert warriors.

- Public order +24
- City development level -16
- Religious influence -25
- Culture -15
- Economic strength -40

– Territory Conquered!

The city of Gosome will become part of the Desert region.

As the Desert warriors are entering through the main gates, the citizens refrain from outdoor activities. .

Even the children are too scared to cry, hiding themselves inside their homes.

Public order +31

City development level -21

Religious influence 30

Culture -19

Economic strength -44

Gosome is a metropolis of the Great Plains that has a population of 230 000. With the expansion of Palos Empire's territory, each warrior's strength, agility and stamina have increased by 7 as an achievement.

Geomchi5 and the trainees, who were on their quest for the Establishment of Palos Empire, planted the flag in the castle.

“Wow, all these stats...”

“Are they any useful though?”

“Weed always said that everything comes down to stats eventually.”

“Well, if our youngest said so, then it must be right.”

Geomchi and Geomchi2 had such great faith in Weed; they would even give their treasured sword to him if he asked.

“Second, thanks to our Little One I think I might finally get married if all goes well. I wouldn't even know such a world exists if it weren't for him; I'm the kind of a guy who finds a remote controller for a TV too complicated.”

“I am the same as you, master.”

“Wouldn’t it be wonderful if our Little One could be the host for my wedding?”

“We should definitely give him that role, yes.”

If Weed hosts a wedding ceremony in reality, the broadcasting stations might be present to relay the live event.

If the wedding takes place in Royal Road, it would be possible to have hundreds of thousands of people participating in the event in the Earth Palace.

“By the way, now that we have conquered this land, how are we going to rule it? The lords have surrendered, but we can’t leave our troops here.”

“It is true that there’s not going to be much difference once we leave.”

“Then what’s the point in conquering?”

So, while having this conversation, Geomchi and Geomchi2 realized they needed to face a very important fact.

The characteristics of the Desert warriors dictated that they weren’t bound to the territory and borders.

With their troops moving around like the wind, there wasn’t much they could do even if the cities and the castles that had surrendered to them joined Haven Empire again.

Of course, the lords of Haven Empire were having this in mind when they decided to surrender so easily.

“I think I’m going to have a headache. Let’s ask Weed about it.”

“That is a good idea.”

They briefed Weed on the current situation in an in-game whisper and waited for a reply.

What effectively was an unsolvable conundrum to them took exactly 15 seconds for Weed to come up with an answer.

– Weed: You need to fight like Desert warriors.

“Like Desert warriors?”

– Weed: When I founded Palos Empire... ahem...You could say I was rather brutal, although it was because I travelled in time, of course.

“Yes, I saw it. You wiped out practically everyone.”

It was one incident during which Weed’s true character was almost uncovered, as it was broadcast.

As a player of Royal Road he is now admired as a wise king or a great adventurer,, but in the days of Magical Continent, he was unmatched tyrant; except his bullying was mainly directed towards the prestigious guilds of ill reputation, which was why he could maintain his popularity among the general public. He was the one who could fight against them on behalf of little people.

– Weed: Raise your army. Recruit the soldiers from the surrendered region by force. You’ll need to get everyone you could, such as commoners with some sword skills or mercenaries.

“It’s nothing impossible, but we already have big troops.”

– Weed: Since the land where you have to fight is wide, the more you have the better. Think about it; even as a kid, we knew 10 people is better than 5 when we played an ally captain.

“That’s true. Hmm.”

– Weed: When the lords surrender, take their troops and keep raising yours. After you take the army of the first couple of regions, it would become difficult to defy you for the next ones.

“Because our troops are that much larger.”

– Weed: That’s right. Once you pass through the Great Plains, the Empire will actively try to stop you because that means the entire Central Continent might be in peril. From then you just have to ruthlessly plunder and collect war supplies, and keep on fighting

while continuing to raise the troops.”

“Hmm...”

A great prospect revealed itself in Geomchi’s head.

Haven Empire.

And the wild Desert warriors pillaging the Empire of such great power!

‘I guess that’s quite cool, right?’

That prospect was once a reality painted by Weed during his time as the Great King of Desert, and as his exploit became famous by broadcast, many men dreamed of such deed.

“Sounds fun.”

– Weed: Yes. Well, if we lose the fight then that’s the end for us, but what’s there to lose? Once a man has drawn out his sword-

“-he has to cut at least a radish.”

Weed did not intend to stop at just manipulating Geomchi and the trainees from behind when it comes to fighting Haven Empire.

‘I didn’t expect a war to break out... but still, I’m the one who attacked the Empire.’

And the war was not going to end so easily.

‘We have quite a good idea of the military strength of Haven Empire and Hermes Guild. Of course, there would be more hidden weapons like those Steel Knights...’

Weed thought he would have had several secret assets too if he had been the head of Hermes Guild.

With overflowing amount of money, an organization and information network that cover the whole Central Continent, it would be only natural to secure military strength using everything they could, quests and whatnot.

It wouldn't be overly strange if they too had some sealed power Like EBN Order.

'So how many secret weapons would they have? 2? 3? That feels a bit too few. Maybe 8 to 10? They wouldn't have had time to prepare so many after unifying the Central Continent.'

Quests were often discovered by adventurers and excavators.

There were users with special professions and fame like Weed, but things like quests or sealed skills that can affect the whole continent were not very common.

'Let's say it's 5. They probably have prepared around that number. And Steel Knights are one of them.'

A man of such quick wits; he would probably be able to correctly guess the number of chopstick pairs Lafaye had kept as spare after he got a delivery from a Chinese restaurant.

'The number of Hermes Guild users... approximately 752 300, according to their guild website. And the Imperial Army has 3 000 000 people.'

From the point of view of someone who rules a Kingdom, it was a ridiculously large amount of troops.

Worse still, these numbers did not include the number of troops independently owned by their lords.

'Thanks to Seoyoon's sacrifice, the circumstances became more favorable. They need to station about half of their troops in fortresses or castles for local defense. The rest will be mobilized for the war.'

Weed was drawing a big picture in his head.

The Imperial Army with the strongest military force.

Even after the existence of the things like the Order of the Steel Knights was revealed, it didn't pique Weed's interest much.

Arpen Kingdom, the Southern Desert warriors, and rebel forces.

He was going to gather all of them in one team and hunt the lands of the Empire.

“Hard work is often wasted easily. I was holding a grudge ever since they took over the whole Central Continent for themselves; and I bet there are others with the same grudge, too.”

The elite soldiers of Haven Empire were gathering at Hurfan and Litum regions.

40% of Hurfan region was already conquered by the Northern users, and a landing operation was taking place in Litum region.

“We arrived at Litum. Everyone get off the ship!”

“Woow.... so this is the Central Continent.”

“Look at those beach houses. They’re so pretty.”

“Now I get why everyone’s talking about the Central Continent”

Quite unlike the scene of landing operation in which there was a fierce battle engaged by both sides, Northern users were disembarking from a large sailboat in a leisurely manner.

After the landing they visited the city shops in the coast, enjoying shopping and taking a look at the goods.

The ships of the line and Karaks stolen from Haven Empire and were also used to transport the Northern users.

“We have a ship with great ride comfort! No rocking in the waves. Sail to Litum for just 7 gold!”

“We’re going to depart in 30 minutes. You can have dinner at the Central Continent’s harbor Radek!”

“Anyone fancying some fresh-caught sashimi, get on board! We have a captain with Intermediate 7 level fishing skill! He can catch just about anything that’s not a Kraken!”

Merchants and adventurers were making good profits through

the transportation of the Northern users.

In addition, they could raise a fortune by bringing food and other trading goods in large quantities and selling them.

Since the rebellious uprising, Haven Empire was suffering losses in their mineral mining, crop yield, and even goods production.

Indeed, even though there wasn't any shortage of daily necessities, the price of groceries and other basic products was raised by 30%.

Most of the cities in the Central Continent bought products of Arpen Kingdom with expensive price, and with added benefits of specialty products, it was a jackpot for many merchants.

For the merchants chasing after profit, it was a good opportunity to create great wealth and business growth by selling the spare supplies of Arpen Kingdom to Haven Empire.

“So they are the Northern users...”

“Things got quite lively. It's good to have more people here.”

The Central Continent's users welcomed the new people.

When Arpen Kingdom came into control, the taxes were reduced to less than a half of the original amount; in addition to the official tax rate, various surtaxes and public usage cost, trade taxes were deducted

The profit would have been several times greater if it had been before the Empire reduced the tax rate, but even as in current state it was an enormous gain.

“Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge!”

The Central Continent's users willingly joined in, chanting the words Grass Porridge.

“But what kind of porridge are we?”

“Well, I like Bamboo Shoots Porridge...”

“But it’s so hard to go through the procedure for joining. And it would be nice if we come up with something by ourselves.”

“There said to be about 130 porridge groups in the Grass Porridge Cult. Would there be any new names we could take?”

“um... How about Flower Porridge?”

“Flower Porridge?”

“Yes, small grasses and flowers blooming on the ground...It’s a nice harmony. Also, it’s beautiful.”

The beginning of Flower Porridge Army founded by a few users of the Central Continent!

They put flowers in their hair in order to show their membership in Flower Porridge group.

In a matter of just a few hours or a day, the size of Flower Porridge army increased remarkably and everyone in Litum region were walking around with flowers in their hair.

Elves and fairies showed their sweet beauty by having flower ornaments on their hair,

but the problem was that even tall barbarians and muscular warriors put flowers in their hair.

There was a small fishing village in the Litum region called Brundelheim; 7 novice users of level 70 from the Nothern region came to this village, and by that evening the atmosphere of the whole place has changed completely. Now, each and every one of approximately thousand user of this village was having flowers in their hair.

“So this is what it feels like to be in Grass Porridge Cult. To feel somehow connected as one to someone who’s completely different from me.”

“We aren’t alone. We all live together.”

Chapter 4: Liberation Of The Free City Of Somren

Part 1

Imperial Army's subjugation of Ritten region was led by Trakis the Conqueror of the Third Legion.

"We will destroy it thoroughly in a week. Not only will the Kingdom of Arpen be driven out of this land, but given any chance, we will invade it in return." Trakis declared to his commanding officers.

The 250,000 elite soldiers of the Third Legion formed the basis of the army under his charge. In addition to that, there was a reinforcement of 100,000 troops recruited from the nearby cities under his order as a lord of Haven Empire, and another 100,000 Imperial soldiers deployed by the commanding center of the Empire.

A total of 450,000 powerful troops! And there were none less than 50,000 Steel Knights following behind them.

"The estimated number of Nothern users that landed on Ritten region is one million."

"And how many of them are above level 400?"

"Our guess is about 5 percent of the total number."

The reports from the secret agents working in Ritten region were arriving in a stream. Hermes Guild actively utilized secret agents during the conquest of the Central Continent; over a hundred of them had been sent to Ritten region, so naturally any new information arrived through them immediately.

'We could simply trample on them right now...'

Trakis was one of the top 20 rankers of Royal Road, but he still took some time to think carefully before going to battle.

'Judging by the combat power alone, they would not be able to match even 10 percent of our military strength. But there will be a

lot of unexpected variables.’

He was so convinced of their victory while watching the broadcast that showed the Nothern expeditionary force attempting to conquer the Castle of the Earth not long ago. But the sight of the huge army being destroyed as the castle collapsed on them gave a considerable shock to Trakis; an unbelievable twist, during that dramatic moment.

‘Weed’s intervention is more likely than ever. There will be more Nothern users streaming in, too...Then the answer is a lightning war; don’t give them time to prepare.’

Trakis thought the situation will become more difficult if the battle dragged on. Nonetheless, he took care not to show these inward thoughts during interviews with the broadcasting stations.

“Weed and the Northern users? They are nothing.”

“You seem to have great confidence before the battle.”

“Of course I do. We are not going there to fight. We are going there to trample on them.”

For the morale of the whole troops as well as his own popularity, he decided to talk big.

Na Ye-seul, a field reporter of CTS Media with an unusual choice of race as a bear, asked him with a smile, “A contest between Weed the God of War and you, Mr. Trakis-it’s only natural that this event is highly anticipated by everyone. Are you willing to fight if there is a one-on-one match against Weed?”

“...”

This gave Trakis a pause.

‘one-on-one fight?’

He had to be cautious; if he said yes in the interview, then a situation might arise in which he has to face Weed directly by himself. Not only would his life be at stake, but also the whole

Third Legion might be defeated before even having a proper fight if things went wrong.

‘This is rather uncomfortable...’

His mind raced as though he was just caught while stealing. True, he was one of the very top-class rankers of Royal Road, but still, he would rather avoid a duel with Weed; the man’s fighting capability was not something that could be predicted by normal standards. He got stronger in unusual ways such as causing disasters, or changing race or form. There were even rumors that claimed he had an ability to stop time.

“It was so strange. I clearly remember my skill was just about to hit him directly, but instead, I was the one who got killed the next second.”

“A short-range teleportation skill? But it was a bit different. Normally a skill attack does not hit at the same time you move.”

“Even if you manage to disable his magic, it’s no use; you cannot block that particular movement no matter what you do.”

These were some of the comments given in unison by Hermes Guild users who had fought Weed face-to-face. They were all strong in their own ways, but their general sentiment was that Weed was comparable to a mirage that couldn’t be reached.

“Fighting Weed? I must say, that is an exciting thought. However, as a commander-in-chief, I’m afraid I cannot carelessly rush into a fight when there’s such an important battle ahead.

“Ah yes, I understand. It would be rather overwhelming, fighting Mr. Weed directly.”

“No, I don’t mean...”

“Then, would you accept if Mr. Weed challenges you to a duel?”

“...”

The Imperial Army of Haven led by Trakis moved swiftly, night and day.

“Move faster, move!”

The Third Legion troops were even wearing specially-crafted armors; these equipments improved the resistance against nature in case of disasters, and maximized the longevity of the soldiers to the limit.

‘With these, we can prevent death by natural disasters up to some extent. Also there are no factors that could maximize the damage like in the sea...’

‘Trakis employed a massive number of scouts, preparing for ambush. The troops avoided terrains such as canyons, rivers and swamps whenever possible, even if they had to make a detour. Taking advantage of their horses and carriages they tried to compensate for the longer distance with speed.

As there was also a teleport gate installed in the middle, they arrived at the border of Ritten region just two days after they left the center of Haven Empire,

“The small damaged villages can be restored later; we will continue advancing towards Shelgium, the heart of Ritten region, at full speed.”

The Nothern users had already conquered Shelgium, which was once the capital of the old Ritten Kingdom.

To be precise, the word ‘conquest’ was not quite appropriate, because hundreds of thousands of Nothern users approached Shelgium,

“Finally, the day has come to repay Weed’s kindness.””

...and one of those users used to be something like an elder citizen of Shelgium.

Mandol!

He once asked Weed to carve his unborn daughter. He was willing to pay any price, but the cost of this commission was 1 Copper.

‘He wouldn’t give something like this a lick and a promise, would he?’

Mandol was anxious, but he waited for the completion of the work.

That 1-copper-sculpture turned out to be a mythical work depicting the life of his daughter.

Even an art center was built in Moratta, and Mandol settled down in Arpen Kingdom with his wife. He was the first one to come forward and take the lead when Grass Porridge Cult started their march.

“Let’s go! Take revenge upon Hermes Guild!”

As Mandol took his place in the front line, young users of Grass Porridge felt afraid.

“Who’s that old guy? I’m scared...”

“H, he looks really intimidating...”

Mandol, who was making even his allies feel frightened just because of his threatening looks.

When he arrived at his old home Shelgium, a lot of users in this place voluntarily came out to welcome him.

“Dear sir Mandol!”

“You’ve finally come. I have waited.”

In spite of his appearance, Mandol was a kind and considerate guy. There were users all over Shelgium who had played Royal Road and leveled up with him, or who owed him favors.

“If Mandol needs our help, then of course we should be there for him.”

“Yes. And it’s not like it’s a bad thing if Arpen Kingdom takes control of the region.”

As there were signs of an uprising even among the users of Shelgium, Vegus, the governor of the city, chose to open the castle’s main gates and flee by night. Publically, this event was known as the downfall of a parachuted officer who had got his position through money and connection, but in fact this was planned by the heads of Hermes Guild.

“We must not let the war drag on for too long; we need to subdue the rebel forces all at once in order to show them the power of the Imperial Army, and we need to overpower Arpern Kingdom.”

Thus they decided to let their enemy take Shelgium, the capital of the Government-General, without bloodshed for now; a scheme to confine all of the Northern users in one place and exterminate them in a single assault!

“We must make sure there is no space for even an ant to escape.”

When talking about a siege, total annihilation of the defending force inside the castle would show just how big the gap between the two sides is in terms of military power.

The Siege of Shelgium!

The dawn was breaking on the day of the battle between Haven Imperial Army and the Northern users.

“Wow...Look at all those tents.”

“That’s the splendor of the Imperial Army for ya. I must say, it IS quite amazing.”

Northern users were standing along the castle walls of Shelgium.

Looking over the tents of the Imperial Army which were more than 10,000 in number, the air was surprisingly relaxed.

“Let’s just go and have a large meal.”

“Good idea. If we die, we die, right?”

These Northern users didn't even fear defeat; they were none other than the advance party of Grass Porridge Cult!

The main force was on their way down from the borders with Haven Empire, little by little.

“We don't have enough stone!”

“Is there a mountain nearby that we can use as a quarry?”

“There's one about 2 kilometers away from here. There are a lot of rocks by the river, too.”

“Then let's go and dig them all!”

The main force of Grass Porridge Cult was on the march, even paving a road that leads to Haven Empire in the process.

If Weed had made an explicit suggestion to conquer Haven Empire in the first place, he could have easily formed an expeditionary force of more than 10 million people. As the news of Seoyoon's sacrifice was extensively spread among people through broadcast, more than half of the whole Northern users were advancing southward in anger.

As they were descending in thousands of smaller groups, it was impossible to know the exact number. Their architects were even securing a traffic route on their way down, paving roads to ensure the swift movement of the main force.

“It's fine if we die. But we are the frontline liberation army against Haven Empire.”

“Yeah, you're right.”

“I bet our sacrifice will be remembered throughout the history of Royal Road.”

Crowers, a user with the level of late 400s, were talking to his comrade Zenthall at the castle wall.

-There is no chance of winning this battle.

Meanwhile in the Emergence Situation Room of Grass Porridge Cult, people were analyzing the fight against Haven Empire.

While continuously monitoring the status of the military strength of both sides, they came to the conclusion that it would be difficult to defend the occupied area with the advance party alone before the main force comes to join them.

A second lieutenant, who had been kicked out of Korea Military after reporting a corruption case regarding the ingredient used in the meal service, voiced his opinion.

-It would be best to abandon Shelgium and back off for now. Even if that means we need to hand over our victory to Hermes Guild.

He also explained about the difference in strength between the two sides to the representative users of Shelgium.

“It looks like a planned movement that the Third Legion is marching to this place immediately after Hermes Guild gave up Shelgium. We need to retreat.”

The advance party of Grass Porridge Cult and Mandol were determined not to follow that plan.

“We are not going to back off.”

“But this is too reckless!”

“Grass Porridge is a legend. Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge!”

The core of this advance party consisted of Grass Porridge fanatics; they did not want to retreat the moment after they reached the Central Continent.

Mandol smiled as well.

“It’s going to be fun, fighting to my heart’s content. I’m going to join them.”

“Mr. Mandol...”

“Nobody’s forcing other people to join. Those who do not want to take part in the fight can choose not to go online on Royal Road for some time, or withdraw from Shelgium. Those who decided to stay; please don’t blame them. We are doing this because our hearts demand it.”

After listening to Mandol’s speech, the users of the Central Continent couldn’t easily make up their minds.

As they were high-level users, death was a very big loss. But their pride would be hurt if they decide to flee, tail between the legs.

“So, we are a scapegoat...no, not a scapegoat. I’ll die as a warrior, fighting against Haven Empire.”

“It would be my pleasure to fight alongside you.”

About half of the high-level users of Shelgium decided to join. Once they made up their mind to lay down their life, the only thought left in them was the hope to fight without regret.

-The siege of Shelgium has begun.

-Haven Imperial Army is swarming the castle walls.

– Siege weapons. Flame carts and Ice catapults are being used.

– Look at those fireballs and ice shards with the size of a house; they are being shot from the distance and even hitting the buildings in the city, flying over the walls!

-Those weapons haven’t been used after the conquest of the Central Continents.

-With each shot from Flame carts, tens of Nothern users are killed.

Most of the broadcasting stations related to Royal Road were relaying the scenes of the siege of Shelgium.

Haven Empire versus Arpen Kingdom!

The broadcasting stations couldn't ignore this event especially when Weed himself could join the battle, and the viewers were showing great interest as well.

Weed gave a sigh.

"They would have been better off giving up Shelgium..."

His catastrophic nature sculpting would not have been enough to sweep off the whole Imperial Army from a normal plain.

The big gap in their military force might have been overcome with a lot of resurrection sculpting or life grant skills, but that would have meant losing at least 20 levels per every battle; the situation was impossible to handle, even for a necromancer.

Even without Weed, the advance party in Shelgium will give their best effort to fight against the Empire, and they will be annihilated.

'Hermes Guild might have a feast, after killing all the Nothern users and the users of Shelgium.'

The event will be exaggerated as a great defeat of Arpen Kingdom or the Nothern users through broadcast as well.

Weed wanted to get something in return for Shelgium.

'If you give me sour grapes, you bet I'll trample them with my feet.'

He has already contacted some of his trusted acquaintances, and a couple of users active in the Central Continent.

Calis from Black Lion Guild and Roam of Roam Guild came bringing the entirety of their troops as soon as they got the whispered message from him.

The place for their gathering was the united region of Britten; it was a strategically important area, holding about 30 percent of the economic bloc of Versa Continent, a free city that became the

center of trade and commerce.

Inside the underground sewer, a dungeon meant for starting users of around level 35, Weed had a meeting with a thousand high-level users.

They were in the deepest part of the sewer dungeon, crawling with fist-sized cockroaches.

“We are going to take the free city of Somren.”

“Hmmm.”

Roam and Calis just listened to him in silence.

Their state of mind might be complicated, but in any rate, the free city of Somren was a big game.

‘Taking Someren...with just a thousand soldiers?’

‘How many troops are there? Quite a lot, as far as I know. Easily over forty thousands.’

With the two users who once had unmatched fame in the entire Central Continent keeping quiet, the rest did not even dare to ask questions.

There were so many things they wanted to ask, but this was a plan designed by Weed himself.

‘He must definitely have something in mind.’

‘He probably has prepared a lot of hidden cards that he hasn’t told us about. After all, he is the hero of legend who hasn’t been defeated once.’

‘He is even willing to give up Sheldgium in order to concentrate on this scheme; it must be huge! I’m so honored to have been included in this battle. I’ll tell my girlfriend and parents all about it when I get back.’

A thousand was not even enough to alert Hermes Guild of their existence, and their fighting power was definitely insufficient, too.

People like Pale, Python and Romuna were dragged in to join in as well, after being contacted by him.

“Do you want to go hunting for about a week?”

“N, no...”

“I was about to say I’m going to fight Hermes Guild in Britten.”

“Oh, in that case, You could count me in...”

The moment when all hope was about to be drained from them, they were tempted by this offer and decided to participate.

Seasoned Crab was also hiding in darkness, listening to Weed.

“The first step of our plan begins in the Central Plaza of Somren. The place has a lot of floating population.”

“hmm.”

The users gathering inside nodded. Everyone who was present was a top elite user with level near 500 or higher; they were Weed’s acquaintances, or the top-class members of Grass Porridge Cult. They had also visited the Liberty City of Somren before Haven Empire united the Central Continent, so they knew how prosperous that area was. The united region of Britten was the true heart of the Central Continent, controlling its economy.

“Due to security reasons, I’ll reveal the second and third steps when the time is right.”

“Umm.”

Weed’s suggestion went through; there wasn’t a single objection.

Part 2

Swhooooosh!!

The users had arrived through the teleport gate of the free city of Somren.

“Come buy some flowers! You can even eat these when you are hungry.”

“Unbelievably cheap Wakame! If you don’t like having bread while exploring dungeons, try this seaweed after boiling it. It’s good for your health, and also has a useful effect that increases your HP recovery rate!”

“Anyone need professional help with repairing broken iron swords? Repairing fee only, no extra charges!”

“I’m selling sculptures! The same pieces as the sculptures made by Weed! They make great gifts. They are yours for only 1 gold piece each! “

The users passed through the merchant stalls gathering in the Central Plaza.

Britten region’s growth was based on free trade, with highly developed industry and tourism. Due to the city’s prosperity, there were still a lot of users active in this region, including novices.

“Hmm. That’s... “

A few users found some items that intrigued them, but they chose to pass by.

There were a lot of users doing business in the plaza, and all of them were watching their crystal balls; they were spectating the battle taking place in the distant Sheldgium via television.

“Wow...Look at that Haven army. They are just overwhelming with their material superiority.”

“So they are reducing everything to rubbles with their siege

weapons alone. People cannot even attempt to escape.”

“Feels like they were really determined to make things difficult for the rebels when they were preparing for this battle. Still, Weed would not be so easily defeated.”

“A fight between Weed and Bard Ray...it would be so exciting if that happens again.”

The users in the plaza were chatting with each other while watching the crystal balls.

In the city’s restaurants and accommodations as well, most users were watching the battle of Shelgium through crystal balls. At this moment, probably even those who were in the dungeons would be taking a break from the hunting to watch the broadcast.

The general public thought that Arpen Kingdom and Haven Empire would have a serious all-out war; in fact, that was at least Calcus’ exact intention when he ordered his Third Legion to march.

“Let’s get to our position and wait.”

“Um. Alright.”

The users who had arrived through the teleport gate waited in the corners of the plaza according to their rather loose plan. New users arrived each time the several teleport gates flashed with light. As the free city of Somren was a very busy place, this was nothing particularly unusual. Nonetheless, the users who had joined this grand scheme took some care to avoid suspicion by going around those several teleport gates before arriving.

A few other users including Weed and his party arrived using Yurin’s painting teleportation skill.

Just a simple look around the city was enough to show the evidence of its great prosperity; the weapons and armors were sophisticated and of fine quality. There was a wide range of high-class trade goods, too. Merchants could make a great profit by

buying the goods from Somren and selling them in faraway regions.

“There are about 53,000 troops in this region. The problem is, there are quite a few Hermes Guild members-around 4000 users belong to that guild. However, we don’t know exactly how many are currently in this vicinity.”

Pale took the role of an intelligence source; he could obtain the information possessed by broadcasting stations through Maylon, and he also managed to get in touch with Darius.

Desperate to get on the good side of Weed, Darius was trying to make himself acknowledged by showering his colleagues with presents.

“Tracing, Armor-piercing, greater-ranged, explosive...are you sure you can just give out these fine arrows to me for free?”

“Of course! He he he. Fine tools recognize their master, you know. Even in Hermes Guild, there aren’t many people who use these kinds of arrows.”

“Thank you, Mr. Darius.”

Pale had once completed a quest with Darius when he was in Rosenheim Kingdom, but he didn’t recognize Darius at first, having met so many different people since that time.

“Although, I should let you know, I don’t have that much authority over things.”

“But you are one of the closest associates of Weed’s! Ha ha!”

“Well I’m not saying we’re not close, but I’m more of his slave than a friend-”

“Same difference!”

He accepted the gifts without too much concern, not thinking they might be bribes.

‘So he wants a position of a lord? Sigh...I don’t think I’d have a

say in this. I shall just accept what is given.'

But while reporting this encounter with Darius to Weed, he recalled the old memories.

"Huh...So THAT was him."

"Yep. I think he is that jerk we met."

The fate of Darius had not crossed too much against theirs ; true, they were not on best of terms during their discovery of the Island of Heaven, but the real problem was Geomchi and his trainees.

"Wouldn't they be angry if we accept Mr. Darius as a lord?"

"Well, they don't generally hold their grudges for a long time."

"Even so..."

"He'll probably be fine, after enduring some hardship for a couple of months. It would be best for him to avoid meeting them at all, but we don't have to show that much care about him."

"..."

Pale was actually feeling more pity for Darius.

'He'll be manipulated by Mr. Weed now, after leaving Hermes Guild. I really dare not say which is better.'

Since then he had been contacting Darius regularly, receiving information on the inner status of Hermes Guild or soldier deployment. These sorts of information might change a little over time, but the numbers regarding the default placement of troops would still be quite accurate.

"The total of 53,000 troops. If we assume that only half of Hermes Guild members are around, then there will be 2,000 of them. 3,000 if we are unlucky."

"Yes."

"Then..."

The users scattered around the plaza were waiting for Weed's

next words; through the users near him, his words were transmitted to everyone on the group communication channel.

The second, third, and the fourth steps.

They were eagerly awaiting the perfect plan for invading the free city of Someren.

“Now that we are all here, let’s start marching to the lord’s castle.”

“...Pardon?”

“Just like that?”

Looking at the confused faces of the users, Weed took out a big chest from his backpack.

“Here. I’ll give these to you.”

For about 0.1 second, they thought he had actually prepared something.

‘Are they siege weapons?’

‘No, they are too small. Legendary magical weapons, maybe?’

‘Is he giving us some items of humongous power?’

It turned out that what Weed passed around to the users were flags made of cloth; each of them had a picture of beautiful grasslands and cities painted on it. As Grass Porridge Cult did not have any official flag, the painting depicted the cities in the North. The manufacturing process of these flags involved a couple of tailors shamelessly exploited by Mapan.

“What on earth are we going to do with these flags?”

“We are going to march while holding them.”

“What?”

These tailored items were nothing unusual, but once they hoisted the flags high, there were users who recognized them for some mysterious reason.

“Wait...are those...Grass Porridge Cult?”

“That’s a Grass Porridge flag!”

“Why are they here...? Wait, that’s Mr. Weed! The god of war!”

Several merchants who gathered around the plaza shouted loudly.

A sudden and brief suspicion dawned on Pale and Romuna.

‘Even I sometimes have trouble recognizing him because of his featureless face, and I see him often. How are they all recognizing him instantly?’

‘It’s so strange. All we are doing is holding a few flags with some grass painted on them. How are they associating that to Grass Porridge Cult in a second? When we don’t even have an official banner?’

Not even bothering to check the identity of those merchants, once a commotion broke out about Weed’s appearance, users were quickly flocking into the plaza.

The users who were doing business or watching broadcast with crystal balls in taverns were gathering.

“Wow....it’s really Weed! I thought you would be in Shelgium.”

“Mr. Weed! Are you really Mr. Weed? I was around there when you got that quest from Freya Order.”

“All hail great Weed!”

“Long live Arpen Kingdom!”

Weed’s popularity in Somren was truly at its peak. For many users from free cities, Weed was simply their hero and role model.

“What’s this, what is going on?”

“I don’t understand. There’s no point in the ambush if we get our identity revealed like this.”

Only the users who trusted and followed Weed were left

flabbergasted by the sudden turn of event in the course of about half a minute.

“Now, these sculptures are only 50 gold pieces each! I have limited stock, so hurry up! I’ll take the first three people only!”

“...”

He even started selling his rip-off sculptures until the words of his arrival spread.

If you are thinking that he is being quite unbecoming of a master sculptor, selling cheap works to grab a couple of coins, you would be very mistaken; the carvings like rabbits, foxes and deer that he had been making repeatedly ever since he was a novice sculptor were able to be produced with lightening speed, at the rate of about two hundred per hour. Soon he achieved an unbelievable feat of selling 980 sculptures in 6 minutes; this town was rich, and there were a lot of users buying 10 or 20 at once as gifts.

“Mr. Weed is here!”

“Grass Porridge Cult has appeared.”

In the meantime, the words of Weed’s arrival kept spreading throughout the city, drawing even more users and heating up the atmosphere.

“Is he still selling the sculptures?”

“They are already sold out!”

“Woow....I really wanted to get one.”

Innocent little lambs, such easy preys!

Having completely sold his sculptures, Weed raised his hands.

[“I came, I sold, I earned!”](#)

“Weed! Weed! Weed!”

In that rather strange air, the users of the free city of Somren went wild. They were not sure exactly what was going on, but they

were happy that Weed, the master sculptor and the most popular figure in the whole continent, appeared before them. They even felt as though THEY had earned all that money. There are good reasons why politicians spend a lot of time and effort on street campaigns.

-Weed: Raise the flags high, everyone.

Weed gave an order to raise the flags on the group chatting channel.

Peil, Romuna and even Python hoisted up the flags with two hands and waved them.

About two hundred flags were waving in the air, and that was enough to form the right atmosphere.

Weed delivered a roaring speech.

“The free city of Somren! I have come to reclaim the freedom that has been lost!”

“Weed! Weed! Weed!”

Pale felt a great shudder traveling down his back as he saw the reaction of the audience.

He had sensed a similar atmosphere when Weed was moving the crowd to build a pyramid in Rosenhaim Kingdom; a feeling of being mesmerized and swindled without realization.

“I will fight for you all.”

“Weed! Weed! Weed!”

“Do not chant my name alone. My hope is that everyone will achieve happiness and prosperity!”

“Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge!”

The heat in the air was enough to melt a falling scoop of ice cream before it reached the ground.

In no more than a couple of minutes since Weed’s arrival, the

users present in the Central Plaza of Somren became intoxicated by this excited atmosphere.

“Let’s reclaim the freedom we have lost. By our hands!”

“Yeeeeeeeeaaaaah!”

With each word blaring out of Weed’s mouth, a roar from the audience followed.

“We will be grateful for your help, however small. If you are afraid, you can just walk with us in the back. Let’s show the pride of Somren’s people to that arrogant Hermes Guild!”

In a blink of an eye, Weed managed to form an army of 40,000 in the plaza.

“March to the castle of the lord!”

“Let’s go!”

Weed took the lead, and the users followed, weapons in their hands.

Those who they met on the way to the lord’s castle, or those who came running after hearing the news, all joined in the crowd.

They were not even properly organized according to classes or levels, but that didn’t matter; people were gathering, and their potential for destruction was impossible to predict. Some time later, Mapan wrote about this event in his memoirs in a form of a dialogue.

– Preparation in advance? It took me exactly 30 minutes. I just had to recruit some novice users with the daily payment of 3 gold pieces. I think there were about 100 of them...I was originally going to get about 1000 people, but Mr. Weed objected, saying that it was a waste of money. I really like Mr. Weed when he shows such great consideration towards money, even if it’s MY money.

-Their task? Things I had to teach? There were none. I simply told them to shout Mr. Weed’s name loudly when he arrived. That

was all the preparation needed.

-There was no need to recruit the soldiers through official means, no need to supply for combat. Are you asking what would've happened if the troops of Somren had tried to stop us?

-How would they have done that, when they were stabbed in the back so unexpectedly? Still, it wouldn't have made much of a change even if they had tried. It's Mr. Weed we're talking about. He would have stabbed them again. Harder.

-You mean there would have been the 2nd, 3rd and 4th preliminary steps in reserve? I told you, there were no such things! True, one of Mr. Weed's many strengths is his preparedness, but his occasional boldness is another.

-Yes. Mr. Weed once told me, miracles are made by hard working people with quick wits. He often handles a situation with his hunches and wits, and that surprisingly works out very well.

A combat is all about timing!

Kgoltha, the lord of the free city of Somren, was lying down watching a crystal ball.

"There's no way we could lose this time. Even if Weed has an ability to fly. Kekeke."

Kgoltha and other Hermes Guild users were eagerly waiting for Weed's defeat; with Weed and Arpen Kingdom gone from the face of this Versa Continent, there would be nothing that could stand in their way.

Even with their current situation about the rebels, they thought that the heads of the guild could find a way to resolve it once they lost the central force that united them together.

"We have a trouble! There's a revolt!"

"Ugh...Of all the time, why now?"

A former merchant, Kgoltha raised his big and heavy body.

“Size of the revolt?”

“We can’t know clearly yet, but the estimated number is 100,000.”

“Well, that’s not too bad...”

He wasn’t happy with the large scale of the uprising, but thought that it would be subdued shortly.

The amount of wealth accumulating in Somren was such that they even had trouble finding ways to spend it all, so the renovation of the castle walls and defense facilities had been made thoroughly.

‘The troops in the city could stop them without much trouble; then the booty could make a considerable profit.’

He didn’t think much more ahead than contacting the guild for help in case things went wrong, but soon his adjutant came bursting into his bedroom and said, “The leader of the rebellion army is Weed!”

“Weed? Okay. It’s a common name, but I don’t recall hearing it around here.”

“Weed, the god of war!”

“Huh...there’s a user with such a title? It’s quite fancy, wherever they got it from.”

“You don’t know Weed the god of war? He fought against Lord Bard Ray, and he’s the king of Arpen Kingdom!”

“Of course I know THAT Weed. Who doesn’t? He’s the most famous person in Royal Road.”

The adjutant beat his chest with frustration.

“THAT Weed is invading this city, right now!”

Kgoltha jumped from his seat.

“WHAT?! Why is he...For what...HOW?”

“I don’t know.”

“He’s supposed to be conducting the siege in Shelgium...it’s being broadcast live!”

“That’s not important. We need to stop him, fast.”

Having made a great fortune early, Kgoltha had owned the stores in the central district of Somren. After securing the position of a lord by making connections to Haven Empire, he was practically rolling in money, but had little interest in war.

“You’re saying Weed is attacking us?!”

“How many times do I have to tell you? He is leading the uprising.”

“I suppose I have to fight, then?”

“If you are not planning on handing over the city, yes, definitely.”

The adjutant who were in charge of the administration of the free city of Somren had been a civil servant from the administrative department, and had been promoted when his competence was acknowledged in real life; a typical capable subordinate suffering from the dull governor.

“Who’s going to stop them?”

“I am not sure. Bushiri is the strongest user out of those who are online now. He’s a knight, too.”

“I remember him boasting during our last banquet. Did he say he’s level 512 now? Do you think he can stop them?”

“Things don’t look very optimistic. Hermes Guild wouldn’t have been chasing after him so obsessively if he could be beaten so easily.”

“Y...You’re right. What if we call the guild for help while our defense army fights them?”

“The guild will send people in an upmost hurry, but this city will have been taken when before they’re here.”

The broadcasting stations streaming the battle in Shelgium were faced with a nasty surprise.

“Quickly, connect to Somren free city!”

“It’s Weed! Weed showed up there!”

“That doesn’t make any sense, why is he there?”

“According to the news, he’s advancing towards the lord’s castle after gathering users.”

“Tell B Team to get ready right now, we need a real-time livestream if possible...Damn it! Shelgium’s important, but it’s urgent in Somren too! Which one should we broadcast? How are the other stations reacting?”

The broadcasting stations hastily decided to have live coverage of the situation in the free city of Somren, and organized their schedules accordingly.

Companies like KMC Media and CTS Media, despite being major broadcasting stations, gave up Shelgium and moved their focus to Somren.

Fortunately, as many users were active in the United Britten region, there were also reporters present in the area, and broadcast were arranged in less than 5 minutes.

“The waves of attacks from Haven Imperial Army are continuing on in the siege of Shelgium. Currently the outer walls have collapsed and the Empire’s infantry is approaching the city. Mr. Oh Ju-wan, the resistance from the northern users are very unyielding, isn’t it?”

“Yes, that’s right. Despite the large difference in strength they are still enduring persistently. Some are even hiding in the rubbles

to attack their enemy.”

“The siege of Shelgium is still raging on, but we just received news of Mr. Weed’s appearance in the free city of Somren. We will move our broadcast to Somren for a moment.”

The users who have been expecting Weed’s arrival while watching the television also turned their attention to Somren.

This is a very obvious reference to “Veni, vidi, vici (I came, I saw, I conquered)”.

Part 3

“Charge!!!”

“Somren shall be a free city once more!”

“We do not want tyranny!”

It was Weed who struck the match, but once their firewood of fury that had been long piling up burst into a blaze, so did the crowd.

The number of users marching increased to ten thousands as soon as they got out of the plaza, and as people started to get a feeling that they could actually make this work, more users active in the city kept coming to join them; There were thirteen thousands when they reached in front of the lord’s castle, and then seventeen thousands now after a brief hesitation.

With the appearance of Weed, there was a stream of users coming online in the streets and the plaza, and some people even came from inside the castle gates.

“Bring down the Hermes Guild!”

“We are Grass Porridge! We are Somren Porridge!”

The users following Weed picked flowers or grass leaves from the ground and put them in their hair.

“Attack!”

The lord’s castle, which had been newly built by the Hermes Guild with the purpose of governing the free city of Somren, became the target of the rebellion.

The castle walls were high and strong, and there were cutting-edge defense facilities with the ability to cast spells.

From the archery turrets came down a hail of powerful middle-sized arrows, piercing the crowd.

“Do not let them approach. Prepare the hot oil, and all troops get ready!”

“Yes sir!”

As a knight with excellent leadership, Bushiri conducted the soldiers to defend the castle. It was one of the largest castles in the entire united Briton region; the Hermes Guild spent a huge amount of money to construct this castle as a fortress, to extend its control over the neighboring regions.

As Imperial troops were dispatched to the castle walls and other strategic points, users outside started to fight back.

“Focus your spells on the castle gates!”

“People with archer or ranger class, please don’t get in front! Climb to the top of the buildings in the city and direct your shots to the castle from there if you have it within reach!”

The users of the free city did not have a proper line of command, but each one of them were finding their role in the battle and managed to defeat the forces stationed in each district of the city.

Weed ascended the mage tower with Pale.

“Hmm...this is a nice view.”

“Somren is indeed a prosperous place.”

The beautiful medieval-style architecture of the city caught their eyes. After the doors of Royal Road opened, the enormous amount of wealth accumulated in this city turned into luxurious structures. Temples of various religions including Freya Order, merchant streets, and guild buildings were spread uniformly throughout the city. The mansions of the nobles and of rich people added to the beautiful scenery as well.

“Fight the enemy!”

“Full-scale attack! Don’t back off, climb over the walls!”

Shouts from both the Hermes Guild members and the local users

were heard everywhere. Fires started in a number of places in the city, with flames and black smoke rising to the sky.

The free city of Somren had fallen into a war.

Pale cast a sidelong look at Weed's face.

'He just appeared in this place, and that was enough to start a battle of this scale...He really has a powerful presence.'

Before his thoughts got too complicated, Weed opened his mouth.

"I think it's about time to begin."

"Begin what?"

"Creating undead, of course. What's more fitting to a large-scale battle than a hoard of undead?"

A battlefield where great users of the Central Continent are engaged in a fight; defenders and rebels alike, their corpses could be reanimated as undead after falling in battle. All the experience points and skill proficiency that would be gained by summoning high-level undead and leading them into the fight!!!

Even better, If the rebels could no longer have normal lives in Somren anymore, they would choose to flee to the Arpen Kingdom leaving only bitterness for Bard Ray and Lafaye. All things considered, the destruction of Shelgium, where a large battle was taking place, would not favor The Haven Empire either. From a long term perspective, the Haven Empire would have to defend against the Arpen Kingdom in the North, and the desert warriors in the South. On top of this, there would be a dangerous war front forming inside the Empire itself. With each exchange of blows with the enemy, the Haven Empire would have to suffer losses and their military strength will wear thin. It will be deprived of its users, its reputation, and finally, its territories.

'Wow...This is just evil. Now I can see why Mr. Mapan always said that he cannot hold a candle to Lord Weed. He wasn't being

modest.'

This whole situation was truly comparable to a person inserting a penny in a [toy vending machine](#) and then taking the whole thing.

The siege inside the free city of Somren!

The defending army led by Bushiri was doing an admirable job keeping off the enemy, but it could only hold its ground against the concentrated attack from the users.

“Return to the ground upon which you once walked. Here lies a dark place, a black and corrupt land. Engrave the eternal commandments of darkness into the heart of every living being. Undead Rise!”

Weed summoned Death Knights and Specters. As his Summon Undead skill had become Intermediate 7 level, he was now able to summon wolf assault warriors holding large war-hammers.

“Fight. Trample. I don’t need any offerings. Wipe them all!”

He spent all of his art stats on Wisdom using Destruction Sculpting skill. Weed was sending off an endless stream of undead into the battle; he summoned skeleton archers in hundreds at a time, ordering them to attack from a distance. Even when huge siege weapons hit straight into them, the skeletons just rose up again, their broken bones putting themselves together.

“Kekeke. We cannot be killed. Because we are already dead!”

“The immortal warrior calls. Who will stand against us?”

Even the weak skeletons posed a considerable threat when they were shooting arrows without end.

In order to deal with them, the defending troops would have to get outside of the castle walls. But Hermes Guild users were too preoccupied with their own safety to step forth. Not that they didn’t try, but everyone who did lost their life the moment they

got outside.

Bahamorg, the warrior who served Weed, was there, and there was no user currently in this place who could match his power in a one-on-one fight.

In addition, there was Seasoned Crab the assassin, wandering among the battlefield aimlessly,

Python the fighter,

and other numerous high-level users harboring resentment towards Hermes Guild.

As the long-suppressed dissatisfaction felt by the users of the city was of no small amount as well, there was a focus fire against any Hermes Guild users who stepped out of the walls.

“We found a route into the castle!”

A hole was created from a crack in the wall, in a position obscured by buildings. As the city users were penetrating inside, the siege of the free city of Somren was reaching the final stage; while the defending army in the lord’s castle was growing exhausted and smaller in number, the size of the rebel forces only increased as time passed.

The crucial moment was when Weed appeared in the sky on the wings of light, thundering a lion’s roar.

“We need to forgive those who surrender to us!”

“...?”

That was indeed very out of the blue; from the very mouth of Weed, who had been summoning undead and beating the living hell out of the defending troops and Hermes Guild users, came a much unexpected suggestion.

“This is not just a fight against these few people. We need to fight to restore justice that has been lost from Versailles continent!”

Even an elementary school kid would know better than to believe

this; People were living in the age in which children only had to switch on their phones to realize how heartless and dangerous the outside world is.

“Let’s fight when we must. But if any of them says they will give up the fight, let’s forgive them. An endless chain of retaliation would not do our world any good!”

Weed’s idea of justice!

Not many people empathized with it, but it posed a temptation to the users of Hermes Guild who were expecting to be massacred locked up in the lord’s castle after the walls were breached.

‘They’re going to let us live if we surrender?’

Their minds were torn between two conflicting values; the benefits of avoiding death for this one time and the disadvantages of deserting Hermes Guild. Of course, normally the latter would be much greater than the former, but circumstances were a bit different for the users of Hermes Guild who had been regularly active in Britten region. They were the users who joined the guild after Haven Empire took over the Central Continent. They had originally belonged to other prestigious guilds, but changed their allegiance when their strength was recognized by Hermes Guild.

‘I want to remain active in this region...What if Weed liberates all the areas around here?’

Then they might be forced to abandon their homeland and move to the regions under the control of Hermes Guild. In the opposite case, they might have to move to the Arpen Kingdom, but at least that would mean they didn’t have to die right there. Besides, if they stay alive, then there might be chance to minimize their loss by selling off their property.

So, in the middle of a fierce battle, by that one word of Weed, suddenly users started dropping their weapons to the ground.

“I surrender!”

“I’m not going to fight any longer!”

With the desertion of these Hermes Guild users, the defense force of the castle collapsed in no time. There were about one third of the users who chose to fight until the end, but the rest left Hermes Guild as a price for their lives.

Trakis the Conqueror!

Even while conducting the army of the Third Legion, he could not release his tension.

‘I’ll have to fight against Weed...I don’t know what kind of unexpected things he will come up with this time...but even so, it will be my victory this time.’

It was all part of their strategy that they allowed the enemy to take Shelgium; now they were knocking down the city from outside with bombardment, using a huge number of high-performance siege weapons they had brought from Haven Empire. The presence of Steel Knights boosted their confidence even more, and the Nothern users’ signature human-wave strategy will be severely limited in this place as well.

‘I should be grateful of the fact that they have put me in charge of the battle. After today, I shall gain great fame for defeating Weed and his Arpen Kingdom.’

It was an opportunity to get one step ahead of other prominent users in Hermes Guild. Determined to break down the castle walls and devastate the entire city, he advanced his siege weapons little by little.

As Trakis gazed upon the battleground being all dramatic and such, Tanmell, another member of Hermes Guild, called him.

“Legion Commander!”

“What? I’m in the middle of conducting a battle. Unless it’s

something important I must not lose my focus for even a sec-“

“It is! Did you hear that Weed appeared in Somren?”

“What did you say?”

While proceeding with the siege, Trakis got the news of Weed showing up in the free city of Somren. He didn't believe it at first, but soon through his crystal ball he confirmed that the broadcasting stations also moved their live streaming to Somren.

His tension, as sharp as a tip of a sword just a moment ago, was gone very undramatically.

‘Weed abandoned Shelgium. Then this place...is left with nothing more than some Northern users.’

And even those Northern users were not great in number. As many of them were below level 100 as well, they were just some enemy that could be defeated without any challenge.

‘How easy a fight it would be, compared to those days when Haven Empire was conquering the Central Continent!’

Trakis ordered the Imperial Army to launch a full-scale assault.

“Destroy it all. It will be a humiliation to drag this war until tonight.”

The siege weapons advanced, throwing fire and ice. Both Steel Knights and the Imperial Army pressed forward, slaughtering the Northern users.

“Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge!”

“It's not over yet; let's fight until the end!”

The Northern users fought heroically, and perished.

The military power that was impossible to match; the Third Legion under the command of Trakis dominated the users gathered in Shelgium with their strength. On some occasions there were users who surrendered, but most of them lost their lives in

the battle.

As they had planned, the Third Legion could conclude the assault before the nightfall. The city was reduced to rubbles, and a great many users who had gathered in it were exterminated. On the other hand, there were less than 20,000 casualties on the Imperial Army's side; it was an overwhelming victory.

While running his store, Mapan watched the battles of Shelgium and Somren.

“Ha! That's our Lord Weed!”

He could react with nothing but pure awe; Weed's backstabbing had a perfect angle, just the right amount of punch and delicate positioning, not to mention the excellent after-measures.

Mapan's subordinate, Hidden Money, a younger cousin of his whom he had introduced to Royal Road-said, “By the way, brother,”

“Yes?”

“Why did Lord Weed let those people live? If he is as you said he is, wouldn't he wipe them all for exp and skill proficiencies?”

“You're judging him by scratching the surface.”

His great belly sloshing, Mapan imitated the evil smirk he had learnt from Weed.

“Experience points and skill proficiencies are just one-off benefits.”

“That's true.”

“Lord Weed could show off his great influence by finishing the battle with just a word, and he even showed mercy. That will have an impact across the whole Versailles Continent.”

“But that's not his usual self. Is that really worth the benefits he

gave up?”

Hidden Money tipped his head to one side in confusion; judging by Weed’s personality that he had heard so much about, it was just really unlikely that he had followed his conscience when making a decision-missing the certain benefit right in front of him, just for some vague and abstract value? That was such a surprising aspect of him that Hidden Money was now reconsidering his impression of Weed.

‘I’ll need to leave him if he is not worth my obedience.’

Mapan could not hide his jowl-quivering smile, as if he knew exactly what he was thinking.

“They will become a great asset for Lord Weed.”

“What?”

“Do you think Hermes Guild will accept them even if they returned? They will go hunting, complete quests and participate in battles all for the Arpen Kingdom from now on.”

“But still, he gave up the potential for his own growth! That’s such a loss!”

“Haha.”

Mapan felt quite satisfied, seeing his cousin’s eagerness for profit; you wouldn’t make a decent merchant unless you lacked such ambition.

“That’s precisely the reason why Lord Weed deserves people’s respect.”

“What?”

“They are already stragglers, few in number. If he wiped them all off with his undead, certainly there would be people among the northern users who grow jealous of his power.”

“Ah...”

“That is the rule you have to remember when you are offered a free meal. You never finish the last bit of food, lest you lose your host’s goodwill. Then, you get another free meal.”

A small vending machine which gives you a small, cheap and usually collectible toy in a plastic capsule when you insert a coin into it. These machines were very common in the streets of Korea about 10-20 years ago.

Chapter 5: An Eye For An Eye

Part 1

The three warfronts!

The Arpen Kingdom, the Desert warriors, and on top of that, Weed's appearance was causing liberation of major cities all over the United Britten Region.

'Didn't think he would sneak up on me like this...'

Lafaye took a hard and unexpected blow by Weed's method of starting wars and expanding the battle fronts without being bound by the borders.

The users in the areas that had been conquered by the Arpen Kingdom had left. The users in the Britten Region were also willingly joining the rebel army, not following the order set by the Haven Empire any longer.

'Thinking of all the losses in the Empire's population and economic power...at this rate, all of our hard work will be for naught. They have snatched away the initiative we were hoping to seize by revealing the Steel Knights.'

The tide of the battle, turned by a single cheap trick!

After some serious and grave consideration, Lafaye came to a decision.

"We were intending to take the initiative of this war, but it looks like our enemy has taken some cunning actions beyond our imagination. Now, I will use another of the Five Secret Defense Schemes."

"Hmm...so it comes to this, again."

"What, so soon?"

"The Steel Knights haven't even had a chance to take part in a proper fight yet!"

It was such an unconventional measure that even there were

objections among the commanding heads of the Empire; The Five Secret Defense Schemes were their ace in the hole, created through massive amount of money and manpower even by the Hermes Guild's standard.

“There is no doubt that the Steel Knights are excellent additions to our military power, but they do not have people's attention anymore. Moreover, considering the sudden change of circumstances during the last couple of days...the Empire needs to bring out an even greater power.”

“We can still defeat our enemies without much difficulty. We have never lost in the regions where our main forces are stationed.”

“The Empire has no future if it can only show the power similar to its enemies. If our opponents' strength is about 3, then we need to put out 10, or 20, taking into account the potentially huge effects Weed's demagoguery can have.”

The Haven Empire's most significant weakness was its large territory and population.

As Weed and the Arpen Kingdom enjoyed inexplicably high popularity among users, the Empire needed to take caution against the situation in which their enemies swing the mood to their favor.

‘Other than the low tax rate, the benefits that Kingdom of theirs provides to its people are far inferior to those of the Empire, and yet...Could this be the true impact of founding a nation?’

The story of the ruined Morata being rebuilt, and the founding of Arpen Kingdom through the collective effort of the users; the strong motivation powered by this short history was what differentiated them from the Haven Empire's ways of ruling, and gave them a competitive edge that the Empire could not match.

Lafaye chose to take a decisive measure in order to break out of this vicious circle.

“The most dangerous weapon out of the remaining 4 Secret Schemes...has the potential for destruction that is hard to predict. Therefore, we shall keep it as the last resort.”

“Agreed.”

“For now, I will summon the Shadow Army of Palma.”

“What? You mean to take out such a strong card...?!”

The Shadow Army of Palma-it is an organization created jointly by the groups of witches and assassins which had been the most powerful forces throughout the history of the Versa Continent.

The Hermes Guild had first come to know about them while searching for some S-class quests, and not long after, a deal was made: a promise to provide secret graveyards and supplies to build their army, in return for destroying a target or a place designated by the Hermes Guild.

“Against Palma Army, the human-wave strategy will only have an adverse effect. They are a perfect countermeasure to the Northern army, so they wouldn’t have much trouble reducing Arpen to ashes.”

The main force of Grass Porridge Cult was slowly making its way to the south. The reporters of the broadcasting stations attempted to take a good shot of the whole army by flying high into the sky using magic scrolls, but it was impossible.

Mountains and plains, rivers and lakes.

Covering all those terrains were the great tsunami of men, advancing tirelessly towards the southern lands. It reminded people of a giant swarm of fire ants, known to devour everything on the face of the Earth.

“I didn’t know there were so many Northern users.”

“My god...there must be at least tens of millions of them!”

There were also groups of orcs following behind the human army.

“Chhhhsk . We need a new breeding ground.”

“Any place will do. We can’t live like this. Chsskkk.”

The orc lords had succeeded in propagating their servants in a remarkably short time; they raised many fighters and warriors through their commanding abilities and their quick growth in level.

“Here comes the orc army! Tssht.”

“Even I’m afraid of my own men. Chssk.”

The valiant orcs willingly participated in the war. As for the orc lords, they were certainly not in the position to say no to a fight, for reducing their own headcounts that were increasing way too fast for sustenance if nothing else.

Dwarves, elves, barbarians and fairies.

The users of every race and profession were marching towards the south.

Jerome, the leader of the Second Legion of the Haven Imperial Army, was assigned the task of advancing to the north in order to restore the Harpan Region. His troops consisted of 250,000 soldiers of the Second Legion reinforced by 100,000 Steel Knights and the magical army corps of 30,000 men. The lords governing the areas near the capital of the Haven Empire also provided none less than 200,000 additional troops. Now about 10 percent of the Empire’s powerful military force was under his command.

“What’s the situation with the local lords?”

“Approximately 127 of them went over to the Arpen Kingdom’s side.”

“Make an announcement to the remaining lords: the Imperial

Army is coming. Should they ever desert the Empire for Arpen, not only will an order be placed against them to be killed on sight, but they will also never again step into the lands of the Central Continent in their life.”

“Yes, sir!”

While leading his Central Army forward, Jerome sent out several units of soldiers to the surrounding areas. About 10,000 troops moved around hunting down the Nothern users who had been excitedly roaming about the Harpan Region.

“Let us fight!”

“Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge!”

The Nothern users tried to hold their ground, but they were no match against the Second Legion, the elites among the Imperial Army.

“Unleash the Steel Knights.”

“Yes, sir!”

Helpless against the power of the Steel Knights, the army of Northern users collapsed before they even got a chance to fight back.

Since the days of the Empire’s conquest of the Central Continent, Jerome’s Army had been highly respected for their prowess in battles.

“Attack! A war is won through courage!”

As the Legion Commander who had led countless users and soldiers through many a battle, he was aware of the importance of morale more than anyone else. During the conquest war of the Central Continent, he often got the start on the enemy by fighting in the front line ahead of everyone, and those who fought against Jerome’s army feared their defeat even before the actual battle broke out. With the large number of seasoned elite soldiers under

his command, it was often said that his army was invincibility itself.

Each day they fought 12 battles, wiping out tens of thousands of Northern users with ease and gradually taking the control over the Harpan Region.

“This is an excellent opportunity to train my soldiers in preparation for the war.”

Jerome felt quite satisfied as he led his troops to hunt the Northern users.

While the Second Legion was subjugating their enemy in the Harpan Region, the Shadow Army of Palma emerged in the Haven Empire.

Witches and assassins-the heinous criminals and demonic creatures that had been confined for hundreds of years were now released, beginning their march towards the north. With their number reaching a hundred thousand, the words of their appearance spread among the users in no time.

Wherever they went, they left behind a trail of foul stench that caused the surrounding flowers, grass and trees to wither.

The users who had heard the rumors gathered together to watch from the distance the army of demonic creatures, towering with their heights ranging from 5 to 7 meters, advancing to the north.

One of those users named Darkford, a ranger with a level over 470, scanned the Shadow Army of Palma using his long-range observation skill.

“Ehh...Those things are freakishly strong.”

“How strong, exactly?”

“Between levels 600 and 700, probably. I cannot even get an estimate for a couple of witches over there. We wouldn’t be able to match their power with the current levels of the users.”

“Whoa...where on earth did all those monsters even come from?”

As the Shadow Army continued their march towards the north, the neighboring cities and towns took considerable damage as well.

Benzoim, Tarek, and Bahana-three villages came up with a plan to join their forces to fight and lure them to another place, but ended up being annihilated altogether. Even their villages were thoroughly destroyed, and the witches offered the spoils as sacrifices to create even more of the foul creatures.

Upon hearing this news, the Hermes Guild issued a new imperial order upon the lords of the neighboring areas.

- Do not engage them. Clear everything away from their path. Just leave them be until they encounter the main force of Grass Porridge Cult.

Since the whole event drew much attention from the broadcasting stations, through the mouths of several rather talkative local lords this supposedly secret order was disclosed to the general public.

- The Shadow Army of Palma! The Hermes Guild introduced some dangerous beings into the fight through quests. Their target: Grass Porridge Cult!

- Some brave users of Agoltha launched an assault on the several demonic creatures that have strayed from the rest of the group and have been wandering aimlessly. They were victorious, but there was a surprising discovery that the level of each individual creature is over 500.

- We just got more news about the Palma Army. Apparently they are planning to perform a special ritual once they take over the Arpen Kingdom.

- And what kind of ritual is that?

- A ritual of creating great magical borders. They are going to turn the entire Northern Continent into an ideal habitat for the

demonic creatures.

-Then, what happens to the Arpen Kingdom's territory?

-It is most likely that it will become a wasteland. People would still be able to live there, but their survival would be constantly threatened by the overflowing demonic creatures residing in the lands.

While it was at least fortunate that these secrets were revealed early on, to Weed and other users of Grass Porridge Cult the appearance of this new enemy posed a threat as urgent as a fire catching on their pants.

At the same time, the public opinion with regard to the Hermes Guild was reaching a new low in the Central Continent. People had not complained much when the members of that guild got rather ambitious while playing Royal Road, zealously waging wars and expanding their control. True, ordinary users had to suffer some losses when the guild raised taxes or whatnot, but most of the time they could tolerate those inconveniences because people were having so much fun. However, now that they had found out that the Hermes Guild was going to turn the whole Northern Continent into a land of evil creatures, the resentment they harbored towards the Hermes Guild now became irremediable.

“The Shadow Army of Palma...”

As soon as he got wind of their emergence, Weed asked Mapan to take a look at the records in the Great Library of Morata.

The Great Library, where countless users ranging from novices to high-levels record and store even the most trivial bits of information.

After the subordinate merchants belonging to Mapan Store carried out a research on frightening villains, they found some well-organized information on the Shadow Army of Palma:

Things that endangered the entire Versa Continent, #22.

The Shadow Army of Palma

Witches and assassins who hated the world around them joined forces to destroy every kingdom in existence. There are not many studies on them, but their existence became widely known through the enormous amount of bloodshed recorded in history [...] ...They are under the control of a king named Palma. As they modify the life force and body of a human to turn them into a strong demonic creature, each Kingdom succeeded in putting them under a magical seal by taking decisive actions... [...]

The moment Weed took a look at these records he got an estimate on their overall strength.

“Not as powerful as Embinuy Sect , but certainly quite strong.”

The experiences that had accumulated as he defeated various forces threatening the peace of the Versa Continent, as well as his days as the Great King of the Desert during which he WAS one of the forces threatening the peace of the Continent, made him quite an expert of threat assessment.

“I have encountered plenty of magic users, but assassins...they can be a bit tricky.”

The best assassins on the Continent-perhaps it would be safe to assume that those included a couple of Master assassins. It wasn't pleasant to imagine this kind of threat forcing its way into the north.

“If Grass Porridge Cult gets engaged in a battle against them...hmm.”

One thing was for sure; Weed could count on the Nothern users to willingly take part in the fight if those creatures dared to step into the territory of Arpen Kingdom. But Grass Porridge Cult was relatively weak against large demonic creatures, as it mainly consisted of users with underwhelming strength.

“An eye for an eye. If this is how they want to play, then I have

an idea, too.”

- The true identity of the Shadow Army of Palma!
- The emergence of the beings threatening the stability of the Versa Continent!
- The Hermes Guild unleashes an atrocious assault with questionable means.
- Weed, a living witness of a great adventurer. Will he be victorious again?
- The fate of the Arpen Kingdom hanging by a thread!

Even with his busy schedule, Lee-hyun checked out the newspaper articles while surfing on the internet. As Royal Road was everyone’s favorite topic, it was easy to find relevant news reports wherever you went.

“Hmm...I can see that the public opinion is in our favor.”

Lee-hyun drank the orange juice Seoyoon had made by herself. The computer he was using now was not the one he had made by picking up spare parts in the back streets of electronics market; it was a state-of-the-art desktop which he had extorted through CTS Media. He had set a new record in Minesweeper with this piece of cutting-edge technology, and had been using it for Internet surfing as well.

“Looks like people are feeling quite protective towards the Arpen Kingdom, too.”

Indeed, many comments he read were showing very favorable attitudes towards the Arpen Kingdom.

- The Hermes Guild. They are the worst. I just can’t believe their douchebaggery.
- Nooo...I was just planning to take my vacation soon. My Puhol Waterpark...

– We are planning a family trip to Morata for a week. Would there be any trouble that can affect our travel plan?

– Lord Weed must stop them by any means! Grass Porridge Grass Porridge Grass Porridge!

– I'm a member of Grass Porridge Cult. I belong to the brave Poison Mushroom Porridge, but those...things...making a demonic creature with my body...that's NOT an honor. Ugh.

– I own two stores in the Earth Palace and one in Morata. I have invested my entire property in Royal Road. Please. Brave Warriors. Stop them. I beg you.

In most of the comments people were getting extremely worried that the Arpen Kingdom might be destroyed; if the Shadow Army of Palma take over the Northern Continent, they would not be able to stay in their living place any longer, and would be forced to flee.

The people's worries also reflected that the Hermes Guild had indeed taken a very threatening measure, but Lee-hyun was feeling quite relaxed.

“So they chose to take everyone's blame by committing an evil deed first.”

The Shadow Army of Palma!

Since he had already studied their characteristics using the resources in the Great Library, he was not out of means to deal with them.

“And do they think they are the only ones who are capable of wrongdoings? Looks like it is safe to use that method now without having to worry.”

That night, Lee-hyun had a very deep and sound sleep; he was dreaming of dealing a mighty back blow to the Hermes Guild.

Part 2

The Agoltha Region!

It was the name of the vast grassland to the northwest end of the Central Continent.

When you cross the shallow sea from here you will enter the Northern Continent; and currently there were quite a lot of users flocking to this region that did not have any cities.

The powerful army of assassins, witches and demonic creatures were heading their way towards the north. There might be a big war between them and the Grass Porridge Cult, hence all those users came out to see it.

“I’m really looking forward to this fight.”

“It would be one massive showdown that will determine the fate of the Northern Continent. I think even Weed-nim would have to show up.”

“Yeah, but all those weak beginners would be more cumbersome than they’d be helpful. I can’t imagine how they are going to fight this war. “

“Well, they will eventually win, I mean, they even managed to drive back the EBN Order.”

“But everyone had to go through such a hardship during that time, and it also took a long time; if luck is not on their side, this might be the end for the Arpen Kingdom...”

Users from the Central Continent and the Northern Continent alike followed the marching Shadow Army of Palma from afar. The distance between the users and the troops would have fit a mountain, but it was still fun to watch the army of monsters.

“We’re selling chicken skewers!”

“I have potatoes. Have some grilled, boiled, and fried potatoes! “

The wealthy users of the Central Continent were enjoying some snacks at leisure in the meantime. The Northern merchants had already come over and were selling a wide range of food, and they found the stuff very palatable indeed.

“This is Northern wine?”

“Yes, it was made in Morata.”

“Wow, no wonder it tastes so delicious!”

“There is also some [dried rat meat](#);; one of Morata’s specialties made with fresh rats which were caught while happily running about in the sewers!”

The users who were watching the Shadow Army of Palma noticed that another large army was following after them.

“Who are they?”

“Don’t look like the Northern troops, judging by their equipments...”

“I see their banner; it has a burning sword-it’s the Imperial Army!”

The Fifth Legion of the Haven Imperial Army!

They had set out from the Castle of Aren, the capital city, and caught up with the Shadow Army. But the task that the heads of the Empire had assigned their Legion Commander Bucking was far from something like the eradication of the Shadow Army of Palma.

Bucking recalled the conversation he had had with Lafaye.

“Weed and the Northern users will have to use all of their strength against the Palma army.”

“Yes, I think so too.”

“You need to follow the Palma army, and watch for a chance to strike.”

“You mean the entire Fifth Legion?”

“Yes. The role of the Fifth Legion is to kill Weed while following after the Palma army, or completely devastate the Northern regions while their users are too busy fighting them. “

“Indeed...” Bucking was very impressed when he realized what Lafaye’s intentions were.

‘Weed will barely be able to hold off the Palma army alone, so if we show up on top of that...the Arpen Kingdom will be thoroughly trampled. The prosperity it has enjoyed until now would be all gone, only leaving behind a pile of rubble.’

If things all work out in their favor, the Fifth Legion may intervene and achieve an overwhelming victory against the Arpen Kingdom, ending the war once and for all.

‘It’s a good strategic move. It seems this clever one knows to prepare for a number of different scenarios.’

*

Weed had arrived in the Agoltha region by riding Wy-3.

“Sigh. I’ve just reached the level above 500, and now I have to suffer this loss.”

For the top-tier users of the Versa Continent, achieving level 500 was one reference point for measuring their strength.

The Hermes guild that had been monopolizing hunting grounds and quests for a long time had quite a lot of users above level 500, but among the other average users, there were only about 1000 of them with levels over 500.

“True, it’s got a lot easier to level up after I became a Necromancer, but it’s still a damn shame.”

The hidden card of the Hermes Guild that had just been pulled out: the Shadow Army of Palma!

Weed had tossed and turned in his bed all night, designing the best strategy that can not only stop them, but even launch a

counterattack upon them.

And all the while, he was almost beside himself with excitement.

‘I have only ever imagined it in my head until now; it just felt so evil I could not bring myself to actually act on it first, even against the Hermes Guild.’

Weed smiled a mean smile and patted Wy-3’s head.

“Doesn’t it make you happy, just thinking about it?”

-Kyuoo..?

The large and clear eyes of Wy-3 shook uneasily; what kind of preposterously dangerous plan had his master come up with this time?

“I guess I can tell just you. There is something called Sculpture Resurrection. It revives the person who lived a long time ago. “

Telling all your plans to your pet: a classic move of a token villain in kid’s animations!

Weed was now almost humming; he realized that it was actually a very fun thing to do, talking to someone close to you about the insidious plan you have envisioned in your head before executing it.

“Though thousands of heroes must have lived on the Versa Continent, not all of them were good and kind. Once upon a time, there was a man named Bar Khan, a sorcerer of darkness.”

Wy-3 wondered who he would be for a while, then recalled the master of that precise name and screamed.

– Screeeeech!

Bar Khan Demoff!

There was the time when wyverns were born only to be dragged into the battle against the immortal legion led by Shire, Bar Khan’s student.

The one who was at the very pinnacle of dominance over the perpetually rising undead army!

“It is as you think. I will revive Bar Khan.”

– No. master.

“Yes. And no matter what reason you have against it, it won’t change my mind.”

– Why?

“Because when I’m told not to do something, I just want to do it more!”

Weed’s plan to fight against the Shadow Army of Palma was to resurrect Bar Khan.

Having succumbed to the dark mana, Bar Khan Demoff was an awfully dangerous and treacherous being to deal with.

The desert warrior Hestiger might be of some use as well, but the person who had been revived once could not be called again; so it had been the final parting with his former subordinate, never to meet again. If his skill level in Sculpture Resurrection got higher it might be a different story, but even then Weed thought it would be quite impossible.

‘It is a war. Bar Khan would be a better choice than another subordinate during my time as the Great King of the Desert.’

There was nothing in existence that could match the capabilities in warfare Bar Khan and his Immortal Legion possessed. In addition, just reviving one person will bring a comprehensive gift set of an army of immortals as a package product.

‘The deadliness of them would be... Well, it was sold at an expensive price, I can say that much. ‘

He had already sold the exclusive broadcast rights to the KMC media and several broadcasting stations when executing his Bar Khan Plan.

Weed took out the carving knife and began to sculpt using a nearby rock.

‘What’s there to lose? The rest will work out somehow once I’ve done it.’

Scrape scrape!

Pieces of solid stones were being cut off with the fluid dance of the carving knife, moving as part of his body.

The sorcerer of darkness and the ruler of the immortal army.

The statue of the wizard Bar Khan, right before he turned into a lich, was complete.

“Ummm...”

Now that he had actually finished sculpting, Weed’s heart was beginning to pound. This was not an easy person to handle, like his loyal Hestiger; an extremely dangerous being that wouldn’t be easily swayed even by Weed’s skills in flattery.

“I can just raise him and run off. This is the best plan I can think of. Sculpture Resurrection!”

—————

- You have used Sculpture Resurrection skill.
- Bar Khan Demoff, the Sorcerer of Darkness and the Lord of Undead, will walk upon this land once more by the call of art.
- Art stat will permanently decrease by 45.
- Faith stat will permanently decrease by 10.
- Your level has been lowered by 3.
- 18,000 points of Life force and Mana have been spent.
- The person revived by Sculpture Resurrection has the knowledge and abilities they possessed in life. They may be grateful for being able to see the world and move around in it once again, albeit for a short time, or they may not.

-Your skill proficiency in Sculpture Resurrection has increased.

The resurrection of Bar Khan!

As soon as he moved, Wy-3 spread his wings wide.

– Farewell, master!

“Wait! Take me with you too!”

Weed revived Bar Khan Demoff using his Sculpture Resurrection skill, and ran off with Wy-3. The mages were so intelligent that it was often difficult to manipulate them by simple means as it was the case with Hestiger; so Weed chose to just let him be, not willing to take the risk of failing to persuade him.

– So you don’t have to do anything from now, master?

“Yeah. As they say, [man proposes, God disposes.](#)”

– Those words are difficult to understand.

“It means when you buy a lottery, you have to wait until Saturday.”

Weed observed the ground while flying high in the sky on the back of Wy-3.

Life was slowly instilled into the statue of Bar Khan Demoff, until finally it came alive.

Although he was just a pale man in a black robe, he was the one who once led the whole Versa Continent into chaos.

‘Now. What will happen?’

A short while after Weed and Wy-3 fled into the sky, the ground began to shake.

The Shadow Army of Palma.

Witches, assassins, and giant demonic creatures were rushing to

the place where Bar Khan had just risen in order to get to the Arpen Kingdom.

‘And now they have met.’ From his position high above the ground, Weed could notice that the Shadow Army was making the first move after spotting Bar Khan; several large demonic creatures tore out of the rest of the troops, dashing their way to trample on Bar Khan who was standing in a plain.

“Indeed. Neither side needs a friendly conversation or persuasion.”

The massive creatures approaching from afar towards the sorcerer.

Bar Khan, who had been standing blankly after his resurrection, raised his hand and gestured towards the creatures.

“Bind them.”

Thorned vines grew from the ground with an enormous speed, covering the creatures’ bodies like a net.

– Grrrraaagghh!

The vines were growing layer upon layer, tightly gripping the monsters and making them unable to move.

“Destruction of Flesh. Crash their blood and bones.”

As Bar Khan uttered an incantation, the magical curse took its effect.

The demonic creatures howled in pain, and soon after, they perished, unable to endure the agony. Then their bodies disintegrated and turned into hundreds of skeleton fighters.

There was something inherently different about those skeletons from the ones Weed had summoned so far. Frightening red glows were coming out from their empty skulls, and they were wearing powerful armors made of bones.

“Krrr... “

“I gaze upon thee, Master of Immortality.” The skeletons bowed politely to Bar Khan at once like some sorts of royal knights, and soon began to fight against the demonic creatures.

Although the skeletons were overpowered by the strength and size of the creatures, they spread out systematically into a battle formation. The skeleton warriors directly pit their strength against the creatures in front, while the archers ran around and shot arrows.

Even as their bones break and shatter, the fighters climbed up to the bodies of the creatures and furiously slashed their swords. The broken skeletons repaired their bodies in less than a second only to hurl themselves into the fray again and again.

The battle of the undead, with their endless life force.

The skeletons were continuing their fight in frenzy, overwhelming the demonic creatures one at a time. Those creatures that fell on the ground seemed as though they were caught by a curse, their bodies disintegrating and turning into about 40 or 50 more skeletons.

In no time, the skeletons multiplied themselves in numbers that reached several thousands.

“There is a wizard who’s blocking our way.”

“Get rid of him. We’ll lead him to the path of death. “

As witches and assassins arrived, the battle began to grow in scale even more.

“Exploding Worms!”

“Grim Whispers!”

“Deepening Hate!” The witches attempted to blast Bar Khan with all kinds of attack spells and curses. The purple aura was pouring in like a wave, but Bar Kahn blocked the magic before it reached him with gestures and incantations, and put a powerful curse in

reverse.

“Inhale the breath of the inexhaustible poison.”

Soon the witches were wailing, clutching their necks.

The invisible assassins quickly penetrated the battlefield and snuck onto him, but there was a wall of souls built around Bar Khan that was made of screaming demonic creatures.

– Aaaaargh!!!

The assassins were caught in the wall of souls, and perished after suffering a great pain.

Their bodies rose again as Doom Knights: the knights from hell who had sworn an absolute obedience to Bar Khan. And it was not just any ordinary Doom Knights; each of them was a sub-boss level monster, with a name of their own.

“Give us an order, O Ruler of Life and Death.”

“Wipe them out.”

“As you wish.”

Doom Knights stormed towards the Shadow Army of Palma. As they ran, all sorts of strengthening enchantments were being put on them by Bar Khan. The perfect ‘[golden-spoon](#)’ undead that are equipped with everything from the moment of their birth!

Weed saw that some red energy was coming out of the bodies of the assassins and witches who had lost their lives by the Doom Knights, to be absorbed by Bar Khan.

“It seems he is sucking life force and magical power from them.”

– Is that dangerous, master?

“Yeah. When a wizard is gathering his mana, there’s only one reason for it: he is getting ready for something huge.”

Weed put his hand into the backpack with a serious face, then pulled out a dried apple and chewed it.

“You’ve got to have some snacks when watching a fight!”

– If you have some horse meat...

“Here, eat.”

– Thank you. master.

“That’s the riding fee for this year.” Weed and Wy-3 continued watching Bar Khan’s fight at leisure.

‘He’s a dangerous person, but as long as I don’t get involved in his affairs, there’s nothing to fear. Anyway, this Sculpture Resurrection is quite handy, since its effect only lasts for a day. It’s really convenient to be able to call and make use of him like this.’

In fact, at one point Weed was considering resurrecting Bar Khan in the place where the Hermes Guild was; he was not the one to let any damage done to him slide by without any retribution. But he had to restrain himself, since there was a possibility that the Hermes Guild, with their enormous strength, would simply hunt down Bar Khan by showering him with divine spells or some other means. Weed himself had succeeded in defeating him once, although he had got some help from Geomchi and other Geomchi brothers.

“Although...he does seem to have gotten stronger since then.”

Bar Khan’s undead legion only increased in number over time. In the beginning their number was not enough to match even a tiny portion of the Shadow Army of Palma. But the number and quality of the undead increased exponentially as the battle went on, until eventually their strength seemed to be toe-to-toe against the Palma army.

And then this delicate balance of the battle swung towards Bar Khan in a blink of an eye.

As the undead began to overwhelm, the powerful and dangerous card that the Hermes Guild had pulled out, the Palma Shadow Army, was collapsing from everywhere.

“That’s undead for you...” Weed watched on in awe.

His strategy in battle engagement was a textbook Necromancer approach. The disadvantage in number means nothing; it will sort itself out in your favor as the battle continues.

As Bar Khan managed to summon a Bone Dragon from the gathering corpses, they had to distance themselves even further as it became too dangerous to stay where they were and watch.

“Is a Bone Dragon normally this easy to summon? His specs are getting a bit suspicious now. “

– The Master of the Immortal Legion, Bar Khan Demoff has made his appearance and is now driving off the Shadow Army of Palma.

– Look at the sky. Those are Weed and Wy-3.

– Weed the God of War showed up!

– Weed has brought Bar Khan from death.

– Weed manages to foil the evil scheme of the Hermes Guild with a brilliant move!

The broadcasting stations that had been monitoring the Shadow Army of Palma began their live coverage of the battle, and the users who had been following them closely also cheered in delight.

“It’s a war! And even better, it has undead!”

“All the high-class undead units are here.”

“That is the Immortal Legion. Look at how powerful their skeletons are.”

Of course, the users had also retreated to a far place in order not to be seen by Bar Khan.

Each time Bar Khan’s undead summoning magic unfolded, dozens of Death Knights and Doom Knights have appeared. Not only the bodies of the witches, assassins, and demonic creatures, but the bodies of the animals buried long ago beneath the ground

rose to become undead as well.

Weed smiled contently, observing that the number of the Shadow Army of Palma had reduced to a mere one tenth of their original amount.

It was a good time to stop spectating and leave; he ran out of the dried apples, too.

“All is well now. Bar Khan and his immortal army will drag this Agoltha region into chaos.””

...Even though they will disappear as soon as the spell's time is up.

It was possible that the Hermes Guild did not know that the time limit for Sculpture Resurrection is short. If so, the Fifth Legion that had been following the Palma army would rush into the battle before the undead gains even more strength.

“When fighting the Immortal Legion, you need to make them collapse from within or try to hit them unexpectedly. It would be near impossible to beat them with a frontal attack, and if you don't have any divine spells with you, it is best not to touch them at all. “

Bar Khan was the greatest Necromancer in history, and his capabilities in directing a battle was incredible. Not long after, even Palma himself, the commander of the Shadow Army, suffered in great pain with dozens of curses put on him by Bar Khan, and finally lost his life by the coordinated attack from the Bone Dragons and the Doom Nights.

Even as they tried to flee, due to the prison of bones that shot up high into the sky like a pillar of a temple, not a single troop of the Palma army managed to escape; everyone met their horrible demise, surrounded by woeful screams of the specters.

-The Shadow Army of Palma destroyed!

– Bar Khan Demoff has exterminated the entirety of the powerful demonic creatures. No, let me correct that. He turned all of them

into undead.

– An unbelievable fight. Bar Khan finished his battle completely untouched.

– So this is the true capabilities of a Necromancer in battle...it is truly marvelous. Of course, there are big gaps in strength among swordmasters, too, so one would not be able to reach that level of power just by mastering the undead summoning skills...

“Looks like my job here is done now.”

Weed was about to leave, intending to let the aftermath of the event unfold itself. At that moment, Bar Khan, who was on the ground, muttered in a low voice.

“This pitiful body ... failed to overcome death.”

The body revived by Sculpture Resurrection.

Bar Khan precisely identified the limitations that body entailed.

“I shall save the eternal life of immortality from death.

With the power of the endless mana, I will transcend the very boundaries of life and death.”

This is actually a rather common word-play joke in Korea. The original Korean word for this delicacy is pronounced “Jui-Po”, and it is not made with rats; it is actually a dried filefish fillet. But since the word “Jui” means “rats” in Korea, (and “Po” usually refers to fillets) people often joke that it is made with rats. Except in this case it IS made with rats.

A famous Chengyu (Chinese character idioms) originating from Romance of the Three Kingdoms. It basically means once after everything that can be done by a man is done, then the rest depends on the will of God. Weed explains this meaning to Wy-3 by using an analogy, saying that once you bought the lottery ticket, all you can do is just wait until Saturday (when the lucky number is revealed).

An internet jargon that became sensationally common, especially among the younger generations of Korean. Basically this refers to people who were born with 'a golden spoon in their mouth', which means the people who were born wealthier than others. The expression has a wide variety of variations, the most common of which is 'dirt-spoon', which basically means the opposite of 'golden-spoon'.

Part 3

From Bar Khan's body, black sparkles of light bloomed and shot up high into the sky.

“...Huh?”

As the sun was beginning to be covered in black clouds, darkness reached the sky where Weed and Wy-3 were.

‘It's as if the light itself is being devoured...Has Bar Khan always been this powerful?’

Weed's survival instinct was frantically sending his brain a warning sign.

‘Something's up! Bar Khan is stronger than I expected, and he's behaving strangely.’

Until now, there had never been a case in which everything worked out smoothly once some unexpected event started to unfold. Life is not easy; one time he had rented a semi-basement flat at a price lower than the market value only to find out that the house was a natural habitat for cockroaches. At one point he had got seriously worried that the walls might collapse because of the layer of mold that had reached the thickness of over a centimeter. Through these experiences Weed learned to be wary when things were going a bit too well, and his instinct had almost always turned out to be right; just as people say, an ominous hunch is never wrong.

On the other hand, he was bound to let his guard down from time to time no matter how careful he had been, and in those cases, some sort of mishap followed without fail.

‘Something went wrong.’

Weed and Wy-3 were flying from far away to prepare for any situation. They were keeping a safe distance, at least three times farther than the users who had gathered on the ground to watch

what was happening.

‘It doesn’t look like Bar Khan is going to attack me. But what is he up to?’

Endless darkness was erupting from within Bar Khan’s body like a volcano, and the Immortal Legion was gathering close around him as if they were worshiping him.

Doom Knights, the most elite undead knights, were also on high alert, guarding the perimeter.

‘There is something serious going on. I’m sure of it.’

Weed and Wy-3 moved a little farther to observe the situation.

“Wy-3.”

– Kyuooo...

“The moment something looks off, we’re out of here.”.

-Understood. Master.

The users who were on the ground, too, had enough wits to sense the danger.

“What..what is that?”

“Why are the undead gathering around him like that?”

“This doesn’t feel quite right...”

They just didn’t run away, even though they knew something was wrong; just like how people are unable to move their feet to escape the impending disaster, because of curiosity if nothing else.

– It seems Bar Khan Demoff has fallen into some sort of strange condition...

– The battle is already over; what would be happening?

– It looks like a kind of high-level magical ritual...

Broadcasting stations were also reporting the situation with interest.

All the while, an aura of darkness originating from Bar Khan was spreading far and wide.

And then...

Ding!

<83,329 points of life force have been drained.>

<92,130 points of life force have been drained.>

<122,984 points of life force have been drained.> The users who had been standing closer to the scene got nearly half of their life force taken away on the spot. The Immortal Legion and other summoned undead were all deprived of their vitality as well; they crumbled like sand and disappeared.

Shortly thereafter, Bar Khan's body itself began to change.

His skin rapidly aged and withered, then eventually melted altogether, running down his body like dirty water.

“What?!”

Now Bar Khan's body had been reduced to mere bones, and there was a red aura hanging around him.

This was a somewhat familiar sight; someone in the crowd spoke out.

“That...looks like a skeleton monster, but it looks a bit too high-class...isn't that a lich?”

“A lich?”

“Yeah. Weed-nim transformed into one before. “

Kkwakwakwakwaaa!

A powerful shock wave spread out from Bar Khan across the distance of several kilometers in radius, as if a great explosion occurred around him.

< You have been touched by the enormous energy of death. 83% of total physical ability will be temporarily reduced.

Maximum life force will be reduced to 41% of the original amount for two days.

Hunger!

Terror!

Disorientation!

Resistance against Necromancy spells will be lowered to the minimum level. As you are unable to focus your mind, the success rate and power of skills and/or magic will be reduced. The effect of Faith will be diminished.> “Wha, what is this?”

“What on earth is going on...?”

Bar Khan did not use any attack spell; this was just a side effect that spread out as something deadly and enormous was manifesting itself in the Agoltha Region.

Ding!

<Remnants of the terrible darkness have gathered in one place.

Bar Khan Demoff!

He has demolished the boundaries of death itself and successfully transformed himself into an Arch-lich> An Arch-lich.

It was a superior being, of a rank even higher than a lich, and just an ordinary lich was already a very difficult enemy belonging to one of the boss-level monsters. Necromancer-type liches were most common, but even a lich who had mastered Black Magic was not killed easily. Due to its powerful magic and near-infinite pool of life force, a lich could not be dealt with by just an individual or a small party, and even an entire army could not guarantee a victory against it.

While Weed had once managed to get rid of the lich Shire, he had received a considerable amount of help from the Dark Elves and the Orc tribes, on top of using a special holy relic.

And now, Bar Khan, who was already terribly strong in the first

place, became an Arch-lich.

<Restrictions of Sculpture Resurrection skill have been relieved by force.

Bar Khan Demoff has been freed from the limited life force. His fate, which was to disappear from the world after 16 hours, has changed, and now he has obtained immortality.> ‘...’

Weed looked at the message window and said nothing.

‘I’m doomed.’

He had summoned a historic boss monster that could threaten the peace of the whole Versailles Continent, the one being who had reached the very pinnacle of Necromancy.

‘I’ve defeated Bar Khan before...but things were very different back then.’

During one historical event, every religious order and race had united their power to stop Bar Khan. As a result, The Holy Sword of Lugh had been driven into his chest, diminishing his strength significantly.

‘I see, the problem was the Holy Sword of Lugh! The Bar Khan I have revived was in his top condition, so his power hasn’t been weakened.’

And now he was not only magically and physically complete, but his bony body seemed so healthy and robust as if the joints were freshly oiled as he had just been born anew.

‘Still, the average strength of the users has improved a lot since back then. He is far from unbeatable. It’s just...the sacrifices we’ll have to make will be enormous.’

Should Bar Khan choose to advance towards the North, he would become a disaster even greater than the Hermes Guild; skeletons would swim in Puholl Water Park, and the Death Knights would take control of Morata’s streets.

What Weed had intended was to just remove the Shadow Army of Palma, but now he ended up creating a deadly threat to the safety of the Versailles Continent.

‘I really didn’t expect this...but still, I need to lead this situation to my advantage by any means. Then the only solution is...’

Weed’s eyes flashed like those of a politician who visited a marketplace during an election.

*

Bar Khan!

He summoned the undead army again with his overflowing power.

“I want blood!”

“Blood!”

“Let us begin the night of corpses!”

“Corpses!”

The undead shouted on top of the tower of bodies.

Doom Knights, Death Knights, and even skeletons and ghosts were all making a giant ruckus. The Bone Dragons were also soaring across the sky, spouting sprays of deadly poison in all directions.

This was the dreadful sight created by the return of the Immortal Legion.

“What is this? I’m so scared...”

“That’s Bar Khan. Bar Khan has come back to life?”

“Oh no... It’s the Immortal Legion.”

The users who had kept watching despite the fear were now beginning to sneak away. Even the users with relatively high levels lay flat on the ground to make themselves inconspicuous to Bar Khan’s gaze.

“So this is how I die.”

“I’m so hungry but I’m not gonna eat. I’ll die anyway. “

“I think my body will be good enough for a Death Knight, at least.”

“If we become undead and invade the cities, do you think we can appear on TV?”

The grimness of the situation was such that the users were wondering if they had to leave some last words before their demise. Even if they managed to avoid drawing Bar Khan’s attention, it was impossible to escape as long as the Bone Dragons were flying in the sky.

“Huh? Someone’s coming. “

“Is it a user? Shouldn’t we tell him it’s dangerous? “

“I don’t think it’s a user. Take a closer look. That’s a lich. “

The spectators just watched on while lying on the ground, holding their breath.

A lich was coming riding on a phantom horse with great speed. The Bone Dragons first found him from afar, and soon he caught Bar Khan’s eye as well.

“Shire! You dare to appear before me after your foul betrayal?!”

As soon as he noticed the approaching lich, a beam of red light sparked from the skull of Bar Khan.

Shire, who had lost his life by the hands of Weed! The thing that was wearing the appearance of Shire was actually Weed, who had used his Sculpture Transformation skill.

Weed stopped at a distance none less than 2 kilometers away, which he deemed as a safe distance, and belted out a lion’s roar.

“Master. I think there is a misunderstanding. Everything I did, I did it for you. “

“Shut up. I will plunge your soul into the very bottom of Hell. “

Shire was the one who had ruined all the achievements that Bar Khan, once a scholar of life, had ever accomplished, and had driven him into the evil of dark mana.

Ding!

<A new quest has been unlocked.>

<The dangerous student of Bar Khan and the Immortal Legion’s second-in-command, Shire the lich!

He tainted his own master, Bar Khan Demoff, with the power of darkness, leading him into the path of corruption. His craftiness was what forced Bar Khan to open his eyes to a new life.

“Master. It is the life through death. You dreamed of immortality, but this is not a complete failure, is it? “

He made Bar Khan embrace the life as a lich, and encouraged him to wage war against the entire continent.

Bar Khan’s hatred towards you is an extremely great one; however, after he became a lich, he obtained a grand ambition to build a new world.

Will you persuade Bar Khan to seek his forgiveness, and start rebuilding the Immortal Army to conquer the Versailles Continent?

Difficulty: S

Reward: leads to ‘Bar Khan’s Cause’ quest

Quest Restrictions: Bar Khan’s Resurrection, Lich Shire.> As a person’s reputation grew higher or their strength greater, the quests that could corrupt them occurred more frequently.

Of course, Weed was not in the least interested in such things as conquering the continent using an undead army. If it was in the name of the Arpen Kingdom, perhaps, but what use would there be if some undead conquered the continent? He was not going to

collect any rental fees from skeleton's graves!

On the back of the phantom horse, Weed laughed as he looked upon the face of Bar Khan.

“Hahaha. You're indeed persistent, coming back from death like that.”

“Despicable thing. Death cannot be an escape for you, either. Follow my will once more, and I shall forgive you.”

“I am not like you, Master. You have failed. Living as a hideous undead...you are nothing but a set of bones that hasn't been fully rotten. How is that life immortal in any way?”

Ding!

<The quest has been rejected.>

“Such arrogance, Shire!”

Bar Khan began to utter an incantation for his magic spell.

Weed did not know what it was, but upon seeing the spell that was forming in a remarkable speed, he hurriedly rode his phantom steed south.

“You will never catch me. I have a lot of reliable human friends.”

He feigned nonchalance, but he was riding his ghost horse with all his might.

Bar Khan ordered the Immortal Legion.

“Pursue him. To the depth of Hell itself, if necessary.”

The Bone Dragons spread their wings wide and took off into the air, and the Doom Knights and Death Knights rode their own phantom steeds, chasing after him.

The Immortal Legion had begun their pursuit.

“Chi-eh!”

“It's going to be a brutal slaughter. Kukuku. “

The skeletons were all rushing and jumping.

batabatabata!

A chase that shook the very earth. As the undead never got tired, they were not slowing down at all. Bar Khan himself was using a flying spell, and his speed was terrifying to watch.

Weed glanced back over his shoulder, and his heart skipped a beat.

‘They’re getting closer. I’ll be caught at this rate.’

Bar Khan with his full power, and all those high-level undead; their speed was almost twice as fast as Weed’s phantom steed.

The strength of the Immortal Army was such that even Weed during his days as the Great King of the Desert would have had a difficult time fighting against them. The undead would have been raised over and over unless they had been extinguished completely, and he would not have been able to use his full strength while suffering from dozens of curses.

Weed leaned down and rushed across the plain on the back of the phantom steed as fast as he could.

‘Now. I should almost be there...’

After going over a low hill, Weed was able to see the camp of the Fifth Legion which spread widely; those who had followed the Shadow Army of Palma, but suddenly lost their purpose with Bar Khan’s appearance. They were currently waiting for the next order from the heads of the Hermes Guild, and now Weed appeared before them, riding a phantom steed.

“Who is that?”

“It’s a lich.”

“A Necromancer? Is he from our guild? “

As Weed was appearing as Shire after using Sculpture Transformation skill, they did not recognize him, so he first

greeted the Hermes guild members with a waving hand.

“Good morning, fellow guild members! It’s a lovely day.”

“Ah... Yes. I assume you would be a lich?”

“I’m a Necromancer, but my circumstances are a bit complicated right now.”

“I see. What brings you here, by the way?”

Hermes Guild members talked to him without much doubt. As the Necromancer’s equipments Weed was wearing looked like quite high-quality gears, they thought he was another competent member of the guild. Since Necromancers tended not to participate in the guild’s hunting events or large-scale raids, they weren’t even familiar with the face of Krobidyun.

“I just happened to be passing by and thought to say hello. Good day!”

“Ah. Sure...”

And just like that, Weed went off, skirting around the edge of the Fifth Legion on his steed.

“Who is he, anyway?”

“You’d think that a user who succeeded in transforming into a lich will be quite famous.”

“I haven’t the slightest idea. I cannot even think of any name that might be him. Do you think he’s on some kind of special quest?”

Before they even had time to ponder for long, Bar khan and the undead emerged from beyond the hill.

Chapter 6: The Sorcerer of Darkness

Part 1

“Undead ...”

“What the heck...? Their number is huge!”

The users of the Fifth Legion were appalled by the size of the Immortal Legion that had been raised by Bar Khan.

The undead rushed in frantically, having spotted the humans.

“Kwehehehe!”

“Death to the living!”

“I will end your worthless lives!”

Bar Khan and the undead!

Once the humans caught their eyes during their chase after Weed, they didn't even attempt to communicate.

“Humans. I am Ulloombo, a Knight from Hell. I welcome you into our ranks.”

“Begin the assault of destruction.”

The phantom steeds on which the Doom Knights were riding spread out and began their soundless charge into the enemy camp. Following behind them were a great number of Death Knights and skeleton soldiers, and there were also large undead demonic creatures, once of the Shadow Army of Palma, shaking the ground in great rush.

Karstein, the Commander of the Doom Knights, raised his broken sword and cried out, “The Legion of Immortality! Charge!”

Koohoowaaa!

A cursed purple aura covered the Immortal Legion; this effect alone was enough to grant the undead army improved speed and ability to steal life force.

“What?! You mean Weed has appeared here? “

At that moment, Legion Commander Bucking was contacting the heads of the guild.

As they didn't receive the news about the Shadow Army of Palma until late, He had only now realized that the lich who had just passed through their camp was in fact Weed.

“Unbelievable. And we just let him go?”

Bucking was groaning with regret, but the assaulting Immortal Legion was already right in front of him.

“It's too late to avoid the fight. We'll just have to fend them off with all we've got. Place the shieldbearers in front and divert the knights.”

The infantry force attempted to stand their ground, blocking the charging undead. Since there were so many undead mounted troops like the Doom Knights, not to mention the Bone Dragons, they had decided that it would be impossible to flee from them.

“Damn it. Why do we have to fight against those...things...?”

“They say in the Guild Channel this is the Immortal Legion; is that true?”

“What? Surely not! No way!”

Hermes Guild's members were also preparing for combat, their expressions grim.

“Bring forth the day. When everything you believe in collapses into nothingness. You shall be betrayed by your own kin, and die in pain and suffering. The Rhapsody of Destruction!”

Bar Khan waved his bone wand and chanted an incantation of Black Magic, which caused the specters to scream from all directions. Horrible, nerve-grating sounds resonated far and wide as if a well-trained orchestra was playing them. In addition to being ear-splittingly loud, the sounds also made a listener feel heavy-limbed and sick.

< You hear the Rhapsody of Destruction.

Extremely weakened state!

Physical abilities will be diminished.

Attack and defense abilities will be weakened.

Resistance against mind-affecting magic spells will be lowered, and all stats will be reduced by 22% or more.

6,492 points of life force will be lost per second.>

The cursing spell of Black Magic using the undead. The Imperial soldiers could not bear it; they were quickly succumbing to death, their bodies collapsing like a surging wave.

“We shall grant you the glory of Immortality!”

“It is the order of Bar Khan-nim. Be grateful, you living things.”

The Doom Knights pierced through the barriers set up by the shieldbearers of the Fifth Legion with sheer force. The soldiers who were crushed by the powerful charge flew all over the place and lost their lives.

“The shieldbearers have been neutralized!”

“Stand closer together! Stop them using whatever skills you have! We were in the middle of a march; if they manage to reach our base, they’ll ruin everything.”

The Doom Knights penetrated the camp of the Imperial army. Even when they were interrupted by spearmen and shieldbearers, they pushed forward to the last of their strength. They drove their swords into the opponent’s chests even after losing their heads. Due to the fact that they had an infinite supply of life force and mana provided by Bar Khan, in the end this only increased the number of undead.

“The, the undead!”

The soldiers who had lost their lives were revived as undead.

Without any blessing or cleansing spells, the Doom Knights regained their life force as well, climbed back on their phantom steeds.

The situation was already beyond chaotic, but Bar Khan started to utter yet another incantation.

“Offer your feeble life to me, the eternal being. I shall reward you all with an immortal life. The Reaper’s Gift. “

About one third of the soldiers in the Fifth Legion were branded with a vivid shape of a ghost holding a black scythe on their foreheads.

<You have received the Reaper’s Gift.

A portion of total life force and mana will be drained every second.

The damage you take will increase when you are wounded.

When your remaining life force gets below 20% of the maximum amount, there is a high chance of a sudden death.> “Urrgh. Using this sort of Necromancy...!”

“We need divine spells! Get rid of these brands first, quickly!”

The users of the Hermes Guild in the Fifth Legion could not repress their shock and thrill of terror. They had all defeated numerous boss-level monsters before, but they had never experienced such unparalleled power of presence like Bar Khan’s. Worst of all were his unprecedented ability to cast curses over a wide area as well as his absolute dominance over the undead. The streams of life force and mana concentrated on Bar Khan were divided again, strengthening his entire undead army.

With the black and purple aura hanging around their bodies, the undead soldiers were demonstrating deadly combat strength as they fought on, even if they were mere Death Knights. The Doom Knights were absolute overlords of battle, rampaging through the enemy lines mercilessly.

‘Weed really defeated this thing before?’

‘There’s just no way. He is hideously strong.’

‘It is impossible to win against these undead. Even if we kill them, they just get revived again, stronger than before. The only solution is to get rid of Bar Khan.’

Some of the Hermes Guild users realized that Bar Khan was the key of this battle and quickly launched an attack against him.

“Kill him!”

“The Hermes Guild is the strongest of all!”

The Hermes guild users jumped into the fray, shouting dramatically in case they would appear on a broadcast. The undead tried to stop them but they broke through, throwing every skill they had at them; the Fifth Legion had many users who were quite famous in their own way.

“Fortress of Howling Corpses.”

Upon seeing the Hermes Guild users’ bold attempt at attacking him, Bar Khan cast another spell.

The land on which Bar Khan had been standing started shaking, and pillars that were made of countless tangled bones began to shoot upwards, tens of meters high.

Soon, a magnificent hill of bones was formed.

<A Fortress of Howling Corpses has been created.

The Black Magic spell that can only take effect through great blood sacrifice is corrupting this land with a deathly curse.

Physical and magical attack abilities of every living creature will be decreased by 74%.

Wailing spirits are roaming about the battlefield, increasing the defense of the undead.

The life force of undead will be increased by 30%.

A deadly plague outbreak!

An unknown contagion will begin to spread, causing symptoms including itching, vertigo, disorientation, headaches, rashes, decay and weakened joints.> Bar Khan stood on top of the hill of bones about 90 meters high.

“This is just ridiculous. It’s just...”

“Even Weed has hunted down this monster before, but now...”

The users of the Hermes Guild were beginning to despair; in order to get close to Bar Khan, they had to fight their way through the horde of skeletons and the Death Knights, while climbing up to reach the lofty height of the hill of bones. On top of all that, there were the demonic creatures of the Shadow Army of Palma which had all turned to the undead, currently rushing in to fight them. They could even see the Bone Dragons, which had been soaring majestically in the sky, that were descending to the ground.

“There’s just no hope in this.”

“Let’s get out of here.”

Having made a quick decision the Hermes Guild users tried to flee the battlefield; there were still the remaining forces of the Fifth Legion to manage, but Bucking was the one who was in charge of those troops, not them. It was a relatively reasonable choice, except Bar Khan’s magic wasn’t going to let them escape so easily.

“There is no place for you to run. Accept the fate of the dead!”

With Bar Khan at the center, every living creature standing near him was branded with a mark.

< Mark of Death!

Bar Khan Demoff, the Sorcerer of Darkness!

He has sacrificed living creatures and dead bodies to complete a spell of Black Magic.

If you escape without killing Bar Khan, your life will end in three

hours.> Although there were records of this spell written in some books about Black Magic, none of the Hermes Guild members had actually experienced it in person. The spell cast by such a powerful sorcerer as Bar Khan would be impossible to cleanse without the help of at least high-priest level divine magic.

“Oh, this is just...okay, now we have nothing to lose.”

“Kill him!”

The Hermes Guild users struck at him again.

“Fight. We can win this.”

Keeping up the momentum, Bucking also encouraged his troops to fight more aggressively. However, more than 15% of the Imperial Army had already turned into undead. They chose to fight because it was impossible to escape, but it only led to constant loss of lives on the Imperial Army's side. Their despair deepened each time Bar Khan cast another spell on top of his Fortress of Bones.

“Ever-changing flow of mana, hear me; this end of countless lives shall be my offering to you. Now move and realize the principles of extinction and opposition.”

Absolute magical defense: even divine powers and attack spells were now blocked by Bar Khan. The undead were multiplying their numbers even more by devouring the Fifth Legion. Skeletons swinging their rusty swords and corrupted zombies were slowly taking control of the battlefield.

*

Weed returned to Morata by Yurin's Painting Teleportation skill.

“Can I order some fried chicken, Mister?”

“Of course. Just take a seat.”

– The Immortal Army. Bar Khan Demoff! They are incredibly strong!

– A raid of the undead...this is absolutely overwhelming. They cannot win.

Having a cold glass of beer with fried chicken, while watching the broadcast through a crystal ball!

“This is the reason for my life, right here.”

Weed took a big bite off a drumstick.

Quite naturally, every broadcasting station on every channel was either live streaming the Immortal Legion or reporting in news bulletins.

– Even so, Bar Kahn’s strength is just beyond imagination. He absolutely overwhelmed the Fifth Legion without even giving them any chance to properly fight back.

– I think he will easily qualify as the greatest monster that has ever appeared on broadcast.

– It is also not overly strange, considering that Bar Khan has been one of the few forces in history that had the capacity to bring the Versailles Continent to ruin.

– The Embinuy Cult was a remarkable force, too, but the difference between them is that Embinuy was an incredibly vast organization, while Bar Khan is but one man. Of course, this is all based on historical records, so the accuracy is limited.

– It looks like the influence of that holy sword that had been stuck in his chest was very great in the past.

– The holy sword?

– Yes. That seems to be the only plausible explanation. Bar Khan is much stronger than before.

Weed was simply amazed to see Bar Khan smash the Fifth Legion into pieces through the broadcast.

“Necromancers are sure powerful.”

Even between two masters of the same skill, there existed a gap in their capabilities. For instance, two swordmasters would not have the same strength due to difference in their level, stats, and flair for combat. And Bar Khan was not just an ordinary Necromancer master; he was the best of the best.

“I’m not sure if I’ll be able to defeat that thing again. I must avoid fighting him, whatever happens.”

Before Bar Khan and his undead encountered the Fifth Legion, their main strength had been their number. They had already had Doom Knights, specters and the Bone Dragons, but the majority of their forces had consisted of skeletons and zombies.

Currently, as the knights of the Imperial Army were turning into undead and even the users of the Hermes Guild were falling to their power, the number of high-class units was increasing rapidly.

‘They can grow into a terrible force if left alone. Something that can threaten the fate of the whole nation...’

A danger level that could potentially surpass that of the Embinuy Cult; it seemed Bar Khan was able to manufacture those boss-level monsters like Doom Knights as easily as canned food, given enough corpses. Without the Holy Sword of Lugh stuck in his chest, it was impossible to estimate the limits to his capabilities in undead summoning or Black Magic.

‘There’s still a chance if we can ram that sword into him again, but who could do that?’

Unless they could start a very, very confused fight, it would be difficult to even approach Bar Khan close enough to put the holy sword into his chest. Even Weed at his prime as the Great King of the Desert with all of the Desert warriors under his command wouldn’t have been able to manage that task easily.

An endless stream of undead, curses, and Black Magic. On top of that, putting down a lich for good was a problem in itself due to its

gigantic life force and recuperative power; a truly horrible being.

‘Bar Khan has been revived. Now what would happen?’

He might choose to hunker down in one region, but it was always possible that he would start a campaign for the domination over the continent.

While Weed gnawed at chicken wings, the broadcast program was showing the Fifth Legion being crushed hopelessly and fleeing. They were, of course, heading towards the south where the Haven Empire was. Bar Khan and the undead also started to march towards the south in pursuit of the survivors.

“Well. Since things have turned out like this, I don’t even have to worry anymore. The Hermes Guild will take care of the situation from now on.”

This mayhem was all his own doing, but he was quite relieved to see that others were now going to clean up his mess.

*

Bar Khan and the undead, engaged in battle against the Fifth Legion.

The number of Doom Knights alone reached several thousands; it was hard to even count the Death Knights and skeletons occupying the whole plain, and there were none less than thirty Bone Dragons flying in the sky.

“Wow. This is just huge.”

“Amazing. I don’t even know what to say.”

“So we are witnessing the first stage of destruction of the Versailles Continent.”

There were more users gathering to watch the scene from the distance.

The Agoltha Region was at the northern end of the Haven Empire, and crossing a narrow sea from here, one could reach the

borders of the Arpen Kingdom. To the east, there were other regions such as Harpan and Ritten which were ruled by the Arpen Kingdom as well. The urgent question now was where Bar Khan and his undead army would head next.

“Do you think they’ll go to the Arpen Kingdom?”

“Surely not...there’s a sea blocking their path.”

“Even so...wouldn’t the undead simply cross it? And the Bone Dragons can always just fly.”

“Hmm. Come to think of it, the skeletons could walk under the sea; they don’t even have to breathe.”

“That’s a bit scary.”

Bar Khan and the undead would keep moving to somewhere, wherever that would be. And the survivors were desperately fleeing towards the south, so the undead were naturally following them.

The crowd was watching them, forgetting to even breathe. The Bone Dragons were soaring in the sky, and the skeletons were continuing their limping march after them.

“Well. There will be chaos in the Hermes Guild.”

“Yeah. They are doomed, pretty much.”

The original translation for this spell, ‘the destruction song of destruction’, is actually quite accurate; the author was using two different words that pretty much had the same meaning. I changed it a bit to make it sound less ridiculous, but it is still quite corny. To be honest, everything this Bar Khan guy says and does is corny, so I thought it is his identity of sorts.

Not very sure about this simile because...well, how would a well-trained orchestra give out such horrible sounds? But it is as it is in the original text, so I’m open to any suggestions here.

Part 2

The broadcasting stations were quite bewildered by the sudden turn of events; only an hour ago, it had looked like the combined force of the Shadow Army of Palma and the Imperial Army's Fifth Legion were about to deal a massive blow to the Arpen Kingdom. Everyone had predicted that even if the Arpen Kingdom won a victory it would have to suffer crippling damage, but now, the circumstances had been completely reversed.

“Bar Khan Demoff!”

“The Sorcerer of Darkness and the Lord of Undead, he has now made his appearance. It seems there is going to be a war against the Hermes Guild!”

The voices of the broadcasting hosts became very dramatic; this kind of development of the situation was what attracted the viewers. When there was such an unexpected twist, the ratings were bound to be high.

“Prepare the broadcast screen! Is there any way we can get a video footage of the Immortal Legion from a closer distance?”

“It's just too dangerous to get near them!”

“Try offering prize money for filming them. We need to do something!”

The Immortal Legion was continuing their march with an incredible speed; the undead that had been strengthened by Bar Khan's magic were moving without rest.

And now, they had arrived at the Northern fortress of the Haven Empire!

The Bone Dragons were spraying their breath attacks in the air while the skeletons climbed up the ramparts.

The Haven Imperial Army was a formidable force that had

conquered the Central Continent. It consisted of many high-class troops who had honed their skills through countless battles, yet they were being helplessly torn apart by the undead.

Bar Khan roared, standing on the top of the now thoroughly collapsed fortress.

– The immortal life. I will make this entire land know what powerful existence we represent, my Immortal Legion and I!

“Kwaaaarrgh!!!”

The skeletons shouted in joy, waving their rusted swords.

As the Immortal Army was advancing southwards, the Hermes Guild entered a state of emergency.

-We are issuing the emergency draft for every guild member who is above level 500.

There was a certain number of personnel required for tasks such as securing public order in the major cities of the Central Continent and fighting against the Arpen Kingdom or the Desert Warriors; and almost all of them were now drafted into the war against the Immortal Legion, leaving only the bare minimum.

There were over 700, 000 members in the Hermes Guild-in just two days, 250,000 users assembled in the Castle of Aren, except for those who could not join them because they were too far away or currently on some special quests. It was the top-level military power only the Hermes Guild, as the one force that had taken over the Central Continent, was able to assemble.

“Bar Khan Demoff: what would be his approximate level?”

“It is impossible to know, but it would be safe to assume that he has the combat capacity equivalent to a level that reaches almost 900.”

“Whoa. That is strong.”

“As everyone here would be aware, the characteristics of a Necromancer make his power dozens of times stronger in an army-scale battle.”

“And the undead, their numbers are increasing every day, correct?”

“Yes. In order to strike any direct blow to him, we need to penetrate his undead army first.”

Even the heads of the Hermes Guild could not hide their astonishment as they reviewed the information on Bar Khan’s combat strength. The sight of the Immortal Army wiping out the Fifth Legion gave them a significant emotional shock as well.

The three major spells: Death Aura, Absolute Magical Defense, and Dark Rule!

The reviving undead soldiers already posed a big problem, but even trickier was the weakening of the allies’ strength through Bar Khan’s numerous area-of-effect curses and draining of life force and mana.

“With more than ten thousands members of the Hermes Guild gathered together...it’s not impossible to beat him, no matter how high his level might be.”

“It’s not that simple.”

“What’s the problem? We’ll stand a good chance if we form a group of shock troops armed with holy weapons that can pierce through the undead horde, although we might have to suffer some losses.”

“Bar Khan is an Arch-lich; unless we first destroy the vessel that contains his unlimited life force, it would be near impossible to get rid of him for good.”

“Where is that vessel then? We’ll have to deal with that first after we find out in what dungeon it is hidden.”

“It looks like Bar Khan is carrying that vessel in his person.”

“...”

Needless to say, it was not an easy task to penetrate the undead army to get close to Bar Khan and THEN breaking his life vessel.

“Also, the power of his undead legion is not fixed. Consider the fact that as our side suffers losses of lives, the dead allies will be resurrected as high-class undead and attack their former comrades. The Corpse Explosion spell also deals high damage.”

Bar Khan’s Corpse Explosion had similar power to a high-ranking mage’s [Total Combustion](#) spell.

“What if we attack him with divine power?”

“It’s true that the undead are vulnerable against holy water or weapons with divine power. But remember, in the past Bar Khan remained active even after the Holy Sword of Ru had been stuck into his chest.”

“There is no limit to his mana, either. It’s been reported that he constantly drains life force and mana from the surrounding undead.”

“Hmph. Looks like there really is no solution against this monster.”

“Should Bar Khan choose to fight cleverly, it would possibly mean that we might not have any hope for victory.”

The look on the faces of Lafaye and Bard Ray as well as other members of Elite Guards present was becoming increasingly grim as they set up a plan. They were some of the strongest figures in the Versa Continent, but even for them, hunting Bar Khan was a serious challenge.

“I’m afraid this will be very dangerous, with a myriad of potential unexpected variables.”

“Why did this monster have to choose to come here, of all the

places...?”

They were beginning to understand why the Hermes Guild issued the draft over the whole Central Continent, even while making some risky choices. And if the Castle of Aren, the capital of the Empire, were to be devastated by Bar Khan after all this, the damage caused would be simply unimaginable. Their Imperial Palace had already been destroyed; and now the Castle of Aren, that had served as the capital for so long, falls under the hands of the undead? How shameful it would be, especially when they were claiming to be the ruler of the Central Continent!

“It is still possible to take advantage of the limits of Bar Khan’s power; the limits of undead.”

Lafaye turned the sheets of paper occupying the entire surface of the wide wall. There were writings such as mathematical equations or records of military analysis filling up the whole space. Although not as extensive as the resources in the Great Library in Morata, the Hermes Guild also kept a separate collection of high-quality information on adventurers or monsters, and through this they had analyzed Bar Khan’s data.

“Our best bet is to concentrate forces that are powerful enough to overwhelm the undead from several directions to break through the enemy lines.”

“Breaking through...that sounds dangerous.”

“Yes. But there is absolutely no point in taking a defensive disposition against the Immortal Legion and Bar Khan.”

“Because of the curses and resurrection skill, you mean.”

“Precisely; this is why we issued the draft over the whole Central Continent. We need to finish this fight in a short time, by focusing the maximum possible amount of force. Additionally, we know that a Necromancer possesses an inherent weakness that limits his abilities: in order to fully exert his power, he must have some

corpses as ingredients.”

A weakness of a Necromancer-in spite of having an outstanding damage dealing capacity, an ability to drain life force and mana as well as numerous undead servants, these powers all required corpses.

“With our overwhelming strength, we eradicate the undead horde from outside, melting their bodies and weakening their force, and strike Bar Khan. All of these must happen at the same time, in a flash.”

“Would it be really possible?”

“Yes. In order to resolve this crisis, we’re going to borrow holy relics from every possible religious order, as well as paladins and priests. There will be quite a lot of loss in contribution points, but if we manage to hunt Bar Khan...that would be a big gift for us all.”

Lafaye had made agreements with several broadcasting stations for the live coverage; it was quite a natural step before such a great battle, and if they fought heroically against the Immortal Legion and won, the Hermes Guild would have an opportunity to improve their bad reputation and gain some popularity.

“Until now the circumstances often have placed us on the defensive; but if we survive this battle, the Hermes Guild can seize the initiative again. We will prove our strength, and gain legitimacy to rule over the Versa Continent.”

It was Weed who had revived Bar Khan and in turn raised the Immortal Army. The Hermes Guild users thought that this chaos had all been caused by Weed’s action, and it deserved to be harshly blamed.

Lafaye looked around at the people present for a moment, and turned his gaze to Bard Ray.

“For this battle, I must ask you to take the role of the commander in chief, Bard Ray-nim.”

The top rankers of the Hermes Guild weren't quite happy with the fact that they hadn't been chosen, although they thought it was inevitable. This war against Bar Khan and the Immortal Legion had the fate of the whole guild at stake. They didn't think they would lose, but if things went wrong, the undead would sweep through the Castle of Aren or the center of the Empire; the fame of the Haven Empire would be ruined, and the Immortal Legion might grow into an even bigger nuisance to the point that they would become completely out of control, so they thought it was quite natural that Bard Ray should take the leading role. The top rankers of the Hermes Guild tried to read Bard Ray's face.

‘We could trust Bard Ray-nim.’

‘Just...how much stronger has he become? He has enjoyed all the privileges of ruling the Central Continent.’

‘His power has been growing all the while, receiving complete support from the Hermes Guild. It has been a long time since he last displayed his strength in combat to the public. Looks like there will be a crazy competition between broadcasting stations for coverage.’

Since the conquest of the Central Continent, Bard Ray had not shown himself in the frontline. He had been living focusing only on self-improvement, and his goal was to become the ultimate God of war, just like his nickname. He was already one of the strongest beings, having had his power recognized by Battali, the God of Combat. But even Bard Ray was more than a little nervous about the coming battle.

“Bar Khan Demoff. This should be interesting.”

The Hermes Guild had decided to face the Immortal Legion in the Valkis Castle.

After having gotten out of the Agoltha Region, Bar Khan and the

Immortal Legion had been expanding their influence little by little by hunting the monsters roaming about. As if mesmerized by something, the monsters were drawn to the Immortal Legion passing through the vast plains, only to be killed. Groups of skeleton knights led by the Doom Knights brought corpses from hunting grounds or dungeons, which Bar Khan turned into undead.

In order not to give any more time to the Immortal Legion, which had been swelling in size like a snowball, the Hermes Guild finished preparation as quickly as possible and launched their interception in the Valkis Castle.

Every single broadcasting station was relaying the event, and a large number of users from the Central Continent joined in as spectators.

The Hermes Guild and the Immortal Legion!

For three days, all the resources of the Empire had been concentrated on the Valkis Castle, reinforcing its ramparts and engraving the magic circles. Bard Ray and other elite users of the Hermes Guild had arrived in advance and lined up along the castle walls. As ordinary knights and soldiers of the Imperial Army would not be of much help, they had all been placed in the rear. The mage army and high-rank mages were also on standby only, as they were unable to pierce through Bar Khan's Absolute Magical Defense.

“So there's going to be a showdown today.”

“It will be the biggest battle in the whole of Versa Continent.”

The users of the Hermes Guild waited, thoroughly armed with their gears.

In short course, several scouting skeletons emerged in the Gorum Mountain.

“Undead!”

“The Immortal Legion is here.”

A moment after the appearance of the skeletons, the high-rank undead troops marched in, covering the entire mountain.

The Bone Dragons escorted the Immortal Legion in the air, majestically flapping their wings of bones.

Bar Khan soared across the sky standing on top of a dark orb.

An Arch-lich leading his Immortal Legion shrouded in a pitch-black aura; he was reproducing the same glorious sight recorded in history books exactly as it had been in the past.

– Humans. I see you still have not abandoned hope.

Bar Khan’s voice gloomily crawled over the battlefield.

– Humans cannot lose hope until they are freed from the confinement of life. Today...I shall devour all your hope. The Immortal Legion, charge!

“...!”

The faces of the Hermes Guild users turned white with terror as they saw the huge army of undead immediately rush towards them.

The faces of Bard Ray and other top rankers were white, too, although for a different reason.

‘God damn it. I’ve practiced a really nice speech.’

‘I even prepared a song!’

Weed would sing a song when there was a big battle ahead.

Imitating that behavior, they had also practiced some lines and songs that could raise the morale of the allies, but that was all for naught as the Immortal Legion charged straight towards them, not wasting a second.

“I order the entire Imperial Army; begin the war to protect the

continent!”

Bard Ray let out a Great Roar. It was a skill that had a similar effect to Lion’s Roar, but affected a much wider area in the battlefield.

Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom.

Loud drumbeats reverberated throughout the Valkis Castle to signal the beginning of the battle.

“It has begun. Follow our plan; do not shoot arrows and stay in your positions!”

“Cast protection spells in advance to resist the Black Magic.”

True to its name, the storming party of Doom Knights of the Immortal Legion furiously bashed themselves against the castle gates. The bone arrows of the skeleton archers were also raining down over the ramparts.

Skeletons, dullahans and zombies climbing up the castle walls; all low-rank undead, but once they belonged to the Immortal Legion, even knights were not free from the danger of being devoured by them.

Bar Khan raised his bone wand high.

– Pathetic humans. Behold the Immortal Legion that will grant a new life to each of you.

< One Who Craves Despair!

Your mind is sinking into a darker subconscious.

Time to pay for the sins you have committed in your life.

Your mental capacities will be impaired to a degree based on your evil reputation!

Maximum mana will be reduced; knowledge and wisdom will be halved.>

< Resurrected Apparition!

You are having a horrible vision.

The ghosts of the monsters or enemies who have killed you in the past have appeared and roaming around you. Before they devour you, you need to defeat them with Bless or get rid of them entirely!>

< Uncontrollable Shivering!

Bar Khan Demoff.

You are feeling a great terror towards his magical power that can control life and death.

You are unable to resist due to the evil deeds you have committed until now.

All stats will be reduced by 35%!

4.5% of total life force and mana will be drained by Bar Khan whenever you take damage.

If the amount of damage you take is more than 30% of your total life force, the amount of life force equal to 2% of the damage you have taken will be drained.>

A name that would be closer to the original meaning would be something like 'total destruction by fire', but it was a bit of a mouthful for a name of a magic spell, so I came up with 'Total Combustion'.

Part 3

With a single incantation, Bar Khan cast a set of three area-of-effect curses with the range that covered the entire region.

“We need Bless! Remove the curses, quickly!”

“Where are the priests? Please, we need help right now!”

The users of the Hermes Guild desperately called for the priests. The paladins could withstand the curses with their innate resistance or Bless spells, but the damage suffered by the other users was more immense than they had imagined, even though they were equipped with the gears that were resistant to Black Magic. Not only preventing the enemies from exerting their full strength in combat, the power of Bar Khan’s magic was such that it reduced the victims’ overall competence by a couple of notches.

In the meantime, the horde of skeletons whose number amounted to almost a million was crawling up the castle walls. Unlike the human soldiers who need ladders, they just used their bony hands and feet to climb up the ramparts ever so diligently. The Hermes Guild users tried to stop them using their attack skills.

“[Exploding Slash](#) !”

“Thunder Hammer!”

“The Bow of Gamesh!”

A skeleton that had been strengthened by Bar Khan could even match the power of a Death Knight, but the users of the Hermes Guild defeated the skeleton horde without much trouble using the advantage of their position on top of the castle walls as well as their combat strength.

“You need to make sure their bodies dissipate completely! Just pushing them off the walls won’t do anything!”

“Suppress them!”

Using their powerful skills, the Hermes Guild users liquefied or pulverized the skeletons that had reached the top of the ramparts. The only way to win a fight against the Immortal Legion was to thoroughly destroy every corpse in the battlefield.

“The Doom Knights are about halfway to knocking down the castle main gates!”

“What, already?!”

“Defense units, quickly!”

In order to hold back the advancing Doom Knights, some of the strongest warriors or knights among the Hermes Guild members came forward to face them. Throughout the fortress there were explosions of divine force or blazing lights of magical spells, an intimidating sight to the invading undead.

“Up in the sky!”

“Careful! Everyone duck!”

Thirty Bone Dragons were soaring across the sky, spouting out concentrated acid; soon a number of places in the Valkis Castle had become corrupted, smoke of rotten gas rising from the ground.

“Krrrrr...rise up, vessels of unbelievers. Every being that possesses life merely exists to commit evil!”

The wailing ghosts were emitting bloodcurdling shrieks, cursing the living around them.

“I’m wounded!”

“Everyone who’s below 60% of their life force, retreat to the rear!”

The Hermes Guild had set up healing posts along the ramparts at every 50 meters; many priests with divine power were stationed there, whom the guild had recruited as many in number as possible from each religious order using its accumulated contribution points.

From the central tower of the Valkis Castle, it could be seen that treatment of the injured soldiers were proceeding smoothly.

“It’s a tough battle for sure, but we are...doing better than expected. Although, I must say, those skeletons are certainly powerful for such low-rank monsters.”

“Yes. We have the advantage of defending inside the castle, so we only have to be careful with those Doom Knights.”

“The Immortal Legion has about a million troops; their number would increase by a few tens of thousands when those Doom Knights that have scattered to find more corpses return, but I think we will still be able to defeat them.”

The top rankers and other authority figures of the Hermes Guild had gathered in the central tower, with Myul being one among them.

“I’m a bit concerned about those Bone Dragons rampaging through the field...”

“Right now any attacks against them are not much more than a waste of our strength. If we cannot take them down in one go, it’s better to just leave them be and concentrate on the low-rank undead. This fight will be over as soon as we get rid of Bar Khan, anyway.”

As their victory seemed more certain as the battle went on, the expressions on the faces of the Hermes Guild users became less stiff as well. At first they had been worried about the possibility of the Immortal Legion devastating the whole continent, but now that they had actually faced the undead army, they were doing a good job of driving it off. It was, of course, a tricky fight, as undead were able to be revived over and over again unless their bodies were completely destroyed; even when they suffered a considerable loss in the life force, with the power of Bar Khan recovering them they came to their full strength again in but a second.

The members of the Hermes Guild, the most skillful users of the continent, had joined their strength to fight against the terrible power of the undead horde consisting of the dreaded Doom Knights as well as the large elite monsters like Bone Dragons. They annihilated the skeletons crawling up the ramparts and blocked the bone arrows flying from the distance by using protection skills or deflecting them with their swords. The Doom Knights were difficult enemies to deal with, but the users coordinated their attacks to dispose of them one by one whenever there was a chance.

And at the very moment when they started to believe that they were proving the strength of the Hermes Guild as befitted the one that conquered the Central Continent, about a thousand users who had been standing on the ramparts got almost all of their life force drained at once by Bar Khan's curse.

They were not instantly killed thanks to the magic resistance, but their lives would be in peril if they continued to fight any longer.

"The power of that curse...He is indeed a legendary monster."

"Nobody died, though. It seems that skill cannot kill the victim outright, although it is capable of dropping the life force almost down to the bottom."

"That would be because we have utilized every available piece of equipment that can block curses or Black Magic. Those users would have died if we had underestimated our enemy."

The Hermes Guild had spent approximately 15 percent of the total wealth they had accumulated in preparation for this battle; it had been collecting an enormous amount of items that can resist Black Magic or curse spells from every possible source including auction halls, stores, and individual users.

'We can win this. At this rate, we will defeat them.'

'Even the Immortal Army will fall by our hands.'

The eyes of the Hermes Guild users were ablaze with fighting spirit. They were on their guard, waiting for the moment when the formation of the Immortal Army breaks with the continued siege and the core units of the guild penetrate through their ranks to deal with Bar Khan directly.

However, one must not underestimate their enemy until the very last moment when facing a monster as powerful as Bar Khan.

“This land is under the dominance of my commandments of darkness. The eternal power of immortality shall reign over all beings. Dark Rule!”

Bar Khan cast one of the three major spells: a spell of Necromancy that automatically raises every corpse in the region as undead!

The users who had been fighting on the central defense tower, on the ramparts or near the castle gates saw his spell manifest itself.

“There will be no effect, though.”

“We’ve made every preparation for that spell. At this rate, all of the other major spells are as good as sealed.”

There had not been many users who had fallen in battle, while more than 20 percent of the skeleton soldiers were put out of existence, and the Doom Knights had also suffered a considerable loss in number. The users were certainly wary of Dark Rule, which was the highest rank spell of undead summoning, but they predicted that it would not have much effect as they had led the battle to their favor so far.

However, after Dark Rule was cast, the ground around the Valkis Castle’s plaza and castle gates began to shake, as if there was an earthquake.

“Wha, what the...?”

The maximum number of users that could fight on the ramparts and at the gates was 65,000. The rest of the users had been

standing by as the reserve force, when they saw hands made of bones erupt from the vacant ground.

“Krrargh.”

“Kwaaaarrrrrgggghh!!”

Ancient skeletons with worn-out joints; zombies and ghouls crawled out from the earth and rose up, the last few strands of hair falling off from their skulls. The phenomenon was occurring throughout the entire Valkis Castle, whether it was the marketplace, the town square, or the lord’s estate. Bar Khan’s undead summoning spell was raising every single body of a person that had died in the Valkis Castle a long time ago.

The initial strategy of the Hermes Guild was to destroy and reduce the number of the undead in the Immortal Army and send out a group of elite shock troops in order to defeat Bar Khan himself. Out of these troops that had been organized in advance, the warriors would clear a path to the boss so that Bard Ray and the paladins can suppress Bar Khan. In terms of safety, it would have been a better choice to eradicate the entire undead army first, but the core of the strength of the Immortal Legion was Bar Khan; the users were apprehensive about the possibility that he might choose to leave the battlefield after losing all of his undead, and hence they had been desperately waiting for a chance to strike directly at him.

“The Immortal legion! They are...”

“There are too many undead being raised!”

However, the Hermes Guild’s plan had gone awry the moment Dark Rule spell came into effect.

The endless stream of undead, with the number far beyond any of their previous predictions.

According to the old historical records, since the opening of

Royal Road there had been a lot of wars over the ownership of the Valkis Castle. And now the bodies that had been accumulating underground during the course of those battles were all being revived as undead monsters, crowding both inside and outside of the castle walls in no time. Most of them were low-rank skeletons, but due to the effect of the Death Aura that enhanced their abilities, they were crushing buildings and setting things on fire with outrageous strength. Zombies and ghouls were running amongst the structures, attacking the users.

“It’s on the roof!”

“Zombies are falling from the ceilings!”

“The town plaza in this side is full of zombies already!”

The street battle of the undead; something that had never been recorded in any history books was currently taking place. With the skeleton mages and archers shooting fireballs or fire arrows all around them, the houses and major facilities of the Valkis Castle were consumed by uncontrollable flames.

“The fire is spreading. Spirit masters, please summon water spirits and start putting out the fire first.”

“Save the consumables with divine power for later! Do not pour down all the holy water-we need to prepare for a long battle, too!”

As the undead were rising up from the whole land, the Hermes Guild users were forced into a very confused fight, defending themselves against the horde rushing in from every direction. On the other hand, Bar Khan was blasting the Valkis Castle with a stream of Black Magic by offering the endless life force and mana he had been draining from those undead.

“Rise from the eternal corruption and drive the existence itself to decay! The Fog of Gultan.”

The land around the Valkis Castle was split into huge crevices once again. It was a remarkable sight to behold, the dark purple

aura that had risen from beneath the ground gradually covering the entire Valkis Castle.

< You have inhaled the Fog of Gultan, and are now poisoned.

349 points of life force will be lost every second.

Defensive abilities and magic resistance will be continuously reduced.

The durability of the Blue Coral Armor has decreased by 3 points.

The durability of the Golden Winged Boots will decrease by 2 points, and all of its stats will be reduced.>

Dark red fungi started to bloom on the sturdy castle walls, corroding the entire structure and reducing the durability. It was a corruption that covered the whole ground, and it inflicted damage on all constructions and living creatures.

Krrrrrruuuuuumm.

The earth began to shake. The buildings and ramparts in the Valkis Castle were collapsing down violently as a result of corrosion. The Bone Dragons howled in the sky and gushed out their Breath onto the ground in unison.

“Defend the position. The paladins will come into action soon.”

“Attack! Quickly, hurry up!”

The paladins that had been recruited from various religious order of the Versailles Continent joined the fight. With the grace of the divine power that made them several times deadlier against the undead, they rushed into the Immortal Legion, risking their own lives.

Almost ten thousand users had been killed by curses and Black Magic, and another ten thousands were lost in battle against the Bone Dragons and the Doom Knights. Now they were being resurrected as high-rank undead units, which meant that the circumstances were very far from the initial calculations of the

Hermes Guild.

“Things are not looking favorable.”

“It seems a good chance isn’t about to present itself anytime soon.”

Near the top of the hill that overlooked the whole Valkis Castle, the shock troops that consisted of the top elite users of the Hermes Guild were gathered, waiting. They were on the alert for an opportunity to strike at Bar Khan when the lines of the Immortal Army break with prolonged siege.

“The Valkis Castle has suffered more damage than we have expected.”

“It wouldn’t matter if they died...but there is a possibility that the undead will grow even more in number if we wait for too long.”

The users that had been assigned in the shock troops were actually quite tempted to leave the battle, as theirs was a very difficult mission indeed. They could not just drop out of it, though, because besides the fact that this battle would be broadcast live, Bard Ray himself had joined the fight.

Arkheim of the Elite Guard spoke to Bard Ray.

“I’m afraid the situation is worse than our initial plan.”

“We can’t expect to have a perfect opportunity all the times. It looks like things will only become more disadvantageous to our side as we drag this on. This Black Magic is also very unpredictable; we can’t predict what would follow next.”

“Then, are you going to begin the assault?”

“Let’s go now, before it’s too late.”

“I shall order the shock troops to move immediately.”

Arkheim conveyed Bard Ray’s decision through the communication channel of the Elite Guard and the battle channel

of the Hermes Guild.

-Arkheim: Time to go hunting.

Bard Ray and the other members of the shock troops started to speed across the hill on horseback.

“Our target is Bar Khan.”

“Eradicate the undead!”

The forces that had been hiding in and around the Valkis Castle had also simultaneously risen into action. At this one moment, all the Hermes Guild users were actively joining the fight, slaying the undead army. The Doom Knights were well matched in strength against them, but the users were burning their mana to quickly neutralize all the other weaker units of undead.

“Clear a path!”

“The Emperor has begun to move!”

The Hermes Guild users who had been so far defending the fortress in accordance with the meticulous battle plans jumped and slid down the ramparts all at once. As they were risking the danger of drawing the attention of the undead to themselves, Bard Ray and the shock troops struck the rear of the enemy forces. They were penetrating through the sea of skeletons in order to reach Bar Khan, who was in the center of the Immortal Legion.

“Guard against Black Magic and cursing spells!”

“In the worst case, the users in front must advance to block the curses with their bodies!”

They managed to get rid of the skeletons with area-of-effect skills, but shortly caught the eyes of Bar Khan and the Bone Dragons.

– Those despicable humans are coming after Bar Khan-nim.

– We shall rot them into a pool of water.

The Bone Dragons that had been attacking the Valkis Castle hastily changed direction and began to fly towards Bard Ray and the shock troops.

“Come, mortals. I will gladly show you the life of Immortality.”

Krrrruuuumm!

Bar Khan uttered an incantation, summoning a Fortress of Howling Corpses-a grand spell that changed the entire terrain with giant pillars of bones shooting from the ground. Due to the increased number of undead belonging to the Immortal Legion, the fortress of bones had become even larger than before, reaching the height of 150 meters. All the undead monsters that had been guarding him in the neighboring area also became stronger by the effect of the fortress of corpses.

“Damn it.”

The shock troops of the Hermes Guild were still charging furiously towards him while destroying the swarming undead in the process, but even they could not help gulping in terror as they witnessed this terrible sight. On top of the giant fortress made of bones, Bar Khan was sitting in his throne. The Doom Knights, specters, and other countless high-rank undead were looking down upon them from the high ground. By instinct, the users were struck with an ominous premonition-as if they were about to be engulfed by this sea of monsters.

The direct translation of the original text is something like “Depth Bomb Slash”. I’m guessing that it might be a sort of sword-slash skill that causes an explosion.

Part 4

“Charge! There will be no retreat.”

Although having had a moment's hesitation, the members of the shock troops, each of them a top-notch user of the Hermes Guild chosen by a fastidious selection process, continued to advance towards the Fortress of Bones, protecting Bard Ray.

“Guard yourselves against the approaching monsters...and don't take your eyes off those Bone Dragons, even for a second!”

“Warriors, raise your shields and prepare to block the Bone Dragons' Breath attacks.”

“Focus on just passing through the undead—our target is Bar Khan. Everyone charge towards him!”

The shock troops of the Hermes Guild consisted of some of the very top-ranking users of the entire Versailles Continent. They were using highly advanced skills that ordinary users had never seen before, including even the ultimate secret skills of sword art, to penetrate the ranks of the undead army. They were displaying an incredible efficiency in breaking through the horde, as they were well aware of the fact that slowing down for just a second will put them into a disadvantageous position.

“People in front, put on more speed!”

“13th Squad, stay behind and stop the undead coming from behind.”

As soon as the shock troops reached the Fortress of Bones, they began to climb. The mountain-high structure was growing even taller as time passed.

“I am Wilhelm, the knight of death—“

“Out of my way, I'm busy!”

They pushed aside the attacking Death Knights and Dullahans,

making them fall to the ground.

– Such insolent humans! You dare to step forth to commit an eternal sin?!

The Bone Dragons flashed them by, sending gusts of wind from their wings. The Hermes Guild users kept pushing forward, even while being attacked. Some brave users climbed onto the backs of the Bone Dragons and struck them. To become the top-class rankers, they had conquered countless dungeons and hunting grounds; they understood the importance of the task entrusted to them, and knowing that hundreds of millions of people were watching the battle through broadcast, they did not hold back.

“The order of Doom Knights is just ahead.”

“And there are...more than a hundred of them!”

“That’s no reason to fear. Just pierce through!”

Except for the Elite Guards escorting Bard Ray, the rest of the shock troops rushed forward and started fighting against the Doom Knights. As they approached closer, the power of their attack skills diminished drastically, oppressed by the terrifying aura emanating from Bar Khan.

“Break them! It doesn’t matter if they revive again, just focus on clearing a path!”

A hand-to-hand combat with the Doom Knights, in the Fortress of Bones filled with a chilling fog and wailing cries of the lost souls!

– Pathetic humans. I can feel your fragile flesh struggle in pain!

The Doom Knights standing closer to Bar Khan’s Death Aura were exhibiting remarkable abilities in battle—each Doom Knight’s power could in itself match that of a boss-level monster.

[“Arrgh!...my strength is...”](#)

“These things don’t die even if I cut them down! I’m hardly doing any damage just striking them! We need to do something!”

Casualties were rising as people fell victim to the undead, and many users were falling off from the Fortress of Bones in succession.

“We don’t have time! Keep pushing forward.”

The shock troops were in a rush, anxious about Bar Khan’s cursing spells that could be put upon them in any minute. Now that they had climbed onto the Fortress of Bones, having deadly curses inflicted upon them in such a close distance could mean a total annihilation of the troops. There was a limit to the range which the Doom Knights could cover, so the Hermes Guild users jumped right over it or made a detour. They knew that the guild was also suffering quite a large loss of lives, but for now they just passed by.

When the distance between them and Bar Khan was reduced to about 50 meters, another group of Doom Knights blocked their path.

-Protect the Master of Immortality.

From the sky they could see that more than three Bone Dragons were flying towards them-it was hard to find even one of such high-rank undead monsters in the Versailles Continent, yet this battlefield was full of them.

“We need to get closer.”

“There’s not enough time. Just start here!”

A group of users began to break away from the rest of the shock troops while taking out some objects. Their task was to distract the undead with the holy relics from various religious orders.

“A War Hammer of Valhalla!”

“This is the halidom of Freya Order!”

“The Shield of Lugh over here!”

From the Fortress of Bones, the users holding the holy relics

dashed out in all directions.

“Those humans are giving off such an abominable trail...”

– Do not let them escape! Kill them all!

Naturally, the hostility of the Doom Knights and the Bone Dragons immediately turned towards them. Vehement fury, and a thirst for revenge—as Divine power was their natural enemy, they scattered like diverging wind, leaving Bard Ray and his Elite Guards.

Bard Ray and the central units of the shock troops penetrated the thin wall of Doom Knights and approached Bar Khan.

“It’s over, Bar Khan!”

Eager to make an impressive scene, Bard Ray instinctively drew out the Holy Sword of Lugh and pointed it towards Bar Khan in an imposing manner; while he was surrounded by reliable supporting troops, he intended to make himself look heroic just for a short instance before the actual battle began.

Bar Khan did not blast his magic spells straight away; instead, he opened his mouth and spoke, as if in complement, “Human. You have exceeded my expectations by coming this far. However...you are still too weak to face me directly.”

Bard Ray retorted, “Nonsense. My strength is more than enough to defeat you.”

“Such insane and useless confidence, coming from a being confined in weak human flesh. Then, are you willing to come at me all by yourself?”

For a second, everyone sensed a strange turn of atmosphere.

Every viewer watching the broadcast at this moment was anticipating the one-on-one showdown between Bard Ray and Bar Khan—a bloody battle of the great Emperor against the lich, taking place in the mighty Fortress of Bones! Even the users of the

Hermes Guild were looking expectant, wondering if Bard Ray could really put down Bar Khan alone.

‘This wasn’t part of the plan, but what if...?’

‘What’s this? Is he going to have a duel, right now?’

On the other hand, Bard Ray was breaking out in a cold sweat. His plan was to defeat Bar Khan together with everyone and win more fame using that accomplishment, but a one-on-one fight against the Arch-lich? Things were getting out of hands.

‘If I lose the duel against Bar Khan now, it would completely break my pride, even if we manage to destroy him afterwards.’

It was humiliating, but Bard Ray reached a cool-headed decision and ordered his troops to attack.

“Our opponent is a Necromancer; he is just trying to buy some time with a dirty trick. Get rid of him immediately before he uses any foul magic or raises more undead!”

The priests prepared themselves for the battle, chanting incantations for a spell of sacrifice that had been planned in advance. It was a miracle that enabled them to possess the Divine force ten times stronger than normal for a short time, in return for giving up a portion of their level and stats.

“Go!”

“Strike him all at once!”

Bard Ray and two hundred users of the shock troops spread out, attacking Bar Khan simultaneously. There was a feast of splendid attack skills that had never been revealed to the world until this moment.

“Foolish humans. I see you refuse to believe in the power of immortality!”

Bar Khan blocked the attacks by summoning a pitch-dark barrier. All the flashy weapons and skills were ruthlessly blasted upon Bar

Khan and his surroundings, causing an intense shock wave that made the Fortress of Bones tremble and even partially collapse. Due to the continuous supply of life force and mana from his undead legion, Bar Khan did not fall easily even when he suffered some amount of damage.

“The endless despair. I will show you what lies beyond that cannot be fathomed by your pitiful human mind!”

Bar Khan began to cast a spell of Black Magic.

“Now!”

At that same second, Bard Ray teleported a short distance using the power of a divine weapon.

He had not had much time to prepare for the battle against Bar Khan, but he had done his research; an incredible amount of life force and absolute magical power, as well as the endless horde of undead protecting him-the chance to damage him directly through all these would not present itself often, but there was a hint.

‘I need to put the holy sword through Bar Khan’s body, to weaken his magical power.’

Just at the moment he was about to use Black magic, when he was most vulnerable-

“Transcending Strike!”

The priests focused their force onto Bar Khan in unison. Blinding white lights of divine power struck the barrier of darkness and seeped into the body of the Arch-lich. Bar Khan was standing his ground, not even flinching, but Bard Ray appeared right behind him by teleportation.

“This is the end.”

Stab!

He drove the Holy Sword of Lugh deep into the back of Bar Khan.

“Yes, that did it!”

“We defeated Bar Khan!”

All the users of the Hermes Guild shouted in excitement, not to mention the entire shock troops. To a monster such as a lich, a holy sword was a nemesis. In the past, Weed had also defeated Bar Khan once using the same Holy Sword of Lugh.

‘Even if he doesn’t get killed by this, he’ll still be crippled. We can win in an all-out assault.’

They had revised this plan and rehearsed it several times, but this was the best outcome possible—such rash action, that wouldn’t even have been imaginable if it had been Weed, who was so cautious he would [tap on the floor of an elevator before stepping into it.](#)

Bar Khan rattled his jawbone, the Holy Sword of Lugh still stuck in his chest.

“Kehehe. You all are nothing but offerings to darkness. I hereby sacrifice my body to summon the deep void upon this land... everything in existence shall perish.”

The ultimate skill of a Necromancer that used up all of their remaining life force and mana: the Great Extinction.

Guuuooooooooohh...

Bar Khan’s body broke apart and crumpled into dust. A dark red speck appeared on his place and started to spread rapidly. The spell of Great Extinction was swelling in power as it integrated every living creature and undead that was caught in the range of destruction; an ultimate explosion spell that pulverized even the Fortress of Bones in its entirety.

Having felt a sudden inkling of danger, Bard Ray had fled to Valkis Castle, using ‘Absolute Protection’ skill sealed in his magic cloak and ‘Solar Movement’ on his boots.

< A tremendous amount of damage!

You have suffered a critical loss in the life force by a spell of irresistible power.

1,203,933 points of life force have been lost.

Due to the grave injuries, you are temporarily unable to engage in battle.> Even with his quick reflexes he had lost over a million points of life force; still, he escaped death, thanks to the several blessings and protection spells as well as life force enhancement that had been put on him before the fight by the spell of sacrifice the priests had cast.

Among the shock troops and other Hermes Guild users who had been in the neighboring areas, those who had not managed to escape on time were all massacred.

Shortly afterwards, on the spot where Bar Khan had been standing appeared a bottomless crater with a radius of several hundred kilometers; it was the monument to the power of the Great Extinction spell, capable of warping the terrain itself.

The users of the Hermes Guild were dumbfounded for a moment by the intensity of magic they had never experienced before, but soon they came to themselves.

“We...We won...!”

“We’ve defeated Bar Khan!”

“Hooray!!”

“Bard Ray-nim did it!”

Bard Ray himself did not have much stamina and life force remaining, but he stood on the rampart and raised his fist high, savoring the moment of bliss.

– I have subdued Bar Khan, with my own hands!

In response to Bard Ray’s Great Roar, the Hermes Guild users let out shouts of victory. There were still more than half of the Immortal Legion left, but nobody cared about them; once Bar

Khan had disappeared with the last mighty bang, those remaining undead forces were nothing they could not handle easily. Bard Ray continued his Great Roar, his fatigued state notwithstanding.

“After vanquishing all the remaining undead, we will celebrate for three days and nights! The Valkis Castle shall be ordained as the sacred ground upon which we have defeated Bar Khan and the Immortal Legion!”

“Long live the Hermes Guild!”

The morale of the users who had gathered for the battle against Bar Khan was now through the roof with the pride they felt after stopping such a mighty enemy. They would be victorious, and celebrate their victory with people, just like the Arpen Kingdom. The Hermes Guild users were swelling in self-confidence, and just as they were about to relieve their tension, – There seems to be no end to your foolishness, humans.

Bar Khan’s eerie voice reverberated throughout the battlefield.

Bard Ray and the other users of the guild looked around for the source of the sound, startled.

Bar Khan was standing unscathed in the middle of his Immortal Legion, escorted by the undead. He didn’t even have the Holy Sword of Lugh stuck in his chest.

“How...?!”

“Bar Khan is still alive!”

“But he died, completely, just now! Why is he...?”

Bar Khan had already put a new spell of immortality upon himself; the terrifying fact was that he would be revived none less than five times, unless the vessel sealing his life was destroyed. In the meantime, the users who had just died in the explosion had also been raised as Doom Knights or Death Knights by the Dark Rule.

Bar Khan's voice was clearly heard by everyone.

– Go to sleep now. The nightmare will never end.

The Battle of the Kalice Castle!

A clash between the Hermes Guild and the Immortal Legion—nobody could have predicted that it would devolve into a bloody fight that had dragged on for 35 hours.

“What, they are still fighting?”

“Yeah...it just doesn't end.”

“Are they even planning to wrap it up within today?”

“Dunno. Bar Khan still has two more resurrections to go.”

The users who had come near the Kalice castle to watch the fight got tired first and left the scene. Even the broadcasting stations—after having continued the live coverage for some time, given the gravity of the battle—decided that they could not carry on any longer with all of their cast and crew exhausted, and returned to their normal schedules.

During the course of killing Bar Khan five times, the Hermes Guild suffered tremendous losses.

The paladins and the priests had been eradicated without a single survivor, having used their last spell of sacrifice, and more than 80 percent of the high-level users that had joined the battle had perished as well.

In the end, they eventually managed to defeat Bar Khan for good through the final coordinated attack, but the remaining Hermes Guild members collapsed onto the ground rather than enjoying the moment of victory.

“Uggh...I just want to lie down for a bit.”

“It's been a horrible, horrible fight.”

“The undead are the worst. Their stench, and their ridiculous amount of life force...I’m not fighting them again. Ever.”

“Well, Weed is a Necromancer. You might have to.”

“Dude! Don’t even say such things.”

The surviving users sprawled onto the ruins of the Kalice Castle that had been completely destroyed. Bard Ray himself had narrowly escaped death several times, and as Bar Khan had focused his attacks on him, there were especially few survivors among the Elite Guards.

< Battle Achievements!

You have successfully subdued Bar Khan Demoff and led a massive historic war to victory.

The fame of every user that had joined the battle will increase by 12,790 points.

All stats will increase by 6.

Your relationship with the religious orders that had joined the battle will become friendly. You have earned a large number of contribution points.

The Blessing of Battali, the God of War will be in effect for a week!>

They had earned fame in battle and some improvements in stats through a great achievement, but these rewards did not interest them much; in fact, at this moment it didn’t feel much like a victory at all to the users, who had been through such a gruesome and desperate fight.

“What’s this? That’s all for the loot?!”

Bong-dal, the ranker who had dealt the final blow on Bar Khan, cried out in anger as well.

The top-class boss monster that threatened to turn the course of

history itself; one of the enjoyable benefits of hunting such a monster was the great booty it left behind.

< You have obtained two sheets of white elephant skin.> < You have obtained a colorful deerskin. >

< You have obtained a sparkling pebble.>

< You have obtained 61 silvers.>

However, all they had found in the remains of Bar Khan were a couple of sheets of animal skin, a pebble and a small amount of silvers.

“Is this for real? Somebody tell me this is all a lie...”

Considering the fact that the mages usually possessed enchanted weapons or treasures of tremendous value, this was such a stark contrast, a shocking discovery. Bar Khan’s belongings were worth even less than the objects dropped by Death Knights or Doom Knights when they were killed.

The truth was, ever since his resurrection Bar Khan had been penniless, having lost all the valuable items by Weed.

“Noooooooooooo!!!!”

A battle that involved the entire main force of the Hermes Guild, and yet the spoils were not even enough to compensate for the payroll costs.

Worst still, terrible news had been delivered by the Second Legion.

(Continued on next chapter...)

From the original text it is not clear if this line means “my strength is reduced (by curse)” or “their (the Doom Knights’) strength is so great”, because in Korean it was just written as “... the strength is...” I didn’t think it would affect the entire story

much so I just decided to stick to one interpretation.

This expression is a parody of a famous Korean adage that translates into something like, “tap on the stone bridge before crossing it”, which basically means “look before you leap”.

Chapter 7: A Head-on Match

Part 1

From the Arpen Kingdom, the main force of the Grass Porridge Cult had arrived in the Harfen Region.

“Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge!”

The swarm of people descending southwards, covering the whole plain with their endless number.

Not only the combat specialists, there were users with every imaginable race and profession flooding down into the region. Some of them were complete beginners who had played for less than 100 days since they had stepped into the world of Royal Road in Morata and Dawn City.

“It’s not every day we can join this kind of big event.”

“You’re right. This is bound to be fun.”

“Excuse me; I’d like to return home. Please make way. I’ve been being swept down by the crowd for two days already!”

“I’m also being swept down for the whole day and I was just selling some sweet potatoes. sob Please, guys, I beg you!”

In no time, the main force of the [Grass Porridge Cult](#) was spread over the Harfen Region like a mist at dawn. Jerome, the commander of the Second Legion, was moving his troops around and hunting the users of the Grass Porridge like a starving jackal, but it didn’t yield any visible effect. As they cut down ten thousands, a hundred thousand more users showed up to join the Porridge Cult’s ranks. Still, ten thousands could be considered as a significant amount, yet Jerome was not satisfied; most of the users they had cut down were novices with levels below 100, and those whose levels were above 200 were not easily caught by Jerome’s troops. While so many newbies were getting themselves kicked around by the Imperial soldiers, all of the more competent users simply took their chance and ran away.

“So, what is the size of our enemy troops?”

Inside the tent in which the Second Legion’s strategy meeting had been taking place, Ronague the mage answered Jerome’s question.

“The estimated number is 70 millions.”

“Sounds like they have exaggerated their population to a ridiculous extent. Not to mention all those broadcasts reproducing their lies.”

“This is the statistical data obtained by U.S. Department of Defense itself.”

“...Why the heck are those guys interested in counting the cult members?”

“Apparently they were trying to understand the influence of the Grass Porridge Cult in real life.”

A heavy silence settled inside the Second Legion’s meeting room.

The mental pressure of having to face the enemy whose number is greater than the entire population of many nations!

‘Even if we win this, with so many users of Grass Porridge living near me in real life, would I even be able to stay in my town once they find out I’m the one who defeated them?’

‘How am I going to go to school from now on?’

The users of the Hermes Guild tried to picture the exact scale of 70 millions of people in their mind, and quickly gave up.

The main force of the Grass Porridge Cult was moving its enormous body ever closer to them. It was one thing to discuss the size of the tens of millions of troops and assess their power, quite another to actually witness their stupefying number. So far Jerome’s army had only attacked the outskirts of the enemy force as they were not confident enough to launch an all-out assault, but there hadn’t been any sign of damage. The Grass Porridge Cult was

continuing their advance to the south unabated, and now the Second Legion was beginning to feel a greater threat than they had ever posed to their enemy.

“We will eventually reach our limit with this tactic. At the moment, what we’re doing cannot even be considered as stopping them although that’s certainly what we are trying to achieve here.”

Even when fights broke out, the Northern users in the surroundings simply kept marching southwards. It was only a matter of time before the main force of the Grass Porridge took over the entire Harfen Region.

“As we are under such special circumstances, I suggest a drastic countermeasure...we need to break through our enemy’s main troops from a point.”

Jerome decided to rampage across the Grass Porridge Cult—a plan to move his whole army through the enemy rank, tearing them apart, and immediately escape the field.

“I’m afraid that sounds too dangerous...”

“On the contrary; when we were conquering the Central Continent the valor of our legion proved to be highly efficient, but right now the size of the enemy is simply too great.”

The main strength of Jerome’s Second Legion was its knights; during the conquest they had made a significant contribution in battle by breaking through the enemy lines and scattering their formation.

“Aren’t mobility and focus-fire the specialties of our troops? Nobody would even imagine that we will attempt to penetrate their great mass. Even if we encounter some bothersome Northern users on the way, we’ll just pierce through, not staying for long to fight them.”

“Our side will also have to suffer losses, though.”

“There will be some damage, yes, but think about what would happen when we successfully penetrate their main force. It will be a great shock to our enemy, and the Second Legion will be known as the most powerful army of the entire Royal Road.

“Well, that sounds...”

The users who had been objecting to his idea became somewhat quiet. As the users that formed the core strength of the Hermes Guild, they had heard about the reputation of Weed and the Arpen Kingdom, but most of them [had never experienced defeat until now](#) .

“It’s certainly a great number, but most of the enemy troops are weak beginners.”

“They won’t be able to stop our assault. Even if things don’t go as favorably as we hoped, we can always penetrate their ranks closer to the edges, not the center of the whole army.”

With Jerome’s repeated persuasion, other Hermes Guild users were also beginning to change their minds; it was true that the users belonging to the Second Legion were yet to be defeated.

“Those weaklings cannot be a match against our troops’ mobility. Let’s put up a memorable fight—we are having the attention of every broadcasting station out there.”

“Yes, sir!”

The Second Legion faced the main force of the Grass Porridge Cult in the Great Plains of Wulooph in the Harpan Region.

“Charge!”

Jerome led his troops valiantly and carried out the central assault operation as planned. From afar it looked like an extremely foolhardy strategy, but should they succeed, they would accomplish a deed that would record their names in the history of Royal Road.

“Lay everything you have on the line. We are the Second Legion. With all our pride and dignity as the glorious Imperial Army, we will form a mighty spearhead that will penetrate the very heart of the enemy ranks!”

Jerome and the Second Legion rushed towards the endless stream of men that was the Grass Porridge Cult.

There were a lot of war experts who had backgrounds as high-rank military officials in the Grass Porridge Cult, and they knew that the outcome of the battle will greatly vary depending on the method of fighting.

“Things would get more difficult if this Second Legion of the Imperial Army keeps cutting off our limbs as they are doing now. Their strategy of spreading instability by slaughtering the users over the Harfen Region is quite dangerous to us.”

“Our users have risen for a heroic cause, but rumors will begin to spread as our advance gets delayed and more deaths occur. If the march halts, then it will mean a very underwhelming end to our campaign.”

“When surrounded by such a large crowd, people easily get swayed by the change of mood. To the Northern users, the great power of the Hermes Guild can come as a shock.”

“Hmm. The Hermes Guild is indeed a formidable force, having seized the control over the Central Continent. Every single one of their members is elite soldier who has experienced at least a hundred battles.”

“Our people would already know that each user of level 400s or 500s is very strong. However, not many are aware of how stunningly powerful they can become in a group without any first-hand experience.”

While the war experts were devising an operation plan for the

Grass Porridge Cult, Jerome's Second Legion was charging straight into their main force, penetrating their way through and sweeping everything in front of them.

“Ride faster. There is nobody who can slow us down!”

Jerome used ‘Command over the Knightly Order’, which was a war skill that increased the attacking abilities and mobility of the allies in range. The morale of the Second Region reached its full height; they pierced the enemy lines, striking the users of the Grass Porridge.

“Hahaha. I'll cut down everyone that comes at me!”

The Hermes Guild users were running amok in excitement. Jerome and other best users of the Second Legion were thoroughly enjoying themselves as well. Riding on horseback, killing dozens of enemies with a single skill—this kind of intrepid assault was the very reason why they had chosen to become knights.

“They couldn't attack us with spells or arrows. With their ranged attacks disabled, we could kill them with just a graze of our swords in direct combat.”

“It will be even better if they do decide to attack us from a range. There will be far more attacks that miss than those that hit us, so our enemy will quickly fall into chaos, being attacked by their own allies.”

The Second Legion sped through the main force of the Grass Porridge Cult for more than 3 kilometers of distance.

The army of elite troops piercing the battlefield!

As the Steel Knights could clear a path without getting tired, they hadn't lost any of their initial strength, either.

“Run away!”

“No, fight! We can win this if we just hold up for long enough!”

The users of the Grass Porridge Cult rushed forward to stop

them, but with such a huge discrepancy in the average strength between the two sides, they were not able to drive off the assaulting Second Legion.

“Block them with your shields!”

“It’s no use. They are just penetrating our defense.”

The great crowd of the Grass Porridge Cult was collapsing so suddenly and meaninglessly. There were some high level users sporadically appearing to join the combat, but it was not enough to stop the advancing Second Legion; they were targeted by a focus fire and quickly faded into grey nothingness. There were groups of thousands of novice users clustered together in the field, and as they could be killed by a single area-of-effect skill, they were being completely wiped out before they even had time to come up with any plans.

“They launched a full-frontal assault against us...!”

“I must admit that our enemy has come up with an ingenious tactic. One moment they were just cutting off the branches of our troops, and they suddenly turned to penetrate our main force in the middle of our march.”

The war experts of the Grass Porridge Cult highly regarded Jerome’s unusual measures. It was not an easy thing to do, both strategically and tactically, yet he managed to strike precisely at his enemy’s weak point. Actually, this scenario had already been considered in their earlier prediction as one of the worst possible cases, but they had no choice but to ignore it, as it was practically impossible to prepare the tens of millions of users for this kind of unexpected situation.

“It’s already late, but we need to start getting into battle formation now; send the high level users to the battlefield where they can fight against the Imperial legion.”

“It would take more than half an hour just to assemble the

fighters to stand in the vanguard. Also, even when they do step forward to fight, if we throw them directly at the charging enemy we will be completely helpless to the legion's assault once they fall."

"This is a race against time. We might lose millions of lives here—no, we WILL lose millions of lives. No way around it."

The Grass Porridge army, with its poor defense, allowed itself to be completely broken through when faced by the furious attacks from Jerome and his Second Legion. The Second Legion had already proven their great firepower and mobility during the conquest war of the Central Continent; and presently the effectiveness of their storming assault against the enemy that had been caught completely off guard was remarkable. The Grass Porridge Cult had some brave vanguard units like the Poison Mushroom Porridge users willing to throw their very bodies as shields when all else failed, but unfortunately they had all moved to the south before the main force.

"As our weakness has been exploited by the enemy, we have no choice but to risk some bloodshed."

"Yes. All we can do right now is to find the second-best solution."

They were completely unable to cope with the power and speed of the Second Legion. So, the heads of the Grass Porridge Cult decided to let their enemy inflict some damage on them. In the meantime, they prepared for counterattack.

"I will send request to the architects and other support troops."

"Let's show them the viciousness of common folk."

These were the thoughts that dawned on the minds of the Second Legion soldiers as they sped through the main force of the Grass Porridge Cult like a gale of wind:

'They were completely unprepared against our attack!'

‘It looks like they believed their number would scare us so much that we would never come up with a plan to assault them directly.’

All the users of the Grass Porridge did was to fall by their hands unceremoniously.

Jerome shouted to the users of the Hermes Guild following behind him.

“Are you ready to continue?”

“Yes, let’s see just how much more we can go. We’ve come too far to turn back now.”

They had advanced about five kilometers further than they had initially planned, slaughtering the Northern users all the while. Jerome and the other powerful users under his banner continued breaking through the enemy ranks, slashing swords and spears on both hands.

“Keep riding forward!”

“Show them our accomplishment! Let them know that the Second Legion is here!”

The order of knights rushed after them like a flash of lightening, killing every Northern user who had been standing transfixed with terror and shock.

“They’re just so fast...”

“We need to stop them, but...”

The users were just rooted to the spot, dazed and devastated; they could not bear the sight of their allies being murdered in dozens by a single skill. The Arpen Kingdom had faced the Hermes Guild in the past, but the [speed and efficiency](#) of the Second Legion was simply too much to handle. While the Hermes Guild user couldn’t use their skills continuously due to the cost of mana and stamina, they could use them often enough to clear paths through clusters of users; the massive strength displayed by the frontline units

would sway the Northern users' will to fight, and after that, all that was left to be done was for the follow-on forces to swing their weapons and harvest the enemies' lives.

“We'll go even further!”

“Who would be able to stop us?!”

Occasionally some high level users that had moved from the Central Continent to the North stepped out to face them, but they all ended up as fresh prey for the ever-charging knights. Only a trail of corpses was left behind after the Second Legion had swept past.

‘We didn't have to worry so much. Even with their great number, they are all weak.’

‘Size is certainly one thing that represents the strength of an army; yet, depending on how we fight...the size can be proven to be [just a number](#).’

These were the thoughts that crossed the minds of Jerome and the users in the Second Legion. They didn't even care about guarding the rear, because there were Steel Knights following behind and protecting them.

“We shall be a lance that penetrates the Grass Porridge Cult. Today, we become a legend!”

Jerome raised his spear into the sky and bellowed.

Although slightly fatigued, the users of the Second Legion still had sufficient amount of mana and stamina left.

“Break through the enemy lines!”

Now the objective of the Second Legion had changed to penetrating the very center of the Grass Porridge Cult. They would suffer more significant loss of troops, but they would also be able to attain a more impressive battle achievement. The army that had its very core skewered by its enemy was bound to lose their morale

—the troops would become afraid of their opponents and succumb to fear, thinking that they could not win the battle even if they tried.

“Let’s fight on our own terms!”

The glorious and magnificent scene of battle in which the Second Legion completely pierces through the enemy’s main force would be transmitted countless times through broadcasts, engraving the legion’s power on the memory of every viewer. Storming across the battlefield populated with an army of tens of millions of troops; it would be a truly great accomplishment.

As the advance of Jerome and the Second Legion continued, so did the chaos spreading among the Grass Porridge Cult.

“Shieldbearers! Anyone who can use a shield, go forward!”

“Everyone gather over here; we are going to set up a blocking line!”

Even when the users organized the groups of shielded units to stop the charging knights, Jerome and the seasoned war veterans of the Second Legion simply avoided those defense lines by diverting their routes left and right. And then they ordered some of the Steel Knights to eradicate the shielded units completely before following behind them.

But even while the Grass Porridge Cult was helplessly trampled by their enemy, active online chatting was still taking place on their guild channel.

-Hylon: We cannot break down like this, people. You need to keep your position and fight!

-Rectop: A moment. All we ask of you is to hold your ground for just a moment. More troops are on their way in this very instant. We have plenty of people who can fight.

-Moon Bear: We are the invincible Grass Porridge Cult. Keep your morale high!

This active chatting at least prevented the Northern users from getting overwhelmed by fear and scattering in all directions trying to flee.

In the meantime, the architects and other groups of users were working on their own task.

“Dig it deeper. Those scoundrels are bound to come this way, as they had their fun before.”

“A trap! This is all we can do right now.”

The architects dug into the ground together with the users around them. It was extremely fortunate that many Northern users carried a shovel with them, as they were accustomed to manual labor.

The trap which they were currently digging would be of no use if the Second Legion decided to just cause a ruckus inside the enemy main force and escape the scene without continuing their assault. However, if they did insist on penetrating through the whole army, they would inevitably be caught by the said trap, which was set right in the central area, wide and deep.

Katakatakata!!

When the sound of the clattering hooves of the Second Legion was heard, a smile appeared on the faces of the architects and other nearby users.

“They’re coming!”

“Our retaliation begins here.”

The soldiers of the Second Legion tore straight through the architects and the surrounding users as well. As they had massacred countless users so far, they did not hesitate to blast the crowd of people with their area-of-effect skills to clear their way.

But the moment they stepped on the trapped area, the ground itself began to collapse around them.

“The, the ground...!”

“It’s a trap!”

“Stop! There is a trap!”

They hastily came to a halt, but it was too late; as they had been riding at nearly full speed they were unable to stop in time. More than thousands of the troops fell into the pits that had been dug in a number of places, and their formation was ruined.

There were also sharp steel nails everywhere on the ground and inside the pits.

“Keep throwing them! More!”

The Northern users nearby also scattered the steel nails they had been carrying all over the ground.

The Hermes Guild users were unscathed, but their horses were no longer able to run.

“Attack them!”

“Revenge for our fallen comrades!”

The users of the Grass Porridge Cult swarmed down upon the Second Legion like a tsunami. The archers and the mages also started their vicious ranged attacks.

“Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge!”

“Our chance to strike them back. Everyone in the Roasted Sweet Potato Porridge squad, let’s teach them what a ‘sick burn’ means! ”

“The Coffee Porridge troops have assembled as well. We are ready to move!”

The entire main force of the Grass Porridge cult organized itself as per the roles of the different users in combat like some kind of a living creature, and soon it began to strike.

The Second Legion still possessed a great strength, but now they were unable to make use of their mobility, which was their

greatest asset.

“We’ll just have to wipe them all off. This does not change things much.”

The Second Legion quickly repositioned itself into a defensive formation, while rescuing those who had fallen into the pits and picking up the steel nails.

They formed a circular line and the fight began, but they quickly found out that the attacks from the Northern users had become incredibly fierce in a short time; as the Second Legion was not moving any more, the more powerful users of the North were flocking to their position.

“I’m afraid things are beginning to look dangerous....”

“How much longer are we going to fight here?”

Facing the fearsome amount of the enemy troops coming at them from everywhere, the users of the Hermes Guild were losing their nerves. The novice Northern users, who had looked like a weak enough bunch when they were just speeding past, were rushing towards them with a frightening vigor now that they were forced to stay put. In addition, the tens of millions of the Grass Porridge troops were enclosing the Second Legion.

The knight commanders of the Second Legion ran to Jerome.

“We cannot continue to fight in one place like this unless we’re going to kill every Northern user.”

“I know that, but...”

“We need to retreat. Right now.”

“We won’t be able to get everyone out of here. Nothing risks more damage than retreating from the very heart of the enemy troops.”

“Even so, we do not have any other choice.”

At last, through gritted teeth, Jerome gave his army an order to

escape the battlefield. It was a difficult decision made under urgent circumstances, and the Second Legion's attempt to move once again from their position was met with heavy resistance.

“They are trying to run away!”

“Take down those Hermes Guild bastards!”

“Filthy cowards. We've had enough. I'll kill you all!”

With the persistent attacks from the Northern users, the Second Legion was divided in the middle, and the troops in the rear failed to catch up with the rest of the army that went ahead. Jerome and the other knights saw that, but they only had enough time to break through the encircling enemy lines and escape, otherwise the entire legion would be trapped within. Those who had been left behind put up a desperate fight, but they were eventually annihilated by the waves of attacks from the Northern users. The overall damage amounted to half of the entire troops of the Second Legion, on top of losing more than thirty percent of the Steel Knights. As the Steel Knights were extremely difficult to subdue by any means, the Northern users came up with yet another solution.

“Bury them!”

They resolved the situation by digging up more holes in the ground and letting the Spirit Masters to fill them with water.

Overall it had been a very hard-fought battle, but the final outcome was reported to be the major victory by the Grass Porridge Cult, as one of the Hermes Guild's core military forces suffered a massive damage, while the Grass Porridge Cult just lost a large number of beginners.

Since this battle was also relayed to audiences by the broadcasting stations, it considerably set back the Hermes Guild's plan to turn the table to their favor after the defeat of Bar Khan.

Weed joined the marching Desert Warriors in the Great Plains of

Ills.

“My brothers. I trust you’ve been well?”

“Welcome, Little One. Go command our army.”

“Your army? How could I take such a responsibility when there are you and other brothers above me...”

“Hehehe. All we want is to fight as much as we like.”

Geomchi and the other masters and trainees were more than willing to entrust Weed with the right of command; they knew, by experience, that letting the clever ones do all the hard work yielded far better outcomes.

“Then I shall appoint you as the Minister of National Defense of the Arpen Kingdom, master.”

“Oh. That’s nice.”

“I believe that role would be perfect for a strong person like you. Brother Geomchi², you will be the Minister for Foreign Affairs.”

“Ahem.”

“And Brother Geomchi³, please take the role of the Minister of Warfare”

“Umm. Okay.”

Weed distributed plenty of government positions to his brothers and master; he created new public post for 57 ministers and governors, 301 directors, administrators, presidents and admirals, and to the other remaining brothers he gave the position of knight commanders. Of course, this did not mean that Geomchi and other brothers would be actually charged for the administrative matters of the Arpen Kingdom. All he had to do was to come up with something for their name cards.

‘True, my brothers have always been rather fond of being in the positions of power.’

A few of his brothers were a bit greedier and asked him to give them more authority.

“The thing is, I’ve been seeing this girl for some time now, and I need to have something to say when she asks what I do for a living and...as you know, I don’t have much to write in my resume.”

“Understood.”

Weed conjured up some nonexistent institutions on the spot and put his brothers in charge.

- The Versailles Continent Peace Committee
- The Arpen Kingdom Monster Extermination Society
- Dragon Hunters’ Association
- Sculpture Art Association
- The Society of Dungeon Crawl Specialists

“Thank you. You are such a fantastic brother.”

Winning the good graces of Geomchi and the other brothers was easier than snatching candies from the kids next door.

During the couple of days when Bard Ray was fighting the Immortal Legion, Weed paraded around the southern regions of the Empire with other Desert Warriors.

“Hooray!”

“Please liberate the Haven Empire as soon as possible, Weed-nim!”

“Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge. It’s an honor to meet you, Weed-nim.”

The users of the Central Continent greeted the Desert Warriors Weed had brought with him with passionate cheers. If it had been a war in real life they would have had to kill and steal from the civilians for food and money, but this was the world of Royal Road. Whenever Weed entered a city with the Desert Warriors the users

of the Central Continent came to join them, so the lords of the Haven Empire had to make a hasty escape.

Ding!

Your territories are being expanded at a remarkable speed.

[War Achievement unlocked!](#)

All the stats related to combat will increase by one point.

You have obtained the title, 'The Owner of a Vast Land'>

“Weed-nim, I’m Komnyang, just a nobody. Would it be okay if I fight with you?”

“Sure.”

“It’s an honor to join your army. I’ve had such high admiration for you for a long time.”

During his time as the Great King of Desert, he had recruited surrendering soldiers and commoners by force to turn them into his combat troops. But now the users of the Central Continent were voluntarily seeking him to join the Desert Warriors. Eventually he managed to assemble an army ten times bigger in size than the one he had when he left the desert.

“Little One. You have such an extraordinary commanding ability. What is it that enables you to gather such a large number of subordinates?”

“A stroke of sheer lu-I mean, [I give them a vision.](#)”

“A vision?”

“Yes. A vision of changing the world by their hands. A person can live on even if they’re starving in a semi-basement room full of cockroaches, as long as they have hope.”

“You mean a dream.”

“Yes. I make them believe that when everyone unites their strength, they can make a change.”

Geomchi made a content smile, apparently proud of his pupil. After some time he asked again,

“But what if we cannot make a change after all that...?”

“Well then that’s just that; there’s nothing we can do when we are living in such an uncaring and crappy reality, is there?”

Two forces were attacking the Central Continent: the Arpen Kingdom from the north, and the Desert Warriors from the south.

‘Hermes Guild started early with their dictatorship and exploitation. Looks like the public sentiment is on my side, because I haven’t started any of those yet.’

The actual amount of the users in the Central Continent was much greater than the known number. Some of them hadn’t been online for the last couple of months, but returned after getting the news of Weed and the Desert Warriors coming.

“Hooray for Weed!”

“Please save us. We want to make Royal Road into a pure and happy game.”

From its early days, Royal Road had enjoyed unprecedented popularity among the crowd. Anyone who had some amount of money bought a capsule, enraptured by the fun and pleasure of exploring the new world of adventure. People ran into the capsule room whenever they had time, even just for a short while. One could say that Royal Road became part of the new culture that connected the people around the world. Out of those numerous users, a portion of them had already come to the North, but the rest of the users staying in the Central Continent also willingly joined them. Every time they passed through a city, an enormous amount of new troops joined their ranks. Weed did not order them to fight. Rather, he just let them decide their actions by themselves. Driving off the Haven Empire was a gigantic goal; even the people who followed to just watch the others trying to achieve

that goal could become a big mental pressure to their opponents.

‘And it is not like they will listen to me even if I do give them orders. I don’t have people who can monitor their behavior all the time.’

There was one thing that he had learned while he was working in labor market: when you have ten people in the same room, three or four of them were bound to slack off. And there was simply no use in scolding them; no matter what you do, those who work hard will always work hard, while the slackers will always slack off. Try to pester them into working, and they will ignore your lectures even more enthusiastically.

“Weed-nim does not want anything from us.”

“I know...’leave however you like’, those words just sound so cool...”

The users who had gathered to drive off the Haven Empire cheered even more at Weed’s indifference.

“I haven’t participated in a war before...I can just shoot arrows from behind, right?”

“I have some healing skills. I’ll make sure [I don’t accidentally kill you.](#)”

The users who hadn’t had much experience in fight also began to step forward, one by one.

“Can I really have a free cup of coffee if I join here?”

“When can I get the coupon for cakes?”

“...?”

And there were some users that spoke of the things Weed had no idea about.

It wasn’t what Weed had intended, but this war was having a big impact on the real life as well. The number of members of the Grass Porridge Cult was enormous, and they were used as a

marketing tool by various corporations.

- The Liberation War of Versailles Continent! A free coffee for anyone who joins the battle!

- We are having a [One-Plus-One](#) event for fried chickens. For Grass Porridge Cult members only.

- We welcome the new members of the Grass Porridge. Free entry to the swimming pool if you can certify your membership with flowers in your hair!

- Half of the normal service fee and free breakfast for any users in the Fungus Porridge group visiting Sin-na Hotel.

- Bug Porridge. The time has come to feast on some cheap grilled tripe!

Not only the corporations, the small shops and restaurants in the neighborhood were also using similar marketing strategies just as enthusiastically.

Grass Porridge ice cream, Grass Porridge burgers, Grass Porridge fried chicken, Grass Porridge [Topokki](#), Grass Porridge [Jokbal](#), Grass Porridge [Gamja-tang](#) ...

“It feels like things have gotten more excited after the Grass Porridge Cult has gone to war.”

“I know, right? I hope they fight more often.”

Even elementary school children walking around the neighborhood were now chanting ‘Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge’; the influence of the cult in the real life was threatening to exceed that in Royal Road.

“Bring down the tyranny of the Haven Empire!”

“For freedom, for truth, for the Grass Porridge Cult!”

(Continued on next chapter...)

One of the major problems I had with translating this chapter

was that there were SO many of these same words repeated over and over in the entire chapter. I tried to add as much variation as I could, so I hope I did a good enough job to make them not sound too redundant...

There are two very similar lines in the space of less than a page (this one and the one starts with “it was true that the users...” a few sentences after). I just wanted to make it clear that the original Korean text was also like this.

The direct translation of the original text would be something like “speed and capability of breaking through (the enemy)”, but it sounded too long and awkward so I changed it a little bit.

This is very indirect translation. The literal meaning of original text is something like ‘...we can make it (the size of the troops, I assume) very laughable’, which I think means that the size of the army could become an easily-dismissed factor based on how they fight.

The Korean text is closer to “achievement accomplished”, but it sounds a bit redundant and I thought “achievement unlocked” sound more like a gaming term. Please let me know what you think.

The original word in Korean is actually closer to “illusion”, which makes weed’s method of uniting common folk under him sound a tad bit more cruel. While that fits Weed’s cynical character better, I think he is trying to look like a nice person to his master here, so I changed the word to ‘vision’. Any feedback is welcome.

The original sentence in Korean is “I won’t kill.” I’m not sure in what context this person is saying that line; he might be saying that he just wants to heal the wounded and not join the fight, or that his healing skills are very clumsy and he might accidentally kill those who he’s trying to heal. I took the latter interpretation simply because it sounded funnier, but let me know what you think.

A Korean way of saying 'buy-one-get-one-free'.

Stir fried rice cake, spicy and sweet. Very common snack/street food in Korea.

Dish of seasoned pig's feet. Also very common delivery food in Korea.

A stew/soup made with pork back bones.

Part 2

The users of the Hermes Guild who had defeated the Immortal Legion were making an appearance in a broadcasting studio.

“We had to risk our own lives when we were fighting against Bar Khan. With corpses and ghosts running about everywhere, there was no such thing as a safe zone.”

Boemong the Giant Knight—A man in his late 20s with a calm sort of demeanor in real life, he was having an interview on the CTS Media channel. Han Seung-bin, a former actor and the host of the program, continued with his questions following the script.

“I myself play Royal Road but I have never joined these kinds of large battles, so I’m very curious; did you ever want to just flee?”

“No; I never once thought of such a thing. We could not afford to lose this war. For the peace of the Versailles Continent, I mean.”

Beside him were four other users of the Hermes Guild waiting for their turns. The next interviewee was Arkhym, who had even lost his life during the battle.

“Bar Khan was revealed to be much stronger than it was initially predicted; what do you think was the most important factor for your victory?”

“We won because we were the Hermes Guild, simple as that. We could have avoided the battle, but we chose to face them in the Valkis Castle to minimize the damage to users, even though we knew that we would be at disadvantage.”

From the monitor screen that had been set up in front of the host and the guests they could see the comments the viewers were sending in real-time.

-Kuko: Dragged into a fight in a rush, more like, and they barely won.

-Beldegar: Wow...some thick skin they've got, lying like that. They fought in the Valkis Castle only because they wanted to minimize damage to THEMSELVES.

-3BottlesCognac: I don't care how they won. Ask them about the Haven Empire going down.

-DefenseStat3: For the peace of the continent? What rubbish. It was them who started all of it first, wanting to destroy the Northern Continent.

-WoongDingWoongDing: The Hermes Guild is the cancer of this game. It's paradise in the Arpen-liberated regions.

-JohntheSkeletonWarrior: I'm going to move to the Arpen Kingdom if both the Britten and Harpan Regions get conquered.

- Keru: Don't worry. The Haven Empire is in a huge crisis now. They could collapse very soon.

- Calm_and_Composed: I joined the Grass Porridge Cult, too!

- No_Study: Grass Porridge is the way to go. The Haven Empire is just a setting sun now.

“ ... ”

From these broadcasting monitors, the Hermes Guild users confirmed that users had already lost their interest in the battle against Bar Khan. It was quite the opposite of the result they had expected, which was to take back their leadership over the Versailles Continent by defeating Bar Khan.

‘But why? The viewers were so generous with their cheers and praises whenever Weed was on adventure!’

There were some important difference between the Embinyu Church and Bar Khan, although both were powerful forces that had swept the whole continent into chaos. Because of the Hermes Guild's quick handling of the situation, there was very little damage the Immortal Legion had inflicted on common users, nor

were there many people who had actually seen the undead army in person. The Hermes Guild wanted to blame Weed for causing this whole mayhem, but that would put them in a rather ridiculous position because he wouldn't have revived Bar Khan if it hadn't been for the Shadow Army of Palma in the first place.

'We did all the hard work, but Weed is snatching all the fame from us.'

The users who had participated in the battle against Bar Khan were unhappy, but Lafaye and other heads of the guild were pondering over the situation seriously.

"We didn't expect things would go this badly...the users of the Central Continent are so willing to move over to the Arpen Kingdom..."

"We might as well assume that the users in the regions conquered by the Arpen Kingdom have all joined their side."

It was fortunate that they succeeded in driving off Bar Khan and his army, but they had to suffer considerable damage to the Second and the Fifth Legions. The Haven Empire was gradually losing its restraining power to control over the other users. They lost their dominion over the regions taken by the Arpen Kingdom so easily, and things were not better in the areas where the Desert Warriors' laid their march. What they found even more bitter than having the Empire's hands and feet cut off by the enemies was the fact that the local lords assigned by the Empire itself were welcoming their conquerors wholeheartedly, going so far as to holding festivals for celebration.

Those lords were just trying to find a way to secure their livelihood, but from the Hermes Guild's point of view, it felt as if there were traitors throughout the entire territory. With so many common users not hesitant to take the Arpen Kingdom's side on top of that, the guild was having a great sense of crisis.

"Overall, Weed and the Arpen Kingdom are using a strategy too

clever for us to handle. It seems every step they take is based on an exhaustive prior planning.”

“Indeed, that looks like the only possible explanation. The enemy is coordinating their limbs with such meticulous precision.”

“I suspect Weed himself is managing and holding firm control over the top authorities of the Grass Porridge Cult, and as their users are voluntarily seeking to do their part, it is difficult for us to respond to their quick actions in time.”

Since the Hermes Guild users had little understanding of how the Grass Porridge Cult worked. Recently they started to suspect if this all had been all part of Weed’s grand scheme.

The expression on the faces of Bard Ray and other users who had lost their lives fighting Bar Khan was also quite grim. Bard Ray was still indignant about the fact that he did not even get to finish Bar Khan by his own hands after such a desperate fight.

“We’ve always thought the Haven Empire has been going easy on the Arpen Kingdom, but now that we have actually fought them, their military strength is nothing to sneeze at.”

“I don’t think it can be called a proper fight. There are simply too many unexpected factors!”

Boemong complained, but Lafaye answered bitterly.

“Considering that strategy and popularity are part of their power, now we need to admit that the Arpen Kingdom is indeed a formidable enemy. In addition to that, in terms of the abilities to manipulate media and turn the public sentiment to their favor, their competence surpasses ours by far.”

“But what about our own military strength?”

Someone in their midst protested, but Lafaye only gave another light sigh.

“Right now, too many users are turning their backs on us.”

“But for what reasons? We’ve lowered the taxes over the Central Continent and relieved many restriction measures, haven’t we?”

“Because they just don’t trust us that much.”

“...”

The lords found themselves at a loss for words, as they had only agreed to those user-friendly measures to appease the public for the time being and had been intending to get back to the original state once Weed and his Arpen Kingdom get dealt with.

“Things will get far more disadvantageous to us as this war continues. Should we suffer a few more defeats and lose all our troops, then...”

Lafaye did not finish his sentence, but everyone knew what that would mean; the Hermes Guild without its armed forces—it would be like a gladiator thrown into a pit of beasts with his limbs cut off.

It was not very fair to put the blame on Lafaye’s poor strategic decisions or errors of judgment, after all this time; it was true that his commanding abilities had been less than perfect since the conquest of the Central Continent, but that was mainly because of Weed constantly acting beyond their predictions. Only after taking some hard hits were they beginning to realize that any other person would have just as much trouble dealing with Weed and the Grass Porridge Cult.

Bard Ray thought to himself.

‘Black Knight...could it have had any effect?’

For a Black Knight, there were quests that involved suspecting and lowering the loyalty of his subordinates and the residents. He had actively cleared those quests in order to improve his own martial strength, but now the Empire was quickly losing its influence even before the actual loss caused by those quests starts to take effect. Bard Ray asked the people around him in a heavy voice.

“Who has the solution to this current situation?”

Lafaye kept silent for a long moment, receiving everyone’s gaze; but as no one spoke out, he opened his mouth again resignedly.

“The most failsafe action would be to retreat to the Haven Region. If we let them take the conquered regions in the Central Continent and fall back...we would be able to divert their attention elsewhere.”

“...You call THAT a solution?”

Arkhym asked, his brows raised; to him it sounded like an extremely absurd idea, especially thinking of the time and effort the guild had put in order to take control over the Central Continent.

“This is the most effective and safe way. The popularity of Weed and the Grass Porridge Cult would not last forever. After they get hold of the major lands in the Central Continent, the common users will inevitably be divided and fight each other, so we’ll just have to build up our strength for several months in the Haven Region over which we have the most secure dominion.”

“...”

The heads of the Hermes Guild understood his intention, but nobody was able to step forward and openly agree to this suggestion. Withdrawing their forces would mean that countless lords would have to give up their territories, so their protest would be severe. As the Hermes Guild had been funded by a lot of external sources, it was also very important to be careful not to offend their investors.

“This is the best option in my opinion, but it will also be quite impossible to execute.”

Lafaye shook his head, admitting that he himself had given up on this strategy; this was indeed a plan that was very difficult to carry out, even with his influence and Bard Ray’s resolution.

“The second best solution is to buy some time while concentrating our war effort on defense.”

“Would buying more time make the situation better for us?”

“While engaged in the defensive war, we’ll have to do everything we can to ruin the reputation of Weed and the Grass Porridge Cult, such as spreading rumors, bribing and media manipulation.”

The atmosphere became ever more serious. Only a while ago it had felt like the whole Versailles Continent was in their hands, and suddenly they found themselves pondering the possibility of defeat.

“We haven’t even had any proper fight yet...Can’t we just resolve this through battles?”

Boemong drew out his sword and stuck it into the ground. At this proposal, a flame sparked in the eyes of the other Hermes Guild users as well.

Battles!

As the ones who had spent all their lives chasing after strength and power, they simply could not tolerate their current position, repeatedly getting beaten and damaged.

“There is just no chance of us losing if we assemble all of our strongest forces in a big showdown.”

“Absolutely right. We’ve already defeated Bar Khan, let’s go up right now and fight. Fight, and show them the strength of the Empire again.”

Lafaye also sensed the heated mood among the other users.

‘Maybe this really could be our breakthrough...there’s certainly a limit to what we can do by just trying to play clever.’

They had gained dominion over the Central Continent with their brains, but still have suffered big losses because they had also earned the public’s resentment in the process. As a nation that

seized its power through wars, there was no more room for the Haven Empire to step back.

The Hermes Guild had issued their proclamation.

-Royal Road is the new world for people to live their dreams. From its beginning, many users started the game dreaming of a new world, and they have constantly improved themselves since, while finding joy and pleasure in the life on the Versailles Continent.

Now, the Central Continent that has only just started to gain stability after many wars and conflicts among various forces, the land that is the living foundation of all of us, is shaken by the invasion from the North.

The Hermes Guild hereby declares that it will face this threat with determination, in a full-frontal battle. We will not allow this war to destroy the numerous cities and villages where the users live; in order to prevent any more disorder and damage, the Hermes Guild will send its full forces riding to the Garnav Plain.

To Weed, and the Arpen Kingdom: if you have courage enough to face us, accept our challenge without hesitation.

Power against power.

If you want to take away the territories of the Haven Empire, then you must prove your strength first.

This bold proclamation was hung in every each castle and city of the Central Continent. Through the breaking news delivered by broadcasting stations, the common users also came to know about it, and soon it was spread among most of the users of Royal Road.

“Whooaa. A full-frontal battle?”

“This is crazy. Are they really going to have an all-out war?”

“With all those rankers who don’t even show themselves often in

front of common folk, plus all the troops that fought in the battles when they united the Central Continent?”

“But that means...whoever wins this fight will unite the whole continent, right?”

“I’m not sure about that, but...the Grass Porridge can afford to lose this kind of battle, whereas the Hermes Guild would have absolutely no future if they lose, wouldn’t it?”

“I don’t think this is going to be only advantageous for the Grass Porridge either. If Bard Ray and all other top-rank figures are going to join the battle, it would be hard to stop them with the human-wave tactics.”

In every town square and tavern, there was a boisterous chat going among the users.

“One barrel of beer on the Hermes Guild winning!”

“My bet’s on the Grass Porridge Cult. They are the true legend with no record of defeat. They have never lost until now.”

“But the battle’s taking place in the Central Continent. It’s not going to be so easy for them, the circumstances are different.”

“It’s difficult to tell how the battle will turn out. Think of the Shadow Army of Palma, and Bar Khan. We just can’t know what kind of tricks they will pull out of their sleeve.”

“Weed will raise another disaster, too.”

“How’s he going to clean up all the mess afterwards, then?”

“Dunno. But that’s why it’s going to be so exciting.”

“Wow...I’m dying to see it.”

The Garnav Plain was located in the east of the Haven Region, and the south of the Harpan Region. A vast flatland, it was an ideal place for a large-scale battle, and no kind of dirty trickeries would be allowed there.

In the meantime, the officers in the Emergency Situation Room of the Grass Porridge Cult had heard the proclamation but simply laughed it off.

“That is just a nonsense. An all-out war against the Haven Empire? There really might be over one hundred million troops gathered in one place, then. How can such a thing be possible?”

“Currently we are far more popular than them, and time is also on our side. If we just start to take over wider regions and increase our population gradually...”

“The Arpen Kingdom’s territory is ever expanding. At this rate, we can take firm root in the Central Continent.”

From a strategic point of view, all they had to do was to simply ignore the proposal of the Hermes Guild. However, the reactions of the intrigued public were getting more and more excited.

- Weed and Bard Ray! Who will be the strongest user?
- The Haven Empire’s entire troops to be assembled.
- The Greatest battle in history expected to start soon.
- Who would be the winner of the prize offered by Unicorn Inc., the developer of Royal Road?

The broadcasting stations, which had been friendly towards the Grass Porridge Cult so far, were also announcing the proclamation of the Hermes Guild as the main news. Even the general opinion among the lowest-rank members of the Grass Porridge Cult itself inclined towards fighting.

“Finally, Weed-nim and Bard Ray will face each other in person. What fun it would be...”

“No. It is too dangerous.”

“They are challenging us directly and we’re not going to accept it? When we can liberate the entire Central Continent once we

win?”

“The Hermes Guild and the Grass Porridge Cult are already at each other’s throat. If we must clash against them someday, now is the best time, when the circumstances are in our favor.”

Even the users with some influence in the Porridge Cult were having difficulties reaching a consensus among themselves.

The important factor now was Weed’s decision.

If Weed suggested they fight the rest of the Grass Porridge Cult would follow; likewise, if he objected, they would accept his decision, albeit rather disappointingly.

Weed got the news of the proclamation while he was plundering with the Desert Warriors.

In this current state the Central Continent had been turned into a battleground, he was able to fight while moving his position around to anywhere that was more advantageous, be it the Ritten, Harpan, Britten Regions, or the Great Plains of Ills. As a Necromancer he summoned a large number of undead, inflicting damage on the Hermes Guild while pursuing some profits in the process—an ultimate form of a dirty tactics. Even so, the rate at which his power was growing was beyond the imagination of others; all the hard and manual work he had done until now was finally in the process of bearing some fruit.

“When you bring your spoon to a well-advertised feast, there’s not much to eat, more often than not.”

Using his common sense he made a quick decision and was about to ignore the Hermes Guild’s taunt, but a few telephone calls were all it took to change his mind.

“You mean my appearance fee is...What? Are you serious?”

Weed, Bard Ray, and the greatest battle in the history of the continent in which the two people lead their own armies into war.

In order to purchase the broadcasting right so that they have a chance to directly observe Weed's behavior, the broadcasting stations were quickly making their offers.

"We are willing to pay you up to about 500 million won."

"500 million? That much?"

An amount enough to make his heart beat faster.

"Yes, as there are a lot of callings from advertisers...and as you would know, the broadcasting time will be quite long once the battle begins. We'll need to film the preparation process as well."

"Right. That's true."

"So, we will pay you 500 million for 10-hour broadcasting time."

Top-class celebrities were paid 500 million with a single shooting of an advertisement; taking into account Weed's fame as well as the influence and profit they would gain through this broadcast, this was actually a very good bargain for the broadcasting companies.

After a few minutes, other broadcasting stations started to call.

"Our company has prepared 800 million for you. We'll also pay you 10% advertisement fee."

"The KMC Media is willing to accommodate your needs as much as possible; 1.2 billion, and 20% advertisement fee on top of it."

"This is the CTS Media. I won't say much. 2 billion, what do you say? We are open to negotiation for the advertisement fee as well."

Seeing his appearance fee jumping up several hundred million won at a time during the course of a few calls, Weed's sense of reality was losing its usual sharp edge a little.

"Hmm...This feels similar to when I sold my account of the Magical Continent. Suddenly money doesn't feel like money anymore."

Up until this point, the broadcasting stations still thought that the chance of the full frontal war breaking out was not high. They doubted that Weed would take an option that could put him at a disadvantage, and even if he accepted the challenge, it could always be cancelled during the preparation process. The Hermes Guild might come to a wiser decision, too. An incredible number of Northern users were descending towards them currently, but rage is an emotion that fades with time. If the guild decided to let the Northern users take a portion of their lands and buy some time rather than fighting them at the height of their spirit and strength, the Haven Empire might get a chance to stabilize itself. As it was impossible for the Northern users to stay indefinitely in the cities and the territories of the Central Continent and defend them, a tactical retreat would be a more advantageous choice in the current situation.

Despite all these factors, the broadcasting companies still proposed moderate amount of appearance fee, just in case. If this greatest battle in the history of the Versailles Continent really did take place, the companies would be willing to pay any amount of money for the broadcasting right.

Extra deals came in from the executive directors of the CTS Media.

“If the war does break out, its viewing rate would be the highest for several years from now. The advertisement fee would also set a new record...in that case we need to get a hold on him even if that means we’d have to give him the entire profit of the program, to promote our company.”

“Depending on how we cover this war the very class of our station may change. We need to get Weed!”

They have already figured out Weed’s obsession with money; with several phone calls that the broadcasting stations had made in haste, Weed decided to fight the Hermes Guild.

‘I just need to win this battle, and I’ll own a building...I can buy a building in a middle of a city.’

The dream he had had ever since his childhood: making real estate investments, and owning a building! A life free from the worries about money, just making a living by taking monthly rents from the tenants.

“They say sometimes there are battles that you cannot avoid in your life. I guess this is it for me.”

Chapter 8: Heroes Assembled

Part 1

Through interviews with the TV stations, Weed officially accepted the proposal from the Hermes Guild.

– I willingly accede to your challenge to fight in the Garnav Plain, provided that the time of battle will be on Saturday evening, 15 days from now.

Lafaye and the Hermes Guild were extremely confused when they received Weed's response.

‘So he's going to have a head-on fight with all of his main troops against all of ours? Is he serious?’

“Is this really what Weed said?”

“It is. There are already videos of his interviews with the CTS and KMC Media.”

“Huh...”

The users in the inner circle of the Hermes Guild were just waiting for their chance to get revenge. Still, while they were all for crushing Weed and the Northern users, they hadn't expected their enemies to accept their proposal so easily.

Everyone's gaze fell on Lafaye.

“If we're having a full frontal war, isn't our side going to be at a huge advantage?”

“Absolutely. This means we can concentrate all of our forces into one place, without having to protect the rest of the vast territories of the Empire.”

“Then why did Weed agree to this battle so readily?”

“...”

Lafaye was a man who had a talent in connecting small clues to figure out other people's intentions and set up his schemes

accordingly. However, this time even he had no idea what to make of this sudden turn of event.

The Hermes Guild had received proposals from the broadcasting stations similar to what Weed had been offered, but the guild was not overly interested as it was already very rich thanks to the investments from various sources. In addition, Lafaye didn't realize that Weed's obsession with money went beyond the bounds of his common sense.

"I think... he is either playing a trick on everyone, thinking that he can afford to lose the fame he has gained so far..."

Lafaye continued making a conjecture that sounded the most probable to him, although he didn't feel much assured of his deduction.

"...or he genuinely concluded that he can defeat us, yet again, in this battle."

"What do you mean?"

"Maybe Weed is putting too much confidence in his own popularity, or he might not have a clear idea of the exact military strength of the Hermes Guild."

"But he has fought us so many times!"

"And we have lost a lot of times; let's be fair."

"..."

"However, he won't be able to overcome the many challenges of this upcoming battle with the human-wave tactics alone. With our top elite troops, the Hermes Guild will be as strong as if it had both the [spear that can pierce through anything and the shield that can resist any attack.](#)"

Lafaye was convinced that there was no way their side would lose if they faced the Arpen Kingdom in an all-out war. The entire military force of the Hermes Guild was currently spread over the

vast Central Continent, ruling the whole territory. The Northern users' war strategy consisted almost solely of their signature human-wave tactics which was not unbeatable. Just considering the Empire's Second Legion alone, it was certainly true that they had accomplished a remarkable feat until the middle of the battle although they had suffered big damage afterwards.

Arkhyrn spoke, his voice far from enthusiastic.

"What if he conjures up another guy like Bar Khan after making this agreement?"

The dreadful undead horde — something they hoped they would never have to face again.

"I do not think that is his intention. If he uses trickery, he normally uses it to avoid the fight altogether. Once the battle begins, the Grass Porridge Cult and other users supporting the Arpen Kingdom will assemble in the field."

"So, because of those people Weed will be forced to make his appearance, and he won't be able to summon some other monster like Bar Khan?"

"Exactly. Calling forth a being like Bar Khan will lead to the self-destruction of the Arpen Kingdom. It would be difficult for him to use his skills that cause disasters, too."

"I just cannot understand why he would do this."

"The Garnav Plain is also not the sort of terrain suitable for his usual tricks and deceptions."

The solution Lafaye and the Hermes Guild users were looking for was just around the corner, yet it just didn't register to them as a valid answer.

'He knows to plan things from a long-term perspective, considering the fact that he was the one who founded the Arpen Kingdom. Not only that, he proved to be meticulous and full of clever tricks in every battle.'

‘Broadcasting rights? Money? Of course they don’t mean anything to him, a man of such reputation and influence...’

Although the answer never dawned on him however deeply he thought, Lafaye still concluded that the situation had become more favorable for the Haven Empire.

“We made the proposal and Weed has accepted it; the only thing remaining is preparation for the war.”

Calcus the Slayer asked a question.

“By the way, what would be the reason behind his suggestion to postpone the date of the battle? He said he will face us on the Saturday, 15 days later.”

“That I do not know. He might be devising a dangerous trap.”

Weed arrived in the Garnav Plain in advance using Yurin’s Picture Teleportation skill.

“There’s only grass here, brother.”

“Yes. Not a place for much trickery and deception.”

As this was the battlefield the Hermes Guild had chosen, he had done some preliminary research on the Internet. The Garnav Plain was a vast land with a wide-open view, so it would be difficult to set any traps in here. There were occasional gentle slopes here and there, but they were not enough to have any decisive influence on the battle.

“This is a good place for hosting a fair, large-scale battle between two great armies.”

The Hermes Guild wouldn’t have wanted to attract any unnecessary accusations from people when it proposed a showdown, apprehensive of the guild’s already widespread notoriety.

“But I’m not going to fight this fair and square.”

As Weed took in the view of the Garnav Plain, he became lost in thought for a moment. If he won this battle, he would gain an amount of wealth enough to ensure a luxurious life for his whole family for generations.

‘An owner of a building, a land, a house, or even a real estate speculator... I could be anything I want.’

He recalled how it felt when he had just lost his parents during his childhood: as if all happiness was slipping away through his fingers, and the world became a blur before his eyes. The feeling of deep despair that poured down buckets of icy water on his heart, lost and cast away.

‘...And I’ve come this far.’

He had learned how malicious and terrible the world could be as he worked in factories and construction sites. Those who were weak and penniless were so easily trampled. The people he saw while walking past the department stores or coffee shops looked as if they were from a whole different planet. As he roamed about the busy streets of a town with his sister, he remembered feeling like they were the only derelicts and beggars in the crowd. He was often envious of people who got upset with their bad exam results or angry with their friends, [knowing that their troubles and pain would fade away in but a few days](#).

‘Mastering sculpting skills and going through all those difficult quests... Maybe all of that has been to prepare myself for this battle.’

As soon as he was done with this little flashback about the past, he started to design plans to win the coming fight. The Grass Porridge Cult and the Hermes Guild... as it would be the battle in which the two most important forces in the Versailles Continent clash, there would be a variety of unpredictable factors in play.

‘Once the fight starts, lots of things are going to happen that will be beyond my control as well.’

As of now, he could not know what kind of strategy the Hermes Guild would use, nor exactly how much power the Grass Porridge Cult would be able to exert, until the actual battle began.

‘I’ll just have to do whatever I can. As a master sculptor, it is time to put every skill I’ve ever learned to use.’

Plenty of dirty and cheap tricks crossed Weed’s mind. Naturally, skills with heavy penalties such as Sculptural Life Bestowal or Sculpture Resurrection would have to be used if necessary. In case of Sculpture Resurrection especially, anything short of reviving a special figure who had made the greatest accomplishment in the history of Royal Road wouldn’t do.

“I cannot let the person just fool around for some time and disappear, either. I’ll need to make sure that they will help me no matter what.”

There was nothing so insincere as a half-hearted flattery; a truly professional sycophant put his soul into each compliment, and his flattery had the power to even cure the listener’s [chronic constipation](#).

“To set things up for a big picture, I’ll have to use my Time Sculpting skill as well. It’s just for one time only, but I think I know where to use this skill for the best effect.”

Making predictions for the upcoming war in ordinary ways wouldn’t be enough; the Hermes Guild would already be doing that as well. Wits, flattery, and mooching off other people — using his most extraordinary talents, Weed was completing a grand plan that reached back even to the old history of the Versailles Continent.

Mapan!

A prominent merchant and the leader of Mapan’s Trading Company, he received a whisper from Weed.

– Weed: Notify every group of merchants in the Northern Continent: we need to concentrate supply lines to the Garnav Plain as much as possible. In addition to weapons and war supplies, make sure to bring enough provisions that people can eat and drink. All the food and wine must arrive within three days — this is the most important part.

Mapan never doubted Weed's words; he had learned long ago that the guy had the Midas touch that turned everything into gold.

‘There's a good reason why he's become a sculptor. It's a profession specialized in fumbling with a piece of wood found on the ground then ripping other people off by selling it at an outrageous price. It was in Weed-nim's nature to become a sculptor.’

But while trusting in Weed's judgment without question, Mapan was still curious about the reason behind his action.

“I will gather up all the weapons and war supplies we have, even if we have to empty the stock in every shop in the entire Morata region. But will we really need to bring all the food?”

There were still two weeks left until the battle in the Garnav Plain, and as each individual user would also carry their own food with them he was wondering if supplying additional provisions would really be necessary.

– Weed: sigh... You are too innocent for your own good.

The moment Mapan got this message from Weed, he realized that he was making some serious misjudgment. Namely, he was making the error of trying to understand Weed's devious motive from a sensible, ordinary point of view.

– Weed: There will be many users who arrive in the Garnav Plain earlier than the actual date of battle.

“I'd assume so.”

It would take only two days for the Grass Porridge Cult members

who had taken control of the Harpan Region to get down to the Garnav Plain. Geomchi and the Desert Warriors would not require a lot of time to reach the plain either. As both sides have already agreed to settle things once and for all in one fateful battle, there would be no reason to fight the Imperial Army before the promised time. By taking the route northwards left open by the Imperial Army and using the teleport gates, they would be able to arrive in the Garnav Plain very soon.

– Weed: So, we need to catch those early birds. With enough wine and food, this will be a perfect chance for us to empty their pockets, don't you think so?

“A-ha! That is...!”

Mapan could picture the whole scene in his head. A crowd of a colossal size flocking to the Garnav Plain; not to mention all the Northern users, many users of the Central Continent would also rush to the place not to miss the chance to witness this grand event. With such a huge amount of people gathered in one place, plus the supply of food and wine... the outcome would be obvious.

“It will turn into a festival!”

– Weed: Correct. They will go on an absolute binge, quite oblivious to their pockets being emptied.

“Indeed...!”

– Weed: People tend to squander their money when they are dreading the unclear future. No matter what the outcome of the battle would be, we need to make a profit.

“Let me just say this: words cannot express my admiration for you. Your unshaken businessmanship moves me deeply.”

– Weed: I proposed to have this grace period for 15 days because I hoped the users of the Central Continent would also join in on the fun.

“I shall begin to make every necessary preparation. I'll have to

hold the best festival in the entire Versailles Continent, mobilizing every merchant group in the North.”

Weed didn't mention it, but this little scheme of his was also one of the most important tricks for his victory in the coming battle. Among the entire user base of Royal Road, there were a surprisingly large number of people who did not care much about who gains the supremacy over the Versailles Continent. They were just not interested in such political matters, and having settled down in the corners of small towns and cities for a long time, the state of affairs in the entire continent had little to do with their lives. There were especially many users of the Central Continent with such a tendency, as they were getting tired of the long lasting war.

A lavish festival that would make even the ordinary users jump into the celebration with excitement; after those Central Continent users thoroughly enjoyed themselves in the feast, it was extremely likely that they would turn to Weed's side with the slightest nudge.

‘This alone would be enough to increase our strength by tens of percent.’

(Continued on the next chapter...)

This (I think) refers to the old Chinese story that poses a question, “What happens when you try to block an all-piercing spear with an all-blocking shield?” which became the origin of the Chinese word for contradiction. Korean language uses the same word as well.

To be honest, I'm not really sure what the author means by this sentence because the original text in Korean is quite vague. It's not clear exactly what or whom Weed was feeling envious of (because there is no mention of any people), and who exactly is feeling this 'troubles and pain (because the Korean text just says 'this pain', at first I thought it refers to the pain Weed was feeling but I later decided it doesn't make sense in the context). Overall the problem

is caused by the lack of subject, which makes it very confusing as to who is feeling what. So this is the translation of my interpretation of this sentence, which can be one of many.

There is a Korean expression that translates literally to something like “curing the 10-year-old indigestion”, which refers to a situation in which one feels a deep sense of satisfaction as a result of a very frustrating problem being resolved. The author replaced the word indigestion with constipation probably in an attempt to make it sound more comical, and I changed the expression slightly more in the actual translation to make it not sound overly random for people who are not familiar with this expression.

Part 2

Clink! Clink! Clink!

Herman and Fabio had been ceaselessly crafting swords even after they had become master blacksmiths, as if competing with each other.

“Weed and Bard Ray...hmm...”

Wars didn't bring any harm to blacksmiths; no matter who takes control, they would not dare mistreat the blacksmiths with the best skills in Royal Road. Still, the prospect of the great battle that would possibly determine the strongest force of the entire continent piqued their curiosity.

“I guess I'll set off, then.”

Miretas the farmer.

The farmers of Royal Road had to rely on manual labor through each and every stage of their farm work from cultivating a wasteland to harvesting the crops, as no agricultural machines exists in this world. Tilling the soil of the vast land by hands, they did not have the luxury of having even a single day off, as they had to look after various kinds of crops, tens of different fruits and ornamental trees.

“This is beautiful.”

Miretas watched his golden rice field that rolled in waves whenever a gust of wind swept the stalks.

“Farmer is a profession that is all about sowing seeds in nature and earning the fruits of hard and honest work. There is no regret in the life of handling earth and plants, not to mention the great pleasures it provides.”

His forehead was shining with sweat from the labor of farm

work.

Ding!

< New plant variety developed!

You have created a new variety of rice. It is highly nutritious, top-grade rice which melts instantly in your mouth when cooked.

A First class food ingredient! >

“I’ll need to share this with other farmers.”

A farmer could be of big help to other people that shared the same profession by distributing rare seedlings or new varieties of plants they developed by themselves, as other farmers could increase their skill levels or fame just by growing them. Of course, Miretas could have chosen to raise those valuable plants all by himself if he had been greedier, but he did not do so. Increased average yield for the farmers would make Royal Road that much richer.

“So, the Garnav Plain...”

Miretas had just received the invitation from Weed, which was delivered by novice sparrows of the bird people race who were hired with the hourly wage of 2 silvers.

-Come and watch the fantastic battle in the Garnav Plain.

As we are always grateful for all the efforts you have made for the Arpen Kingdom, you will be provided with the seat on Wy-3’s broad back for your convenience in spectating.

-VIP invitation-

“Of course I should go. I need to have my revenge on those Hermes Guild fools who always looked down on us farmers.”

Miretas fully packed his backpack with the seeds used for combat purposes modified by himself. While farmers were not proficient in combat, they could still assist their allies in indirect ways such as creating a forest full of man-eating trees, or making a paralyzing

plant grow all over the field.

Drago the tailor.

He received the invitation while doing the laundry that had been piling up.

“It’s a shame, but I don’t think I can make it because of all the work.”

He was doing everything he could to clear the quests for becoming the master tailor, but it was one big obstacle after another. He had been doing so much laundry that his delicate and graceful tailor’s hands were full of blisters. True, the laundry quests had the benefit of making it easier for him to handle fabrics—already the clothes were completely cleaned of old stains and became softer the moment his hands touched them.

“I’ll need to do some fancier quests after I’m done with this...It just can’t be all manual work until I make it to the master rank, can it?”

Drago lifted his head to check how much laundry was still left to be washed.

“...”

And there it was, the mountain of dirty clothes, looking as if it hadn’t been reduced in size at all.

“I...I need to escape.”

Thus he decided to run to the Garnav Plain immediately.

[Elkgoon](#), the cook of the Grass Porridge Cult.

He was a chef of remarkable skills, capable of creating most delicious tastes with his hands, yet he felt humbled whenever he had a plate of grass porridge.

“It tastes so light...and there’s nothing to add or take out; it’s just right. This is a dish that only serves to fill one’s belly, yet there are those who starve because they don’t have even this. This is why we must not waste any ingredient.”

Elkgoon was also the very person who created actual dishes after the names of the various Porridge groups. Some variations of the Poisonous Mushroom Porridge were so difficult to cook that other chefs couldn’t even make them even if they knew the recipes. Only Elkgoon could prepare the perfect Poisonous Mushroom Porridge that gave off the strong, fragrant earthy smell.

“The people from the Central Continent have quite different palate to the Northern users. I must go there, if only to let more Central Continent users have a taste of this Poisonous Mushroom Porridge.”

Mibullo the architect—since he moved to the North, the style of architecture in the region had gone through a dramatic change. Large and sophisticated looking buildings gave a beautiful view to the cities. The transformation of many shantytowns in Morata was also his work.

“Old does not mean ugly. Just modifying it a little will reveal these buildings’ true worth.”

He changed the structure or color of each shabby house slightly, and created wonderful scenery in which, when watched from afar, the houses of Morata seemed to form a beautiful picture together. A great architect was both an artist and a sculptor, which made this kind of design possible.

The Dawn city, the construction of which Mibullo had participated in from the planning stage, represented the history of the North itself in addition to its neat districts scheme—The Road of Ice, the Road of Frontiers, the Road of Art, the Road of Culture, the Road of Trade, the Road of Adventure, and the Road of

Production.

When constructing a city, the happiness of the future residents was an imperative factor.

“May all the people in this city always have good dreams and lead happy lives.”

It was his belief that a beautifully and conveniently designed city would make people who stayed in it happier; a city where the residents and tourists alike wanted to stay as long as possible, even for just a day more.

It was when he was building this Dawn city that he received the invitation from Weed.

“Well, I was already intending to go even if he hadn’t asked... hmm-mm.”

A decisive match between the Arpen Kingdom and the Haven Empire—this was an event that he simply had to attend, because if the Haven Empire won by any chance, those people from the empire would occupy and use the precious Earth Palace which he had built by the sweat of his brow. If worst came to worst, Mibullo was even prepared to break it all down by his own hands.

“All the better; Weed has saved my face by sending the invitation. It feels good to be acknowledged like this, ever since I moved to the Arpen Kingdom.”

The Arpen Kingdom treated the workers of the production industry very favorably, maybe because its own king was a sculptor himself. Mibullo was determined to return the favor to the best of his abilities.

Oberon—one of the users who had played Royal Road from the very beginning, and the founder of the Frozen Rose Guild. Once he had led many a fantastic adventures, and currently he was the lord of the Vent Castle in the Arpen Kingdom. Even when the enormous

number of the Grass Porridge Cult members were marching towards the south he had left behind and kept his place as the lord of the castle to secure the region's safety and support other users, but now he received the invitation from Weed.

“So there's going to be a showdown between the two sides? Then of course I must go and help.”

Thus he also set off towards the south, bringing the entire troops of the Vent Castle.

On his way, Oberon made the most of his influence to rally others, and in the town square of Morata he even left a very impressive speech.

[“What is the reason for our fight, and what is the reason for our struggle?”](#) I do not know many things about life, yet I do know that we will spend the rest of ours in shame and regret if we don't raise our swords right now. Let us march on with dignity. We are the Grass Porridge!”

Pavo and Gaston, the leaders of the architects from the North, were moving along with the main force of the Grass Porridge Cult.

“Let's build the road. This will become a major trade route for the Arpen Kingdom [to advance its economic influence towards the south.](#)”

Since they had been assigned as the heads of construction department for the Arpen Kingdom, they had an ability to create new quests.

<Building a trading route>

This is a nation quest for the Arpen Kingdom.

Build a road that leads to the plains in the southern regions. The workers who participate in the construction project will have their contributions acknowledged.

Difficulty Level: D

Reward: Nation Contribution points

Quest Restriction: for the residents of the Arpen Kingdom only.>

In places where the architects moved past, a new road was created in their wake. Their devotion was what enabled the swift advance of the Grass Porridge's main army, as well as the securing of the transport route on which the carriages could rush up and down at extreme speeds.

“Let's Run! Tssssskk.”

The orc army was also marching along the same road, [their numbers without end](#).

Chaser the adventurer.

“Seeking out even the tiniest clue and beating about the entire continent to find out where it leads, that's the job of an adventurer. The thrill of discovery is what we live for, even if we know it only lasts for a second.”

He was the one who uncovered the old relics of the Niflheim Empire and brought them to the Arpen Kingdom. The effect of those relics brought about the rapid growth of the kingdom's economic and technological power as well as its commercial progress. As one of the key contributors to the development of the Arpen Kingdom, the name Chaser became widely known among the users of the Northern regions.

And naturally, he would be present in the upcoming battle as well.

Daymond—he was the Guild Master of the Predator of the land, and the first user ever to have received a S-class level quest. He had once been a Priest of Resurrection, too, and invaded the Central

Continent with the army of demonic spirits of the Embinyu Church. But after his forces had been suppressed by the Haven Empire, his player character itself was deleted by permanent death as the penalty of failing the quest.

Since then the members of the Predator of the land started anew in Royal Road, and currently they had barely reached level 100. The once mighty power of the guild only existed in their memory now, but still the members were working hard to grow their strength, crawling the dungeons in Morata.

“This place is a paradise.”

“Prices are so low here, and the products have high quality.”

“It’s quite surprising that the merchants are willing to repair or exchange any faulty items. Those merchants groups of the Hermes Guild would have never done that.”

Quite unlike the days when they stayed in the Central Continent, they were enjoying their lives even as novices.

“Hey boss, shouldn’t we be there too?”

“Of course. Let’s go!”

Hegel, Bella, Rumi and Nide.

The students from the Department of Virtual Reality in Korea University were also presently staying in Morata.

“You know, shouldn’t we...go to see this battle?”

“Hmph, there’s no point. It is simply impossible to defeat the Hermes Guild. Even that mighty Black Lion Guild was no match for them.”

“Why are you being so pessimistic about all this, Hegel?”

“Just take one look and it’s so obvious how this fight will turn out. It’s not wise to live with a meaningless illusion that clouds

your eyes to the real world.”

“It’s so frustrating how you just don’t see which way the wind is blowing. No wonder you don’t have any friends.”

“...Ouch.”

At this moment, [Nide the thief](#) quietly rose from his seat. Rumi noticed this and her eyes twinkled.

“Where are you going?”

“The Garnav Plain.”

“It’s quite far.”

“Still, I want to go and watch the battle. It feels like I’m going to regret it for the rest of my life if I miss this.”

“Let’s go together, then.”

The other students of Korea University also got up from their seats.

Hegel refused to go for some more time and tried to hold his ground, but even he had to admit that the normally busy streets of Morata had become very quiet and rather empty. The castle gates were crowded with carriages and flocks of cows heading southwards.

“Bah. Okay, okay, I’ll go...but it’s not like I’m interested or anything.”

“[My big brother](#) is having a fight against the Hermes Guild?”

Petrov, the aqualight painter, were painting graffiti in the sewers of the Castle of Aren. His graffiti had an effect of disturbing public order and even lowering the loyalty of the resident users.

“That means ‘she’ would be there, too...”

Petrov thought of Yurin, and decided that he could not just sit there doing nothing.

“I need to get there at once, using Picture Teleportation.”

He rushed to finish the painting he had been working on—a depiction of Bard Ray the Emperor cooking a packet of [Red Crab Ramyun](#), and having it all by himself without sharing with anyone.

Halma, Margo, Rewis, and Gran.

There were not many users in this world who knew of their existence, but those who had been victims of them quivered with rage at the mere mention of them; [a quartet of backstabbing muggers!](#)

“Weed-nim, the God of War himself, will fight against Bard Ray, the one called the God of War...!”

“I must say, even having beaten by him is a great honor.”

“Hey, if he wins this time, doesn’t that mean he will unite the whole continent?”

“Don’t be silly. They’re not going to lose all their lands in the Central Continent just by losing one battle.”

“Still, winning the largest and the most critical battle would eventually lead to conquering the entire continent. How would the Hermes Guild stop him after they get defeated in this fight?”

“Wow. The emperor of the Versailles Continent...!”

“And we tried to rob the person who would become just that.”

The quartet of muggers was usually lurking about in the Rosenheim Kingdom. Despite being located in a remote region to the east, the Rosenheim Kingdom boasted a vast territory; there were a great number of villages, cities and castles along with hunting grounds still untouched by anyone and mysterious quests yet to be uncovered. Becoming the ruler of just one kingdom was already a remarkable accomplishment; so needless to say, the Emperor of the united Versailles Continent would be the position

of glory beyond imagination.

“What do you say, shall we take this little trip?”

“Absolutely!”

“And we can search for some easy targets on our way there.”

“Sure, we shouldn’t miss any chance to strike people on the back of their heads.”

Eunling, Ben and Elix.

They had met Weed during the time he came to the Desert.

“You are the adventurers of the Shadow of the Earth party, correct? I have heard a lot about your great exploits before I started playing Royal Road.”

“It’s an honor that you recognize us.”

Elix shook hands with Weed on behalf of the rest of the party.

“I believe you have also sent me a challenge once.”

“Well, that’s...*ahem*, indeed we have, as we were somewhat... overenthusiastic during those days.”

Eunling and Ben avoided Weed’s eyes. The incident in which they had got themselves involved in the affairs of the Embinyu Church had become something of an embarrassing past to them, as it was Weed who actually managed to defeat the order in the end while they were wasting their time.

“Nowadays we are working on the quest of founding the Palos Empire. It is about building an empire in the Desert Region.”

Elix said proudly, not having fully abandoned his competitive nature. Uniting the entire vast Desert Region, raising warriors and establishing a nation—he was confident that the value of this quest would not pale in comparison to that of founding the Arpen Kingdom itself.

Weed smiled broadly, as if he was a neighbor who had [just purchased a big land](#).

“Ah. THAT quest.”

“You already know about it? I assume you have heard the story from Geomchi and his pupils-“

“I’m working on that same quest myself.”

“...What?”

“As a matter of fact, there’s currently only one last step left until the foundation of the Palos Empire. That last step shouldn’t be overly difficult, either, I expect.”

“ ... ”

“I believe you have [saved us a lot of trouble for the next quest](#), considering the fact that you have done all the cumbersome work and got it out of the way for us.”

Thus the Shadows of the Earth party once again witnessed the fruit of their hard work snatched right under their noses, by a competitor who had intervened in the middle of the quest for which they had been making gradual progress through effort and ordeal. If it had been any ordinary competitor, they wouldn’t even come close to a match for the Shadows of the Earth, but the problem, of course, was that it turned out to be Weed of all people.

Weed, with his skills in every obscure profession, stats he had built through countless hours of manual work, fame, experiences in quests, combat capabilities and social connections. Once he had wedged himself into the picture, it was just in the course of nature that the rest of the people would be squeezed out to the background. Even worse was the fact that they were not exactly in a position to complain, as it was mainly thanks to Weed that the Shadows of the Earth party had been able to come to the Desert to carry out the quest in the first place. The quest itself wouldn’t have been able to make so much progress if Weed hadn’t laid a firm

foundation for it during his times as the Great King of the Desert.

“Since he’s waging a war against the Hermes Guild, I guess we’ll have to go and join him. sigh”

“Yeah, we shouldn’t miss the chance to witness the moment that will determine the future course of history.”

“Do you think we should help Weed?”

“Well, we cannot just let the Hermes Guild win, can we? Though I admit, I’m not feeling too eager myself...”

Robin had been burning with revengeful thoughts towards the Arpen Kingdom.

“Taking away all of my lands...all the time and efforts I’d put to develop my territories, and they just took them for nothing!”

When the Haven Empire lost its control over the regions in the North, the local lords who had been assigned by the Hermes Guild suddenly found themselves in a very awkward position. They tried to protect their status and interests through negotiations with Weed, but the outcome was the worst they could have imagined. The failure lay in the fact that they had thought him to be a naïve young man, which was a complete and thorough mistake. The seven lords who burned down their towns and left in opposition to the terms of the negotiation were [branded as the worst villains](#), never to step into the Versailles Continent again. Now the rest of the local lords who remained in the North were forced to offer 70 percent of the total tax revenue collected from the cities on which they had been spending tens of millions of gold for their growth.

“I’m not denying that there are still certain pleasures to be had in managing the city, but...”

Robin had not given up on his feelings for Seoyoon yet, which was why he chose not to return to the Central Continent.

‘There is no person who is both as beautiful and intelligent as her. Most importantly, I fell for her the moment I first looked at her and I cannot get over my feelings now.’

With his wealth and good looks, there had been a lot of women approaching him or requesting for blind dates. For some time, when the distance between him and Seoyoon was not showing any hope of closing, he tried meeting other ladies, more than ten of them a week, but that only resulted in his longings for her getting even deeper. In his eyes, no other women could match her, not only because of her appearance, but also because of the unique aura about her.

‘She wouldn’t continue going out with a guy like Weed forever. Yes. Royal Road...the problem is Royal Road.’

Robin’s thoughts had taken a direction towards a rather wild speculation, although it was not entirely baseless.

‘Like many others, she has also lost herself in Royal Road; understandable, of course, there is a lot to enjoy in this world. To a person like her who had had such a lonely life...it must have felt like paradise. That’s why she started to date Weed, [a man of strength and fame in this game world](#).’

The conclusion drawn from that speculation also felt quite reasonable to him, as he just couldn’t imagine how else he would lose to a rival like Weed, except for the fact that Weed was better at Royal Road than him.

‘So, I just need to become a successful man in Royal Road. Then there will be no reason for her to stick to a nobody like him.’

Thus Robin had been desperately investing great amounts of money on his city, Aath.

“Convert and put in 80 million gold. There will be another investment of 100 million next week.”

Even to him those amounts were considerable, but he did not

stint on any expenses. He believed that he would be able to prove his competence by achieving a rapid growth of the city of Aath through these enormous investments. His passion for the city development enterprise became even stronger when he received the news that Seoyoon would effectively assume full charge of all the administrative matters of the Arpen Kingdom.

‘She is somewhere close to me. I will make this city into the most prominent place in the North, nay, in the entire Versailles Continent.’

Robin spent the wealth he had been given in advance from his parents and sold the real estate he owned to invest on Royal Road. As he himself was the lord of the city all that money was not exactly wasted into thin air, but the fact remained that a colossal amount of capital had been consumed by him, despite his status as [the successor of a major conglomerate](#).

- A free 1,000 gold reward for any user who registers their place of residence in the city of Aath.
- For all the novice users; a prize of 500 gold will be given whenever you complete a quest.
- Enjoy some welfare benefit! When purchasing any item, 20 percent of the price will be returned.
- An event for visiting users; every user visiting the city of Aath will be given free travel goods.
- Free meals for everyone! Every restaurant in the city of Aath will provide food for free from 8 to 10 in the morning!

From building brick houses and distributing them to the residents free of charge to opening up a whole new guild for a group of no more than three pirates, he was making a range of blind investments that would normally be strongly discouraged unless one is setting up an extremely far-sighted plan for about a hundred years in the future.

‘It’s better to be excessive than deficient. I shall create a city so magnificent that it overwhelms anyone who beholds it.’

The construction of the lord’s castle was also underway, slowly revealing the shape of the extravagant palace. The estate was divided into a total of 52 sections, and each section was to be completed in order starting from the first; once the construction is finished, the entire area of the castle would surpass even that of the Earth Palace. In addition, a famous architectural firm from a foreign country had been commissioned to design the palace.

While such astronomical expenses were put into the development of the city of Aath, its streets were becoming ever more boisterous day by day as Northern users came streaming into the city.

“This is a very good place to live.”

“Yeah. Well, it’s the Arpen Kingdom.”

“The city is really clean, too.”

“As I said, that’s because it belongs to the Arpen Kingdom.”

“It’s all thanks to Weed-nim that such a great city can be created.”

“We should really be grateful for Weed-nim.”

This felt as if he had been dealt a huge blow from the opponent with his eyes fully open—but while Robin was trying to swallow his anger, he spotted a familiar face; among the crowd of merchants visiting the city for trade was Bart, Seoyoon’s father.

“[Chairman Jeong!](#)”

“Haha. I have long resigned from that position. Well, it was taken from me, to speak frankly. So just call me whatever you like.”

“I wouldn’t dream of addressing you in such an impolite way. What brings you to this city, by the way?”

“I’ve brought some olives and beer.”

Bart pointed at the carriage he was riding in, as well as the wagons standing in a line at the back.

“I didn’t know you are on Royal Road. I assume you are playing as a merchant?”

“Yes. It’s a simple living and I joined the trend only recently, but I’m quite enjoying myself.”

“Well, I shouldn’t keep you outside like this; please allow me to show you into the castle.”

As Robin ushered Bart to the lord’s castle he couldn’t hide his delight.

‘It was worth spending all that money on this city. He would be so impressed when he sees what magnificent job I’ve done with the lord’s castle.’

Looking around at the luxurious streets and the great palace at the pinnacle of the city’s extravagance, Bart nodded.

‘When this guy takes over the H group...I’m afraid it won’t be able to last long. This fellow would squander the whole company’s fortune in a day.’

From that day on, Robin had treated Bart with utmost devotion. Whenever Bart brought some goods to the city he purchased all of them, naturally with great prices, on top of all the necessary service he provided Bart with during every visit.

“I have arranged to build a house for you, Chairman Jeong.”

“A house? Just for me?”

“Yes. Just think of it as your vacation home and feel free to stay in it whenever you come to visit here.”

He had also obtained top-quality equipment and gears for a merchant by staying up all night to search the auction site for equipment for different skills and levels, and purchasing the best

possible pieces.

“This is a small token of my respect.”

“Why, thank you.”

Whenever he saw Bart happy, Robin’s delight became even greater.

‘I’m making a good impression to her father. All that remains is for Seoyoon to come to her senses, and all the conditions will be perfectly to my favor.’

Waiting patiently was a long and difficult task, but he was happy knowing that the person he was waiting for was Seoyoon. Meanwhile, he received the news of Weed planning to fight against the Hermes Guild in the Garnav Plain.

‘Haha. Here is the solution. After he gets defeated by Bard Ray, she will finally return to me.’

Robin offered Bart to go and watch the battle in the Garnav Plain together.

“Yes. Let’s go.”

“By the way, sir, who do you think will be victorious this time?”

Even as he asked, he was confident that the Hermes Guild would win the battle. It would be another fantastic outcome if the Haven Empire gains control over the city of Aath once again.

Bart answered right away, as if it was quite obvious.

“Weed, of course.”

“Yes, Weed...Pardon?”

“I believe he will win. He is the man who knows how to create a miracle.”

“...”

Robin could not stop his face from crumpling into an ugly grimace.

‘Is Mr. Jeong...no way, he can’t, can he?’

He tried to restrain himself, but another question was forming in his mind, and this time he was genuinely anxious to hear the answer.

‘Guess I’ll just have to be a man and ask him directly.’

Robin came to a firm resolution, and opened his mouth.

“About Seoyoon...Well, with all things considered, the most ideal partner for her would be...me, wouldn’t you think so?”

“Weed will be a good match.”

“...What?”

“The lad is the real deal. The more you come to know about him, the more you find out what a fine and honest young man he is.”

“...”

“I’m glad my daughter met him. They will make such a happy couple.”

(Continued on the next chapter...)

I’m not sure if ‘-goon’ is just part of his user name or if it is an honorific that is commonly used to address a young man. Any clarification would be appreciated.

In the original text the word used here is actually ‘life’, but as the same word appears in the very next sentence it sounded very awkward when I used the direct translation, so I decided to change this sentence slightly.

The direct translation would just be “for the Arpen Kingdom to advance towards the south”, but I changed the sentence a bit to make the context clearer. There are a few more sentences in this chapter that I have modified to convey the context of the text better, but feel free to let me know if you think this kind of translation is inappropriate.

Here the original text only says ‘without end’. I wasn’t sure if it was the number of the orcs or the length of the road that was without end, so I just decided to stick to one of the possible interpretations.

I was considering using the word ‘rogue’ instead of ‘thief’, but since the original text clearly says ‘thief’, I thought it would be better to just use the same word.

Obviously Weed is not really a big brother of Petrov, and this is more of an affectionate title indicating that he wants to be close to Weed, as Petrov seems to fancy Yurin).

A sort of (usually spicy) instant noodle quite similar to Japanese Ramen. We usually just use the word ‘instant noodle’ or ‘Ramen’ for this food but I thought it would be more appropriate to use the proper Korean name here.

The original Korean text only says ‘backstabber’ here, so I wasn’t sure if their job is professional betrayers or just muggers who steal people’s belongings after hitting them from the back. I decided that the second interpretation fits the whole context better, but it might turn out to be wrong later.

The author is referring to a famous Korean adage that directly translates to something like ‘A person gets a stomachache (with jealousy) when a neighbor (or a relative) purchases a land, which has the same meaning as ‘An envious man grows lean with the fatness of his neighbor.’ In this case Weed is compared to the neighbor who purchased a land, seeing that he got the upper hand on the Shadows of the Earth party once again.

Even though the Korean text says ‘next quest’, I’m suspecting that this is in fact the last stage before the foundation of the Palos Empire Weed has just mentioned. Since this can cause some confusion, I will change the word later to make it easier to understand.

The original text just says that those seven lords had ‘become the

worst villains', but I thought this translation might fit the whole context better. Let me know if you would rather have me use the direct translation.

The original text only says 'a man of strength and fame', but since Robin thinks that Weed won Seoyoon's heart only because he is more successful in Royal Road than himself, along with the fact that Weed is (at least in the beginning) far from a strong and famous guy in real life, I think it would be better to clarify this point in this sentence.

The original text actually refers to a 'chaebol', a large family owned business conglomerate found in South Korea. Should I use this word instead?

I first considered using direct translation and write this sentence as 'Chairman-nim', but it just sounded too weird to my ears and I decided to use the surname of Seoyoon's father.

Part 3

Pale had had no intention to set off to the Garnav Plain on the day of the battle.

‘I am willing to go if Weed-nim calls me, but not before he makes a polite request first.’

He had heard the rumor that was widely spread among the users. There was also the matter of a certain extremely popular video posted In Royal Road’s Hall of Fame.

– Pale: [Weed’s battle slave!](#)

The video was an edited compilation of Pale’s appearance in every battlefield Weed had fought in, showing his actions in combat. It also included the clips which had been taken during the days the two of them were hunting together as novices, and it scored a staggering 370 million views—a number that surpassed any moderate-sized nation’s population count by several times, which had been possible due to the popularity of Weed and Royal Road.

– This video pretty much certifies that he is officially a battle slave for Weed. There’s no way he can deny it.

– I’m not sure if he can even be called a slave. He’s closer to a worker bee than to a human.

– You sure he doesn’t make ‘moo’ sound when he speaks?

– By the way, the length of this video is just DISGUSTING. With all that editing it’s still 19 hours long!

– There’s a part where the whole day’s fighting was cut into a 3-seconds scene; this is as compressed as it can get and yet it’s still a marathon.

– 4:29:43. It’s just so sad when he stoops down to pick up the loots on the ground under the moonlight.

– I have always thought there must be some sort of trick behind Weed-nim's strength, but this video proves that I was mistaken. If a mere slave of his is that powerful, then I cannot even imagine how strong Weed-nim himself would be...

– Haven't you seen him carving those gigantic sculptures while hanging on a wire in the air for days? I felt sick just by looking at it...

– I'm a Northern user and a Grass Porridge fundamentalist. People say we are having a hard life, but we really cannot complain when we see Weed-nim at work. [Guy's just obsessed with farming](#).

– If a man could be reborn as a god when he dies, then the seat of the God of Farming would be reserved just for him.

– I'm head of a labor brokerage company for construction workers. Pale-nim, please contact me. I'm offering a special recruitment. Payment will be double the usual daily wage, guaranteed.

– I'm tearing up watching this video. I just realized what a happy life I'm having, just sitting here and munching an apple...

– [Slave's trying haaaaaaaaaaaaard](#).

This video in question caused Pale to rethink his relation with Weed.

‘So, during all that time I have been exploited by him like this? I never realized...’

Exploitation did not only mean refusing to give a person booty and experience points that they earned; depriving a person of their freedom and spare time was also one type of exploitation.

Pale the battle slave was slowly beginning to become aware of his own self.

‘I'll have to fight to death once again when I go to the Garnav Plain, to protect the Arpen Kingdom. And going there voluntarily

without even being asked by Weed-nim is exactly what a slave would do.'

He was a person with his own free will, and he was determined to firmly refuse any unreasonable requests or calls to hunting.

'I'm going to live like a human being from now on!'

Pale sent a whisper message to his father.

"How's it going with you? Do you need anything?"

His parents, brothers and even cousins were all deeply addicted to Royal Road now, and Pale sent them private messages from time to time as they occasionally needed something or requested for his aid.

-Zentor: No. Don't worry about us, son. You have a great mission ahead.

"What?"

-Zentor: We are all looking forward to seeing you have an epic fight in the Garnav Plain. Your mother's so proud she's talked all about you to the other women friends in the monthly meeting.

"...What, what did she tell them, exactly?"

-Zentor: Why, that our son is none other than famous Pale himself!

Pale gulped. [That monthly gye-meeting](#) was very large in size, and most of the residents in his neighborhood were members of it. Now that his identity in the game had been revealed to all of them, he wouldn't even be able to have a quick trip to the nearby supermarket without drawing attention from people.

"And how did those ladies respond?"

-Zentor: They were all really envious, of course. There isn't a single player of Royal Road who hasn't heard of Pale the Archer, you know. There're even statues of you in Morata and the Earth Palace.

...And those statues, Pale thought, were part of the problem. The sight of him drawing his bow while standing right beside Weed was exactly a portrayal of a slave in arms.

“Aren’t you even angry when your son is called a ‘battle slave’ by people?”

-Zentor: Hey, don’t talk like that! Why on earth would I be angry? You are the closest associate of Weed-nim; it’s like a [king’s minister](#) in the old days. I reckon that’s equivalent to the Chief Secretary of the president.

“I don’t think that’s the case for me here...”

-Zentor: That’s exactly the case. And have you any idea how much our family benefit from your status while living in this Arpen Kingdom? You see, your older brother is a merchant.”

“Yeah, I know that.”

-Zentor: So when he goes to the town square to do some business, he hangs a flag that says he is the real brother of Pale the battle slave, and his whole inventory is gone within ten minutes with all the customers swarming in!

Pale was finding it difficult to stop his face from burning with humiliation.

‘My honor and dignity...no...’

-Zentor: I was intending to keep this to myself, but let me tell you something else: Weed-nim as good as paid for your university study, too.

“What? Now what is THAT all about?”

-Zentor: You know, Weed-nim and that goddess lady of Grass Porridge came to visit our restaurant a few months ago.

“They did?”

Pale’s parents had retired from their teaching profession and were now running a small restaurant that sold gomtang (beef-bone

soup). As they were generally friendly with the local residents and there were quite a lot of public officers visiting frequently, the restaurant had been doing a reasonably good business.

-Zentor: They came and had a bowl of soup each, and the next thing I know our restaurant was on TV, and has been bursting with customers since. Did you know that we are now having as many as 150 orders in the evening?

“No...I had no idea...”

Pale realized that there was no hope of him escaping from the giant net that Weed had cast.

Free will? Why would he need it, when he was already a loyal and faithful thrall of Weed?

Then a thought suddenly occurred to him which sent a chill down his back.

“By the way, dad, did Weed-nim pay for the meal he ordered?”

– Zentor: After he had the soup he even ordered another set of boiled beef slices for takeaway, saying that he enjoyed the meal and he would recommend our restaurant to people. Oh, and he added that we needn’t worry about your future from now on.

“So, the payment?”

– Zentor: Yes, of course, I wasn’t going to accept it, but he insisted on paying us for the food, almost forced the notes into my hand before leaving.

Pale felt his face going red once again, although this time it was because he was ashamed of himself. Even after all the time he had been with Weed, for a short moment he doubted him.

‘I forgot...he is not that sort of guy.’

Weed might be a penny pincher, but he would never bilk a restaurant. It was easy to see him as a person who mistreats others around him, but Weed always showed great consideration for

people in need.

‘He’s always looking to minimize small spending, but never hesitates to pay a great sum when necessary.’

After all, he was the guy who invested his entire fortune in Morata, and built the Puhol Water Park. Pale thought that Weed was a kind of person who really knew how to spend his money.

Mandol was heading to the Garnav Plain together with the users who had died while fighting in the battle of Shelgium.

“Gee. What a pointless fight it has been.”

“I can tolerate having my level drop, but all those skill proficiency points...Uggh...”

“I’ve even lost my equipment.”

Those who had been slaughtered in Shelgium grumbled with discontent. Although it had been for a good cause, they couldn’t help but regret their decision after they lost their lives.

“I hope we are not going there just to die again?”

“No way...Think about the number of people who will gather in that place. Some won’t even get a chance to fight.”

“Hmm. I’m certainly curious to see how they’ll fight...but I feel afraid too.”

“Well, it’s just their loss if they died.”

These users had been harboring certain bitterness, thinking that one could act as sanctimoniously as they liked and still no one would acknowledge their effort. They had fought, desperately and to their last breath, in Shelgium, yet all that was left of that fight was regret.

It was when they arrived in the Garnav Plain that [an unexpected event changed their attitude](#).

Already there was a huge number of the Grass Porridge Cult users congregating; what had been a secluded flatland with nothing but grass just a day ago was now a makeshift business zone set up by the merchants, and there was even a tent village that had been built for the users to sleep in. At least one million people were already making preparations to eat and play in the Garnav Plain.

“Wow. I must say, the size of the Grass Porridge Cult is sure great.”

“Yeah. Just look at the scale of it. It’s incredible.”

The users from Shelgium were finding a place to quietly settle in, when several users who had spotted them yelled, “Woow...The heroes are here!”

“Heroes?”

“Haven’t you seen the broadcast? They are the ones who fought in Shelgium. I watched the rerun of that battle several times.”

“You’re right. It’s them!”

“Hey, let’s all applaud for them. Applaud!”

Clap, clap, clap!

The applause that had been initiated by a few users near them was soon joined by other users, who were all rising from their seats on the ground. The sound of the people clapping spread in all directions, until finally everyone in the Garnav Plain was welcoming them with an ovation.

“Welcome, heroes!”

“Such brave souls. You have all done so well!”

“You must be exhausted. Anyone who wants to have some food, please come over here. We will cook anything you like. Money? What money? For you it’s all free!”

“We mustn’t forget to give them a cold draft of beer; they’ll need it after such a hard day. I’ll serve your drinks first before everyone

else.”

The users who gave their lives in Shelgium were treated like absolute heroes in this place.

“Wha, what’s this? What’s going on?”

“Are they really all welcoming us?”

The users who had just arrived in the Garnav Plain with their body limp and their mind dejected could not repress their bewilderment. The enormous clapping sound alone that was resonating throughout the place was enough to make them feel dazed. Many of the users even stood up to give them a salute, and they had never experienced something quite like this.

Mapan, who had been conducting preparations for the festival, came rushing when he got the news of their arrival, his great belly swaying as usual.

“The soldiers from Shelgium, I assume?”

“Gasp. I-it’s Mapan-nim!”

The users of Shelgium were startled to see that even a person as famous as Mapan had come over to greet them. Mandol also looked quite flustered, as he had not expected this kind of special reception even when he had fought for Weed.

“Ah...Yes, we are.”

“I was wondering if any of you have any appointments for the evening.”

“Well...nothing really...”

Mandol and the other users looked at one another. Most of them did not have any previous engagements; they were just planning to enjoy the festival and watch the world go by. A few of them had promised to meet their friends or family who had started the game in the North, but they were too overwhelmed by the whole atmosphere to say anything.

Mapan continued, his chubby cheeks wobbling up and down as he spoke.

“In that case, would you join us for dinner? Weed-nim is going to gut a boar for cooking.”

“Weed-nim himself is going to do that for us?”

“Yes. In addition to the boar, he said that he will arrange for a special banquet with various other top-class ingredients. There’s some fresh seafood we have urgently obtained from the Ritten Region, too.”

“...”

The users of Shelgium were simply lost for words. Not only was every nearby user in the Garnav Plain watching this heartwarming sight, but it was also being relayed through broadcast.

“There will also be a gold medal award ceremony after the feast.”

“A gold medal-what’s that about?”

“Weed-nim will present each of you with a gold medal which he had carved by himself for the heroes of the Arpen Kingdom. The ceremony will take place in front of everyone, of course.”

The face of every user from Shelgium turned red. They wanted to forever erase from their life the short moment of feeling regret after experiencing death. Instead, a great pride filled their minds for having fought for the Arpen Kingdom.

“I...I haven’t been acknowledged like this by anyone before, not even by my family.”

“Sob. This is the first time I received a compliment since my elementary school days.”

“So this is how it feels. I can see why...it is worth dying for the Arpen Kingdom.”

The ten thousand users who had once lived in Shelgium felt that they would willingly give their lives again if it was for the Arpen

Kingdom. And that feeling they had was spread across the whole Garnav Plain, through broadcast and through word-of-mouth.

(Continued on next volume...)

I'm not sure whether I'm happy with this translation. I like that it sounds simple and intuitive, but it also feels like the translation is too direct. I was considering 'slave-in-arms (which I actually used later in another sentence)' or 'slave-for-combat/battle', but they all sounded a bit too long to me. Any suggestion would be appreciated.

This is a gaming jargon that refers to when people repeatedly play the same quests or dungeons to improve their character's stats or to find some rare loots. I have been using 'manual labor/work' for the same word before, but since the novel takes place in a game world I thought this might be a more appropriate translation. Let me know what you think.

'trying hard' or 'putting more effort' became some sort of fad words among Korean people a couple of years back, when life had become very hard for the younger generation of Korean with high unemployment rate and general mistreatment of the employees and laborers overflowing the Korean society. The older generation often responded to the younger people's complaints with a remark such as "you are not trying hard enough", or "we had been worse off when we were at your age", which (I think) was the origin of this fad words/ catch phrase. To make the sarcastic undertone clearer people often stretch the vowels (as shown in the translation) when using these fad words.

gye, a kind of traditional private fund popular among Koreans, whose members chip in a modest amount of money and take turns to receive a lump sum share. (Extracted from Naver English dictionary website)

Highest-rank government position during the Joseon Dynasty era. In the next sentence Zentor actually says "...to the minister or

the Chief Secretary of the president”, but since the same word is repeated twice (with different meanings) I thought it best to just omit the latter one to avoid confusion.

The original text in Korean only says “It was when they arrived in the Garnav Plain” , so this bit here is entirely my own invention.

Book 50

Chapter 1 - Time Sculpting (Part 1)

- A battle that will determine the fate of the Versailles Continent!
- The beginning of a great war in the Garnav Plain.
- Royal Road: Will we watch the rise of the emperor who will unite the whole continent?
- In 15 days, more than a billion people go to war.

The news of a head-on match between Weed and the Hermes Guild became the headlines of various broadcasting channels. Through crystal balls or on TV, people could watch the sight of the great number of users from both the Northern and Central Continents gathering in the Garnav Plain.

“I’ve come to fight for the Arpen Kingdom. Once the battle begins, I’ll throw my life into it.”

“I might be a mere sparrow, tweet!, but with these wings, there is no place I cannot go!”

“Have a bowl of grass porridge, people!”

There were numerous users having an interview with broadcasting stations, and large bonfires were made in the Garnav Plain.

“Will Weed-nim really fight against Bard Ray?”

“There will be a full-frontal battle with all the users in the field joining in... I wonder if there will be a chance for them to meet each other in person?”

“I hope there will. But isn’t a one-on-one fight going to be very disadvantageous for a sculptor?”

“Well, he has become master sculptor and now he got the new profession as a Necromancer, so I don’t think that would be a problem.”

“But Necromancer isn’t exactly a good profession for fighting alone, is it?”

“Hmm, that’s true.”

From the very beginning of Royal Road, Bard Ray had reigned as the most powerful user of the game, and had been the owner of the nickname ‘the God of War’. On the other hand, his opponent was the person who, with the profession of a sculptor, had earned great fame by accomplishing a number of almost miracle-like quests, and who had raised the small and insignificant village of Morata into a kingdom that currently dominated the entire Northern Continent. There were so many users who were looking forward to the epic fight between the two most iconic players of Royal Road.

“Weed-nim will win.”

“Yes. However the situation may turn out to be, we can trust Weed-nim.”

“Impossible? That is one word that is not in Weed-nim’s vocabulary. There hasn’t been a single easy task in his path of life up until now.”

“He is a legend. A legend!”

The number of users who supported Weed was simply overwhelming, not only because of the sympathy they felt for the relatively weaker of the two, but also because of the many great achievements Weed had attained to date.

However Weed, the center of all that anticipation and attention, was currently devising a terrible and devious scheme with his living sculptures.

“I just can’t fight this fair and square. Do you know why people use cheap tricks? It is because they are effective!”

“Moooo....!”

“[Golgolgol!](#)”

The various sculptural lifeforms, Yellowy and Geumini among them, cheered enthusiastically in response; flattery was a virtue these living sculptures had had to learn, as fate had dictated that they had to serve under such an ill-tempered master.

“I can’t help but feel that we’ve met the wrong master. Golgol.”

“If it weren’t for my honor as a knight... I would leave to seek my freedom.”

“Would it be so difficult to just make me a crown, for all the hard work I’ve done? My Ice Breath attack has become quite good now, too...”

For the battle of the Garnav Plain, all the sculptures that had been the subjects of Weed’s constant bullying were assembled together. Each of them was a force to be reckoned with in any battlefield, including Bahamorg, the warrior of blood and iron.

– Kuuuuaarggh!!

– Blaaaaze

King Hydra gave out a great roar as he shook his three snake-like heads, and Phoenix let its flaming feathers fly in all directions like falling snow. Binryong, Deathworm, Imugi and Fire Giant were all creating a very imposing picture just by standing there, due to their enormous sizes.

However, even at this splendid sight of the legion of sculptural lifeforms, Weed was still rather doubtful of their power.

“Sure, these guys are strong, but they wouldn’t be able to hold off even just one Legion of the Hermes Guild Army by themselves.”

Not that his sculptural creatures were incompetent, but the power of the Hermes Guild was simply too great. While it was true that Weed and his living sculptures had spent a long time improving their skills and strength through much effort, the Hermes Guild had just as much time to grow their forces and influence as they dominated the core regions of the Continent. At

the time when Weed first started the game in the Rosenheim Kingdom, he wouldn't even have been able to imagine that he would, one day, fight against this very Hermes Guild.

“They eventually managed to kill even Bar Khan himself; I cannot finish this war with these creatures alone.”

However, a well-devised trick had a power to reverse the disadvantageous situation in a dramatic way. Among many world-famous wars in history, it was easy to find a case in which a few tricks completely changed the outcome of a battle. How awestruck Weed had been, reading the stories about those genius strategists.

‘That is some remarkable cleverness.’

To be perfectly frank, Weed knew that he did not belong to this sort of brilliant strategist type, and that was all the more reason why he needed an appropriate trick to overcome the many obstacles.

‘When there's a person with a great talent, I'll just have to make the best use of their talent; just as what I did with Hestiger.’

He had drawn a big picture in his mind which had been conceived based on his Resurrection Sculpting skill — this meant that there would be yet another historical figure revived by his hands.

Weed spoke in a deep, solemn voice.

“My subjects, have you ever heard of the age during which every sculptural lifeform enjoyed peace and prosperity, under the reign of the great emperor who led the art of sculpting to the path of glory?”

Golden Bird, which had been drowsing, raised its head, its sleek and sparkling feathers giving off a spark of brilliance.

“Geihar von Arpen!”

“Yes. Golden Bird may remember. There once was a glorious age

when the great living sculptures united this entire land, and commanded respect from every other species of the world.”

The emperor who united the Versailles Continent for the first time in history: Geihar von Arpen. Surprisingly enough, he was a sculptor and this great achievement of unifying the whole continent had been possible through the collective power of the sculptural creatures that he created.

‘Just by imagining it I can see it must have been an extremely difficult task. How effectively he must have sweated his sculptural servants! The extent of exploitation involved must be difficult to even fathom.’

A legendary exploiter whose equal would not be easily found in history books; in a certain sense, this emperor sounded more like a successful slave trader.

Weed made a declaration in front of the sculptures gathering around him.

“I shall once again create a world in which every sculptural lifeform can live as a proper slav-I mean, live with happiness and dignity. Your task is to find other sculptural lifeforms scattered across the entire continent. Through this war, I will turn this world into a place for them!”

Wyverns and other creatures that were capable of flying soared high into the sky and flew away. Deathworm, Fire Giant, Cerberus, Seville, Eltin and Gernika all turned around and began to march as well, each of them showing off their majestic appearance to match their power as a boss-level monster that could dominate the entire region.

“Farewell, master. MoOO.”

“I wish you luck. I promise to bring any sculptural lifeforms I can find. Golgol.”

However, just as Yellowy, Gumini, White Tiger, Nile the giant

crocodile and [Countryside Snake](#) were about to leave like the others, Weed stopped them.

“Hey, I need you guys to stay here with me.”

“Squeak!”

Countryside Snake rolled its eyes apprehensively, and just when the rest of the sculptures that had been left behind began to regret not having been quick enough to move away before they were caught, Weed used a skill.

“Travel Sculpting!”

< The Travel Sculpting skill that transcends time and space has been used. >

A portal consisting of thousands of rays of light opened up. It was an advanced Time Sculpting technique which allowed the user to travel into a past moment in history.

“You guys will come with me.”

“Do we really have to, master?”

Yellowy asked Weed as it looked up at him with its innocent eyes.

“You don’t want to go there? Well, since I respect your free will I’ll give you two options.”

“Thank you, master.”

“Either you get beaten up first and go, or just go without complaining.”

“...”

The crime was theirs for having met the wrong master. Weed put Geumini and Yellowy through the portal one after the other. The next moment, Pale, Irene, Romuna, Surka and Zephyr arrived through Yurin’s Picture Teleportation — the top elite members for an adventure. Maylon couldn’t join them, as she was busy at work

with broadcasting the war between Weed and the Hermes Guild.

“Let’s go.”

Weed directed his comrades towards the portal so that they could go before him. It was a natural precaution, in case any of them would take their chance and run off. The closer you are to a person, the more vigilant you need to be not to let your guard down in front of them.

Pale renewed his resolution right before stepping through the portal.

‘I am a battle slave; I have no concept of an ego!’

He was determined to do nothing but hunting for the 15 long days.

‘I just need to take it simple. After 15 days, I can be free. At least there’s some hope here.’

Zephyr was finding the whole situation quite odd.

‘So these are the members for a hunt? And even Weed-nim’s sister has joined us this time?’

He had been intending to flee right away if Yurin hadn’t been there. In order to avoid Weed’s grasp, he had even learned some diving technique as part of his profession as a fisherman; Weed wouldn’t be able to call him to a hunt when he was deep under the sea.

‘Considering that Yurin’s here... this might just be a quest rather than a hunt. Then it shouldn’t be too difficult, should it?’

On the other hand, even after so many experiences of being exploited by Weed, Surka was still her naïve and innocent self.

‘He said we are going to have an interesting journey, that we are going to see and experience many wonderful things...’

In a way, Surka was the one who had the most positive, prejudice-free opinion of Weed among them.

‘His lips were dry when he said that. [It wasn't a lie!](#)’

She was certain that Weed had been honest, at least for this time.

Irene trusted Weed without a single shred of doubt. He asked her to join him to this adventure, so she followed him willingly: her skills would be needed more if there were a lot of heated battles involved.

The first thing Weed and his companions saw when they stepped out of the portal was a view that was so magnificent it made their jaws drop.

“Wow...”

“Ah...”

“This is great!”

“...”

Beautiful birds in hundreds of different colors were flying in the clear, blue sky. In the green field bloomed many flowers, and there were life forms of butterflies and bees with markings they had never seen before. In a plain further away, other life forms similar to water buffalos, horses and elephants were wandering about lazily.

“Mooo.”

Yellowy and other living sculptures that had arrived before Weed’s party were also appreciating the scenery. Such a peaceful, pretty sight; the herbivores were leisurely grazing in the field, tending to their young. Just looking at it put a smile on their faces and relieved their stress.

Pale asked Weed hesitantly.

“Weed-nim, do we have to... kill those things this time?”

Each of Weed's companions here was a seasoned hunter, but they all looked reluctant to wipe out the creatures in this place. Weed scanned the animals with his sharp eyes.

"They've got some nice hide. Bones look quite solid, too... I'd say they'll make fine materials for smithing, not to mention carving."

Gasp

"I'm joking. For now, let's just enjoy this great view for some time. I'll cook some food for you."

"What? [You haven't even licked your lips before lying like that this time...](#)"

"I'm not lying."

Weed took out his cooking tools and started a fire. Using a frying pan, he made some simple sandwiches and [gimbap](#). Surka also picked a few fruits and made fresh juice out of them.

"My, they look delicious!"

As Irene clapped in delight, curious animals began to gather around them, cute things like rabbits, deer and kangaroos that didn't avoid them even in the presence of Countryside Snake and Nile the crocodile. Yellowy already had his eye on a female buffalo and was sitting beside her.

Pale and Zephyr were both feeling fearful.

"He's already feeding us so well this early in the journey... how hard is he going to drive us this time?"

"I think we'll all have to brace ourselves for at least a couple of deaths each."

They had never seen Weed do anything for them without getting something in return. But even as they solidified their resolve once more, they couldn't help but enjoy the landscape surrounding them.

"The atmosphere here is really nice."

“I feel so content as if I just stepped into paradise. All of my fatigue that has been accumulating is gone, too.”

A cozy place for a rest, deep within the heart of the nature.

In actuality, the Versailles Continent was a place for people who wanted to live their life as they chose. Weed spent his entire time on adventures and hunting, going from a dungeon on one day to a hunting ground on another, but that was not the only correct way of life; even if one decided to while away their life building a cabin and looking at the calm blue sea, there was nobody who would judge them.

“Here, take your time to enjoy the food.”

“Okay.”

“I will.”

Once they had decided to embrace the death that may come later, Pale and Zephyr had regained their calm. Weed usually finished his meal so quickly that other people had difficulties keeping up with his eating speed, but right now he was extremely relaxed as if he had just had a bowl of Ramyun with some additional steamed rice.

‘Looks like we’re really going to die in this quest. Maybe he’ll offer me as a living sacrifice this time.’

‘Right. What kind of boss monster is he going to defeat this time? I guess it can be counted as an honor to join him.’

After they finished the meal, they followed Weed to take a walk across the field. Soon they arrived at a nearby hill where cool breezes greeted them. Beyond it, a vast emerald sea and coral reefs stretched out far and wide.

“Woow.”

“This is incredible.”

—

You have arrived at one of the unexplored lands of the world.

The discovery of The Wulhoff Reef!

It was the largest coral reef of the Continent, spreading over the distance of 876 kilometers from the Strait of Rudin to the Alcard Sea. The depth of water ranged from 3 meters to maximum 80 meters, and it was home to 600 species of corals and 1,890 species of various sea creatures. As one of the Nine Unexplored Lands of the Versailles Continent, numerous adventurers had hoped to find this place since the early days.

- Your adventure has earned you 6,940 points of fame.
 - Your level has increased.
 - You have discovered a historical region. Your Knowledge and Wisdom have increased by 10 points each as a result of this special experience.
 - The wonderful scenery has increased your Art stat by 8 points.
 - You will obtain additional rewards for reporting the rare discoveries.
-

“Huh...”

“We’ve even leveled up. By gods...”

All they had done was to walk a little with Weed’s guidance, yet the amount of fame and experience points they earned was enormous. The field of coral reefs seen through the clear sea was beautiful beyond belief; the colors of the ocean made them stare at it blankly on and on, not even caring to take time to check all the message windows popping up.

At that instant, something burst upward from the sea.

– Foooo!

A blue dolphin broke the surface and leaped up, then disappeared again.

(Continued on next chapter...)

At first I thought this was a sound made by a purring cat and translated accordingly, but later I realized that this is most probably the sound made by Gumini, or Gold Man.

I looked up the LMS Wiki page to use the proper names for Weed's sculptural creatures, and found it very interesting that this creature's name was translated as Countryside Snake, because its original name in Korean actually means "Country Mouse", as in the tale "The City Mouse and the Country Mouse." I'm assuming this translation is because the species of the creature is in fact a snake. Just something that I thought I should point out.

There is a Korean expression that is directly translated as something like "At least lick your lips before lying." which is often used to tell off people who lie through their teeth. Surka's logic here is that since his lips were dry when he said this things to her, he didn't lick them before speaking, and therefore he was being honest.

Another reference to the same expression explained above.

A very popular Korean dish that is made by rolling steamed rice (bap) and other ingredients in a sheet of dried seaweed (gim). This dish is most commonly prepared for a picnic.

Chapter 1 - Time Sculpting (Part 2)

< You have found a Rainbow Dolphin.

A magical species of dolphin whose body color changes with temperature and sunlight; Rainbow Dolphins are highly intelligent and capable of communication with humans, and their kind was called a treasure among all sea creatures. There is also a mysterious rumor which claims that if you follow the track of this playful dolphin, you can find a grave of black pearls.

– Your fame has increased by 1,308 points.

– Your Luck stat has increased by 2 points.>

“Squeal! My Goodness, this is... the prettiest place I have ever seen in my whole life!”

Irene was even having tears in her eyes as the unexpected rush of awe overwhelmed her.

“Huh... I’ve never dreamed that such a site would exist. It’s amazing.”

Pale started to cry as well; something about this place made them feel the deep joy of life.

“Moooo. I fancy some sea mustard. [aka Wakame, a sea vegetable, or edible seaweed.]”

“I like rivers. It’s hard to swim in a sea.”

Yellowy and Nile the crocodile complained, but that was not enough to break the mesmerized mood shared by the party.

“Let’s have a cup of coffee while we’re here, shall we?”

“Sure.”

Weed and his companions sat in a line on the back of Nile and enjoyed the peaceful coffee time. The view of the vast sea lay before them, and the coffee from Morata was warm in their

mouth. Yellowy put its front legs comfortably on Nile's tail while chewing a bunch of grass.

“Now, what do we have to do?”

When his cup was empty, Pale asked Weed gravely. He was prepared to throw away even his own life, as he was only too familiar with the level of danger involved in Weed's adventures through first-hand experience.

Weed stretched himself lazily.

“Whatever you want to do.”

“...Pardon?”

“Just take as much rest as you want here. Maybe do some fishing, or swim in the sea. I'll throw a small barbeque party in the evening so come and join me if possible.”

“What on earth are you saying?”

Pale's eyes were wide open with amazement. A doubtful thought crossed Zephyr's and Irene's minds as well.

‘He must be lying.’

‘When a person changes so dramatically all of a sudden... could it be?’

Weed went on, still looking extremely relaxed.

“Don't you think a person needs to have a break once in a while in their life? This is a vacation, so to say.”

“...”

The companions were rather apprehensive as the person who spoke that line was none other than Weed, but soon they decided to accept the situation and enjoy themselves.

‘Alright. If this is time to have some fun, then I shall have some fun, even if I'll die later.’

‘This place is paradise. I'll just think that I've come here in the

afterlife. That's not too bad.'

A dreamlike vacation in the great coral reef!

The video of Weed and his companions enjoying their little break was broadcast live right in that evening by various stations.

"The sea looks so gorgeous. That place truly deserves to be called a heaven on earth."

"It seems that the sunshine and the view of the sea alone are enough to relieve people's stress. Staying in a place like that even just for an hour would in itself be some great life experience..."

"Oh, look, Weed-nim just picked a fruit from a tree. How tasty it must be, especially when eating it in such a lovely place!"

The staff members of the broadcasting companies couldn't hide their envious admiration as they watched the transmitted live footages.

The sea creatures didn't show any hostility towards humans, and they even came along to mix themselves freely among the adventures. Pale and Zephyr were enjoying water sports as they rode on the back of the dolphins, and the sight of Nile the giant crocodile attempting to overcome the challenge of sea swimming was also quite fun to watch in its own way.

- Just look at that landscape. That's some crazy stuff.
- Wow... I want to go and have some fun like them, too.
- An incredible vacation that will leave a lifelong memory.
- I want to have a break in that place, just for a day.
- Look at Weed dive in the sea and catch a lobster. That thing's almost as big as a man!
- Just roast it over a fire and you have the epitome of delicacies.

Comments from the viewers that were full of envy and awe were

being posted nearly in real time, but there were also quite a few people who raised some questions.

- Can they really afford such a leisurely break when there's a crucial battle coming that might determine the fate of the whole Versailles Continent?

- Where is that place anyway? I'm a sailor, and I have never seen nor heard about such a location before.

- You wouldn't miss a big coral reef like that even if you were just passing by in a ship. It just doesn't make sense that such a high-quality landscape hasn't been known to anyone until now.

Numerous users said that they would love to visit the place in person after watching the video of Weed and his companions taking a break, yet there was no one who claimed that they had actually been to that site before. Then one user posted a comment.

- Isn't that Shelgium? The coastal features look quite similar to those in Shelgium.

- No way! I once stayed in the Tartan Island for more than five months, and I know that's not the same place.

- I think it is, though. There's even a silhouette of an island in the distance.

- I'm currently working as a geography professor, and I think this is a highly probable conjecture, judging by the soil structure and the plants species seen in the land as well as the amount of sunlight.

- I'm a merchant specialized in marine transportation. In the video you can see those gold-colored turtles, right? I don't know much in detail about them but I do know that in the sea north of Shelgium there are a lot of turtles that have gold markings in their shells.

- But the sea itself looks completely different, so how could it be...?

A serious investigation was taking place among the viewers, with the inputs of experts from all walks of life as they always appeared whenever there was a heated argument between the users. Reflecting the popularity of Royal Road and Weed, many world-class scholars and professionals analyzed the videos from every broadcasting station at 0.1 second intervals. The broadcasting companies in turn relayed their progress back to the viewers as though they were also quite enjoying this whole situation. Among the staff members of those companies was a female employee of KMC Media named Noh Yeon-Hye, who happened to know Irene's [Kakaotalk](#) email address as she had to send the appearance fee to her.

– Irene-nim, where exactly is the place you are currently in?

Immediately after sending this message without much prior thought she realized that she might have made a mistake by asking such a question, but a response came right away.

– We're in the Wulhoff Reef, that is, north of Shergium!

– Huh?! You sure you can just tell me your location like that?

– Sure. Weed-nim said it's hardly a secret.

– Then why didn't he say anything about it to us from the beginning...? When we bought the broadcasting right he only said that it's going to be some epic adventure, so we were just doing our broadcast based on that...

When dealing with the broadcasting stations, Weed had spoken very few words.

“I'm going on an adventure. And I will not take any questions. So, are you going to buy this broadcasting right or not?”

He had decided that the two essential elements that could increase his worth were mysterious attitude and power tripping.

– He said no one had asked him about it so he just didn't bother to say anything. He told me to let you all know in his stead.

- So, can we put this info on the air?
- Yeah, it really doesn't matter.
- But, wow... why does the landscape look so different?

Noh Yeon-Hye started walking as she typed in more messages with her trembling fingers. In just a couple of minutes, this new information she obtained would be passed to hundreds of millions of people through broadcast.

– That's because we travelled in time far back into the past. The Wulhoff Reef is to be destroyed due to the invasion of some monsters, and Weed-nim is going to stop that event.

– I see. So you hadn't been planning on just taking a break in that place after all.

– I suppose not.

– I guess the scale of the battle would be quite large as well?

– Apparently there will be tens of millions of monsters swarming in.

– What? How are you going to stop them all just by yourselves? Of course, I don't mean to belittle your capabilities, but still...

Noh Yeon-Hye burst open the door of the studio which had been in the middle of a live broadcast, and rushed inside.

“Hey, this is a live show-”

“I know. Just look at this, quick!”

Oh Joo Wan and other guests were engulfed by astonishment when they read the text messages in Noh Yeon-Hye's phone.

“They are from Irene-nim!”

“Breaking news; the information regarding their current location is being revealed right now!”

Experts from around the world had been arguing and analyzing the given data for hours, while just a few text messages contained

the answer to every question they had. On top of that, there were still more messages coming from Irene.

– This is the Arpen Empire — that is, we have travelled back in time to the age when Geihar von Arpen is still alive and has united the Versailles Continent for the first time ever.

“The Arpen Empire, not Kingdom?”

“[That’s the name of the empire that appears in history books.](#)”

“And the legendary historical figure — Geihar von Arpen!”

– You mean you’ve travelled to the real Arpen Empire that once existed in history?

– Yep. Golden Bird told us some stories; according to him, after the Arpen Empire united the Continent, some oceanic monsters surged in.

– I see. The damage they caused must have been devastating.

– Yes. The sculptural creatures managed to stop them from hitting the land, but the sea was completely destroyed.

“Sculptural creatures?”

“Why would there be sculptural creatures in those days?”

The guest stars in the studio were also quite fascinated by the truth that was gradually unfolding before them one fact after the other. The camera had already zoomed into Noh Yeon-Hye’s mobile phone screen, so that all the viewers could read the messages as well.

– How did the sculptural creatures stop the monsters? In fact, why were they there in the first place?

-The sculptural creatures? Weed-nim says that Geihar von Arpen was in fact a sculptor himself.

– A sculptor?

“The emperor’s profession was sculptor?”

“More importantly, he was a real person and not just a mythical figure? His name is hardly mentioned in history books.”

“There have been a lot of conflicting opinions about Geihar von Arpen the Emperor... A few of them did claim that he would have been a monster summoner or a sculptor.”

“If Weed-nim said so, I suppose that’s the truth.”

They didn’t even need any second opinion from experts and scholars: on matters of Royal Road, Weed’s word was law and truth, because there was simply no existing user who had had such a wide variety of adventures as him.

“So that’s why Weed-nim chose to become a sculptor.”

“I knew it. Even back then he was able to see that there’s something special about that profession.”

“It certainly was a bit odd. I mean, nowadays most people have come to know about the potential power of a sculptor because of Weed-nim, but at first there were loads of people who simply couldn’t understand his choice.”

“Yeah, and that sentiment was even more common among the former users of Continent of Magic.”

– It’s not going to be just us and Weed-nim fighting when a war breaks out against the monsters invading from the sea. We would be joined by the Arpen Emperor and the countless number of living sculptures.

– Wooow. That sounds amazing.

– Yes. And Weed-nim also added that there’s something we need to do that is the most important.”

– And what is that?

– He said flattering the Arpen Emperor would be almost as important as winning this battle.

– Flatter? Why would you need flattery?

– I don't know the exact reason myself. But he said that it would be our core strategy for this adventure...

As various broadcasting stations began their live coverage, the viewers were on the brink of starting a riot. The Haven Empire and the Arpen Kingdom — the audience's interest in the war whose outcome would hold the key to the fate of the Versailles Continent was naturally very high. Most users were planning to go online on the day of the battle or watch the broadcast, but something felt different.

– I think Weed-nim is about to set off something huge.

– Just giving an adequate fight is not Weed-nim's way. I think he's secretly preparing a great blow behind his back.

– The Hermes Guild would be too preoccupied with thoughts of fight and war to even dream of such a trick, with their Steel Knights and whatnot.

– Well, to be frank we don't know what exactly Weed will do either.

– But don't we all agree that he will win this, at any rate?

– Of course!

– It's occasions like these that really make me feel that Weed doesn't just rely on the Grass Porridge Cult's power.

– The Grass Porridge Cult is merely another creation of Weed-nim. We need to get our facts straight: about half of the users of Royal Road are having such a great life thanks to Weed-nim.

– I know, right?! If it hadn't been for Weed-nim, we would all have been slaves.

– Yeah, there's good reason why so many people chant 'Grass Porridge, Grass Porridge'.

As a natural course of event, the senior executives of the broadcasting stations were facing a very urgent situation. They

had 14 days left until the battle in the Garnav Plain; after securing the broadcasting right, they had been making preparations and promoting their upcoming programs at leisure, when suddenly Weed was going on an adventure. In addition to that, there were hints of him coming up with some big plan, which was driving the viewers crazy with anticipation.

In the office building of every major broadcasting company an urgent meeting was called which was attended by the president and board of directors.

[“We need to get Weed on our side.”](#)

“I agree. The question is, what conditions would we need to provide to him in order to do that?”

“Slip a blank check in his hand if necessary. Or we can give him a deluxe car and build him a mansion that will make his jaw drop. This is a chance for us to take advantage of the fact that our station is an affiliated company of a [chaebol group](#).”

“I’ve heard he loves to own lands, so we could buy him some.”

“In terms of land category, he’s said to prefer built-up areas to forest lands. It’s said that he is especially interested in shopping districts.”

“But don’t you think this kind of investment is a bit too risky, when we haven’t even checked all the facts yet? I myself am feeling rather worried...”

“What if Weed manages to take hold of the whole Versailles Continent? By then we wouldn’t even be able to meet him so easily even if we brought him piles of money.”

Each of the broadcasting stations held a meeting separately, but eventually every company reached a similar conclusion: get Weed!

The war in the Garnav Plain was drawing near, and whichever side that wins the battle and secures dominance over the Versailles Continent will exercise absolute influence on Royal Road. Each

broadcasting station was preparing itself for that time, but now they were unable to stop their moves as Weed's adventure was being broadcast in real time.

The name of a very popular messenger app among Koreans.

I noticed that in some other previous chapters I have translated there are some more mentions of these 'history books' and I'm beginning to wonder if there is some sort of a famous and unique 'History Book' in the game's lore that serves as an official record of Royal Road. Any clarification regarding this issue would be appreciated.

The original sentence in Korean is simply translated as "Get Weed" and I decided that I need to add some of my own interpretation to make the context clearer. To be honest I'm still not sure what exactly these broadcasting stations are trying to achieve here; my guess is that they are trying to get on the good side of Weed so that they will enjoy some benefits when Weed takes over the whole continent.

A family-owned business conglomerate most commonly found in Korea. I was wondering whether I need to use the direct Korean term or just replace it with 'conglomerate', and decided that it might be more appropriate to use the Korean term.

Chapter 2 - A Brief Vacation (Part 1)

Just a single day of honey-sweet holiday!

Yurin, Pale, Zephyr and the rest of the adventuring party decided to spend the whole night making merry. Weed created a massive bonfire that was about as tall as a five-storey building.

“I say, fire is the most fun thing to play with.”

As there was no one around to lecture them about safety issues, they built a tower out of firewood and let the flame grow high. Under the shining stars in the night sky, Weed and his companions idled away, watching their building-sized bonfire that was blazing on furiously.

“It would be better to use those fat ones for baits on your rod; there are a lot of large fish here.”

Zephyr was teaching Yurin how to fish by night.

“Slow down and relax. Fishing is all about enjoying the wait, the thrill of anticipation, and the silence around you.”

Cast the fishing rod, wait for a fish to come, and hook it up. As there was a wide variety of sea creatures living in the coral reefs, many different species of fish could be caught. Not only were they delicious when roasted over Weed’s bonfire, but catching them also provided an excellent way of improving the proficiency of the Fishing skill and earn some extra stats.

“On a day like this, I would love to go on a fishing trip.”

Zephyr closed his eyes while feeling the cool sea breeze blow towards him. In the middle of the usual hustle and bustle of daily life, these occasional moments of peaceful contentment were precious beyond words.

‘Travelling together with a person who could be my wife someday...’

Zephyr opened his eyes again and turned to look at his side, with a smile on his handsome face. Yurin had mixed something in her paint box and was now pouring the content into the sea.

“What are you doing?”

“Fishing.”

“What?”

“There’s Poison Making skill as part of the profession skills for a painter, you see.”

Yurin emptied the entire paint box of toxic liquid into the sea. After a short while, the surface was thick with the bodies of hundreds of fish floating limply.

“They wouldn’t be completely dead because of my low skill proficiency! We’ll need to catch them before they recover and flee.”

“But, the romance, the art of waiting in fishing...!”

“Hurry up and move!”

Zephyr had to roll up his trousers to the knees to pick up the fish. It was definitely far more effective than catching fish one by one using a rod.

“Lalala..”

Yurin was humming merrily as she collected all the fish.

“Golgolgol.”

“Heheheh!”

Irene, who was fond of animals, cooked the fish in the bonfire and fed them to Gumini, Nile and White Tiger.

“The fish taste nice. Golgol.”

“Wild fish is the best.”

Gumini was sprinkling some golden dust on top of the fish before

having them as it was to his liking.

“It’s so lonely...”

Meanwhile, Pale was wandering around the seaside alone. So far as he was concerned, it was as lonesome a night as any. But when he took a look back at the bonfire around which Weed and his company was sitting, he found some familiar faces that hadn’t been there before.

“Huh...?”

Hwaryeong, Bellot, Seechwi, Maylon, Seasoned Crab and Python... Some of them were old friends while the others had been companions in recent hunting adventures, and they had all freshly arrived to join Weed and the others. After Weed’s vacation was broadcast on TV, they expressed their regret for not having come with him, and thus he used Time Sculpting skill again to bring them to this place. But despite the presence of all those people, Pale’s eyes only found Maylon’s face.

“Ahh...!”

Pale rushed towards her, his eyes streaming. Maylon, while waiting for the fish to be cooked, suddenly found herself tightly locked in the arms of Pale who was bawling like a baby.

Romuna shook her head.

“One would think he’s reunited with a long-lost family member, looking at him like this.”

Surka agreed lightly.

“I know. And they had breakfast together just this morning.”

“Bring all the liquors over here! We don’t have time to take out all those crates so just keep your carriages there for now.”

Mapan was making preparations for the festival in the Garnav Plain together with the merchants from the Northern Regions who

had been urgently summoned. The festival that was to be held was of such a scale that it was needed to provide enough food and enjoyment for at least a hundred million people. Various corporations approached Mapan voluntarily once they caught the smell of profit.

“I’m from LG Electronics. Our company is hoping to promote our products like refrigerators, washing machines and television sets; is there any way we could make some negotiation to that end?”

Mapan gave out a light sigh, heaving his great belly.

“Well, we are hosting a sacred festival here, so naturally we need a lot of aid from many different sources...”

“Of course, we are willing to pay some... hum, street tax.”

“Ahem-hem! Street tax! Why? Such wording makes it sound like we are extorting money from your companies. Is it what you think of it?”

“Oh. My apologies; it was just a slip of my tongue...”

“We will accept some donation, however.”

“...?”

[Samsung](#), [LG](#), [Hyundai](#) and other IT groups from China and the US... Mapan collected a massive amount of sponsorship funds from these companies in return for providing special promotion booths for them. This money in turn was generously spent over the whole Versailles Continent.

“We need more beer, side dishes, and every edible kind of local specialties from every region.”

“But... a lot of those specialties need to be cooked properly first.”

“We’ll hire any number of professional chefs as necessary.”

“Can... can we really do that?”

The resulting expense was so colossal it made even the merchants

of the Mapan's trading company jump from their seats in alarm; as they needed to feed a hundred million people for at least a few days, the cost involved had to be astronomical as well. In addition to a portion of the Arpen Kingdom's budget and the sponsorship from the corporations, even some of Mapan Store's own wealth was invested in this particular event.

"This is the special mission given to us by Weed-nim himself."

"Yes! understood, sir!"

Thus they started making orders and commissions in the message board of every community website for the merchants in the North and Central Continents in Royal Road, which meant that simply an enormous amount of food products were to be collected in one place.

As it was not something they had to keep secret, merchants would talk eagerly about this big event whenever they met each other.

"A festival of an unprecedented scale... I'm just in awe at the resourcefulness and drive of Weed-nim and the Mapan Store to have made such an event possible. Rumor has it that the number of carriages alone that are bringing food from across the entire continent is about ten millions."

"Yes, it would have been quite impossible if not for Weed-nim's influence and quick decision-making."

"Listen up, listen up!"

In every town square of every city including those in the Central Continent, stories about the great festival in the Garnav Plain were spreading.

A merchant user who was wearing a novice's equipment butted in the conversation among a group of users.

"By the way, did you know that this festival is an event that is meant to be held in honor of all the users?"

“What?”

“It’s true: Weed-nim is spending such a generous amount of money for the users of the Arpen Kingdom, who have overcome so many difficulties together with him.”

“But I’ve heard that the users from the Central Continent are free to join as well?”

“Of course, Weed-nim didn’t set any restrictions as to who can come and enjoy the event. It is going to be a festival for everyone in Royal Road.”

“That’s the Weed-nim I know!”

Weed, spending a huge sum of money just for the enjoyment of common people! This information also started spreading in every city and every message board on the web.

– Hooray for Weed!

– War, hunt, destruction... these are some of the words every user of Royal Road would be familiar with. However, in case of the Arpen Kingdom, the most common and natural concepts are things like festivity, happiness and freedom.

– [Kyaah](#). And Weed-nim himself would be [as broke as a stray dog](#) if he loses the coming battle. What an amazingly broad-minded man!

– I guess this is the kind of world Weed-nim wishes to build for everyone one day.

– I’ve always criticized the Grass Porridge Cult, but... I think now I can see why so many people take sides with Weed-nim.

The public sentiment was absolutely in favor of Weed.

– Did you see how everyone in the Garnav Pain welcomed those users who died while fighting the Haven Imperial army in Shelgium? That was such a touching moment it brought tears to my eyes.

– Would there be any better feeling than having your effort and hardship acknowledged? I wish my boss was like Weed-nim.

– Think about Morata and Puhol Water Park; it's obvious that Weed-nim's many accomplishments are not only made of great adventures and hunting expeditions. It can be said that a significant portion of the happiness the Royal Road's Northern users enjoy today is the result of Weed-nim's hard work.

– This kind of endeavor is something that is not possible without having a deep affection for the people; hosting the largest festival in history right before the war, just for the enjoyment of everyone who joins!

– Wow, a festival... Let's all go and have fun!

The users from the Northern and Central Continents, and even some from the Eastern regions including the Rosenheim Kingdom, started heading towards the Garnav Plain in a hurry. The popularity and reputation of Weed who was holding this massive event were at their peak.

“I didn't expect things would go so well. Weed-nim's clever tricks are truly capable of changing the course of History itself!”

Even Mapan who was in the Garnav Plain from early on hadn't predicted that the reaction from the public would be so explosive.

“The Poisonous Mushroom Porridge squad is here!”

“Welcome, everyone!”

Whenever there was a big group of visitors newly arriving in the Plain, loud cheers and applause resounded. The festival, whose purpose was to empty the pockets of every user gathered in the place, caused wild excitement from the crowd at every moment. As there were still many things that had not been prepared on the second day in the Garnav Plain, people voluntarily stepped forward to help cook the food, build the stages, and even set up the tents.

‘Weed-nim said he will hold a festival every year like this if he wins a victory in the coming war. Of such a scale that it will excite the whole Versailles Continent, no less. That would be some sight to behold.’

Witnessing how this festival in the Garnav Plain would improve every year would be something to look forward to in itself, not to mention the astronomical profits they would be able to make during each event. The margin from selling the staggering amount of food they had massively invested into would be enough to bring forth further prosperity to the Arpen Kingdom.

In the meantime, Mapan had to deal with some giant merchant groups from the Central Continent as well, which were all under powerful influence of the Hermes Guild. Although the Mapan Store also boasted high influence on the market and traded almost any item in Royal Road, in terms of the sheer amount of capital it couldn’t compare with those large merchant groups.

“We are from a guild of merchants trading brewage in the Britten Region. We are going to sell high-quality liquors here.”

“What would be the price range?”

“At least 300 gold for each bottle.”

Mapan and the head of the merchant’s guild caught each other’s eyes.

‘This little thief... he’s looking to take this opportunity to rake it in.’

‘Gasp. That stare. He must have sensed my intention already.’

Mapan spoke in a low voice.

“This festival is for everyone’s enjoyment. Lower your prices.”

“Excuse me? Isn’t the price of an item something that is decided by the free will of the market? When there’s a lot of demand, naturally those who supply the desired item can raise its price.”

“Look, we both know what’s really going on here so just throw away your pretense and stop trying to rip people off. Are you really going to keep doing your business like this?”

“...”

“Make an honest living for a change. Seriously.”

“Al, alright.”

Mapan had no reason to flinch from the delegates of those big Central Continent merchant groups. No matter how wealthy they were the operation of any merchant group was based on dealings and spending made by common users. The influence of the Mapan Store had grown with the expansion of Morata until it reached across the whole Northern regions, and after the store was assigned the task of conducting this festival it was gaining even more power, so much so that it could now affect the entire business world of the continent. The heads of the merchant groups of the Central Continent only had the Hermes Guild to direct their anger to.

“God damn it! What on earth is the Hermes Guild doing at this time?”

“Those guys are good for nothing except when they’re taking some lands for themselves. After all the money we have laid on their feet, and now what have they done for us in return?”

Mapan’s tasks also included assigning the business area to each merchants group; if the merchants got greedy and started doing their business in a disorderly manner, it could potentially ruin the fun of the festival.

On the second day in the Garnav Plain, the minstrels began to sing and the dancers began to dance as early as in the midday.

“Lalala. Lalala. Lalalalalala...”

Whenever the musician ladies played their instruments, the bonfire that had been lit since the night before swayed and danced.

Beautiful elven girls ambled past, which drew much admiration from the surrounding crowd.

“Woooooow.”

“They’re so pretty. Where did they come from?”

Some brave men struck a conversation with them.

“May I ask where you are from?”

“We’re from the Elven Alpine Club.”

“Ahh. That famous guild...!”

One of the strongest guilds of the elf race, the elf hunters of that guild learned to embrace the essence of the forest as they perfected their skills. They became the brave warriors who were permitted to hunt in the Dragon Mountains, and a video showing the sight of dozens of elves simultaneously rushing up the face of the mountain in a hiking event was hugely popular among the users.

“Wow... aren’t they the members of the Black Lion Guild over there? If I remember correctly this is the first time they’ve joined a public event ever since the guild lost its power.”

“There’s Roam from the Roam Guild and Halden-nim, the warrior of Garakon as well.”

“Already there are so many famous people arriving!”

Despite the fact that it was only the second day, the top-ranking users from the Central Continent were making their first appearances. The war of the prestigious guilds, and the conquest of the Haven Empire — even for those famed users who had been leading a quiet life, this decisive battle in the Garnav plain sounded too intriguing to miss.

As Mapan was working busily, a whisper was sent to him.

– Weed: Mapan-nim,

“Yes. Weed-nim.”

Mapan responded in a quiet voice, as any conversation between them had a possibility of having to be kept out of hearing from other people.

– Weed: I believe things are going well?

“I’m having my men make every possible preparation. The souvenirs are being sold quite well, too.

– Weed: And the profit we are making?

“The gain is about seventeen times the production cost, but since the other items are so cheap there have been few complaints.”

– Weed: Remember, when conducting this event you need to have a proper mindset as if you are going to do a whole year’s worth of business within these few days. Whether we win or lose, this is one opportunity the like of which we will never encounter for the rest of our lives.

“I shall do my best. I have [already checked on some lands](#) we could buy with the money we’ll make after this is over.”

– Weed: huhuhuhuhu.

“[Kyakyakyakyakaaat!](#)”

The partnership between Mapan and Weed was like that of a crocodile and a crocodile bird.

– Weed: I know you are busy, but there’s something more in addition to the festival that you need to prepare.

“Your wish is my command.”

– Weed: You need to organize some users and make a lot of super-sized statues. Just as when we built a pyramid in the Rosenheim Kingdom.

“Statues?”

– Weed: Yes, the bigger and the more they are the better. About five times the size of Binryong — no, maybe even ten times.

Mapan's brain was working rapidly. There was always a specific reason when Weed made this kind of request.

“Could I ask why you need them in more detail? It'll help me to make preparations if I know their exact purpose.”

– Weed: Those statues will join our fight against the Haven Empire.

Sculptural Life Bestowal!

Mapan couldn't repress his surprise when he realized what that meant.

“But that way it will result in a decrease in your level. Even if we win the battle, wouldn't the cost be too much? Giving life to just a hundred sculptures would already be... and if we lose the war by any chance, there would be no way to recover that loss.”

Weed's colleagues had a rough idea about the penalties of using the special sculpting skills. In case of Sculptural Life Bestowal, it wasn't a skill that could be used without any restraints as it caused the reduction in the user's level in exchange for creating a powerful servant. Should they get defeated in the coming battle and lose all the sculptural lifeforms, they would have to suffer a huge damage that couldn't be undone.

‘Why would Weed-nim make such a reckless move?’

Even if those living sculptures could be of some help during the fight against the empire, in the current circumstances it was simply impossible to change the outcome of the war with a handful of statues.

As Mapan was about to persuade Weed out of his plan, Weed sent another whisper message.

– Weed: It's not me who's going to bestow life on them. There's another person and I'm currently working on making him do it.

Mapan immediately guessed who that might be.

“You can’t mean... Geihar von Arpen?”

– Weed: Huhuhu. I’ll have to make every use out of every person I can manipulate.

“Kya-ha, indeed, there’s always more to learn from you when it comes to trickery.”

Geihar von Arpen, the Emperor! He was the first person in history to have united the Versailles Continent, but Weed was not one to just sit there and admire his impressive accomplishment.

‘He’s going to exploit this emperor to the limit...’

Reusing him in the war that would lead to the unification of the entire continent once again!

A big picture was completing itself in Mapan’s mind.

‘The users will build large statues in the Garnav Plain, and Emperor Geihar will bestow life on them in turn. Then the remaining question is how Weed-nim is going to bring him back... Oh, of course, he’s going to revive him with Sculpture Resurrection.’

One drawback of the Sculpture Resurrection skill was that there was no way to stop the revived person from refusing to help the user who brought them back and leaving. So, making the resurrected person use his own skill to give life to some sculptures would require a very close friendship, or a very good cause. In order to make this possible, Weed travelled back in time using his Travel Sculpting to get on the good side of the emperor while he was in the past. All these schemes were tied together like clockwork, making use of each of the special skills of sculpting in close coordination.

‘There is a high probability that it will work.’

Mapan could already imagine the resurrected Emperor Geihar von Arpen making large statues come to life for Weed; the giants and other colossal creatures standing hundreds of meters tall

spouting their deadly breaths towards the troops of the Haven Empire.

“I will start making as many sculptures as possible right away. There are Northern users flocking to this place; I will make thousands of them if necessary, before the war begins.”

– Weed: That’s the spirit! You need to make all sorts of terrible monsters, including those that can fly.

“You mean things like Squashy Wriggler?”

– Weed: Correct. I’ll also try to send at least rough designs to you whenever I get some idea.

“I shall also prepare some artworks or phrases that praise Geihar’s achievements, so he would be more willing to help us. I could search through the history books in Morata’s Great Library to find out what food and drinks he was fond of in life and prepare some of them too.”

– Weed: This conversation is going as smoothly as silk.

“Kyakyakyakya!”

– Weed: And the labor costs...

“We could just give them some grass porridge. There’ll be tons of people who’d want to come and help anyway.”

– Weed: Marvellous!. At least mix an egg in each bowl, though; we shouldn’t leave anyone feeling mistreated.

I’m not sure if it is entirely appropriate to put the names of the real companies, but that was the case in the original text so I just followed suit.

I know this sound is generally known as a high-pitched scream made by a girl in Japanese animation or Manga, but in this case this is describing a very guttural sigh Korean people often make to express their delight or admiration. (You could imagine the sound one makes after glugging beer or fizzy drink.)

The literal translation of this line would be “become as dog’s fur.” which describes the status of a person who has lost all their money, and become as worthless as a “dog’s fur”.

In the original Korean sentence it is actually not clear who exactly will buy those lands. I know Weed’s very interested in purchasing lands, but I thought Mapan was also planning to buy those lands because he checked on them first.

Both of these sounds are describing Evil Villain Laughter.

Chapter 2 - A Brief Vacation (Part 2)

Next day at sunrise, Weed announced to his companions briskly:

“Now that we all have had enough fun, I think it’s time to get to work.”

“What, after just one day?”

“Yes, I mean, just fooling around is fun and all for about ten, twenty minutes, but after that it just gets boring, don’t you think so?”

“...”

After all the hardships and ordeals they had had to endure through countless hunting expeditions and quests, he was now saying that one day of rest was quite enough.

Weed pointed at the sea in the far distance.

“In just a week, a great army of monsters will come invading from that sea.”

“How many would there be?”

Seasoned Crab, who had joined the company later with Maylon and the others, asked; having both earned some stats and enjoyed the beautiful scenery in such a fantastic place, he was quite content to lend his strength in the coming battle in return. He tended to enjoy a fight, and there was considerable fun to be had in knocking down the monsters together with Weed and his other reliable companions.

“You can pretty much assume that the sea over there will be fully covered by the monsters.”

“...What?”

“Yeah. Nothing but monsters as far as your eyes can see and even beyond the horizon. The entire depth of the sea will be packed with them, in fact.”

“...”

“The name given to the race of those monsters is Poratt. Just imagine sea serpents and you have a pretty good idea of them. They like to eat meat but they’ll devour anything on their way.”

“And their level?”

“It varies a lot. Here, I have brought a record about them from the Great Library in Morata. Their species also became extinct later.”

– An illustrated guide to extinct monsters written by pirates, #391
Poratt

A monster species commonly found in clear oceans. They have a shape of a serpent and they are not particular about their prey. Their strength can be categorized by size.

Up to 50 centimeters: Ordinary. Good to have as sashimi. Good for men’s virility, too, according to some stories. Pirates scramble for their meat.

Up to 1 meter: Tasty. The tastiest stage of their life. You could down a whole bottle of rum with each piece of meat.

Up to 10 meters: Need to be careful. Quite a few pirates were swallowed alive while being too greedy and trying to catch them. Still, not too difficult to hunt with a harpoon.

Up to 30 meters: Scary. They can ram into the ship and damage it.

Up to 50 meters: Best to avoid. The whole pirate ship could go down if things go south.

100 meters or bigger: You need to spread the sail and flee, but they have wings, so they’ll chase you. Just accept that you’re dead and leave a will at least.

When a Poratt lives longer than 60 years, it sprouts out wings and are able to fly. Such older ones are separately called Essen

Poratts, and they are legendary creatures of the sea, as there are few pirates who encountered one and survived.

After the companions took turns to read the document, Weed went on.

“The majority of the monsters coming to this sea will be small, but there will also be quite a few of them that are larger than 100 meters.”

Surka raised her hand and asked a question.

“Isn’t there some possibility of inaccuracies in this record? Old rumors among pirates often have a lot of errors.”

“I don’t think there is in this case, as both Golden Bird and Bahamorg fought in this battle at that time.”

Weed had heard the stories directly from Bahamorg, who once lived in this age although he died and was resurrected again, and Golden Bird, whose lifespan was incredibly long. If he really needed more information about the quest, he could also obtain it through Sculpting Resurrection skill, although of course this was not a skill that could be used too often.

Pale asked Weed seriously.

“But how are we going to stop them just by ourselves? According to what you explained to us, not only will there be a large number of monsters with the size of at least 100 meters, but also enough of the smaller ones to fill the entire sea as they swarm in!”

“We’ll just have to try our best.”

“...”

Weed drew a map of the terrains and the coastlines of the area on the sandy ground of the beach.

“We don’t have to worry about those monsters landing on the shore. The army of living sculptures of the Arpen Empire will arrive here and stop them.”

“Then what is our role?”

“We’ll have to buy some time and prevent the destruction of the sea, as well as the extinction of this coral reef and the sea creatures living in it. The Poratts will devour all of them if we don’t interfere.”

The objective was now clear to everyone present: the plan was to just hold their ground, not to kill all the monsters that will crowd the ocean.

Zephyr also raised a question, with a grave look on his face.

“So, how long do we have to hold them off?”

“Golden Bird says it would be about 2 to 3 hours.”

“Then... this might actually be worth giving a shot.”

Each companion took a short while to mull over Weed’s plan.

‘There are at least some odds of us winning.’

‘All we have to do is to survive the invasion... this could work if we just focus on buying some time.’

Most people would still say this was quite impossible, but those who gathered around here thought that they would stand a fair chance; partly because they were confident in their abilities, but also because they knew that Weed had never actually taken a chance on something completely ludicrous. In case of this particular adventure, rather than just a simple fight, they could make use of the special sculpting skills to turn things to their favor. It was also a good opportunity to effectively use Zephyr’s fishing skills.

At that moment, Bellot furrowed her brows slightly and muttered, “Hold on a second, I think we’re missing the easiest and the most obvious way to stop these monsters.”

“What? You sure?”

“What would that be?”

Suddenly the focus of everyone's attention, Bellot explained confidently.

“We know what is going to happen from now, don't we? So can't we just go meet Emperor Geihar and tell him what we know, so he can come and stop the monsters?”

“Huh, now that I think about it, you're right!”

It was a plausible enough suggestion — since the adventuring party knew in advance about these pelagic monsters' plan for the invasion, it was possible to thwart it by relaying that knowledge to a right person. By simply changing the course of a past event in history, they would be able to successfully defend such a beautiful sea.

‘If we manage to preserve this wonderful landscape, it will also change the same region when we get back to the future time. That will make a lot of users of Royal Road happy, too.’

‘It didn't occur to me that there would be... such a perfectly simple way to protect this sea.’

It seemed Bellot had found out the quickest and the easiest measure to prevent the damage to the wildlife of this place. However, Weed firmly shook his head.

“That would be an absurdly wrong move.”

“But... why?”

“Because the whole point of this adventure is to flatter the Emperor!”

They needed to put this entire beautiful ocean at stake while trying to stop a gigantic horde of monsters, all for the sole purpose of buttering up a person.

Thus Weed started to devise defense plans with his companions in the sandy beach.

The first of their plans: construct some traps far away in the sea. This had been Zephyr's suggestion.

"Let's prepare a lot of barbed nets and cast them in the sea by linking them to the rocks below. They probably wouldn't stop them for long but in the billowing sea, they'll be able to make those monsters get tangled among themselves."

"That's a good idea. They're said to eat anything so they could eat each other as well."

They decided to work all night to craft as many steel nets as possible. Bellot and a few others sighed dejectedly, but in the end they had no choice but to accept it.

The second plan was to use a phantom ship, which was brought up by Pale.

"Weed-nim, you are a Necromancer; could you summon a phantom ship? I think the undead can be of much help here."

Truly, nothing would be as effective as a fleet of phantom ships for distracting the sea monsters.

"Hmm. It should be possible, when I transform into a lich. My skills have been improving quite a lot so I expect I will be able to summon a greater number of ships than before."

An entire squadron of ghost ships could make it much easier for them to fight against the monsters. In fact, considering the conditions of this quest, without an operation of such a scale it would be impossible to hold off the horde of Poratts even for a short while.

The third plan was the bait. This time they didn't even need anyone in particular to bring up the idea, as it was the first thing that dawned on everyone's mind when they looked at Yellowy.

"We need something to draw their attention... and I think everyone here would agree that Yellowy is the best candidate for that role."

Seasoned Crab voiced the idea first, and Romuna agreed instantly as she smacked her lips.

“Those gluttonous monsters won’t be able to swim past our Yellowy.”

“I’m not saying it’s not a reasonable plan, but I’m not sure if it will be effective against the Poratts since they are not land monsters.”

Only Irene felt sorry for Yellowy and wanted to spare him, until Surka laughed and said, “Don’t worry sister, Yellowy told me not to share this with anyone, saying it was a secret, but he actually has a taunt skill! It will be quite effective for distracting the enemies.”

Zephyr took a look at Yellowy and nodded.

“Then he will make excellent bait. We could use him as top-quality bait for those monsters.”

The fourth plan was preservation. Taking into account the worst case scenario where this defense operation fails miserably, they decided to collect as many different corals and sea animals as they could, so that when they were released to the ruined sea after the war was over, at least some life could breed and multiply again.

The fifth plan was a disaster; Disaster Sculpting was one skill that was pretty much a must under such circumstances. While it will inevitably cause some damage to the coral reef, the effectiveness of this skill was such that not using it was not an option they could afford.

The sixth and the final plan was death: except for Weed, every adventurer of the party was determined to put their own life at risk in this fight, as they couldn’t bear the thought of such wonderful beach and ocean being destroyed into nothingness.

“Even if we die we just have to go offline for a day. We’ll still be able to join the battle in the Garnav Plain without much trouble.”

“It’d be a shame to lose the skill levels, but we can always improve our skills again.”

Part of the reason behind their resolve was the broadcast. Just by being Weed’s companions they raised their profiles enough to shoot a handful of commercials themselves. In case of Surka, it was an ad for an air conditioner brand; the concept was a female boxer sweating and punching a sandbag in a gym, and the ad was quite well-received by the public, too.

On the other hand, Romuna had shot a commercial for a mobile phone; she had been very happy when she first got the offer from LG, as such advertisements were usually reserved for extremely attractive actresses or members of popular girl groups, until...

“What? You want me to smash this phone?”

“Yes! Throw it at the wall and strike it with a hammer, and just blow it to pieces with a fire spell, and THEN make a call with it. That’s the main flow of this commercial.”

“But what would all of that achieve, exactly?”

“A very spectacular shot, obviously!”

“But... what about my public image?”

“Why, this commercial was designed precisely based on your public image.”

“...”

It was a too good an offer to refuse, so Romuna ended up accepting their request and shooting the commercial after all; the director lauded her to the skies.

“Every single shot is perfect. The posture of your body when throwing the phone, the way you handle the hammer, even the look on your face as you burn the whole thing with the fire spell! Would you be interested in taking up acting at all?”

As the rest of the companions were famous as well, they all

solidified their resolve to willingly sacrifice themselves for the good of the general public, and for the preservation of the sea.

In the Garnav Plain where the festival was in full swing, Mapan began to gather people around him.

“We need to make some large sculptures now, everyone.”

The famed users of the Grass Porridge Cult, who had even given up their quests and hunts in their rush to join the battle, got enthusiastic twinkles in their eyes when Mapan explained to them that it was a special request from Weed in order to conquer the Versailles Continent.

“We’ve got a lot of time. Just make about ten thousands a day and that’ll make a hundred and thirty thousand already!”

“But he said a large number alone wouldn’t help. Let’s just settle with eighty thousand, but instead we’ll make each of them in about the size of the Goddess Freya Statue.”

“I was an engineering student, and if we assume we’ll have about two thousand people working on each statue, then... Whoo, I don’t even need to use any math to figure out it’s going to be a piece of cake.”

“I think this will change the name of this place into the Plain of Statues in the future.”

Sometimes the Grass Porridge Cult was compared to a horde of orcs. Whenever Weed shouted out an order to them, they came swarming in with a mighty “Yaaaaargh!!!” and completed any task they were given, be it a battle or a manual chore. A few people criticized their collective behavior, saying it was foolish, but those who actually participated in such activities did not complain. It was one of those exciting enjoyments that could be experienced only in Royal Road, and besides, they were proud to lead the Versailles Continent to the path of righteousness as they mingled

with other people.

After Weed's request was received by Mapan, the Grass Porridge Cult even issued an emergency call.

"We need to concentrate all our spare forces on this project."

"I was planning to just enjoy the festival before joining in the war... but it looks like that's not an option anymore. Ahem."

"Let's all stay sharp. We don't know when we will get another chance to join in an event like this once the whole Versailles Continent become united, do we?"

"We, Grass Porridge, are gradually becoming a highly honorable group, not only in Royal Road but in the entire world. Let us all return this favor by behaving in a way that befits the status of our cult."

An urgent notice was sent to the users who were drinking beer and idling away in the festival.

– This is Priority One Grass Porridge Emergency Call. A decision was made to build supersized statues in the Garnav Plain. Members of the Grass Porridge Cult are requested to participate immediately.

Although it was an emergency call it did not possess any authority to force people to follow it. Still, the people sprawling on the ground across the Garnav Plain stood up at once.

"A Priority One call!"

"That's the one they issue only when the very existence of the Grass Porridge Cult is at stake!"

People put down their unfinished plate of food; men and women who were hanging out together stopped their chatter.

"An emergency call! Let's go!"

"Poisonous Mushroom Porridge, move!"

Those who had been taking a rest rose from their seats and began to flock in, holding the banner of their squad. The people who had just arrived in the Garnav Plain and were getting ready to enjoy the festival got a grip on themselves as well.

“Join in the labor. Let’s get to work! Where did I put my shovel?”

“Let’s move, quickly!”

It was a magnificent sight; five hundred thousand users gathered in the Garnav Plain rushing out to carry out their share of work, kicking up a cloud of dust behind.

“What, what is this...?”

“Wow. It’s been a second and already they’re all moving!”

The users of the Central Continent were all left sitting there, dumbfounded by the whole situation that happened so quickly.

– This is Lemon from the Grass Porridge. We need your help right now. Please come ASAP.

The main force of the Grass Porridge Cult that had been descending from the North — a single message changed the movement of the entire army, whose soldiers had been taking in the sights and sauntering merrily as if on a holiday trip.

“Begin the march!”

The high-level users shot forward at once, running at a great speed. The mages used flying spells and moved towards the South as they soared in the sky. The average level of the main force of the Grass Porridge Cult was not high, but even the common users began to move in earnest.

“Those who are riding on horses or cows can move ahead!”

“Anyone with an empty carriage can pick up ten, no, twenty people each.”

“I’ve just sent a request to the Avians. A squad of twenty thousand sparrows is on their way to give us a ride.”

Every carriage drawn by a horse or a cow was belting along the barren road, with people sitting on its roof and holding onto the side walls.

The entire main force of the Grass Porridge Cult began their rush towards the south with a terrible speed. Their destination was the Garnav Plain.

Chapter 3 - Changes in the Garnav Plain

(Part 1)

Rhodium, the city of artists!

It was a place normally filled with sorrow and despair, for its residents bemoaned their poor choice of profession day and night. However, the news of giant sculptures being built in the Garnav Plain reached their ears as well.

“Our skills can be useful for that kind of project. Finally we’ll be able to find some meaning to our lives.”

“But, those sculptures... Did you see the construction plan of the red dragon they uploaded on the Grass Porridge Cult homepage? The statue that is going to be 800 meters tall?”

“The scale is just beyond imagination.”

“They’d probably have to carve it out of a building, no, a mountain even.”

“Apparently they are going to connect some steel to rocks... I’m in awe just by imagining it.”

The scale of the project was enough to astound many sculptors who were used to making sculptures with heights of one or two meters. Even Weed had never created a statue of such an enormous size.

“They’re making it in the Garnav Plain, so all the stone and sand will have to be brought in from other regions first; will it really be possible to complete the construction there?”

“You don’t have to worry about the materials. About a million people have been deployed to collect all the materials needed.”

“There’s also a plan for making a floating statue. It is said that they’re going to hang the sculpture in midair and make it move.”

“What? How?”

“Well, they said they’re going to figure out a way from now...”

It was truly exciting news to all the sculptors who had been whiling away their time in Rhodium without anything to do.

“Ugh. Why on earth did I choose to become a painter?”

“I should’ve listened to my friends. Everyone else is out there hunting and making a fortune, and I’m just sitting here wasting my money on paints.”

“Those sculptors must be really happy to have Weed as one of them.”

The painters were idly doodling on the ground while staring enviously at the backs of the sculptors setting off to the Garnav Plain in a hurry, but soon another notice from the Grass Porridge Cult arrived.

“They’re asking painters to gather in the Garnav Plain as well.”

“They need painters too? But I thought they are only making sculptures...”

“Well, obviously they’re having a large number of people working together to build each sculpture; they need the painters to draw the diagrams first so that people can construct the sculptures based on them.”

“Aha, I haven’t thought of that!”

Thus every artist who had been begging in the streets of Rodium began to travel to the Garnav Plain.

A decisive battle between the Arpen Kingdom and the Haven Empire was imminent, and the Garnav Plain — the very place where the fate of the Versailles Continent will be determined — was turning into a gigantic construction site the likes of which had never existed in human history before.

< Your level has increased.>

Bard Ray's level has finally reached 592. His power was growing at an overwhelming rate, as befits his nickname, the Godly Warrior.

"I should be able to achieve level 600 soon."

Ever since the door to Royal Road first opened up, he had maintained his place as the highest-level player. He had monopolized many beneficial quests and hunting grounds and, by exploring dungeons that had not been discovered by other users, he and his royal guards had been devouring twice as much experience points as normal. As a result, he could boast an unmatched power even among the top rankers of the game, yet as the day of the battle drew near he was finding it hard to shake off the anxiety.

"I'm feeling strangely uneasy..."

Something about the thought of fighting against Weed oddly made him tense up. He himself was aware of the fact that he had not achieved the victory as easily as expected during the battle in the Melbourne Mine.

'The way he effectively used a wide range of skills, and his [technique of stealing the perfect timing](#) from his opponent... quite surprisingly, in terms of talent in combat he surpassed my abilities in many aspects.'

Most of Bard Ray's experience in battles consisted of monster hunting with little risk involved. Even during occasions where he hunted a boss monster for the first time ever, rather than fighting alone he always had a group of his royal guards or a backup force supporting him. Together they coordinated their attacks to deal with the boss monster or other weaker thralls, and as a result Bard

Ray was more adept at fighting in collaboration with other users than going into a battle alone.

On the other hand, Weed, as his name suggests, had been beaten and trodden down throughout his many adventures and the ordeals lain in his path, and thus the sole purpose of his fighting was survival.

‘And that’s why I couldn’t let my guard down when I faced him.’

Bard Ray was used to overwhelm his opponents with his high level and flashy combat skills. Even when fighting against other famous rankers like Roam or Calis, he could get the start on his enemies even before the actual battle thanks to his reputation as the Godly Warrior.

However, such a methodology had no effect whatsoever against Weed. Which was why even after his victory in the Melbourne Mine, Bard Ray still counted him as one of his most difficult rival.

‘No doubt, Weed too must have been very conscious of my power ever since.’

Even in the middle of a heated battle, Bard Ray would renew his resolve whenever he thought of Weed. In order to compensate the weaknesses in his fighting style, he had studied videos of Weed’s battles and learned the technique of focus-fire attacks. He had also concentrated his strength on perfecting his swordsmanship as well as learning to better coordinate his skills.

‘Maybe Weed has been looking forward to meet me again, too, in order to determine the strongest player of Royal Road once and for all.’

Sadly, this thought was a one-sided delusion of Bard Ray, as Weed was busy making his living, earning money, farming to increase skill proficiencies on top of all the quests.

‘I need to cast the dice on the coming battle. If I lose in the one-on-one fight by any chance... [then the nickname ‘God of War’ will](#)

[be claimed by Weed, too.](#)’

And if that happens, it would be an even bigger personal trauma to Bard Ray than the fall of the Hermes Guild itself.

– Lafaye: I need to talk to you about something for a moment.

Bard Ray received this message while he was fighting some bandaged monsters called Gollaps in a hunting ground.

“What is it?”

– Lafaye: There’s something strange going on in the camp of the Grass Porridge Cult.

Bard Ray already knew as much after watching the broadcast.

“I hear that they are planning to make some sculptures while having a festival...”

– Lafaye: My guess is that those activities are related to a certain emperor named Geihar von Arpen.

The Arpen Emperor!

Bard Ray was not too well versed in the knowledge concerning quests or history, as he only had to focus on fighting while Lafaye and the intelligence bureau gathered all the important information and provided all the hunting grounds for him. Nonetheless, he knew quite a lot about the background story of Weed’s founding of the Arpen Kingdom.

“Do you mean the Emperor of the Arpen Empire who once united the Versailles Continent?”

– Lafaye: Yes. Among many skills of sculpting, there is one that can inject life into a sculpture, making it come alive.

The Hermes Guild had been consciously researching Weed’s secret sculpting skills. Disaster Sculpting, Spirit Creation, Sculptural Life Bestowal, Sculptural Resurrection, and Sculpting Blade skills. Not only did they know about them all, but they were also currently studying Moment Sculpting. While they hadn’t

figured out the detailed requirement for using this skill, all the researchers agreed that it was an extremely dangerous and complex skill to deal with; Bard Ray himself hadn't even come close to a solution against an opponent who could stop time. Although it was true that he had become remarkably powerful as a Black Knight, Weed's strength had been growing just as much as his.

“Are you saying... that they are going to give life to all those giant sculptures I saw on broadcast, make them move?”

– Lafaye: that's the only explanation I can think of as for what they're doing it. Every single one of those sculptures will attack our Imperial Army.

Bard Ray's mind automatically worked to imagine a terrible sight; already there were hundreds of thousands of people working on that grand construction project in the Garnav Plain, to build sculptures of ridiculous size. After about thirteen days, a huge number of those jaw-droppingly gigantic sculptures will be spread over the whole place, and the mighty legion of statues will trample and sweep all over the Haven Imperial Army. The Imperial troops became a top-elite force through repeated wars, but a battle against such an army of sculpture would be simply too dangerous.

Bard Ray hesitated for a second, but in the end he couldn't help saying, “Isn't that going to be hopelessly disadvantageous for our side?”

– Lafaye: It seems that Weed... has played the best card he had in his current circumstances.

Despite his nickname as the Godly Warrior, Bard Ray did not want to deal with such monstrous sculptures.

“Any countermeasures? Shouldn't we stop them from making those sculptures? I don't think it is fair to rally their users like that to build weapons in advance before the war begins.”

– Lafaye: We have considered making formal condemnation, but I don't think that will be enough to stop them.

“...”

Due to the popularity of the Hermes Guild among the general users having hit rock bottom, it would be unlikely that people would listen to them even if the guild demanded for a fair fight and asked them to stop the construction.

“Looks like we have a difficult situation.”

– Lafaye: We have come too far to cancel the battle now... I'm afraid the only option left to us now is to fight. We'll have to deploy the Air Force to deal with those sculptures.

“We're going to waste one of the secret weapons for protecting the empire like that?”

– Lafaye: what with holding off those statues on top of fighting the Avians, we have no choice but to use the Air Force.

“It's going to be one confusing fight.”

– Lafaye: Whatever we imagine now, it will be more than that — it's going to be remembered as the greatest battle in human history.

In the sky, the Air Force, one of the secret weapons that the Hermes Guild had kept hidden until now, will be tangled in the fight against the Avians. On the ground, an army consisting of tens of millions of people will face the top elite troops of the Haven Empire, the conqueror of the Central Continent.

With Lafaye in the center, the entire military force of both the Haven Imperial Army and the Hermes Guild was preparing to assemble.

Bard Ray felt the blood in his veins boil with excitement as he imagined the moments of war.

‘I haven't felt such a strong emotion even during the conquest of

the Central Continent... There was only a sense of accomplishment back then. But this time, I feel like I can truly enjoy the war itself.'

Numerous rankers in the Hermes Guild were honing their swords for the coming battle as well. Not to mention the fact that they had suffered a series of defeats against Weed and the Northern users, it would be a very meaningful experience to do their part in such a legendary war. The Hermes Guild may have become covetous now, but it too had started with its members dreaming of achieving strength and greatness.

'The greatest battle in the whole continent... that would be worth the time and effort I have put in all the hunting.'

Bard Ray was slowly beginning to loosen up. There was certainly the burden of living up to his name and reputation, but such a magnificent battle would not happen often in his life.

'Wait. But what if we lose?'

Weed and his colleagues were busy making preparations for the coming fight against the sea monsters. They made steel nets, put traps in place, and even studied the seafloor terrain. It was a continuation of a countless number of manual tasks, and no matter how hard they worked they were making very little progress.

"We'll need some people to help us; we cannot finish this by ourselves."

Hwaryeong claimed that they needed some more workers, and visited a few nearby villages on the back of Yellowy.

"There is going to be a monster invasion. Please, let us gather our strength and stop them together."

"We will do that."

< Your earnest plea has persuaded the local residents. They will now lend a hand with your work for four hours each day.>

The skill of a dancer with a high Charm stat!

As there were a lot of fishermen among the residents living near the sea, they were of great help in weaving the nets.

In the meantime, Weed, after much consideration, was forced into a conclusion that they had a lot of obstacles ahead to overcome as the battle would be taking place in the vast sea. Stalling those monsters even for just two, three hours was not a simple task in any way.

“I wonder if I’ll have to spread some green algae in the sea...?”

A plan to fight the monsters with terrible marine pollution! Weed stared at the sea seriously trying to estimate the amount and pathway to spread, but soon gave up.

“I wouldn’t be able to protect the fish and the corals in the sea that way.”

Thus, most fortunately, he dropped the idea of attempting to create the worst environmental pollution on the face of the Versailles Continent.

“We’ll just do whatever we can, and if I sculpt a disaster as well... We should be able to stop them for about two hours, even if we might have to lose a portion of the coral reef.”

He had managed to stop even the Immortal Legion by winging it somehow, so there was no reason he couldn’t do it again this time.

As Weed and his companions were working in the late hours of the night, an old man with a long silvery beard approached them.

“What are you all doing here, young lads and lasses?”

While stringing fishhooks to a net, Zephyr waved his hand at the old man as if shooing him away.

“Sir, there’s going to be a monster invasion in this sea. Leave this

area and take refuge; it's not safe here."

"He's right. You need to leave right now."

Surka said with a concerned expression as she rose from her seat. Having a kind heart, she didn't want to see the villagers die, even though she knew that these people only existed in old history.

"Here, I'll take you to someplace safe. Where is your house?"

"Home is wherever I am."

With this curious remark, every party member's gaze fell on the old man at once; he looked like he had been wearing the same raggedy cloths for at least ten years, and there was not a hint of dignity and command in his dirty face.

'He's a homeless, perhaps?'

'I know this sort of conversation often leads to a quest...'

Travel Sculpting was commonly linked to a great number of quests, probably based on the idea that artistic skills such as sculpting required diverse experience through much travel, although if you asked Weed, he would say that all he wanted was to sit still in one spot until he was hit by a shower of money.

Irene rummaged in her backpack and offered a small pouch to the bearded elderly man.

"Here. Have some nice meal with this. I'm sorry it's not much."

The other companions were more sorry to see the money go, but they thought that her action was understandable under current situation; sure, those few gold coins they put in the hands of some poor local man from the past would be a meaningless expense, but human compassion did not always work in a logical and reasonable way. Still, the smile they made at the old man was somewhat stiff and frozen.

"The beautiful lady is so kind!"

The bearded grandfather took the pouch from Irene and poured

the content on his palm.

Jangle!

The pile of large coins looked like it would be at least 200 gold.

“Kind lady, might you have some time to spare? As the fate has guided us to meet, would you care to come with me to some quiet place, and...”

She had come all the way to the distant past for a grand quest, and now she ended up with a local grandpa making advances to her. Irene was scrabbling for words as she didn't know how to respond, when she was greatly startled by the old man's next words.

“...And allow me to make a sculpture of your beautiful self?”

I'm not sure what exactly the author means by this phrase (I think maybe he is referring to Weed's Moment Sculpting skill), so I translated the phrase as literally as possible.

I was also a bit confused by this sentence, because Weed is already called the God of War by people. As I mentioned in one of the earlier chapters the actual nickname in Korean of Bard Ray is not exactly “the God of War” (it's closer to “the God of Combat” or “the Warrior God”) so I first thought maybe Bard Ray is afraid that Weed will steal his nickname from him, but the original Korean text also clearly says “God of War”. If anyone in the community could clarify this, I'd appreciate it.

Chapter 3 - Changes in the Garnav Plain

(Part 2)

“Eh?”

“Huh?”

“Wait, what he just said... could it be..?”

It was hardly impossible that the party would stumble onto a local sculptor; there were people with some [sculpting skills among the residents](#) of the Versailles Continent, although they were quite rare, and there were shops that sold materials for sculpting as well. However, this old man had such a relaxed air about him that it made them wonder if he was just an ordinary sculptor.

Irene must have had a similar thought, too, for she asked him cautiously, “May I ask your name, sir?”

“Well, it’s quite a common name... I’m called Gherr.”

“I see.”

Weed and the other companions were still looking at him suspiciously, as the name sounded similar to “Geihar”.

‘Well, this isn’t some big mystery to solve; there’s a quick way to check.’

Irene was having the same suspicion in her mind.

“Sure. Please go ahead and make a sculpture of me.”

The master sculptor, Emperor Geihar von Arpen!

If this old man was indeed him, he would be able to create a magnificent piece of art on the spot.

Scrape scrape scrape!

A block of white marble was being carved into shape by careful

strokes of the old man's blade.

The speed at which he moved his carving knife was slow, but it took the observing adventurers less than a minute to become fully convinced of his identity, for there could be no mistaking such incredible beauty of his sculpture shimmering in bright colors.

‘How can he make a sculpture of Irene look so pretty? He might as well have created a whole new person!’

‘That’s Emperor Geihar.’

‘The emperor who united the Versailles Continent for the first time ever... and he’s just shown up before us.’

‘This will make Weed-nim’s plan go awry... does that mean we don’t have to do all this work now?’

The other companions were having different thoughts for meeting a hero from old history, but none of them was overly amazed; in terms of amazing things, they were living a far more incredible reality where Weed, just a nobody who they had met shortly after starting Royal Road, had become a man of such fame after undergoing all sorts of hardships. Indeed, it was truly a miracle how they themselves came to become famous just by being close to him, or how they successfully completed all those challenges and adventures that everyone had deemed impossible.

They had travelled in time back to the age in which Emperor Geihar was alive, and they also knew that he was somewhere in the nearby areas, so it was not too much of a coincidence that they had encountered him like this.

‘Well, this messes up my plan a little.’

Weed furrowed his brows, but still closely observed Emperor Geihar’s sculpting work. Rather than trimming down the form and the proportion of the sculpture little by little, Emperor Geihar worked his way from the head to the feet, detailing each part down to the finishing touch before moving on to the next while being

completely immersed in the job. The most prominent aspect of his sculpting skills was the great expressiveness which made the sculpture look so full of life that it did not even need any further correction.

‘It’s going to be at least a fine piece, quite possibly a Masterpiece, even.’

Needless to say, the excellent value of the sculpture was to be expected from the master sculptor.

‘Never mind that. I’ll have to call off the plan to win the good graces of him by stopping the sea monsters; now that things have come to this, I might as well just stay close to him.’

Weed walked up to Emperor Geihar and stood almost cheek by jowl with him; he was cleaned up the chips of marble on the ground and provided the emperor with a number of brushes to beat off the dust on the sculpture like an assistant in a hairdresser’s.

“I needed those, thank you. I’ll use them well.”

“It’s my pleasure, sir!”

Weed spoke in a voice that could only be described as sycophantic.

Various kinds of beauty and charm were mingled together in the Emperor’s sculpture; its vividness was such that it looked as if it was about to come alive and move any minute. While Irene was certainly a young and pure-looking lady, her sculpture was a powerful piece of art that could make anyone who beholds it fall in love with it.

‘And it’s slightly different from the real person.’

From the perspective of an expert in sculpting, small changes could be seen such as the legs being slightly longer or the jawline slimmer than the actual model; the emperor possessed remarkable technique in bringing out the beauty of the subject without making

any obvious changes.

“This lady is truly adorable.”

Emperor Geihar was now using a sharp tool to carve her hair, taking much time and care, in fine detail. The sight of him working on a piece of art with his body soaked in sweat was indeed quite becoming to a master craftsman.

‘I knew it; the emperor was just another skilled manual worker.’

‘That’s the secret of sculpting — you slog and slog and slog.’

‘Ugh, he smells a bit too much of sweat...’

As this was also a sight with which Weed’s companions were only too familiar, they simply concluded that Emperor Geihar was just another guy like Weed. They could see his manic passion and tenacious purpose, but washing one’s body was also an important part of one’s daily life.

Emperor Geihar looked up at Irene and asked:

“We need to give a title to this piece... would you mind if I named it?”

“No, sir.”

“This work... I shall simply call it ‘A Statue of Beauty’, without any other decorating words.”

Ding!

A Masterpiece! “A Statue of Beauty” has been completed!

A sculptor who brought much glory to the art of sculpting on the Versailles Continent — Geihar von Arpen, the master of sculpting skills — fashioned a figurine of a devoted priest out of marble, and filled it with his warm touch.

The recovery speed of life force, mana and stamina will increase by 40 percent.

All stats will increase by 52 points.

Faith and Charm stats will permanently increase by 10 points.

Skill proficiencies related to divine professions will increase by a small amount.

The Fame of the region in which the sculpture was completed will increase by 85 points; after a certain time has passed, this place will become a sanctum of faith.

The Blessing of Goddess Freya has been bestowed!

All aspects of your current status have been improved beyond the average, and your body has reached the maximum ideal condition.

The effect of your racial benefits will be doubled.

Indomitable Resolve!

When a paladin is near their companions, the potency of their divine skills will increase.

You can block any special attacks from Dark-type monsters with holy power.

“I’m grateful that a fair lady like yourself allowed me to make a sculpture of you.”

“I’m the one who should thank you for making such a beautiful sculpture.”

“Oh, it was a huge honor for an old sculptor of some trivial skills. I will remember this day for the rest of my life.”

It seemed that Emperor Geihar couldn’t be in a better mood. He looked at Bellot and Hwaryeong and suggested, “Would you ladies care to be the models for my next works as well? It would be a great honor for this old man.”

“Of course.”

“I’d be delighted!”

Both of them gladly accepted his offer. The popularity they had gained from being part of Weed’s adventures could easily surpass

that of many existing celebrities; the video showing the making of their sculptures would spread across the entire world. For now, they were all the more eager to agree to be the models for the emperor as it meant that they would be freed from the infernal task of weaving the nets.

While Emperor Geihar was working on the sculptures of Bellot and Hwaryeong, yet another trick was being devised in the head of Weed, who had been watching them in silence.

Weed made a request to Zephyr and Pale.

“Could you catch a large amount of fish for me? I should start preparing dinner.”

“Well, we’re still making these steel nets...”

“You don’t have to worry about that anymore.”

“Alright!”

“I need some venison, boar and bird meat as well. We are going to have a feast this evening.”

While his companions were out hunting for animals, Yellowy and Gold Man gathered some wild herbs. Shortly afterwards, Pale and Maylon brought many deer, hares and birds they had caught, on top of all the delicious looking seafood such as white snow crabs, shrimps and various kinds of fish.

“I could make anything with these.”

Weed’s cooking skill was at Advanced level 2. He already knew how to bring out profound flavor from any ingredient, and now he was given some first and second-class cooking materials.

Weed started to prepare all sorts of delicacies with some help from Surka, who had developed a recent interest in cooking. He simmered, fried, roasted, boiled, and steam-cooked. Soon, a hundred different dishes were lined up in the beach in a grand

buffet.

“It’s not much, but please help yourself.”

The eyes of the emperor, who had had a hard day making multiple sculptures in one sitting, were filled with astonishment.

“These are... some magnificent dishes; I can tell just by the smell.”

Weed flipped the Korean pancakes in the frying pan with impressive adeptness. With each snap of his wrist, a flame that was almost a meter tall shot up from the oil in the pan.

“This is just some petty skill I picked up as a pastime. It’s nothing compared to the immortal value of sculpting as an art of expressing beauty.”

“I’m glad to know that you appreciate the value of sculpting.”

“I myself am a sculptor. I have faithfully walked the path of this profession for the entirety of my life.”

“Indeed? Sculpting is a very complex technique to master. I’m impressed a young man like you has been practicing it so diligently.”

Weed had cast the topic of sculpting as a lure to trap the emperor, and Geihar took it like a starving crocodile.

“To be quite frank, I have never considered sculpting to be difficult.”

“What? You think sculpting is easy, then?”

“No, but it’s an art that always gives me much pleasure while pursuing it. Every day is full of happiness as I give body to many beautiful images in my head and live the life of an artist. A sculptor must learn to love all creation in this world through passion and perseverance, wouldn’t you agree?”

With these few lines, Weed had completely buried the entire first year after becoming a sculptor during which he was constantly

grumbling about his useless profession.

“Those are some good words. I would love to share more stories with you.”

“I also have a lot of things I wish to learn from you. I’d much appreciate it if you could teach me everything from the scratch, starting from how to grip a burin.”

Weed filled a plate with a large pile of shrimps first and offered it to the emperor.

“I’m ashamed to give you such a humble meal, but please enjoy it.”

Emperor Geihar accepted the plate without a single shred of suspicion.

And while watching their exchange, the faith of the other companions in Weed grew stronger.

“I’d say this Emperor Geihar will become yet another one of Weed-nim’s slaves soon.”

“He was destined to be one the moment he appeared in front of us; just like what happened to Hestiger.”

Weed’s incredible ability to build up intimacy level even with legendary heroes of the Versailles Continent through coaxing and flattery — it hadn’t been of much use after he earned his fame and rose to a higher station, but now that he was using this special talent once more after a long time, the companions were fully confident that Emperor Geihar would begin to be willingly exploited like a slave from next day onwards.

“Weed-nim’s seafood dishes are so delicious.”

“Kya-ah. It’s been a while since I tasted this.”

“This is a fantastic dinner party. A feast in the beach with the sun setting into the sea...”

The food tasted even more delicious to the companions after the

long hours of hard labor. While eating, they basked in the beautiful view provided by the shore of the coral sea. Seasoned Crab had also bought an ample amount of beer from the nearby villages, and Romuna, who could use some basic Ice spells although she specialized in Fire magic, cooled the beer to the right temperature. Pale and Maylon also had a glass each.

“We’re having a banquet just among ourselves. If only every day could be like today...”

“I think I’ve given myself a huge treat by following Weed-nim. We’ve had some battle and a memorable trip after that. There will be a lot of days like this after the war with the Hermes Guild is over, don’t you think so?”

“Probably.”

“But what are we going to do if we lose?”

With this sudden question from Surka, a brief silence fell on the table as nobody was quite sure how to respond. If they lost in the coming war, they would become the subject of the Hermes Guild’s unrelenting vengeance, which meant that they might not be able to continue playing Royal Road any more.

Seasoned Crab smiled and said, “We can all move to an inhabited island in the East, or one of those Avian cities in the sky.”

“sigh I suppose.”

Sensing the anxiety and worry from the other companions, Maylon hesitantly opened her mouth.

“I’m supposed to keep this a secret, but I have something to tell you.”

“Yes?”

“I think all the broadcasting stations have decided to side with Weed-nim.”

Maylon informed the other adventurers of the recent changes in

the atmosphere inside KMC Media.

“About three days ago, Weed-nim invited the chief director of my company to dinner in his house.”

“And?”

Even Zephyr, who was mostly uninterested in the political climate of the Versailles Continent, put down his glass of beer and joined the conversation.

“Well, apparently Weed-nim treated my boss and all the other chief directors with a bowl of Ramyun each...”

“That’s classic Weed-nim.”

“It’s said he didn’t even bother to put any eggs.”

“gasp!”

“Anyway, I don’t know exactly what they talked about during that dinner party, but after that day, all the broadcasting stations have been covering various adventures of Weed-nim almost 24/7, including this one.”

In every single channel that was related to Royal Road, people were talking about Weed.

Seasoned Crab asked with a puzzled expression, “Isn’t that just because the battle in the Garnav Plain is due to take place very soon, and he’s also currently in the middle of an adventure that’s taking place in the past?”

“The viewers would certainly think so. But the people working at the broadcasting stations are focusing on editing the videos of Weed-nim’s adventures in as positive a light as possible.”

“Well, that’s because he is very popular among people... also, KMC Media has quite a close relation with Weed-nim... doesn’t it?”

“But what about re-editing all the past adventuring videos and putting them on constant reruns, while implying that he has always succeeded in saving the continent in the end? By

comparison, any mentions of the Hermes Guild have been reduced to less than a half of the initial proportion. Even when they do mention them it's usually for letting people know about the guild's past evil deeds on repeat."

"That does sound a bit odd."

"And this is not only happening in KMC Media. Every single broadcasting station is behaving in a similar way. I think Weed-nim is leading the general mood in his favor through broadcast."

"...!"

The rest of the companions opened their eyes in sudden realization.

Taking control of the public sentiment using the broadcasting stations around the world before the war begins!

If most of the people in Royal Road's community were convinced of Weed's victory, more would flock to the Arpen Kingdom's side, which would, in turn, dramatically improve the combat strength of the kingdom. That meant that it would become more and more probable that he was to create an outcome which he desired.

"By gods!"

"Wow... I'm having goosebumps right now."

The companions glanced at the profile of Weed laughing exaggeratedly at the side of the emperor.

"Huheheheheheh."

Such a peaceful-looking laugh, as if he would give him [a shirt off his back](#)!

'He certainly knows how to stay on top of his social life.'

'I remember him saying he learned how to manipulate the media while working as a newsboy. I hadn't expected it to be anything more than a joke, but now I know he was telling the truth.'

It could be said that Weed was what you get after you combine the art of manual work and social skills.

I was wondering if 'NPC' would be a better word, since I don't think the 'residents' in this context include any PC characters. Let me know what you think.

Just for your information, the equivalent expression in Korean language is "he would take out and give his own liver if asked".

Chapter 4 - For This Beautiful Sea (Part 1)

When the mood of the dinner party was sufficiently heightened, Weed beckoned Yellowy and Nile to come closer.

“Moooo...”

“I’m so sleepy. Can’t I at least have a solid rest on a day like this?”

The sculptural creatures complained.

“Allow me to introduce them to you; both of these sculptures are my own creation.”

Geihar cocked his head with a surprised expression in his face.

“Sculptures? You mean they are...?”

“Yes. I bestowed life upon them.”

“Life bestowal? But that is my specialty. How on earth did you manage to use that skill?”

Weed straightened the creases on his novice adventurer’s garment with his hands; this was one of the planned-out acts for the ultimate flattery he had designed to win the favor of the emperor, in order to squeeze the last drop of usefulness out of him.

“I think it’s time to introduce myself more properly, master.”

“Master? What do you mean?”

“My imperial majesty Emperor Geihar von Arpen, I am your student from the future, who once came across a piece of parchment left by yourself and thereby chose to become a sculptor.”

Geihar’s jaw dropped in amazement. Weed began to tell him the old story.

His path as a sculptor had been initiated in a place called [Lair of Litvart](#). With all things considered, it could be said that Emperor Geihar was Weed's true mentor.

“Well I'll be damned... so you became a sculptor after reading my letter?”

“Indeed, it was an expertly written piece of work that captured my interest at once.”

As a proof, Weed took out the parchment which he had been keeping all along. He never threw away anything, even if it was just some old miscellaneous item. As for this letter, he had chucked it in an obscure corner of the Black Castle before finding and bringing it with him for this adventure.

– A letter from a legendary emperor to the future generations.

My name is Geihar von Arpen, the Emperor who united the Versailles Continent for the first time in history. However, I confess that the last days of my life have not been too happy, for there was none who recognized my torment, and my talent. Why doesn't anyone understand the greatness of my profession? Why do people scorn and dismiss it as some worthless job? Blinded by prejudice, nobody made an attempt to understand the true intention behind my choices, nor did they show willingness to carry on my legacy as a sculptor. Even my own children were no exception — foolish, ignorant things! They do not deserve to become my successor; thus I leave all my secret techniques of sculpting here.

The letter was full of complaints as well as denunciation on one's children.

“This indeed looks like my own handwriting.”

“Yes. I had always been very interested in the art of sculpting, and after reading your letter, I immediately made a decision to become a sculptor.”

“So none of my own children became a successor to my legacy...”

“I do not know much about that, but that was what was written in the letter.”

Although people say backbiting a person together was a classic way of bonding with a friend, it wouldn't be wise to have the said friend's own family as the subject of the slander, even if he hated them. It might feel satisfying at first, but a person was bound to get angry eventually at the insults towards his own kin.

“After that letter of your majesty's opened my eyes to the world of sculpting, I have been through so much pain and suffer-I mean, ahem, so many wonderful adventures with a burning passion in my heart. I've come to know more about the sculpting techniques as I travelled across the continent.”

After listening to Weed's explanation on all that had happened, Emperor Geihar nodded.

“That's indeed the power of sculpting. Travelling in time itself wouldn't be a difficult task at all if you have the endless possibilities of sculpting by your side, the art of creating miracles.”

Weed wetted his lips profusely with saliva.

“Of course. Sculpting is the best skill one can have.”

“Do you realize that while all the combat skills are quite simple to master, creating life is something only a god would be capable of? Art is one true power, the limit of which is beyond our estimation.”

“You are absolutely right. That's what I always say to other people as well. Sculpting is an everlasting technique.”

“It seems we talk the same language; because you are my pupil, perhaps?”

“Allow me to refill your cup, your Majesty!”

“No need for such formality; just call me master.”

Weed was getting along smoothly with Emperor Geihar, enjoying a glass of beer with him.

“By the way, you could have come to meet me straight away after you arrived; why were you staying in this place?”

“There will be a monster invasion in a few days, an invasion by which this beautiful sea of the Arpen Empire will be destroyed.”

He added some more explanation about the coming assault of the monsters upon the great coral reef. Geihar’s eyes narrowed and a hint of suspicion appeared on his face.

“Invasion and destruction. Aren’t those all the more reasons why you should have come to me?”

“Of course, I yearned to find you and seek your help, master. But at that time I was worried that we wouldn’t be able to have an audience with the great Emperor himself... so we decided to stop the invading monsters by joining our strength, meager though it may be.”

“That is very commendable attitude, nothing less than what I’d expect from my student.”

“Huheheheheh.”

Emperor Geihar had an easy-going disposition and was quite susceptible to flattery.

‘I didn’t have to worry so much. I should’ve guessed he would be such a simple person to deal with from that letter he left for the future generations.’

Weed’s honeyed words were absorbed by the emperor as smoothly as an instant coffee mix dissolving into hot water. From the next day onwards, Geihar joined the rest of the adventurers in their effort to stop the monsters.

“The sculptural lifeforms... After I bestowed life upon them, all of them have been living as free spirits. I will ask these friends of

mine for their aid.”

“Yes, master.”

Emperor Geihar summoned the sculptural creatures living in the nearby regions by blowing a shining bugle. Every day there were more than a thousand creatures answering his call; on the first day, they consisted mainly of small animals resembling raccoons or badgers.

“Master! Master!”

“Kekeke. Here I am!”

As soon as they arrived, this race of creatures called Boroks started to eat the significant amount of fish that Zephyr had caught.

Emperor Geihar spoke to them.

“There will be a fight.”

“Kukeke. Sounds scary! I’m scared!”

“Our enemies are fish.”

“Food! We eat them!!”

Weed thought that those creatures that had gathered on the first day would be quite useless.

‘They are small, weak, yet consume a lot of food. That’s the worst combination I could think of.’

The next day, various kinds of herbivores streamed into the beach, including some tiny ones that looked similar to rabbits. At least they did not need any provisions as they searched food in the woods on their own, but it was still unclear whether they would be able to join the battle.

‘The best sculptural lifeforms are those that can complete any given tasks efficiently and know to follow orders. Those small creatures might be better suited for using in the character

industry, seeing their cute appearance.'

But as Weed's disappointment grew, there was another group of creatures arriving, this time consisting of reliable-looking crocodile-like combatants.

"We have answered your call, your Majesty."

"A battle will take place very soon. Your task is to protect the seaside."

"Yes, my Emperor!"

The crocodile combat troops were stalwart soldiers. The Croco Legion, the name given to these creatures, was also mentioned in historical books of the Arpen Empire, and was known to possess tough skins and formidable strength.

The march of the Croco Legion, armed with swords and shields!

These combat troops were capable of swimming their way through any rivers or swamps, which granted them high mobility.

Examining all the sculptural lifeforms summoned by Geihar, Weed tried to guess the emperor's taste.

'First mice and rabbits, and now crocodiles. He's fond of animals, perhaps? He is surely a peculiar man, as some of old records say.'

Flattery was a delicate art which required thorough study of its subject. Weed had deliberately brought Nile the Crocodile in order to pander to the emperor's taste. Weed spoke to Emperor Geihar covertly.

"Those crocodiles are very imposing and magnificent to behold."

"You think so? They are actually my failed works."

"What?"

"Yeah, I just carved them with the top of my mind when I was drunk. But they breed extremely quickly; that's why there are so many of them now."

A dark spot in the history of sculpting!

No sculptor would be fully satisfied with every piece he had worked on, as is the case with all the artists.

From the next day, the true main forces of the Arpen Empire started to make their appearances.

A squadron of flying creatures that covered the whole sky — with their wings fully spread they were far larger than dragons, with long sharp beaks and muscular shoulders and legs. Their bodies were huge yet agile; truly a species created solely for fighting.

“What do you call those birds?”

“They are Baraags. Aren’t they big and cute?”

Baraags!

According to historical records, they were ferocious monsters that could slay things like wyverns or griffons in their sleep. The legendary creatures that were known to have destroyed several cities later during the Warring Age, and currently there were none less than thirty of them in the sky.

“Exactly how many Baraags are there in the continent?”

“I don’t know. I’ve made those sculptures when I was a child... I guess there would be around a thousand of them by now.”

Weed said to himself, ‘With these monsters on his side... no wonder he managed to unite the whole Versailles Continent. Sure, every child is dear to his parents, but some children are bound to be more competent than others.’

If those Baraags spread their wings and threatened humans, their very lives would be at stake; the sculptures Emperor Geihar had crafted as some ‘big and cute’ things were at the very top of the food chain.

The day had come on which the sea monsters would make their

appearance.

Schools of fish swarmed in near the shoreline, triggering a quest for Weed and his companions.

Ding!

An assault of Poratts!

The monsters that have been devouring everything in the depths of the ocean were freed in great numbers! They are now heading towards the Wulhoff Reef because of the vast quantities of food that the place provides. By joining strength with the sculptural lifeforms of the Arpen Empire, stop the Poratts from destroying the sea of corals.

Difficulty Level: A

Rewards: Contribution points for the Arpen Empire

Quest Restrictions: Proceeding with a historical adventure The occurrence of the quest was as it was expected.

‘This way isn’t too bad either.’

It would be a basic practice of adventurers to carry out quest and hunting simultaneously.

Emperor Geihar agreed to lend them some of the equipment he owned, as a token of his goodwill.

“Both your attire and weapons look quite worn-out. Here, use these; you are fighting for the residents of my empire, after all.”

What the emperor in rags took out and offered them were some of the sleekest dwarf-made gears.

- The Sword of Glory and Justice
- The Crimson Blood Armor
- The Armor of Star, Wind and Cloud
- The Shield of Deep Underground

- Sea Flower-patterned Boots
- The Ring of an Overlord.

Most of the equipment had level restriction of late-400s, which meant that they were far better than what Pale, Romuna and a few others had been using. Presently, Emperor Geihar was the richest man on the face of the Versailles Continent.

Seasoned Crab and Python were both content with continuing using their old weapons, as they preferred the grips of them which their hands were accustomed to.

Surka picked up a few pieces of equipment from the emperor's collection, and asked, "Do you normally carry so many items and gears with you, your Majesty?"

"There's a bit more in my bag. Would you like to take a look?"

From a very battered-looking leather backpack the emperor pulled out some more items.

- Mynedrin's Legendary Armor Set
- Legendary Sky Sword
- Legendary Dragon Sword
- Legendary Spear of Trembling Earth
- World Tree's Reverberating Thunder Bow
- Bow of Sun Piercing
- Arpen Emperor's Greatsword
- Staff of Absolute Flames

The eye-poppingly magnificent collection of weapons enveloped in brilliant auras! The adventurers were all completely absorbed in examining these precious items.

"Woow..."

"This is incredible."

“They are all real treasures, with level restrictions of 600 or 700. So many legendary weapons in one place...”

Weed’s voice suddenly became very low and quiet.

“How did you obtain all of these?”

“Oh, some of them were given to me as presents, and I found the others during adventures with my friends.”

Such was the extent of the power which the emperor of the whole continent wielded.

“I see.”

Weed’s hand silently reached towards the Loa Sword. At this moment, he’d forgotten everything about the Hermes Guild, even the battle in the Garnav Plain. He seemed ready to bury the body of the emperor in some place hidden and escape the scene using the Travel Sculpting skill any minute.

‘Some of these legendary items will be forever lost to history if I don’t take them.’

Quite naturally, Weed was engulfed by greed the moment he laid his eyes on the emperor’s treasures.

But as he was looking for a chance to strike Emperor Geihar from the back, Maylon approached him swiftly.

“Weed-nim, you are going to give an interview to KMC Media later, right?”

“...”

The moment he heard the word ‘KMC Media’, he immediately came to his senses.

‘I’m on air right now. On air. At least one hundred million viewers are watching what I’m doing through broadcast. Still... even if I get reviled for now, once I’ve secured those gears I could use them forever...’

Even after Weed was reminded of the watchful eyes of many broadcasting stations, Emperor Geihar's life was still in grave peril.

But this time, as Weed was on the brink of selling his sense of morality in exchange for legendary gears, Python opened his mouth.

“By the way, is this greatsword for your own use, your Majesty?”

Python was pointing at the largest sword in the emperor's small pile of weapons. Geihar smiled and nodded.

“I learned to wield it a little, just as a hobby.”

At last, Weed's brain that had been paralyzed by the greed for treasures began to operate again.

‘That's right, Emperor Geihar was a master swordsman... just like Zahab.’

Indeed, there were records mentioning that Geihar had once mastered the techniques of swordsmanship, although it was a long time ago from now. Python spoke to the emperor, as if challenging him, “So I assume you can handle this sword very well?”

“I can't.”

“What?”

“True, I used to swing this sword a lot in the past, but my strength has diminished while I raised my children.”

The penalty of Sculptural Life Bestowal skill: the user is weakened as his level drops. Emperor Geihar had once been a remarkable swordsman, but his power had grown weaker although his techniques remained masterful. Instead, the emperor was now surrounded by monstrous Baraags slowly blinking their gigantic eyes. While the chance of Weed succeeding in killing the emperor using his Loa Sword was quite high, the reprisals he would have to face after the murder would be extremely problematic.

‘This is such a shame...’

Albeit barely, Weed eventually regained control of his reason that had been blinded by legendary items, and stepped back.

“Let’s start the hunt, then.”

“Alright!”

With Emperor Geihar joining them, Weed and his party members ceased all the crude preparations they had been making so far. Their initial plan was to cast steel nets across the sea in the hope of blocking the movement of even a portion of the swarming Poratts, and try to buy some time using Disaster Sculpting and other various skills while hunting the Essen Poratts directly. Considering the unbelievably vigorous life force of the sea monsters and their habit of hiding deep under the sea when feeling threatened, it wouldn’t have been an easy battle. But after the army of sculptural creatures serving Emperor Geihar arrived, they turned the direction of their plan towards a head-on fight.

The legions of sculptural lifeforms continuously showed up even on the very day of the battle. Among them, Weed pointed at the gigantic monsters made of pure-white snow.

“What are those?”

“They are snowmen. I made them for my daughter.”

“...I see. You are saying that they can... move about?”

“Yes. They wander around the Imperial territories every winter.”

The height of one of those snowmen with a broom was no less than 180 meters. With each of their frosty breaths they sent a gust of a terrible chill, freezing the trees and the ground around them. The sight of this snowman monster drawing closer with their thunderous footsteps would probably make a child have several nights of insomnia from fright. The scale of the emperor’s sculptures could trample the innocence of childhood down into tiny miserable pieces.

“Your daughter must be quite fond of them.”

“Oh, she loved them. I’ve heard that ever since she saw those snowmen, she started to eat her food without complaint and even stopped throwing any more tantrums.”

“Of course she did.”

The army of sculptures summoned by Emperor Geihar stood in line along the shoreline. The core part of it consisted of crocodile soldiers that looked similar to Nile, but various races of Avians could be seen as well. The most imposing of them were gigantic sculptural lifeforms carved out of metals, wood, water or fire.

Metallic giants with their shining bodies.

“There are a lot of big guys here.”

“The bigger they are, the cuter they look, don’t you think so? Those smaller ones are more solemn.”

The legion of sculptures with sizes of 100, 200, and 300 meters — as these creatures marched forward, an army of men would have no choice but to surrender without even getting to fight.

Chapter 4 - For This Beautiful Sea (Part 2)

‘So this is how he united the Versailles Continent.’

Before long, the unit of Baraags watching over the distant sea reported that the sea monsters were rushing towards them.

“Let’s get this started, then.”

“Yes, master! Deploy the Snowmen!”

The Snowmen army began to march into the ocean. Their task was to keep their position in the coral zone and set up a barrier of ice to keep the Poratts away.

“In this way we’ll be able to stop all the Poratts that can’t fly.”

“Yes, let’s move on to the next part of the plan.”

This battle plan which took into account the characteristics of the different types of sculptural creatures had been devised by Weed: have the Snowmen freeze the distant sea into icebergs, leave a few ravine-like narrow routes through the ice, and deploy squads of sculptural soldiers near these icebergs — including the Legion — to hunt down any Poratts that swam their way through the ravines.

“I assume Baraags will be the best choice to fight those Essen Poratts?”

“Of course.”

Weed and his companions climbed on the backs of the Baraags along with Emperor Geihar. Riding on the predatory beasts with their great wings spread wide, they flew over the sea at a frightening speed. They found their enemies far beyond the emerald-colored sea of corals.

“Targets within visual range!”

Giant, winged sea serpents named Essen Porrats were soaring across the sky. Those flying monsters alone numbered more than a hundred; the sight of the legion of Essen Porrats was almost majestic.

The sea itself was also full of silvery white Poratts. The swarm of countless monsters was swimming and leaping out of the surface by a couple of meters excitedly.

Weed used Lion's Roar.

“We begin the hunt!”

As soon as the Baraags came close enough for the Poratts to be in range, they spouted out breaths of flame all at once. Streams of fire stretched out, emblazing the whole sky.

– Kuuuuaaaarrggh!!

The Essen Poratts scattered in all directions to dodge the attack, but about fifteen of them were engulfed by the flames and fell. However, even those which plummeted plunged into the sea were not completely killed, and soon they rose from the surface again. Their strength was nothing to scoff at, as could be seen by their capability to destroy and corrupt the entire ocean. Every single one of them was a boss-level monster whose power surpassed that of a Bone Dragon. Their immense reserve of life force, which was a characteristic of giant sea monsters, also made them particularly persistent.

– They are coming!

There was a stir of uncertainty among the Baraags, but they were under the command of Weed, a seasoned fighter who'd been through both hell and high water.

“We will not fight them in a full-frontal assault. Ascend to a higher altitude!”

By Weed's order, the Baraags all rose further into the sky. The Essen Poratts chased after them immediately and a fierce running-

fight was beginning to take place.

“2nd Squad, turn to the right!”

6 Baraags changed their direction towards the right in a great arc.

“3rd Squad to the left. And 4th Squad, fall back in 5 seconds.”

The groups of Baraags spread out in the air according to Weed’s commands. As sculptural lifeforms all possessed a moderate level of intelligence, they didn’t have any difficulty following orders. On top of that, Weed’s overwhelming leadership and charisma could elicit absolute obedience even from soldiers who had held their weapons for the first time, and his profession as a sculptor enabled the Baraags to feel more familiar with him and quickly become close to him.

– It’s no use running away from us. We will kill you all!

– Kuuugh. Kuuuooooaargh!!

The Essen Poratts, with their intense gluttony and desire to kill, pursued after the scattering Baraags but were not divided into smaller groups as effectively. Over fifty Essen Poratts flew after the 2nd Squad — which had branched away from the main body first — and their forces kept being dispersed until only three and five Poratts were chasing after the main unit and 5th Squad respectively.

“Counter Attack!”

Under Weed’s command, the Baraags reversed in midair. Taking advantage of their greater number, they entangled themselves with the enemies, spurting out fans of flames explosively. The Baraags and the Essen Poratts sank their claws deep into each other’s bodies while spraying fire and poison. As Baraags were far stronger in one-on-one combat, with the advantage of their formation they could overwhelm their enemies.

“Let’s join the fray then, shall we?”

Weed drew out the Sword of Roa and rushed forward. After taking a couple steps in the air by jumping first on the front paw and then on a wing of the Baraag, he finally landed on the head of an Essen Poratt. Weed smashed the crown of the monster's head with the Sword of Roa.

< You have made an attack against an Essen Poratt.

You have inflicted 29,291 points of damage to its life force!

The Sword of Roa multiplies the damage by 3 because it's a giant-sized monster. deals three times more damage to a giant-sized monster.

The enemy's maximum life force has been partially decreased.

A critical strike!

The defensive abilities of the Essen Poratt have been weakened. > The Sword of Roa was especially valuable when hunting large monsters. Switching gears such as the helmet and gloves to ones that contribute to the offensive abilities was also another reason for the increased damage.

– Insolent human! You cannot make me feel pain with such a strike.

Such was As was the way with boss-level monsters, the Essen Poratt began to speak to Weed in human language.

“Everyone likes to talk big at first, but they all eventually learn to behave themselves after some good beating.”

Another attack from Weed smacked precisely the same spot that had just been hit; although it was a legitimate skill with the name “One-point Focused Attack”, in actuality it simply meant beating the same spot over and over again.

< You have dealt a critical strike.

38% additional damage applied.

The defensive abilities of the Essen Poratt have been weakened. >

< You have dealt a critical strike.

92% additional damage applied.

The defensive abilities of the Essen Poratt have been weakened. >

< You have dealt a critical strike.

145% additional damage applied.

The defensive abilities of the Essen Poratt have been weakened. >

< You have dealt a critical strike.

198% additional damage applied.

The defensive abilities of the Essen Poratt have been weakened. >

– Kuuooooooooaarrgghh!!

There had never been a monster that had been subjected to the One-point Focus Attack skill and came out unscathed. Combined with the special effect of the Sword of Roa that weakens the defense of the monster whenever a critical hit occurs, the total accumulated amount of damage was beyond enormous.

– Off with you, you worm!

The Essen Poratt attempted to shake Weed off his head, but he would not budge an inch. A Giant might have been able to swing his arms around to rid himself of Weed, but most of the Poratt's attacking methods were useless against a person who was standing on top of its head.

The Essen Poratt was also suffering damage from the claws and beak of the Baraag which was assaulting it from the front on top of the damage inflicted by Weed on his head. Even with the great life force of a giant sea monster, it could not withstand such a coordinated attack for long.

– You will regret this, human!

The Essen Poratt thrust away the Baraag and inhaled deeply; it was preparing a Breath attack, the strongest offensive characteristic of a giant creature.

– I will make you pay dearly for making such a reckless attack against me!

Not giving a fig for what it was doing, Weed kept striking the back of the monster's head; as long as he kept his position, he didn't have to worry about being hit by the Breath.

< You have dealt a critical strike.

413% additional damage applied.

The defensive abilities of the Essen Poratt have been minimized.
> Still, a supersized sea monster was not so easily killed. The mouth of the Essen Poratt was full of blazing heat.

– This is the end.

The serpent monster flipped its great body in midair and started a steep dive. It repeated a series of sudden drops, rises and turns, as if performing an aerial stunt.

– Get off my body this instant!

Weed clutched to the antenna and held onto the monster tenaciously, while steadily chipping away the remaining life force of the Essen Poratt by making an attack whenever he had a chance.

“Spread out here and join up at a point ahead!”

In the meantime, Pale, who had the role of the supporting commander, conducted the rest of the Baraag squads.

“High-speed maneuver! We'll get away from the pursuing enemy force.”

They distracted the other Essen Poratts so that they would not turn their attention to Weed.

“Arrow Cluster!”

Arrows that looked like flashing rays of light shot by Pale pierced the sky.

“Fire Domain Expansion!”

Romuna's magical attacks exploded splendidly in the air as well, though their power was not particularly strong. Since the Essen Poratts were especially vulnerable to fire, even her relatively weak spells worked well against them — the monsters writhed in pain although the actual damage caused to their life force was less than 0.1 percent.

“Heh, this is pretty fun!”

“Let's finish this fight!”

Python and Seasoned Crab were both riding on a Baraag each, ramming into the bodies of Essen Poratts. They were imitating the fighting style of a Dragon Knight, although they dared not climb directly onto the backs of the winged Poratts as Weed had done; by watching his fight, they quickly realized that it would not be easy to cling on to the frantically trashing body of an Essen Poratt.

‘I would rather just match my strength against it in a full-frontal fight. Such a rash attack... hmm. Is that why Weed is so strong, because he makes use of all his abilities to the full extent in battle? He is truly a natural born warrior.’

‘He's not simply relying on skills, he is acting out of instinct. His body is just finding its foe on its own volition.’

Python and Seasoned Crab were quite impressed by Weed's valor. Engaging in a fight at such a great height alone required remarkable courage, yet Weed was doing precisely that while standing on top of the head of a boss class monster.

‘Perhaps such recklessness and courage are the secrets behind his popularity.’

‘Of course, that's not an easy thing to do. But a commander should not be afraid to throw himself into such a dangerous position, to lead the battle to victory.’

At that moment, both of them heard what Weed was shouting loudly as he struck the monster.

“Loot! Experience Points! Level Progress! Skill Proficiency points! Give me all before you die, you monster!”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Suddenly he looked more like an evil company boss full of greed rather than the commander of a great army.

They were beginning to feel almost sorry for the Essen Poratt that was being beaten up by him. Eventually, the monster met its demise, as the Sword of Roa that Weed was holding pounded on its head relentlessly.

< An invader of Wulhoff Reef, the ferocious Essen Poratt has entered its eternal rest. > Although it was just one monster, due to its high level Weed received a separate message window notifying its death.

< Your level has increased.

Sword skill proficiency has increased. Your proficiency in sword technique has increased.

Due to your remarkable accomplishment in battle, Fame has increased by 1,980.

Strength stat has increased by 2.

Maximum Stamina has increased by 100. >

< You have obtained the hide of an Essen Poratt.>

< You have obtained the heart of an Essen Poratt.>

< You have obtained a 1st class Mana Crystal.> Sweep! Sweep!

All the dropped items were taken with lightning speed. The loot that had appeared after the body of the Essen Poratt turned grey completely vanished the moment Weed's hand passed over it as if by magic. When it came to acquiring spoils of battle, Weed had no match in all of Royal Road.

“This isn’t half bad.”

He was being surrounded by over a hundred boss-level monsters — in other words, the battlefield was littered with preys waiting to be harvested by Weed.

Weed spread his arms wide.

He was currently plummeting towards the sea at a deadly speed, together with the corpse of the Essen Poratt he had been riding on a moment ago.

“Weed-nim!”

Pale spotted him, but he could not come to rescue him while all the Baraags were engaged in battle, whose number was not sufficient as it was. From such a high altitude, the damage to Weed’s body would be significant even if he fell into the water.

– Kuuargh!!

– Kuuueeeerrgh!!

The sea itself was full of smaller Poratts that devoured anything, waiting with their mouths wide open.

Swish Swish!

Weed replaced several pieces of equipment he was wearing with the gears of Bar Khan Demoph almost as quickly as slashing his sword. Immediately after that, he placed a hand on the head of the falling body of the Essen Poratt.

“Return to the ground upon which you once walked. Here lies a dark place, a black and corrupt land. Engrave the eternal commandments of darkness into the heart of every living being. Undead Rise!”

The body of the Essen Poratt began to gradually be tainted in black, and before long its flesh peeled off, revealing the bones underneath: the corpse of the falling monster was reduced to mere skeleton! And as the surface of the sea drew ever closer, the bones

turned black, and flashing lights appeared in the hollow eye sockets.

Weed had turned all of his Art stat into Wisdom using his Sculptural Destruction skill before the battle took place. Hence, with the help of valuable equipment and improved stats, he could successfully cast the undead summoning spell on a boss-level monster.

– I... I have returned from death.

“Are you willing to obey me?”

– I... but that is...

The Essen Poratt shook its head. As befits a boss-level monster it retained some of its memory and self awareness, and did not easily follow the order of someone who had just killed it. From the sky to the sea, Weed and the Essen Poratt that had been revived as undead were plunging downward at a terrible speed.

“You shall obey me.”

< A Necromancer Skill, the spell of Soul Obedience sealed within the robe of the Lord of Hell has been used.

The unbearable fear and pain burning into a soul allows one to have a powerful undead as his subordinate. > – Krrrrruuuaaarrrraaughh!!

The skeleton of the Essen Poratt screamed in agony.

“Follow my command. Only in that way will you be able to achieve the greatest glory.”

With Weed’s own charisma and leadership applied on top of the Necromancer skill, the Essen Poratt soon surrendered. It was the moment of its rebirth as a Bone Poratt, leaving all its past life in oblivion.

– Glory to the master who granted me this eternal life.

“Alright. Let’s get ourselves back up first.”

At Weed's order, the Bone Poratt spread its skeletal wings. On the head of the Bone Poratt furiously rising into the sky once more, Weed stood up in a commanding manner.

– Kuuaaargh!!

– This is the sky of the Arpen Empire. Return whence you came, monsters!

– We fight to protect this land!

The highly intelligent Baraags and the Essen Poratts full of fighting spirit were intertwined with each other in a fierce battle in midair. The Breaths of fire pierced through, painting the sky red, and the creatures were entangled in the groups of two and three, their snouts biting and their claws scratching.

A great battlefield scattered with boss-level monsters mingled together!

Weed checked the state of his companions first. Those who were riding on the backs of Baraags remained unharmed. The Snowmen were also managing to block the swarming Poratts by creating zones of ice in the sea.

‘Still looking intact.’

Even with the special abilities of the Snowmen, it would be impossible to hold off the Poratts that were filling up the whole sea indefinitely. If the battle lasted too long, the Poratts would eventually take a detour and destroy the coral reefs. It was possible that the corals and other sea creatures were already being killed in other regions that were farther away out of their sight.

‘We'll do what we can do right now. Rather than waiting for the circumstances to come together perfectly, we'll need to act first... and deal with the consequences.’

Weed's eyes caught a few Essen Poratts that had fallen in the fight against the Baraags and were crashing into the sea. Although there were only two or three of them, it meant that Pale and the

other companions had been putting in great effort and managed to eliminate even a small portion of their numbers.

Weed took out the Staff of the Corrupted Saint and stretched out his right hand.

“Undead Rise!”

From the bodies of the dead and falling Essen Poratts, chunks of flesh began to fall off. Half of them were transformed into undead and soared up again, but the other half — even though Weed had managed to turn them into undead as well — crashed into the sea and disappeared as all the bones crumbled into pieces.

< You have transformed Essen Poratts into undead thralls.

Due to the insufficient undead summoning skill, the duration of this spell is 33 minutes.> Now with three Bone Poratts under his command, Weed grinned.

“Let’s collect some money, shall we?”

Chapter 4 - For This Beautiful Sea (Part 3)

The north coast of Shelgium.

With its black sand and lines of jagged rocks, this seaside had been an unpopular site in the past.

Currently, there were over a million users gathered in this place, standing along the shoreline and observing the sea.

“Will they really succeed?”

“I wouldn’t have any hopes up if it had been anyone else, but it’s Weed-nim we’re talking about. His adventures have never failed before.”

“That’s right. I’m willing to trust and wait if it’s Weed-nim.”

Users from both the Northern and the Central Continents sat around together chatting. Normally there would be merchants from various stores selling food like chicken skewers, but since all of them had moved to the Garnav Plain, the place was almost quiet.

The people who had decided to put off joining the greatest festival in order to gather at this beach were those who loved the sea and the scenery of nature.

“You know what? My brother said that Weed-nim has actually gone on this adventure for us.”

“For us?”

“Yeah. Apparently this is his gift to all the Central Continent users; to show that the Arpen Kingdom is full of such enjoyable adventures every day.”

“Do you think that’s really the case?”

“Well, we’ll need to keep watching to be sure, but it’s true that

Weed-nim has never let people down. I've only watched him through broadcast, but don't you think he's quite trustworthy?"

Weed's unusually high popularity had resulted in such baseless yet positive rumors spreading among the public.

- They have already succeeded in hunting the 14th Essen Poratt!

- Look at the sea. A small whirlpool has been formed and it is swallowing the smaller Poratts.

- Pale the Battle Slave! He draws the bow with all his might. The arrow flies like a flash of lightning and hits the eye of an Essen Poratt.

Through the crystal balls the users could watch the live broadcast of Weed's adventure in real time. If Weed's adventure concludes successfully, it will change the course of history! Although there had already been such an incident, during which the Embinyu Church was defeated, this time it was related to possible changes in the geography of a region. The Wulhoff Reef, with its incredible landscape that people could only see through broadcasting screen... There was a chance of that beautiful ocean appearing in front of them once again, so many users had gathered and were waiting expectantly.

The tiny Weed inside their crystal balls charged headlong into the enemy lines, flying on the back of a Bone Poratt.

"What, what on earth is he doing? That's so dangerous!"

"Whoa! They're making Breath attacks!"

"Did you see that just now? He jumped off from the Bone Poratt!"

The sight of Weed rushing through the field of poison and Breath without hesitation made the hearts of the users who were watching beat faster with excitement.

"Wow..."

"Ah, such thrilling moves! This is crazy."

“This is almost like a movie, don’t you think?”

“It’s even better than a movie. It’s as if he has several spare lives.”

In the middle of the splendid aerial battle, Weed on the back of the Bone Poratt was rampaging through the sky. He swung his sword and shot arrows, and even threw bolts of lightning at times using Myul’s Thunderspear as he engaged himself in battle. In reality, it was the sight of him desperately trying to get the last hit on enemies in his state of frenzy caused by his greed for booty and level improvement, but to the eyes of common users it was simply a wonderful scene.

– All undead creatures, follow my orders. I am the supreme commander of the army of darkness!

– I’ve indeed met a wrong master, seeing I have been dragged into this mess of a place. The blood of those winged fish simply has the worst taste.

Van Hawk the Death Knight and Torido the Vampire Lord had been summoned as well.

– This will make an excellent conveyance.

Van Hawk rode on the back of a Bone Poratt and joined the fray, while Torido cast spells of illusion and charm shrouded in a cloud of bats. In terms of combat capacity only, those two were not so extremely powerful as to pose a serious threat to the Essen Poratts, but their strength became the most apparent when commanding a large scale army or fighting against human opponents. Despite their limits as a Death Knight and a Vampire Lord, they managed to buy some time by distracting the Essen Poratts.

“That’s an undead air force.”

“This is just so cool. I wish I could have an epic battle like that...”

As the time limit of the Undead Rise skill drew near, the Bone Poratts revived by Weed began to disappear, starting from the tips

of their wings and tales slowly turning to dust. Even then, Weed continued using the undead summoning skill every time another Essen Poratt was killed.

Weed, having over twenty Bone Poratts under his command, fought in a deadly aerial combat!

He yelled out, using Lion's Roar.

– There are creatures that deserve your anger and resentment. Strike those that are still alive!

– Kuuuaaargh!!!

The Bone Poratts slammed their own bodies against the enemies, full of hatred towards their living kin.

“Just keep at it and eradicate all of them!”

Pale was also creating wonderful scenes of battle as he directed the squads of Baraags. Commanding an army in an aerial fight was not in any way an easy task, but he had ridden Wy-3 plenty of times when he was in the Arpen Kingdom. Previous experience of watching Weed mobilizing his army during battles also proved useful when conducting the fight in midair.

‘Start from the weaker ones. Formation is important in this kind of combat encounter. I must take care not to lose our forces, too.’

While Weed valued victory in battle itself, he always avoided any wasteful loss of lives at any cost. From the beginning of his adventure in the Rosenheim Kingdom, he made sure that everyone under his command down to the lowest-rank soldier could grow in strength by minimizing unnecessary sacrifice; it was his way of securing military strength so that he could be ready for any worst case scenarios.

There was plenty of space that could be utilized in an aerial battle. Half of the Baraag squads were drawing the attention of the Essen Poratts, keeping them at their tail, while the rest hunted down those that broke away from the group using their great

mobility.

- This is good strategy!
- I like this way of fighting.

The Baraags acknowledged the efficiency of Pale's conduct of maneuver and followed his orders faithfully. Due to Pale's background as a pure archer, leadership and charisma were never his forte. It might have been better if Weed himself took charge, but after he summoned the undead servants he entrusted the task of commanding the Baraags to Pale.

"I will probably be too busy harvesting. It's just such a waste to let these Baraags kill all the boss-level monsters. These Essen Poratts are especially rare things, too, so they're bound to drop some really special loot."

"...What?"

"In other words, you go and become a hero, Pale-nim. I'll settle for a building owner."

"...!"

A plan to let Pale make the most distinguished contribution in the battle itself, while taking all the real benefits from it!

'Well, I don't mind his way too much.'

Pale was afraid at first, but once the battle began, he was so focused on the fight it looked as if he fell into some sort of trance. Weed wouldn't have maintained such a close relationship with anyone for so long just based on their early acquaintance. He knew that Pale had never once failed to do his part during a battle, and that was why he could entrust him with an important role. The thirty Baraags managed to buy a considerable amount of time while keeping their position stably against the force that outnumbered them for more than a threefold.

"Here comes your death!"

Seasoned Crab erupted from the shadow of an Essen Poratt and drove his sword into its throat whenever he had a chance. Python was swinging his greatsword like a knight; Romuna, Surka, and Maylon were all contributing to the fight in their own ways admirably as well. In the meantime, Bellot and Hwaryeong were having a hard time as they had to play an instrument and dance while staying on the backs of flying Baraags.

“Watch your step, sister!”

“Yelp!”

Their dancing and playing jarred on the nerves of the Essen Poratts while improving the strength of the allies. On top of that, as the Bone Poratts led by Weed fiercely joined the combat, the tide of the battle began to turn to their favor. Soon the sky was dotted with the bodies of Essen Poratts plummeting to the sea, only to rise again as undead. The balance of power had completely tilted towards Weed and the Baraags.

“Victory!”

The annihilation of over a hundred Essen Poratts that had been dominating the sky!

The aerial battle had concluded in the victory of Weed’s side, but now they had to stop the Poratts from reaching the shore as those monsters swarmed in like a great tidal wave.

“Dive in!”

Weed deployed his Bone Poratts into the sea. As they were originally a race of fish with wings, there was not a second of hesitation as they threw themselves into the water.

– Devour them all!

Weed looked down upon a sea swelling with deep blue waves from the top of a Bone Poratt’s head.

“It’s going to be quite a chore dealing with all of them.”

A great mass of Poratts was streaming in, their number large enough to cover up the whole sea. Thanks to the zones of ice created by the Snowmen, the Poratts, which were weak to cold, were staying far at large for the moment.

“It will take some time, but it won’t be too difficult.”

Weed gripped the Staff of the Corrupted Saint.

“Rise, vengeful spirits, those who could not fully close their eyes, and found no rest in their death; rise and take revenge upon the living, the ones who destroyed you. Undead Rise!”

A spell of undead summoning!

He turned the bodies of the Poratts in the sea into undead, making them attack their former allies.

Crunch, chomp!

The skeleton Poratts tore at the flesh of their nearby friends. The undead Poratts couldn’t be compared to zombies or skeletons in terms of fighting strength, but their power was enough to devour the living Poratts around them. Beside, each time Weed cast the undead summoning spell, more and more Poratts were revived as undead.

<You have gained experience points.>

<You have gained experience points.>

<You have gained experience points.>

...

Even Weed had not expected this. A Poratt normally gave even fewer experience points than what one gets for hunting a rabbit, but with the entire sea packed with them, a hunt on an enormous scale took place whenever the tens of thousands of Poratts moved around and attacked them. While it still wasn’t enough to increase Weed’s level, which was over 500, the experience points gained from killing them were piling up steadily.

< Your Undead Summoning Skill's level has reached Intermediate 8.

You can now appoint powerful Death Knight heroes.

The summoned undead legion will have increased speed.

Less amount of mana will be consumed to maintain the summoned state of the undead. > “Even my skill level is up. The sea is the future of humankind indeed.”

Weed's eyes were shining brightly as if he had just spotted a dropped wallet. In fact it was even better, since it would be wrong to take the wallet that belonged to someone else whereas hunting the Poratts in the sea would contribute to the important battle.

Completing the quest goal as well as gaining experience points and skill levels!

The only thing missing here was the loot, but he had already gotten quite a satisfactory amount of booty from hunting the Essen Poratts, for he had obtained plenty of their hide and bones as first class blacksmithing materials and plenty of their meat as first class cooking ingredients.

“Rise up, my undead creatures. Let us slaughter every last living Poratt in this place!”

The numerous Poratts that had taken hold of the entire sea had all been reduced to mere prey that provided experience points and skill proficiency.

“Corpse Explosion! Corpse Explosion! Corpse Explosion!”

Although the situation underneath the surface of the sea could not be seen, the outside turned into a pandemonium as the Poratts leaped out from the water.

<You have gained experience points.>

<You have gained experience points.>

<You have gained experience points.>

<You have gained experience points.>

<You have gained experience points.>

...

Weed was casting Corpse Explosion or Undead Summoning spells as often as his mana allowed.

“Kuhehehehehe!!”

A smile that could not be restrained hovered over his mouth.

A frantic laugh of a madman!

Pale and the other companions could not do anything besides watching him from afar.

“It seems Weed-nim is making quite a fortune here.”

“Mm-hmm. I’m certainly envious, but it’s somewhat...”

“...scary, isn’t it?”

Even Weed’s long-time companions like Irene and Surka did not dare to approach him freely.

Weed cast Undead Summoning spells, flying over the sea on the back of a Bone Poratt.

The sea turned into a living hell while flocks upon flocks of Bone Poratt preyed on their kin.

Which was immediately followed by Corpse Explosion.

Seasoned Crab spoke in a trembling voice.

“It was fortunate that Weed-nim started as a sculptor.”

“What?”

“If he had been a Necromancer from the beginning, or changed his profession in the middle...”

“...Hmmm...”

An image was being created in the head of Weed’s companions.

Necromancer, as a profession that dealt with dark power and allowed a rapid growth, was accompanied with considerable penalties as well. If it hadn't been for the many accomplishments he had made as a sculptor and a hero who had led numerous adventures to success, he might have created a massive Empire of undead by now — the Undead Legion of Arpen instead of the Arpen Kingdom. Weed would never have stopped at being just an ordinary Necromancer.

“I must say it was indeed a tremendous stroke of luck, for the whole Versailles Continent.”

Irene smiled, but Seasoned Crab still looked uneasy.

Sigh

“But the problem is that we don't know what will happen in the future. Maybe Weed-nim will still turn into a great villain.”

“...”

Even Weed's long time companions found it hard to refute that claim. To be perfectly honest, Weed becoming the great evil mastermind who threatens the peace of the continent simply felt like a very natural course of event. Even now, he was wreaking havoc on the sea by reviving the dead Poratts as undead.

“Jump, jump!!”

Upon hearing Weed's shout, the undead Poratts gave mighty leaps out of the surface of the sea. Several thousand Poratts that had risen 7 to 10 meters into the air fell into the water again.

A fountain show of undead Poratts — it was a sight which could never be created by an ordinary, sensible Necromancer.

Chapter 4 - For This Beautiful Sea (Part 4)

The countless Poratts swimming around under the sea had been hunted all night by Weed and the undead. Among the sculptural lifeforms created by Emperor Geihar, all the sea creatures flocked in to join the hunt as well. There were gigantic-sized octopi, turtles, sharks and whales... but the most impressive of them were anchovies, whose bodies reached the length of 800 meters although they looked exactly the same as normal anchovies. They wriggled their great bodies through the water at a frightening speed, and were capable of creating whirlpools and even small-scale tsunamis as they moved.

When Maylon asked why he created such huge anchovies, the answer Emperor Geihar gave her was also quite priceless.

“Don’t you think they are pretty?”

“...Sorry?”

“I’ve made them when I was a young man. I always say, big fish are the best fish; they are tastier and just better all-around. They are the works which I created to challenge people’s prejudice that all anchovies must be weak.”

“Ah. I see.”

“Unlike on land, creatures are not encumbered by their large size in the ocean. Had I created them more recently, I would have made those guys to be at least three kilometers long.”

“...”

“...And that would have been the birth of the Great Anchovies, the absolute rulers of the sea.”

Emperor Geihar smiled contently.

“I’ll take care of the rest of the monsters from now. Leave them

to my anchovies, and those Poratts will never threaten this land again.”

“Understood.”

Irene, Romuna and Bellot all prayed for the repose of the Poratts’ souls as they gazed upon the sea; even if those poor creatures somehow managed to escape from this place, they would have to be chased by giant anchovies for the rest of their lives.

Ding!

<Quest Completed: An Assault of Poratts

The swarm of Poratts that had put the region of Wulhoff Reef into great danger is now gone. Because of the horrible memory this battle left in them, they will head towards the distant ocean, never to invade this land again.

84,290 Contribution Points to the Arpen Empire earned!

The objectives of the quest have been overachieved; additional 134,600 Contribution Points have been obtained.>

Weed and his companions stood side by side, taking in the view of the sea. The long battle was over, and the setting sun was painting the horizon ablaze.

As the sight of Weed’s adventuring party completing the quest and returning safely was relayed to the viewers through broadcast, the users assembled at the north coast of Shelgium yelled out in joy.

“Victory!”

“Hooray! They’ve driven the Poratts away.”

“We all knew we could count on Weed-nim!”

It was a long wait that they had to endure while lying near the

sea, but at the end they could confirm the successful conclusion of Weed's quest through broadcast. The next moment, the sea suddenly began to glow brilliantly in front of every user gathering around.

“Wooooow!!”

“Wha-, what's happening?”

“It's starting. The whole world changed when the Embinyu Church was destroyed, and the same thing is happening here again.”

From over the horizon, the sea was gradually colored in a mystic emerald shade. Suddenly, dolphins leapt out from the hitherto calm surface of the water.

“Whoa!!”

“There are dolphins here...”

“Aren't those merpeople over there?”

The originally murky and grey sea full of sand slowly became clearer, until it was so transparent the whole ocean floor could be seen from above the surface. Corals of various colors were growing out of the seabed, and countless different sea creatures were swimming in the water. Even the ground underneath the users' feet was turning into soft golden beach with seashells scattered around it.

Honk!

Flocks of birds were feely soaring across the sky.

Ding!

<You have arrived at one of the unexplored lands of the world.

The discovery of The Wulhoff Reef!

It is the largest region of coral reefs of the Continent, spreading over the distance of 876 kilometers from the Strait of Rudin to the

Alcard Sea. The depth of water ranges from 3 meters to a maximum of 80 meters, and it is home to 600 species of corals and 1,890 species of various sea creatures. As one of the Nine Unexplored Lands of the Versailles Continent, numerous adventurers have hoped to find this place since the early days. Although it was almost destroyed by the threats of Poratts a long time ago, an adventurer named Weed and his companions managed to protect it from the monster invasion. – Your adventure has earned you 1,394 points of fame.

– Your level has increased.

– You have discovered a historical region. Your Knowledge and Wisdom have increased by 10 points each as a result of this special experience.

– The wonderful scenery has increased your Art stat by 8 points.

– You will obtain additional rewards for reporting the rare discoveries.>

“Kyaa!”

Those who had arrived early had the fortune of making some adventuring achievements by discovering a hidden land of the world.

“Ahhh....”

“This is paradise.”

The users found themselves beholding one of the most unique sights in their lives unfolding in front of their own eyes.

“This guy should be uniting the continent now, but instead he just keeps poking around causing all sorts of trouble.”

Yoo Byung Jun was watching the monitors showing various happenings in Royal Road, while looking quite discontent.

The faces of the users who were swimming and playing around in the coral sea were full of blissful smiles. They had taken off their armors and traveling garments, fully enjoying themselves drifting with the emerald waves of the sea.

Another monitor was showing the users in the Garnav Plain sweating profusely while moving the giant stones which were to be used for making the sculptures; Byung Jun noticed the bright expression on their faces as well.

“They’re doing some hard work but there’s hope in their future... is that what they’re thinking? What’s their current level of happiness?”

– 94.3781834%. This is the highest level that has been obtained in history.

“What was the happiness level when Royal Road first opened?”

– The average number taken from the entire user base was 93.3972939%. It has been decreasing every month by 3% or higher after then. The lowest happiness level reached was near 61%.

“So... he really managed to change the world on his own?”

Yoo Byung Jun recalled the reason he first created Royal Road.

He decided to pass everything he had onto the emperor of the world that he had built himself, because he wanted to mock the unfairness of the real world.

“At that time I couldn’t have known that such a strange player would show up out of nowhere.”

He had spent a long time watching the videos of Weed’s adventures. The guy had an unparalleled talent when it came to setting events in motion which were often outrageously silly and off-the-wall, and he always found a way to complete all the nigh-impossible quests. Byung Jun had been silently monitoring Weed’s entire journey, during which he had brought about ridiculously positive outcomes time and time again by working together with

his companions and other users.

“The one who conquers the world of Royal Road will become my successor. And I don’t intend to intervene even if he mercilessly abuses his wealth and power and ends up destroying the world... after all, I only wanted to laugh at this world, I don’t care what becomes of it.”

Still, he was beginning to have inkling that if Weed really becomes his successor, people would not object to it much.

“So he somehow managed to climb his way up to his current position. I must say, this is not what I originally planned...”

– Do you wish to cancel your earlier successor plan?

He had made all the necessary preparations for turning over not only the entire property of Unicorn Corporation, but also his astronomical amount of personal assets that had been kept hidden until now.

“No, proceed as is. Whichever person wins this battle will take everything.”

Weed and Bard Ray.

Unbeknownst to them, it had been determined that the one who unites the Versailles Continent would become the wealthiest and the most powerful man on earth.

“Kekeke. The whole world shall kneel before my heir!”

Yu Byung Jun let out a maniacal scream.

At last, the true successor upon whom he had bet his own fate was about to be chosen once and for all, but there was still a certain unpleasant foreboding tugging at a corner of his mind...

“I just cannot shake off this feeling that Weed will become the Emperor in the end and take over everything I’ve got.”

And if that really happens, something told him that he would probably turn green with envy rather than feeling the pleasure of

accomplishing his goal. He had devoted his youth to creating the world of Royal Road, but now Weed had become a hero to its people, winning both fortune and the affection of a beautiful woman in the process. If he took over even the entire wealth of Byung Jun, including the artificial intelligence developed by him, it would be as good as handing over credit to Weed for his entire life's work.

Mapan was the head director of the events in Garnav Plain. Upon coming out from the tent after taking care of festival preparations, war materials supply and other urgent business of Mapan Store, he saw several lofty mountains towering high above the plain.

“What are those?”

Hidden Money, his cousin, sighed and answered, “Those are the sculptures and all the sculpting materials people have piled up.”

“Th-they’re... very tall.”

One side of the Garnav Plain had been turned into a great mountain range as if the place had suddenly become an alpine region.

Although it was Mapan who had put the users to work, his knowledge about specific fields of expertise was limited.

“How did they do all that work in just a few days?”

“People just worked together and did it.”

“Is that even possible?”

“Well, we just did it and it somehow worked out.”

Thump Thump Thump!

Rattle Rattle!

“We need more bricks.”

“Coming right now!”

Mapan could see users of the Grass Porridge Cult nearby swarming in like a colony of ants and building a giant statue, the staggering height of which was no less than 800 meters. Further ahead there was another great sculpture being built which occupied several hundred square meters.

“The support beams...”

“Let’s proceed with the foundation work at the same time.”

“The architect’s skills come in very handy here.”

“Safety equipment? Why would we need that? It’s so much more convenient to just have a couple of Feathers of Falling.”

This scene felt strangely familiar to Mapan — not only were there fence screens set up just like some construction sites for buildings or apartments, there were people driving support beams into the ground as if doing substructure work.

“Who are those people?”

“Construction Project Department from Samsung C&T Corporation.”

“...Eh?”

“And those people over there are from Daewoo E&C and Hyundai E&C.”

Mapan stared at them blankly for a few seconds without saying anything, and then, clearly shocked at the ridiculousness of this whole situation, asked:

“...you mean they are really from those famous companies that I know?”

“Yeah! All from different construction companies.”

“...Why are they here?”

“Well, they are not the only ones; there are even people from KPF and Steven Holl.”

“What are KPF and Steven Holl?”

“Some world-famous architecture and design firms.”

The sculptures in Garnav Plain had become a huge issue in the real world. The sight of several-hundred-meter tall statues being built at an incredible speed had been in the media spotlight every day. Each morning, afternoon and evening, an additional 20 or 30 meters was added to the sculptures' height, which was enough to draw public attention.

Hyundai E&C had decided to provide full company-scale participation.

“A sculpting project of such a size could be called a construction, which is why Hyundai should not allow itself to be left out. Our company shall support it extensively.”

The design team of the construction company presented all sorts of ideas. As its members were all players of Royal Road as well, they had already had in mind quite a lot of fresh ideas related to the field of architecture; the kind of ideas that would be most probably met with sour reactions from the heads of their team or department when proposed as a project internally in the company:

“Is that even possible?”

“You’re seriously calling THIS a project proposal?”

“Money! We need some work that will earn us some money.”

Hence all those ideas, which might actually be quite wonderful if realized in Royal Road, had been lying dormant until now and people finally had a chance to bring them all up.

“We don’t know how exactly this will turn out, but let’s just make it. We should challenge ourselves.”

“Are we really building this? It’s going to be 408 meters’ tall!”

“What’s the big deal? The guys next to us are making one that’s as high as 620 meters.”

They didn't need to worry about shortage of funds and building materials, as the users of the Grass Porridge Cult had been moving whole mountains from the nearby areas.

Just like building an apartment, the construction companies set up the beams and decorated the exterior with high quality materials.

Raemian, Prugio, Castle, S-Class.

The structures that bore the names of many construction company brands were built haphazardly everywhere in the plain.

"But... executive director, this is supposed to be a sculpture."

"Just focus on making it tall. The sculptors will take care of the rest."

Once combined with the concept of big-scale construction, the pace of the operation became infinitely quicker than before.

"The construction companies from Korea?"

"Yes. The average audience rating is 40%."

"That's pretty high. Which broadcasting company?"

"No, this is the average rating taken from the entire world. The rating reaches 85% in the US. Even Fox and CNN are broadcasting the project."

"Then we have to hurry up and join in as well. This is a chance to show off our company's technological prowess. The promotion we can get from this will be enormous."

Highly qualified professionals from various architectural design firms widely known in the real world had gathered together in one place.

"What should we make here?"

"I'm not sure, but let's start with the substructure work first. We can't make something that's smaller than what the other

companies make.”

A battle of speed in which the participants began construction even before coming up with any design! Combining strength with the architects from the Northern Regions, they were creating some incredible things.

– Looking for new ideas: we will build anything!

The Garnav Plain became a paradise of sculpting. Dragons and tigers were just some of the basic sculptures found there, and there were also statues shaped like wyverns and ice dragons as if reflecting the popularity of the famous sculptural creatures.

On the other hand, the Bug Porridge group was the birthplace of many ingenious project plans.

“Excuse me... I’m thinking of a really awesome bug.”

“Tell us about it. Anything’s possible.”

“Well, it has three hundred legs and forty antennas... would it be alright?”

“That shouldn’t be difficult at all. If we’re just making it long rather than tall... it should be quite easy to construct as well.”

“And it moves forward by flipping its body.”

“...What?”

“Well, it’s a bit hard to explain, but it will need a lot of fine hairs, too.”

The Bug Porridge had set up its own territories over an area that was about 5 kilometers in radius. Within this area, there were great sculptures in the forms of various insects, but there were also a lot of common users who joined in to make their own sculptures. They wanted to learn some sculpting skills and were carving bugs that were around 5 or 6 meters in size; it would be an incredible sight to behold when all of those sculptures came to life simultaneously!

“Don’t worry about the durability! As long as they don’t collapse before the date of the battle, they’re fine.”

“Let’s strive to make something that is 1 kilometer tall this time. We’re going to set up a world record!”

“Faster! Higher! We can always start over if it collapses. Our focus is to make it bigger and taller than anything.”

Once a great mass of people have gathered, the driving force generated by them was almost frightening. Countless sculptures had been made that were based on various animals or famous structures around the world.

“Depps-nim, there’s no time to waste. You need to get up there right now.”

“But... to be honest, I have [acrophobia](#).”

“Hello, I’m a psychiatrist. I can check his condition by his side so just send us up.”

“Everyone push!”

The sculptors who had been forcefully sent to the top of the structures started working at the height where they could gaze upon the clouds below.

Through the collaboration between the Grass Porridge Cult and various construction firms around the world, the Garnav Plain had been completely transformed in just a week.

“Haha...”

Mapan could only let out an incredulous laugh. Of course he had expected some level of success, considering the power of the Grass Porridge cult with all the users of the Northern Continent at the center, but...

‘This is just beyond my imagination.’

It felt as if he received a whole ostrich instead of the fried chicken he had ordered for delivery.

‘Well, I have faithfully carried out Weed-nim’s order. That much is clear.’

Merchants from the North, including Gamong, were all enthusiastically providing support as well.

A place where the largest-scale festival in the world was being held side-by-side with the largest construction project in the world! Already it had been estimated that there were more than fifty million users in Garnav Plain, and it continued to attract even more people through the constant live broadcast every day.

(To be continued...)

Chapter 5 - Hidden Weapons (Part 1)

Fletcher Castle in the Central Continent.

It was a small castle not much known to the rest of the world, but currently an adventurer from the Hermes Guild named Pante was staying in it.

“It should hatch soon.”

One year and six months ago, he received a quest while he was in the Doria region. There was a common assumption among the public that those who belonged to the Hermes Guild would only take quests which were already known to the world, especially the ones that offered good rewards; while it was true to some extent, Pante sometimes devoted his time to quests that no one had successfully completed before.

< Elves in Puzzlement

The elves living in the birch tree grove are confused by the strangely rapid withering of flowers that has been occurring lately in the forest. It seems something has happened in the grove, and they are seeking for an adventurer who can solve this mystery.

Difficulty Level: D

Reward: Increased affinity with the elves >

Having felt quite bored, Pante accepted the quest upon finding that it had not been completed by anyone yet.

‘I’ll get this done quickly.’

As he was wandering around the forest, he found a hidden space underneath a layer of fallen leaves, from which he obtained a small amount of sticky mud.

< You have obtained the essence of the soil that bears a malignant

spirit. >

A series of linked quests followed after he brought the mud to the elder of the elves.

- Purification of Soil
- A Sunny Ground in the Birch Tree Grove
- The Evil Spirit's Secret
- Precious Nourishment
- Beautiful Flowers

The difficulty level was also stepped up to C as the series of quests continued.

- The Wet Ground of Mollork.

However, for a questline that had been initially taken so lightheartedly, Mollork was simply too far away for him to continue.

“Difficulty level C... It's a bit of a waste to stop here considering the number of quests I've already completed, but I guess there's no choice.”

Pante concluded that it was too much of a bother to roam about the vast land for more than a month, and forgot about the quest soon.

8 months had passed since then, and an expedition party sent from the Haven Empire headed towards the land of Mollork. The Hermes Guild was well aware of the fact that there were still countless mysteries remaining in the Versailles Continent. Most users chose to repeat the quests and use the hunting grounds that were fully revealed to the world, but there were still hidden jackpots scattered across the land. Hence an expedition team was deployed from time to time to explore the corners of the Versailles Continent, consisting of top elite users, in order to claim the dungeons and treasures uncovered during the journey. When

Pante heard the news of such an expedition party coming to explore the land of Mollork, he joined the team and completed the forgotten quest at last.

Although it was a part of a larger questline, he did not expect much in terms of the rewards, for many such quests only offered mediocre compensation. However, the quest did not conclude in the region of Mollork; rather, it continued even further through a request from an old local resident.

“Adventurer, I would like to ask a favor of you.”

“A favor?”

“I expect, with that soil you have obtained, it will be possible to grow the seed and make it bloom.”

“And where is that seed?”

“My grandfather has lost it, but fortunately, I know the location of the place where he’s lost the seed.”

< The Shady Nest in Mollork

There is a habitat of Vargetts in Mollork, and it is said that one can find some precious rare fruits in that place. Eliminate the Vargetts and obtain the seeds of the rare fruits.

Difficulty Level: A

Restrictions: You must have completed ‘The Essence of Soil’ and ‘The Wet Ground of Mollork’ quests.

Rewards: the supreme fruit >

Now that the difficult level had become A, this was no longer an ordinary commission.

“I will do it.”

Pante reported the quest to the superior authority in the Hermes Guild and immediately received the support of a special strike

force.

“We will get it done for you within today.”

The strike force of one hundred users consisting of knights, mages, archers and clerics thoroughly destroyed the nest of Vargetts, and Pante was able to clear the quest without any difficulty, but still it was not the end of it.

< The Magical Fruit

This is a Quairan fruit, which is known to bring health to anyone who eats it: a first-class cooking ingredient!

However, it is said that this fruit was especially sought after by a special group of creatures. There might be someone among the old dwarves who can recognize this fruit.

Difficulty Level: A

Restrictions: You must have acquired the Quairan fruit. >

With the help of the Hermes Guild, Pante could have a word with the dwarves in Thor.

“So you have a Quairan fruit? That’s some very rare stuff.”

“But what exactly can I use it for?”

“That’s... well, I’d rather not talk about it.”

In order to become friendlier with the dwarves and get the answer, Pante began to spend money freely. With the mighty Hermes Guild backing him, investing about a million gold in this quest was nothing difficult. But even after he became much closer to the dwarves, they kept their mouths shut.

“This isn’t something I can talk about so openly. But you might have a better chance with that Drunkard Dwarf; he’s quite talkative, you know...”

Using the information network of the Hermes Guild, he managed

to find the Drunkard Dwarf and continue the quest.

“You’ve got a Quairan fruit? That fruit... is a favorite of truly great and terrifying beings.”

Pante’s quest was now closely watched by the top-ranking adventurers of the Hermes Guild. The series of linked quests that had eventually reached difficulty level A — with so many steps, following one after another, they anticipated that this might even lead to an S-level commission.

– Balam: The great and terrifying beings to dwarves? Then they must be...

– Tahembo: Dragons.

– RoadTracker: So this quest is somehow connected to dragons. The word ‘jackpot’ doesn’t quite cut it.

Through Weed’s adventures, people had seen that a quest with the difficulty level S had capacity to change the shape of a region or even the very course of history of the Versailles Continent. Drunkard Dwarf’s story continued.

“It was a long time ago. We had to offer them these Quairan fruits, but it was very hard to procure them because these beings just found them so delicious and ate them all. Well, and there were some dwarves who brewed wine with those fruits in secret, too.”

“Ah. I see.”

“Hold on a second... that reminds me of a rumor I heard years and years ago.”

“A rumor?”

“Quairans are known to be the fruits that these great beings like the most when they are young. So it is said that one might be able to make the rarest discoveries by searching around the place where they found the Quairan fruits.”

< You have obtained the necessary information from Drunkard

Dwarf.>

< Your quest has been updated.>

< Dragons' Favorite Fruit

The Quairan fruits are food for dragons. These fruits contain plenty of nutriments, which is why dragons often seek them as their giant bodies need a lot of sustenance.

Investigate the areas near the place where the Quairan fruit has been found. Although the risk is high, you might discover something that is highly valuable.

Difficulty Level: S

Restrictions: You must have obtained a fruit of Quairan and the information related to dragons. >

“This really has the difficulty level S?”

“Gods, just how far will these quests go?”

As the quest became increasingly challenging, even the leading members of the Hermes Guild could not easily decide how to proceed, not to mention Pante and other adventurers belonging to the guild.

“Should we continue on with this quest?”

“It might be too dangerous, getting ourselves tangled up with dragons. I also feel rather apprehensive about the sudden appearance of dwarves.”

“Well, the dwarven Kingdom of Thor is the domain of the evil dragon Kaybern.”

“The land of Mollork is very far away, and it is mostly an unknown territory. We shouldn't exclude the possibility that this might be an entirely new type of adventure.”

“We haven't even gotten anywhere close to the lair of a dragon.

Gaining some affinity with the dragons through this kind of quests would be tremendously beneficial, wouldn't it?"

"The problem is that it is impossible to predict the way this quest will unfold. If we cannot drop it midway until it is concluded, we could get into trouble."

The heads of the Hermes Guild even held a meeting and argued over the quest, but in the end they decided to proceed with it a little further.

Hence Pante and the adventurers explored the land of Mollork with the help of the strike team which had been extensively reinforced. It was a difficult journey, because the monsters they encountered all had levels over 400 and 500, but before long they found what they came for.

< A dungeon: you have become the first discoverers of the Neglected House.

Benefits:

Fame increased by 10,000 points.

Experience points and item drop rate will be doubled for a week.

For your first hunt, the monster will drop the best item out of all the possible items it can drop when killed. >

Inside the dungeon, chimeras with levels over 600 jumped out at them, their strength and life force beyond the bounds of common sense. The party would have had a much harder time if Pante had come alone with adventurers, but they were able to deal with the monsters thanks to the military force that the Hermes Guild had sent to accompany them. The knights and fighters took the lead in clearing the dungeon while being supported by the clerics and mages from the rear.

"Hm. Let's begin the search."

They started their investigation, with the strike team taking the main roles.

A dungeon that was almost as vast as a city!

Countless monsters were dwelling in the place, and treasure chests were spotted in some obscure corners — valuable finds that contained plentiful amounts of gold or jewels. Occasionally there were also some swords and armors in them, which were all made by dwarves.

“This is quite incredible. Even in the Central Continent, we haven’t discovered a dungeon as large as this one.”

“And the rewards are excellent. There are more than ten quests that are linked together.”

Other than that, they also noticed evidence of magical traps, although they had all ceased to function.

After the long search was complete, what they eventually found was a pure-white mass, with a height of approximately 4 meters.

“What is this? A rock?”

“It looks like a rock. It’s quite hard, too.”

“Don’t you feel the warmth coming out from it? This might be a mana stone.”

“No, there’s no way this is a mana stone. I cannot seal any magic in it.”

They could only confirm the identity of the mass after the adventurers took some time to appraise it.

< A large egg!

This is the egg of a dragon.

It is protected from magical and physical forces by its thick shell.

1st class cooking ingredient!

1st class blacksmithing material!

1st class sculpting material! >

The adventurers and the users of the strike force stood frozen to the spot.

“Whoa, a dragon’s egg...!”

“Could this be Kaybern’s egg? And if that’s the case, wouldn’t we be all killed by him for the crime of intruding into this dungeon?”

“I don’t think that’s what’s going to happen. The name of the dungeon is ‘the Neglected House’, for one.”

“We don’t know what dragon this egg belongs to yet.”

Pante walked closer to the egg and touched it. His heart swelled with joy to find out that this chain of many linked quests had finally led him to a dragon’s egg.

Ding!

< Your quest has been updated.>

< The Dragon’s Egg

You have discovered an egg which was produced between the green dragon Arankald and the black dragon Kaybern. After Arankald departed for some unknown reason, the egg has been left in its current place until now.

The egg that has been subjected to human touch will incur the rage of the dragons. In order to quell their anger, you must hatch the egg safely and wait for the birth of the baby dragon.

Difficulty Level: S

Restrictions: You must have discovered the dragon’s egg. It is impossible to abandon this quest at the current progress stage. >

“ ... ”

Having realized the true nature of the quest, Pante was lost for words.

‘A dragon is going to be born?’

The heads of the Hermes Guild also plunged into a heated argument over this matter after hearing the full story.

“This is a linked quest with the difficult level S. Even Weed has never had such an adventure.”

“If we put this on air, we can at least be sure that the viewing rate will reach a new peak.”

“And we’ll get plenty of advertisements. This is an opportunity to imprint the true capacity of the Hermes Guild on the mind of the users.”

“Opportunity? Don’t you realize how dangerous a dragon can be? If things go ugly, it may bring about the total destruction of several major cities.”

“Such a quest will have a huge impact on everyone. We’ll need to carefully consider the damage it will cause in case of failure...”

With everyone having different opinions, it seemed that the discussion would not end easily.

Hangtu, a dwarven adventurer, expressed his concerns.

“It’s all well and good that this is an S-class adventure. The reason I’m worried about this is the fact that this quest is related to Kaybern. That creature is not called ‘the evil dragon’ by people for nothing.”

Even Pante could not find any words to refute this argument. Every adventurer of some fame and competence preferred to avoid any quest that had some connection with dragons. Not only did the dragons rarely chose to grant an audience to humans, but it was also very hard to ensure that an evil dragon such as Kaybern would offer any fair rewards appropriate for the difficulty of the quest.

“Still, this is a quest... wouldn't we be rewarded in some way at least?”

“Well, Kaybern tasks the dwarves with various manufacturing quests, but I have never heard any account of him giving them proper rewards in return.”

“A shame; this is certainly a quest I'd rather continue and challenge myself with, given the difficulty level and the current circumstances.”

There were a lot of knights who felt especially attached to the quest; although nobody could be sure how the content of the quest would change from this step on, they could all imagine a great vision.

Hatching a baby dragon — if one could form a friendship with this dragon, they might be able to gain the legendary profession of a Dragon Knight.

Long ago, when Weed was eradicating the Church of Embinyu, he once rode on the back of Ausollet, the Dragon of Chaos. The sight of him standing astride the black dragon and fighting against the avatar of the god Embinyu still remained in the minds of many knights like an afterimage.

‘If I could become a Dragon Knight like that, it would be well worth giving up a castle in exchange.’

‘Becoming a Dragon Knight... that would be the wildest dream of any knight.’

There were only a very small number of members who knew about the quest, and most importantly, there was Bard Ray, who was a Black Knight himself.

“We've already done so much to clear this quest, and the profit we could gain by successfully completing it may be enormous. We have no choice but to proceed further; the quest cannot be cancelled at this stage anyway.”

Thus, Pante and a handful of other adventurers were keeping the dragon egg in the Fletcher Castle and preparing themselves for the hatching. Ever since they moved to this castle, there had been a number of invasions from armies of monsters. The public simply assumed that they were influenced by the rebel forces or the weakened public order, but in truth those invasions were the doings of black mages seeking to steal the dragon egg. The attempts of the black mages failed every time, as they could not surpass the military strength of the Hermes Guild. In addition, the adventurers could obtain some more information from the mages as they fought them.

- If the egg is destroyed, two dragons will descend upon the land.
- The purpose of the black mages was to open the age of magic.
- The rage of the dragons would most probably bring forth waves of monsters, which would in turn completely devastate the entire continent.

(To be continued...)

Chapter 5 - Hidden Weapons (Part 2)

Guided by Emperor Geihar, Weed and his companions headed towards the capital city of the Arpen Empire.

“...”

“Wooooow...”

“This, this is amazing.”

Majestic stone structures built in the style of the Classical Era welcomed them. The great city stretched out from one end of their field of view to the other. It was the place where an endless variety of sculptural creatures in the forms of beasts and Avians lived. It was the capital of the Arpen Empire, which had a beautiful river flowing through it and several hundred species of trees growing lushly all over the land.

< You have arrived at the capital city of the Arpen Empire in the Classical Era, the same capital city of the old Arpen Empire mentioned in historical records.

You are now visiting Verd Adren, a place where humans and countless other life forms lived in harmony, the cultural hub as well as the center of civilization of the entire Versailles Continent.

You have made a legendary adventuring achievement.

You have obtained the title: ‘Observer of History’

All stats have increased by 5 points.

Your fame has increased by 12,450 points

People will find it hard to accept such an incredible discovery even if you report it.>

Although it was a long time ago, Weed had seen this city before in the images contained in the Royal seal of the Arpen Empire. As this was his first time to visit the place in person, he was able to receive

the rewards for his achievement in adventure.

“This is so impressive.”

“I’ve never expected such an adventure...”

“Everything here feels marvelous.”

Weed’s companions walked around the streets, deeply in awe. It was hard to believe but everywhere they looked, the whole and splendid sight of the Arpen Empire was in front of them just as it was from the time long past. The town square, market streets, and all the buildings including the food storehouse were perfectly reproduced — the kind of time travel only possible in Royal Road.

Among the people roaming about the city, they could see members of some rare beast races that were known to have existed a long time ago. As Emperor Geihar’s aesthetic taste covered all kinds of species, there was also a relatively diverse range of lifeforms that belonged to reptiles and insects. What was particularly interesting was the fact that even their exotic appearances seemed to be in harmony with the scenery of the city, and beautiful.

‘As a sculptor, Weed-nim will be able to create new races, too, given time. The Versailles Continent as we know now could go through a lot of changes in the future.’

‘This is real history. The Sculpting skill at its height touches even the domain of miracles. Would I be able to find such greatness in fishing techniques, too?’

‘I see a lot of strong warriors here.’

In the sky, there were gigantic winged snakes flying around freely; an extraordinary sight, but nothing was out of the ordinary considering the fact that this city was home to so many sculptural lifeforms.

Emperor Geihar smiled contently.

“This is the place where the largest number of my sculptural children is gathered in the whole Empire.”

Naturally, there were bustling market streets inside the city. Weed and his companions were far beyond the level of using any items bought from ordinary stores, but they still looked around the shops out of curiosity.

“We have a lot of good quality products. Would you come in and take a look?”

“Come over here if you are looking for carpets to decorate your house!”

“Real men need weapons! You there, don’t just walk past; take a look at these weapons!”

As there were a lot of different races formed by the sculptural creatures living in the city, the diversity of the items on sale was enormous. There were more than several hundred kinds of food products alone. The general stores sold all sorts of items, such as belts for earthworms, rabbit folk’s earmuffs for protection against cold and decorative tooth straps for crocodiles. Irene bought a tooth strap for Nile.

“This is similar to the flying city Lavias, where they sell items and equipments for the Avians.”

“They are also mainly selling food and daily supplies rather than equipment for combat.”

Pale bought some items for Countryside Snake and Yellowy as well; things like a tail ornament for the Snake and a coat for Yellowy, of quite good quality.

“Squeak!”

“Moooo. I thank you.”

Weed was watching all this from one step behind as if it was none of his concern. True, he was the one who granted life to those

creatures, but he only did it in order to boss them around. But Emperor Geihar was also watching Weed with a pleased expression on his face.

“Your friends all look quite spectacular, too.”

“...my ‘friends’?”

“Ah, excuse me; perhaps you regard them as family?”

“...”

To him, the sculptural creatures were nothing more than his subordinates. Still, since the reason Weed brought them with him to this adventure was to help him become friendly with the emperor rather than to use them for combat, so in the end his decision had yielded quite a positive outcome.

“Especially the one there — Yellowy, was what you called him? — which possesses such an exceptionally beautiful body. It symbolizes the mighty strength of a bull. Countryside Snake is very cute, too.”

Emperor Geihar complimented Weed’s sculptural creatures.

A natural flow of mood!

Weed intuitively realized that this was the moment to start bringing up his real purpose.

“Your Majesty.”

“Just call me master, no need for such deference.”

“Yes, master!”

The more intimate the title by which one addresses the other, the more difficult it is to refuse any request between them. When asking a difficult favor of a person, one must build their moral justification slowly and gradually.

“As you know, I am from the future. Do you have any idea as to what will happen to these friends of yours in this city, master?”

After taking some time to think, Emperor Geihar replied sadly, “I can guess. I wish they could live peacefully together with the humans... but that’s probably not what’s going to happen.”

“You’ve already surmised that much.”

“Humans wage war even between themselves out of their greed to have more than the others; it would be difficult for them to accept the existence of these sculptural creatures.”

“Yes, I’m afraid you’re quite right.”

Weed informed the emperor of the series of events that was to follow in the future. After the death of Emperor Geihar, all the sculptural lifeforms would leave and the Arpen Empire would collapse into ruin. After a very long time, some of these creatures would eventually turn into monsters, or choose to set off to faraway, desolate regions untouched by humans and dwell there.

“So that is... how this will all end.”

Emperor Geihar fell silent, apparently in a considerable shock. Weed’s companions decided to watch this exchange rather than stepping out to intervene.

‘How is he going to convince this emperor to help him?’

‘I’m about to witness his secret tricks of persuasion that have never failed before — a 100 percent success rate.’

‘There’s some analysis suggesting that the key factor for Weed’s success as a legendary adventurer was his silver tongue. Maybe he’s going to speak some impressive lines?’

Even Pale, who had known Weed for a very long time, swallowed hard with anticipation; he had had very few chances to see Weed deal with local residents or heroes in order to achieve the goals for his quests. The companions were being filled with excitement at the prospect of witnessing his charisma and persuasion skills.

Weed pulled out a large bottle of liquor from his backpack.

Trickle trickle!

A stream of clear liquid filled a goblet made from red clay. It was a distilled spirit of the finest quality.

“Why don’t you have a drink first?”

“What’s this?”

“I’ve brewed this for you, master. Please, go ahead and try it.”

“Hmm. I guess I’ll just have a taste, then.”

As he was in quite a gloomy mood thinking of the future of his sculptural creatures, Emperor Geihar emptied the goblet in a single draft.

“Kyaah. This is very good!”

“I’ve got some roasted squid and chicken wings, too.”

The first goblet he had emptied just as a light drink soon led to the second shot, and then the third.

Weed kept taking out more snacks and bottles of spirit from his bag.

“This is such a fine day today, with cool breezes too, isn’t it?”

“Yes, you’re right.”

With the delicious side dishes raising the emperor’s appetite, the first bottle was gone in a flash.

“Haaah... I’m so glad that I’ve met you. You are training as a sculptor, and you have such excellent cooking skills on top of that...”

“Sculpting is the best, master!”

Another bottle was drained to the bottom.

“For my whole life, beauty has been my closest companion... Although I have made more friends who understood my ideals over time... I cannot help but feel rather lonely sometimes...”

“I completely understand how you feel, master.”

Geihar continued drinking as he lamented over his solitude. One more bottle became empty before they knew.

“I shoun’t... have so much drrrink... in the middle o’the daaay...”

The emperor even started talking strangely as he got increasingly drunk. Weed, who usually prefers to water down the liquor, was taking out only strong drinks this time. He had also brought a very diverse range of side dishes including fries, roasts, soups, noodles and fruits, and was setting them up on the table with a quickness that wouldn’t have been possible without some preparation in advance.

“This is just some light drinking, master. Considering your daily tasks of ruling this empire and looking after your countless sculptural friends, a brief repose like this is only necessary for the better future of everyone.”

Even as he spoke Weed deftly opened another bottle of spirit.

“Let’s make this our last one, shall we? A teacher and his pupil sharing a drink together; good for strengthening our bond, wouldn’t you think so?”

“I gueeeess... you’re riiight, of course...”

As he shared the drink with Weed, Emperor Geihar disclosed the stories that had been hidden deep within his heart. The story of him spending his friendless childhood carving sculptures; and the story of how he was able to bestow life upon his creations by treating them with sincerity. Alcohol had the power to make people share their true heart, thereby giving them a delusion of finding a true friend in each other.

An epitome of persuasion technique using alcohol!

Just as when Geihar’s eyes were starting to lose their focus,

“I, too, founded the Arpen Kingdom.”

A low, heavy voice came out from Weed, who had been mostly listening to the stories of the emperor. Naturally, he had wetted his lips with a lot of saliva, which was the last shred of conscience he had failed to abandon until the end.

“And it wasn’t for my own wealth and prosperity that I founded this kingdom. Humans were caught in the endless chain of wars... and those who built the Haven Empire were making heaps of money just for themself-...I mean, people in general were in a lot of pain and suffering.”

“...”

Although in a drunken stupor, Emperor Geihar seemed to come to himself a little by Weed’s words.

“Sooo?”

“The Arpen Kingdom; as you might guess, I chose this name for my own nation because I had great respect for you, master.”

These honeyed words brought great satisfaction to the mind of the emperor which was already fully open to Weed.

‘I think I just used whatever name that popped up in my mind, since I couldn’t come up with one.’

At first he was thinking about naming his kingdom ‘LongLivetheGreatWeed’, then eventually changed his mind and chose the name Arpen without any apparent reason.

“The kingdom of Arpen is also a peaceful nation like this. Humans, elves, dwarves and barbarians built a city together upon the ruined land to live in.”

Weed gave Emperor Geihar a long and detailed account of the origin of Morata. He felt rather bored to tell him the full story, but the emperor seemed to enjoy the tale of the foundation of the Arpen Kingdom, so he continued on.

“Through much effort and at the risk of my life, I was able to

rescue the Arnins and Ellyons as well. The Arnins had been living miserably as slaves before I came to save them.”

“Hooow... hooorrible...”

Emperor Geihar’s body trembled with rage. A drunken person easily fell asleep, so it was necessary to arouse his anger with an appropriate timing.

“There’s just one thing the Arpen Kingdom wishes to achieve: the happiness of everyone living in this land. And I aim to rescue the rest of your friends, too, master.”

“You have not forgotten them...”

The emperor’s voice suddenly sounded somewhat more sober. At the very instant when his heart was full of gratitude towards Weed, the Alcohol Persuasion technique also reached its climax.

“The Arpen Kingdom is in peril, due to the upcoming war. I know I am being shameless for making such a difficult request, but please, for the sake of all the sculptural races facing the hard times ahead of them, lend me your aid to rescue your children and bring peace to this continent!”

In this moment,

Weed knew he scored the goal perfectly.

As Weed and Emperor Geihar continued drinking while passing the goblets back and forth, Pale and the rest of the companions stood far back, but they were all listening closely to the conversation between the two men.

“Do you think this will really work?”

“It would certainly be very difficult to convince him only through talking. I mean, we’re asking the emperor to bestow life to all those sculptures and put every ounce of his energy and strength to help us even after he gets revived by Sculpture Resurrection

skill.”

Zephyr was rather pessimistic, and so was Seasoned Crab.

“If this persuasion plan fails, the numerous sculptures which are being constructed in the Garnav Plain will all be useless. And that is going to be a tremendous blow to our side.”

They have all been quite impressed by the combat capabilities of the sculptural creatures such as the Baraags. Depending on whether Emperor Geihar would join this battle, different options would be open to them as to the ways to fight against the Haven Empire. After all, this was Geihar von Arpen they were talking about — the hero who had changed the course of history.

‘If Weed-nim’s hidden weapons in the Garnav Plain are rendered utterly useless, we could lose this battle.’

‘We must persuade him to help us, no matter what.’

Surka returned from her visit to the nearby restaurant.

‘I’ve bought some spicy roasted pork! Just dip in this sauce and enjoy.’

The companions continued watching Weed and the emperor as they munched on the roasted pork. When Weed filled the goblet with the spirit for the first few times, they all thought that he would bring up the subject about his real purpose of this adventure anytime soon.

“Look, another bottle...”

“They are drinking really fast.”

“Ooh! Weed-nim spat out the liquor in his mouth when the emperor wasn’t looking!”

The process of persuasion to save the Versailles Continent: make the subject consume alcohol without a single second of break, and discreetly fawn on him. Emperor Geihar, being a simple and honest man, spoke out his mind and disclosed his sincere feelings

and thoughts. And Weed caught his chance to strike out, asking for the emperor's help.

“Huh. So that was the true reason why he founded the Arpen Kingdom?”

“Wow. I guess Weed-nim really lives to help others in need. I've never realized that he has had such worries and concerns in his mind all this time.”

“...Wait, that really can't be true.”

Even the companions who knew all too well about Weed's true nature couldn't help but feel confused for a short while. Everything he had ever put any effort into was for his own wealth and prosperity, but after being wrapped up by a layer of romanticization, all of his deeds were beginning to make him look like a savior of the continent. His story suddenly turned into the biography of a hero, who chose the path of hardship as a sculptor for the sake of art and beauty, ventured on a number of dangerous quests in order to save the world, and eventually managed to build his own kingdom.

Zephyr cocked his head curiously.

“Well, there's nothing outright false in his story in terms of the facts, but to those who have been watching him for a long time, there are some parts which are simply not very convincing.”

Irene smiled uneasily.

“Well, I must say I agree with you.”

As Weed's closest associates, they were well aware of the numerous incidents that involved him including dominating the trade of the Arpen Kingdom and speculative investments in the land around Puhol Water Park. Not that they were in any position to criticize him — they had each received a free villa located in that water park themselves.

‘Still, nobody suffered any unfair loss because of that, so what's

the big deal?’

‘It’s certainly true that the Versailles Continent has become a better place thanks to Weed-nim.’

‘There would be very few Northern users who bear any sort of grudge against Weed-nim.’

While it was up for debate whether he really was a good king, with all things considered he was undoubtedly creating a world that offered a happier life for everyone. He only cared for his selfish interests and desires, but the speed and the scale at which he strived to gratify those interests and desires were so enormous that he ended up contributing considerably to the growth of the kingdom itself. All those great architectural structures, city developments and construction of traffic networks wouldn’t have been possible without Weed’s achievements.

“Lend me your aid to rescue your children and bring peace to this continent!”

The end of Weed’s persuasion.

Emperor Geihar had no reason to refuse his request. Weed was his only pupil who had followed his footsteps as a sculptor, and was a true successor of the Arpen Empire, although these were all somewhat exaggerated truths that were planted inside the emperor’s head.

‘How commendable his attitude is... and his sincerity in trying to help his master...’

This much was enough to move his mind, but Weed had cleared all those quests for the continent and even rescued sculptural races on top of it. And how respectful and affable had he been ever since he first met Geihar!

“I shall help... howevvver I cann...”

The hero who united the Versailles Continent.

Emperor Geihar accepted Weed's request with a drunken tone.
(To be continued...)

Chapter 5 - A Hidden Weapon (Part 3)

The people assembled in the Garnav Plain were keeping themselves busy. If they wanted to have fun they could go to enjoy the ongoing festival, and those who wanted to do some work joined the sculptures construction project.

“I can already hear the sound!”

“Look over there; they’re all sculptures, not mountains!”

The users from the Central Continent rushed towards the Garnav Plain on horseback. Mages flew in the air, and the novices marched on without a break.

The feeling of watching the sculptures standing on the vast land of the Garnav Plain from the distance!

“The festival!”

“Let’s have a beer first and play all day. I’m not going to sleep tonight!”

The plain was packed full of the crowd of people enjoying the festival. The ground itself seemed to shake whenever they stomped their feet and shouted out in excitement.

In addition to the lavish assortment of food which every single merchant of the Northern Continent had been mobilized to prepare, this festival also offered entertainment through music and dance in a gigantic scale. Not only did most of the bards from the Northern Continent come to join, famous singers and bands in the real world also arrived to play.

“Go crazy, people! Let’s make the whole Versailles Continent shake!”

To many well-known bands from various countries, this festival was the greatest event in the history of music. The place where so many people from across the globe had gathered together — it was

a great opportunity to promote their music and meet new fans. Every day, from early morning until past midnight the Garnav Plain was filled with a constant stream of music.

“I’m really surprised at the Arpen Kingdom’s financial capability.”

“I know, right? How did they make preparations for all this? I never knew they had such competence.”

In fact, even Weed and Mapan had not expected such an extent of success. It had been their plan to postpone the date of the battle and make a massive amount of profit by selling food and drinks to the gathering crowd, but it was thanks to the people who assembled to lend aid and serve their individual roles that their scheme was bearing fruit.

“Someone’s selling the Crimson Blood Sword!”

“Wow, I thought that sword costs almost 10 million gold?”

“Well, we couldn’t use it anyway, since its level requirement is 520 or more.”

The users from the Central Continent also kept bringing food, beverages and trade goods, so markets were quickly being set up.

“Weapon repairs! 3 gold only!”

“Clothing repair specialist over here. We can fix missing buttons and repair sleeves perfectly! Excellent attention to detail! Also, laundries are ready to be collected after a day.”

“Wow. Everything’s so cheap in the North.”

“The taxes there are lower than the Haven Empire.”

“The Empire has also lowered the taxes quite a bit, but it still can’t compare to the Northern Continent.”

The energy radiating from the northern users!

Although they were latecomers to Royal Road, their vigorous

spirit and affection towards the Versailles Continent were greater than anyone. And that energy was spreading among the users from the Central Continent as well.

“This place... is really amazing.”

“Feeling the atmosphere here, I’m beginning to think I was an idiot for not siding with the Arpen Kingdom earlier.”

“Well, now is not too late. I’m going to get everything packed up and move to live in the Arpen Kingdom.”

“But if they win this battle, the whole Central Continent may become part of the Arpen Kingdom anyway.”

“That doesn’t sound too bad either.”

“I really need to visit Puhol Water Park. I mean, there might be other places like it built in the Central Continent later, but Puhol will still be the first of its kind.”

In the market, people were selling various goods such as items they didn’t need but had not been able to dispose of, or some high quality weapons and gears. The equipment on sale covered a wide range of users from novices under level 100 to elite users in their 500s, and there were innumerable many different kinds of magical materials and ingredients as well.

The items that had been sold the most were those that were for levels between 200 and 350.

“The levels of those Northern users are higher than I expected.”

“Yes, quite a lot of users are over level 200. I think they’re growing even faster than when we first started the game.”

“Probably because there’s no restriction for them on using the hunting grounds, and they say there are a lot of monsters in the North, too.”

The users who made a satisfactory amount of money in the market came back to join the festival to eat and enjoy themselves

fully, and the money they spent attracted even more goods and merchants.

Although Weed had initially proposed to delay the date of the battle for 15 days, a lot of users wished it would be longer than that; a whole month of preparation period before the battle would have brought an even bigger crowd to the Garnav Plain.

A grand meeting was taking place whereby most of the users scattered across all parts of the Versailles Continent were gathering together. Along with the great festival continuing day and night, things were equally busy in the construction site of the giant sculptures. It seemed as though all the architects in existence had flocked in to participate, and there was a fierce competition between various construction companies that had staked their fame and honor on this project.

Clang-clang-clang!

They hammered, broke things into pieces, and stacked them up. Every step of the building process was advancing with extreme speed, and nobody was overly concerned about safety. To pile up the stones even higher, people climbed up the height of the statues so precariously it looked like they were scaling up a cliff.

“Aaaaaaargh!!!”

One user was screaming, falling from the height of 500 meters. The mages nearby immediately chanted an incantation.

“Quick Flight!”

The spell of flying was cast, and the falling user rose into the air again.

“Thank you!”

“You’re welcome.”

With everyone bulldozing through to construct more statues, the focus of the project had long been a competition of quantity rather

than efficiency.

“We Toadstool Porridge squad shouldn’t just stand idle, as the vanguard of the Grass Porridge.”

“You’re right. Let’s make a big, beautiful mushroom statue.”

“People of the Crab Porridge unit! Let us also carve a majestic-looking crab sculpture together!”

Each porridge group of the Grass Porridge Cult was burning in great passion. In a corner, there was another collection of users clad in pitch black robes.

“Shouldn’t we Loach Porridge unit build a sculpture to represent our group as well?”

“Kukuku. Just one is not enough. We should make a whole den of insects...”

“How about creating a bug?”

“Tentacles, antennas, fine hair... what else?”

“Squashy Wiggler gave all of us a great shock when it first made its appearance. I know it was Weed-nim’s work, but could we attempt to make something like that by ourselves?”

“Yeah, let’s give it a try. Whatever we make, we’ll put some real effort into it. But it’s a shame to not make any use of that Squashy Wiggler.”

“Well, Earthworm Porridge squad said they are going to make a Squashy Wiggler.”

“Earthworm Porridge and Loach Porridge units are allies. We should respect their decision then.”

In one corner of the Garnav Plain, some of the most unspeakably imposing insects were being created. The Loach Porridge unit had a surprisingly wide network of social connections, and they wanted to instigate the society’s reappraisal on the values of insects. Many experts of various related fields were invited to craft

the greatest insects on earth.

Construction work was taking place even under the ground of the Garnav Plain.

“Sculpting? When it comes to any skill that needs dexterity of hands, we dwarves are second to none!”

“Once we start displaying our abilities, those humans... ahem.”

“Let’s craft our works out of steel, rather than stones.”

“Sounds great.”

They had dug their way deep underground and began their work there.

The masters of craftsmanship, possessing blacksmithing skills of advanced level or higher!

There were quite a lot of dwarves with intermediate skill level as well, and they created sculptures by pouring the boiling molten metal into shape.

The news of Emperor Geihar’s decision to take part in the coming war had already been delivered through broadcast.

“Once bestowed with life, they will be unleashed freely upon the world. That would be a magnificent sight to behold.”

“The dwarf race had exerted very little influence in the Versailles Continent, but those humans wouldn’t be able to keep up with our crafting skills.”

The painters were especially busy, as their job was to add colors to the several-hundred-meters-tall sculptures once their construction was completed. They had to be deployed to many different sites that needed some coloring job done, and they were making some paints and color dyes by themselves.

Everything was extremely hectic in the Garnav Plain with the festival and construction work running simultaneously. And one of the largest crowd the world had ever witnessed had gathered

together to do their part in this grand project.

Chaser the Adventurer!

In preparation for the upcoming battle in the Garnav Plain, he had been travelling around the continent.

“Are there any legends or hidden stories about the Garnav Plain?”

As there wasn't much an adventurer could do in a battlefield, he was carrying out an investigation in the hope of finding anything that can help.

“It is an abandoned land.”

“There's nothing but overgrown weeds, since there's no human living there.”

“It's the homeland of horses. Strong wild horses are often seen prancing about that plain.”

Although there were few people who knew much about the Garnav Plain, he managed to obtain a clue in the Britten Region, quite far away from the place, from a sage named Sir Donard whom Chaser had regularly offered food and drinks to maintain a friendly relation.

“A long time ago, the Garnav Plain was the place upon which the kingdom of Paldan was founded.”

“The kingdom of Paldan?”

“During the Warring Age, the Paldan Kingdom insisted on maintaining peace, but ended up being thoroughly destroyed by the joint attack from other kingdoms.”

“I see.”

“For some time, the plain was haunted by the ghosts left by that ruined kingdom, which was why it was abandoned by people. It is

said that if you bring an object that belonged to the lost kingdom of Paldan, you can meet those ghosts even today, although I'm not sure if there is any point at all in such an encounter."

Even a whole month of time was not enough for an adventure; a large-scaled adventure, especially, could require as long as several months to complete, so Chaser decided to seek for help from the adventurers guild.

– Subject: Need information about the Kingdom of Paldan

Hello, I am Chaser, an adventurer.

I'm currently carrying out some research on the Paldan Kingdom in order to find a way to contribute as an adventurer to the battle in the Garnav Plain.

If you have any information regarding this matter, please share it with me.

In just an hour, comments made by countless users flooded in.

– The population during its prime days is estimated to be 1.48 millions. Targul was the name of the king.

– I also set off on an adventure related to the Paldan Kingdom before, but it still remains uncompleted. The city has completely disappeared without any trace. So far as I know, it sank into the ground by an earthquake.

– There's a small side road that branches out from the Balten Gorge. At the end of that path there's a cave leading underground, and once through that cave you'll be able to find the last vestiges of the Paldan Kingdom.

– Oh, I didn't realize there's such a clever solution...

– This discovery hasn't even been reported by anyone yet. I hope it helps, even just a little.

– Where are you at the moment, Chaser-nim? I'm at the Stage No. 35 right now because I'm waiting for a friend to have dinner

together, and I have an insignia of the Paldan Royal Knights with me.

– Do you need any guide for your trip? I’m well acquainted with the area around here. I can lead you to anywhere you want very quickly.

– Hi, I’m an audience watching the Stage No. 35 right now. Is it alright if I take the insignia of the royal knights and bring it to you? I’m a ranger over level 400, so I’d be able to move pretty quickly if I ride on a horse.

With the cooperation of the adventurers guild as well as the help from some users of the Grass Porridge Cult, Chaser was able to shorten the time taken for his adventure dramatically. Some pieces of information or clues obtained in other regions were quickly resolved as well.

Chaser found the ruin of the ancient city.

– We crave for blood, to quell our thirst for revenge!

“I think we’ll be able to provide that as much as you want. There’s going to be a war taking place in the Garnav Plain!”

– A war upon our old homeland. Has the time finally come to free ourselves from this fate of blood?

“Yes. Whatever you want.”

Although it was not some decisive force that could change the outcome of the battle, Chaser still managed to recruit 50 thousands ghost soldiers of the Paldan Royal Army.

Miretas the farmer.

Looking at the sight of the Garnav Plain bustling with the ongoing festival and construction, he was feeling quite lost.

“There are too many people here... it would be difficult to sow the seeds on the ground.”

It would not be wise to dismiss him because of his profession as a farmer; he was able to plant terrible man-eating trees which can be used in the battle. Those plants even had the capacity to grow, bear fruits and spread their seeds further. The problem was that in order to germinate and grow, the seeds required sunlight, fertilizers, water and time, and if he sowed the seeds of those killer trees here, they would blindly devour any passersby as they grew.

“But I need those well-grown plants to fight against the Haven Empire...”

With a troubled heart, Miretas dined on the lamb skewers in a pub set up in the festival site.

“And why are these skewers so damn good?”

He diligently put more lamb meat into his mouth. Working as a farmer often raised one’s appetite.

“Kuahh. This is excellent!”

Just as when he reached out his hand towards the last lamb skewer on the plate, he caught the eyes of an elf who seemed to be just as deeply occupied with gulping down his skewered lamb meat.

“Eh?”

“Miratas-nim?”

An elf named Spuniker. He was another high ranker and a famous user of Royal Road. Something of a celebrity of the message board, his posts containing information of the game helped a countless number of novice users.

“Here, another serving of lamb skewers coming right in!”

The cook brought a large plate of skewers and placed it on the table. Miretas realized that, although he hadn’t recognized the cook earlier because of the blazing fires in the kitchen obscuring his face, that this was in fact Elkgoon, who is said to be striving to

become a master chef.

“Oh, I didn’t expect to see such famous faces in one place.”

“Yes, it’s great to meet you both.”

“I hope you are enjoying the food?”

The three of them had known one another for some time.

Miretas himself was a highly reputed user as one of the most prominent figures leading the agricultural industry of Royal Road, and ever since he moved to the Northern Continent, the gross farm output of the region had increased sharply. Elkgoon, who met a lot of customers in his restaurant, was an equally famous person. The cuisines prepared by him often induced much admiration and awe from those who ate them, so whenever a special menu made from some rare ingredients was offered in his restaurant, people commonly waited as long as a few days to have a taste of it. Spuniker had once procured several precious seeds, fruits and grasses for both of them.

Miretas grinned.

“It looks like we have all come here to fight the Haven Empire.”

Elkgoon walked out from the kitchen with his apron on.

“I suppose so, although there’s not much I can do except for cooking.”

“I assume you are preparing some special food for the occasion?”

“A few blacksmiths are making a supersized cauldron so that I can cook a hundred thousand portions of grass porridge at once.”

With the help of some blacksmiths and mages, Elkgoon was making arrangements to ensure that those who participate in the battle would be provided with a hot meal.

“I’m preparing a menu that will increase the user’s maximum stamina and life force.”

Spuniker, however, tipped his head to one side as if he couldn't quite understand.

“But... it wouldn't make much difference with most of the users on our side being novices, would it? I'm sorry to say this, but against the Imperial Army... the effect of the food wouldn't give much advantage to them.”

“They would probably not be able to endure the enemy attacks much longer just by consuming this food, that's true. But don't you think people will feel much better if they could at least have a hot, delicious meal before going to battle? Some say cooking is an art that is all about putting your true heart and devotion into the food; like that saying, a meal is not just for sating one's hunger, but for making one feel happier by eating it.”

Elkgoon's story made a deep impression on the minds of Miretas and Spuniker. In the Central Continent, people had been regarded as nothing but subjects for exploitation or expendables. One of the reasons behind the rapid growth of the Arpen Kingdom would be the fact that it always showed respect and affection for its people.

Miretas thought that now was a good time for disclosing his worries to the other two.

“I myself am also hoping to help in any way I can during the war, so I'm preparing to grow some plants. But it turned out to be a more difficult task than I expected as there are so many people coming and going in the Garnav Plain, on top of the large construction site for the sculptures.”

“That's too bad...”

Spuniker and Elkgoon put their heads together to think of a solution.

“How strong are those killer plants?”

“I don't know exactly. I have never used those plants for the purpose of fighting before.”

“I guess they need a large area of land to grow?”

“Yes. As I understand it, those plants need to be kept at least several meters apart from one another while they are being raised. Otherwise they’ll attempt to hurt each other.”

“Hmm.”

After a while, Spuniker came up with an idea.

“I’ll inform the Pointy Ears Association about this. They might be able to help.”

The largest novice community of the elven races.

Spuniker sent them an inquiry as to whether they would be able to provide some aid, and quickly received their response.

– GreenTree: This is the president of Pointed Ears Association. Some Wood Elf volunteers have expressed their willingness to help cultivate the special killer plants.

Elves had a natural talent in growing flowers and trees even if they were not farmers. With the cooperation from the Wood elves, the plan for raising terrifying killer plants was now ready to be executed.

Chapter 5 - A Hidden Weapon (Part 4)

Fabio and Herman.

Whenever these two dwarves looked at each other, this was what they thought:

‘I’m better than him.’

‘Anyone would say that the quality of my swords is far more excellent than his.’

Although both of them were old enough to be treated like adults wherever they went, the competitive spirit deep within their hearts burned like an erupting volcano.

Fabio and Herman decided to go to the Garnav Plain together.

‘This war sounds interesting. And we’ll be able to determine who the best blacksmith is once and for all in front of the whole crowd.’

‘A true Master Blacksmith should do their part in the war. The warriors who are equipped with the gears from my workshop will be able to exert their full power.’

But quite opposite to their innermost feelings, outwardly they behaved as if they were the closest friends.

“How are things going?”

“Well, there’s nothing much going on nowadays... just spending my evening with beer every day. How about you, Fabio-nim?”

“I’ve also been busy making merry. We’ve worked so hard for a long time; it doesn’t hurt to enjoy life a little.”

They had a friendly conversation with smile on their faces, but even the war between the Arpen Kingdom and the Haven Empire was not the top item on their lists of priority.

‘I will create the greatest sword of the continent.’

‘Through my effort and passion, I will forge a sword of the Gods

as such the people will think of themselves as fortunate if they can just behold it once.'

They continued this cordial chat and maintained their false nonchalance as they travelled together. During the entire trip to the Garnav Plain, both of them were dying to do some work with their hammer but they forcefully restrained themselves from doing so, because neither of them would be able to stand the feeling of defeat if they submitted to their competitive spirit and started making swords while their rival was being so relaxed and composed.

"This apple is delicious."

"The strawberries melt in my mouth, too."

The two dwarves walked on, stopping to pick an apple from time to time. As their legs were shorter than those of human, it took them a while to arrive at the Garnav Plain. They got out of their smithies so rarely that they wasted a considerable amount of time wandering about a wrong road, which also contributed to their delay.

"Beer Porridge, Soju Porridge! Come gather over here! We're having a head-on match against the Wine Porridge squad!"

"Anyone seen where Azalea Porridge unit is? Please give me directions!"

"I'm selling red peanuts. Freshly roasted red peanuts for just one silver!"

There were already an innumerable number of users gathered in the Garnav Plain. Although it was difficult for the two dwarves to see the whole view due to their short bodies, they could simply feel that the whole plain was covered with humans. They were having meetings in smaller groups, eating and drinking to their heart's content while frolicking and dancing with others. The huge sculptures towering over them far in the distance like mountains

looked almost majestic.

‘How on earth have they done all this... exactly how many sculptures are there, and in what scale?’

‘I’ve seen them on the broadcast, but they look even more magnificent in person. I wished to have joined earlier.’

‘I would’ve arrived earlier if I hadn’t bumped into Herman on the way...’

‘I could have run all the way to here if it hadn’t been for this senior Fabio... Heck, I would’ve even clung to the back of a carriage to come faster.’

They turned to face each other and smiled.

“There’s not much to see, now that I’m actually here.”

“Well, I guess that’s often the case with things. Once you come all the way to see something in person, it’s just nothing. Yet all this fuss...”

“So that restaurant is famous? I don’t understand what’s so great about that place to have people wait in a queue. Tut tut.”

“I couldn’t agree more. It’s just a meal, to fill your belly.”

The two dwarves were stubbornly refusing to speak out their mind, as their dignity didn’t allow it.

‘I want to eat there. I’m hungry.’

‘Ugh... I’ve come so far and I can’t even have some delicious food?’

Still, they were eager to see the rest of the festival site, so they moved their short legs quickly and walked around.

“The technique of those dwarf blacksmiths is indeed remarkable.”

“Wow, look at that skill! They’re forming the sculptures right as they pour that molten iron. This construction wouldn’t have been

so easy without them.”

Fabio and Herman walked towards the direction from which they could hear the talks about blacksmiths. Thousands of dwarves were working together there.

“That’s the sign of the smithy in Ekverin.”

“Looks like Bamby’s here, too.”

Many famous dwarf blacksmiths from Kuroso were hammering various pieces of weapons and armors into shape. Some were making shovels and carts, and users came to buy them as soon as they were completed.

“Thank you, dwarf-nim.”

“No problem.”

Anywhere outside Thor, it was near impossible for several thousand dwarves to gather in one place, yet there were more than one such meeting place of dwarven master craftsmen scattered across the Garnav Plain. With so many users assembled and the preparation for the war underway, there was no time for a break for those dwarf masters.

“Hmm.”

“Ahem, hem...”

Fabio and Herman were itching to step forward.

Master Blacksmiths!

Their shoulders automatically stiffened with pride, as they knew they were among the few who had realized the ultimate dream of every dwarf.

They wanted to boast their accomplishment, but were reluctant to do so before anyone acknowledges them.

“Master Fabio, is that you?”

“Herman-nim?”

Before long, several dwarves recognized them.

“Oh. It’s really them!”

“It’s usually extremely difficult to meet them in person, yet here they are!”

“Senior Fabio! Is it true that you have become a Master Blacksmith?”

“Herman-nim, could you please demonstrate your skills just a little? I’d like to see how you handle molten metal. No, let’s start from how you start a fire!”

Other dwarf blacksmiths, who looked like mere apprentices needing many years of hammering ahead of them to the eyes of Master Blacksmiths, swarmed in to talk to them.

A moment had come at last to gratify their ego.

A smile slowly dawned on the faces of Fabio and Herman.

The orcs had arrived at the Garnav Plain.

“Chhhwiiiickk.”

“Chhwiiit!”

The thick smell of delicious food entered the orcs’ nostrils full of sweat and dust.

“This is paradise, Chhwiiit!”

“Tha, that’s food over there. Chhhwiichhhwiit!”

“Chwiiiiieeck!! I will eat it all!”

“Chwichwichhhwiit.”

Various kinds of orcs, large and small, joined the festival in Garnav Plain. The orc lords had a chance to meet separately in a tent and have a glass of beer in a quiet place.

“Wrong choice of race. Chwieet!”

“I’m so sick of those orcs. Chwiiekk!”

“Always hungry. Chwik. And all they do is whine about wanting to fight more... Chwichwiet!”

While other users were interested in enjoying adventure, hunting or recreation, these orc lords were different.

‘We will have countless many orcs under our command. And they will march across the plain. [The whole world will belong to orcs.](#)’

There was just no sport in hunting individually or as a party. They swept whole dungeons with hundreds of orc warriors. And if that wasn’t enough, they could simply unleash thousands more.

The charge of an army of roaring orcs — that would be every orc lord’s ultimate fantasy.

This aspect of the orcs was also part of the influence Weed had left on people during his time as Karichwi the orc, but this was only the good side.

Orcs’ bodies normally stank, which was quite natural considering how rarely they took a bath despite the fact that they sweated a lot. Even if one could get over the smell problem, there was the issue of their undying appetite. The second after they had a meal they wanted more, and even if you fed an orc until its belly was threatening to burst, it will still try to have more food. On top of it, they did not enjoy vegetarian diet, and persistently searched for meat.

“Beer. Nice. Chwiitt!”

“Foaming stuff. Foams, foams. Chwiissk!”

Ever since they had had a taste of Morata beer, they had demanded for more of it every day.

Fresh meat, and a glass of beer.

The orc lords eradicated the monsters appearing in the outer

regions of the Arpen Kingdom with their orc army. They had secured a vast territory and many spoils of war, but most of the profit had to be spent on food products and weapons. Orcs complained that they were starving when hunting was not going well, and when hunting WAS going well, they complained that they wanted some decent quality food. And they were quite fond of shining new weapons, too.

The orc lords often spent their time regretting their choice of race when they were not engaged in a battle. Even so, they had to admit that orc was too fascinating a race to give up; the joy of roaming about the vast continent with tens of thousands of orc warriors under their banner was something only an orc could feel. The untamed life in the wild, and the pleasure of sinking your hard teeth into fresh, raw meat... Orcs could sleep in a rocky mountain, and explore the unknown land across rough and difficult terrains. Along with the help from the adventurers, the contribution of orcs was a critical factor in the border expansion and territory stabilization of the Arpen Kingdom.

“Kukukukukuchwiitt!!”

Galch, a successful orc lord, brought no less than 4.6 million warriors to the Garnav Plain. He was a man of such great popularity that he had a separate interview for broadcast, and he did not hide his delight to receive the news of the coming battle.

“For the Arpen Kingdom. I fight. Chwitt!”

“Yes, let’s have an epic battle. Chwiittt!”

The orc lords decided to think about a battle strategy together to fight more effectively.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Everyone was silently sipping from their glass of beer, as if their

brains also turned into those of orcs.

“Chhwikk.”

There was occasional snorting, too.

The problem was, of course, that the orc lords had never used any battle strategies other than full frontal assault.

The Royal Club!

An unofficial society in the Versailles Continent, but which had strict conditions for accepting new members: in order to become a member of this club, one needed to own at least three trillion won's worth of property between himself and his family in the real world.

“It seems like this battle in the Garnav Plain might even affect our fate.”

“Tsk. The Hermes Guild is not as competent as we thought.”

“Well, our expectations might have been simply too high from the beginning. These minor issues will only add to the fun, don't you think?”

“I suppose.”

The users of the Royal Club were either the lords of some regions, or equipped with rare and fancy gears. Even to these men of wealth, the Versailles Continent was as close to a paradise as it could be. After a few days of using the game as a vacation spot while enjoying the clear air and the restful landscape, they would be filled with other kinds of ambitions. Sometimes they wanted to explore the vast and perilous continent full of mystery, and other times they felt a compulsion to engage themselves in a fierce battle against monsters. The energetic atmosphere of cities bustling with numerous users made their hearts pound with excitement, and the pleasure of feeling the improved physical capacities whenever they

leveled up was equally thrilling.

‘I want to become stronger, faster than anyone else.’

‘I want to make a big accomplishment. A man of my status shouldn’t have an ordinary life in this world.’

Royal Road was the new rising trend among the wealthy class; gone were the days when they all devoted their time and enthusiasm to golf.

Based on their wealth in real life, the club had been making regular deals with the Hermes Guild. Weapons, armors, hunting grounds, cities and mercenaries — there was an endless variety of things that they could get, depending only on their desire. And the users of the Royal Club did not want the Hermes Guild to be destroyed.

“A crisis can always turn into an opportunity. The Hermes Guild has recently made an inquiry on our interest in investment... it seems they need a lot of money due to the cost of war.”

“And what will we get in exchange for our investment?”

“The cities in the North.”

“That doesn’t sound like a bad deal.”

The several hundred wealthy users of the Royal Club decided to make a large-scale investment in the Hermes Guild.

Boemong, the giant knight leader of the order of Crimson Knights, assembled the forces under his command.

“That’s a huge number.”

The army that gathered in the front courtyard of Borgo Castle alone consisted of two thousand knights and five thousand soldiers. On top of that, he had recruited mercenaries to increase that number further to twenty thousand.

“More importantly, they are not some ragtag band of idiots pretending to be soldiers. They will easily wipe out an army of 500 000.” said Bess, the vice-captain, smiling confidently.

One benefit of occupying the central continent was that they could conscript more soldiers or hire mercenaries at any time. Although it cost some money, within the Central Continent that had been through countless wars there were many forces that they could recruit as part of their army.

“Now, all there is left to do is to win.”

“Of course.”

Boemong recalled the earlier agreement among other lords and rankers of the Hermes Guild to bring their military forces together. If it had been a long-term war, even the Hermes Guild wouldn't have been able to maintain the size of its army due to the tremendous expense. But for a single battle, they could expand their military forces as much as they wanted.

And they will rake in every last troops in the Central Continent.

“This is going to be a showdown. It's an incredibly precious opportunity for us.”

“Kukuku. Weed has made a colossally stupid mistake this time.”

There were a lot of users in the Hermes Guild who were eagerly awaiting the upcoming war just like Boemong.

[Lancelot](#), the lord of the Vroner Castle.

Once the commander-in-chief of the Haven Imperial Army tasked with the conquest of the North, he had now lost his position among the inner circle of the Empire. He did not attend the meetings for the heads of the Hermes Guild, and hardly ever visited Aren Castle.

“Revenge. I will have my victory by any means necessary.”

Ever since he was defeated by Weed, Lancelot had been sharpening his sword for the moment of vengeance, grinding his teeth in rage.

Hunting, and only hunting! He fought monsters and won. Sometimes he had to suffer a drop in his level and skill proficiencies caused by an occasional death, but he could put up with it. He could have chosen a life of wealth and comfort as a great lord, but he only obsessed about hunting.

“I will kill Weed with my own hands.”

Lancelot was even delighted whenever the Hermes Guild was defeated, because this way people would forget about his failure to conquer the North, and the thrill of finally taking his revenge on Weed would be even greater.

After the date of the battle in the Garnav Plain was decided, Lancelot felt that the day of his vengeance was drawing near.

“Assemble the entire troops in the castle.”

Vroner Castle had been in the state of war for some time. As its entire capital had been spent on the training of army, in no time there were forty thousand soldiers ready and waiting for orders.

Draka!

A powerful user who was currently ranked in the 6th place of Royal Road.

“A war is what I’ve been waiting for!”

He once led the Haven Imperial Army in the conquest of the Northern Continent as well. His powerful army took over the territory of the Arpen Kingdom little by little and reached the Earth Palace, but a series of absurd events took place. He had to face the resurrected warrior Hestiger, and his army was slaughtered when the Earth Palace itself collapsed upon them.

“So they’ve built the palace on top of a mountain... to prepare for an occasion like this?!”

He was defeated by a method that no military strategist or tacticians would have been able to predict. Even so, his army was powerful enough to equally match against the enemy despite all those misfortunes.

While rebuilding his army with the help of his colleagues, Draka had been waiting, in order to pay back for the one and only defeat in his entire life.

“I will wipe them all out. I will show them what real power is.”

The Kallamore region.

Evaluk Castle, ruled by Dain, was crowded with users.

“This place is pretty liveable.”

“Yeah, it’s not too bad, although I often feel angry whenever I think of the Hermes Guild.”

With the technology and commerce of Evaluk Castle increasing frighteningly fast, the users were happy — it was the only land in the Kallamore region where they could afford to have some hope.

However, as Evaluk Castle was making a rapid progress, Dain also received the draft call issued by the Hermes Guild.

– Assemble all of your troops and set off to the Garnav Plain.

“...”

For some time Dain considered rejecting this order, but in the end she concluded that she had no choice but to follow it.

‘I’ve received too much from this guild.’

Even though her tie with Weed had not led to any deeper relationship, it was still very precious to her. However, as long as she belonged to the Hermes Guild, she couldn’t betray it either.

‘I’ll just have to hope that he will understand my situation even if we fight each other.’

Dain decided to participate in the war along with her army. When she started to recruit soldiers, a surprisingly large number of users came to Evaluk Castle to sign up.

“We should at least save the face of our kind castellan, shouldn’t we?”

“Yeah, it looks like that Hermes Guild is already quite displeased with her because of what she’s done for us. So let’s fight for her this time.”

“But the Arpen Kingdom is also on the side of the users. All the accomplishments of Weed, especially, had all been for people of this world.”

“That’s true, but we still need to think about how much Lord Dain has given to us.”

“Yes, we shouldn’t abandon our loyalty.”

As the users of the Kallamore Region gathered, Dain’s troops amounted to a number greater than 200 thousand. Most of the common users were those who had sided with the Haven Empire.

The original sentence in Korean directly translates to “The whole world shall turn into orcs.” I do not know what exactly the author means by it, so I chose to change it slightly.

This name was wrongly translated Rensullot instead of Lancelot in previous translations. Vol 32 Ch 10: “The elite members of the Hermes Guild led their knights and troops into the other kingdoms. From now on, they didn’t care about revealing the hidden power they built up to the other kingdoms. And a battalion of 70,000 troops led by Rensullot moved towards the Arpen Kingdom.”

Chapter 6 - Myul Visit (Part 1)

[Myul!](#)

As the leader of the Griffon Knights, he silently snuck into the Garnav Plain as the day of the battle got closer.

< You used fairies' disguise cream. >

He applied the special fairies' cream that subtly altered the shape of his face and the color of his skin. It was an expensive item that cost one thousand Gold per bottle, but he had a few bottles that he had once bought just for fun. He wanted to visit the Garnav Plain in person, to see the sight of the land bustling with the crowd and the ongoing festival.

“Hello, we are Chicken Porridge squad. Please come and try our porridge.”

“Cockles Porridge group here. We've put both fried cockles and seasoned cockles in the porridge.”

“Ahem. I'm from Whale Porridge. Why don't you have a bite, if you haven't had lunch yet?”

The moment Myul approached the Garnav Plain, several users came to surround him.

‘H-how on earth did they know it's me?’

At first he was startled, thinking that people had seen through his disguise, but fortunately those users were just the porridge promotion staff of the Grass Porridge Cult.

Myul, while slightly flustered, asked:

“Uh... so, how much is the porridge?”

“Um, it's all free.”

“These are just samples, so we don't take any money.”

There had been a lot of users who had rushed to the Garnav Plain

in a great hurry from all across the Continent. Most of them had run all the way after they arrived at a point that was around a day's travel from the plain, without even stopping to have a meal. For those users, each group of the Grass Porridge Cult had decided to form a porridge promotion unit which would provide some free food.

Excluding a few unusual cases such as Loach Porridge or Stone Porridge, many skilled chefs from each group had joined the promotion unit as there was a competition to produce the best-tasting porridge of all.

Myul took a bowl of chicken porridge first, as it was his most preferred kind.

“Whoa. It’s really delicious! Very savory.”

< Your stamina has been recovered.

Your strength will be temporarily increased by 3 points. >

The bonus increase in stats aside, what was far more incredible was the excellent taste of the porridge that filled his mouth the moment he put the spoon in.

“Hehehe. Chicken porridge is indeed the best, right? Everyone likes it.”

The Chicken Porridge member smiled proudly. It was the result of more than a thousand cooks researching together to find the most optimized recipe possible.

“Try our porridge this time!”

< You have consumed a warm bowl of cockle porridge.

By eating a dish that has been prepared through skills and kind heart, your luck has been permanently increased by 1 point. >

All other kinds of porridge were also well worth having a taste. A

smile appeared on Myul's face, whose stomach was now full with various grass porridges.

“Thank you. But I cannot help but feel guilty for having all this excellent food for free.”

“Would you like to make a donation, then?”

“A donation?”

“We have a collection box. This is part of the Versailles Continent Happiness Donation, with the purpose of supporting the war effort for the coming battle or helping novice users in general. We're not forcing anyone to make a contribution, so don't worry if you'd rather not pay.”

The collection boxes for this donation campaign, which had been founded by the Grass Porridge Cult, could be found in every city and town square of the Arpen Kingdom. For the convenience of the donators, some were even placed in government offices, castle gates and famous hunting grounds.

Making contributions was entirely up to the free will of the donators, and there were many users who benefitted from it. The collected money was used to lend basic equipment for cheap prices to the users who had just started playing Royal Road. If the novices showed a rapid progress and reached level 50, they could further rent more advanced gears without paying any interest for the first 3 months, no questions asked. Houses were built in the shantytowns and sold to those who needed them with dirt-cheap prices, and help was given to the inexperienced farmers whose crops were ruined or merchants who suffered heavy losses, due to disasters or monster assaults.

The Happiness Donation box to rescue those who were going through a difficult and desperate time!

There was just one small issue: nobody knew exactly who the manager of those collection boxes was. Some said that they

belonged to Mapan Store, and others claimed that [Saint Lemon](#) herself managed the boxes. A few more skeptical people spread the rumor that the caretaker of those collected money was in fact Weed's back pocket, but it was met with fierce refutation from those who saying that he would never do such a thing.

Myul nodded his head gladly.

“How much should I pay for donation?”

“There's no ‘correct’ amount. Even if you give just 1 Copper, it's the thought that counts.”

“Ah. I see.”

Myul put 100 Gold into the collection box, as his high prestige demanded.

‘Looks like they are working for the good of the Arpen Kingdom... this amount should be fine.’

Passing through the entrance to the Garnav Plain, he walked towards the location where the festival was taking place. He was not intending to join the people in the sculpture construction site; he didn't come all the way here only to do more physical work.

‘I hear music.’

Driring! Drrriririring!

In the festival site, there were more than three thousand bards playing their instruments. In the centre of that crowd of minstrels was another bard: Marey! The music led by him turned into a wild storm that flooded into the vast land.

♪♪♪ We sing

of victory, of glory, of love and future.

With a cheerful, merry heart,

with the courage we possess, we rise. ♪♪♪

♪♪♪ You, who sculpted the stars,

assembled the grounds,
and lead the people onwards... ♪♪♪

Marey was playing a harp. After he took the lead with his harp first, the rest of the bards playing all sorts of instruments followed in response, forming a giant harmony.

Myul thought he was beginning to understand how it feels to have music make his whole body tremble. The sound of the instruments, as intense and destructive as a fight in battlefield, and the sweet, gentle notes resembling a confession of love, mingled with the bard's singing.

♪♪♪ The footsteps ahead, the traces of greatness,
put a warm smile on the faces of those
who follow them, hand in hand. ♪♪♪
♪♪♪ You who wishes to dream,
do not be afraid to answer the call of fate,
for we are not alone,
and will walk this path together. ♪♪♪

Whenever the music went on to the next movement, it felt as though he was experiencing the passing of spring, summer, fall and winter compressed into an instant. The fact that this piece was being played by more than three thousand bards together was in itself amazing, but Marey's play had the power to call forth real wind and rain... A performance that could summon large raindrops through music!

'I've never seen anything like this before. This is not an ordinary performance skill... maybe it's a Special Skill of Bards?'

The Bard Special Skill that was revealed to the world for the first time by Marey; it was Music in the Wilderness, a skill that could be used to perform in front of a large audience in an open, expansive place. The power of music ultimately relied on sound; one could

not fully appreciate the music if they couldn't hear it properly due to them being too far from the source. The Music in the Wilderness skill provided the audience with the crystal clear sound quality they would have if they were each wearing a set of extremely expensive, high-performance headphones. On top of that, by using this skill the performer could also conjure any stage effects they wanted such as lighting and rainstorm; they could even strike somebody in the audience with a bolt of lightning.

A rumbling sound of thunder, then... BOOM!! Massive cracks of lightning struck across the sky, and dark clouds gathered, blocking off the sunshine. The power and intensity of this skill was determined by the performer's affinity to nature, but this magical sight created by the bards was in itself magnificent to behold. As long as the bards kept on singing and playing, Music in the Wilderness would dominate the entire area. And there were currently three thousand bards all playing their instruments and harmonizing with Marey's performance.

Marey and the rest of the bards raised their heads and let the falling raindrops splash on their faces.

♪♪♪ Sing!

Sing even louder!

You, who listen to the sound of forming wind,

the clear drops of water,

and the great tremor of the land... ♪♪♪

♪♪♪ Your pulsing souls burst

and shake the whole world. ♪♪♪

♪♪♪ Sing!

Raise your eyes and behold.

Let us all march in unison.

You, the people who share this time of miracle! ♪♪♪

As the bards' performance was coming to an end, the clouds began to clear. At the same time, the rainstorm stopped and the sun came out again to shine brilliantly, perhaps as a natural course of an effective stage directing.

The audience who had been completely mesmerized by the music also came to themselves. They soon noticed the land was full of beautiful flowers with various colors and shapes that had just sprouted out from the ground, which was yet another gift presented to them by the performers; a miracle that turned the whole area within the sound's reach into a flower bed. To perform this one piece of music, all of the bards including Marey himself had completely depleted their mana.

“Bravo!”

“It's amazing!”

The audience rose from their seats on the ground in a thunderous round of applause. Marey and the bards were filled with the overflowing joy from having played such a fantastic and thrilling piece.

< You have completed your interpretation of the Song of Courage.

A total of 812,239 people have listened to your music.

You have set a new record for the largest audience in the continent!

You have managed to elicit astoundingly positive reactions and praises from the audience. Currently 810,988 people have joined in a standing ovation.

Playful fairies and spirits are staring into space dazedly, utterly enraptured. They seemed to have forgotten to even complain and chafe at everything as they were so wont to do. >

A message board popped up for Marey and the other bards;

during usual street performances, bards were able to check their increased fame and skill proficiencies immediately after they finished a song. In case of a large-scale concert such as this, the amount of fame, stats and skill proficiencies they could gain depended on the reaction of the crowd.

Clap, clap, clap!

“This is such a moving song.”

“This is the most unforgettable piece of music I’ve heard in my whole life.”

“Bravo!”

The acclamations and praises had been continuing for more than ten minutes. Even as they stood to shower in the cheers of the crowd and confirm the success of their music, they felt a hot wave of emotion welling up in their heart.

‘Yes, this is it. This is why I became a bard.’

Singing songs, and playing musical instruments! Through sound and expressions, they could soothe the pain in people’s hearts, or laugh with them in joy.

‘I can’t help but love music.’

The pride in one’s profession!

“Sob...”

Almost half of the bards were even beginning to tear up, overwhelmed by emotions. They wouldn’t have been able to imagine that such a glorious day would come to them when they first chose to become bards, practiced handling their instruments with their clumsy hands, and composed their first songs. It was one of those moments that turned their life into something so wonderful; a moment to forever cherish in their memory.

Twenty minutes had passed in a flash, and Marey felt the necessity of calming down the still applauding crowd. As much as

they loved to see people's passionate reaction to their music, they still had a lot of songs ahead in their playlist, and the night was too short. Rather than enjoying the audience's cheers for any longer, they wanted to let people hear more of their music.

“We will begin with the next song. This is the first time we play this song in public, and the title is ‘Goddess of a Star’.”

Marey and the bards sat down once again and started playing their instruments. Silence fell on the Garnav Plain which had been full of excited and noisy sounds from the cheering audience just a second ago, and a quiet, tranquil melody began to flow. The various musical instruments were being played in harmony, creating such a pure and beautiful sound that seemed to cleanse the listeners' ears.

< You have used the skill: Music in the Wilderness. >

Slowly the sky began to grow dark, but it was not due to dark clouds this time; night was falling. Sparkling stars embroidered the heaven in beautiful patterns. The Milky Way stretched out, a mystic veil of aurora streamed and green rays of light were spilling down from the sky.

“Ah...”

“Kyaah.”

“It's begun again!”

The audience had to restrain themselves from making too much noise out of excitement. The beautiful sounds of music made by the instruments, in combination with the fantastic sceneries — it was a precious opportunity for the people to face their own happiness while being immersed in the music. As the new song began, Marey and the bards also got a chance to check the overall statistics they had achieved by playing the Song of Courage.

Ding!

< Your Song of Courage has mesmerized the audience.

A standing ovation was given from 784,014 listeners, which lasted for 23 minutes and 19 seconds in total.

9,284 people were moved to tears, which were not easily stopped.

>

< Spirits of water shed tears in clear droplets — Increased affinity. > < Spirits of wind danced to your music — Increased affinity. > < Spirits of light are cheering in joy — they have promised to protect you from now on. > < Spirits of sound are smiling — your music will be imbued with special fortune. > < Your Music in the Wilderness skill level has increased to Beginner 8. You are now able to deliver your music at a greater distance. The scale, size and mystique of your desired special effects will be improved even further. >

< You have completed a piece worthy of being recorded in the history of music.

By breaking the record for the greatest size of audience in the continent, your fame has increased by 83,193 points. >

< You have obtained the title: A Minstrel that Leads People's Minds The one who has claimed the hearts of countless people! This is a title that only those who know how to speak and show through music can have. >

< Your level has increased. >

< Your level has increased. >

< Your level has increased. >

< Your Speechcraft skill level has increased. > < Your Charm, Charisma, and Luck stats have increased by 10 points each. > < By completing a song that will remain in the history of music, all of

your stats have increased by 10 points. >

A long message window popped up to Marey who was playing the next song.

‘...!’

One characteristic of this profession was that a bard could rapidly gain an incredible amount of fame, even when compared to other artistic professions. Just by singing or playing instruments in cities and villages a bard’s fame easily increased by hundreds of points at once, provided that they were reasonably competent. But even so, Marey had never seen over 80,000 points of fame piling up, on top of all the increases in level and skill levels, after playing just a single piece of music.

‘It would have been impossible to have such a good opportunity if it hadn’t for Weed-nim.’

He wouldn’t have gotten a chance of holding such a miraculous concert anywhere outside the Garnav Plain.

The skill proficiency for Music in the Wilderness increased more rapidly as the size of the audience got larger. The various effects brought forth by the music would also grow more intense as more bards joined in to play. There were more than three thousand bards playing together, and an additional six thousands who had not yet joined the performance and were still practicing the pieces. The bards from the Northern Continent were not proficient in more than a couple of instruments, and their skills were still somewhat lacking. Nevertheless, the sight of them all trying their best to present the audience with a beautiful performance made Marey’s heart swell. On the day of the battle against the Hermes Guild, a total of ten thousand bards would put on a joint concert.

‘This sight, this music, and this happiness I feel... Royal Road is such a wonderful place.’

Marey played his instruments even more energetically. The

performance of the bards who were experiencing similar feelings as Marey also began to echo through the crowd more profoundly.

Chapter 6 - Myul Visit (Part 2)

“ ... ”

Myul, who had been standing in the back of the audience, was so amazed that his mouth was still hanging wide open.

‘I never knew such music exists in this world. And the mood of the crowd is also... quite something.’

The general impression of the Grass Porridge Cult to an average Hermes Guild user was quite similar to that of a zombie horde, swarming in to kill you while screaming ‘Grass Porridge! Grass Porridge!’ But ever since he arrived at the festival site, he could see that these people were genuinely enjoying a happy moment while listening to this music.

‘I feel like I’ve stepped into a different, wonderful world that I didn’t know before.’

Even as Myul stood watching there were a continuous stream of people joining the crowd, and currently it seemed there would be at least a million of them in this area alone. One million... and it wasn’t like the headcount on a battlefield; they were the people who had assembled to enjoy some great music.

‘I didn’t expect to see such a sight here.’

Myul stood there for almost 2 hours listening to the music, unable to bring himself to leave. Only when the exhausted Marey and the bards were taking a break and wiping their sweating foreheads did he leave the stage to visit a different area.

“Come and have some delicious food here!”

“Food alley right over here. Come, Everything’s really cheap!”

As they were in a plain rather than in the middle of a city, restaurants set up in simple tents were doing their business. Within those endless lines of tents, every kind of dish imaginable

was being cooked and served; starting with the 400 different types of grass porridge that represented the Grass Porridge Cult, every famous cuisine from all around the globe could be found here.

- Restaurant owned by Daphne, the chef serving the Royal Family

- Mouthwatering boar meat cuisines

- Specialist seafood restaurant, only roasting fish that lives at least 300 meters below sea level!

- The freshest seafood from the Wulhoff Reef!

- Fruits and vegetables! Just give it a chance, you'll like it!

People were entering different tents according to their taste.

“Burp. That was a good meal.”

“Oh, there's a [Bulgogi](#) place over there.”

“Let's go! Gogogo!”

“But we've just eaten...”

“Don't worry about that. Our profession is of a Warrior; we're not going to be easily killed by burst stomach! Let's eat some more.”

“If you say so...”

As there were so many excellent restaurants, people were busy filling their stomach with more food.

Cuisines from various countries in the real world and from every region across the Versailles Continent were gathered in one place in this food alley. Adding all the original menus developed by many renowned chefs on top of that, the total number of different dishes in the place would be simply staggering. One would easily lose the track of time and end up spending a few days in this street alone.

‘It looks like there's no food I cannot find here. And look at all

those people enjoying themselves...’

As he admired the view around him, he found a restaurant that looked up to his taste and entered. He had always been quite fond of seafood, and he was curious to taste the food made with the ingredients obtained from the Wulhoff Reef that had recently been on the air.

“Excuse me... a table for one person, please.”

“Sure. Come take a sit here.”

The restaurant, which was presently packed full with over a hundred customers, had only three items on its menu:

- Table d’hote (fish) – 45 Silver
- Table d’hote (clams) – 20 Silver
- Table d’hote (Octopus) – 35 Silver

Exactly 100 Silver if you have all three!

Myul glanced at the people in other tables. Every customer was eating their way through the plates of seafood piled up in heaps. The main dish of the octopus course meal was apparently a huge roasted octopus that was longer than 80 centimeters in length.

Myul stopped a waiter who was passing by and asked, “Excuse me, but I think there’s been a mistake in those prices in the menu...?”

“Why? Are they too expensive?”

“No, no, it’s just... I think they should be in Gold pieces, instead of Silver?”

The table d’hote of fish also consisted of various kinds of delicious fish roasted expertly. Not only were they fat and juicy, but they were cooked so perfectly that he had to fight down the urge to hold the fish with both hands and gnaw at it. Myul would have been more than willing to pay even if the price had been 45 Gold.

The waiter asked him, smiling, “You are from the Central Continent, I presume?”

“Yes, what about that?”

“Those prices are quite normal in this area. You’ll find even cheaper places in Morata.”

“...”

This was unimaginable in the Central Continent.

Such low prices were partly due to the cheap labor costs in the Arpen Kingdom as well as the custom of enjoying cheap and delicious food that had been widespread ever since the old days when Morata was but a shantytown. But the more fundamental reason was the fact that there were no taxes charged on food products. There was no user in the Arpen Kingdom who didn’t know of the famous quote made by Weed when he was establishing tax laws for his kingdom:

“Why do we have to put taxes on food? Don’t tamper with things that people eat!”

The tax rates in the Arpen Kingdom were already very low, but when it came to food in particular, there were no taxes imposed whatsoever. As Weed himself had had much experience of going hungry during his impoverished childhood, he simply couldn’t bear to put tax on what people eat.

“We can always make up for the low tax revenue by selling lands. Just ripping them off a little... I hear that real estate investment scam is a real gold mine nowadays?”

Of course, this latter half of what he said was quickly and quietly silenced before it spread, never to be known to the public.

At any rate, Myul was so shocked by the cheap prices of the Arpen Kingdom he was feeling as though something just hit him hard in the back of his head.

‘If people don’t have to worry about matters of basic necessities in this way... there’s no wonder this kingdom is so popular.’

After a day’s visit to the Garnav Plain, Myul was filled with a mixture of complicated emotions. He couldn’t help but think that those users who moved over to the Arpen Kingdom from the Haven Empire must have felt like discovering a paradise. For the first time, he understood why so many of them fought while chanting the name of the Grass Porridge Cult.

‘I never doubted our right to rule, because we were the winners, because we were the strongest... but... could it be possible that we have exploited our users too much?’

After dining in the restaurant, Myul continued roaming around the plain. There were exhibition sites for artworks, and several expos were taking place for promoting elven and dwarven cultures. Parents were holding their children’s hands while walking on the treetops, experiencing the elven lifestyle.

He also looked around the magnificent exhibit halls for various brands around the world including LG and Samsung.

“A luminescent wall-mountable TV! Watch the upcoming war with this luxuriously designed television!”

“Apply now, and we guarantee complete installation within two days, anywhere in the world! Get a free crystal ball with a size over 1 meter, too!”

“We are currently having a customer appreciation event; we give a magic quiver and a silver axe to any customer activating their new mobile phone!”

“This is Ssangyong Motor Company. The size of this wooden statue is identical to that of the original. Feel free to try sitting on it. Buy it, and get a free, living ox!”

The promotional booths connected to Royal Road.

Slim elf ladies were advertising and selling the companies’

products as a part-time job.

“We’re from Kwang Dong Pharmaceutical. Have a sip of this cool ginseng water. There’s nothing better for relieving your fatigue!”

“Hi, we’re from Lloyd’s. You can make all the troubles of your life go away with a single insurance. We give a free vitality potion for everyone who visits our promotion booth now!”

“KTX : comfortable, rapid travel to your destination. A train pulled by 100 oxen bound for the east side of the plain is due to depart very soon. Anyone who’d like to get on, please come gather over here!”

“From fighter planes to freighters. We are Boeing, a manufacturing company specialized in all kinds of aircrafts. Step into the exhibition hall right now and enjoy the show!”

“Amore! We are giving out free herbal cosmetics! For the first 500,000 customers only!”

“This is PIC Resort. Anyone feeling tired after all the walk around the exhibition halls? Come and have some rest here! We’ve opened a pool, too!”

“This is the announcement from Nordstrom Department Store. We give a free Macaron set for every customer who visits our store now...”

Companies and corporations all across the world were covering a considerable portion of the Garnav Plain in order to promote their image. They were able to raise their brand awareness significantly by giving out small souvenirs to the users or offering them a trial experience of their service.

Home appliances, IT, automobiles, shipbuilding, chemistry, real estates, construction, health care products, steel manufacture, furniture, banks, machines, department stores and hotels!

All these exhibition halls had been built which would easily dwarf even the largest home consumer electronic exhibition in the

world in terms of scale, almost like comparing a university to a kindergarten.

Myul was now almost speechless with astonishment.

‘Right. Aside from the fact that all those world-class companies have their booths here, how on earth is it possible to prepare something like this in just ten days?’

Although it was a long time ago, Myul once looked over the Garnav Plain while flying on the back of a griffon. That once-barren land which had nothing but overgrown grass had now been completely transformed right before his eyes.

‘Is this the extent of Weed’s influence? But that’s probably not all there is to it...’

Of course, even Weed had not expected such an outcome, but before he knew events started to gain in scale with a frightening speed like a rolling snowball. With the entire media over the world focusing on the Garnav Plain and people and companies competing with one another to take advantage of it, it was only a matter of time before such a perfect transformation took place.

“This is Okpo Heavy Industries. Try boarding on the world’s largest container ship! We are currently building a cruise ship as well.”

Myul heard a large shouting sound and automatically turned his head towards the direction of the noise. What he saw was a supersized container ship towering over him, which was more than 400 meters in length, 35 meters in height, and with a whopping 70 meters of width.

“The size of this ship... but how is this standing in the middle of the plain?”

A mysterious sight!

Not so long ago, the management of Okpo had also thought at first that such a construction was impossible from a common-sense

point of view; but what would be impossible, when sculptures of far more impressive sizes were being constructed at that very moment in the Garnav Plain?

“It’s not like we’re actually setting this ship off into the sea; we just have to make its exterior believable enough.”

“No, we need to get this right. Look at all those other companies that publicized themselves for free to the worldwide media by building the statues in the Garnav Plain. If they can do that, why can’t we?”

So the engineers in heavy industries managed to construct the ship in just two days, through cooperation with the master shipbuilders from Port Varna. Although it was too hastily constructed with wood, stone and soil to be launched to the ocean, the structure of the sails and the hull was that of a real, functioning ship.

“The way they build a ship in Royal Road isn’t half bad. It’s quite convenient for promoting our company to the overseas buyers, since we can show them the life-size models of the ships...”

“Wouldn’t it be also nice if ships constructed by our company sail around the seas of Royal Road?”

A container ship that weighs 340 thousand tons!

Now it was possible to build a supersized vessel in Royal Road. Of course, as it needed the driving power of wind or rowing oars in order to sail even with the help of the sailing skills there were a lot of inconveniences when operating the ship in the real ocean, but it was still well worth constructing it for tourism or promotion purposes.

“So this is how we build large sized vessels here.”

“The cooperation of masters is indeed crucial in shipbuilding industry.”

The master shipbuilders of Varna could learn valuable know-how

as they constructed a large vessel. Even with the same techniques and labor time, a few tricks and some know-how could more than double the speed of shipbuilding, which was normally a process that took a long time.

“I think it is also worth referring to the method of making an onshore deck for shipbuilding.”

“How about opening a joint shipyard? There’s only so much an individual builder can do.”

“You mean we set up a real, official shipyard here?”

“Building those large merchant ships with more than 70, 80 crew members is too difficult and time-consuming for an individual work. It’s far better to make it into a joint operation, while increasing the production efficiency by using novices for simple tasks. It would be convenient if we could obtain standardized materials, too.”

“That sure makes sense, but what if we cannot find any work?”

“The Haven Imperial Navy has been eradicated. The sea belongs to the Arpen Kingdom now.”

The repository of adventures and exploration!

There were rumors of exorbitant treasures and mysterious lands far away from the Versailles Continent. There weren’t many people who set out on a long-distance cruise due to the heavy risk and lack of information, but they thought it was just a matter of time before more people joined the expeditions. The number of ship orders that the master shipbuilders received had already been increasing by almost a hundred percent every month. Although the overwhelming majority of those orders were for small fishing vessels sailing around the littoral sea, there were quite a few fast-sailing liners for adventures and medium-sized sailing boats for trade. The size of those ships was getting larger each day as well.

“Let’s do this, then.”

“Hehe. Excellent!”

An additional effect of the festival — it triggered an extensive increase in the production output of the Arpen Kingdom’s shipbuilding industry.

‘The power of this Arpen Kingdom is indeed enormous. I’ve always looked down on it, only considering its weak military strength... but its full potential might even be beyond my imagination.’

After looking around the exhibition sites, Myul started heading over to another location once again.

‘This isn’t going to be easy. We really need to prepare ourselves for the worst... I should take a look at those sculptures, too, now that I’ve come all the way here.’

He walked towards the sculptures construction site.

It took him a considerable time to get away from the festival site because of the crowd, and as he was walking nearer and nearer to the construction place, he was feeling increasingly overwhelmed. At first he thought the huge silhouettes rising from the heart of the vast plain were mountains, as human common sense dictated when a person saw something that was so absolutely gigantic. But soon he realized that those mountains were covered with climbing people that looked like a swarm of ants; those people had even built stairs to carry the materials.

‘Those... are sculptures?’

Myul was taken aback, once again. As a great lord of the Haven Empire, he had seen a lot of sculptures: the collections of nobles during the early days of Royal Road, or the extravagant artworks he saw in the Royal Palace... His general impression of sculptures was that they were pieces of art, carved both splendidly and delicately, but what he was watching now had a size of such a scale

that was almost ridiculously excessive.

An ox.

210 meters tall, and 600 meters wide.

Its tail alone could match the size of a 50 storey building.

He could also hear the workers who had joined the construction of the statue.

“Some more stone and sticky mud, quickly please!”

“The surface is getting cracked. I think we need some help from potters... please bring a few fire-class mages as you come up.”

Myul’s head was beginning to hurt.

‘They’re STILL making those things?’

It was a tremendous relief that they were not, at least, making it any bigger, as it seemed that they were now working on the detail.

‘So I need to fight against these huge... things... when the battle begins?’

The strength of the Griffon Knights was unmatched in the Central Continent. They had never been defeated before, save by Weed and the Arpen Kingdom.

‘But their size... can they all come alive and move?’

On top of the size, the eyes of this great ox looked as ferocious as those of a predatory beast. Its claws were as sharp as a lion’s, and there was even a pair of wings sprouting from its sides.

< The Soaring Ox.

This work of art was made by filling up the interior with soil and stone and pouring 329 tons of molten iron into its frame. A total of 540 thousand people worked together in order to complete the statue. >

A Korean-style barbecue made by seasoned and sliced pork or

beef.

Chapter 6 - Myul Visit (Part 3)

‘This thing is just too much. Once the battle begins... I’ll have to leave the other squads deal with it.’

Myul tried to find sculptures that looked relatively easier to fight, but it was not an easy task. The other works that he could see beyond the giant sculpture of the ox were even more overwhelming: a winged serpent, a three-headed wyvern, a badger that shoots poisonous needles! What they all had in common was their enormous size, just like the ox.

‘And those things will be flying around the sky...’

Of course, huge size did not necessarily mean superior strength. Most of the large-sized monsters in Royal Road were powerful, but that was because they possessed strength and stamina to match their bulky appearance. So just making those sculptures magically come to life would not guarantee that their physical abilities would be proportional to their size. The Hermes Guild’s intelligence unit had made a rough estimate of the power that these sculptures may have once they are brought to life by Weed’s Life Bestowal, purely based on the analysis of Bingryong, Imugi, the Wyverns and Phoenix.

‘...But we never expected Emperor Geihar von Arpen to get into the picture. Just how terrifying is he going to be? Still, he wouldn’t be able to make ALL of them come alive, would he?’

Myul stood there for a while, staring at the sculptures. He would learn their exact strength once the battle began, but he wished he would never find out as much as possible. He didn’t think he’d enjoy fighting a giant winged rat in the air.

‘Even after all I’ve seen, my bet would still be on the Hermes Guild winning.’

Myul knew of all the five Secret Weapons that Lafaye had

prepared. Aside from the Shadow Army of Palma which had already been eradicated, each and every one of the remaining four was plain and simple a mass-murdering weapon of war. The moment they were revealed to the public, all of them could potentially attract a great deal of angry denunciations.

‘The Hermes Guild is just as desperate, for there is no way back. If we really win in this battle, we’re going to become official villains, irrevocably.’

Lafaye, who was in charge of making preparations for the battle in the Garnav Plain, arranged for a meeting in order to establish plans for the war. It was the job of each mid-ranking commanding officer to direct the troops in their unit, but they still needed to determine the larger scale strategy they would utilize in the greater picture. For security reasons, only twenty users attended this meeting, including Bard Ray, Arkhim, Steer, and Lafaye himself.

“There shouldn’t be any issue with the assembly of the Imperial Army as well as their morale. Mercenary recruitment and conscription process have been proceeding smoothly, too.”

“The main problem would be the human wave strategy of the North.”

“Well, we’ll just have to kill them all and that’s one problem solved, isn’t it?”

“That would only make things difficult for us, as there will be no end to the fight even if we kill them all day long.”

“We also need to consider the amount of damage to our side.”

Bard Ray and Lafaye placed all the battle plans on the table and revised them. One of the tactic was the old orthodox way of marching the Imperial army to the doorsteps of the Northern users in the Garnav plain... They considered a variety of formations and ways of operating magical squads, and evaluated how best to

utilize the Empire's Five Secret Weapons.

Lafaye shook his head.

“The Order of the Steel Knights and the rest of the Five Secret Weapons are certainly powerful. There's no doubt that they will be effective in the battle, but they will not be quite as decisive as we need them to be.”

“Then? Do you mean our current military strength is still not enough?”

“We need something with even more punch, something that can absolutely smash them into smithereens with sheer force.”

Lafaye might not know much about actual combat, but he was an excellent strategist. He was the one who had worked diligently to make every preparation and lay foundation for the Hermes Guild to take to the sky and unite the entire Central Continent. But as thorough and error-free as he normally was, after having been dealt a number of blows by Weed he was being particularly cautious, almost excessively so.

“It's difficult for us to predict the coming battle with an exact certainty. They've managed to introduce an unexpected variable that is Emperor Geihar. Another problem is that they've already occupied the Garnav Plain as their own territory in advance. We might as well fight within the enemy borders now.”

Arkhim slammed the table with his fist in rage.

“They propose to delay the fight and then go take over the battlefield, making all the preparations they want... How is this fair? It's cheating!”

“Well, it's not Weed who did it, at least not directly, so it's no good making complaints to him. He'd probably already counted on the opposition from our side before he made this move.”

Lafaye did not want to be dragged along by his enemy like this. Once they had lost the initiative, things would only become more

disadvantageous to them no matter what they did. Even if the Haven Empire had superior military power, they would end up fighting this battle on Weed's own terms.

‘As soon as he accepted our request for the head-on match, he led the users to set things up in the Garnav Plain without taking any direct step in person. He is certainly not just any ordinary foe. I won't let my guard down, either. Not when there's such a critical battle coming.’

The Arpen Kingdom and the Haven Empire, clashing with each other with all their might. No one knew what changes would be brought to the Versailles Continent after this battle concluded. Lafaye needed a trump card, something he knew he could count on.

“Excuse me...”

Caddler, who was in charge of training the magical squads, raised his hand.

“There's something I'd like to tell you: we have been researching a magic spell recently.”

“A spell?”

Caddler was a user who had mostly stayed in the background until now. As a member of the Royal Guards, he had obtained the hidden profession Mage of Carnage early on — meaning that his magical power grew as he slaughtered more and more villagers or users. As a repercussion, there were some side effects such as the power and the suppressed rage of the dead, but he could nevertheless obtain a tremendous amount of combat capacity as a result. He was presently one of the users who had been showing a rapid growth with much support from the guild.

Caddler smiled confidently.

“It's one of the Ultimate Spells of Magic... and we are more or less ready to use it.”

Lafaye recalled a report which he had received a while ago, about an Ultimate Spell that had been discovered in a historic site left by a mage: ‘Summon Flaming Meteor’.

It was the spell that Weed himself had obtained during his quest for the last secret skill of sculpting, and used to devastate the main headquarters of Embinyu Church. The Hermes Guild had been extremely astounded by the spell’s force as they watched the event through the broadcast, and had been looking everywhere to procure the same spell: since it had been used during a quest, there was a fair chance of it being discovered by those who were occupying the Central Continent. Numerous historic sites and dungeons of mages had been thoroughly searched, and although there had been much difficulty, they eventually managed to acquire the spell tome of Summon Flaming Meteor through a quest. It was a partially torn-off, incomplete tome, and even after it was restored by mages and adventurers, they still needed magical resources and research to make the spell work.

“You mean it’s possible to cast Summon Flaming Meteor right now?”

“Not by normal means. But using Black Magic, one can cast more advanced spells that are 2 levels higher than normal, so... ahem, we’ll need to sacrifice some jewels and mana stones as well as rare living creatures, but we’ll be able to cast the spell all the same.”

Summon Flaming Meteor!

Once they found out that they could use this wide area-of-effect destructive spell, they began devising a new battle plan.

“How about we use it after the mid-phase of the battle, as a hidden card? We’d be able to turn the tide of the battle that way. We could consider dropping it on top of Weed’s location, too.”

“We cannot summon the meteor in the press of battle. Also, our side would have to suffer too many sacrifices.”

“Not to mention the huge amount of mana consumption by the magical squads.”

“Weed can simply dodge out of the way. He’s bound to feel something is up when he senses a sudden movement from our side. Considering the speed of the Wyverns or Bingryong, that he often rides on, it would be difficult to hit him with the spell.”

“What’s the maximum number of times we can summon the meteor?”

“We can cast it multiple times as we are using Black Magic, but it will become increasingly taxing for the mages. Still, if we gather every mage in the Haven Empire, we’ll be able to summon about three at the same time.”

“That should be enough.”

“In that case, it might be better to focus our power on summoning the meteors... we should use the spell early on, to eliminate any unexpected factors from the start.”

“Agreed.”

The plan was set up: strike the whole Garnav Plain by summoning the flaming meteors! With more than a hundred million people concentrated in one area as seen on the broadcast, the amount of damage this spell would inflict on them would be astronomical. The Haven Imperial Army decided to swiftly penetrate into the battleground immediately after the meteor strike and slaughter the remaining enemies as their basic tactic.

“Strict confidentiality is crucial to this plan.”

“We can inform the mages right before the battle. As it is a type of Black Magic, we only need a few core members to know about the plan in advance.”

“That would do perfectly.”

The Haven Empire decided to open every single armory in its territory to equip the troops, taking resources from each of the lord's castle and even recruiting city guards. For this occasion, the true entirety of the forces that rule the Central Continent would be assembling in one place.

Steer, the head of the intelligence unit, and Arkhim, who was in charge of the Royal Guards, were getting increasingly busy as well.

“Here's the current situation in the Garnav Plain: a total of 475 gigantic statues have been completed so far, and 3,741 are still under construction.”

“You mean they are going to finish making all of them?”

“No. They probably won't be able to finish about half of them before the start of the battle.”

“The analysis report about Geihar von Arpen has just arrived.”

“Could Emperor Geihar really raise all those sculptures?”

“It is hard to judge, but I think it would be quite impossible even for him. There haven't been that many sculptures that Weed has created and turned into his servants.”

“I'm studying the military strength of the old Arpen Empire and the species of the sculptural creatures which lived during that time, but there are not enough records remaining.”

The intelligent unit and the heads of the guild were all fully mobilized to gather information and make any necessary provisions in order to increase the Haven Empire's chance of winning and enhance the combat capacity of its people.

“Balzetta merfolk have made their appearance in Wulhoff Reef. They are expressing their intention of joining this war as Emperor Geihar wishes, saying that they are the descendents of an old sculptural race.”

“A party of adventurers that had been exploring the western

mountain range sold some information to us. We paid them 5,000 Gold for it, and it's about a small bird. It is thought to be a baby Baraag, a species that is known to have been long extinct."

"A coincidence? Or..."

"It seems Weed's adventure has changed the history."

They discovered some evidence of the said changes to the past history. Baraags, the species created by Emperor Geihar, had not died out entirely as per the original history, and had immigrated to a temperate island in the west. There they lived on, forming a natural paradise in that large island located in the middle of the sea beyond the reach of the humans. Hence, several races of sculptural lifeforms were coming to join the battle to respect the emperor's wish.

"How would you assess the combat capability of those Baraags?"

"They look like difficult opponent to deal with, judging by the videos, but as there are many of us I expect we'd be able to deal with them."

"We can fight them by deploying the giant modified catapults."

"No, it wouldn't be very effective against them. It's going to be cumbersome to protect the ground troops, and we'll lose control over the sky."

Arkhim could not help but feel uneasy about the Baraags.

The Emperor Bard Ray was to be the supreme commander of the entire army. Arkhim himself was the second in command, but in terms of the actual operation of the forces, more than half of the Imperial Army would follow his orders. As this was a tremendous responsibility, he needed to win no matter the cost. No amount of losses would be too high as long as it could ensure their victory in the battle.

"There was a quest related to fire drakes a while ago, correct?"

“Yes. It’s a quest that enables us to recruit those drakes for the battle if we bring them a large amount of Fire Gems.”

“Proceed with the quest.”

“But the expense would be very large...”

“This is no time to save money.”

As they were the only force that dominated the Central Continent exclusively, they had been able to obtain a list of quests and agreements with numerous species.

A Fire Gem that can seal fire magic! Those gems were usually formed in volcanic regions, and could only be acquired by killing some tricky monsters. They were not often found in normal shops, even with a price of about 4,000 Gold, and they decided to spend the entire stock they had been saving until now.

“An unexpected factor: there’s been news that a lot of office workers are applying for a holiday on the day of the battle in Korea.”

“How could that be...”

The current trend in Korea was important, as it was a country with more top-tier gamers than any other nation around the world.

“Some high schools are even having a day off, predicting that there would be a lot of trouble maintaining the class atmosphere.”

“By Gods.”

Arkhim groaned, but not for long. No matter what country you looked at, there would be very few people who wouldn’t want to join such a phenomenal battle. Those students and young workers would have found a way to go online by fair means or foul anyway.

“The acquisition of additional Steel Knights is going well, thanks to the preparations we have made in advance.”

“We’ve hidden the host of the Alkin disease near the Garnav

Plain, too. We're preparing the antidote, but there's not much of it."

"How about the Phanzellope Order of Phantom Knights?"

"They'll be here by tomorrow, for certain. There has been a lot of delay as they needed to move without being spotted by any users."

"And the Spears of Annihilation..."

"34 of them have been distributed to main members of the shock troops."

The Five Secret Weapons of the Empire were all ready to be launched without any issue. After checking through the progress of every preparation, Arkhim nodded. As the battle in the Garnav Plain was getting closer day by day, the military strength of the Haven Imperial Army was becoming more and more impeccable as well. The size of the army was increasing rapidly, too, by hiring temporary guild members, mercenaries, or conscripting more soldiers.

'Blame us if you will, after we win. The Haven Empire will do everything it can.'

Chapter 7 - Advanced Training Hall

(Part 1)

After successfully winning Emperor Geihar over to his side, Weed climbed on the back of a Baraag with his companions.

“I wish you a safe trip, then.”

“Thanks, master!”

He and his companions had decided to take a look around the Versailles Continent, riding on the flying Baraags. With Time Sculpting skill, he could always come back to a past event in history, but it was all the more reason why this trip was so important.

‘Not everything was recorded in history books. And quite a lot of information was misrepresented, too.’

It was necessary to take a good look at the continent in the past, in order to ensure that he would be able to use Time Sculpting properly when he might need it next time.

As they flew across the sky on the backs of Baraags, they landed whenever they spotted a city on the ground.

“By Gods... you lot must be insane, flying around on those dangerous creatures.”

“This is a problem that has the pride of humanity at stake! Before we knew it, those monsters had taken over our lands!”

“I don’t mean to question the Emperor’s accomplishments. But what about the portion that should rightfully be given to us humans? Why do we have to share our food with them?”

“That’s right. It’s us who did all the work to farm those crops.”

In cities and villages alike, humans abhorred the Baraags, and their opinions of sculptural lifeforms in general were extremely

negative.

‘This is just as I expected.’

When Weed told Emperor Geihar about this, he made an announcement to his sculptural children, after having a drink.

“If our empire falls, don’t waste your strength and life for the sake of humans. You should all find a way to survive by yourselves.”

Besides the Baraags, all the Crocos and Boroks were crying mournfully, tears running down their faces.

“And if, some day in the distant future, a new kingdom for your kinds rises once again as my pupil says... please, lend your strength just one more time to help everyone live in harmony...”

At this point, if Weed played his cards right, he might be able to accept the Arpen Empire’s sculptural creatures as new residents for his kingdom. Of course, there wouldn’t be many sculptural creatures that would survive for such a long time after the fall of the Empire and remember the will of the emperor. Even so, if some of the remaining sculptural creatures were to make their appearance in the Garnav Plain, each and every one of them would be a precious citizen of the Arpen Kingdom.

‘Just like Yellowy, Gold man or Wy-3.’

Weed intended to equally exploit all those new subjects without any discrimination.

“I have a rather big favor to ask of you; would you care to do it for me? I will, of course, reward you handsomely.”

Ding!

< A Silver Coin Dropped in a Corner of the Village.

Zephyrus the stableman has lost his silver coin while he was drunk. He says he might have dropped it last night near the sewer, but he isn’t quite sure. With a bit of luck and some thorough

searching, one may be able to find it.

Difficulty Level: F

Rewards: [2 horseshoes](#)

An F-class quest that he hadn't encountered in a long time!

'For such a simple quest like this, it's not likely to be continued in another linked quest.'

Receiving such low-level quests that did not even require any affinity level would be due to the fact that his high fame was not currently taken into account. Weed's fame points were over 340,000 at the moment, but such was the effect of Time Sculpting.

'It looks like my fame points are not reflected as normal when I've travelled back to the past.'

If it had been in the Versailles Continent of the present time, any crying child in the Central Continent, not to mention the North, would immediately recognize Weed's face and stop their weeping. Weed had been taking part of all kinds of quests, hunting expeditions and artistic activities, so he had never had to worry about insufficient fame points before. But all of those events and accomplishments were to take place in the future, which meant that no one in this past time knew about them.

"This task is a bit too dangerous to entrust to a stranger."

"Who? Weed? A sculptor? I don't want to meet some complete stranger. You buy me a drink first for a night, and maybe I'll spare some time to talk."

"What are you talking about? Just buzz off!"

Weed found himself being rejected by the townspeople in the streets again and again. On the other hand, Zephyr and Python were doing a much smoother job talking to them.

"Your clothes look very fine. Would you be a nobleman, perhaps?"

“Hmm. That doesn’t look like any ordinary sword. I have a request related to getting rid of some demonic creatures; would you be up for the challenge? Of course, for a skilled warrior like you wielding such a fine sword, it shouldn’t be too difficult to deal with them.”

The residents responded to their attires or weapons; using high-quality equipment was one of the ways to meet the prerequisite of a high difficulty level quest when one did not have enough fame points. For characters with high Charm stats such as Hwaryeong and Bellot, it was possible to obtain new quests that could be cleared together with other companions any time.

‘Let’s just enjoy the easy life for now. Other adventurers or people with different professions might be able to take historical quests later, but it will be a long time before they can.’

Weed decided to take it easy, and continued travelling around the Continent with his companions on the backs of the Baraags.

– Kuuuaargh... I’m so tired...

“Fly faster. Wy-3 never took a rest even when he was flying overnight. Without sleep.”

– Who is this Wy-3 that has suffered so much serving you?

“He’s one of my proudest subordinates. I’d love to tell you how much Wy-3 likes me.”

– I just can’t believe that.

“Everyone thinks just as normally as you at first. But one eventually learns to appreciate the precious rare holidays in the constant stream of hard work.”

As Weed could not visit every single city and village, he instead took a general look at them from the sky. He checked the terrains, structures of the cities and buildings of the Arpen Empire in this past time.

You have taken some time to admire the architectural style of the buildings of the Arpen Empire during the Classical Era. As a sculptor, after having studied new types and styles of buildings, you can now build structures with the style of the Classical Era in the villages, castles or areas owned by you.

You can now construct new special types of buildings.

< Arpen Public Security Office

Construction cost: minimum 150,000 Gold

This building can be constructed to maintain public order and peace. It is managed by soldiers and local militia. The crime rate of the area will decrease. In the event of a monster invasion, this building can be used to hold them off for a short time. >

< Arpen-style Water Mill

Construction cost: minimum 40,000 Gold

A water mill is needed in a village in order to provide a playground for fairies. Sometimes, village children can join in and play with them as well. The building will increase the output of the region's grain production as well as the local happiness level. It will also lead to improved affinity with fairies. >

< Arpen Salt Field

Construction cost: minimum 4,000 Gold

Gone are the days when you had to rely on the power of sunlight to evaporate the sea water to obtain salt! Paranchas, the race of fire, are going to take care of all the work. Whenever they take a nap, all the water evaporates from the place they laid on, producing high-quality sea salt. >

< Restaurant with Music

Construction cost: minimum 1,000 Gold

The residents of the Arpen love music, a joyous life with happiness and comfort. They consider it one of the greatest pleasures of life to have some delicious food while listening to wonderful music. This building will increase the happiness level of the residents and the degree of artistic progress. >

< Dwarf Workshop

Construction cost: minimum 6,000 Gold

This is a place for dwarves to gather and craft things. More than 10 dwarves can assemble and manufacture everything that's needed. The working speed will increase if there is a beer brewery nearby.>

< A Garden of Blooming Flowers

Construction cost: minimum 20,000 Gold

This is a garden full of beautiful flowers. Taking a rest in this garden even just for a short while will rapidly recover life force and relieve stress. The visitors will be bestowed with special fortune. >

< A Nest of Baraags

A habitat for the creatures with flying ability. It is built by collecting solid branches and feathers, and offers protection from wind. It increases the incubation speed for the Avian eggs and quickens the early stage of growth of the hatchlings. >

As the king, Weed could bring some positive influence to his kingdom just by appreciating these structures.

'It wouldn't be a bad idea to take a look at all the buildings from each historical era, if I ever get a chance to do that.'

Many users would be delighted if buildings of such a variety could be constructed in the Arpen Kingdom. However, if they were to lose in the coming battle in the Garnav Plain, their entire

kingdom would fall to ruin in but a moment.

“Hmm. I’m not sure if it is wise for us to continue taking a tour like this. Don’t you think we should go back?” his companions asked, beginning to feel anxious. There were only three days left before the start of the war against the Haven Empire.

Weed smiled slightly.

“No need to hurry.”

“But... wouldn’t it be too late even if we leave right now? We might not have made enough preparations even if we had started earlier, and now...”

“Huhuhu. The Hermes Guild is probably feeling pretty uneasy right now. This is my tactic to cause confusion, by keeping the enemy in the dark as to what plans I have and what steps I’m going to take, to the last possible minute.”

He had guessed that the Garnav Plain would be teeming with spies, including Hermes Guild members with their identities concealed. If Weed showed up on the battlefield early, the Hermes Guild, having monitored the situation in the plain closely, would be able to come up with countermeasures. But since they had no way to know what on earth he was up to in the current state, it would make them even more anxious.

Seasoned Crab tilted his head curiously.

“But you have been with us this whole time; have you been preparing something in secret?”

Without hesitation, Weed answered, “Nope. Nothing.”

“...What?”

“Still, things look pretty legit, right? It LOOKS like there’s something, although actually there’s not. Besides, the hero always arrives in the most dramatic moment, right?”

“...”

Python, while he was visiting one of the cities of the Arpen Empire named Taho which he had happened to come across, got some unexpected information from a townspeople.

“Are you a warrior? You look pretty strong, judging by the greatsword you are carrying.”

“This is indeed quite a fine sword, I must say. Hehe.”

“Only strong people can wield a greatsword. Did you already pass the test of the advanced training hall in this region as well?”

Perhaps because of the fact that the Arpen Empire was established by the sculptural creatures uniting the continent, the humans had a cultural tendency to worship strong warriors.

“An advanced training hall?”

“Anyone who wields a sword or builds up their body wishes to visit this place; you haven’t heard of it?”

Python, of course, knew about those places well. Even Weed’s eyes opened wide at the mention of the word ‘advanced training hall’. He felt as if some unexpected money was falling from the sky.

‘There’s an advanced training center here.’

For the users of Royal Road, going through a training center was an essential condition in order to rise to the position of top rankers. The beginner training hall in Serabourg City of the Rosenheim Kingdom... It was where Weed had found a valuable friend in Doruk the Instructor while beating up a dummy, thereby obtaining a quest to become a moonlight sculptor. Of course, he had refused it without a second thought at first, thinking it wouldn’t make much money. In the flying city of Lavia, he received much rewards in stats and learned the skill ‘Lion’s Roar’ as he was mastering the basic training hall.

‘The Charisma stat and Lion’s Roar have come in handy so many times.’

Lion’s Roar was a useful skill for controlling the troops in a large-scale battle. Since Weed did not possess a wide range of military commanding skills like knights, the many battles he had gone through would have been a lot more difficult without this skill.

An intermediate training hall could only be cleared by those who had conquered at least the first three floors of the Tower of Heroes. After breaking through each stage, on the fifth and final floor, he was deployed to Phalranka Battle in the Sachsen Plain. In this most fierce field of war, he fought as a skeleton knight protecting Princess Remi. While the troops from seven different kingdoms were engaged in a heated fight, he was eventually killed when a stone thrown by a Cyclops hit him.

‘I haven’t been able to visit advanced training halls, since they are all within the territory of the Haven Empire.’

Weed had always wanted to go take a look at advanced training halls, but had not had an opportunity to do so until now, as they only existed in several regions in the Central Continent, including the Kallamore Region, or the Castle of Aren, the capital city of the Haven Empire.

It was said that one such training hall once existed in the North a long time ago, but the remaining records simply said that its location was lost to the world when the Niflheim Empire fell. The advanced training halls in the Central Continent had been managed by prestigious guilds that controlled each region from early on, and presently the admission to those halls was possible only with the permission of the Hermes Guild. Weed had thought of sneaking into them, but soon dropped the idea due to the risk of being subjected to the focus fire from the Hermes Guild users when caught.

Python was the first one to grin.

“There’s an advanced training center here; we must go and see right now!”

He also hadn’t been able to go further than clearing an intermediate training hall, the total number of which was said to be 12 in the whole Continent.

Naturally, Weed agreed with him.

“Let’s go.”

The Hermes Guild had once released a video of advanced training halls to the public in the past. The video scored more than six hundred million views in the Hall of Fame.

– Bard Ray’s Advanced Training Hall Walkthrough!

The video started with Bard Ray and other 30 members of the Hermes Guild accepting the challenge of the training hall.

“We shall all walk upon the Path of Struggle.”

“A Black Knight, searching for glory. We welcome your challenge.”

The advanced training hall for the warrior classes contained the Path of Struggle made by the Order of Batalli, God of Fighting.

A path where strong warriors and demonic creatures are awaiting the challengers! To complete it successfully, one had to fight their way through to the exit in a straight line; there was no other way.

‘Bard Ray had cleared it in 9 hours and 45 minutes.’

All the divine magic was blocked in the advanced training center. It was also impossible to use spirit magic, spells or curses, anything other than the combat skills that directly used one’s physical strength.

‘And one cannot even have any water or food until they pass

through the path.'

Those with low stamina or patience would succumb to the exhaustion and could not proceed further. The only keys to success in this challenge were one's strength and vigor. The Path of Struggle shown in the video was swarming with monsters.

- Wow. Look at the difficulty level. This is crazy.
- Does this normally have so many monsters? They're just flooding in!
- It's absolutely insane in those advanced training halls. They just keep coming without any break. You have to fight endlessly in order to move forward.
- Whoa... it must be really hard.
- Is this difficulty level even beatable?

Bard Ray and the other Hermes Guild members fought on, taking turns to have a break. There had been stories claiming that, through the summoning by Batalli the God of Fighting, the power of the demonic creatures that appear on the Path of Struggle were adjusted to the strength and capacity of the users.

The level of the monsters Bard Ray and the Hermes Guild members dealt with during their trial was shocking to the eyes of common users. Those with levels 300s or 400s were only for starters, and there were even monsters in level 500 or higher appearing every so often; this later made a huge issue after many broadcasting stations showed the live coverage of their ordeal.

I was very confused at first because the word the author used here was 2 'horse's hoof', which did not make any sense to me. I'm guessing this was a mistake, as the Korean words for 'horseshoes' and 'horse's hoof' are quite similar.

Chapter 7 - Advanced Training Hall

(Part 2)

– The Hermes Guild really lives up to its reputation as the strongest guild.

– They've certainly proved their raw strength with this video; that much is for sure.

– Bard Ray, the Godly Warrior. He is the most powerful user on the continent, period. Other users might boast all they want, but they could never ever beat him in one-on-one combat.

– But what if Weed shows up?

– Weed cannot even get his foot into an advanced training hall.

– That's because of the Hermes Guild, though. Haven't you seen Weed's great performance in the Tower of Heroes?

– Still, what matters in the end is that Bard Ray has cleared the advanced training hall, and Weed hasn't. Weed's sculptural skills give him advantages in a large scale fight, but Bard Ray's the strongest user when it comes to one-on-one. Bard Ray even killed Weed once.

– Agreed. For now, Bard Ray is at the top. Weed's power is rather exaggerated because of the quests he did and his various other skills.

– Desert warrior? That's not his current strength. Those days are all passed and gone now.

Weed did not feel hurt by those meaningless comments. Bard Ray's videos attracted a lot of fans who were impressed by his great power, and since the Hermes Guild was monitoring the comments it was natural that there were a lot of praises for him. Still, Weed had to admit that he was quite intrigued by the video.

‘An advanced training hall, huh? I wish I could go there, too. It

doesn't look as difficult as people say, though.'

Weed had never grown stronger by slaughtering weaker monsters ever since he started playing Royal Road. He had always challenged powerful enemies, and hunted until he was knocked out exhausted. Did he rest then? No. Once he was knocked out like that, he would start working on his sculptures, even while lying down. He was used to hunting nonstop like this until his whole body was aching, and after some time his stamina and patience grew so strong that he didn't have to worry about exhaustion anymore when he hunted.

'I think it's going to be fun. I probably won't be able to use my sculpting skills in the Path of Struggle, but that shouldn't matter too much.'

Although his Necromancer skills would be blocked as well, this huge disadvantage could not make him hesitate to take up the challenge of the advanced training hall.

Weed and Python, together with his other companions, arrived at the Church of Batalli in the city of Taho. The ground surrounding the church looked almost like a battlefield, with broken weapons and arrows scattered about everywhere.

"Wow... the atmosphere of this place sure is terrifying."

"It's the Church of Batalli. This is the first time I've been here in person."

From the moment they stepped into the entrance, Surka and Maylon were startled by the scenery that greeted them. The male and female priests serving the order of the God of Fighting had many scars on their bodies. Another characteristic of the church was the various types of weapons hung on the walls, which meant that the followers there trained to fight with any weapon. It truly was a religious order for warriors.

One barbarian warrior who had been standing at the entrance spoke to Python in a rough voice.

“You. You look like a fighter who wields a greatsword.”

With his piercing gaze, he looked extremely intimidating, as if he was about to challenge Python to a duel any minute.

This was the reason why ordinary people were reluctant to visit the Church of Batalli.

Python mustered up his courage, held his greatsword at ready and said in a loud voice: “This is my weapon. I have come here to walk upon the Path of Struggle.”

He was a man who had no reason to feel small anywhere he went; Python replied in an equally rough manner, holding in his stomach tight, like a man.

‘This is my way of do things.’

The pride of a strong one.

The barbarian warrior nodded.

“I can see you’re an experienced fighter just by those scars. The one in your neck; was that left by a [Mantelder](#)?”

“Yes.”

“If you survived the encounter with a Mantelder... I say you are sufficiently qualified to face the trial of the Path of Struggle.”

It was now Weed’s turn.

‘How is he going to get past him?’

The companions looked at him expectantly. Flattery and friendliness constituted Weed’s default stance, always ready to bow down his knees and back. Even Mapan had admitted that he could learn from Weed’s attitude when he was rubbing his hands together and bartering with people. And the persuasion skills he demonstrated when he entertained Emperor Geihar with food and

drinks surpassed even those of an experienced salesman.

Weed lifted his chin haughtily as he addressed the barbarian warrior.

“Open the path right now.”

“Have you come here to face the challenge of the Path of Struggle as well? But this path only opens to those who deserve to step into it.”

“Shut up and open it. Before I kill you all and make my way in.”

“Do you truly mean that?”

The eyes of the barbarian warriors guarding the entrance glinted menacingly. Weed recalled a line from the cartoon he had once read and had been deeply moved by, and went on:

“Get out of my way. The only thing that can halt my footsteps is my own will.”

“...!”

With those few words, he had declared upon the barbarians that he was willing to kill everyone if they refused to step aside.

Weed had a vast amount of knowledge related to Royal Road. Those numerous pieces of information he had gathered until now included not only the data about dungeons and monsters, but also about the residents and history of the Versailles Continent. His detailed knowledge extended to even things like the preferences of the cleaner or the florist lady of the Serabourg Castle in the Rosenheim Kingdom.

‘The warriors of the Order of Batalli are straightforward to deal with. They think one’s power proves everything.’

They seemed similar to Geomchi and other Geomchi brothers, but not exactly the same.

‘During this time period, they would be particularly weaker towards strong people.’

A dark spot in the history of the Order of Batalli, which was also known as a group of combatants! It followed an incident during which most of the order's truest warriors were massacred as they hunted down the demonic creature Khdertal, before the foundation of the Arpen Empire. The warriors who were currently remaining in the Church of Batalli were nothing but hollow shells. The Order of Batalli took roots again through countless sacrifices of its warriors during the Warring Age. There was no strength in those barbarian guards, only the false pretensions which were the remnants of their long-past glory days.

As per the normal procedure, in order to enter the Path of Struggle one would have get their qualifications acknowledged and pay a considerable amount of money as an offering, which was absolutely unacceptable to Weed.

“We, we are...”

The barbarian warrior drew himself up and tried to withstand Weed's glare, but Weed continued staring at him as if he was facing a conman who had been caught while trying to bilk him.

< Your Fighting Spirit is activated. >

His Fighting Spirit stat of over 600, which he had accumulated through the hunting and occasional slaughter of countless powerful monsters, came into effect.

“Kuuuu....”

The barbarian warrior's whole body trembled, and before long he gave in and stood aside.

“The Path of Struggle... is in the basement of the church.”

Ding!

< You have intimidated an enemy. Your Fighting Spirit stat increases by 1 point. >

< Battali the God of Fighting is gazing upon you proudly. He is greatly impressed by your attitude, which befits your strength.

With the blessing of the God of Fighting bestowed upon you, your Mentality, Courage and Charisma stats increase by 2 points each. >

A successful bullying!

Even when they were inside the church, Weed kept radiating his Fighting Spirit as he walked.

‘I mustn’t let my guard down. These rascals might try to steal my money any minute.’

He was determined to thoroughly destroy anyone like an arch enemy at the first sign of pulling a trick on him. The warriors of various races who served the Order of Batalli all stepped out of Weed’s way as he walked past. Parted into two lines, they stood well apart from each other, unable to muster the courage to challenge him.

A great statue stood in the basement of the Church of Batalli, the statue of the God of Fighting himself.

And a solitary path, opening up into the darkness.

They didn’t know what would show up in that path, but they could certainly feel the danger that filled up the whole space.

Timidly, the barbarian warrior said: “You’ll just have to... go through this path and reach the end. You must not eat anything in the middle of your journey, and you’ll fail automatically if you turn back. Even if you die, you must die on the path.”

Ding!

<You are facing the Path of Struggle.

This training hall has been constructed in order to train the true

warriors of this land, in order to prepare for the time when a great danger befalls the Versailles Continent.

Walk upon the Path of Struggle, and prove your worth.

Reward: Improvement of combat related skills and increased limits on stats growth.

Difficulty level: Unknown

Quest Restrictions: if the player consumes any food or turns back in the middle, the quest fails. It cannot be attempted again. The player can have water in order to quench their thirst. >

‘Nothing I have done in this game has been easy. I will not back off, even just a step.’

Weed stepped into the path as he reaffirmed his resolve.

“H-hey!”

Even before Python had time to prepare himself, he was gone.

Once in the Path of Struggle, Weed rushed forward.

Clang!

He drew the Loa Sword, threw off his novice garment and changed into his armor. He did not have the Goddess’s Knight Armor now, since he had asked Fabio and Herman to melt it down and forge a weapon out of it.

< Fabio’s Sturdy Heavy Armor : Durability 250/250. Defense 241.

A suit of armor made by Fabio, a blacksmiths who knows how to hammer a piece of metal. This is one of the best-quality armors he has ever crafted in his life. It has been reinforced six times by mixing in special minerals. It is thick and heavy, but when equipped by a fighter who can handle it properly, this armor will inflict much despair on the enemies attempting to attack them. It

is in pristine condition.

Restrictions: For Knights, Fighters and Warriors only. Level 520.

Additional effects: Maximum Life Force increased by 40%.

Physical damage decreased by 40%.

Magic resistance 3%.

Maximum 30% of damage reflection, depending on the physical toughness of one's body.

Strength -35

Agility -140

Very heavy.

No damage taken from weak attacks. >

It was an armor Weed had received from Fabio when he gave Goddess's Knight Armor to the blacksmith, in case he needed protection. It did not have many notable features, but its defensive capacity alone was absolute.

"Kuhehe. Intruders."

"This is the domain of the God of Fighting. Off with you!"

The monsters guarding the Path of Struggle appeared before the party. They belonged to the race of Ulroof, which possessed huge bodies like those of barbarians. Warriors of a spider-like species, their long limbs and keen senses made them tricky to handle.

Headcount: 8.

Estimated level: higher than 400.

Weed jumped into the midst of the monsters right away.

"Kuhehehe. Quite bold, this one."

"We shall break your defiance through our strength!"

The Ulroofs raised their spears and started attacking. As expected

from a warlike race that reveled in violence, they said few words.

Before the spears were extended to their full reach, Weed blocked what he could and dodged the rest. An analysis of the enemy's combat capacity flashed through his head like a bolt of lightning.

‘Overall, they are quite competent. Their long arms give them a greater reach and speedier attacks, but their defensive technique is not sophisticated, as is the case with most monsters. And they tend to parry the attacks with their strength, rather than just blocking.’

Weed read the breathing patterns of the Ulroofs, the manners, speed and strength with which each of their joints moved. It might be because of the fact that he had experienced so many combats before, but his senses were automatically analyzing the enemies without him actively working his brain to make calculations. It was quite analogous to showing an elementary school math textbook to a top student who was admitted to [Seoul National University](#) through talent hand effort, or asking a chef working in a famous hotel restaurant to make a fried egg.

“Sculpting Blade!”

Weed's sword lit up.

Tri-ri-ring!

The sword flowed continuously along two spear shafts. No less than five spears were entangled and struck among one another in a flash.

“Seven Celestial Footsteps!”

Weed stormed forward, slashing with his sword. His direction changed with each step, and the sword moved in his hand in an almost magical manner to strike down the Ulroofs one by one.

“Kuuargh??!”

The Ulroofs, so confident just a second ago, all turned grey in a blink of an eye and disappeared; they could not endure the critical

hits targeting only their vital spots, on top of the attacking power of the Loa Sword.

Weed kept running along the Path of Struggle, pushing forward. Of course, he had completely collected all the loot dropped by the Ulroofs already.

< You have acquired the steel spear of Ulroof. >

< You have acquired a leather pouch. It has quite a lot of contents. >

< You have acquired a valuable shining rock. >

‘I must make an efficient use of my time and stamina.’

Wasting time in the beginning was not Weed’s way of doing things. His style of hunting was so quick and relentless that he would not only [fry beans with a flash of lightning](#), but would roast some sweet potatoes on top of that while having a bowl of Ramyun in the meantime.

The next monsters that appeared were Volards, the fire leopards Weed had once fought in Jigolath.

“Growl!”

A group of Volards threatened him, but Weed charged in, unabated.

‘I’ve dealt with these monsters before. They take a quick leap to attack, and the speed at which they do that can be extremely befuddling to those who face them for the first time.’

Experience was important; knowing the strength and combat style of the opponent enabled one to devise an optimized tactic against them.

“Heraim Fencing!”

Weed held the Loa Sword with both hands and started swinging it like an axe, smashing the heads of the Volards that sprang at him

in a sudden jump.

“Kiiiiieennngghh!!”

< You have successfully made the first serial attack. Your Agility will be increased by 20%. >

Even with the life force and toughness of Volards, it was a painful strike. Through the effect of Heraim Fencing Weed's movement gained in speed a little. He continued dodging and smashing the head of the Volard every time another one leapt at him.

< You have successfully made the second serial attack. Your Strength will be increased by 40%. >

< You have successfully made the third serial attack. Your Agility will be increased by an additional 40%. >

< You have successfully made the fourth serial attack. Your Strength will be increased by an additional 20%. >

< You have successfully made the fifth serial attack. Your enemy has fallen unconscious and lost all attacking abilities. >

< You have successfully made the sixth serial attack. Your Strength will be increased by an additional 50%. For each hit, there will now be a secondary area-of-effect strike caused by the shockwave inflicting 15% of the damage of the original strike. >

< You have successfully made the seventh serial attack. Your Agility will be increased by an additional 30%. Your Strength will be increased by an additional 20%. Using 1500 mana, you can now make a ranged attack. >

A merciless chain of strikes!

Weed's combat abilities had reached the peak now. Heraim Fencing Skill was capable of defeating any enemy, however strong they might be, provided that one was able to make a continuous series of successful hits. Heraim Fencing Skill would be cancelled

with just one miss or dodge, but the Path of Struggle was narrow, and the ferocious Volards kept coming.

<You have successfully made the fifteenth serial attack. The pain you inflict on the opponent will be delivered to other enemies. The chained damage is 15% of the original attack. >

< You have successfully made the sixteenth serial attack. A critical strike has hit the target. The enemy has been destroyed. You are dominating the battlefield! >

< Your proficiency in sword skills has increased.>

< Your astounding accomplishment in combat has increased your fame by 580 points.>

< Your Strength stat increases by 1 point.>

Weed had successfully connected 24 chain attacks in total, devastating the Volards. He quickly gathered the remains of the dead Volards and the bounty scattered across the ground in all directions. He had used up some of his strength and stamina, but it was less than 5% of his total reserves thanks to the ridiculous amount of stats he had built up through countless hours of farming.

‘It’s quite easy for now.’

Even as he thought that, his body began to move. Weed rushed towards the next foe that would be waiting for him on the Path of Struggle.

I’m not sure if this is supposed to be the name of a person or a species; I looked up both the LMS Wiki and Korean wiki page for the novel and could find nothing...

The top-ranked university in Korea.

In Korean, we use the expression ‘like frying beans with a flash of lightning’ to describe a person’s behavior that is very quick and

dexterous, or very restless and anxious. The author added some more exaggeration to this phrase with sweet potatoes and Ramyun.

Chapter 7 - Advanced Training Hall

(Part 3)

Python was a fighter whose skills were good enough to boast on any battleground. Once he jumped into a dungeon with his great sword drawn, he never stopped until he successfully cleared it, even if he had to stay up all night. During the earlier days of Royal Road, the videos he uploaded would receive hundreds of thousands of views, and after he became more popular, they easily scored millions of hits.

“There’s a rumor claiming that Python, that fighter with superhuman strength, completely wiped out the Dungeon of Balharm.”

“Did you hear? They say Python moved a huge rock with his bare hands.”

Hearing the stories of his exploits that had spread among the townspeople each time he returned to a city after completing a quest or a hunt also gave him a feeling of great satisfaction.

‘There aren’t many fighters in this game whose skills deserve my recognition.’

That pride which once knew no limit had diminished a little ever since he had met Weed.

‘How is this guy so strong?!’

Despite his profession as a sculptor, Weed demonstrated incredible power in hunting grounds. The quickness, persistence and skillfulness with which he slew the monsters were difficult to catch up to, even for Python. He secretly stroked his chest in relief when he found out that Weed became a Necromancer after mastering sculpting skills.

‘For now, I’m still the strongest fighter there is.’

Python was intending to display his combat prowess alongside Weed in the advanced training hall — the training hall that took the Hermes Guild a total of 31 member to clear, including Bard Ray. If Python and Weed managed to break through this path together just by themselves, shoulder to shoulder, the video of their joint accomplishment was sure to spread among the public and greatly increase their reputation. He couldn't think of a better event to be put on air right before the battle in the Garnav Plain.

‘Weed must have planned all this in advance. It's going to be a difficult task, but together we have a fair chance of success provided we thoroughly complement each other's skills.’

Python was a little delayed while he checked over his equipment and said goodbye to Surka and other companions, but it still had not been more than ten minutes since Weed's departure.

‘Will he be waiting for me while fighting the first wave of monsters?’

He walked into the Path of Struggle unhurriedly, but all he saw was the remains of the dead Ulroofs.

‘Hmm. I guess he's already dealt with them alone.’

Python nodded. Given Weed's capacity in combat, he would easily have been able to fight the Ulroofs all by himself. Even with his sculpting skills and Necromancer spells sealed, he had plenty of experience and an excellent combat sense.

‘So, he went on without waiting for me? Then he must be fighting the next monsters.’

Python continued walking, taking a look at the signs of battle that Weed had left behind.

‘I could get there deliberately late until he asks for help... no, then he would give me an earful for taking so long.’

He imagined the face of Weed desperately crying out for help; it would definitely give him some satisfaction to see him in such a

state, but he decided he shouldn't do such a thing to a friend and companion.

‘Kukuku. I'll show him the might of my greatsword.’

In the next fight location, he saw dead Volards scattered on the ground, expertly taken down.

Python was a little shocked at the sight of no less than 12 lifeless Volards, stripped of all their loot down to their very skins.

“Weed killed all of them on his own? They are quite tricky to deal with... This guy really is something.”

Volards were both dangerous and difficult monsters. The moment one lets themselves be assaulted by those fierce leaping attacks, they will lose balance, unable to break free from the creatures' grasp.

What was even more surprising was the fact that these traces of Weed's fight against the Volards weren't scattered over several different places: he had killed them all in one spot. As it didn't look like it had taken a long time either, Python could surmise that it must have been one epic battle.

“He sure knows how to fight.”

Impressed, Python decided to rate Weed's combat capacity a little higher than he'd done until now. One's level and skills did not always align perfectly with one's strength. As was the case with most sports, not everyone who had great strength could make a perfect use of that strength; there were so many other areas that influenced one's fighting ability, including one's ability to think quickly, reflexes, and understanding of enemies.

“I suppose there's a fair reason behind his power.”

Python kept walking, but in the third, fourth and fifth battle locations, he only found more remains of thoroughly slaughtered monsters. He had been expecting Weed to wait for him to join in as he was fighting the monsters but everywhere he went the fight was

already over, with nothing but a cold breeze hovering over the place. In the case of the fifth wave in particular, there were bodies of huge demonic soldiers, which were known to be extremely difficult to deal with, left on the ground in a line — demonic creatures with a level as high as 510.

“Even these monsters, too?”

Python was now feeling increasingly pressed for time.

“It seems I might have dallied for just a bit too long. I should reunite with him as soon as possible.”

He slid his blade back in its place on his back and began to run. He knew it was a ridiculous sight, a famous user such as him whose reputation was widespread over the entire Versailles Continent sprinting at top speed not to miss more fights, but he could think of no other way for now.

‘It wasn’t like I was going THAT slowly. He could’ve just waited for me for a moment! And why is he eliminating these monsters so quickly?’

He risked burning up his stamina a little too quickly in order to run faster, but the Path of Struggle stretching out before him only awaited more evidence of monsters being eradicated.

‘This is bad.’

As Python was on a dead run, his mind was filled with only one thought: he, too, had watched the video of the Hermes Guild going through the Path of Struggle. Seeing 31 people moving and working together as smoothly as a cogwheel was certainly a sight to behold, but it did not leave a big impression on Python. He knew he would have done more than an average job if he had been one of them, and besides, nothing in that video looked overly dangerous to him; that much was evident just from the fact that Bard Ray and his 30 Royal Guards all managed to successfully clear the path in the end, unscathed.

‘If Weed doesn’t stop... things might get really complicated.’

After passing through the first few battles on the Path of Struggle, the challenger will face the Gate of Trial. Before opening that gate, they must choose: will they go alone, or together with friends? There had been a few people who stepped in alone at first, but they all succumbed to the waves of monsters. Once one passed through the Gate of Trial, for every step they took they had to face a swarm of those creatures. There was a limit to the time one could spend on resting to recover the lost strength, since they could not consume any food on the Path of Struggle. They either met their demise from exhaustion or chose to flee and return to the gate. As an advanced training hall did not allow a second try, that was to be the end of their challenge, forever. After a few of such cases, most people chose to face enter the gate with their friends or companions, as did the Hermes Guild. Even then there had been a considerable number of casualties, except for Bard Ray and his Royal Guards.

‘He’s just got to stop and wait for me, but... as absurd as it sounds, I wouldn’t put it past Weed to set off alone.’

What if...? Python was having a sinister premonition. He had a feeling that once Weed had immersed himself in fight, he might never stop to look back.

< Batalli the God of Fighting is satisfied with your battle.

A total of 37 chained attacks through Heraim Fencing Skill! You have dominated your enemies, and never stopped fighting until the end of combat.

Your Strength stat will be increased by 1 point by the blessings of the God of Fighting. >

While walking on the Path of Struggle, Weed realized one thing.

‘There is nothing better than Heraim Fencing Skill for breaking through this path.’

There were a few other combat skills, but they all consumed a significant amount of stamina or mana. Overusing big area-of-effect attack skills to deal with the great number of monsters appearing on the path was a sure way to exhaust oneself quickly, and one would not be able to exert the full extent of their power and skills in the end.

‘Things like special sword techniques and high level would not mean much in this place. On this path, one needs quick wit, adaptability, and courage.’

He confirmed this discovery once more after eliminating the magical knights of Galden which had been the ninth wave of enemies thrown at him. Wielding a huge shield and spells, their only purpose was to block his way. They attempted to tire out the challenger, forcing them to waste their stamina and mana. Weed had to create an unguarded moment in the enemy’s movement, an instant that was less than taking a breath, and tore through that gap using his Heraim Fencing Skill.

‘This kind of fight is quite fun, too.’

Weed smiled, for the first time after a long while. What would be the fun of it if he already knew all about the path and made it too easy? Finding and exploiting the enemy’s weak points, pushing himself forward every second with all his might... that was all he needed to succeed.

‘I can fight to my heart’s content here. And I open up my own path as I fight through the enemies. That’s why this is called the Path of Struggle.’

Through his accomplishments in combat, Weed earned some additional stats.

< An honorable victory!

For a brief moment, you exerted all your might to strike a group of Bardenhoffs to death.

You dominated the battlefield!

As great as their pride is, they would be glad to have submitted to a great warrior such as you.

Your Charisma and Courage stat have increased by 2 points each.

Your fame has increased by 1,381 points. >

It was not easy to earn such stat rewards in hunting grounds, but since the creatures appearing in this place all tested his limits just slightly, most of the fights Weed had had here led to combat accomplishments.

‘Being able to fight all I want... I like that.’

Intoxicated by the heat of battle, Weed penetrated lines and lines of enemies as they appeared. When he first stepped onto the Path of Struggle he was using his brain, thinking of what would be the best way to fight. But now, he merely threw himself into the fray again and again, swinging his sword in frenzy. Making his way through the path blocked by hordes of monsters, he had arrived in front of the Gate of Trial before he knew.

< You have reached the Gate of Trial.

The challenger can choose to step into this gate with friends, or they can walk upon this path alone. >

When Weed first decided to go through the Path of Struggle, Python was with him. Two was still a very small number, but it certainly made a big difference from going alone. At the very least they could watch each other’s back or force their way forward more easily.

Weed did not think even for a second.

‘It’s barely enough to clear this all by myself, let alone with

somebody else.'

He opened the Gate of Trial, and strode forward.

– Arkhim: Urgent news: Weed has entered an advanced training hall.

Everyone on the Hermes Guild's official communication channel could not contain their shock at this unexpected report.

– Boemong: There's no way he can do that. Are you sure it's not some false information?

– Arkhim: This info is indisputable, it's leaked from the high-ranking officials in CTS Media. They're supposed to receive at least a hint from Weed whenever there's some big event.

– Phalanx: I just can't believe this... yes, what's the current situation in our advanced training halls?

– Denon: No intruders. Everything's as it should be here.

With the war coming in three days, most of the members of the Hermes Guild were currently online. After receiving a report from Denon, a ranker who happened to be near the training hall at the moment, and just as they were expressing their confusion and frustration at this seemingly false rumor, Arkhim sent another message.

– Arkhim: I'm trying to get more information, but for now it is estimated that Weed has entered the advanced training hall thanks to his skill to travel in time to the past.

– Lafaye: That should be possible, theoretically. And there would be nothing we can do about it. How many people are helping him?

There was a delay in Lafaye's response as he was busy making preparations for the fateful battle in the Garnav Plain. But if Weed and his gang had really taken a quest after traveling back in time just as he guessed, there was indeed not much the guild could do to

hinder them.

– Arkhim: I'll continue to gather more information now.

For half an hour as they waited for Arkhim, the Hermes Guild users thought of Weed who might manage to clear the advanced training hall. The stronger members of Royal Guard were feeling especially bitter to see Weed grow even more powerful, but there was no way for them to prevent it.

– Arkhim: I've obtained information about the people accompanying Weed, but it is...

When Arkhim appeared in the communication channel again, all the guild members listened to him carefully. All over the Central Continent, the sight of the Hermes Guild users suddenly going blank simultaneously could be seen.

– Arkhim: Python, the fighter of superhuman strength, joined him.

– Phalanx: And?

– Boemong: We all expected Python to be there, since he was already seen in the Wulhoff Reef. Is there any information about the others yet?

– Arkhim: Well... that's it. There's just him.

– Lafaye: What?!

– Arkhim: Those who have challenged the advanced training hall are Weed and Python, just two of them.

There was a long silence in the official communication channel of the Hermes Guild. At that moment, nobody was saying anything in other regional channels of the guilds or in most of the channels related to hunting, quests or socializing.

As overflowing with powerful users as the Hermes Guild was, there was only a portion of them who had actually managed to beat the advanced training hall. Even then, there were a lot of videos

and articles on clearing the Path of Struggle that had been made public.

- Unless you are in the same league as Bard Ray and his Royal Guards, it is more advantageous to gather at least 50 people.

- It is impossible to consume any food on the Path of Struggle. Therefore, it would be of some help to eat a lot of stamina food regularly that grants a long-lasting satiety and fullness from three days before going into the path. The list of such food is...

- There is no map. The passage is all connected in one straight line and the number and types of monsters are completely unpredictable as well.

- The time for clearing this path is limited due to the fact that one cannot eat anything in there, and 20 hours is generally regarded as the maximum amount of time one can endure the starvation while going through a series of fierce combat. If you don't manage to break through the path until after 20 hours, it is best to give up and turn back.

- Fortunately, your mana and stamina will recover when you take a break. There are 7 gears and skills in total that we recommend to increase the rate of stamina recovery...

- We suggest including Steel Fighters and Indomitable Champions in the storming party, which are two of the advanced professions for fighters. They possess nearly an unlimited amount of stamina, which makes it a lot easier to successfully break through the Path. It'd be better to have at least two of them.

Even the members of the Hermes Guild made preparations 2, 3 months in advance before challenging the advanced training halls. They organized shock troops, and adjusted their gears and skill settings for the occasion. Everyone was allowed only one chance to face the trial of the advanced training halls, and therefore this was an extremely high-difficulty level endeavor.

- Boemong: Just two of them? Are they insane?
- Calcus: There must be a mistake in this information. This is just impossible.
- Verdin: This is nonsense... it must be Weed's trick.
- Barakuda: Choosing such a crucial moment right before the war to challenge the advanced training hall is in itself a trick! Don't you think so?

The users who had already cleared the training hall were the first to refute Arkhim's claim most angrily. In their perspectives, passing through the same training hall that they had been before with just two people simply did not make any sense.

'Could there really be a chance of doing that, however small it would be? Even then, such a challenge is just so absurd!'

'Is it even possible to pass through the whole path with two people? It doesn't make sense. They'll have to deal with at least several thousand monsters each.'

'How could they? Why on earth did Weed decide to make such a crazy attempt?'

'Even if they don't make any mistake or get injured, they'll still have to burn their mana and stamina. There's no way they won't succumb to exhaustion in the middle of the way.'

As every member of the Hermes Guild thought it was impossible, it was all the more difficult for them to know the true intention of Weed and Python.

Chapter 8 - A New Achievement (Part 1)

Although there had been some delay, the news of Weed and Python challenging the advanced training hall reached the Garnav Plain, with various broadcasting companies delivering the information as breaking news even in the middle of their regular programs.

“An advanced training hall?”

“According to LK Games, only those who have mastered an intermediate training hall are eligible to face those trials.”

“They say you might as well not bother going there unless your level is at least 400.”

“But that’s just some minimum stats requirement. We all know level itself doesn’t mean much when it comes to Weed-nim.”

“Yeah, he’ll succeed, as always.”

“It’s not like that. People say it’s beyond comprehension that only the two of them have gone to take the challenge. Just look at how flabbergasted those MCs are.”

KMC Media, CTS Media, LK Games... every broadcasting station quickly made arrangements to set up a studio to directly report the news about the advanced training hall. The video of Bard Ray and the Hermes Guild members arduously struggling their way through the said training hall was on screen as well. The show hosts seemed as if they were quite unsure what to say.

– I just can’t wrap my head around this. Of course, Weed and Python, they both possess tremendous competence and skills.

– Yes. They are truly strong. Both know how to put up a good fight.

– However, I can’t help but think that going headlong into the advanced training hall is too reckless, even for them. Weed won’t

be able to use his strongest skills such as sculpting techniques or summoning undead.

- Abilities like stopping time or summoning undead are indeed extremely powerful weapons. Even the Hermes Guild would have a difficult time dealing with them. But none of those can be used in the advanced training hall. They have no unexpected going for them.

- They need to get across the whole path using only pure combat skills... the problem is, there are simply too many monsters inside.

- Well, technically, you don't have to eliminate all of the monsters on the Path of Struggle like the Hermes Guild did. You just have to pass through them, in any way. You could even run away from them.

- But avoiding the fight is not an easy thing to do in that place either, as you'd know.

- How about taking things slowly and making their way forward just one fight at a time?

- Even warriors with their great stamina will eventually get tired after a long battle. There will be some decrease in their life force, as well. They could recover by taking a rest, but taking too much time in the path will only lead to them starving to death.

- The difficulty level of that path is atrocious beyond one's imagination. It is simply impossible to beat it with just one person.

- Some even say that clearing an advanced training hall is more difficult than mastering the combat-class skills.

“Watch this video showing the Hermes Guild. It isn't possible to clear this with just two people.”

“Then why did they decide to take up the challenge?”

As more information about the advanced training hall spread, users of the North were feeling quite confused.

“They’re just going to die, at this rate.”

“Dying for nothing? Just like that?”

“And if they HAD to die, why now? We’re facing the most important battle in Royal Road!”

“Maybe they were planning to have an epic one-on-one fight against Bard Ray after clearing the advanced training hall?”

“This is ridiculous. I can’t believe they’re acting in such a foolhardy way.”

“If things go south, Weed-nim might not even be able to attend the battle.”

If they die in the advanced training hall, they cannot go online again for the next 24 hours. That was equivalent to 4 long days in the game, considering how the time flows differently in Royal Road compared to the real world. This meant that Weed would arrive late for the battle in the Garnav Plain, or might even fail to show up.

“It wouldn’t come to that... would it?”

“Considering the difficulty of an advanced training hall, it wouldn’t be too surprising even if they really die there. You can see what kind of place it is just by watching the videos or broadcast.”

“But Weed-nim has made so many miracles possible... Seeing all of his accomplishments, I think he will succeed this time, yet again.”

“Didn’t you see the broadcast? He can’t even use sculpting skills there. There’s no way to go through the place other than fighting your way through countless battles.”

“Weed-nim is not a Knight or a Fighter, after all.”

As the words began to spread, the users gathering in the Garnav Plain were struck by a sudden feeling of apprehension. This anxiety got even worse when a newsflash appeared in the middle of

a live program on KMC Media.

– Weed is challenging the advanced training hall alone.

Even the Northern users who always trusted and followed Weed could not help their puzzlement at the moment they received this new report.

“We’re about to have a big battle to save the whole Versailles Continent. He can’t do this if he truly understands the gravity of it.”

“It’s as if he said a big ‘Screw you’ to at least a hundred million people.”

“If Weed dies, he sure will leave a big mark in history... in the worst possible sense, of course.”

One after another, many users in the Garnav Plain began to react against Weed’s sudden decision to enter the advanced training hall, as the whole situation was too absurd for them to expect Weed to succeed this time.

“Whoa. It’s already hard with just two people, yet he...”

“It’s the Weed-nim we know, all right.”

“Yes, one can never realize how reckless he can be until they really get to know him.”

“What on earth was he thinking...?”

Pale and the rest of Weed’s companions who were waiting at the entrance of the Path of Struggle heard the news as well. None of them were surprised; they merely felt that yet another mishap had occurred, which, frankly, they’d almost grown used to at this stage.

‘He’s always been like this, come to think of it.’

‘Simple and violent. Well, he gets things done, in the end.’

‘Compared to all those adventures he’d been through... it might

not be a piece of cake, but I guess he was confident he could handle this.'

These companions, who all knew Weed well, thought positively about Weed's trial in the advanced training hall. Pale, Surka, Irene and Romuna... Each of them was a high-level user, with plenty of combat experience. From a common-sense point of view, one would predict that he would fail this venture, based on the information that had been revealed about the advanced training hall. However, their view of the world had kept getting broader and broader as the time they had spent by Weed's side increased. The moment they heard the news of Weed stepping into the training hall alone, they came up with a more fundamental question.

'An advanced training hall that cannot be completed by one person alone? That sounds fishy. If that's really true, they should only accept people coming in groups in the first place. It doesn't make sense that there is the Gate of Trial in the middle, where people can choose to go alone.'

'Fighting the thousands of monsters blocking the way without using any other profession skills? Hmm. Few users train a variety of skills of many kinds to a high level of expertise like Weed-nim does anyway. And you can't even eat anything in that place? Why do such restrictions exist?'

Based on the rules of the advanced training hall itself, they suspected that there would be a hidden solution. However, a vague hunch was all they could come up with at this time.

The users who had managed to clear the advanced training hall had all been members of prestigious guilds, mostly the Hermes Guild. A few of them had had a similar suspicion about the training hall, but they did not dig any deeper.

'There's already a walkthrough of the advanced training hall.'

'I can join the next shock troop and break through.'

Once one fails to pass through the advanced training hall they cannot make another attempt, but fortunately there was a known solution to clear the path, which meant that the users had no reason to take unnecessary risks and put everything they had on the line.

Pale was convinced of Weed's success.

'Weed-nim could do it alone. Being the first to do something is nothing difficult for him.'

The fact that cockroaches still exist in this world was the biggest evidence that supported his confidence: there was no way that Weed, possibly the only living being that is more tenaciously resilient than cockroaches, would fail.

Many broadcasting companies including KMC Media were facing a serious enigma.

"Why did Weed make such a dangerous decision and enter the advanced training hall? Why now?"

"I think he must have thought of some hidden plan."

"Plan? What plan? Unless he's planning to drive everything in complete ruin."

Almost every broadcasting station around the world had made a contract to broadcast the battle of the Garnav Plain. So naturally, they had all been put on emergency alert, unable to decide what steps they should take from now.

"Mr. Kim, what is the current situation? Any news from Weed yet?"

"Nothing yet, sir."

In the project meeting room of KMC Media, even the director general had made his rare appearance. The whole company was taking this issue very seriously, with every team director and

manager attending the meeting.

“It’s already been quite a while...”

“Yes, it’s been 30 minutes since we received the news.”

“And how are users responding to this?”

“After the newsflash was broadcast, it appears that all of them have fallen into a state of panic. Most of the sculpture construction work has been suspended as well.”

“I see... indeed, they wouldn’t be able to carry on with making the sculptures after all this mess.”

The director general let out a deep sigh. The company had mobilized the entirety of its equipment and manpower for the upcoming battle. And then there were the problems of advertisement contracts with major corporations, the promotion cost that they had spent until now, as well as the crews and guest stars. They had put off the entire broadcasting schedule until after the battle in the Garnav Plain, and now Weed had entered an advanced training hall.

“Well, this is not a situation that can be reversed; what happens to the battle if Weed dies?”

“I believe the battle will proceed as normal, since it has been prearranged.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to postpone the battle for a few days? If it can be delayed by three or four days, Weed will be able to revive again and fight.”

“There are a hundred million users in that plain, sir. Besides, do you really expect the Hermes Guild to agree to put off the battle?”

The people of the broadcasting stations were all feeling quite lost as to how they should deal with the situation, but one thing was for certain: nothing could be more futile than Weed perishing inside that advanced training hall. This could potentially become

the worst catastrophic event in the history of Royal Road.

The director of the Foreign Cooperation Team suggested tentatively, “Perhaps we’ve made a wrong decision taking the side of Weed?”

The grim face of the director general turned towards him.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, it looks like things will not go favorably for Weed from now on. If he loses to the Hermes Guild by any chance, our company will also be put into quite an uncomfortable position.”

The uneasiness was quite plain in the faces of the other staff members, too.

“Should the Hermes Guild win, it will also pose a problem in negotiations for broadcast rights in the Central Continent.”

“Some users are outright refusing to give an interview to our company. The loss we’ll have to suffer will be tremendous if this kind of hostility continues.”

“This battle means a lot to people. If Weed dies and fails to show up, he will be subjected to a hail of backlashes and blames, and will not even be able to bounce back ever again.”

“We’ll also need to take into account the possible scenario in which the population of Royal Road itself suffers after Weed’s downfall. Viewing rates are sure to plummet if a hero disappears.”

The people in the meeting room saw one thing and had to worry about ten possible bad things that could happen because of it. Weed’s defeat would have a harmful influence on their company in many ways, too. Most of the broadcasting stations related to Royal Road had established a cooperative relationship with each other and agreed to side with Weed. The reason was nothing complicated: the broadcasting companies needed viewers to sustain themselves. Weed was the biggest draw of the entire game world, and the passion of the Northern users for their Arpen

Kingdom was like a wildfire blazing furiously. It was quite a natural move for the companies to take the side of Weed instead of the Hermes Guild which was full of negative images in the eyes of the public, for the sake of viewing rate. In particular, KMC Media especially could not let itself be left out from this trend because broadcasting Weed's adventures was the crucial factor behind its huge success and which led them to the position of major broadcasting company with high average ratings.

Manager Kang shook his head.

"I understand these concerns shared by you. However, considering the countless achievements Weed had made thus far, I don't think this kind of crisis would be enough to shake him."

"But this was such an incredibly reckless move, don't you think?"

"What if he was truly confident that he can clear the training hall? He just has to clear this and that's all the problems solved, right? The situation will turn positive again."

"Hmm."

The other board members of the company who had been watching this conversation between Manager Kang and the Foreign Cooperation Team director didn't quite know what to say. Weed had gained popularity with the users by walking the hard and difficult path (so insistently one would even suspect that he was doing this deliberately at times), and every time he did this the viewing rates increased dramatically as well. They wouldn't have such enthusiastic viewers if Weed had always played it safe in the normal way. But, as absolute a living legend Weed might be, a successful outcome was the most critical factor this time. Whether he really manages to pass through the advanced training hall would determine which of the two extreme directions the whole situation would take.

As the people in the meeting room were struggling to decide on

the company's stance, the youngest member of the writing team opened the door carefully and entered.

“We’ve just received a call from Miss Jeong Seoyoon.”

“...!”

There wasn't a single person in the whole staff of the broadcasting station who didn't know who Seoyoon was — the person who once took care of all matters big and small in the Arpen Kingdom, and the Goddess of the Grass Porridge Cult. A sudden liveliness returned to the eyes of the men who had been feeling drained by this endless meeting that didn't seem to go anywhere.

“Ahem.”

The director general cleared his throat and asked, “What did she say?”

“She said that she wishes to meet the representatives of the broadcasting companies, including KMC Media.”

Naturally, the gaze of the staff members in the meeting room turned to Manager Kang, as he was the person in charge of all matters related to Weed. Manager Kang's bald head broke out in a cold sweat as he felt the furious stares from the other male coworkers.

“Well, I think I need to go and meet her, for certain. I should hear her opinions on the current state of affairs.”

The meeting was adjourned until Manager Kang returns from his visit to Seoyoon.

“So, when and where are we meeting?”

“In one hour. And the place is...”

“Yes?”

“[In Gimbap Heaven](#), across the street in front of the company building.”

“...”

The directors and executives of various broadcasting stations related to Royal Road from across the world were gathering in Gimhap Heaven, including those from Korean companies.

The US, China, Japan, Russia, India, Thailand, the UK, Brazil, France, Germany... the number of countries alone was 32 in total. As each of these international companies had a branch in Korea, those who were in charge of this matter were rushing their way in.

“Um, so...”

“Haha, this is just...”

The staff members from various broadcasting stations were sitting around the tables, looking embarrassed. There were still 45 minutes left until the time at which Seoyoon promised to show up.

“What should we order?”

“Well, some gimhap...”

“There’s still some time before the meeting, so I guess we can go for some fried rice, even?”

When in a Gimhap Heaven, one had to order something once they had taken a seat.

“Excuse me, I’ll join this table since there are not enough seats...”

“...Okay.”

People representing rival companies were forced to squeeze in the same table. Some of them thought the choice of place was rather inappropriate, but that was nothing compared to the topic they would discuss later.

‘She’s bound to look worse than she does on the screens, even just a little.’

‘Maybe there’s some effect of the stats. She might have increased

her Charm stat abnormally high...’

Before long, at the moment when Seoyoon finally showed herself in Kimbab Heaven, the representatives were instantly bewitched.

‘Beautiful.’

‘She’s beautiful.’

‘Exactly as she looks in the videos... it’s as if a halo appears around her head.’

Even in a simple t-shirt and a pair of jeans, Seoyoon dominated the sight of those who beheld her — the beauty that enraptured people regardless of their nationality!

“I’d like to thank you all for gathering together in this place in response to my invitation. The battle in the Garnav Plain will proceed according to plan, so please, trust us and make all due preparations as normal.”

Seoyoon spoke in her clear voice that sounded like morning birds tweeting pleasantly.

“...”

JHG of Japan.

The representative member of this giant broadcasting company boasting overwhelming viewer rates in Japan had intended to make some severe criticism in regard to this matter.

‘He has decided to head to the advanced training hall without any consultation with our company in advance, which has seriously jeopardized our broadcasting schedule. If things lead to an unfavorable outcome, we will make sure to demand some compensation for the breach of contract, and...’

He had prepared enough lines to shoot at her for more than twenty minutes, but the moment he laid his eyes on her he felt as if his head was hit by more than one bolt of lightning.

‘I... I can’t say such things. Never mind my job, this is not a way

to respect such beauty.'

Not only would he be targeted by angry and blinded rebukes from the delegates of the other broadcasting companies, it would leave a memory which he shall regret for the rest of his life.

"If you have any other opinions or inputs, please tell me."

There wasn't a single person who showed any sign of complaint about Seoyoon's words.

"Also, feel free to speak up if there have been any inconveniences in general when you were collecting news."

"..."

"...or if there is anything lacking in the current policies or direction of ruling of the Arpen Kingdom."

"..."

A simple unification of the press, without a single conflict of opinions!

At that moment, Manager Kang tentatively raised his hand.

"I have my utmost faith in Weed-nim and trust he will clear the advanced training hall, but as we all know, an advanced training hall is not an easy place to beat. It is even more absurd that just one person should go to face the trial of that place."

Other representatives also nodded their heads in agreement. This was the reason why they had decided to assemble here, while in a state of huge shock. Taking up a challenge to beat the advanced training hall in such a crucial moment... It made them worry about the possible failure caused by his decision to venture alone. When Weed went on all those numerous adventures alone, they didn't make an issue out of it because they didn't know exactly how difficult those adventures could be. But in case of the advanced training hall, everyone was aware of its extreme difficulty level (especially when faced by a single person) thanks to all the

resources available.

“Yes, I agree.”

“So... does Weed-nim have any secret strategy to clear the advanced training hall?”

With this question from Manager Kang, Seoyoon recalled a certain moment that happened a while ago. After watching the video of the Hermes Guild, she also gave Weed a passing question as to whether he was really confident that he could clear the advanced training hall. What Weed had said to her in reply still made her cry whenever she recalled it.

Seoyoon answered Manager Kang’s question, clear drops of tear streaming from her eyes.

“He said he can just starve.”

“...What?”

“He said... that he couldn’t understand what was so difficult about starving. He said that he was used to it, though other people might not be.”

This is an obvious parody of the name of a famous Korean snack food restaurant franchise, the main menu of which is (unsurprisingly) Gimbap. This is as if Seoyoon requested to have such an important meeting in Subway, which is why Manager Kang is so taken aback.

Chapter 8 - A New Achievement (Part 2)

The atmosphere in the Garnav Plain was still quite unsettled. The users from the Central and Northern Continents had gathered around together, deeply occupied with watching the broadcast programs on Weed and the advanced training hall.

– You know, when it comes to combat there are certain factors to consider: which side is stronger, or which uses better tactics? Thing is, in this case he's fighting alone — which means there's nothing more to consider; he's a dead man.

– Weed's 'No Defeat' legend? That kind of story includes a lot of exaggerations. The claim that he will keep succeeding just because he has never failed before is purely groundless belief.

– I agree. He has received the absolute support of the common users and, with the help they provided out of sympathy, he has been able to use the human wave strategy against the Hermes Guild. But Weed himself was once killed by Bard Ray-nim in the Melbourne Mine, wasn't he?

– His overflowing ego fed by the crowd praising him to the sky has eventually led him to self-destruction. Frankly, he'd be much better off now if he had decided to just wash his feet and go to bed.

– [A way to clear the advanced training hall alone?](#) There's been a lot of investigation, but none has been revealed so far. Besides, there have been more than just a few people who have cleared the training hall. They didn't just decide to go in groups because they were fools; Weed's attempt to clear it alone is simply too risky.

– There's a reason why it's called the Path of Struggle: it's because you have to fight. A lot. All those tricks Weed has used until now won't work in there.

Players who were among the top 500 rankers of Royal Road and other so-called experts appearing on the programs were giving

their opinions, all of which were pessimistic. While it was true that Weed's new trial indeed looked very reckless to their eyes, their united voice was also largely influenced by Lafaye's secret instructions to the Hermes Guild.

– During interviews, you must repeatedly emphasize that Weed's challenge has been the worst possible choice. We need to swing the public sentiment into thinking that he will fail this time and it will eventually lead to the defeat of the Arpen Kingdom.

Weed had already set up a number of plans in his favor in the Garnav Plain, and Lafaye was attempting to interfere by shaking up the crowd mentality.

At first, the Garnav Plain remained moderately unaffected. But as people watched the broadcast, fear began to build up, which soon led to deterioration of the overall atmosphere.

“I trusted him because it was Weed... How could he betray us all like this?”

“He could've waited for just a few more days... He couldn't be arsed to do that?”

“I just can't understand people who behave like that right before such an important event. I mean, who does he think we're doing all this hard work for?”

“Dammit, forget it all! I quit!”

“Everyone, let's just stop working and play. Why do we have to put all our efforts like this? It's all over anyway!”

The general mood was darkening in the Garnav Plain, centering on the users from the Central Continent. Spies that had been urgently sent from the Hermes Guild also expressed their dissatisfaction and beguiled the public opinion.

They were trying to cause riot!

“Hey, let's just go and have a bite somewhere. I'm hungry.”

“Drat, I don’t even know why I bothered coming here. I wasted a lot of money for using the teleport gate.”

“I’ve ridden all the way from the Rosenheim Kingdom on horseback. Sigh. Was it all for nothing?”

“Hello, could we have a bottle of soju, no, whiskey over here?”

Inside restaurants and pubs in the Food Alley, various alcoholic beverages including beers and wines were being sold at a frightening speed. The users who had gone through so much hard work making preparations for the battle against the Hermes Guild were now expressing their rage as well.

The minds of the crowd had caught fire in the Garnav Plain!

If by any chance the one hundred million users gathering in this place should disperse and fall apart, things would truly become irremediable.

However, there were still countless users who were busily carrying and piling up building materials in silence.

3,700 gigantic sculptures were presently under construction — this historical undertaking that would completely change the whole scenery of the Garnav Plain was now entering its final stage. As people had set up such an extremely lofty goal, they had to work day and night in order to complete the sculptures on time.

“We’re running short of stones. Please bring some more.”

“Sure. We’ve used all the stones in the nearby areas, so people are bringing some extra stones from outside.”

“The Mapan Trading Company has provided some carriages for us; if there are any carriage drivers here, lend us a hand, please.”

Those who were moving constantly for the construction work made up more than 60 percent of the entire crowd in the Garnav Plain.

Bella, a reporter from KMC Media, interviewed a few people after

informing them it was part of live coverage.

“Hello.”

“Hi, nice to meet you.”

Bella approached a user who was carrying a stone slate larger than his own body. Even as he was giving the interview, he continued walking, one struggling step after another.

“First, could you give us your name, please?”

“I’m Soft Tofu, a user from the Northern Continent.”

“Okay. The mood in this place is quite unsettled after Weed-nim went to challenge the advanced training hall, yet you are still here, giving assistance to the people building the sculptures, is there any reason why-...?”

Soft Tofu put down the stone slate for a moment and straightened his stooped back.

“So, what changed?”

“...Sorry?”

“Did Weed-nim ruin any of our plans?”

“Well, he entered the advanced training hall, and-...”

“And? Did he die there?”

“No, but this time it doesn’t seem he will be able to clear this training hall by himself...”

Soft Tofu gave a good-natured smile.

“Every time Weed-nim went on a new adventure, there have always been people who said he would fail. Those people who are giving interviews on TV programs now, they also said similar things before, correct?”

“Well, I mean, they...”

Experts and top rankers had indeed been keeping their

pessimistic stance whenever Weed started an adventure. On the other hand, the users who started playing Royal Road in the Arpen Kingdom held absolute faith — the faith that, without Weed, their life would have been much more unhappy.

“He’s not truly dead until he actually dies. Making predictions for his death is also pointless. It’s understandable if you think he will not be able to make it here when we’re fighting the Hermes Guild... but we still don’t know that, either. So why should I stop doing my duty?”

“...”

Soft Tofu’s interview was broadcast live through the KMC Media channel.

“He’s right, you know.”

“Yeah. It’s a loss for all of us if we give up fighting or get defeated.”

The interview was enough to calm the atmosphere in the Garnav Plain, which had been growing worse after Weed’s venture into the advanced training hall, if only by a small amount.

“Everyone, there’s only a very short time left. Let’s cheer up and continue preparing for the battle while making statues and enjoying the festival.”

“Let’s just do our best. We can blame Weed-nim once we find out he’s really let us down, but... he hasn’t done anything yet.”

The users from Morata took the lead in spurring the construction of the sculptures.

In the meantime, there had been several meetings within the Grass Porridge Cult in which they discussed their true identity.

– What is the point of our existence?

– Until when do we have to continue fighting for Weed and the Arpen Kingdom?

So far, the Grass Porridge Cult had actively involved itself in numerous battles or other matters that improved the national power of the Arpen Kingdom. Its influence was expanding on a daily basis, evidenced by the tremendous increase in the number of porridge groups. Yet the cult members had no reason to hold grudges against the Arpen Kingdom, as they were enjoying a free life, not subjected to any compulsory rules or orders from the kingdom.

– We don't have to live our lives for Weed-nim. Let's live in order to make our lives more enjoyable.

– The reason why we put our strength together whenever there's a war? Indeed, a lot of people wonder about it. We're not doing it to show our loyalty to Weed-nim; we're doing it for the sake of all of us.

– We don't believe that the Arpen Kingdom belongs to Weed-nim only. We have built this country together, and we are fighting to protect something that belongs to all of us... What's so strange about that?

– The battle in the Garnav Plain. Let's all fight together. Weed-nim is not the only one who made all those things possible.

The users of the Grass Porridge Cult decided to move freely between the construction work and the festival. As nobody was forcing anyone to do anything, people were merely following their own hearts.

The first group of enemies Weed faced after opening the Gate of Trial was an order of 50 Goblin Knights.

“Salutations to the one who possesses courage. You'll have to defeat us to move forward. Kuku.”

Weed's sharp eyes told him that the area of the open ground on which the goblins were standing was about 300 square meters. The

Path of Struggle had widened up a little, enough to stage a larger scale battle.

‘An order of knights... this sounds fun.’

Although they were mere monsters, the Goblin Knights seemed to be in the middle to late 400s in terms of levels. They weren’t easy opponents, nor were they overly difficult to deal with; it would have given him a bigger headache if they had appeared in combination with archers, mages, shamans and priests. Goblins were also equipped with poor armors and shields.

‘Crash in, break them, and I win.’

Weed raised the Loa Sword.

“Challenger, come forward.”

“Heraim Fencing!”

He rushed through the lines of goblins, slashing one at a time. At first he appeared to be focusing on precise strikes, but the main characteristic of Heraim Fencing was that it grew stronger with each accumulating blow.

Slam!

Crash!

Bam!

Thump!

After about ten successful strikes, Weed’s attacks had become extremely quick and powerful. The intensity of his blows threw off the shields and slammed the bodies of the goblins into the wall even when they defended.

“Uuaaarrgh!!”

“Keeckk!”

The Goblin Knights had been sneering at the sole challenger a minute ago. Weed jumped straight into the enemies and swept

around like a storm.

< A quick battle.

Swiftness is a warrior's deadly weapon. You have completed the combat with the most quick and precise attacks. As a result of a record-breaking battle against multiple enemies:

Your Strength increases by 1 point.

Your Dexterity increases by 3 points.

Your Fame increases by 3,213 points. >

On the Path of Struggle, one could easily earn bonus stats by fighting well. Even when he was not in this kind of place, Weed always engaged in combat focusing heavily on being as efficient as possible, to the last 1%.

‘How do I increase my hunting speed? I need a way of efficiently taking blows to increase my toughness... and a faster way to collect loot, too.’

The result was that he could boast a hunting speed that was so fast other people couldn't keep up with it. The efficiency of perfect farming! Every time he engaged in a battle, through his superb concentration ability, a message appeared for each stat which could be obtained!

“Pitiful.”

The comment Weed made after eliminating the Goblin Knights was a short one. There was nothing to salvage from their swords or armors. Normally, he could still make something out of them with his blacksmithing skills if he picked them up and melted them. Even if they were made of very poor materials, he could still hand them to Mapan and dispose them appropriately as miscellaneous items. But as one could not eat any food on the Path of Struggle, there was a time restriction... which meant that he could not sit there and smelt the low-quality metal or fashion it into sculptures

or armors. As the rest of the chipped swords and cracked armors were too heavy to carry, he didn't have a choice but to leave them.

Weed giving up the spoils of battle!

What had just happened was quite akin to a nightmare.

A more correct translation of the original Korean sentence would be just 'a way to clear the advanced training hall' (without the word 'alone'), but I thought this could confuse some readers because we all know that there have been people who managed to clear it, so I added the word 'alone'.

Chapter 8 - A New Achievement (Part 3)

“No items worth picking up... This is the worst kind of place.”

Weed continued running down the Path of Struggle.

The next wave of enemies charging to face him was a legion of bull-like looking monsters named Zhevenods.

“Now, you lot, at least leave your hides behind as you die!”

Weed’s sword danced in the air. He even pulled out Thunder Spear, an excellent weapon against groups, which he started swinging and thrusting.

Boooom!!

Bolts of lightning flashed and exploded, dealing damage over the whole area and paralyzing the enemies.

< You have successfully made the 19th serial attack.

Your Dexterity will be increased by 30%.

Enemy’s weak points have been detected!

The effect of precise striking is activated. >

A sword and a spear: he was wielding two weapons simultaneously! With the Loa Sword he pierced and slashed, and with Thunder Spear he smashed and flicked. Weed was hunting and was keeping the enemies at bay at the same time.

A combat technique for facing multiple opponents using one’s movements, speed and sense of distance!

This was possible because the Path of Struggle went only in one straight line, and the monsters kept charging at him rather than fleeing.

< Overpowering enemies!

With the bravery of a warrior, you have completely defeated the charging Zhevenods.

A combat accomplishment deserving the highest of praises!

Your maximum Life Force increases by 150 points.

Your Strength increases by 2.

Your Charisma increases by 3.

You have gained 2,381 points of Fame. >

< Your level has increased. >

On top of all the stats improvements, the amount of experience points he was receiving was also significant; it was even comparable to the ridiculous amount of points he would earn when he was hunting as a Necromancer and leading at least one hundred undead minions.

‘This is a great place to train oneself to get stronger. Except that it’s difficult to pick up all the junk items... and that’s one critically big drawback.’

He felt as though he would never forget this particular time and place for the rest of his life. Even when he becomes an old man in his 80s or 90s, he might still feel bitter whenever he recalls this adventure in the Path of Struggle.

Weed picked up only the hides of the Zhavenods and moved on, leaving all the bones and meat behind.

As he pushed further into the Path of Struggle, the level of monsters increased and more dangerous situations unfolded before him.

‘A new challenge every time. This is fun.’

Marching ever forward, Weed continued breaking through waves of monsters.

< Having engaged in a strenuous activity, you are now feeling a little hungry. >

The hollow feeling in the stomach.

‘About six hours have passed since I started fighting. I guess that is equivalent to skipping lunch.’

He had been taking just enough rest to avoid suffering from exhaustion.

Currently, his remaining Life Force was 73,492 points.

‘This should be enough to fight, and it’s recovering well, too. It’s certainly not impossible to take this challenge alone; just quite difficult.’

Stats were the basic factors that determined one’s physical abilities. Weed had been improving his stats over various fields of skills including hunting, adventuring, sculpting and crafting.

1869 Strength and 1255 Dexterity; people would find these stats almost unbelievably high if he posted it on online forums, and he had achieved this through an outrageous amount of effort. Ever since his earlier days as a novice user, he had been constantly farming bonus stats through hunting while other people were looking for equipment that increased their Strength by 10 or 20 points. Those small accomplishments, which everyone else dismissed as a waste of time, had accumulated little by little to eventually result in his current status.

Another reason behind his high stats was the fact that he had not invested any points in Art whenever he leveled up.

‘I cannot afford the luxury of increasing Art stats.’

This meant that he had to try several times harder than normal people to become a master sculptor, but he had endured that hardship.

His Stamina was 325, which was relatively low compared to his

Strength and Dexterity, but it was still extremely high and he was not easily exhausted by any normal amount of activity. Additionally, he had 1321 Perseverance and 631 Toughness; these truly were his main physical stats, which overwhelmed those of warriors at a similar level and which he had improved by deliberately getting hit by monsters within an inch of his life. With Weed's current status, most common weapons wouldn't do any damage to him even without any armor. His Will and Endurance wouldn't lose out with 358 and 451 respectively; both were ridiculously difficult stats to improve, which he had tenaciously accumulated bit by bit through adventures and hunting, holding out in some of the most severe environments and defeating monsters all night long. On top of this, all of his stats were improved by an additional 405 points thanks to his sculpting skills and further adventuring.

A true stats hoarder: an accomplishment made through endless farming!

Of course, Bard Ray and the other top-tiers users of Royal Road who competed with him would possess one or two considerably high stats, too. Those who had warrior-class professions would have invested heavily in Strength and Dexterity; taking into account the combat accomplishments they could obtain frequently in addition to that, Weed's stats might even be lower than theirs in terms of those two abilities alone. However, when it came to numerical values over all stats, Weed was in a different league that absolutely flattened any user.

‘My abilities are better suited for long-term fights rather than short ones. I think I can do this without too much trouble.’

He was a little suspicious of the Path of Struggle, but took it simple.

‘I can't eat any food here. I'll grow hungry and weary the longer I stay in this place, which means I just have to endure it and push forward.’

A full-frontal breakthrough that makes use of all the stats he had improved so diligently!

The main reason why an advanced training hall was so hard to clear was the fact that one could not have any food, to which the simplest solution was just to fight your way through while starving. Minimizing stamina and mana consumption was something he was very accustomed to, as he had never relied on his combat skills alone. Depending on the type of enemies, he could also reduce the duration of combat by fighting effectively.

‘I have plenty of experience in starving. I would probably be able to last up to 50 hours thanks to my high Patience and Endurance.’

One could drink water in the Path of Struggle. Weed was an expert when it came to going hungry, even in real life. Indeed, there had been numerous occasions where he chose to skip meals to cut down on food expenses, and he used to often fill his belly with some rice in a bowl of water without any side dishes.

‘Just one day is fine. I may start to feel a little dizzy after that, although it could vary quite a lot depending on my body condition.’

The conviction that he could easily clear the Path of Struggle as long as he could at least fill his stomach with water while fighting! This was a strategy that was only usable by Weed, who had spent many days in starvation ever since his novice days, and by no one else.

‘I must keep going, even if my stamina runs low and my body condition deteriorates. I choose the straightforward solution.’

Weed stepped forward, swinging his Loa Sword and Thunder Spear. The more you fight, the stronger you become... a familiar concept in Royal Road, but Weed on the Path of Struggle was getting stronger after every combat. He thought about nothing but the battle; everything else was unnecessary. In the face of a difficult challenge, he was even more focused than usual, and fully

immersed himself in the fight. After dealing with a particularly shabby-looking group of monsters, he didn't even bother to rifle through their belongings in order to save some time, for even one or two seconds could accumulate into a considerable length of time.

9 hours, 45 minutes and 13 seconds.

This was the time taken for Bard Ray to beat the Path of Struggle. Given that he was supported by thirty Royal Guards, it was hard to estimate how much longer it would take for Weed alone. In this advanced training hall, the level of the monsters appearing on the path was adjusted in accordance with the challenger. If it was actually possible for a single person to pass through the Path of Struggle, Weed was confident that he would certainly be able to do it himself; he knew it was very rare to find someone who had trained oneself as painstakingly as him.

‘Recover the lost stamina while walking. Aim for 100 percent efficiency in everything. Then I can surely break through this path.’

Weed began to enjoy the battle. As soon as he concluded that clearing the Path of Struggle was quite a difficult task, his concentration reached his peak and his senses became sharp. Vividly feeling inspiration lifting his spirit, he eliminated the enemies and moved forward.

He had slaughtered well over one thousand monsters so far since he stepped through the Gate of Trial, and right after he defeated a flock of strange alien creatures called The Eyes of Hollan a message window appeared:

Ding!

< You have surprised Batalli, the God of Fighting.

He is complimenting on your untiring strength, tough courage and splendid combat technique. The blessing of the God of

Fighting has been bestowed upon the true warrior.

Your Strength increases by 4.

Your Dexterity increases by 2.

Your Stamina increases by 5, and your wounds have been cured slightly.

The Cleansing of debuffs by the God of Fighting has been activated; the effect of your Starvation status decreases by 7%. >

“Oh, this is nice.”

Weed was quite content with the God of Fighting's blessing. Permanent stats improvement was one of the best rewards one could obtain in Royal Road.

‘This also relieves my starved condition a little. I can now fight a bit more flashily.’

He thought this had greatly increased his chance of clearing the Path of Struggle; even just a single egg that one had eaten to sate their hunger could make a big difference when they were at the point of starving to death.

‘I've got some stats bonuses too. This isn't half bad.’

The next enemy awaiting him was a corrupted demon soldier.

“Challenger. I see you have come to face the trial of Batalli. I am a soldier of massacre, from the land of blood that has gone dry-“

Weed jumped right at him, not having time to listen to the self-introduction of the demonic soldier.

“Radiant Sword Skill!”

The secret technique of swordsmanship that he had learnt from Zahab! In this particular place, where Divine Magic could not be used, this was the best skill against enemies of dark nature.

The demonic soldier attempted to quickly step backward, but Weed had already predicted his move. He tracked the monster,

changing his directions seven times using Seven Celestial Footsteps.

< A critical strike!

47% additional damage has been dealt.

This attack has cancelled the casting of the Black Magic spell 'Head Entombment' by the demonic soldier Hieger. >

Weed's sword thrust forward in a flash, and swished in the air as if dancing. In pursuit of the sword's pathway, his legs moved and his palm opened. Maintaining strength, speed and the balance of the body, he made a flurry of attacks covering various places and angles that were impossible to dodge, each of the strikes nearly as critical as a deathblow.

"M, my flesh feels like it's burning!!"

A demonic soldier at level over 560!

He pulled out a huge scythe that was well over 2 meters in length, but it was not enough to block the incoming strikes. Just as the definition of blitz tactics, Weed left no chance for the enemy to try or prepare anything. Even with his many powers including a range of killing spells, body enhancement and recovery, the enemy could not stand the series of chain attacks using Radiant Sword Skill for long, and soon perished; a death which was quite unbecoming of a demonic soldier. Weed's combat abilities were indeed excellent, but the core of his tactics was to focus fully on the fight and penetrate the opponent's weaknesses.

< You have obtained Hieger's Scythe of Dancing Souls. >

< You have obtained the boots of a demonic soldier. >

A few serviceable items had been dropped, as he had just killed a boss-level monster, and yet another message window appeared.

Ding!

< The eyes of Batalli have widened. Even among the countless battles he has witnessed until now, defeating Hieger is one of the more astounding accomplishments.

You now have the attention of Batalli, the God of Fighting. The blessing of unstoppable power has been bestowed upon you.

For the next 100 days from now, your attack power will be increased by 15% whenever you move forward.

Your Strength increases by 1.

Every stat related to combat increases by 1.

The effect of your Starvation status decreases by 4%. >

Weed read the message window quickly as if he was skimming through the receipt after having a shopping in a supermarket. He was also planning to appraise the value of the scythe and the boots as he ran further along the path. Receiving bonus stats was naturally a welcome event, but he assumed that he was rewarded with stats improvement particularly often simply because he was on the Path of Struggle. Hence he also guessed that Bard Ray and the other Hermes Guild users must have gotten just as many bonus stats while they made a number of combat accomplishments when they were fighting in this same place.

‘I can’t be the only special case here.’

However, as everyone else before Weed had chosen to step onto the path as a group, they did not, in fact, receive any blessings from Batalli. One must face the challenges of the Path of Struggle using their own strength, proving their bravery as a warrior and overcoming their limits — this was the true meaning of existence of the advanced training hall, and the blessings and rewards of the God of Fighting were only given when one managed to narrowly break through their limits. Therefore, making a lot of preparations to clear the advanced training hall only resulted in poorer rewards for the challenger.

At the end of the message window, Weed found out that the negative status effect of Starvation had further decreased by 4%.

‘Again?’

This increased his chance of completing the Path of Struggle even more. In the worst case scenario where he was both famished and exhausted, he was determined to carry on even if he wasn’t able to kill all the monsters, but as he received a blessing that relieved his hunger a little, he could afford to be more relaxed. Weed’s eyes, which were presently full of venomous resolve just like they had been during his childhood years, also softened slightly.

‘Doesn’t this make things a little too easy, though?’

He had already embraced starvation as part of the difficulty level of this place, and now that he was provided with an unexpected solution, he was actually feeling discontent. Through rough and fierce battles his blood had boiled and his mind cleared, and now it felt as if he was suddenly taking a break, licking a cone of ice cream while sitting comfortably on a chair. Of course, ice cream would normally be delicious, but not in this specific situation.

‘It will just get boring if this kind of rewards keep popping up. I hope there will be a lot of stronger monsters next.’

It had been two days since Weed went out of contact after heading into the advanced training hall.

Bellot, Seechwi and Seasoned Crab were so worried they could hardly eat.

“Will Weed-nim really be okay?”

“I’m afraid things aren’t too good there. Tssskktt.”

“He would have at least responded to us if the situation was manageable. Seeing that we’ve lost touch with him, it must be...”

Seasoned Crab gave out a subdued sigh.

‘Why did he have to do such a stupid thing? The public opinion among the users in the Garnav Plain has turned quite unfavorable...’

Pale and the other companions had sent him private messages, but none had been answered.

‘By now, he must be regretting his decision to go there alone so stubbornly. I thought they would at least have a bit of chance if they had stuck to the original plan and let Python-nim clear the path in the frontline while Weed-nim supports him at the back...’

From the beginning, Seasoned Crab objected to the idea of making an attempt at the advanced training hall. He thought it would be better to put it off for later and find more allies, considering the fact that they were expecting a very crucial battle soon, but it seemed that Weed and Python just could not help stirring up some more trouble. Even worse, Weed had decided to step through the Gate of Trial alone.

‘Crazy, that guy. He as good as dead.’

Seechwi and Seasoned Crab were already convinced of Weed’s death.

‘Even if he hasn’t been killed yet, he must be starving and exhausted, as it’s already been 37 hours after he’s taken the challenge of the advanced training hall.’

‘Maybe he’s collapsed on the ground, unable to even move his body after fighting a bunch of monsters. That’s going to be one solitary death, quite unbecoming of Weed-nim.’

But while they were anticipating the news of Weed’s demise in dread, another group of people sitting around the table just next to them were having a small feast with roasted and fried chickens.

“Burp. Help yourselves, everyone. This city has some really good fried chicken.”

“The beer tastes amazing.”

“I really like the spices they use in this region, too. Did you say the chef is a gnome? People will be able to enjoy some nice food if he joins the Arpen Kingdom later.”

“...”

Weed’s oldest companions including Maylon, Pale, Surka, Irene, Romuna and even Hwaryeong showed no signs of concern.

‘Have they always been his good friends in show only? I have no idea what kind of people they actually are...’

‘Maylon-nim... I’ve only seen her as a calm, professional broadcaster, and now I see she’s in fact a beer maniac.’

‘How could they just sit there and eat chicken now?! We only have about 14 hours until the battle in the Garnav Plain begins, and in this crucial moment that has the very fate of the Versailles Continent at stake, they are having a chicken party?’

As their disappointment grew, Pale the Battle Slave turned and spoke to them.

“Come here and have some chicken. Trust me; you’ll regret it later if you don’t have it now.”

Seasoned Crab asked him, not moving a step from his position, “Why?”

“Because Weed-nim is someone we just don’t have to worry about.”

“...”

As this was an incredibly unconvincing argument, he still refused to eat the chicken. Sure, they all had gone through a lot of hardship while hunting with Weed ever since they first got themselves somehow tangled up with him. But still, people should at least show some respect if they have even the remotest concept of honor and loyalty, for heaven’s sake!

However, not long afterwards, Weed sent a message on their

private chatting channel.

– Weed: It's almost over now.

The first word after almost 38 hours of silence.

– Seasoned Crab: Where did you-... sigh. Never mind. Just don't worry too much about your level and the skill proficiencies you're going to lose. I've found out that the skills you have already mastered do not lose any proficiency.

There were a lot of things Weed would lose or suffer penalties if he died in the game; namely, his character level and various skill proficiencies. However, a master sculptor's expertise in his field of profession should not regress just by dying once.

– Weed: Pardon?

– Seasoned Crab: It would probably be better to just take your own life if you're feeling too hungry. That would at least save some time. The advanced training centre sure is a tough place, right?

– Bellot: I understand. I've seen the video footages of that place, too. It looked really difficult.

Bellot chimed in even before Weed had any time to respond. Pale and the rest of Weed's old companions were still eating chicken, even as they were beginning to think 'Did he really...?'

– Weed: This advanced training hall... it's pitifully easy.

– Seasoned Crab: ...What?

– Weed: Sure, the rewards are pretty big, but it was really a piece of cake, overall.

– Seasoned Crab: That just cannot be true. I remember how hard it looked when Bard Ray and the Hermes Guild were trying to break through that place...

– Weed: You just have to fight and kill everything inside, what's so difficult about that?

– Seasoned Crab: ???

An advanced training hall was certainly a very difficult place to clear. As it was meant as a test of one's worth by the God of Fighting, one could not guarantee that they could successfully beat it even if they had a high level. The place summoned increasingly stronger enemies according to one's level, skills, and the overall competence they displayed during combat.

Yet Weed possessed unnaturally high overall stats, and a vast range of combat experience on top of it. He had even improved his mental abilities such as judgment and reflex as he trained sword techniques in the Dojang.

All of these factors resulted in Weed completely destroying the difficulty level of the advanced training hall.

– Seasoned Crab: This is so weird. It really doesn't make any sense...

– Weed: What doesn't make sense?

– Seasoned Crab: If those walkthrough videos aren't wrong, you must have encountered the 10 Knights of Velhodan in the middle. How on earth did you defeat them?

In the recent videos of the Hermes Guild going through the advanced training hall, the 10 Knights of Velhodan could be seen making their appearance. They were some of the most powerful knights, each of them at a level above 550.

– Weed: Well, they only came at me one at a time, talking about their chivalry and such.

– Seasoned Crab: Still, they must have been extremely strong. And you'd have to fight them in succession, without giving them any break.

– Weed: They still die once you hit them hard enough, all the same.

– Seasoned Crab: They aren't the sort of lot you can beat so easily, though...

– Weed: Well, they all had developed a few bad habits in sword wielding, as well as some structural flaws in their armor... but even when not counting all of those, they were still weaker than the subordinates I used to have at my side in the desert.

The expression on the faces of Pale and the other companions soon changed to 'Yeah, thought so.' They had yet again confirmed that gnawing at drumsticks was a far more meaningful thing to do than worrying about Weed.

– Pale: Well, we'll wait for you at the entrance of the Path of Struggle, then.

The two days of sweet holiday was now coming to an end. But just as they were about to put aside their lingering holiday mood and leave,

– Weed: You don't have to. I'll go to the Central Square in Taho when I'm done here.

– Pale: You've had a long day; it's the least we could do to go and pick you up. We'll bring some fried chicken, too.

– Weed: Well, I have already completed the Path of Struggle.

– Pale: ...What?

Even Pale could not help but be startled by this.

– Pale: That quickly, all by yourself? I mean, in terms of the time taken, it might be possible for you... but where are you now?

– Weed: I've made some accomplishments while I was in the Path of Struggle. This led to a new event, and... right now, I'm in the God of Fighting's Coliseum.

– Pale: I've never heard of that place. But judging by the name...

– Weed: Yep. Batalli the God of Fighting is here.

Chapter 9 - Batalli, the God of Fighting

(Part 1)

“The blessing of Batalli had both a positive and a negative effect. As for the positive effect, it made the challenger more powerful and revitalized their fatigued body. On the other hand, it also caused stronger enemies to be summoned. Because of this, this Path of Struggle was not a place he could break through just by enduring the hunger: he had to defeat the waves of enemies that would keep growing ever stronger.

‘This makes it more exciting, not knowing what monsters will appear next.’

He did not avoid the incoming enemies, and took the minimum amount of rest. Deliberately forcing his body into a poor condition, he kept winning narrow victories against the monsters and thereby received Batalli’s blessing multiple times. While mostly using his usual sword and spear, he sometimes switched to the bow, threw daggers or swung an axe. Those weapons did not possess high striking power, but were nonetheless helpful in certain situations, and what was even better was the fact that the skill levels improved more rapidly on the Path of Struggle than normal.

The most powerful enemy he faced in this place was a 19-meter-tall warrior called a [Gratorgue](#). The estimated level of that monster was about 790 — obviously it was much stronger than Weed, but he had encountered it before during his days as the Great King of Desert.

‘I didn’t expect to fight this one... It shouldn’t appear here at the normal difficulty level. Perhaps I received the blessing too often?’

One ridiculously powerful characteristic of a Gratorgue was its ability to regain the Life Force it had lost at a rate of no less than 2

percent every 10 seconds. Against this enemy which wielded both an iron flail and a whip and swished them simultaneously, any engagement over an extended length of time would lead to a certain defeat.

‘Still, it would be worth a shot.’

A reasonable decision would have been to avoid the fight and try to sneak past the Gratorgue... but Weed was presently in his battle frenzy.

‘Let’s go.’

Swooooosh!

He dodged the iron flail flying heavily towards him so that it brushed past him, but he still took hits from the whip for about once every five swings as it was bending in the middle.

< You have taken an intense and painful blow.

You lose 4,281 points of Life Force!

Any additional damage is prevented by your Endurance.

The wounded area is minimized by your high Toughness.

The Durability of Fabio’s Sturdy Heavy Armor has been reduced by 3. >

The impact of the attack was powerful enough to damage even his heavy armor.

‘I’ll only have one chance, even if I somehow force it to show an opening.’

With the Gratorgue constantly swinging both of its long-reach weapons, it was difficult to draw closer to it. Weed circled around the monster, lunged in, and struck it eight times with his Heraim Fencing skill, only to be kicked back hard.

– A foolish attempt, weakling! I shall give you a quick death if you

beg for your lowly life.

The Gratorgue spoke to the challenger that had fallen on the ground, but Weed had actually used a skill immediately before he was hit by the monster's foot.

‘Sword Cloning skill.’

A master sword skill that creates copies of oneself!

The clone that had just been kicked by the Gratorgue vanished into thin air, and other countless clones appeared, running along the walls or the ceiling.

– One last struggle? Just embrace your death!

The whole Path of Struggle shook as the Gratorgue's attacks smashed the ground and the walls. Weed's 50 clones rushed close to the monster and attacked even as they were being destroyed.

The one chance that presented itself in the short moment right after the monster swung its flail and whip!

Weed, who had been hiding in a blind spot near its flank, rolled forward. He did not use a stealth skill like an assassin, but managed to conceal himself out of the enemy's sight for a couple of short seconds and then reappear. The body of the Gratorgue now fell within the reach of the Loa Sword.

< A successfully strike with the Texture Sword skill!

You have dealt a critical hit. The opponent's Defense will be neutralized, and an extra 426% damage will be dealt. >

< You have successfully made the 9th serial attack.

Your Strength increases by 20%.

A repeated increase in Strength!

Your weapon's attack power increases. >

The Loa Sword penetrated through, ignoring the Gratorgue's

defense.

Weed had no fear in him, nor did he have to squeeze out any courage to face the enemy. He simply did his best, motivated only by the thought that he could win this. When fighting monsters, sometimes you won, and sometimes you lost. Even so, a Gratorgue was not an obstacle that couldn't be overcome. The most important factor was that he'd already experienced fighting it before, and on top of that he was so completely absorbed in the battle right now that he was able to turn even a slightest possibility into reality. The feeling of striking one's enemy while in a state of pure ecstasy was light and intense.

< You have successfully made the 10th serial attack.

Your Strength increases by 30%.

Your enemy's Fighting Spirit decreases. >

< You have successfully made the 11th serial attack.

Your Dexterity increases by 30%.

Your enemy is Stunned for 0.6 seconds by the precise strike. >

< You have dealt a critical hit. Your enemy will be Confused for 0.5 seconds. >

Single Point Attack technique, Heraim Fencing skill and Texture Sword skill!

The Gratorgue tried to spin his body around, but Weed successfully made the 23rd attack as he also turned along with the monster.

– You little rat!

The Gratoruge roared in rage. Any average user would lose their spirit in front of such an unfathomably powerful being, leading to a decrease of their physical abilities or even paralysis. But Weed's

Fighting Spirit was sufficient to ignore such effects, and as the chain of attacks continued, the special trait of the Loa Sword began to reach its true potential: – 3x normal damage against large-sized monsters.

- The enemy's maximum Life Force is reduced by half the amount of damage dealt.

- Critical hits weaken the enemy's Defense by 7%.

The Loa Sword was optimized for hunting boss-level monsters.

Weed's Stamina and Life Force also decreased gradually as the fight went on, and finally... after over 45 minutes of desperate battle, he stood victorious!

< On the Path of Struggle, you have guided a Gratorgue into eternal rest.

Your Wonderous Achievement has increased your Fame by 23,283 points.

As the reward for this historical battle, all of your stats increase by 6 points. >

< Your Fame is now over 400,000 points.

You have become the most well-known person in the Continent.
>

Not caring much about his increased Fame, Weed secured the spoils of the battle.

< You have obtained Gratorgue's iron flail. >

< You have obtained Metal of Ruin. >

The Gratorgue's iron flail was too large for a human to handle. Orc fighters or barbarian races might be able to use it, but as its level requirement was 700 he would not be able to sell the weapon.

Still, as it was made from a mixture of various rare metals, he'd just have to melt it. Metal of Ruin was also a first-class ingredient item for blacksmithing.

Just as he had some time to catch his breath, another message window popped up.

< A battle that well deserves admiration!

Marphruk Castle had been guarded for over 200 years by a Gratorgue, a being which caused even the bravest warriors to tremble in fear at just a mention of its name! The challenger, despite possessing a much weaker flesh, managed to defeat it! You have made an achievement where many noble knights of honor and warriors full of combative spirit have failed.

This will be recorded as one of the Five Battles that Deserve Respect in the history of the Versailles Continent. >

< Your Fame in Combat has been increased by 32,890 points. >

< A huge improvement has been made in all your stats related to mental abilities.

Your Charisma, Fighting Spirit, Leadership, Dignity, Courage, Mental Strength, Honor and Insight each increases by 10 points. >

< Batalli the God of Fighting cannot stop being astounded as he continues watching your battle. >

< You have been appointed as a '[Destroyer of Struggle](#)'.

As fighters who demonstrates the might of Batalli to the world, there can only be a maximum of five Destroyer of Struggle on the whole continent, selected only among those who have fighter-class professions.

Regardless of your current profession, you can now learn the divine combat skills of the Church of Batalli.

Your divine combat skills will now be twice as effective.

The following divine spells, 'Fresh Power of Recuperation', 'Perfect Weapon' and 'Formidable Fist' will be imprinted on your body.

While you are assigned as a Destroyer of Struggle, all of your stats will be increased by 45 points.

In the event that you have lost your life seven times or if your Faith reaches 0, or if you refuse to take a quest given by the Church of Batalli twice in a row, your position will be revoked. >

Having seized the victory in an almost impossible battle, he was appointed as a Destroyer of Struggle by the Church of Batalli, on top of gaining an achievement.

Weed's mouth widened with glee.

'For sure, fighting is really fun.'

The Path of Struggle turned out to be a satisfactory experience.

A combat accomplishment and stats reward!

Those were the things that could certainly act as dominating motivations for Weed.

Now that he was a Destroyer of Struggle, he could recover from exhaustion quickly even over a short period of time. Moreover, he was able to exert more potential power from any weapon he was wielding. Formidable Fist was one trait that was not applicable for a swordsman, and just as its name suggested, it made your fist attacks more powerful. As this came into effect when one was not equipped with any weapon, this trait was favorable for unarmed fighters like Surka.

Since no other enemies as strong as the Gratorgue appeared after that battle, Weed reached the end of the Path of Struggle without any great danger, eliminating all the enemies along the way.

Ding!

< You have walked the Path of Struggle until the end.

You have now completed your growth as a warrior selected by Batalli himself.

“There is no end to strength. And you will grow stronger when you overcome this ordeal!”

You have proved your worth as you walked upon the Path of Struggle alone. Your sword was quick and mighty, and boasted great precision. You have walked this path fair and square without using any foul tricks, accepted every challenge and overcame it.

The weapons you used in the Path of Struggle are as follows: a sword, a spear, a bow, a large battleaxe, a sickle and chain, and daggers.

The following are the records of your growth after walking in the Path of Struggle.

You have gained 216 points in combat related stats.

Your Sword skill has improved by 1 level.

Your Spear skill has improved by 2 levels.

Your Bow skill has improved by 1 level.

Your Battleaxe skill has improved by 4 levels.

Your Large Weapons skill has improved by 3 levels.

Your Dagger Throwing skill has improved by 4 levels.

By completing the advanced training hall, your Fame increases by 30,000 points.

As a reward, an additional 81 bonus stats have been granted.

Your maximum Life Force increases by 11%.

Your maximum mana increases by 5%.

Path of Struggle completion rate: 327.6%.

For one month, the proficiency of all combat related skills will be

gained three times faster than normal. >

A successful completion of the advanced training hall!

Having your maximum Life Force increased was a good thing, and he had gained an incredible amount of stats on top of it. As he passed through the Path of Struggle, his Sword skill had also reached Advanced Level 8. The all-stats improvements alone that he had gained by making combat accomplishments numbered more than 20 points. Considering all these factors, this was an achievement that made the benefits other users had gained in the same training hall look quite puny in comparison.

‘Ever since I first went through the beginner training hall, I have been struggling to catch up with other people, but now, I’m ahead of them.’

A feeling of contentment filled his mind.

He had been building up his reputation and competence both as an adventurer and a sculptor, but the feeling of growing stronger as a swordsman was especially precious to him. He was in a mood to even show off his accomplishments to a neighbor.

In one corner stood a shimmering, gold colored portal. This portal had not been seen when other users went through the advanced training hall.

< Batalli the God of Fighting is gazing kindly at the challenger who has left a legend in the Path of Struggle. To celebrate this meeting with the warrior among all warriors, he intends to grant you a special present.

Will you accept the invitation from the God of Fighting? >

Naturally, this was an invitation Weed had no reason to turn down. He gladly stepped into the portal.

The Coliseum of the God of Fighting!

The place Weed had entered was a great arena that much resembled the Colosseum.

– I welcome the visit of the warrior!

Batalli the God of War was sitting on a great throne.

The god that knows nothing but fighting!

Instead of jewels and treasures, all kinds of weapons decorated his surroundings.

‘This place...’

Weed quickly scanned the great arena. With Batalli in the center, countless warriors were sitting next to him. They had tough-looking faces, and their bodies had many awful scars. One might feel intimidated by them, but there was something familiar in their appearance, like Geomchi and his pupils.

‘The arena of the God of Fighting, huh? According to the myth, the warriors of the Versailles Continent come to this place after their death, honing their courage and combat techniques in the endless fight.’

Those who had burned their life with their passion as warriors would be sent here.

‘I should take care not to appear weak to them.’

He had completed a rough assessment of the situation.

Weed straightened up his shoulders and stood facing Batalli.

“What present are you going to give me?”

Grandiosity!

The God of Fighting was not someone he could fight right now. But Batalli also wouldn’t like it if Weed chose to show a servile attitude and kneeled before him, so he decided to act with dignity. There was also the matter of Weed’s another ambition that had

been lying dormant ever since he started Royal Road.

‘I need to defeat them some day, too.’

God of Fighting or not, one day he was going to beat all of them once he become strong enough! Even ten years was a short time for hunting to a gamer.

Batalli gave a satisfied smile, and opened his mouth to speak.

– The sight of you walking upon the Path of Struggle was truly beautiful.

The God of Fighting, complementing on his epic battle!

Weed was still keeping his mouth shut, as he was more interested in the present than the God’s praises.

– I could even smell the captivating scent coming from the sweat running down your face.

“ ... ”

– Your heart was boiling hot, and with those eyes full of grim resolve you stared at your enemies. You throw everything in each battle, and then continue walking every time — how could I not be fascinated by you?

“ ... ”

– I could see your hard muscles and the pulsing veins underneath. Your fearless mind...

A series of somewhat strange compliments... but eventually the God of Fighting began to talk about the present.

– A present granted to a warrior should justly be a weapon or armor. What do you wish to have?

“Can I ask for anything?”

– Your reward shall be based on the combat accomplishments you have made so far.

Combat accomplishments!

Similar to contribution points to a kingdom or a religious order, one could receive a reward from the God of Fighting based on their combat accomplishments.

‘I don’t need any weapons other than the Loa Sword, and I already have people who can make me armor.’

He had already asked the master blacksmiths Herman and Fabio earlier.

“I must fight Bard Ray, so please grant me a protective gear forged out of Helium.”

They had so far competed with each other with best swords as the key factor, but as he was facing the fight against Bard Ray, he had been putting all his efforts into the production of armors. He could simply craft armor utilizing his own blacksmith skills, his social connections and the minerals he had found through quests, but more special equipment was still hard to come by.

After thinking carefully for some time, Weed said,

“I’d like a pair of gloves that I can receive with my current combat accomplishment.”

Besides the Defense score, the gloves also served to enhance various abilities and attack power. The highest quality gloves could greatly influence hunting speed or combat efficiency, which meant that their price was all up to the seller.

– You may choose from these three pairs.

As soon as Batalli had said so, three pairs of gloves appeared before him.

The Gloves of Immortal Knight.

Among the various options it had, it most notably increased one’s Life Force by 60,000 points, and was enchanted with the spell of Revival. Using this option, in the event of death, one could revive without suffering any penalties once every 100 days. With these

gloves, one needed not worry about dying in any hunting ground of moderate difficulty.

‘This would help me greatly in battle if I get to fight Bard Ray. But in the long term... this is actually not very effective. Up until I grow to the level to match my Great King of Desert days I most probably won’t die during a hunt, and with my Moment Sculpting Skill it shouldn’t be too difficult for me to escape the fight.’

These gloves were nearly useless if one fought so well in hunting grounds that they never had to worry about dying. However, after choosing the profession as a Necromancer Weed also obtained the Amulet of Immortal Wisdom while hunting in the Giant’s lands, so it could still be quite meaningful to collect the set items.

‘...but that’s a luxury I cannot afford right now.’

The next pair of gloves was ‘Gloves of Dimension Door.’

It improved various stats including Dexterity by quite a large amount, but its most unique characteristic was the effect of Dimension Door. While equipped with these gloves, one could see ten semi-transparent circles around them as they were engaged in a fight. Swinging a weapon through a circle or stepping into one caused the weapon or the person to appear from another circle connected to the first one. For example, one could stab a circle on his left with a dagger to make it suddenly reappear from his front right.

‘So this enables attacks and defenses based on a sort of short-distance teleportation?’

Depends on the proficiency of the person equipping them, the gloves could make the combat much faster and more efficient. The circles only existed for 0.6 seconds, and the entrance circle and the exit circle kept changing their locations instantaneously, it was not easy to utilize them properly; the circle would disappear while one was trying to assess the situation and come up with a strategy to use them. Of course, this kind of problem was nothing to Weed.

‘I could never miss those circles if I imagine 50,000-won notes flying around in them.’

The minimum level requirement was a whopping 760, but Weed was able to equip it thanks to the benefit of his blacksmith skills.

As I’m not familiar with Weed’s earlier adventures, I’m not sure if this name refers to just one unique creature or a race/species of creatures. For now I treated it as the name of a race (so I used articles), but feel free to correct it if I’m wrong.

Honestly, I have no idea what the author meant by this title [‘Destroyer of Fights’], it makes very little sense to me. I don’t understand why the people who serve to represent the God of Fighting would be called the “destroyers” of fights, but as that was how the author termed them I decided to stick to the literal translation. If anyone could enlighten me on this I would appreciate it.

From the proofreading team: As readers remarked, Weed is not the first to get this position, which was first gotten by Geomchi3 in v42c1. We were also told in v43c9 that 3 members of the Hermes Guild managed to get it. In the end, we’ll stick with the previous translation, which was ‘Destroyer of Struggle’. According to the translator, the word used here means “fight” or “struggle” and is the same one as in “Path of Struggle”. As for the meaning... well, it seems to be given to those who win fights that common sense would say they should lose, so maybe the name means that no fight is too hard for them, but your guesses are as good as ours.

Chapter 9 - Batalli, the God of Fighting

(Part 2)

“Let’s keep this for now and check the next item...”

The last pair of gloves was called ‘Gloves that Pierce and Destroy’. An odd name, yet it was one terrifying piece of equipment. For each successful attack, the gloves would deal additional damage equal to the opponent’s Defense score, and over multiple attacks would progressively destroy their protective gears. The gloves would also increase critical hit damage by five times.

After 7 or more successful attacks, depending on the Life Force of the enemy, it had a high chance of inflicting instant death, and this ability was based on the user’s divine power, as it was bestowed by the God of Fighting.

This was Weed’s opportunity to finally make some use of all the useless Faith stats that he had gathered and hadn’t had any chance to use until now.

Additionally, this item improved combat-related skills and stats, and it made proficiency levels grow faster as well. It truly offered many well-rounded benefits, but it did have some limitations. Only Warriors were able to utilize its power; when equipped by users with any other lines of profession the gloves’ power could not come into effect. The item also had the minimum level requirement of 820. While this also reflected that these gloves were indeed very powerful gears, Weed had once possessed many high-level items during his time as the Great King of Desert.

‘At over level 800... it’s not too rare to find a pair of gloves as good as these.’

As the Great King of Desert, he used to collect and appraise countless number of items he had won as the spoils of war when he

was conquering the Central Continent.

Because of that, he was also well acquainted with gloves for those with a Level requirement over 800. The basic stats of these high-level items alone were in a completely different league from the gloves with level requirements in the 400-500. They had all sorts of ridiculously overpowered options as if they were nothing, and were often classified into special item class categories such as Devil or Ruler.

“It is tempting. But since I’m currently not a Warrior, these gloves would not be very effective as of right now.”

Weed contemplated for quite a while. 5 times stronger critical hit damage... He liked this feature, but one needed to hit the target successfully in order to activate the effect.

“These gloves only maximize offensive power... They also offer a chance for a one-hit kill, but only aiming for critical hits would simplify my combat style.”

For now, it was better to quickly increase his level as Necromancer as planned. Meanwhile, he would also improve his swordsmanship and his various weapon skills, along with many other skills in crafting and art.

If he reached the peak of power as a Necromancer and then switched to a Warrior-type profession, then he would be able to beat any reasonably strong monsters without much problem. Every single special techniques of sculpting that he had learned, and the horde of undead he would summon once the hunt began... a warrior charging into battle with all those minions at his command would be the epitome of game-breaking power!

Weed checked his currently equipped gloves first.

< Legendary Knight’s Gloves of Excellent Command: Durability 90/90. Defense 54.

Estimated time of production is around 250-370 years ago. A

piece of equipment manufactured in Blacksmiths, a secret association of the best tailors and blacksmiths in the continent. These gloves were gifted to the Noble Knight Lark and after his death they have been kept as an imperial treasure of the Kallamore Empire.

Prerequisites:

Level 490.

Advanced Level 7 in Swordsmanship.

Additional Effects

Strength +170 during combat.

Extra 15% to all skill effects.

Adds 5 different special damage types on Critical.

Temporarily weakens enemy's Swordsmanship skill.

Honor and Dignity stats increase faster.

Chivalry Skill +2.

Not easily damaged due to high Durability.

Adds 80% extra contribution points upon making an accomplishment for a kingdom. >

The gloves that he had acquired after killing the Griffon Knight Myul!

Various positive effects came with them, but there were some limitations.

For one, Weed did not have any need for the Chivalry skill, nor was there much point in increasing Honor and Dignity faster.

His status as the king of the Arpen Kingdom already helped him maintain his Fame and Dignity.

‘I can just sell this in an auction. Lower level requirement means there will be a lot of buyers. There’s only one pair of gloves here

that can increase my combat strength.'

< Gloves of Dimension Door: Durability 110/110. Defense 132

A mysterious item of the Fairy Knight Guwanbeder, who could move between boundaries of different dimensions.

The stories of his heroic adventures and battles were so extensive that it took 30 volumes to record them in books.

The gloves don't have any special ornaments but they grant the ability to control the space within a 20 meter radius.

The user can move or deliver attacks through the circles that form randomly.

Touched by the breaths of the Fairy Knight, this item grants you great favor with the Spirits and Fairies.

Prerequisites

Level 750.

Dexterity 1200.

Additional Effects

Weapon performance improved by 5%.

Fighting Spirit +200.

Dignity, Honor, Art, Charm stats +51

All stats improved by 5%

Dodge skill effect increased by 35%

Damage taken from magic and spirits decrease by 31%

Fame +13,283.

The user doesn't take damage when holding the enemy's weapon by hand, excluding weapons having spatial traits.

When equipped, special circles that can be used to teleport will appear within a 20 meter radius. >

Weed took the Gloves of Dimension Door.

“I shall choose this item.”

After making the final decision, his mind was now at ease.

He shall take care of these gloves every day from now on!

However, Batalli the God of Fighting spoke to him.

– Your Combat Accomplishments are still slightly insufficient to use those gloves.

His Combat Accomplishments were still not quite enough!

Starting from the Immortal Legion, Weed had successfully finished countless quests, including those related to the Embinyu Church. The Combat Accomplishments he had accumulated from such adventures were not to be sneezed at, but as expected the Gloves of Dimension Door was a special equipment. Weed frowned.

“What should I do then?”

– I’ll give you an opportunity for more achievements.

The Coliseum dedicated to the God of Fighting. If need be, he would gladly fight against other warriors.

Weed immediately put a loaf of barley bread in his mouth.

<You ate barley bread.

Your hunger has been reduced.>

Since he had now passed through the Path of Struggle, he needed to recover his peak body condition by having food.

Sharpening the sword and cleaning the armor!

Before the fight begins, he intended to ready his equipments into their best shape, making every preparation.

– Do you remember the Palrangka War?

“Yes. I remember.”

Palrangka War.

It was recorded as one of the fiercest battles in the history of the Versailles continent.

During the Warring Age, the military forces of 7 different kingdoms clashed in the Jagsen Plain. Monsters and other species joined in the war, leading the battlefield further into chaos.

While clearing the Tower of Heroes which was an intermediate training hall, he himself joined in the Palrangka War, but was killed by a rock thrown by a cyclops... This was one battleground where even Weed experienced failure.

< History of Versailles Continent. Original text of the Palrangka War.

During the time when people's greed and jealousy reached their peak, Humans fought war after war in order to expand and secure wheat and iron.

At first, the other species gathered their strength to resist the human forces, but in the end their intent became tainted too.

Influenced by the humans driven only by their own selfish desires, these species began the fights for the benefits of their own species.

While the humans fought among themselves over territories and weakened their own strength little by little, the monsters multiplied and spread throughout the continent like poison mushrooms. >

< Newly restored content. A secret history behind Palrangka War.

It's in a very old language that only adventurers trained in advanced level of linguistics and archaeology are able to decipher.

It is said that during those times the monsters possessed moderately high intelligence, enabling them to use low-level languages and live in large groups.

These monsters fought for dominance over the continent at the Jaksen Plain. And eventually they rose as the final winner, not the humans.

However, the story of one Skull Knight which was spread by the few survivors of that perilous battle became a somewhat famous topic among people.

He was said to have received a request from Princess Remi of the Isran Kingdom and attempted to rescue her.

He was very valiant and possessed amazing horseback fight technique. However, while he was occupied with other flying monsters, he lost both his horse and the princess. The knight, filled with rage, kept on fighting to the last of his loyalty and grief for the princess until he eventually met his end on the battlefield.

>

– As a Warrior who can walk backwards in time, go and prevent your failure!

Weed thought about the Palrangka War again.

“Indeed, there was a princess.”

Different from the record, the real reason why Princess Remi died was that she was neglected. He was so occupied with the battle that he forgot to protect the princess. In the middle of that chaotic, blood-boiling battle, numerous different forces were mingled together in one messy combat, and as Weed was fighting while riding on a drake, he had forgotten about her for a second..

What was already done could not be undone, so after Princess Remi’s death he simply kept fighting until he was completely exhausted, literally to his death. And that was the end of it.

‘To undo my failure...’

Weed was ready to take up any challenge optimistically so long as he was able to get Gloves of Dimension Door as a reward.

“I’ll fight in the Palrangka War.”

The video that both KMC Media and CTS Media had been anxiously waiting for had finally arrived.

“Manager Kang, it’s here! The video showing the advanced training hall!”

The images of the advanced training hall that had been the pressing issue among broadcasting companies! There had been a small delay in the delivery of this video as it was not covered by the live broadcast contract they had made with Weed.

Dark circles were prominent on Manager Kang’s eyes as he shouted.

“How about Weed? Did he pass the training hall?”

“That’s not set in stone yet. This is only first half of the video, but the other half will be sent soon.”

“Really?”

Manager Kang and the Production Planning Team had anticipated that Weed would not have been killed in the very beginning. But they thought that perhaps he was imprisoned and slowly met his miserable and solitary death by starvation in the second part of the video.

“Should we really air this? If we send out the scene showing Weed’s death, then all the users in the Garnav Plain... their morale is going to hit the rock bottom.”

“But we can’t just cancel the airing either. The other media companies will have started to act, too.”

“They will, won’t they? Production, editing teams; everyone get on it and start working!”

Every single employee that was on emergency standby immediately began to make preparations for broadcast. Some other broadcast stations even started playing the clip right away and started editing later.

KMC media began their transmission from the scene in which Weed had entered the Path of Struggle.

“Weed’s trial in the advanced training hall! His decision to take up the challenge alone has caught many people by surprise. And we have just obtained the video of it.”

Oh Joo Wan and Do Chanmi, a well-loved member of a girl-idol group, started the broadcast program.

In quite a contrast to her cute face, she had a voluptuous body.

Although having started the game in the Central Continent, she later moved to the north and became the mascot of Chicken Porridge squad of the Grass Porridge Cult.

“Wow, I’m so excited.”

“Chanmi, do you think Weed’s challenge has been a success?”

“Of course! I think he would have passed easily. Did he not?”

“I’m not actually sure myself. Just like our viewers, I need to confirm with my own eyes through this video clip. Without further ado, let’s play the video.”

The screen showed Weed walking on the Path of Struggle alone, separated from his comrades. Defeating the Ulroofs and Volards in one effortless swing and advancing further... The sight of him swinging his sword and marching forward without hesitation was absolutely thrilling.

Do Chanmi’s face was full of smiles.

“Kyaa. He is amazing.”

“From the look of your face, I think you are completely enamored.”

“Of course! Two years ago, my dream was to marry Weed-nim! I actually first came to know about Royal Road when I saw videos of him that my brother was watching.”

“A lot of male fans will be disheartened to hear that.”

“That’s alright! It was nothing but a young naive girl’s dream that can never happen.”

“How come? Are there any men who would not like you?”

“Well... because there is, you know, ‘her’ at his side already!”

The Goddess of the Grass Porridge!

Because of her existence, Weed became someone that was out of everyone’s reach.

While Oh Joo Wan was observing the fighting scenes, he sighed.

“He is really fighting so well it is almost not understandable. These monsters are not to be taken lightly...”

“Is he fighting well?”

“He is doing awesome. He’s thoroughly making use of his skills to exploit the monsters’ weaknesses, and this looks so natural. He uses three, four skills in succession and seamlessly blends them in the combat. This is not coincidental and it is amazing. Do Chanmissi, aren’t you over level 350 as well?”

“I am a Mage, though, so I mostly support others in the distance. I do not know in detail about close-quarter combat.”

“The high level users among our viewers will know what I am talking about. Those are not monsters that could be defeated in such an effortless way.”

As the show continued, other guests that had been hastily invited

made their appearances.

In case of KMC Media, the guests included Pakclas from the Hermes Guild, one of the top 100 rankers of the game, along with 7 other high leveled users.

They had also invited dwarf warrior Bindel from the Black Lion Guild, thinking that they needed someone on Weed's side in order to take a reasonably neutral stance.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Despite being normally talkative, they could only observe the fights with their mouths agape.

‘How is that possible?’

‘He can do that? In that way?’

‘Lunging at the monster and slashing 4 times? And he just killed it by making all of them into critical hits?’

‘He lands 2 blows as he shoves back the opponent, then hits 3 more times turning to the side. Is this some sort of a theater play or something? His movements exactly match those of the monsters.’

In case of Pakclas, he had even been learning the Heraim Fencing skill lately. He was trained in numerous fighting techniques recommended by the Hermes Guild. He had learned them through books, quests, and training, and he knew that it was hard to place the Heraim Fencing skill a level above those other techniques.

‘Heraim Fencing Skill requires you to make direct hits. The risk is too big if the continuous hits are not maintained, and as the effects only last for short durations it is hard to keep it going.’

Hunting would be so easy for everyone if monsters took all the blows just because you attack them continuously.

Unfortunately, as you advanced in level, you had to deal with

monsters in more numbers, and with increasingly diverse traits and complex skills.

So, even as one was landing hits, every movement involved in defense and evasion needed to be linked together in one great flow of combat.

Deciding the manner in which you stuck with your sword such as piercing or swinging, provoking the monsters at appropriate timing, and breaking their formation... these were all things that needed to be considered. This was only possible if one had every single element of combat under their control, which was almost difficult beyond imagination.

“He is finally at the Gate of Trial.”

“Yes, he is going in.”

As everyone already knew, he stepped into the Gate of Trial alone.

Even after that, whenever monsters showed up, he used the same Heraim Fencing skill to destroy all of them. Where he passed, there were only remnants of dead monsters remaining.

“He doesn’t even look like he’s getting tired.”

“He is running toward the next monster!”

“He has closed the distance as he was shooting arrows. He makes an upward strike with his bow, draws his sword and uses Heraim Fencing skill again!”

By the time the first video was almost finished, there was an uncomfortable silence in the air.

“Pakclas, what do you think of Weed’s adventure?”

“...”

“Necrat, any comment, please?.”

“...”

The invited guests were at a loss for words.

It was also quite natural that the online message boards were being heated up by the viewers who had been waiting expectantly for the video showing Weed's adventure in the advanced training hall.

- Did they bring mannequins instead of guests?
- This looks as if someone hit the pause button.
- I just hope they'd close their mouths as they watch...
- Oh Joo Wan just asked a question, but nobody is answering. They seem to be completely out of it with shock.
- Oh, I see they brought in Pakclas, too. That guy declared a few hours ago that he would eat his own hat if Weed could beat the advanced training hall.
- Weed didn't technically beat it yet.
- Oh Joo Wan's just asked a question again. He asked Pakclas if he would be able to penetrate the Path of Struggle just like Weed if he was in his position.

After a pause, Pakclas answered that any top-ranking user in their prime condition could be just as good.

- Yeah, he said that with a cough, though. He probably was feeling quite embarrassed and guilty even as he said it.
- It's not that his words are wrong. A top-tier user should be able to go as far in as Weed.
- The Heraim Fencing skill, is it? You couldn't fight like that using only that technique, though.
- At any rate, I guess the second half would be the important part.. Right now, he can fight like that because he's not yet exhausted... but he will reach his limit before long.

For the sake of broadcast they fast-forwarded many fighting

scenes, but the fact remained that Weed overwhelmed the enemy in every single encounter.

The second video clip arrived some time during the show, and the staff members of the broadcasting station scrambled to analyze it quickly, as they had to check what kind of scenes were included before they put them on air. After a while, shouts of amazement were heard among the producers.

“Kyaaa!”

“Wooooooww.”

As a couple of them including the program director screamed in amazement upon viewing the last few scenes.

“Really? He really cleared the entire path?”

“Yes, and he didn’t even break a sweat.”

This clip had been sent to all the media companies simultaneously.

The hosts told the viewers the outcome of this challenge first, which was what they had been wondering about the most.

“Weed’s trial in the advanced training hall... We will play the last part of the clip first.”

The screen showed Weed reaching the end of the Path of Struggle.

“...”

While the jaws of the other guests dropped yet again, even the host Oh Joo Wan was also at a loss for words this time.

On the monitor, Weed was shown wearing a tattered armor.

There was a strange tint of wildness in his eyes, and the bag that he carried looked full!

Looking quite indifferent to the astonishment of the show host and the viewers, Weed stepped into the portal that had been

formed by the invitation from the God of Fighting.