

# The Legendary Moonlight Sculptor

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## Story Description:

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

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

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

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

# Chapter 1: 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!”

“Ummooooo!”

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 Seoyoon.

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 weren't 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.

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"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 as 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.

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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 caused 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.

Ddiring!

-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.

“Kueeeeh.”

“Hukiiiiii, 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 if 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....

Ddiring!

-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 overwhelmed 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 popularity 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 our 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.”

“Hrmm.”

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 used 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. Make sure you’re reading this at [rainbowturtletranslation.com](http://rainbowturtletranslation.com) 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 someone to 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 worst 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 indicated 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 to 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 is 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 and 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 for 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 ready 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?’

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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 griffins 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!

Jaaeeeeng.

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 rescued 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’s 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 Gadian 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 maneuverability. 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.

“Kuwaaak! 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 damaged 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 Gadian 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 Gadian 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 not 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 speeds, 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 rebellions 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.

“Kuaaaaaah!”

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 immeasurable 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.

“Kuaaaaaah!”

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, five 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 Gradian 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 Gradian 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 Gradian 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 when 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 Transformation. 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 divided 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. Additional 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 the 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 and 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 residents and bring them to the conquered north.

“There is no need for a military. Agricultural 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 words 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.

Wed 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 a 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 sorry 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.

Ddiring!

-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 should 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 without 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 Fear!

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 Fear.

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!

Ddirring!

-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 name 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 product 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. the 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 is 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.

Ddiring!

-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.”

Ddiring!

-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.

Ddiring!

-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 collected 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 be abused in the human world. It is a great material 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.

Ddirring!

-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.

Ddirring!

-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 my 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, Alcard set up a siege on the 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, cracked 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 immediate 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 Arpen Kingdom. 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 users 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 all up.'

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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 downturn.

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 from 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.

# Credits

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