

Debuff Master

Chapter 6

Tae-Sung was sitting in a pavilion somewhere in Mount Kumlun, and he was sitting with Deus in front of a drinking table.

“My disciple,” Deus called out.

“Yes, Master,” Tae-Sung responded.

“Come and pour me a drink,” Deus said.

“Yes, Master,” Tae-Sung replied as he poured a drink into Deus’ cup in a very respectful manner.

“Come, let me pour you a drink, too,” Deus said.

“Yes, Master,” Tae-Sung replied and extended his cup.

“*Haha!* I never imagined that there will be a day I get to drink with my disciple!” Deus exclaimed.

“Did you not have any disciples until now?” Tae-Sung asked.

“I had my eye on quite a lot,” Deus replied.

“Why did you choose me?” Tae-Sung asked.

“That’s because you are a pitiful useless piece of trash,” Deus replied.

“*Huh...?*” Tae-Sung muttered. He was taken aback by Deus’ frankness.

“Dreadful is the only word that can be used to describe your talent. Of course, you are slightly better when compared to an average person, but you are nothing but a piece of trash when compared to those they call geniuses,” Deus explained.

“I guess you are not wrong... but how did that become the reason for you to choose me, Master?” Tae-Sung asked. He was genuinely confused and curious at the same time.

“I wanted to see how a piece of trash like you will crush those geniuses,” Deus replied.

“...!” Tae-Sung flinched.

“I wanted to see how the weak retaliates,” Deus said with a mysterious smile before continuing, “Humans are placed on unequal starting lines the moment they are born. Some are born as geniuses while some are born as fools. This is the law of the world, don’t you agree?”

“You are indeed correct, Master,” Tae-Sung replied.

He agreed with Deus’ words, and he was certain that others would agree with him as well.

“But there are a lot of hopeless trashes out there, right?” Tae-Sung asked.

“That is correct,” Deus nonchalantly replied.

“Then, why did you choose me among the garbage out there?” Tae-Sung asked.

“It’s because I saw a resolute, tenacious spirit and a thirst for victory in you,” Deus replied.

“*Eh...?*” Tae-Sung muttered in confusion.

“You never gave up, even though you were being ruthlessly trampled on. In fact, anyone would have given up after being beaten so badly, but you continued to persevere despite that,” Deus explained.

“*Hmm...*” Tae-Sung muttered as he continued to listen silently.

“In the eyes of this great me, you seemed like a man who has no idea how to surrender and with this desire to defeat those you can never defeat even though you don’t have even a rat’s shit worth of talent,” Deus added.

“*Haha...*” Tae-Sung awkwardly laughed at Deus’ evaluation.

“That is why I decided to choose you as my disciple—so that I can turn you into a winner.”

“*Huh?*” Tae-Sung found something strange in Deus’ words.

Deus did not say that he would turn him into a powerful person. Rather, he said he would turn him into a winner.

“A winner...? Not a powerful person...?” Tae-Sung asked.

“That’s right,” Deus replied while nodding, and then he added, “I plan to turn you into a winner instead of a powerful person.”

“How can I win without becoming stronger than my enemies?” Tae-Sung continued asking, “I... I cannot become stronger. It is just as you said, Master. I do not have any talent, money, or even luck. How am I supposed to become stronger?”

Deus replied, “There’s no need for you to become stronger than your enemies to win.”

“*Huh?* What do you mean... by that...?”

“*Tsk tsk!* How stupid and foolish can you be? You can just make your enemies weaker than you! Weaker! It’s as simple as that! Just make them become weaker than you!” Deus replied with frustration in his voice.

Tae-Sung felt as if a hammer struck the back of his head the moment he heard Deus’ words.

‘I will make those weaken those stronger than me, and I will beat them to death... in one blow,’ he thought.

He had never even thought of doing that before.

“Take this,” Deus said before throwing an old worn-out book at Tae-Sung.

“What is this....?”

“It’s a secret book,” Deus replied.

“A secret book...?” Tae-Sung muttered in confusion.

“The beginning and the end of the Debuff Master lies in that book,” Deus explained.

Debuff Master.

Tae-Sung had never heard of such a class before.

Debuff.

This was the method which Deus had proposed to him to becoming invincible.

“Are you telling me to turn my enemies weaker than me...?” Tae-Sung asked upon receiving the secret book.

“That is correct.” Deus nodded and called out, “My disciple...”

“Yes, Master,” Tae-Sung responded.

“There are plenty of people bound to be stronger than you in this world. *Ah*, of course, there’s no one stronger than this great me,” Deus said.

“*Huh...?*”

” Tae-Sung muttered in confusion.

“No one can stand against me! *Hahaha!*” Deus boasted.

‘*I can see that...*’Tae-Sung thought. He completely agreed with Deus’ words.

“My disciple,” Deus said.

“Yes, Master,” Tae-Sung replied.

“There is someone luckier, more talented, or richer than you in this world no matter how much you persevere and struggle. Effort? That’s nothing but a fallacy the strong made so that they can entertain themselves by watching those weaklings squirm and struggle,” Deus said.

Tae-Sung could not help but agree with Deus’ words about how effort was not that important at all. After all, he experienced firsthand that his efforts weren’t enough to beat those who were more talented, richer, luckier, and with better timing than him.

“Let’s say that you *did* manage to become stronger. Then, do you really think you will be able to emerge victorious against those more talented, richer, and luckier than you? What about those who are stronger than you then?” Deus asked.

“I think it will be difficult,” Tae-Sung replied.

“Then, are you just going to lose then? Will you just let them crush and trample you?”

“I do not want that to happen ever again,” Tae-Sung replied.

“Then, all you have to do is to turn that bastard weaker than you and beat him to death. So what if you are weak? You just have to win, right? By then, people will look at you and call you strong,” Deus reasoned.

“The winner is the stronger one... is that what you are trying to tell me, Master?” Tae-Sung asked.

“Exactly. The world will forget someone strong, but they will remember the winner. In the end, they will label the winner as strong,” Deus replied.

Tae-Sung could not find any holes in Deus’ logic, and he had no plans of finding one.

There had been rare cases where a weakling won against someone stronger than them, but the chance of that happening was a one-in-a-million chance.

Those who could win continuously, or those who would lose from time to time but would win frequently—those people were what the world called ‘strong.’

The strong would not necessarily become the winners; however, the winners would be strong.

Tae-Sung agreed with Deus’ logic.

“A long time ago...” Deus said as he gazed into the distance before he continued, “There was a time when I was just like you.”

“You were like me, Master?” Tae-Sung asked in disbelief.

“Well, I was not a piece of trash like you,” Deus clarified.

“Ah... I see...” Tae-Sung muttered with a bitter taste in his mouth.

“I was a genius when I was younger, and I was one of the eight strongest people on the continent. However, I was the weakest among them,” Deus added.

“Master was the weakest among them...?” Tae-Sung muttered in disbelief. He was astounded to know that this supreme being in front of him was the weakest among those people.

“That’s because those bastards were better geniuses than I was,” Deus explained.

“Ah...”

“I really wanted to defeat them,” Deus said.

“Then? Have you won against them?” Tae-Sung asked.

“I couldn’t win...” Deus replied.

“...” Tae-Sung was speechless.

“It was impossible to defeat them no matter how much I squirmed and struggled, and I remained the weakest among us no matter what I did,” Deus said.

“Is that still the case even now?” Tae-Sung asked.

“Ha! Does it look like this great me will lose to anyone?” Deus scoffed with a hint of arrogance in his voice.

“No, Master,” Tae-Sung replied.

“I trained as hard as I could; no, I trained like a madman. I trapped myself in Mount Kunlun and did nothing else but train,” Deus said.

“Ah...” Tae-Sung muttered in amazement.

“Then, I managed to obtain the power that will make me the strongest. I was able to turn my dreams of weakening my enemies into reality,” Deus added.

“Then, did you win?” Tae-Sung asked with eyes filled with curiosity.

“No, I couldn’t do it,” Deus replied with a hint of bitterness on his face.

“Huh?” Tae-Sung was now genuinely confused.

“I only realized it after descending from this mountain that five hundred years had already passed,” Deus explained.

“Oh my god...” Tae-Sung muttered in amazement.

“I searched for those bastards as soon as I could, but they all grew old and had kicked the bucket. It seemed that this great me had lost track of time because of how immersed I had been in my training,” Deus said.

“Master...” Tae-Sung muttered as he looked at Deus with eyes filled with pity.

What was the use of attaining the power to become invincible if he could not achieve the victory he had always been longing for?

‘Master...!’?

Tae-Sung could not fathom the emptiness Deus felt at that time.

“The realization and enlightenment I had achieved, which I had recorded in that book, became useless even though I had poured my heart and soul into creating it for the sole purpose of defeating those bastards I could never beat,” Deus said with a hint of bitterness in his voice as he explained how he created the class, Debuff Master.

Debuff Master.

This was the solution Deus came up with during his younger days so that he could defeat those who were stronger than him.

From Tae-Sung's point of view, this was also the solution to beating those who depended on their luck, level, item, skill, and talent. After all, he could never beat them through effort alone.

They were on an entirely different level, and Tae-Sung could not inflict even a single scratch on them no matter how hard he tried.

'With this, I can win,' Tae-Sung thought.

He firmly believed that he could defeat them all if he managed to unleash even a tenth of this class' abilities.

He had finally found a way to defeat those he desperately wanted to beat.

"My disciple," Deus called out.

"Yes, Master," Tae-Sung responded.

"You can do whatever you want," Deus said.

"What do you mean, Master?" Tae-Sung asked.

"You can go after glory or riches. There's nothing wrong with fulfilling your heart's desire since that is a right that belongs to someone invincible. Live your life to the fullest and do whatever you want," Deus elaborated.

"Yes! Master!" Tae-Sung enthusiastically replied.

That was exactly what he wanted to do. He wanted to claw himself out from the poverty, he wanted to eat good food, he wanted to wear nice clothes, and he wanted to ride nice cars. Unfortunately, he was talentless and was born dirt poor. And he hated the fact that he was born this way.

The sorrow of growing up poor was something one could not understand unless one experienced it themselves.

However, that was the end of that sorrow. He had finally found a way to turn his life around after meeting his master, and the rope that would save him from the bottomless pit of despair had finally arrived.

"But I have a condition you must fulfill to become my successor," Deus said.

"What is it, Master?" Tae-Sung asked.

“Go and crush the successors of those bastards who died before I got the chance to avenge myself. I’m certain that they established their successors before they went six feet under. You must crush them with the skills I have created. Do you understand?”

When the old man finished his words, a message popped up in front of Tae-Sung.

Ding!

[Alert: Quest: ‘Master’s Regret’ has appeared!]

[Alert: Do you wish to accept this quest?]

There was no reason for Tae-Sung to hesitate or refuse the quest.

[YES.]

Tae-Sung accepted the quest Deus gave without an ounce of hesitation as he said, “Yes, Master. I—your disciple—will definitely find their successors and crush them to prove your greatness!”

Of course, he did not forget to respond to his master in a grand manner.

[Alert: You have accepted the Quest: ‘Master’s Regret’!]

Then, the quest details appeared in front of him.

[Master’s Regret]

[Type: Quest]

[Details: Find and crush the seven successors of the people known as the strongest eight on the continent five hundred years ago.

[Progress: 0%]

[Descendant of Thunder God Vajra 0/1]

[Descendant of Sword Saint Murcièlago 0/1]

[Descendant of Great Sage Sieghart 0/1]

[Descendant of Blood Master Berserk 0/1]

[Descendant of Enlightened King Maugris 0/1]

[Descendant of God Arrow Windforce 0/1]

[Descendant of Supreme King Braum 0/1]

The quest was simple and straightforward. He just had to look and defeat the descendants of those whom Deus did not get the chance to beat.

“But... how will I recognize their descendants...?” Tae-Sung asked.

“You will know by instinct,” Deus replied before adding, “Your instinct as my one and only disciple will make you recognize them.”

“Yes, Master,” Tae-Sung said.

“And you have to change your name from now on,” Deus said.

“Huh? Change my name?” Tae-Sung responded in surprise.

“You are my one and only disciple and successor so don’t you think that you should have a name befitting of that? Use the name Siegfried from now on,” Deus said.

“Siegfried?” Tae-Sung muttered.

“Why? Don’t you like it?” Deus asked.

“No, that’s not why...”

“What is the problem, then?” Deus asked.

“That is...” Tae-Sung hesitated for a moment. He had no idea how to explain to Deus, who was an NPC, that it was impossible to change your name in Brave New World.

“A name is not something I can change just because I want to, so—” Tae-Sung carefully said, but before he could finish his words, a message suddenly popped up in front of him.

[Alert: The name of the player’s avatar has been changed from ‘Tae-Sung’ to ‘Siegfried’!]

Tae-Sung could not believe his eyes as he thought, *‘Is this really happening...?’*

Deus had just ignored an ironclad rule that prevented players from changing their character’s name. It seemed as if his master had just openly proclaimed, ‘I am the Almighty!’ However, Tae-Sung would actually believe him without a doubt if he did so.

“Shut up! You are Siegfried from now on, got that?” Deus asked.

“Yes, Master!” Tae-Sung; no, Siegfried replied.

"I will cherish the name that you have given me, master," Siegfried said.

"Of course, you have to cherish it. You have to obtain the title of the 'Strongest' with the name I have bestowed upon you, you got that?" Deus added.

"Yes! Master!" Siegfried enthusiastically replied.

"Good. I like your spirit. Now go out into the world!"

"Do I have to leave so soon?" Siegfried asked.

"Haven't I told you that I have already taught you everything there is for you to know? It is now your turn to train using the secret book as your guidance. Everything you will need is in that book," Deus replied.

"But, I am still lacking, Master. And what if I hit a plateau while training on my own?" Siegfried asked.

"You can just come and find me then," Deus replied.

"Huh?" Siegfried muttered and tilted his head in confusion before asking, "Are you not leaving for the afterlife?"

"*Huh?*" Deus muttered in surprise before asking with a grimace, "What nonsense are you spouting?"

"I mean... the mission you gave me just now sounded like you were leaving me your will... so..." Siegfried said.

It seemed that Siegfried was thinking of Deus as one of those 'masters' in novels where they would ascend after leaving their will to their disciples.

However, it seemed that his master was unlike those masters.

"But I'm still alive and well..." Deus muttered.

It seemed that even clichés did not stand a chance against his master.

"Really?!" Siegfried exclaimed in delight.

"This great me can live up to more than a thousand years if I wanted to. I will live longer than you so don't worry and descend the mountain!" Deus declared.

"Yes, Master!" Siegfried enthusiastically replied with a big smile. He seemed to be delighted by the fact that Deus wouldn't die anytime soon.

“Stop the nonsense and go do whatever you want in this vast continent! But don’t forget about the mission this great me had given you!” Deus added.

“Yes, Master!” Siegfried replied.

“Now, go!” Deus exclaimed before summoning a magic circle beneath Siegfried’s feet.

Flash!

A flash of light enveloped Siegfried before he disappeared.

Siegfried had finally departed the mountain.

Chapter 7

“Where did he send me?” Siegfried muttered.

He wondered and looked around after being forcefully expelled from the mountain. He was surrounded by grass as far as his eyes could see, but he could make out that he was in a territory judging by the castle he could see in the distance.

“Let’s see...” Siegfried opened the world map and zoomed in to where he was currently.

[Biermann Territory]

The place where Siegfried was transported was a small territory on the southernmost tip of the continent.

“He sent me quite far away,” he grumbled.

The Biermann Territory was located quite far from the Palzman Territory where Siegfried used to be.

“Not bad...” Siegfried nodded in satisfaction.

He was quite content with the place where he was transported.

Siegfried was currently Level 1, and he would obviously be hunted down if he came across Genesis Guild members. For now, he had to focus on growing to at least Level 100 without getting disturbed.

‘Well, I guess it won’t matter though...?’ he thought.

Nobody would recognize him since his name had changed from Tae-Sung to Siegfried.

“Anyway, let’s go to a nearby town first and take my time reading the secret book,” he muttered as he looked at the castle in the distance.

Deus said that everything about the Debuff Master was recorded in the book, and that was why Siegfried decided to prioritize finding out more about the class above anything else.

“Welcome, Adventurer!” a large woman greeted Siegfried.

She was the innkeeper.

“*Hmm...* you look like a novice. Welcome to our Biermann Territory. So, what do you need? Do you need food? Or perhaps some appetizer and drinks?” she asked.

“Just a room for one please,” Siegfried replied.

“Oh, you seem to be tired from your journey! Alright, I’ll prepare it right away for you,” the innkeeper said.

Siegfried went up to his room and settled down.

“Debuff Master...” he muttered while stroking the secret book.

“Shall we take a look?” he said before he proceeded to carefully turn the pages. However...

“What the hell...?” he grimaced and muttered.

The writings were a bit strange.

“Master... how do you expect me... to understand this...?” Siegfried muttered in disbelief.

Deus’ handwriting was so dreadful it could be categorized as one of the evils of this world. Naturally, Siegfried could not understand a single thing.

“Even a child can write better than this... Master...” Siegfried muttered.

It seemed that Deus was still a human being with flaws after all.

Siegfried tried his best to decode his master’s cryptic handwriting.

[The secret to invincibility lies in this secret book.]

The secret book started off with a message that left a deep impression on Siegfried.

“The secret to invincibility...” he muttered as he read the first words.

Then, something amazing happened as soon as he read those words out loud.

Flash!

A blinding light shot out from the secret book and completely surrounded him.

Ding!

Then, a message popped up in front of him shortly afterward.

[Alert: The skill book’s power is transforming you.]

[Alert: You have successfully changed classes!]

[Alert: Your class has changed from ‘Disciple’ to ‘Debuff Master’!]

[Alert: The item ‘Secret Book: Debuff Master’ has been bound to you!]

[Alert: ‘Secret Book: Debuff Master’ can no longer be traded or transferred.]

It turned out that the secret book Deus gave him wasn’t a normal book but a skill book, and this made Siegfried realize the reason why Deus didn’t teach him any skills for ninety-eight days.

While Siegfried was still deep in his thoughts, the secret book his master gave him crumbled into dust. Siegfried no longer needed the item as every single one of its content had turned into data that had been uploaded into his mind.

“Let’s take this step by step,” he said as he checked the ‘My Class’ tab under ‘My Information.’

He checked the basic information of his newfound class.

[Debuff Master]

[A very flexible class capable of packing quite a punch despite the user having low stats.]

[Role: Melee Dealer, Supporter, and AOE Nuker.]

[Description: Utilizes all sorts of debuffs to weaken the enemy before dealing physical damage against them.]

[Main Weapon: Heavy Weapon]

[Main Defensive Equipment: Heavy Armor]

Siegfried could tell by the description alone that the class his master had bestowed upon him was an overpowered class.

[Potential]

[Attack: ???????????]

[Defense: ???????????]

[Agility: ???????????]

[Utility: ???????????]

In fact, his potential was astonishingly high. Even his lowest stat, agility, had an astounding ninety-percent potential.

“The struggle was worth it,” Siegfried said while smiling in satisfaction.

He could feel the pain, suffering, and humiliation he had to endure in the past, which was caused solely because he was a weakling, being washed away just by reading the basic details of his new class, Debuff Master.

“Debuff Master... a nuker specialized in debuffs... I’m certain that there’s no other class like this out there...” Siegfried muttered.

There were many classes with debuff skills, and the most famous one among them was the ‘Priest’ class. Priests possessed skills that could simultaneously buff their allies while debuffing their enemies by shredding the latter’s resistances.

There were other classes with debuff skills that amplified the damage their target received just like the Witch Doctor, Black Magician, and even Siegfried’s previous class, Elemental Mage.

However, Debuff Master was an entirely different class compared to those mentioned above which only used debuffs as sub-skills.

[Debuff Skills: 25]

The Debuff Master class lived true to its description as a physical damage nuker as it possessed a jaw-dropping twenty-five debuff skills, and it seemed as if it were capable of debuffing any enemies before beating them to death.

“Debuff Master...” Siegfried muttered out the name of his new class as his heart pounded from excitement.

“I can beat them with this...!” Siegfried exclaimed as his adrenaline levels jumped. He was extremely curious about the power of a high-levelled Debuff Master.

“A master...” Siegfried muttered the second word of his new class before he proceeded to check the details related to his weapon and armor.

[Weapon Mastery]

[The most suitable type of weapon for a Debuff Master is a Heavy Weapon since it is capable of killing their enemies in a single blow.]

[The Debuff Master gains additional stats when using Heavy Weapons.]

[Blunt Weapon Mastery: Level 1]

[Shield Mastery: Level 1]

[Greatsword Mastery: Level 1]

[Gauntlet Mastery: Level 1]

[Spear Mastery: Level 1]

The five weapons mentioned in his Weapon Mastery: blunt weapons, shields, greatswords, gauntlets, and spears, were weapons capable with highly destructive attack power.

The Debuff Master’s combat style was exactly as Deus had said, ‘make them weaker and kill them in a single blow.’

“Then, the defensive equipment...” Siegfried muttered as he checked the defensive equipment of his new class.

[Heavy Armor Mastery]

[A Debuff Master is a class that requires strong defense since they fight in close combat against their enemies.]

[However, speed is also a critical component, so the user is recommended to use Heavy Armor instead of Plate Armor.]

[The Debuff Master gains additional stats when using Heavy Armors.]

[Heavy Armor Mastery: Level 1]

There were five classifications for defensive equipment in Brave New World: cloth armor, leather armor, light armor, heavy armor, and plate armor.

Heavy Armor was second only to Plate Armor when it came to toughness, and it seemed that the class was recommending the usage of Heavy Armor rather than Plate Armor since it was not a tanker-type class.

[Debuff Skills]

[Circle of Mortality: Level 1]

[A circular field that decreases the enemies' defense and magic resistance will appear around the user.]

[The circle's radius grows larger the higher the skill's level.]

[Circle of Weakness: Level 1]

[A circular field that reduces the enemies' HP and mana will appear around the user.]

[The circle's radius grows larger the higher the skill's level.]

[The damage dealt by Circle of Weakness depends on the user's mana.]

[The damage dealt by Circle of Weakness is considered as 'True Damage,' which ignores the enemies' defense and magic resistance.]

"It reduces defense and magic resistance...?" Siegfried muttered in surprise after reading the description of his skill 'Circle of Mortality.'

A debuff skill usually reduced only one of the target's defensive stat, and this was probably one of the few skills in the game that could reduce both defense and magic resistance at the same time. On top of that, 'Circle of Weakness' ignored defense and magic resistance to inflict true damage on his enemies. As such, he was certain that it would be a highly versatile skill in the future.

[Smite]

[Hit the target with a powerful strike.]

[The damage inflicted increases the higher the skill's level.]

[The cooldown time decreases the higher the skill's level.]

[The cooldown time of this skill depends on weapon type upon casting.]

[Level: 1]

[Description: Deal 250% physical damage to the target.]

[Mana Consumption: 30]

[Cooldown: 1 minute (Blunt Weapon)]

Even the description of the only active skill in his arsenal, 'Smite,' seemed overpowered as well.

"I knew it was a hidden class... but..." Siegfried muttered in amazement.

He scrolled further down after realizing that the skills of his new class—Debuff Master—certainly lived up to anyone's expectations of a hidden class.

Then, a word of advice left behind by Deus caught his eye.

[Circle of Mortality and Smite are the fundamental skills you will have to master from now on. You will be using them until the day you die so do not be lazy and train them continuously. Do not forget to train Circle of Mortality and Smite in a 1:1 ratio. Circle of Weakness will also come in handy, but it will not be as useful as the two skills so make sure that you train the two skills Circle of Mortality and Smite, and Circle of Weakness in a 4:2 ratio.]

While Siegfried was being trained, there hadn't been a day when Deus didn't curse, beat, or violate the former's human rights, but it seemed that Deus still deeply cared about his disciple based on the fact that he even left the skills' tech trees in the book.

"Thank you, Master," Siegfried said as he engraved the words his master had left behind.

He wanted to further figure out what his class—Debuff Master—was capable of, but unfortunately, he still could not do so because his level wasn't high enough. In fact, he couldn't even access the names of the other skills he would end up possessing.

It seemed he was still unqualified.

"It's time to train and grow stronger..." Siegfried muttered as he steeled his resolve and exited the room.

For some reason, every single step he took carried weight along with a strange sense of confidence.

1. It's written like this in the raw but think of it as full body armor. So full body armors are heavier than thick steel body armor