

# Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

## Chapter 10: Hassan, Iron Rank Adventurer (1)

### ☞ Hassan, Iron Rank Adventurer (1) ☞

“A blessing for information appraisal. A ray of light that illuminates the darkness born from incognizance. Only one God grants this blessing.”

“So who is it?”

“The God of Light and Sun. Looks like you're lacking some culture, little friend, you're a Samaritan after all... Anyway, the 'Blessing of the Sun God' is famous for being rare.”

Baltma, sitting atop the pile of garbage, scanned me from head to toe.

“I don't know why this power was given to such an ignorant Samaritan who also lacks faith. Only one among 100 devout believers would normally receive it...”

The deeds of Gods couldn't be understood by us foolish mortals. After muttering a few words, Baltma chomped as if he couldn't understand the reason and smacked his lips.

God of Light and Sun.

I thought of the blazing celestial body when I muttered these words.

The Sun God.

The influence of the sun was significant no matter the civilization or tradition.

Even in ancient myths and legends, the worship of the sun was extremely popular.

I don't know what it meant exactly, but since I've been given a rare blessing it should be quite good then, right?

After two years of hellish slavery, spring has finally arrived in my life!

Talent!

Riches!

Hell yeah!

Fuck yeah. After getting used to the comfortable life of the 21st century, I got thrown into this barbarous and superstitious land, where I was even forced into slavery.

If you lose something, you're bound to get something else in return. It goes without saying that tough times never last and eventually good times come your way. It's normal to finally be awarded for your hard work.

While I was indulging in this bright, beautiful, and hopeful, self-created fantasy.

"Before you get too happy, being blessed isn't all shine and rainbows. It means you're being watched by transcendent powers far beyond our mortal comprehension. It ends in tragedy most of the time."

Baltma's words felt like a bucket of cold water being dumped on me, giving me chills to my bones.

"Even the most famous kings, heroes, and even beasts faced a mournful end. Lest a faithless Samaritan. I can't wait to see how you'll die. And I'm not cursing, rather, it's a compliment."

Damn it, there's no such thing in this world as a free meal.

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The bald-headed Baltma seemed to hold a fairly high-ranking position in the Mars Guild of Sodomora.

All misunderstandings were cleared with a few words of his.

"We need to go through a thorough verification procedure. You savage Samaritan, I bet you killed a lot of people in the wild, didn't you? He's ugly and has quite a robust physique. It's a pass."

Rather, I was able to enjoy the fastest guild joining procedure. However, what I loved the most was the opportunity to get an apology from Daphne.

"...I'm Daphne. Starting today, I'll be in charge of Mr. Hassan. What happened earlier was really my-my-my..."

"Your fault?"

"Bastard, you made a mistake first!"

However, even though I got this opportunity, I didn't receive a proper apology. I don't know when I will receive a sincere apology. It might never happen. Let's pretend that I stepped on crap while passing by it.

Anyway, I lost a huge amount of 20 silvers. And through some misunderstandings and a few slaps, I was able to become an Iron-tier Adventurer.

Iron-tier.

Iron-rank Adventurer.

The fifth tier of adventurers, the bottom tier.

In game terminology, I was a newbie left in the dust of the better players.

“Hehe.”

Still, it felt great.

Having a tier was similar to creating your account and playing the placement matches.

Up until now, instead of using a computer, I’ve been using small pebbles and lumps of mud. It was like a meme. A dumb one at that. It felt like I was living in a third-world country where there was no form of entertainment besides sound.

I can’t be satisfied with the fact that I have now access to the ladder, I need to climb up the ranking.

“Mr. Hassan, if you take a quest and successfully complete it, you’ll get the promised reward from the client. If the number of **[received commissions/successful quests]** reaches a certain amount, you can try applying for rank promotion. If you end up getting promoted to a higher rank, you can get quests that pay better and...” (check)

Upon entering work mode, Daphne gave a surprisingly solid explanation of the adventurer’s work, promotion, and monetary settlement. Is this really the Daphne that was freaking out before? It doesn’t look like it.

“That’s about it.”

Even though I was Elfriede’s slave, I still had some knowledge about how adventurers worked, making her explanation easier to understand.

Adventurers were like handymen, and the Guild was like a labor market where all kinds of workers gathered.

There, you can get money by doing various tasks, and after accumulating enough experience you can get promoted, have more job opportunities, and get paid more...

That’s about it.

It was a very simple system.

“For reference, you can pay 5 silver to have your name displayed in the job searching panel for a year. See that crowd over there?”

Daphne pointed with her finger to a corner of the Guild. Behind the crowd of people, something like a large bulletin board was hanging on the wall.

“So my name will be displayed there?”

“Yes, you’ll get a lot of exposure by having your name displayed there. Not only that, you’ll also get requested much more, and even finding a party will be easier. You can go take a look.”

“A moment, please—”

I got up from my seat and headed towards the job-searching bulletin. Then I saw papers with writing on them hanging all over the wall.

**Name: Thereseus**

**Strength: 5**

**Agility: 4**

**Stamina: 2**

**Rank: Bronze**

**Special Features:** Has one hell of a shield and plate armor. Good at offense and defense. Handsome. Pretty girls are welcome. Men, scram!

That’s roughly how it was.

It feels like you’re attracting aggro in front of the dungeon in the game, all the while spam-pinging everyone in your party and filling the party chat with strings of “@@@@”.

What about the other guys? Let’s check one more.

**Name: Big Dick Destroyer**

**Strength:** Enough to make most men bow their heads.

**Agility:** As agile as a hawk.

**Stamina:** 3 days and 3 nights are no problem

**Rank:** Silver

**Special Remarks:** Can attack and defend, but prefers to attack. Holds a thick rod. Strong thrust. Skills are no joke. Full of love.

.....

Ugh, what did I just witness? I feel like I've stared into an abyss whose existence I shouldn't even be aware of.

I faced the front desk again and then sat down.

"Do I need to register there to get a job?"

Five silver coins were too much money. It was enough money to eat and sleep for at least a few weeks to up to a month.

I was a little disappointed that I had to use my leftover money for this. What would I be doing now if I hadn't gotten the money back from Elfriede? It's horrible.

"Hmm."

Perhaps, feeling my hesitation, Daphne 'Hmmed' and then continued.

"To be honest, it's better to register there after settling down and getting used to the job to a certain degree. It's better to use it when you're stable rather than a new member."

"Stable?"

"Yes, for the first three months after signing up, the Guild itself will provide you with quests. You're all alone after that. At that time, the higher your reputation, the better. Thus it's a little useless at first."

"Oh, then I'll think about it a little more then."

"Yes, it's better this way. Then we're through with the registration process, Mr. Hassan. As a receptionist, we are bound to frequently meet, so I hope we get along well. And about what happened earlier... I'm sorry, I've been a little touchy these days. Especially when a man touches me, I just lose my temper..."

The funny-looking green-haired Daphne blushed as if at a loss.

Although she had exposed a fiery and hysterical side earlier, there was no denying the fact that she is a beauty.

It's natural she'd be good-looking since she's in charge of the Guild's front desks.

Her having a stalker didn't seem inconceivable. No wonder she'd mistrust or even dislike males.

Anyway, as she said, I'll often see her at the front desk. It's better for my future to lighten the mood.

"Ah... well, I understand. I freak out sometimes too..."

"Slap me five times now!"

"What?"

"I slapped you five times, it's only fair if you return them to me."

"No, I'm asking you if you're being real here."

"Yes, I'm being serious here. I don't think I'll be able to fix my peculiarity if you don't do it. Come on."

Is she crazy?

Daphne closed her eyes tightly and gave me her cheek. I was confused about whether what I was going through right now was real or fake.

Slap her on the cheek? Right now?

Looking around, I could see the inside of the guild building, where many people were going in and out.

If I slap a woman, all eyes will inevitably turn on me. It's also expected that many problems will come my way if I go through with this.

"Come on! Come on! Please, I need you to help me with my peculiar habit! If you don't hit me now, I'll scream!"

Daphne kept urging me while keeping her eyes closed tightly. I decided to slap her five times with a confused look.

*Slap—!*

"Kyaa!"

*Slap— Slap—! Slap—! Slap—!*

"Ugh, enm, hagh!"

Daphne's face was dyed red with the palm of my hand. It looked as if it was going to burst at any moment.

It looked like this even after I made sure to control my strength. This woman's skin felt completely different from mine, that had been hardened by all kinds of labor.

*Whisper— Whisper—*

“What the... Oh my god!”

“Why is he slapping her? Is it because he didn't agree with the pay?”

“Black hair. Maybe this savage is trying to cause a ruckus-“

“What are the guards doing?”

It was Daphne that got hit, but why do I feel like my cheeks were even redder than hers? It was the first time I had slapped someone like this.

*Ding—*

**『Healed Daphne's peculiar 'Paranoia'』 『Task Points + 50』**

The words that crossed my mind told me a weird story. Healed her peculiar 'Paranoia'? I don't think there was anything like that when I touched her wrist.

And to say that a slap on the cheek would heal her paranoia, what is this... Is it some kind of physical therapy?

“I'm sorry Hassan. I was wrong. I realized it now. My mind has been cleared. I've been such a bitch!”

Daphne began shedding tears, either because of pain or regret. Daphne cried for a long time and I had no choice but to stay with her.

This feels like a penalty game.

However, after receiving her apology, I felt weird. When was the last time I received such an apology? I feel so ashamed.

When the sobbing gradually diminished, I spoke out the words I had been holding in.

“Miss Daphne, is there anything I can do today?”

“Today...? Usually, it's difficult to get a request on the first day due to regulations...”

“Can’t you do anything about it?”

I felt the weight of the coin bag in my hands.

*Clink—*

It was light.

Fourteen silver coins. If I register my name on that bulletin board, five silver coins will go away? I’ll only have nine silvers remaining.

If I save that money for my daily expenses, I’ll be able to fend off rain and malnourishment for a month or two. Still, I should earn it back while I can.

I’ve gotten used to hunger and homelessness, but I’m no longer a slave. It’s necessary to avoid living as such.

It would be nice if I could quickly raise my adventurer rank to silver and get citizenship.

Finley... as that married woman said, setting up a clinic after reaching the silver grade was a good option.

“Hmm...”

Daphne seemed troubled.

“Okay Mr. Hassan, I really wronged you so, I’ll try my best to help you. But you can’t tell anyone I was the one to give you the quest.”

Daphne said, as she took out a huge ledger and rummaged around. The pages were fluttering, and then she stopped and pointed to a certain spot with her fingers.

“Here, this was scheduled for someone this afternoon. Since that person left, there is a vacancy. I’ll put Mr. Hassan’s name instead. It’s not a difficult one, it should be fine.”

Daphne, who had previously slapped me, was starting to look lovely in my eyes. Wasn’t it great to have a receptionist in my debt just by slapping her?

Of course, those weren’t really my thoughts, but this development felt oddly comforting.

“The total salary is 120 coppers, making it 30 coppers per person.”

“So, there are three others besides me? What are we doing?”

“I didn’t choose something hard since it’s your first day. There are abandoned ruins outside Sodomora that need to be regularly cleaned. It’s usually done by Iron-rank adventurers.”

That was as much as I could do as a newbie. This job was, in fact, so easy that even a kid could take care of it. It’s just cleaning after all.

I had mastered the art of cleaning at Elfriede’s cabin.

“Cleaning is my specialty.”

“Great. It’s not that difficult. You’ll be done in half a day.”

Working for half a day would bring me 30 coppers.

How much effort did it take me to collect 30 coppers as a slave?

Back then, I could save about four coppers from the average price of rice soup per day, so 30 coppers would have taken me a week to collect back then.

Impressive.

This is probably why people put a lot of effort into getting a job.

“Then, Mr. Hassan, please take this wooden plaque and go to the west gate of Sodomora. Your three other companions will have the same one.”

Daphne gave me a wooden plaque that looked like a key chain. A wide piece of wood the size of my palm.

After wiping it a little, the letters “Mars Guild” were engraved on it.

I remember seeing Elfriede and other adventurers carrying these to recognize their designated party members.

Holding this plaque in my hand made me feel warm, fuzzy, and excited.

“It’ll be noon soon, so I’ll be on my way.”

“Well, Mr. Hassan, about the...”

Daphne turned her back to me and tried to say something. It seems it’s something she has difficulty bringing up considering the way she is hesitating without finishing her sentence.

“Well... I have to tell you something....”

“Is it because of the earlier conflict? Don’t worry about that anymore.”

“No, that’s not what I’m talking about. There’s a strange person among the cleaning crew. It’s a simple task so there shouldn’t be an issue, but I thought I’d let you know just in case.”

Fuc–, you’re worrying me now.

*It was the bloody Sun God, was I the only one scratching my head at it? This isn’t even the weirdest thing in the chapter lmao. Really went insane translating this, thinking I was misunderstanding something when she asked him to slap her lol.*

Kinda skipped over it but the bulletin board part was very funny too, that ‘Dong Department’ hahaha.

Hassan is also right to worry because his party is definitely...

There’s no word for it.

Thanks for reading and see you all in the .

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