

Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

Chapter 13: Hassan, Iron-Rank Adventurer (4)

🔊 Hassan the Iron Rank Adventurer (4) 🗣️

Kuruk, Kishhh!

"The goblins are coming this way?! What do we do, brother-!"

Goblins.

According to the legends of this world, humans were sculpted by the gods using clay. After being done with the creation of humans, they brushed their hands and some clay fell to the ground.

That fallen clay that remained on the ground blended with all sorts of evil and gave birth to many demonic monsters and beasts. However, if I had to choose the ugliest demonic monster, it's got to be the goblins.

I don't know if the story was true, nor does it really matter right now.

I did agree with the fact that the goblins looked hideous.

Their skin was green and wrinkled. Their muscles were surprisingly flexible and strong for a creature with the build of a child.

Kisisis!!

Kisik!

What made them harder to deal with was that they were extremely aggressive and ferocious against humans and any living being in general.

"Kyaa-!"

We were ambushed by 13 goblins. Luna was particularly scared and screamed her lungs out while stomping her feet on the ground as if she was going to faint at any moment.

"Kyaah-! Goblins! This is bad!"

Kisis Kisisis-

All of the goblin's eyes were drawn to her. Her screams drew their aggro.

Even though goblins were ruthless monsters with an albeit low intelligence, they were still wise enough to use siege and annihilation techniques.

They instinctively knew that they had to aim for the weakest link to destroy our group. Luna was, in more ways than one, the weak link currently.

"Why, why are they coming this way? Kyaaah!"

Luna started cowering back and ended up falling on her ass. Taking advantage of that opportunity, the goblins rushed to her and began madly scratching her mask, clothes, and flesh.

Kisis- Kisisis!

Kisis! Kaesaes!

"Argh!!"

With that scream, a bloody battle broke out in the ruined temple, lit up by the moonlight.

Kassaesae!!

"Th-These bastards!"

Even though they had the body of a child, I could clearly feel murderous intent from them. These bastards are looking down on me.

"Die!"

I pulled a dagger from my waist and thrust it into the neck of a goblin that was coming my way.

Kwadeuk-

I could feel the dagger piercing through the goblin's neck very vividly.

The smell of the blood spraying everywhere made me dizzy, but I didn't have the luxury to take some time and regain my composure. I drew my dagger out and kicked the goblin's body.

Keek!

"Bastards, I'm gonna kill all of you!"

Perhaps because of the smell of the blood and the adrenaline rush due to the fight, my head was burning, and I began getting enthralled by that feeling. There was nothing better than violence to release the resentment I had accumulated throughout my life because of this world's absurdity.

Above all, goblins weren't very strong creatures. I was more than enough to deal with two or three of them at the same time.

By this world's standard, an average person should be able to handle two to three goblins with bare hands by himself. In other words, they were just pushovers.

Therefore, beating 10 of them wouldn't be difficult if I and my party members cooperated...

"My, my amulet mask! Give it back! Whoa, someone help!!"

"My instrument is going to break! It's the foundation of my business! Oh Lord Mercury, what's going on? Gah- Gwak!"

"Ah, I can't do it! Why are these punks here? I miss you, Titans!"

Fuck. Besides me, everyone was struggling as if they were drowning at sea while having two or three goblins stuck to their bodies.

Their clothes were torn off, clumps of hair were missing, and they had scrapes all over their body while they were screaming.

And it made the goblins attack even more madly, increasing the number of wounds we received. These fucking bastards are going to be the death of me!

"Look here, punk!"

I channeled all my anger in my fist and slammed a goblin near me. The goblin flew in the air for a brief moment then collapsed.

Kishaaaa!

Kishyaas!

Kasaaski!

The goblins, after confirming their companion's injury, pounced on me even more savagely.

I can't understand the language of goblins but I felt like they were mocking me, saying things like "What a big fellow!" or "So much food!".

Do I have to be underestimated by even these midget bastards? Unacceptable. You're still not strong enough to make dinner out of me.

"You guys aren't good enough!"

I resentfully gripped my short dagger.

The heartless blade started cutting through the goblins' skin, continuously splattering their blood and a foul stench engulfed the surrounding area.

Kiiishh...

Gaenk- Wodeukdeuk-

I stomped on the fallen, struggling goblin's throat and shattered it, I opened my mouth and shouted loudly.

"YOU GUYS AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH!!!"

Geeek...!

The goblins' attacks began to weaken, perhaps intimidated by my roar. It was too late to ask for forgiveness now that it has come to this.

I swear on my father's name, who is relaxing on the electric heating mat back home, that I won't spare the lives of any of you filthy demon bastards!

Because each of the goblin's fangs is sold at one copper!

There are about ten goblins!

Fangs are in total four including the bottom and upper teeth!

Hell yeah, 40 coppers, I'm stacked!

Ki, Kieeek!

Giek!

Sensing my menacing intent the goblins stopped attacking my companions and focused their attention on me.

"They're surrounding us! Damn it, these punks!"

Chaos spread around me. I just started floundering my arms around wildly and began stomping and kicking with my foot. I don't know if anything I ended up hitting was a goblin or not.

Still, there are limits.

Rip, Rip-

"Argh, fuck! It hurts! Ah, they're ripping my clothes."

Kyeeek!

Even if they had the size of a child, their cooperation dealt a lot of damage. They were ripping my hair and poking at my eyes. Ah- don't touch me there!

"I'll help you, Hassan! Guys, let's go!"

I was struggling, and the pain was invading my body. I heard a high-pitched noise from somewhere, then a buzzing akin to the propelling of a helicopter.

In this world where not even wagons existed, it was hard to believe something like a helicopter was making this sound.

Buzz, Buzz-

It didn't take long for me to realize that it was none other than the noise of the wasps that Luna had kept in her jar.

Kiig! Keeeeg!

"Oh, it hurts! Ouch! It stings, bitches!"

"Ha-Hassan!"

"I'm sorry, Hassan. I couldn't help it, the bees don't know who's on our side. But thanks to that the goblin ran away."

"..."

"...."

"Alright, I'll be quiet. You were stung by the bees but it didn't swell that much. I don't think you need an antidote. Is it a characteristic of Samaritans?"

“Uh, Uuuh-”

In front of the burning campfire, I was so busy trying to pluck the stingers stuck all over my body.

In addition to the poisonous stings, I was also injured by the goblin's fingernails and tree branches.

What made me the saddest was that my clothes were ruined.

There was a limit to keep relying on rags. So, when I was a slave I saved up to 3 silver coins and bought these clothes.

I endured Elfriede's whipping and thought these clothes would now last at least a few more years, but they got ripped apart just like this.

“Brother, here are the twenty fangs of the five goblins you killed. You fought so bravely. You slaughtered those little goblins so mercilessly, like the savage giant Cyclops. The one-eyed giants-.”

Strum- and the bard Marco started playing music. I didn't have the strength to scold him anymore so I just remained silent.

If something happens from now I'll just run away. I don't see a good ending for myself by staying with these guys.

“I don't know why there were goblins here. Although they're stupid, they don't come anywhere near human settlements. This is the first time I witnessed this in seven decades of life.”

From the singing bard to the questioning philosopher, the aftermath of this battle was nothing like I imagined it would be.

I was checking for scrapes and lost items when someone said.

“After moving a lot and singing my body is screaming for food. Why don't we share the food we brought with us? I brought something in case the work took longer than expected.”

“Yeah, yeah, that'd be great! I have mushrooms and other stuff. I also have a pot and some water.”

They suddenly started taking out food from their bags, one by one. I didn't bring anything since this was supposed to only take half a day.

“...Ha-Hassan you get some rest. We’ll prepare the meal ourselves. Don’t look at this, it’s kind of scary.”

“The savage young man had a hard time. We should exempt him from the night watch. You guys also agree, right?”

“Yes.”

“This Marco has no objection.”

They’re exempting me from the night watch? That’s a fucking relief. I can sleep in peace now.

After taking the last stinger embedded in my body out, I laid down on my back near the campfire.

Trees were swaying in the wind. The sky and stars behind them painted a beautiful scene.

This night sky was no different than the one back in my world, except for the fact that the stars were a little brighter and the presence of two moons instead of one.

I felt weary from the sizzling of the pot and the throbbing and stinging pain in my body.

What am I doing in this place? I miss my mom. I even want to see my father and sister, who I disliked so much.

“Sister, it has been two songs so we can eat one. My singing is very accurate and it should be perfectly cooked.”

“Yeah, I think so too. Hassan come and have a late-night snack! Why don’t you have a drink gramps?”

“I’m fine. Young people should eat more. I’m writing a paper on the consequences of eating at night. I’m in the experimentation phase right now. I also want to think about the goblin attack.”

Plato, the old philosopher, took out a small scroll and started writing on it with a quill. We put back his share into the pot without further ado.

Thud-

I also got up and peered into the crumpled and dented pot. I could see all sorts of herbs and mushrooms boiling inside it.

Bubble Blurp Blup Blup-

I frowned.

“There’s something strange in between the herbs and the mushrooms.”

“Ah, you noticed, Hassan! It’s an ‘Oil Toad’. It’s a valuable medicine that’s good for health. Especially if you’re wounded...”

A hot pot with a toad in it, it’s likely to cause acidity if you eat it.

However, I have become accustomed to hunger while I was struggling to survive as a slave, and my innate repulsion has already worn out due to my father’s extreme educational policy.

“Sister from outlands, no matter how I see it, the toad—”

“It’s delicious. It’s good for healing minor wounds! It’s a popular ingredient in the Ideope! I couldn’t eat oil toads because they are rare.”

“Well then let me try. Ughhhh.... It feels like the toad is... Alive and swimming inside my mouth.”

“Delicious, right? I’ll try it as well.”

Rustle-

Luna took off the ridiculous mask on her face. She could actually take it off.

I came to believe it was her real head at some point.

Her pink hair was exposed after she took off her mask. Her bangs also looked a little damp from sweating while her back was neatly tied in pigtails.

“Eh?”

Emerald-colored eyes met mine. It was so cute that I forgot the pain for a moment and swallowed my breath.

It was said that beautiful women rob men of their five senses, and that’s why they tended to do silly things for them.

I laughed at Elfriede’s followers for following her every whim like fools.

But now that the Curse of Medusa has been lifted, a beautiful woman was a fatal stimulus to me, so I could understand their feelings somehow.

“Wow! Sister, you’re much younger than I thought, how old are you?”

"I was recently done with my coming of age. In Ideope you have to be an adult before going abroad."

"So, you mean that you weren't even an adult not too long ago? Do all girls wear such promiscuous clothes in Ideope? I definitely want to go there someday!"

"What do you mean promiscuous?! These are traditional shaman robes. B-By the way, how old are you, big nose?"

"My name is not big nose, it's Marco. You'd better remember it in advance because I'll soon become famous. I have also turned twenty-six this year."

"What? I thought you were at least thirty!"

"That's rude! Brother, do you think I look over thirty?"

Marco's big face crept toward me and formed a shadow. I almost punched him thinking he was a goblin.

"Oh, yeah, well, roughly. Thirty-five I guess?"

"I'm shocked that you thought so!"

From his shaggy beard to his rough skin, I thought he'd be thirty-five at least, but I didn't expect him to be the same age as me. Now, that's shocking.

Are the faces of people in this world not in accordance with their ages? Elfriede, Finley, and now even this guy.

"How old are you brother?"

"I'm twenty-six as well."

"Gosh, that's amazing! I thought you were older than me. Let's be friends since we are the same age. Fret not, you deserve it, brother."

What kind of similar-aged friend are you? You obviously look older than me.

I never thought I was older than Marco.

Well, my appearance wasn't exactly in order currently. My hair was shabby and scruffy like lacquer was applied, and my beard also wasn't trimmed in addition to some scars on my rough skin.

It must appear even more disheveled with all the goblin blood on it.

When I go back to the city, my first priority should be a bathhouse to tidy up my appearance. I think I noticed one on my way to the west gate.

“I killed goblins, caught wheel bees, and made a pretty good additional income. I think I deserve to get a bath, a little haircut, and some shaving. This little bit of luxury should be fine, right?”

Above all, maintaining a degree of cleanliness was very important to stay healthy.

.....

And thus the night passed as indulged ourselves in banter and songs. Soon the sun rose and it was time to clean the shrine as we were supposed to.

We started by cleaning the traces of our campfire, then the scattered corpses of the goblins, and just as we started removing vines entangled with the surrounding statues, we noticed something strange.

“Brother, look at this. There’s a strange item inside the broken statue.”

“No, you bastard! You mustn’t touch it.”

This should be the last chapter for the first membership readers. I hope everyone liked it. What do you guys think of this chapter? We had some badass moments from Hassan, and the usual incompetence of his teammates lol. Looks like they fucked up too at the end but that’s gonna be for the . Little hint: Curses.

Btw, there will be two chapters released next Sunday. I forgot to say it 🦴.

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Chapter 14: Hassan, Iron-Rank Adventurer (5)

🦴 Hassan, Iron-Rank Adventurer (5) 🦴

The first to discover it was the big-nosed bard.

“I don’t think this was here yesterday. Was it shattered in yesterday’s commotion? What do you think, brother?”

Marco pointed to the broken statue and noticed the strange sculpture inside, then asked for my opinion. Not like there was any way for me to know anything, even if he asks.

I frowned and began carefully examining it.

There was a sculpture inside the statue.

This looked really similar to the Matryoshka dolls back in my world. The shattered statue had quite a large space inside of it and it contained an oddly shaped figure.

Its size was slightly larger than my hand. Maybe it was a little more appropriate to call it a sculpture or a statuette.

What was this statuette made after?

Even though it was hard to see, because it was covered by some broken fragments of the marble sculpture, its glitter couldn't be hidden. Looks pretty precious to me.

Luna, who was wearing her mask again, poked out her head and sighed.

"Shouldn't it be very precious since it was hidden? A treasure maybe?"

"That makes sense, sister. Why don't we try taking it out?"

Just as the big-nosed Marco stretched out his hand to grab the statuette.

"No, you bastard, you mustn't touch it! You guys are going to bring us trouble!"

The old man, who had just finished pulling weeds out from the other side, suddenly made a commotion. We stopped and turned our heads in his direction.

"Gasp, gasp... You guys shouldn't recklessly touch that thing or you might face divine retribution."

I thought he probably would run out of breath before we faced divine retribution, though.

In any case, the old man was acting unusual, and his expression contained something akin to madness. We ended up with no choice but to do as he said.

"This, this is...!"

The old man was shocked at the sight of the statuette inside the marble sculpture. Did he know something? Marco then asked, as if thinking the same.

"What's wrong with you, old man? Do you know something we don't?"

"No, I don't know!"

Damn it, you said you were a scholar, but aren't you just a quack? I grumbled when the old man snorted.

"I don't know... That's why it's even more dangerous! I took a Ph.D. in theology and philosophy, I'm quite knowledgeable about gods and the religions surrounding them. But this is the first time I've seen something like this. How can such a thing happen!?"

The philosopher seemed half-crazy. So, since they couldn't touch the object recklessly, they had no choice but to gawk at it with their eyes wide open.

I then asked excitedly.

"So, is it something incredible?"

"Amazing! Hopefully, it's a rare-grade relic, or better yet an epic-grade one! It might even be a legendary-grade one!"

Legendary-grade relic?

I don't know what they were talking about but since the word "Legendary" was attached to it, and taking into account the old man's reaction, it must be something amazing. I think I'll get scolded if I ask what a legendary relic is in this situation so I'll just keep my mouth shut.

"Old man, what's a legendary-grade relic?"

The bard who didn't care about other people's opinions asked in my stead.

"Stupid bastard, an adventurer who doesn't even know the rank of relics? How the times have changed... There are five stages for relics. Common relics. It's just old antiques, the trash that no one wants besides collectors. It's the kind that street vendors sell."

The old man's words reminded me of all the second-hand shops spread throughout the city. Broken jars, worn-out straw shoes, and such items were sold there.

Honestly, I don't understand who's selling these and even less who's buying them. Anyway, these were common relics.

"Above common relics, we have rare relics or luxury relics. They're like noble decorations. Then we have epic relics. You can get some ridiculous abilities starting from this grade. The price is also great. A relic of this grade is something people like us will never see in our entire life."

My ears twitched at the mention of epic relics. I once touched the epic relic 'Asclepius' Staff'.

It was only after that I received my blessing, and the ability to give a peculiar massage was acquired. Epic-grade relics seem really precious.

Then Luna barely lifted her mask, showing her bare face.

"I know of epic relics. Isn't the fountain pen used in the guild one? It's a strange object that reads Karma."

"Hmm, tsk."

When Luna inquired as such, the doctor merely clicked his tongue.

"I wouldn't call it an epic relic but that's how it is. Epic-grade relics contain divine blessings. Concerning legendary-grade and beyond... I've only heard of it and never have seen it in person."

"So, you're saying this could be a legendary relic, old man?"

As I continued to listen while organizing my thoughts. I finally concluded and then asked.

The old man folded his arms and made a groaning sound.

"I'm not sure."

"Then, are Legendary relics expensive?"

"Expensive? If the product was deemed real, it would have a really high academic value. Even a few gold pouches wouldn't be enough!"

A few gold pouches?

Damn, do they really exist? I've never even seen gold coins in the first place.

I can't believe you could even get a pouch of them. My heart soared with so much joy that my shoulders were trembling. Shit, I'm rich! Was my debut as an adventurer also going to be my retirement day?!

"Gold coins!"

"I can buy a new guitar!"

"I want to switch my amulet for a better one too!"

While Luna, Marco, and I were rejoicing, I noticed Plato's facial expression gradually turning grim.

"Old man, it's gold coins! Shouldn't it be something to be happy about? Why are you looking so gloomy?"

"You savage, this is not something to be happy about. It is said that high-grade relics contain huge amounts of magical power. Your life will naturally end in tragedy! You will be cursed if you tamper with something like this!"

Marco, the bard asked the old man, who was starting to spit saliva from his excitement.

"So, as the old man says, we can't touch this?"

"It's this black thing inside the statue... It was probably sealed. Sealing something in a temple was a common practice in ancient times..."

Seal? What kind of nonsense is this? My danger sensor, which went through all sorts of hardships, was ringing sirens in my head.

"If it's a seal, then there should be something sealed inside. Any idea, old man?"

"I don't know. It could be an evil spirit. It could be a demon. Or something beyond our understanding. Look at its form. I don't think it's normal."

I looked more closely at the statue, exactly where the old man was pointing. There were black tentacle-like protrusions.

It looked like an octopus that had bird-like wings. It was like a mix between an octopus and a bird in a meditating position. Anyway, that's what it looked like to me.

"Old man, I, Marco don't believe in curses. A breathing, living person shouldn't be intimidated by such things."

Grab—

"Fuck!"

The fearless bard took out the obsidian statuette from the broken statue.

After having my awareness raised to the max after Plato's explanation, I couldn't help but tremble and shout at his reckless actions!

"Lunatic! What are you doing? It could be dangerous!"

"Heh, foreign brother, you're more of a scaredy-cat than you look like. There's nothing to be afraid of because it's just an object. It's just an object. It's just an object. It's just an object. It's just a—"

"Damn it, you punk! You've just been cursed!"

Marco lifted the statuette high into the sky and kept repeating the same sentence like a broken record. He was looking like a lunatic, but the statuette looked so bizarre that I trembled at the sight of it and stopped getting agitated.

“Uh, what should we do, old man?”

“I, I don’t know! I think getting rid of that thing would be a good start.”

“Please do something Hassan, I’m scared!”

I could feel everyone looking at me. These bastards talk and act high and mighty all the time, but they never do anything when it actually matters.

Damn it, why did I have to be involved with a cursed object during my first quest as an adventurer? Did my career really have to start with such a shitshow?

As such, I stopped giving a damn and began smacking the big-nosed bard with all my might.

“It’s just an ob— Eugah!”

“Wake up you son of a bitch!”

Puk— Puk— Puk—

I have to save him! I have to save him!

I clenched my fists with all my strength and then started to respectfully pummel his face, all in order to save his life.

“It’s not enough! Let’s all beat him together.”

“All right! T-That’s a good idea!”

“I’ll help too!”

We began trampling on the body of the bard, who was lying on the ground, with our feet. Although it looked like unilateral lynching, we were actually trying to save him... probably...

Diriring—

『Healed: Lesser Mind Corruption』 『Task Points: + 10』

“Ughhh...Arghhh.”

After being fiercely beaten up for a long time, he finally uttered a human-like sound.

“H-Hey stop... are you planning to kill this Marco...”

“Bastard! You’re alive!”

“Suddenly, I lost my vision. I felt dizzy and everything seemed to be spinning around me. Even now, I can hear voices in my head... U-Uh, brother, please lower your fist. I might really die if you punch me one more time. I’m sober now!”

Marco shivered as he was recalling what happened when he touched the relic. It’s truly a dreadful relic that resulted in Marco’s face being riddled with bruises and nosebleeds.

“I’m sure it’s a cursed object. It seems a seal that shouldn’t have been messed with has been released...”

Scholar Plato made a disturbing comment. We had long since finished the cleaning of the shrine, but we had been unable to leave the place, even though we were left terrified.

Our eyes were gathered on the strange marble statuette.

A very ominous-looking obsidian figure. So ominous it felt like the surrounding air was trembling. We didn’t think it was okay to leave it like this. We also couldn’t take it with us.

Should we wait here until one of us brings a high-ranked individual from the city? Right as I was wondering about the feasibility of this plan.

“F-Fine, I’m just gonna seal it again with apocalyptic voodoo...!”

“Silence.”

“Hiik...”

We couldn’t find a solution even if we all tried to. I was a stranger to this world in the first place, everything was weird to me, I didn’t know a lot about magic, let alone curses!

The most reliable one here was the elderly scholar, but he also had never seen something like this.

Even the old man started making weird noises. Someone unaware of the situation might have thought he was struggling in the bathroom.

"Don't tell me you're going to soil yourself?"

"This scoundrel! Anyway, there might be something we can do..."

"Is that true, old man?"

"Yes, but it's not within the reach of Iron-rank adventurers like us. As the Shaman of Ideope said, we have no choice but to seal it again."

"Is it even possible to seal it again?"

"This is an old shrine of the Sun God. It may be possible to withstand the magical nature of that statuette if you have his blessing. Of course, that's just a theory. I'm not sure of anything. Unfortunately, those who have the Sun God's blessing in Sodomora can be counted on the fingers of a hand."

Tink.

The Sun God's blessing?

I remembered the blessing I had — 'Imperfect Dexterity'. According to that one-eyed man in the guild, it was given to me by the Sun God.

Wasn't this a great coincidence?

I could sense an ominous foreboding, because I, the blessing, and the statuette were all here together.

Was this the power of fate? It felt like a ray of light was tearing through the darkness.

"Old man, I have the blessing of the Sun God. What should I do exactly?"

"H-Huh? You're claiming a savage like you is blessed by the Sun God? There's no way an Iron-rank adventurer could have a blessing!? Did you get cursed as well!?"

"It would be a hassle to explain. Just tell me what to do!"

"You're so impolite, rushing an old man. Although I said it needed to be sealed, I have no real idea how it should be done. You said you had the Sun God's blessing, right? Maybe something will happen if you touch it yourself."

No, isn't this too much? I mean, I have to touch it and risk being cursed myself.

"Brother, don't worry, I'll hit you as hard as I can if it looks like you're getting cursed! Just pick it up!"

“Yeah, yeah! I’ll also help you, Hassan! I’m confident I can hit hard too!”

I approached the statuette, half-listening to the words of my noisy party members. Honestly, I wouldn’t want to touch something like this even if I got paid.

I also had a strange ability to break curses and peculiarities...

It may be because of the weird situation, but I felt like the statuette was calling out to me for quite a while now. It was vibrating fascinatingly as if forcing me to touch it.

“Oh fuck it, I don’t give a damn!”

Grab—

Hello again, I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter. It’s always fun seeing Hassan interact with his party members. I wonder what will happen after Hassan touches the statuette. Well, I actually don’t because I know already, but I’m sure you guys do lol. See you again next time.

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Chapter 15: First Quest Accomplished! After Party... for Succeeding? (1)

🌀 **First Quest Accomplished! After Party... for Succeeding?** 🌀

“Oh fuck it, I don’t give a damn!”

Grab-

The first thing I felt when I grabbed the statuette was a weird feeling. Why is it so soft?

Unlike its dark and cold appearance, the statuette was softer than I expected, it was reminiscent of gummy jellies rather than stone or marble. That’s how it seemed to me.

I felt a strange and peculiar sensation going through my nerves directly to my brain as if an electric current was flowing through them. Very similar to what Marco said, I feel like my brain is being twisted.

“Euagh.”

“Young lad! As expected, you’re cursed. What should we do? We aren’t strong enough to stop this Samaritan from going wild! Everyone pick up rocks from the ground!”

“Argh, hey, hey! Hold on!”

I raised my palms and tried to dissuade the group from trying to strike my head with a stone. Soon they frowned as if they saw something incredible.

“You look fine! A savage like you really does have the blessing of the ancient sun god? What a surprise. I’ve never seen anything like this in the seventy years of my life!”

This old man is so annoying. Anyway, I couldn’t help but be surprised. The sensation wasn’t caused because I touched the statuette nor was it caused due to the weird feeling when I touched it, rather it was because of the letters that appeared before my eyes.

Ding—

『You can increase the value of one of the following attributes by 1 after consuming 100 task points.』

『1. Strength +』

『2. Agility +』

『3. Stamina +』

Weird characters were displayed in front of me, but they gave a very familiar feeling to the 21st-century boy whose brain was accustomed to video games.

Using task points to raise the value of an attribute. Isn’t this what usually happens after leveling up?

I didn’t know what its use was nor did I know where to ask, but now I was very aware of how these ‘Task points’ could be utilized.

I feel like I have figured out a secret of the world, and my mind, which had previously been muddled, became clear.

“Brother, wh-why are you silent? Everyone, prepare to throw stones!”

“Damn it, give me a fucking moment you bastard!”

“All right! But your mind might still be getting eroded by the curse. If you stay still for 30 seconds, I’ll smash your head with this stone! I’m doing this for your sake brother!”

Big-nosed punk. Didn’t he say he never believed in curses just a moment ago?

He was fully prepared to strike me with that big stone in his hand.

Or maybe he just wants to grind my head with a stone. Everyone has the destructive urge to hit someone with a stone sometimes.

Anyway, I had no time to relax since my companions were staring at me with burning eyes.

I'm not confident in explaining the letters that appeared in my sight coherently. I was also confused, so I just clicked on 'Strength' with my finger.

Ding-

Then, a strangely artificial sound resounded, and the letters disappeared. Is that it? Just when doubts filled my head.

Rustle-

The soft obsidian statuette in my hand soon dissolved and turned into dust, then sipped through my fingers. Wait, what's wrong? This is freaking me out.

However, the feeling of the electric current zapping my head disappeared, and my body was also relieved of its strange tension. Overall, I felt pretty refreshed.

Contrary to what I was worried about, it seems like I am in perfect shape.

"G-Gone, it's gone... it was reduced to powder..."

Luna quietly murmured behind her mask. Marco, the bard, was still holding his stone, then spoke to me.

"Brother, are you fine now? Can you recognize us?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. It seems the sealing has been successful."

"Young man, it was more like an eradication rather than a sealing. Let's wait another five minutes, just in case. Don't come near me! Stand where you are!"

Old man Plato's worry was perfectly understandable, so we waited until Marco, the bard, was done with two songs.

♪—

♪—

"How long do I have to wait, old man? I don't think there's anything wrong with me."

"I don't know. Curses slowly erode the mind. It seems like this has ended well. Let's return before the sun sets!"

Anyway, my first quest as an adventurer finally ended.

『Money Earned!』

- One wheel bee, +30 coppers.
- Remuneration for cleaning the temple, +30 coppers.
- Goblin fangs, +20 coppers.
- Ripped clothes, -10 to -30 coppers.
- Mental and physical wounds, +- 0 coppers.
- Increment in 'Strength' attribute, +1.

Was this satisfactory? Anyway, compared to when I was a slave, this difference in monetary gains has been the same as the difference between heaven and earth.

I could feel my body relax and even my tingling wounds subsided. My steps were very light coming back from work.

"Old man, about the epic-grade relic I was talking about earlier. That pen."

"The needle of appraisal? Why are you asking about it?"

"I wanted to ask about the numbers it shows. One of them was Strength, I think? Is it easy to increase or even decrease them?"

"Ah, even if you come from a foreign land, you're still a little too ignorant, young man. If it was that easy, the world would be in chaos."

"That bad?"

"Yes, it usually takes a year to raise any attribute by 1. At most, it takes 5 years. And that's also on the basis of steady training, discipline, and devout prayers..."

Old man Plato was once again happy for the occasion to show off his vast knowledge. Anyway, the fact that I was able to raise my physical strength seemed quite special.

It was the first time I had seen such a change in my two years in this world, so I did expect it to be a great thing.

It was so great that it gave me goosebumps. Damn it, what's happening?

"Anyway, work hard. Young people have endless possibilities. Don't be misled by numbers. Young people these days are crazy about attributes, but that's just for show. Experience. Knowledge. Wisdom. That's the real deal."

"Oh, brother, I see the city wall over there on the right track!"

Contrary to what I had feared, Plato, who was holding the map, found the way back easily.

So we reached the west gate of Sodomora before sunset.

We arrived just as the guards were about to close the gates. Fortunately, we had avoided having to sleep in front of the city entrance for the night.

"Please hurry up next time. These Iron-ranked adventurers always return late. They look like a bunch of vagrants or beggars that faced some goblins..."

Leaving behind the grumbling guard, we finally reached the west gate of Sodomora. I didn't know what my party members were thinking then.

As for me, after having to sleep outside, getting bitten by weird creatures, finding a cursed relic, and getting stung by bees, this gutter-like city couldn't be any more welcoming.

The thick smoke and the pungent stench that permeated the whole city only made me look at it fondly. Nice to see you again, my sweet city.

"Then I, the party leader, will represent the party and report to the guild. There is also the case of the weird behavior of goblins that needs to be reported. And even the cursed relic. No one can speak as elegantly as I do."

It was fortunate that Plato, the old man, wanted to take care of the troublesome work by his own initiative. Is this the end of the quest? Then the conical-hat-wearing bard opened his mouth.

"Well, what do you guys think about drinking together tonight? The additional gains during this quest have been pretty substantial. Why don't we meet in front of an inn after settling this affair and freshening up?"

"I'm fine with it. How about you, Hassan?"

Luna was wearing her giant mask again. I can't get used to her weird behavior even after a day of interacting with her.

It was dusk already.

It was common for adventurers to have an after-party after they were done with their work. Elfriede and her party members would usually fill their stomachs with meat and alcohol at a tavern after hitting it big. I obviously couldn't take part in those as I was still a slave back then.

"Let's go! Hassan, you've suffered the most so I'll pay for your drinks!"

"Oh, can I join too, sister?"

"Are you going to pay for Hassan's drink as well?"

"My instrument is broken, so I have to buy a new one... Yeah, this can be considered a fateful encounter. Let's split the price of brother's drinks. How about you, old man? With you, we'll be able to split the price in three!"

"Me? No, I'm fine. I'm not shameless enough to meddle in the youngsters' affairs. I'm also busy. Time is extremely precious to an old man."

Unlike his old-fashioned appearance, the old man seemed to know when to join in and when to take his leave. Come to think of it, this old man was the most helpful of the bunch earlier.

The more knowledge and wisdom one has, the better.

"We'll meet again if fate allows us. Don't forget to visit the temple, young man. You might have been cursed."

The halfling old man disappeared while waving his hands. The sight of his back walking toward the setting sun left me a little downcast. I think I got a little attached to him after camping together, even though it was for such a short time.

"Well, what tavern should we meet at then?"

"Let this Marco take care of this, sister! Let's meet at the Nymph's Wings by 8 o'clock. The drinks and food there are the best in terms of price and quality."

"Okay, see you all then!"

Luna and Marco turned their backs and went in their separate ways. I think it's about 5 o'clock right now.

I had about 3 hours until the promised meeting time, it was enough to get some things done.

So, what should I do first? One thing I want to do the most right now is to wash off the dirt and the goblin blood on my body. Should I go to a bathhouse first then? Well, I also need to take care of my tattered clothes.

I have a lot to do, and all of it will cost money.

Since that's how it is, I need to take care of the huge bee that was bouncing around in my canteen first. It's better to get the money before deciding anything!

The issue was that I had no idea where to sell this bee. If I knew this was going to happen, I would have asked that pseudo-voodoo shaman earlier.

What did she say it was used for?

If there's such a thing as a clinic in this world, it's probably alchemist workshops that make those shady potions...

While wandering the streets near the west gate, I stopped in front of a shop that had a sign with beakers and potions engraved on it.

A chimney was continuously emitting smoke, the musty and damp smell brought back childhood memories. It was the smell of cooking, boiling, and bubbling.

To be frank, I don't want to go there anymore.

Trink-

"Welcome."

I heard a chime and a soft voice as I slowly opened the creaking door and entered.

Damn, what the fuck is this...?

I carefully stepped into the store as my legs seemed to shake at the sight of the store submerged in darkness.

This was because of the multiple kinds of creatures that were either stored in a foamy formalin-like solution or were either stuffed or dissected.

The smell was also strange, reminiscent of the smell of preservatives before dissecting a human body.

"Oh my goodness~ What do we have here~? It's a dashing Samaritan."

At that time, I heard a creaking sound of footsteps from inside the store and soon someone appeared. The first thing that entered my field of vision was a conical hat and voluptuous bosom.

Yes, her chest.

The light off-shoulder frill-shaped outfit shook my heart so much that I thought it was going to explode.

Underneath was a navy skirt. Just like Chinese dresses, its sides were open, revealing thick thighs and calves.

“Your eyes are burning Samaritan. Did you come here to take the throat of this Nemea the witch?”

The mole stamped on the lower-left corner of her glistening lips and her seducing voice made this sight very enchanting.

Witch.

This woman didn't explain much besides the fact that she called herself a witch.

Was she in her mid to late twenties? She had fiery crimson hair and an unusual air about her, which didn't excite my sullen little brother at all.

If someone is too pretty or if the atmosphere around them is too strong, an aura that blocks and rejects men is formed and that's exactly what was happening here.

Above all, I was infinitely weaker to persons such as Elfriede and other people who could be called Witches.

This was a fear that had been carved into my brain after having been enslaved for two years. So it could be said that witches and I were in a hierarchical relationship, like flare and burning magma.

“Well... I'm here to sell some things.”

“Things?”

“Well, it's more like living being rather than things...”

“Livi-?”

She seemed more like a lazy beautiful witch. I wasn't clever enough to have a witty back-and-forth conversation with her. It would be funny if I said that I came here to sell bees.

Step- Step-

The witch slowly approached me and stood up in front of my hesitant self.

Although she wasn't taller than me, she was still quite tall for a woman. In addition, she seemed taller because of the heels and the conical hat she was wearing.

The conical hat the bard was wearing looked ridiculous, but this one felt like the real deal.

"Living being, rather than a thing~ Indeed. You've got great things, my friend~"

The smiling witch's finger slowly turned to my lower body. Is this for real? I was so surprised that I started trembling like a frozen gazelle in front of a lioness.

Plink-

"You mean this, right?"

The witch nimbly grasped the leather water pouch from my waist and raised it to her face. Then, as the lid opened, the trapped bee angrily soared into the air.

Damn it, the bee is released! It's dangerous!

I almost jumped up realizing that. The bee, however, calmly settled on the witch's raised index finger. This sight was surprising enough to instantly drive away all my worries.

Rather than a fierce bee, it looked like a gentle butterfly landing on a flower. Do bees know how to distinguish pretty girls? I'm sure this bastard is a male too.

"That's a nice wheel bee~ Full of vitality. Its shape is black and hard, great~ I can give you 30 coppers for it~"

30 coppers.

I already knew the price, but hearing it made me excited as I forgot about the overwhelming atmosphere.

With those 30 coppers, I'll be able to get a bath and new clothes, hehe! Just as I immersed myself in such merry thoughts, the witch said something ominous.

"However, a young samaritan came to visit my shop. I'm more interested in other things this friend has rather than wheel bees."

"So-Something else I have?"

“Yes, depending on this friend’s skills, you can get way more than 30 coppers. It completely depends on how well you’re going to do. Five minutes? Ten minutes? How about it~”

Whoo-hoo. The witch was smiling. Her red eyes were just like Elfriede’s. I felt a chill down my spine without even realizing it.

Don’t get involved with a witch. It was common sense in this new world I was living in.

It is said that most wizards and witches in this world were lunatics. Like Elfriede was a flame wizard and was as aggressive as flames. This woman must be crazy too!!!

I imagined, in my head, a scene where my nails and skin were peeled off and placed in a beaker as I became this witch’s lab rat.

On the other hand, I really looked forward to what this beauty wanted from me. Sadly, I’m still a creature known as man...

So, while I intuitively felt like I was hanging on a spider’s web, I still had no choice but to ask.

“...What do you need me to do...?”

“It’s something only a strong friend like yourself can do, Samaritan...”

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Hello again, new chapter, new weird shenanigans. What do you guys think of Nemea? She’s hella sus... Any guess on what’ll happen :)? It’s definitely something that necessitates a big... and rough Samaritan. See you in a few days lol.

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