

## Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

### Chapter 16: First Quest Accomplished! After Party... for Succeeding? (2)

#### ☞ First Quest Accomplished! After Party... for Succeeding? (2) ☞

In Nemea, the witch's alchemy shop, there was a place that could be called a basement. When I opened the wide door, a staircase appeared, along with a musty and muddy stench that lingered in the air.

Nemea was walking in front of me while holding a lantern. I followed her cautiously, my legs trembling and anxiety dwelling in my eyes.

I felt like I was walking straight into a spider's web.

A subtle sweet fragrance emanated from the woman walking in front of me. I don't know if it was a scented candle or something else that was producing it.

"I haven't cleaned in a while~ So it's a bit messy~"

Finally, the woman arrived and opened a thick iron door. The rusted and thick door opened with a *'creak.'*

Just when I noticed that I couldn't see anything in the darkness beyond her, she uttered a nearly inaudible incantation.

"Varthema—"

At that moment, in the dark space.

*Flare— Flare— Flare—*

Torches began to light up sequentially. Soon enough I could also see bloodstained tools made from wood and iron.

"W-Well, I'm sorry. I'm just gonna pretend nothing happened..."

They obviously were torture tools.

I have no knowledge of medieval torture tools but even a toddler could tell that these sharp, thorny, and hideous shapes were malicious objects made for the purpose of torture and murder.

It was time for me to slowly take my leave.

“Ah~ You’re a little more scared than what your size lets on. No worries. I’m just as troubled. I want to throw them away, but it’s so heavy I don’t think I can do it on my own~”

*Ugh—*

The woman’s slender fingers were resting on my chest. Her thin, slender fingers were freely wriggling on my chest like a spider. She then grinned.

“Such an impressive physique~ You must be pretty strong right? I want you to use your unparalleled strength, my Samaritan friend~”

It seems this witch simply wants me to move the tools out of the basement. Did I look like I had experience in this?

Actually, my size was bigger than most guys around me in this world. Two years of slavery and suffering from physical exertion and starvation made my body quite tough, with no sign of fat.

Of course, I wasn’t a special case or anything. Anyone who had gone through military life for two years would either give up or end up becoming strong.

“All I have to do is move them...?”

“You are rather wary my friend~ just like a wild beast. Yeah, just move them out of the store. A friend of mine who collects junk said he was going to take them with her in a cart~”

Could this be considered a quick errand? Taking the luggage out of the basement for 30 coppers. It doesn’t seem like there are a lot of them either. As the witch said, I’ll be done in 10 minutes by using all my strength.

Whether it was before becoming a slave or after becoming one, I often earned pocket money by working hard like this. For a simple task that can be completed in 30 minutes, 30 coppers seem like a lot.

This felt like a side-hustle to make some extra money. I started moving the wooden frames and iron needles to the front of the store while groaning.

Perhaps because my strength stat rose by one, this work wasn’t as difficult as I expected it to be. Of course, it was still pretty heavy. They were whole ass lumps of iron.

“All right, we’ve moved everything~ All we have to do now is wait for the cart~”

The witch languidly smiled at the sight of all the items in front of her store.

Although I clearly mentioned it earlier, because of those menacing tools of torture, the front of the store, which was located in a gloomy back alley, had now transformed into something that I'd never want to set foot inside again.

“Here~ For the bees and the goblin fangs~ And your efforts~”

The witch's slender hand reached out to me. She was holding a bag full of coins.

Only after confirming that it was my due 80 coppers was I able to sigh in relief.

“More than that, friend. Aren't you interested in fate and divination~? I think you were born under a strange star~”

“Fortune Telling?”

“Yes~ Fortune~telling~ I also work as a part-time fortune teller. My friend, your karma is very bizarre. So interesting~”

“I don't want to if you're gonna charge me for it.”

“Heh~ Don't worry~ Although It's usually a paid service~ My friend's karma is so unique I don't want to miss it~ I won't charge you a dime~”

You won't charge me for fortune-telling? Is this for real? It's nigh unbelievable that such fortune tellers existed. Is she a quack?

Frankly, I wasn't really a fan of divination and such things.

If anything, I mostly disliked things like these. I can't help but grind my teeth in anger when I recall that I'm suffering in this world because of these superstitious beliefs and the cultist that sent me here.

But looking at those big things, not knowing if they were watermelons or a regular chest, I think it's okay to indulge her.

Therefore, I took a seat on one of the chairs located on the first floor and then turned my gaze towards the witch, who placed a strange crystal ball at the center.

“Now, touch the crystal ball~ With both hands~”

*Grasp—*

Upon touching, it literally gave a sensation of a round crystal ball. It was smooth, hard, and cold.

I earlier thought I'd hear voices or a strange feeling like when I touched the statuette. However, whether it was fortunate or unfortunate, I didn't feel anything like that.

*Swoosh—*

What surprised me, however, was the witch's palm that gently rested on the back of my hand.

What?

I began doubting whether she was truly a resident of this barbaric world with how soft and slender her hands were.

I felt somewhat embarrassed and weird at her touch.

*Ding—*

**[Stats] Name: Nemea**

**Level: 7**

**Conditions: Chronic Fatigue » ???? » ???? » ???? » ???? » ???? » ???? » ???? »**

Why are there so many question marks?

The usual letters appeared in my sight as I accidentally touched her left wrist. Like the middle-aged man at the guild, there were a lot of question marks and thus and not a lot could be inferred.

These question marks keep popping up time and time again. Is it broken? Or is it something else?

"You have been blessed by an annoying god, my friend~"

"Ah~"

Did she realize I'm blessed? She seems to have sensed some sort of magic or something. It wouldn't be strange if this mysterious witch actually manages to do so.

"No, it's even weirder. Two... Three... No four...? I don't know. I can feel at least two gods. This shouldn't be possible. Well, one of them seems very unstable."

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know either. It's the first time I've witnessed such a thing. It's normally impossible for a human to contain the power of two Gods. But you unusually can do this, my friend. What... Who are you really?"

"Y-Yeah?"

"Gods are jealous. So, for two gods to share their champion. But you... Hmmm, I don't know~ Maybe my divination isn't accurate. I've been so exhausted these days, I'm not sure~"

The witch gently rubbed her hands on mine that were touching the crystal ball. The floating letters in front of her also disappeared.

Exhausted. It seems my blessing is still as accurate as ever.

What did she mean by saying it was impossible for the power of two Gods to reside in a single human? I have two blessings that seem to have been granted to me by different Gods.

"Well, I wonder what happens to a person who has been blessed by two Gods... Could you tell me?"

"Yes. Oh, it's very simple. If you're blessed by two Gods. You can't get too strong. Or... Think of two boys pulling on the legs of a frog. Its internal organs would spill out. Its bones would crack."

The witch was describing a gruesome scene with her usual languid tone. Damn it, so having two blessings really was nothing good. This is so fucked up.

"Well, anyway, that's intriguing. My divination could still be wrong. I only recently moved to Sodomora and I've had so much to do. I'm exhausted. Huuam~"

Nemea, the 'Witch' yawned with her mouth agape. This somehow unsightly action created a large gap in her peerless beauty, showing a glimpse of her humane side.

"...Well, I know a good massage to relieve fatigue."

Was it because of that, or maybe because of my softening feelings after the skinship? I gathered my courage and offered her a massage.

"Massage~?"

"Oh, yes. That's umm, sorry, I was wondering if you could let me touch your palm..."

"My palm~? Huh~ Let you touch my hand for a massage~? How original~."

The witch's eyes fluttered open. I was so used to being on the receiving end of women's cold and frosty contemptuous looks that I got drunk on the current mood and messed up.

Would she go "What the fuck! You're trying to molest me!" like Daphne and then slap me? This is going to be so awkward. What the fuck are you doing, Hassan? Are you a damn dog in heat?

"Alright, well~.A palm. My right hand should be fine, right?"

Damn it, she's an angel!

I softly glanced at her stretched-out slender palm.

I had already seen it when she touched the crystal ball, but the woman's palms had red spots all over them.

It wasn't just one, but several. Although it looked a bit peculiar, it wasn't any of my business.

"Why are you looking at it like that? Is there anything wrong?"

"Oh, it's just..."

"I heard that there were shamans that could read fate with lines drawn in their palms in Samaria. Are you like one of them?"

Was she talking about palm reading? Are there quacks in Samaria too? Damn, it looks like the preconceived notions about Samaria and the savages living there are only getting worse.

This information was very useful to me in this case.

"...Yeah, something like that. Now, let me touch you for a moment."

"Oh. Touch. So naughty~ Go ahead."

I tried not to be too conscious of it, but my ears were burning red because of her teasing.

I calmed my mind and glanced toward the woman's fingers and palms. My eyes then scanned the region between her thumb and index finger. Soon afterward, I pressed the area between her thumb and ring finger.

According to my father, this posture was one of the basics of palm massaging.

I'm pretty sure there was a deeper medical terminology for this, but I knew nothing as I learned this from just watching my father. I doubt he knew the medical terms himself.

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, I'm gonna press hard right now."

*Press—*

I slightly tried to pull the woman's palm by exerting a bit of force right above her wrist. I then pressed the concave part of her thick flesh with both of my thumbs.

As far as I know, this was good for blood flow and alleviating chronic fatigue. I could see a red spot on it too.

"Heunghh~"

*Press—*

The witch was letting out soft moans each time I strongly pressed on her fingers. A red spot was disappearing on each area I pressed, at the same time my little brother was rising higher and higher. Yes, it was gradually getting bigger.

Some might wonder why the hell it was getting bigger. I was a guy in his prime that wasn't allowed to relieve himself for a long time.

Wouldn't it be stranger if my little brother stayed paralyzed while touching the soft palms of a voluptuous woman who I didn't even know?

"I feel tingling all over my body~ So intriguing~ Is this a Samaritan secret? Or maybe a foreign blessing~?"

"C-Can I continue?"

"Yes, I'm not feeling bad at all. If anything, I'm feeling rather great... Oh God~"

I pressed the red spot on the woman's thumb as hard as I could. What's so good about this part? It affects the feet. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that your whole body will be tired if your feet are.

*Press— Press—*

It was time to see if it was going well.

"It feels like I have a cramp in my foot. Why do my feet feel so numb if you are only pressing on my thumb?"

It was definitely effective. I got in the mood and began pressing and twirling around all the spots that appeared on her middle finger, such as the tip and so on.

The witch's body trembled at my every touch and couldn't help but utter moans of 'Hung's and 'Ah's from her lips.

*Ding—*

『Healed: Nemea's Chronic Fatigue』 『Task points: + 10』

When the last spot was cleared, familiar letters appeared in my sight.

It's not like I could get this opportunity again so I continued to rub Nemea's hand.

It was smooth, soft, and warm. It looked like it would easily break if I just applied a little pressure but it was surprisingly strong...

Ahh, **Kimochi**~\*

“Woah~ So Intriguing~ It looks like my disturbed mana is being readjusted. That's enough~ My friend~”

The witch then asked me to stop. I wonder if it was because she was tired or whether she noticed that my hand movements became a bit suspicious. Damn it, I was too obvious!

I had to regretfully stop touching her hand. I could still feel the woman's warmth in my hand. Probably 36.7°.

“I feel so refreshed, pleasant, and cool~ I'm going to get addicted for sure~ I haven't felt anything like this in forever. But be careful my friend~ After Asclepius has been struck by lightning, medical practice without authorization from the temple has become taboo.”

“Does this kind of simple massage count as medical practice?”

“That is for the Gods to judge. A simple massage would be fine~ But no matter how I look at it, what you seemed to do didn't look simple at all. Do you know the pathways Mana flows through in my body~?”

Mana? I can't even do simple magic tricks, let alone real magic. The witch then smiled upon seeing my dumbfounded expression.

“Anyway, visit me again if you acquire quality goods such as what you sold me earlier~ I'll give you a good price~”



Normally, I'd have to pay for rubbing such a beautiful woman's hand as much as I wanted. Realizing that, I quickly turned around before she got the chance to ask for money.

I heard Nemea's farewell as I turned around.

"Ah, today is the double full moon~ Be careful of the light, Hassan~ Days with the double full moon are omens of bad luck."

"Huh?"

I turned my head to inquire about what she was talking about, but she had already entered her store and closed the door.

What was she talking about? Wait, I don't remember telling her my name. Maybe I forgot because of the embarrassment and nervousness back then.

I lifted my head and noticed that it was already pretty dark outside as the sun had set. I should probably stop by a bathhouse and then join everyone in the tavern.

I'm still so shaken that I don't even remember the name of the tavern. Was it Nymph's Tail inn?

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**기모찌 (gi-mo-jii)** – *It's the Japanese word 'Kimochi' written in Hangul, which means 'it feels too good.'*

*Hello again, anyone disappointed by how this went? Hassan got out of it with a massage so it's fine in a way, I guess? Let's not talk about the ominous shit Nemea talked about though lol. And yes, the author deliberately used the Japanese term here okay bozos. Anyway guys make sure you remember Nemea's warning 'Be careful of the light' it's gonna be relevant in a few chapters lmao and yet again I don't think anyone will guess how.*

Anyway, thanks for reading and see you all next time. Yada yada purple button gimme money pls, click on the links above and shower us with money from prem chapters, you guys know the drill by now I think lol.

## **Chapter 17: First Quest Accomplished! After Party... for Succeeding? (3)**

### ☞ First Quest Accomplished! After Party... for Succeeding? (3) ☞

I could see two moons shining in the sky after getting out of the bathroom. The usually dark and barren streets were quite bright tonight because of the double full moon.

Although it has been two years since I have been tossed into this world, I still find the sight of the two moons in the sky strange.

How much more time do I have to spend here to get used to it?

Do I even have to stay here that much? This feels so similar to my military service in Gangwon-Do.

I could still call home back then, go on vacation, or just be discharged and done with it. I don't know if I can even escape this unknown world, so depressing.

I think I'll go crazy if I keep thinking about the family and friends that I'll probably never see again. Let's think of something else.

What's this world?

Why did I get sent there?

How many sleepless nights did I spend trying to answer such fundamental questions? And despite that, I wasn't getting any closer to the answer. Pondering about it only led to more questions.

I can still clearly remember the last day I spent with my family back in my world.

It has been two years already.

The full moon was rather bright that day.

I was walking while admiring it. Of course, there was only one. I think it feels way more attractive that way.

I was on my way back from the convenience store holding a bag with food for myself and ice cream for my sister.

I was staring at the moon towering over the sky as if possessed. I think it was a 'Supermoon'\* or something. The moon looked bigger than usual that day, fascinating.

*Souk—*

All of a sudden, I felt a weird sensation. As if my body was sinking as the ground disappeared from under my feet.

Walking and watching the moon without paying attention probably made me inattentive to what was around me. I wondered if I fell in a manhole but-

When I regained consciousness, I was in a different world. Damn it! I don't know what the hell happened that day.

—*Be careful of the light*—

Nemea, the witch, warned me to watch out for the light when she bid her farewell. I wish she had said this to me two years ago.

I was now a barbarian that was treated as an imbecile, truly not the best experience. Damn it, what the fuck is wrong with this world!?

Fortunately, I was now freed and had a way out of this bleak future. I need to stay optimistic!

“...Long Live the Chaos.”

*Ding*—

**[Stats] Name: Hassan**

**Level: 7 → 8**

**Strength: 2 → 3**

**Agility: 2**

**Stamina: 3**

**Task: 227**

**Blessing Blessing of Chaos » Imperfect Dexterity**

Letters appeared in front of me after reciting the incantation. My strength rose by one, probably because of my interaction with the obsidian statuette. This also made my level go up by one.

What I learned from this was that I could spend Task Points to raise one of my attributes, including strength by one. My overall level was also the total sum of each attribute.

And in order to increase the number of task points, I had to heal people's conditions with quack-like acupressure methods.

Anyway, that's roughly what I could gather right now.

I hope that I can somehow study my powers and learn how they work. I have to do well so that I can settle down in this world and live like a human being-. I made such a wish while looking at the full moon.

Damn it, I don't know which moon to pray to since there are two of them. Anyway, I hope this more magical and effective moon grants my wish!

Maybe the power of the wish will be doubled since there are two moons? As expected, I'm way smarter than the uncivilized bunch in this world. I graduated from college after all.

"Here you are, brother. You're late!"

I finally arrived at the Nymph's Wing Inn. The lobby on the first floor of the inn served as a tavern and had tables with all kinds of people. It was a mess, with loud noises and food being spilled here and there.

It looked like a pigsty, but most inns and restaurants in this world looked like this.

A world that knew nothing of food hygiene laws. It's a world that my father who runs the 'Mountain and Sea' health center would love, but why am I in this world instead of my father?

Of course, even in this barbarous world, high-class and fancy restaurants existed. It's just that they were reserved for nobles and high-ranking adventurers. I'll probably never lay a foot in there in my whole life.

"Sister and I started eating first since you weren't here."

"We just started eating. Come here, sit down."

I thought about telling them that I forgot the Inn's name but decided against it. I remembered that it had 'Nymph' in its name, but not the rest of it.

From the Nymph's Tail Inn to the Nymph's Bridge, and then to the Nymph's Tears Inn and the Nymph's Blabla Inn after that. I was finally able to reach this place after a pilgrimage.

Bastard innkeepers, so many inns with 'Nymph' in their names. Were they similar to restaurant chains back in my world?

"You're looking fresh. Did you shave?"

It looks like Luna was the first to notice the changes in me after going to the bathhouse. I spent 10 coppers on bathing and shaving. I would have been disappointed if no one had noticed.

I would have preferably also gotten new clothes. Clothing stores and equipment shops were, unfortunately, all closed perhaps because it was night already. I had no choice but to postpone buying new clothes for the next day.

“Do I look weird?”

“You looked rather good with a beard. It had a very savage feel to it. Now you look like a bandit!”

Luna looked into my face and began evaluating me. I had no clue whether she was praising me or cursing me.

I just nodded with the unfamiliar sensation of stroking a shaved chin.

Even Luna’s face was bare as she removed her mask and put it somewhere else.

“Where’s your mask?”

“It’s inappropriate to bring traditional clothing to a meal~”

Was that similar to working attire? Anyway, I’m not going to complain since she looks better without it.

She was a little rude and her pink hair looked funny. Despite that, you couldn’t deny her beauty.

Actually, it was obvious that Luna’s cheerful voice attracted a lot of attention. Most tables around us consisted of dull men sitting together and drinking.

Naturally, I had no intention of mocking them or laughing at them. I, myself, couldn’t believe I was drinking with a girl! How long has it been? I was simply amazed at this situation.

I started getting nervous and curious at the same time. Aside from drinking with a girl, when was the last time I sat face to face with someone to exchange drinks and food like this?

.....

It must have been too long ago if I can’t even remember.

Beer in this world had no bubbles, it tasted bland and lukewarm. It was more like drinking cold barley tea rather than alcohol.

One other difference was that it was much more alcoholic. Drinking a few glasses was enough to make you drunk.

Maybe it was because of the tough times we went through together or maybe because of alcohol. We started talking without pretense or awkwardness.

“Anyway, this Marco will definitely conquer Pluto’s ruins. Orpheus will be there, and I’ll inherit a song from him that’ll make me famous throughout the lands. My song will spread through pubs and be known by all travelers!”

Marco, the bard, said in a hoarse voice.

My knowledge of this world was rather lacking. I liked to listen to people’s tales about it. The relatively sober Luna then answered him.

“Oh, Orpheus, I know him. I heard he was a very famous bard, but isn’t he dead already? How is he going to give you a song?”

“Oh, looks like you don’t know, sister from the outlands. It is said that at the end of Pluto’s ruins is a river that leads to the underworld. It’s also said that if you go there you can go to the land where the dead await.”

Pluto’s ruins appeared all over the world. All kinds of traps and beasts inhabited them. They were all said to be all part of a humongous underground network.

The end of all the ruins is supposed to lead to the Place where Pluto rests. In modern terminology, it could be interpreted as the underworld or hell. I don’t know if I’d call it that, to be frank.

“Oh, the ‘Land of the Dead,’ I know it too. Are you referring to the ‘Land of the Formless?’ That’s what we call it in Ideope.”

“Land of the Formless? That’s a strange expression. I feel inspired.”

“It’s where someone is supposed to go when he dies. Why would anyone want to go there? I really can’t understand the thoughts of people from the continent.”

Ideope’s Luna began lightly shaking her head facing this incomprehensible cultural barrier. She then looked at me and asked.

“What about you, Hassan? Why did you become an adventurer? Is it to meet a dead person too?”

“What’s the point of asking, sister? Hassan of Samaria must be a proud warrior wandering in search of battles and a glorious death! He’d rather send people to the land of death than visit it himself!”

Shit, what the fuck is he talking about? What kind of psycho is this bard trying to turn me into?

Just as I tried to protest, I felt sluggish because of the ale.

“It’s wonderful to find a place to die. It’s actually the first time I’ve seen a Samaritan. I’ve always wanted to meet one since I was back home.”

“It’s the first time for this Marco too. You’re much better than what I heard. You tore and trampled over those hideous goblins, spawns of hell with your bare hands. Amazing work. To be fully honest, my pants got a little moist at that time.”

*Strum—*

Marco suddenly pulled out the instrument on his back and started strumming with his fingers.

“Hassan of Samaria. I already feel the inspiration, it’s gonna be a great song. If you finally achieve a glorious death, let me offer you a good chant. You will then live on through everyone’s hearts!”

“That’s wonderful, big-nose. It would be nice if that happens.”

What the fuck is nice about that you crazy bitch? You guys want me to die.

\*\*\*\*

Maybe because it’s more comfortable to have a drinking party with partners who don’t even read the room. I didn’t know if it was late or early, as everyone was drunk and spouting gibberish, as only leftovers remained on the table.

Marco, the bard who was drinking glass after glass from the start, is now lying on the table and snoring.

Only I, who was quite good at holding my liquor, and Luna, whose limits I was ignorant of, still talked with slurred voices while eating the leftover snacks.

“It was then that I said ‘Sergeant Kim, no! The goalkeeper is the battalion commander! As it stands, if he shoots the ball he’ll have to retire-.’”

“Puahaha, what is that? Anyway, it’s a fun story. Are all Samaritans as funny as you?”

Luna was smiling with a flushed face. She was laughing at whatever gibberish I was spouting.

My personal experiences of the 21st century seemed like ridiculous jokes to the people living in this barbaric world.

Thinking about it, being in this world, and thinking about my old comfortable world, it does seem like a joke.

I would find it hard to even believe myself. It would just sound like a 'Wonderland Fairy Tale' set in Samaria, the land of the barbarians.

Of course, I wasn't going to complain about the fact that a girl was bursting into laughter at the stories I was telling her.

People in this world are the kind to easily laugh after they drink alcohol. I'm sure she'll laugh to the point of glowing red if I simply sneezed.

Still, having a good laugh is always a good thing.

When it comes to men, a woman's laughter has unimaginable healing powers.

I feel like my self-esteem as a man had been somewhat restored after having been treated as the lowest of the low by Elfriede.

"Look, I brought some of Ideope's Snowflake liquor. It's very precious. I'm only letting you drink it."

*Pop—*

Luna then began pouring a bluish liquid from a leather pouch into my empty beer mug.

I wondered if food from outside was allowed in the tavern. I didn't worry too much since I was drunk.

Anyway, she was smiling at what I was saying and even refilled my glass every time I emptied it.

As a healthy young man, there's no way I would dislike such a situation. I felt like all the pain and hardships I've been through in the past had finally been rewarded. This is why everyone wants to succeed and sit high in life.

"The glass is empty again. You're a good drinker, Hassan."



Is she trying to apologize for the bee incident? Or maybe she is just trying to thank me for saving her from the goblins and reeling enough money so she won't end up in the streets.

"Hassan, were you really not sought out by ladies back in your hometown? You're such a strong and funny guy. You must have been popular."

"I wasn't popular at all..."

Man, that hurts. Having one of my sore points poked didn't feel great at all. It was like a bee sting in the back of my neck. I also was getting tipsier by the minute.

Of course, it was because of the atmosphere. Although far from getting drunk, I didn't have the strength to lift my fingers. My mind was clear, my body however felt very sluggish.

"Intriguing. If... go... Ideope... you'll definitely... popular. Ideope's women... like men... who are strong... and have good physiq—"

Because she was drunk, Luna's words were intermittently cut off.

Or maybe the issue is with me judging by the fact that my eyelids were getting heavier and heavier.

"Hassan, ... been blessed...ght? Then you...really popular... sure... wasn't any woman?"

"...There wasn't."

"...Hassan, are you sleeping?"

"No, I am not sleeping. I'm not that drunk yet..."

"Are...ou sure?"

This conversation wasn't going anywhere.

Luna, who previously was pretending to have a good alcohol tolerance, was now so drunk she started talking gibberish. I couldn't let this young woman walk alone, drunk in the streets of this dangerous world.

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*Hello, I hope you guys are doing well and that you enjoyed the chapter. This was kind of a transitional chapter although the later half had its fun share, especially the last part hehe. This is however only the beginning of the night for Hassan and a lot of weird things happen in the next one lol. Still, keep Nemea's warning in a part of your head, it's gonna be even more relevant later lmao. See you guys next time.*

## Chapter 18: River Styx Flows Indifferently (1)

### 🌀 River Styx Flows Indifferently (1) 🌀

I woke up in a room under the dim light of a small candle. A musty and damp stench filled my surroundings.

Is this a room in the Inn?

Looking around, I remarked that the room was fairly large. I also noticed a desk in a corner with a chair facing it, the candle that served as the room's only source of light atop it.

No matter what angle you look at it, this is a single room in an inn. I can't believe I've just slept in a single room. I didn't know I could afford this kind of luxury.

This oh-so-soft bed was also made of cotton rather than piled-up straw layers and ragged blankets. I felt like my body was melting in.

It took every inch of willpower I could muster to get out of bed.

The first thing I did after getting up was to check the contents of my pockets.

It was somewhat of a habit. I had to make sure that the money I worked hard to save and the amount I brought with me last night weren't lost or stolen.

It was a perfectly rational thing to do in a world full of pickpockets and thieves.

My bag contained 10 silvers and 40 coppers. Looks like the amount of money was reduced a little, probably the fees for booking the room in this inn.

The next thing I checked was the number of fingers and toes on my limbs, and whether I had broken teeth or any kind of injury.

I was happy to conclude that I wasn't lacking any belonging and that there was nothing wrong with my body.

It was time for the next step. When the hell did I enter this room to sleep? I tried to recall my last memory of the night.

The last thing I can remember is drinking with Luna. Then the lights faded out and everything went dark. And that's where my memories cut off.

No matter how much I drank in the past, I never blacked out like this. The bluish alcohol that Luna kept pouring non-stop must have been really strong.

It's hard to believe I drank enough to pass out. It's lucky nothing bad seems to have happened. Had I been less fortunate, I could have lost my money or even injured myself.

Damn this dumb shit, I'll never drink again. I packed out my luggage and left the room with that thought.

I went down the stairs and headed to the familiar lobby on the first floor. Unlike yesterday, the tables were quiet, and the atmosphere seemed to be dismal. People were crudely eating their breakfast.

"What do we have here? Oh, it's the Samaritan gentleman from yesterday."

The bald man, who was wiping bowls and cups with a dry cloth behind the counter, noticed me and then approached to greet me.

If my memory isn't failing me, then he is the innkeeper. I don't remember us being this close though.

"The pain has lessened a lot since you rubbed my shoulders. Actually, it doesn't even hurt anymore. Take a seat, take a seat. Breakfast will be served soon."

"..."

Still wondering how to respond, I just settled down at a nearby empty table as the innkeeper asked me to.

It was a rather uncomfortable chair with no backrest. It was also hard enough to be painful on my buttocks by simply sitting. However, this chair wasn't the biggest reason for my discomfort.

"Look over there. It was definitely the guy from yesterday. Look at that grim expression. It's giving me the chills."

"Did you hear the song from the bard yesterday? I heard he slaughtered 50 goblins by himself."

“Horrible indeed. This bastard is just as scary as he looks.”

People all around me were staring at me and gossiping. Some strange rumors seemed to have spread for reasons that I couldn't fathom.

I could gather from their mumbling that one of Marco's songs played a big part in the outspread of these rumors. I couldn't see Marco nor could I find Luna, so I was completely in the dark. What the hell is going on?

“Here's your breakfast. And don't worry, this is included in the price you paid for that single room yesterday. The add-ons are just a little service.”

A breakfast soup suddenly appeared before me while I was looking around.

It was an ordinary breakfast with a large earthenware bowl that was filled to the brim with broth. As the innkeeper said, it was quite plentiful. There were a lot more pieces of vegetables and meat compared to what you'd normally get.

It looks delicious.

I was starving after waking up from my inebriated state and as such, I gradually began eating the bowl of soup.

Because of the lack of seasoning, the soup was rather bland, which didn't prevent me from gulping it down like there was no tomorrow, however. The bowl was quickly emptied.

My head seems to clear up a little with my hunger satiated. With a clearer head, I finally calmed down after the earlier situation left me a little restless.

To summarize, I drank a lot of booze yesterday after finishing the quest.

After waking up, the innkeeper, along with a few strangers, became friendly and began talking to me as if we were acquaintances.

It looks like something weird happened yesterday. Wait, didn't the innkeeper say that I healed his shoulders yesterday?

I cautiously muttered under my breath so that no one could hear me.

“...Long Live the Chaos”

I couldn't help but frown.

*Ding—*

**[Stats]**

**Name: Hassan**

**Level: 8**

**Strength: 3**

**Agility: 2**

**Stamina: 3**

**Task: 227→247**

**Condition: Styx's Oath**

**Blessing: The Blessing of Chaos » Imperfect Dexterity**

What the fuck? So many things have changed!

First of all, the 'Task Points' rose by 20. I probably unknowingly relieved someone's back pain or insomnia.

The thing that worried me the worst however was my 'Condition'. There were unfamiliar terms there.

Styx's Oath?

What the fuck is that?

I don't know what it is, but I don't sense any good vibes from it at all. Everything I have seen there until now were things like insomnia and least of all «Medusa's Curse».

I don't need to point out how most of them were negative conditions that affected your daily life, such as back pain.

I can only conclude that «Styx's Oath» didn't spell anything good for me either. Is it some kind of curse?

A curse.

I felt sweat dripping down my buttocks and my palms gradually grew colder at the reminder of my eunuch life because of Medusa's Curse.

Well, according to the size of my little brother this morning. It seems at the very least it's different from Medusa's Curse...

I couldn't think of anything wrong with me right now.

So after a while, I quietly approached the bald innkeeper, who smiled at the sight of me, and then winked as if to insinuate something.

"Uhm— about what happened yesterday..."

"Don't worry, I know how to keep secrets. I won't tell anyone about what happened yesterday. I swear by the name of Bacchus, God of Wine and Festivities!"

The bald innkeeper answered on his own without even letting me finish.

Even if I try to ask him, he'd just say "*I won't say a thing, don't worry.*" stubbornly.

Damn, how can I not worry?

I wondered if there was a red spot on my body just like when I was under Medusa's Curse, but I couldn't find a thing after going back to my room, taking my clothes off, and inspecting my body.

\*\*\*\*

"Oh, Mr. Hassan."

I went back to the Mars Guild as the day brightened. I met Daphne again and gave back the wooden plaque she gave me and then waited patiently for my commission.

"I heard about what happened from Dr. Plato. That old man is commonly known for being stingy with praise. He said you were a rare seedling that needed to be nurtured."

It seems like Dr. Plato told Daphne about what I did. Although, I don't think I've ever done something that would warrant praise by that old man.

The only thing I could think of was that I listened to his jargon and faced the goblins.

Anyway, I accepted the promised 30 coppers. Now that I was done with my commission, it was time for me to ask a question, as it was my other reason for coming here.

"Did anyone other than Plato come? I'm searching for Luna or Marco."

There's no better way to know what happened yesterday than to ask those two. I could only head to the guild to ask about their whereabouts.

"Both of them came in early in the morning, got their money, and left."

“You don’t know where they went?”

“No, I don’t. We don’t pry too much into an adventurer’s personal life. Is there anything wrong?”

*Ugh—*

Daphne’s eyes suddenly narrowed.

Although she seemed to be kindly asking, her judging eyes were telling me she would be writing about anything problematic in her personal evaluation.

“No, there’s nothing wrong.”

“Truthfully, I didn’t prepare another job for you because I thought you might be injured. It looks like your arms and legs are fine. Anyway, I’m glad this quest ended without any mishap.”

Is it even possible to injure your limbs while cleaning? Anyway, that wasn’t what I had to focus on for now.

“Then, Ms. Daphne. Just a little question. Do you know anything about Styx?”

“Isn’t that the river that leads to the underworld? Why?”

“Then, did you ever hear of something like the Styx’s Oath...?”

“Ah- I think you’d better visit the library. You said you can read, try borrowing this book.”

*Scribble—*

Daphne tore a small piece of parchment and began writing on it. She then handed me a wooden thing similar to a key chain.

“This is a library pass. I can’t lightly give it away, but you can have it since I owe you a lot. It would be better for you to get more familiar with the continent’s common sense before going on another quest!”

“You’ll have to deal with a lot of people in the future.” she encouragingly said after stuffing the piece of parchment and the library pass in my hand.

### 『How to Act Like a Continental for Dummies』

The title of the book is a bit odd. In this world, all things that most folks consider as normal are strange to me.

\* \*

I only got to the library after lunchtime. I was once again a victim of the town's unfriendly direction signs. I couldn't help but get lost in the middle.

I really have to allocate some free time to memorizing the city's layout.

That aside, what's with this library...?

This city's Guild Buildings that also served as temples had been so grand and magnificent that I was slightly expectant to see what a library in this world would look like.

But what was in front of me was just a poorly built warehouse. It felt more like a secondhand bookstore in a random alley rather than a grand library.

I opened the door, entered, then walked toward something like a reception desk or a checkout counter. A pale-faced and skinny man glanced at me.

I couldn't tell whether he was young or old because of his gray hair and pale skin tone. Anyway, he spoke to me with a somewhat shrill voice.

"This isn't a place you can just barge into, Barbaroy."

Barbaroy was an old-fashioned derogatory term to belittle Barbarians. That's what most educated people usually call me.

This librarian seemed to be a fairly educated man since he was in a book management position of sorts. Well, it's not like speaking elegantly was going to make curses any less insulting, you bastard.

"Here's my library pass."

I handed the pass I had taken from my packets in advance to the librarian and started looking around.

All kinds of scrolls and old-looking books were neatly arranged on bookshelves. It still looked quite nice inside, despite its shabby outside appearance.

"Did you steal it?"

"No, I got it from Daphne of the Mars Guild. You can check with her if you feel like it."

"Okay then, wait a minute. Is anyone here?"

"I'm here, Mr. Erimantos."



“Good, Sophos. Please go to the Mars Guild and talk to the receptionist Daphne...”

Damn it, I hope I'm not going to be subjected to this every time and waste time on these verifications. Living as a barbarian in this world was such a drag.

...

...

“Alright, it looks like there's no problem after the verification. So, what book are you trying to borrow? It's easier to learn how to kill people in the wilderness rather than in a library.”

The librarian smiled in self-satisfaction at his sense of humor. Why would I want to learn about that, you punk?

“Do you have this book here?”

Wrinkles appeared on the man's forehead as I handed him the piece of parchment Daphne gave me.

“Wait a minute.”

He then promptly disappeared and soon reappeared with a hard-covered, bulky, and thick book.

The book was quite thick and was around a foot in length. Wouldn't I instantly die if someone struck me with it?

How did this skinny librarian lift a book that looked even heavier than himself? It would make more sense for the book to carry the librarian.

“You can borrow it for a week. I swear by Minerva's name that I will make you pay if it gets even slightly damaged.”

“How much will I have to pay then?”

“23 Silver”

“Gyagh—”

“This book isn't a geometry book[1]?”

“Nevermind.”

Shit, 23 was way over what I had on me.

In a world where printing technology was still undeveloped, books were a luxury and an object of entertainment for rich intellectuals.

It makes sense for each one to be expensive since they were handmade.

I was left with no choice but to treat this thick book with extreme care as if it was some kind of sacred object. I only need to learn a bit of information and then return it.

After taking a loan for the first time at the library, I walked out to the street. Soon, I settled down with my back against a tree under its shade in a quiet park and then opened the book.

Simply opening the book was enough to make me drowsy. Maybe it was because I hadn't read a single book or studied for the past few years, but the letters just seemed overwhelming.

Wake up, bastard! You can't let yourself fall asleep and have drools dripping out of your mouth.

After reminding myself not to fuck up and to stay alarmed, I started by checking the table of contents. It seems the subjects were ordered in alphabetical order.

I need to know more about River Styx. S, S, S...

『Styx. Pluto's Underground Labyrinth, it's one of the rivers that was said to lead to the underworld. It was also said that the resentment of the dead and monsters resided deep at the bottom of the river.

It also seemed like it had great significance for Gods and humans alike. Promises and oaths made in the name of this river couldn't be broken.

Modern theologians seek to drive superstitions and barbarism out of fate and often dismiss these kinds of things as mere symbolic meaning.

Actually, quite a few people suffered from misfortune after supposedly breaking their oath made in Styx's name. Whether it was purely coincidences or proof of the sanctity of Styx's oaths is still a controversial topic to this day.

Famous figures associated with River Styx include 'Goddess Styx' and—』

The chapter about Styx was dense enough to surpass 16 pages. It seemed somehow useless to read everything, so I only picked the relevant portions.

River Styx looked like a symbol of firm resolve or so-called promises and oaths.

Come to think of it, I think I remember hearing something similar in a cartoon that dabbled in mythological subjects when I was young.

Such a brand being imprinted on me could only mean I had made a vow to someone.

*You can check the instructions regarding premium chapters here here*

You can check our *dişçörd* for illustrations here

[1] Hassan's groan sounds like the word geometry

*Thanks for reading. Looks like Hassan is in for it again, poor guy. What happened the previous night? What did he promise? And to who? You'll find out in the of ". See you then lmao.*

## Chapter 19: River Styx Flows Indifferently (2)

### ☞ River Styx Flows Indifferently (2) ☜

"This much writing is difficult for a Barbaroy to understand, isn't it?"

Less than half a day after borrowing the book, the librarian summoned me to the library again.

I was more worried about the possibility of damaging the book rather than the difficulty of understanding it. I decided not to say that, however.

"No, I'm not having any issue with reading it."

I could only relax after the skinny librarian was done with his examination of the book. Damn, why did borrowing a book have to be such a hassle?

"If you're going to return it so soon, it's better to just read it here next time. We have desks and chairs over there."

"I will."

Not like I knew if I'd ever see this librarian again. Anyway, I just left the library after giving him a brief reply.

The afternoon was a little cloudy, though the sun was still visible. I'd better finish what I have to do today before evening comes.

I have to change or mend my pitted clothes.

Most of all, it would be a good idea to buy some armor if I can afford it.

I was unexpectedly subjected to a goblin attack on my first quest and had to endure the frequent throbbing pain of injuries.

It's evident that it's only going to get worse in the future and that my body is going to have to endure even harsher things in order to gain money and raise my adventurer rank.

An adventurer's work is as dangerous as jobs in the mining industry back in the modern world.[1]

Jumping on the field without any plans was akin to wishing for death. That's why armor will be highly beneficial to protect my body.

Actually, most adventurers, including Elfriede and her party, paid great attention to their armor. So, I have to be just as cautious about it.

The knowledge I gathered during my slave life seemed to be somehow useful after all...

I remember walking past an armor shop while looking for the library, so that's where I decided to go.

"Welcome."

I was greeted courteously the moment I entered the shop.

I could see multiple breastplates and helmets made of bones, iron, and wooden planks hung all around the store. The smell of iron and oil was horrible, but tolerable to some extent.

"What are you looking for?"

A man of half my height, who was sitting on a chair, clicked his tongue after seeing me. His eyes, however, weren't directed to me but a breastplate with a lustrous sheen that he was polishing.

Unlike Plato, who looked like a cucumber, he had a firm shape and rich beard. He looked more like a potato or a sweet potato or a boulder.

A Dwarf. That's amazing.

"What'cha looking at? First time seeing a dwarf, eh? You probably didn't come here to see me, big guy. What brings you here?"

There were many shops that traded weapons and armor, but those held by dwarves could be said to be the ones with the best price-to-quality ratio. Anyway, I answered this dwarf that I presumed to be the shopkeeper.

“I’m looking for armor my size.”

“I guess so. Not surprising you came here then. You’re so big though. I don’t think I have anything that will fit you. Guess I’ll have to take a custom order.”

“Custom order?”

“The price depends on the material, but you’re massive. I think it’ll cost around 20 silver coins? There are cheaper versions, but I don’t think you can wear them.”

20 silvers? I don’t have this much money.

Obviously, this was also kind of cheap. Temple knights and high-ranking adventurers that were above the silver rank poured many times this amount into a piece of equipment belonging to an armor set.

I had no choice but to compromise and buy a pair of wrist guards and gaiters to protect my shin.

“Oh, you’re lucky I got a big-sized one. It seems to fit just right. I couldn’t sell it to anyone since it was so large and heavy. I’ll give you a discount since it’s in stock.”

“Oh, a discount, nice. I also really like the shine of this black armor. It looks like the shell of a horned insect.”

The black wrist guards were long enough to protect the zone between my wrists and my elbow.

And since the gaiters had a slight protrusion near the knee, they could protect my joints without impeding my movements.

The band-shaped fixture, however, felt a little tight and was way heavier than it looked. It was a little difficult to move around in it.

It looks like these items were the only ones that both fit my size and the size of my money pouch.

“It’s made out of the shell of giant aracrabs and oiled olive wood boards, very sturdy. It’s so hard to break even if you try to. There are no downsides other than it being a little heavy.”

The giant aracrab, a monster we often fought when I was Elfriede's slave. I still don't understand how combining bark and wooden boards would cost 5 silver coins though.

"The wrist guard is a little tight. Can anything be done about that?"

"It's from the tendon of a horned crocodile. It will probably stretch out enough to be comfortable if you bear with it for some time. It's pretty expensive, you know."

"Hmmm..."

"Still, if you resolved yourself to buy something, you might as well buy the expensive one. The cheap ones break easily, not to mention they get damaged so often, meaning maintenance costs will be very high. You don't even need to clean it, since a savage like you wouldn't care anyway."

It sounded more like it was truly harder to do than him just being lazy. In any case, it looked like quite the expensive defensive gear.

From what this dwarf is telling me, buying a sturdy one was better than using a cheap one and ending up obliged to keep replacing, and fixing it over and over again.

I didn't understand a lot of his words and was hesitant to trust the slimy tongue of this dwarf trader. What he said did make some sense, but it sounded a little too vague for my liking.

I wasn't the kind to be easily influenced by others.

"I don't think anyone has better gear than this among iron-grade adventurers. You won't regret it. I can also repair them twice for free, so you can come back if it breaks down."

I still somehow felt sullen at the idea of spending so much money. Let's just consider this as investing for better gains in the future.

I'm going to reach the silver rank, take a bank loan, and set up a health center here. I can finally relax and comfortably make money then.

I had a blessing that not many people had, but having to roll on the ground was just too hard.

And just like that, half of my money was gone. I only had 6 silvers and about 50 coppers left, which would make around 650 coppers.

Three meals a day would cost me around 15 coppers. A bed would cost me 10 coppers. So my daily spending would be at around 25 coppers. 650 coppers will last for around 25 days, maybe a little more if I skip breakfast.

It was just the right amount of money for my living expenses, but that wasn't a lot. In this world, unexpected events were common...

"Hey, you punk! I've finally found you. You savage bastard. Did you think you were going to get away with it?"

Fuck my life!

\*\*\*\*

I was walking the streets while happily wearing the armor I had just bought when it suddenly happened. I heard a rough man's voice loudly calling out to me from behind.

"Bro, that's him! That's him! That black-haired giant! It's that bastard, no doubt about it!"

Black hair?

I was the only one with black hair around here. Because of that, I always had to deal with truck loads of annoying people.

Still, the reaction of this guy was a little worrying. This didn't look like a simple quarrel. Do they know me?

There were three people.

Everyone looked threatening and rough, to the point they were somewhat hard to describe.

Judging by the scars on their face and the shoulder guards they were wearing, they should be mercenaries. Each of them was also armed with an ax and a longsword, giving them a menacing appearance.

*Clink—*

I could see the iron identity band symbolizing an iron rank in the adventurer guild around their necks, meaning they were iron-ranked adventurers like me.

"You bastard, I couldn't find you anywhere, so you were prowling around here!"

The bald man with M-shaped hair, who seemed to be the leader of the group, growled at me.

His face was so unique that seeing it once was enough to not forget it in a lifetime. I, unfortunately, couldn't remember knowing anyone with that face.

“Look at this bastard, trying to play it off as if he doesn’t know. Are you ignoring us? Huh?”

“Brother Utter, we need to teach him a lesson.”

Why are you guys acting as if you know me?

Did I quarrel with them yesterday when I was drunk? Maybe the fight was part of the memories I had forgotten? That’s the best theory I could think of right now.

Although they were one head shorter than me, they were armed.

Also, them being three didn’t raise the prospects of me winning the fight if the situation got physical.

“Son of a bitch, did you think you could get away with what you did? Huh? Speak up if you have a mouth, you punk!”

I didn’t like the way they kept swearing at me, so I decided to ask them why they were after me. Maybe this problem could be avoided this way.

“What happened? Do you know me?”

“You bastard, you think we won’t do anything if you play dumb? If you don’t know, I’ll tell you so you can remember it. Guys, take him to that dark alley over there.”

“Yeah.”

“Bring this bastard along!”

So, even iron-ranked adventurers seemed to have a kind of hierarchy?

Anyway, the two men, at the bald guy’s instruction, came to my left and right and tried grabbing my arms. Damn, nothing good will come out of me getting dragged to a dark place like this.

I began to vigorously swing my restrained arms while resisting the pain.

“Why is this bastard so tough!?”

“Hey, stay still, you punk! I’m trying to talk to you but you won’t let me.”

*Schwing— Schwing—*

It looks like they gave up on simply using their bare hands and pulled out their longsword and ax from their waists.



I couldn't help but start getting nervous before the might of blades.

"You bastard!"

The man with the ax swung it towards me with all his might.

This is, without a doubt, an act of manslaughter.

This bastard is trying to kill people on the streets in broad daylight and no one is batting an eye. No matter how fucked up this world is, it can't be that bad, right?

As I avoided the attack and looked around, I noticed that people were exchanging glances and then curiously looking at the scene.

"Wh-What?"

"Are they fighting?"

"It looks like it's gonna be fun."

No one seemed to want to be involved.

***It might get troublesome if we get involved, so let's just lightly watch from afar.*** That was their trail of thought from the looks of it.

This is the Gaia continent.

A continent where chaos and disorder were an everyday occurrence!

"This shit!"

I had no choice but to continuously step backward to avoid the ax and the blade that were flying toward me. This task being very taxing, I was bound to leave a gap eventually at their constant pincer attack.

"Send my regards to Pluto!"

The ax-wielder noticed such a gap and took advantage of it. His ax was raised high and was crashing down towards me.

I could see the rusty blade slowly approaching me. My life was flashing before my eyes.

Damn, am I really going to die without even knowing why? It was with such a feeling of injustice that I desperately raised my arm. I'd rather have an arm cut than end up with a decapitated head.

*Clink— Clank—*

It was then.

“Uh, w-what?”

The ax that I thought was just going to sever my forearm bounced back, and the assailant stumbled backward.

It was only then that I remembered the existence of the brace on my arm. I already was unfamiliar with wearing it, and the additional stress of the situation just made me forget about it.

Anyway, it was definitely worth 5 silvers if it was this sturdy. But it's dented now! Fuck, I just bought it!

“These bastards!”

Ruining something I had just bought? I wasn't magnanimous enough to forgive this.

I felt a sudden rush of anger, and by the time I returned to my senses, my already clenched fist was right in front of the stumbling man's face.

*Pow—*

“Guaaah—”

It was a fist strong enough to crush his lower jaw.

The weight of my fist increased because of the wrist guard I was wearing. Anyway, I was much more surprised by how fast the punch was.

“Aaarghhh-!”

“Skar! Skar! Damn it, you savage bastard. Slapping Miss Daphne wasn't enough for you, you even broke Skar's chin!”

“What, Daphne?”

“Don't act dumb with us, you savage! You slapped Daphne. That's unacceptable! We, who watch Daphne from afar, will exert the appropriate punishment on you!”

Watching Daphne from afar? What's with this contrived way of saying you guys are stalkers?

Stalkers.

Akin to the night before an exam, the cogs in my mind began to furiously spin as I thought of that word.

Didn't Daphne say that she was suffering from delusions of someone following her?

Maybe it wasn't just her mind playing tricks on her and she was actually being followed for real.

What if some people were really chasing Daphne and spying on her, making her feel watched?

Wouldn't it be fair for me to return the slap I received and the humiliation I felt because of the misunderstanding of that day?

"Because of you punks, I... it's fortunate that we met. Stalking is punished by the death penalty, you punks!"

[1] 3D Industry – People engage in jobs such as environmental sanitation workers, miners, metallurgy, and scientists working in radioactive environments. Basically, jobs that are hazardous. We localized Hassan comparing his adventurer work with a job in the mining industry.

*You can check the instructions regarding premium chapters here here*

*You can check our [dişçörd](#) for illustrations here*

*I'm too lazy for this right now lmao. I hope you guys liked the chapter.*

## Chapter 20: River Styx Flows Indifferently (3)

### 🔍 River Styx Flows Indifferently (3) ✍️

"Damn it, it's fortunate that we met, you damn stalkers!"

"Heuhahaehag!"

Spitting out those words, I then went on to land a punch on that Skar fellow, whose jaw I had already broken, moments before.

With the armor adding its weight, my fist was falling on them like an iron hammer. It looked extremely lethal to any onlookers.

"Gaagh!"

The fellow with the broken jaw, Skar, had already started sobbing. With my fists having landed on him, his body smashed head first on the ground, a pained groan leaking out of his dislocated jaw. Foaming from his mouth, he soon passed out on the spot.

“W-What the fuck!?”

Faster than the others, the swordsman reacted to the situation.

“Son of a bitch—”

Just as he was about to slash his sword at me, I smashed the handle of his sword with my fist, before punching him straight on his head.

*Puk—*

“!”

Unable to even let out a single groan, the man’s head slammed on the dirty floor, after being knocked out by my heavy wristband-enhanced punch. It seems that the difference in physical strength mattered a lot in combat involving blade-wielders.

Furthermore, the shock they received at the effectiveness of my defensive gear, which was efficiently blocking every one of their hits, furthered their hesitation, eventually ending in their inevitable loss.

It went without saying that buying this expensive armor had just saved my life. This is why expensive gear is worth it, regardless of its astronomical price.

“Damn it, you savage bastard!”

The leader of the stalker group, the bald man, was now the only one left standing among them. Not that his subordinate’s helplessness against Hassan, did anything to lessen the hostility he was emitting now. Is that how it is to be a boss?

“You better not underestimate me just because this Sir Uther’s lowly subordinates have been dealt with. I’ll have you know that I have the rare Blessing of Light, from the Sun God himself.”

I couldn’t prevent my shoulders from trembling at that bold declaration. Why did the Sun God bless such a hooligan? Besides, I had heard that the God of Light didn’t give his blessings to any Tom, Dick, and Harry, which made this situation even more absurd to me.

“Oh mighty God of Light and Sun! Your son Uther, earnestly prays for your assistance!”

While listening to his prayers, I wondered if the gray clouds covering the sky would suddenly clear out, letting the bright sunshine through, illuminating the surroundings with an all-encompassing shower of light.

*Wave—*

A bright light was reflected from his shining forehead, suddenly blinding my eyes.

“Ugh...”

To be honest, this was a very effective attack. No way in hell could I have expected anything like this. I reflexively frowned, narrowing my eyes due to the blinding light. Such bullshit...it's so dazzling—

“You spineless bald bastard!”

“This is the light of the Sun God! There's no way for a savage like you to even dare to look at it.”

“Damn it, you bald bastard! How cowardly of you to use such a wimpy trick!”

“I'm not bald, it's the Blessing of Light, okay!? ‘Bald this’, ‘bald that’, that's all you can bark, huh!? For your knowledge, baldness is a sign of overflowing masculinity, you ignorant and savage buffoon.”

“Damn it, you baldy!”

“Bastard son of a bitch, just die!”

I heard the sound of his heavy steps spluttering the mud, in the short moments when my vision was obscured by the bright rays of light. Fearing the inevitable assault, I hastily threw a fist in the rough direction of the sound. Unexpectedly, I ended up hitting nothing but air.

“Did you think I'd be hit by a blind, mindless attack like that?”

“Fuck!”

My vision being impeded didn't mean that I was powerless and unable to attack anymore.

Randomly, I began throwing my fists and kicks all around like an angry gorilla going on a rampage.

“Guaak—”

“Such a master of fights in the wild! Still, I’m not gonna fall for this stupid trick—  
Ughhh!!!”

*Puk—*

I felt like my haphazard blows had landed on something heavy. Without hesitation, I threw more and more arbitrary attacks in the direction of the pained groans, it seems that I was fortunate enough to place some hits on his head or his torso.

“Ughhh—”

I wondered if that heavy hit was enough to end that god-forsaken skill of his, blinding my vision. This shit was strong enough to turn my vision completely white, despite my eyes being tightly shut.

It was as if the sun itself had fallen on the ground, right in front of my eyes, blinding the surroundings with its brilliance. Although ridiculous, having this kind of blessing that can spout so much light was nothing to scoff at in the least. Damn, didn’t it feel like I was facing the sun itself?

“M-my nose is bleeding? Son of a bitch! I’ll kill you! I’ll offer your blood to my dual swords!”

*Brrrr~*

I felt a chill running down my spine, hearing his wrathful roar, directed toward me.

My danger sensor, which had been painstakingly cultivated during the past two years by going through all sorts of hardships and mishaps, began ringing again, right at this moment. Judging by how loudly it was ringing in my head, things were about to get really rough, really soon.

I was momentarily out of breath, having mindlessly swung my arms and legs for a while. Meanwhile, my sight was still completely blocked by that dazzling skill of his.

It was then, that I remembered Nemea’s warning from before, ‘Watch out for the light’. I was at a complete dead end. Shit, what should I do in this situation?

“L-Let’s go, guys! Hurry up! Let’s help Hassan!”

I heard some screams mixed with familiar buzzing noises coming from my surroundings at that dreary moment. When my fears were slowly turning into despair, knowing my inevitable fate — death.

“Argh, it stings! What the fuck just bit me?”

“What’s going on?! It’s so bright, I can’t see shit!”

“Huh, what! I-It’s a bee! There are even more! Where the fuck did they come from?”

I was confused by what was happening in my surroundings, but it looks like a commotion arose because of whatever the baldy did. I could still hear the damned voice of the bald guy among the blinding light, and the previous screams.

*Buzz—*

I could also hear sounds reminiscent of a helicopter’s propellers, rotating at max speed, every now and then. Of course, there was no such thing as propellers, or helicopters for that matter, in this barbaric world, leaving only one possibility for the source of that bumbling sound.

“Shit, Luna, it stings! They’re going after me too!”

Honestly, it stung a lot. I’ve already experienced the stinging of these creatures, that love to cling to your body, yesterday, during my first quest as an adventurer. I’ve never thought I’d have to go through it again! That too, so soon!

“I-I’m sorry, Hassan! We were just trying to help!”

“You’re not helping shit! Does helping mean stinging your ally!? Damn, they’re even coming underneath my clothes! Fuck!”

My body was violently quivering because of the stinging pain from the bees’ assault.

“Damn it, it’s that weird sorceress! But, I’m not going to lose! Die, you wretched witch!”

“Ugyaaa—!”

*Shatter— Plop—*

I heard the screams of a familiar girl along with the roars of a furious man.

The sound of something shattering resounded near me, following which was a huge ‘plop—’ that was reminiscent of the sounds of an object dropping to the ground.

Amidst this disconcerting situation, I could clearly tell that Luna had beaten the baldy. What I heard earlier was probably the earthen pot she usually carried shattering on top of the man’s head, smashing his shiny stadium in the process, followed by him collapsing on the ground.

I only knew her for a day at most but she was still an incredibly pretty girl who talked to me, a very unpopular guy, in a friendly and free manner. She was unlike any girl I've ever met.

Also, she might be the only lead for me to gather more reliable information about the Styx Oath I recently made — unknowingly as I did. To die just like this? This is so frustrating.

I suddenly frowned at that moment since I wasn't feeling the blinding effects, and the searing pain, of his blinding skill anymore.

*Fade—*

The dazzling source of brilliant light started losing its power, gradually dimming to nothingness.

Gray clouds were covering the sky again by the time I began fluttering my eyes open, the light rays were getting thinner as well, slowly receding back behind the clouds.

It was only then that I could properly see what was transpiring in my surroundings.

People around me were scampering away from the aggressive bees that were buzzing around, all over the place, attacking everyone that came into their path.

A few paces ahead, Luna was lying helplessly on the ground, her mask, now broken and cracked, not too far away from her. Most importantly, the bald man was standing in front of her, both of his swords raised high in the sky, seemingly intent on killing Luna by slashing her into pieces.

“Hey, damn it, you bald bastard!”

“Shit, did my skill end already?”

“What a weird trick. Just die already, god damn it.”

I put strength in my legs and pushed the ground as hard as I could. My tightly clenched fist, containing all the power I could gather, was directed straight towards him as I punched him square in the face.

The man, after being hit on the chin with my fist strike, fell to his knees, eventually crashing directly on the floor like a bowling bowl. His body then slammed head first directly into the ground.

“Gaagh—”

“Bastard! Fuck, I'm in trouble now!”



"I have no choice then... O' Almighty God of Light and Sun, I beg thee to protect me with your everlasting light, lead me with your ever-brilliant wisdom, protect me from death and from my enemies, g-great fortune..."

"Give up."

"...What?"

I stepped towards him, casting him under the dark shadow of my huge body. I could feel the man's eyes, hidden in the darkness, frown at me.

"There's no light here."

"Ha..."

The nosebleeding goon sighed in despair as my hammering fist was nearing his face, ready to knock him out of his senses.

*Puk—*

"Ugghh—!"

*Thud—*

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"Hassan, here, I found 2 coppers in his pockets—!"

Luna and I started rummaging through the pockets of the now beaten and unconscious stalkers. We got around 10 coppers in total and three swords.

"Fucking beggars."

I spit on the floor, firing curses nonstop, seeing the beggar-like state of my assailants.

Well, getting 3 swords wasn't too bad either... I think? I didn't have enough money to buy a weapon anyways, after getting that expensive piece of lifesaving armor. So getting these blades was quite the overhaul.

Though, not everything was usable, unfortunately. The ax, for instance, was incredibly rusty and was even missing some of its teeth along the edges of the curved blade, losing more than half of its effectiveness with that fact alone. I'll just throw this away, then. I don't think it can be used in the least.

Anyway, I added the 10 coppers to my money pouch and hung the short sword with its sheath around my waist.

With this, I became Hassan the tri-swordsman, a practitioner of the Santoryu style! I can feel my combat power rising already!

Well, it wasn't like I knew anything about swordsmanship, to begin with. All I could do was aimlessly swing my swords like any other amateur, new to the art. Still, I was aware of how powerful a sword could be! Even in the hands of a newbie like me.

I could even sell two of them since I had three.

"P-Please, don't take my swords away... They're the foundations of my business, they cost 5 silvers a piece!"

The bald man began pleading with me, it was insane just to think he was still conscious after all that beating I inflicted on him.

Clearly, he was strong enough to be the leader of the gang. Even if it was a ragtag gathering of stalkers!

"W-Without it, I'll starve to death..."

Hesitation took over my weakening heart at the pitiful appearance he projected now.

"He's still awake!"

Suddenly, Luna started screaming at the top of her lungs, picked up a rock lying next to her feet, then smashed the baldy's head with said rock, all done in a smooth and systematic motion. The man's eyes rolled inside his sockets and he crashed to the ground with a thud once again, hopefully, for the last time as he finally seemed to lose consciousness.

I can't believe she nonchalantly smashed the man's head. This isn't normal either. I again questioned the sanity of the people of this barbaric world.

Damn it, I hope the baldy isn't dead. Killing people in the city is a bit of a risky move.

Even if they were the ones that were picking a fight with me, I'd still be severely interrogated by the guards if this fellow really ended up dead. Because I was nothing but a savage Samaritan in their eyes.

My anxiety was rising through the roof at the realization that my lack of money or status practically dictated that I would only end up being directly imprisoned if this damn miscreant really ended up kicking the bucket.

Anxiously, I placed two of my fingers on the necks of the collapsed bastards. I was trying to check if they had any pulse and whether they were still breathing or not.

“L-Look at that! He’s trying to kill him, he’s trying to strangle him!”

“No, he’s trying to skin his face! I heard Samaritans skin the faces of their defeated opponents.”

The onlookers who had yet to leave the area despite the onslaught of the bees promptly started whispering. I’ll get misunderstood no matter what I do in this damned place, aren’t I?

*Clank— Clank—*

“What’s all the fuss about?”

Soon enough, city guards, armed to the teeth with swords, round shields, and red cloak armors appeared on the scene. The commotion quickly ceased to a tense silence with their sudden arrival.

“No, it’s these bastards that hit me first. Wielding a sword against me while I was unarmed. Anyway, they’re pure bad guys. They’re Daphne’s stalkers, all of them. Yeah—”

“Hmm.”

I had to explain to the city guards that my actions were born out of self-defense and weren’t excessive in any way, making me a bit sweaty with ever-growing anxiety, waiting for their reactions to my reasoning. Even if we committed the same crime, the law would be much harsher towards me as a black-haired savage.

“These hooligans are pretty well known around these parts.”

“I saw those bastards picking up a fight first! Then there was a bright light that blinded me for a while. The commotion had ended by the time I could open them again.”

I was lucky to have the onlookers defend me, resulting in me being able to avoid the scenario — where I would get immediately thrown in jail without even being able to justify my actions.

In this world, without the presence of any CCTV, the testimony of people around you had a big weight. It could either be beneficial or detrimental depending on the individual that was the subject of the people’s speech.

A simple duel. That’s how the case was closed.

“As the Gods and the royal palace have decreed, those who are defeated in a duel are to be imprisoned.”

“And remember not to make a fuss, you savage. This city isn’t like the chaotic wilderness you might be used to, the laws of the Gods will follow you everywhere.”

“Hey, let go! I am Uther, offspring of the Sun God! Uhm, someone who has been blessed by the Sun God, damn it!! Release me!!!”

“We know your father, you damn miscreant! He runs a cloth shop near the north gate. Now, shut up and follow us already.”

My legs were trembling uncontrollably as I was watching the guards tie up the three men and drag them away.

The adrenaline that had kept me excited during the fight was no more, and hearing the word ‘jail’ was enough to sober me up and cool my head.

Losing a duel meant going to jail. Not even mentioning the fact that in this world human rights were moot. Going to jail was synonymous with dying or worse.

“Sigh~”

All in all, things went well. It was truly fortunate that I could avoid being injured while fighting three armed guys simultaneously.

My fists were still throbbing, the bee stings were still burning, and throbbing pain surged throughout my body. Well, that was still a cheap price to pay to deal with the three armed gangsters so it was worth it, I guess...

“Hassan, you know I didn’t do that on purpose, right? Bees don’t know who’s on whose side... My voodoo skills aren’t good enough at controlling them... yet...”

Luna was stammering while shyly looking at me. She seemed to remember my pained cries each time I was stung by one of the bees she released to ‘help’ me.

“Still, I’m alive thanks to you.”

“Really? That’s right? I knew it, right?”

I politely thanked her. If Luna hadn’t shown up at that opportune moment, while I was still affected by the dazzling light, I probably would have been the one being dragged out by the guards.

Maybe what had remained of me would be nothing but a mere corpse by then.

“These bees would have brought me 20 coppers if sold. It’s heart-wrenching to think I had to release the bees I caught yesterday and today. Even my amulet mask has been damaged...”

Luna started sobbing when she saw the broken pieces of wood scattered on the floor. The wooden mask was unrecognizable after countless people stepped on it again and again.

The item must have been very important to her since she prioritized protecting it instead of her body when we got attacked by the goblins in the forest.

Should I give her the 10 coppers I got from the robbers? I decided against it since I was struggling to get by myself. I didn't need to give her anything she didn't ask for.

I need to change the mood at the very least, though. So I tried talking to the intermittently sobbing Luna.

"How did you get here?"

"Oh, I was looking for you. I went back to the inn after stopping by the guild. They told me you had already left by then. I then went to the guild again, thinking you might've gone there to get your rewards. From there I went to the library, as I heard that Daphne sent you there. Coming here, I thought I heard your voice in the park near the library, so I came to check, only to stumble upon this scene of chaos."

Luna systematically explained what she had gone through to get to the point of helping me in the fight against the stalker gang.

"Anyway, you've been looking for me?"

"Yeah, we were going to make a child. We swore on the river Styx and established a vow, don't you remember?"

*Shock—*

"Ah! I think I remember that, yeah..."

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*You can check our [dişçörd](#) for illustrations [here](#)*

*Well, well, well. What do you guys think of this chapter? Definitely one of my favorites Imao. It's undescrivable Imao. Uther is my new favorite character, fuck the rest. The 's title is 'child-making date with Luna' Imao. See you all then. By the way, this chapter and yesterday's one should have been posted last week. So we'll have at least two new chapters in the following days.*

*By, by, the way, We have a new editor. Don't forget to show him some love in the comments, he's a little shy Imao.*

