

Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World - Chapter 33: Lions Are Prideful (4) ⑩

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“E-Excuse me, if I may, could you use your mouth at least?”

It was now or never. I’m going to die anyway, so I might as well go and say it. I just wanted to avoid having my balls and my little brother crushed by this ruthless sexual harassment before I’m eventually offed by her.

It would have been better if I had died at the mercy of those filthy rats back in the sewers than to die here in this miserable state — naked and tied to a chair.

“Use my mouth~? Do you want me to bite you~? My teeth are very strong and sharp, you know~ It will definitely hurt you~ It might be cut off too~”

No, why would I even want you to bite it?

The witch didn’t seem to have any knowledge about how to make men feel good using their schlong. Since I was already going to die and had, in the literal sense, nothing to lose, I mustered up my courage and asked the question brimming in my mind for a while.

“Hmmm... Witch~ Excuse me, but, have you ever dated a man before?”

“Why~? Does it have anything to do with this~?”

“It has a lot to do with this, in fact.”

“I never did~”

“Then, hmm, how do I say this... Well, do you have some sexual experience or anything similar...?”

“My Samaritan friend~ I’m a woman who graduated from Corinth’s Ivory Tower~ I have a master’s degree in magic~ Do you think I, who is called Nemea the lioness, don’t have any experience in that~?”

“Y-You have...?”

"I saw it in a book~"

Damn it, isn't that the same as not having any experience?

Well, in this world, where Youtube and Torrent sites didn't exist, sexual knowledge probably was like hidden knowledge that only close people conversed about in secret.

It was somehow ridiculous and incredible at the same time that such a good-looking woman had no experience with men. Well, I remember hearing somewhere that the prettier a woman was the less experience she had with men.

Maybe it had something to do with the aura she was exuding, which made it hard for men to approach her. Now that I think about it, my little brother down there wasn't very cheerful the first time I saw her either. My hypothesis may very well be close to the truth.

The witch who only had rough knowledge about sexual matters, without any experience to back it up, was in a worse situation than not having any knowledge about the matter at all... I've seen enough to understand that fact.

Maybe, I'll be able to turn this situation in my favor. I'll surely be able to get out of this weird confinement if I play my cards right. Think, Hassan, think!

"Hmm, huh, didn't you lick my ears earlier? Can't you do something like that to my little brother too, at least...?"

"My friend~? Are you looking down on me~? Do you think I'm a fool~?"

"I-I didn't say that."

"If you dare criticize my methods another time, I'll turn you into a Sparthe~ To think you would dare teach me, isn't this the same as looking down on me~?"

I have no clue what a 'Sparthe' 'In Greek mythology, Spartoi are a mythical people who sprang up from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus and were believed to be the ancestors of the Theban nobility. was. But from the way she said it and my current situation it was bound to be something scary.

Did I touch a sore spot?

It seems my unnecessary tricks made the situation worse for me, damn it.

"I'll-I'll take care of everything~"

To not even allow any kind of advice, god-damn, what kind of dictatorship is this? Damn it, I'm gonna die due to my little brother being ripped off.

All of this happened because I was secretly hoping for some skinship when the witch asked me to give her a massage.

As expected, men were creatures that were very weak to sexual temptation. My father always reminded me to keep my libido in check. Damn it... Father, this unfilial son will be leaving first. I'll wait for you in the afterlife.

Just when I had accepted my soon ensuing death with a tranquil state of mind...

"I know what I need to know~ I even know it better than others~ There are subjects you shouldn't touch my friend, even if I like you a lot~ Don't ever look down on me again~"

The witch finally showed her true colors and stared down at me with a steely-cold gaze. It was the same look of contempt I had grown accustomed to in the past two years, the ones directed to me by the other witch I knew of.

In the final moments of my life, I remembered Elfriede, the witch of flames. I was hit with a sudden bout of nostalgia, having remembered her at this time. I somehow ended up missing that crazy bitch just before dying.

I don't think Elfriede would have locked me up like this or tried to tear my thing apart.

"No one can look down on me~ Only my path is absolute~ My ways are not wicked~ Against the precepts of the gods~? Don't make me laugh~ Anything must be done to reach the truth~ Anything~ Really...anything~"

The witch then kept repeating "Anything~" like a parrot that had been starved for days. Abruptly, she sat on my lap, the next moment.

"W-What?"

"A surefire method — I guess I'll have to use that, in the end~ Be quiet, my friend~ I will be done soon~ Look at the patterns of the ceiling, in the meantime~"

Her fingers sneakily and nimbly wrapped around my little brother. Then, she brought it under her thin fluttering skirt while sitting on my lap.

I had an incredible experience then. All my mind, 100 fucking percent of it, was focusing on my lower body, and it felt so sensitive that I began wondering if I grew another hand there.

My hard hot rod brushed against the cool clothes and fibers adorning the witch's body, then, suddenly, I was blasted with the sensation of my schlong rubbing against something akin to a rough and coarse bush. Soon after, it faced a solid wall.

I said wall but it felt soft and warm, rather than solid, very smooth even. It was the first time I was experiencing such a feeling in my life.

Despite my unfamiliarity with this feeling, I was well aware of what it was.

“Heu~ This is the best way~ Isn’t it~? My purity~ I held onto it for a long time but it’s gone now~”

“A-Are you serious?”

“Don’t be afraid~ I know a contraceptive spell~ Because I’m a genius~ Whoo~ Stay silent~ I’ll kill you if you make a sound~ Just stick it in~”

The witch began breathing heavily right under my nose. The breath she was exuding was so sweet it made me dizzy just from its sheer intensity.

As her body, which looked like it was floating in the air, came down, it felt like it was now my body’s turn to feel like it was floating in the air, ascending to the skies above.

Squelch- Clap-

My rod, which had never risen so high before, was accurately penetrating the gap between her legs with strong friction barring its ascend through the witch’s wet snatch.

“Ugh~ I-It hurts~ How about you, my friend~?”

It was difficult to describe my feelings with my limited vocabulary and my current dull head.

I always wondered why so many cultures and ethic morales in the world forbid sexuality... I finally understood the reason now. Whether it was addiction or reckless decadence, it truly warranted to make sexual things taboo, lest one may drown in them and lose themselves in their flow.

Damn, how could such a wonderful sensation exist in this world? Were those insider bastards enjoying such a good thing only among themselves, without even letting anyone else in on it?

“Whoo~ I-I thought it all went in already~ Half of it is still left~ Damn it~”

Is such a slippery and warm thing even real? I’m feeling goosebumps rising all over my body, the overwhelming feeling was somehow scary...

Drip-

A tear full of emotion flowed out of my eyes. Nemea sighed when she saw me tearing up.

“Poor thing~ I heard that the Samaritans weren’t simple barbarians and valued their chastity a lot~ And now you’ve been robbed of it by someone who you don’t even love~ How sad~ But, I couldn’t hold myself~”

Squelch- Clap-

It felt like my whole body was being enveloped in the wonderful sensations she evoked through her actions.

The witch’s body was repeatedly going up and down above my legs, pressing on my thighs. I was feeling like a nail that was being pulled in and out, repeatedly, off the muddy earth.

Her wet and wrinkled folds tightly clung to my little brother, smothering it in its warm embrace. I felt like I was going to cum right away, it was hard for me to hold it in.

“Everything went in~ Easy~ Way easier than I saw in the book~ As expected of a genius like me~ How do you feel about losing your virginity~?”

I couldn’t muster up an answer no matter how hard I tried. For my body which had been deprived of all forms of sexual stimulus for the past two years, this experience was too much to handle. It made me dizzy and unresponsive, all my senses were focused on merely feeling the otherworldly pleasure.

Fortunately for me, Nemea’s downward movements were rather awkward.

“Whoo~ It~ Really~ Hurts~ I feel like something sharp is stabbing my stomach~ However~ Even though it’s more painful than I thought~ I can bear it~”

Nemea groaned like she was going through a great deal of pain. It was a moan of bitterly enduring pain rather than of pleasure or lust.

“Huuh~ Whoo~ Oh, I’m gonna start~ I can~ I can do it~ I’m gonna start moving seriously from now on~”

Jiggle- Smother-

Thanks to Nemea hugging my shoulders while facing me, I could revel in the sensation of her giant watermelon-sized breasts rubbing on my bare skin.

Despite the frills of her dress being rather rough, I could clearly feel the softness of her bosom, exuding a feeling of motherhood.

Squelch- Squelch-

I could hear the wet sound of friction each time the witch exhaled and moved along the length of my rod. I never thought I'd live to hear this kind of sound with my own ears. My first sexual experience was more intense and pleasant than I had ever imagined it to be.

Squelch- Squelch- Squelch- Clap-

"Huh, it hur~ It really hurts~ Why~? You're crying~? Is this the sorrow of a man whose chastity got robbed by a woman that he doesn't even like much less love~? Huuh~"

While tears did come out, they were tears of excitement and joy, and maybe a bit of subtle loss about my graduation thrown into the mix, rather than whatever the witch was talking about.

It was a weird misunderstanding but the current mood wasn't appropriate for me to point that out to her.

"The deed itself hurts~ Ugh~ It's really painful but~ A man's tears~ That's a little exciting~ I could get used to this~ Whoa... It's unfortunate that I can't keep them~ What a waste~"

Clap- Clap-

The witch began licking the tears falling down my cheeks with her flexible tongue, while still maintaining the undulation of her waist as if it was a rare delicacy to her.

Squelch- Slurp- Squelch- Clap- Slurp-

Whether it was because of her unfamiliarity with the matter, due to a lack of any kind of sexual experience, or maybe the pain, her movements were very slow and rather awkward.

Because of that, my girthy rod didn't immediately harden but was currently in a process of getting hotter, due to the exponential increase in blood flow, and growing bigger with each move, like water that was boiling over low heat.

Even though the feeling her dripping snatch flooded me with was somehow pleasant, the fact that this greatly arousing and mind-blowing sensation kept coming and then leaving again as though taunting me almost made me go crazy. It was like seeing the doors of heaven and the contents within, having it within a hand's reach, yet never being able to cross that line and acquire them for yourself. It might sound like an exaggeration, but I felt like my brain was going to fry!

"Ugh, Y-You should also be in pain too~ Just like I am~"

Bite-

Nemea bit the nape of my neck as hard as she could as if she was withstanding terrible pain and needed some object to bite into to lessen even a little bit of the pain. Sadly, that object turned out to be my neck. She was biting so hard I thought she was going to tear off a piece of my flesh. Thanks to that, my immediate ejaculation was delayed for the time being.

“Fill my insides~ With your savage cum~ Let it all out in the body of this genius~ Quickly~ Do you think you’ll have such an opportunity ever again~?”

She was forcing me to cum.

I’m glad I was born, such a sentence appeared in my mind decorated in big flashy letters. My past struggles in this damned world were worth it for this moment alone.

I finally understood why many males insect still decided to mate even if they were about to be eaten by the female insect right after the mating process.

“H-how~? I-It’s getting harder and harder~ Haah, Haah~ I-It feels different~ My lower abdomen hurts so much~”

Clap- Clap- Squelch- Clap- Clapp-

A wet obscene sound was spreading throughout the room, originating from under her skirt. Perhaps because she got used to the pain, the witch’s undulating movements gradually became faster and smoother by the second.

“Haah~ Ha, Ha~ It hurts~ It definitely does~ But~ It feels weird~ W-What is this~? It feels amazing~”

Clap- Clap- Squelch- Squelch-

Despite being similar sets of movements her up and down motions felt very different from masturbation.

My male instincts were telling me, almost literally screaming at me, that I was about to experience the greatest ejaculation I had ever had in my entire life.

“Huh, Hah~ H-Hurry up~ Bastard dick of a lousy barbarian~ Quickly let it all out~ Hah~”

Clap- Clap-

I could clearly feel her soft cushiony buttocks touching my toned thighs.

She was coming down my shaft. completely swallowing it in the process — from the glans to the base — then quickly going up again as though dead set on pulling out the contents within. This was obviously a movement with the sole intention of scooping all of my semen out, from every nook and cranny of my sack..

“Ugh, W-Wait...”

“Who gave you the permission to open your mouth~? You’re just a semen-producing stallion, know your place~ That’s what you are~ That’s enough~ Ugh~ So Hot~”

Splash- Splash- Splash-

I came deep inside the witch while being subjected to the condescending words she spoke to me.

I came so hard inside her that I began wondering if my body was being emptied of all of its fluids.

Squelch- Shoot- Shoot- Squelch- Splash- Squelch-

The witch’s hip movements, however, didn’t stop, even though I was cumming inside her.

The continuous and relentless back-and-forth movement of hers, and her tightening vagina wringing my rod, was very cruel to my now sensitive shaft after cumming.

“Haah, I have to do it quickly~ Hurry up and stock it~ I can’t waste any time~ Belnus~ Kramagus~ Apopeipii~”

The ceiling began spinning as the witch began muttering in a language I couldn’t understand.

The last thing I could see, with my fading conscience, was her large watermelon-shaped breast and red hair swaying before my eyes as her erotic cat-like moans tickled my ears prolonging my euphoria before everything gradually blurred — the intensity rising before I blacked out completely.

“As expected, it’s not ripe yet~ Maybe I harvested it too early~ Ah, it’s about time you woke up, my friend~ Wake up~ It’s morning already~”

“D-Damn it!”

Clatter-

I began trembling, like a rooster flapping its wing in surprise, at the voice that was calling out to me.

“H-Help me!”

“Huh~? What do you mean~? You looked tired, so I let you sleep here~? Did you have a bad dream~?”

“D-Dream?”

“Yeah, a dream~ You must have had a bad dream~ Well, The room is full of dreamcatchers and cursed totems~ It wouldn’t be weird for you to have one if you fell asleep here~”

Jingle-

On the ceiling, where Nemea was pointing, I could see mobiles, akin to what could sometimes be seen hung on children’s beds, swaying in the wind while making a clear jingling sound.

“I fell asleep? When did it happen?”

“Well~ It was after you massaged my back, I guess~”

Dream? Was all of that a dream?

I got up from the soft-leather-covered chair I was sitting on~ I was properly dressed, and nothing was missing from my pockets after a thorough check.

“Here are the two silvers I promised for finding Whitey~ And one more silver for the massage~”

The witch handed me the 3 silvers and they fell into my palms with a cling sound. The sound of the silver coins rubbing against each other was enough to make me completely awake.

Unlike imaginary and intangible fairy tales, the sound of the silver coins hitting each other was very real. It was so beautiful it was no different than the masterful tune of a musical maestro.

Hehe, I hit the jackpot!

“T-Thank you!”

"What are you thanking me for?- You're just getting your deserved due~ That aside, my friend~ I really enjoyed your massage yesterday~ Would you mind coming back to do it another time~ I'll pay you 1 silver per session for it~"

"So you're asking for a business trip massage?"

"You can say it that way~ I think once a month is just right~ It will also let us avoid unwanted attention~ What do you think~?"

Once a month. So, I was getting a fixed income of 1 silver per month by simply massaging her for a bit?

Did I have any reason to reject it? I was in no way in a comfortable position that would permit me to refuse this great offer. 1 silver was equivalent to 20 bowls of soup. I'd be set for at least 10 days with this amount.

"That would be great."

"I'm glad you agreed~ My friend, I have a lot of work to do today~ I have to give Whitey a bath too~ So busy~ I also got a good harvest~"

"Ah, well, sorry then. T-Then farewell."

I walked out of the store after slightly bowing my head. My body felt very light, I slept rather well it seems.

I felt the familiar feeling of getting out from the barber. My head felt lighter and my neck cooler, after having my hair cut by Nemea. Wait, having my hair cut by Nemea?

Badump-

My heart then suddenly froze when I put my hand on the nape of my neck and could directly touch the back of my head, shortly trimmed hair lay there instead of the long locks that I used to have.

In addition to not feeling anything on the nape of my neck, I could feel that I didn't have much hair on my head too. And when did I cut my nails this short?

"See you later, my friend~ You can sleep here the next time too if you want~ Of course, don't think of being a tattletale~ No one would believe you anyway~"

My whole body trembled when I heard Nemea talking to me from behind.

I blitzed from the scene as fast as I could, without looking back, as soon as I heard her speak. I ran like no tomorrow until I thought the store wasn't visible anymore. It felt like

my life would depend on this moment, on how fast I could remove myself from that accursed location.

...Damn it, it wasn't a fucking dream! I knew it!

Running like no tomorrow, I ended up at the Temple of Mars, the God of War, that also doubled as the Mars Guild's building.

Just as I was about to go in, I stopped at the sight of a familiar face sitting on a bench.

Dangling pink twin tails, who could it be other than Luna? What is she doing here, though?

Although I wanted to talk to her, I stopped myself as she was now surrounded by a group of women and I was no way near brave enough to jump into a group that was exclusively constituted of women. More so after the events that happened with the scary witch last night.

Were they her friends? It was a little difficult for me to imagine that Luna had friends.

"Hey- Are you ignoring me now? Come with us. We'll let you be our porter."

"Don't you want to join us, the Sword Maidens? If you join us, you'll have a smooth sailing ride right into the Bronze tier."

Of course, that wouldn't be possible. It was a fucken cult invitation. Luna had no friends as expected.

I'll surely come back to it later to do it. Surely.

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- 1In Greek mythology, Spartoi are a mythical people who sprang up from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus and were believed to be the ancestors of the Theban nobility.

Chapter 34: Hassan — The Swamp Local (1)

🌀 Hassan — The Swamp Local (1) 🌀

The women surrounding Luna were all wielding swords and shields while adorning shiny armor that looked durable at a mere glance.

Unlike the usual street hooligans and the baseline iron-rank adventurers, their armor looked clean, well-maintained, and ready for undergoing combat at any moment. Their weapons were also sharp and exuded a dangerous glint.

The more area strong metals, like iron and copper, covered in an armor, the higher its price went.

It seems roman-style armors were the most popular among adventurers of these lands.

Wearing expensive and sturdy armor was a sign of prosperity among adventurers. It meant that its wielder completed a lot of quests and that in itself meant they were a great adventurer with a lot of experience under their belt.

Great adventurers could cut people, animals, and even demonic monsters to death without a single shred of remorse. Most of these lots were cold-blooded killing machines with no heart or conscience to hold their morality in check.

“Hey, Luna. You know the kind of people we are, right? We’re the best. It will be of great assistance to you too.”

“Y-Yeah but... I never asked for your assistance though. You’re just doing whatever you please.”

“Look at this little bitch. You’re going to cut us off now, is it? You keep avoiding us lately. Perhaps, it’s because you have some money to give food to your belly now, right?”

They were surrounding Luna while speaking in a hushed voice.

From afar, it would seem like a normal discussion between a group of women, but from up close anyone could clearly see the pitiful Luna shaking and trembling at their intimidating words and gestures.

I think I have already seen this somewhere before, it was probably in a documentary. A gazelle was surrounded by a group of lionesses — the hunters looking down on their prey with a condescending gaze of bloodthirsty savagery.

“Even if it’s not to one of the twelve gods, you still made an oath of chastity to a goddess — Lady Knox, the Primordial Night. All conditions for joining the Sword Maidens have been met. What could a weak girl like you do all alone?”

“I-I have a fixed adventuring party now! So, I kindly refuse.”

“Fixed party? You still don’t know your place, do you? It seems like you’ll have to be educated. Oi, Oi, Hold it! Give us everything you have!”

Damn it, what kind of pseudo-religious cult solicitation is that? When I looked around, I noticed that most people were just glancing at the scene and then going on their own way as if not wanting to get involved in this troublesome situation.

Well, I would have probably done the same if I didn’t know her. The only thing you’d gain out of picking a fight with that Sword Maiden gang is a blade stabbed in your stomach, sending you into the everlasting embrace of death.

Wouldn’t my intervention just increase the number of victims by one? Damn it, they’re all bronze-rank too. This is fucking scary!

“What is this? Why are you trying so hard to hide it?”

“No, don’t do that! My heartworm elixir! Give it back!”

“Throw it away, throw it away! Why are you even carrying something like this?”

“No!!!”

Tears began falling down Luna’s pale cheeks. It made me indescribably angry, giving me a reminder of the times Elfriede and her goons would bully me for their sick sense of pleasure.

My anger surged, making me impulsively move in their direction without giving much thought to the consequences of this action.

“Oi, damn it. Why would you throw such a precious thing away? If you’re just throwing it away, then give it to me, ya’ll bitches.”

“W-Who’s this huge punk? Damn, I thought I was getting attacked by a troll for a second there.”

I stole the bamboo water bottle from the speechless woman. Opening the cap, I promptly gulped all of its content without taking any time to note its taste or scent.

“D-Damn it, you crazy bastard!”

“Damn, how the hell is he drinking that so fast? Does he not have any tongue to obstruct the water flow or something?”

The women began making a fuss about my height. Honestly, I wasn’t really that big, they were just too small.

Also, I was rather scared of what effect the elixir could have but I had no choice but to gulp it down quickly, lest this precious potion might go to waste.

Now that I had gulped it for some time, I could tell that its taste was akin to a tea with strong spices thrown into the brew mix. Compared to the weird juices my father used to make me drink, this was child's play, like drinking coke or sprite.

Well, it tasted more like Tejava milk tea rather than carbonated water, if I had to be specific about it. It really tastes exactly like that tea. How on earth did the people of Ideope reenact its subtle taste?

"Tastes better than I thought."

Ding-

『Temporary increase of Stamina by 1.』

What the hell is this? Doping? Never mind, there are more urgent matters to focus on for now.

"Hassan!"

Luna looked at me with a face full of tears, her eyes trembling with water brimming in them. I suppose it's the same kind of expression someone would make at the sight of their last lifeline.

However, unlike Luna's hopeful expression, my and the other sword-wielding women's expressions were turning grimmer with each second that passed.

"Hassan? Ah, the Samaritan everyone has been talking about the last few days. He does look as strong as I heard."

"So he's the reason Luna is refusing us? She's gonna join us if we beat him, right?"

Schwing-

The way they immediately unsheathed their swords was extremely scary. These bitches meant business.

I was in a similar crisis not so long ago.

It was three iron-rank adventurers, and I was able to go against them somehow with some luck and the timely protection of my gear and Luna.

But I had to deal with seven people this time. Moreover, these were all bona fide bronze-rank adventurers.

There's no way for me to deal with seven bronze-rank adventurers at the same time. I wasn't even sure if I could deal with even one much less seven. Damn it, I'm going to die here, aren't I?

I had no intention of getting beaten up, however. With that thought in mind, I held a sword in each hand and then loudly screamed with a roar.

"Fuck it, I'm gonna kill whoever strikes first! No matter the cost! Bring it on!!!"

I roared out loud in a voice that was loud by even my own standards. Thanks to it, the front of the guild, which had been previously bustling with people and all kinds of noises, abruptly quietened and fell into complete silence.

It didn't last for long though.

"Look at that spirit. That passion for battle. That sheer will. So cool!!!"

"What are we supposed to do when he says something like this? Hey, Renee? Wanna go first?"

"You're leaving it to me? Thanks, then!"

"Well, he said he was going to kill the one that attacked first! He was kind enough to warn us!"

Despite my sincere warning, they showed zero signs of shrinking back, rather they oddly seemed fired up. I clenched my teeth at the confirmation of the loathsome fact that there were only crazy bastards in this barbaric world.

Should I attack first? Or should I just run away? Just when I began evaluating my options with my back soaking in cold sweat...

"Stop..."

At that dire moment, someone appeared in between me and the women warriors to mediate the situation. It was a woman with a pretty tall stature for these world's standards.

The first thing I saw at her arrival was the fluttering of her long brown hair, followed by her healthy tanned skin glistening with a brown sheen under the sun.

She had a protruding chin, perhaps a showcase of her stubborn nature, and her tight lips formed gave her an air of indifference and superiority. She was honestly unlike any woman I've ever met, be it her features or the vibe she exuded with her mere presence. Nevertheless, her brown eyes that were blazing like a fierce fire, set on burning

everything asunder, didn't fail to plunge me into fear, almost making me lose my ground.

Was she a Samaritan? Probably not. The Samaritans of this barbaric land had a skin tone that looked paler than hers, similar to my skin complexion. That was also one of the main reasons for me to be labeled as a Samaritan, along with my trademark size. This woman looked like she was more of South American descent, rather than being Asian like me.

And why were her defenses so lacking? She only had a bronze breastplate, ankles, and wrist protectors for armor. Everything else was left bereft of any protection.

Wouldn't leaving your belly and thighs exposed be dangerous in combat? Was this protective gear even a little effective?

Just when I was wondering about her armor's efficiency, I finally noticed the metallic plate hanging from the woman's neck. I turned as white as a sheet when I recognized what it was and the significance it held.

Rattle-

Damn it, a fucking silver-rank adventurer? It was the same rank as Elfriede, the Wild Flame. A veteran among veterans.

The difference between an iron-tier adventurer like me and a silver-tier adventurer was like the difference between an injured trainee and a sergeant of the special forces. 관심병사 훈련병과 – A more exact translation would be: a soldier that was mentally unstable and would thus need extra help!

I'm fucken doomed!!!

"H-Hippolyte."

"...It's none of your business. We'll take care of it."

Like a ravenous dog, the bravest and most scary-looking female warrior, among the group of bronze-tier adventurers, stood up to the sudden appearance of the silver-tier adventurer that seemed to be the superior of this group. She spat out words of anger, warning her to not meddle in this issue.

Step- Step-

The silver-ranked adventurer women, however, came directly toward me without even sparing them a single glance.

Despite her body being a head smaller than mine, I still felt a lot of pressure coming from her whole being. This was definitely a woman who was strong enough to contend with Elfriede or even the witch, Nemea.

Looking at her body closely, it was rather tough, full of compact muscles, and riddled with countless scars — small and big. It was pretty unusual for a woman. I couldn't help but feel like my life was in danger while facing such an astounding female warrior.

Honestly, this is the first time I've seen such a good fit for the term 'female warrior' in this world. The silver-tier female adventurer interrupted my trailing thoughts with her sudden words.

"Samaritan. Recklessness and courage shouldn't be confounded. I haven't seen someone so interesting like you in a while."

Her voice could be said to contain a lot of spirit. Her face up close was very attractive, bewitching even, if I had to be honest. I couldn't help but feel slightly nervous facing such a ravishing woman.

"Are you the Samaritan that was said to have beaten a lion and slaughtered a hundred goblins with his bare hands?"

"W-Well... That would be me, yes. It's not that accurate though. What happened is that..."

I'm going to kill that bastard. I'm going to pummel his big nose with a rock and end his puny life.

"You look as tough as I imagined. You smell like my father. The scent of courage, struggles, and barbarism, like a savage roaring lion standing in front of an army of millions with its head held up high. A warrior born for WAR. You must be cherished by the gods, Samaritan. Very cherished, indeed"

The woman took a deep breath, then began shouting again after exuding out a long sigh.

"I am Hippolyte, daughter of Mars, the God of Courage, the one who holds dominion over War. What is your name, oh mighty Samaritan?"

"First of all, my name is not Hassan of Samaria..."

"Hassan of Samaria. I, Hippolyte will watch over you from henceforth."

What could a small flower do in front of a raging tempest? It could only tremble and sway in tune with the storm's whims.

That's exactly what happened now.

It felt like being lifted by the wind and being tossed all around until the wind finally dies down, and you find yourself being flung so far that you don't even know where you are anymore.

I had no choice but to sit on the bench until my weak legs recovered a little. I needed some time so that I could gather myself again.

"That was close."

I can't believe I nearly got done in by a silver-ranked adventurer. Damn it, this matter is so big, it could have ended with us having to leave the city to keep our lives.

"I'm sorry, Hassan. Getting caught by the sword maidens was my fault."

Luna began apologizing next to me. I nearly got angry at her until I remembered that she wasn't at fault in the least. It was all on the Sword Maidens this time.

I'm not Hassan of Samaria, but the cultured Hassan of the 21st century. I had to be clear about who I was directing my anger at...

"It looked like you knew them. Who are they?"

"The Sword Maidens? They're very dangerous people. They're a regular adventurer party organized by the youths from the Amazon islands."

Amazonesses, is it this world's version of women's associations?

You're telling me those female warriors were legally able to run around while holding swords and shields? This is hell, god-damn it.

"Oi, how come you have anything to do with this bunch?"

"When I first arrived here I got some help from them. I thought working with them didn't suit me, so I decided to leave."

"Ah..."

"Their leader, Hippolyte, is a very scary girl. S-She tore people to death with her bare hands. Rumors has it that she's Lord Mars' real daughter."

"You're saying she's the daughter of a God?"

I've met many who claimed to be the children of some god.

Didn't the guy with M-shaped hair whose name I can't remember say that too?

Either because they got blessed or because of their reverence and fear of the gods, people in this world always liked to claim that they were the sons or daughters of a particular God.

Of course, I was well aware that most of them were just bluffing.

It was a different matter when a silver-rank adventurer claimed to be one though.

"I fucked up."

"W-Well what you did earlier was kind of cool. How could you gulp something so bitter so easily? I can't do that. Nor can most people, in fact. It's common practice to dilute the elixir with water before drinking it."

"Oh, that. Now that I think about it, 6 silvers were wasted just like that. What a shame."

Perhaps because of the elixir's effects, I suddenly felt a certain part of my body spring up with vigor.

At that moment, I remembered that time in middle school when blood suddenly rushed into my third leg after being pranked by a friend and swallowing a pill he secretly brought.

I have to sit on the bench until it goes down again, but it showed no sign of doing so. Damn it. Do I really have to walk with my hands in my pockets now?

"That aside, Hassan, you cut your hair again. You smell a little bit strange too."

Luna began sniffing me. I immediately pushed her away, afraid that she'd discover the shameful things that happened yesterday.

"Oi, why are you smelling me? Are you a fucking dog, now!?"

"It's alright. I like your smell, Hassan. It's a lot like the smell of boiling and weaving. It smells a lot similar to back in Ideope."

"Y-You like my smell? Don't say things like these again. Men are creatures that easily misunderstand things like these."

"But you're the smartest man I know, Hassan!"

Should I be happy that she was trusting me so much or sad because I was stripped of my dignity as a male mere moments ago?

Now that I think about it, wouldn't my image in Luna's mind change for the worse if she knew what I was doing with the witch yesterday?

"Oi, I'm curious about something."

"What is it?"

"Do you know how babies are born?"

"..."

Luna's now scarlet cheeks wore a hesitant expression as she avoided gazing toward me. Well, that was a sufficient answer in itself.

I internally raised Luna's IQ by a notch. She was at least on the standards of a normal human now.

No way I'd forget to write this one too, Right?

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- 1관심병사 훈련병과 – A more exact translation would be: a soldier that was mentally unstable and would thus need extra help!

Chapter 35: Hassan — The Swamp Local (2)

🔊 Hassan — The Swamp Local (2) 🔊

"Oh, Mr. Hassan. I have heard a lot about your feats again. It seems you caught a big lion with your bare hands?"

The green-haired receptionist, Daphne, welcomed us with a laugh. And as soon as she saw me, she asked about the events that had happened with the lion-cat.

The same thing happened with the Sword Maidens earlier, rumors in this world spread so fast that it's simply unreasonable.

Most probably, this rapid transmission of hot news is because they were shared as idle talk during having snacks in bars, and among street musicians that sang those tales in an epitomizing fashion.

"Well, It wasn't really a lion... More like a giant cat... I didn't kill it either, I just captured it with other people's help."

"I see. But that's great too. Mr. Hassan's fame is spreading all around the city."

"Fame?"

"The expectations for you are high since an outstanding rookie has finally appeared again after a long time! The last one was Hippolyte. It feels great to be able to rebuke the pretentious receptionist bitches of the Minerva Guild!"

"I-I see..."

"Let's just say that you killed it. Do you want me to exaggerate the size too? Let's make it a drake instead."

"Isn't that too big of a lie!?"

"You have to do this much if you want to trample the bastards from the Minerva Guild. Let's completely destroy those bastards using this method!"

The conflict between the Minerva Guild and the Mars Guild seemed to be somewhat similar to the Cold War between the Soviet Union and the United States.

They seemed to see each other as rivals, wanting to brag and show off their strength to their opposition and being anxious about not being able to weaken the other on any given chance.

Daphne flipped the abacus in front of her while I was having boring thoughts about the political structure of this world's society.

"Hmm, two silvers for that kind of work seems kinda cheap. I'll have to warn Ms. Nemea, the alchemist of the west gate slums."

"A warning?"

"Yes, as a start we won't allow her to use the guild's services for a few days and up to a few months. If the pricing even then is still not up to par and doesn't fit the market price, we'll have to consider permanent denial of services."

So there was something like that. Damn, I can't believe getting two silvers means I got the short end of the stick. I had no idea, I just thought it was good that I was getting more money than my time as a slave.

Looking back on it again, I was really suffering a lot.

Of course, I paid dearly then for gathering money... Well, I'd rather not remember it, I'll just bury it in my heart for the rest of my life.

"Anyways, I have great expectations for you, Hassan. You're the blessed Samaritan, after all. It's going to make a lot of noise! By increasing your reputation, our guild's reputation will also improve. As your receptionist, I might even get promoted too..."

Daphne was smiling like she was having a great dream about a beautiful future ahead of her. Well, everyone would have similar reactions when their interests were at stake, I suppose.

"That aside, someone requested for you and Ms. Luna specifically. The commission fees are 10 silver coins! And if you complete it..."

Tak- Tatatak- Tak-

Daphne kept using her abacus to do some calculations, then she looked at Luna and said in a jovial tone.

"... After taking into account all her achievements and contributions, Ms. Luna will be promoted to the bronze rank."

"I-I will be promoted?!"

Luna, quite literally, screamed in disbelief.

I was just as surprised as her. Luna will be promoted to the bronze rank? Won't she then be in the same rank as those armored Amazonesses from earlier?"

Well, it wasn't that Luna's growth prospects were poor. She was the daughter of that strange being, Knox or something like that. She was practically the daughter of a divinity. But isn't the bronze rank still too much for the current Luna?

"I-I thought it would take way more quests for me to get the bronze rank tag..."

"That's what was decided after an internal meeting. Luna is very valued by the executives as she's the only supplier of Wasp Liquor in the entirety of Sodomora. You'll qualify for a loan from the guild if you are promoted to the bronze tier. Starting from there it will be easy for you to set up your own brewery."

“Opening a brewery? Really!? That’s crazy!”

“There’s nothing crazy about it. After checking with the Mercury bank I found out that a lot of land in Ideope islands was legally yours. That’s way more than enough credit... I wonder why you’re starving yourself when you have so much. You’re a very strange person, Ms. Luna.”

“Oh my god, Hassan! They said I will be promoted! I will be able to set up my very own brewery!”

Luna grabbed my hand and began excitedly jumping around. I wasn’t able to respond much though, being rather distracted after the claims about how much real estate she owned were uttered by Daphne.

I thought she was a helpless beggar like me, but she turned out to be a super rich lady or something along those lines. Luna’s image in my mind started to change.

“Hassan, did you hear that too?”

“Y-Yeah, I heard it, ma’am.”

“Hmm? What’s wrong with you all of a sudden?”

Luna frowned at my sudden polite tone of speech. Daphne, the receptionist, on the other hand, quickly explained to us the catch of the matter.

“Of course, all of that is based on the assumption that the following quest is finished successfully. As you might expect from the rewards, this quest is very delicate and difficult. You’ll have to go to the swamps of Acheron¹This was a hard one to translate, thanks to the author changing the names sometimes. The Acheron is a river flowing in the northwest of Greece. It was also referred to as a swamp in some myths.. The quest boils down to dealing with indigenous spirits living there and getting rid of the Pluto cultists among them.”

Dealing with spirits, getting rid of cultists.

Now that sounds like a normal quest for an adventurer.

I remember catching glimpses of what an adventurer’s life was like back when I was still with Elfriede and her gang of goons. These kinds of life-threatening quests were only given to Bronze tier adventurers and above, with only a few exceptional cases like us right now.

It seems that I am progressing rather quickly. I am probably carrying a lot of expectations on me. Am I something like a super rookie, now?

“Well, May I ask what the Pluto cult is Ms. Daphne?”

“Ah... They’re wicked guys. The god of death... Hmm...”

She closed her mouth near the end, as if on the verge of revealing something she shouldn’t have. She then coughed, to hide her momentary slip, and continued on with her explanation.

“They are heathens who unofficially worship the god of wealth, Pluto. No matter how many times you hang or burn them on a stake, these blasphemous corpses keep reappearing. It’s only natural to want to beat them up and reduce their numbers, right?”

“I see.”

“Since you’re partying with Ms. Luna, take this opportunity to learn about religions from her. Although she’s not worshiping one of the Twelve Gods, faith in Knox is still within orthodox religions.”

I came out of the Guild with Luna. Daphne told us that we were to depart tomorrow. She also said it would be a fairly large expedition, and that I’d have to work along with other adventurers other than Luna.

That’s a lot of expenditure since the reward was 10 silvers per person...

...Money that I could only collect after suffering as a slave for half a year was given like this in a single quest?

Is this for real?

My monetary senses might have become weird.

It felt very similar to organizing a boss raid, and due to this ominous thought, I couldn’t help but become slightly nervous.

Damn it, I’ll have to run as far away as possible if a boss appears for real. Well, not just me, everyone will probably start running if that were to happen.

“Are you still listening to me?”

“Ah... Yes, ma’am.”

“Why are you talking so respectfully all of sudden? It’s weird. Stop it already.”

“That’s n-nothing. Nothing at all...”

“So, the twelve Gods dwell in Mount Olympus. Among them, three gods carry the highest power. The most famous would be Jupiter, the almighty god of the sky. Then Neptune, the undisputed lord of the seas, and finally Pluto, the god of wealth and treasures.

Luna began sharing her knowledge about this and that while we were walking. She was now talking about the gods and myths of this world. It sounded like a fairytale to me if I had to be honest.

Part of me was bothered by something as I was listening to her explanation.

“Shouldn’t it be the underworld when it comes to Pluto? I mean, shouldn’t they be the god of the underworld.”

Now that I think about it, a swamp seemed fairly adequate as an entrance to the underworld.

The sky, the sea, and the earth were the most basic components or hierarchies in most myths and tales. I began remembering the contents of the comic books I had read back when I was a kid.

“Shhh, you can’t say that. It’s a taboo.”

Luna started to look around like a Korean who secretly shouted “Long live the rebellion!” in the middle of Japanese police officers and warned me in a startled, whispery tone.

“Pluto is the god of wealth. Only cultists think he’s the god of the underworld. Don’t say that ever again.”

“Really?”

I was going to ask why it was like that but decided against doing so. It had nothing to do with me, after all. That wasn’t even what I was most curious about.

We had earned two silvers after finding Nemea’s cat. I gave Luna one silver, her share of the commission fee, and then asked her the question irking me the most.

“Hey, Luna.”

“Yes? Do you have more questions? What is this thing? Holy shh- Is this really a silver!!? That’s way too much, Hassan!”

“Anyway, I didn’t mean to pry but, I heard you had a lot of lands under your name.”

“Ah, that? I don’t know. The elders of the village take care of that. The lands are like a sanctuary in the first place and cannot be sold, there’s no way to make money out of it. So, it doesn’t matter much, no matter how much land I have under my name.”

What did she mean by them being a sanctuary and that she couldn’t make money out of it? Maybe it was like the greenbelt in Korea that prevented the land from being developed? Still, having the ownership of so much land was still amazing to me.

Not like having lands or buildings to your name was weird, but it was a concept that felt closer to my own world than to this barbaric one.

Damn, it wasn’t a stupid pink but a “Gorgeous” pink. Was it actually a shiny Chikorita all along? Can I even call it a Chikorita anymore? But what should I say then? What the fuck? I can’t figure it out with my dull brain.

“But you would have been able to have a good life were you to stay on the islands, right? Is there any reason for you to come here, so far away from your home, and suffer like this?”

“As I told you, the islands of Ideope are cursed. I want to find a way to release this curse. Maybe I’ll find a relic to lift the curse if I become a high-ranked adventurer!!! I have to try at least.”

“Hmm, you might succeed.”

“Are you not in the same situation, Hassan? Samaria is pretty far from here, what led you to this place then?”

“Far away from home? Indeed, you’re right about that.”

Damn it, no one in the world wants to know how I came to be transported here more than I do!

Why am I, Hassan, here? Korea, where I used to live, was so far away from here compared to the wildlands of Samaria that there was no way to even describe the difference, at least with my limited vocabulary.

Leaving useless thoughts aside, it was time for lunch, and we entered a nearby restaurant.

I ordered a rice soup worth 5 coppers which was more than enough to fill my stomach along with barley tea worth 3 coppers a cup then came out with a satiated belly. As I got out, I could see people gathering on the main plaza and making a ruckus.

“Want stones? Come close, come close. I’m selling tough and easy-to-throw stones. I collected them myself!”

"We sell it cheaper than the competition over there! 1 stone for 1 copper, you can also pay 5 coppers for a massive one."

Damn, what are they even selling stones for?

"Hassan, look there! It must be a stone festival!"

Luna began excitedly jumping around like a high school girl that was attending her favorite band's concert. What the hell is a Stone Festival? I could only wrinkle my eyebrows in confusion.

I was left with no alternative but to ask the turban-wearing sandman bastard next to me, that was selling stones on a stall.

"What kind of festival is this?"

"Festival? You're mistaken. This is an execution. Those who broke the precepts of the gods will be killed with these stones. With that said, wanna buy one? It's very cheap."

An execution?

Hearing this terrible word, I began looking around until I finally could see someone tied to a crucifix-like frame that was raised high up in the plaza, probably for everyone to see.

His face was swollen to an indescribable degree, and his tattered clothes, probably due to the continuous throws, showed heart-clenching wounds. It looked like he was whipped more than 20 times. I've been brutalized so many times by Elfriede and her goons that my observation probably wasn't too far from the truth.

"Ahem...ahem...listen up, people! This man here, Penny, broke the precepts of the gods. His crime was treating people without getting permission from the temple."

"H-He fed me mold!"

"Me too! Me too!"

The prisoner coughed out blood at these accusations.

"I-It's not mold but medicine! Antibiotics to treat diseases that are invisible to the naked eye..."

"Shut up, evil cultist! The mold you fed me caused my hair to completely fall off! It was a cursed potion for hair loss, you damn bastard!"

"T-That's probably due to hereditary reasons..."

"I don't care! It's your fault! Let's throw some stones!"

Woh!

People all around me began throwing stones, this horrifying and barbaric scene couldn't be described with mere speech alone. Naturally, I remained speechless throughout the event!

"Chicken Skewers! 5 coppers for a chicken skewer!"

"Spend as little as 3 coppers and get a refreshing barley tea!"

All around me were stalls that were selling all kinds of snacks, they were all busy and people seemingly enjoyed the stone show as if they were really in the middle of a festival rather than in the midst of an execution where you brutally stoned a man to death.

This goddamned fucked up world! How could people nonchalantly smile and laugh after stoning a person to death like that?!

"You want a skewer, Hassan? I'll pay for it since I just got paid!"

"Of course, I want one."

As expected, rich people always loved to spend away money as soon as they got them.

As I was waiting for the chicken to be grilled, the man that looked like the host came back and continued the execution, bringing in the next victim on the stage.

"Here comes the next one! It's Marco, a street musician! He is already more than 20 silvers down in debt! Up to you whether he will be disposed of or sold as a debt slave!"

"Let's throw stones!"

"B-Brother, help me! I said I'd pay you back once I became famous! This signature is gonna turn into a fortune once I do. It's a treasure in the making!"

.....

.....

"Let's throw a stone!"

Woh!

No, why is he tied up there? Anyway, I was fortunate in meeting you, fucking bastard. I suffered so much because of you.

“Boss, give me a rock. A big one.”

“Oh, you adapted very quickly to the customs of this continent, Samaritan. There’s nothing more entertaining than throwing stones. But be careful, you might get addicted to this. You might even sell your wife for some stones.”

I could get a stone as big as my fist with a single copper. I clenched my fist as hard as I could and was about to throw it at the bastard’s big nose when...

“W-Wow, is that you brother? This is a fateful meeting! Thank you, Mercury! Brother! I’m gonna be stoned to death, why don’t you give me a little help?”

After seeing me in the crowd, Marco began struggling until the rope tying him loosened a little.

Damn, how did he notice me among so many people? Is it because of my hair? He was very sly indeed.

“Helping a prisoner?”

“Who dares?”

Marco’s loud cry brought attention to me. The sight of this large crowd holding rocks was terrifying enough to make my legs weak from fright.

“I have no intention of helping, I just came to throw stones.”

“Let’s throw stones!”

“Woooh!”

“B-Brother! Gaah, o-only the innocent can-!”

Marco’s nose which was already big became even bigger after getting hit by the stones. After some deliberation, Marco finally raised his hands as if tired of the endless thrashing.

“O-Only the innocent can throw stones at me”

Thud- Thud-

The hands that were throwing stones suddenly stopped. Marco began screaming, not letting this opportunity go to waste.

“Brothers, I know about everything! The blonde guy there! Y-You sneaked out yesterday behind your wife’s back...”

“Uh-huh!”

“Y-Yes, sister, you, next to him! Even though you guys made a vow of chastity...”

“B-Be quiet! You vile criminal!!”

“We are all sinners! Why would a sinner be able to convict another sinner? Only god can judge my sins!”

His voice was akin to that of a dying man, very heartbreaking as if his intestines were cut in half as he spilled out the last cry of indignant resistance.

There was something akin to madness, a certain type of unsettling eeriness, in it that made people drop the rocks in their hands and disappear. Maybe it’s because he used to sing on the street but his voice was very loud and powerful, being able to resonate all around in a large area.

“My god, I nearly died there.”

“I’ll give you one more week to pay me back you half-baked clown. I’ll castrate you then sell you as a eunuch slave if you don’t.”

“I-I’ll p-pay you back.”

And thus Marco was released. He then hobbled in front of me and Luna while wiping his bloody nose.

“Wow, I survived thanks to you, brother. Thanks to you, I was able to flip it!”

Damn, I didn’t do shit. I just sneakily threw my stone on the ground so he wouldn’t see it.

“Oi, you bastard. Why don’t you pay back your debts? That’s why you’re getting stoned like this.”

“I’m as poor as one can get, what am I supposed to do when I’m hungry? The path of an artist was always riddled with hunger. I have it even worse. I want a way to raise money, but I can’t find any job.”

“You have a lot of problems, you bastard!” ²An idiom about having to deal with a lot of things that had ‘nose’ in it. It was neigh-impossible to localize.

“Talking about my problems would take very long! Sigh, Lord Mercury! What am I supposed in this time of struggle?!”

Marco’s lonely back slowly got further and further away. I would be lying if I said I wasn’t pitying him at least a little. Anyways, we’ll probably never meet again.

That’s what I was thinking until I met him the very next day in front of the west gate.

“Sisters of the Sword Maidens. Give me your luggage! This Marco will safely carry everyone’s luggage! To the Acheron swamp!”

I think I’m starting to believe in that god of meetings and fate, Mercury or something. True faith was best demonstrated by actions rather than sermons.

Anyway, that’s how my first subjugation quest started. In other words, this quest was my real placement game, as for Luna it was a promotion game, I guess? ³League of Legends reference, well not necessarily lol but most probably.

“Hassan of Samaria! We meet again! It seems we’re in the same group. We’re gonna see each other a lot the following days.”

“Hi-Hippolyte...!”

This was a fun chapter to translate. I always love it when Hassan interacts with Luna and Marco. Marco was especially entertaining in this chapter lmao. I hope you guys liked it and see you next time.

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- 1This was a hard one to translate, thanks to the author changing the names sometimes. The Acheron is a river flowing in the northwest of Greece. It was also referred to as a swamp in some myths.
- 2An idiom about having to deal with a lot of things that had ‘nose’ in it. It was neigh-impossible to localize.
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Chapter 36: Hassan — The Swamp Local (3)

🌀 Hassan — The Swamp Local (3) 🌀

Despite it being very early in the morning, there was quite a bustle near the front gate of Sodomora.

Most of the adventurers gathered there were basically the members of the same guild, their wooden tags indicated so, and they were all preparing to go on an expedition to the Acheron swamps. Even at a single glance, you could see that there were at least 10 to 20 people.

Except for me, Luna, and Marco — the bard that somehow ended up with us, in the end, for some reason — everyone else was at least a bronze-rank adventurer. I was unable to describe it properly, but something vague, akin to determination or spirit, was exhibited from their solemn facial expressions.

My heart was beating faster and faster by the moment, as I faced the cold wind of dawn while encountering this tense sight of the serious-looking full-fledged adventurers.

Well, I did have some experience in this kind of large expedition while following Elfriede.

The only difference was that I was now a participant instead of just being an insignificant porter or a handyman of a slave.

I feel like my dream of becoming a full-fledged adventurer and living a good life with my blessings was getting closer and closer. Today shall be my glorious first step towards the fulfillment of that dream!

“Oh my, It’s sir Destroyer. To think Lord Destroyer is taking part in this expedition as well. Oh, my my!”

Luna kept checking out the famous adventurers that were surrounding us while shouting out their identities while annoyingly tapping on my arm.

As I turned my head, I sighted a perverted bastard wearing nothing but suspenders above his muscular pectorals.

“Who is that?”

“Lord Destroyer. He’s the holder of the epic-grade artifact Dallos’ Hammer! He’s also a very famous silver-tier adventurer in the Sodomora region!”

I couldn’t help but look back at the pervert again when I heard the words ‘Silver-tiered-adventurer’. There really was a silver plaque shining atop his bushy chest hair, it looked especially small when compared to his thick iron-esque pectoral muscles.

“Lord Destroyer is believed to be very close to the Gold-tier — the realm of the heroes.”

“Gold-tier?”

“His overall statistics surpass 40!”

Is she talking about his level? Damn, I was only level 9. How powerful would a level 40 person be?

Hmm, this middle-aged uncle seems to be an amazing person.

He still looks like a bona fide pervert from every angle though.

Damn it, I made eye contact with him. Shit!!!

I felt my butt aching for some reason, so, I hurriedly turned my head away from looking at the creepy adventurer. At the same time, a woman appeared, with a long red cape flapping behind her, from among the people and stood up on the podium.

“This cult subjugation mission in the Acheron swamps will be led by the young Hippolyte, a silver-tier adventurer from the Mars Guild.”

The hall that was previously bustling with chatter, suddenly became quiet, as though someone had tapped the mute button on the scene. It was due to Hippolyte’s appearance.

“As always, just follow my instructions and things will go smoothly.”

You could see just how great and exalted this warrior woman was by how quickly all these seasoned adventurers paid attention to her every word.

“Sigh, even Hippolyte is here, Hassan. This mission is definitely not normal. Are we going to catch the Cerberus or something?”

Two silver-ranked adventurers were part of the subjugation team. Even a clueless country bumpkin with little to no knowledge of the world would notice that something was weird with this whole situation. A terribly ominous feeling slowly crept up my spine, making me tremble with uncertainty and fear of the future ahead.

It meant nothing good for a newbie like me. Manpower wasn’t recklessly wasted in this world where capital and resources were extremely precious.

Damn, why is that Hippolyte here too?

I didn’t want to share the same space as the scary girl that said she would watch over me just the day before. It was creepy and disturbing. I had no clue how to deal with this kind of girl.

Seemingly unaware of my internal turmoil, Hippolyte continued with her inspiring speech.

“We have two objectives. Finding and Exterminating. Let’s exterminate these damned cultists without leaving a single trace of their existence behind!”

Then Hippolyte let out a weird “Arararararagh!” roar. Soon after that, the Sword Maidens followed her and screamed their lungs out, it didn’t take too long for the rest of the remaining adventurers to roar out too.

I was thrown into confusion by this weird fanatical-ish dialect.

That’s how her speech ended. The 20 present people were divided into groups of 10, each under a leader, Hippolyte and Lord Homo Destroyer.

“Samaritan, it’s a shame that you’re in a different group.”

A man that looked to be the very personification of a bandit talked to me.

“Hiik!”

The hairs on my body stood on end as I was shocked by the sudden appearance of the man. How can someone with such a big frame approach me without me noticing?

“You’re, Uhm, Lord Destroyer, right? You know of me?”

“We know each other now, don’t we? Hehe. That’s good enough. We’ll get to see each other a lot from now on. Let’s explore each other’s personalities as we interact.”

The fuck you’re talking about? Damn, I was so lucky to be in another group than this lecherous bastard. This guy is probably... Well, I’d rather not say it. He was just very scary... Plain and simple...

“I’ll see you later then. Group 2, follow me into the cart! Sit next to me Marco cutie!”

“H-Help me!”

Just as I was looking at Lord Destroyer’s slowly receding back getting further and further away, Luna began tugging on my sleeves.

“Lo-Look! Hippolyte’s coming this way.”

Luna seemed to be warning me of the approaching danger in the form of the silver-ranked warriorress.

It was too late sadly. The frightening female warrior was facing me before I knew it, making my plan of fleeing the scene, on the pretext of going to the bathroom, absolutely invalid.

“Hassan of Samaria. We’re in the same group, it seems. We’ll be seeing each other a lot in the next few days. I hope we get along well.”

“H-Hippolyte... ma’am! I-I hope we get along too!”

“I’m looking forward to witnessing your rumored imposing wild style. I have high expectations of you Samaritan.”

Fucking damn, I wanna go home already. I miss my mommy...

Rattle- Rattle-

Rattle-

Entering a cart, with soft tires attached to the wheels, in this world, that had unmaintained and rocky roads, was just torture. It was bouncing so much that my head was moving in all directions from the bumps while my butt was getting bruised and scratched from the repeated impact.

When it comes to traveling, there was no comparison between a fancy carriage and a simple cart. There was simply no way of describing how uncomfortable riding a cart was. I wish I had a straw mat or a fluffy blanket to lay on with me right now.

How are the other guys holding up despite all this?

I gently moved my eyes toward Hippolyte. The way this cart was built was very reminiscent of that of a subway train, meaning Hippolyte was actually facing me, so I could see everything about her in detail.

“ ... ”

Hippolyte’s arms were folded in front of her chest while her eyes were seemingly closed. She didn’t seem to be moving much despite the turbulence.

Is she sleeping? Perhaps, only a veteran silver-tiered adventurer could sleep with all the chaotic shaking of this cart. I couldn’t help but feel a little bit of awe at that fact.

“When will we arrive, Hassan? My butt hurts so much.”

Luna, who was seemingly struggling as much as I was, was tossing and turning next to me, trying to find a comfortable position to sit in.

However, it looked like she couldn't settle in a comfortable position no matter how much she tried, so, she just randomly laid down as if giving up on her rather impossible endeavor.

"We'll be there by tomorrow morning."

Damn it, she scared the living shit out of me. Wasn't she asleep?

Hippolyte suddenly uttered a reply to her question, surprising the babbling Luna so much that she immediately shut up. The tanned warriorress then slightly opened one of her eyes and looked at us.

"Just bear with the pain. If it's really too hard, wanna walk instead? Hmm? I don't think you would want that though. Unless you want this journey to become more than twice longer than it already is."

She then closed her eye again and went back to her previous immobile state. Luna and I were so scared that she would scold us again that we chose to not talk anymore.

On the other side, Lord Destroyer's cart, which had departed first, was very noisy while ours remained eerily silent like the soundless state of mourning in the middle of a funeral.

Shink- Shink-

All I could hear was the terrifying sound of sharpening blades.

"Hehe... I'm gonna slash the bellies of those bastard infidels with my trusty sword."

The Sword Maidens were polishing their swords while muttering creepy and terrifying lines to themselves. Frightening lines that would rob you of your sleep at night. I creased my brows at the realization that I was locked in here with literal psychopaths.

Is anyone in this cart even remotely normal?

Whoosh-

My eyes were then directed to the woman next to Luna.

She was wearing a long black dress that didn't expose much of her skin, a fishnet cloth was masking her face from being seen, and something akin to an eyepatch was covering both of her eyes.

Wasn't she feeling hot? And that eye cover, is this a solo bondage play or something? Maybe she's actually blind.

That being said, this black-dressed woman seemed to be the only normal one in this cart. She sat there silently and just swayed with the bumping of the cart along the road throughout the whole trip.

Of course, I have no clue what kind of atrocity may come out of her mouth if she ever begins to speak, so I'm gonna put my judgment on hold for now.

Rattle-

Feeling some motion sickness creep in, after the constant rattling of the cart, I stopped looking at the woman and looked back outside instead, to freshen up my mind a bit.

After getting accustomed to the vast, ripe yellow fields of grains under the bright sun, we finally entered a bare wasteland with dry trees surrounding us.

Vultures could be seen flying around the rotten and dry bodies of beasts.

A four legged-beast, similar to a hyena, or maybe a jackal looked at me with its red eyes from behind the dead trees. I looked away immediately. I've had enough of the scenery anyways.

"So, Hassan of Samaria. How many people have you killed?"

What the hell was wrong with her? Staying silent for so long then asking something dreadful like this out of the blue?

I couldn't find a way to answer her question as I was very confused by this sudden scenario. Hippolyte, however, didn't wait for me anyway and opened her lips again, uttering out more unsettling words.

"I heard you got banned from the wilderness for killing too many people. Banished even from Samaria that's widely known for its barbarism. How many did you kill exactly? Fifty?"

"N-No."

"More than that!? That's a lot more than what I expected for someone as young as you. This is getting more and more interesting."

I didn't think the situation could get any worse.

It looked like Hippolyte changed her mental image of me after asking me a question and deciding on an answer herself without even letting me clear her misconception.

I hesitated briefly since I didn't even know where to start explaining the situation anymore. I was agonizing over what I could tell her, how I would say it, and whether I should even say it or not. I was so overwhelmed that my head started hurting from overthinking this matter.

Rattle-

The cart in front suddenly stopped and we were obliged to follow suit.

"The wheels are completely stuck in the mud. The swamp has advanced a lot more than the last time. This can't even be considered a road anymore."

The coachman who was pulling Lord Detroyer's cart clicked his tongue after seeing the wheels get half submerged in the mud. One of the wheels of our cart was in a similar state too.

"Guests, get off please!"

Step- Step-

My feet were soon soaked in the muddy ground as I stepped out of the wagon. It was a very uncomfortable sensation, one I definitely wouldn't want to feel ever again.

"Did it rain recently? Why is the ground so muddy around here?"

Luna frowned her eyebrows while muttering to herself, as she was looking at the gooey mud seeping in between her sandals and toes.

The woman with the eyepatch that I was observing earlier suddenly replied to her question.

"It's the curse of Ceres, the goddess of seasons. Acheron is the region where Lady Ceres used to be worshipped, her influence here is very strong."

"Ah, I see. That aside, who are you?"

"I'm Cassandra, a priestess from Delphi."

"You're from Delphi... Does that mean you worship the God of Light and the Sun?"

"First of all..."

"I'm from Ideope, a voodoo shaman from Ideope, to be exact. I serve Knox, mother of the night and superstitions. Can I be considered a priest too?"

"..."

Cassandra, the woman with the eyepatch, didn't answer and fell into a deep silence again. Maybe she was meditating since she was a priest?

Luna who had been ignored after her self-introduction, tilted her head while observing the muddy ground and the cart slowly sinking into it. She opted to not talk anymore.

While everyone had perplexed and frowning expressions adorning their faces, I secretly approached Luna and quietly asked her my question.

"Luna, what's the Curse of Ceres?"

"Ah, I think it was probably 30 years before I was born. A harsh winter assaulted the lands, it lasted two years, I think. Many places became completely frozen. After the winter ceased, all of those places turned into swamps after the ice melted."

A winter that lasted two years? I could feel my bones shivering and creaking just thinking about it.

How fortunate it is for me not to be transported into this world then. It was the worst time to be homeless and a slave on top of that.

As I was imagining what it would be like to live in such a world, the coachman started speaking with a grim voice.

"This is going to need some strength, we'll have to dump the carts otherwise. Why don't we try pushing it from behind?"

"That's not a job for Lord Mars' warriors."

"We'll take care of it, Hippolyte. Rest Well. Come here, guys."

Thus, those who had some strength in their arms all gathered behind the cart and gave their all to pull out the wheel that was stuck in the mud.

It was very hard for us to move the sunken wheel as we couldn't properly step on the muddy ground too, resulting in us being able to exhibit far less strength than what we were capable of.

"What's wrong noble Amazoness? Try harder. Weren't you supposed to be strong warriors, only second to the Spartans in strength and might?"

"We're doing our best here! It's this Samaritan bastard that's slacking off! He's just pretending to be tough!"

"Uh-huh, what do you mean? Don't slander me."

Damn it, how did she know I was faking it? Is this bastard an esper or something? Is reading one's mind required to be promoted to the bronze tier or something?

Chuckling inwardly at those nonsensical thoughts, I couldn't help but leak a sigh. I had no choice but to actually take this seriously, it seems.

Hihihing!

"I-I-It's moving! It's getting out! Give it your all guys!"

Then, the deeply submerged wheel suddenly began moving with the same sound as a thrashing horse.

"Almost, Almost there! Just a little bit more... Kaek-"

The voice of the coachman that was encouraging us to give it our all suddenly got cut off with the sound akin to a person's that was choking on food.

The coachman made a weird "Kaek, Kaekaek!" and then fell down on the muddy and wet floor.

"The-The coachman was hit by an arrow!"

Luna screamed as her white skin turned noticeably paler at the sight. An arrow penetrated the coachman's chest and could even be seen from the other side. His body was spewing a lot of blood. It was definitely a fatal wound.

Kisisisik.

Kisisik!

The adventurers suddenly and in simultaneous motion raised their heads and looked around at what they had first thought to be normal swamps.

"Go-Goblins!"

"It's swamp goblins, damn it!"

The sound of screams and unsheathing weapons spread out here and there. I could still hear Hippolyte quietly murmur for some reason.

"It's finally time to work."

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Chapter 37: Hassan — The Swamp Local (4)

☪ Hassan — The Swamp Local (1) ☪

Goblins.

I've already met them before on the temple-cleaning quest. My state back then was rather embarrassing as I got beaten by them rather badly because I wasn't expecting a fight.

Today, however, I was ready for a battle and had a clear intention to deal with them by any and all means. It won't be the same as the last time.

Kisik- Kisisik-

Kisisis-

The goblins were looking down on us while snickering, unaware of their inevitable demise.

Stupid mud-covered scoundrels. Maybe they were looking at me and sneering with words like "Look at that guy over there, with the three swords." or some disgruntling thing along those lines.

How dare they laugh at the Santoryu sword art? Do they have a death wish?

Unacceptable!!!

"Spawns of the devil. Face my hatred that has been brewing for days."

I unsheathed two of my blades and charged at the dastardly goblins.

The muddy floor was very uncomfortable to step on, but it was not enough to stop me who was charging at those disgusting wretches faster than anyone.

"Die, ugly fuckers!"

Swing-

I cut off the head of a nearby goblin with a single horizontal swing of my sword.

K-Kyargh!

The previously excited red eyes of the goblins that had been towering over us, standing on the trees, finally dimmed, and their expression leaked a trace of panic.

I was just as panicked.

I thought I'd feel a bone or some form of restriction, but my sword went through its neck like a hot knife through butter.

Was there a creature with such a frail body? This new sword seems to be pretty good.

Or maybe my strength jumping up to 4 was what created such an astonishing feat.

Kisisis!

Kaesaeski!

"Did you just fucking curse at me, you sonuvabitch?"

I swung my sword sharply at the goblins that were aiming at me with their crude arrows. I had never learned the sword and the only other weapon I had ever picked up and had a decent amount of familiarity with was a rifle.

Swoosh- Swing- Swish-

With the help of my strong and towering physique, coupled with the long reach of my sword, I could cut off the goblin's shoulders, necks, and arms even by swinging recklessly as I was doing so at the moment. Many of the said parts were now rolling on the muddy ground, slowly submerging in its stinky depths.

"Die, bastards!"

Kyaeek!

Kaek!

More and more of these goblin bastards were falling down from the trees, the number was far greater than I thought it could be.

Some of them even tried to run away with their buttocks facing me but I had no intention of letting even a single one of them flee.

They had no choice but to die under my blades of vengeance.

Even if the way I was fighting was unsightly and ridiculous, I still had to fight for my life with all I've got.

I had no time to think about my stature, my sword style, or even what the other adventurers might think about my reckless fighting in such a tough situation. I didn't have that leeway.

"You guys are dead, rotten scums!"

Swing- Splash-

It was only after dealing with all the goblins within my field of view that I could spare a moment to glance at what the other adventurers were doing.

I could see a few goblins dangling on their feet, they were obviously struggling against these bastards.

"Renee! Something! Do something! You're the best swordswoman among us!"

"W-What do you want me to do? Just fling it away or something!"

"D-Don't touch me! Y-You're so dirty! Yuck"

Damn, what were these rascals doing? Are they really bronze-tier adventurers? These fancy armored idiots were getting done in by these weak-ass goblins? It's not like it was a breeze to me, but their performance is still so damn disappointing.

Maybe it was my fault from the very beginning— for overestimating what a bronze-tier adventurer was capable of.

Thanks to them, the value of adventurers' credibility stocks probably decreased to an all-time low, at least in my eyes.

"I-It's finally time...to use my Silence totem!"

I heard Luna's solemn and determined voice from beside me. I subconsciously rolled my eyes when I noticed Luna making a life-or-death decision while facing a single frail goblin.

Luna took out something akin to a thick and elongated stick that was hidden in her raincoat.

It was better to call it a club rather than a simple stick, something akin to a face, weirdly enough, was engraved on it, making it look like a
Jangseung. ¹<https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/e/e1/Korean.Folk.Village-Minsokchon-15.jpg/1024px-Korean.Folk.Village-Minsokchon-15.jpg>

Silence Totem?

I was rather looking forward to what, Luna, daughter of the goddess Knox, could do now.

Kisisik!

“S-Shut up!”

Luna swung it and slammed the club hard on the goblin’s head.

Gaek!

The mercilessly beaten goblin fell on the floor with a thud, convulsed slightly, then stopped moving altogether without making a single noise.

Damn, that’s why it’s a silence totem? But, isn’t this just a plain old club?

“Hassan! B-Behind you!”

Luna’s cry brought my mind back to reality — at what was happening around me. I quickly noticed a goblin swinging a rusty dagger at me from behind me. It was a sneak attack!

Kisaeki! Damnsaeki!

“Attacking me from behind? Despicable bastard, I won’t let such an offense go!”

I hurriedly waved my arms, swinging the blade in a last-ditch effort to kill it before the nasty bastard could attack me. The goblin, however, nimbly avoided my blind swings and raised up his dagger with a murderous glint, eager to stab me dead with its rusty blade.

Damn it, this is gonna hurt. Just as I resolved myself to the incoming pain.

Pyong-

Something akin to a bullet pierced through the air and hit the goblin’s head, shattering it like an explosive.

“Hassan of Samaria. How very fierce! Like a wild beast randomly swinging its horn to tear apart everything it could lay its eyes upon! Reckless yet brutally effective.”

“H-Hippolyte!”

“The rumor about you slaughtering more than 100 people must have been true, right? This is really an amazing feat, especially for a mere iron-tier adventurer.”

Did she just kill a goblin just by flicking a small pebble with her fingers? This has to be some kind of magic missile, otherwise, it doesn't make sense how a random pebble could burst its head apart like that. So fucking scary, damn it!

The value of the adventurers' credibility stock which had previously plummeted rose so high it even went public. This is how adventurers should be!

Man, no matter how strong I'll get, I don't think I could ever reach her level. Was she even a human being to begin with?

A total of 40 goblins were slaughtered by our combined force of 20 adventurers.

We began looting the fangs and crude junk from the corpses without bothering to chase after the fleeing goblins.

These bastards that lived in the swamps only had crude daggers and wooden arrows as weapons, they were so out of shape that most of them were rusty and crumbling apart with a few swings. Taking them would net us nothing and would create an additional burden instead.

“Hey, shithead. I'm the one who killed this goblin.”

“D-Do you have any proof?”

“Proof? Look at the clean cut on its right side, look how clean that is. I was definitely the one to kill it, okay?”

A member of the Sword Maidens was trying to loot one of the goblins I had killed. She looked scared and hesitated after I shouted at her to bugger off.

“Ah...”

“Piss off! Where did you learn to pull off this kind of shit? Are you really an adventurer or a petty thief?”

I frowned as if I had a lot to criticize about her. She soon left the scene and rejoined her party without replying anything.

Damn it, this scene reminded me of how my sister would covet other people's possession and would try to take them for herself. Ironically, she would get angry at others for doing the same thing. Wicked bitch!

Anyway, I ended up getting 40 fangs after slaughtering 10 goblins by myself. 40 coppers, That's a great harvest already!

Last time, I was heavily wounded after dealing with only 5 of them and even ended up collapsing in exhaustion. This time, however, I was only out of breath after killing 10 of them, I wasn't even the slightest bit injured!

Damn, you've grown up, Hassan! Is this the power of level 9? Maybe it's the power of Santoryu art?

"Look, Hassan! I got two, holy shh! I feel so great! What do you think?"

Luna was happily pulling out the fangs of a goblin. While it's amazing that I killed 10 goblins I was even more amazed at the fact that Luna was able to kill two of them by herself.

Some people were even talented enough to kill people by just throwing a pebble at their head... Maybe she'll become a famous killer in the future too.

Just as the goblin looting session was going to end.

"Huh, huuh. I-It hurts..."

"Your life isn't in any danger. Although it penetrated deep in your flesh, it, fortunately, missed your vital organs."

In a corner, Hippolyte was checking the state of the coachman who had previously been hit by an arrow. She then began giving instructions to the adventurers beside her after stating her insights about the old man's current state.

"Report all injuries and loot before sunset today."

The silver-ranked Alpha Girl of our pack of 20 adventurers began doing her job. It seemed very boring to look at, so I decided to find something else to do.

Rustle- Splash- Splash-

"Hah!"

The priestess jumped in surprise as if she had met a molester. She then fell flat on the mud and bowed to me with a quivering tone!

"W-What brings you here? I-I'm sorry for showing you my lacking appearance. I didn't expect you to show up all of a sudden."

"...Yeah?"

I was dazed and somehow felt guilty when she suddenly bowed to me in that fashion.

Damn it, I shouldn't be feeling guilty over simply approaching a woman like this. What was she even doing?

Why was she acting this formal all of a sudden? It felt like something religious, maybe something related to the god she worshipped? While I was mulling over that thought, the woman got up and shook off the dust and mud from her body with her palms then spoke.

"Oh, I'm sorry... I mistook you for someone else. Really... It often happens since I am unable to see. Don't worry."

"I see. Then can you move your feet a bit? You're stepping on the body of a goblin."

"Ah, I see."

Hehe, that was a corpse no one had looted yet. 4 free coppers, all up for grabs! Just as I was enthusiastically going to recover the goblin's fangs, the priestess who was looking down in my direction spoke in a whispery tone.

Well, she wasn't really looking at me, as she couldn't really see, but that's just how it looked like to me.

"Hassan, you're Hassan, right? You're an outstanding warrior, these goblins attacked a wheeled carriage that was stuck in the mud. Do you think it's a coincidence?"

"So, you think the Goblins dug a trap to catch us here?"

"Maybe... the world has been changing rapidly lately. It wouldn't strike me as strange if these goblins suddenly learned to dig traps."

Cassandra, the priestess from Delphi, seemed to be feeling anxious about the idea of goblins working together and using a well-thought-out strategy like this, after the goblin attack.

I casually agreed with her. The fact that goblins existed was weird enough already.

To me, a man from a world without any magic or mythical creatures, nothing these bastards could do was stranger than their existence itself.

"Alright, it'd better if we camp here for now. The ground is tough and we have enough space for everyone. What do you think Lord Destroyer?"

"I'll trust Miss Hippolyte's judgment. It'd be dangerous to run into the mud at night. We also have spring water nearby, so we'll be able to clean our dirty equipment and our bodies of the filthy mud."

"Then let's camp here. Everyone get ready to unpack!"

After concerting each other, the two silver adventurers decided that stopping the carriage in this large open space was for the best and we thus began unpacking.

"It's an abandoned temple."

Cassandra muttered to herself. She seemed to know what was happening around better than me despite being blind.

"Look over there, Hassan! It's stone statues. Won't something come out from inside if we break them?"

Maybe because she remembered what happened in the temple cleaning quest, Luna shouted while pointing at the broken and corroded statues.

"Breaking the statues? You must not do such a blasphemous act."

Luna hid the silence totem that she just pulled out back into her raincoat at Cassandra's hurried dissuasion. I also sheathed back my sword alongside that. I had no clue if there was anything inside anyway, best not to anger anyone this way.

Breaking the stone statue in front of the others seemed like a taboo. Destroying religious symbols was bound to be considered profane or hostile to a religious person like Cassandra.

"A Goddess... This part of the sculpture looks like a sickle in her hand... We're in a temple of Ceres."

Cassandra was scouring the rough surface of the statue with her hands. Then, Hippolyte, the female warrior with her waving red cape, approached her and asked.

"Priestess of Delphi. We're going to camp here today. Have you received any oracles?"

"None."

"Then let's camp here. Unpack and get ready to spend the night everyone."

Thus, I began preparing to settle down. We sat around the camp in groups and shared our dry rations.

My share of food was a tough bread, I was too afraid of biting into it with force and breaking my teeth in the process. Wouldn't it be better to melt it in water at least?

This was more of a weapon than food... "Will the bastard in front of me collapse if I hit him with it." was what I was thinking right now sitting alongside the other adventurers.

"T-That's hard to eat."

Even Luna, who liked abysmal foods like stargazy pies and mint chocolate, was struggling with something this tough.

"We lost some water bottles while battling against the goblins. Just take it on yourself and eat them tough."

Crunch-

Hippolyte was biting the bread like she was eating chocolate. I could clearly feel my little brother shrinking from that sound alone. Damn, is she a hippo or what?

After finishing this hard meal, which felt more like self-harm, Hippolyte called out to everyone and then shouted in a loud voice.

"It looks like everyone is done so focus on me. After deliberating with Lord Destroyer, we decided on who's on the night watch. I'll call them out right now."

Damn, even a night watch?

Fortunately or maybe, unfortunately, I was picked to keep a night watch during the second shift.

The second shift is in one word the 'Worst'. It was a very hard time to keep watch since— before the start of the watch you had finally gotten the chance to let your body rest after a hectic day of adventuring, however, before you could even fully rest and let the tiredness of the day melt away with a much-needed sleep, you had to wake up abruptly, when the first shift was over and resist your sleepiness until the morning. There was no time to rest afterward as it was time for another day of adventuring... yet again.

Luna ended up being a part of the second shift too. While it was certainly unlucky, that was still miles better than what Marco was currently going through over there— on the other side of the camp...

"Mr. Marco, we're using the same tent. I think we're going to have a good time. Let's have a male-only night, shall we?"

"H-Hii! Oh, Lord Mercury!!! Don't put me to the test!"

Damn, poor Marco. I'm glad I wasn't in his place. This is karma, bitch! You should have paid your debts.

"Wow, you're really good at making tents, Hassan. Yours is the best I've ever seen in these lands. It's just like the ones our elders used to set up back in Ideope."

I, who had raised a cramped Type-A tent for two, was in fact not happy with how it came out. It was crudely made because of the lack of materials, but Luna seemed to be awed by it nonetheless.

"It's very cozy. I can't feel the wind too. I can't believe hanging a raincoat on the side would have this much of an effect inside. Take these fluorescent fireflies! How is it? Doesn't it make it brighter inside the tent? I caught a few of them after dinner earlier. I'm glad that we can use them this way."

Luna smiled brightly while hanging a glass bottle atop the tent. Inside it was bugs I couldn't recognize. They were buzzing around the bottle while producing dazzling light.

"D-Don't you mind using the same tent as me?"

"Why? Is there anything wrong with me being here with you?"

"I mean, usually men sleep with men and women with women."

"I-I don't want to sleep with the sword maidens."

While it was very common for regular parties to use the same tent, some were still reluctant to sleep with the opposite gender. But Luna didn't seem to care about that at all.

"Also, I like it here since the tent is so big!"

"That's a given since my body is rather big. The space has to be much larger than normal after all."

"The floor is soft too, just like an inn bed! Where did you learn all of this?"

"I used to know someone who was very picky about their lodgings."

"Someone you know... Is it a former colleague? A hometown friend, perhaps?"

Damn, there was no way I could call Elfriede a colleague. So, while I was brooding on how to answer Luna, she simply stretched out her arms and lied on the floor in a careless fashion.

“Haa... I’m so very tired and sleepy today. I just washed my body in the spring water and feel very drowsy.”

Slowly- Gently-

The wind was pushing her crude raincoat apart revealing her soft white flesh. Maybe because she just had dinner, her slightly round and convex belly immediately caught my attention.

Looking at her white skin, memories of its warmth and smooth texture naturally came to my mind.

At the same time, I felt my heart beat faster, heat rushed up all the way to my face and even my lower body became full of vitality.

“I was going to keep it on since you gifted it to me, but it’s too uncomfortable to sleep in. I’m gonna take it off while I sleep.”

Wait, you’re taking off your raincoat here? Do you even care about the state I’m in right now? Damn it.

Luna was simply laughing, blissfully ignorant of my inner turmoil.

“I’m glad you set up the tent right now, Hassan. My whole body was hurting and I felt like I could die any minute. The hard wagon made my butt hurt so much... My arm is still also sore from swinging the silence totem so much today.”

Luna went “Huuh...” while gently pressing down on the sore flesh of her soft arms.

As I was entranced at the sight of her white and smooth-looking armpits, my true thoughts leaked out of my mouth.

“...D-Do you want me to give you a massage?”

“...Huh?”

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Chapter 38: Hassan — The Swamp Local (5)

☞ Hassan — The Swamp Local (5) ☜

As I was entranced by the mesmerizing sight of her white and smooth armpits, unconsciously, my true thoughts leaked out.

“Are your muscles really sore? Do you want me to give you a massage?”

“...Huh?”

Silence spread throughout the cramped tent after her short exclamation, hearing my dubious words. Regret filled my whole body the moment I broke out of my stupor.

Contrary to the last time, I wasn't trying to rid her of curses or any soreness her body might be suffering from. This time, my suggestion was purely motivated by my sudden desire to touch her supple body.

Although I didn't have much experience with women, I knew for a fact that they inherited great senses to detect insidious intentions when it came to men.

No matter how naive and innocent Luna may be, or rather because of those exact characteristics, there was no way she wouldn't be able to see through my obvious intentions.

Inhale- Exhale-

Luna and I get along rather well. I hope it won't get awkward between us because of my stupid blunder.

“What did you just say, Hassan?”

Damn, she really asked me again. I don't know if she actually didn't hear me the first time or if she was just playing dumb to give me a leeway to correct my blunder.

I now have two options.

- 1. Play dumb too and correct this subconscious mistake of mine.**
- 2. Repeat what I just said and walk on the path of no return.**

A few seconds passed as I was experiencing great inner conflict, hesitating to choose between the two. The right answer was obvious, but I felt as if my little brother was

frustratingly shouting at me to damn it all and just choose the second option as soon as I could.

I knew that making decisions by listening to one's libido would spell for nothing short of a disaster. Thus, I decided to listen to my trusty, cold and rational mind instead.

My rational mind then spurred me to voice out my decision. I was done choosing.

"Do you want me to give you a massage? I'm pretty good at that actually."

"I-Is that so...?"

While there were faint traces of suspicion rippling in her emerald eyes, she didn't look as wary or embarrassed as I pictured her to be in my mind. Well, the start was good at least.

"They said we might have to face cultists tomorrow. It's better to relieve your muscles of any stress or soreness right now so that you can be ready to move your body freely by tomorrow. It will help immensely when the time to fight comes."

"I-Is that so..."

I had already massaged Luna's body before.

At that time, the goddess Knox, or whatever the hell her name was, had appeared, and Luna's memory of that incident had been thoroughly wiped out. Because of that, although it was my second time, it felt very much like it was the first time I was giving her a massage.

Her emerald eyes were trembling a lot. She was probably wondering in confusion how it would feel to have a massage, or perhaps she was thinking hard if it was even a good idea to let this strange dark-skinned man, who was me, touch her body.

"It won't be painful or strange. I'll stop whenever you ask me to."

"Hu, Heuuu... T-Then a q-quick one... please..."

Oh yes, it fucking worked!

"Then lie down with your back facing the ceiling."

"Like this?"

Fall-

Luna hesitantly turned her back to me, exposing her waist and the back of her smooth knees. Although I'd seen them before it still somehow felt like a new vista to me, as though I had seen them for the very first time.

Just like how experiencing certain things can change your perspective in different ways, I don't know if the prior knowledge of the soft sensations of her skin made me have a different outlook on them.

"D-Don't press too hard. I have cramps all over my body and just brushing my teeth is enough to make me feel a lot of pain all over."

"No need to worry about that. Let me check your pulse first."

Touch-

The usual letters appeared with a familiar Ding- sound after I touched Luna's wrist.

[Stats] Luna Knoxdotty

Level: 3 → 8

Conditions: Curse of Knox » Curse of Erebor » Severe growing pains » Mild Headache»

She directly went from level 3 to level 8? Holy fucking shit!!! All the blood that had previously rushed out to my lower body went up to my head again with the reveal of that earth-shaking information.

Wait, what did she do exactly that warranted an increase of 5 whole levels? And that too in such a short time? Wait, wait, wait, now that I properly think about it, I did release her 《Curse of Weakening Growth》 previously.

Was it the reason behind her skyrocketing growth? Or was this because Luna was the daughter of that strange being called Knox? Whatever it was, those were the only things I could think of that attested to her sudden upgrade in the level department like this. My dull brain wasn't able to come up with any other valid reason.

"Ha-Hassan. Is there something wrong with my wrist?"

"Luna, is your head aching??"

"... A little? Yes, now that I think about it, my head is hurting a bit for a while. Did I tell you about that before? Did you just figure that out just by touching my wrist!? That's amazing, Hassan!!!"

"Yeah, actually, I can infer a lot just by touching someone's wrist and getting their pulse. It's a secret technique that is widespread in the wilderness of Samaria. It's a must-have skill to survive there."

"I-I see. It's not i-illegal, right? The gods don't really like that..."

I began wondering if I would be the main character of a Stone Festival if Luna reported me as an illegal medicine practitioner. Damn it, I have to avoid that scenario no matter what!

"It's nothing of the sort. It's just a massage to relieve the built-up tension in the muscles. Well, I'm gonna start now. I'll be sitting on your body throughout the massaging session, so, just tell me if you feel like I'm too heavy."

"Ugh, Ung. It's okay, you're not that heavy."

I finally started the massage. I began by touching a red spot that had popped up on the back of Luna's neck, it was the Fengchi point, the same spot where I had touched Nemea the last time I had given her a massage.

Just like the last time, I only remembered the name and forgot what kind of effect pressing on it would have on the body.

Hmm, doesn't the blood that goes to the eyes, ears, and brain flow through the arteries mix here? Pressing here should probably relieve her of her mild headache. Damn it, that isn't what's most important right now, I should just stop thinking stray thoughts and continue with this massage.

Luna's neck looked thin and fragile as if it would break with the slightest amount of force applied. Pressing on the Fengchi point with my thumbs will definitely hurt, maybe doing it with my relatively thin indexes will make it hurt less? It's definitely worth a try.

I pressed and held on that spot for 3 to 5 seconds, just enough for her to feel slight pain but not too much. Soon after, I slowly started doing some rotations to enhance the effect of the massage.

"Huh, Huuuh..."

Luna's body was trembling a lot, and groans of, what I could only interpret as pain, were leaking out of her mouth.

"Hey, hey. Does it hurt? Should I go slower?"

"No... M-My head is feeling really cool... Like cold water was poured over it... The feeling is spreading all over... Mmmm"

“Tell me if it hurts then, okay?”

“Huh, Huung... A-Alright. It doesn't hurt a lot... What, what's this sudden feeling? So refreshing!!! HUUUUUH...”

Listening to her like this felt good in its own way.

I, then, began pressing on her back and neck like a meticulous and dedicated craftsman. Luna trembled while producing strange sounds with each of my rigorous presses.

“Ha-Hassan... I think it's working...! Your massage is working wonders!!!”

“Of course, it is.”

“Oh, Oaaah...”

Luna's body then trembled erratically, as though she felt sudden chills creep up all over her small body.

Ding-

『Luna Knox Dotty's Mild Headache has been healed. 』 『Task Numbers + 10』

Words informing me that Luna's headache had been resolved appeared in front of my eyes.

After having put my ability to the test, again and again, I grew to become fully confident of whatever it was claiming.

All that's left now are her growing pains.

The spots causing those pains were spread all over her body. Some were even in the areas of her body that I was a little reticent to touch.

Nervously, I put my shaking hands on Luna's waist, I was afraid the terrifying entity, known as the mother of the night— Knox, would appear again.

“Ugh... My muscles hurt so much.”

Luna was wriggling and moaning out in pain with each of my methodical presses on her erector spinae. Well, that's a natural reaction for someone with severe muscle aches.

I couldn't bear to look at her being in so much pain.

So I held Luna's whole slender waist, clasping it with both of my large hands, and then pressed as gently as I could with the wide part of my thumb on the red spots over her erector spinae.

"Haaa... I-It hurts... so much..."

"It hurts?"

Her muscle pain was a lot worse than I had previously expected it to be. Let's relax a little.

"Gyaaahhh..."

As though I was holding the most precious object in the world, I put all my heart and meticulousness into this massage. I could feel her tight and rigid body slowly loosen up under my rigorous care.

I lost count of how long I'd been massaging the spots on her back like this.

"Does it still hurt?"

"I-It was hurting in the beginning, b-but now..."

Luna looked like she couldn't utter even a single word anymore. She was slumped like a deflated balloon, probably tired out of her wits. With trembling hands, she grabbed her clothes from the ground and used them to muffle her voice instead of just using her hands. She was probably exhausted from all the groaning, and her arms were probably sore too. This was indeed a better approach...

"Ugh..."

Slip-

I was finally done with the spots on Luna's thighs at that point, but nothing appeared in front of my eyes anymore. I was sure that I had cleared up all the spots, but it seems I might have missed some.

Therefore, I began looking all over Luna's body, until I took a cursory glance at the gap between her armpits.

Red spots appeared under the smooth and soft folded ridges of pale white flesh.

"Hah, Hahaah-!"

Luna burst into uncontrollable laughter when I started rubbing the sides of her armpits with my hands.

“It tickles!”

I liked how cheerful her tone was, her carefree laughter was a delight to my ears. But it was well past the time to sleep, so, we would probably be cursed by the other adventurers if we make too much noise, causing them to wake up.

“Shhh, everyone’s sleeping right now. So, keep your voice down.”

“A-Alright. B-But... It’s so embarrassing... It tickles, Hahaheuheu, it tickles so much... Hag...”

It can’t be helped since I had started already. Then, I started to fully focus on the spots on Luna’s armpits, not letting any stray thoughts cloud my mind.

“Raise your arms. Open them wide. Yeah, just like that.”

“Heu, Heuheu, but it tickles so much.”

Since the lymph nodes were situated under the layers of the armpits, stimulating this area would lead to the disposal of the waste in the body.

That’s what my father used to say back in the day, not that I cared about that right now.

The armpits of the first woman I had ever touched felt smooth and really fragile.

The skin under my thumb felt so very thin that I had no choice but to wonder if I would leave a mark if I pressed on it a tad bit harder.

I kept vigorously pressing down on her armpits with my thumbs, in other moments, I also did a twirling motion around them for a few minutes.

“Heueueu.”

Hearing her waning voice, I wondered if Luna, who was previously uncontrollably laughing and moaning because of the tickling, didn’t have any more energy left in her.

Perhaps she had a change of heart? Anyway, her mouth was currently shut and her body was twitching intermittently under my palms.

“Ah, Haah... Hang...”

My heart was pounding faster and faster with each and every sweet moan leaking out of her mouth.

In addition to rubbing and touching a woman's body, I could even hear her cute breaths and sweet moans like this. My little brother was in its hardest state. It couldn't get any harder than this, I was sure of it.

In fact, my now solid schlong was stabbing Luna's buttocks with enough energy to pierce her pants. Fortunately, Luna was only half-conscious and didn't notice it, at least for now.

But, it was her butt. It was so very soft and squishy.

Scratch- Soft-

"Ha-Hassan, That place!"

"Stay still. We're reaching the most important part of our massaging session right now."

I moved my body behind Luna's sweaty calves, and then grabbed Luna's attractive and smooth-looking buttocks with both of my hands. Without any delay, I rolled up the thin white cloth covering them.

It was small enough to be covered by my palms, but it was very soft and elastic at the same time. The feeling of touching her cushy butt couldn't be compared to anything I'd ever touched before. It was simply the best.

"T-The most important part...?"

"Yes."

Actually, a muscle cramp in the butt and hip area could cause a person to feel some discomfort when sitting, walking, or even running.

Jiggle-

Her butt was wonderfully elastic as it popped up again as soon as I removed my thumbs from their previous pressed state.

It was like a white pudding that had the warmth and softness of a human being. Well, maybe pudding wasn't really the best object of comparison here but that's just how far my vocabulary went. It was pathetic, I know.

"Th-That place... Haaa..."

Luna was about to say something but immediately stopped in her tracks when I pressed on her butt again with my thumbs and spun it around in contradictory motions. It was better to apply a lot of force here since this part of the body had a lot of flesh and could cushion the pressure without inflicting any major pain.

“Haaaah...”

“Tell me if it hurts.”

“I-It doesn’t hurt...”

Luna stopped talking altogether and simply closed her mouth. I didn’t ask her any questions after that. I put all my focus on pressing on her butt with my thumbs and sometimes held it in position to apply prolonged force, targeting a particular spot.

Of course, I didn’t really have to squeeze and hold it like this, but that’s what I felt like doing currently. The sensations of her soft butt were simply addictive. My whole body was heating up like the wheels of a skidding train, heading downhill with broken brakes.

“Hahhh. Hang... Ha-Hassan, stop it... please...”

I think Luna said something to me but nothing was reaching my ears anymore.

I suddenly felt all my thoughts getting paralyzed to a single chant— “Touch!” as both my cold and rational mind and my little brother were echoing the same word repeatedly in my mind.”

Luna was no doubt a woman. So she must also have the same soft, warm, and moist place between those smooth and plump thighs of hers as every other woman does.

What would happen if I put my little brother, that was swelling to the point of hurting, inside that place of wonder? Those thoughts kept repeating like a broken record in my disconcerted mind.

“Heu, Heuuu, Haaa, Ang...”

The cramped A-type tent, where two people could barely fit, was filled with the subtle and strange smell of her sweat and her weak moans of pleasure and pain.

Whether it was because of the sweat of my hands, or the one she excreted, Luna’s bottom had now become shiny and wet.

“Ha-Hassan... I don’t think... this is just a simple massage anymore... That... I-Is it that? Did you want to do that with me all along?”

“Huh, Hmm?”

“...B-Baby making... Y-You asked me... if I knew how to yesterday, Hah... You always glance at my chest too...”

“T-That...”

"I... I made a vow of chastity... I'll be sentenced to death if I break it... Huuh... Ha-Hassan... Please... Don't."

Luna's lewd voice calling out to me reached my ears, pleading me with something. But I couldn't hear it clearly. Her voice was just ringing in my head like the repeated echoes of my own name— "Hassan, Hassan..."...

Hassan, Hassan...

"Hassan, Hassan! Hassan of Samaria, is he asleep already? Come on brother, your shift is starting. So, come out already!"

Wait, fucking hell, someone is actually calling me.

Shit!!!!

It was kinda weird to translate this chapter, seeing Hassan acting maidenless was.... meh.

Chapter 39: Hassan — The Swamp Local (6)

☞ Hassan — The Swamp Local (6) ☞

Two hideous-looking men were looking down at me with criticizing gazes as I got out of the tent after adjusting my messy clothes from all the sweat.

"Get here quickly, brother! Don't you know that it's common courtesy to arrive at your post slightly before the beginning of your shift? Why were you being so late?"

"Oh, I didn't know, I'm extremely sorry."

I bent my body slightly, it was with the intention that they wouldn't notice the bulge in my pants that way. At the same time, it gave the impression that I was being apologetic for my lack of decorum. It was like killing two birds with one stone.

"Ah, Hmm?"

It seems that my sincere apology had done its trick since the two men looked at each other with a blend of embarrassed and blank expressions. They probably didn't expect that a savage from Samaria like me would apologize to them in such a fashion.

"Well, that's good, then. We'll let it slide this time since you apologized so earnestly."

The bronze tier adventurer coughed and then continued to speak in a level tone.

“There’s not much to do anyway. Just check if there are wild beasts nearby, and make sure the bonfire won’t run out of firewood. Oh, and...”

The middle-aged man suddenly paused, at the end of his explanation, he hesitated briefly before warning me in a whispery tone.

“The person who’s on the same shift as you is kind of... strange, so just consider it as working alone. Well, we’ll be going now. Don’t worry, the shift will pass in a jiffy if you just sit by the bonfire and hit up a conversation or two with your partner.”

“Next time, don’t forget to wake up early,” they shouted with their backs facing me. Soon, they disappeared into their tent.

I wonder who’s standing guard with me. The fact that the bronze-ranked adventurer duo warned me about them left me slightly unsettled.

With that thought in mind, I looked towards the bonfire that was set up in the very middle of all the tents, trying to find the identity of my shift partner. There, I was greeted with the sight of a woman basking under the warmth of the campfire, her whole body was covered in an assortment of black clothes.

I’ve already seen this woman before. In fact, I had even talked with her during the journey.

Her name was Cassandra, I believe. Cassandra, the priestess from Delphi.

Holy shit, she’s blind. Who’s the idiot that made a disabled person like her take part in the night watch?

It’s a really inhumane and barbaric system. Do these savages not even have the slightest bit of conscience?

“It must be hard for you, being on the night watch like this... Do you want me to take over for you? You can go and rest, I’m sufficient enough to keep guard.”

I approached the priestess and politely asked. The blind priestess just quietly laughed at my polite inquiry and shifted closer to the bonfire before speaking.

“It’s okay. The distinction between light and darkness is nothing to someone like me, who can’t even see anything. That aside, yours is the weirdest form of Karma I’ve ever seen. You look like someone I know, but I’m not really sure.”

“Someone you know?”

I still remember the incident when she mistook me for someone else and suddenly bowed to me in a subservient manner. How ironic for a blind person to say that she was confusing people up.

Was she distinguishing people by her sense of smell? Maybe she had developed enhanced touch and smelling senses since she couldn't use her eyes.

Interrupting my thoughts, she started speaking again.

"I'm sure you know him too. He's the one that brightly shines high above in the infinite sky. He who controls the light and the future of the world."

"You mean the sun god?"

"Hahaha. The sun god, how blasphemous for you to refer to the great him as such. But yes, you're indeed correct. Your karma looks and feels very similar to his. How could a savage that came from the wilderness have similar karma to the sun god? Intriguing."

"About that, could it be because I've been blessed by the sun god?"

"Blessing? You've been blessed by Apollo? How could that be.....?"

Having said that, Cassandra abruptly reached out to me with her palms. I panicked at her sudden behavior and pulled back from her grasp.

"Wh-What?"

"Ah, I'm terribly sorry. Please wait, will you allow me to touch your face? It has become a habit of mine to touch anything I can't see since I've become blind..."

"Th-That's fine, I guess."

Rustle-

Her soft and smooth palms touched my face. Her fingers were very cold, like frozen ice, very different from the temperature one would expect from someone basking near the warmth of a campfire for god knows how long.

Now that I think about it, her black clothes looked rather thin, like the light-wear rich women wore at night. Moreover, the cold night probably affected her blood circulation. Maybe that was the reason her hands felt so cold?

Well, even though her hands were cold, it didn't feel bad by any means. She then scratched some of my facial hair, with her fingertips, while going through my cheeks and nose.

"You have a lot of hair. Weird."

"I-Is that bad?"

"You must have received Apollo's blessing not too long ago. Those that are blessed by Apollo... their hair tends to fall out and their forehead eventually starts shining like the bright rays of the sun."

Damn, for real? Was my hair really going to fall off?

This is definitely the most terrifying thing I've heard in the past two years. Fuck, can I get rid of this blessing somehow? I don't want to lose my precious hair!

I was reminded of the shiny head of the adventurer who had lost to my Santoryu sword style. Shit, now that I think about it, he did claim he was the son of the sun god or something.

Fucking hell! I need to stop that scenario at any cost.

"Can I stop that? My hair falling out, I mean."

"It doesn't always happen, of course. The influence of blessings can be hard for humans to endure and it's usually expressed in their appearance... Hassan of Samaria... If you truly dedicate your heart and strong body to faith in the sun god, you won't lose your hair, I promise you that."

"I-I see."

She then continued to grope my face for a while longer. It was starting to get rather uncomfortable, to be frank. She was infinitely close to stabbing my eyes or putting her fingers in my nostrils many many times, so much so that I had lost count.

Fuck, how long is she going to do this? I hope she washed her hands at least, otherwise, my face will become dirty.

"After touching you, I can say that it's definitely different from him. Karma exists in different forms, his was very brilliant but yours... it's like... like..."

The priestess didn't speak anymore after saying the word "Like..." several times, like a stuttering parrot. Wasn't it kinda vicious to just stop there? Was she indirectly asking me for money? Would she only tell me the rest if I paid her?

"It's like?"

3 coppers were the most I was willing to pay for this, so I cautiously asked her again in a probing tone.

“Hmmm, like...”

The priestess seemed to be hesitating to answer. But soon, she reluctantly replied after taking a short pause.

“... Your karma is like a huge castle. However, with only the foundation being laid. To describe it clearly, it's like a huge but empty bowl. What kind of life did you live? It's like you're not even a being of this world...”

“Hmm? Are you perhaps saying that I am broad-minded and generous? Your words don't make sense otherwise...”

Was it perhaps because she couldn't see? The senses of this woman named Cassandra were pretty sharp. I can't believe she guessed my true identity by just touching my face. Is this magic, perhaps? Was she a witch too?”

“If you don't mind telling me, can you really guess all of this just by touching me?”

“It's thanks to my blessing. I also received a blessing from a lofty being when I was younger.”

“Aha... It makes sense now.”

“Of course, I don't deserve such a blessing. I'm a sinner, after all. To I, who dared to directly look at the sun god, being blind was a very light punishment.”

Was her blindness a side effect of receiving the blessing?

My curiosity was piqued and I wanted to ask more. But seeing Cassandra close her mouth shut, I reluctantly stopped myself from uttering my queries. I didn't want to tackle what seemed like a touchy subject to her.

If it was Marco, he would have questioned her without caring about her feelings. Let's not be like that clumsy clown.

I kept gazing blankly at the campfire, not knowing if it was time to add more firewood or not. I don't think I can hold on for another hour or two like this.

I somehow felt nostalgic, thinking of the earlier warmth and softness I felt from massaging Luna all over.

It was really supple. Luna was trying to say something at the end... I wonder what would have happened were we not interrupted by those adventurers.

It definitely did feel like something was going to happen in that steamy mood.

Just as I was immersed in my own delusional thoughts...

"Erm, please forget what I said earlier."

"What?"

"I can't even walk a few meters without tripping on a stone or a hole... It was presumptuous of me to act like I knew something about the subject of your karma. If possible, please forget it ever happened."

"If that's what you want... I will."

Cassandra never spoke again after stating that. She just recited prayers in front of the campfire and sometimes added firewood to it.

This priestess of the sun god seemed to be finding joy in taking care of the small fire. Perhaps she was imagining it to be blazing around.

Maybe she wanted to set the whole place on fire. Everyone had an inner desire to set everything ablaze at least once in their lives.

I didn't have anything to say to her either, so I just stood up and did simple stretching and gymnastics to pass the time.

I also checked our surroundings for any signs of wild beasts from time to time.

As I was spacing out from the boredom, it was finally time for the next shift. So, I went to pass the baton to the next batch.

I stood in front of one of the tents of the Sword Maidens, where the people responsible for the next shift were sleeping.

I tried to get their attention by calling them out "Hmm, Rene, Tifa."... Soon, two women wearing armor and holding weapons in their hands appeared from inside the tent.

Screech- Schwing-

"Yawn, It's our turn already? You didn't wake us up earlier than necessary, right?"

"No, I didn't."

"Yaaaawn..."

The bronze-ranked women began stretching out. Looking at their appearance for the past few days, I couldn't really call their rough skins and freckled faces pretty.

But under the moonlight like this, they looked very lovely. Even their rough and unkempt blond hair, which looked like a crow's nest, was still worth looking at under the dazzling radiance of the moonlight.

Amazoness Rene, who looked like a country girl with her blond hair flowing down her back, asked with a sleepy voice.

"Anything unusual?"

"Nothing of importance."

"Alright, that aside... Hassan of Samaria. Aren't you a little too dirty? Why don't you go wash up in the spring there before going to sleep? Even if you were originally a barbarian from the wildlands you should follow the customs of civilized people now!"

Fuck, never did I think I'd be lectured about being civil by a woman who was wielding a sword and shouting like a deranged beast.

Well, it's not like they were wrong though.

As I had been rolling through the thick mud, during today's intense battle, pieces of dried and putrid mud were staining my leather clothes and protective equipment.

I tried washing up in the spring earlier but the waiting line was so long that I just gave up on it. Since everyone is asleep now, this should be an opportune time to go to the spring and get rid of all of this filth.

My soaring little brother will probably be calmed down as well by the cool water. Damn it, how long are you going to stay up for? Little bastard, are you trying to rebel?

I then headed to the small stream next to the abandoned temple. I couldn't help but be anxious at the possibility of a wild beast coming out of the odd fog surrounding the area, catching me off guard.

Still, I was able to walk with a confident gait. Killing ten goblins without much pressure raised my confidence in my abilities somehow.

Ripple-

I kept walking towards the sounds of the flowing water until I ended up facing something like a small lake or a brook.

The moonlight reflecting on the water alongside the beautiful flowers surrounding it made the sight of this brook extremely enchanting. It could mesmerize anyone with its ephemeral beauty.

It looked empty after a quick glance over, so I took off my clothes and tried to get in. But...

Ripple-

The water suddenly rippled and something appeared from under the water. Damn it, is it an ancient god this time? Or a human-eating water ghost? A kind of monster that will grab your ankles and sink you.

This sudden development scared the living shit out of me.

Looking closely, however, I noticed that it was neither. It was actually a person. A tough-looking body with smooth tanned skin shining and moving graciously, full of vigor, under the moonlight.

But what caught my eyes the most was the medley of the large and puffy chest with firm-looking pink nipples sticking out, enchantingly trimmed midriff, wide pelvis, and the glistening wet brown bush peeking out from between the person's thighs.

I-It's...

I looked away in a hurry. Startled brown eyes with something akin to astonishment brewing in them met my gobsmacked gaze.

The woman then hurriedly covered her chest with her arms and plunged back into the water, shouting out in an enraged tone soon after.

"Y-You-!"

"H-Hippolyte...! I-It's a..."

I was utterly fucked. She could blow up a goblin's head just by throwing a pebble at it. I can't believe I saw the naked body of such a woman.

I had to lay on my bed for several days after witnessing Elfriede changing, and subsequently getting slapped by her.

Elfriede was a relatively frail-bodied witch while this woman was a full-fledged female warrior that fought with her body. I think I will just keep spinning 720 degrees and then fly off who knows where if she slaps me right now.

“Why are you naked? A-Are you trying to attack me!!? Do you intend to molest this esteemed Hippolyte, daughter of Mars?”

“Well, I can explain it...”

“Explain it? That vicious-looking thing over there, dangling between your legs, is more than enough to explain everything. What’s more there to explain?”

Hippolyte pointed between my legs with her trembling index finger and shouted out. Indeed the object between my legs was ready for some vigorous workout.

But it wasn’t in that state after looking at her body. I couldn’t deny the fact that it had a little impact on making it a tad bit harder, but it was mostly because of the previous circumstances with Luna back in the tent.

“Pervert...! Were you waiting for the moonlit night to pull this off? You’re so wicked-! I’ll scream if you do anything to me!”

Hippolyte began breathing heavily with trembling breaths. Seeing her chest go up and down in a rapid motion, I felt I could vividly imagine the scenes of how her body would move and react if I were to have sex with her.

Shit, what if other people saw this scene? Weren’t the Sword Maidens, Hippolyte’s companions, just out there, keeping the night watch?

Being merely accused as a molester would probably be the best direction this terrible case could lead to if they were to discover this scene. In the worst case, they would most definitely mercilessly cut off my little brother and pierce my heart without even letting me plead my innocence; they would probably not even ask a question before taking action.

... Bleeding to death after having my schlong cut? I need to avoid that at any cost!!!

So, I dived into the water without wasting any more time and threw out my hands towards Hippolyte’s lips before she could start to scream out.

“Y-You, savage bastard! I-Is there anyone-!”

I can’t believe I am covering the mouth of an adventurer of the same level as Elfriede.

It was even more reckless and brave than a rat swaggeringly going in and out of a lion’s mouth, but I had no time to worry about that right now. I had to save both my and my little brother’s life, damn it.

“U-Umb!”

“Sh-shhh! Please, b-be quiet!”

“Uuuumb!”

Hippolyte ferociously tried to resist me with fierce actions, splashing water all over us in the process. She was recklessly swinging her fists, trying to shake off my hold, however, she was hitting me with a much weaker force than I imagined her to exert.

“Be quiet, I told you to be quiet...!”

It is said that men often exert mental and physical prowess multiple times stronger than their usual capabilities in moments of crisis. Or perhaps this was my last hurrah before my impending death?

But, for some god-forsaken reason, I was confident I could do it. I felt like I could hold her down and stop her from screaming out.

Because I was actually overpowering Hippolyte right now! Was I always this strong?

“U-Umb! Umb!”

“S-Stay still, I c-can explain! Sh, sh, shhh..”

Splash- Ripple- Struggle-

“You need to calm the fuck down.”

Just as I forcefully grabbed the hand that was trying to resist me.

Ding-

[Stats] Name: Hippolyte Heavensinger

Level: ?? → 3

**Condition: Boiling Blood » Moonlight Enervation » Severe Menstrual Cramps »
???? »**

“Ugh-!”

Damn Hassan is acting so sus, fucked up with two girls in a single day, damn. Thanks for reading and see you next time, I guess lol.

Footnotes:

- 1A kind of monster that will grab your ankles and sink you.

Chapter 40: Hassan — The Swamp Local (7)

⚔️ Hassan — The Swamp Local (7) ⚔️

Question.

What is cold yet warm, firm yet soft at the same time?

The answer is Hippolyte's wet body in the cold lake.

The struggling body of Hippolyte was desperately toiling in my arms and looked somewhat fragile and soft, completely different from how a silver-tiered adventurer should be.

Her big lumps of fat, that were pressing on my chest, were softer than anything I'd ever felt before, even softer than Luna's elastic derriere. Her beautiful pink nipples that were sticking out were firmly piercing my chest, sending chills throughout my body and arousing my little brother.

"Umb-!"

[Stats] Name: Hippolyte Heavensinger

Level: ?? → 3

**Condition: Boiling Blood » Moonlight Enervation » Severe Menstrual Cramps »
???? »**

Just as I was moving around to stop Hippolyte from screaming, a familiar format of letters abruptly appeared in my vision.

I thought I was overpowering Hippolyte using my own strength but it turned out that she was now in a weakened state, damn it. There goes my delusions of superiority....

Level 3 was the same level as Luna who was getting beaten up by those frail goblins during the temple cleaning quest. It also meant that her Strength, Agility, and Physique were all at 1 currently. It was the level of a regular person.

I have no clue why her level decreased so much, but it must be because of one of the aforementioned conditions she was suffering from.

Boiling blood? Weakening due to moonlight? What even are these? I at least knew what menstrual cramps were since I had a little sister.

My sister's mood during that god-forsaken time would be as sharp as that of a bear who had been starved for a few days.

Just as I began wondering why Hippolyte had stopped making any sound and showed no signs of struggle anymore...

Chomp-

The tanned-skinned warrioress suddenly bit my palm, resulting in me letting her go while screaming out in pain.

"Aaargh!"

Damn, my fingers hurt so much. I thought they were going to get cut off, no joke!

Hippolyte's jaw was strong enough to eat the hard-as-brick bread as if it was soft chocolate. I was most probably fortunate to still have my fingers left intact.

It did still hurt to the point of bringing me to tears though. At the very least, it's not bleeding. That's a plus point in my books.

"Y-You were trying to assault me. I already swore a vow of chastity to Diana, the God of Maidens and Hunting...! Don't you know what happens when you assault a woman who pledged a vow of chastity? Stupid idiot."

"No, Sigh, I didn't mean to assault you...!"

"You didn't mean to assault me? Then why is that guy so fucking big? It's obviously a sign of a man being greedy for a woman's body...!"

"This is a normal reaction after seeing a woman's naked body. This is a misunderstanding. Do you think I am crazy enough to assault a silver-tier adventurer?"

"As expected, i-it happened after you saw my body...!"

"No, that's not..."

Damn it, this is so unfair. I wanna cry. How should I even begin to explain this?

"I heard that the Samaritans kidnap and attack members of the opposite sex secretly to marry them. Isn't that what you were trying to do with me!?"

"What?!"

They assaulted and kidnapped members of the opposite sex to marry them? Didn't I hear that male Samaritans cherished their chastity a lot? Fucking hell!!!

These Samaritans are little fucking bastards, stupid mongrel bitches. Of course, they'd be despised everywhere if they were the type to pull off this kind of heinous shit.

I'll have to reconsider referring to myself as a Samaritan from now on. Well, I'll think about it more after dealing with this precarious situation first.

"... Anyway, I'm going to let this one slide on account of your great performance today. It's not uncommon for people to experience greater libido after a day full of slaughter. Cool your head with the cold water here, you savage. And from now on, try not to assault women this way or the consequences would be unimaginable..."

Chapak- Chalpak-

I thought she would create a commotion. Instead, she just quickly got herself together, got out of the water, picked up her clothes, and disappeared through the thick foliage.

She just forgave a man who tried to assault her? Did such a merciful silver-tier adventurer even exist?

Or was she actually broad-minded because she was one? Still, there was a big difference in the way Elfriede and Hippolyte handled this kind of situation despite them being of the same rank. So, I could not draw up any concrete outlook on the nature of silver-ranked adventurers. I needed more examples and data.

Wait, I didn't actually solve the misunderstanding now, did I? Damn, I fucked up. Was I supposed to feel joyful after being forgiven for something I didn't even do?

I quickly tried to follow Hippolyte, but I couldn't see her visage anywhere.

After a bout of prolonged searching but with no conclusion, I took a bath in the cold lake water and finally reached my tent. The first scene that greeted me was the visage of a sleeping Luna, exuding calm and even breaths. She must be deep in slumber after the massaging session.

I had just been tip-toeing on the line between life and death. But, now, looking at Luna sleeping peacefully made me realize I had finally reached what I could call my safe haven, and so I could finally relax my strained mind.

Like Luna who was facing the wall, I laid down beside her, facing the other wall while putting my back against my sleeping companion. Our backs touched, and I could feel the softness of her small back from beyond her clothes. I was nearly moved to the point of tears from the feelings that sensation evoked in me.

Predictably so, the heart of a frail and vulnerable girl was the most surefire way to sway a man's heart.

I ended up drifting to the realm of sleep without even realizing it while immersed in my thoughts, waking up later with the fresh air of dawn.

Waking up, the first thing I noticed was that Luna wasn't sleeping beside me. She must have gotten awake and gone out to freshen up. It made me feel oddly empty inside, not feeling her presence in the cramped-up tent.

I got out of the tent after loosely wearing my armor and haphazardly sheathing my swords. I could already see people outside, talking in groups of two or three. They had a grim air about them.

"Such a bastard. How did he have the balls to do that?"

"How reckless. Did he not consider the possibility of being punished by the guild?"

Damn, what the fuck is happening. All traces of sleepiness disappeared as I felt my mind get overwhelmed with nervousness. I felt a sudden prick in my chest as my heart started beating a mile a second from fear and anxiety.

I'm really innocent in the matter that transpired with Hippolyte. But would anyone really care? It was the words of a mighty and charismatic silver-tier adventurer against those of an iron-tier nobody like me. Our words didn't have the same weight and impact. It just couldn't compare...

"Uhm, what are you guys talking about?"

I joined their conversation trying to sound as casual as possible. The two men, hearing my interjecting words, suddenly stopped talking and focused their angry gazes on me. Damn, were they really talking about me?

I couldn't help but feel a little scared.

"An adventurer ran away during the night."

Whew-

They were actually talking about someone else. A sigh of absolute relief leaked out of my mouth, but I hurriedly recovered and answered in a tone of mock astonishment.

"What? He ran away?"

"Yeah! That coward! He must have been scared of facing the pluto cultists, right?"

They weren't talking about me. Holy shit! That's good, great even... The men continued with their rant as I inwardly became happy that last night's incident was in the dark, still.

"Asymmetric eyes Jackknife and one-armed Krag both ran away in the dark of the night. They did look nervous during the day."

"Don't get ahead of yourself, it's too early to conclude that they ran away. Let's just wait until the search team comes back. Lord Destroyer is scouring the surrounding area with adventurers competent in scouting, they'll definitely find something, I'm sure of it.

And thus started the second day with chatter about two guys that presumably ran away.

I was worried about Hippolyte changing her mind and revealing to everyone the events that transpired between us last night, but nothing of the sort happened, fortunately.

"What are you looking at, Samaritan? You're in love with this Renee now, are you?"

"What the fuck...! No, not a chance."

"Then look away and piss off."

Even the fierce Sword Maidens were ignoring me. There's no way they'd treat me like this if Hippolyte had told them anything.

Wait, now that I think about it, where the hell's Luna?

I looked around the mist for any signs of her pink twin tails.

Soon, I saw her appear from within the fog while holding two creatures as big as her palms from their legs in both of her hands.

"Look at this, Hassan. It's a shaman toad...!"

"Oi, I was worried about you. I thought you ran away too."

"Run away? Nah, I just left to catch these. That aside, Hassan, look, it's shaman toads! I couldn't catch them before since they're so fast. But I could today, my body has become much lighter than it previously was, I'm sure of it!"

Luna's hands were rapidly moving around, shaking the slightly fluorescent and black-dotted bodies of the frogs.

Croak-

Fucking hell, what kind of frog croaks like that? If gods really existed in this world, they clearly half-assed in its creation and were probably just messing around.

Anyway, I couldn't say that this morning was the most stress-free of days, but listening to Luna's cheerful voice made me feel a little better at the very least. Her presence is really refreshing to the mind.

"Anyway, they were jumping around a lot so I had to run and jump a lot too to catch them!"

"Y-Yeah, great job, Luna. So, what's their effect? Can you make an elixir with them?"

"Elixir with shaman toads? Nah, these little guys aren't used in anything anymore. I just caught them because I got bored during the night watch. I'll let them go now."

Luna then released the toads she had just caught.

The two toads landed on the mossy stone of the abandoned temple, and looked back as if hesitant about their next action. But then they abruptly jumped high.

Crrroak-

"D-Damn it!"

Even though they jumped rather high, never did I think they would try to jump on me like this. Luna hastily spread her palms and shouted as I embarrassedly tried to shake these little rascals off.

"Ha-Hassan, don't let it touch your skin!"

Luna, who brought her palms close to my body, suddenly flinched and stopped moving.

"Huu, HUUUUH..."

Croaak-

So close...

The toad bastards suddenly rushed somewhere else. Luna then asked me with a face full of crimson blush as I sighed in relief.

"... Are you alright?"

"Y-Yes. Damn, that was really surprising."

"T-That's a relief... Their skin is poisonous, so, your skin would have itched had you touched any one of them. I'm personally used to it, that's why it's not a problem for me but for anyone else..."

“Poisonous?”

Although I was feeling okay just now, I suddenly felt a bit itchy. It was probably just me, just some psychological phenomena. They never went into contact with my skin and only touched my clothes.

“Ha-Hassan... Uhm, I’m gonna do my morning prayers...”

Luna was trying to say something to me while I was checking for any swollen areas on my body, but she got interrupted by the nearby commotion.

“The advance party is back!”

“Lord Destroyer is back!”

A half-naked man holding a gigantic hammer in his hand was walking from between the tents and let out a roar that cut through the fog. He then opened his mouth and informed us of the situation in a serious and heavy tone.

“I found the footprints of Jackknife and Krag but the fog was too thick, making further pursuit impossible.”

“Ha, so they really fled. Fucking cowards.”

“It’s not really that bad if you think it through. Fewer people mean a bigger share of the rewards for us!”

“Quiet. I’m not done with our findings. This is the only thing they left. I found this nearby, check it out, everyone.”

Lord Destroyer then lifted something up high in the sky. I could see his armpit hair because of that movement of his arms. Fucking disgusting, bleach my eyes. Why are you showing us this terrible sight so early in the morning? My disappointment is immeasurable, and my day has been ruined. (Lol)

“Those armpits look hideous!”

“Look at that fur. Is he a human or a centaur?”

“I heard that Lord Destroyer was from a mixed race, it seems that the rumor was true. Makes sense as the prowess he showed until now was far from normal for a mere human.”

“Don’t look at my armpits, useless bastards. Look at what I have in my palm.”

I then rested my gaze on his palm. There, I could see something like a necklace or maybe a brooch, I didn't know the distinction. It was hard to describe from there as I wasn't the best at descriptions, to begin with.

What's that?

I had no clue what it specifically was. Is he bragging about finding something pretty on the ground?

Well, I might have done the same if I had found something that pretty. I'd do it at least once in my life. Even Luna showed me her toads after she caught them, didn't she?

It was human nature to want to show off what you have gained to others. Everybody likes to brag...

"T-That's..."

Contrary to my carefree thoughts there was a strange tension permeating between the adventurers. It seemed this brooch or whatever the hell it was, wasn't an ordinary object.

At that time, Hippolyte, who was wearing full armor, folded her arms, and closed her mouth in contemplation before speaking out in a deadly serious tone.

"A daffodil mark, the symbol of Pluto."

"Yes, it's highly likely that there are cultists nearby. We need to double our vigilance from now on."

"Lords and ladies, we can't go any further by carriage. The horses aren't willing, they won't go any further even if I whip them to death."

The driver of the carriage expressed his disapproval to go forward. He wasn't lying, the horses weren't walking forward and just silently hoofed, without budging a single bit, after every whip.

Brrrrg!

I could guess how they were since I'd been whipped before too.

Whipping was of no use if you really didn't wish to do something, if your very soul was against it, or if your own body's stamina was failing you.

Sometimes getting whipped was miles better than doing something you were ordered to.

Anyway, the horses were currently on strike. They strongly, and with utmost vigor, refused to do any more useless labor.

We were thoroughly fucked up.

The fog around us was so thick that we could only see an inch ahead at best. I didn't even want to try imagining how hard it would be to walk without a carriage in these dreadful conditions.

Splash-

Hippolyte was the first to get out of the carriage. She gently stroked the long neck of the black horse and casually spoke out.

"Animals have great senses. They always know if they're about to face something they wouldn't want to. Basically, they can sense danger ahead."

"As their owner, I don't think these guys are very smart. They simply don't want to drag such a heavy cart through the mud. I wouldn't want to move too were I in their place."

"Well, we'll eventually find out. Everyone gets off the cart! We'll walk from now on!"

The remaining adventurers got out of the cart, silently grumbling along their descent.

Of course, sitting on a stationary cart was a waste of our time, so we lined up and moved forward in the fog under the instructions and careful guidance of the silver-tier adventurers.

Walking with my feet completely submerged in the mud was a worse experience than I had imagined it to be. As if that wasn't bad already—dismal fog was surrounding us from all sides, completely blocking our vision.

And because we were wary of the presence of cultists around us, even our minds couldn't relax due to tension, an unsettling aura settled between us adventurers.

"We won't know if something is going our way. We could all be killed by simple arrows..."

"We can't even see the ground well because of the fog, it's like we're staring at Tartarus—the deepest depths of hell."

"Damn it, maybe we unknowingly have fallen into hell in the evening."

Some adventurers were joking like that, but it did nothing to alleviate the atmosphere, if anything it became much gloomier. Luna seemed to be the only carefree one among us as she was smiling at the scenery.

“The weather is nice, it reminds me of Ideope. The musty and damp smell, the sunlight obstructing fog, the muddy ground. It’s really similar to my home!”

Luna’s values seem to vary a lot from the ordinary populace. Was this what multiculturalism was all about or something like that?

“Shh... Be quiet. Something is roaming nearby.”

At that moment, Hippolyte, who seemed to be having it the easiest among us suddenly stopped walking. The other 20 or so adventurers soon stopped too.

What the hell will it be? Swamp Goblins?

With tension filling my body, I tightly grabbed the two swords sheathed at the sides of my hip.

“Aaargh-!”

“Ooogh!”

Some of the adventurers suddenly disappeared in the fog with a horrible scream.

“Damn it... too late. Draw your swords everyone!!!”

Arghrgrgrh...

Soon after that, a green-eyed creature with thick-ridged leathery skin, a long tail, and sharp teeth appeared from the swamp.

“Damn, it’s a crocodile! A swarm full of swamp crocodiles has appeared! Shitttttt!!!!”

The misunderstanding wasn’t even cleared, rip. And this quest is cursed lmao, they can’t catch a break lol. Thanks for reading and see you next week lads!

22/20/22 (hehe funni date) edit: Well, things happened lol. I was super busy this month, I should have a little more time during the next few days. Seggs with Luna is soon btw.