

# Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

## Chapter 8: Hassan is Free (2)

### ☞ Hassan is Free (2) ☜

“Mr. Samaritan, we're almost there. This is Sodomora, the city of pleasure. Strong people like you all are driven here.”

We arrived in Sodomora on a horse-drawn carriage after a full day of travel.

My first impression of the city was that it was very disgusting and filthy.

Kalkata, the city where Elfriede made her base, was also full of filth and the typical barbarism of the medieval era.

However, Sodomora was so filthy that it made the former look like a model town.

Naturally, filth and waste were dealt with carelessly.

The sewage system was similarly squalid, resulting in filthy water flowing back to the surface, creating muddy and fetid puddles of water.

The road was so bumpy it made it really hard for the carriage to advance.

Most of the buildings were made of old wooden planks and wet rags were tangled all the way in the laundry line, giving it a messy appearance.

Just standing here was enough to make me feel nauseated.

Damn, not getting any illness like cholera, malaria or some sort of pox should be considered an achievement.

There was no way I'd be tough enough not to complain or frown about this after having been exploited to the bone.

“Damn it, whatcha looking at you stupid son of a bitch?”

“It's one of those black-haired bastards, my luck has been shit since this morning. Ptooey—”

Some people cursed me as they passed by. Nothing unusual in this place. I felt like there were at least some rules and common sense in Kalkata.

All the passersby had knives in their hands, making them look menacing, as if they could rob you at any minute. Even beggars and homeless people had unusually sharp glints in their eyes.

People were glaring at me as if they were going to attack me and snatch all my belongings at any moment.

I witnessed a man being beaten over there. It was unknown if he was a homeless vagrant or just a beggar.

“Ugh, eh! Ugh! Stop, I’m really gonna di—”

“Shut up, you bastard! How dare you put pineapple on my pizza? Even my mint-flavored ale can’t suppress that awful taste!”

“Let’s cut his finger so that he never makes such abominations again!”

Damn it, isn’t chopping fingers too excessive for such a reason?

I turned my gaze away, ignoring the situation. I know I could get caught in this mess just by simply making eye contact with them.

I was surprised to see the yellow-toothed driver smiling at me.

Noticing my gaze, he spoke.

“Isn’t this city lovely? We’ve come a long way. It’s gonna be 80 copper coins. But, of course, I wouldn’t mind a tip.”

80 copper coins. It’s similar to the price Finley mentioned. I was no half-witted Samaritan.

One silver coin costs around 100 coppers. I’ll get some spare change back if I give him a silver.

So I took out a silver coin from my pocket and handed it to the coachman.

The coachman took the coin and then said.

“A Silver! Wait, let me find my Copper coin—”

“No need for that. You’re from Sodomora, so you must be pretty knowledgeable about the city, right?”

“Right, I could get around even with my eyes closed.”

“Then can you tell me where the Adventurer Guild is?”

After being in Kalkata for about a year I knew a lot about it and its geography but in Sodomora I was nothing more than an ignorant newbie.

In this world where there are no smartphones and only rough maps exist, I had no choice but to ask around to find my way.

It was better to ask a coachman that was used to traveling than to ask a random passerby on the streets. Fortunately, he seems to be a local.

“Hmmm—”

The driver began scratching his dirty beard with his fingernails, unsure how to answer.

“I can show you the road to the Adventurer Guilds. Which one are you going to join, the Mars Guild or the Minerva Guild?”

“There are two Guilds?”

“Right. Sodomora is quite a large city, even comparable to the royal capital. Of course, Sodomora’s filth is unrivaled. Anyway if you’re joining an Adventurer Guild you should choose carefully.”

The Minerva Guild and the Mars Guild, these two names, weren’t completely unfamiliar to me. I had some vague ideas about them but nothing concrete.

I couldn’t remember anything significant as all my knowledge for the past two years was focused on keeping Elfriede in a good mood.

Noticing that I had suddenly stopped speaking, the coachman clicked his tongue.

“Mr. Samaritan looks like you are just a country bumpkin and don’t know a lot about here. I don’t think you’ll last more than a week here. Since I’m getting paid for this, listen well while I show you the ropes.”

The coachman looked around with his yellowish eyes and continued.

“The Minerva Guild serves **⟨Minerva⟩** the ‘Goddess of Wisdom and Exploration.’ The Mars Guild serves **⟨Mars⟩** the ‘God of War and Valour.’ Although both Guilds similarly also serve as a temple dedicated to their related God, they each have their own characteristics.”

“How do they compare to each other?”

“Well, they’re pretty similar. The Minerva Guild is home to many prideful aristocrats who find sick pleasure in risking their lives for grandiose discoveries. The Mars Guild houses numerous vagrants and hoodlums who can’t even eat their meals unless they get into a fight. Since you’re a Samaritan, the Mars Guild is naturally more suited for you.”

“Is that so?”

I nodded moderately at the coachman’s explanation.

I felt a sense of déjà vu from hearing the Guilds’ names. It was very similar to the name of Roman Gods back in my world.

In fact, the Gods, cultures, religions, and even the languages of this world had many similarities with the ones back on earth.

Of course, there were a lot of differences too.

In any case, human life is roughly the same anywhere.

“Then do you want a ride to the Mars Guild? I can do that for you as an extra service.”

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“Amazing.”

I looked at the tall building as I got out of the carriage and bit my lip. I wasn’t ridiculing it or being sarcastic at all. What came out of my mouth was genuine admiration.

So it wasn’t a lie that this place also serves as a temple.

The Guild building was much more imposing than I expected. It was grand and magnificent, so much so that I didn’t even notice my mouth widening.

To put it simply, there were stacked columns made of granite or marble with a triangular roof atop, reminiscent of ancient architecture.

To think there would be people with such a refined sense of architecture in this barbaric and violent world. Well, religious buildings were definitely made carefully, even back in my world.

Pyramids, ancient Greek temples, and ancestral rites that my father used to set up on holidays were all such examples.

“Well, I’m off. Good luck with the Mars Guild, Mr. Samaritan. If you ever need to travel again, please find me in Mercury!”

“Mercury?”

“Yeah, it’s the same name as the Messenger God, Mercury!”

*Clip-Clop—*

The horses kicked their hooves and the carriage moved as the coachman whipped them.

Standing in front of the Mars Guild, I started trimming my messy beard, hair, and rags that clothed my body then entered.

The interior was quite spacious, as I had expected from looking outside. A vast hallway appeared in front of my eyes.

Counters similar to reception desks of a bank were lined up, and women with neatly cut hair were standing behind them.

Unlike the chaotic city where vagrants roamed around. This place had a certain regularity and sophistication behind it that tickled my heart as a 21st-century man.

Is this really a temple?

This made me even more ashamed of my messy appearance.

The big bearded men that went in and out didn’t look much different from me, thus restoring some of my lost confidence.

Regardless of whether it was a man or woman, everyone was wearing armor, shields, swords, or bows. It was still very unfamiliar to me and I tensed up.

*“Hmmm, hmmm—”*

I coughed a few times and approached an empty counter. A green-haired woman with pointy ears moved her gaze towards me and asked in a relaxed voice.

“What’s the matter?”

“Well, uh, I’d like to register as an adventurer.”

“Are you saying you want to join our guild?”

“Yes, yes.”

How long has it been since I last had such a procedural conversation? It was nothing major, but I felt sweat dripping between my buttocks.

“Did you bring the money?”

“What?”

“There’s a registration fee for new adventurers. 20 silver. It’s written over there, can’t you see it?”

The receptionist pointed at one of the walls behind my back.

When I followed the tip of her slender finger, I could see a wooden board saying,

**Mars Guild – Registration fee of 20 silvers.**

“Oh, before that, you can read the letters, right?”

“Oh, yeah, I can.”

“Really—”

The receptionist raised her eyebrows with a look of surprise. In this world where literacy wasn’t high, it seemed like a barbarian like me knowing how to read is unusual.

Although, I was just as surprised at my ability to read the letters.

Anyway.

It was the first time I heard of the 20 silver coins required to join the Adventurer Guild. Is it like a subscription fee?

I felt dejected because 20 silver coins might seem insignificant, but it’s my treasure.

“We are cheaper than the Minerva Guild, so we’re definitely on the lower side. They charge a whopping 40 silver coins, although it also includes education and training fees. They call it “education” and “training” but it’s just basic swordsmanship, aren’t they just scammers?”

“Yeah, they really are.”

The receptionist spoke deftly as she sensed my hesitation. My face turned white at the mention of 40 silver coins.

Dammit, to think I could have gone to the Minerva Guild and then ended up being kicked out because of my lack of funds. This is genuinely terrifying.

How fortunate that the nameless coachman recommended the Mars Guild rather than the Minerva Guild.

Thank you, nameless coachman.

“Since you said you could read, please take a look at the following rules and put your fingerprint on it if you want to join. We issue no refunds, so think carefully.”

*Rustle—*

The receptionist held out a thick bundle of scrolls in front of me.

It was actually a crude booklet made of low-quality parchment and paper.

The writing was all crooked, something unique to this world that I couldn't read.

Well, it was hard to tell if the handwriting was bad or if it was just too old for anything to be legible.

“It's just a formality, you can directly stamp your fingerprint there.”

“Ah, yes.”

*Press—*

“Then please hand me 20 silver coins.”

At the receptionist's words, I took out 20 silver coins from my bag and handed them to her. How many bowls of soup could this money buy?

Noticing my hesitation, the receptionist snatched the silver coins from my hand and took them away.

“Well, that's exactly 20 silver coins. Settlement confirmed. So, what's your name?”

The receptionist who was counting the money matched her gaze with mine. I got a little nervous for some reason since she was a prettier person than I thought.

My little brother seems to get excited very easily since the curse's release.

“Umm, It's Ha-San.”

“Then, Mr. Haksan—”

“No, it's Hassan. Ha-San.”

“All right, Mr. Hassan. Could you press your finger on here? It might hurt a little.”

The receptionist held out something that looked like a small fountain pen to me. The tip looked quite sharp. It wouldn't surprise me if it did hurt me.

"Which finger?"

"Any finger is fine. One that withstands pain better, preferably."

I-I... can a finger be better than the others at withstanding pain?

I reluctantly poked it with my left thumb. Then with a stinging sensation, blood came out and began to flow into the tip of the pen.

"Please give it back now."

Upon receiving the pen, the receptionist took out a blank parchment and started writing with red ink.

*Scribble— Scribble—*

**Name: Hassan Strength: 2 Agility: 2 Stamina: 3 Blessing: Imperfect Dexterity**

"What's this?"

The receptionist calmly answered my question.

"It's a transcription of Mr. Hassan's karma in your blood. This paper and pen make it readable. A Strength of 2, Agility of 2, and Stamina of 3. Overall, it's not bad. A total of 7. You also look very healthy. I have no reason to disqualify you."

"Is that so? What are the plausible reasons behind someone's disqualification?"

"The average stats of a healthy adult male in each category is 1 and their overall total is at about 3. It might be difficult to employ those with lower stats."

It seems that the number 1 in every statistic was the average. Doesn't that mean I'm doing pretty good then?

I asked again.

"Is there anything wrong with my transcription? A mistake in any of the stats or some hidden lines?"

"I swear by Lord Mars' name that there is no such thing. This Emotion Needle is an Epic-Grade artifact. Anyway, you successfully passed the physical examination..."

It was the first time I heard about the possibility of being disqualified.



While I was looking at the letters, a bit worried, the receptionist swallowed her saliva and continued.

“You actually have a blessing 《Imperfect Dexterity》. I’ve never heard of this one before... Wait a minute, please.”

*Creak—*

The receptionist pushed her chair and rushed somewhere. I shifted my gaze from her back and examined the paper.

Then I recited that unsightly spell that I had seen in the crumpled pamphlet so quietly that no one could hear me.

“Long Live Chaos—”

*Ding—*

Letters appeared in front of my eyes with a *ding-*.

**[Stats] Name: Hassan**

**Level: 7**

**Strength: 2**

**Agility: 2**

**Stamina: 3**

**Task: 307**

**Blessing: Blessing of Chaos 》 Imperfect Dexterity**

No matter how you look at it, something definitely went wrong here.

*Hello everyone. Nothing much to say about this chapter, just world-building. That being said I thought I'd bring up an issue I had while translating this novel; names. As you guys have probably noticed a lot of the names are inspired from Earth mythologies and some of them are a little changed. 'Mercury' that the coachman was talking about is actually "Cyurio", please don't tell me to explain how Mercury turned into this but I'm pretty positive lol. Another earlier example would be Asclepius, it was actually 'Clepious'. I just wonder what you guys think about this and whether I should keep OG names or just localize them.*

Back to the chapter.

Although Hassan feels very thankful to the nameless coachman, that will change in the future and not for the reason you guys might think of lol. Anyway, I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter, and see you all in the next one.

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