

Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

Chapter 9: Hassan is Free (3)

☞ Hassan is Free (3) ☜

The receptionist disappeared somewhere before coming back just when I started to get bored.

“Mr. Hassan, which temple do you pray at? Which of the twelve gods do you worship?”

The receptionist urgently asked after sitting on her chair. Which temple do I pray at? The face of my senior in the army inquiring whether or not I attend religious events flashed through my mind.

“I don't go to any temple.”

The only time I went to pray in my life was during the army and that was only because they promised me choco pie! Ghana Pie: 'Ghana Pie' is a premium brand of choco pie that uses chocolate from Ghana, we localized it to normal choco pie.. Looking even further back on my memories, didn't I once follow my friend to the church because I was seduced by the prospect of Christmas presents?

Of course, it was the farthest thing from a religious act.

Well, considering religious acts, wouldn't visiting my ancestor's graves under the persuasion of my ancestral-rite-obsessed father count?

It wasn't like I was grateful to my grandfather and great-grandfather that I had never seen before.

It was just that my rough and muscular father always forced me to do it. My allowance was taken if I didn't comply. You'll eventually hate something if you're forced to do it.

But, that's how it was for most Koreans I guess.

As I was thinking about that the receptionist's face turned beet red.

“What? You don't pray to anyone?”

She began screeching.

“You aren't going to any temple yet you received a blessing? How is that possible?”

The receptionist seemed to think that I was lying. It's not hard to understand why.

This world that I had lived two years in couldn't separate itself from superstitions and religions. The concepts were both deeply connected to daily life, just like in the Dark Ages.

It is said that people offer sacrifices and devote themselves to the God they serve. In return, they get corresponding favors and blessings.

Give and take.

It's way simpler to understand than the talks of salvation and liberation that the religions on earth spoke of. But I didn't worship any God.

No wonder she was surprised since only the part where I received a blessing has been achieved. I was just as doubtful as her about this situation.

...Moreover, I even had two blessings. There was an even more suspicious blessing that didn't get detected.

What the hell is this «Blessing of Chaos»?

It sounds ominous.

"You serve no God. This can't normally happen. Do you know what this blessing is for? We can infer the name of the God from the ability."

"Oh, if that's the case... Can you please give me your hand?"

"My hand?"

At my question, the receptionist clasped both hands in front of her chest and suspiciously eyed me.

"Why my hand? Are you trying to do something weird to me? Filthy Samaritan bastard!"

Is she for real?

I wouldn't be surprised if she was just a little repulsed at my request, but calling me a filthy Samaritan bastard goes a little too far, right?

It was a little sad to say that I already became accustomed to the verbal ostracization of others in this world and gradually developed some immunity to it.

"You were wondering what kind of blessing I had... Just give me your hand."

“How dare you exploit this situation to touch my hands! It’s obvious you’re taking advantage of me because I’m a little pretty!”

This bitch, I want to punch her face.

It was the first woman I seriously wanted to beat up since meeting my sister and Elfriede. But that’s not how it should be...

Clink— Clank—

Gnash—

I felt the gazes of the temple guards, armed with flashy armor and swords.

If I let my anger go to my head, I’ll definitely be dragged away by these ignorant bastards...

“It’s not painful or anything weird, just give it to me.”

“Huh, huh... All right. Let’s see what you want to do then.”

She stretched her hand with an expression mixed with doubt and expectation.

I held back my anger trying to avoid worsening this already bizarre situation.

Badump—

There were unexpectedly quite a lot of calluses on the white palm of a girl in charge of reception. Weren’t they supposed to just be in charge of the counter?

Well, it’s a world where everyone has to work hard. It makes sense that fairer hands would be much more difficult to find.

“Then I’ll hold onto your wrist for a while.”

I was a little scared that she would complain about sexual harassment had I not notified her in advance. Then I slipped my finger under the receptionist’s white sleeves until I reached her wrist.

I placed my fingers so that the area of contact would be as small as possible.

I wondered if it would work.

Ding—

[Stats] Name: Daphne

Level: 6

Condition: Indigestion

Fortunately, a slight touch of the wrist with my finger was enough.

Interesting.

“...What are you doing?”

“Ms. Daphne, are you having trouble with your digestion lately?”

“Ah, umm, how did you know my name!? And how did you know I was having trouble with that!?”

“This is what my blessing does...”

“I get it! You’re a stalker! I felt like someone was spying on me a few days ago. It must have been you. Security! Security! Get this creep before he runs away! Hurry!!”

Clink— Click—

“Eh— Ehhh—”

“No, I’ve just found out about it today. I don’t even know who that woman is, and it’s also my first day in the city.”

“You-You’re lying. You just touched me!!”

Slap—!

“Guh—!”

Receptionist Daphne slapped my cheeks. I was tied to a chair before I even got the opportunity to defend myself. She rebuked me so fiercely that even I, who is used to violence felt tears well up in my eyes.

“Damn it! It hurts so much!”

“You’re the criminal but why are you cursing me?”

Slap— Slap—

I was inside a secret prison in the temple. Only the sound of the slaps was resounding inside. I was slapped so much that my cheeks were burning and I wasn't feeling much pain anymore.

Wouldn't I be able to boil an egg if I placed it on my face right now? Daphne kept rambling while I was immersed in this silly thought.

"What were you doing? Did the Minerva Guild send you? You keep following me, harasser!!"

Daphne was acting crazy. I also felt I'm going insane because of this mysterious hysteria evoked by this situation.

"Gyaa! Guaak!"

"Y-You creep! You even dare to struggle? You finally showed your true colors, filthy barbarian!"

"Stop it, Daphne. I can hear you all the way up here."

Clank—

At that moment, someone stepped into the cramped dungeon. Noticing that the guards at the door straightened their posture, I guessed this person must be fairly high in the hierarchy.

"This is Minerva Guild's mole? Oho, you're rather big, not really what I'd picture first when talking about a mole."

"He's a mean jerk! Dirty Samaritan bastard! Not gonna say anything until we kill him!"

"Alright. Alright. You have work to do so go upstairs and leave this to me."

"Bastard creep!"

Slap—

Daphne finally walked out after giving me one last slap.

Only when her shadow completely disappeared did the man turn his gaze to me.

An eye patch covered his left eye. He had M-shaped brows, a shaggy amber beard that was mostly peeled off, and his face was riddled with hideous scars.

He was dressed in plain leather clothes that failed to hide his aura of experience and wisdom.

He was slightly shorter than me, but he exuded an aura similar to my father.

“You’re the Minerva Guild’s spy? I also heard you were stalking Daphne?”

“I don’t even know what that means.”

I raised my voice to plead my innocence.

A woman’s single word was enough to irreversibly change a man’s life and send him into the abyss. Proof? Some tears and a few words were more than enough!

This happened even in my modern world which boasted of incredible technology like CCTV. It could only be worse in this barbaric and savage world.

“I roughly heard from the guards’ words that you touched Daphne’s hand and rubbed it.”

“No, no, I swear I didn’t! I just put a finger on her wrist! I’m innocent!”

“Yeah, yeah, looks like you aren’t lying. Release him.”

At the man’s words, the guards quickly released the restraints on my chained and wounded body.

Ah—

This was actually a pretty normal and rational behavior, but I was dumbfounded because in this world there aren’t many things that can be considered normal.

“You believe me?”

“No, how can I trust a savage bastard like you? I don’t trust you at all, but my distrust of her is even bigger. She is a little... Hmm... a little unstable. Mentally, she is favored by Chaos.”

I don’t have any clue about what he was talking about, but I’m glad I was released. I caressed my injured wrist and frowned. Did these bastards have to tighten the chains so much? They flayed my skin.

“Anyway, follow me to my office. You’re not proven innocent just yet. If you’ve been unfairly accused, I can help you.”

The office of this one-eyed, middle-aged man was in one of the Guild’s remote corners.

A spacious room secluded in a corner of the Guild. All I could see inside it were junk, stuffed animals, rusty armor, and dusty old books.

It would be more appropriate to call it a warehouse than an office.

It actually might be one.

“Sit down.”

At his words, I looked around. There’s no chair in sight, damn it. Where am I even supposed to ‘sit down’?

I just put some things away and sat on a cardboard box. It creaked and wobbled, but was good enough for now.

“I wouldn’t sit there if I were you. Something with a terrifying curse is inside.”

Sprung up—

I didn’t really believe in superstitions that I would be cursed if someone wrote my name with a red ink pen. However, the curses of this world are in a different league altogether.

They’re real. They’re similar to *«Medusa’s Curse»*.

I ended up with no choice but to sit on the ground.

“Hassan, average stats are over 2, overall is 7. A Samaritan with a blessing. You said you didn’t worship any god. Did you really not join any temple before?”

The man’s only brown eye looked down at me. The atmosphere was very oppressive, not too different from when I was bullied by Elfriede.

“This paper is never wrong. The fact that you’ve been blessed is incontestable. It’s not completely unheard of. Elves and Samaritans are strange creatures indeed.”

Thud—

The man sat in front of me and crossed his legs and reached out his wrist to me. It was strong enough to be a thick wooden log or a stone pillar rather than a wrist.

I could feel the hardness and strength of the bone without even touching it.

“W-What?”

“I heard you could get information on people by just touching their wrists. Don’t tell me it only works on women?”

Ah- I could finally understand his intentions. He was giving me an opportunity to prove my claims. It also happened to be what I wanted to do.

Not living up to his expectations would probably result in me getting pummeled by his enormous arms.

I nervously moved my fingers and put them on his wrist.

Ding—

[Stats] Name: Baltma

Level: ???

Condition: Hangover » ??? » ??? » ???

What the hell? Question marks?

Why did these question marks pop up? This could happen? It was safe to say that there was no information aside from his name.

“What’s wrong? You didn’t lie, did you?”

Perhaps because he was still doubting me, his only eye was frowning, and the man—called Baltma clenched his fist.

“Do you know what my name is?”

“Baltma... Baltma, right?”

“You figured it out as expected. But you see, there aren’t many people in this city that don’t know me. It’s even less likely for them not to know if they visit the Mars Guild. Did you figure out anything else? In Daphne’s case, you knew she had digestion problems.”

Aside from the hidden information, all I knew about him was that he was suffering from a hangover.

“You seem to have a terrible hangover.”

“Huh?”

The man’s brow furrowed, as if he couldn’t believe it. His face was so grim and it made me flinch.

“I have a hangover?”

Baltma sniffed and smelled his own body.

“There’s no smell of alcohol, yet you still say I’m hungover.”

“You definitely have a hangover.”

Silence reigned in the room after my words. I had no choice but to trust the words that appeared in front of my eyes at the man’s suspicious gaze.

Ah. There must be a cause, there has to be something—

While this prickly silence was still reigning.

“...Shit, how did you know? It’s an odorless drink even my wife wouldn’t notice. If she realizes I’ve been drinking at work, I’m going to get fucked.”

Baltma started rummaging through his junk after saying that and then took a bottle and a glass from it.

The bottle was filled with a wine-looking purple liquid.

The man opened the cork and gulped down its content. Didn’t you just say you shouldn’t be drinking at work? Just as I thought, he is crazy.

“Wanna take a sip?”

“N-No...”

“It’s a wine made by fermenting Tiger Wasps in wine. Not a lot of people know about this, but this would be effective to solve some men’s problems...lately, if it weren’t for this I’d truly be afraid of nights.”

The man mumbled information I didn’t ask for and took a few sips. My heart grew relieved after seeing him talking to me casually.

“Well, I know you’re not lying. I also have a rough idea of which God blessed you?”

“Oh, is that true?”

The stinging pain in my burning cheeks seemed to instantly disappear. The thought of getting a hint about my ability was enough to lessen the pain. Although my situation was still a little awkward, it’s miles better than before.

Pop—

To my question, Baltma put back the lid on the bottle and answered.

“I’m a little concerned about the word “Imperfect” in front of your blessing. Dexterity and your other talents. In addition, there is only one God that bestows upon people the blessing of information appraisal.”

“Who is it?”

Hello everyone, this should be the first premium chapter. I hope at least someone sees this before the chapter goes public :)). Well, this chapter was... something ig? Very funny and painful at the same time ngl. So, any guess on which god “Imperfect Dexterity” is from? I don’t think anyone is gonna guess it. Very unexpected to say the least.

Don’t bonk me for the little spoil, but you guys shouldn’t worry because Daphne will get ‘what she fucking deserves’ in the lol. Once again, thanks for reading, and see you next time.

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Footnotes:

- 1Ghana Pie: ‘Ghana Pie’ is a premium brand of choco pie that uses chocolate from Ghana, we localized it to normal choco pie.