

Night Ranger Chapter 2 Newborn Ranger 2 -

Chapter 2: Newborn Ranger (2)

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Despite River Shore City's oppressive evening atmosphere, Marvin still felt like a fish in water as he left Fierce Horse Inn with quick and light footsteps.

When he walked into an alley, he stepped into the shadows and instinctively moved stealthily. This was a good habit that could help thieves to move even more furtively during [Stealth].

However, not only was Marvin currently in poor health, he also didn't even have a class, so obviously he couldn't even use [Stealth].

After turning a corner, two youths could be seen paying their daily earnings to a robust man. Marvin recognized one of them, a level 2 Thief. These young thieves were stealing in the city, but all their loot had to be given to the gang managing them.

The sturdy man spotted Marvin and gave him a quick look, apparently noticing Marvin's Nobility Emblem on his sleeve, and swore under his breath.

Marvin lowered his head and quickly departed. The current him wasn't qualified to stir up trouble.

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Churches of various gods were currently having trouble developing in River Shore City, as it was a city under the rule of the South Wizards Alliance. It wasn't limited to River Shore City either, as other cities were also facing this issue. However, over the past few years the Silver Church was the odd one out. They not only had a firm foundation in River Shore City, but they also became River Shore City's third major power. This had something to do with the Silver God's divinity. Although the arrogant wizards only ever believed in the greatest Wizard God Lance and never cared about the other gods, they still needed money.

In the aftermath of the fall of the God of Wealth, the Silver God, at the time still a weak divinity, was still worshipped by the businessmen. And the wizards who have been ruling Feinan for an era just followed suit.

Marvin knew the character of the Silver Church's Priests. These guys only thought of personal gains. As long as the payment was sufficiently generous, they were even willing to cast Divine spells with on you.

The Priests of the Silver Church also were the only ones from whom you could buy a healing spell with silvers.

The original young owner wasn't unaware of this way of doing things. He merely thought he could save some money, but died as a result. Marvin didn't want to repeat his mistakes.

The pawnshop was in a very remote place, the depths of an alley. However, based on Marvin's memories, its reputation was pretty good. The owner was an old goblin wearing a pair of pince-nez. He looked cunning and deceitful. Seeing Marvin, he grinned. Obviously, Marvin was a regular customer.

(T/N: pince-nez are those old glasses without the temples(ears support))

After great effort, Marvin exchanged the exquisite pearl necklace for 150 silvers. In fact, according to his [Accounting], this necklace was worth at least 300 silvers on the market. If Marvin wanted to reclaim this necklace, he would need at least 330 silvers.

Pawnshops are profiteering businesses, but Marvin didn't object at all, as his current strength wasn't good enough to. His [Diplomacy] was at a pitiful 19 points and wasn't able to influence the old goblin to yield any extra silvers.

He hid the pouch well. This world's silvers were in fact the size of a pinkie fingernail. Even though 150 sounded like a lot, it could fit in a small pouch.

Marvin left the pawn shop, taking advantage of the fact that the fever hadn't worsened to find the Silver Church's Priest on duty.

After paying 80 silvers, this seemingly simple and honest middle-aged Priest was finally willing to display the "Silver Church's Radiance" to Marvin.

A simple [Remove Disease] and [Cure Light Wounds] removed Marvin's fever status as well as getting him back to full HP.

"Under the effect of the spell [Remove Disease], your status has recovered to Healthy!"

"[Weakness Penalty: Attribute Reduction – 70%] Removed."

"HP recovered: 26/26"

With the warm flow from the spell and the information popping before his eyes, Marvin couldn't help being somewhat excited.

'That damned weakness penalty finally disappeared!'

With his HP back to a full 26, he felt a lot stronger.

“You look quite healthy now, young man.” The Priest of the Silver Church showed a trace of fatigue and hinted that it was time for Marvin to leave.

He was merely a Priest at the lowest level that could only use three spells per day, and each use would use up a lot of his mental strength and spirit.

Marvin quickly left, but he didn't go back to the Fierce Horse Inn yet. Rather, he started his own plan.

To survive in this world!

He needed his own strength. The invasions of the Gods and the Abyss were closing in. But the most pressing matter was that of his territory.

There were hundreds of gnolls, and if the River Shore City Lord didn't dispatch his guards, then he couldn't do anything about the gnoll elimination. And behind this inexplicable gnoll attack, Marvin smelled a hint of a conspiracy.

Especially since his task panel shockingly had the following soulbound quest:

[Reclaim your territory – Gnoll Invasion]

[Quest Description: In the Summer of the year 297 of Fourth Wizard Era your territory met with a gnoll invasion. You narrowly escaped with your life and want the River Shore City Lord's help. However, the city hall's officials keep delaying the matter and this makes you feel suspicious. Perhaps your experiences in the city should keep you more vigilant. You cannot count on others; you can only rely on yourself.]

[Quest Reward: 1000 general experience points (Exp).]

[Mission Deadline: 29 days left]

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Soulbound meant that the quest couldn't be removed unless you deleted your account and started over. And the current Marvin obviously couldn't delete his account by killing himself.

He had to admit that the quest reward was generous, as surprisingly the reward was 1000 general exp. General exp is of the highest grade of experience like battle exp and can be distributed to any class. 1000 general exp could make a level 1 adventurer class reach level 3 and still have some exp left over. It was fairly difficult to gain this much experience in this world. This could be considered an extraordinary leveling speed.

'The quest description explained things very clearly. I'm afraid that I can only complete it with my own power.' If Marvin was still the original weak and incompetent noble, he could only welcome failure. Just as he said to Anna, he needed to change.

First of all, he couldn't rely on his general class, [Noble]. He needed a combat class.

And as a god level player, Marvin already had an idea before stepping out of Fierce Horse Inn.

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River Shore City, Business District, Succubus Tavern's backdoor.

A beggar miserably cowering under a sleeping bag was pleading to the passersby, "Please give me some wine, even diluted with water..."

He struggled to look up, and sniffed madly, apparently content just to detect the smell of alcohol on the passersby.

"Fuck off, old drunk!"

A grumpy thug kicked the beggar and the pitiful man rolled a few times, still clutching his sleeping bag.

The group of people walking through the back door burst into laughter.

They lacked sympathy toward these sorts. This was the grey area of the business district, and the slums were just two streets away. All sorts of gangs were endlessly fighting, and the most lucrative underground businesses were developing around here: organ markets, slave markets, military weapon markets, etc. Those gathering here were rarely good people.

The beggar clutched his stomach and dispiritedly withdrew to his sleeping bag while holding his head.

After the group passed by, the alley became a little deserted.

However when the scent of pure rum suddenly flew in, he still couldn't help but come out of his sleeping bag, holding his head. Apparently, he wouldn't even mind taking another kick.

His eyes were locked onto the bottle of rum that had just been opened.

"10 silvers for a bottle of golden rum," a young voice said.

The beggar couldn't stop looking at that bottle of golden rum and could only guess from the voice that it was a very young man.

"Sir, please have mercy, allow me to have some..." The beggar suddenly lunged toward the bottle, trying to grab it.

Marvin, already expecting his reaction, took a step to avoid it. Looking at the beggar whose eyes reddened, he said, "To get something, you must first pay the price."

The beggar crawled out of the sleeping bag, and a stench filled the air. He kept swallowing and with a trembling voice he asked, "What do you want?"

Marvin smiled and passed him a handwritten letter, along with a red ink paste usually used for seals. He had prepared those beforehand.

Honestly, he couldn't be sure whether this would work, but this was the fastest way to get a class. He had learned of this shortcut from his close friend in the game.

In "Feinan Continent", it wasn't easy to get a class. First of all, you had to be well-trained (which meant to be at least level 5 in the basic [Commoner] class.) Then you had to complete a class quest to get the corresponding class.

With Marvin's current situation, if he tried to get the class the same way ordinary people did, it would take too long. He had to try to take a shortcut.

In order to take this shortcut, he even had to give up on his favorite and most familiar class, [Thief], and pick another similar class. Fortunately, the final advancement of this class was also [Ruler of the Night]. Otherwise, Marvin would definitely not give up the class he was the best at.

The beggar took the letter and read it for a long time, shivering. Then he took out a pitch-black object.

'The bet paid off! This guy really was a high-level adventurer, at least of the second rank!'

Marvin saw the class badge and knew that his guess wasn't wrong. Although the beggar seemed weird, his ingrained movements exposed his former class.

For example, that technical move when he curled up inside his sleeping bag was a very useful class skill – [Hide].

"I can't do that, my conscience won't allow it!" The beggar struggled.

Marvin smiled encouragingly. "Of course you can." He gave the bottle of rum to the beggar.

The beggar's breathing suddenly became coarse. He took the pitch-black badge and pressed it on the ink paste, leaving a seal on the letter. It was a circle of holly leaves with the name Mark Chene in the middle.

Marvin was ecstatic when he received the letter. The beggar was eagerly drinking his golden rum, and before he had finished, Marvin had left the alley.

[Recommendation letter received.]

[Class Acquired.]

Half an hour later when Marvin came out of the Ranger Guild, there was a sika deer badge on his chest.

This marked his success in getting a Rank 1 [Ranger] Class.

At the same time he also received a title with bonuses.

[Newborn Ranger]