**Chapter 2: No more ordinary days (2)**

The goblins took the lead.

They were about a meter tall, small, wiry, and nimble.

I calmly followed their movements.

-Wham!

I saw the knife being wielded by the goblin at the head of the line, the one I had just beaten to a pulp, and dodged it.

At the same time, I tightened my grip on my axe.

Tsk!

"Kerrrrrrrr!!!"

I brought it down and red blood gushed from the green monster's carotid artery like a fountain.

It cried out in pain and swung the knife sideways again but I stepped back, dodged, and struck again at its neck.

-Kwajik!

Her ribs and upper body said goodbye to each other.

-Thud.

My heart is racing and my breathing is coming in ragged gasps.

I'd never killed an ant in my life, but I'd just killed a monster that looked like a woman about a meter tall.

The sensation of the axe in my fingertips tells me that I have killed this creature.

It's an odd feeling, but I'm not in a position to linger on the afterglow.

"That's a lot of bastards."

Human vision and concentration are limited, and if I mark one goblin, I pay less attention to the others.

There are dozens of them.

One just died, so 23 were left, to be exact. That's 23 to 1.

One attack is blocked, followed by 22 more.

-Boom!

My head pounded as I thought a bit.

It's like an earthquake in my skull and the vibration was caused by the sword hitting the helmet.

If I didn't wear the helmet, I would have just died. The realization filled me with fear.

"Kerrrrr!"

But I didn't hesitate.

I grabbed the goblin by the scruff of the neck, shook it off, and brought my axe down.

-Kwajik!

Two down.

Three more lunged at me as soon as my back was turned but they didn't have weapons.

They pinned my lower body with both feet and clung to my upper body.

I felt like I was holding three bags of rice at the same time.

But you know what?

"Aaaaaaaaaaah!"

I'm a man who can carry six bags of cement at once.

I kicked off the ground and jumped into the air like I was doing a jump squat.

Then, with my center of gravity to my side, I land on the ground.

"Kek, kek!"

The goblin that had been clinging to my side fell with the weight of two goblins on my back.

I could definitely feel the vibration of the goblin's ribs cracking.

I gave an ax to one goblin that was clinging to me with a puzzled expression, and a fist to the other.

Five down.

At that point, the mood of the goblin horde suddenly turned to panic.

"Kerrrrr, kerrrrr."

"Kekekekekek, kekekekek, kekekek⋯"

I still don't know what they were saying, but they seemed hesitant to fight after seeing five of their compatriots die in an instant.

"Yeah! Please don't come! Damn it, it's hard!”

‘Come on, you fucking assholes!’

Shit. I can't even get the words out. But they don't understand me, so I guess it's okay.

I could feel my stamina draining away, probably because I was going at 100% without pacing myself.

"Kerlek! Kerrek!"

One of the goblins suddenly shouted loudly, and the mood of the others gradually shifted.

"Kerek! Kerek!"

"Kekerek!"

They shouted, as if they were hominids hunting mammoths with spears in the ancient Paleolithic era.

‘Holy shit, what was that? Did they understand what I just said?’

I wonder who's playing the mammoth, and I'm pretty sure it's not me.

There's no time to think, as a dozen or so goblins charge at me.

"Come on, come on, come on, come on. Fuck it. Let's see you die!"

I shouted back. I shouted back and ran into the goblin horde.

I felt like I was going crazy too. Even if I turn around and run away, it's not enough, so I'm running towards the goblins on my own.

My breathing is ragged, and my aching body is screaming.

More than that, my head is cold and my heart is pounding harder than I've ever felt in my life.

My head is racing with adrenaline from the excitement of my first battle, and my heart is pumping blood throughout my body to help me move faster and stronger.

-Kwazik!

The axe, swung at breakneck speed, beheads a goblin and moves on to the next target.

-Boom!

There are so many of them, I just swing and hit one.

-Poof!

It's a similar situation for the goblins. There were too many of them, so if they charged at me with knives, one of them would hit me.

"Off!"

"Keruk, Keruk."

The goblin, who placed the knife in my thigh, smiled with satisfaction.

I could feel the shape of the foreign object clearly as it dug into my flesh and muscle. It hurt. It hurt so much.

A thousand times worse than when I stubbed my pinky toe on the threshold!

"Hmph. Breathe⋯"

I grit my teeth and hold back a groan that threatens to burst out. I felt it instinctively, like an animal sensation.

Here, I have to keep my movements calm. I can't show that I'm in pain. I must never give it a break. No groaning.

Keep moving.

Like I don't care about this shit!

"Split what, you son of a bitch?"

The goblin's smirk of satisfaction instantly stiffened.

Tsk!

I took a step forward with my slashed leg.

Tsk!

Another step, another blow.

Thud!

As the slaughter continues, they begin to have seizures.

"Kerrrrrrr!"

With dozens of them charging at once, the frequency of attacks increased.

This time, my left shoulder. It was a different sensation than the one on my thigh.

It hurt, but it hurt vaguely. My left arm felt increasingly numb.

‘⋯Is it poison?’

I don't know what to do right now. I do what I have to do.

-Zzzzzzzz!

A fountain of blood gushes out.

Down in the dark cavern, flesh-colored humans and green monsters danced, soaked in red gore.

A crude dance, far from graceful. It could have been a traditional performance of some barbarian tribe.

One axe thrust, four or five sword thrusts.

Blood spurted with every arm swing, flesh splattered with every leg movement.

I don't know how long it's been since I've been fighting but when I woke up, I was the only one still standing, with dozens of stab wounds on my body.

"Keruk, Keruk⋯"

I shakily walked over towards a goblin, who was rolling on the floor.

This is the last one.

Thwack!

The axe cut off her breathing.

"I win. You bitches."

I killed them all. Every last one of them.

‘⋯I'm dizzy.’

With the immediate danger gone, my entire body relaxed.

To catch my breath, I tossed off my helmet and pulled up my blood and sweat soaked bangs.

Still, my breathing didn't calm down.

I wonder if this is what weightlessness feels like, floating in the air. I can't move my body at will.

‘Poison! It's poison.’

It's common knowledge in games that monsters like goblins poison the tip of their swords. Damn it.

I glance down and see a sea of slashes and stab wounds.

Some of the knives were still embedded and I couldn't bring myself to pull them out.

I stood for a moment, staggered, and finally collapsed to the floor.

Damn, I won so I can't just go down like this.

Crawling forward on my right arm, which was still intact, I made my way toward the men who had been raped.

They were well-equipped so I'm guessing they're fantasy adventurers.

If I were to guess based on fantasy rules, there would definitely be a potion or antidote in their luggage.

"Damn."

But my hopes were dashed.

I crawled to the ground and rummaged through their packs, but all I found were men's underwear.

My consciousness faded and my vision blurred like water.

I knew instinctively. I'm on the road to death.

If I take one more step forward, I will surely die.

Is this how I die? Is this how my life ends?

Like this, without meaning⋯

"So-eun⋯"

As death approached, I thought of my sister.

But death seemed to be as cold as capitalism.

Without giving me time to recall my sister, the embers of life were extinguished.

My vision blurred and my eyes closed.

I couldn't see properly.

"You did this?"

My ears perked up at the charming tone I had never heard before.

"Ugh, uhhhhhhh."

"Mmm. You're still alive."

I tried to reply, but the words didn't come out right. The poison had spread to my mouth.

I forced my eyes to open, trying to look at the voice's owner, but my vision was soon obscured by darkness.

Judging by the last thing I saw and felt, someone covered my eyes with a gauntleted hand.

"You've worked hard. Now rest."

With those words, I relaxed, and in an instant, I was unconscious.

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I slipped in and out of consciousness intermittently.

"Off, off, off, off, off!"

"Ouch! Are you awake? I'm sorry. I was trying to heal you, but I pulled the knife out the wrong way⋯ I've never done this before. Here, let me pour you a potion. It's a medium-grade potion."

The knife rips through the flesh, a miracle of healing pours out, and the new flesh that has sprouted is accidentally sliced off.

Horrific pain alternates with comfortable relief.

"Hmph, hmph!"

"Oops, another mistake⋯ I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to. I'll pluck better next time. Here you go. Potion again."

"Ouch!"

“Still, it’s a good sign to see new skin growing. The poison is almost gone. Good job. Oh my. There was another sword here that wasn’t drawn?”

Bottle after bottle, pill after pill. It was repeated dozens of times.

"Gulp, gulp, gulp."

"Oh, are you unconscious⋯ Please go to a good place⋯ This is more dangerous than I thought. I think I'll develop a strange taste⋯"

Nam Soo-jin repeatedly lost consciousness and regained it dozens of times.

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"Are you awake?"

My whole body was throbbing and in pain along with the clear and bright voice.

I have never felt muscle pain like this even when I was working hard.

I slowly opened my eyes and saw a large figure in pure white armor.

He was leaning against the cave wall, and at his height and build, he must have been well over two meters tall.

His enormous bulging chest gloves and the strange sigil in the center were particularly striking.

At the same time, I had fragmentary memories of everything that had happened to me while I was unconscious.

‘Ugh.’

Just thinking about it makes my teeth chatter and my bones ache from the knife cuts.

A high, charming voice? Bullshit.

Now I hear it as the voice of a mad doctor performing a flesh-eating operation without anesthesia.

My instinct is to run away from the armored knight.

"I've been saved, thank you for saving my life."

I, Nam Soo-jin, am a man who doesn't know goblins with no intelligence, but who can be polite to people with character.

Without his help, I would have died of poison among the goblins.

He had to tear me apart to get the knives out, and he was able to detoxify the goblin poison.

I scrambled to my feet and thanked the armored knight with a bow.

"Well, well. I thought explorers were supposed to help each other, not the other way around."

Hmmm. Hmph.

The armored knight coughed uselessly and spoke in a low voice.

“I wish I could give you some clothes…”

 "⋯Yes?"

I asked, quickly scanning my body.

"Oh."

I felt cold.