

The Return of the Disaster-Class Hero

CHAPTER 17: I CAME FOR WHAT'S MINE

A large tract of land lay in front of him. Lee Gun had rushed here because he had thought there was a possibility of the twelve Zodiacs wising up to his plan, and he didn't want their combined might converging on him.

'This place is ignorantly large.' He couldn't help but laugh in derision. He felt like he were looking at a children's grand park in Seoul, where one could easily get lost. The fact that this place was called a holy ground was laughable.

'Holy ground, my a*s.' Even in the past, gods were worshipped in churches. Now, those places were called temples, and the regular disciples defended these locations. Of course, Lee Gun didn't care where the gods set up shop. 'Bastards! I warned them not to come here.'

If they had entered Korea to protect it, he might have been more understanding. If their motives had been pure, he might have thanked them. However, they had removed his protection items, which had been doing their jobs. Moreover, they claimed swaths of land as holy grounds. Their intentions were obvious.

'As the holy grounds expand, it seems the god's power and influence also increase.'

That wasn't all. When Lee Gun's gaze fell on the fancy Sheep statue, hatred surged in his heart. The statue was made out of gold, and gems were unnecessarily embedded all over the sculpture. There wasn't an ounce of artistic taste to it. Lee Gun kicked the sculpture, sending the head of the Sheep flying.

'I placed an item I created in this place.'

The item was a protection-type item that chased away monsters. It was much more effective than prayers to the gods. However, his item had been removed in a ham-fisted manner, and that turned this place into an environment where monsters thrived.

'I'm sure someone else pulled it out.' He had no idea if the person had unintentionally extracted it or just done a sloppy job. Lee Gun let out a cold laugh. One thing was for sure. The Sheep Saint hadn't pulled it out. 'He doesn't have the ability to do it.'

However, that wasn't important right now. 'Where the hell did he hide it?

He couldn't access his last Advance Skill because needed a manufacturing-type holy item to use it. Of course, the item he had kept here might not be a manufacture-type

holy item. However, an opportunity had presented itself to Lee Gun at an opportune time.

Lee Gun's eyes flashed as he looked in a certain direction. It was a tourist spot with a lot of civilians.

“Dad? Does this place really have Red Eye! The monster that the twelve Zodiacs killed?”

“Yes. You can see Lee Gun's weapon too.”

“Really? I want to see Lee Gun's weapon!”

“What? I thought you wanted to see the Sheep's Golden Throne?”

“Nope! I don't want to see something owned by that fat ajussi. Lee Gun's weapon is cooler!”

Lee Gun had arrived at the Sheep Saint's museum. This place was a famous tourist spot. Yang Wei had set up numerous museums near temples, and they were quite large. Of course, since he was the Saint under the god of wealth, he naturally wanted to gather and display items, but...

‘Who gave him permission to use my babies as a means to make money?’ Lee Gun's eyes burned with anger as he quickly walked toward the museum's entrance. His priority was to find his item. He had become a legend because of his high battle capabilities. However, he was a Maker. In truth, he could remake his tools and weapons, but...

‘Also, legendary rank items aren't easily made.’

Moreover, Lee Gun liked manufacturing tools he was accustomed to. He felt very uncomfortable without them. Above all else, he was possessive of the items he made. That wasn't the only reason he was here. ‘If this place has a manufacturing-type holy item, I can unlock my skill.’

If he found a weapon, he could upgrade it. If it were some other type of holy item, he could use it as an ingredient. No matter what he found, he would come out ahead.

[Warning! This is the holy ground of a god, so your power will be restricted!]

[Warning! In the Golden Fleece's holy ground, “Wealth Binge Eating” special ability has been activated!]

[Those who possess the power of the gods have to donate a certain amount of money!]

[Warning! They can confiscate what you have!]

[Hurry and move toward the designated area in the holy ground!]

Lee Gun ignored the warnings. He grinned as he put something on his face. On his way here, he had blended in with a group of Chinese tourists crowding at the museum's entrance. Then, he had stolen a Sheep mask from a wealthy individual, who was participating in an auction next to the museum.

He boldly walked through the entrance using the stolen mask. Normally, he needed a pass here, but he had a solution.

[That's a VIP card.]

[Welcome! Have a great day, Mr. Simon!]

The subordinates of the Sheep Saint greeted him. Lee Gun shamelessly waved his hand and told them they were doing a good job. The card he had just used was a free pass ID card he had taken from Yang Wei. His initiative had paid off. Simon was Yang Wei's alias. Yang Wei used it whenever he wanted to go out and have fun under an alias.

'He's such a loser.' Lee Gun threw away the sheep mask as soon as he entered through the entrance, revealing his black mask. He moved deeper into the museum. This was the holy ground of the Sheep Saint, but this museum's location meant it could influence the power and items of disciples unaffiliated with the Sheep. That was why he had to be quick about this.

[Caution! You are in the holy ground of another god, and your power is restricted!]

As soon as he received the warning, the power of the Serpent Bearer got blunted by a bit. This was the reason his idiot friend had always nagged him about never going into the holy ground of another god in the past. 'Who gives a s**t!'

Kwahng!

Lee Gun headed toward the direction where he could feel the energy of the holy item. The third floor he was on displayed items from the great war. However, something was off with these items. 'I can't feel their energy anymore.'

He looked around to figure out what was going on when it happened.

[Caution! It's the energy of the Sheep.]

The power was strong, and Lee Gun quickly turned his head. It was enough to make Lee Gun put up his guard. Unsurprisingly, a disciple with great power was standing behind him. He looked disgruntled by Lee Gun's presence. Lee Gun knew he could be caught on CCTV, so he had put on his mask as a declaration of war. However, it seemed he had drawn too much attention. Lee Gun clicked his tongue; he was about to move his hand.

"Your group is over there."

"...?"

The disciple led Lee Gun away. Lee Gun became surprised when the man guided him into a special display room.

"Are you sure Lee Gun-nim wore this?"

"This is the crafting tool he used."

"Wow! They even have a piece of gum that Lee Gun once chewed on."

People wearing the same mask as he had were crowded into the room. They were tourists from overseas. Most of them were regular people, while some were disciples with great power.

"My god! Is that the weapon Lee Gun used?"

"No way! I wonder if we can buy it through an auction."

"The Monami pen Lee Gun used was sold for a hundred thousand dollars. His weapon will be sold for an unimaginable price. The wealthiest people around the world will go crazy over it."

"Do you think a million dollars will do it?"

"That'll fall way short! In the first place, his items get more expensive with time. Also, I doubt the Sheep Saint would sell it."

Lee Gun groaned when he heard the debate between a professional curator and a collector. He had read the community board and watched how Chun Sungjae acted. So he had an inkling of what was going on, but he had never expected it to go far as this.

'That greedy asshat!'

The group of people welcomed Lee Gun into their midst.

“It seems he arrived late. What’s your name…”

It didn’t matter. ‘It’s around here.’ Lee Gun found his item. Everyone was gathered around his so-called weapon, but he didn’t even pay attention to it.

Why?

‘They are all fakes.’ The clothes were probably stolen from his home, but all the weapons on display were fakes. The odd part about them was that all of the fakes had a bit of his magical energy within them.

“!” Lee Gun grinned when he caught sight of something.

* * *

Lee Gun kept staring at a corner of the display. That space displayed a variety of items including his books and Tupperware. However, the most eye-catching item was…

‘Toothpick.’ There was even an item used to pick at one’s teeth. Of course, most tourists cared about the armor, blades, and other weapons. They had zero ounces of interest in a toothpick. It was to be expected.

“There’s no way this is an item Lee Gun regularly used.”

The people standing next to Lee Gun were from the “Lee Gun fan club.” They laughed as they looked at the item. At a glance, Lee Gun could tell that they possessed powerful magical energy. He didn’t know their affiliation, but they were disciples with a substantial amount of power.

“If Lee Gun’s weapon comes out for auction, I’ll buy it for sure.”

“Really?”

“Yes. I saw the legendary footage of Lee Gun fighting monsters in Russia with that weapon. It was awesome. I don’t know why they put a toothpick next to the weapon… There’s no proof that Lee Gun-nim used a toothpick.”

“Why? You don’t think it’s Lee Gun’s item?”

“Of course not. This is a common good seen everywhere. They probably used it because they wanted to show a large assortment of items.”

“If it’s fake, I can just take it, right?”

“What?”

Lee Gun let out a bright smile as he swung his fist.

Clank!

“?!”

When the display case broke, the museum’s security alarm started to ring.

Beep- Beep-

Pandemonium erupted around him.

“What the hell?”

“Where?!”

The awakened user next to Lee Gun was appalled.

“Wait a moment!”

After casually destroying the glass around the display, Lee Gun picked up the toothpick. At that moment, the security guards of the Sheep Saint rushed in from outside. “Freeze!”

They blocked the exits.

Lee Gun let out a bright smile as he took something out of his pocket. It was one of the holy items in Min Sunghoon’s possession.

Poo-shoo-shook!

Smoke instantly filled the display room. People screamed as they rushed toward the exit.

“Kyahhk! What the hell? Is there a fire?”

“Who cares? Let’s get out of here first and ask questions later!”

The visitors rushed out, and the disciples of the Sheep surrounded Lee Gun. “He’s the thief!”

“Please send the Saints here!”

In a flash, the disciples surrounded Lee Gun and glared at him. However, many were taken aback because the only thing he had stolen was a toothpick. It was an unreasonable reaction since armor, clothes, and weapons of all kinds were on display here.

‘Why that of all items?’

‘Is he a Lee Gun fanatic?’

“He doesn’t seem to have a weapon.”

“Put down that item. Don’t put up a fight...”

Lee Gun grinned as he poured magical energy into the toothpick between his teeth. Something amazing happened the next instant.

The disciples surrounding Lee Gun screamed. Four of them instantly fell to the floor as something flew in the air. Lee Gun leisurely snatched back the item. It was a pick used to create a sculpture, a carving tool commonly used with a hammer to create a large sculpture. The amazing part was that the pick was huge and long; it was taller than Lee Gun.

Lee Gun held the pick, and it whined as it greeted him. The pick had recognized its owner. Lee Gun laughed at this sight. ‘It seemed I had changed it into a toothpick twenty years ago.’

The pick in his hands was a special holy item that changed its shape based on his will.

<Clump of Creation Clay!>

[Maker Item (S rank)]

[Special Characteristic: Changes Shape (S rank)]

In some rare cases, Lee Gun had created items with consciousness. It was a form of mutation, and this item was one of them. Its consciousness didn’t have a high level, but in terms of manufacturing and morphing its shape, the item was at the S rank. It was an essential Maker holy item that he needed to create other holy items.

Lee Gun could make Legendary items if he was lucky. He would have to waste a lot of ingredients, but it was doable. If he couldn’t find his weapons, he planned on creating more. However, this item was different.

To a master craftsman, nothing was more precious than the tools that he was familiar with. They were the tools that made his livelihood possible.

[You've met the requirement for Creation Workshop!]

[Creation Workshop has been created with an area of three and a half square meters!]

[The basic domain of the Creation Workshop has been released!]

[<Creation Workshop><Repair and Reinforcement Workshop><Disassemble Workshop>]

[Carving skill has been generated! It can imbue special attributes!]

Lee Gun was very satisfied. He had unlocked all of his skills with this. Although he had yet to confirm it, his skills had different functions than before.

'I should get out of here now.' Lee Gun moved as he felt more disciples of the Sheep Saint rushing toward the museum from outside. However, something suddenly caught his eye.

'Storehouse?' He suddenly walked toward a region with a sign that said: "Authorized Personnel Only."

[You can feel the powerful energy of the Golden Fleece!]

Lee Gun's eyebrows twitched as he mulled over his thoughts for a brief moment. Yes. It would be a shame if he went out of this place empty-handed. At a glance, he could tell this was a safe holding something valuable. A nefarious smile made its way to his face.

* * *

At that moment in time...

"Huhk, huhk...!" Hugo arrived at the holy ground of the Sheep Saint after rushing all the way. He saw something frightening the moment he stepped inside the place.

"There's an intruder!"

"Hurry up and go to the museum!"

"The thief used the confusion to steal the Sheep Saint's holy items!"

All hell had already broken loose in the holy ground of the Sheep Saint. When Hugo had read the message that Lee Gun was going to the asshat's home, he had realized Lee Gun's next destination. He gripped his hair with his hands.

'Please, Gun!' He was sure of it now. Lee Gun was the main culprit causing all this trouble. Moreover, he had warned Lee Gun that he shouldn't enter someone else's holy ground. Yet, Lee Gun was nonchalantly razing someone else's holy ground!

Kwahng!

Enormous Wealth Toads appeared from the temple to catch the intruder. They were a type of construct that the Sheep god reared. At that moment, the sound of steel splitting the air rang out, and the toads fell over dead.

Kwahng! Kwahng!

It was Lee Gun. After casually killing the toads, he walked out between their bodies. "Ah! I'm getting hungry."

Suddenly, Lee Gun heard a very familiar voice.

"Gun!"

It was the voice of pure despair.

