

Chapter 32 - Idiot.

When Lukas left the dungeon, still with the mask on his face, he was blinded by the camera flashes. "Urgh." He protected his eyes with his arm and started walking away quickly.

However, he was stopped by the guards near the portal.

"Hey, someone else got out! Quick, call the mages!" One of them said. Since Lukas' clothes were torn and stained with blood, he figured Lukas was injured. However, Lukas was feeling great.

He was just tired.

"Don't worry, I'm not hurt," Lukas said to the guard in the suit. The guards were surrounding him to prevent the reporters from approaching Lukas. The reporters were euphoric.

Mainly because of his appearance and also the items in his hands. Had he cleared the dungeon to get those items? But Elis and her group had just entered the dungeon.

"But..." Hearing Lukas' words, the guard didn't know what to do. He was frightened by the amount of blood on Lukas' clothes. There was no way he wasn't hurt.

Noticing the man's nervousness, Lukas tried to calm him down.

"That's not my blood." Lukas smiled from behind his mask. Then he started walking again, ignoring everyone who tried to talk to him. The guard, worried about Lukas, took a photo of him.

He wanted to show that photo to Elis.

Lukas was not a player they knew. If he were a famous player, they would have recognized that mask.

'But why was he in there? Was he part of the Phoenix group? Why didn't they come out together?' The guard thought. He remembered something he overheard while eavesdropping on Elis and the Phoenix group leader's conversation.

A boy from the Phoenix group was still inside the dungeon, and maybe Lukas was that boy. The guard, confused, called one of his companions who was accompanying the Phoenix group.

He only found out minutes later that Lukas was not the boy of the Phoenix group. The boy they sought had silver hair and wore a purple mask.

This confused the guard even more. But since he had a picture of Lukas, he would try to discover his identity later.

Lukas had disappeared into the crowd.

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Lukas walked into the crowd, and the way opened without him needing to say anything. His mask, the unpleasant smell, and the swords in his hands made people move away.

And as Lukas walked away, some independent journalists began to chase him. But as soon as he exited the crowd, Lukas used all his speed and started running.

Running between some alleys and questionable locations, he finally ran away from all the journalists chasing him.

"I can't go home like this." In addition to the items he carried with him, Lukas was dirty, and his clothes were torn. If he came home like that, he would probably be in trouble.

He should be on his course.

"I didn't bring my cell phone, so I don't know the time. It's probably two o'clock in the afternoon now." Lukas usually went to his course at 10 a.m. and left at 4 p.m. He spent six hours studying almost every day.

It was bothersome.

"It's okay. I at least have some money on me. First, I'll sell these items." Lukas walked toward an alley a little farther away where he had hidden his backpack.

He thought it would be a nuisance to carry it into the dungeon. Taking it with him would make it very difficult for him to move.

As soon as he reached the alley, he removed his mask and put it in his backpack, along with the potions and the two swords he had gotten from the gacha. They were clean, unlike the blades he was using.

After putting everything away, he put his backpack on his back and went towards the old man's store where he had sold his potions earlier.

The store seemed to be closed, but when he knocked a few times on the door, the door was opened.

"Come in."

"I have more potions for you and also two swords. Take a look." Lukas placed his heavy backpack on the counter and began to take all the items from inside. He had six potions in total.

And also two swords. They were good quality swords, but they were not swords that could cost a fortune.

"The potions, I will pay the same amount since they are all low level. The swords I can buy each one for 100\$."

"100\$?"

"Yes. They are made of iron, so the material is cheap. Also, they don't receive mana. They are not magic swords, just like these two weapons you carry."

"Can you tell that just by looking?"

"Yes, I can. Why do you think I work in sales? So, will you accept \$100 for each of them?"

"All right, I'll take it."

"Okay, I'll get the money." The man walked in the door behind him and returned, bringing a large amount of money. He had not only \$100 bills but also \$50 and \$20.

"Here you go. You better be careful walking down the street with that much money."

"Don't worry." Lukas put the money inside his backpack and said goodbye to the man. The old man looked at the items he had bought and smiled.

"Idiot." He said as he put the two swords away in the back of his store.

Lukas, who did not listen to the old man's words, left his store and went directly to a nearby hotel. It was a cheap hotel. When he arrived at the reception desk, the receptionist was horrified by his appearance.

So did the people Lukas met on the street.

Nevertheless, the woman gave Lukas a room on the 4th floor of the hotel. However, he had to leave his swords at the reception. Lukas went directly to the bathroom when he entered the room.

He took a hot shower and stayed in the bathtub for long minutes. And after getting out of the bath, still wearing a robe with the hotel logo, Lukas lay down on the soft bed to rest for a while.

However, as he was exhausted, he fell asleep.