

## Overgeared 1081

### [Chapter 1081](#)

[You are the first player to discover the 'Imperial Palace's Secret Passage'!]

[Your achievement of discovering the last retreat of the emperor is truly remarkable!]

[You have received the 'Imperial Palace's Blueprint' as a first discovery reward!]

[The Great Robber of the Red Night is interested in you. Watch out for red nights.]

[Imperial Palace's Blueprint (Central Section)]

[Rating: Legendary

The imperial palace of the Saharan Empire is one of the finest buildings in history, designed by the best architects and dwarves.

There are a total of 19 blueprints of the imperial palace, among which the highest technical strength is concentrated in the central blueprint.

These are also the basics for imparting the best architectural skills.

Acquisition Effect: Open the craftsman great Architecture skill. Understanding of the imperial palace's structure will rise by 10%. The probability of making a historic building will permanently increase.

Learning Conditions: Architect.

Weight: 0.1]

'Eh?'

The seven malignant saints...

Saharan...

The expelled gods...

After learning about the grandmaster's identity and desires, Grid was confused and couldn't handle the amount of information flooding in. The interior of the huge passage, where night stones were installed in one-meter intervals and scattering a soft light, caught his eyes. Yes, this was a place that only the emperors should know. It was the most secret place in the world.

The emperor brought him here... It was very meaningful.

'Trust...'

It wasn't a level of trust that could be built up just by saving a single life. The emperor, who had known for a long time that Piaro was alive, probably treated Grid as a benefactor and had been deeply grateful to him from then on. It was a gratitude for slightly easing some of the emperor's sins. If Piaro hadn't met Grid, he would still be wandering around or perhaps be dead. The emperor thought Piaro had died or that he had gotten crippled in the first place.

'...I've also received help from Piaro.' Grid became bitter after reading the emperor's heart. Just as Piaro wouldn't be human if he hadn't met Grid, Grid wouldn't be a human either if he hadn't met Piaro. He would still dismiss control and wouldn't be able to overcome all types of crises. Yes, he wasn't a one-sided benefactor of Piaro.

Piario was also his benefactor. They were greatly encouraged and inspired by each other. They were friends who were together naturally. This was the reason why.

'Piario, you followed my unjust command without a single protest.'

The emperor's heart toward Piario didn't matter. From Piario's perspective, the emperor was a firm enemy who couldn't be forgiven even if he were killed a hundred times. It was the emperor who harmed Piario's family and associates, taking away Piario's life.

Yet Piario had swallowed his anger. He had wanted to run and hurt the emperor, but he saved the emperor at Grid's command. How pained and bitter would he feel despite not expressing it? Grid weighed Piario's feelings and felt great sorrow and guilt.

'I'm sorry to Kasim.'

A disciple of Lantier, a friend of Doran and the teacher of Faker and Lord... Kasim, the last survivor of the Nero people, was also deprived of everything because of the empire. The empire had wiped out his family, friends, and colleagues, as well as his nation and culture.

Piario's grudge was limited to the foolish emperor and evil empress while Asmophel resented the empress and the Yatan Church, but Kasim hated the empire itself. In the past, Grid had taken advantage of Kasim's position and vowed to take revenge on the empire in order to fully utilize Kasim.

However, things changed. The current Grid was aiming for unity, rather than hostility with the empire. Right now, Kasim understood Grid's position and was persevering, but it wouldn't be strange if his patience ran out. Maybe...

The biggest obstacle to harmony with the empire might be Kasim.

'This problem won't be solved just because the emperor apologizes.'

If the empire itself didn't change, Kasim would never forgive the empire. If the empire doesn't change...

If Kasim's hatred was maintained...

What choice would Grid make then?

"Ugh."

The moment Grid was feeling depressed by his thoughts...

Saharan's sword absorbed power from all the materials that made up the capital. Piario, who had been stunned after experiencing Edan wielding this explosive power, finally came to his senses.

"Piario!"

"Sir Piario!"

Grid and the dukes supported Piaro. On the other hand, the emperor was still. He didn't have the qualifications or courage to help Piaro.

"Your Majesty... Are you safe..."

"Of course."

The moment he regained his spirit, Piaro looked at Grid. This image choked the emperor's heart. Those eyes, filled with loyalty and infinite affection, were originally directed at him. Now they had become directed at someone else entirely. Although he was thankful that Piaro lived, he now felt sad and really shameless. He wondered how selfish he had become since he sat on the throne and enjoyed everything. The emperor was disillusioned with himself and turned away from Piaro.

The man who lost everything because of his ignorance...

The emperor couldn't look at him. He didn't want to see Piaro become someone else's. The emperor dropped his head without any strength.

"Your Majesty, this subordinate dares risk his life to make a request," Chensler's voice rang out suddenly. The wounds he had received from the grandmaster were quite large, but he knelt down on the cold floor anyway. "Apologize to Sir Piaro."

Chensler was the last loyalist. Even if Juander wasn't the emperor, Chensler would sacrifice everything for him. Therefore, he could dare to advise Juander, "Your Majesty is supreme. No one dares to punish Your Majesty so your Majesty must be strict on yourself. Take responsibility for the sins you have committed. Ask Sir Piaro for forgiveness."

How shocked had the emperor been when he heard of Piaro's betrayal? How many nights had the emperor spent awake before ordering Piaro's family to be killed? How had the emperor felt when he found out the truth? Chensler had always been watching. As a result, he pushed the emperor even more. He knew the emperor could only move forward if he asked Piaro for forgiveness.

"..." The emperor hesitated. His heart naturally wanted to run immediately to Piaro and fall to his knees. However, could he obtain Piaro's forgiveness with just a few words of apology? Piaro wouldn't forgive him. He wouldn't forgive himself if he were Piaro.

The shock of losing Empress Aria... In the end, it was just an excuse like the grandmaster said. No excuse could be given for betraying a trusted friend.

"..."

Since he wouldn't be forgiven, the act of apologizing meant his relationship with Piaro would be severed. The emperor thought too much and didn't move toward Piaro in the end. He realized this terrible reality and wanted to ignore his irreversible sins.

"Your Majesty..." Chensler sighed. He had been hoping...

The emperor might not be forgiven by Piaro, but Chensler hoped the emperor would show the courage to stand up to his mistakes, even if he would be cursed at. It was only then that the emperor could be a better ruler, which was a shortcut to ending the confusion that the royal family faced. Yet the emperor didn't have the courage to do so.

Chensler was sad. Of course, he didn't blame or criticize the emperor despite that. The greater the size of the sins committed, the harder it was to face the person. Chensler fully understood the emperor's position.

Meanwhile, Piaro also turned away from the emperor. The familiar appearance of the emperor who was a bit further away and holding his breath...

Piario turned a blind eye to the betrayer he hated every moment since that day's incident. He thought he would burst into tears when he saw the emperor's eyes. In order to get revenge, he must not even exchange looks...

Piario thought hard and only stared at Grid. Piario's shaky gaze broke Grid's heart. However, Grid wasn't in a position to say any words of consolation.

"..."

"..."

The heavy silence caused everyone's breath to tighten. They waited for the noises still coming from the audience hall above the secret passage to stop. Suddenly, Grid yelled, "Ah...! Duke Basara!"

"...?" Everyone looked bewildered.

Then Grid hurriedly explained, "Duke Basara is leading soldiers to the imperial palace!"

"Basara?" The first person to react was the emperor. He noticed something. In order to save him, Basara was now advancing to the imperial palace without waiting.

'She is better than my children...'

Basara was truly very talented. Her red energy had a weaker influence on matter, but it gave vitality to life. There was no fear in the troops she led, and the other nobles became gentle sheep in front of her. Her red energy, which saw the essence and condition of matter and guided it in a beneficial direction, was similar to Mercedes's insight.

Her father had surrendered the throne to Juander's father who was prepared to purge all of his blood relatives, allowing Juander to inherit the throne. If she had been the one to inherit the throne instead of him...

'Aria and Piario wouldn't have experienced the misfortune, and the empire would've enjoyed a peaceful reign.' The enlightened emperor's gaze shifted toward Grid. Grid was going crazy, and the dukes and Piario were trying to stop him.

"Let me go! I have to go and save Duke Basara!"

"That's enough, Your Majesty! That place is dangerous!"

"Duke Basara doesn't know what is going on at the imperial palace right now! She will surely die if she is caught up in the grandmaster and Edan's fight!"

"Duke Basara is a wise person. She won't get hit easily and will be fine on her own!"

“Your Majesty, don’t you know that you might die if you go out?”

“Oh, these guys! I will revive even if I die!!”

Grid struck the dukes’ hands. However, he couldn’t remove Piaro’s hand. The power and will in Piaro’s hands wasn’t something that could be overcome by Grid’s power and will.

“Your Majesty.” Piaro’s deep eyes stared straight at Grid. “I know that Your Majesty is an immortal blessed by the gods. Even if you lose your life, you will smile and live again.”

“Yes, so this hand...”

“However.”

“...?”

“My heart is torn.”

“...”

“Do you think I don’t know that Your Majesty receives great damage in return for the resurrection? Additionally, the pain...? Aren’t you a human who feels the same pain as me? Don’t get used to dying.”

“P-Piara...”

“As long as my eyes are still open, Your Majesty can’t die. I would rather die. I will save Duke Basara.”

“...?”

No, this was a troll. Grid barely grabbed Piara, who was trying to leave on his behalf. Then a completely unexpected figure stepped forward.

“I will go.”

“...!?”

It was Emperor Juander. For the first time, he looked at Piara. The emperor’s eyes met Piara’s, and the emperor calmly accepted the gaze that was full of hatred.

“A knight who met the wrong master and lost everything.”

“...Shut up.”

“A friend betrayed by a friend you shouldn’t have believed in.”

“Shut up!!”

“I deeply apologize.”

“Shut up!”

Piara seemed feverish as he blocked his eyes and shouted. Tears poured from his red eyes, and his hand that held the hand plow trembled. The emperor bowed deeply to him before glancing at Chensler and Bain. “Don’t follow.”

“My place is by Your Majesty’s side.”

“...I can’t let Your Majesty the Emperor die.”

Chensler and Bain violated the imperial order. It was a very disrespectful attitude, but the emperor laughed.

Step, step.

The emperor passed by Piaro, who couldn’t wield the hand plow, and stood before the dukes. “I name Basara as my successor. You must survive and be the witnesses. Help her well.”

“Your Majesty!”

The emperor said no more. He passed by the dukes and stood in front of Grid. “Overgeared King. I know it now. The epitome of all of this is me. I am the one who made everyone unhappy.”

“That...”

“I have four children. Like his parents, the youngest Edan has made an irreversible mistake. I will take him with me, but the other three can’t be held responsible.”

“...”

“The first is like his mother, weak but clever. The second resembles his father, incompetent and greedy. The third is trying to walk the wrong path in rebellion against his father.”

“...”

“Please, Overgeared King. Please guide my children correctly. If the new emperor tries to purge them... I hope you can help a little bit.”

The emperor believed that he had the right to ask this. Grid naturally agreed to it. He hadn’t forgotten the emperor’s grace in sending him Mercedes.

“...I understand,” Grid answered.

Then the emperor left the secret passage in a peaceful mood. There was no more emperor in the space made for the emperor.

Then the world message emerged.

[An unknown person is writing the second epic.]

[The beginning of the epic comes from the underground passage that is dyed with the light of the night stones.]

Grid felt a rush of intense emotions.

[He silently watched the back of the Absolute for the last time.]

[Chapter 1082](#)

[An unknown person is writing the second epic.]

[The beginning of the narrative comes from the underground passage that was dyed with the light of the night stones.]

“Grid...?”

“Grid?”

There was no one who didn't know the identity of this unknown person. The incident of Grid's epic was so famous that even those who didn't play Satisfy knew about it.

[He silently watched the back of the Absolute for the last time.]

“This...!”

The 10 meritorious retainers saw the world messages rise in succession. They were scattered all over the kingdom but instantly became rigid. The retainers understood that Grid's epic was only triggered when experiencing an event which was a major milestone in human history.

The world message which popped up shortly after Grid left for the imperial palace with Basara suggested that Grid had been involved in a major event. The Absolute must be the emperor, and the emperor's life was in danger. The 10 meritorious retainers judged that Grid would be in a major crisis if the imperial family was in danger.

Laue's message entered the guild window, [All players who were registered as Grid's knight, please prepare for a summoning.]

Grid appointed only a few players as his knights, and they were mostly the 10 meritorious retainers. Laue's advice was aimed at the 10 meritorious retainers, [Regardless of your current position, please respond to Grid's call immediately. The most important thing for us is Grid's security.]

Laue's warning was pointless. Everyone intended to do so in the first place. It was natural for them to run when their most cherished friend was in a big crisis. Those who arrived at their destination after a long journey, those who were raiding bosses that only appeared once a month, and those who were going through hidden quests that would never come again...

'Grid, quickly summon us!'

They all waited for Grid's call with the same emotions.

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Watching the back of the Absolute for the last time...

The narrative of the system was implying the emperor's end. It couldn't be certain that the 'last' mentioned here meant death. However, Grid had a gut feeling that the emperor would die. Someone equal to or better than Garam... No, the grandmaster was an incarnation of the seven malignant saints, so he would naturally be stronger than Garam. Meanwhile, Edan got his hands on the sword of the founding emperor Saharan, who had been deified by the imperial people for hundreds of years.

It was nothing more than a suicide act if the emperor, who was their first target, came before their eyes. Yet Grid didn't stop the emperor. They were two people who shared a subtle connection through an agent called Mercedes, but they had virtually no relationship.

Yes, Grid and the emperor only had a distant relationship. There was also the intense relationship called 'Piaro' between the two, but that was it. Their births, environments, and positions were different, and there was no personal relationship at all. Rather, this relationship was closer to a bad relationship. The emperor was an object of fear for Grid while for the emperor, Grid was just an individual.

It was a relationship where they tried to eliminate each other's existence. Grid didn't have the right or any reason to stop the emperor. So why? Grid felt a seed of sorrow.

It was better for the emperor to die. Then he and Basara would live, and Basara could become the emperor. Basara must be the emperor, and everything would work out. There would be more harmony than he hoped for. Grid's sense of reason clearly knew this.

Then why? Why was he so sad? Since when had he started liking the emperor? Grid felt confused and quickly realized why.

Emperor Juander—he was literally absolute power. He was able to get everything he wanted, and he could cover up his shortcomings easily. Yet he didn't. He turned away all the beauties of the world and loved only one woman in his life. He was always worried about the old friend who lost everything because of his sins. He repaid the grace of the king of another country by sending over his most loyal knight, and he worried about his children in the moment when he would lose everything.

The emperor was a person who valued connections more than anything else in the world. It was just like the grandmaster mocked. Maybe he was an incompetent emperor like Edan and Benoit denounced. He might've committed sins from his ignorance. However, the emperor was never a wicked person. He was a fool who couldn't even be corrupted.

That's why Grid unconsciously felt fond of him. Perhaps Grid felt something similar from him.

[The last of the Absolute, a pilgrim walking on the path of atonement—he sacrificed himself to take responsibility for his sins without hiding from his sins.]

"My choice today will be a model for the next generation."

Did he ever imagine a day would come when he was threatened with the throne? The emperor, who had fled from his son's attack, corrected his crooked crown and brushed off the dust from the cloak stained with blood that was caused by his son. He held a sword in the hand that had covered his beloved Aria's cheek and held the shield in the hand that had stroked Marie's head. His face that had smiled as his children grew up was now deeply shaded, but his eyes were filled with the will to take away the darkness.

The emperor stood in front of the exit that led to the audience hall and turned his attention to Grid. "Those who will later become emperors of Saharan won't repeat the same mistakes as me."

They would learn from him. Of course, he didn't protect the throne. He had become distant the moment his vision was buried and an irreversible sin was committed. The later emperors who learned about the foolish Emperor Juander would always be alert and wise.

The emperor believed this as he opened the door. Simultaneously, Saharan's red energy poured in and revealed the interior of the secret passage.

"Emperor!" Edan's voice roared like a beast. Loud sounds followed. Someone groaned, but there was no sound of falling. The emperor, two pillars, Edan, the magic machines, the grandmaster, and the Red Knights—all of them stood firm because they knew this was the most important moment.

[The Absolute knew. His blood won't wash away his sins.]

"Your Majesty!" Then Basara's voice was heard. Damn, things were moving too quickly. She would be in danger. Grid became anxious and was about to rush out to the audience hall.

"Basara! You must survive and lead the empire to power!"

Was the source of the vibration the origin true energy? The emperor's red energy exploded to a level that had never been seen before, and this was followed by Edan's groans. Concurrently, Basara's delicate body flew into the passage that contained Grid's group.

[However, the Absolute sacrificed himself at the end. His blood might not wash away his sins, but he hoped to cause a ripple in the history of the decaying empire for generations.]

[It was in the hope that no sinner like him would ever be born again...]

[A fool who was aware that one Absolute could put countless people into misery.]

"Duke Basara!"

Grid and the dukes hurried to Basara who was lying on the ground. The exit was closing. Basara jumped up from the hands of the people and rushed over, but it was too late. She grabbed a tightly closed door.

"Your Majesty!"

Basara's mind returned to memories of decades ago. The young Juander's bright smile. Basara found it good to see the sunny smile of her cousin, who was once condemned as being insincere. She used to think of him as a white paper that would never be dyed red. Then at some point, he lost his smile and became filled with sorrow and anger.

Why didn't she take care of him? What was she doing when his son pointed a sword at his heart?

[The Absolute's desire ends an era of history.]

[He has witnessed it through the Absolute.]

[He saw the responsibility of the highest-ranked person to guide a new millennium of history.]

[He has seen the end of an age.]

[At the center of the last and the new era, he felt the great narrative that couldn't be achieved with personal power become a party of him.]

.....

....

[An unknown person has completed the second page of the epic!]

The world messages ended. A creepy sound was coming from beyond the exit. The constant screams, metallic sounds, and explosions gradually subsided, and an ominous silence came.

“Your Majesty...”

The dukes guessed the situation outside and closed their eyes. Basara choked on her sobs while Piaro struck the wall with his fists. In Grid’s field of view, a notification window appeared.

[The second page of the epic has been completed.]

[The history that will never be forgotten, ‘The Birth of a New Millennium of the Empire’, has become part of you. You are part of the history of the millennium empire.]

[The effect of the completion of the epic has made your relationship with the Saharan imperial family special.]

[The Saharan imperial family will consider you special from generation to generation.]

[The effect of the completion of the epic has made you a witness of a new era.]

[You have achieved a feat that can never be accomplished in a human’s short lifespan. The new title ‘Protagonist of Two Eras’ has been acquired for the remarkable achievement.]

[Protagonist of Two Eras]

[If you were someone who died easily, then you couldn’t have witnessed two eras. You will never die easily.]

[The effect of Indomitable is enhanced.]

[Your status has risen to the next level with the completion of that epic.]

[Your status has risen an addition level due to the large-scale reward from the completion of the epic.]

[Some of the upper-grade species are considered to be lower than you. Species that are a lower grade than you will deal less damage and receive additional damage.]

[You feel less attached to the concept of space. Yet it is still looming.]

[Your Deity stat has increased by 2.]

“...”Grid closed his eyes before opening them again. The dukes who seemed scarily strong only a few months ago now felt a bit comfortable. This wasn’t ridiculing the dukes. Grid didn’t evaluate a target just by a difference in strength. Just... It was literally a comfortable feeling. Now he wouldn’t shrink back so much when meeting Garam. Of course, this didn’t mean his strength had grown as much as his courage.

“Your Majesty?”Piaro was startled.

The dukes turned their heads belatedly and looked blank for a moment. They had an indescribable feeling as they faced Grid’s serene gaze. It was just like the first time they saw the grandmaster.

Grid's hearing and sixth sense captured the situation outside. "The army is coming. Edan's strength is also weak, so let's go."

"Wait a moment..." Grenhal tried to stop Grid. The grandmaster should still be alive. His death was unimaginable. He was hiding at best, but it was unknown what type of disaster would be encountered if they went outside. They had to wait for the troops to arrive.

Grenhal thought this, but Grid ignored him and was already opening the exit. Originally, the stone wall only opened in response to the emperor's red energy. Perhaps it was due to the emperor's death or the shock, but it was now easy to open.

"..."

The audience hall, stained with blood, was empty. The grandmaster, the Red Knights, and the magic machines had disappeared without a trace. The emperor, Chensler, and Bain were no longer visible.

"You came just in time..." Somebody's voice rang out.

Did Saharan's sword get taken back by the grandmaster? Rather than the sword, Edan held the crown as he sat on the throne. It was the aftermath of using too much power. He was dying like he was poisoned.

"An imperial... order." Cough, cough. The bloodied Edan commanded the dukes with blank eyes. "My mother... Mother..."

Edan's last wish wasn't conveyed. He failed to place the crown on his head with his shaking hands and eventually turned to gray ash.

Belatedly...

"Father! Father!!"

"Your Majesty!"

1st imperial prince Roland and 2nd imperial prince Dulandal entered the audience hall. The moment they noticed the change, they had gathered their troops and led many soldiers. However, it was too late.

"My stupid and slow self...! I killed you! Kill me!"

In the empty throne, Roland found the crown rolling in blood and ran over, holding it in his hands. Dulandal just stood blankly.

The aftermath was handled by Basara and the dukes. Grid glanced at Piaro before standing in front of Basara.

"The princes... He asked for you not to treat them too harshly."

"I'm not good enough to care for them."

"..."

She had an attitude like this after what happened with Edan. The first impression seemed cold and serious, but the more they knew her, the more warmer and affectionate she became.

The smiling Grid left the audience hall.

“I’ll soon arrive with a big gift!”

“Please stay strong until the day we meet again, Your Majesty!”

Basara and the dukes bid goodbye to Grid. The reaction of the princes was ignored.

Had Basara rallied them? The 30,000 cavalymen of the dukes who entered the palace saluted Grid and Piaro in unison. The sound of the salute raised by 30,000 people echoed to the blue sky.

It was the day when the supreme existence of the West Continent, which had existed since the opening of Satisfy, disappeared.

### [Chapter 1083](#)

[Juander, 19th emperor of the Saharan Empire, has died.]

[Duke Basara has ascended to the throne as the new empress.]

[All players part of the Basara Duchy will receive the ‘New Emperor’s Blessing’ buff. For the next month, experience acquisition will increase by 5% and penalties for deaths will be reduced by 50%.]

Basara’s succession to the throne was surprisingly easy. Since Duke Grenhal and Morse proved the emperor’s will, could the princes easily accept it...? 1st Prince Roland did. He followed the emperor so passively that he had little desire for power. Consequently, he respected his father’s will and supported Basara as the new empress.

The nobles who invested heavily in making Roland the next emperor were upset, but their backlash was small. Not only was there a lack of justification for violating the will of the previous emperor but the power of the three dukes was too great. Basara’s character was very good and wise, so they weren’t afraid she would harm them as empress.

On the other hand, 2nd Prince Dulandal and his faction were very opposed. They shouted that they couldn’t be convinced of Basara as the empress when the emperor’s sons were still alive, and Basara was pushed out of the ranks of succession. Of course, their cries quickly faded away. The 30,000 cavalymen of the three dukes had already taken control of the capital, and it was too much for Dulandal’s forces alone to clash with them. The story would’ve been different if 1st Prince Roland cooperated, but Roland was already supporting Basara.

‘My only brother is a pushover.’ Thinking this, Dulandal sought contact with the remaining powers. However...

“There is no disagreement with her as the new ruler.” Spear Saint Rachel, who witnessed Edan’s wildness and anticipated upheaval, led a large army from her estate. Unlike Dulandal’s hopes, she supported Basara.

‘Dammit!’ Dulandal hurriedly visited the Tower of Eternity. However...

“It doesn’t matter who is the emperor,” Magician King Goldhit replied cynically when Dulandal asked her to cooperate. Goldhit’s decision to serve the empire had been because the emperor vowed to actively

support the Tower of Eternity. She was only interested in the grand dream of reproducing the ‘enhanced magic’, not in the trivial matter of the throne.

The story would be different if the new emperor intervened in the work of the tower or cut off support. In the event of such a situation, it would be enough to move to another country. Most kingdoms needed the power and skill of the Tower of Eternity, so she wasn’t lacking any places to go.

“Have you ever seen such pathetic bastards? Ahh! There is no loyalty to the imperial family!”Dulandal lamented. As the son of the emperor and the empress, he was a legitimate heir to the throne, but he was beaten because people supported Basara or watched the situation.

“Ah! Isn’t it time for him to return?” Dulandal had one last hope. Grandmaster Zikfrector was a traitor. Magician King Goldhit was a bystander. ‘Unable to die’ Chensler went missing in the final battle. Bain, the shadow of the sun, was believed to have died in the final battle. Out of the five fallen pillars, there was only one who had nothing to do with the current situation.

It was Kyle. He had left to explore the Ruins of the War God and was now the last light for Dulandal. Wasn’t he the weakest of the Five Pillars? It was likely he would have high growth or great loyalty like Chensler. He would surely support Dulandal and be his rock in the future.

Dulandal made a decision.

Basara who led soldiers and took control of the capital like she expected the death of the emperor...

Dulandal, who was usurped of the throne by force, would surely pull her down from the throne. He planned for the future together with Kyle. It was a vain plan.

“Why isn’t he coming back...?”

What had happened at the Ruins of the War God? There was no news of Kyle. He didn’t return to the capital, despite it being long past his scheduled return date. Dulandal became nervous. He felt the throne was moving further away from him.

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The appearance of the epic stirred the world. People debated on the identity of the ‘Absolute’ and what the history of the new millennium would be. The broadcasters of every country hastily prepared related programs, and all types of intellectuals with the title of an ‘expert’ were able to participate in the panels.

『 Grid wrote his first epic when facing a great demon. The epic system only activates when intertwined with a large incident that affects the world view. We can assume that the ‘Absolute’ in this epic must at least be a great demon. 』

『 That’s right. I’m analyzing that the identity of the Absolute in the epic is probably a yangban. As many of you might already know, a yangban refers to the dominant class of the ‘Hwan Kingdom’ who dominate the East Continent. They have close to an eternal life and an absolute force. 』

『 The expression of Grid being at the center of a new era means he witnessed the end of a yangban and this will have a profound impact on Satisfy’s worldview. It suggests that the East Continent will surface in earnest in the future. 』

『 I see. Then what is the sin powerful enough to bring an end to a man who has almost eternal life and an absolute force? 』

『 At this moment, only Grid knows. Well... won't we naturally find out when going through several episodes? 』

The talking experts suddenly closed their mouths. It was because the staff outside the studio told them something.

Subtitles appeared on the screen:

(Breaking News) Juander, emperor of the Saharan Empire, has died. It is believed that the rebellion of 4th Prince Edan was the main cause.

(Breaking News) Duke Basara has ascended to the throne as the new empress.

『 Hum hum... 』

Based on the circumstances revealed, the identity of the Absolute was the emperor, not a yangban. The embarrassed panel members coughed once their speculation was proven wrong. Somebody's ears reddened. The moment the analysis came out, it turned out to be the wrong answer. Thus, it was natural for them to be embarrassed unless they had very thick skin.

-Why are they always wrong?

-They aren't the problem. It is the broadcasters who hired them. ⇨ ⇨ Why do they keep asking people who don't know anything?

-The experts are only like they when analyzing a Grid incident. Usually, they are good at analyzing.

-God Grid...

-No, so what is the conclusion? The new millennium of history is going to be written by the empire?

-That's right. The existing imperial family is regarded as incompetent, and the future imperial family will be frightened by this and become competent. It seems to be flowing toward the development of the empire's power.

-Then what does that have to do with Grid?

-Seriously, why is Grid always around? Not long ago, he was at war with the empire. Then he was comfortable with the dukes when catching a great demon, and now he is hooked up with the imperial family.

-To be honest, I don't understand Grid. It was only a few months ago that the empire arbitrarily invaded the Overgeared Kingdom, causing a lot of damage. Why did he go to the empire?

-He is sucking up to them because he is scared. Even Grid can't handle the empire. Did you see the dukes fighting Berith? The dukes were very friendly and helpful to Grid. It seems that Grid is flattering the empire behind the scenes.

-Then he was lucky enough to see the emperor die and created an epic?

-This was originally an X luck game~

The panelists on the screen were awkwardly silent while the viewers were chatting actively.

(Breaking News) New Empress Basara confirms Player Grid as the empire's benefactor. The Saharan imperial family proclaimed that it will be a companion to the Overgeared royal family forever in the future. At the inauguration ceremony where the nobles and royalty of the empire gathered, she proclaimed that, "All enemies of the Overgeared Kingdom are enemies of the empire."

-...

New breaking news appeared on the screen and the chat window became quiet. Someone's previous message came belatedly to their minds.

-Just shut up.

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"The Yatan Church used Empress Marie and 4th Prince Edan. They used evil and deceptive tricks to deceive them, planning to seize the empire and overthrow the West Continent.

However, the great late Emperor Juander and Overgeared King Grid saw this and thwarted their plans."

This was the content of Basara's announcement as the new empress. By making the source of the rebellion originating from the Yatan Church, the sins of Marie and Edan were reduced, and this suppressed public confusion. The grandmaster wasn't mentioned because the majority of people didn't know the existence of the grandmaster. The Saharan imperial family would never announce the existence of the grandmaster. To explain the grandmaster, they had to reveal the disloyalty of the founding emperor Saharan, who prioritized his commitment to the grandmaster over the empire.

"No."

The Celestial Palace—the place where the grandmaster stayed—was arrogant and impure just by its name. It seemed to be declaring that he was the highest person, not the emperor. The servants argued that the masterless place should be demolished and erased it from imperial history.

"Leave it as it is," Empress Basara ordered for the preservation of the Celestial Palace.

'Why?' The servants were baffled. They couldn't fathom the reason for the empress to not remove the Celestial Palace, which could be called a blemish of the empire. However, the three dukes—Grenhal, Morse and Rachel—smiled like they guessed the reason.

The smiling empress nodded. "That's right. I'm going to leave it for Grid."

In any case, the grandmaster was the helper of the empire. She had no intention of defending him, but she couldn't deny that he had established the empire. It was the same for Grid. The new empire wouldn't have been born with Overgeared King Grid. He was the new imperial helper. The Celestial Palace—this place built for the imperial guardian—would exist as a resting place for its new master.

"Chancellor Vermont."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

“Send a gift to the Overgeared King right now.”

“I understand. We will prepare sufficient riches...”

“Send half of the black mithril in the warehouse.”

“Huh?”

Vermont and the other nobles were dumbfounded. Even the dukes’ mouths dropped open. The black mithril was directly related to the power of the emperor. Yet Basara was giving half of the black mithril that the imperial family had accumulated for hundreds of years as a gift? This wasn’t the level of reciprocity but a sacrifice. Maybe the foundation of the empire would be shaken.

All the nobles apart from the dukes shouted, “T-That isn’t possible! Your Majesty, please change your mind!”

However, Basara didn’t bend to their wishes.

“This isn’t enough to repay him. Start right away. No, don’t,” Basara ordered, only to suddenly shake her head.

People were relieved since they thought she belatedly regained her mind. They were wrong. Her mind was awake. She opened her mouth once more, “I’ll have to visit him.”

“I will go,” Grenhal and Morse interrupted Basara. It was a big problem for Basara to leave the country within a few days of the start of her reign, and they wanted to meet with Grid.

In the end, Basara was forced to bend her will. “...”

Since becoming empress, Basara’s beauty was truly remarkable since she always opened her eyes, perhaps because she was determined not to miss any of the surroundings. Her large, clear eyes made her fine face shine. When her cheeks swelled as she pouted with her pretty face, she was cute and lovely enough to make people forget her identity and age.

The nobles felt they would work harder in the future.

#### [Chapter 1084](#)

Grid returned to the Overgeared Kingdom with Piaro. The reason he chose to walk instead of using the return scroll or warp facilities was out of consideration for Piaro. The end of the emperor, which came in an unexpected form, made Piaro feel lost.

‘Piaro...’

Piaro’s face was gloomy and haggard as he walked silently for a few days. Often, he would rush forward and roar when he couldn’t contain his anger. Grid felt more troubled as he chased after Piaro. He didn’t think Piaro would be able to smile again...

Grid felt anxious. Ironically, Piaro had been able to endure up to now because of the emperor. That’s right. He was the reason why Piaro managed to keep himself sane after losing his colleagues, family, and entire life. It was due to his hatred and desire for vengeance against the emperor. He must’ve dreamt of slashing the emperor’s throat every night.

Yet he couldn't get revenge on the emperor whom he'd met. Piaro couldn't fulfil his dreams or even let out curses. The emperor had died willingly... by the hands of someone that wasn't Piaro.

"Kuek...! Kuaaaaak!"

The seizure began again. Piaro, who was eating the beef jerky Grid handed to him, shook wildly and held an axe. He charged like an angry bull and roared. The steep ridges, the rivers as big as a sea, the heavy rains, and the ferocious hordes of monsters didn't dare restrain him. Piaro's eyes turned white as he continued to yell and climb over several mountains without rest. Grid gradually became exhausted as he followed behind Piaro. His stamina was depleted, and his legs were shaking.

'Natural State...'

There was a reason why the imperial dukes regarded Natural State as special. The characteristic of absorbing energy from nature meant Piaro's stamina didn't deplete easily. It was just like it was the beginning...

"Pant, pant! Pant..."

The stamina gauge flashed red. Grid's body seems to be completely submerged in the depths. His breathing was hard, and his heart seemed like it was going to burst. Even his vision was blurred. The hardest part was that he couldn't share the despair and anger that Piaro was feeling.

If only he was as thoughtful as Lauel...

If only he was as eloquent as Huroi...

If only he had Peak Sword's wit or Regas' pureness...

If only he could comfort Piaro a little bit...

Yet Grid couldn't do anything.

"Overgeared... Cor...n..."

He was calling the unicorn in this mood and making it lick his cheeks...? Grid had refrained from summoning Overgeared Corn because of this, but he was now afraid he was going to die. If he died here, he was afraid that the emotionally unstable Piaro would make an extreme choice. It happened the moment Grid judged he couldn't bear it anymore and was about to start the summoning.

[Your knight Piaro has reached new heights in extreme conditions!]

[Your knight Piaro's Natural State skill has gone beyond the beginner level and reached intermediate level!]

"...!"

It was like a blessing from everything. The rivers and seas, mountains and forest, sky and earth—all of nature extended their energy to the sweaty Piaro. Subsequently...

[Your sixth sense transcends the concept of space.]

“...?” Grid, who was far behind Piaro, realized that Piaro’s back that was looming far away was also right in front of him.

‘Don’t tell me...?’

[You feel less attached to the concept of space. Yet it is still looming.]

Grid was reminded of the memory when his transcendence rose. As if the space itself folded, the ‘absolute beings’ reached their goal in no time. The yangban Garam called it Shunpo. It was a type of method of contracting space, and Grid used it at this moment. He didn’t use it intentionally, but the important thing was that it was possible.

‘Will it be a skill if it keeps accumulating?’

Grid got a glimpse of new possibilities, but his feeling of joy was faint. Now, his mind was only on Piaro. He sat down hesitantly.

“Your Majesty.” Piaro turned his head. His passionate voice and his violently shaking eyes had all subsided into calm. The deep darkness on his face receded slowly. “It is very regrettable that I couldn’t execute the emperor with my own hands.”

“...”

“I wanted to cut out the eyes of the emperor who looked at me as he bowed and cut off the ears that heard that shameless apology.”

“...”

“In any case, the emperor is dead.”

Dawn was breaking. The sun rising beyond the deep ridges brightened Piaro’s appearance.

“My past is over.”

“...Piaro.”

Was that why...? Piaro’s face looked bright and warm.

“In the future, I will live with Your Majesty.”

[You feel a deep bond beyond liking with your knight ‘Piaro.’]

[A new system is opened!]

[Bond]

[A list of targets you currently have deep bonds with.

★ Piaro ★

Bond Lv. 1.

All stats will increase by 1% when you are together.

-Can detect if the health of the bond target is at a dangerous level.]

How many people in the world would silently stay around a troubled man for days? No matter how they felt about that, it would be hard to do because of practical problems. Yet Grid put everything aside and stayed by Piaro's side. His responsibilities as king, his economic activities, and his efforts to maintain his position were erased from his mind. He didn't do it based on some calculation. It was just because he wanted to do it. He was worried about Piaro.

Although he didn't speak any words of comfort, Grid did his best, and his heart was conveyed to Piaro.

"Thank you. Really... I really thank you." Grid was finally able to let go of his worries and smile with relief. He cried at the same time.

Grid wished he had valued Khan more. If he had shared more time with Khan, would he have been able to share a bond with Khan? At the very least, there wouldn't have been as much pain on Khan's final journey.

'Damn, I have to do well this time.' This was the first thought that came to Grid's mind.

The faces of Irene, Lord, Sehee, and his friends emerged in turn. He also missed Braham, Asmophel, and Mercedes.

'Are you all doing well?'

Asmophel and Mercedes were steadily sending letters. Someone was found and persuaded while someone else couldn't be persuaded, but they were safe at their current location. They passed as much information as they could to Grid, but he was worried because he couldn't see them. It felt like they were hiding the hard situations.

Meanwhile, Braham was still asleep. There were no signs that the faded presence was recovering in the aftermath of his soul's destruction.

"Sleep well and be sure to recover."

It was now a habit for Grid to talk to himself. After speaking to Braham, Grid barely recovered with the help of Overgeared Corn and Piaro and used the return scroll.

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"Despite going through a pretty big crisis, you handled things a-lo-ne. I'm so glad you came back safely."

"Yes. I feel so relieved that we were just fools worrying."

Returning to Reinhardt after a long time, Grid wanted to meet Irene and Lord. However, waiting for him were the 10 meritorious retainers.

"Have strength," Irene's voice entered Grid's ears as he was surrounded by the growling 10 meritorious retainers. Standing at a corner of the corridor with a big Lord, she cheered for Grid with clenched fists. She seemed to guess the wrath of the 10 meritorious retainers.

Jishuka, who had seen the epic just as she had been about to engage in an archery competition with the legendary archer Povia's ghost and ultimately gave up the hidden quest, smiled brightly. "Do you have an

earthworm in your ear? Did your brain move at a strange angle for a moment, causing you to forget the skill to summon your knights?”

“...”

The bright laugh sounded terrible. The panicked Grid stepped back. Then Yura approached.

The 32nd Hell lost its master after Belial’s death. After years of successfully exploring and extinguishing it, Yura moved to the 33rd Hell and confronted the four heavenly kings of the 33rd great demon. They were as strong as the fourth stats awakening Grid, and she had witnessed the epic shortly after killing three of them and immediately returned before killing the fourth one.

“Youngwoo-ssi, we’re going to an amusement park for our date this week.”

“Eh...?”

He couldn’t go on an amusement park ride even with a knife to his neck. When he was in elementary school, he rode on the Viking and pissed his pants. He already told her this before...

Grid was about to argue only to close his mouth. It was because he witnessed Yura’s mouth twitching.

“The reason you don’t trust me is because I’m weak! I will apologize with my death!” Huroi tried to disembowel himself after taking out his sword.

“Hey dude! Are you Japanese?” The grumbling Peak Sword suddenly shifted his target of anger to Huroi.

The bitterly smiling Regas seemed to accept something alone. “That’s it. We’re so weak that you have reached the point where you can’t trust and rely on us...”

Chris shrugged. “Indeed, the only one Grid relies on is me, the second ranked player.”

Pon snorted. “Did Grid call you? You or us would be there.”

“...” Faker was silent as usual while Vantner asked if he had a shield or wig.

In the midst of this turmoil...

“You must’ve brought the goods?” Lauel came forward. He looked colder than anyone else. “Did you obtain the black mithril?”

“T-That...” Grid started a long story. He explained the events that happened in the imperial palace and why he came back empty-handed. “In that atmosphere, I couldn’t mention the black mithril...”

“...”

Everyone imagined the atmosphere of the scene where the emperor sacrificed himself and opened a new era. During a time when the princes were grieving and everyone was solemn, if Grid held out his hand for something...

“...It would’ve been a problem.” In the end, Lauel had to convince himself. He was worried. “Does this mean a huge delay in the schedule?”

Basara had become the busiest person in the world. The empire—which was entering a new era as recognized by the system—would undergo many changes, and Basara would lead the entire process. She might forget about her commitment to Grid for a while. It meant that the time for Grid's new mineral creation would be postponed.

“You want to create a new mineral right now. Can you bear it?”

“I'm going to have to endure it. If I can't, I'll send a letter.”

At this moment...

“Your Majesty!” Royman, who was now a senior knight, was still dressed in men's clothes as she ran in to report, “I've received contact from the gate just now! Duke Grenhal of the Saharan Empire has sent a request to enter!”

Grenhal was coming here when it was such a busy time...? The surprised Grid nodded. “Take him to the audience hall right now.”

After a while, Duke Grenhal politely bowed to Grid sitting on the throne and pulled out a bundle. “This is the sincerity of Her Majesty the Empress.”

[102 black mithril have been acquired.]

“...!”

“...!”

The mouths of Grid and the 10 meritorious retainers dropped open.

Grenhal was once again bowing deeply. “Her Majesty says that the imperial family of Saharan will never forget the grace of the Overgeared King. She says that any enemy of the Overgeared Kingdom is an enemy of the empire and that the empire will be a dam protecting the Overgeared Kingdom from all types of winds. We have a separate palace for the Overgeared King in the imperial palace, and we would be happy to have you visit at any time.”

“...”

“Overgeared King, will you accept the empire's alliance request? The right to destroy the alliance will be given to the Overgeared Kingdom.”

Grenhal's words shook everyone. Naturally, Grid was happy. The result was more ideal than what he dreamed of, so his heart was overwhelmed. However, there was one thing he had to consider.

Grid looked up at the ceiling with a pained expression. He could feel Kasim. Of course, Duke Grenhal also noticed Kasim's presence from the beginning. The killing intent would be read by the duke of the empire... As Kasim had already stated a long time ago, the skills of the dukes were one level above Kasim's.

Grenhal continued, “The empire will change. Our armed forces will only be used as a means of defending our rights, and we will seek ways to coexist with all species on the continent. There will be no more trampling on, rejection, or exploitation of others because they are different or just because of the

simplicity of governance. The new empire will repent forever for the numerous people the old empire destroyed.”

His words didn’t make a difference to Kasim. Kasim jumped down from the ceiling. His red eyes looked like they were devouring Grenhal.

## [Chapter 1085](#)

“Repent? Bullshit!”

There was no utopia. There might be situations that satisfied the majority, but it was difficult for a situation to satisfy everyone. Now Kasim was proving it. As Grid and the 10 had great expectations for their future with the new empire, Kasim’s anger reached its peak. Even Regas, who believed that Asura had the scariest face in the world, was frightened by Kasim’s distorted face.

“Your empire considered us ominous just because of our dark skin.”

“...”

“We were accused of listening to the movements of the empire because of our big ears and called beasts, instead of humans, because of our long arms.”

“...”

“Our women were insulted by the soldiers of your empire who invaded the land. All of our men were killed and dismembered by the knights of your empire. Your imperial nobles kept our royal family in cages and watched them for amusement.”

“...”

It wasn’t only Kasim’s family and friends. Everyone had been killed after suffering terrible humiliation. Their country disappeared entirely. Kasim’s eyes shed tears as he recalled those final days while Grenhal was just silent. The ones who inflicted wounds couldn’t mourn for the wounded. He knew that no words could comfort the present Kasim. The Nero massacre—led by 2nd Imperial Prince Dulandal—was one of the worst crimes in the history of the empire, and it had been strongly opposed.

Kasim’s dagger pointed at Grenhal’s neck. “The imperial family you serve.”

“...”

“The prince who didn’t even give us his name.”

“...”

“I saw him holding my king’s head as a torch while he drank from his glass of wine.”

“...”

“Repent? Repent?! The dead will never come back! The dignity that has already been lost can’t be regained! Now you want to relieve your guilt by offering apologies to those who are already dead?”

“...”

Blood flowed from the neck of the silent Grenhal. Kasim's poisonous dagger was digging into Grenhal's neck.

"Even if you really mean it...! You can't soothe the souls of those who have already died, even if you reflect on your past mistakes and repent for 10,000 years! Those who have already died will never forgive you!!"

The Overgeared King's audience hall was very small and shabby compared to the emperor's. Nevertheless, it was a space that boasted hundreds of square meters. There were countless shadows created by the dozens of pillars, and this was well-suited for Kasim's power.

Dozens of shadow soldiers surrounded Grenhal, whose face was blue due to the poison. The soldiers held spears in their hands. Kasim roared, "I am the last survivor of the Nero people, Kasim! The empire's enemy! I am requesting for a duel to the death!"

Was it because of his loyalty to Lord, who he had affectionately served for a long time? Surprisingly, Kasim was composed. Unbelievably, this person who lived to get revenge on the empire maintained his sense of reason in front of one of the heads of the empire—the envoy of the empire.

Kasim requested for a fair duel as he knew that if he hurt Grenhal one-sidedly, the relationship between the empire and the Overgeared Kingdom could collapse miserably. That's why Kasim hadn't harmed them when the wounded dukes were escorted to the Overgeared Kingdom not long ago. Kasim himself was unaware of it, but after guarding Lord for more than 10 years, he was already a member of the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Kasim..." That's why Kasim's attitude made Grid even sadder.

"Okay," Grenhal accepted Kasim's duel request. "Our duel was caused by the empire's sin against the Nero people. My subordinates will prove that the Overgeared Kingdom wasn't involved."

"My Lord!!" Grenhal's subordinates cried out. They knew that King of Shadows Kasim was the best assassin of this time. They didn't doubt Grenhal's ability. However, the opponent wasn't easy, and it could lead to a big accident. Grenhal's men wanted Grenhal to avoid a showdown.

"The Nero grudge is a matter for the 2nd Imperial Prince to take responsibility for! You don't have to be responsible for it!" An impatient subordinate screamed.

Yet Grenhal stood his ground. "Shut up! I am no different from the prince!"

The empire's policy of genocide had been carried out in the name of the imperial order. Grenhal had joined in many times. He hadn't committed genocide, but he had seized their territory and taken them captive. After all, he couldn't refuse an imperial order. The Nero incident was so unusual that it was criticized within the empire and 2nd Prince Dulandal was labeled bad...

Still, those were all excuses. Grenhal was also an object of resentment for someone. Did he have to keep making excuses every time he met a second or third Kasim? It wasn't possible. Those who sinned deserved to be held accountable. It was only then that the empire could move forward. Didn't the emperor show them that already?

“I’m Duke Grenhal of the empire.” Grenhal used mana to drive out the poison and took off his armor. “I will glimpse the Nero’s resentment through your sword. I will realize how dreadful and arduous the path of repentance that the empire will walk in the future and suggest to the empire the correct path of repentance.”

“You sure talk very well! If you have any shame, die willingly!” Kasim shouted, and dozens of shadow soldiers stabbed their spears in unison.

Grenhal dodged most of the attacks, but he couldn’t manage all of them and his upper body was wounded. The wounds made Grenhal faster and stronger. As he rushed through the shadow soldiers like a tsunami and reached Kasim, Grenhal shouted, “My death isn’t repentance! If the person who replaces me doesn’t join the path of repentance, then it will be unfortunate as well!”

“...!”

“I will live and take responsibility!”

The audience hall quickly became a mess. The battle between Kasim, who hid and moved in the darkness, and Grenhal, who had speed and destructive power, was so fierce that they feared the building would collapse. Administration Rabbit was knocking on his abacus. He was preparing in advance the repair fee he would give to Kasim and Grenhal.

“Dammit...”

The faces of the 10 meritorious retainers distorted as they witnessed the battle unfolding. Jishuka and Peak Sword even let out swear words. They witnessed the full power of an imperial duke as he quickly started to overpower Kasim and realized how insignificant their skills were. So far, the gap between players and named NPCs had been accepted under the excuse of ‘a player’s limitations.’

‘Grid is as strong as the dukes.’

Grid had proved it again and again. The fact was that players had no limits. Their weakness was merely a lack of effort.

‘We are currently too weak to help Grid.’

‘Grid didn’t summon us because of this.’

‘We are shameless.’

The 10 meritorious retainers realized it. They weren’t in a position to worry about Grid. Their concerns were meaningless due to their current gap with Grid’s strength. The time wasted worrying about Grid should be invested in themselves to close the gap.

Lauel had given up on his personal strength since the day the Overgeared Kingdom was founded. Apart from him, the 10 meritorious retainers clenched their fists tightly. All of them were filled with a desire to become stronger quickly.

The result of the duel was decided. The moment his health dropped below 30%, Grenhal had unparalleled strength and smashed through dozens of shadow soldiers. The scattered shadow soldiers returned to their place, and the ragged Kasim slumped down.

Kasim coughed up blood while sitting on the ground and declaring angrily, "Kill me."

He wanted to take revenge on the empire ruling the world...? It really was an illusory dream. His heart was weak enough to be fascinated by the Overgeared Kingdom that he had been trying to use as a tool of revenge, and his strength was so weak that he couldn't beat one duke, let alone the empire. It was better to die in peace. Kasim closed his eyes with a wretched heart.

Yet Grenhal said to him, "Survive."

"Don't sympathize with me."

"It isn't sympathy. I just want to make sure that the empire will walk the right path of repentance."

"Kukuk, you are frustrating. Didn't I tell you that it would be useless even if you repent for tens of thousands of years?"

"I also know that the empire can't be forgiven. This isn't an act to relieve my guilt."

"...?"

"The empire just wishes to not repeat the same mistakes. I hope that a second or third Nero won't occur."

"..."

"Survive to the end and watch the empire. Warn us not to lose our vigilance. Additionally, regarding the evil deeds that the empire committed against the Nero people... Really... I'm really, deeply sorry," Grenhal apologised on his knees while bowing deeply to Kasim.

Would some of his feelings be delivered now?

"I..." Kasim's large black eyes shook. He glimpsed the empire's sincerity through Grenhal's attitude and was devastated. Losing all of his motivation instantly, the desire to live slipped out of Kasim's body. Kasim sensed it. He wouldn't be able to stand up again. His body, mind, and soul were sinking into the dark depths. Kasim's eyes became dazed as he looked up at the ceiling.

"Master!"

Lord had been waiting outside the audience hall, hoping that his father's work would end quickly. The young prince, Kasim's first disciple and only friend, rushed in. He hugged Kasim's body that had collapsed like a withered plant.

"Master, live with me!"

"..."

"I'll make you happy!"

It was the intuition of the most talented person in the world. Or was it just because he had been watching Kasim for a long time? Lord noticed Kasim's crisis and cried out, raising Kasim's soul that had sunk deeply. Lord's clear eyes that were like his mother's captured Kasim's face.

"Master is the last survivor of the Nero! Once Master dies, the Nero people will disappear!"

“...”

“I’ll live with you for a long time! I’ll work with you until the Nero people are revived again!”

“...Prince.”

Lord’s body temperature cooled down and revived Kasim’s heart. Kasim, who believed that revenge was the only reason for his existence, now discovered something. His life wasn’t in vain. If his life was in vain, then he wouldn’t have such a good friend by his side.

When he saw Kasim nod, Grid sighed and sank back against his throne with relief. A new era was healing the ghosts of the old era.

### [Chapter 1086](#)

After Grenhal left, Yura asked him with a cheerful expression, “Youngwoo-ssi, you said you didn’t want to go out with me?”

Noticing that the gazes of the people around him weren’t good, he hastily said, “I don’t like it because I have to go around everywhere. I never said I didn’t want to date Yura.”

“Isn’t it the same thing?” The unsuspecting Vantner questioned, and the other members of the 10 meritorious retainers poked him in the side.

Yura was staring at Grid. Her slightly wavy hair was tied up, reminiscent of an idol taking a photo with a beach backdrop. There was a refreshing feeling. It was good enough to make him forget the hot water.

“W-What is it?”

He couldn’t adapt to this beauty at all. She was like someone from a completely different world. Yura stared for a few seconds, and the blushing Grid avoided her gaze first.

“I understand now.” Yura also blushed and nodded. “This is why I’ve always been behind.”

“...?”

“The dating—let’s stop for a while.”

“Huh...?”

“I’m going to become stronger.”

Yura was a single digit ranker. She ‘naturally’ exhausted her daily gameplay time limit. Her passion for Satisfy was so enormous that she spent her spare time maintaining an optimal condition and gathering information. Of course, she wasn’t special. The rankers, those who made money through Satisfy, and those who just enjoyed Satisfy invested most of their day into Satisfy. However, just because they spent the same amount of time in the game didn’t mean they all did the same thing. Otherwise, the concept of a ranker itself wouldn’t have existed.

Yura thought that to become like Grid, she had to focus on Satisfy the entire time her brain was awake. She realized how much of a luxury it was to think about what to do with her favorite person today. Yura

was making a determined expression and opening a gate to hell when Grid shouted, "Don't misunderstand! I'm just lucky!"

Luck followed him.

Up to last year, Grid hadn't wanted to hear this. They thought he had grown to this stage just because of luck...? Where was there a person in this world more unlucky than him? His current position was purely a result of his effort. Grid believed so. Every time he saw himself, he felt disgusted by the netizens and experts who said he was just lucky. He thought they were degrading his efforts and accomplishments.

That wasn't the case anymore. Grid only recognized it after achieving so much. It was true that he was lucky. Being born with the strength to not give up, the fact that Satisfy was released, obtaining Pagma's book, and meeting good people... All of this was luck that he enjoyed.

Now Grid acknowledged it easily. He wasn't offended by the assessment that he was lucky. It was true.

His gap with Yura? It wasn't a difference in effort. The difference was the number of times luck came to him. Grid insisted on it.

"Is there a person who doesn't have luck?" Yura denied it. "Luck follows everyone. However, few people are able to capture and take advantage of the luck that comes to them." Yura called Grid's luck an ability or skill. "I saw you and got to know you. I probably missed a lot of luck. It is because I'm not as focused. I probably would've given up, unlike you."

The expression 'compromise' was more appropriate than 'giving up.' Even so, Yura didn't use it. It was shameful to bring out the word 'compromise' in front of Grid who faced all types of hardships and adversities. Yura's body started to pass through the gate to hell. "At the very least, I'll come back as a person who doesn't burden you."

This was the signal.

"I'm going as well."

"Then I'll be going."

"I'll see you later. Don't worry, I'll keep in touch."

"Grid, please don't get into trouble?"

All of the 10 meritorious retainers apart from Lauel said goodbye to Grid. Their eyes were filled with a deep desire. Rather than looking at Grid's back forever, they were eager to see the world that Grid was looking at together.

"Everyone..."

It would be a long separation. Grid intuitively sensed this and showed a sad expression. He wondered if his development had alienated his colleagues.

Chris scoffed at him, "Have you forgotten? Our goal was once to be the supreme."

"..."

“Are we has-been just because we didn’t meet our goal? We have our own pride and have to prove our qualifications. Isn’t that right?”

“Chris...”

“Be stronger until I come back. The moment I return, I’ll be applying for a duel so be nervous.”

Apart from Yura and Faker, everyone owned territory. Yet on this day, all of them gave up their territories, returning the rights of a lord. They broke the shackles holding them. The 10 meritorious retainers, who had many responsibilities, were now able to focus on their personal growth.

Lauel spoke to Grid, who was left alone in the office, “Grid, they aren’t weak enough for you to worry about. Why don’t you focus on your work?”

“My work?”

“Of course, as a blacksmith. Additionally...” Lauel’s gaze turned outside the office. A small shadow was visible. It was the road that Lord used to take Kasim back.

“Wouldn’t it be nice to spend time with your family?” Lauel asked. “The years pass very quickly. Prince Lord will be turning 15 in less than four years. Until then, please spend a lot of time with him.”

Once he turned 15, Lord would have all types of constraints placed on him. As a genius of the continent, Lord was system certified as a super-named talent. However, would Lord remain a power of the Overgeared Kingdom until the end? Maybe he would want to go on a trip or become crooked like the imperial princes. The role of a parent was great.

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“Aigoo, my Lord! Chuu! Chuuu!”

Lauel wanted Grid to be cautious about Lord, but Grid didn’t care. Lord’s future? Lord would decide for himself. Grid just wanted to love his child.

“Have you been doing well?”

The white skin that didn’t burn even when rolling in the sun every day was soft. Lord’s fluffy cheeks and soft hair rubbed against Grid’s face. It soothed the emptiness that was caused by the 10 meritorious retainers leaving.

Lord didn’t hate it either. Now he was 11 years old, and Grid had been worried that puberty would come. The little boy was understanding and felt admiration rather than resenting his father who was always away.

“I tried to listen to Mother’s words. I eat well and study hard.”

“Yes, you did very well. And...”

With black hair, blue eyes, high nose, and slightly raised mouth, Lord had an ideal mixture of his parent’s looks. Grid hugged the pretty Lord and kissed his cheeks. “It was a big achievement to heal Kasim. You saved Kasim.”

“Master is my friend and teacher. Don’t praise me for doing what I had to,” Lord said with a resolute expression.

Grid nodded with a smile. “Yes, you have to cherish your bonds.”

“Aunt Ruby told me to treat everyone with care.”

“That is true. Everyone is precious to someone so they are all precious people. Help if you see someone who is going through difficulties.”

Grid was saying this?

“Cough, cough!”

The early members of the Overgeared Guild, including Zednos and Laella. Those, who had been appointed as new lords after the 10 meritorious retainers left, came to Grid’s office and were surprised. In any case, Grid ignored them and held up Lord to the window. The view of the city unfolded, and countless people could be seen.

“However, don’t be nice to everyone. Then you will be a pushover... No, if you give out too much one-sided help then the other person can become lazy or you might find yourself tired.”

“Yes, Father. I understand.”

He could understand even if Grid talked like a dog. Grid could see why the teachers in every field praised Lord. The thrilled Grid was excited. “I will be in the smithy from now on. Why don’t you come with me?”

He naturally thought that Lord would come along. Yet...

“I want to watch Father work, but unfortunately, I have a previous engagement.”

“Previous engagement? With who?”

“A girlfriend.”

“...”

Was he talking about the group of Rebecca’s Daughters candidates? It must be busy dealing with hundreds of girlfriends with one body. He admired Lord, who received all types of education yet didn’t forget to date his girlfriends. Grid nodded while feeling a bit sad. “Then it can’t be helped. Have fun.”

“Yep. I will cherish my bonds like Father has taught.”

“...Y-Yes. By the way, who are you dating today?”

Grid remembered several names and faces among Lord’s girlfriends. Among them, there were around 10 who were the prettiest, and Grid wondered if it was one of them. While Grid was still trying to figure out who might be his future daughter-in-law, Lord brought out an unexpected name.

“Sister Sua.”

“Crazy!”

In Grid's mind, all types of imaginary things unfolded. Then it happened the moment he couldn't endure his anger and opened his mouth again.

"Hurry! Leave now!" Zednos created a wind barrier to separate Grid and Lord before pushing at Lord's back. Zednos didn't want the harsh words that would soon pop out of Grid's mouth to contaminate the young boy's ears and spirit.

"Yes, I'll be going," Lord politely said goodbye and left the office.

The moment Zednos lowered the wind, Grid's swearing turned the office upside down. "XX!! How could this happen?!!"

Grid grabbed Zednos by the collar and shook him. "I know how beautiful, kind, and wonderful Sua is! However, she is a pervert!"

"Kek... Kekek!"

"I was wondering why the pervert had been silent for a while. It turns out she was reaching out for my son? Eh?"

"Kek...! Kekek!"

"What the hell did she do to such a young and pure child?!"

"O... Oh..."

"What? Dishonor? It is a dishonor!"

"Mis... understanding..." (TL: They both start with the same character in Korean)

He was suffocating. Zednos, who almost experienced the worst death, was barely released. He clicked his tongue at Grid's strength that he had never seen before and explained, "She cares for Lord like a child, like a nephew. Faker said that when Lord was mentally tired from all his lessons, she took care of him and this brought them closer."

"...Ah."

Satisfy had many behind-the-scenes stories. The opening was reminiscent of the contents in morning dramas and ancient myths. Thus, he had been worried. Fortunately, it wasn't the case. It was too much to tell the story of a perverted adult woman. The relieved Grid got rid of all his dirty imaginations. He asked his colleagues who had been appointed as the new lords of the eight territories to work hard before heading to the smithy.

Finally, the moment to create the mineral was here.

### [Chapter 1087](#)

[Adamantium that Lost its Light]

[-Debris from a crashed meteorite.

It has the hardness and strength of adamantium but has lost its divine power.

Weight: 10]

At Reinhardt's smithy...

"Hrmm..."

Adamantium was a 'mineral' that naturally grew in the god realm. Yet the meteorite was called adamantium. Why was this?

Grid held the grey matter in his hand and pondered on it. Then Dwarf Ke approached. "It was said that Goddess Rebecca split the high mountains in the distant heavens and formed the sun, moon, and stars from the fragments," he explained the connection between adamantium and the meteorite using mythological content. "The fragment of that giant mountain is the first adamantium."

"I see."

The endowment of probability. This was the moment when the fundamental role of NPCs and quests was revealed. Grid nodded at the answer.

Ke threw him a new question, "So what do you think blood stone is?"

"...?"

"The background that our blacksmiths use to create new objects on the basis of minerals are the teachings of the goddess of light. We know about the role of minerals in creation because the material that the goddess of light used to make all things was adamantium."

"..."

Was it due to the aftermath of being trapped in the Abyss for over a hundred years that Dwarf Ke was often distracted? Sometimes he was more of a nuisance than a kid. It was different right now. He was speaking perfectly. The dignity of a craftsman could be felt. It was the 'dwarf image' that Grid dreamed of.

"It means there must be no minerals in hell. Don't the myths only describe Yatan as an evil god who destroys? Of course, he isn't always active, but he is always thinking about destroying the world. Then what about the existence of a mineral, a tool of creation, in his world known as hell? Fart?"

"..."

The tone truly mattered. The serious looking Ke was asking deep questions. His knowledge of myths was so great that he asked a question which was hard for anyone other than a small number of players to understand. Yet his last word 'fart' broke this image.

As Grid listened seriously, his focus was broken in an instant. Did others feel this way when they talked to him? The newly self-aware Grid made a vow.

'I have to read many real books in the future.'

In retrospect, people who read many books would be conspicuous from an early age. In particular, people who read many FreeWebNovels would have an intellectual attractiveness and good

interpersonal relationships. There were many cases where they met a wonderful and capable wife or a handsome and good husband and went straight to marriage.

The moment that Grid's consciousness briefly wandered down a side road...

"I feel there is a huge twist," Ke said an astonishing remark.

"...!!"

Did he notice there were many distortions to the mythology just based on the concept of minerals? If so, Ke would be special among the dwarves. Grid was feeling admiration when an old memory suddenly rose.

"In the end, don't the demonkin need a living environment? I have visited hell, and there were fences, a village, houses and castles. Of course, there was a blacksmith. It might not be unusual for them to have minerals in hell because resources are needed in their lives. In the first place, Yatan is a god of periodic destruction. Would he care about what life creates before his time of activity comes?"

"That's a common sense response. Still, isn't it strange? Yatan is opposed to the goddess of light, and hell is a world in conflict with the world of the gods. So why did a concept created by the goddess of light permeate hell? I'm not convinced."

"..."

Grid sensed it. Ke was currently trying to raise questions that were unacceptable in this world. Rebecca and Yatan might not actually be opposed to each other... Well, it was an obvious question.

'Don't tell me...?'

"Oof! Oof oof!!"

Grid blocked Ke's mouth when the dwarf tried to keep the conversation going. He was reminded of the existence of the 'gods' who appeared whenever he approached the seven malignant saints. The moment Ke raised this question, Grid felt it might not be forgiven by the gods and blocked him reflexively.

"Dammit!" Ke threw Grid's hand away and got upset. "You're the same! Are you telling me to stop talking nonsense and shut up? You are treating me as a foolish old man! Isn't that right?"

"..."

Ke seemed to have suffered many unjust experiences. Had he left Talima and Lubana for the empire because he had lost his place? Was it the curse of the gods?

'Then as a result, he was trapped in the Abyss? No, this is too much.'

In any case, these were small gods. Could they be called almighty and generous gods when they always monitored the earth?

Grid had peeked at the truth of the world through the seven malignant saints and peeked at the inferiority of the gods through Hexetia. At this point, he was curious about the 'expelled gods.' They

were first mentioned by the grandmaster. Did the grandmaster think of them as true gods who were expelled by the gods of today?

'I wish we could've conversed a bit more.'

An incarnation of the seven malignant saints...

The grandmaster was more important than Emperor Juander. A conversation with him would've provided Grid with a lot of information. It was just that the situation meant Grid couldn't focus on the conversation. Grid felt that it was a pity.

'I'll get a chance again someday.'

He wasn't too worried. Grid was convinced that the grandmaster was alive and knew they eventually meet again. He just didn't know if it would be good for him.

"Did you calm down?" Grid removed the hand that was blocking Ke's mouth. The agitated Ke soon felt exhausted and calmed down.

Grid tried to appease the dwarf who was acting as a child, "I have no intention of ignoring or denying you. I just restrained you because the words you would've spoken could've placed you in danger."

Ke was surprised. His words would endanger him? There was some truth in it.

"That's right... I received misfortune every time I told this story. Perhaps it is the curse of the gods?"

For the dwarves, the 'curse of a transcendent existence' wasn't a strange concept. It was the dwarves who had been plagued by the dragon Trauka for hundreds of years. Ke shuddered and looked around. A chill went down his spine at the thought that someone was watching him from somewhere.

Grid reassured him, "You don't have to be so anxious. You are safe as long as you are by my side."

"..."

Grid's dignity and charm stats were very high. He also excelled at utilizing stats through his items. Grid, who greatly raised his dignity and charm with the king's sword and crown, asserted Ke of his safety confidently, and Ke felt a deep sense of trust and relief.

[Affinity with the dwarf 'Ke' has increased by 3.]

"...I will leave you now. The castle will be repaired and enlarged like I promised the other day. Rest assured and focus on creating the new mineral," Ke's tone became a bit more polite.

It was very encouraging for Grid that he managed to slightly raise his affinity with Ke, who had lived for hundreds of years and witnessed the legends of the past. Grid thought for a while, but he thought it was too early to pull out the imperial palace's blueprint. In the first place, he had the blueprint in mind for Eat Spicy Jokbal.

Eat Spicy Jokbal still hadn't joined the Overgeared Guild, but he had unknowingly given a lot of help to the Overgeared Guild. The dungeons he built around Reinhardt attracted monsters and protected small villages while providing hunting grounds to beginner, intermediate, and high level players.

'I'm not a fool. I will never build a dungeon for the Overgeared Guild' was something he was still saying despite several years of actions showing otherwise.

He used the excuse of helping his niece Elizabeth, but the members of the Overgeared Guild knew better. Eat Spicy Jokbal had been cooking with Poison Master Edan and provided meals to the Overgeared members, so he was now well-liked. It was just that a shackle was holding back his decision. Eat Spicy Jokbal wanted to join the Overgeared Guild but hesitated for some reason.

Grid didn't know the exact reason. At first, it seemed to be because he was deprived of the dragon egg, but that didn't seem to be the case anymore.

'Every person has their own circumstances...'

Eat Spicy Jokbal was the deep figure who founded and ran the dark organization called Blood Carnival. It would take a lot of time to open his mind and know his story.

Grid suppressed his thoughts and started to use the bellows. The temperature of the furnace quickly reached the level that Grid wanted. The smelting process had to be carried out separately because adamantium, the insane dragon iron, black mithril, and Berith's Hoof all had different melting points. It was a task that couldn't be done quickly in a short period of time.

'Concentrate.'

The metal melted in the flames. All four minerals had different shapes and colors, but they all glowed red after being smelted. The heat rose quickly, causing Grid's body to be drenched in sweat. If Grid wasn't a blacksmith or a legend, he might've retreated or fallen down in great pain from the heat. It was because of this that Grid could be as calm as someone in a sauna. Of course, he didn't relax. In order to smelt and mix the five minerals including pavranium, it was necessary to not relax for even 0.1 second.

"Let's meet again with a new appearance."

A golden blade...

The pavranium floating around Grid threw itself into the furnace. This was the moment when the Blade Aiming at the Gods—which had the characteristics of summoning the 'golden clouds' and the 'god hands' with a low probability after being attacked but was unable to play a large role due to Grid's bad luck—disappeared from the world. The newly reborn pavranium would be more active than the pavranium in the God Hands era.

He vowed again and again. Grid succeeded in smelting the pavranium and finally tried to mix it.

[Pavranium, created with the skills and knowledge of the legends, has been reborn at your fingertips.]

[A very high dexterity has been detected.]

[The legendary blacksmith's techniques has led to the creation of a new mineral.]

[Potential knowledge has been detected.]

[The characteristics of Duke of Wisdom are helping in the progression of the mineral creation.]

[Several epics have been detected.]

[The stories you are made of are soaking into the new minerals.]

A bright light filled the smithy and extended to the outside. It might be shabby compared to Saharan's red energy which covered all of the imperial capital, but the golden glow in the centre of Reinhardt was a magnificent sight that caught everyone's eyes.

[Congratulations! You have succeeded in creating a new mineral!]

[Please name the new mineral!]

A substance that had never existed was born at Grid's fingertips. It was a 'Grid-only item' that went beyond the concept of 'class-specific items' held by hidden classes.

"Ah..."

How much adversity and hardships had he overcome to reach this moment? The sentimental Grid opened his mouth, "The name of the new mineral is..."

[Chapter 1088](#)

"The name of the new mineral is..."

Of course, it had to be Overgeared Stone.

'...I don't think so.'

Then Overgearanium?

'Bullshit.'

The growth couldn't be limited to one thing. If side A developed, the synergy effect of side B developing together was human growth. Grid realized that his naming sense was lousy thanks to his improved intellectual ability, and he hesitated.

'Both are too bad.'

Now he understood Lael's reaction when he named the Overgeared Guild and Overgeared Kingdom. Lael had adapted, but he surely wouldn't have fallen asleep too easily when he first heard the names 'Overgeared Guild' and 'Overgeared Kingdom'. Of course, the feeling might be a bit different if Grid were watched from a third party's perspective.

Grid scratched his cheeks and his chin. Every item he created couldn't be called Overgeared something. It was too monotonous and not fun. He had even tried to name the White Tiger Sword as the Stone Sword. No, did he try to name the Stone Sword as the White Tiger Sword...? In any case, Grid had become seriously concerned about naming since that time and was troubled.

'It can't be Grivurnum.'

Grid had already promised Braham. The name of the new mineral he would create with Braham was Grivurnum. Yes, that was a story for when he made it together with Braham. The origin of this black-gold mineral was pavranium. Even if the Duke of Wisdom contributed to the creation, Braham would be unhappy if it had his name. There was no Braham in the process of creation. Not even his will existed.

“Ok, Grivurnum is a pass. Don’t worry and sleep well,” Grid muttered toward Braham while cleaning up his inventory.

It was his habit of talking to himself. He recovered the white light mithril, Astaroth’s Horn, the Strengthened Blue Dragon’s Breath, and the shell of the cave cricket that had been decomposed in the process of smelting the Blade Aiming at the Gods. The white light mithril’s durability was badly damaged, but the rest of the materials were almost intact.

‘...Okay, I’ve decided.’

Grid finished sorting his inventory and faced the notification window that was floating in his field of view.

[Please name the new mineral.]

The answer...

“Greed.”

The new mineral had infinite desire. It would never be consumed and would multiply constantly. This was the right name since it resembled the creator who wasn’t satisfied with the peak he climbed to and was looking at a far greater mountain.

“I have decided on ‘Greed’.”

It was also a device to raise his awareness. Grid also knew that too much greed would be poisonous. After all, he didn’t know the problems that would be caused by Greed’s proliferation in the future. Braham was the only one who could solve it. A being who possessed ‘satisfactory’ wisdom and the knowledge to realize it...

On the day of Braham’s return, Grid would be complete. Grid believed this as he clutched the small melon-sized black-gold mineral in his hand. He wanted to quickly check the details of the mineral.

[You have completed your naming.]

[The information about the new mineral will be updated.]

Ttiring~

[Greed]

[Durability: Infinite

The legendary blacksmith Pagma and the legendary great magician Braham’s collaborative work, pavranium has been reborn by Grid using his skills and epics.

Many characteristics have been added compared to the previous one.

\* Acquired healing skills due to Goddess Rebecca’s blessing. Increases the owner’s health recovery rate by 300%.

\* Acquired an attack buff skill due to God Dominion’s blessing. The owner’s attack power will increase by 15%.

- \* Acquired a defense buff skill due to God Judar's blessing. The owner's defense will increase by 15%.
- \* Acquired a magic power buff skill due to God Yatan's blessing. The owner's magic power will increase by 15%.
- \* Judge and move on its own, executing its master's orders as the top priority. Every movement doesn't require power.
- \* The hardness, strength and brittleness can't be changed. However, there is a limit.
- \* Completely absorbs all properties. However, be careful not to grant conflicting properties at the same time.
- \* The proliferation will double the volume and weight every 10 days. However, this effect is only applied when it is in the 'pure form.'
- \* There is a high chance of activating the 'crushing' and 'reconstruction' effects when hitting.
- ★ The passive skill 'Always Together' is applied.
- ★ The titles 'Legend of the Canyon' and 'Protagonist of Two Eras' are also shared by Greed.]

"Crazy..."

The unique characteristics of pavranium the ultimate mineral, adamantium that had lost its holy power, and the black mithril given by Empress Basara...

A stone with its demonic power removed, the unique characteristics of Berith's Hoof which Grid had enhanced with the Ultimate Transformation, and the title acquired from his epics...

They were all in Greed. It was a result that went far beyond Grid's expectations and imagination. Could he have imagined that his epics would affect the creation of a new mineral? Additionally, the proliferation effect was too ideal. It was really calibrated properly.

Correction was an advantage that every player in Satisfy enjoyed. For example, the system corrected it every time he crafted an item or created a blueprint. It was due to the system correction that Grid was able to draw the perfect blueprint and perform tasks in all types of fields without having the necessary knowledge.

That's right. It was the system correction which implemented solutions for problems that couldn't be solved with the player's level of knowledge based on the 'probability' of the skill. This was what happened with the mineral creation.

In fact, Grid had been worried. The proliferation of the insane dragon iron wasn't to increase one to two but to increase it by one volume. For example, how painful would it be if the sword made from Greed became big and heavy every 10 days because of the proliferation effect?

Once it grew to an unacceptable level, it would have to be disassembled and a new sword would need to be created. Otherwise, he would need to solve the problem by using the Insane Dragon Hammer to delete this characteristic. Still, the quantity of created minerals would increase, so it was a problem that he could afford.

Now all his problems had been resolved. Greed would only multiply in its pure form.

‘Once it has multiplied enough, I can take some off and make an item.’

The item would remain in perfect shape for the rest of its life...

Grid’s heart pounded with excitement when he thought of this. A great joy that was hard to express in words filled him.

“Okay... Let’s stay in this state for a while.”

The mysterious round mineral was black and gold. Grid stroked the light elemental on his shoulder and started to involve himself in the blacksmithing work. He planned to experiment with the remaining 101 black mithril. What was the effect of the Hero King’s fighting energy on it? Could he grant this characteristic to other minerals or items? Could he transfer the power of his pets and summons? He had many questions.

Grid’s inquisitive nature was excited. Grid was confident about experimenting since his Genuine - (Fighting against the Gods) Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill allowed him to make at least epic rated items, and the Blacksmith Hammer to go against the Gods amplified his blacksmithing skill.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

The clear metal sounds that hadn’t been heard in a while started to reverberate in the smithy zone. Hundreds and thousands of blacksmiths flocked to watch Grid’s work, and the Overgeared smithies were full of energy again. For at least one month, Grid planned to focus on experimenting until Greed had proliferated three times.

‘Then I will create two new items with the multiplied Greed.’

There was a feeling of fullness that could only be felt when working as a blacksmith. The smile on Grid’s face didn’t disappear.

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Time passed quickly. It soon became time for the next National Competition to become a topic of discussion. All of the world’s media was keen to analyze who had been chosen as the ‘devil’ for the next National Competition. However, most of the rankers’ attention was focused on the Overgeared Kingdom rather than the National Competition.

“Don’t you think the pace of economic growth in the Overgeared Kingdom is crazy these days?”

“They have a complete alliance with the empire, so they can grow without any fear.”

“It isn’t at the level of an alliance. It is like the empire is going to take over the Overgeared Kingdom.”

“Rumor has it that the emperor is completely obsessed with Grid.”

“Crazy. Although it is now empress...”

“It is because Grid was the one who made Basara empress in the first place.”

“That is too much. How could he make her an empress, even if he is Grid?”

“I don’t think it is a rumor when analyzing the contents of the epic.”

“It can be interpreted in many ways. It’s a coincidence, a coincidence.”

“Then is it luck in the end? That’s bullshit. If luck continues then it isn’t luck, it is a skill. Isn’t it right that Grid intended to make Basara the empress?”

“So what will you do?”

“I’m going to move to the Overgeared Kingdom.”

“What? You too?”

“Yes, as things stand now, I can’t see a future in this country. Once the Overgeared Kingdom is full of ambitions, it will be the first country to perish. I will go to the Overgeared Kingdom before that.”

“Hrmm...”

The forces were now being divided. Was it the safe and sure empire or the Overgeared Kingdom whose future was full of expectations? The empire had grown steadily since Empress Basara implemented the unity policies, but the possibility of territory expansion was almost lost. Meanwhile, the Overgeared Kingdom was becoming saturated and was likely to devour nearby kingdoms.

Apart from these two nations, the rest of the world seemed to have little hope, so the players needed to make a decision. It was best to change boats in advance. There were three reasons for this.

First, there was the possibility of the Overgeared Kingdom expanding its power. Second, the importance of national power was revealed in the Great Demon Berith incident. Third, there was the variable of the East Continent.

As more information about the East Continent spread to many players, people started to be afraid of the Hwan Kingdom and the yangbans. A vicious force that dominated the East Continent...

If the transcendents of the East Continent—who had a great sense of civility than the Saharan Empire in the past—made their way to the West, then weak countries would be destroyed overnight and the players of the destroyed countries would receive too much damage.

The only countries who could protect themselves were the empire and the Overgeared Kingdom. That’s right. The protagonist of the new era was the Overgeared Kingdom. This new era was accompanied by many changes.

“Grruk. Kurruk.”

The orcs...

“...”

The elves...

“Kuhahat!”

The half draconians and so on...

The many species that had been hiding in various parts of the continent to escape the tyranny of the empire started to emerge.

### [Chapter 1089](#)

“Unconditional double proliferation? Isn’t this too fraudulent?”

“To think that Morpheus allowed such abnormal results... Did it get a virus?”

“This is an obvious balance breakdown! We need to act now!”

In the S.A Group’s headquarters, a backlash occurred among all the board members who witnessed Grid create the new mineral. Even Director Yoon Sangmin, known for being pro-Grid, tried to persuade Chairman Lim Cheolho, “I think it is right to patch it.”

The volume doubled every 10 days. Among the options attached to Grid’s Greed, this was the most dangerous. In theory, Greed could grow to the size of Earth in a few years, and this was equivalent to the size of the world in Satisfy.

Yet it was moving at Grid’s will? This meant that if Grid was willing, he could destroy Satisfy.

“It doesn’t make sense that one player will control Satisfy’s fate in the future.”

“The moment the presence of Greed is revealed to the world, the stock price will plummet. We have to act right now.”

“I think Morpheus’ condition is strange. Let’s check the status of Morpheus and close the server for a while for a patch.”

The directors tried to persuade Lim Cheolho. Their personal liking of Grid wasn’t important at this moment. It was an objective approach, and the key thing was to modify the proliferation effect. They had to put restrictions on it.

“Hrmm...” Chairman Lim Cheolho was somber. Satisfy was a world that players created. No matter what direction the players led Satisfy in, the S.A Group would just watch and not intervene. Their intervention would dampen the immersion and motivation, and it would be a vicious cycle.

Chairman Lim Cheolho adhered to this position, but even he was uneasy at this time. His tone was shaken for the first time since he created Satisfy with the help of Morpheus and numerous scientists. It wasn’t because he didn’t trust Grid. Grid was the representative figure who improved his quality of life through Satisfy. He wouldn’t dare destroy Satisfy.

However, there was a number of variables. What if something unavoidable happened to Grid or he encountered an accident and left Greed alone for a long time? Or what if the calculations were wrong and Grid’s item making speed couldn’t keep up with the speed of Greed’s growth?

Concerns would arise. Yes, the proliferation option was the only major problem. Greed had many other fraudulent effects, but there weren’t any big problems considering it was a special item that could only be handled by Grid. It was unlikely that the world view would become twisted because Grid was immensely strong, leading the new era with his strength. No, it was right for him to become stronger.

The different species, the grandmaster, the yangbans, the immortals, the great demons, the angels and the gods...

Satisfy still had many strong players, and there were players with potential beyond Grid's, such as Baal's Contractor and the Sword Saint.

"Chairman!" The directors urged Chairman Lim Cheolho. The proliferation effect should be resolved quickly, and they urged him to make a decision. Their attitude was reasonable to anyone, but Chairman Lim Cheolho was hesitant right till the end.

The chairman was struggling with this problem when he suddenly raised a question, "The proliferation effect already exists. It was inherited from the insane dragon iron, and Grid already secured the insane dragon iron years ago. Has there ever been a problem with the insane dragon iron?"

"..."

Just because they were a developer or operator didn't mean they knew all of Satisfy's settings. How could they know and remember the myriad settings of a world as vast as Earth? They only remembered some of the most important settings created by Morpheus or created and changed by the players. If proliferation was a really serious problem, then Morpheus would've warned them. Yet Morpheus didn't give a warning.

"It means there is no big problem with the proliferation setup." Chairman Lim Cheolho was convinced of this.

However, the directors denied it.

"Chairman, there are many ways in which Greed is different from the insane dragon iron. The insane dragon iron can be handled by blacksmiths above a certain level, and the mass can be controlled with the insane dragon stone. However, Greed is a material that can only be handled by Grid. It's unlikely that Grid will use the insane dragon stone for Greed, so it is impossible for Grid alone to control the mass forever."

"What if something happens to Grid and he can't log into Satisfy for a long time...? It is terrible just imagining it."

"There is no problem because the mass can be controlled...? I think differently. Some of the items made by the insane dragon iron were exposed outside the Overgeared Kingdom, but none of them caused any special problems. As the Chairman says, there might not be a big problem with proliferation."

"Are there limits to the proliferation?"

"I heard what all of you are saying. Then Kentaro, you should study more. Greed is a Grid-only item. So when Grid is logged out, it moves to his personal space and stops all activities. It means that it can't multiply by itself without Grid. Have you ever seen the pavranium moving alone when Grid is logged out?"

There was no need for controversy. They should check with Morpheus. As the directors were arguing, Chairman Lim Cheolho raised his hand and called for Morpheus. "Morpheus, what is the percentage that Grid's newly created mineral will pose a danger to the world view?"

The answer of the supercomputer Morpheus, the presence that presided over Satisfy, was immediately heard, [Zero.]

“...!”

“...!”

In addition to the board of directors, Chairman Lim Cheolho’s eyes also widened. 0% was a figure that Morpheus rarely mentioned. It was a complete exclusion of that possibility. What was the rationale?

“Is there a limit to the proliferation after all?”

[No. However, if it multiplies to beyond a certain size, the codename Z-003 will have a stronger energy. Therefore, there is a setting that all Z objects apart from Z-003 will appear and suppress or destroy it. Unless the Z objects become extinct, the probability of the proliferation becoming dangerous is zero. Of course, the probability of the Z objects becoming extinct is equally zero.]

“Codename Z...? Dragon?”

The directors were agitated. Some didn’t understand, but most directors, including Chairman Lim Cheolho, understood at once.

“I see. Proliferation is a property derived from the power of Insane Dragon Nevartan. Thus, it will gain the hostility of dragons who are hostile or alert to Nevartan.”

“Whenever Greed grows above a certain size, dragons will appear to hit Grid and control the size of Greed.”

“In such a setting, the concept of ‘durability’ won’t be good enough. Thus, it is possible.”

“Wait... What is this? Does it mean that items created from the insane dragon iron in the last few years have already been destroyed by dragons or will soon be destroyed? Isn’t it a big disaster if dragons come in droves?”

[The Tower of Wisdom will move first before the dragons appear. It is also designed to raise a warning window with the owner of the item before the Tower of Wisdom moves. So far, the insane dragon iron without the insane dragon stone’s repression property has no answers. Thus, they have already been recovered and discarded by the Tower of Wisdom.]

Most of the insane dragon iron without repressive properties were in the empire. They consisted of the chandelier Grid had sent to Empress Marie and the stakes which had been driven into the walls of Titan. Naturally, they had no owners.

“In the end, it is an adjustable property.”

The board of directors were relieved. They were glad that it wouldn’t ruin the game. However, it was unfortunate from Grid’s standpoint. It would be impossible to multiply Greed as much as possible. The directors watched the monitor with complicated hearts and soon realized how much they had underestimated Grid.

Contrary to everyone's concerns, Grid already prevented excessive proliferation by separating Greed once it multiplied, making it a separate item. Chairman Lim Cheolho smiled warmly. "Grid knows better than anyone."

The dangers of proliferation...

Grid knew he had to be alert and manage himself because he could always put Satisfy in jeopardy.

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"Guruk. Gruruk. Thank you. Human. Guruk! You are the savior of our tribe! You deserve to be a part of the tribe! Kuruk!!"

[Hidden Quest ★Support the Twilight Orcs ★ has been cleared.]

[Affinity with the twilight species has increased by 20 from the quest reward.]

[Your have gained one level from the quest reward.]

[It is now possible to change your race from a human to a twilight orc.]

[Changing your race to a twilight orc will allow you to communicate with all orcs and you will have the authority to control some orcs.]

[The rise in strength and stamina will increase attack power and health by 1.8 times while the magic attack power and mana increased by the intelligence stat will be reduced by 2 times. Depending on the intelligence level, the 'shaman' talent might be given.]

[You will be able to choose a new class.]

[Once you change race, you can't change it twice.]

[Do you want to change your race?]

Orcs were one of the most common monsters on the West Continent. There were many tribes and many of them were low-level tribes, so they were recognized as low-level monsters. However, was this true? They had language skills, excellent physical skills, could make and use tools in a crude way, knew necromancy, and so on.

In fact, orcs were more intelligent, capable, and talented than many monsters. In particular, the superior orc tribes showed surprising strength. Didn't Baal's Contractor Agnus make a death knight from an orc warrior?

"Attack power and health increased by 1.8 times?"

The twilight orcs were the strongest and most honorable tribes among the countless orc tribes. Not only did they have high intelligence and skills, but their physical abilities completely surpassed those of the human species. They could understand human language and had their own blacksmiths.

The only downside was that their magic power was weak. A double reduction in magic attack power and mana meant it was hard to rely on skills or magic. Still, there were many types of players in Satisfy. Many preferred classes that used basic attacks rather than skills while others were interested in shamanism.

There were also many who were attracted to the orc's vicious appearance. Of course, there were people who just refused mediocrity.

"Me, I'll be an orc."

"I want to be an orc!"

"Guruk. Gruruk. An excellent choice."

The twilight orcs were one of the original different species that weakened the power of the Saharan Empire, causing the empire to establish barriers to prevent this ferocious species from entering the continent. The vicious clan, that had killed countless soldiers and knights of the empire, started to move beyond the fallen barriers when Basara rose to the throne. One of their desires was to absorb players and quickly expand their power.

It was the construction of a country. Naturally, a sacrificial lamb was needed.

"Guruk! Gruruk. Forward! Advance! Fertile territory and the hot sun don't only belong to humans! Guruk! We! Tell the humans! Gruruk!"

The territory of the Violet Kingdom started to be captured by the green monsters.

\*\*\*

"Reconciliation? Kukuk, why?"

"..."

The reason why the single digit Red Knights often left the capital was due to confronting the half draconians. They were a rare hunting nation. The half draconian militants who lived in the mountains without huts were incredible. They hunted monsters and beasts for fun and not just for survival. There were only a few hundred of them, but in the last hundred years, the empire invested a lot of power to stop them. Fighting one half draconian consumed twice as much power as fighting 100 minorities.

Basara was forced to pay great attention to them. The moment she was crowned, one of the first things she did was to send an envoy to the half draconians. Basara sent a marquis and offered reconciliation. She presented a brilliant future to the half draconians, even at the risk of losing money.

This was the half draconians' reaction, "We fight you is because it is fun. Why should we reconcile? I'm not an idiot who would get rid of entertainment myself."

"How rude...!"

Marquis Borell was one of the 10 great magicians on the continent and a representative of the empire along with five great swordsman knights. As a marquis of the great empire and a great magician, he was angered by the attitude of the half draconians. He wanted to summon a flame and blow away the head of the young man in front of him.

However, he refrained from doing so. He knew the will of the new empress and endured it. That was the problem.

"Sir!"

Concentration was required to control his runaway magic power. The half draconian didn't miss this chance to cut his neck.

"Disgraceful bastard!"

"How dare you do that to the marquis?!"

The knights pulled out their swords with bloodshot eyes but couldn't wield them. They suddenly realized that they were surrounded by dozens of half draconians. It was a dog's death. The head of Marquis Borell flew over to the knights who quickly lost the battle.

"Go home and deliver this message. You're going to have to keep playing with us. Kukuk! Kuhahahat!"

"..."

The new empire's desire for unity with everyone would never be easy. All sorts of problems struck the empire. It was the karma of ruling by force.

### [Chapter 1090](#)

"Umm..."

Shin Youngwoo, a great existence of the world, had fallen into a lifelong agony. He wanted to eat lettuce wraps in the morning, but as soon as it was time to eat, he opened the lid of a can of tuna because it was troublesome to wash the important lettuce.

'Don't wash it and just eat it.'

The development of science and technology had made humanity indolent.

"Thanks to organic pesticides developed by the National Academy of Agricultural Sciences, academia made a thesis that vegetables don't need to be washed before being eaten these days. Even so, there is the possibility of chewing some soil. However, for convenience, it is a modern person's attitude that it is necessary to chew a bit of dirt. Shin Youngwoo, a modern man who has never been out of fashion, doesn't need to wash lettuce before eating..."

Mutter mutter.

Shin Youngwoo, who was trying to hypnotize himself to eat a meal of unwashed lettuce, suddenly stopped acting. He ran straight to the sink and cleaned dozens of lettuce leaves.

'I can't do this.'

Maybe it was because he was putting all his energy into Satisfy, but he had been wishing for a normal life ever since.

'I will get used to the convenience of postponing everything and become lazy. Let's clean them once and eat.'

"Yum yum. Lick lick."

The legendary blacksmith, master of the Overgeared Guild, and king of the Overgeared Kingdom—Shin Youngwoo was a person who could target a global conglomerate. Why did he eat a simple meal every

time and do the housework in a 10,000-won shirt? He did so because it was naturally nice and comfortable.

The meal? Youngwoo had grown up in a difficult environment, so his tastes were very ordinary. He preferred to eat canned tuna wrapped in lettuce than the best tuna sashimi.

A desire to show off? There was no reason to put on airs because he already had enough experience. In the first place, everyone in the world knew Youngwoo. Youngwoo himself was a luxury, so he didn't have to be covered with luxurious items.

A housekeeper? They were just household chores, so he could do them himself. His sister Sehee also helped most of the time.

"Okay, it is perfect." Youngwoo's face was refreshed after finishing the meal. He organized his mind during the process of washing dishes and cleaning up. "I have decided."

What was the first item to be crafted with the multiplied Greed? He thought about it and came to the conclusion of 'shoes.'

Braham's Boots—he had been wearing them for a long time. It was more than 10 years in Satisfy time. Of course, he had made and used Grid's Boots in the middle of that period of time, but the utility of the 'Fly' magic belonging to Braham's Boots was so good that Grid's Boots lost their priority.

'Braham's Boots are obviously the best item, but the basic performance and level limit are too low. I actually should've changed them earlier.'

He knew this but couldn't change them because of Fly. Being able to fly in the sky meant being free from the constraints of terrain, so it was very attractive. Only a handful of great magicians could make a replacement for Youngwoo.

Things were different now. He could make it with Greed. It was because the default option of Greed was 'flying.' Of course, it would be different from using Fly, but it would satisfy most of his regret to combine 'flying' with his Dragon Wings.

'It would've been nice if I could've attached a spell or skill to the black mithril.'

He gained a large quantity of black mithril thanks to Basara's support. In the process of experimenting, Youngwoo had grasped one thing that was a disappointment. Black mithril had the nature of absorbing all types of properties, but it didn't absorb spells or skills. Well, he had few expectations in the first place. Properties and magic were separate concepts. In any case, it was only a bit disappointing.

'That's it. It is enough just to absorb all properties. It would be too greedy to want more.'

Greedy was right. It was unconscionable to want Greed to have more fraudulent options when it was already on the level of destroying the balance. He was almost like a crook.

"Now, let's go."

After 200 push-ups and a shower in cold water, Youngwoo lay down in the capsule. It was time for him to become Overgeared King Grid.

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Shortly after Grid connected to Satisfy...

“The Violet Kingdom has sent an envoy to all nations, including ours. They are proposing the formation of an allied army,” Lael came to the smithy and reported.

Grid cocked his head. “Allied? Is it because of the orcs?”

Grid naturally knew about the recently launched different species episode. The twilight orcs’ invasion of the Violet Kingdom was ongoing, and he heard that the Violet Kingdom was in great trouble.

“What is this allied army that they are asking for? They just don’t want to receive any damage in the meantime, right?” Grid said.

Asking for reinforcements from another country was a major loss. Not only did it mean paying a reasonable price, but it also meant they would one day have to repay the grace.

The Violet Kingdom didn’t want to pay the price even in this moment of crisis, so they tried their luck with an allied army.

“This is what the Violet Kingdom claims: the orcs won’t be satisfied with conquering the Violet Kingdom, and they are likely to invade other kingdoms. The orcs’ breeding power is so great that as soon as they have the boundaries of a nation, the population will skyrocket and they will covet more territory. Before the orcs are reborn as the biggest enemy of humanity, we must join forces to confront them.”

“It makes sense. Didn’t you say there is a growing number of players changing to the orc race? It’s definitely dangerous. Still, I don’t know,” Grid said. Then he had a question, “If the orcs are such a belligerent and menacing race, why did the empire liberate them?”

There might be the policy of unity, but there was still a degree of moderation.

If the orcs were violent enough to threaten all of humanity as the Violet Kingdom claimed, Basara wouldn’t have liberated them. The empire must have a good understanding of the orc species.

Lael showed a happy expression. He was impressed by Grid’s development and nodded. “You are correct. The empire’s liberation of the orcs proves there is a loophole in the Violet Kingdom’s claims. Other countries also know this, so there will be no alliance.”

“Instead, a few kingdoms will send troops in return for payment?”

“Yes, it is a good chance.”

“So, this is the reason you came to me. Will the cornered Violet Kingdom abandon its pride and ask for reinforcements?”

“Did you take the wrong medicine today? Why are you so quick to understand the conversation today when normally I need to tell you two or three times?”

“I washed the lettuce and ate it.”

“...?”

“Hum hum. In any case, I am against it.”

“What is the reason?”

“I still can’t forget what the Violet envoy said at the founding ceremony. Birum? He was killed by Asmophel.”

“It must’ve been Baron Biz.”

“Yes, that guy. The Violet Kingdom didn’t apologize for his rudeness after the incident but rather demanded an apology and reparations. A few months ago, Euphemina proved Agnus’ innocence and asked them to release him, but they didn’t admit it. They’re really bad guys.”

“Is it a type of retaliation to not send troops?”

“Of course. To add another reason, I think we shouldn’t miss the opportunity to exhaust the military power of other countries.”

The twilight orcs weren’t easy opponents, especially with players joining. All nations sending forces to the Violet Kingdom would suffer great damage. This was a very good opportunity for the Overgeared Kingdom, which had to consider expanding its territory to cope with the growing population.

LaueI laughed. “You added a much more reasonable reason.”

A conquest war...

In this regard, LaueI was worried that Grid might harbor negative thoughts. Fortunately, Grid had ambitions. The reason why Grid didn’t cross the empire was that it was a huge force they couldn’t afford to absorb. Expanding the Overgeared Kingdom to a manageable level was what Grid desired as well.

“Are you finally creating a new item?” LaueI relieved the burden in his heart and showed interest in what Grid was doing. This was because Grid pulled out a Greed that was roughly in the form of a sword to suppress its proliferation property.

“Yes, I need something new in order to walk on a flower path.”

“I want to watch from the side as you work...” LaueI meant it with all his heart.

Grid’s essence was his immersion in blacksmithing work. He gave off a huge magic power when he sweated in front of a furnace. Grid’s challenging atmosphere and enthusiasm inspired the watchers, and his patience and concentration motivated them. There was a reason the smithy was always packed when Grid was working. Those who saw Grid fight acknowledged him, but those who saw him as a blacksmith admired him.

“You are so busy. Do you have time to watch? I’m really sorry and thankful to you all the time. I’ll share the information with you first when I complete the item.”

“Yes, I will look forward to the time when we roam the galaxy until our fate is decided. Kukukuk.”

Grid shook off the goosebumps and gave an order, “Go quickly.”

On the way back to the palace after being kicked out of the smithy, Lauel had an exhilarated expression on his face. 'I'm really looking forward to it.'

The mineral was so full of fraudulent options that there was bound to be some side effects. What items would Grid create with Greed?

'It will be great. Even so, no matter how good the performance, it can't completely replace Braham's Boots.'

Fly was really special magic. There were few drawbacks other than the fact that it continued to consume mana when cast. The advantages were enormous in many ways. For Grid who had ridiculously high mana and defense, there were no shoes as good as Braham's Boots. Lauel predicted that no matter how fraudulent Grid's item, the value of Braham's Boots would still be preserved.

Three days later...

"Kuooh."

As usual, Lauel was buried in a pile of papers in the morning, and he stretched out.

-It is finished.

The tired Grid's whisper flew in, and Lauel's prediction was shattered.

[Player 'Grid' wishes to share the information of Arrogant Blue Dragon's Boots.]

"...?" Lauel's mouth dropped open as he saw the details of the boots.

[Arrogant Blue Dragon's Boots]

[Rating: Myth

Durability: Infinite Defense: 1,030

- \* Movement speed +10%.
- \* Evasion +15%.
- \* Lightning attribute resistance +40%.
- \* Dark attribute resistance +40%.
- \* Attack speed +30% when attacking with the lower body.
- \* When attacking with the lower body, there is a high chance of triggering 'Crush.'
- \* When hit in the lower body, there is a low chance of ignoring damage.
- \* When hit in the lower body, there is a high chance of triggering 'Reconstruction'.
- \* Height +3 centimeters.
- \* The skill 'Come Down!' is generated.
- \* The passive skill 'Lightning Incarnation' is generated.

\* Defense will increase by 10% in canyon terrains.

\* The power of wide-area skills will increase by 20% in canyon terrain.

\* Decreases the target's defense and magic resistance by 10% when encountering great demons weaker than the 22nd rank.

\* If damage to the extent of destroying the boots is received, the durability is fixed for a minimum of 5 seconds. There is a 10% durability recovery after this effect is over (24 hours cooldown).

★The skill 'Lightning Speed' is generated.

★The skill 'Lightning God' is generated.

Boots made by the blacksmith Grid, who gained enlightenment when fighting against a god.

They are long boots that rise up to the knee, but the elasticity of Greed—which was used as the material—is flexible and doesn't interfere with movements at all.

The guard is made from Strengthened Astaroth's Horn while the soles are made from Strengthened Astaroth's Bone, adding a higher defense and a handsome appearance. The magnetic force generated from the guard, and the soles creates a repulsion against the metal. Ordinary weapons can't reach these boots.

The Strengthened Blue Dragon's Breath further enhances the lightning properties of Astaroth's horns and bones. In the process of Greed completely absorbing it, some of the abilities of the blue dragon have been inadvertently implemented.

The Strengthened Blue Dragon's Breath grants the wearer a mythical protection.

Grid's epics are contained in it.

Conditions of Use: Grid.

Weight: 600]

[Crush]

[Significantly reduces the durability of the target's armor.]

[Reconstruction]

[Restores it to its original state in case of reduced durability or damage to form.]

[Come Down! Lv. 1]

[Summons the descending blue dragon's clone.

The thunderbolt accompanying the blue dragon's descent inflicts 30,000 fixed damage to each target at the summoner's feet and has a high chance of causing electric shock. Electrocuted targets are paralyzed for a minimum of 0.5 seconds and a maximum of 5 seconds.

\* Skills attached to myth rated items can be upgraded.

Mana Consumption: 2,000

Cooldown Time: 12 hours.]

[Lightning Incarnation Lv. 1]

[A sustainable passive.

The blue dragon's protection will give you a body close to lightning.

Stamina won't be consumed when flying. Magic power and skill resources consumed when flying are reduced by 20%. In cloudy or rainy weather, resource consumption is reduced by an additional 10% and in thunderstorms, an additional 20%.

Attacks with the lightning property will usually have a beneficial effect (a small stamina recovery, a significant mana recovery or a small increase in one stat will be randomly applied. 10 seconds cooldown time).

Your attacks have a chance to burn the target's mana (5% of the target's total mana).

\* Skills attached to myth rated items can be upgraded.]

[Lightning Speed Lv. 1]

[Your body is covered with the energy of a blue dragon.

During the flight state, you will breathe at altitudes high enough to reach a new world.

\* Movement speed increased by 20%.

\* The maximum speed limit can be exceeded.

\* Full immunity to lightning-based attacks.

Mana Cost: 3,00 per second.

Cooldown Time: 3 seconds.

\* Skills attached to myth rated items can be upgraded.]

[Lightning God Lv. 1]

[A conditional passive.

Assimilate with the breath of the blue dragon.

Once you reach the maximum speed, there is a low chance that your body will turn into lightning. At this point, all attacks are converted to lightning. Every time you hit the target, a lot of mana is burned (10% of the total mana).

You are immune to all physical attacks, but you will take twice the damage from magic attacks without any defense or resistance. It also leaves a current that deals 10 times the damage in your movement path. The duration of the electric current is 2 seconds.

It won't be released until the speed drops and will be released immediately once you deviate from the maximum speed.

\* If you die in the Lightning God then the wrath of the blue dragon will occur.

\* Skills attached to myth rated items can be upgraded.]

"Ah..."

Black long boots with golden lining—the mysterious metals boots had such an overwhelming appearance that it disregarded sex, age, and taste. They would look cool and classy in anyone's eyes. It was one of the best items out of the thousands of items that Grid had ever produced.

However, the thing that caught Lauel's eye was the performance, not the appearance. Originally, shoes along with gloves were the types of items with the lowest protection. Yet the defense of Grid's newly produced boots surpassed ordinary legendary rated armor. It wasn't uncommon for the durability to be infinite. Still, it was astounding that there were 10 amazing options when just one would cause him to click his tongue. The combination of Greed, the Blue Dragon's Breath, and the by-products of the great demon along with Grid's epics created a result beyond Lauel's expectations.

-Congratulations. By the way...How many more are you going to make?

-How many? At least one thousand.

-Don't you know the word conscience?

-It isn't like I'm trying to harm others.

Grid's goal was to create a Greed Army. The condition of only Grid being able to use Greed wasn't a problem. The reason why the condition of use was limited to Grid was the influence of pavranium. He could use the insane dragon hammer and anvil to remove the unique traits of Greed. Of course, Greed's performance would be greatly reduced, but it was easier to control the conditions of use. Thus, it was theoretically possible to equip all Overgeared members with Greed.

'It is harder than adamantium even if the options are deleted, so it is worth it. It is better to see when the time is right.'

Grid was certain of it. The Overgeared Kingdom would be healthy regardless of the tsunamis and strong storms which would be caused by the emergence of the different species.

-I think there is a risk of becoming a troll due to the Lightning God skill, but I don't think it is something to worry about unless you are really unlucky. The more I look at it, the more wonderful it is. Congratulations once again.

"..."