

## Overgeared 1121

### [Chapter 1121](#)

[The Overgeared Kingdom and the elf species have signed an alliance.]

“What?”

“Why is this happening?”

The numerous players and reporters. They all stiffened like statues as they searched the World Tree’s Forest for the site of Resh’s broadcast, which cut off at the critical moment. The sight of tens of thousands of humans across the continent stopping at the same time were scenes that would be talked about for a long time in the future between the S.A Group’s staff. The title of the scene was ‘Statues of Fools.’

“L-Logout!”

The reporters hurried out of the game. Those who were judged to be in ‘combat’ and couldn’t log out still forced the logout, even if it meant dying. Didn’t everyone know the nature of the elves? The news about the Overgeared Kingdom allying with the elves was something that couldn’t be missed.

\*\*\*

“Wow, the Overgeared Kingdom is doing as well as always.”

Pearl Island. It was a place where only the traces of a country lost a long time ago remained. This was the stage of the 1st National Competition’s PvP event and one man and one woman were fighting side-by-side. The female’s ID was Jishuka and the male’s ID was Bondre. They didn’t seem to have a good relationship.

“Isn’t an alliance with the elves beyond the standard? Is there a genius in diplomacy in the Overgeared Kingdom? Or...”

The air froze. The transparent particles gathered together in a flash to complete the shape. The moment the barrier of ice was erected, a rusty iron sword stuck into it.

‘Shit.’

Bondre’s expression stiffened. A chill went down his spine at the thought that it would’ve pierced his face if his reaction had been a bit slower. The iron blade unleashed a storm of energy blades. The magic that Bondre used to confront this contained ‘ice’ as the basis.

Bondre repeatedly used magic that was merely an act of ‘making ice’ and struck the iron sword’s energy blades, which was very effective. The iron blade’s accurate trajectory was twisted slightly. Bondre avoided a serious injury several times, sipped a potion, and continued.

“Or is Grid simply just good at picking people? He had placated the orc lord so the naive elves would simply be easy for him. Isn’t that right?”

By now, Grid would be enjoying the elves. This was the meaning. Bondre was clearly taunting Jishuka. It was to vent his anger. It was Jishuka who put him in the current crisis.

“...”

Jishuka was silent. Her arms trembled as she concentrated to the limit. It was a charging process to maximize the power of her arrow.

“Che.”

He wanted to resolve his anger but she didn't give him any room. Annoyed by Jishuka's unshakable appearance, Bondre clicked his tongue. He was stabbed in the shoulder and pointed his hand at the death knight rushing in front of him.

“Absolute Zero.”

Pearl Island entered an ice age. The environment changed. Everything around Bondre was frozen and he stood on the back of a gigantic mountain of ice.

“Pant pant.”

In front of the breathless Bondre, the death knight stopped as it was about to wield its sword. However, this wasn't a phenomenon that lasted forever. Bondre gritted his teeth.

‘Dammit, I have no luck.’

He hadn't heard of any boss monsters here on Pearl Island. It had been an hour of struggling and all his resources were consumed. There seemed to be no hope. He would soon be killed. It was because that wicked woman Jishuka pushed the enemy to his side.

It happened as Bondre was thinking this.

“Don't look at me like that. We can catch it if we join forces.”

Tatang!

In the world that had turned to ice, Jishuka was able to escape the ice due to being in a party with Bondre and she finally fired her bow. Then the fiercely rotating red arrow started to collapse the icy world. The arrow pierced through the ice in the way, reached the death knight, and instantly smashed the death knight's skull.

[The specter of Lion Castle, Deodore has been destroyed.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[The party leader 'Jishuka' has acquired Specter Knight's Gaiters.]

[The party member 'Bondre' has acquired Specter Knight's Headgear.]

[The party member 'Bondre' has acquired Skillbook: Mana Arrow]

[The party leader 'Jishuka' has acquired Magic Book: Ice Tray.]

“Wow! It's amazing!”

Bondre cheered wildly. He was so excited that he clapped hands with Jishuka, who he had been hostile to until now. He thought he was going to die so he was ecstatic about succeeding in the raid.

“Kuek...”

Bondre quickly regained his rationality and took an awkward step back. He frowned and grumbled, “Dammit. I am the magician. Why did the magic book go to you?”

“We can swap. I will give you the magic book so give me the skill book.”

“I think the price of Mana Arrow is much higher.”

“Are you obsessed with materialistic values? We fought for our lives together so we should get along.”

“Nonsense.”

“Tsk tsk, you should live in South Korea.”

“South Korea? Hat, I’ll never visit Grid’s country again in the future.”

Bondre was once France’s top ranked player. However, he had been on a downward trend after losing to Grid in four seconds at the 1st National Competition. His guild was disbanded after Faker killed all the guild members, he lost to Grid again at the 2nd National Competition, and he was PKed by Agnus...

It would be a lie to say that Bondre didn’t have a grudge against Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom. Bondre was reluctant to be friendly with Jishuka. Even so, he knew. His defeat to Grid was purely due to his lack of skill and he had been arrogant regarding Faker. It was shameful to forever hold a grudge against them. Rather, the incident where he raided the Overgeared Kingdom as part of the Seven Guilds was an act that could be condemned by them.

“Sigh... That’s it. Just take it and get out of here. Let’s not get tangled up twice over this.”

Bondre pressed the ‘accept’ button of the trading window that Jishuka created.

The trade of the Ice Tray and Mana Arrow, which had a market value difference of at least three times, had been completed.

Jishuka grinned at her good fortune.

“I’m in your debt. I’ll pay you back later.”

“No need. Didn’t I say not to get tangled up in this?”

“You show a cold shoulder to kindness.”

“It isn’t kindness, it is an apology. In the first place, I wouldn’t have been successful without you.”

“Yes, I couldn’t have succeeded without you either. So thank you.”

“...”

They met here by chance. They had naturally hunted separately without cooperating with each other. Then the death knight appeared and Jishuka brought the death knight to Bondre’s location. Naturally, Bondre started swearing. Naturally, he had refused Jishuka’s offer of a party. However, he was forced to

accept after they both died several times. Then the memories weren't so bad once a good result came out.

"Bondre, you've really become strong."

It was safe to describe him as the 'Faker of magicians.' Bondre's control far exceeded the realm of common sense. In particular, his control when creating ice to shift the trajectory of the incoming attack was unbelievable even when she saw it with her own eyes. It was almost a miracle.

"It is the same for you."

Bondre also acknowledged Jishuka's skills. They had accumulated enough damage in the one hour battle but Deodore was still a death knight over level 400. Yet she blew his skull away...

He didn't know the exact nature of that charging archery but once it was charged for more than 10 seconds, it even exceeded Grid's attack power. It was a correct assessment since he had watched Grid's battle with the orc lord many times.

'Is it possible to charge for minutes? I can't imagine how high the destructive power will rise...'

"By the way, why did you come here to hunt?"

Just before Bondre left the party, he stopped and asked a question. He was curious. The biggest advantage of the Overgeared Guild was that they could hunt in the vampire cities around Reidan. It was easy to hunt so he couldn't understand why she was alone in this remote place. It was hard to believe that she was aiming for the boss raid from the start.

Jishuka was an archer. She could never raid a boss on her own. If she had been aiming for a raid then she would've come here with her colleagues, not alone.

Jishuka shrugged. "I'm training."

"Training... that's good."

Bondre laughed. He felt a sense of kinship since he was in the same position as her.

"I'm sorry for saying bullshit earlier. I know that you like Grid so I said it to anger you."

Yes, in a word, it was bullshit. It was impossible to transform an alliance between nations into a pure male thing. Jishuka's thoughts were different.

"What if your guess is right? It is highly likely that Grid is attracted to the elves."

"...Bullshit."

"I'm telling the truth. You should know how popular Grid is."

"If this is true, isn't it bad for you? Grid might be having some fun with the elves right now."

"It's a game."

"...?"

"I don't care who Grid meets in the game. Rather, I welcome the accumulated experience."

Satisfy was different from reality. In reality, Jishuka had no intention of conceding Grid to anyone but she didn't want to restrain Grid in Satisfy.

"...You are an open South American."

"I liked Grid when he was already a married man. I'm not in a position to argue."

"I see..."

Bondre was strangely convinced and left. Jishuka was left alone and looked at the notification window.

[You are eligible to surpass the legendary archer Povia.]

[It is recommended to visit the World Tree's Forest.]

[The 12 Te or the ruler of the elves will give you an important hint.]

"That's it."

Jishuka had long been qualified to become Povia's Descendant. She had refused because Povia wasn't the strongest. Povia was only in the middle according to the rating of the previous legends. Jishuka wanted to carve out a better path than Povia's Descendant.

On this starry night, the 10 meritorious retainers scattered across the continent were developing. They met powerful enemies, felt frustration, overcame them, and developed their skills while developing many relationships.

\*\*\*

"Irene!"

Grid embraced Irene after returning with the knights and Beniyaru. He was generally good at expressing affection but it was seriously too much today. He kissed Irene without any awareness of the ordinary players still wandering around the city gates.

"Ke ong is waiting for you."

Lauel finally spoke and Grid nodded.

"Yes. Would you like to come with me?"

"No. I don't want to interfere with your public affairs."

"You aren't interfering at all. Let's go together."

Grid held Irene's hand and led her into the castle. Grid noticed the wrinkles around Irene's eyes were a bit deeper but didn't show any reaction. He was afraid and resented the approaching time but he would do his best to love her every moment.

"Amazing."

Grid marveled as he returned to the castle after a long time. The Overgeared Palace was becoming larger and more gorgeous than before. It was amazing that the interior was both focused on aesthetics and efficiency.

'It is scary how much easier things have become.'

This was architecture. Grid looked over every inch and was seriously troubled.

'If I learn the architecture skill... will I be able to use the imperial palace's blueprint?'

A blueprint of the imperial palace that he obtained thanks to former Emperor Juander. It was a huge hidden item that could be compared to the deteriorated version of Pagma's Rare Book. The condition of use for the blueprint was being an architect and opening it gave craftsmanship level architecture. This meant that if Grid learnt Beginner Architecture then he could quickly become a craftsman.

Still, Grid had to be cautious. He couldn't jump to rash conclusions. It was like a deteriorated version of Pagma's Rare Book. It had astronomical value. He couldn't be blinded by his greed of the moment. The value was too high for him to master. He had to use it as a carrot when recruiting a person he needed.

'It isn't normal for me to construct a building.'

A blacksmith took several days to create an item while an architect took weeks to months. How could Grid act as an architect when he already lacked time to make items and hunt? It was a pointless luxury.

'I just need to learn enough to be able to build a small smithy.'

Could he learn it?

Grid gulped nervously and approached Ke ong, who was trimming a stone in the distance. He then asked in a blunt manner, "Is it possible for me to learn architecture?"

"It seems Your Majesty has thought of a way."

Ke ong had a strange personality but he was clever. He had stated that a portable smithy was impossible. The moment he heard Grid speak about learning architecture, he saw that Grid had an idea.

"Do you want to build a smithy with the mineral you created?"

"...That's right."

Greed could move on its own and had infinite power. There were no flight requirements or advancements needed when building a smithy out of Greed. Ke ong shook his head. "Unfortunately, it's not possible. A blacksmith can't learn architecture quickly because the work is completely different."

"I have confidence in my dexterity. Is there any possibility based on that?"

"Building doesn't only need dexterity. It is a very mathematical approach that requires different talents."

Eventually, the truth was revealed. The reason why Ke ong was able to do this construction work was because he was a dwarf and it had nothing to do with blacksmithing.

"I see..."

Grid was greatly disappointed. A moving, flying fortress... no, smithy. He thought he would be able to ride it around the world without needing extra control or power but his imagination was ended. Grid was feeling a deep sense of loss when Ke ong spoke meaningful words, "By the way, do you know? I don't think the architecture technique is needed to make a smithy out of Greed."

“...?!”

Grid pricked his ears.

### [Chapter 1122](#)

He could make a smithy without any building skills...?

Ke ong smiled at the startled Grid. “It is a simple problem. Don’t you need mathematical calculations for blacksmithing? Blacksmiths must consider balance even when making the sword hilt, and the balance comes from standards. The closer it is to the ideal standard, the more qualified the sword. Yet does Your Majesty think about numbers when making a sword?”

He didn’t. Of course, he tried to strike an ideal balance. It was because he knew from experience that items created without considering the balance would ultimately be failures. Nevertheless, he didn’t use a complex formula every time he created an item. The same was true when creating a blueprint, which was a feast of numbers.

It was the power of the system. All the parts related to numbers were solved using the system correction effect. This was one of the privileges of being a player. It was just that NPCs didn’t understand the concept of a system and interpreted it as talent or experience.

“I don’t do that.”

“Architecture is the same. There are many things to consider in architecture, but in fact, a small building is something where you shouldn’t have to worry about numbers. Of course, this is if you have the right talent and dexterity. However, Your Majesty is a legendary blacksmith, and your talent and dexterity will definitely be enough.”

“...”

It was sophistry. The NPC Ke might not understand, but a player was limited by the system. A building created by a player who wasn’t a professional wouldn’t function as a building. Grid had been working in a smithy for more than 10 years and knew all the structures and principles of a smithy, but the smithy he built would be an empty shell with only the ‘shape.’

‘...Wait?’

Grid’s eyes suddenly widened as he was feeling negative. He recalled the premise that Ke laid down before he started the story. It was based on ‘Greed.’

‘Ah!’ Grid realized the fundamental nature of Greed. It was based on the characteristic ‘think and act by itself.’ For example, the God Hands—which were made from Greed—perfectly fulfilled their role as a hand without any scientific or medical basis. This was just because Grid had created the ‘shape.’ Ke paid attention to this fact.

‘The moment I create the form of a smithy with Greed, the mineral Greed will reproduce the function of a smithy.’

This wasn't a building created by an architect, so the function of a building couldn't be used. Nonetheless, the system constraints would be overcome by the nature of Greed. This suggested a number of possibilities.

'I can also produce golems with Greed.'

The creation of a golem was in the realm of a great magician. It required complex magic formulas and a mana core, but Greed made the story different.

'This is a real scam.'

In fact, this was something he should've noticed earlier. Grid had been using the Item Transformation skill since the days when Greed was still pavranium. Pavranium had the power to perfectly reproduce the power of the item it copied. However, Grid only recognized it as the power of the Item Transformation skill. Additionally, the name of the skill itself meant the things that could be reproduced with Item Transformation were limited to 'items.' Yet what was the truth?

[Item Transformation]

[-A skill that can be triggered if the legendary mineral 'pavranium' or 'Greed' is possessed.

It transforms the pavranium or Greed into the shape and performance of a specific item.

\* It can only transform into items you have learned how to make.

\* The duration of the transformation is 3 minutes. After the transformation is released, the pavranium or Greed will return to its original form.

Skill Mana Cost: None.

Skill Cooldown Time: 6 hours.]

In the first place, Item Transformation was a skill that could only be used with pavranium. The Item Transformation skill meant the pavranium not only copied the specific item but also the skills attached to the item. Additionally, the 'item' mentioned here had to be approached in a more comprehensive sense. It was a thing, and could almost be considered as everything. Pavranium was a mineral that could even reproduce Grid's hands.

'Can I make 'myself' with Greed?'

Umm, this was too much. No matter how fraudulent Greed was, it couldn't reproduce a player. There would always be restrictions.

'It is still worth a try.'

Even if it failed, he could create a 'golem.' A golem had infinite power and durability. Of course, the golem was likely to have a low rating due to the balance, but it could be useful enough. A golem with all its limbs had many functions such as using tools or holding the target to restrict them.

"Thank you, Ke ong. You have enlightened me today."

"Haha, no problem."



Grid was filled with great anticipation as he said goodbye to Ke ong. Then he hugged Irene's waist and said, "The weather is good. Let's go on a date."

"Didn't you say that you are building a smithy?"

"I can't create what I want to at the moment."

Greed must be fully multiplied in order to build a smithy. Right now, he couldn't do anything.

'By the way, I think it is too ugly to make a normal smithy.'

A smithy floating in the sky... It would be funny if it was just a small building with a chimney. He wanted it to be cool since he was a king.

'What if it is in the form of an aircraft carrier?'

Why not gradually turn it into a fortress? If he used a huge aircraft carrier as a base and built all types of necessary buildings and weapons from the smithy, it would give birth to an air fortress that never existed before.

'It should be very cool...'

The fortress floating like a guardian over the castle that Ke expanded. Grid thought of the future and asked Lauel in an excited manner, "Lauel, can you tell Picasso to paint an image of an aircraft carrier floating in the sky?"

The reason why Picasso could become first in the painter's rankings was due to her excellent aesthetics. She had greatly developed after painting Grid and could design a handsome aircraft carrier as a basis for a fortress.

"The scale is getting bigger. I understand." Lauel noticed Grid's intentions and snorted. In fact, Lauel had been worried about how unsightly a small building floating would be. Then what about an aircraft carrier?

'...That's cool. I'm sure that all men will be immersed in the appearance. Kukukuk.'

Lauel shivered as he imagined himself standing at the forefront of the aerial fortress.

\*\*\*

One month passed.

In the meantime, Grid was always with his family. He enjoyed a picnic with Irene and Lord on all types of hunting grounds. In the Galgunos Temple, Lord—who killed the skeleton soldier along with Noe and Randy—wiped at his sweat while Grid hunted the war god followers.

"I feel like my swordsmanship is gradually growing."

"Haha, it is natural. You are a genius of the continent, so you will naturally grow quickly." Grid grinned and stroked Lord's head in a pleased manner.

"Whose son am I?"

“Hehe.”

“Husband, I think he’ll be stronger than you as soon as he becomes an adult.”

“No, that can’t be. Father is as great as the heavens, so I will never catch up.”

‘...Not at all.’

The longing eyes were burdensome. A hand of salvation was extended to the troubled Grid.

“Take a break and have a cup of tea.”

It was Irene. She laid down a carpet in the middle of the temple and had all types of snacks. The skeleton soldiers kept coming, but they weren’t able to break through the line created by Lord’s girlfriends and turned to ash. Irene’s side was guarded by the legendary knight Mercedes. It was already a natural fortress.

Forget the skeleton soldiers, not even the war god followers could break through. Lord sipped the milk his mother handed him and cried out excitedly, “It’s really fun to have a family picnic!”

He wanted the ordinary life of a child spending time with his parents.

“...” The Overgeared members hunting a short distance away clicked their tongues. They were in a tense state where they could die at any time when hunting, only to feel a sense of alienation from the actions of Grid’s family.

“I’m glad it’s fun. Let’s go to another hunting ground in a few days.” Grid touched Lord’s cheeks and then caught Mercedes’ eye. “Why don’t you sit down? I don’t think you need to be on the lookout.”

“No. I need to be prepared for unknown situations.”

“We have people everywhere, and even Noe and Randy have set up boundaries. It is fine to have a cup of tea together.”

“No. I am a knight. How dare I be with the royal family?”

“Mercedes.”

“...I understand.” Mercedes failed to overcome the pressure from Grid and eventually sat down.

Grid gazed at her blushing cheeks while Irene smiled softly. As the queen of a nation, she was quick to notice but thought it was fortunate that Grid had someone in his heart. Lord saw the atmosphere and exclaimed excitedly, “Father! Next time, let’s bring Aunt Sua with us!”

“No,” Grid firmly declined. He dismissed his son’s disappointed gaze and opened his inventory. Over the past month, the mass of Greed had increased.

‘This is enough to make the hearthstone for the furnace.’

He didn’t intend to make the hearthstone too big. The purpose of the portable smithy wasn’t to produce a large number of items but to create them in his spare them.

‘An existing anvil can be used... Channels can’t be installed, so I have to make a huge water tank.’

It needed to be multiplied for at least two more months. 10 days passed after Grid determined this.

[Greed has increased due to the proliferation nature of the insane dragon iron.]

A familiar notification window appeared in front of him.

[The members of the Tower of Wisdom have sensed the magic of the insane dragon iron and have started tracking the location.]

[The moment Greed proliferates one more time, your position will be exposed to the Tower of Wisdom.]

[The Tower of Wisdom will destroy Greed.]

Unexpected news followed.

‘The Tower of Wisdom? Location tracking? Destroy Greed?’

What was this? The insane dragon iron held the magic of Insane Dragon Nevartan. As the insane dragon iron multiplied, the volume of magic power would increase, and this was detected by other dragons. The movement of the dragons would threaten the peace of the world, so the Tower of Wisdom collected the insane dragon iron and destroyed it to prevent this from happening.

Grid still didn’t know there was a world background like this. Still, there was a sinister feeling.

‘Dammit.’

Grid sent a whisper to Lauel and explained the situation. Lauel consulted with Great Sage Sticks before responding, -There seems to be a limit on the proliferation of Greed.

“How rotten.”

Grid had wanted to walk on a flower road. Yet he was once again struck by the game’s ‘balance.’ Grid was disappointed, but it was only for a moment.

‘The aircraft carrier isn’t possible, but the smithy is different.’

Then should he not let it proliferate anymore...? It would be enough if he consumed it from now on. He returned to Reinhardt with his family, and Grid headed straight to the smithy. First, he started to make thick, large plates. They would be one of the outer walls of the smithy.

That’s right. Grid planned to separate Greed every time it multiplied by a certain amount and create portions of the smithy at a time.

‘Then I will assemble it all at once.’

The means that the Tower of Wisdom used to trace Greed’s position was the energy of the insane dragon iron. Meanwhile, Greed only retained the properties of the insane dragon iron when in ‘pure form.’ The moment it was separated, the proliferation effect of the insane dragon iron was removed. It meant that Grid was controlling it, and there was no more need to worry about the location being exposed to the Tower of Wisdom.

‘I have to determine what exactly the Tower of Wisdom is.’

Even Great Sage Sticks didn't know the exact identity of the Tower of Wisdom. However, Grid gained the right to enter the Tower of Wisdom after acquiring the Pioneer title.

'If I can get in touch with them...'

It was convenient if they came to him due to the proliferation of Greed, but there was the warning that they could destroy Greed.

'I have to ask Kraugel.'

Grid completed a single plate that would be the outer wall of the smithy and tried to calm his confusion.

\*\*\*

The Tower of Wisdom...

"It is a big deal."

The Tower of Wisdom was a secret society that fought to protect the world for hundreds of years. They worked hard to prevent 'disasters that couldn't be handled with human strength' from happening. They were the ones who drew the dragons' attention whenever a great demon descended.

Dragons, a transcendent species that couldn't be compared to great demons—watching them was the mission of the Tower of Wisdom.

"Someone is intentionally using the insane dragon iron."

They were informed of various situations. There was a presence in the world that fully understood and controlled the nature of the insane dragon iron. It was a big deal if they were evil, and it wasn't an exaggeration to say that the world was already playing in that person's grasp. All the dragons hostile to Insane Dragon Nevartan could wake up the moment this person wanted and destroy the world.

"I have to find them."

"I think it would be better to ask other kingdoms for cooperation."

"I agree."

The members of the association were sitting around a round table. Every one of them had great strength, but their numbers were limited. They had to consider outside help because it took an astronomical manpower to search for the 'unidentified' person who cut off the energy of the insane dragon iron and their pursuit at every close moment.

"Umm..." The leader of the tower was troubled. He shook his head as he reminded himself of why the tower had been secretly acting for hundreds of years. "No, we can't do that."

The moment the Tower of Wisdom revealed its existence, the nations and organizations in the world—including the empire—would either covet or be vigilant against them. They would try to approach the tower through all means and methods. The mission of the Tower of Wisdom was too great to handle the variables which would arise at that time.

After a long struggle, the leader decided, "Ask the Pioneer for help."

“Ohh... You mean Kraugel?”

Approximately six years ago, the Pioneer Kraugel visited the tower. Kraugel was a great talent with an excellent character, so they had a deep trust in him. In the first place, the Pioneer was the only bridgehead connecting the Tower of Wisdom to the world. This was the time when they had to rely on him, just like he relied on them.

“Let me meet him.” The man sitting at the lowest seat of the round table rose. The person with the lowest position in the Tower of Wisdom was a transcendent who would shake the world the moment he emerged. “My words will work better since he is a child who loves the sword.”

### [Chapter 1123](#)

“The realization of breathing is slower than the Heart Sword...”

Kraugel had reached the point where he could read and exploit the breathing of the target. The basic technique of the Sword Saint was acquired only now.

“It is amazing. You learned to run before walking so you didn’t know what was possible.”

NPCs weren’t aware of the existence of the system and couldn’t understand players who benefited from the system. Kraugel was forced to smile bitterly at his master who was clicking his tongue. It was a pity that he couldn’t say anything.

‘Grid.’

The deeper his relationship with Kirinus became, the more he thought of Grid.

‘Has he been fighting this type of gap for a long time?’

The NPCs were an artificial intelligence, not living human beings. Nevertheless, Kraugel respected the NPCs. It was a type of role play, a way to increase his concentration and endurance by maximizing his immersion in this world. Yet from the time he met Piaro and after studying under Kirinus for more than two years, Kraugel’s perception underwent a major change.

At the very least, in this world, the NPCs were accepted as real humans. They felt precious. He now fully understood Grid’s wrath that resonated throughout the world after losing the blacksmith called Khan.

‘At that time, he must’ve been having a really hard time?’

Kraugel was lost in thought for a while before his expression stiffened. An unidentified, suspicious person was suddenly standing right behind him.

“It is a shame.”

‘This person?’

Kraugel was unable to turn his head as the voice entered his ears. It was a voice that remained in Kraugel’s memory from six years ago. Kraugel used his genius memory to immediately identify this opponent.

‘The underground association of the tower!’

“I had expectations when you became a Sword Saint but you haven’t even achieved the basic training, let alone transcendence. Isn’t it an embarrassment to call yourself a Sword Saint in this state?”

“Who are you?”

The surprised Kirinus stepped forward. Even the best spearman on the continent was late to realize the presence of the suspicious man. The man holding the spear emitted hostility and Kraugel tried to say, ‘He isn’t the enemy.’ However, he was unsuccessful.

“Hoh, you have a great foundation.”

The mysterious man showed interest in Kirinus and pointed his finger at a specific part of Kraugel’s body. Then...

[You have been affected by the ‘silence’ state!]

[Resistance has failed. This will last for 3 minutes.]

“?!”

Kraugel was unable to speak. At the same time, most skills were forbidden. Kraugel was surprised at encountering this for the first time but he soon recovered his composure. He was the supreme person because he didn’t become confused by the various situations he encountered.

‘Master, I’m fine.’

Kraugel’s strong willpower was contained in his eyes. He intended to convey his will to reassure Kirinus but it wasn’t delivered. Kirinus couldn’t afford to look at Kraugel. His feet sank deep into the stone floor as he blocked the suspicious man’s sword.

“Why are you doing this?”

“Don’t talk nonsense and focus on the fight. I want to measure the level of this era.”

The man ignored Kirinus’ question and warned in a rather excited voice. His mouth revealed below the hood of his robe was clearly smiling.

“There won’t be a chance!”

Kirinus’ anger reached its limits. It was natural to be angry when this person suddenly appeared, inflicted harm on his disciple, and treated him like a child. Unlike his anger, his spear didn’t show any emotions. Kirinus’s spear contained the same extreme flexibility as always. The spear handle encircled the mysterious man dozens of times.

“...?!”

The mysterious man was startled. He wasn’t surprised by Kirinus’ spear techniques. The mysterious man stepped back from Kirinus, blocked the sword coming from behind him, and uttered an exclamation of admiration. His sword was trembling madly from the shock.

“Heart Sword?”

The eyes of the mysterious man were focused on Kraugel.

“You opened the heart before the completion of the skill and body?”

“...”

Kraugel’s blood was clogged from his pressure point being hit and he couldn’t answer. The mysterious man had intended for him to not use any skills, let alone speak.

“How interesting. You aren’t following Muller’s path but you are self-studying. Therefore, it is impossible to complete the ‘skill’ and the ‘body,’ but you reached the ‘heart’ with your talent.”

The interest of the mysterious man returned to Kraugel from Kirinus.

He thought this person had become a Sword Saint too early because he thought Kraugel was following Muller’s progress, but what was this? This was perhaps a talent equal to Muller.

‘A talent that emerges once in a thousand years.’

He would confirm if it was true.

“Stop! Your opponent is me!”

Kirinus stretched out his spear as the mysterious man approached Kraugel. His spear swayed like bamboo in the wind and was fast and unpredictable. However, it didn’t work against the mysterious man. The mysterious man twisted his sword and the tip of the spear was buried in the ground.

“Don’t disturb me.”

The mysterious man’s interest in Kirinus had cooled down in a short period of time. He was a capricious person.

‘What is this power?’

Kirinus was surprised by the swordsmanship and hurriedly pulled the tip of his spear out of the ground. He used the repulsive force to swing it like a whip, aiming the spear at the mysterious man’s lower half. The mysterious man’s actions were faster.

“It has been confirmed.”

The man stepped on Kirinus’ spear and reached for Kraugel’s head. He grinned and stabbed at Kraugel’s pressure point with his finger.

“Kraugel!” Kirinus screamed because he misunderstood that this monster had inflicted harm on his disciple.

Surprisingly, the one who reassured him was the normal Kraugel. “I’m fine. He isn’t an enemy.”

Kraugel could finally open his mouth and he politely greeted the mysterious man. “Master, I greet you.”

“You know who I am?”

“I remember you from six years ago.”

Kraugel deliberately avoided the words ‘tower’ and ‘underground association’ since he knew that the Tower of Wisdom was extremely reluctant to be associated with the world.

“You are really clever and quick to notice.” The mysterious man was pleased while Kirinus shouted, “Kraugel! Do you know him?”

“Yes, this disciple is indebted to him.”

“Cough!”

The red-faced Kirinus snorted. He didn't like that a mysterious man he didn't know was Kraugel's benefactor. The mysterious man frowned. “Disciple? You became the disciple of a spearman?”

“That's right.”

“Hah! A Sword Saint has become the disciple of a spearman?”

It was absurd. Who should be angry now?

Kirinus' face reddened. Now he seemed to be a ripe date. Nevertheless, Kirinus couldn't blame the mysterious man.

‘He is a master of the previous generation.’

The mysterious man was at the level of transcendence. Moreover, Kirinus remembered something about transcedents.

‘A transcendent can live for hundreds of years. Despite his appearance, he must be an old man.’

This meant he wasn't someone Kirinus could be prideful towards. This person seemed to have a relationship with Kraugel so it was wiser to observe silently first. Kirinus tried to soothe his heart while Kraugel spoke politely to the mysterious man.

“As Master noticed, I was self-taught and came here. There are many skills I haven't awakened so I asked to be his disciple. Thankfully, he accepted me.”

“Wouldn't it be better to follow Muller's progress?”

The death of a hero was directly related to the world's crisis. That's why the hero left behind their secret techniques before leaving. They wanted someone to defend the world on their behalf. It was the same with the mysterious man. The secret technique he left behind was passed down to Muller and developed further by Muller, protecting the world.

“My goal is to surpass Muller so I can't follow his progress.”

“Huh...”

His talent was comparable to Muller but he had a completely different personality. Well, the environment was different so it couldn't be helped. Muller had quickly realized he was the strongest of all eras and didn't compete with others. This child was obscured by the shadow of Muller and was destined to spend a long time proving himself.

“Even so, for a Sword Saint to ask a spearman for help...”

This was a major event that would crush a swordman's pride. All the swordsmen in the world would be distressed. Still, the mysterious man didn't say anything more. It was because the Tower of Wisdom



didn't get involved with the world. From the moment he entered the Tower of Wisdom, he had vowed that he would no longer intervene in the world. He had been a bit excited and showed an abnormal attitude when he thought Kraugel was his descendant but it turned out that this wasn't the case. Therefore, he needed to draw the line clearly.

"Well, that's fine. It is none of my business what you do."

The mysterious man sent a strange look toward Kirinus, like he was going to eat Kirinus. Kirinus slightly shrank back and wasn't aware that at this time, the mysterious man was sending a sound transmission to Kraugel.

[Pioneer. The Tower of Wisdom seeks your cooperation.]

Now the mysterious man didn't treat Kraugel in a personal manner. He called Kraugel 'Pioneer', not 'Sword Saint', and conveyed the tower's position to him, the only bridge that connected the Tower of Wisdom to the world.

[It is something called the insane dragon iron. It is a mine born from the influence of Insane Dragon Nevartan and is likely to be a target for all dragons targeting Nevartan.]

'As expected, it is the Tower of Wisdom.'

The force only watched dragons and were lacking when it came to other news. No, it was more accurate to say that they had no interest. The Tower of Wisdom had no interest in the world and didn't know the Pioneer had changed.

"Excuse me, Master."

Kraugel hadn't yet learned how to send a sound transmission to NPCs. He wanted to say he was no longer the Pioneer and the mysterious man had gone to the wrong place, so he should go back.

[Uhh! Have you forgotten that the tower's chief is the only one who can leak the tower's affairs to outsiders? Watch your mouth, even if this person is your teacher!!]

"That isn't it... oof oof!"

[Just listen in silence! Your teacher has already noticed something suspicious! You can't avoid punishment if you misrepresent the situation of the tower to the outside!]

"Oof oof!"

[Quiet!]

"..."

Ah, this person... He had the same temperament when Kraugel saw him at the tower six years ago. The man had been so excited that Kraugel was a Sword Saint that he attacked despite the discouragement of the other association members. He was a person with a hotheaded temperament, unlike the other association members.

'The tower sent the wrong person.'

It was obvious how these circumstances came about. This person would've claimed that he could speak well through the sword. Kraugel closed his mouth and looked like he had lost his soul. He couldn't resist even if he wanted to, so he would let this person have his way for now. Kraugel calmed down and the satisfied man continued.

[In any case, the dangerous insane dragon iron has been discovered and is being used recklessly by a human. Pioneer, I hope you can use your position in the world to search for him. All costs will naturally be handled by the tower and sufficient compensation will be provided.]

Finally, the mysterious man pulled back the hand blocking Kraugel's mouth. He looked solemn and determined, like a man on a mission to protect the world from the scourge of dragons.

"Um..." Kraugel looked at Kirinus with a troubled expression. Kirinus guessed there was something between the two of them and stepped back. Kraugel received the right to speak and revealed the truth. "Master, I am no longer the Pioneer."

"...?"

"I lost in a competition against others and was disqualified from the title of Pioneer."

"...This is a serious situation where you don't know what the world will be like. Don't joke around."

"It is true."

"..." The silence continued for a long time. The strange man stood blankly for a few minutes before a vein on his neck bulged. "Why are you only saying that now?!"

#### [Chapter 1124](#)

"Why are you only saying that now?!"

"Master didn't give me a chance to speak."

"A chance should be won by yourself! How can a Sword Saint be easily overthrown and lose his chance?"

"As Master evaluated earlier, I am still lacking. On the other hand, Master is a member of the noble tower. I couldn't resist."

"Aish, kids these days are weak. I used to beat a dragon with one hand when I was the Sword Saint."

"I've never heard of a legend like that."

"Hum hum, you are brave and fearless. You shouldn't have said anything. Do you know how to respect your elders?"

"I'm sorry."

"...Cough."

The unidentified man felt something called shame. He might be irresponsible by nature but he couldn't hold Kraugel accountable. Kraugel's polite attitude to the end despite the unjust situation made the mysterious man feel ashamed.

'There are no true wise men.'

The mysterious man had lived hundreds of years and knew that the personality of a person was innate and not easily corrected. He wasn't an elder just because he lived a long time and being young didn't necessarily mean being ignorant. If a person who lived for a long time was unconditionally wise, would the world be like this? It would be peaceful because it was overflowing with wise men.

'I don't know anything else but this child's personality is real.'

The mysterious man let out a deep sigh.

"Sigh, what does it matter? I will die soon."

"Is it because you leaked the circumstances of the tower to me?"

"That's right. I can't avoid punishment."

"Is it punishable by death?"

"Those are serious words! Don't you know the words metaphor and exaggeration? I'm so afraid that I can't even joke around!"

"I'm sorry."

"Sigh..."

'Is he afraid?'

Kraugel was quite surprised when he saw the mysterious man's slumped shoulders. A person who thought he was the best in heaven and earth. He thought that the weight of the punishment must be unusual for the mysterious man with a strong self-esteem to show such a frightened expression. Kraugel confirmed that he didn't have to pretend not to know about the tower's underground association.

"Don't worry. I will never tell the outside world what I heard today."

"You don't know why the tower is called the Tower of Wisdom."

"How can a person like me dare to discern the association's deep meaning?"

There were many reasons why Kraugel had been ranked number one for several years. One of them was the way he treated people. The mysterious man had a great liking for Kraugel.

"It is because the Tower of Wisdom is a tower of wise people. It is impossible to cover up my mistake because they'll look at my whereabouts and figure out most of what happened here. It is a sense that you can't cover the sky with your palms."

"I... see."

Of course, Kraugel also knew it. He had visited the tower six years ago and witnessed that most of the tower members had a creepy perception. However, there were exceptions, such as the mysterious man in front of him. At this point, Kraugel felt envy beyond absurdity because the mysterious man was implying that he was the same as the other association members.

'He is a great guy in many ways... he seems to live without any particular worries.'

It might be the secret to longevity. Kraugel was thinking seriously while the mysterious man talked to himself.

"Well, you don't have to worry. I'll try my best to stop you from being punished."

"..."

Kraugel just listened. If it was another association member present today, they would offer an apology rather than punishing him. It was because the Tower of Wisdom was a very rational organization. Kraugel was so dumbfounded that he closed his mouth.

The arrogant man asked proudly, "Then who is the new Pioneer?"

Answering that he didn't know wouldn't work. It didn't make sense for him to not know the competitor who pulled him down from his position. In the first place, there was no reason to avoid answering. The Tower of Wisdom and the Pioneer had a relationship of cooperation. An exchange with the tower was unconditionally beneficial to the Pioneer. The story that the mysterious man told meant Grid would get a hidden quest and a huge reward.

"The ruler of a nation called the Overgeared Kingdom."

"Overgeared? That's weird."

"It is a word that means to borrow the power of items."

"Borrow the power of items?"

The mysterious man's face wrinkled like he was eating shit. The sword shone because of swordsmanship. In other words, it was natural for technique to be greater than tools. The ruler of the Overgeared Kingdom seemed to have an opposite idea, making the mysterious man already dislike him. He even thought that he had left the tower for no reason.

However, this only lasted for a moment. He consoled himself by saying that he was happy to be reunited with Kraugel, who was comparable to Muller and had good manners, and then he shook hands with Kraugel.

"It was nice to see you. The next time we meet, you will be the Pioneer again."

"I will try."

"Hrmm..."

The mysterious man's eyes slightly widened. He felt enthusiasm from Kraugel but no confidence. How good was the ruler of the Overgeared Kingdom that Kraugel lost confidence?

'Ruler... Ruler... Don't tell me?'

The mysterious man got goosebumps. He was reminded of someone who had superior talent than Muller and was also the ruler of a nation.

'Is he Madra's descendant?'

Undefeated King Madra. The miserable genius who spent his life locked up in a cage and whose life ended before he could spread his wings. If Muller was a genius that appeared once in a thousand years, Madra was a genius who would never appear again. If Madra was alive, the Tower of Wisdom wouldn't exist now. This was the evaluation of the tower's chief. Why? The dragons would've been sealed and the need for the tower's existence gone.

'Heh, I'm going too far.'

The mysterious man shook his head. Madra's descendant couldn't exist because no secret techniques were left behind. In addition, he wasn't someone obsessed with items. He was a great man who slaughtered tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands with a paltry weapon.

'The Overgeared kingdom's ruler is probably a resourceful person.'

It was correct to assume that he was a person who overcame his limitations by relying on a ruler's power and tools. He would be a big barrier for Kraugel, who was only an individual. The mysterious man judged and turned away. He knew the identity of the other person so visiting would be a piece of cake.

Kraugel asked the mysterious man who was about to leave, "Can I ask Master for Master's name?"

Kraugel had provided the mysterious man with the information he needed. Therefore, he thought he had the right to ask for this man's name. As expected, the mysterious man willingly answered, "Biban."

"... It was an honor to meet you."

The identity of the mysterious man was as Kraugel expected. He was the second generation Sword Saint.

\*\*\*

-What are you doing?

[The target can't receive a whisper.]

-Sir~?

[The target can't receive a whisper.]

"Wow, really great."

Grid needed information about the Tower of Wisdom and had been trying to contact Kraugel for a fortnight. Yet for the last fortnight, Kraugel was in an area where it was impossible to send whispers. Areas where whispers were blocked were mostly special areas such as instance dungeons or forbidden places. Therefore, Grid had to marvel at Kraugel's concentration and endurance.

'He has been training or hunting for at least a fortnight...'

He must've prepared a bag of jerky. He didn't pick up miscellaneous items or threw them away. He must've minimized his consumption of potions. The repair kit was heavy so he couldn't have brought too many. Then how did he handle the durability of his items? Could he keep hunting while using secondary weapons?

'I feel sorry when thinking about it.'

Grid was able to repair items without a repair kit, his strength stat was abnormally high and he could hold a much larger weight than Kraugel. He was also advantageous in terms of maintaining stamina thanks to Overgeared Corn that he obtained from Kir.

In the first place, he had Sticks' Mass Teleport so he didn't need to worry about the time spent travelling to and from hunting grounds. He was advantageous in all respects compared to Kraugel. Grid felt sympathy for Kraugel. Of course, Kraugel wasn't aware of this difference between the two of them. Kraugel's situation was the same as others. Yes, Kraugel's situation was ordinary. He took for granted the circumstances that he had to overcome.

Grid—feeling sorry for Kraugel—was the abnormal and fraudulent one.

“Hmm, what is the Tower of Wisdom?”

The tower was accessible only to the Pioneer. Was it an organization engaged in the destruction of the insane dragon iron? He was somewhat wary. It might be an insidious place like Goldhit's Tower of Eternity.

Ttang!Ttang!

It was an unknown area even for Great Sage Sticks, so Grid wasn't comfortable as he made items using the portable furnace while his pets hunted.

[You have completed the production of Sword Breaker.]

“It is another failure.”

Grid had invested the last fortnight in himself. He focused on the growth of the Overgeared Skeletons, Noe, Randy, and Tiramet, while trying to recreate the Blue Dragon Sword Breaker used during the National Competition. The reproduction here naturally referred to the 'form', not the 'performance.'

Grid had already consumed the Blue Dragon's Breath and Astaroth's Horn while crafting the Blue Dragon's Boots. Of the two materials, Astaroth's Horn was out of stock so it was impossible to reproduce the performance of the Blue Dragon Sword Breaker. Still, he judged that it would be useful to reproduce the form since the Blue Dragon Sword Breaker was ideal from the beginning.

'It isn't easy.'

After all, there were limitations to the items made using the portable furnace and anvil. However, he didn't want to be stuck in the smithy for two days for an item that would be used in the next National Competition.

“This isn't going to work. I have to briefly return home.”

Grid summoned his pets scattered everywhere and returned to Reinhardt. He put nine of the 10 Sword Breakers he made in the last fortnight into the guild's warehouse. He set it up so that those who had the right to take it out were the top swordsmen of the Overgeared Guild such as Peak Sword and Ibellin. They would take it when they saw it in the warehouse later. They would pay a fee according to their conscience.

'The problem is that their conscience is too great.'

It was often more than the market price. They were always more grateful than necessary.

'This type of item can be taken for free...'

The items were produced from materials Grid obtained from his colleagues. Grid always felt beholden to his colleagues.

"Are you going to the smithy without a break?"

Mercedes followed Grid, who took off his armor and changed into cloth upon his return. On top of her head was a circlet with blue jewels. It was made by Elizabeth, the only accessories maker of the Overgeared Guild, out of the tears of the water clan's king. The magic stored in it was the 1st ranked fire magician Laella's passive magic 'Blessing of Fire' which helped with recovery. The tough Mercedes was no longer weary.

"Yes, I think I need to focus a bit more." Grid answered with a smile.

He was naturally happy walking alongside Mercedes, who was as beautiful as a magnolia. He was like a caterpillar crawling on the petals. After all, appearance was relative.

"Your Majesty."

After exiting the castle, Grid was heading for the smithy using a shortcut when Mercedes stopped him.

"...?"

It wasn't until Mercedes pulled out the White Tiger Sword and stood in front of Grid that Grid could see the reason. A suspicious figure in a robe turned upside down was approaching. The atmosphere around them was unusual.

'I'm still not good enough.'

Despite having reached transcendence, he lacked Mercedes' ability to detect danger. Grid clicked his tongue and asked the man who was 10 meters away from him.

"Who are you?"

"This is no place for the public."

"Nyahahahat!" Noe, who had been flapping his wings around Grid, laughed. "Master is dressed like a beggar so you are mistaken for a slave, ong~"

"Cough... be quiet, Noe."

Grid pinched Noe's chubby belly and studied the situation. The unidentified man was showing interest in Mercedes.

"You rely on items. I don't think there is anything that isn't luxurious from head to toe."

"Who are you?"

Mercedes's tone was surprisingly polite. This was strange because this person dared to block the king's road and mistook the king as an ordinary person.

'It is hard to gauge his skills.'

Mercedes' Keen Insight wasn't complete. Still, it was growing steadily and she could easily figure out the target's skills. Yet Keen Insight didn't work well against this mysterious man. It was proof that his skills surpassed Mercedes'.

"I came from the tower to meet you."

"Tower?"

Mercedes was confused. It was hard to understand because only the tower was mentioned. Meanwhile, Grid was astonished.

'Does he mean the Tower of Wisdom?'

Greed was already consumed and the nature of the insane dragon iron suppressed yet the location was detected? Grid didn't know exactly what the Tower of Wisdom was doing so he opened his inventory to take out his equipment.

"Just once! Let me see the skills of the new Pioneer!"

The mysterious man screamed. As expected, he was the killer (?) sent from the Tower of Wisdom. Mercedes and the sword of the mysterious man collided five times in a row. It was all Mercedes defending. The mysterious man's sword rotated smoothly and Mercedes' sword couldn't easily maintain its center, slipping steadily.

The mysterious man felt admiration.

"I can't believe you held out for a second! Great! There are two geniuses under the sky!"

"...?!"

The mysterious man spoke nonsense and slipped past Mercedes to fly at Grid. Mercedes followed but the mysterious man was a bit faster. His finger was aimed at Grid's pressure point. However...

[The +4 Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has been equipped.]

[The +3 Valhalla of Infinite Affection has been equipped.]

[The +4 Lantier's Cloak has been equipped.]

[The +7 Cone Helmet has been equipped.]

[The +7 Overgeared Crown has been equipped.]

[The +4 Alex's Quick Gloves (Produced by Pagma) have been equipped.]

[The +1 The Arrogant Blue Dragon's Boots have been equipped.]

Grid rapidly pulled out all his equipment from his inventory. For reference, Kraugel's armor was a cloth 'dopo'. (Google search)

It facilitated agility but was vulnerable to physical shock. On the other hand, Grid's armor was very high in physical strength.



“...?”

The mysterious man, the second generation Sword Saint Biban, was obstructed by Valhalla. Then Mercedes' sword cut Biban's back. To be exact, she cut Biban's robe. The baffled Biban still managed to respond to and dodge Mercedes' attack. It was the power of the repetitive training and experience that he built up for hundreds of years.

“Indeed...! A ruler wouldn't have an ordinary servant!”

Biban stood quietly for a while before shouting. He warned Mercedes.

“The existence of the tower should never be leaked to outsiders. Send your knight away for a while.”

“Who are you?”

“I said I was from the tower.”

“The Tower of Eternity?”

“Hah, how can the Tower of Wisdom be compared to such an insignificant tower?”

“Tower of Wisdom...? This is the first time I've heard of it.”

“...”

A moment of silence followed. Once again, it was a long silence. Biban's eyes trembled for a long time before he barely managed to settle himself. He spoke slowly, “I saw you coming out of the palace. I have confirmed that all the soldiers and knights in the palace are polite to you and found that your prowess is the best in the city.”

So, please say it. Biban eagerly prayed as he asked, “Aren't you the ruler of this country?”

“No.”

“Why are you only saying that now?!”

“...?”

‘Is this person crazy?’

‘Crazy, nyong.’

Grid and Noe had the same thought at the same time.

### [Chapter 1125](#)

The meeting with Kraugel three days ago was an obvious mistake and failure. Biban acted cautiously because he couldn't tolerate the two failures himself, let alone seek forgiveness from the tower.

‘Control my temper...’ Biban told himself repeatedly as he roamed around Overgeared City for the past three days. He barely suppressed his nature while searching thoroughly for someone stronger than Kraugel. In the end, Mercedes was the one he found. Biban measured Mercedes' capabilities and was truly impressed. He was convinced about why Kraugel lost. Mercedes showed a ruler's dignity with every action, and the small circle on her head proved her identity.

'She is the ruler of this country,' Biban came to this conclusion after watching Mercedes. He tried to make contact with her, but she never came out of the castle.

'What is the identity of the person who made this barrier?'

It was unexpectedly difficult to approach Mercedes quietly. In fact, it was virtually impossible to infiltrate the castle undetected. It wasn't just because of the magic but also the protection of the elementals. Biban had only trained in the sword, so he was weak in magic and stealth.

'It is simple to break through with strength.'

With Biban's power, the barrier around the Overgeared Castle wasn't a threat at all to him. If he desired to do so, he could easily break through and defeat the soldiers and knights guarding the castle. However, there was a rule that the members of the tower couldn't kill or leave traces behind in this world. So, Biban had no choice but to wait.

Then today, Mercedes finally came out of the palace. Her clear eyes were captured by Biban, who had eyesight better than a hawk.

'Hah.' Biban peered into Mercedes' deep eyes and felt an eerie feeling in his body. Despite erasing his spirit, he felt like her eyes were piercing through him.

'Keen Insight...'

It was an accomplishment that couldn't be achieved through discipline. This was an innate ability. Her eyes were filled with a certain power from the moment she was born. Even hundreds of years of training couldn't catch up with this.

'How much can this person grow?'

Biban's heart thumped. He no longer had any regrets, but he once again became interested in the world he left. At this moment, all his attention was focused on Mercedes. The person following Mercedes and the memphis hovering around her were insignificant. Hell was just a part of this world, so even hell's best demonic beast was nothing special to Biban.

Biban took action the moment Mercedes entered a deserted street.

"Who are you?"

"This is no place for the public."

"Nyahahat!"

Biban was still uninterested in the nearby man and memphis, and he focused completely on Mercedes, observing her thoroughly. A legendary sword and the dignity of a ruler... Immeasurable eyes and thoroughly disciplined breathing...

Mercedes hadn't built up her transcendent status due to a lack of experience, but she didn't seem lacking. She would've surely made a name for herself if she had been born in the same era as Muller or Madra. Perhaps, she could even have been stronger than the two of them... Well, probably not.

"You rely on items. I don't think there is anything that isn't luxurious from head to toe."

“Who are you?”

‘Ahh.’ A chill went down Biban’s spine. Mercedes’s gaze was different from what he saw at a distance. He felt the magic trying to peek inside him.

“...I came from the tower to meet you.”

Duguen, duguen, dugeun.

Biban didn’t doubt Mercedes. He was convinced she was the new Pioneer and that she would climb the tower with talent beyond his imagination.

“Just once! Let me see the skills of the new Pioneer!”

He felt an emotional high for the first time in hundreds of years when he peeked at Muller from afar. The excited Biban couldn’t control himself.

A one-way street, always forcing a breakthrough, ignorant—these were the evaluations about himself that he had heard since the days of when he was cheated, and Biban was immediately caught up in his soaring emotions. In other words, he lost his temper.

The third party’s gaze was ignored. It wasn’t long before Biban opened his mouth, “I can’t believe you held out for a second! Great! There are two geniuses under the sky!”

The deep eyes that read his sword—they were amazing. Once his swordsmanship was blocked, Biban became cautious and regained his temper. He flew toward the attendant, intending to stun the ‘witness.’

“...?!”

However, the attendant quickly armed himself with a sword, armor, cloak, and headwear. The attendant did it with a speed so amazing that Biban wondered if he practiced changing clothes while eating.

‘Unbelievable!’ Biban’s eyes widened at his failure to hit the pressure point, and he stepped back. ‘Why am I only noticing him now?’

A legend and transcendent...

The dignity of a ruler...

A way of breathing that suggested he seemed to have pushed beyond his limits several times while training...

Even the faint fighting energy...

The squid Biban had thought was just an attendant—no, Biban belatedly stared straight at this man. He realized that, like Mercedes, the man was an unusual person.

‘I’m ruined.’

Emotions were pulled up continuously, and negative thoughts such as ‘disappointment’ and ‘madness’ emerged constantly. Biban stood quietly for a while before shouting, “Indeed...! A king wouldn’t have an ordinary servant!”

First, it was denial. He hoped that all his assumptions were wrong and clutched at the last straw.

“The existence of the tower should never be leaked to outsiders. Send your knight away for a while.”

“Who are you?”

“I said I was from the tower.”

“The Tower of Eternity?”

“Hah, how can the Tower of Wisdom be compared to such an insignificant tower?”

“Tower of Wisdom...? This is the first time I’ve heard of it.”

“...”

The straw he was holding was cut off. The reality of the situation was grim. He was ruined. It was another mistake, another failure. Biban realized it, but he denied it once more. “I saw you coming out of the palace. I have confirmed that all the soldiers and knights in the palace are polite to you, and I’ve found that your prowess is the best in the city. Aren’t you the ruler of this country?”

‘So, please say it.’ Biban’s eyes were full of desperation.

“No,” Mercedes’ answer was decisive.

Biban cried out, “Why are you only saying that now?!”

Two consecutive mistakes and failures—it was really serious. The punishment would certainly be harsh...

Biban was feeling frustrated when the voice of the man he misunderstood entered his ears, “If you grabbed anyone on the street and questioned them, you would’ve known the identity of the king.”

“...”

Ah, he had been away from the world for too long. He had forgotten how to communicate. Biban eventually admitted it, “It was my mistake. You aren’t at fault, so I will bear all responsibility.”

“What are you saying...”

“Crazy human ong.”

“...”

The man and the memphis thought it was absurd and clicked their tongues. The two of them were well suited to each other. However, Biban showed a bright smile instead of being angry. Regardless, he had finally found the Pioneer.

“You are the king,” he said with a voice full of conviction.

Biban’s gaze was locked on Grid. Grid denied it for now, “Why do you think it is me?”

“Who in the world can be the king if you aren’t the king?”

“...?”

“Don’t try to hide it anymore. I have already seen your majesty.”

‘I never hid it.’

“Also...”The expression in Biban’s eyes deepened. The traces carved on Grid’s body proved that he had pushed the limits again and again. The status carved into Grid’s soul proved the difficult path he had walked. “The heroic path you are on proves that you are the Pioneer of this era.”

“...”

‘Heroic path’—it sounded pleasant. Grid felt a strange trembling and wanted to hold the mysterious man’s hand. Then he regained his spirit and hesitated. ‘I have to be vigilant. It is clear that he came because of Greed.’ One thing he could be sure of was that the Pioneer and Tower of Wisdom weren’t enemies.

The Pioneer had the authority to ‘enter’ the Tower of Wisdom. This meant the Tower of Wisdom was likely to favor the Pioneer. In fact, the man in front of them had the ability to make Mercedes extremely nervous, but he didn’t show any hostility or killing intent. He only challenged them to a spar. Even so, Grid couldn’t be relieved. The relationship between the Tower of Wisdom and the Pioneer might be good, but the insane dragon iron was a separate concept.

‘The system definitely warned me.’

The Tower of Wisdom recognized the aura of the insane dragon iron from Greed and started to explore it. The moment they found the insane dragon iron, they would destroy it.

‘I will likely be robbed of Greed the moment I reveal my identity.’

However, could he avoid the crisis by not revealing his identity now? No. This person was already convinced of his identity. He managed to find Grid the moment he investigated on the street.

‘...Wait?’The nervous Grid regained his composure.

He noted that the mysterious man didn’t react to the Blue Dragon Boots.

‘Is it because the aura of the insane dragon iron is removed? He can’t recognize Greed?’

Of course, it was possible this man had come because he sensed the ‘complete form of Greed’ in Grid’s inventory. Even so, it was unlikely. Otherwise, he would’ve known the owner of Greed was Grid.

‘He isn’t chasing Greed?’ Grid came to this conclusion and nodded. “That’s right. I am the ruler of this country and the Pioneer.”

“Ohh...” Biban took off his robe. He smiled brightly while extending his hand for a handshake, proudly revealing his black-gold name. “It is nice to meet you.”

Simultaneously, he sent a sound transmission to Grid as he was concerned about Mercedes overhearing. [Pioneer. First, I have to tell you a rule. The Tower of Wisdom should never be exposed to the outside world. There will be a grave punishment if you disclose information about the tower, so pay attention. This will be explained to you when you visit the tower in the future. Let’s put out the emergency fire first.]

'Didn't you disclose information...?' Grid wanted to say this, but he held back. He had a hunch that there would be no progress in the conversation if he interrupted here.

Biban officially made a request, [Pioneer. The Tower of Wisdom seeks your cooperation. It is about something called the insane dragon iron. It is a mineral born from the influence of Insane Dragon Nevartan and is likely to be a target for all dragons targeting Nevartan. However, there is evidence that a human has obtained the insane dragon iron and started to deal with it. The world may be destroyed by him.]

"...?"

[This is a matter regarding the world's peace. Pioneer, I hope you can use your position in the world to search for him. All costs will naturally be handled by the tower, and sufficient compensation will be provided.]

Ttiring~

[★ Hidden Quest ★ 'Tower's Mission' has been created!]

[Tower's Mission]

[★ Hidden Quest ★

The Tower of Wisdom is a hidden organization that fights for the peace of the world.

Their main role is to curb the scourge of dragons.

Please cooperate with the tower to find the owner of the insane dragon iron!

Quest Acceptance Reward: 1,000 gold. 20 top-grade buff potions.

Quest Clear Condition: Take away the insane dragon iron from its master or kill the master of the insane dragon iron.

Quest Clear Reward: Dragon scale (random attribute)]

"..."Grid's mind was blank after he saw the contents of the quest. After a while, he came to his senses and cried out angrily, "Why are you telling me this now?"

"...?!"

### [Chapter 1126](#)

"Why are you telling me this now?"

Did he think that good news was waiting for him? It was a waste of time and energy. There was only one moment of relief before the anger rose. Grid exploded while Biban asked in a bewildered manner, "Why are you arguing with me? You aren't even giving me a chance to talk?"

"Didn't you have plenty of time to talk?"

"I didn't know your identity, so I couldn't bring it up."

“I think you spoke very well from the beginning.”

“It was a mistake I made because I was a bit excited.”

“Is there a law that you can’t commit a mistake twice?”

“It seems you don’t know who I am. Do you think a great man like me would repeat the same mistake?”

“Such a great man didn’t even know my identity?”

“Ah, young children shouldn’t speak.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Hah...” Biban clicked his tongue. He was already annoyed from talking to Grid. ‘I’m tired of dealing with unruly children.’

It was similar to being disgusted by someone similar to him.

Grid’s head was pounding as he shook his head. ‘I didn’t expect to get this quest.’

Look for himself—it was a completely easy quest. He could obtain the reward by creating Greed and then giving the remaining insane dragon iron to the tower. The reward was even a dragon scale.

‘Huhuhu.’

The dragons were absolute creatures that reigned over all the species in this world, and they had power comparable to that of a god. A dragon scale was the ultimate production material that went beyond the breath of a sacred creature or the byproducts of the great demon. He had ignored it because there had been no way to obtain it, but now there was a new acquisition route. Grid was filled with joy when he imagined himself armed with a dragon set.

‘By that time, I can beat Garam easily.’

In fact, Grid had felt despair when Biban first appeared. New strong people kept emerging endlessly. He wondered if raising his strength was really worth it when people as strong or stronger than Garam kept constantly appearing. If he worked every moment of his life to become stronger only to remain weak, why did he bother struggling?

Then at this moment, Grid regained his motivation. He learned that he had a strange fate with Biban, and this despair turned to hope.

‘Won’t he be suspicious if I hand over the insane dragon iron right here?’

There was no time limit on the quest. It was wiser to clear it at the right time. Determination flashed in Grid’s eyes as he bowed politely. “Thank you for the assignment. I will resolve the mission as soon as possible and live up to the tower’s expectations.”

“The Tower of Wisdom and the Pioneer have a relationship of cooperation. There is no need to act like you are below me. Well, thank you for being polite to your seniors.” Biban, who had just been showing a bad expression, was now smiling. He was a simple person, and staying angry wasn’t part of his personality.

"I listened well. I will leave to do the mission, so I'll see you at the tower next time."

"I am very satisfied with that active attitude. I can really feel a hero's spirit."

"Thank you for the compliment. Then I'm going..."

"Wait," Biban called out to Grid who was about to leave. "Shouldn't you hear the location of the tower before leaving? Take it."

[You have obtained the map to the Tower of Wisdom!]

"Thank you."

"Also."

"...?"

[I have to measure the strength of the Pioneer according to the tower's tradition. It is something the Pioneer will experience while climbing the tower, but now that the situation is like this, I will do an abbreviated version. You are a swordsman, so you are extremely lucky to spar with me.]

"I see..."

Grid didn't know Biban's identity. It was because the second generation Sword Saint wasn't well-known among the people. He was a figure from far in the past, and few people were interested in the second generation Sword Saint when Sword Saint Muller was known as the 'strongest of all time.'

Nevertheless, Grid instinctively knew this was a big opportunity. It was because his transcendent status told him that Biban was also transcendent. In fact, Biban was stronger than Mercedes.

'I can't give up the opportunity to learn.'

"Then I'm starting." Biban's sharp energy started to spread out like a tent. A small street in Reinhardt turned into a spherical shape. The nervously watching Mercedes and Noe disappeared from Grid's field of view.

'Barrier?'

This was a space that was completely blocked from the outside. It was definitely a barrier. Some named boss monsters had this ability, and Biban definitely had it. Biban smiled as if he liked Grid's surprised response and explained, "This is a space made of sword energy."

"Wow. This is possible with sword energy?"

"It is easy for a great person like me."

"....."

Grid touched the outer wall of the space. It felt sharp. It felt like his wrist would be cut off the moment he touched it. It was clear that this huge tent consisted of thousands or tens of thousands of blades.

A person obsessed with swords...

Swordsmanship that was superior than Mercedes'...



A flexible use of sword energy that ordinary people couldn't imagine...

Grid vaguely inferred Biban's identity and asked this question, "...Senior, who are you?"

Biban easily replied, "My name is Biban. I am the 2nd generation Sword Saint."

"...!!" Grid was shocked like he had been hit by a hammer. Sword Saint Muller had lived hundreds of years ago. How old was the second generation Sword Saint? "Are you alive?"

"Don't treat a living person as a corpse."

"Is the Tower of Wisdom a gathering of old legends and transcendents?"

"That's right. It is an organization of elderly people who feel lonely and decided to leave the world. Well, that doesn't mean we are like old people. We are fighting to defend the world, so every day is fierce."

"Perhaps... are the legends of the previous generation present? For example, Pagma."

Grid didn't like Pagma very much. It was natural since Pagma betrayed his friend, Braham, for the sake of world peace and insulted the other legends by turning them into death knights. Even so, Grid was thankful to Pagma. The reason Grid's current self existed was Pagma's Rare Book. Additionally, Grid was sympathetic toward Pagma. His image of being betrayed by the gods and fighting for the world alone remained vivid in Grid's mind. Grid wanted to meet Pagma. He wanted to at least tell Pagma that he had done his job.

Unfortunately, Biban shook his head. "How can someone who is dead climb the tower?"

"...You are certain he is dead."

"That's right. Why? Did you want revenge after he stabbed you in the back?"

"Kuek..."

The Tower of Wisdom must know Pagma well to say he stabbed someone in the back.

"It is because he signed a contract with Baal. He couldn't climb the tower even if he was alive. Baal's Contractor isn't free from Baal's gaze, so the tower would stay away from him." Biban's expression was bitter. "Well, don't blame him too much. He is already paying for it."

"What is the price?"

"He is a torn soul that will wander through hell in eternity suffering. That is the fate of those who contract with Baal."

"...!"

It was karma generated from signing a contract with Baal. Did Pagma not know this before signing the contract with Baal? No, he had to know. He knew and contracted with Baal out of his own beliefs.

'Pagma was such a person...'

From the moment he betrayed his only friend Braham, Pagma was determined to take on all his sins and fight alone, even in life and death. The more Grid knew, the more pitiful Pagma seemed.

'I should trust my friends and rely on them.' Grid gritted his teeth. He was trying to make sure his face didn't crumble.

Biban misunderstood. "Being mad to the extent of gritting your teeth... Your grudge against him must be very deep. Still, what meaning is there in resenting the dead? Stay calm and restore your composure."

"...I understand," Grid said, calming the expression in his eyes. Then he asked a question, "Didn't you say you were going to measure my skills? If you feel that my skills are below par, will I be disqualified from the position of Pioneer?"

"No, a Pioneer doesn't need to demonstrate your skills because you have already proven yourself. The tower completely trusts the Pioneer. We just want to help the Pioneer."

"Help?"

"You already know that the Behen Archipelago is a place of succession for legends. You can think of the Tower of Wisdom as a place of succession for the Pioneer. In the future, the members of the tower will evaluate your abilities and give skills that match your abilities. However, don't be too disappointed. There is no one worthless."

"...!"

"Now, I will get started."

The quest began the moment Biban drew his sword.

[The 9th's Test is occurring!]

[Sparring mode is activated!]

[9th's Test]

[Difficulty: ???]

The 9th seat of the Tower of Wisdom, Biban is assessing your skills.

Do your best to get a good evaluation.

Quest Clear Condition: Last one minute in the spar. It is considered to be an elimination when you enter the immortal state.

Quest Clear Rewards:

No rewards if eliminated within 10 seconds.

Acquisition of a 'Dragon Pill' if you last more than 10 seconds.

Acquisition of 'Matchless Heart Technique' if you last more than 30 seconds.]

"Do your best. The Dragon Pill is a miraculous medicine made from a dragon's heart. You just have to hold on for 10 seconds and you will obtain it."

Pagma, Braham, and Madra had all showed wild expressions when they met him. Yet Grid showed little interest in the Dragon Pill.

“What is the Matchless Heart Technique?”

“It is my technique. If you keep honing it, you will get a sword energy that never runs out.”

“...!”

“Well, focus on getting the Dragon Pill. I’ve never had a Pioneer last more than 10 seconds against me.”

“How many seconds did the last Pioneer last?”

“Huhu, you are conscious of Kraugel. It is good to be young. Unfortunately, he didn’t last more than two seconds.”

‘I guess.’

At that time, Kraugel would’ve been level 200 or 300. The current Grid was over level 400.

“What will I get if I last a minute?”

“I don’t know because I haven’t thought about it.”

“You are going to have to think about it now.”

Hands emerged around Grid. Each of them held a sword or a hammer.

“...?”

This person wasn’t a simple swordsman...?

‘He has hidden something. Who is he?’

A knight who could handle a variety of weapons? An assassin? A magician who could move objects without touching them? Well, it didn’t matter. It would be hard to last 10 seconds against Biban, even if he had some skills.

“I’ll let you attack first,” Biban said while taking the posture of the Matchless Sword. Taking this posture meant he would fight in the spar with all of his power. It was justified. This was an official test that would remain on the tower’s record. It wasn’t a game, unlike the fight against Mercedes.

“Blacksmith’s Rage. Quick Movements. Blackening.” Grid didn’t miss this opportunity to attack first. He wrapped himself in all his buffs from the beginning and activated the Blue Dragon Boots, triggering Lightning Speed. “Transcended Link Flower!”

The distance between Grid and Biban narrowed as energy blades flew and petals fluttered. Grid reached his maximum speed, and a bursting sound rang incessantly in Grid’s ears. His vision was spinning. Grid continued to shift his position, swinging his sword while keeping Biban in the center of his field of view. It was to force Biban along a certain path and induce the baptism of fluttering petals.

Biban sighed. “I see. You are Pagma’s descendant. These hands are your artifacts.”

Biban held a God Hand disturbing his vision with one hand while holding his sheath in the other. His sword was only slightly pulled out.

“Do you know why Pagma contracted with Baal? It was because he knew there were limits to his skills.”

“...?!”

Biban’s sword was pulled up in a diagonal line. The dozens of black energy blades and petals were scattered temporarily. Biban’s sword energy destroyed Grid’s sword dance by separating the energy blades and petals.

“The sword dance is a means of staging the ceremony during a body ritual. It is a technique that a priest learns, not a swordsman.”

“...!?”

“It might have a deep meaning spiritually, but it can’t be called swordsmanship without a proper form. It can never overcome swordsmanship...?” Biban’s eyes widened as he was regretfully explaining Grid’s sword dance.

It was because the black energy blades, which had lost their path and scattered in all directions, suddenly changed their trajectory like they had been given a will and rushed toward Biban. This was a phenomenon that occurred due to Braham’s Detect Force, which contained a magic that chased the target.

“Magic?” Biban, who had drawn his sword to cut down the sword energy, was amazed once again when he saw the sharp winds that inhabited the sword.

‘Is it a spell that ignores my magic resistance?’

Biban’s eyes shook. Blood flowed from the cheek that was slightly cut by the wind. It was the first time he had bled in decades.

‘A spell that ignores resistance... It can’t be!’

Biban’s gaze shifted to the air. Grid, who was engulfed in a white light, could be seen flying in the sky.

“Are you the descendant of both Pagma and Braham?”

“I just learned it in a rough manner.”

The modest Grid twisted his hips. Biban once more determined that the magic sword energy would fly at him again, so he gathered sword energy at the tip of this sword. It was intended to cut Grid’s energy blades and magic at the same time.

‘It has already been 10 seconds.’

The Dragon Pill could be given easily but not the Matchless Heart Technique. Biban was determined to end the spar here. Meanwhile, Grid was preparing a sword technique, not a sword dance. The sword dance was likely to be destroyed, so he had no choice.

Grid used swordsmanship. “100,000 Army.”

The swordsmanship of Undefeated King Madra—its power was weak because it was a degraded version, but Grid was convinced that Madra’s swordsmanship couldn’t be crushed, even by a Sword Saint. The world might not know Madra, but Grid knew Madra’s greatness.

“Massacre Sword.”

“...!!”

There was a huge explosion, and Biban shook.

Meanwhile, outside the isolated space...

‘Have strength, Your Majesty.’

Mercedes was cheering Grid on. Her Keen Insight allowed her to look through the enchantment and see the situation inside. That’s right. Biban was constantly leaking information about the tower to outsiders.

### [Chapter 1127](#)

‘I know there are many weaknesses in the sword dance.’

The sword dance was literally a dance. A dance while wielding the sword. There were some unnecessary and unhelpful movements in combat. There were many forced movements because each sword dance visualized a specific object or concept. A typical example was when he needed to take a stride—the gap was a deadly weakness and many talents had targeted it.

However, the reason Grid was able to survive until now was that he sublimated his weaknesses into strengths. Grid had reached a point where he used most of the movements in the sword dance as defensive or evasive maneuvers. He also minimized the useless behavior by evolving the sword dance itself. It wouldn’t have been possible without his bone-deep efforts.

However, at this moment, the sword dance was once again attacked. Grid once again felt the limits of the sword dance and was in a great sense of disarray. Nevertheless, he didn’t become frustrated. It was just a part of Grid, not the whole Grid. The days when denying the sword dance meant denying Grid was long over.

‘It will be different.’

Grid calmly looked at Biban’s eyes. Biban’s gaze was clearly scanning Grid’s lower body. It was to read the direction of the stride and to block the sword dance. However, Madra’s swordsmanship didn’t use legs. Madra had annihilated hundreds of thousands of empire soldiers while standing in place like a rooted giant.

“100,000 Army.”

Grid twisted his waist in the air.

“Massacre Sword!”

“...!!”

The legacy of the Undefeated King was revealed. Beyond the baptism of the sword energy spreading out like hot wind, Grid identified that Biban’s eyes were shaking. He was very flustered when facing a different swordsmanship than he expected.

‘It will work!’

It was the moment Grid thought with confidence.

“...!?”

An aura of death reached Grid’s neck. His transcendent senses warned him to be careful. The surprised Grid pulled his neck back and a cutting noise was heard right in front of his face. The effect of intangible will appeared without leaving any traces and cut the space.

‘Crazy!’

It wasn’t the Heart Sword. Kraugel had once showed the sword that ‘always cut what he wanted to cut.’ In other words, it could never fail to hit. A chill went down Grid’s spine.

‘Is this intangible will?’

Intangible will—it was the technique of the absolute masters who suppressed the target with the power of their pure will. It wasn’t a fraudulent skill like the Heart Sword that cut a target ‘without fail’, but it was a useful way of exercising physical force without touching it directly. Of course, the power was greatly reduced compared to Heart Sword. Even so, the power of Biban’s intangible will couldn’t be ignored.

The screams of the torn air made his skin numb. The idea that his neck would’ve been cut if he was even a bit slower caused Grid’s hairs to stand up.

“Ah...!”

Was it one second? Grid, who had been stiff for a short time, belatedly came to his senses and turned his attention to the ground. The baptism of sword energy was pressuring Biban in all directions. As Grid expected, Biban failed to break it. He was forced to use Sword Curtain to defend himself. Biban hadn’t taken more than two steps and his eyes were fixed on Grid.

[It was great that you avoided it. Your senses are still dull but you have a body that overcomes the dull senses.]

‘Really a monster...’

Sending a sound transmission in the midst of this? Grid raised an index finger and pointed it at Biban.

“Magic Missile!”

There was a white light at the tip of Grid’s finger. Grid aimed at the Sword Curtain with a vision that overcame a player’s limitations and started to fire a rampage of light rays. He didn’t care about conserving his mana. The sword energy blocked by the Sword Curtain scattered in all directions and collided with the ground, causing the entire area inside the barrier to shake. The Magic Missiles streamed down like rain while the God Hands threw Mjolnir. Biban raised his sword at an angle and blocked all of them.

“Pant...”

Grid gulped. He was dumbfounded by the incredible sight.

Biban muttered, "You have learned it through tinkering... Braham's magic and Madra's swordsmanship aren't perfectly reproduced."

"Gulp."

Was it because he could only communicate with the Pioneer? There seemed to be no limit to Biban's strength because he was a person who had no direct influence on the worldview. It was clear that his strength was a few degrees above the grandmaster or the yangban Garam. Perhaps he was the only human who could deal with Marie Rose.

'Run away as much as possible.'

Striking first was useless. Rather, it only revealed the gaps. The determined Grid was prepared to use Queen's Distortion or Revolve at any time. In the first place, this confrontation required persistence, not winning. It was even a simple game that lasted only one minute. It was still too early to give up and Grid had no doubts.

Meanwhile, Biban's eyes were deep as he watched Grid.

'He is an uncontrollable child.'

Biban was simple and his emotions honest. He wasn't wise compared to the other members of the underground association and due to this, he made mistakes. Still, he wasn't incompetent. He had the skills with a single sword to make up for a thousand mistakes. Hundreds of years ago, when thousands of demons invaded the Behen Archipelago, it was Biban who cut off one wing of Stone Dragon Gujel, who had tried to intervene.

'Inheriting the skills of Pagma, Braham, and Madra...'

Biban was a saint of the sword. He was able to connect with the sword. He was able to guess what path the other side would take based on their strength, skills, techniques, and purpose, yet even Biban didn't dare measure Grid—it wasn't impossible but it wasn't polite.

'That kid... it isn't innate.'

Grid was clearly strong. The 'body' had already been completed and the lacking 'skill' was met using various tools. Despite this, he was shabby in many ways. The finished body had scattered signs of overuse and there was no talent in the traces of his effort to make up for the weaknesses of the sword dance. He was a completely different type from the former Pioneers. That's why Biban thought it was even greater.

'How much effort did he put in?'

It was unimaginable and he couldn't make an estimate. Just like an ordinary person couldn't understand a genius, a genius couldn't understand an ordinary person.

"....."

27 seconds had passed since the test began. Biban knew it exactly but he didn't try to overpower Grid. He stood silently and wondered why Braham and Madra had taught this person their techniques.

'Sympathy? No, it is respect.'

A man with no talent who became the Hero King. Braham and Madra might've found it difficult to understand the ordinary person, who was completely different from them. This impression would've turned into interest and liking. That's how Biban felt now.

"Interesting..."

30 seconds had passed and Biban smiled. Grid saw this and felt cold.

'Shit, what is he up to?'

Grid—floating in the air—prepared for Biban's counterattack. He was prepared to use Queen's Distortion and Revolve at any time as he thoroughly observed Biban from top to bottom. He was so nervous that his body was soaked in sweat and his concentration was raised to the extremes.

One second was as long as an hour for Grid. He felt like he had entered a world where time had stopped. Then Biban smiled in an unspeakable way and Grid was terrified. He felt like a trick was going to be played.

'How much time has passed? Is it now 10 seconds?'

"Throw away your distractions and focus on the opponent in front of you. Your deep thoughts will grab onto your ankles."

"Kuek...!"

Biban's knees bent like he was going to jump straight away. Grid was floating high in the air but he still didn't feel safe. Biban finally flew up. The land was smashed by the jump and the storm that ensued devoured everything around it. The ground swirled roughly and disrupted Grid's vision. The four God Hands protecting Grid were swept away by the vortex.

'It isn't possible. I can't stop it!'

Grid instinctively sensed as he watched the incoming sword that was like a dragon's claws. His transcendent senses weren't a system help. Grid himself was aware of the situation based on his many years of experience. It was an accurate judgment. Grid didn't understand the concept of 'breathing' but every strong person he faced so far had been aiming at Grid's breathing without knowing it. They targeted the gap between breathing to deal a blow to Grid. Grid instinctively knew that he couldn't pinpoint the timing of Biban's attack.

In the midst of his despair.

"200,000 Army Crushing Sword!"

Grid pulled out a secret technique instead of Revolve. It was the Undefeated King's swordsmanship that cut down the skill of all enemies in sight. The stronger the skill he wanted to cut, the more severe the backlash that occurred. Nevertheless, it was better than letting his head fly away. The Enlightenment Sword and Biban's sword collided. This caused a great roar to ring out.

[You have been injured by the recoil from 200,000 Army Swordsmanship.]



[You have lost 50% of your health!]

“Cough!”

Blood burst from Grid’s eyes as he spewed out dark red blood. Grid felt the pain of all the muscles in his body tearing.

“Hah.”

Biban’s eyes widened. The strike that Grid blocked was the one that cut off one wing of the dragon Gujel. Then...

“Ohhhhhh!”

Grid had realized the difference in strength from that engagement but he wasn’t frustrated at all. The bloody Grid swung his sword as he divided into several people. Biban stood in the center of the sword dance unfolding from all directions and smiled deeply.

‘I want to help this child.’

At the same time, Biban returned the sword to the sheath. Then hundreds of lines were belatedly drawn around Biban and the multiple Grids were torn apart and destroyed. Only one Grid remained because his body was in the Lightning God state and not cut by Biban.

“I will stop taking a break now.”

Once Biban decided to ‘cut’ it, he slammed toward the ground. It was the manifestation of Heart Sword.

“Keok...! Cough, cough!”

[Your health has fallen to a minimum.]

[The test has ended.]

Grid sat on the cold floor in despair. Had he held on for 10 seconds? He was anxious because he couldn’t be sure. He was sorry that he didn’t last 30 seconds. The contents of the notification window were updated.

[You have lasted exactly one minute.]

“Ugh...! Huh?”

Grid was stunned. He sat like a stone statue on the floor while Biban approached him.

“Now, this is the Dragon Pill.”

[The Dragon Pill has been acquired as compensation for the test.]

“Next I will pass on the Matchless Heart Technique.”

“.....”

Biban’s explanation followed. Knowledge and wisdom in an incomprehensible language were forced into Grid’s mind, making the flow of energy in his body smoother than before.

[The Matchless Heart Technique has been acquired as compensation for the test.]

[From now on, the natural recovery of the Sword Energy resource will increase dramatically!]

“Ah...”

From now on, he didn't have to swing his sword like a shovel in the air to recover sword energy? He was happy. Grid couldn't understand Biban's favor but he left his questions behind for a moment and just felt gratitude. It was at this time...

[Your knight Mercedes has acquired the Matchless Heart Technique.]

“...??”

A series of incomprehensible things happened. Grid was shaking his head when Biban suggested, “Would you like me to help repair Madra's swordsmanship as a last minute resort?”

“...Huh?”

“You might already know this but the 100,000 Army Swordsmanship and 200,000 Army Swordsmanship that you have acquired aren't the original. That doesn't mean it is fake. It is definitely good since it was made by Madra... it was like he changed it in consideration for being used by a weak person.”

“...!!”

Grid was astonished. It was because Biban's point was correct. As expected of the second generation Sword Saint, he had great insight. Biban smiled at Grid, who was lost for words in his admiration.

“However, isn't your body very strong? You can learn Madra's swordsmanship that is closer to the original. Ah, don't expect too much. No matter how much of a genius I am, I can't fully reproduced the swordsmanship created by Madra.”

“Thank... thank you...”

Grid's eyes were red. He realized that it was purely due to Biban's favor that he lasted one minute. Grid was grateful that a great person like Biban was full of expectations for him and thrilled that Biban remembered Madra. He thought that even Madra would be pleased.

## [Chapter 1128](#)

It was almost time for the rooster to cry. It would be better to hurry up.

“Let's begin.”

“Yes.”

Biban raised himself and Grid—who had recovered thanks to Biban waiting—followed by standing up.

“Madra's swordsmanship is extremely simple.”

“...?”

Up to now, Biban had kept praising Madra. The ultimate compliment was when he revealed that he couldn't fully reproduce Madra's Swordsmanship. Yet now he said that it was simple. Biban seemingly

understood the question and added an explanation. “It is simple and complete. It is much more efficient and exquisite compared to your sword dance, which has many complex movements and trajectories.”

“.....”

Grid closed his mouth. He didn’t know what type of confrontation he would face if he replied without knowing anything, so he thought silence was a good thing. It was the wisdom of an ordinary person.

“It is one crushing blow.”

Biban held the sword with his fingers and took a posture. He stood tall and faced forward, twisted his back and lowering his arm. He tried to put strength into his waist in this position. The peculiar stance that caused people to feel doubts was the basic form of 100,000 Army Massacre Sword.

“A single blow is the essence of Madra’s swordsmanship. This is the same for the 100,000 Army Swordsmanship and One Million Army Swordsmanship.”

“One blow...?”

Grid was puzzled. This was correct for 100,000 Army Blockade Sword and 200,000 Army Crushing Sword. They might have the separate effect of ‘restraining actions’ and ‘crushing skill’ but they had something in common—the sword cut all targets in view just once. The exception was 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. 100,000 Army Massacre Sword was a sword technique that struck all targets within a 10 meter radius a total of 30 times. It was more powerful than the other two. This meant there was no way to define Madra’s swordsmanship as a single blow.

“Would you like to argue?”

“Yes, Teacher. As you saw, the 100,000 Army Massacre Sword isn’t a single blow but dozens of flying sword energy.”

“It is altered. It is intentionally dispersing the power in order to reduce the burden on the user... no, why am I your teacher?”

“You are teaching me swordsmanship? Doesn’t this mean you’re my teacher?”

“Never mind. You are qualified to be taught after passing the test. I am merely teaching according to the rules of the tower.”

“Yes...”

Biban drew a line and Grid was depressed.

‘He must think it is disgraceful to have me as a student.’

Grid was forced to accept it. Naturally, Biban had peeked at his talent. It was absurd for Biban to accept him as a student. Then he listened to Biban’s next words and realized he was mistaken.

“There are three teachers who had played a hand in making the current you. Wouldn’t it be rude to them? Compared to them, I’m not a teacher just because I gave you a bit of help.”

“...Ah.”

Grid's impression of Biban changed. The first impression might be absurd but he was actually a very deep figure. Of course, the truth was different. Biban merely respected the strong.

Biban cut to the chase. "As I said earlier, Madra's swordsmanship is indeed a single blow. However, as you know, the 100,000 Army Massacre Sword has been transformed into 30 energy blades. I don't know why but I can only interpret it as an intention to minimize the burden on the user's body."

Biban's interpretation was correct. All of Madra's sword techniques learnt by Grid were used by Death Knight Madra. Death Knight Madra's bones were weak to shock and this was reflected in his weakened swordsmanship. It was clear that his body would've shattered if he had implemented the full swordsmanship.

"Look."

Biban finished off his words and demonstrated the sword technique. 30 energy blades flew just like when Grid used it and it looked like the perfect 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. 30 energy blades were engraved on the walls of the barrier, which had remained intact despite Grid using his full power. This was a sword wielded with only his fingers, making the power of the ensuing swordsmanship even more shocking.

"Hup."

Biban took a breath in the same position as before and his muscles swelled slightly. It was just that when his sword was wielded, the wall of the barrier split apart with a huge roar. Part of the wall, which had been cut off by the barrier, was revealed.

Biban restored the barrier to prevent anyone from peeking and stated, "It uses the same power but the difference is dispersing it or collecting it at a single point. If you collect it at one point, the speed and power will naturally increase and this can be considered as perfect. Of course, it is too much on the user. In particular, Madra's swordsmanship contained a trick that maximizes the flow of air so the consumption of mental strength, physical strength, and sword energy is very big. Those who haven't trained above a certain level can't afford the backlash."

This was why the deteriorated version of 100,000 Army Massacre Sword was divided into 30 energy blades. Grid definitely understood but new questions arose. "Then why isn't there a backlash despite 100,000 Army Blockade Sword and 200,000 Army Crushing Sword being one blow?"

The reason for the health consumption when using 200,000 Army Crushing Sword was the recoil that occurred when colliding with the target's skill. It wasn't a problem with the swordsmanship itself.

"The power itself of these two sword techniques are weak."

"...!"

"The blockade sword and crushing sword are techniques with intangible will applied. Besides cutting down the enemy, there is an additional effect so there is no need to focus the power. On the other hand, 100,000 Army Massacre Sword is a technique that focuses on cutting down the enemy so it is important to preserve every bit of power."

Then he became curious about something. A question couldn't help emerging from Biban's mouth. "If you don't mind me asking, how did you learn Madra's swordsmanship? He died without leaving his secret technique behind."

"That..." Grid talked about what happened in the Behen Archipelago. He delivered the entire process of winning and gaining the diary from Madra, who had become a death knight thanks to Pagma. "At that time, Madra had suffered from many years passing and was in a greatly weakened state. He fought the demon army and still had the wounds."

"He would've been mentally exhausted because he was forced to be an undead. The only thing his body could use was the deteriorated swordsmanship."

"Yes..."

"In any case, Pagma doesn't do anything halfway. The sublime spirit that fought for the world deserves respect but there are many areas where he was too much."

"...Excuse me, Elder." Grid expressed the question that he had long buried in his heart. "What was the Tower of Wisdom doing at the time?"

Why didn't the Tower of Wisdom help Pagma, who was isolated by the gods and fought the great demons alone? It was significant since the existence of the Tower of Wisdom was for the peace of the world.

Biban smiled bitterly. "Gujel woke up at the time."

"Gujel?"

"A dragon. He was recovering from a major wound dealt by Insane Dragon Nevartan and aimed to absorb the magic of the great demons to recover. He was attempting to intrude on the battle in the Behen Archipelago."

The power of a dragon was too mighty. It was likely that the entire Behen Archipelago would've been destroyed if he shot one breath at the demon army.

"Our association fought to stop him. The purpose of the tower is for disasters that humanity can't prevent. It is about stopping the dragons."

"...!"

Grid couldn't feel the limit of Biban's strength. Unlike other NPCs, it was impossible to guess his level. Now the reason was revealed. It was the story of a world that players couldn't intervene in. This was a powerful organization that handled dragons.

"I never imagined that a dragon could be hunted."

"What hunt? There isn't a chance. Our main task is to protect the dragon's territory, keeping it satisfied and asleep as long as possible. It is a type of zookeeper. In that sense, the proliferation of the insane dragon iron can never be permitted. The insane dragon is the target of all dragons."

“Ah...” Grid clearly knew why the Tower of Wisdom was wary of the insane dragon iron. He got goosebumps at the thought of what would’ve happened if he let Greed continue to multiply. At the same time, he noticed two sinister facts. “Aren’t the tower association members all as strong as Elder? It is impossible to hunt a dragon even if you work together?”

“We can hunt a wounded dragon like Gujel or a hatchling, who hasn’t become an adult, but it is usually impossible.”

“You said you defend the territory of the dragons. Does this mean you prevent any invasions to the region? Even if they’re humans?”

The reason for this question was the dwarf city, Talima. Grid had to visit Talima, which was in the territory of the Fire Dragon Trauka. He could be a target for the tower.

Fortunately, Biban shook his head. “The dragon’s magic power gives the monsters in the region increased strength and wisdom. There are many monsters in a dragon’s territory. It becomes a natural protection making it difficult for humans to exert influence, even if they are transcendent. That’s why we don’t need to come forward to stop intruders.”

“Then your comment about defending the territory of dragons...?”

“A guy called Baal sometimes plays pranks. There are times when he tries to awaken the dragon by opening a gate in its territory. We block it every time. Baal is a little bit weaker than a dragon thus ordinary people can’t bear it, hence we are forced to go out.”

“I see...”

The 1st Great Demon Baal. Grid had once met one of the pieces of his ego. Definitely, this wasn’t normal. Grid was worried about Pagma’s soul in the grasp of Baal.

“Time is running out. Now stop chatting and concentrate.”

Biban took a posture again. This time, it was the posture of 200,000 Army Crushing Sword.

\*\*\*

The street where Biban’s barrier unfolded...

It was a place that connected the Overgeared Palace with the smithy district and was originally sparsely populated. There were no private homes and shopping areas in the vicinity, so few people came here. At most, only the blacksmiths and soldiers travelling to and from the castle used the street.

Nevertheless, Mercedes was prepared for unforeseen events. Knights and soldiers were called in to thoroughly block the area around the street. Not one ant would be able to see the barrier containing Grid.

“.....”

A long time passed. In the barrier, Biban tried to teach Grid as much as possible and Grid worked hard to digest it. Then it was finished. The barrier of sharp swords that Mercedes didn’t dare to approach was lifted. Biban looked tired while Grid had a satisfied expression.

Mercedes knelt in front of Grid and requested, "Kill me."

"Eh?"

What happened? Mercedes confessed to the honestly baffled Grid. "I watched Your Majesty inside the barrier and dared to steal Your Majesty's technique. It wasn't intentional but I naturally understood it. I stole Your Majesty's technique and I deserve to be executed."

"...!"

"...!"

Grid understood what she was saying and rejoiced while Biban's face was white.

'This child's eyes can penetrate even through the barrier?'

Then a creepy voice entered Biban's ears. "It is Keen Insight. It is a power that even the gods are vigilant about."

"...!"

Biban looked back and saw a woman with dark makeup concealing the wrinkles on her face. She was 190 centimeters tall, tall enough that Biban and Grid had to look up.

"Who is this distinguished person?"

'She managed to infiltrate through all the guards?'

Mercedes pulled out her sword and stepped out to protect Grid. Somehow, Biban also hid behind Mercedes.

The woman grinned. "Pretty child, you don't have to be so vigilant. I just came to pick up that shameful person hiding there."

"....."

Biban almost clung to Mercedes' back as he held his breath. Even now, he believed he could hide if he erased his breathing. It was an almost cat-like thinking.

"Elder..." Grid gazed at Biban with pitying eyes. He had heard about the punishment so he felt sympathetic.

Biban felt wronged. "The fact that you could see through the barrier...! Why did you only say that now?"

Biban left with this scream. The send-off was just as loud as when he appeared.

"....."

[Let's meet at the tower soon.]

The sound transmission of the woman's voice filled Grid's mind.

## [Chapter 1129](#)

In the capital, Reinhardt..

There were hundreds of elite soldiers stationed here. Armed with Grid's mass-produced set, they were thoroughly wary of anyone suspicious. Yet even they were unaware of the tower association members.

"Ahhhhh! Please release your hand's grip. Do I need to be dragged by the ear when I'm this old?"

"Be quiet before I cut off your ears."

"....."

"You were late to return, so I chased after your whereabouts. Didn't you create a big accident this time?"

"How could I have known that the Pioneer changed? Even the tower master didn't know the Pioneer had changed when I was assigned this task."

"That is true."

Jessica, the eighth seat of the Tower of Wisdom—she knew Biban very well. He wasn't a reliable man because he was ignorant and simple in his work outside of swordsmanship. Nevertheless, she didn't protest when the tower master told Biban to go on the mission. The Pioneer of the modern age was Sword Saint Kraugel, and Biban was also a Sword Saint. She thought it would be easy for the two of them to come together.

"That's why it is unfair. Don't try to lay all the responsibility on me now."

"What is unfair? You are the one who leaked the tower's information to three outsiders when the Pioneer changed. It wouldn't have happened if you had acted with caution."

"Why are you speaking so unkindly? Come on, please defend me in front of the second seat. I'm sick at the thought of sitting on the wall for another 10 years."

"Will it only be 10 years?"

"....."

"....."

Biban and Jessica, who had been chatting for a while, shut their mouths at the same time. It was because a young man blocked their path despite the fact that they had completely concealed their existence. This wasn't a coincidence. The young man's gaze was precisely aimed at Biban and Jessica.

Then...

"Was I mistaken?"

He shook his head, took a bite of a potato, and passed by the two of them.

Biban, who had been frozen stiff for a moment, muttered, "...This world is going crazy."

Jessica was a legendary great magician. Her stealth magic was so great that even Biban couldn't sense her. The young man, who was eating potatoes while walking, had faintly sensed her magic. This was a very shocking event. It was impossible based on the common sense of the tower.



Biban, who had been isolated from the world for nearly 100 years, could only think that the world had become abnormal. However, Jessica had visited the world 10 years ago, and her thoughts were different.

“No.” Jessica’s gaze turned to the vast agricultural fields. She smiled meaningfully as she watched the farmers found everywhere for a while. “This kingdom is crazy, not the world.”

\*\*\*

[Let’s meet at the tower soon.]

Grid was very quiet thanks to the message the tower member left.

‘Why did she say it would be soon? Does she think I can quickly resolve the matter of the insane dragon iron? On what grounds?’

“Hrmm...” Grid examined the Blue Dragon Boots and the God Hands. Not a single bit of the insane dragon iron’s energy could be sensed from them. They were entirely made of a new mineral, so even the tower association would find it hard to associate them with the insane dragon iron.

‘I’m being too sensitive.’

It seemed to be the aftermath of being overwhelmed by Biban’s strength. He thought the tall woman was as great as Biban and seemed to have over-interpreted every word.

“We’ve arrived.”

Grid had been locked in his thoughts for a while when he heard Mercedes’ voice. He had arrived at the training hall of the Overgeared Palace, and he needed time to check what he obtained today. First, there was the Matchless Heart Technique.

[Matchless Heart Technique Lv. 1]

[This is the method that Sword Saint Biban created at the end of his study. It circulates all over the body like a spring so that sword energy doesn’t dry out.

When the skill is deactivated: Natural recovery of 10 sword energy per second.

When the skill is activated: Immediately regain half of your sword energy. However, sword energy recovery is fixed at one sword energy per second for 10 minutes after.

Cooldown Time: 1 hour.]

“...!” Grid was shocked because the skill was better than he had expected. The enhancement of his sword dances meant the consumption of sword energy was greater. Therefore, the natural recovery of sword energy was great news. Originally, sword energy was a resource that recovered ‘every time the sword is swung.’ He used to have to swing it around like a madman but not anymore.

‘I didn’t expect 10 sword energy to recover per second!’

Grid wanted to cheer with joy, but he restrained himself. He didn't want to show such shameful conduct to Mercedes who was watching from right beside him. Barely calming his excitement, he asked Mercedes, "Did you learn the Matchless Heart Technique perfectly without any errors?"

"Yes..." Mercedes no longer asked to be killed because Grid became angry at those words.

"Good, well done. You should continue training. Strengthen yourself and protect me well."

"...Definitely."

Mercedes was determined. She couldn't afford to stay at a standstill. Although she learned the Tower of Wisdom was an organization that dealt with dragons, she wasn't comforted at all. She was a knight and couldn't use the excuse of the opponent being too strong as the reason why she didn't protect her liege.

'It is that look again.' Grid saw Mercedes' determined eyes and handed her something. It was the Blue Dragon Boots. Fortunately, his feet didn't smell.

"Wear them once."

"...?"

"I want to test out something."

Mercedes had set up a new chivalric code during the fight against the war god followers. She claimed to be overgeared and could wear all types of items without restrictions. It even increased the performance of the items she wore by 15%. This had a synergy with the second chivalric code that gave her a 'correction effect every time a high-level item is worn', allowing her to perhaps become overgeared beyond Pagma's Descendant.

Nevertheless, Grid was skeptical. Could Mercedes wear the exclusive items of other hidden classes? Could she wear quest items or special equipment related to the world view such as the First Holy Sword? It was as expected.

"The shoes are rejecting me."

Mercedes couldn't wear the Blue Dragon Boots. She couldn't overcome the wearing condition of 'Grid.'

'It is the minimum of balance.'

The S.A Group created Pagma's Descendant, so they couldn't completely deny the identity of Pagma's Descendant. It was the same reason why Grid had only learned a few spells despite harboring Braham's soul.

'It isn't because I'm stupid that I can't learn Braham's magic.'

It wasn't because of his low intelligence stat. Braham's enhanced magic could only be mastered to the beginner level even if a player had the maximum power. All of this was due to the balance.

'However, the Magic Swordsman of the Epics seems to be less about the balance.'

Magic Swordsman of the Epics was a class that was based on three legends: Grid, Pagma, and Braham. Grid speculated that the growth limit would be very high, and it could grow to the myth rating.

“I’ll give you a better pair of shoes later.”

“Shoes... No need.”

“Take it as a gift. In any case, I’ll give you everything.”

“.....”

“...?”

Grid was puzzled by Mercedes’ subtle reaction and brought up the information of 100,000 Army Swordsmanship and 200,000 Army Swordsmanship.

[100,000 Army Blockade Sword (Degraded) Lv. 1]

[It is a single blow.

Deals 100% attack damage to all visible enemies and gives the ‘blockage’ effect for three seconds. Blocked targets can’t move, and their skills or magic will be sealed off.

★ Sword Saint Biban has partially lifted some of the restrictions on the swordsmanship.

Skill Resource Consumption: 8,000 mana, 100 sword energy.

Skill Cooldown Time: 30 minutes.]

[100,000 Army Massacre Sword (Degraded) Lv. 1]

[It is a single blow.

A skill that deals 3,000% attack power to all targets within 30 meters (not targeted). Each time a target dies, the damage applied to the next target increases by 100%. There is no limit on the increase.

★ Sword Saint Biban has partially lifted some of the restrictions on the swordsmanship.

Skill Resource Consumption: 12,000 mana, 150 sword energy.

Skill cooldown time: 10 minutes.]

[200,000 Army Crushing Sword (Degraded) Lv. 1]

[It is a single blow.

Deals 400% attack power to all enemies in sight and crushes the enemy’s attack skills. The crushed skills will lose their effectiveness and disappear.

However, the greater the number of skills crushed and the greater the power, the higher the recoil.

★ Sword Saint Biban has partially lifted some of the restrictions on the swordsmanship.

Skill Resource Consumption: 12,000 mana, 200 sword energy.

Skill Recoil: Decreased health (a minimum of 10% to a maximum of 50%)

Skill Cooldown Time: 30 minutes.]

First of all, they all had something in common. There was a significant increase in the resource consumption. Nonetheless, this didn't matter at all as Grid had the Ring of Absurdity that decreased the consumption of resources by half. The power of the skills had increased dramatically, and he had acquired the Matchless Heart Technique. One of the most disappointing aspects was that the synergy between 100,000 Army Massacre Sword and the Enlightenment Sword had disappeared.

'The black flames don't often explode, and the skill damage has been raised by several times. So it is much more stable and improved.'

It was hard to think of a downside. Grid naturally set two goals. The first was to create a new weapon that could amplify the power of the one blow. Apart from the swordsmanship of the Undefeated King, he needed weapons to maximize the skill power of the Kill series. In the future, it seemed right to use the Enlightenment Sword for multi-target skills and switch weapons for a single blow.

The second was to obtain the original Undefeated King's swordsmanship. How great was the Undefeated King's swordsmanship that it was still a 'degraded version' despite Sword Saint Biban having touched it? Grid thought it would have something like 'Modified', so it was really surprising that it was still 'degraded.' He wanted to have the original.

'Can I get a hint on the original if I interpret Madra's diary?'

Grid was filled with vague expectations as he pulled out a small sphere. He thought the pill would have the herbal smell of Chinese medicine, but it actually had a sweet and refreshing scent like a flower.

'Is this a higher level than the elixir?'

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[A hidden function doesn't exist.]

[Dragon Pill]

[Rating: Myth]

An elixir made by combining the heart of Stone Dragon Gujel and various elixirs.

The members of the Tower of Wisdom have spent more than 100 years making this medicine.

It is an elixir that even a heavenly god would covet, and it greatly expands the user's mana core.

\* The effect is reduced the more times it is taken. An effect will no longer be seen from the third dose.

Weight: 0.1]

'Mana core?'

The mana core was a familiar system for magicians. The expansion of the mana core increased the total amount of mana, and the mana itself became purer, resulting in increased magic damage, magic casting speed, and rating of spells that could be learned. As a top concept of the intelligence state, the magicians grew their mana core little by little through hidden quests and class quests.

However, this concept was faint for non-magician players. An average person would think of the mana core as an ingredient for the golem.

'I remember hearing that the mana core could be expanded, but that was only a story for magicians...'

It was regrettable. He thought it would've been much better to raise stats like the usual elixirs.

'Well, it is a mythical elixir, so I should eat it once.'

It wasn't bad if he thought that someday he would learn more of Braham's enhanced magic.

'Wait?' Grid paused as he was about to consume the Dragon Pill. 'I have to present this as proof.'

Grid had been concerned about a child throughout his conversation with Biban. Nefelina, the hatchling in the Overgeared Kingdom—she ate four pigs and four cows every day, which was harmful to the kingdom's finances, but Grid had a great liking for this child. Her blessing increased his experience gain rate when he went hunting, and he had been watching her since she was an egg. He also felt sympathy toward her fate of gaining revenge for her father and the evil eyes.

Grid wanted Nefelina to be safe and wished she would grow up healthy. So, he wanted to help prevent her from becoming a target of the Tower of Wisdom. He was worried that she would dismiss him when he explained the strength of the Tower of Wisdom, but she would become alarmed if he showed her this Dragon Pill.

\*\*\*

In Nefelina's sleeping quarters...

"I had a question about why those fierce dragons weren't active. Now all my questions have been answered. It was the result of human effort."

The small dragon swung her tail in what was once Grid's bedroom.

"I understand. I'm still young and weak, so I'll watch out for them. I will strengthen my determination and take care not to let my energy leak out. So Grid, you don't have to worry too much." It was a little girl speaking in this majestic tone.

She was plump from being fattened and looked even cuter than before. In particular, her eyes were beautiful. It seemed like the largest gems in the world had been embedded. Grid barely suppressed his desire to stroke Nefelina's shiny scales and nodded. "It's a good choice. Then I'm going..."

If he stayed here for a long time, she might not be able to resist her desire to let out a breath.

Nefelina's faint voice entered the ears of the hurriedly retreating Grid, "...Thank you."

Grid smiled widely. He happily returned to his training hall and swallowed the Dragon Pill.

"Kuek...!" Grid's face crumpled up like a piece of paper. It was due to the hot energy that swelled from below his belly button and swirled around his entire body. Grid was engulfed in a fiery, burning sensation and couldn't even scream.

[Chapter 1130](#)

[You have taken the Dragon Pill.]

[A large amount of mana is flowing throughout your body.]

[The amount of mana is too much!]

[Attempting to expand your mana core in order to accommodate the mana!]

It was good so far. It seemed the Dragon Pill was working properly. However...

[Your mana core isn't trained at all. The expansion of the mana core is progressing very slowly.]

[Mana has started to flood.]

[It is recommended to discharge the unacceptable mana from your body. Would you like to accept?]

It was a bit strange from here.

[The mana flooding is causing cracks in the expanding mana core!]

"...!"

Hell had begun. There was a shock like being stabbed in the stomach and then all the blood vessels in his body twisted simultaneously. The maximum amount of pain that the system allowed spread from the top of Grid's head to the tip of his toes.

'This...! What?'

It was a pain that continued without any breaks, making him dizzy. It felt like his mind and body were completely burning.

[You have suffered a serious internal injury!]

[The mana core has been damaged, making it harder to accumulate the mana.]

[It is recommended to discharge the unacceptable mana from your body. Would you like to accept?]

The system warned again. Grid almost accepted, but then he gritted his teeth and ignored the notification windows. The Dragon Pill was a myth grade elixir. It was an elixir even the gods coveted and he would never obtain it again. Grid absolutely wasn't willing to give up the effects of the Dragon Pill.

"Kkuk...!"

The pain continued. Rather than adapting, he became more sensitive. All the life and death experiences he had been through passed through Grid's mind.

Yura and the Yatan's Servants including Malacus, Pope Drevigo and Pope Candidate Pascal, Hell Gao, Braham's golem army, Randy who protected the mysterious forest in Pagma's form, Elfin Stone and the direct descendant vampires, the legends of the Behen Archipelago and his clone, Kraugel, Agnus, Mercedes, the Red Knights, the evil dragon Bunhelier, the yangban Garam...

Grid was dominated by the worst pain and had the illusion that their alternating strikes were putting him to death. He couldn't even scream. However...

'Endure it!'

Grid was determined to hold on. The current him wouldn't have existed if he gave up all his opportunities.

"Your Majesty? My Liege!"

Mercedes detected something while guarding the entrance of the training hall and ran in. She found Grid collapsed in the centre and screamed.

"Your Majesty! Ugh?!"

Mercedes let out a groan as she tried to help Grid. Grid's reddish skin was as hot as lava. Even so, she was someone who would jump into a volcano to protect Grid. Mercedes swallowed back her screams and lifted Grid onto her back. Her hair, cloak, and armor were burning from the heat, causing a big burn on her back, but she didn't care. Grid barely managed to speak to her as she tried to find Sticks.

"I'm ok...ay."

It sounded like scratching iron. Grid coughed up blood every time he breathed but he barely managed to squeeze out a few words.

"Let... go."

"...I understand."

Mercedes obediently put Grid down. She sat down in front of the groaning Grid and cut off her burnt hair with a knife.

'I vowed twice that I can't be too careless.'

Mercedes' deep eyes stared at Grid. Her Keen Insight was trying to figure out exactly what her liege was going through.

\*\*\*

[It is recommended to discharge the unacceptable mana from your body. Would you like to accept?]

The same warning was repeated. He didn't know how many times it appeared. There was no time to count when he couldn't even breathe.

[It is recommended to discharge the unacceptable mana from your body. Would you like to accept?]

"Kuweek!"

His eyes closed as the shaking Grid vomited out blackish red blood. Mercedes closed her mouth. Her Keen Insight could see it. A large amount of mana flooding in was expanding Grid's blood and veins to the limit, slowly permeating Grid's mana core.

Grid was working hard. Rather, the situation might worsen if she put her hands on his body.

'Stay strong, Your Majesty.'

She wondered if her desperate support would reach him.

[Your mana core has succeeded in accumulating a small amount of mana.]

[The cracks in your mana core have been restored.]

[Your mana core has achieved the first step expansion.]

[Your mana has permanently risen by 3,000.]

[The expansion of the mana core has enhanced the Magic Swordsman of the Epics class. The effects of the magic attached to Grid's Swordsmanship have become a bit stronger.]

Grid initially welcomed the change, but then the intensity of the pain remained the same. It was natural. The amount of mana accumulated in the Dragon Pill was very high. It couldn't be handled by a single mana core expansion.

"Kkuk...!"

His mind was becoming dizzier. Curse words automatically rose in his heart.

'Can I be satisfied with this much?'

It was hard for Grid's willpower to endure this terrible pain for a long time. Grid felt like it had been a few hours, even days. Now Grid was trapped in an eternity of hell. His will was broken. However...

'...No, just a bit more.'

Grid re-established his broken will. He endured knowing that the regret of missing out on this opportunity for the rest of his life would be much more painful than the pain he was experiencing right now.

"...!"

Grid lost his spirit for a moment. It was the aftermath of the pain one felt when a fire occurred. Every time it happened, Grid convulsed.

'Just a bit more... a little bit more...'

Both eyes were tightly closed as his floundering hand grabbed the hand of Mercedes sitting next to him. It was a coincidence. Nevertheless, Grid couldn't throw her hand away and Mercedes wrapped her trembling hands around his. Mercedes' hands were burning from the heat.

[The mana flooding is causing cracks in the expanding mana core!]

[It is recommended to discharge the unacceptable mana from your body. Would you like to accept?]

The vicious cycle was repeated and Grid's heart crumbled. How long did he have to endure for the mana core to recover and pave the way for expansion? It was even more frustrating because it couldn't be measured at all.

"....."

Grid barely managed to open his eyes. He used a superhuman mentality to see how much time had passed. It was a mistake.



'10 minutes...?'

Grid's heart collapsed as he saw the time at the top of his field of view. It had only been 10 minutes since he took the Dragon Pill? Didn't it feel like at least half a day?

'This... I can't endure it...'

It took 10 minutes to expand the first stage of the mana core and these 10 minutes were as long as a day. It was practically impossible to expand his mana core several more times in the future. He would go crazy before his mana core was expanded.

"....."

Grid shifted his gaze to the side. He could see Mercedes praying. Her hands—wrapped around his—were burned red. This was the decisive factor.

'Give up... I have to...'

Grid's hesitation was over. He didn't ignore the system's warnings anymore.

[It is recommended to discharge the unacceptable mana from your body. Would you like to accept?]

'Accept...?'

He would accept. The moment Grid tried to shout this word in his heart.

-Don't do things that don't match with you.

It was a blunt voice.

-Isn't it your specialty to think irrationally and be foolish? Yet you will give up? How stupid.

This absolutely arrogant tone. The person Grid longed for had finally woken up.

'Braham...!'

[The soul of Legendary Great Magician Braham has started to adjust the mana that is running wild throughout your body!]

[The cracks in the mana core have been completely restored.]

[The blood vessels and veins that have swelled to the limit are stable.]

[Your mana core has succeeded in accumulating a large amount of mana.]

[Your mana core has achieved the second step expansion.]

[Your mana has permanently risen by 3,000.]

[The expansion of the mana core has enhanced the Magic Swordsman of the Epics class. You can now learn the basic magic books.]

-Bah.

[The soul of Legendary Great Magician Braham has transformed your mana core. You can't learn from the basic magic books. Instead, the cooldown of Grid's Swordsmanship is reduced.]

[Your mana core has achieved the third step expansion.]

[Your mana has permanently risen by 3,000.]

[The expansion of the mana core has enhanced the Magic Swordsman of the Epics class. You can now learn the low-level magic books.]

-Cut it out.

[The soul of Legendary Great Magician Braham has transformed your mana core. You can't learn from the low-level magic books. Instead, the cooldown of Grid's Swordsmanship is reduced.]

-The sword dance can never surpass swordsmanship?

Braham's soul snorted.

-Forget what that guy call Biban or whatever said. The potential of the sword dance is never trivial.

[An unknown person is writing the third epic.]

"...I know."

The pain was over like it was a lie. Mercedes' burned hands stroked his as Grid focused on his conversation with Braham, not the world messages.

"The sword dance that I created with you can never be trivial, Braham."

[The beginning of the story comes from the reunion with an old friend.]

-Bah. You should know. By the way, can you feel it?

"...Yes."

-My soul has fully recovered. That damn Dragon Pill helped.

[He swallowed the heart of a dragon.]

"Are you going to resurrect now?"

-Right. It is the end of living as a parasite.

[He was prepared for a farewell following the reunion.]

"What are you going to do in the future?"

-Of course, I will recover my body first and end this love and hate relationship.

"I see..."

-You see? You are speaking like you are a stranger.

"...?"

-Help me.I want to solve this tiring love and hate relationship first. Then I want to live a new life.Can you give me a house in your kingdom to stay in?

[He learned that there was another reunion following the farewell.]