

# Overgeared

## Chapter 12

If not now, I didn't know when I would be able to join a Guardian of the Forest raid party in the future.

"Please let me join the party."

I would join the party, survive until the Guardian of the Forest died and pick up all the blue orichalcum that dropped. It didn't matter if the other party members died.

'Anyway, my experience can't drop if I die!'

If I were really unlucky, then I might drop Mamon's Greatsword or Mengel's Plate Armor, which made up my entire fortune. But if I took the risk, I might be able to obtain blue orichalcum. I expressed my strong emotions when I gazed at Toban.

Was I too brazen? Did I have any sense of shame? I looked up to see Toban looking at me with a perplexed expression.

"What is your level?"

"What? Didn't you say that level and class doesn't matter?"

"I did say that at first, but... unexpected party members arrived, so I am now looking for those who are over level 120, preferably those with divine magic or magician professions. As you may know, the Guardian of the Forest is a monster whose body is made of minerals, so physical attacks won't work on it."

Toban stared at my greatsword with an unconvinced look, a gaze that strongly conveyed that he didn't want to accept me into the party.

'Then this guy shouldn't have said that he would take any level or class.'

Should I give up? No, I couldn't give up when thinking about the blue orichalcum. I would join the party no matter what.

"Please accept me. I won't hold you back."

"What is your level?"

I was currently level -3, but due to Mamon's Greatsword and Mengel's Plate Armor, my actual combat ability was above level 30. If I confessed that I was level 30... I would be kicked out straight away.

"30... no, minus... no, plus 100."

"30 minus, plus 100?"

"No ~ no. Just 100."

I was currently level -3, but I would've been close to level 100 if it weren't for Ashur's quest. Let's try it once. When I actually entered the party, I didn't intend to fight. Instead, I would follow like I was a dead mouse.

'If I'm careful, they won't notice that I deceived them about my level.'

Toban had a worried expression on his face.

"Your weapon is a greatsword? Isn't it around level 65? Even if your item has an epic rating, claiming to be level 100... Are you really level 100?"

"Of course I am. My Mamon's Greatsword has been strengthened to +5, so I can still use it."

My face was still. I was just bluffing. I exploited the fact that items enhanced below +5 wouldn't have a change in appearance, so I lied that the +0 Mamon's Greatsword was actually +5.

But Toban wasn't easy to pass.

"Even if Mamon's Greatsword is +5, to still use it at level 100 is... In addition, your armor isn't as good as the equipment that level 100 users can wear. Besides, where are your boots, gauntlets, and accessories?"

It was accurate. Mengel's Plate Armor, which I was currently wearing, was only level 60. My helmet, boots, gauntlets, and accessories were all lost by the end of the three months quest...

'Items that are like my blood...'

In the case of the boots and gauntlets, they were destroyed because I didn't manage the durability. I managed the durability of my helmet and accessories, but it was unfortunate that I dropped them when I died.

As I recalled the hellish past, Toban looked at me suspiciously.

I said, "The only people who don't need armor and accessories are those with excellent control over their weapons, like me. In fact, I remove this armor whenever I hunt. I only arm myself with the greatsword on hunts."

Control was a word that didn't apply to me, as I drank potions like I drank water whenever I hunted. When I watched the hunters on TV, I saw them exquisitely take advantage of the monsters' gaps, firing off powerful skills as they avoided the attacks of monsters. Meanwhile, I just took random potshots and drank potions whenever my health was low. That was my hunting method.

But right now, I needed to bluff to enter the raid party. Therefore, I quoted the remark I heard about control. However, that was a big mistake. Toban's body was fully armed with heavy armor and a shield.

"Hoh... so people who wear armor aren't skilled?"

He was smiling, but his eyes were cold. He was seriously angry. The problem was that the other party members around were also filled with righteous indignation.

"You make it sound like wearing armor and accessories is a bad thing."

"Listen to him; He never wears armor."

"Those who wear armor and accessories aren't authentic? If we don't want to be ignored, we should take it off..."

I tried to calm down the angry people who were talking sarcastically, "That's too much. I didn't mean anything bad, I was just explaining why I am less dependent on defense."

"Anyway, that means that I shouldn't be armed! Your level is lower than mine!"

A wild-looking, hairy middle-aged person interrupted with a shout. He was equipped with two shining axes, armor and gorgeous ornaments, looking completely like a high-level user. He looked angrier than all the others.

"Grid? This is the first time I've seen you. You, have you done any hunting at the hunting grounds around here? I know how powerful the monsters in this area are. You sure must be confident if you're bragging about hunting them without armor."

The other party members nodded.

"Based on his words, he must be a newbie to this area."

"Have you ever seen someone called Grid?"

"I've never seen him at a nearby hunting ground. How about you?"

"Honestly, it sounds like crap... I think he is actually lower than level 100."

"Looking at him now, it seems like he died and dropped his items on a lone hunt. Maybe his intentions to enter the party are impure. He already has nothing to lose so..."

The atmosphere was getting worse.

'Sharp people... What now? Should I give up on the party?'

As I was feeling confused... A blond haired man with his upper body revealed appeared and intervened.

"Everybody stop."

The party members became excited at the man's appearance.

"First place in the martial artist rankings, Regas."

"The equipment items requirements are so severe that raising the level is difficult, yet he is already over level 180."

"His nickname is Taekwon Master, Taekwon Master. Is it true that a mob will melt when hit by his fists?"

"Wow~! He really came! I did well to join this party! Martial artists ignore defense to attack the weak point. Can't this technique inflict huge damage to the Guardian of the Forest?"

Regas caught my eye and approached me. "A greatsword is very slow and has wide movements, so it isn't easy to take evasive actions during battle. Therefore, it is amazing that you are hunting without wearing armor."

Regas was good looking, slim, and had ideal muscles. Due to the nature of his class, he was popular with women because he didn't wear any tops. In fact, when I looked closer at him, I saw that he was, in fact, very handsome. I felt like a squid standing next to him.

I instinctively hated handsome people so I replied bluntly, "It isn't a big deal."

"Hoh, it isn't a big deal... My expectations about your skills have increased. I would love to directly see your amazing abilities."

Regas said to the others, "This guy will also join the party. Originally, it was a party that had no limits on class or level. Some of the party members are below level 90, so I don't think there's a problem in accepting one more level 100 user."

"But..."

People still responded poorly, so Regas added,

"As you know, only level 170 or higher users can hit the Guardian of the Forest properly. Nevertheless, the reason why I gathered as many people as possible without a level limit is that people are needed to mark the golems constantly summoned by the Guardian of the Forest. The Guardian of the Forest will be dealt with by my 17 guild members, including Toban and Vantner. We want people to tie up the feet of the crystal golems while we focus on the Guardian of the Forest. I think that Grid's skills are sufficient for our wishes."

"....."

"He wants to join the party, so I don't know why we should refuse. I can understand you doubting his actions, but why do you doubt people beforehand?"

The remarks of a strong person were reputable. Once Regas spoke, the party members had an atmosphere like they would accept me into the party. But they had impure intentions.

"Let's see how well his control is."

"Watch him fighting... We will see if he's a braggart or not."

"He said that he fights with his armor off? Then he can't wear his armor on this raid."

"I will watch him closely."

A party filled with intense hostility! This wasn't a Guardian of the Forest raid party, but a Grid raid party.

'I can't join this party.'

If I joined the party now, I would have to fight in front of them. As a level -3 player, I would surely die quickly and not even see the Guardian of the Forest, let alone see the blue orichalcum. It would also come with extra embarrassment involved.

"It's okay. I won't join the party." I stepped back, causing the middle-aged man to laugh.

"Were you just bluffing?"

An attitude that ignored people! But I didn't get angry because his words were true.

I replied coldly, "It isn't a good idea to join a party with people who don't trust me."

Originally, party members should be able to trust each other with their backs. However, everyone here doubted me. The party members were forced to accept my words.

"Well... that is true."

"Come to think of it, we were so excited that we drove him to the other end."

"I agree. I didn't know if it was the truth, so I should've just stayed silent."

"That's right. Actually, weren't we the ones who committed the sin? I feel bad now."

I didn't hold onto the party members any longer and left this place. Regas followed me.

"What is it?"

My attitude was cold, but Regas just asked for a handshake with a gentle smile.

"I hope to see you again next time, Greatsword warrior who doesn't use armor. As a person who walks along the path of a martial artist, I am very interested in you."

I didn't doubt that he was interested in me. I didn't think it was a bluff as I gazed into his honest eyes.

I shook hands with him and thought, 'Why is he so naive?'

He was a good person. If I had a chance someday, I would make him a friend that I could borrow money from.

"Then I'll see you again."

Take money from him later... no, I owed him. Therefore, I said goodbye to Regas with a big smile headed straight to the smithy.

Glossary of Common Korean Terms.

OG: [Glossary Link](#).

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