

## Overgeared 1201

### [Chapter 1201](#)

“Ugh!”

Something huge and ugly was the method to create primitive fear. The black tortoise merely cried out to the sky but the high rankers shuddered with fear. They felt threatened by the enormous size of the black tortoise and disgusted by its appearance. Grid was the same. No, the confusion he felt was much greater. It was a side effect of knowing many things.

‘Is this one of the Four Auspicious Beasts?’

Grid knew—the Four Auspicious Beasts were the guardian gods of humanity, born from the aspirations of humanity. It was their role to help with the stability and prosperity of humanity. Naturally, they were favorable to humanity and their existence itself was beneficial for humanity. This wasn’t speculation, it was real.

Grid had witnessed the resurrection of the red phoenix enriching the south. Now the current black tortoise was completely different. The resurrection of the black tortoise didn’t help the north. A black, sticky liquid oozed from the snake scales and eroded the civilization of the earth. The smoke that came from the fire spout protruding from the tortoise shell covered the sun in the sky.

[Death is coming!]

[Death is coming!]

[Death...!]

The transcendent senses that detected and warned of danger drove Grid to great confusion. The warning messages steadily rose and Grid was dizzy.

‘...This isn’t the guardian god.’

Grid watched the growing size of the black liquid puddle and was convinced.

‘A wounded god.’

It was completely different from the red phoenix. The black tortoise was a god that stifled human life and destiny just by its existence. Was it originally like this?

‘No, it is impossible.’

The Twelve Zodiacs had told him that the black tortoise was the gentlest of the Four Auspicious Beasts. They said the reason the black tortoise denied and got rid of artificial substances was for humans.

‘By preserving nature, it is protecting the human race.’

It was extreme logic comparable to the claim that there was no war without an army. In any case, most of the actions of the black tortoise came from its heart or instincts for humanity.

‘It is different now.’

Night came to the world because the poison that the black tortoise emitted completely covered the sun. Was this darkness that withered life, for humanity? Not at all.

‘Something is wrong.’

It was strange from the beginning of the resurrection. It appeared that the yangbans had deliberately released the black tortoise.

‘Did they make this type of black tortoise?’

It happened when Grid was constantly thinking.

“Dammit! They hid a monster instead of a treasure!”

“We were deceived by the yangbans! We have to run away!”

“However, if we fail the quest then we all...!”

“The quest was to protect the treasure but we don’t even know where the treasure is! It is right to run away!”

The high rankers shouted and moved. They were very skilled and avoided the black liquid that fell from the black tortoise’s scales. Whenever the poison touched their skin, they quickly took out an antidote to drink it. However, the situation of some magicians wasn’t good. They had relatively low physical abilities due to their investment in intelligence. They were overwhelmed by avoiding both the black pool and the liquid falling from the sky.

“Hey! Come this way!”

The tankers set out to help the magicians. They hid the magicians behind them while raising their shields to stop the black liquid falling from the sky. They didn’t know the power of the black tortoise so it was a foolish mistake.

“Gasp.”

The shields of the tankers were corroded by the black liquid and turned to scraps. The tankers found it unexpected that objects meant for self-defense would melt without defending them. The black tortoise had no idea of the situation on the ground. It was still roaring at the sky without looking at the humans it needed to take care of. Every time it roared, new black liquid oozed from the scales and scattered like rain.

"Damn...!"

The tankers who lost their shields and the magicians behind them all paled. A black drop of water, the same size as a house, was falling over their heads.

“Shield!”

“Anti-magic!”

The magicians used various spells but it was useless. Shield couldn’t handle the mass of liquid and Anti-magic didn’t work at all.

'We're going to die!'

The rankers had this thought. It was the blond intruder—the person someone claimed was Grid's knight appeared between the black drops and the rankers. For some reason, his armor and helmet were removed. He was only wearing a shirt, shoulder guards, gaiters, and boots. The water droplets that should've soaked the rankers splashed all over the blond man. The blond knight's shoulder guards, gaiters, and boots melted away in an instant.

"H-Hey!"

"Kyaak!"

He would melt and die without a single bone left behind...

Why did this person help them? The stunned rankers were screaming at the blond man's incomprehensible sacrifice only to close their mouths. The blond knight's shoulder guards, boots, and gaiters recovered immediately after the black liquid touched it. They repeatedly melted and regained their form. The process was quickly repeated dozens of times and the body of the blond knight wasn't damaged at all. Not even a single strand of hair was damaged.

Only the shirt melted and disappeared. The half-naked blond man spoke, "This liquid only extinguishes artificial substances and is harmless to organic things. So take everything off and run away."

"Eh?"

Take it off? The female rankers were perplexed while the male rankers took off their items without hesitation. Then they yelled at the blond knight. "You're our enemy! Why are you suddenly helping us?"

The blond knight—Grid shrugged with Asmophel's appearance. "I never thought of you as an enemy."

If he had considered them enemies then he would've killed them the moment he saw them. He would've gone beyond the level of piercing their shields and armor.

"Don't talk nonsense and get out of here," Grid urged them. He had noticed why the rankers came here.

'They were drawn here by a call from the heavens, just like me in the past.'

They were only being used by the yangbans and the Five Seniors. Sooner or later, they would regret it. There was no need to inflict pain on them. Grid recalled the blacksmiths who had been killed by Garam before looking up at the black tortoise. In the blackened world, the roaring red glow was more demonic than a great demon.

"Uh...?"

The rankers felt puzzled by the blond knight's attitude and were rushing to leave this spot when they suddenly stiffened like statues. They stared blankly at the blond knight without being able to close their mouths.

[The durability of Berith's Skin Mask has decreased by 1.]

None of the great demons were comparable to a god. Berith, who was only ranked 22nd, couldn't be compared to a god. It meant the skin mask made by Berith wouldn't be safe before the power of the black tortoise. He took off the skin mask in order to avoid the drop in durability.

The gorgeous blond hair turned into short black hair and the cool eyes became sharp. The muscles that made up the chest and the thick waist was reminiscent of the statue of a god.

"...Grid?"

The rankers learned the truth of the blond knight and were astonished. Then their faces soon distorted. The emotion that struck them was anger. "Grid!"

A few rankers stopped moving. They stared at Grid who was standing in front of the black tortoise. Bubat, Shane, Ronam, etc.—they were representatives of their countries. If they had something in common, it was that they suffered due to Grid every time they competed for their country.

"Grid! Why are you helping us?"

For the rankers, Grid was special. They envied him and took him as their goal. Yes, their goal. No matter if they liked Grid or not, they had been struggling to catch up with him and learn from him. They secretly hoped that Grid would look back at them.

"You... we are really nothing to you...!"

The reason Bubat didn't participate in this year's National Competition was due to Grid's declaration that he wouldn't attend. Bubat became determined after seeing Grid's interview about how he wouldn't attend the event because it was boring. He was going to be stronger. He would be sure to become stronger so that Grid wouldn't be able to say the same thing again. Participating in this quest was just one way to strengthen himself.

However, this quest became a crisis, not an opportunity, and Grid was the one trying to overcome it. Bubat didn't want to tolerate this situation.

"Helping us instead of hindering us...! Does it mean we're not even your competitors?" Bubat yelled with bloodshot eyes.

The same was true for the eyes of the other rankers. They were angry. They were mortified by their pitiful selves, who could only be angry at Grid for doing them a favor. It was a complicated feeling that the rankers themselves couldn't understand. However, Grid understood—he knew the feelings of the weak. "You have misunderstood something."

He heard a yangban say, "The wrath of the black tortoise is directed at the sky."

"Stimulate it and encourage it to burn the earth."

Grid flew up into the sky and saw the two yangbans talking to each other. Then he activated the Open Potential skill. "I have nightmares every night. A nightmare of being brought down by you again."

"...!"

"The reason I helped you isn't because I'm ignoring you. I just did it."

The yangbans wondered, “Who is that person?”

“Get rid of him.”

The three yangbans belatedly discovered Grid talking to the rankers and leaped through space. They made the concept of distance meaningless and reached Grid in an instant. Goosebumps rose on the skin of the rankers who shuddered at the feats of the ‘gods.’

Three swords moved like living snakes, wrapping around Grid and stabbing at his vital points. It was a fast and dazzling pincer attack that was hard to follow even for the rankers watching from afar. On the other hand, Grid’s attacks were neither fast nor dazzling. Not a single ranker was impressed by Grid’s swordsmanship.

It was invisible. The swords of the yangbans stopped just before stabbing Grid and shook.

“...?”

“...?”

There was a moment of silence...

Then the eyes of the yangbans lost their light. Blood sprayed like a fountain from the necks and chests of the yangbans. This was 300,000 Army Swordsmanship Stealth Sword—the technique of Madra, the Undefeated King who killed 300,000 enemy soldiers without them realizing it, was recreated at Grid’s fingertips.

[Critical!]

[The effect of 300,000 Army Swordsmanship has increased the damage of critical hits by 2000%!]

[The effect of 300,000 Army Swordsmanship has exposed the weaknesses of the opponent!]

[Your body doesn’t meet the standards required to use 300,000 Army Swordsmanship. There is a great burden on your body but the effect of the Shoulder Guards of the White Tiger with the Protection of the Red Phoenix has successfully prevented an injury!]

“...Kkuek!”

Without noticing it, the neck of the leading yangban was seriously injured. His eyes rolled and he swallowed down the blood. Then he immediately used the White Tiger’s Breath and Red Phoenix’s Breath to try and recover. It was a reaction rate and mentality that far exceeded the level of common sense.

However, the current opponent was the worst. Grid knew how to kill the yangbans.

“Divinity.” It was to hit them hard. “Open Potential.”

Don’t give them a break.

“Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.”

“...!”

A slaughter.

Bubat and the rankers lost strength in their legs and sat down after witnessing the horrific killing of a god by a mere human.

### [Chapter 1202](#)

[300,000 Army Swordsmanship Stealth Sword (Degraded Version)]

[Use a high level of concentration to release invisible cutting attacks.

Deals 600% damage to all enemies in sight and expose the targets' weaknesses. Critical hit damage is increased by 2000%.

\* This attack is bound to hit.

Resources Consumed: 10,000 mana. 200 sword energy.

Skill Recoil: Impossible to recover sword energy for 3 seconds.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.]

300,000 Army Swordsmanship Stealth Sword—the upgraded version of 200,000 Army Swordsmanship that was opened when Open Potential was used—was a surprise attack but it had a fatal drawback. It was that it was impossible to recover sword energy for three seconds after use. However, the high damage, the 'expose weaknesses' effect, the critical hit damage, and the 'must hit' effect meant it could be called the ultimate technique.

"Divinity. Open Potential."

Stealth Sword meant he succeeded in hitting the yangbans. The veins on his neck bulged as he leaned forward. It was the recoil caused by continuously using Open Potential. Since an extreme penalty was specified, the burden of Open Potential on the user was heavy. It consumed 10,000 mana, 20,000 health, and half his current stamina, as well as causing injuries by increasing the burden on the body. Once Open Potential and the five fused sword dances were used, Grid was in danger of losing his mind.

"Gulp!"

Grid gulped while enduring the pain. Fear struck him but there was no hesitation. His hair rose due to Transcend and his eyes were as strong as ever. "Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle."

[Transcended Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle]

[Five sword dances have been sublimated into a single field.

An energy sword that deals 5000% physical attack damage will be fired seven times in one second, causing waves of sword energy to cover all enemies within a range of 10 meters.

Targets hit by the sword energy are 'disarmed' and will suffer from the 'bleeding' and 'despair' abnormal conditions.

All sword energies will ignore 70% of the target's defense.

★ The effect of Detect Force, Wind Cutter, Shield, and Weapon Enchant will be applied.

Skill Usage Conditions: Have a sword type weapon equipped.

Skill Sword Energy Cost: 500.

Skill Cooldown Time: 2 hours.]

The yangban 'Saul' was hit by Stealth Sword and after that, his body swayed indefinitely as he was hit by the merciless sword technique. Saul's mind was dazed. 'Now... what am I going through right now?'

As expected, the enemy invasion occurred and half of the ego of the black tortoise was resurrected. However, the yangbans felt the need to disperse the attention of the monster who kept roaring at the sky. Then they found a human who wasn't on the list. They struck at him because they didn't think he was necessary. It was like killing an annoying fly.

The enemy's neck filled their field of view and they let their swords fly. They remembered up to there. However, it was impossible to recall what happened afterwards.

"Cough!" The pupils of Saul shook as he coughed up blood. He had no idea what he was going through. He instinctively operated the breaths of the Four Gods to overcome the pain that he was experiencing for the first time in his life.

"Saul!" Then he heard the voice of his brother behind him. It was desperate in an unseemly manner.

'We... are gods.'

They needed to remain calm in all circumstances. They had to walk leisurely even through heavy rains and snowstorms. So stop shouting so desperately.

Saul's wish was in vain as the other yangbans desperately reached out to him. However, they couldn't protect Saul. It was because the sword energy that had penetrated Saul exploded in unison and stretched out like waves, striking the yangbans. It was a powerful attack that couldn't be ignored.

"Keuk!"

The two yangbans hurriedly protected themselves from the waves of sword energy but Saul was swept away unprotected. Saul's limbs started to be torn apart.

"...Ah."

It wasn't until he couldn't even feel pain that he finally realized the situation. Death. A concept that he felt was far away was coming over himself.

"I don't want..."

Death didn't allow him to even protest. It snatched him ferociously and without mercy.

"....."

After the waves of sword energy, silence came.

The surviving yangbans needed time to accept the death of Saul. They remembered Saul's smile as he approached them, who were eliminated and feeling frustrated by the final stage of Chiyou's test, and reached out. Next, they were reminded of when the three of them shouted that they would pass Chiyou's test. They gained courage and overcame the setbacks.

"Now finally... finally, one of the seven spots are vacant and we have a chance..."

They were on the verge of gaining divine qualifications. Yet they were going to die?

"You!"

The eyes of the tired yangbans were drawn to the gasping Grid. For the first time since birth, the yangbans felt hatred and desperation. They activated the Blue Dragon's Breath and were engulfed in lightning as they rushed toward Grid. Grid couldn't respond. He stood with his back bent like a hunchback and his arms hung down in a dazed manner.

Shake shake.

To be honest, it was hard to hold his sword. Open Potential, 300,000 Army Swordsmanship, the five fused sword dances...

It was the aftermath of successively using techniques that the human body couldn't handle. Grid's muscles twitched and his stamina was on the verge of being fully depleted.

"Die!"

Was it because killing intent was projected? There was a red glow at the end of the yangban's swords. The color seemed to hint at the blood that Grid would soon shed.

'Shit.'

He couldn't react even if he saw the attack with his eyes. Grid was upset but he tried to control his mind. It wasn't over yet.

'I can hold on.'

The recovery and shield skills generated by his titles and item effects remained. If he was lucky enough to trigger a skill to nullify the damage, the yangbans' attacks would last for 4~5 seconds.

'These guys aren't at the level of Garam but they're consistent with Hangeol.'

"Ugh!"

Grid's back and chest were pierced and he threw up blood. He gritted his teeth and moved his eyes in every direction. It was to find a path to retreat. He planned to immediately escape the moment his stamina recovered and he could move a bit more. Of course, it wasn't that easy. The yangbans were clearly aware of Grid's intentions. They had no intention of opening a path for the man who dared fight and kill a yangban.

"You can't live!"



The offensive of the yangbans became more intense. They noticed that Grid's condition was different from before and pushed Grid with full force, launching dozens of attacks per second. It was a fast and tenacious attack that made any viewers tired. However, it was impossible for them to force Grid into the immortal state in five seconds.

[You have suffered 6,599 damage.]

[You have suffered 7,105 damage.]

[The effect of Gaiters of the White Tiger supporting Heaven and Earth has ignored the damage.]

[You have suffered 7,750 damage.]

[You have suffered 8,300 damage.]

[The effect of Shoulder Guards of the White Tiger with the Protection of the Red Phoenix has ignored the damage.]

[The effect of Arrogant Blue Dragon's Boots has ignored the damage.]

It was because he was overgeared. The attacks of the yangbans became stronger because they were linked. They quickly got rid of Grid's shields and recovery skills and Grid was forced to endure using the armor made from the breaths of the Four Auspicious Beasts. The shoulder guards, gaiters, and boots had a probability of nullifying damage and Grid was somehow able to endure.

"You?"

The heads of the yangbans were boiling but Grid didn't laugh. Grid's face was dark.

'Not yet?'

The burden on Grid's body was too great. Five seconds had passed and his body might've recovered the minimum physical strength needed for activities but his body didn't move properly. All his joints creaked and his muscles twitched.

'It was crazy to use Open Potential continuously...'

He had expected it and tried to restrain himself as much as possible. However, this time he couldn't afford to hold back his strength.

'In this case, I will bet everything on my immortal state.'

Five seconds. He had to somehow survive in five seconds. Grid was determined as he silently watched the two soft swords wrapped around his neck. He accepted the inevitable situation. Just then, the two swords around Grid's neck were suddenly released and returned in the direction of their masters. The master of the swords, the body of a yangban, was floating in the air.

"...?"

"...?"

Both Grid and the yangbans' eyes were wide. Grid's eyes met the eyes of the man holding the waists of the yangbans in the air. The identity of the man was Bubatu. The strongest initiator of this era who was

specialized in capturing the target. He boasted an irresistible crowd control and even managed to throw Grid to the ground in his prime. This time, he helped Grid by slamming the yangbans to the ground. The legs of the yangbans aimed at the sky as their heads touched the ground.

Bubat yelled at Grid who was staring at the scene. "Damn! What are you doing? Quickly run!"

"...!"

Grid came to his senses. Sensation was coming back at his fingertips.

"Shunpo."

At this moment, Grid's eyes weren't looking for a retreat path. Grid glanced at Bubats side and appeared by Bubats side.

"...!"

The flustered Bubats was stunned when Grid suddenly appeared in front of him. Grid's mind recalled the conversation from two years ago.

"Grid, I won't challenge you again."

These were Bubats words when he was defeated by the Chinese ranker whose name couldn't be remembered anymore. At that time, Bubats had realized his limitations. It was the limit of a one-on-one confrontation. That's right—the essence of an initiator came from party play. It made Bubats many times more powerful than when he was alone.

"...If we meet again in a war."

"I told you that I hoped that we were no longer enemies at that time."

The two men recalled the same day. They smiled as they remembered the words they said to each other. Bubats big hands clutched the ankles of the yangbans lying on the ground.

"Transcended Link Flower."

Grid tried to do the best he could.

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

In the dark world, the blue-black petals illuminated Grid and Bubats. In the eyes of the rankers, they looked happy. They felt ashamed that they were so obsessed with this unknown quest.

It was the unexpected emergence of the black tortoise that had changed the situation.

### [Chapter 1203](#)

"If we meet again in a war, I hope that we are no longer enemies."

These words left a huge impression on Bubats. The joy that Bubats felt when he heard that the supreme one, whom he was aiming for, wanted to fight with him was indescribable. He thought of his future appearance with the supreme one and became more enthusiastic and worked harder. Thus, his disappointment was great.

'Boring.'—Grid's words when he announced that he wouldn't take part in the national competition brought a sense of loss to Bubat.

"Helping us instead of hindering us...! Does it mean we're not even your competitors?"

Once Grid didn't even look at him after they were reunited, Bubat couldn't control his anger. The words two years ago were just a pretense...

Bubat stared at Grid with a resentful gaze and Grid stared back at him.

"The reason I helped you isn't because I'm ignoring you. I just did it."

"...!"

It dealt a reminder to Bubat's spirit. His sense of reason, which had been buried in anger, suddenly recovered. The result...

"Transcended Link Flower."

"Hug the Cruciate Ligament!"

Bubat had a dream of joining Grid. Resist the 'gods' of the East Continent along with Grid. He wasn't afraid. He was the strongest crowd controller and if he joined with Grid, who boasted the strongest attack, he was convinced he could win against any opponent.

"Drag the Arm!"

"Linked Kill Flower Pinnacle."

Irresistible crowd controller and a powerful attack. The combination of Grid and Bubat was fantastic enough to be called the strongest of all time. It was such a perfect match that there were speculations about whether they were a perfect couple in their previous life.

"Cough, cough!"

"You...! These people!!"

How many times has it been already? The wrath of the yangbans soared into the sky as they were beaten to the ground by humans, stabbed, and covered in dirt and blood. Here, Bubat's weakness was exposed. He didn't have any taunting skills. In general, the moment when the duration of the crowd control was over, the gap would be filled with a provocateur who would act as an auxiliary tanker. However, this was impossible for Bubat. Like Grid, he was a victim of balance.

Crusher—it had a large number of irresistible crowd control skills so it had no taunts for balance reasons. This meant it failed to function properly as a tanker.

"Grid!"

The shocked Bubat shouted desperately as the yangbans rose from the ground and ran to Grid while ignoring Bubat. The aggro was inevitably focused on the damage dealers. Bubat lamented his limitation in being unable to stop it and foresaw Grid's death. Bubat was oblivious. What led to Grid being called the Overgeared King?

“.....”

Grid wasn't just a damage dealer. He was someone who could perform all roles.

“What?!”

The faces of the yangbans were filled with amazement. They had already planned to punish the human, who was already a living corpse, before going to fight the human's colleague. Then their plan went awry. Grid extended his stride and tilted his upper body to reproduce the predatory posture of a predator. Not only did he block the swords of the yangbans with a different firmness from before, he also summoned flames. They were flames provided by White Tiger's Posture Engulfed in Flames.

'Is this the red phoenix?'

The yangbans were astonished by the unexpected flames and reflexively stepped back. It was a big mistake. It was a mistake made because they hadn't figured out that Grid's survivability was stronger than a cockroach.

[The effect of White Tiger's Posture Engulfed in Flames has increased health recovery by 50%.]

[The power of the great demon Belial sealed in the Rune of Gluttony has been opened!]

[It is impossible for a human to digest all three of Belial's powers.]

[The Red Phoenix's 9th Heart is empowering your body. You can withstand the pressure of a great demon. However, it is still impossible for a human to digest all three of Belial's powers at the same time.]

[You can use one of Belial's three powers of: Darkness, fire, or illusion.]

[You have chosen the power of fire!]

[The passive skill Fire Queen is applied for two minutes while Belial's Power is maintained. You can also use the Queen's Flames of Hell and Flames of Hell Path.]

[The effect of Fire Queen increases health recovery by 300%.]

[There is no damage for 5 seconds. The Wind of Recovery skill of Tiramet's Belt's will be activated. Health recovery rate will double.]

Flames overlapped with flames. A violent wind blew the flames and it increased.

“What?”

The yangbans and rankers stared at Grid surrounded by flames with wide eyes. It was because the various wounds on Grid's body were recovering at a tremendous rate. No matter how deep the wound, it soon scabbed and formed new flesh, making Grid's skin smooth. This was a miracle beyond the level of recovery. It was the miracle of rebirth.

“You... who are you?!”

The reason why the yangbans weren't afraid of humans was simple. The yangbans were clear about the existence of humans. They didn't feel the need to be afraid of humans because they knew everything.

Yet at this moment, Grid was entering an unknown state. The yangbans became afraid because they couldn't understand.

"Sigh..."

Grid recovered sufficient mana after drinking potions and turned his eyes to one of the two yangbans. His name was Nakil. Out of the two yangbans that Grid encountered, he was the one with the highest physical defense. It was right to say he had the highest defense after Garam.

"Queen's Flames of Hell."

It was extremely powerful magic that consumed 90% of his maximum magic power. Grid halved the magic power consumption thanks to the Ring of Absurdity and the magic exploded toward Nakil's body.

"...!"

Nakil's eyes rolled and he collapsed helplessly. He might have high physical defense but this meant he had relatively low magic resistance.

"You!"

Once another brother fell down, the enraged yangban Dodam opened the power of the black tortoise. The deadly energy gathered at his sword and shot forward like a waterfall, splitting apart Grid's fire.

"I'll tear you apart and throw your soul into hell!"

The powerful water and fire collided and steam dominated the area. Bubab and the rankers were covered by the thick steam and couldn't see. They didn't notice that the black tortoise shifted its gaze from the sky toward the ground. The black tortoise's red eyes were shaking as he stared at Dodam's torrent.

The shockwave generated when Grid and Dodam's swords collided and the reaction created by them trying to extinguish each other caused the steam to dissipate in all directions. Bubab and the rankers could clearly see Grid and Dodam fighting without a break.

Then it soon happened once again. The moment Grid and Dodam's swords interlocked, thick steam rose again and obscured the view of Bubab and the rankers. The same thing was repeated. Every time a shockwave occurred in the center of the steam, it would scatter and cover the entire city to reveal Grid and Dodam's appearance again. When the battle of the two people temporarily entered a lull, the steam would fill again and block people's vision.

"What's going on?"

It happened when the rankers were trying to grasp the flow of the battle that was in a different dimension. An electric current appeared and the grey steam was turned yellow. Dodam shouted in a slightly trembling voice. He noticed something big.

"Die, human!"

It might not reach the level of the original Meteor but there was a major explosion that was enough to turn the area to ashes. It was an explosion caused by the electricity burning all the steam and dust generated by the battle between Grid and Dodam.

Dodam used the Blue Dragon's Breath. There was a deep smile on Dodam's face as he watched the continuous explosions where not even the screams of a dying human could be heard.

'He is the one who resurrected the red phoenix.'

Dodam had felt the aura of the red phoenix from the flames around the human. He was forced to admit that this human was a tough opponent.

'Still, he is a human in the end. He lost any chance from the time I operated two breaths simultaneously.'

There would be no way for the human to respond to the sudden electricity...

Dodam swept away all the steam and kept turning around. He didn't find the human's body. The human must've died without a trace.

"Get up, Nakil."

Dodam's eyes were cold as ice as they swept over Bubat and the rankers. Due to their concerted efforts, the rankers had managed to keep their lives but none of them were in a good state.

"You will soon be condemned."

The hearts of Bubat and the rankers sank. They had assisted rather than repelled the intruder so they bowed their heads without making any excuses. The reason why they bowed their heads wasn't out of shame. They just hid the direction of their gaze to prevent Dodam from noticing.

Meanwhile, Nakil was making his last death throes. Dodam heard the sound coming from Nakil and took a step back to him. Dodam's hair blew in the wind. It was followed by an intense noise. Only then did Dodam become aware of it. His throat had been cut.

"...?"

Dodam's body tilted against his will. A human figure was engulfed in lightning.

"Lightning... God!"

[An unknown person is writing the fifth epic.]

Dodam remembered the terrifying power of the blue dragon, who became lightning and pierced through the Five Seniors. All the Five Seniors in the path of the blue dragon lost their power and panicked. Just like himself now.

[The beginning of the narrative comes from the recollection of a forgotten myth.]

"Ugh!"

Dodam had lost magic power and couldn't operate the White Tiger's Breath. All he could do to stop the blood flowing from his half-cut neck was to cover it by hand. Dodam held his neck with one hand and the sword in the other hand. He aimed at the human...

[He recreated the forgotten god.]

No, he aimed at the Lightning God. It was a meaningless struggle. The power of Lightning God meant Grid was immune to physical attacks. Interception was virtually impossible unless magic was used.

Grid cut Dodam again and again. The blue current that trailed behind him drew a dizzying spiral and it was like the blue dragon had descended to the ground.

[The stigma of truth was etched on the ground covered with false myths.]

#### [Chapter 1204](#)

A monster emerged from the space where the yangban's treasure should be? The monster's attitude was also strange in many ways. It wasn't hostile to Grid, nor did it help the two dying yangbans.

"My guess is that the monster is a third force. We don't have to worry about it..."

"Don't make me laugh. You might not know the myths of the East Continent but the Four Auspicious Beasts are gods who serve the yangbans. It is unconditionally on the side of the yangbans."

"Based on the appearance, is this the black tortoise?"

"There is the name 'Black Tortoise' above its head. Who will it be if it isn't the black tortoise?"

"It looks different. In all the murals of the Four Gods, the black tortoise had a white head with beautiful blue eyes. It had a mysterious and sacred feeling, not such a terrible look."

"Then is this a fake?"

"Of course it is a fake. A god wouldn't try to destroy the world. In fact, it is turning a blind eye to the yangbans' crisis."

"....."

"That monster won't target us even if we become hostile to the yangbans. We have to choose."

From the time the monster emerged from the building that should contain the treasure, the high rankers lost their trust in the yangbans. They noticed that it was more likely they were used by the yangbans. It was an unacceptable situation for the high rankers who had a strong self-esteem. They saw Grid suddenly appear and fight the yangbans so they were forced to feel confusion.

"We have to help Grid like Bubat."

"Even if we lost four levels? What about loyalty?"

The opinions of the rankers were divided into two categories. One side thought they should watch the situation develop a bit more. The other opinion was that they should betray the yangbans and stand on Grid's side. If this was a normal case then there would be no disagreement. There was no reason to stand by Grid's side unless a loss was inevitable. However, the current case was a bit special.

“Grid is getting a quest buff. The system is hoping for Grid’s victory.”

“...Definitely.”

The rankers recalled when the ‘white-haired Grid’ first appeared in the world. The white-haired Grid was enhanced with the quest buffs and easily slaughtered Yatan’s First Servant. Yatan’s First Servant had to die so the system gave Grid a boost in power. It was called the care of the system.

The high rankers had also experienced it at least once.

“A while ago, there was a world message implying that Grid had killed a half-god. It is clear that he has gained the power to confront a god for a limited time.”

The exact reason wasn’t known but the system determined that Grid had to fight the gods and win. It buffed Grid.

“It means that being hostile to Grid right now is a huge risk. If we stand on the side of the yangbans and Grid fails the quest, the world view that the system is drawing will collapse and it might be angry at us.”

“Rather than simply losing four levels, there might be a painful loss.”

The supreme Grid had left countless achievements that even the high rankers couldn’t match in their lifetimes. His quests were seldom normal. Since he was given a task that could affect the entire world view, he was given the power to confront a god. The high rankers’ thoughts easily reached this point but they couldn’t easily make a decision. The penalty for standing on Grid’s side was too great.

Losing four levels...

It was a penalty that would take too long to recover from. It was a time when the concerns of the high rankers were deepening. A huge explosion occurred. The high rankers reflexively used protective skills and magic to save their lives, while Grid’s appearance disappeared without a trace. In addition, Dodam stared at the high rankers who were dumbfounded by the sudden development.

“You will soon be condemned.”

“...!”

They understood him blaming Bubab for helping Grid but why feel hostile to them who did nothing? The high rankers were flustered. They lost the option of remaining on the yangban’s side.

‘It is so easy for them to abandon us that it seemed they were thinking of throwing us away from the beginning.’

‘It was meant to be a fight from the beginning.’

The high rankers thought about it only to become stunned. It was because they saw a flash of lightning beyond the thick dust. The high rankers who witnessed the battle between Grid and Orc Lord Teruchan knew the identity of that lightning bolt. In the blink of an eye, the lightning had penetrated the wall.

Stagger.

Dodam collapsed. Blood spurted from his neck and he let out a sound of astonishment.



“Lightning... God!”

[An unknown person is writing the fifth epic.]

[The beginning of the narrative comes from the recollection of a forgotten myth.]

[He recreated the forgotten god.]

[The stigma of truth was etched on the ground covered with false myths.]

“...!!”

Goosebumps appeared on the skin of the high rankers. The epic that was written as Grid passed through the yangbans and created the shape of the blue dragon thrilled them. How breathtaking was it to really witness Grid’s epics...

It was the first time they had seen it since the first epic in Taleren Canyon. The high rankers were thrilled. They realized how envious they were of Grid. On the other hand, Grid wasn’t impressed. He thought it was out of the blue.

‘Why is it an epic?’

The epic hadn’t responded even when the old enemy Garam was defeated and when one of the Four Auspicious Beasts, the red phoenix, was revived. As a result, Grid believed that the standards of the epic had changed. In the future, he would have to build a much bigger achievement before a new epic would be written. Yet a new epic was written when he hurt ordinary yangbans?

‘What is the standard?’

[The yangban ‘Dodam’ has been killed.]

[The yangban ‘Nakil’ has been killed.]

[Two Black Tortoise’s Breaths have been acquired.]

[One White Tiger’s Breath has been acquired.]

[One Blue Dragon’s Breath has been acquired.]

[Two Blue Dragon’s Dupo have been acquired.]

[Two Unbreakable Swords have been acquired.]

“...?!”

Dodamn and Nakil turned to grey and his eyes widened as he recovered his sword. He looked up and saw two red suns. They were the giant eyes of the black tortoise.

‘Since when?’

After it appeared, the black tortoise had kept roaring to the sky. It was like a monster without cognition. Now it was staring at him with distinctly clear eyes full of emotions.

“Kuock.”

Grid stepped back. It was an instinctive act of fear. Among the thousands of emotions in the black tortoise's huge pupils, the most obvious one was hatred and anger. Grid lacked the courage to face them. It was the anger of a god. It seemed he would be cursed just by looking. It seemed that the black tortoise's eyes were filled with a strong curse to the point where he was afraid that the probability of enhancing an item and gaining items would fall to the 0% range.

'It is dirty and bloody.'

The red phoenix was infinitely warm while the black tortoise was infinitely cold. The pressure around it seemed like it would tear apart human beings. This was definitely one of the Four Auspicious Beasts, no matter how it didn't seem like it. It happened as Grid was thinking again.

『 God killer. 』

A dark, cold voice echoed through Grid's mind. It was the voice of the black tortoise.

『 You have eaten the red phoenix. 』

'Eating the red phoenix?'

Grid was dumbfounded when he heard this nonsense and quickly understood the meaning of the words.

'Did it misunderstand after seeing that I've obtained the heart of the red phoenix?'

The Twelve Zodiacs had told him that the Red Phoenix's Ninth Heart was one of the sources of the red phoenix and the life of the red phoenix itself. Even the Five Seniors couldn't take them. A man with such an important heart had appeared so the black tortoise had probably misunderstood.

"It is a misunderstanding..."

Grid couldn't explain anything before the black tortoise continued.

『 I was reminded of it when I saw the flames and torrents intertwined on the ground. 』

A new sentence was being added to the epic.

『 Who am I? 』

[The stigma of truth that he carved brought the memory of the old gods to the surface.]

『 'I' was a god that shouldn't exist. 』

『 'I' remember the scene where the status of 'us' made by the people who prayed for 'us' collapsed at 'my' breath. 』

『 Every time 'I' whispered blessings to the ground, humanity lost civilization and people became afraid of 'us.' 』

『 'I' was a god that shouldn't exist. 』

『 'I' wanted to erase 'me' for 'us.' 』

[The wish of the wounded old god touched him.]

『 I wanted to close my eyes forever. 』

『 Therefore, I entrusted my body to the bead that imprisoned my soul. 』

『 Then the bead shattered and I was deeply ashamed of myself again. It was very painful. 』

『 Human who has accumulated the business of killing. Swallow me, just as you have swallowed the red phoenix. 』

[A new quest has occurred!]

[Kill the God of Destruction]

[Quest Difficulty: ???]

Half the ego of the black tortoise, one of the Four Auspicious Beasts, hopes to perish.

It hopes you will take its breath away.

Quest Clear Conditions: Kill half the ego of the black tortoise or seal it.

Quest Reward: Acquire the God Killer title.]

[God Killer]

[You are the 'absolute' being who killed a god.

Your transcendence will reach the maximum and all attack power is doubled.]

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

“What are you saying?”

[The quest was refused.]

『 ...? 』

"I don't understand what you're saying right now. I just know one thing. You were a god who loved and cared for humans more than anyone else. I'm sure because the Twelve Zodiacs told me."

『 ...No, the 'I' that the Twelve Zodiacs refer to isn't 'me' but rather 'us.' 』

Grid realized something through the attitude of the black tortoise. Why did the epic trigger? The system who witnessed and turned both Grid's past and present into data knew that Grid was one of the few people who could lead the black tortoise to the right path.

“It is useless to talk any longer. I don't understand what you're saying at all and I don't want to hurt you.”

『 If you kill me, you can gain absolute strength... 』

“Everyone in the world is waiting for you.”

『 ...! 』

[He turned away from the wish of the old god.]

[The power gained at the expense of sacrificing someone wasn't the power he wanted, so he wasn't shaken by the temptation.]

"If you don't believe it then check it for yourself. I'll help you reunite with the people. So calm down first."

[He reached out his hand.]

[It was the moment when the tree that grew upright with the help of various bonds stretched out a new branch.]

[It was still a small branch.]

『 ... 』

The black tortoise stared blankly at Grid's hand. It didn't understand what to do with this small hand that would break with just one touch from it. Grid laughed as he read the black tortoise's expression. "It won't break. Grab it."

『... 』

The black tortoise hesitated for a long time before kneeling down. It drew its face close to the small Grid and placed its cheek in Grid's hand.

『 Please... please help me, human. My other half is sealed in a very deep and dangerous place and it is being used as a puppet of the yangbans. 』

[The wounded old god leaned against the small branch.]

"Believe in me."

[The branch wasn't broken.]

[The hope that was sustaining the dying world may still be small, but it was firm.]

....

...

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

## [Chapter 1205](#)

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

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

[You have checked your own flaws based on the increased status.]

[Identified that there are less frequently used skills in your possession.]

[Recognize the need to combine less frequently used skills into one skill.]

[The 'Skill Synthesis' system is activated.]

[Your Deity stat has increased by 1.]

'Eh?'

Every time he built up his transcendent senses, Grid earned rewards like developing his senses and strengthening his physical abilities. He naturally thought that perfect transcendence referred to a person with better senses and body. Now it seemed a bit misleading.

'Is the ultimate transcendence a flawless existence beyond just level?'

Grid recalled the 'absolute' status mentioned in the God Killer title. In order to reach the absolute state through a typical route, the prerequisite was to acquire transcendence by exceeding his limits.

'Absolute being... based on the name, it seems obvious there should be no defects.'

[Skill Synthesis]

[Select the skills that are least frequently used and they will be reborn as one new skill.]

Number of available uses: 1/1

The number of available uses will increase with every three levels in transcendence.]

"Um."

Regarding his skills, he had been aware of the problem for a long time. No matter how strong the skills were, they often couldn't be utilized frequently due to a lack of resources, cooldown time, and his perception limits. Therefore, he felt joy and burden every time he got a new skill. He was worried that some skills might turn into useless things that only wasted skill space.

'However, now I don't need to worry.'

He couldn't use it lightly before understanding the effects of Skill Synthesis but in any case, the news of the Skill Synthesis was great. What was the end of transcendence...?

As Grid was thinking, the world regained its original form. Once the crater on the black tortoise's shell closed, the poison stopped and the darkness cleared. The sky was once again clear. It had been such a long nightmarish time yet it was still daytime.

"....."

The black tortoise's body leaning against Grid's hand was becoming smaller. The 'old god,' who crushed the city with a body larger than the mountain, became smaller than Grid and became a real tortoise. The snake head stretched out in a long manner and looked ugly.

'Old god...'

The high rankers watched Grid and the black tortoise and their hearts shook violently in a manner a third party would never understand. Having grasped the present state of affairs through Grid's epic, they recalled the truths they had just learned.

First, the myths of the East Continent were mostly false. Second, the master of the false myths was the yangbans and the master of the real myths was the forgotten Four Auspicious Beasts. Third, the world that would perish that was mentioned in the fourth and fifth epics was likely referred to the East Continent and the main culprit of the destruction was the yangbans.

‘We didn’t know this and were going to be the dogs of the yangbans.’

‘Even if I knew the truth, I would’ve never dreamed of antagonizing a god.’

‘Yet Grid fought alone.’

Just as all humans had different personalities, the characters of the high rankers were different. Even if the East Continent was to be destroyed, most people wouldn’t feel concern or sympathy. Even if they knew the real identity of the yangbans, there were many who would stand on the side of the yangbans depending on the situation. Originally, it was like this. However...

“All I did was help you do the right thing.”

The reason why the high rankers were feeling heavy was due to Grid’s words. The high rankers reflected on the meaning.

Do the right thing...

Originally, this was a good way to be treated as a pushover. Doing the right thing, human feelings, and good deeds—these concepts had long been thought to be outdated. Modern society ridiculed those who sacrificed themselves for others without gaining anything.

The same was true for the high rankers. Of course, there were exceptions but most high rankers were able to become high rankers because they thoroughly calculated the profit and losses. However, wasn’t it okay to take a loss at least once in life?

“Hey, Grid.”

“...?”

“Only one time.”

“We want to help you just this once.”

“What?”

“If we receive grace, then we should pay it back. Isn’t that right?”

“.....”

Grid was baffled by the high rankers’ offer and shut his mouth for a moment. He knew that their qualities were naturally excellent. However, it wasn’t yet enough to handle the yangbans. If they got caught up in the mood and joined him, they would definitely regret it.

All types of words filled Grid’s throat but he eventually smothered them. People like high rankers were level-headed. Yes, they already knew they would regret it. Nevertheless, they were going to help him. They were keen about the game and became the best people, but they also had their pure side.

“...Do whatever you want.” The smiling Grid stood next to the high rankers while suppressing his overwhelming emotions. He spoke to the black tortoise looking up at him, “Guide us to where your other half is.”

Nod.

The black tortoise nodded in answer and walked in front.

\*\*\*

“Usa will be pleased.”

The steps which were as light as a feather and didn’t damage any of the thin ice as they were walking on it were mysterious.

“Once the black tortoise has completely calmed down, we can control the birth of life alone.”

The name of the yangban who didn’t lose his balance despite moving on the slippery ice was Maru. Unlike the other yangbans who were neatly and modestly dressed, he exposed his abs by unbuttoning his clothes. Maru smiled at Bondre, who was gathering mana after using Absolute Zero.

“It is amazing that a human can freeze the black tortoise. You must’ve worked tirelessly to achieve your skills.”

“T-Thank you.”

Bondre shook his head uneasily. The person talking to him was a god. He had a presence that was too large to be perceived as just a block of graphics with artificial intelligence. They were in a position where the big players who had frustrated him, such as Grid, Faker, and Agnus, would never reach for the rest of their lives.

‘I understand the feelings of those who are emotional to NPCs...’

In recent years, the number of mentally ill people treating NPCs as real people had increased sharply. In Bondre’s memories, it started happening after the news that Grid married a NPC became a topic. Bondre found it hard to comprehend. He couldn’t tell the difference between those who regarded NPCs as colleagues, friends, or lovers from the five year old children who played with dolls.

However, today he felt differently. Once he was suppressed by the yangbans, he understood the feelings of those mentally ill people who couldn’t distinguish between reality and a game.

‘This is a game... right?’

Perhaps the meteorite that people were making a fuss about possibly colliding with the Earth in the near future brought some cosmic power to break down the boundaries between reality and a game? It was a meteorite that appeared in an ‘unusual’ form. Bondre was thinking about the news of how it disappeared like a lie when he felt his mana fill up.

Then the cooldown of Absolute Zero reset. It was thanks to the divine favor. Due to the effect of the yangban Areum’s talisman, Bondre’s magic recovery rate was three times higher than before. The moment his mana was full, he received the miraculous buff of ‘the cooldown time of all magic is reset.’

The eyes of Maru, Areum, and the other yangbans were focused on Bondre. Bondre felt like a child at a school as he was once again suppressed by the yangbans' existence and cast two magic simultaneously—Frozen Ice and Absolute Zero.

Bondre was the fourth player to enter the realm of double casting and was able to create a dramatic scene where the effect of Absolute Zero was applied to the entire range of Frozen Ice. This was why the king of Valhalla, God of War Ares, favored Bondre and Bondre later joined his army.

Everything from the dampness of the marble to the shallow puddles were completely frozen. Even the water in the bathtub was covered with a thin layer of ice. Bondre fell into an incomprehensible fatigue while Areum's beautiful face was full of vitality.

"It is faster than I thought."

In the bathtub where she was sitting, dozens of corpses lay frozen. Like centuries old mummies, the withered bodies belonged to the daoists who were proficient with ice. They had been the ones suppressing the black tortoise until Bondre came here...

\*\*\*

"When will it start?"

At the underground waterway filled with a cold that would chill the bones...

Old Sword Demon looked up at the ceiling full of icicles and urged Hwang Gildong, "Let's start. I will freeze and die before doing anything."

"You look terrible," Hwang Gildong, the only one who was wearing a bear skin, spoke with a meaningful expression, "Four times. We will step out once they freeze it four more times."

"Why four more times?"

The ice formed every three minutes. It was crazy to endure for another 15 minutes in this place that was as cold as Antarctica.

"By that time, I think the current black tortoise will sense the crisis and open its eyes once. The black tortoise might be sealed in the bead but it will sense the crisis of extinction." Hwang Gildong smiled while stealthily slipping his hands into the bear skin. "We will use the chaos of the moment to sneak in and steal the Black Tortoise Jewel."

"....."

The more Old Sword Demon knew, the more annoying Hwang Gildong became. Old Sword Demon glanced at the path he had been walking for a long time and glared at Hwang Gildong who monopolized the bear skin the entire time.

'By now, the outside would be completely devastated.'

Before infiltrating the underground waterway, Old Sword Demon had witnessed the high rankers gathering around the unknown white square building. They would've been exploited by the yangbans and died soon after.



'Sorry, but I can't help you. Take this opportunity to realize how terrifying the yangbans are and I recommend for you to never step onto the East Continent again.'

Old Sword Demon was praying for the high rankers when Hwang Gildong let out a cry of admiration.

"Oh, are you looking for a way out in advance?"

"I was just looking back at the road we walked."

"That is the exact opposite road we came from."

At the same time, at the outskirts of Chiaotzu...

"...It is a disgrace."

The wounded Braham sat down. He used magic to recover his right arm that had been cut off and coughed up blood as he stared at the cut surface with a frown. It was too hard to seal with magic because the cut surface was a mess.

Spit.

The problem was that he was too weak due to the blow to the soul that he suffered twice. Feeling disgusted by his own weakness, Braham spat out blood while around him, there were seven blue dragon dops torn to pieces and scattered .

## [Chapter 1206](#)

Toddle.

"....."

Toddle.

'Slow!'

The movement speed of the black tortoise, who had become smaller, was as slow as a tortoise. It was maddening for the high rankers who valued time more than gold but no one dared to complain. It was because the ones leading them were not only a god, but also Grid, the first ranked player.

'It is a god so it must have a deep meaning.'

'That's right. There's a reason why the black tortoise is walking slower than anyone else, even though it should be anxious. Isn't there a saying that the more anxious you are, the more you crawl.'

'Grid knows this as well so he's quiet.'

'The longest way around is the shortest way home?'

The high rankers were trying to convince themselves while Grid was looking at the new system. He was looking at the list of available skills that were less frequently used.

[1. Unbreakable Justice - used in 15 out of the last 100 battles.

2. Continuous Stab - used in 6 out of the last 100 battles.

3. Spear Shot - used in 2 out of the last 100 battles.]

'My fights with ordinary monsters are also included in recent battles.'

Only in this way could the ratio on the list be correct.

'Passive skills are excluded.'

If passive skills were included then Bow Mastery should also be on the list. Grid hadn't shot a bow recently so Bow Mastery wasn't put to use.

'Unique skills are also excluded...'

What skills have he used the least? Grid asked himself this and the first skill that came to mind was Granting an Ego. It was Granting an Ego that Grid had never used before. It was used in the National Competition but that was on a separate server. The next one that came up was the Restraint skill. A powerful wide-area crowd control skill, it was once a favorite of Grid but recently, he only used it in large-scale combat. It was because a number of opponents could be defeated without restraining them while the really powerful opponents had high resistance to abnormal states and the effectiveness of Restraint could be reduced.

However, both skills weren't included in the list of skills that could be synthesized. Granting an Ego seemed to be excluded because it wasn't a combat-related skill and Restraint was excluded because it had an impact on or influenced various fused sword dances.

"Hrmm..."

Grid looked back on his recent battles. Unbreakable Justice had the advantage of being immediately activated in a wide area but the frequency of use had been further reduced since he obtained Drop, which applied the abnormal state 'collapse.'

The multi-hit Continuous Stab was used to break shields that 'unconditionally absorb a certain number of attacks, regardless of damage.' Spear Shot was used for making variables by throwing or picking up a spear that had fallen to the ground and utilizing them.

'They are used less often but except for Unbreakable Justice, everything had its place to be used.'

Grid frowned. It was a flaw just because he didn't like to use it. This logic of a perfect transcendent was different from reality. Grid thought that his less frequently used skills weren't his shortcomings. Rather, they were a power.

'In fact, if I can connect Unbreakable Justice with Drop then I can aim for a momentary explosion.'

Drop dealt damage to all targets within range and induced a drop in defense. Then he could link Unbreakable Justice. This combo would boast a tremendous destructive power just looking at the coefficients. He simply refrained from using it because of the opportunity cost. Rather than linking Unbreakable Justice, it was better to connect the more powerful fused dances or the Undefeated King's swordsmanship. Unbreakable Justice was only used when resources were really tight or skill cooldowns overlapped, making things difficult.

'...Ah.'

Grid was crazily thinking up to this point, only to get enlightenment.

Unbreakable Justice, Continuous Stab, and Spear Spot were all skills 'replaceable' with something else. Grid had a wide area skill that was much more powerful than Unbreakable Justice and the fusion sword dances that included Link were much more powerful than Continuous Stab.

Spear Shot was throwing a spear? Grid could throw a spear without Spear Shot. No, he could pick up and throw all the weapons in the world, not just the spear. Of course, the attack power coefficient was that of a basic attack so the power would be reduced but the initial purpose of this technique was to create a variable, not for the power.

Unbreakable Justice, Continuous Stab, and Spear Shot were all 'skills that weren't necessary' for the current Grid. In the past, it could be used as a secret technique when his resources limit was lower, there was a delay in the use of the sword dance, and there were fewer skills.

'It is a waste of a skill slot... the system did an objective evaluation.'

Grid never obtained anything easily. Unbreakable Justice, Continuous Stab, and Spear Shot were all skills he got after struggling so he was deeply attached to them. Now was the time to abandon his attachment to them.

[\* You can create one new skill by synthesizing three skills.]

A system that occurred during transcendence. The new skill described here that could be used by transcedents would boast a high level of utility.

'Let's accept but after this battle.'

It was a risk to throw away existing skills to get a new one in the current situation. Unless the new skill was very simple, it would be difficult for Grid to adapt immediately. Since the final battle was upcoming, it was much wiser to hone his original skills.

"Nyahahat! It is like hell, like hell!"

"....."

Grid thought back. He thought about the battle with the yangbans not long ago. What did he do well, what did he do wrong, what were his shortcomings, and what were his advantages? This was a habit. If he skipped it even once then he would be anxious and his hands would tremble.

"It is like hell, nyang!"

"Please be quiet."

The excited Noe continued making noise and the Grid threw him a fish. It wasn't funny when the escort he summoned was hindering his concentration.

'I understand why he is excited.'

Grid, who had fixed his eyes on the gaze of the walking black tortoise, finally looked around at the surrounding landscape. Now it was hell as Noe expressed. The brilliant scenery of the splendid civilization that showed off its wealth was now ruined. All the people had disappeared from the vibrant

streets and it was horrifyingly cruel. Noe was a beast from hell so it was natural that he felt like he had returned home.

...Although it was funny that a demonic beast from hell loved fish from the sea.

Grid stepped through the rubble of the collapsed building and ash was scattered.

“.....”

Grid’s heart ached. Many of the innocent civilians who died without escaping the sudden disaster were among them. There were even children.

‘It’s all my fault.’

The reason Braham devastated the city with a terrible disaster was for Grid. Braham only used the best magic because Grid asked him to open the way ahead. Yes, the person who created this hell was Grid himself.

‘...I’m sorry.’

Brush off his boiling guilt with an apology. Distinguish between games and reality. The selfish defensive mechanism worked.

Usually, Grid respected and cared for NPCs like they were humans but he made exceptions in some cases. It was if the target was an ‘enemy’ or ‘other.’ In this case, Grid recognized NPCs as non-human chunks of graphics and didn’t think deeply about their death. He tried to shake it off easily. It was why he had been able to kill so many enemies so far. Someone would say he was an insane, creepy guy, but Grid was confident.

‘If I don’t do this then I’ll go crazy.’

From the beginning, he was a selfish person who only valued his people. Don’t take on more of a burden than was necessary.

“...?”

Grid, who was trying to harden his mind, stopped in place. It was because he felt a lot of movement from within a safe building. Grid reflexively used Quick Movements and Blacksmith’s Rage as he moved in the direction he felt it from. Then he found it. Women, men, children, adults, and the elderly—there were thousands of people.

“H-Hik!”

“...Who are you?”

The dumbfounded Grid asked and one terrified person responded cautiously. “W-We are inhabitants of Chiaotzu.”

“...!”

“Hey, you look like you’re from a foreign country. Do you know what is going on here?”

“We were just living as usual when our bodies suddenly floated up and our location changed.”

“Everyone was flustered and tried to exchange stories when stars fell from the sky and the city collapsed. Then a monster appeared, night came and we were forced to hide here...”

Grid’s heart was pounding. He noticed Braham’s favor.

‘Braham, you... you knew I would feel guilt.’

Did he rescue the civilians using Mass Teleport? Even from the legendary great magic Meteor?

“Dammit.”

Sticks of the Overgeared Kingdom had once explained it. Mass Teleport was divided into three main types. First, there was the Mass Teleport that moved the caster and the targets around the caster in a group. It was the commonly known Mass Teleport. It was also the favorite of Sticks.

Second, there was the Mass Teleport that moved targets within a range specified by the caster as a group. It was much more difficult than the typical Mass Teleport. It was said that the only man who could complete this magic formula was the legendary great magician.

Third, there was the Mass Teleport where the caster moved specific targets in groups. It was the ultimate magic that embodied ideas. It was said to be habitually used by the top 10 great demons. They specified ‘demons who follow me’ and teleported them over to the target to be attacked. Among the mixed-race people, only Braham and Marie Rose could use this type of ultimate Mass Teleport and it was said to be an area that could never be reached by humans. Sticks had explained it when warning of the dangers of Marie Rose but Grid hadn’t expected it would be a foreshadowing for this moment.

“You should get away from here. It will soon be swept up by a bigger disaster.”

Grid didn’t have to persuade them. Drops of black liquid protruded from the black tortoise’s mouth and wrapped around the inhabitants’ bodies.

“Oh my!”

“Huh?!”

The clothes and belongings of the residents in the black droplets turned to ashes and disappeared. Fortunately, the droplets were black so their nakedness couldn’t be seen. The droplets carrying the residents floated in the sky.

“Uwah...”

The residents weren’t scared. Rather, they felt an unknown tranquility and leaned comfortably against the droplet.

『 I... Protect you... 』

The vague voice of the black tortoise echoed through the minds of the Chiaotzu residents. The memories of the old gods engraved into their genes loomed vaguely.

“B-Black tortoise...”

The residents instinctively recognized the black tortoise's identity and their eyes turned red. They reached out to the black tortoise but it was too late. The droplets carrying them flew higher and transported them to the outskirts of Chiaotzu.

『 Thank you... 』

“No, it wasn't me. It was my friend.”

Grid smiled proudly at the black tortoise and started walking again. The black tortoise guided Grid and the rankers to the palace. The scenery of the palace was no different from the city center. Much of it was crumbling. Blood from the dead soldiers dyed it red.

“Uhh...”

The high rankers walking behind Grid shrank back. They were terrified when they recalled the indifference of the yangbans who fought Grid. Could they help? They wondered if they were doing something they would regret for the rest of their lives. They thought about it before soon stopping.

The main reason they followed Grid was to repay his grace but it was also for their individual rights. From the time they received Dodam's hostility, they were judged to have failed the Call of the Heavens quest. This meant they would suffer a penalty of losing four levels.

It was disgusting. They had to make up for it. They wanted revenge.

‘You guys used us as victims first.’

‘They became hostile just because we were bystanders, those yangban bastards.’

The more they thought about it, the more hateful it became. It happened when the high rankers became resolved once again.

『 Here. 』

The only safe little palace in the ruins of the castle. The party arrived in front of the building made of an unknown material, just like the white building, and there was suddenly a cold air.

Subsequently...

『 I don't want to...! I don't want to!!! 』

Another black tortoise screamed. Then different notification windows appeared in front of Grid and the high rankers.

[★Hidden Quest★ Protect the Black Tortoise has occurred!]

[The cooperative quest 'Revenge' will occur!]

Something soared up through the ceiling of the palace that was still intact. A beautiful and mysterious bead—it was the Black Tortoise Jewel that held the black tortoise.

“Where are you going?”

Grid used his buff skills and flew up when he saw the yangbans pursuing the Black Tortoise Jewel. He had already won against three yangbans and was full of confidence. At least, until he faced someone with the same presence as Garam.

“Haha, what? How are you all safe?”

A cheerful voice was heard. Grid’s body was slammed into the ground. Grid was struggling to shake off the shock of the strong impact to his head. He raised his head in a laborious manner and saw a yangban called Maru standing with crossed arms.

“That silver-haired demonkin was protecting you? At the expense of himself?”

“What...?”

“...?”

Grid’s eyes became demonic and the noisy Maru was startled. Grid stuck in the ground was pulling fire. No, it was a bow. A bow that burned with flames. The Red Phoenix Bow, which was reproduced with the item duplication skill, responded to the Red Phoenix’s 9th Heart with a momentum greater than ever before.

“Fly Up!”

“Kuek...!”

The yangbans guarding the Black Tortoise Jewel and facing Grid groaned, unable to bear the falling rain of fire.

## [Chapter 1207](#)

His vision became cloudy. It felt like he was driving a car with frosted glass in an unusually cold winter.

‘What?’

There were no warning windows so why was he like this...

“Keuk!”

Bondre, who continued to use magic at the command of Areum, couldn’t hold on. His entire body trembled. Without noticing it, he was feeling completely drained. An unknown voice echoed, adding to his confusion. The origin of the voice was the Black Tortoise Jewel that adorned the center of the great hall.

『 It’s cold... 』

『 It hurts... 』

『 Hurts... I’m scared... 』

『 Who am I? 』

『 I don’t think I know... 』

『 When I'm gone... .』

『 People... people are in danger... 』

'Is this the voice of the black tortoise?'

Bondre's eyes that were filled with a haze gradually changed. They glittered like the stars in the sky, just like the old days when he was struggling to reach the top.

'The relationship between the black tortoise and the yangbans is different from the rumors.'

Bondre's vision became clear when he realized a new fact. A notification window came up.

[★Hidden Quest★ Protect the Artifact of the Four Gods has failed.]

[Your level has dropped by 4.]

[★Hidden Quest★ Real Myth has occurred!]

Bondre noticed. He realized that the smile on the face of the beautiful woman sitting in the bathtub was more smelly than the fishy smell of freshwater fish.

'I was caught by these dog-like guys.'

Bondre's brain was activated when he realized the situation. He was a smart man who surpassed two billion users to reach the single digit rankings.

'Think about it.'

From the time he received the Call of the Heavens quest to meeting Areum, he recalled everything that happened. He felt a bit more clarity and retracted all the strangeness he experienced at the time. His trembling arms and legs calmed down. Thanks to the unknown talisman that Areum attached to him, all his magic power and strength had been restored.

[One Origin True Energy has been consumed.]

[The 'Origin True Energy' system is activated.]

"Kukuk." Bondre laughed and removed the talisman attached to his back.

『 I don't want to...! I don't want to!!! 』

The pained voice of the black tortoise, who was a victim like Bondre, was still echoing clearly in Bondre's mind.

"Hoh?"

Once Bondre's eyes changed and he took the talisman off, Areum finally showed a bit of interest. Bondre's thin neck was caught by her slender hand and turned black.

"I didn't expect you to come to your senses when dying. You are powerful in many ways for a human."

"Ku...ock..."



Breathing was hard. His restored field of view flashed red. He would die if this continued.

It happened as Bondre was struggling in the 'suffocation' condition. The Black Tortoise Jewel, which adorned the center of the frozen hall, soared through the ceiling. Bondre witnessed the sight of Maru and the yangbans chasing it and barely managed to open his mouth in the dizzying pain.

"You... what are you?"

"A god."

"...."

"We are to be gods."

"Kukuk..."

Dammit, he thought it was suspicious that a god would ask for help from humans but they weren't gods. Areum saw the hostility in Bondre's eyes and snorted. "Don't raise your courage for nothing. We are better than you who aren't qualified to be gods."

They were better, which meant they were ahead of humans. Was this true? Bondre's sense of reason recognized Areum as a NPC, a mass of graphics. He was no longer overwhelmed. "Just a mere creation..."

"...!"

The words that Bondre barely spat out touched Areum's heart. It happened the moment she inserted greater strength into the hand holding Bondre's neck. Heat was felt and flames soared behind Areum's back. He looked up at the sky through the open ceiling and saw the heavy rain of fire. This was a baptism of fire that made the White Tiger's Breath, that had been triggered when the black tortoise started its last struggle, obsolete.

"What?" Areum threw away the worthless human and used the White Tiger's Breath and Black Tortoise's Breath. The black tortoise was weakened from the cold and Areum could completely control the breath. Just before the rain of pouring fire reached Areum, it turned into water vapor and disappeared. Standing in the water curtain, she stared up at the ceiling with the hole in it.

She murmured as if Bondre was no longer there. "I see... the man who resurrected the red phoenix came here..."

Areum flew and Bondre followed. The water vapor froze like spider webs.

"What are you thinking?" Areum detected the anomalies and looked back.

Bondre hung onto the ice stem connected to her and smiled. "My pride is too strong to be used and abandoned."

He had never surrendered. In the world of the strong, starting from the sky above the sky Kraugel and linking to Grid, Faker, and Agnus, Bondre had felt frustrated and desperate but he never gave up. He was sure that it would be the same for him one day. He didn't doubt that his talents would blossom like them.

“A son of a bitch like you...”

If he was going to encounter such nothingness—

‘I will give up and quit the game, you XX.’

“...!”

Areum’s body froze. It was more than a physical condition. The area around her turned into ice and she had no resistance. Areum crashed to the ground and was shocked. Her left foot shattered and disappeared.

“You...! You trivial human!”

Her beautiful body was destroyed! Areum roared with bloodshot eyes and used the Red Phoenix’s Breath, which was the opposite of the cold. The Red Phoenix’s Breath was as weak as dying flames due to the aftermath of the red phoenix’s resurrection but it still worked. The cold air around Bondre started to melt quickly. However, Bondre’s speed at making ice surpassed Areum’s speed of melting it.

“There is a snack called yeot [1] in the Cho Kingdom.”

Step.

Bondre recreated the ice that melted in the heat and used it as a shield to take one step. “There you know there is a curse word that sounds like yeot?” [2]

He took two steps and approached Areum. “I feel like yeot right now.”

“.....”

Red blood flowed on Areum’s transparent cheek covered in ice. She realized what she had overlooked. The Red Phoenix’s Breath that she held was too weak. The power of the fire couldn’t be used properly against the ice. A huge, sharp awl of ice was shot at Areum. She hurriedly used the White Tiger’s Breath to create a stone wall to block it. She muttered, “It is shameful. I have to actually fight hand-to-hand against a trivial human.”

Bondre’s vision spun around and around. Suddenly, he felt like his jaw had disappeared. It was the aftermath of Areum’s swinging kick that pierced through the barrier he summoned.

[You have suffered 29,590 damage.]

‘...Shit.’

One kick had this much power? She wasn’t even a god yet. Nevertheless, she was in a position that was too high for players to reach. Bondre’s body jerked and convulsed from a single blow. He couldn’t get up immediately and was filled with guilt.

‘I’m sorry.’

[Real Myth]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

You have seen the reality of the yangbans and glimpsed the real world.

Guide the myth in the right direction!

Quest Clear Conditions: Seize the Black Tortoise Jewel from the yangbans.

Quest Clear Reward: Level +6.

Quest failure: Force repatriation to the West Continent.]

Bondre noticed. This quest originated from himself. It was a quest that analyzed the achievements and character of the player 'Bondre,' who was called a genius.

'I didn't meet expectations.' Bondre apologized to the system he admired and closed his eyes. He waited for death. However, it was salvation, not death, that came to him.

"Wake up." It was a voice he had never forgotten.

Bondre raised his head with an angry expression and saw the back of Grid, who was blocking Areum.  
"You...!"

Bondre's chin was bleeding.

"What are you doing?"

Why did he...? Why did he show up at this moment?

"Do you know how disgusting you are every time you pretend to be an apostle of justice?"

Bondre had witnessed Grid's sense of justice many times. He couldn't understand it. Everyone in the world was a competitor. A player shouldn't reach out to another player who needed help. They should be kept in check and trampled on. He always believed this. Then why? Why was Grid...?!

Grid's sword cut at Areum. Grid restricted her behavior by firing Magic Missiles at her struggling hands and spoke to Bondre, "I don't want to be an apostle of justice. Rather, I longed to be a villain."

"...?"

"I hated heroes wearing the masks of heroes just because they have power and talent. To be exact, I hated their pretenses."

Grid's expression distorted. He once again stopped Areum and continued speaking to Bondre,  
"However, now I understand them."

It was too dangerous to wield this mighty power with self-interest. Thus, he was forced to establish justice. Maybe a hero was a hero. It was a pitiful existence that could only feel relieved after taking responsibility for their power.

"Bondre, please cooperate with me this one time."

"Bullshit."

"Fight together. I need your strength."

“Shit...!”

“Don’t you need my strength too?”

“...Fuck you.”

Bondre gave up struggling as he leaned on Grid’s body and raised his hand with difficulty. His trembling fingertips drew a magic circle in the air. There were two magic circles. Bondre was making perfect use of double casting that Grid could barely succeed in even with Belial’s Staff. “Frozen Ice. Absolute Zero.”

The surroundings were frozen. The bodies of Areum, rushing toward Grid, and the other yangbans in the sea of fire were trapped in ice.

“I... This is my limit...” Bondre spoke and shamefully collapsed.

“Thank you.”

Grid held Bondre tighter to stop him from falling and linked Drop, followed by 100,000 Army Massacre Sword to the people trapped in the ice.

“Kuaaaaack!”

The screams of the yangbans reverberated as they bled through the rubble of the broken ice. The residents of Chiaotzu, sitting in the droplets, witnessed Grid’s success and the fall of the yangbans.

“Divinity. Open Potential. 300,000 Army Swordsmanship Stealth Sword.”

Grid didn’t miss this opportunity. He watched the falling yangban and swung his sword, piercing the yangbans’ vital points. In particular, Areum hadn’t been able to adapt to the changed balance from the loss of one foot and was seriously injured. Grid approached her using Shunpo as she tried to keep the balance of her body and used Transcended Link Kill Pinnacle.

“Kyaaak!”

Areum was unable to hold on and turned to grey ash. The situation of the other yangbans also wasn’t optimistic. They exposed their weaknesses and fell into a crisis as they were attacked by 300 high rankers.

Only one person was different

“It’s amazing!!” Maru still had a bright smile and hadn’t lost his composure. “You must’ve worked tirelessly to achieve your present state with your human body!”

A vortex occurred as Maru easily overpowered the rankers and infused magic into the Black Tortoise Jewel in his hand. Everything in the swirling castle started to be sucked into the Black Tortoise Jewel, including Grid, Bondre, and the high rankers. Right now, Maru was reproducing some of the powers of the black tortoise.

“Nyaang!” Grid spun around as the high rankers were sucked into the Black Tortoise Jewel. He found Noe and released Noe’s summoning.

‘Shit.’

In order to overcome the crisis, he could only use 200,000 Army Crushing Sword. The vortex itself must be cut. However, it was impossible to use swordsmanship because he couldn't control his body swirling in the vortex. He was helpless. He felt like a bug that was being flushed down the toilet.

"Kuoock!" Bondre was struggling. He hadn't reacted immediately when he was caught in the vortex and seemed to be drinking a lot of water.

'This is annihilation.'

The combination of a Garam-level yangban and the artifact of the Four Gods was too fraudulent. It happened the moment Grid made this judgment.

"Everyone is very busy so please excuse me."

"...?"

Someone appeared behind them. The voice sounded like that of a young man. Grid was being swept away in the vortex and found it hard to see the person's identity. On the other hand, Maru was different. He recognized the identity of the uninvited guest who appeared right next to him. "Hwang Gildong!"

The vortex sucking up all the rubble in the castle as well as Grid and the high rankers suddenly stopped. The Black Tortoise Jewel, which should've been in Maru's hand, was now in Hwang Gildong's hand. It was an amazing pickpocketing ability to steal something from a yangban who had two eyes wide open.

"The Chivalrous Robbers will help protect this. Then I'll be going now. Go ahead and continue."

"Hwang Gildong!" The smile disappeared from Maru's face for the first time. His furious fist hit Hwang Gildong's head and Hwang Gildong screamed. However, his body didn't turn to grey ash. There was a frivolous sound effect and he turned into a straw doll. The Black Tortoise Jewel also disappeared.

"...?"

"...?"

Both Grid and the high rankers were dumbfounded. They couldn't grasp the situation at all and were forced to deal with Maru's anger. "Humans! You looked innocent but you were actually playing tricks with Hwang Gildong behind my back!"

Maru picked up a short spear on the ground and threw it in the direction of the high rankers. It was like a missile. The targeted parties didn't respond. Only Grid tried to fly away but the distance was so close that it led to failure.

[Shunpo has failed to trigger.]

'Too late!'

The moment that Grid was feeling despair, there was a loud explosion. It was the loud noise from the spear that flew at dozens of rankers being blocked by a thin, long sword.

"O-Old Sword Demon!"

Grid and the high rankers shook. A senior swordsman who symbolized the 'strongest' of the old era. He had a terrible wanderlust so he went missing and there were no rumors about him...

"It is an honor to meet the supreme one."

He appeared in this far east land and smiled at Grid.

### [Chapter 1208](#)

In Satisfy's history, Old Sword Demon was a very interesting figure. First of all, he was a mystery because there was no record of his assassinations. The nature of an assassin's class was to build up 'assassination achievements', raising their fame and gaining additional abilities. It meant that having an assassination record was more beneficial for them. Yet there was no record of Old Sword Demon's assassinations. In order to be a perfect killer, he gave up his reputation and didn't publish his assassination record, but he was still first in the rankings.

There had been a rumor in the world. "Old Sword Demon might not know that he was transferred to the assassin class."

It was ridiculous considering how his ID was 'sword demon,' which was because of his skill in combat and use of a long sword as his main weapon. The assassin's signature mastery skill was with daggers, but Old Sword Demon used a long sword and enjoyed a fair match instead of attacking in the darkness. This gave rise to the joke that he should be a swordsman. Therefore, the new generation often knew Old Sword Demon as a 'good swordsman'.

"Old Sword Demon..."

Grid's eyes were shining as he watched Old Sword Demon. Grid recognized Old Sword Demon as a special being, just as many people admired and honored the current Grid. It was from the days when Grid was still obscure. In a time when he was envious of good-looking people and felt a sense of inferiority, he had a subtle affinity for Old Sword Demon's ID. It was an ID that would make people doubt the person's nature as long as it was in Korean characters. Back in the days when Grid was dissatisfied with society, he thought it was a good ID. He felt that Old Sword Demon was swearing at the world on his behalf.

'I was young at that time.'

How twisted had he been? Grid smiled at the absurdity of his past self and concentrated on observing Old Sword Demon.

In the past, Grid couldn't accurately measure the skills of Old Sword Demon. Grid's level itself had been low, so he hadn't been able to feel any inspiration after seeing the skills of Old Sword Demon, who had been the best at the time. He had just vaguely thought that this person was great. Now it was different. Grid had become stronger through repeated life and death battles with powerful enemies and was now at the highest level in the world.

Old Sword Demon's long sword tilted at an angle. Then an amazing sight unfolded. The short spear that was entangled around Old Sword Demon's sword couldn't handle the force and was thrown out. The sharp spear was thrown in the direction of Maru. The same short spear that Maru had thrown ended up attacking him.

'He is very skilled at using his wrist.'

It was almost like an attack from Kraugel, but the power was a bit weaker. If it had been Kraugel instead of Old Sword Demon, the spear rushing at Maru would've been 1.2 times faster. If it were Grid, the spear would have flown twice as fast, but unfortunately, Grid didn't have this much technique.

"Bah!" Maru snorted and appeared in front of Old Sword Demon. He swung his feet while simultaneously hitting Old Sword Demon's abdomen with his shoulder.

Three prerequisites were needed for Old Sword Demon to be able to respond to this. He had to understand the Shunpo skill, predict the timing at which Maru used it, and have at least 2,500 agility. Old Sword Demon met all three conditions. The moment he was hit in the abdomen, he responded immediately by tilting his upper body back, avoiding Maru's kick. He even hit back.

Old Sword Demon's sword brushed past Maru's hair, creating a strong wind pressure. Maru recovered his feet, exposed his back to Old Sword Demon, and leaned back like he was leaning into Old Sword Demon's arms. Then he grabbed Old Sword Demon's neck with his arms, and it seemed as if Old Sword Demon's neck would be broken like this.

It was really the worst position. Maru's technique was reminiscent of Bubats, and Old Sword Demon looked like he was in a very disadvantageous position. It was fair to say that the harmony between Shunpo and Maru, who became stronger the closer he was to the target, was the best.

'He can't do it either.'

Grid hurriedly tried to use Shunpo.

[Shunpo has failed to trigger.]

'Damn!'

It seemed that Old Sword Demon's neck would be broken. Grid felt a chill down his spine and was about to launch Magic Missile. Then there was a small explosion, and Old Sword Demon's body was covered in smoke before disappearing. Maru's hands were floundering in the air instead of grasping Old Sword Demon's neck.

"...?!"

"...?!"

Both Grid and Bondre, who were watching the battle, were full of doubts. Maru looked around. Just then, the disappeared Old Sword Demon reappeared in his original position. His neck was clearly marked with red handprints. That's right. Old Sword Demon hadn't left Maru's grasp. He had just completely concealed his presence from the world for a while. In fact, his neck had still been in Maru's hands, but Maru was simply unaware of this fact. If Maru hadn't immediately released his grip, then Old Sword Demon would've died of a broken neck.

Maru started a fierce exchange with Old Sword Demon's sword.

"Spit."

“...!”

“Spit spit!”

Old Sword Demon avoided and blocked Maru’s attacks and kept spitting. It wasn’t a technique developed from spitting only once or twice. His saliva precisely struck Maru’s pupils, so Maru had to be conscious of it. Thanks to this, the almost collapsed Old Sword Demon was able to shake Maru off.

“.....”

“.....”

Grid’s and Bondre’s eyes shook even more as they watched the confrontation between Old Sword Demon and Maru. Both of them were shocked by Old Sword Demon’s dirty combat style. The good news was that the other high rankers weren’t watching the battle between Old Sword Demon and Maru. The high rankers, who were scattered throughout the battlefield, were busy fighting the yangbans.

Maru frowned as he wiped the sputum off his cheeks and criticized Old Sword Demon. “Don’t you have any pride?”

“You yangbans treat humans as bugs but ask us to uphold our pride every time. Even humans won’t discuss the pride of an animal below them. How cowardly are you that you would talk about the pride of trivial bugs?”

“You... human...”

“Old Sword Demon.”

“...?”

“That is my name.”

“.....”

Grid was convinced that Old Sword Demon was another Huroi. His solemn expression and tone of speech when insulting a target was similar.

‘No... Don’t tell me?’

Grid tried to deny it as he recalled Old Sword Demon’s gentlemanly greeting, but he was undoubtedly certain of another fact.

‘The yangbans have weakened.’

This was something he had felt when he engaged in combat with the three yangbans, including Dodam. Be it in attack power, defense, health, and speed, all the yangbans he met in Chiaotzu were clearly inferior to the yangbans that Grid had previously encountered. Maru, who had a presence equivalent to Garam, was no exception.

‘Are the yangbans in the Cho Kingdom exceptionally good?’

It was easy for Grid to expand on this idea. He recalled the resurrection of the red phoenix.



'The yangbans are people who have strengthened their abilities by absorbing the breaths or hearts of the Four Auspicious Beasts.'

As a representative example, the Red Phoenix's Breath gave great destructive power and recovery ability to the yangbans. However, the red phoenix had resurrected, and the yangbans were now unable to properly control the Red Phoenix's Breath.

'The red phoenix has started to exercise control over the breaths that have been stolen by the yangbans.'

It was clear that the stats and skills of the yangbans who lost a single breath had dropped significantly compared to the previous yangbans. Indeed, it was correct to judge it like this. In other words—

'There is hope as long as I join forces with Old Sword Demon.'

After taking potions, Grid turned away from Old Sword Demon and Maru, who had started exchanging blows again. He looked at the high rankers struggling against the yangbans on the battlefield and asked Bondre, "Have you recovered somewhat?"

"Yes. The performance of the potion you gave is tremendous."

"Good. Let's take care of the other yangbans while Old Sword Demon is holding up Maru. I'll ask for some assistance."

Bondre told Grid, "My quest is finished."

"...?"

"My quest was cleared when the man called Hwang Gildong seized the Black Tortoise Jewel from the yangbans."

"...??"

"I was surprised too. In any case, I don't have a reason to fight anymore."

"....."

Was it the same with the others? Bondre smiled at Grid, who was anxious that he might have to fight alone. "However, if you ask me to help, I can help."

As a proud Frenchman—no, he shouldn't use this expression because it was full of prejudice. After all, it was just a disgusting smile. Bondre smiled in a disgusting manner and urged, "Now Grid. Please ask once. Ask me for help."

He was looking forward to seeing Grid's crying face, but Grid easily bowed his head without changing his expression. "Help me."

"...?"

"The strongest ice magician in the rankings, please help me."

"...Shit."

It was so easy for Grid to bow his head.

'It isn't even necessary for him to take pride in himself...'

Bondre alone seemed to have been conscious of their relationship. The enlightened and discouraged Bondre grumbled and stood beside Grid. Bondre cleared the quest and recovered from the levels he lost. He was two levels higher, so his magic power had become more powerful than before. "I owe you one. If I don't pay you back, then my dreams will be terrible. So I'll help you."

"Thank you. Your personality has become better since being with Ares."

"Shut up. I am Bondre. I'm not affected by anyone. Entering Valhalla was just a momentary diversion."

"Contact me if your mood changes. The Overgeared Kingdom will welcome people like you at any time."

"Do you still want to talk nonsense?"

Bondre spread webs of ice all over the place. Grid admired it. It was because all the webs created by Bondre exquisitely interfered with the mobility of the yangbans. The yangbans had been seriously injured by Grid and then had to fight the high rankers without a break. They couldn't overcome the irritation surging in their hearts and broke the webs. Among them, one yangban who cut the web became Grid's target. "Transcended Link Flower."

"...!"

It was just for a moment. The yangban was distracted by the ice web and revealed a gap. Yet Grid precisely dug through that gap. The frightened yangban desperately tried to avoid the blue-black petals, but it was useless. It was because Bubab had grabbed his collar and dropped him. The dopo fluttered. The yangban's unnecessarily loose clothes were a fatal weakness against Bubab.

"You...! Let go!"

"Transcended Link Flower Pinnacle."

"Kuaaaaak!"

Thanks to the active cooperation of Bondre and Bubab, Grid started to dominate the battlefield. They traveled over the battlefield, and the injured yangbans were smashed one by one.

"Ohhhhh!"

This was the moment when the morale of the high rankers soared into the sky. Then a man fell between Grid and the high rankers. It was a ragged Old Sword Demon.

"O-Old Sword Demon!"

The high rankers had forgotten about Old Sword Demon as they concentrated on the yangbans, so they supported him belatedly. Old Sword Demon's red cheeks were swollen, and he spat out blood as he glared at the high rankers. "Cough, cough. Neglecting someone who came to help you..."

"I-I'm sorry."

"Ugh... Bad people..."

“....”

The force with which Old Sword Demon first appeared was nowhere to be seen. However, Grid and the rankers fully understood his attitude. Having been left unattended for 10 minutes, Old Sword Demon was angry because he had to deal with Maru alone.

Step.*Step*. Step...Maru was approaching. He looked fine, unlike Old Sword Demon who seemed like he was about to die. There was just no calm expression to be found on him. Maru had lost the Black Tortoise Jewel, gotten tied up by a human for 10 minutes, and lost all his siblings, so he was in a terrible mood.

“Chiyou... If it wasn’t for Chiyou, I wouldn’t need to go through all of this... It is the first time I’ve felt this type of anger.”

Once he heard that Garam had been killed by his target, he had expected a tough fight. As the days passed by, he felt a weakening of control over the Red Phoenix’s Breath and was anxious. However, he believed he would eventually win. He had 20 siblings around him. They were even all candidates for the new seats available in the Seven. At this level of power, he was confident that he could handle two or three archangels. He never imagined that he would suffer a crushing defeat to humans.

‘That silver-haired demonkin was the problem.’

How many siblings had he harmed by himself? Maru took off the dolo that he was wearing roughly. He was conscious of Bubal and felt it was better to give up his defense than get caught like his siblings. It was a possible judgment because Maru was convinced humans wouldn’t be able to handle a body that would soon become a god’s.

“I will trample on you one by one, killing you thoroughly before grabbing the neck of Hwang Gildong.”

“Ohh!” Old Sword Demon smiled and looked bright. “I’ll cheer you on! Grab the neck of Hwang Gildong!”

“...?”

The more they knew, the more Old Sword Demon’s character was broken. Grid stared at him. Old Sword Demon felt the gaze and explained, “Please understand. That guy Hwang Gildong is really rude. Furthermore...”

Old Sword Demon looked at the state of the high rankers. The numbers remaining were half the original and most of the survivors were seriously injured. Bubal’s thick legs, which had been at the heart of the battle, were shaking while Bondre’s face was pale. Bubal was about to run out of stamina, and Bondre was running out of magic power. Grid was fine, but it was absolutely impossible for him to fight Maru and win.

Old Sword Demon had fought Maru for 10 minutes and felt that this person’s defense was amazing. Even Overgeared King Grid would find it hard to damage Maru’s body which was harder than steel.

“Since we are all going to die anyway... I hope that he will grab Hwang Gildong’s neck and make Hwang Gildong a companion for us down the path to the Underworld. Understand my feelings.”

“Then why did you help us?”

“I was lost because Hwang Gildong abandoned me and disappeared alone. Then I found you and joined because it was better off joining than being alone. Yet it is ruined. Shit.”

“.....”

Grid and the high rankers made awkward expressions and tried to ignore Old Sword Demon. They fixed their eyes on Maru. Maru started to operate the three breaths of the blue dragon, white tiger, and black tortoise simultaneously. The pressure around him was on a different dimension from before. Heavy rain and lightning struck the ground.

“Can you win?” Bondre asked suddenly. He saw that Maru’s power easily transcended the other yangbans, but he still had hope. It was because the man standing beside him was none other than Grid.

Bondre gazed at Grid with expectant eyes, but Old Sword Demon dealt reality to him. “Don’t put too much pressure on the supreme one. This time, the opponent is too tough. Rather than fighting, it would be wiser to find a way to live.”

The space seemed to be torn apart as Maru flew and aimed his fist at Grid. A wild storm shook Grid’s vision. The turbulent land broke Grid’s posture, and lightning penetrated Grid’s entire body. Maru only swung his fist once. However, the added effects drove Mother Nature, and it was like Heaven was beating Grid.

‘It’s ruined.’

Bubat, Bondre, and the other high rankers had a gut feeling.

‘Hwang Gildong, that damn human.’

It happened as Old Sword Demon was clicking his tongue. Maru’s fist that had just reached Grid’s nose stopped and hardened like stone.

“...!”

It wasn’t just Maru who had become a statue. Even the high rankers standing with Grid were all turned to stone. They couldn’t even move a finger. In this world that had stopped—

“Item Combination.”

How high was his resistance to lightning? Despite being continuously struck by lightning, Grid continued combining two swords into one. The God Hands each pulled out a Mjolnir and circled around Maru, preparing to hit him.

“Request to Stand With Me.”

Grid raised his sword high. His heart’s desire was simple. It was to crush the enemy in front of him. The strong waves of pure energy dispersed the heavy rain and lightning in the area. A huge shadow was cast from the open sky. “Pounding Mortar.”

## [Chapter 1209](#)

Grid was intimidated by Maru. Maru’s stats might be worse than Garam’s, but his technical level was higher. So Grid felt a pressure comparable to the first time he met Garam.

He admired Old Sword Demon lasting 10 minutes against Maru, but simultaneously, he felt frustrated.

'It will be hard if I'm caught by him even once.'

If it wasn't for the resurrection of the red phoenix, Maru would've been stronger than Garam. There would be no chance of winning then. Grid had consumed so many skills in his previous fights that there was a high probability of losing even if his health was 100%.

Due to the land that was fluctuating like waves, Grid struggled to regain his balance. The harsh storm interfered with his senses, but he barely escaped by relying on his transcendent status. He ignored the thunderbolts that fell toward his body and quickly raised his concentration.

'It is best to borrow Mercedes' power to increase the chances of winning.'

The fraudulent nature of Keen Insight had already been proven. It was the power to contemplate the target's thoughts and actions, forcing fate. Its absolute power had been fatal against Garam.

'If Keen Insight is implanted in my body, I'll be able to avoid the attacks while striking at Maru's weaknesses.'

First, Grid had to take the initiative. He had to deal as much damage as possible and buy time for Old Sword Demon and the high rankers to recover. This was the first step. Grid was planning for a long battle, only to become startled. Maru, who had been standing in the distance, bent his knees and narrowed the distance in an instant.

'A long fight is bullshit!'

Grid seemed to be falling behind right now.

[You have suffered 190 damage.]

[You have suffered 257 damage.]

[You have suffered 231 damage.]

[You have suffered 305...]

The closer that Maru got, the more the ground shook. The storm became so intense that it was hard for Grid to regain his senses despite relying on his transcendence. The number of thunderbolts falling on his body increased rapidly, and the overlapping damage became a burden.

'Shit!'

This was it. It was the real prestige of the yangbans. Grid faced Maru, who used three breaths to improve his stats, and felt that the fierce battles against Garam where he had suffered were passing by like a lantern. Feeling nervous, Grid hurriedly attempted to use Request to Stand With Me. It was at this time that...

[You have assimilated with the breath of the White Tiger and entered the Earth God state.]

...a skill, which occurred with a very low probability when stepping on the ground, was triggered in a timely manner. This was a timing that could only be interpreted as the help of the good luck stat.

[Three skills are activated.]

Grid had already become accustomed to the use of Earth God. He used a skill even before the notification window gave the explanation.

[Earth's Embrace has been triggered.]

[All targets in a radius of 10 meters will be petrified for 10 seconds. The petrified target will be immune to all damage.]

Earth's Embrace—it was a skill with a warm name that didn't match its terrifying effects. It seemed that the white tiger originally used this skill to protect humanity.

"Item Combination."

Grid glanced at Maru's fist that had stopped in front of him in a mocking manner and used his skills sequentially. Following Blacksmith's Rage and Quick Movements, he combined two swords together to gain the maximum attack power. Then his plan changed. "Request to Stand With Me."

[The power of Duke of Virtue is requesting help from your knight, 'Piaro.']

[Piaro is happy to respond to your request.]

[The Free Farming Style ultimate technique, 'Pounding Mortar,' is activated.]

[The sword energy resource will be temporarily changed to pure energy.]

[If the resource consumed when using a skill is sword energy, it will be replaced by the consumption of pure energy.]

[If using a skill that consumes pure energy, the attack power of the skill will increase by 20% and the hit rate will decrease by 30%.]

The reason why Grid changed his plan was simple. The petrification meant Maru would be unprepared and would allow the next attack. It was much more efficient to launch an ultimate blow than to engage in a long battle with Keen Insight.

[Pounding Mortar]

[Just as a mortar grinds the grain, the mortar made of pure energy will smash the target.]

Inflicts 6,200% attack power to a single target, and there is a probability of ignoring the target's defense. It will ignore a minimum of 30% and a maximum of 80%.

Inflicts half the damage to enemies around the target, and there will be a probability of ignoring their defense. Ignores a minimum of 10% and a maximum of 60%.

★ There will be a three-stage hit if a critical hit occurs.

Resources Consumed: 1,000 pure energy.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.]

'A three-stage hit?'

It meant the 6200% damage stacked three times. It was the moment when it was revealed why Piaro relied on Pounding Mortar instead of Fated to Perish during every important moment. The attack coefficient of Fated to Perish was higher than Pounding Mortar due to its nature of instant death, but Piaro liked to use Pounding Mortar even if the target wasn't immune to instant death. There was only one reason for that. It was because the maximum damage of Pounding Mortar went beyond that of Fated to Perish.

'He created such a powerful technique by himself...'

This was indeed Piaro. Compared to the legends of the previous generation, Piaro had yet to fully mature, but he would one day surely be reborn as the strongest existence comparable to Braham or the Undefeated King. It would happen alongside Mercedes.

Then an unexpected notification window popped up in the vision of the unsuspecting Grid.

[The Matchless Heart Technique that you have learned has improved the power of the Free Farming Style.]

"...!"

The rare swordsmanship, Supreme Swordsmanship, had been handed down from generation to generation through Piaro's family, and Piaro had created his Free Farming Style based on it. Meanwhile, Biban's swordsmanship and his Matchless Heart Technique cut off one wing of the stone dragon Gujel.

A chill went down Grid's spine as he synthesized the information. 'Is the Supreme Swordsmanship passed down in Piaro's family derived from Biban's swordsmanship?'

There was a theory that Supreme Swordsmanship originated from the East Continent, but it was just a theory. It could even be a rumor. Biban's Matchless Sword might have originated in the East Continent.

[The effect of the Matchless Heart Technique has increased the attack power of Pounding Mortar by 1200%, and the effect of ignoring defense is strengthened. Resource consumption is halved.]

The intensity of the pure energy launched by Grid was much greater than Piaro's pure energy. It was enough to scatter the storm in the area and completely penetrate the sky, making it look impure in Maru's eyes. He believed it was a blasphemy to damage the sky, which was Hanul himself.

'This guy... What is this guy...'

Maru had noticed it from the moment the cry of the white tiger was heard from a distant place. The human in front of him was able to perfectly reproduce some of the power of the white tiger. He seemed to reproduce a power that Maru was only capable of reproducing by borrowing the power of the black tortoise. Maru wondered if it was pure talent or a blessing. In fact, Grid actually recreated it using items.

'This guy has reached a level similar to Mir with his human body...?'

Comparing Grid to Mir was too great of an exaggeration. Mir was able to reproduce the power of all Four Auspicious Beasts one by one, but he was the most talented one among the yangbans. He was so perfect that rumors circulated he was the most perfect yangban Hanul had created. Despite the lack of faith, he had set foot into the realm of a god. Humans weren't comparable to him. However, at this moment, a human was showing a greatness reminiscent of Mir.

'This is ridiculous!' Maru wanted to deny it. He couldn't admit that he was inferior to a human. It felt like he would forever move away from being a god if he acknowledged it. 'Will I be beaten?'

Maru controlled the Black Tortoise's Breath. The energy of destruction rose from him. It was designed to destroy the stone that caused his body to stiffen.

'A success!'

The petrification around his joints started to loosen. Then it happened the moment that Maru felt joy. The turtle standing among the humans emitted a red glow. The energy of destruction that Maru operated disappeared like it was a lie, and the petrification that was about to be eliminated became powerful again.

'The black tortoise!'

Was the ego of a god interfering with him?

"Yooou!" The screams recurring in his head finally emerged from his mouth. The war of nerves with the black tortoise was meaningless because the petrification was naturally removed. Fortunately, the duration was short...

'What?'

A chill went down Maru's spine. Once the senses of his petrified body were revived, it was possible for him to measure the total amount of energy falling from the sky.

'Zeratul's spear?'

It was an attack with enormous power reminiscent of the War God. Maru reflexively chose to evade. He didn't even think of confronting that huge power head-on. However, he couldn't take a single step. It was because Grid coordinated the time at which Pounding Mortar hit the ground to match when the petrification was released.

"Kuoock...!"

The arms Maru raised above his head were crushed. Unable to bear the weight, his waist twisted, and his knees were bent. Maru started bleeding all over and tried to endure with gritted teeth, but he was soon crushed by the mortar and buried deep in the ground.

Pounding Mortar still wasn't over. The ground was crushed again by a larger weight. It was the aftermath of the three-stage hit created by the critical hit.

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title 'Death in One Shot!' has been activated, adding 40% critical damage!]

[The target has received 35,690,650 damage!]

[The target has received 38,820,100 damage!]

[The target has received 37,705,244 damage!]

[The target's arms, shoulders, back, and legs have been fractured!]



Was it the aftermath of the shock? The land shook in all directions, and the high rankers got motion sickness. Meanwhile, Grid avoided the waves by floating in the air and saw traces of the disaster that the mortar had created. He saw a deep crater. The area was small compared to the craters caused by Braham's meteorites, but it was twice as deep. There was a dot in the middle of the crater.

Cough, cough!

The identity of the dot was Maru who was coughing up blood. His arms and legs were angled at bizarre angles, and his shattered chest caused his breathing to be rough. A Garam-level yangban was incapacitated with a single blow.

To be honest, Grid had goosebumps. Grid's Greatsword increased the critical hit rate, while Death in One Shot! increased the critical hit damage. Additionally, there was the increase in attack power from Item Combination and the Matchless Heart Technique...

With all of them combined, Grid's Pounding Mortar was made far superior to Piaro's. There was even the interconnection with Earth God, so the hit rate was guaranteed to be close to 100%. It would be hard for a god to avoid it, let alone a yangban.

'No, a god can resist the petrification of Earth God.'

In any case...

'This is my ultimate technique now...'

Grid was overwhelmed when he accurately measured his growth. It might be necessary to meet the harsh preconditions, but once all conditions were met, he could send a yangban to death in one shot. It was a huge difference compared to when he first arrived in the East Continent.

Even so, Grid wasn't satisfied. It was impossible for it to be seen as a perfect force when it was a strength that relied on luck. However, the high rankers watching Grid didn't know what was going on. All the high rankers, including Bondre and Bubat, fully accepted Grid's power that destroyed the yangban and felt fear beyond admiration.

Meanwhile, Old Sword Demon was showing his lost hope. 'Grid... Perhaps if you go to Kaya...'

Step. Grid descended to the ground. He pointed his sword at Maru, who was trying to raise his trembling body. Maru was smiling despite death being around the corner. "I am like this because of a human... It is more absurd and funnier than any comedy I've seen."

"Don't be too depressed. Accept your punishment as you are reminded of those you have deceived and sacrificed.

"Punish...? Kukuk, kuhahahat!"

"..."

There was nothing to be gained from talking to this type of guy. Grid made this judgment based on several of his past experiences and was silent. Then it happened the moment he was about to cut off Maru's head prior to Item Combination ending.

“Punishment is something that a god gives to humanity. That’s how it is.”

Heat rose from Maru’s body. Grid’s senses noticed that the breaths of the Four Auspicious Beasts in Maru’s body were running wild. Maru stared at the bewildered Grid and made a sound with his mouth. Then Maru’s body exploded with enough power to fill the huge crater, and Grid was swept away.

“Grid!” Bubat’s and Bondre’s faces paled, and they immediately ran forward. Bondre suppressed the heat caused by the explosion with cold air while Bubat ran through the smoke to find Grid.

“Dammit, dammit!”

They fought together only for Grid to die alone...? Bondre didn’t want to be in debt to Grid and couldn’t accept this. Then while Bondre was chasing after Bubat in the smoke, he heard Grid’s voice.

“What?” Grid emerged, looking completely fine. He stood up with Bubat’s help and was holding a cloth in his hand that had been seen once before.

“It is once again the power of items... Damn bastard.” Bondre couldn’t hide his joy. At least for today, Grid was a colleague and friend, so Bondre welcomed his safe return with a smile. Bubat and the other rankers were the same. Just then, a blue light rose from the peak of Mount Baekmi in the distance.

“This...?”

The rankers were puzzled, but Grid had an accurate grasp of the situation.

‘Hwang Gildong has resurrected the black tortoise.’

This was as expected. Currently, it was raining. It was a clear rain that gave the protection of the black tortoise to all things in the north. This was the same phenomenon as when the red phoenix was resurrected. By the way...

“Why are you still here?” Grid asked the black tortoise who looked like a turtle.

The black tortoise replied awkwardly, 『Due to the involvement of the strange human, we are resurrected in a state where our egos are divided. We are two now.』

“...??”

[The content of the ★Hidden Quest★ Protect the Black Tortoise has changed.]

## [Chapter 1210](#)

[Protect the Black Tortoise]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

Someone unknown has completed the ritual of resurrection when the black tortoise’s ego is divided into two.

Therefore, the black tortoise has been divided into the black tortoise of death and the black tortoise of water.

Help reunite the black tortoise of death with the black tortoise of water.

Quest Clear Condition: Reunion of the black tortoise of death and the black tortoise of water.

Quest Clear Rewards: Black tortoise's shell. Affinity with the black tortoise will reach the maximum.

Quest Failure: The weakening of the black tortoise. The balance of the Four Auspicious Beasts will collapse. The new episode 'Descent of King Sobyel'.

★ Once the Descent of King Sobyel occurs, the myths of the East Continent will once again be covered with lies.]

'Who is King Sobyel?' It was the first time he heard this name in the game. Based on the content, it was only possible to guess that it was one of the Five Seniors. On the other hand, the identity of the unknown person who completed the resurrection ritual was obvious. It was Hwang Gildong, the man who stole the Black Tortoise Jewel.

The clear rain falling was thickening.

[The protection of the black tortoise will cover all things in the north.]

[The level and stats of all beings living in the south will rise slightly.]

[Some of the weakened sacred creatures have regained a bit of their strength.]

[Some of the scattered traces of the false myths will disappear.]

[A small number of beings living in the north will be hostile to the Hwan Kingdom.]

[The news isn't transmitted to the two kingdoms of Pa and Kaya due to the interference of the Hwan Kingdom.]

[The people of the Cho Kingdom are happy to feel the resurrection of the black tortoise.]

It wasn't news to be pleased about. Once the red phoenix was resurrected, the level and stats of all beings living in the south were 'greatly' increased and recovery had improved. Some of the weakened sacred creatures had 'fully' regained their strength. The false myths that had been scattered were 'all' burned and 'all' the beings living in the south were hostile to the Hwan Kingdom. Compared to the beneficial effects created by the resurrection of the red phoenix, the beneficial effects created by the resurrection of the black tortoise were reduced.

'Damn, is this true?'

Grid frowned as he realized the seriousness of the situation but he couldn't blame Hwang Gildong. Grid and the rankers would've already been wiped out if Hwang Gildong hadn't stolen the jewel and the resurrection of the black tortoise itself would've been impossible.

Yes, strictly speaking, Hwang Gildong was a benefactor. He did well enough. It was regrettable that the timing of the black tortoise's resurrection was wrong... no, could it truly be called a mistake?

'Did he intentionally aim for this?'

Grid recalled his meeting with Qi Jian's group. They belonged to the Chivalrous Robbers and not only knew the truth of the world but that the red phoenix had been resurrected. They even figured out the

location of the Black Tortoise Jewel. The intelligence network of the Chivalrous Robbers was superior to Grid.

'It is extremely unlikely that Hwang Gildong, the leader of the Chivalrous Robbers, wouldn't have known this situation.'

In the first place, Hwang Gildong himself had personally entered the battlefield. It would be impossible for him to not discover that the black tortoise of death was with Grid on the battlefield.

'He knew the black tortoise's ego is divided into two but still performed the resurrection ritual...'

This was terrible. Grid's purpose for the complete resurrection of the Four Auspicious Beasts might be different from Hwang Gildong's purpose. Grid had a headache and was frowning when Bubat approached him and asked, "Grid, did you fail the quest? Why are you looking gloomy alone?"

Obviously, the expressions of Bubat and the other high rankers were bright. They had no idea that the black tortoise was resurrected in an incomplete state and seemed glad to get the rewards from clearing the quest.

Grid didn't want to spoil the mood and smiled.

"What is your quest?"

"It was originally to protect the artifact of the Four Gods but then that turtle... No, the contents changed after the black tortoise appeared. The goal was to get revenge on the yangbans who deceived us. Thanks to you, we've achieved our purpose."

Bubat opened the ranking window. His ranking had shot up a huge 31 positions.

"Thank you."

Bubat and the high rankers politely spoke to Grid. The top 00005% of pros, perhaps the world's proudest geniuses, were all bowing to Grid.

"...I also want to thank you." Grid awkwardly scratched his cheek and replied with his head bowed. They were heartfelt words. Grid wouldn't have won without the high rankers.

Unlike Bubat, the quick-witted Bondre urged Grid, "Hey, Grid. Don't change the topic and explain the situation. What went so wrong that you're making an expression of chewing shit on your own?"

The black tortoise hadn't spoken and directly conveyed its thoughts to Grid's mind. The high rankers didn't know there was an incident with Hwang Gildong. Rather than rejoicing in the resurrection of the black tortoise and the blessing of all beings in the north, Grid was thinking seriously about the situation alone.

"In fact..." Grid sighed and explained the situation. All the high rankers who listened intently were flustered.

"Hwang Gildong isn't a person who is easily met."

Hwang Gildong was so mysterious that it was said he flashed in the east and appeared in the west. He was also the leader of the Chivalrous Robbers that was hostile to the Hwan Kingdom, so he wouldn't

show up easily. At first glance, he seemed free-spirited but he wasn't an opponent who could be met just because one wanted to meet him. He acted strictly according to his own plans.

"If it is as Grid guessed and Hwang Gildong intentionally caused this, won't it be a headache? It will be really difficult to reunite them if Hwang Gildong decides to hide the black tortoise of water."

"I think differently. I think Grid will be able to persuade him. The world will be in crisis again if the black tortoise doesn't reunite. Hwang Gildong will decide to cooperate with Grid."

"First, we need to be able to talk to him to persuade him... it means nothing if Hwang Gildong keeps hiding from Grid."

The eyes of the seriously discussing high rankers turned to Old Sword Demon. It was because he had been a colleague of Hwang Gildong just an hour ago so they thought he would be able to meet Hwang Gildong and persuade this person.

"...No, it isn't like that."

The people looking expectantly at Old Sword Demon shook their heads and sighed. Hwang Gildong's attitude of abandoning Old Sword Demon and running away alone made them think the two people weren't close. Grid also didn't have high expectations of Old Sword Demon.

Old Sword Demon laughed like he was embarrassed. "Your thoughts are right. It isn't easy for me to meet Hwang Gildong. He is a suspicious man so I don't have the confidence to persuade him. However, there is something. I have worked with Hwang Gildong over 10 times. I know Hwang Gildong's personality very well."

"...?"

"Supreme one, Hwang Gildong will probably be waiting for you on Mount Baekmi."

"...!"

Grid's actions were swift. He immediately summoned Overgeared Corn and rode on top of it.

"Ohhh!" Exclamations burst out everywhere. They were amazed by the beauty of the rare unicorn. Just...

"Overgeared Corn, did you rest enough?"

"..."

Everyone looked like they woke up as they shut their gaping mouths after hearing Overgeared Corn's name. Grid's naming sense reduced the value of the noble unicorn.

"Grid, I'll go with you just in case."

"Me too!"

"Take me too."

The high rankers gathered by Grid's side. They expressed their desire to help Grid. Bubab's enthusiasm was particularly high. Grid shook his head. "It's okay. I think it is better to go alone than to bring a bunch of people to Hwang Gildong."

All the yangbans in the area had already been dealt with and Hwang Gildong wasn't an enemy. There was no need to worry about danger. Grid smiled as he faced the high rankers, including Bubab and Bondre. "Thank you for your thoughts."

"Grid..."

"I'm going. You should leave as well. You must be busy."

It happened the moment when Grid carried the black tortoise and ordered Overgeared Corn to leave.

"Grid! If you ever have any difficulties then feel free to contact me! It might not be as good as the Overgeared Guild but I still run a pretty powerful guild! We can be even a small help!"

The high rankers shouted and Overgeared Corn started to run. Grid watched them waving until they disappeared from view and then murmured to himself, "It is reassuring..."

"You are being cheered on by the world's best rankers in terms of ability, potential, and influence. I think it is great."

"...?!"

Grid was shocked by the sudden voice. He looked around and saw Old Sword Demon following him. He moved like he was walking with folded arms but his speed wasn't slow at all compared to Overgeared Corn.

'When did he start following?'

Grid had no idea. It was like Old Sword Demon had erased his presence again, just like when he fooled the yangbans.

"Did you change to a legendary class?" Grid wondered.

The emergence of new legendary classes was only known through the world messages but one shouldn't always believe in the world messages. In Grid's case, it had only been a long time after Grid changed to Pagma's Descendant that it was announced as a world message.

"Not yet."

Not yet. The implications of this answer were significant.

'A growth type class that can reach legendary!'

Yes, now it was understandable. Why had one of the best high rankers disappeared for several years? Where did the power that allowed him to fight 10 minutes with Maru come from? This person was already forgotten by many but he would soon return in a splendid manner. It would be along with the world message announcing the emergence of a new legend.

"Then I'll be waiting for the good news."

“Huhu, thank you. I am being cheered on by the supreme one so I don’t know what to do.”

“Please speak comfortably. Senior, you are also famous...”

Old Sword Demon smiled at Grid, who refrained from using the term ‘grandfather’s peer.’ “Does age matter in a game? The person with the higher level is the older brother.”

“...I don’t want to be called Brother by you.”

“Huhu, by the way, you are great. A few years ago, I had just arrived on the East Continent and was thrilled when I saw Kraugel’s performance. Today, I got even more shivers. You truly deserve to be the supreme one.”

“It wouldn’t be a surprise if the position is stolen back. Kraugel is a great friend.”

“Hoh...”

Old Sword Demon’s eyes shone. He saw a passion that would never go out in Grid’s eyes the moment Kraugel’s name was spoken.

‘The presence of Kraugel is increasing his interest.’

As the saying went, ‘a perfect match made in heaven.’

Old Sword Demon smiled at himself but still didn’t slow down. Despite running for dozens of minutes, he didn’t breathe hard and maintained the same running speed as Overgeared Corn as they reached Baekmi River.

‘Isn’t he an assassin?’

In general, assassins struggled over whether to put points in agility or strength. However, Old Sword Demon showed amazing physique even when he fought with Maru. Additionally, his strength and agility weren’t low either.

‘It might be a class-specific effect... or did he consume a lot of elixirs?’

The East Continent was home to the golden walnuts. If Old Sword Demon had been active in the East Continent for many years then he might’ve been steadily taking the golden walnuts.

“You’ve worked hard.”

After passing the river, Grid arrived in front of Mount Baekmi and returned Overgeared Corn to the pet inventory. It was to recover Overgeared Corn’s stamina in case of an emergency. Old Sword Demon approached Grid and spoke while looking up at the peak of Mount Baekmi, “Supreme one, I’m sure Hwang Gildong will try to test you.”

“Based on Hwang Gildong’s information network, shouldn’t he already know my inclination and disposition?”

“Reconfirming information is Hwang Gildong’s habit. It is better for you to be nervous. If you let down your guard for even a moment then you will be following his pace. If you do well then you might exchange sword blows.”

“Um...”

The pale-faced scholar Huo Jin said that Hwang Gildong was on the same level as Braham. Of course, this was based on the evaluation of the nerfed Braham, but it was still superior to Grid.

‘I’m nervous.’

Grid hugged the black tortoise of death and started to run to the top of the mountain. There was no need to fly. He had been used to climbing mountains since the days of cutting wood.

“Old Sword Demon? Isn’t that a cliff?”

“Hum hum.”

Grid was a bit delayed because Old Sword Demon headed in the wrong direction the entire time but he still quickly arrived at his destination.

“Nice to meet you, Overgeared King Grid. No, should I call you Overgeared God Grid?”

The peak of the mountain had an altar where the marks of the ritual still remained. There, ‘hundreds’ of young men welcomed Grid.

‘What?’

Grid was surprised by the unexpected number of people. Then he saw their faces and was shocked. They all had different postures and expressions but they looked exactly the same. Their names were all Hwang Gildong.

‘Clones!’

Even a great demon couldn’t make hundreds of clones. At the same time, Hwang Gildong discovered the black tortoise of death and spoke to the tense and vigilant Grid.

“You also brought the former black tortoise. Very good.”

“Former black tortoise?”

“It is the former black tortoise because it will disappear soon.”

Disappear? Something was wrong...

Grid got a chill down his spine and shouted urgently, “Wait! The black tortoise...!”

Damn, he was in a hurry and twisted his words. Grid changed the name of the black tortoise for convenience.

“The former black tortoise must be one again with the black tortoise of water! Otherwise, the balance of the Four Auspicious Beasts will be broken and the world will be in a crisis!”

“Once the former black tortoise disappears, the faith accumulated in the black tortoise will be concentrated in the black tortoise of water and the balance won’t collapse.”

“I think that the ability of the former black tortoise itself is necessary to maintain the balance!”



“Hrmm... It doesn’t matter if you’re right. In any case, now is the time for humans to step up. The Four Auspicious Beasts have already failed once. Humanity should no longer rely on them.”

“Then why did you resurrect the black tortoise?”

“It is obviously to weaken the yangbans.”

The hundreds of Hwang Gildong flew in unison at Grid. The clubs in their hands were very big and imposing. “Please hand over the former black tortoise. The former black tortoise who destroys civilization is humanity’s greatest enemy. It must disappear.”