

Overgeared 1221

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"I don't know what it is but I can help you. I can feel from the energy of the insane dragon iron in your hands that you have completed the mission I entrusted to you. This will be a reward."

Biban was Grid's benefactor. If it wasn't for the favor he showed during the 9th's Test, Grid wouldn't have gained the Matchless Heart Technique. Biban even corrected the Undefeated King's Swordsmanship. Grid liked Biban. It was a short relationship but he felt absolute liking and gratitude. He just didn't trust Biban very much at the moment because this person didn't know what fighting energy was. In the first place, Biban didn't recognize fighting energy. The proof was that he mistook Grid as Mercedes' servant on their first meeting.

'If Biban knew about the Hero King's fighting energy then he wouldn't have mistaken my identity.'

Could such a person help with the fusion of fighting energy and sword energy? Abellio stepped forward as Grid was feeling perplexed.

"The secret techniques that Biban left behind for an unknown genius fell into Muller's hands and Muller became the greatest legend of all time. It was a glimpse of the Matchless Heart Sword."

"....."

"It can be said that Biban is the originator of the Matchless Heart Sword and the progenitor of Muller. He will be very helpful to you."

"What the hell is going on?"

Biban got up while squeezing the wet cloth and urged Abellio to get to the point. Abellio avoided the dirty water and pointed to Grid's fighting energy.

"The Pioneer of this era has gained the qualification of Hero King and broke the harmony of heart, body, and skill. It is up to you to help him. Is it possible?"

"...The Hero King?"

Biban cocked his head and looked like he didn't know. His attitude made Grid feel even more uneasy. In the end, Grid asked directly, "Biban, you didn't know I was the Hero King?"

"Huh, you are still daring. Are you trying to test me? Don't doubt people. I was just glad to hear that you became the Hero King."

"You just heard about it now? I became the Hero King a number of years ago..."

"For a transcendent like me who lives for eternity, time is gratuitous. Decades ago is the same as yesterday and a few years ago is the same as now. It is pointless to discuss the past and present."

"Then why do you keep avoiding my eyes?"

"I've been tasked with the great mission of purifying the tower and I'm looking for dust that might be stuck somewhere."

'He is really...'

Grid sent Abellio a look asking for help. Abellio smiled and reassured Grid, "Don't think too much. He is joking."

In fact, Abellio's innermost thoughts were different. He noticed that Biban really didn't know. It was understandable. The Hero King's fighting energy was a mythical force. He didn't know that the energy Grid wore was fighting energy when Grid had been a legend for less than 20 years. No, even if he knew it was fighting energy, he might not have associated it with the Hero King.

In Biban's vision, the Hero King was an absolute strong person but Grid hadn't reached that level.

"I see..."

Grid wasn't very convinced but he had no choice but to nod. He didn't feel the need to fight for the truth. It wasn't important if Biban knew about fighting energy or not.

Step.Step.

Biban was descending the stairs. He held a bucket full of dirty water and a wet cloth but his eyes were deep and still, as if he was looking at the universe.

"In any case, we've lost quite a bit of time."

"....."

"If ordinary people have experiences like yours, they will naturally gain insight and improve. However, your body has been swallowed up by fighting energy and this didn't work fully. You will barely take one step while others take ten steps. It is really unfortunate."

"...?"

Grid's distrust toward Biban was washed away. Seeing that he gave the same explanation as Abellio, it seemed he truly was a tower member. It reminded Grid that Biban was the one responsible for the birth of Sword Saint Muller. At the same time, he felt like he had been hit in the back of the head.

'You will barely take one step while others take ten steps. It is really unfortunate?'

Grid recalled the information from the enlightenment system that had been activated a little while ago. It was a system that allowed players to gain experience on an ongoing basis when doing class-specific activities or battles. It was the fourth class advancement (awakening) 'public' system. However, Grid had a warning message added.

[You are unable to enjoy the effect of Enlightenment due to the 'fighting energy' resource.]

'...Ah.'

Grid felt dizzy. He realized it. If he didn't have fighting energy, the enlightenment system would've activated naturally without going through the process of obtaining this information. This meant that a typical player had no problem growing after reaching level 400. Rather, it seemed that the majority of people would be able to grow faster after level 400.

The enlightenment system existed because the system itself took care of non-combat professional classes or classes where it was hard to get 'great results.'

'The higher the level, the more the gap between players will decrease. Is this one of the reasons?'

Grid let out a deep sigh. His red face was back to normal. His anger had quickly subsided. In fact, the enlightenment system was convincing when he looked at it. The traditional way to level up was to clear high difficulty quests or defeat high level monsters and NPCs. This was too cruel for the relative underdogs who made up the absolute majority of the two billion players.

'I didn't think the experience required to level up was appropriate.'

It was definitely a tough game if it required leveling up in the usual manner. Grid sighed as he recalled all the hardships and adversities he experienced to reach level 408. 'I had fighting energy so I was able to defeat the yangbans and my level went up...'

Don't be too sorry. Don't think that he was the one who suffered disadvantages alone. From the time when he gained fighting energy, he gained a strength above his level. Due to fighting energy, he was able to reach this position very quickly...

Grid organized his mind and politely asked Biban, "Biban, please teach me how to curb fighting energy."

"Um..."

Biban didn't respond quickly. He didn't care about the dirty wet cloth touching his forearm and thought hard with crossed arms. Grid gulped. Biban's silence felt like it lasted an exceptionally long time.

"Hrmm..."

What was bothering him? Biban was distressed by his inability to come up with an answer and blew his nose with the wet cloth. He wiped his nose and then spoke with a complicated expression, "In my view, the only way to suppress fighting energy is to fuse it with sword energy and weaken the inherent effects of fighting energy. However, in order to accumulate a sword energy that can bear this mythical power, you need to master the Matchless Heart Technique..."

Biban's face darkened as he peeked at Grid's sword energy. "Your Matchless Heart Technique is still Level 1."

Level 1. This was the current state of the Matchless Heart Technique that Grid had learned. It only had 50% of the experience bar filled.

"How much time will it take for me to reach the mastered level in the Matchless Heart Technique?'

The good news was that the formula for acquiring experience with the Matchless Heart Technique was the 'recovery of sword energy.' After Grid consumed sword energy, the experience would increase in proportion to the amount of sword energy restored with the Matchless Heart Technique. This meant that he could intentionally gain experience. However, as with most skills, the experience gain rate would decrease as it leveled up. It might take years to reach level 10.

"Hah..." Grid gave a deep sigh and eventually lowered his head. Unbearable despair struck him.

Biban patted him on the shoulder. "Don't be too frustrated. This is the Tower of Wisdom. It is the place where the geniuses of each era are gathered. It is also a mysterious place that runs on a dragon's heart. There will surely be a good method."

"....."

"First, let's go see the other tower members. I'm sure that everyone will welcome your arrival after finishing your first mission successfully."

"...Thank you, Biban."

Grid didn't do anything special for Biban but he was very moved because Biban was kind to him. Thus, he couldn't say anything. Grid, who was following behind Biban up the stairs, stopped in place and stood beside Abellio. He walked as far away from Biban as possible.

Biban couldn't hide his sadness. "What is it? Our relationship is deeper. Why are you walking beside Abellio instead of me?"

"That..."

Grid couldn't speak candidly and Abellio replied on his behalf, "It is because you smell."

"Smell?"

"You rubbed your face with the wet cloth and the stench has spread."

"Shit! Why are you only saying that now?"

Biban threw the wet cloth away and rushed up the stairs. He was embarrassed to show off this ugly appearance.

Abellio told the sorry Grid, "Biban is a wonderful man. It is just that compared to the relatively ordinary tower members, he has very good concentration. Once immersed in a situation, he often can't look around. Please understand."

"Ah... I already know it."

"Huhu, I'm glad you know. I was afraid you would be disappointed."

"Haha..."

There was nothing to feel disappointed about. The first impression was already the worst. Grid shook his head and walked alongside Abellio to the top floor of the tower, the 10th floor.

"The seventh seat, Abellio, presents the Pioneer of this era." Abellio guided Grid into the room and bowed politely to the people sitting at the round table.

Everyone at the round table got up, bowed to Abellio, and then turned to Grid.

"I can feel Pagma's energy."

"Is this Braham's magic power?"

"The Hero King's fighting energy! It's great!"

The other tower masters were completely different from Biban. From the first meeting, they saw many things about Grid and showed great interest. However, only one of them penetrated Grid completely.

“The power of a god.”

The 1st seat, Hayate—only he was paying attention to Grid’s heart.

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Just because King Arthur and his knights sat side by side at the round table didn’t mean their positions were equal. The meaning of the round table was equality but this was sometimes symbolic. It was the case now. The seat where Hayate sat was the top seat.

Once he opened his mouth, all the tower members listened politely.

“The righteous being of the east has been revived. It seems that you resurrected the red phoenix?” Hayate smiled as he gazed at Grid’s heart, as if he was seeing through everything and looking directly at the heart of the red phoenix. “I never thought that a human would share the most noble life of the red phoenix of the Four Auspicious Beasts. I’m proud to be a fellow human being.”

“...Do you know the true myth of the East Continent?”

For Grid, the encounter with Biban and Abellio was shocking. Both of them recognized the problem that Grid was experiencing and taught him, so Grid felt awe at the existence of the tower members. However, Hayate saw much more than they did. He knew more.

“The Tower of Wisdom doesn’t distinguish the world between east to west. We always see it as the same world.”

“Is that true?”

The person who asked the question was Biban, not Grid.

Hayate smiled graciously while 2nd Seat Fronzaltz stared at him with a grim look. Hayate spoke, “Sir Biban might not know it. By the time Sir Biban joined the tower, the dragons’ activity radius had been reduced to the west.”

“Hayate! There are records in the tower, a history! If Biban had the minimum level of consciousness then he wouldn’t be unaware of our past activities!”

The 2nd seat Fronzaltz simultaneously criticized Biban’s ignorance and Hayate’s soft attitude. He was dissatisfied with Biban who hadn’t built up even the basic knowledge, causing him to ask silly questions. He also didn’t like that Hayate defended him instead of punishing him.

‘This has probably happened more than once or twice...’

As the atmosphere became worse, Grid shut his mouth and stepped back. Then he glanced at the other tower members. Biban, who made Fronzaltz explode, rubbed his ears like he was mocking Fronzaltz. Meanwhile, the 8th seat, Jessica, mouthed a warning to him.

The rest of the members were just smiling like Hayate. They seemed bold and generous like the apostles of justice devoted to defending the world from the mighty enemies, the dragons. Fronzaltz sighed and

told Biban, "From today on, read the records of the tower and learn about the history of the tower. Then I'll get rid of your 10 years cleaning punishment."

"The books in the tower are all written in ancient runes. How do you want me to read them?"

"Study!"

"I would rather clean up. No, I will focus on purification and training."

"You!" Fronzaltz's face turned red as he gritted his teeth. In the relatively free association, he was the only one obsessed with rules and control.

Grid understood his feelings. 'He is in Lauel's position.'

In particular, the more free-spirited the leader, the more likely it was for his subordinate to make things serious. Someone had to strictly maintain the rules in order to maintain the organization. Fronzaltz argued a bit more with Biban before sighing and bowing to Grid. He apologized for showing a bad attitude. Grid smiled awkwardly and glanced at Biban. He was still digging at his ears like a naughty five year old child. In any case, the atmosphere calmed down. Hayate glanced at the other tower members.

Then the tower members started to introduce themselves to Grid.

"I'm the 8th seat, Jessica. I used to be a great magician in the same era as Biban."

"...!"

It has been said many times, the history that players could easily access was just the previous generation of legends. The history of generations decades or hundreds of years earlier was difficult to access because it was too long ago. There were too many documents that were lost or classified in the process of winning or losing wars. Even so, Jessica's name was famous enough that Grid had heard of it.

'The founder of echo magic.'

He often heard the names Haksen and Jessica from magicians such as Zednos and Laella while doing quests together. Haksen's highest point magic and Jessica's echo magic... Among them, echo magic was still being studied.

"It is an honor to meet you."

Jessica held out a hand and Grid shook it seriously. The actual encounter with a historical being was a thrilling experience every time.

"I'm the 6th seat, Ken. I'm a martial artist."

"I'm the 5th seat, Jurene. A monster tamer."

"I'm Betty... the 4th seat."

All three were names he was hearing for the first time. Like Abellio, they must've been active before Biban and Jessica. It was just that Ken and Jurene were young men and Betty was a young girl so he was once again struck by the existence of legends.

'Immortal beings...'

It was ironic that most legends of the previous generation disappeared after their deaths. Grid was engulfed in a strange mood when the 3rd seat rose. He was a man over two meters tall and his hand was so big that he could hold a watermelon in one hand. He didn't look like a human and instead seemed to be of another species.

"I'm Radwolf. I'm a scientist."

'A scientist?'

Was there ever a legendary scientist? Grid found it a bit strange and Radwolf added an explanation, "I'm a giant."

"...!!"

Grid was reminded of the relics of the ancient giants. A war weapon that fueled Imperial Prince Edan's ambitions.

'The magic machines!'

How did the tower members fight against the dragons? Grid had been questioning this after his experience with Biban and his doubts were finally resolved. Grid once again realized that the standards of the tower members gathered here was more than he imagined.

Fronzaltz shook hands with Grid who gulped. "I'm the 2nd seat. Radwolf's brother."

The giants still existed. However, they lost most of their intelligence and were treated almost as monsters. Meanwhile, Radwolf and Fronzaltz were ancient giants who were hailed as 'wise warriors.' Grid shook hands with Fronzaltz and finally shifted his gaze to Hayate, the top seat.

Unlike Radwolf and Fronzaltz, who gave off an intimidating impression due to their well-developed bones, Hayate was a pure human. He had blond hair, blue eyes, a handsome beard, and an elegant expression. He was a man with all the aristocratic traits that people commonly thought of.

He gave a brief but intense introduction. "Dragon Slayer."

"...!!"

"I am the first legend of humanity."

Dragon Slayer—it was a title that every gamer was envious of. Most games portrayed dragons as unique and the title 'Dragon Slayer' had its own unique style. In particular, Dragon Slayer in Satisfy was almost treated as an illusion.

In Satisfy, dragons weren't the target of a raid but a disaster in itself. Who would dare to fight an enemy that couldn't be resisted? If a player really existed with the Dragon Slayer title then it was just a fake half-title obtained from hunting a wyvern. In fact, the inhabitants and history of Satisfy didn't mention the word Dragon Slayer. Moreover, this was the first time Grid heard there was a Dragon Slayer among the legends. Yet right in front of him stood a man that claimed to be a Dragon Slayer.

"I was lucky."

On the 10th floor of the tower...

Hayate had invited Grid to the study and served tea. Then he started the conversation with a bitter look, "I stumbled upon a dragon who was wounded in a power struggle. I was terrified by his pressure. I struggled desperately to survive and finally cut his throat."

"....."

Grid realized something when he saw Hayate speak as if the saga was a shameful thing. It was that Hayate's pride as a warrior was beyond imagination. Grid seemed to understand why this person liked Biban. Grid was thinking this when he suddenly made eye contact with Hayate. Hayate's gaze toward Grid went beyond liking and became envy. Why was the 1st seat of the tower looking at him like this?

Hayate told the flustered Grid, "The status you have built up... it isn't something you can do just because you're lucky."

Of course, Grid could've been lucky once or twice. No, he could've been lucky more than that. However, it was unreasonable that Grid solved all the incidents that built up his status with luck.

"I'm in awe of all the hard work, tenacity, and skills you've shown in order to overcome all the events you could or couldn't have avoided."

"You're overpraising me."

"I'm certain. All the achievements you have built up alone are more wonderful and greater than the sum of achievements of the tower members. The other tower members knew this and invited you to the round table without conducting a test."

Originally, the tower had two types of tests. The first type was a basic set of tests to prove the qualifications of the Pioneer, while the second type was individual tests given personally by each tower member in order for the Pioneer to show off their skills to the tower members. In fact, before he traveled to the East Continent, Grid had been tested by Biban. Yet this time, Grid skipped the second test. It was a sign that his skills had improved dramatically after traveling to the East Continent and that he was acknowledged by the tower members.

"...No, it isn't a status I built up myself. I always had my colleagues."

It ranged from Noe and Randy to the 10 meritorious retainers and Braham. There was always someone by Grid's side. Even if Grid was alone, many people supported him so he could reach it. In the days when he had a low level, Grid wouldn't have easily taken on new challengers without the materials and crafting recipes acquired by the Overgeared members. If it wasn't for Lauel, Grid wouldn't have gained the throne. Grid's conscience meant he couldn't deny all their help and activities that helped him reach this point.

Hayate's gaze deepened. "That makes you even greater. You have already achieved the ideals that I seek."

"Cough..."

Wasn't this interpretation too good? Grid was so embarrassed that he coughed. Hayate smiled like Grid was cute and then looked over the wall of his study. The portraits of the tower members, including

Hayate, were hanging there. Hayate continued speaking, "The reason I built the tower was because I knew my own limits. I wanted to gather colleagues to fight together."

"Your own limits..."

Grid got a glimpse of the hardships and adversities that Hayate had experienced. How difficult would it have been for him to decide to fight to protect the world and build the tower? Grid took out that insane dragon iron he had prepared and handed it to Hayate. Then—

[The Tower's Mission quest has been completed.]

[Dragon Scale Box has been acquired as a quest reward.]

The quest was completed and he was able to get the reward he wanted. However, the rewards that Grid would receive weren't over yet.

"The development of the Dragon Killing Sword requires infinite sword energy."

"Huh?"

"The thing you must seek to suppress fighting energy is infinite sword energy. I think I can help you. How about it?"

"...!"

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'I didn't expect for this to happen...'

Grid's visit to the Tower of Wisdom was because he wanted Biban's help. He had hoped he would find clues to his bottlenecked progress and to gain permission to spread the Matchless Heart Technique. Yes, meeting the other tower members and completing the Tower's Mission quest were just secondary purposes. To be honest, he was reluctant to meet the tower members.

Grid knew from experience so far how people who had built up their own beliefs for hundreds of years could devastate others. It was just like his first meeting with Braham and Biban. Meeting the new tower members seemed likely to cause a tiring event and he was therefore reluctant to do so. Yet what was the reality?

"How about it? Will you accept my teachings for a while?"

"....."

The nature and attitude of the tower members were too different from Grid's expectations. They might take pride in themselves but they weren't arrogant. They knew how to respect others. They showed their wisdom by focusing on what was behind the story rather than the facts in front of them. They were good people. They were respectable people.

Grid was convinced. 'Nothing good will come from deceiving them.'

The Tower of Wisdom thought that the insane dragon iron was dangerous. They analyzed that the person who currently owned the insane dragon iron would destroy the world if it was misused. The one who owned the insane dragon iron was Grid.

'They are people I can talk to. I can trust them to listen to and consider my words if I tell them I can control the insane dragon iron.'

There was no eternal secret. He wouldn't be able to handle it if he was later caught by the tower members and they felt angry and disappointed. It was better to be honest from the beginning. As Grid was thinking, Hayate felt troubled. "It seems that my suggestion has flustered you. Excuse me."

The Dragon Killing Sword—he was a bit perplexed that Grid didn't respond even though he was trying to pass on the secret technique that had killed a dragon. Rather, he was concerned that he had made a mistake based on Grid's reaction. Grid looked at Hayate's expression that was as colorful as his years and quickly rose from his seat. Then he bowed politely and deeply.

"Hayate, in fact, I've been deceiving the Tower of Wisdom."

"Hrmm?"

"The owner of the insane dragon iron... is me. I already had the insane dragon iron before I knew the tower existed."

Grid closed his eyes. It was to prepare for Hayate's anger. Surprisingly, Hayate was quiet. There was no response after a long time and the puzzled Grid slowly opened his eyes and raised his head. Hayate stared straight at Grid and opened his mouth, "You must've been anxious all the time after learning that the insane dragon iron could destroy the world."

"No, I have complete control over the insane dragon iron."

Grid was sincere. In the process of creating Greed using the insane dragon iron, he fully understood how to suppress the properties of the insane dragon iron. That's why he was confident.

"Why are you confessing this? It wouldn't matter if you had complete control and kept it a secret forever."

"The tower showed me trust first so I thought it was right to give back this trust."

"It is a rash confession. From the standpoint of the tower, I can't ignore the owner of the insane dragon iron. I must recover the insane dragon iron."

"Do you mean you can't trust me?"

"I trust you. If I don't believe in you who shares your life with the noble red phoenix, who in the world can I trust? The problem is that the world isn't easy. How could there be only one or two people aiming for the insane dragon iron in the world?"

"There are people aiming for the insane dragon iron?"

"You should know that if the insane dragon iron grows beyond a certain amount, the magic power of the insane dragon iron will become stronger and it will be a target of all dragons."

“Yes.”

“It is natural for the world to perish once there is a conflict between dragons. There are countless existences who want the world to perish.”

“Are you referring to the great demons as an example?”

“It can also be a human or a god. They were born with a grudge against the world.”

“.....”

“There are so many who are going to deceive you or hurt you by targeting the insane dragon iron. Or do you think you can forever defend the insane dragon iron from them?”

“That...”

Grid failed to answer. Greed was a class-specific item. Only Grid had the right to own and use it and there was no fear of it dropping upon death. However, the small amount of insane dragon iron remaining after producing Greed was different. Grid was confident he could protect Greed but he couldn't claim to be able to protect the insane dragon iron, which was separate from him. If so, what about the tower?

“...What about the tower? Are you saying the tower can defend the insane dragon iron?” Grid hurriedly asked.

The answer was once again unexpected. “No.”

“...?”

“We will block the danger by destroying it.”

“.....”

“I will ask you bluntly. What is the quantity of insane dragon iron left that isn't fused with pavranium?”

“.....! Did you know about pavranium?”

“Pagma, who pioneered his own path with a firm faith; Braham, who exceeded his limits with his hate-filled obsession; Muller, who was on the verge of turning all things in the world into a sword; and Madra, who had the strongest talent of all time in the east and west—the tower has paid attention to their activities. It is because their presence was so huge. It is impossible for us to not know that the Pagma and Braham created the great mineral pavranium.”

“.....”

Hayate, whose expression had stiffened after Grid's confession, started smiling again. “I knew it. I've noticed that you've been intentionally hiding pavranium since I've never seen traces of pavranium anywhere in your armor. I wondered about the reason why you had to hide it and I thought about the insane dragon iron.”

“You saw it... I've already fused the insane dragon iron and pavranium into one and there's only a small amount of insane dragon iron left.”

This was bad. Grid never dreamt that Hayate would know about the fusion of pavranium and insane dragon iron. Greed was in danger. He might need to separate pavranium and the insane dragon to give it to the tower.

'I acted too rashy.'

Hayate bowed to Grid who was biting his nails nervously. "Thank you."

"...Huh?"

"Thank you for telling me honestly and trusting in the tower. Thanks to this, the tower was able to clear up even the smallest doubts about you. I'm glad to make a new friend."

"...?"

"I will leave the insane dragon iron to you. We don't have the authority to take it away, especially if you have complete control over it. Aren't you the world's greatest authority when it comes to minerals?"

"Is it really okay? What if someone takes away the insane dragon iron?"

"The insane dragon iron that has already been fused with pavranium isn't something that can easily be taken away by others. The problem is the amount of insane dragon iron left unfused... Didn't you say it was only a small amount? If you control it well, I have confidence that you won't let the insane dragon iron multiply to that point."

"Why... why do you trust me so much?"

At this point, it was almost a burden. Hayate checked and refilled the empty mug of the anxious Grid and spoke hurriedly, "The reason I can trust you with a smile isn't because I'm impressed by your power."

The teacup was filled. The tea leaves in the teacup stopped shaking and became centered as the hot water filled up.

"Your epics where you fought for others and the world made me respect and trust you. That's all. The reason I trust you is because you are you."

".....!"

Grid's doubts and confusion cleared. He awakened from his complex thoughts and his wavering pupils became firm.

"I will reward your faith."

The reason why Grid left a small amount of insane dragon iron behind was simple. It was with the vague idea that it would one day be reused. In fact, he didn't have to leave it behind. Grid already had Greed. The role of the insane dragon iron could be replaced by Greed. However, the insane dragon iron couldn't replace the role of Greed.

"Excuse me a moment." Grid asked Hayate for his understanding and pulled out a portable furnace and white phosphorus wood. He took out all the insane dragon iron he had and melted it in the fire. "There is no need for an object that is just harmful. Isn't that right?"

“Umm...”

The words Grid spoke while working made Hayate realize that Grid was really serious. There were few normal people among legends and transcendents.

“Pant.Pant.Pant.”

On the 10th floor of the Tower of Wisdom...

In the sacred space where the Dragon Slayer lived, the sound of the bellows echoed constantly. It was a scene that no one could've imagined.

“It isn't the Dragon Killing Sword itself that I'm trying to teach you.”

Infinite sword energy was the basis for the development of the Dragon Killing Sword. Hayate was only going to teach Grid this much.

“It is because your heart still isn't strong enough to bear the Dragon Killing Sword. You might be swallowed by the Dragon Killing Sword while trying to control fighting energy.”

“I understand. It is an honor to be taught anything.”

The sparring field was dyed all white. In this different dimension of space where the beginning and end were unknown, Grid found it hard to suppress the pounding of his heart. Humanity's first legend—this was an opportunity to be taught by the Dragon Slayer, who was moving toward a myth... it felt like his heart would burst.

Hayate pulled out the sword and gripped it. The sword energy that was released instantly formed a wave and dominated the space.

“The approach to energy varies from person to person. Some people accumulated it and some borrowed it. An easy example is the Matchless Heart Technique and Natural State. Matchless Heart Technique is a method of accumulation while Natural State borrows it. On the other hand, the Dragon Killing Sword—”

The sword energy gradually grew stronger. Hayate's sword was dyed with a pure white brilliance.

“It is real visualization. That's why there are no restrictions.”

“.....!”

In Grid's mind, the tragedy that befell Berith's body came to mind. It was when he was cut by Sword Saint Kraugel's Heart Sword.

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“It is real visualization... isn't this the realm of a Sword Saint?”

The Dragon Killing Sword and Kraugel's Heart Sword contained the same concept. This meant that by learning the Dragon Killing Sword, he was qualified to be a Sword Saint. Grid wasn't happy. He felt uncomfortable. He was worried that he would take away Kraugel's pride and self-esteem.

Hayate laughed as he read the complex emotions on Grid's face. "As expected. In the present era, you are filled with misunderstandings about the Sword Saint."

"Huh?"

"Heart Sword isn't the measure of a Sword Saint. It is just one of the numerous swordsmanship that a Sword Saint can create."

"...?"

"Even if Dragon Killing Sword contains the same concept as the Heart Sword, it doesn't mean you can enter the realm of a Sword Saint just by learning it."

"....."

"In this day and age, the weight of the name Sword Saint is too light. Perhaps it is because Sword Saint Kraugel of the current era is still in the development stage."

Hayate smiled. It was because Grid's eyes had become a bit fierce. "Don't get me wrong. I don't intend to demean Kraugel."

"What are you saying... I'm not misunderstanding."

'Do you know what type of expression you're making?'

Hayate vaguely inferred the relationship between Grid and Kraugel and smiled. "Bluntly speaking, Dragon Killing Sword is different from Heart Sword. You are misunderstanding the concept of embodiment and willpower. Willpower is the heart trying to accomplish something while visualization means expressing the state of the mind. It is about the image encompassing the will."

"If it encompasses it... are you implying that the Dragon Killing Sword is a higher level of swordsmanship than the Heart Sword?"

If Hayate was a normal person then he would absolutely say no. However, Hayate was a Dragon Slayer.

"Yes."

"Pant..."

"Just, it is still incomplete. Since it is affected by the user's state of mind, sometimes it can't exercise its power. Strictly speaking, it is a skill that requires a higher level of difficulty than the Heart Sword."

"...!"

It was like a bolt from the blue to Grid. It was more difficult than Heart Sword?

'How can I learn that?'

Grid was at least intelligent enough not to overestimate himself. He was convinced that his talent wouldn't allow him to learn the Dragon Killing Sword.

"Don't worry. As I said, I'm not trying to pass on the Dragon Killing Sword. I just want to teach you infinite sword energy."

Infinite sword energy was only one of the conditions for gaining the Dragon Killing Sword. Hayate's finger pointed at Grid's chest. "There is a limit to the vessel of human beings. Even if they build up their energy for thousands of years, it can't be infinite."

Hayate's finger pointed to the air this time. The elegant hand gestures were impressive.

"On the other hand, the universe is infinite and the energy that exists in all of it is infinite. However, it is impossible to borrow all of them. It is because the size of a human is smaller than dust compared to all things and they are bound by the concept of space."

Grid recalled Piaro's Natural State and Braham's Mana Drain. Piaro drew the energy of nature from the surroundings while Braham took the mana of all things around him and made it his own. They didn't exert influence over the entire world.

"I understand. You're saying that it is impossible to achieve infinite sword energy in the usual way."

"Yes, this is why even legends or transcendents can't cut the scales of a dragon. Well, the ordinary legends or transcendents, anyway."

Hayate recalled the distant past. It was a green dragon that simmered with rage. The appearance of the relatives who died from the one who devastated his hometown and turned it into scorched earth was now forgotten. Only the affection they gave him still remained.

"When I first met the dragon... I used all sorts of means to cut him. I stabbed, wielded all types of weapons, and bombarded him with the magic power I was proud of, but it was useless. The attacks I trained all my life in only left scratches on the hard scales."

There was hope. The scales of the place where the enemy was bitten by another dragon was rotten and couldn't regenerate. The dragon was exhausted and most of his magic power was used to protect and recover his wounds. His struggle-filled attacks failed to put an end to Hayate. Hayate had a chance to fight back.

"Once I realized that I couldn't cut the dragon with the physical concepts I knew, I craved a stronger power. First, I discarded the mold of skill. I just had the idea of cutting him down so I acquired the Heart Sword."

'Is this a true story...?'

The body of a superhuman, the magic power he was so proud of, and finally Heart Sword...

Hayate was already the strongest before he became a Dragon Slayer. Grid gulped as in his mind, he saw Madra rather than Hayate. Undefeated King Madra—even Hayate had given him the evaluation of the one with the most talent from the east to the west... the more Grid discovered, the greater Madra became.

"My will was to cut him, cut him, and cut him again.

"....."

“Nevertheless, it was lacking. Just the willpower to cut him couldn’t drive the mythical dragon to death. It was a frustrating situation. My already exhausted body and mind stopped working while the dragon was recovering in real time. I had to watch his scales recover and my emotion at that time was...”

A pure white space—the unidentified space that had been stirred by Hayate’s sword energy calmed down. The sword energy wasn’t gone. It flowed quietly like a shallow river and Hayate’s sword energy didn’t dry up.

“...It was interesting. I had already lost and wasn’t aware of what I experienced or saw. I just moved like a machine. I took a step in order to reach something in front of me and ended up swinging my sword.”

His body was already a mess but he didn’t realize it because he felt no pain. He could move because there was no pain. It was a completely unconscious state.

“This was the image that dominated me at that time. All the wishes engraved in my heart—the desire for greater power, the obsession to cut him, and the hope to end this disaster—they awakened me to a new world.”

That world was...

“This... place?”

The power needed to cut a dragon. The infinite sword energy existed in this pure white space. Grid got goosebumps.

“Correct,” Hayate replied positively.

The incandescent sword was imbued with immeasurable power.

“Biban’s Matchless Heart Technique is to ‘continuously recover’ sword energy while the Dragon Killing Sword is to establish a sword technique that ‘never dries up.’”

“.....”

“The method Sword Saint Muller used to suppress fighting energy was to lock it in his mana core. He placed the water called fighting energy into the well called the mana core and covered it with sword energy.”

It wasn’t a fusion, but merely a balance created according to the rules set by Muller.

“On the other hand, your fighting energy will be in your mental world. The infinite sword energy hovering in your mental world will eventually merge together with it, becoming one. That is true fusion, a harmony.”

Hayate was insistent that the direction he presented would produce better results than the direction Muller pursued.

“.....”

Grid’s body trembled. Sword Saint Muller was always mentioned when discussing the greatest legends of all time. Grid couldn’t help shivering when he saw the possibility of transcending Muller in some way.

Of course, it was only a moment. Grid's face that was red with excitement soon cooled down. "There is one more thing I hadn't confessed."

"...?"

"I... I am lacking talent. Hayate, I won't be able to learn it even if you teach me."

Even the yangban Garam hadn't properly realized a mental world. If he had been able to embody such a mental world, he would've completely isolated Grid from the world without using shortcuts such as amulets to separate the space. As far as Grid knew, Braham and Hayate were the only two people able to create a perfect mental world. They were all geniuses of the century. He was a stupid person with no talent. How could he open up the mental world...?

Hayate's fingers appeared in front of the frustrated Grid's eyes. Hayate's finger was pointed at Grid's heart. No, to be precise, he was pointing at the red phoenix's heart that overlapped with Grid's heart. "You have more than talent."

"...?"

"It is the power of a god. Look back. You can create another space that is already isolated from the world."

"...!"

The red phoenix's heart. The power of a god. A space isolated from the world.

A skill flashed in Grid's mind as he listened to Hayate's words. 'Storm of the Fire God!'

It was field magic that maximized the presence of the caster. It was clearly a space that was completely different from ordinary space. Grid realized why field magic was rare. Field magic was also a type of mental world. No, to be exact, it was a mental world. In any case, there was a reason why not everyone could use it.

"B-But to call this my mental world..."

"To be exact, it is the mental world of the red phoenix."

"...?!"

"It is the mental world of a god. It might be just a piece but its function is certain.'

Hayate's finger pierced Grid's chest.

"Uh!" Grid groaned at the strange sensation.

However, Hayate didn't care. Grid quickly turned red but Hayate ignored it and injected more magic power into his finger. Then the infinite sword energy that flowed inside Hayate's mental world started to be sucked into Grid's heart, no, the red phoenix's heart.

Hayate was smiling. "The easier it is to study, the better."

"Ah...! Ack...!"

The absorption of the sword energy was still progressing. Grid forgot to breathe as the peak experience he had never felt before flowed into his body. The heart of the red phoenix was making a difference.

[The power of the Absolute is flowing into the Red Phoenix's 9th Heart.]

[A new field effect, 'Infinite Sword Energy,' has been added to Storm of the Fire God.]

"...Absolute?"

Grid's spirit awakened from the pleasure. His trembling pupils saw a golden light shining around Hayate's body. Hayate's expression was bitter like he had taken strong medicine.

"There are no records in the world about me killing a dragon. It is because all the witnesses are dead."

"....."

"It is the dragon race, not the human race, that keeps speaking of me. I am cursed due to the dragons' terrible words of contempt and hatred toward me. So put away your envy. It is you, not me, who deserves to receive that look."

"...!"

Perhaps it was because they were connected by sword energy? Grid gritted his teeth as he felt Hayate's terrible pain and grief. His eyes became bloodshot.

[An unknown person is writing the sixth epic.]

[The beginning of the narrative begins with the confession of a lonely Absolute.]

"I... I got to know you."

[He dared to comfort the one who stood higher than himself.]

"That lizard bastards who cursed you, I will surely destroy them someday."

[Chapter 1225](#)

Grid didn't know the conditions for an epic to occur. He just vaguely thought that he had to make great achievements. However, the truth was different. The epics that Grid had written so far weren't only focused on achievements but also on relationships. The fifth epic proved this. Therefore...

"I am cursed due to the dragons' terrible words of contempt and hatred toward me. So put away your envy. It is you, not me, who deserves to receive that look."

"....."

In the process of his conversation and building up rapport with the special being called the Dragon Slayer, Grid felt expectant. He thought that a sixth epic would occur soon. Then his prediction came true.

[The beginning of the narrative begins with the confession of a lonely Absolute.]

"I got to know you."

[He dared to comfort the one who stood higher than himself.]

“The lizard bastards who cursed you, I will surely destroy them someday.”

An epic occurred and Grid expressed his feelings truthfully. He spoke candidly about Hayate’s pain and sorrow and his desire to overcome it together. Grid knew it was enough. So far, the epics had responded to his feelings and he believed this time would be the same. However, this time was different.

“Shh.” Hayate blocked Grid’s mouth. His expression hardened for the first time. “Take back what you just said.”

[His declaration that he would #%content%amp;을 *% was blocked by the Absolute.]

“...?”

The text was broken. As a result, Grid’s declaration wasn’t imprinted on the epic and disclosed. Grid was panicking about the situation when Hayate explained, “The unqualified gods of the East have ruined your senses.”

“...?”

“The gods of the East wouldn’t have been a great threat to you. Isn’t that correct?”

“...!”

Hayate saw it precisely. On the East Continent, the threat to Grid was the yangbans. The real gods who created or taught the yangbans didn’t pose a direct threat to Grid. It was natural. In the first place, the Five Seniors never appeared in front of Grid. Hayate responded to Grid’s silent confirmation, “The gods who now rule the East are the ones who were defeated in the war of the gods.”

In other words—

“They were wounded and lost their authority. Their influence is very small compared to the impression that people usually have about omnipotent gods. That’s why you’re still safe.”

“.....”

“On the other hand, dragons are different from the gods of the East. They have good ears and no scruples about their actions. If they hear your epic then they can hurt you at any time.”

The words that Hayate wanted to convey were simple. He was telling Grid to be careful not to become hostile to dragons.

[The Absolute’s anxious warning has covered your epic.]

[The sixth page of the epic remains incomplete.]

[No one will ever be able to see the secret words hidden on the blank page.]

‘What?’

Grid was full of turmoil in many ways and closed his mouth. The epic would end just like this? It was the worst development for Grid, who got rewarded for every epic.

'It is a class about the epics yet an epic was messed up...!'

The Duke of Wisdom and Magic Swordsman of the Epics classes that Grid possessed had few unique effects. Among them, the Magic Swordsman of the Epics increased the total amount of sword energy and mana by 20% as well as 'writing epics.' Nevertheless, Grid's satisfaction was high because of the rewards that came with each epic.

Yes, after all, it was a class about the epics. Now the epic had ended in an incomplete state. It was the concept where the Magic Swordsman of the Epics became stronger by being 'known' through the epics. It also meant that the reward had gone away.

"...?"

Grid was frowning with frustration when a new notification window emerged in his vision.

[The story that isn't recorded will be passed down through word of mouth. However, it should be remembered that people with loose mouths will be hated.]

[The class specific skill of Magic Swordsman of the Epics, 'Oral Traditions,' has been activated.]

[Oral Traditions]

[Share the contents of the epics with others. The number of times it can be shared is once per secret story.]

Skill activation condition: Deliver a secret story to one target you have the maximum affinity with.

Skill activation effect: The target's stats will increase or a new skill or title will awaken. The stat increase, new skills, and title effects are affected by the content of the secret story.]

"...!"

He had always expected it. Just like Pagma's Descendant, he believed that the Magic Swordsman of the Epics and Duke of Wisdom classes would someday open up new class specific effects. In particular, Magic Swordsman of the Epics was a growth type legendary class so he had more expectations. These expectations didn't betray Grid.

Oral Tradition—simply put, this skill that raised an NPC or pet was necessary for Grid who had a high dependence on his colleagues.

'Hayate is an Absolute yet even he feels his limits.'

No matter how strong he was alone, he needed colleagues to support him. Colleagues should be strong together...

Grid's face brightened as he thought for a long time.

He liked the new skill of Magic Swordsman of the Epics.

'It is a pity that it is only one oral tradition per story but time can solve this problem. I have to keep writing more secret stories.'

People who had loose mouths would be hated so the number of times it could be used was limited. This much was compelling. Grid's smile grew stronger as he analyzed it.

"I was worried you might be upset. I'm glad."

Hayate was relieved to see it. Grid replied politely, "Aren't you giving me advice? I'm happy to hear it."

"Thank you for understanding. Remember one thing. Dragons aren't targets to be fought. They must be avoided."

"I will keep that in mind..."

Even the great Tower of Wisdom didn't say that they would subdue the dragon. Their main task was to curb the emergence of the dragons.

'I was too presumptuous.'

He declared that he would smash a dragon in front of a Dragon Slayer...

The ashamed Grid suddenly became worried.

"One of my colleagues has a hostile relationship with a dragon."

It was none other than Pon. Before meeting Grid, Pon had become hostile to Fire Dragon Trauka and was suffering from Trauka's curse. What type of events had he experienced during training? Not long ago, Grid saw the power of curses on the East Continent and felt uneasy. Pon was on Trauka's hostile list and it was the same for the Overgeared Guild and Overgeared Kingdom that he belonged to.

"Is there a possibility that the dragon might invade the Overgeared Kingdom one day?"

"It is safe to say that there is no such possibility. The dragons are obsessed with their own lairs. They think it is a loss to leave to hunt a human. No, they wouldn't consider it in the first place."

It was the same as Sticks' opinion.

Hayate once again warned Grid, "However, there is a possibility their attitude will change once they learn that a place contains many people they are hostile to. Then they might leave their lair even if it is troublesome. That's why there are dozens of cloaking spells on the Tower of Wisdom."

"It would be a disaster if the dragon becomes hostile to me as well."

There was also Braham in the Overgeared Kingdom. Braham had a history of stealing from Fire Dragon Trauka. If King Grid of the Overgeared Kingdom where Pon and Braham were located became hostile to Trauka then he would firmly stomp on them. Grid's thoughts were far away while Hayate snapped his fingers. Hayate's mental world was lifted and the night sky greeted Grid. Hayate checked the moon's position and lightly pushed Grid.

"It is time to go to sleep."

"Ah, yes."

Grid activated the red phoenix's heart. He took a deep breath to relax his tension and finally used the new Storm of the Fire God. The biggest advantage of Storm of the Fire God was that it was activated immediately. There was no delay, unlike the days of the Storm Demonic Energy Field.

Huge flames suddenly covered the whole area. The divine flames and flames of willpower swirled quietly but strongly. Originally, this was the end of it but it was different now. There was a silver galaxy present in the world of red flames. It was sword energy. It was also infinite sword energy.

[Storm of the Fire God]

[You have realized the dignity of the newly born fire god.

-Field Effect 1-

[Divine Flames]

Unleash the latent flames in the Red Phoenix's 9th Heart to form a storm of divine flames.

The storm will control a 200 meters radius area around the caster, increasing the healing effect of all allies (except the undead or demonkin targets), including the caster, by 20%. It will also reduce the healing effect of all enemies by 50%. Can't be resisted.

Once a target with a reduced healing effect attempts to heal, 'Rage of the Fire God' will cause 15,000 fixed damage and will potentially reverse the healing effect.

If the race is an undead or demonkin, they will be subject to extreme damage in the storm's rage.

-Field Effect 2-

[Fire of Willpower]

Strengthen the Storm of the Fire God with the formless will of Duke of Fire.

All enemies in the storm's range will receive the 'heart' attribute damage proportional to the willpower and strength stat. Fire damage that is proportional to the willpower and intelligence stats will be added. The dual attribute damage will penetrate the defense and resistance of the target. However, it can't damage targets with the willpower stat. The target will suffer a high chance of being burned and will suffer from a fall in willpower.

-Field Effect 3-

[Flood of Flames]

The longer the field is activated, the greater the range of influence. The maximum is 300 meters.

-Field Effect 4-

Opens when the Red Phoenix's 9th Heart grows.

-Field Effect 5-

Opens when the willpower stat reaches 2,000 points.

-Field Effect 6-

Opens when the race is changed to a half-god or god.

★ Special Effects ★

[Infinite Sword Energy]

You will get an infinite amount of sword energy when the field is active.

The moment the field is activated, sword energy will be restored to the maximum and sword energy won't be consumed for any skills that require it.

Resources consumed when the field is activated: 1,000 mana per second.

The time it takes to summon the field: Immediately.

Skill Cooldown Time: 20 minutes.]

“Ohh...!”

It was full of power. Grid was swept away by the infinite sword energy within the Storm of the Fire God and felt like he was invincible. He was unable to control his excitement as the fighting energy around his body changed. It seemed to be swept away by the infinite sword energy and then went through the process of mixing and integrating. Grid had achieved his purpose.

[The fighting energy of the Hero King is fused with the infinite sword energy.]

[Due to fighting energy, the power of all skills that consume sword energy is increased by 20%.]

[From now on, fighting energy will always remain at 50. This number will grow as your level rises.]

[Your body has suppressed fighting energy and is in harmony.]

[The Enlightenment effect is fully activated. The experience acquisition formula has been revamped.]

“.....”

He would never let go of the number one ranking until he died. Grid vowed as he was surrounded by Storm of the Fire God and a deeper purple-red fighting energy than before.

[Chapter 1226](#)

‘Indeed... It is darker than Muller’s color.’

Grid succeeded in fusing fighting energy and sword energy. Hayate’s mouth twitched at the sight. The joy he felt was so great that he wanted to cheer on Grid. The Hero King was someone to create peace in the world. Grid’s growth would be a great help to the Tower of Wisdom. In fact, the former Hero King Muller had directly helped the tower by subduing the great demons. Thanks to Muller’s presence, the tower members had been able to focus on containing Baal and the dragon.

‘This person might be able to go beyond Muller’s prime or even me.’

Where in the world would there be a person who could simultaneously make progress in the area of the three geniuses Pagma, Braham and Madra? It probably wouldn’t show up twice. Grid was unique from

birth and had already demonstrated his credentials by achieving several feats. The red phoenix's heart that he carried was the proof.

"Hayate!" Grid moved his energetic body around before bowing to Hayate. "Thank you for your great teachings! I will never forget today's grace."

"You don't have to be grateful. You already have infinite potential and I just gave you a shortcut."

Hayate spoke humbly but in fact, it was completely different. If it wasn't for his help, Grid wouldn't have enjoyed the enlightenment system for at least two years. That was how long it would take to grow the Matchless Heart Technique to the mastered level in a conventional manner. Furthermore, Hayate's gift to Grid wasn't only the infinite sword energy. The conversation with him had deepened Grid's knowledge.

"Let's go down. I noticed that Biban seems to want to reunite and talk with you. He will complain that I'm a tactless old man for keeping you."

"Haha, yes..."

He also had business with Biban. He wanted permission to teach Piaro the Matchless Heart Technique and he was curious about the exact relationship between Biban and Piaro. Now he had even more questions than that.

"By the way, I..."

"Tell me."

"Is an Absolute and a god in the same class?"

A legend is a realm reached by accomplishing great feats while transcendence is a realm that a person focused on training arrives at. On the other hand, an Absolute was born only when they achieved the absolute feat of killing a god or a dragon while accumulating a high level of transcendence. It encompassed both the concepts of a legend and transcendent. Grid had the information of a 'Slayer' title and knew this.

"Hmm."

Seemingly a bit perplexed by the question, Hayate opened his mouth after a moment of thought, "It should be similar in terms of force. There are very few gods who can overpower me unless they are an absolute god or the god of war."

"...!"

In a way, it was natural. The prerequisite to become an Absolute proved that an Absolute's strength could compete with a dragon or a god. However, the weight felt different when he heard it directly from Hayate's mouth. Grid's heart thumped. He once again realized the greatness of the man he was facing. Then he suddenly wondered, "Hayate, even you can't subdue a dragon... how strong is a dragon?"

"A dragon is a species that has existed since the chaos of the beginning and the species itself is the same as a god. They aren't objects of faith and their talent is limited, but their innate magic power and

physical abilities are second only to the god of war. Of course, the children born from dragons are very weak at the beginning. They are just cautious and don't expose themselves to the world."

"....."

Grid thought that Nefelina's fate was very rough. She was young enough to be treated as a 'child' by Hayate and Grid couldn't imagine how much hardship and adversity she would have to overcome before she avenged her parents.

'I'll take good care of her until she is independent.'

Nefelina wasn't a good-for-nothing unlike her appearance. He thought feeding her meals was worth it from the moment she blessed Grid. Additionally, Grid had promised to protect Nefelina. He still vividly remembered the voice of the person who thanked him. This was why he didn't say anything about Nefelina.

'In fact, he might've seen the dragon's blessing.'

Grid shook his head as he looked at Hayate's serene eyes. A dragon's blessing was different from the heart of the red phoenix that was a physical object. He analyzed that there was no way for Hayate to detect it. In the first place, Hayate said that he had cleared his doubts about Grid.

"Then I'm going. If you have anything then call me at any time. I'll come running immediately."

"It is very reassuring. I wish you good luck even from a distance."

Grid finally said goodbye to Hayate. Thanks to Hayate's help, he accurately grasped the power balance of the world and felt that the fog in front of him had dissipated.

'I can reach the Five Seniors if I can reach the realm of an Absolute.'

Could he become an Absolute? He had no confidence. It would probably be tough but Grid was aiming to be an Absolute. He was prepared to work hard and struggle to achieve the dream, even if it was an illusory dream.

"Biban."

Biban's residence was on the second floor of the tower. The living spaces such as the bedroom and kitchen were very narrow while the training ground was large and impressive. It was a layout that revealed Biban's personality.

"You should've come sooner."

Biban was pouting. He was covered with sweat so it seemed he had been training hard while Grid was gone. It wasn't a passion that couldn't be overlooked when compared to those in active service.

'Ah... He is on active duty.'

Biban was also a tower member. He had left the world but he was fighting dragons behind the scenes.

"Why are you looking at me that way?"

Biban cocked his head as he wiped his sweat with a wet towel and Grid spoke honestly, "It is because I respect you."

"Hum, hum hum."

Biban's lips curved up in a smile. He couldn't help laughing and hit Grid's back.

"I'm a respectable, great person! Hahahat! You truly have a discerning eye!"

[You have suffered 8,930 damage!]

"Ugh."

He might've taken off all his equipment made out of Greed but just one hit on his back made stars shine in front of his eyes. It was disgraceful since he was also a legend, transcendent, and Hero King. Biban didn't notice Grid's frustration and kept talking, "I can tell you're a king..."

"....."

Biban had also been chatty when they talked in the Overgeared Kingdom. He uttered the secrets of the tower on his own. So what about when he was in the tower? There was no need to pay attention to other people's eyes and ears, thus Biban chattered on and on for dozens of minutes with no break. It was just troublesome for Grid, who had come back after several hours of talking to Hayate. His ears were stinging.

Biban's words weren't even important. Yet Grid just smiled and listened. It was because Biban was too pure. This might not be an appropriate description for an old man who was hundreds of years old but seeing his innocence, Grid naturally felt trust. Grid had the belief that this person would never betray him.

"Ah, one more thing."

Biban was chatting when he clapped his hands like he belatedly thought of something.

"I studied a method to suppress fighting energy without needing to master the Matchless Heart Technique and I've done it."

"....."

It was unbelievable that he mentioned the most important thing last. Grid made an absurd expression but Biban didn't care. Rather, he raised his chin proudly and his momentum soared into the sky.

"Place fighting energy in the mana core and cover it with sword energy. If you don't consume the sword energy then you can keep restraining the fighting energy."

"Does this mean I have to seal the Undeclared King's Swordsmanship and my swordsmanship if I don't want to consume sword energy?"

Grid exploded and Biban was flustered.

"Then what can you do? Your sword energy recovery rate is very slow. Thus, you can't consume it if you want to cover up fighting energy."

“Then what should I do while I’m fighting...”

“If you’re strong enough then it won’t matter if you seal off Madra’s Swordsmanship or your swordsmanship. You aren’t fighting dragons like us. You’re only dealing with bad guys.”

“Biban, you might not know but there are many strong enemies in the world.”

“Hmm... Then control fighting energy to keep your heart, body, and skill in harmony. Then grow and use your sword energy only when you feel it isn’t possible. That way, you can grow faster than you can now.”

It wasn’t sophistry. Biban had thought of a method for Grid and provided appropriate countermeasures. There was just one problem.

“No, I’m fine.”

Grid already achieved a harmony between the body, heart, and skill.

“It’s okay?”

“Thanks to Hayate’s help, I succeeded in fusing fighting energy and sword energy.”

“W-What?! Why are you only saying that now?”

“I thought you would notice that the color of my fighting energy has thickened...”

“Dammit! You aren’t a pretty girl. Why would I look closely at you? How am I supposed to know if you don’t tell me?”

“No, give me a chance to say something...”

“Hah! Don’t talk candidly now! You are just good at talking back!”

“.....”

“I was pathetic for spending all day thinking for you!”

“I’m sorry...”

Grid felt regret. He had to try and relieve Biban’s feelings. It was only 10 minutes later that Biban finally let it go.

“The Supreme Swordsmanship.”

Biban shook his head when he heard Grid’s story. “The Saharan Empire didn’t exist when I was a normal person. I have nothing to do with the family of your friend called Piaro. Still, Supreme Swordsmanship does seem to match the Matchless Heart Sword.”

By the time Biban left the world, the techniques he left behind had passed through several hands. Muller was the only person who fully understood and learned the contents of the secret technique.

“The Supreme Swordsmanship that Piaro’s ancestors learned must be a translation of the Matchless Heart Sword.”

One of the people who found the secret technique left by Biban was from the East Continent. They translated it into the language of the East Continent to make it easier to understand. It passed around the world until it reached Piaro's ancestors.

"The origin of Supreme Swordsmanship is the Matchless Heart Sword but it is just a coincidence."

"....."

A shadow was cast on Grid's face as he heard Biban's interpretation. He was hoping that Biban would be Piaro's ancestor or an acquaintance of his ancestor but they weren't related at all. This made it even more embarrassing to ask if he could pass on the Matchless Heart Technique to Piaro.

'There is no justification.'

It was just as Grid was feeling frustrated.

"It is a pity. If I hadn't been banned from going out then I could've competed with the friend called Piaro."

"...?"

"Why are you cocking your head? No matter if it was a coincidence or accident, he is still like my descendant. Isn't it normal to want to check his skills?"

"I-Is that so?"

"Hmm... I'm afraid he hasn't mastered it properly. He isn't going to disgrace the Matchless Heart Sword, right?"

"Not at all. Rather, he built up a reputation by subduing great demons and accumulating achievements in war."

"Hoh! As expected of my descendant! I was worried that he was a crazy person because he is farming with the Matchless Heart Sword. Fortunately, that isn't the case."

"Yes... Unfortunately, he hasn't learned the Matchless Heart Technique..."

"What?" Biban's eyes became fierce. "The core of the Matchless Heart Sword is the Matchless Heart Technique, yet he hasn't learned it?"

"It is because Piaro's ancestors didn't understand the formula of the Matchless Heart Sword and failed to pass it down to their descendants."

"What?" Biban shouted angrily. "What are you doing?!"

"...!"

"You should've taught him the Matchless Heart Technique! What is the use giving it to you if you don't use it?!"

"...!!"

Amazing. Grid had been worried about getting permission but it wasn't necessary.

'This tower...!'

Grid's heart was overflowing with emotions.

[Chapter 1227](#)

Grid's gameplay style was very unique. Unlike other people who liked to experience new content as soon as it appeared, Grid often left many situations alone. It was a type of habit. It was a habit sparked by too many failures when attempting to do new content. It was why Grid passively approached new quests and systems.

The same was true for visiting the Tower of Wisdom. What type of privilege was it to be first in the unified rankings? Ordinary players would have visited the Tower of Wisdom excitedly the moment they knew of its existence. In fact, Kraugel immediately visited the Tower of Wisdom.

Meanwhile, Grid pushed the tower visit back. He didn't feel the need to approach content that he could do at any time. The attitude was completely different from the average player who tried to access new content in order to grow quicker.

"....."

At the S.A Group's headquarters...

Director Yoon Sangmin watched the situation at the Tower of Wisdom and clicked his tongue. The Tower of Wisdom was clearly meant to be favorable to the Pioneer. It was because if there was a problem in the world like the insane dragon iron, the tower must solve it through the Pioneer. It was the tower's inclination to cherish and teach the Pioneer. The former Pioneer, Kraugel, had increased his combat power a lot through the process of taking the tower's tests.

Yes, this was it. The Tower of Wisdom wasn't designed to just give and give. It was to give content that 'properly helped' the Pioneer. This time, the timing of Grid's visit to the tower was simply breathtaking. Just as he was being blocked from the enlightenment system, he visited the tower and transformed the help he got from 'appropriate' to 'something huge.' Additionally, he gained great affinity with Hayate due to the presence of the red phoenix's heart.

"Hayate's liking for Grid has increased the overall favorability of the tower members. In particular, Biban's fondness for Grid had increased dramatically."

"It was due to the favorability that Biban was willing to allow the passing on of the Matchless Heart Technique."

"Yes, it was great luck that Grid delayed the visit to the Tower of Wisdom."

"Hrmm..."

Director Yoon Sangmin listened to the explanation and his expression was a bit subtle. Clearly, the content attack speed of Grid was much slower than average. Strangely, quests were often neglected and as a result, new systems were encountered late. However, the Tower of Wisdom was an exclusive perk available solely to the 1st ranked player. Considering Grid's usual tendencies, it was hard to understand why he delayed the visit to the Tower of Wisdom for no reason, especially when Grid was in a position to clear the insane dragon iron quest at any time.

“Perhaps... did he intentionally delay the timing of his visit?”

“Huh? Grid? Did he predict all of this? Aish, you’re too much.”

“No, it is credible enough. Focus on the fact that the Tower of Wisdom is an organization that fights for the protection of the world.”

“Ah...!”

Grid already knew that if he visited the tower after saving the East Continent, he would get more favors from the members of the tower. Of course, Grid couldn’t guess what the rewards would be but he must’ve known it wouldn’t be anything bad.

“Don’t you know? All of this luck comes from Grid’s intentions. He is a man that Chairman Lim Cheolho and I acknowledge.”

Director Yoon Sangmin had a smile on his face.

‘I should’ve visited sooner.’

Grid was given permission to pass on the Matchless Heart Technique and fell into belated regrets. He wondered how good it would’ve been if he had visited the tower a bit earlier.

‘I should’ve come to the tower before going to the East Continent.’

Then it would’ve been much easier to fight the yangbans. His level would be much higher than it was now.

“It is regrettable, regrettable.”

Grid sighed as he said farewell to Biban and walked down the corridor of the silent tower. He was going to meet with the other tower members. Given the helpful nature of the tower members, he was certain that meeting with the other members would be beneficial.

‘I will meet them one by one while I’m at the tower.’

They might be different from Hayate and Biban. They might show him favor but they most likely wouldn’t give him a gift. Still, Grid had to meet them. There was nothing to lose even if he just saw them.

On the third floor of the Tower of Wisdom...

Knock knock.

Grid carefully knocked on the door of the laboratory of the 8th Seat, Jessica.

“.....”

There was no response. She seemed to be absent. He thought it would be very helpful to Zednos and Laella if he gained some insight into echo magic.

“Hrmm.”

The disappointed Grid turned his gaze to the other side of the corridor. According to Biban, the residences of the female tower members were on the third floor. The 4th Seat, Betty—she was surprisingly young and spoke very little. During their introduction, she didn't even give a polite greeting and only stated her name.

'What is her class?'

She wasn't a combat class considering her delicate body without a single muscle. It seemed unlikely she would be a magician when there was already Jessica.

'As expected, she is likely to be a production class.'

His blacksmithing blood boiled. He was already excited to think about what he could learn from another craftsman.

Knock knock.

Grid stood in front of Betty's residence and cautiously knocked. Fortunately, Betty was present.

"What brings you here?"

Betty's eyes were very large as she stuck her head out through the gap of the slightly opened door. He felt it the first time he saw her but her round, dark eyes were beautiful. They didn't sparkle so that looked a bit lonely, but this was what made them attractive. If she wasn't a grandmother that was hundreds of years old, he would've wanted her to be his daughter-in-law.

"I wanted to greet you before leaving."

"Yes... bye."

"...?"

The door closed.

The 7th Seat, Abellio, came up from the second floor and laughed at the sight of the embarrassed Grid in the corridor. "Betty is a very shy person. Please understand."

"Ah? Yes..."

An old person who lived for hundreds of years was shy? It was a story no one would believe.

'I guess Betty doesn't like me.'

He hadn't done anything wrong but sometimes a person was just disliked for no reason. Grid was accustomed to hate and didn't mind it.

"By the way, Abellio, wasn't your accommodation on the fourth floor?"

"I came here to meet you. The roads diverged."

"Me?"

"I want to give you a gift."

“This...!”

Grid’s eyes widened as Abellio handed him a painting. It was a portrait of Grid. The portrait depicted even his eyebrows delicately and it focused on Grid’s expression. Grid’s personality was perfectly expressed through his facial expression.

“Really... it is a great painting.”

Grid had produced dozens of legendary items. His growing discerning eyes instantly recognized that this portrait was more outstanding than any other famous painting he had ever seen.

“It is much better than Tarkai’s work.”

Tarkai’s work was a treasure coveted by all the royal families and nobles. Yet it was hard to own Tarkai’s work unless you were the emperor of the Saharan Empire. It was because it was so precious. Over the passage of time, all of Tarkai’s work had been owned by the imperial family and nobles of the empire. Grid had visited the imperial palace many times. He had seen and admired Tarkai’s work every time but Abellio’s work felt even better.

Abellio shook his head. “There is no superiority in art.”

“Your humility...”

“It isn’t humility. In the first place, I am Tarkai.”

“...Huh?”

“If it isn’t seen, art loses its meaning. Every now and then, I would use a fictional identity and release my works into the world. Haha, of course, it is something I did after getting permission from the other tower members.”

“I see.”

He heard that just one of Tarkai’s works could buy a castle. It would’ve been nice to receive Tarkai’s work instead of his portrait...

However, Grid didn’t express this. He smiled and thankfully received the portrait. Then his eyes widened.

[A new extremely honorable painting has been acquired.]

[The skill Protagonist of the Extremely Honorable Painting has been updated.]

[Protagonist of the Extremely Honorable Painting]

[*One time limited skill.

When used, your information will return to what it was when the extremely honorable painting was made.

However, it will only be the stats and skills information. Additional information such as titles, class, status, race, age, and so on aren’t affected.]

“...!!”

It was easy to say that Protagonist of the Extremely Honorable Painting was a save point. It could be described as a cheat system that violated the rules of online gaming. However, Grid had no intention of using the extremely honorable painting. It was because the save point of the extremely honorable painting was too old. It was a million times better to die than to use the extremely honorable painting.

Now things have changed. Grid learned that the extremely honorable painting was a renewable system and he had to consider fostering it.

‘Every time I level up, I should ask Picasso to draw a new one.’

Of course, it wasn’t that easy. Picasso’s extremely honorable painting was the first one born in 177 years. This meant the probability of success was low. Still, there was nothing to lose by trying.

“Then I’ll be going. The next time you come to the tower, feel free to visit me anytime.”

“Thank you very much, Abellio.”

Grid separated from Abellio and met the 5th Seat, Ken and the 6th Seat, Jurene. They didn’t give Grid any gifts or instructions. Unlike Betty, Grid was satisfied because they showed enough goodwill.

“...Definitely, it is only this place that is different.”

Grid reached the seventh floor and checked the high ceilings. The height of the ceiling was a huge 12 meters. It was nearly three times higher than the other floors. At first, he couldn’t figure out the reason and didn’t think much about it. However, now it was different. Grid now knew why the seventh floor was exceptionally different.

‘A magic machine.’

The seventh floor was used entirely by the 3rd Seat, Radwolf. This was where the magic machine workshop was located. The confident Grid approached the giant iron gate and gulped.

Even the ancient magic machines named after dragons showed an overwhelming fighting capability. He wondered how well the latest magic machines would perform. (TL: Raiders and gourmet dragon Reiders were named before I knew that the magic machines were named after dragons. I named them separately to avoid confusion but since they’re the same, I’ve gone back to change the name of the dragon to Raiders.)

He had the expectation of receiving a magic machine as a gift and was already wondering if he had the talent to control the magic machines. It was equivalent to drinking kimchi soup properly. [1]

However, the value of the magic machine was so high that it was natural to drink kimchi soup.

“You can come in if you can open the door,” Radwolf’s voice came from beyond the iron door. It was an iron door that was over three meters thick. Then—

“Groan...!”

Grid gritted his teeth as he eventually pushed open the door that gave off an evil feeling.

Pant pant. As he panted breathlessly, a new world entered his vision. The sight of eight magic machines standing side by side overwhelmed him.

[Chapter 1228](#)

‘It’s different!’

An ancient artifact—it was a label that was attached to the magic machines. The magic machines were legacies from over a thousand years ago. Yet the eight magic machines in Radwolf’s workshop were different. At this moment, it was the state-of-the-art combat weapon that was being manufactured and modified. It was just that the appearance had changed significantly. It reflected the changed era. Compared to Zibal’s Raiders, these machines were almost twice as big.

‘Is it to fight against the dragons?’

The ancient giants created the magic machines to face the great demons. Then the years passed and the world changed. Radwolf’s target was now the dragons, not the great demons. It seemed he experienced that it wasn’t suitable to face a dragon so he had increased the size and weight of the magic machines. It was because the power of bigger and heavier things was higher. Well, this was under the assumption that it could be controlled.

‘Pagma’s Eyes.’

Grid was frightened by the majesty of the huge magic machines. Finally, he belatedly recovered and used a skill.

[Pagma’s Eyes-Baal’s Contractor Version]

Once he used Pagma’s Eyes to check the target item, the understanding of the item will increase greatly. He can then confirm the stats value and options, and even copy the item.

....

...

Grid planned to increase his understanding of the magic machines in the future. He was also purely curious about the details of the magic machines. However, he failed.

[This item is in a domain that you can’t understand.]

‘As expected, it is formidable.’

“Hey.”

“...!”

Grid was surprised when he heard the voice. He was daunted, like a child being caught stealing, as Radwolf approached.

“Was there anything strange when you opened the door?”

“?”

Grid recalled the iron door he just opened to enter and cocked his head.

“Let’s see... It was just dirty. No, I just thought it was heavy.”

“The door made of Moon Night Iron.”

“Moon Night Iron?”

“It is an iron that blocks status.”

“Status? Are you talking about the levels of transcendence?”

“All the things and titles you have built up so far are your status. All of that is blocked by the Moon Night Iron. You’ve just opened a door that was as heavy as dozens of doors with pure strength.”

“...!”

Grid had felt a bit strange. No wonder why it felt like something was missing from his body. He wondered what it was. It turned out that the effects of his titles and the abilities created by his transcendent status had temporarily disappeared.

‘Was there such a mineral in the world?’

Minerals with the ability to block magic power were rare. However, he never heard of a mineral that blocked status and he never imagined it. Radwolf read Grid’s excited eyes and spoke proudly, “The magic machines’ armor is made from the Moon Night Iron. That’s why the magic machines’ fist can penetrate the dragon’s magic power and smash their scales. How about it? Isn’t it great?”

“...!”

Dragons were inherently strong. It was because they were a transcendent species. Their innate status itself was high so they weren’t affected by the attacks of lower organisms. This also meant that a dragon’s strength could be suppressed by blocking their status.

“Biban was able to cut off one of the wings of Stone Dragon Gujel because of the support of the magic machines.”

“I-I see...”

Grid’s mind was blank for a while because he was amazed by the new mineral called Moon Night Iron. Then he quickly calmed down and asked, “Radwolf, is the Moon Night Iron a recently discovered mineral?”

“Why do you think so?”

“I’ve fought with a magic machine but it didn’t have anything to block my status.”

Grid was a blacksmith. He was more interested in minerals than anyone else and had to study them.

“Did you fight a magic machine? Ah, are you talking about one of those wastes outside? Their outer armor was originally made of Moon Night Iron. However, it was recovered hundreds of years ago when those magic machines were discarded.”

“You mean that the Moon Night Iron has existed since ancient times...”

However, it wasn't known. It was because it was so valuable it needed to be recovered. Grid's face changed as he was inwardly filled with the desire for the Moon Night Iron.

“Yes, it was a native mineral of the Giant Kingdom.”

“...!”

The Giant Kingdom was destroyed by a dragon over a thousand years ago. It was said that the island had been completely buried in the sea due to a dragon's Breath.

“This is the last of the Moon Night Iron that is in the world. That's why I'm taking care of it.”

[You have obtained information on a new mineral!]

[‘Moon Night Iron’ will be added to the mineral information list.]

[Moon Night Iron]

[A native material that existed in the kingdom of ancient giants. Temporarily blocks a person's status.]

“.....”

Grid's gaze turned to the iron door that he had opened just a while ago. At the same time, Radwolf's words hit him.

“Don't covet it. I have to repair the magic machines that are destroyed every time we fight a dragon. The current Moon Night Iron that I have isn't enough.”

“I can't help but covet it. I'm also wondering why you made the door out of Moon Night Iron.”

“That's a stupid question. It is so no one can come in. There aren't many people with your level of pure strength in the world.”

“.....”

Radwolf was a very cautious person, unlike his looks. What type of thief could invade the Tower of Wisdom? Radwolf laughed as he read Grid's absurd expression.

“Haven't you heard of the Great Robber of the Red Night?”

“...!”

Great Robber of the Red Night—it was the name Grid heard when he got the imperial palace's blueprint. The system had warned him that the Great Robber of the Red Night was interested in him. A chill went down Grid's spine.

“The Great Robber of the Red Night snuck into the Tower of Wisdom?”

“That's right.”

“No, this...”

It was already amazing enough that this person discovered the tower that was concealed with all types of magic. How did the robber sneak in and deceive the members' senses? Grid's mouth was shut with surprise and he soon came up with a hypothesis.

"Is he a transcendent?"

"That's right. He has been active for at least 600 years. His age rivals us."

"Wow..."

"That damn guy stole Nevartan's Necklace that was hidden here over 100 years ago."

"Nevartan? The dragon's necklace?"

"Yes, it was a necklace made from Nevartan's broken claws. It deceives those who view it and drives the wearer into madness."

"Why did you make such a thing...?"

Grid slowly noticed it. Radwolf's words and deeds were harsh but he was actually kind. The attitude with which he answered every question was the evidence.

"It is a type of loot. If you were me, would you toss away the dragon's claws that you earned?"

"Ah, yes..."

The answers were good but there seemed to be no value. It was virtually impossible to obtain the Moon Night Iron so this information was unnecessary... Grid thought like this but things turned out quite different.

"Does your blacksmith's blood boil when looking at the Moon Night Iron?" Radwolf wondered.

"Of course. I would love to work with the Moon Night Iron if I have a chance."

"Then reclaim Nevartan's Necklace. I'll reward you with a piece of Moon Night Iron."

"...!"

Radwolf was a tower member. He wasn't someone who would speak light words or meaningless chatter. He had planned on giving Grid a mission from the moment he brought up the Moon Night Iron.

"The 1st Seat thinks that the Great Robber of the Red Night's reason for stealing it is to purely satisfy his desire to collect. It is unlikely that he will release Nevartan's Necklace into the world. However, my thoughts are different. How can I trust a thief? Isn't that right?"

[Do you want to accept the 'Nevartan's Necklace' quest?]

[Nevartan's Necklace]

[Difficulty: ???]

Recover Nevartan's Necklace that was stolen by the Great Robber of the Red Night.

Quest Clear Condition: Deliver Nevartan's Necklace to the 3rd Seat, Radwolf.

Quest Clear Reward: The Moon Night Iron. Affinity with Radwolf will increase.]

“Ah...”

It was a coveted quest but it was hard to accept. He couldn't see any possibility of clearing it. The hesitant Grid asked directly, “How can I get back the necklace from the Great Robber of the Red Night?”

“If I knew, wouldn't I have visited him directly and got it back myself?”

“.....”

Grid's expression became noticeably darker and Radwolf coughed before explaining, “I'm not giving you an impossible mission. I assure you that sooner or later, you will be the target of the Great Robber of the Red Night. That jerk has a sick interest.”

“Sick interest?”

“Yes. He has made his name known by stealing objects from those who represent the times. It is a distinct ambition for collection and fame. Even if you don't have any riches, he would run over and steal an empty bowl from you.”

“...Ah.”

A new fact had been revealed. The reason why the Great Robber of the Red Night was intrigued by Grid was the imperial palace's blueprint but it was likely that the focus was Grid himself, not the blueprint.

“He will surely appear before you. At that time, one of your treasures will already be in his hand.”

What had happened when he took away Nevartan's Necklace? Radwolf was reminded of this incident and spoke through gritted teeth, “It is a short window of opportunity, but you will get a chance to talk to him. At that time, try to negotiate with him. Then you can get Nevartan's Necklace back.”

From beginning to end, Radwolf never told Grid to suppress the thief using force. The reason was obvious. It meant he was an opponent that Grid couldn't suppress using force. Even Radwolf, a tower member, missed capturing him.

‘He is either really strong or has an excellent escape method...’

Of course, it was likely to be both. A transcendent and a thief...

It was a terrible hybrid. Somehow, he didn't want to get involved with this person. However, if it was a person he would get tangled up in anyway, he should take advantage of it.

“I understand, Radwolf. I will try.”

“Kukuk, this guy. I will leave it to you.”

[The quest has been accepted.]

The Moon Night Iron—a mineral that had the power to temporarily block someone's status. Great demons, archangels, legends, transcentents, and gods. It was a necessary mineral for Grid to face these monsters in the future.

"I like your spirit." Radwolf smiled with satisfaction at Grid's willingness to accept the mission and extended his hand to Grid. "I will be waiting for the good news."

"I will work hard. By the way, I... There are eight magic machines in total. Does that mean that the tower members other than you and Fronzaltz can operate the magic machines?"

"Not at all. It is designed to allow only giants to drive it."

The tower members were the peak of their own field. If they operated the magic machines then they had to seal their own skills.

"The reason for the eight magic machines is due to the attributes. Each dragon has its own attributes. I have to keep up with them as much as possible to fight them."

"Ah, I see."

Grid had thought the magic machines had a different energy. It was due to the difference in attributes. Grid nodded and brought up a really important question, "Excuse me, I would like to ask you one more question. It is possible to make a magic machine that can be driven by humans, not giants?"

As expected, it wasn't possible? Grid didn't have much expectations. Even Zibal could only operate the magic machines for dozens of seconds. The human species itself wasn't suitable for driving a magic machine. However, the answer was completely different from what Grid expected.

"It is only possible if multiple functions are reduced and the output is lowered."

"...!"

"Shall I teach you how to make it?"

"...!!"

How could he get a recipe for a magic machine driven by humans with just a few words? The Tower of Wisdom was truly a place that gave and gave. The excited Grid nodded and Radwolf approached the desk before rummaging through a pile of papers. He quickly took out a blueprint and handed it over to Grid.

"Here you are. However, you need pavranium to make this."

"...Huh?"

Grid stiffened as he was excitedly accepting the blueprint.

"In order to reduce the output and allow it to move fully, you need the unique 'move on its own' characteristic that belongs to pavranium. You need at least two tons. So in fact, you actually can't make it. That's why there has been no magic machines for humans in over a thousand years. Well, take it anyway. This is my blueprint, not anyone else's. Make it a family treasure."

Radwolf didn't know it yet. The fact that pavranium had now evolved into Greed and could multiply infinitely. In Grid's mind, the majesty of the magic machines unit unfolded.

[Chapter 1229](#)

[The 'Small Magic Machines Production Method' has been acquired.]

[Small Magic Machines Production Method]

[Rating: Ancient

A production method for a magic machine suitable for human control.

Learning Condition: Five craftsman level production skills or one legendary production technique.

Weight: 1]

It was surprising. Grid originally thought that the production of the magic machines was left to the scholars and alchemists but his predictions were completely wrong.

'It doesn't matter what production field it is in as long as it reaches the peak...'

The blueprint created by the legendary scientist was so perfect that anyone with the skill to digest it could follow it. He thought he should take it as a matter of fact.

'The rating is classified as ancient, just like Raiders.'

'Ancient' was a special rating.

It was treated separately from the normal-myth ratings and there were no stat bonuses when one was produced. Even so, the regret that Grid felt right now wasn't about the lack of stats that were acquired.

'The problem is that I need two tons of Greed.'

Greed doubles every 10 days. It was only possible to acquire two tons of Greed after two months. Of course, this was a story of when he left it alone for two months. Unfortunately, Greed couldn't multiply more than a certain amount. It was necessary to suppress this attribute before the magic power of the insane dragon iron could be sensed. Therefore, it would take half a year to collect two tons of Greed. It meant that it would take at least half a year to make a magic machine. The power of this small magic machine might only be 1/5th, no, 1/10th of the power of Raiders, but it was worth waiting that long.

However, Grid already had another plan. He couldn't wait half a year, just like a child waiting for his birthday. It was because it was necessary to build a very large flying ship that moved on its own—the aerial fortress.

'It will take at least five years to gather the amount of Greed necessary to create an aerial fortress.'

This was the analysis of Great Sage Sticks. Sticks said that just laying the foundation of the fortress required hundreds of tons of Greed and it would take five years to accumulate the amount. This was only the foundation. This meant it would take five years just to get the foundation of the fortress after constantly separating Greed.

'If I make the magic machines in the meantime...'

This would delay the time even longer. In other words, the completion time of the fortress would be delayed by half a year every time one magic machine was made. Grid felt it was a very big blow. A tactical weapon that allowed him to freely carry and operate large-scale troops and weapons—this was

the planned role of Grid's aerial fortress. He hoped that an aerial fortress would be a great help in easily conquering all the kingdoms of the continent and fighting against invaders such as the great demons.

Grid wanted to eliminate all types of dangers for his families, colleagues, and kingdom. Therefore, from his perspective, it wasn't pleasant for Grid to slow down the construction of the aerial fortress.

'...But.'

Grid rolled open the production method.

"What are you doing?"

Radwolf was agitated by his actions. It was a useless production method that Radwolf had told Grid to keep as a family treasure, so he was flustered by Grid's unexpected behavior.

"Hey! Hey! You can't make the magic machine after learning that!"

The small magic machine was the least valuable one of Radwolf's works. However, this was a story based on that premise that 'it is too impossible to be practical.' There was no defect in the production method of the small magic machine and the degree of completion was perfect. Like any other production method, it was a work that Radwolf cherished.

Radwolf hoped his work would remain a family treasure of the Overgeared Dynasty forever. He wanted to feel proud as he watched his work being regarded as special from a distance. Yet at this moment...

"I'll see for myself if it is impossible or possible."

Grid opened and read the blueprint. Then all the knowledge and information in the blueprint was transferred to Grid.

"Eek!"

Radwolf's face reddened. He glared at Grid, who ignored his warnings and turned his work into something less than poop. A legendary scientist in history—he felt displeased with Grid, who ignored the advice that came from someone who had been researching for over a thousand years. Nevertheless, Grid didn't care.

"God Hands."

Two black-gold hands floated in front of Grid. They moved by themselves and started to fan Radwolf's red face.

"This...?!"

Radwolf knew about pavranium. The production method for the small magic machine was inspired by the best mineral that Braham and Pagma had studied and produced together. That's why he noticed it immediately—the mineral Grid was using now was very different from the pavranium that he knew.

'Did it evolve?'

Radwolf observed every movement of the God Hands floating in front of him. His vast knowledge analyzed the characteristics of the minerals that made up the God Hands and his delicate senses read the energy of the God Hands.

“You...!”

Radwolf’s expression twisted. His big and bright eyes rose and Grid flinched with fright.

“You mixed pavranium with the insane dragon iron...!”

“...!”

To the Tower of Wisdom, the insane dragon iron was a catastrophe. Their immediate task was to find and dispose of all the insane dragon iron that threatened the peace of the world.

‘I’m in trouble.’

Grid realized his mistake when he saw Radwolf’s agitation. The 1st Seat, Hayate, might’ve tolerated the existence of Greed but the positions of the other tower members could be different.

‘Perhaps he hasn’t heard it from the 1st seat yet.’

Either way, Grid had to convince Radwolf first. As Hayate had noted, Grid was in control of Greed. It happened the moment Grid was about to explain.

“Amazing! Very challenging!”

“...!”

Radwolf still had an angry expression but his mouth widened to the fullest as he grabbed the God Hands and started to examine them.

“You’ve overcome the shortcoming of pavranium, which only exists in very small quantities! In the future, pavranium can multiply infinitely! Truly amazing! I’ve completely lost my fear of it!”

“.....”

“What type of courage did you have to keep the nature of the insane dragon iron? You got all of the insane dragon stone, right? Whenever the insane dragon iron multiplies beyond a certain amount, you have the means to suppress it using the insane dragon stone’s power of suppression? That can’t be it! The amount of insane dragon stone is limited compared to the ever multiplying insane dragon iron. How are you planning to suppress the insane dragon iron later? Won’t it be harder to handle as more time passes by?”

“.....”

Grid failed to respond quickly.

Radwolf’s harsh expression and tone made him feel anxious.

‘It is obvious that he is angry just by looking at his expression and intonation... Why does he seem genuinely pleased?’

“Hah! Wait? Did you make a hammer and anvil using the insane dragon stone? Could you control the proliferation of the insane dragon iron at any time?”

“T-That’s right.”

“There was a meticulous calculation behind the choice to commit a great crime? Kuhahahat! Indeed! It’s amazing!”

“.....”

Radwolf smiled and hugged a God Hand like it was his beloved grandchild. Then he stroked the God Hand who struggled like it disliked it.

“I thought that since you are the Hero King, you would be a noble and boring hero, yet that isn’t the case at all. It isn’t enough to deceive the tower by pretending that you don’t know the owner of the insane dragon iron, you also wanted to take the insane dragon iron, which is a threat to world peace, and make it completely your own. You are a surprisingly sneaky, greedy guy.”

“...!”

Grid tried to read Radwolf’s inner thoughts and stiffened like a stone statue. It was a very long time ago. It reminded him of the time when he just discovered Pagma’s Rare Book. Earl Ashur’s condemnation as he confronted Grid who was trying to steal Pagma’s Rare Book hovered in Grid’s mind. Earl Ashur had called him a sneaky guy. Then at the end of Earl Ashur’s disgusted gaze, death awaited.

“.....”

Earl Ashur’s previous image overlapped with Radwolf and Grid gulped. It would definitely be a big blow if his affinity with the tower members dropped. Grid had to be cautious. He had to carefully choose his words.

Step.

Radwolf stepped up to the quiet man. Then he released the God Hand that had been bound by his ‘strength’ and reached out. Was he planning a punch? Grid was tense.

Radwolf hugged Grid and then shouted with a burst of laughter, “I like it! I really like it! You aren’t a stupid fool unlike many of the Pioneers so far! Hahat! Hahahahat!”

“.....”

Grid reminded himself that this was the Tower of Wisdom. It was a place where the tower members gave and gave because they weren’t lacking anything.

“Then I will be going.”

After the meeting with Radwolf, Grid didn’t go to see the 2nd Seat, Fronzaltz. It was because he was mentally exhausted from dealing with Radwolf. Grid wanted to log out a bit sooner. He needed a break.

“I enjoyed it.”

Hayate shook hands with Grid on behalf of the tower members. Grid bowed politely and shook Hayate's hand with both hands.

"I also enjoyed it. I don't know how to thank you for your favor."

"You can pay me back in the future."

Biban dug at his ears and hurriedly urged Grid, "Don't worry and go back quickly. You have to teach my descendant the Matchless Heart Technique."

Radwolf added, "I will watch the magic machine you make from the distance. Kukuk, an army of human magic machines... My blood is boiling just imagining it. I will watch and cheer you on."

"...Thank you," Grid simply reiterated the same words.

There were no words he could say other than thanks. Grid said farewell to them once again and left the tower. Now his remaining task was to teach Piaro the Matchless Heart Technique and to manage Greed.

'Before that—'

All the insane dragon iron supplied to the blacksmiths of the Overgeared Kingdom must be recovered. This was the way to repay the trust that Hayate had shown him.

'What is a mineral that can replace the insane dragon iron?'

Grid was troubled the entire time it took for him to return to Reinhardt. Then he realized...

'Is the mineral important?'

The reason that the mass-produced Grid set had an excellent performance wasn't due to the material. Originally, the mass-produced Grid set was made with ordinary metal as the material. This was why it was called 'mass-produced.'

It was only after Grid learned how to use the insane dragon iron that it was put into use.

'I don't have to be obsessed with the materials in the first place.'

Reclaiming the insane dragon iron wouldn't damage the value of the mass-produced Grid set. Grid realized this and went to the smithy complex. He ordered the blacksmiths to gather in front of him and then recovered all the insane dragon iron being used in the smithy.

"What's going on?"

"That..."

The blacksmiths had worked while enjoying the benefits of the metal that doubled every 10 days. Now their eyes widened at the sight. It wasn't easy to glimpse the intentions of Overgeared King Grid who was recovering the insane dragon iron. Grid shouted an order at the thousands of blacksmiths standing in a daze, "From today onward, the use of the insane dragon iron is prohibited. In the future, all blacksmiths will make the mass-produced Grid set using ordinary iron materials."

"...!"

The blacksmiths expressed their shock. They weren't convinced by Grid's sudden command. Grid identified the skeptical eyes of some blacksmiths and silently started to show his skills in the mass production methods that he made recently.

[Chapter 1230](#)

"Prime Minister! Why didn't you stop His Majesty?"

Administrator Rabbit visited Lael's office and raised his voice. He was so furious that his entire face and neck were red.

"Why were you silent while His Majesty destroyed all of the kingdom's insane dragon iron?!"

Over the past few years, the economic market of the Overgeared Kingdom had changed significantly. Agriculture used to be the center of the economy but now the armory business had become the industry that represented the Overgeared Kingdom. The reason behind this was the insane dragon iron. Thanks to the infinite multiplication of the insane dragon iron, the battle gears were produced almost free of charge. This meant enormous profits were made. The insane dragon iron was one of the treasures that promoted the profit of the battle gear industry of the Overgeared Kingdom.

Then Rabbit received the news that King Grid, after returning today, recovered and destroyed all the insane dragon iron. Rabbit was the administrator with the duty to make the kingdom rich and felt like he had been struck by lightning out of the blue.

"His Majesty should still have some of the insane dragon iron that he owns separately! You need to persuade His Majesty to re-supply the insane dragon iron to the blacksmiths!"

After Rabbit's insistence, a notification window popped up in Lael's vision.

[Administrator Rabbit has proposed the quest 'Persuade the King.']

Rabbit was the top official who manages the Treasury. It was hard for players of the Overgeared Kingdom to refuse the quests he gave because it was an 'order.' However, Lael had a higher position than Rabbit. It was much higher. He easily rejected the quest and asked Rabbit a question, "When did the insane dragon iron belong to the kingdom?"

"That..."

"The insane dragon iron has always belonged to King Grid. He just loaned it to the kingdom for a while. We have no right to intervene, no matter how His Majesty disposes of it."

"That is true but... isn't your duty to admonish His Majesty when needed? If he disposes of the insane dragon iron, the economic growth rate of the Overgeared Kingdom will be many times lower than it is now. We can't stand idly by..."

"No, it is the duty of a true servant to trust His Majesty before admonishing him. Why did His Majesty make this decision?"

"....."

Rabbit stared dumbly. He realized that he had lost his temper for a moment due to the pressure of calculating a profit and loss. Lauel's words were right. He was Grid's servant before he was the administrator. Rather than questioning Grid's choices, the right attitude was to trust him and try to understand.

Rabbit thought silently for a moment before speaking, "Is His Majesty burdened by the danger of the insane dragon iron?"

"Yes, that is correct. I personally think that His Majesty did well."

Everyone made mistakes. One of the tens of thousands of blacksmiths might forget to suppress the proliferation nature of the insane dragon iron. It was possible that the insane dragon iron would cause unforeseen accidents. Looking back on the incident where the empire struggled to deal with the insane dragon iron needles embedded in the walls of the empire and the gift presented to the empress, the dangers of the insane dragon iron was too great.

'It can even bring dragons.'

Lauel shook his head as he recalled the information he received from Grid. Since he didn't want to get involved with dragons, the insane dragon iron gave him the creeps.

'I don't know if we can meet one who can talk like Nefelina.'

The dragon's presence in the National Competition was huge. The impact that was imprinted on his brain hadn't disappeared. Rabbit spoke to Lauel, who had taken off his glasses and pressed a hand to his forehead, "I will respect and follow His Majesty's choices."

His agitation had completely subsided.

"Business has similarities to gambling so you take risks and put profits first. However, ruling is different."

"Thank you for your understanding."

Lauel smiled as he turned to look outside the window. The scenery of the Overgeared Kingdom that had become a great power was both magnificent and dynamic. Grid, Lauel, Rabbit, and their colleagues had joined together to create it. No risk was tolerated. This place must be protected. Just as Lauel was making a vow, there was a slight shaking. The palace had become more solid since Dwarf Ke's expansion, indicating that it had been greatly impacted. Yes, the 'minimum' impact required to create this shock...

"Don't tell me?"

Rabbit's eyes trembled with agitation and his face was white.

"Administrator Rabbit! You were here!"

A knight rushed in. He first saluted Lauel before reporting the situation to Rabbit, "K-King Grid and Sir Piaro have started dueling in the fields!"

"Again?!"

Piaro had a very high position in the Overgeared Kingdom Rabbit didn't want to scold him since he was the second most popular person after Grid. Yet Rabbit had to keep playing the villain.

"Dammit! If they're going to duel then go to the wasteland in the distance!"

He didn't know why the two people with the power to destroy a mountain kept fighting here. They could adjust their power but the problem was that both Grid and Piaro didn't want to lose.

"I have to go!"

"I'll go with you. I need His Majesty's seal here."

The flyer held in Lauel's hand as he chased after Rabbit attracted Rabbit's attention. It was a flyer specifically commissioned from Picasso to recruit new farmers. The main model was naturally the legendary farmer Piaro. The sub-model was Aura Master Hurent, who was known to be Piaro's successor. Piaro was carrying a sack of rice on his shoulder and Hurent was holding a bunch of rainbow potatoes by their stem. They both showed white teeth as they smiled happily while exclaiming, "Farming is so much fun!"

"What is that...?"

The flyer in Lauel's hand caught Rabbit's attention.

★ Reidan's rice grown directly by the legendary farmer and the Aura Master ★

★ Rainbow potatoes enjoyed by great magicians ★

As Duke Piaro said,

"I met King Grid and learned the true taste of farming!"

Have you tasted it? Rainbow potatoes~

Can you feel it? Your body becoming healthy~

All of this is a farmer's grace! It is the grace of farming!

Let's be proud farmers together!

The countryside! It is calling you!

"....."

It was a flyer that was impossible to turn a blind eye to even in the midst of his rush. Rabbit was engrossed in the colorful and crude phrases and stopped walking for a moment. The effect of the flyer was verified through Rabbit's reaction and the satisfied Lauel explained, "Weren't a lot of mines found in the previous Gauss Kingdom's territory? It seems many young people will be attracted over there so this flyer is designed to minimize this. Agriculture is the backbone of the Overgeared Kingdom."

"No... even so, using a noble duke as the model for recruiting farmers..."

"Can I hear this from the person who tried to confiscate the salary of that noble duke?"

“.....”

“Well, you don’t have to worry. The people are familiar with Piaro’s image.”

Piario was the highest ranking noble after the king and a general who led tens of thousands of troops but he was always spending time with the people. For the people, he was like the farmer next door. He was a slightly handsome and pleasant uncle.

Laue! was confident that he was loved by the public and it would be a master stroke to use Piario as a publicity model.

It was completely different from the duel just a few days ago. Grid and Piario had reviewed their previous battle dozens or even hundreds of times. This meant they attacked their opponent more thoroughly, leading to a long-term battle. It was largely because Grid had become more cautious.

In the previous duel, Grid had poured out all of his skills from the get-go. This time, his style had completely changed. He observed the situation, waited until Piario attacked, then used evasion or defense as he bided his time for a chance to counterattack.

‘Has he developed coping techniques after experiencing free farming several times?’

Certainly, Grid was responding well to Free Farming. He took full advantage of the fact that he was superior to Piario in terms of speed and he turned most of Piario’s attacks to naught. However, the faces of the observers, including Dante and Singuled, weren’t very bright.

This was a rich farming field. It was an overwhelmingly favorable space for Piario. All types of crops were restoring his strength and health in real time, so a long-term battle of attrition was a disadvantage for Grid. The bigger problem was the variable of sowing seeds among the free farming method. Dozens of seeds were already flying around Grid and it was unknown when they would sprout at any time and threaten Grid.

‘How can he not know this?’

What was Grid’s aim? Would the young king really have a strategy to target Piario who was accustomed to fighting?

“...!”

Among the dozens of questioning observers, Dante, Singuled, and Hurent’s eyes suddenly widened. It was because Piario’s attack style suddenly changed drastically.

“Matchless Heart Farming 2nd Style!”

“...?!”

It was matchless heart farming, not free farming?

“Super Growth!”

The earth shook. All the seeds scattered around Grid sprouted simultaneously and became trees. The hardy trees blocked off all of Grid's retreat paths and pressured his entire body.

'What?'

All the observers were amazed by the momentum of the former Free Farming Style that was now much more powerful than ever before. Among them, Aura Master Hurent was astonished.

'What is this?'

Piario had learned Natural State. As an Aura Master, Hurent could read the concept of 'energy' and knew that Piario always recovered and accumulated his strength through the process of gathering and soothing the surrounding magic power. At first glance, the resource was close to infinite but it wasn't a complete advantage. He had to gather and embody it. There were clear delays in this series of processes so Piario sometimes exposed gaps.

The Free Farming Style itself was a skill that consumed a lot of resources. The more times that Free Farming was used, the longer the cooldown was and the power would be lost little by little. Yet it changed at this very moment. Piario's pure energy was restored several times faster than before. Additionally, the capacity of the energy that could be accumulated had increased. This resulted in a significant increase in the power and speed of Free Farming.

'What happened suddenly?'

Hurent's gaze suddenly shifted to Grid. The one who should be the most flustered actually looked so calm. Meanwhile, the battle was intensifying. The power of Sweet Potato Battering caused an impact that was second only to Pounding Mortar, causing the bodies of the observers to shake.

'Piario is overwhelming...!'

It was completely different from the previous duel. In just a few days, Piario's skills had surpassed Grid. The moment that Hurent had this thought, fire appeared around Grid. It was the usage of Storm of the Fire God that previously cooked Piario's sweet potatoes. In the midst of the fire—

"Flower, Link, Transcend, Kill, Wave, Drop, Pinnacle, Revolve..."

Grid started to unleash every single sword dance and fused sword dance that he had. It was like his resources were infinite as he used it nonstop! The field was turned into a complete ruin. Once again, no exception had been made.

"Siiiiiiir Piario!"

Rabbit could be seen approaching. Grid and Piario, who had been exchanging blows with smiles on their faces, became as stiff as statues and the observers slowly stepped back.