

## Overgeared 1271

### [Chapter 1271](#)

“Father!” A boy with a bright smile ran over. His beautiful blue eyes were like jewels, and his dark hair accentuated his white skin. It was the appearance of Reinhardt’s greatest celebrity, Prince Lord, who attracted the hearts of women every time he appeared on the street.

“Lord!” Grid held Lord in his arms and ruffled the wavy hair. Lord might be 14 years old, but he was still a cute kid in Grid’s eyes.

“Hehe.” Lord rubbed his cheeks against Grid’s chest with a happy expression like a cat in the sun.

“You have to take care of your dignity.” Then a teacher in charge of discipline came over and admonished the boy who wanted this time to last forever.

Grid made a dark expression and picked up the blushing Lord who was slowly stepping back.

“What is dignity between a parent and child?”

“Your Majesty, I’m sure Queen Irene will be sad.”

“It’s fine, it’s fine. It isn’t like this every day. Irene should understand.”

Grid drove away the teacher and checked Lord’s details.

He hadn’t gone through his adulthood ceremony so there were still limitations on his level and stats. However, he had acquired 12 skills that were S-grade or higher. There were more than 10 different types of skills.

This was truly the power of a continental genius.

It was possible he would become the secret weapon that would sustain the Overgeared Kingdom as Lael wished.

However, Grid wondered if this was something to be really happy about.

A shadow was cast on Grid’s face.

‘How hard must it be every day?’

Braham and Piaro. Mercedes, the Overgeared Guild members, and Kraugel.

Grid knew because he had been watching geniuses of all ages.

They were the same as him.

The reason they were at the top of the fields wasn’t just because of their talent. It was also because of their efforts.

They went to bed later than others, and opened their eyes earlier than others to study. This was how they reached their present point.

It was the same for Lord.

Was this child really happy when he had to meet the expectations of other people before he was even an adult?

Grid had this thought and asked seriously, “Lord, what is your dream?”

“Naturally, it is to become like you, Father! The ultimate warrior! Additionally, the best blacksmith and a great person respected by the people!”

“.....”

Could this be the damage of teaching by cramming?

Lord might have mistaken the wishes of the people around him for his dream.

It was the moment when the heartbroken Grid thought he should have a deeper conversation with Lord.

Lord exclaimed, “It is also to make my girlfriends happy!”

“.....”

Grid shut his mouth. He shifted his gaze and hundreds of beautiful women greeted him.

The Rebecca’s Daughters candidates—they grew up from girls and were now mature beauties.

Grid pondered on it and asked a question, “Can you... handle it?”

“Of course!”

Did Lord know what he was answering?

Lord’s expression was so clear that the flustered Grid quickly let go of his worries.

‘He is a continental genius. He can afford it whether it is 200 or 300.’

Grid thought he should make more money if he didn’t want to become poor after giving his grandchildren pocket money.

Grid shook his head and pulled four small dolls out of his inventory.

They were the artificial elementals from Talima.

“So cute!”

Lord’s girlfriends exclaimed with excitement.

Fire, wind, earth, and water.

It was because the artificial elementals expressed their individuality with colors that matched their attributes, and they looked cute.

“What is this?”

Lord had learned elemental techniques from Sticks.

Some people said that Grid was the ultimate all-rounder, but from Grid's perspective, the true all-rounder was Lord.

Lord wondered, "Do you feel the elementals in the dolls?"

"As expected, you are aware of it. They are called artificial elementals. They are collected using Talima's magic engineering. Unlike actual elementals, they are classified as a material. However, they are much more obedient, so keep them by your side. They will surely be useful."

"Yes! I'll be friends with these kids!"

Lord smiled widely. Then he held the dolls in his arms and sniffed them.

Grid cocked his head. "Does it smell bad?"

"No? These kids were in Father's arms and they smell like you."

It was an answer that allowed him to feel Lord's sensitivity.

Unfortunately, Grid was rather dull emotionally.

'Is his sense of smell developed because he is a genius? Certainly, a good sense of smell is a useful talent.'

Satisfy's monsters were very diverse. He heard that people with a good sense of smell didn't easily get attacked by monsters because they could smell the monsters, which smelled different. There were also the low-quality people who gave off a bad smell.

"Then I'll be going. It is time for Teacher Damian to visit."

For years, Damian had been teaching Lord divine magic. Grid was thankful that he visited Reinhardt once a week to tutor Lord.

"Yes, go ahead."

Grid said goodbye to Lord and went to Irene.

He tried to make the most of the fun he had in Talima, but Irene's expression wasn't comfortable.

It was because she heard that Grid fought against a high ranking great demon alone before he headed off to Talima.

"Please don't overdo it."

"... I will be careful."

Recently, some religious organizations in the United States started to argue that Satisfy's NPCs had souls. Their souls were born of human hands rather than god's, and the religious organizations were worried that the NPCs wouldn't go to heaven after they died. Instead, they would wander around. Of course, most people thought it was just dogs barking nonsense.

However, Grid was often confused and unsettled.

The more he knew the NPCs, the more he thought of them as living beings. The more he respected and communicated with them, the more he wondered if they really had souls?

Since ancient times, how many civilizations believed that gods inhabited objects?

Especially if the object was an NPC who was the same as a human.

“Sigh...”

He had made up his mind not to think too deeply.

Grid let out a breath as he shook off his thoughts and moved to the smithy. Then he sent a whisper to Yura.

-I'm sorry. I'll think I'll have to learn how to craft a magic engineering gun later.

Originally, Grid planned how to craft a magic gun from Cradle. However, he was forced to postpone it because the scientist Margaret wasn't in the laboratory.

She didn't even attend the party celebrating the liberation of the empress' soul so she couldn't be urged.

-Why are you apologizing? I'm just grateful for your concern.

-Thank you.

He finished his conversation with Yura, walked a bit further, and arrived at the smithy. Grid left Mercedes to guard the surroundings, and Panmir and the other blacksmiths welcomed him.

He gathered together all the craftsmen and brought out the ether diamonds.

“Can you smelt this?”

“It isn't impossible... however, I think the probability of success is less than 20%.”

It was a material that even the dwarf craftsmen were hard to work with.

Grid thanked Panmir for his honest confession and gave the craftsmen 10 ether diamonds.

“Try it.”

“Isn't this a mineral that is only obtained from Talima? The loss of such a precious item will be too great...”

“If it can help you grow then it isn't a loss, even if I lose a billion won.”

Grid had easily smelted most minerals from the beginning, but it was different for ordinary people.

Many minerals that were obtained at an expensive price were wasted after they failed to be smelted.

This was why blacksmith players only bought minerals that were easy to smelt and made items to be sold for money.

It was a smart way to increase wealth, but it wasn't very helpful for growth.

It was because compared to smelting a mineral that was easy to smelt, smelting high difficulty minerals gave more skill experience.

“Thank you for all your work.”

“It was nothing.”

Grid smiled at Panmir and the craftsmen and left the smithy.

The next people he met were Lauel and Rabbit.

“Use them properly.”

“This is what Ke ong mentioned...”

A total of 98 artificial elementals was placed on the round table.

Lauel and Rabbit’s eyes sparkled when they checked the performance.

“It will save a significant amount of labor in each area.”

“I’m glad that we can save money on labor costs.”

Grid told them, “In the future, 52 additional elementals will be added every year. You should know this.”

“Is it impossible to produce it in the Overgeared Kingdom?”

“It isn’t possible. It can only be made by the dwarves, regardless of skill.”

“Um... Unfortunately, it can’t be helped.”

Busy. He was busy. He left Lauel and Rabbit, who were discussing how to extract the ultimate efficiency from the artificial elementals. Then his next stop was Braham’s study.

Braham looked picturesque as he read by the sun-drenched window.

“Isn’t it strange for a vampire to love the sun?”

“Bah. Tell me why you came here.”

“That... is there any way to get through the dragon’s barrier with Teleport? It seemed to be a barrier that blocks movement magic arrays and disturbs the coordinates.”

“It is impossible at the level of that school’s long-eared person. Even if a person lives for a thousand or ten thousand years, they won’t be able to pass the dragon’s barrier.”

The school’s long-eared person meant the one Grid normally used as a means of transportation, the academy’s principal, Sticks. Even Grid didn’t have the guts to use Braham as a movement vehicle.

Therefore, Braham seemed to think that Grid was referring to Sticks’ Teleport.

Grid rephrased his question, “Braham, what about your Teleport?”

Braham finally raised his gaze from the book. His red eyes staring at Grid were as cold as usual. It was like cold wind.

“A lot of magic is derived from the dragons. A prime example is Polymorph and Teleport.”

“Then... are you saying your Teleport won't work either?”

This was bad. Grid might not be able to interact with Talima as Antrino feared.

Grid's face was stiff when he noticed something strange.

Braham's eyes changed. An eager desire had settled in his eyes.

“The ultimate purpose of my magic is to kill a dragon.”

The purpose of punishing hell and honoring his mother's soul was because he was her child, the purpose of killing Marie Rose was a type of arrogance, but killing a dragon was the aspiration of the legendary magician Braham.

Surviving a dragon—Braham was often proud of this achievement, but it was only hypocrisy. In fact, Braham wanted to get rid of the past. His ego was too strong to tolerate his old self who ran away without looking back.

“I...”

Braham approached and grabbed Grid's wrist.

Subsequently, the scene in front of Grid changed.

It was a huge cavern that was hard to measure the size.

Grid and Braham stood in this cavern.

“This place...?”

Grid's eyes widened as he looked around in a flustered manner.

The sight that surprised him wasn't the mountain of treasure piled up one one side of the cavern.

Four artificial elementals were cleaning with brooms everywhere.

Grid noticed something from the appearance of the artificial elements who had darker and more beautiful colors than those from Talima.

“D-Don't tell me.”

It was as expected.

[You are the first player to enter Fire Dragon Trauka's nest!]

“Oh, these look pretty good?”

“.....!”

Grid was frightened. The guardian of Talima—Braham was talking about none other than the four artificial elemental kings.

Braham spoke to Grid who was lost in absurdity, “A dragon’s barrier? Bah. This body has surpassed it a long time ago.”

...No, why was this person so imposing?

There wasn’t only one or two things to tackle.

Grid stared at this thief who was talking with a smile.

## [Chapter 1272](#)

Lantier wasn’t the name of a particular person. Instead, it was a title given to the leader of Eclipse, the strongest assassination group in the past, to keep them anonymous. However, once the 25th Lantier became a legend, a misconception took root in the world.

“The name of the night, who caused death just by speaking, started to be hailed as an object of awe. He unintentionally came out of the shadows and lost his essence. Since then, Eclipse’s position was shaken.”

King of Shadows, Kasim—he had been teaching Faker how to use Lantier’s techniques for the past few years and today, he was telling the story of Eclipse for the first time. As of today, he seemed to have opened his heart to Faker who had mastered Lantier’s techniques. Learning Lantier’s techniques meant one was qualified to become Lantier.

Faker now had to study and understand Eclipse. It was his new duty.

“Eclipse was brought out into the sun along with Lantier and soon became familiar to the public. It lost its mystique. Since it was constantly being mentioned and attracted attention, clients became reluctant to commission jobs.”

It was an assassination organization.

They had to do everything in secret so there was nothing good about the public’s attention. Due to the unexpected circumstances, there were various restrictions and people’s requests were noticeably reduced. The assassins of the organization who absolutely obeyed Lantier expressed their dissatisfaction with Lantier and little by little, the hierarchy of the organization invisibly collapsed.

“The 25th Lantier felt a sense of responsibility and retired, but nothing improved. The organization’s forces were rapidly weakened and the information network that occupied the entire West Continent stopped operating. The strongest assassination group fell to an ordinary level.”

The real problem was something else—Eclipse’s system of kidnapping talented boys from all over the continent and training them as assassins collapsed, leaving no talents to succeed Lantier’s name. Gradually, Lantier’s techniques declined and by the time it reached the 32nd Lantier, the mentor of Kasim and Doran, most of the skills had been lost.

“You need to browse the records of the former Lantiers in order to explore Lantier’s true techniques. However, it has been a long time since I’ve lost contact with Eclipse. Their current location can’t be determined.”

“How did you lose contact?”

As the direct disciple of the 32nd Lantier, Kasim was Eclipse's successor and thus, Faker was a bit puzzled about how Eclipse's successor lost contact with Eclipse.

After hearing Faker's question, Kasim explained, "There were signs of a civil war in Eclipse from the time that Master retired. The cause was Doran and I. As you know, we only each acquired half the techniques due to our lack of talent. Therefore, the members of the organization were anxious. Master was convinced that Doran and I could work together to become one Lantier, but... even Doran and I, the people involved, wondered if that was possible. This meant the distrust of the other members was even greater."

"Did a rebellion eventually happen?"

"Yes, two men who had the support of the executives drove out my aging master. Master was greatly hurt in the process of escaping with us. He taught us in the mountains and died a few years later."

"....."

"After he passed away, Doran chose to live a normal life, but it was different for me. I sharpened my weapons to get revenge on the empire and at the same time, I tracked Eclipse's whereabouts. I wanted to regain the records of the previous Lantiers that only the legitimate heirs could read in order to gain more power. However, it was almost impossible for me to track down Eclipse's whereabouts on my own."

"....."

"It is just that recently, I found a very important trail. Eclipse remains in the empire's underworld."

Empress Basara had invited Irene and Lord to the empire. At that time, Kasim acted as escort and observed the interior of the empire he once wanted revenge on. He thought about what would've happened if he insisted on fighting the empire to the end. He imagined himself trapped in the Abyss so he visited it with a depressed heart. Then he saw traces of Eclipse.

"Are you saying that some of the prisoners have something to do with Eclipse?" Faker asked.

He was originally quiet. The fact that he was actively leading the conversation was proof of his desire to become Lantier. Kasim replied with a happy heart, "That's right. It is reasonable to make that speculation."

"I understand. I will ask to escort the queen and prince when they leave."

He had a clue and only action remained. The empire was in a favorable relationship with the Overgeared Kingdom so there was a high possibility he could investigate the Abyss. Faker bowed to Kasim and left. His appearance that melted into the shadows and disappeared from view gave Kasim hope.

"Lantier... is he resurrected?"

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The world was divided into three main categories—Hell, the ground, and Heaven.



The West Continent and East Continent might be completely separated, but they were ultimately bound to the category of 'the ground.' Dragon lairs were the exception. Dragon lairs were located on the ground, but they were considered a completely separate area from the ground.

For the people who regarded the dragons as gods of the ground, it was a sacred and inviolable field. For the people who regarded dragons as a threat to humanity, it was no different from hell. In other words, it was both heaven and hell. There were few idiots who dared to enter a dragon's lair on their own. Now one idiot was by Grid's side.

[You are the first player to enter Fire Dragon Trauka's nest!]

[Your feat of breaking through the high level magic traps and horde of monsters defending the dragon's lair will become a legend.]

[The transcendent status will be opened as a first entry reward.]

[Transcendence has already been opened.]

[The change in the reward will increase the level of transcendence by one stage.]

[The probability of attacking a weak point is slightly increased.]

[The probability of blocking attacks to your weak points is slightly increased.]

"A dragon's barrier? Bah. This body has surpassed it a long time ago."

"....."

The dragon's lair was an important space. The reward for visiting it first was to become a transcendent. It was equivalent to the reward for writing an epic. Visiting a lair was a great feat. It was an unexpected reward for Grid, but he wasn't happy at all.

"First of all, put that down." Grid calmed Braham who was holding onto the necks of the elemental kings. He had experienced Braham's trolling many times and was anxious and afraid. It was difficult to think that the fire dragon wouldn't be prepared after Braham stole from him once.

"What if there is tracking magic? Won't we be caught by the fire dragon if there is such a thing? I will be pursued and I won't be the only one destroyed. It is the Overgeared Kingdom as well."

Grid's concerns were valid, but Braham just scoffed. "You don't understand the character of a dragon at all."

"...?"

"What countermeasures should be taken to prevent the occurrence of a thief? Bah, he has to be aware of thieves first. You have no idea how high a dragon's position is. A dragon doesn't pay attention to any creature except itself, not even the gods."

'You know that you're a thief.'

Grid clicked his tongue and demanded a clear answer. "So there will be no traces of us left even if you steal everything here?"

“That’s right.”

“...Is this a true story?”

Braham’s confident expression gave Grid confidence. Grid’s gaze turned to a corner of the lair. Dragons truly did like shiny things. All types of gold coins and gemstones formed mountains.

‘How much is all of this?’

Grid’s eyes filled with greed. He gradually approached the mountains of treasure while preparing to send a whisper to the 10 meritorious retainers to get ready as many sacks as possible.

-Intruder.Alert, intruders.

-Step back or we will make you do so with force.

The four elemental kings, who were caught by the neck by Braham, started to talk all at once. It seemed an anti-theft system was installed in them.

‘Is this the reason why Trauka took the elemental kings from the dwarves?’

Contrary to Braham’s speculation, the fire dragon seemed to be wary of thieves. His pride was just too high to set a trap openly so he built a defense using the elemental kings that were ‘snatched from the dwarves by chance.’ Braham noticed this and laughed. “Kukuk!Kuhahahat! The lizard jerks are no different!”

“Why are you laughing now?”

The disgusted Grid released the elemental kings who were being held by Braham. He was really afraid of future trouble if he crossed a line. Braham didn’t seem to like Grid’s attitude, but he immediately controlled his expression.

Grid told Braham, “...The survival of the kingdom is at stake.”

“Che. I understand.”

He had no choice but to be convinced. If the fire dragon was stimulated more than necessary, the entire continent might perish. Braham could only yield.

“Let’s go back... Huh?” Grid was rushing Braham to leave only to stop in place. His gaze was focused on a stone wall of the treasure warehouse. “T-This?”

A fire stone with the dragon’s breath—it was a mineral recorded in his dictionary of minerals that had been rapidly filled with information thanks to Antrino. It was described as a mineral with a very low probability of growing on stone walls that had been exposed to a dragon breath for at least 200 years. The attributes of the mineral could change depending on the attributes of the dragons.

“.....?” Braham shook his head as he was grumbling and preparing the Teleport magic. The sight of Grid with bloodshot eyes and a runny nose made Braham a bit uneasy.

Grid requested, “These guys... can you quietly take care of them?”

Grid was pointing to the elemental kings. Braham sighed as his gaze alternated between the elemental kings and Grid. "What happened to all the things you were worried about a little while ago? It is better to neutralize them rather than destroy them and provoke the fire dragon."

Braham's mental world was manifested. Braham locked the elemental kings up in there and warned Grid, "Five minutes. If you don't do it in five minutes, the fire dragon will sense the anomaly and come back."

The manifestation of the mental world had a very strong ripple effect. Fire Dragon Trauka would soon notice that something strange had invaded his place. Grid received Braham's warning and pulled out his pickaxe.

### [Chapter 1273](#)

The S.A Group collected the food and culture of all the regions in the world and reflected it in Satisfy. Additionally, Satisfy's food culture was so vast and wonderful that hundreds of unique ingredients existed only in Satisfy. It wasn't uncommon for people who enjoyed gastronomy to play the game and say, 'What new food shall I enjoy today?' At this time, many people connected to Satisfy with expectations...

[Reinhardt's Korean Restaurant]

Peak Sword, one of the 10 meritorious retainers, visited a Korean restaurant as usual.

"I really like perilla leaves."

He used the chopsticks in a reverent manner. Peak Sword picked up a piece of pork belly, placed it on a perilla leaf, and asked the young man sitting at the same table as him, "Why do you think that is?"

"That..."

The ID of the young man sitting down facing Peak Sword was Dae Dokman. As a VVIP member of the Korean Patriotic Association, he originally enjoyed Satisfy as a leisurely activity. Then Peak Sword discovered that his gaming talent was high and turned him into a full-time gamer and Peak Sword's apprentice.

Dae Dokman thought carefully and answered, "It is delicious to eat it raw or seasoned. It is good with kimchi, soy sauce, soybean paste, and... isn't it because it is delicious no matter how you eat it?"

"Huhu, it is half the right answer."

Peak Sword shook his head with a full mouth. His cheeks were puffed up due to the pork belly and white rice while his expression was bitter and he seemed to be lost in distant thoughts. "Gulp. Of course, perilla leaves are delicious. They are so delicious I can eat them for three meals every day without getting tired of it. However, I don't just like perilla leaves for such a simple reason."

Peak Sword's eyes flashed sharply—it was like looking at a blade. "There is power in the leaves."

".....?"

"The power to discern the DNA of Korean people!"

“...It can discern the DNA of Korean people?”

“Yes, only the people of South Korea feel that the leaves are delicious.”

“.....?!”

“Liking perilla leaves proves that a person is of pure South Korean descent. How about it? Isn't it truly mysterious and romantic?”

“That... Chairman-nim, there are people in South Korea who don't like perilla leaves. What does that mean?”

“Perhaps there are foreigners among their ancestors.”

“I was told there is a local dish in Turkey that is soup with perilla leaves.”

“Turkey isn't a brother country for nothing.”

“Indeed...! That's it! I'm getting goosebumps at the thought!”

“In the future, let's eat perilla leaves every day. Awaken the DNA of the Korean people that flows through your body while savoring the taste and aroma. Don't forget that King Sejong and General Yi Sunshin are our ancestors!”

“Yes! I will keep that in mind!”

Someone else muttered, “...Is it necessary to report a business obstruction? Every time that man comes, many guests stop entering.”

“Leave it. The public security forces can't do anything against the 10 meritorious retainers.”

It happened as a conversation between a priest and the resentful restaurant owner was occurring...

[King Grid is calling you.]

“.....!”

Peak Sword had just brought warm white rice wrapped in a perilla leaf to his mouth when he abruptly stood up. It was a call from Grid! He was glad that he waited to be contacted after hearing that Grid returned to Reinhardt today.

“Chairman-nim?”

“God Grid is looking for me. He must want to see me quickly if he is even using the Knight Summoning skill... Huhu, it is truly God Grid.”

“God Grid, who is the lantern of humanity beyond the leaders of South Korea, is personally calling you...!”

“One of the few people that God Grid relies on is me, the chairman of the Korean Patriotic Association.”

“As expected of Chairman-nim! Your heart is majestic!”

“Please finish the meal alone. My reunion with my friend might last a long time.”

“Yes! Master!”

Dae Dokman watched as his master disappeared, leaving behind only remnants of light.

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“God Grid! Were you looking for me?!”

They were both staying in Reinhardt. Grid could send a whisper telling Peak Sword to come over straight away. Why was it necessary to use the Knight Summoning skill?

‘How quickly did he want to see me...?’

Grid didn’t even look back at the joyfully smiling Peak Sword. “You came quickly. Grab a pickaxe.”

“Ah, yes, yes... Huh?”

Pickaxe? Wait, where was he? He thought it would be the royal palace or the smithy, but it was an unfamiliar place. It was a huge cave with a natural entrance. On one side were mountains of treasure.

“...A dragon’s lair?” Peak Sword confirmed that he had entered the lair of Fire Dragon Trauka and was terrified.

Grid still didn’t look back as he urged Peak Sword, “Quickly! There’s no time!”

“Eh? Uh, yes...”

Peak Sword pulled out his pickaxe and approached Grid. He found a red stone embedded deep in one side of the flat stone wall and was astonished.

“Fire stone?”

The very first day that he met Grid on Cork Island—the minerals that grew there were the fire stones that appeared whenever Hell Gao emerged. He was worried that the terrible Hell Gao would be resurrected here. Grid shook his head. “It is a fire stone, but it isn’t an ordinary fire stone. It is a fire stone with the dragon’s breath.”

“The breath of the fire dragon?”

“In a nutshell, it is a breath. This will be the material of my new sword.”

Of course, Grid had the Red Phoenix’s Breath. The weapons made from the Red Phoenix’s Breath also emitted fire. However, the Red Phoenix’s Breath gave additional effects such as healing allies with divine power. It was obviously inferior to a dragon’s breath when viewed from an aggressive standpoint.

“A sword that shoots a breath!”

Peak Sword was thrilled when he heard it and laughed.

Kaaang!Kaaang! How long had it been since they mined together? They stood side by side and recalled the first time they met each other. The battle against Hell Gao and the war against the Gauss Army swept through their minds.

‘Together...’

'...We've been through so much.'

They had always been a strength for each other. It wasn't important who had given more help to the other person. It was great and fun to be with this person—just like right now.

[The level of Mining has increased!]

[The level of Mining has increased!]

Who could experience mining a fire stone in a dragon's lair? The fire stone gradually revealed its beautiful appearance and Grid and Peak Sword's mining technique developed rapidly. The two extremely focused men felt joy. However, this joy was short-lived. A cold reality was waiting for them.

"There are 40 seconds left."

".....!"

They were so focused that they forgot the passage of time. Grid woke up from his thoughts after hearing Braham's voice that didn't match the atmosphere. Grid accelerated the speed of his pickaxe while Peak Sword sensibly noticed the situation.

Then Peak Sword warned, "I think the stone will be damaged if we rush."

Mining wasn't a skill that uses speed. It had to be mined without damaging the mineral as much as possible in order to obtain a high-grade mineral. Even the same minerals had different grades so Peak Sword wanted to be careful. It wasn't a mineral that could be obtained twice. It was naturally the same for Grid. However, there was no time.

"We need time to wipe out our traces before Trauka arrives. He will track us to the ends of hell if we leave even a trace of dirt behind. There are 20 seconds left," Braham explained, making Grid even more anxious. Braham himself could easily avoid Trauka's tracking. He could change the nature of his magic power itself to deceive Trauka, even if residual traces of his magic power were left here.

However, Grid and Peak Sword were different. Even Braham couldn't change the magic power of others in such a short time. The traces of the two men must be erased.

'Shit...!'

Now, approximately one-third of the fire stone could be seen. He had to decide if he could mine it in 20 seconds.

'It is better to be greedy than to not get it!'

Grid was gripped by evil feelings and raised the pickaxe high. Then he hesitated again as he was about to lower it. If a quarter of the stone was damaged, it would be evaluated as inferior.

"15 seconds."

"Gasp!"

Yes, he couldn't hesitate. Grid regained his mind and was about to lower the pickaxe.

“Wait!” Peak Sword grabbed Grid’s raised arm. Peak Sword had been forced to acquire the mining skill and he had trained in it for a long time so his skill level was much higher than that of Grid’s. “Leave it to me!”

Peak Sword used the pickaxe as a lever to make a very small gap between the stone and the wall and then Peak Sword reached his hand into this gap.

“What...?! Peak Sword!” Grid frowned involuntarily.

The sound of Peak Sword’s hand breaking from the extreme pressure rang through the cave in an eerie manner.

“I...! Trust me!”

Peak Sword’s face was pale as he gave more strength to his broken hand. Grid had experienced the pain of fractures several times so he felt all the hair on his body rising. Peak Sword continued to take on a pain similar to stubbing his little toe. It was creepy imagining how much pain Peak Sword would be in.

“Peak Sword!”

“Five seconds.”

“Just a bit...! Just a bit more!”

Blood flowed from the lip that Peak Sword was biting.

“Three seconds.”

“A bit more... more!”

Peak Sword’s entire body was trembling. His legs weakened and it seemed like he was on the verge of falling down. However, Peak Sword didn’t release the strength in his fingertips. The hands that were about to turn to powder pushed deeper into the gap in the wall to push out the fire stone.

“One second.”

At the end of the time limit, the red stone burst out. Grid supported Peak Sword, whose hand was completely broken and called the God Hand to catch the stone.

“Leave.”

Braham released the image world, got rid of all their traces, and put his hands on Grid and Peak Sword’s shoulders. Mass Teleport was only used after confirming that the God Hand had picked up the fire stone and returned to Grid. Braham had grasped the intelligence of the elemental kings and his warning echoed in the empty space.

“Don’t comment on what you’ve seen today. I will destroy Talima the moment you ignore my warning.”

-.....

The elemental kings nodded repeatedly at the empty air.

[Chapter 1274](#)

“Are you okay?”

“I will be better after drinking some potions.” Peak Sword smiled and waved his hand at the anxious Grid. His bright smile made Grid’s expression darker. The dead could revive and slight wounds could be healed, but it was still painful. There might be a set limit to pain in the game, but Grid still wasn’t willing to accept it. It was why many of the two billion players preferred non-combat classes or chose archers, magicians, etc.

“...Don’t overdo it next time,” Grid declared coldly. It was intended to hide his feelings, but it couldn’t be hidden. Peak Sword knew Grid’s nature because he was Grid’s first fan.

“Ah, really. A person who dies every day is sensitive about someone’s hand being damaged.”

“It is at least a month before I die. What is every day? Additionally, it doesn’t hurt after death but a fracture is very painful.”

“It is a problem for us when you die, whether it is once a month or every day. I know. I know. I understand so lose that expression. God Grid, stop worrying.”

In the end, Grid smiled at Peak Sword who surrendered and then looked at the shining stone in his hand.

[Fire Stone Filled with the Breath of the Fire Dragon]

[Rating: Myth

A mineral that was born after ingesting Fire Dragon Trauka’s breath for 200 years.

An unnamed miner risked his life and succeeded in mining it.

Weight: 10]

Why did only one fire stone grow in that huge lair?

“The dragon’s breath sometimes changes the nature of matter. However, most substances can’t bear the change in nature and will be destroyed. This one was able to hold on,” Braham explained the reason and tapped the fire stone.

It was an admiring attitude. The myth-rated mineral was remarkable even to Braham.

‘What type of sword will be born?’

The unfortunate part was that it wasn’t ‘iron’ but ‘stone.’ This wasn’t the stone age so the value of stone-made equipment was bound to be low. However, Grid was a legendary blacksmith. He didn’t blame the materials. He had to use his skills to sharpen the stone so it was like steel. A fire stone with the breath of the fire dragon, who had existed since the beginning...

“I’ll focus on working on it for the next few days.”

Grid had no worries now that he knew he could come and go from Talima at any time.

Peak Sword cheered on Grid who headed straight for the smithy.

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'It is completely different from when I came previously?'

This was Jishuka's impression when she came to the East Continent after a long time.

The people of the Cho Kingdom used to be anxious and wary toward the foreigners from the West Continent. Now they were full of energy. No matter where she went, they treated the players kindly and welcomed them. Thus, she wondered if this was Grid's power.

'Grid, you've changed the world while I've been trying to gain a few levels.'

He was truly a great person. He deserved her love. Jishuka smiled happily as she quickened her pace. She arrived at the capital of the Cho Kingdom in just two days.

'I will take a day off before leaving.'

She still had a long way to go. Jishuka's destination was the Xing Kingdom. Her quest was to find the 'Breaking Evil Arrow' at the shrine here.

'I don't know why I should get it.'

The Breaking Evil Arrow, as the name suggested, was an arrow that destroyed unclean beings. In other words, it was an arrow that dealt additional damage to existences such as undead, ghosts, and demonkin. Jishuka wasn't satisfied. Mithril arrows that were fatal to the undead and demonkin were already popular in the West Continent.

'Of course, the Breaking Evil Arrow has a higher concept than the mithril arrows.'

She was told it was a divine arrow. The Breaking Evil Arrow would naturally be better than the mithril arrow. However, was it better than the mithril arrows used by Jishuka? Jishuka wasn't convinced that this was the case. It was because she currently wasn't using normal mithril arrows, but instead mithril arrows made by Grid. It was impossible to be fascinated with the Breaking Evil Arrows from Jishuka's position when she already had mithril arrows three times more powerful than normal mithril arrows.

She didn't feel good because she needed to waste a few days obtaining the arrows. She would've quit the quest if it wasn't her class quest.

"...Hrmm."

A ten-story pavilion—the look in Jishuka's eyes changed as she entered the largest and most gorgeous inn in the capital of Cho, Kars—the Wind Lantern Inn. She already felt something strange just from walking the streets. The people of Kars looked gloomy, as if they had experienced a type of disaster.

'Why is the atmosphere of the capital so gloomy?'

All the other areas of the Cho Kingdom had a bright atmosphere. Why did the people of the capital look like this? The vigilant Jishuka called out to the waiter, "The menu please. Ah."

The Cho Kingdom was a place where both east and west culture co-existed. How could she speak English after visiting such an obviously Oriental inn? Jishuka felt regret for a moment but fortunately, there were no communication problems.

"Yep. Here's the menu."

“Is basic English necessary to be a waiter....?”

“Huh?”

“Nothing, I was just talking to myself.”

The waiter was around 15 years old. Jishuka smiled at the boy and gave him a silver coin as a tip. The boy, who had already been enjoying Jishuka’s beauty, was delighted after receiving the coin and treated her as a young master. He soon served the food and Jishuka asked him, “What happened?”

Everyone’s facial expressions are so uncomfortable.

“Ah, that...”

The power of beauty and tips was awesome.

The boy sincerely answered Jishuka’s question, “Zombies and skeletons have been appearing every night this week and wandering through the city. All the people of the capital are uneasy and unable to sleep. They couldn’t sleep at all because they have been fighting with a broom all night to drive the zombies away from their front yards.”

“Undead appeared in the middle of a capital with such strict defenses?”

“It isn’t just in the middle. They crawled out of every corner. The kingdom says that a wicked daoist is staying in the capital and playing tricks... Therefore, you should be careful. People’s gazes toward foreigners aren’t very good these days.”

‘I can’t understand it.’

The guardian god of the Cho Kingdom was the red phoenix. Grid’s revival of the red phoenix blessed the entire nation and the sacred flames of the red phoenix had the power to destroy all evil. Yet undead appeared every night?

‘It is clear that someone is deliberately releasing the undead...’

Who was so strong that they could summon undead that could withstand the flames of the red phoenix? This was really a level of skill that went beyond common sense.

‘...Wait?’ A chill went down Jishuka’s spine. She focused on the mention of ‘zombies,’ not ‘jiangshi.’

“Did you say they are skeletons and zombies?”

“Yes.”

“There are zombies in the East Continent?”

“It isn’t impossible, but... it is hard to see them. The daoists of the East Continent make jiangshi, not zombies.”

In the end, this was the work of a necromancer from the West Continent. Jishuka remembered the face of a madman and asked the waiter again, “The soldiers must be exhausted as well?”

“Yes... They haven’t been able to sleep for a week because they have been fighting the undead... All the soldiers are having a hard time.”

‘I think this is more serious than expected?’

Jishuka got up from her seat and walked out of the inn. She observed and grasped the location of the inn and the surrounding topography. The last place she stared at was the top floor of the inn.

“Is there an empty room?”

“Yes, that place is always empty. As you can see, it is a room that uses the entire top floor so the accommodation fee is very expensive. Even the nobles and wealthy people from other lands were reluctant to stay there.”

“I’ll rent it for a few days.”

“Huh? No, Customer. One night in that room is worth dozens of nights in other rooms...”

He didn’t want to fill the stomach of the boss who said he wanted to catch a pushover. Jishuka threw a small bag at the waiter who was trying to persuade her.

“This should be enough.”

“...Gasp!”

The waiter’s eyes widened when he opened the bag. It was the first time the boy had seen so many gold coins even though he was working at Kars’ largest inn. Jishuka sighed. ‘I managed to save a little bit only to use it all up again.’

She still had quite a bit left to pay back Grid so she was troubled. However, Jishuka had no intention of missing this opportunity.

The inn owner welcomed her, “Oh my, welcome, welcome! The Wind Lantern Inn is dedicated to serving the princess!”

“The meals will be room service.”

“I will do so!”

‘He looks like a money-obsessed ghost.’

Jishuka stared coldly as the inn owner hurriedly ran out of the room. Then she went out to the terrace and activated Hawk Eyes.

‘Good.’

It was as expected. All of Kars filled her field of view. All the routes to the major facilities, including the palace, could be seen.

“Now you are all dead.”

Jishuka smiled deeper and her eyes flashed like a hawk who captured the prey.

\*\*\*

Stones were weak to heat. Unlike iron, they didn't melt in fire. They broke apart or were burned. It wasn't about smelting and tempering when it comes to making things out of stone. It was about meticulous work.

'This is a myth-rated mineral.'

It would be a weapon of the greatest power just by making it into a blade. This was what Grid thought...

"Groan..."

He soon realized that he had misjudged. The Fire Stone Filled with the Breath of the Fire Dragon couldn't be broken no matter how hard he struck it. There were no scratches at all.

'What am I supposed to do?'

Grid's struggles continued. He kept hammering on the fire stone until his stamina ran out. He even improved by changing to a high-grade saw. However, the fire stone didn't budge.

"Gasp.Gasp..."

Grid's hand, holding the hammer, convulsed. What should he do? Grid was forced to admit that his methods were wrong. He forgot about the passage of time and concentrated on thinking. Finally, a rooster's cry echoed through the tranquil streets as a new morning was announced.

The dozing blacksmiths, who didn't dare leave work when the king remained, opened their eyes all at once. At the same time, lightning struck inside Grid's head. A stone filled with the breath of the fire dragon. It had probably been exposed to the hottest heat in the world. It was also for 200 years. Was it right to look at it like a stone?

He burned the white phosphorus wood. Grid raised the temperature of the furnace to its maximum and threw in the fire stone without hesitation.

## [Chapter 1275](#)

"Did you eat first today? Sorry, I should've woken up a bit earlier."

A broad smile and a relaxed tone—who would've believed that Agnus was the owner of the eyes that were warmer than the sun? The nickname of 'Mad Dog' might be too harsh for him.

'...What?'

The doctor, Hera, watched Agnus' gentleness and shook her head. Was it normal for a human to treat the dead as a lover? He truly was as crazy as the rumors.

"...Are you going to be harassing people tonight?"

A month—this was how long the doctor Hera had been captured by Agnus. Of course, she could run away at any time. She was a player and the only thing that could bind a player's freedom was the laws of the nation and the power of certain NPCs.

However, Hera didn't run away from Agnus. In the first week, it was because she was afraid. Later, she became interested. Why on earth did he love a rotting doll?

In this stinking dining room, Agnus kissed the rotting cheek of a doll in a beautiful dress. Then he turned to Hera. The eyes that seemed like sunshine cooled down like mercury. “You are asking something obvious. The march of the night won’t stop until the only living people on this land are the three of us.”

“Three... you, me, and who else?” Hera asked with courage as she alternated looking between the doll staring at the ceiling with no focus and the lich hiding in the shade of a tree and carving a jewel.

Agnus responded like it was absurd, “Are you joking?”

He looked like he didn’t understand. Hera saw his hand on the doll’s shoulder and was forced to admit it—Agnus believed that the doll with the name ‘Luna Carlin’ above her head was alive. The fork, which had been in a precarious state for quite some time, fell under the table. It was the fork held in Luna Carlin’s hand. The plate in front of her was untouched.

However, it looked different in Agnus’ eyes. “You ate everything. Then I’ll get rid of it.”

Agnus threw the leftovers and utensils into the trash can and turned his attention to the lich Pauld. Pauld’s appearance was no different from when he was alive apart from his skin being strangely white and cold. He was an eternal youth apart from the fact that he wasn’t breathing.

Agnus asked, “Are you done?”

“Yes.”

Pauld gave Agnus the ring that he had been carefully crafting over the past week. The Ring of Absurdity—Pauld’s masterpiece that reduced the consumption of all resources was revived more brilliantly to reflect the new era. Agnus placed the beautiful, shining ring on his finger and laughed. “I can do even more tonight.”

The night was sure to come. A cold night that subdued the divine flames soaking this land. Once it came, the dead would crawl out and harm the living. Every day, the number of living would decrease and the number of dead would increase.

Agnus smiled coldly and stared at the palace in the distance. “You should’ve just given it to me.”

\*\*\*

Blacksmiths were those who touched iron filled with heat. Blacksmiths were never afraid of fire. However, fire to this extent...

“Oh...!”

Grid started to use the bellows and the reddish furnace affected the smithy. It wasn’t this hot even standing in the middle of Reidan’s desert. The bodies of the blacksmiths behind him immediately became drenched in sweat. Someone immediately took off their clothes and threw them away. He was worried that his clothes wouldn’t be able to withstand the heat and would burn. The heat was this hot.

“Th...is.”

The 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir—even he couldn’t stand it and had to take a step back. He was deprived of his ability to breathe in this heated space and wanted to run out like the other blacksmiths.

However, he endured it and kept watching. The best flames produced by the best blacksmith were imprinted in his eyes and mind. The goal of his life was reformed in this moment.

“Cough, cough...!” Panmir eventually couldn’t stand it and left the smithy.

“Gasp... Gasp...”

Grid’s use of the bellows accelerated even more. The furnace in front of him was an orange color and was on the verge of melting. Even so, Grid didn’t stop the bellows. They were fast but regular movements. He stepped on the bellows like it was a sword dance.

The fire stone in the furnace still had its original shape. It seemed to be ridiculing him for trying to dominate it with this much after it endured the fire dragon’s breath for 200 years. The surface of the furnace started to melt, but the fire stone in the furnace was still fine. This stone was far beyond the flames. It seemed to be whispering to Grid to bring it on.

However, Grid just smiled. “Let’s see who will win in the end.”

There was still quite a lot of white phosphorus wood in Grid’s inventory. It was a quantity that could make at least 300 items. The hundreds of firewood were poured into the furnace. It was without leaving behind a single one.

He focused on this moment without thinking about the consequences. He was convinced this was the only way he could beat that guy. A legendary blacksmith. No, it was a calculation that was possible because he was a blacksmith who confronted a god.

The heat was unparalleled. The heat wasn’t in the realm that a legendary blacksmith could endure. At least, if Grid wasn’t the Duke of Fire nor had the red phoenix’s protection.

There wouldn’t be a single person who could stay in the smithy right now. The furnace exploded. It might be able to contain ultra-high heat, but it was only a work of humanity. The work of humanity couldn’t endure the true heat of the white phosphorus wood grown from seeds sown by gods.

The flames grew out of control. It moved like a tsunami that hit Grid and swallowed the entire smithy. Then the smithy exploded. The first smithy, which housed hundreds of furnaces and was the largest smithy in Reinhardt’s blacksmithing district, was easily reduced to ashes.

“Aack!”

“This... this is unbelievable!”

Panmir was glad to hear the voices. The blacksmiths who stood across the street and watched the smithy were fortunate enough to avoid any serious injuries. It was just that the mental shock they experienced was unbearable. How big were the flames to cause the smithy to explode?

Beep!Beep!

Whistles rang throughout the city. The onlookers gathered around the dazed blacksmiths. The security force arrived one step earlier and tried to stop them from entering the scene of the explosion, only to pause. It was due to Knight Royman’s command, “Stand by.”

“.....”

The entire area became calm like it was holding its breath. The outline of the smithy swallowed up in the flames slowly started to be seen. A building with only the skeleton left. Grid stood in the middle of the blackened ruins. The orange molten stone flowing like spring water from the furnace caught people’s attention.

Stagger.

Grid struggled to take steps as he caught the molten stone and pulled out an anvil. He didn’t use a mold as always. Hammering began in the silence. The forging and quenching processes were repeated. Every hit caused ferocious flames to appear and the molten stone gradually took shape.

It wasn’t until a few hours later that the people watching discovered the identity was a ‘sword.’ It was a long and laborious task.

Kaaang!Kaaang!Kaaang! Slowly but surely, the form became perfect. After being quenched several times, the red-hot blade gradually cooled down.

Kaaang!Kaaang!Kaaang! The flames calmed down. The fire stone finally accepted Grid’s touch and was transformed into a blade. Then Grid started to sharpen it.

“Uh... Uwah...”

“Is this the work of a human being like us...?”

The blade that regained its light after being polished was as transparent as glass. The wavy marks created during the forging process were faintly visible, making the blade more beautiful.

“...Gulp.”

The blacksmiths on the street had a gut feeling. Every night, they would dream of making that beautiful blade with their own hands. They would dream and then feel despair every morning when they realized it was an unachievable dream.

In the silence that continued again after the admiration, Grid poked the blade with his finger and a clear sound echoed. It was a clear resonance that they would never hear again in the future. The ordinary people and blacksmiths started to tremble. The tens of thousands of people gathered on the streets didn’t dare to speculate on the value of the work that Grid had just created.

Then a strange voice permeated Grid’s ears. It was the voice of the new sword that Grid would often hear in the future.

-Human who made me surrender when I didn’t give in to the fire dragon, even if you are far away, you are my only master.

[The Fire Dragon Sword has been completed.]

[Producing a myth rated item has permanently increased all stats by +20 and reputation throughout the continent has increased by +1,000.]

“...!”

“...!”

“...!”

The blacksmiths, soldiers, knights, and even ordinary people couldn't shut their mouths. The beautiful sword that Grid had just created floated around Grid. All of a sudden, Grid swung the sword toward the sky. It was his greeting to welcome the Fire Dragon Sword.

The light sword cut through the air. The transparent Fire Dragon Sword was dyed red and a trail of red light remained as an aftereffect. The residual light caught fire. It was then transformed into a massive, ferocious flame that ascended to the sky. The sky seemed to be falling.

Grid slowly stroked the Fire Dragon Sword against the red-colored sky. “Let's get along well in the future.”

### [Chapter 1276](#)

‘This is crazy...’

Breaking the smithy while making an item? It was a Bollywood-grade production effect. At this point, he doubted the mental state of the S.A Group's development team.

‘Isn't this blacksmithing too scary?’

Grid was anxious when the furnace exploded.

‘It is a real problem starting from the dragon scales.’

The Fire Stone Filled with the Breath of the Fire Dragon was an external by-product of the dragon's breath. It was a type of secretion. Meanwhile, the dragon scales that Grid had obtained from the Tower of Wisdom were part of the dragon's body. It was obvious that the scales were worth more than the fire stone and the difficulty of smelting would be much higher. It was easy to see just from other games. Usually, armor made of dragon scales appeared as the final item in a game. It wouldn't be much different for Satisfy.

‘...I will smelt the dragon scales deep in the mountains later.’

He was worried that one city might be blown away when he smelted the scales. He had learned how to make ego items. He planned to smelt the scales directly after smelting the stone but his idea changed. It wasn't time yet. A bit more confidence in his skills was needed. It was necessary to grow to the level of Blacksmith's Skill Comparable to a God without using Open Potential. In other words, he needed to raise the level of the blacksmithing skill he had mastered.

‘...Wait?’

Several thoughts passed through Grid's mind as he used the Mysterious Cloth to block the explosion. Grid made a gamble.

[Open Potential has been disabled.]

[Blacksmith's Skill Comparable to a God Lv. 1 will return to Genuine - (Fighting against the Gods) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill (Mastered).]



After smelting the fire stone, Grid forcibly suppressed his potential. He wanted to improve the experience of his blacksmithing skill that was blocked by the wall in order to cross the wall. This was a great opportunity. The Fire Stone Filled with the Breath of the Fire Dragon was a myth-rated material. He also somehow overcame the arduous smelting process. In many ways, even if his potential was suppressed, the new sword was likely to be completed with a myth rating.

'It is time to fight with my original technique.'

This was a chance to go beyond the wall of the Genuine - (Fighting against the Gods) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill. Grid judged and this was why he finished the work with his true skills.

Ttang!Ttang!

Finally, the molten fire stone was turned into a sword. He mixed in Greed to increase the strength and even made a handle. It was a removable handle. He would inevitably have to rely on the Pulling Device if the sword didn't have an ego. The result—

[The Fire Dragon Sword has been completed.]

[Producing a myth rated item has permanently increased all stats by +20 and reputation throughout the continent has increased by +1,000.]

It was more than he expected.

[A total of 12 myth rated items have been produced so a hidden piece has been created.]

[The effect of the hidden piece has exceeded the limits of the player.]

[The Genuine - (Fighting against the Gods) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill (Mastered) has evolved to Blacksmith's Skill Comparable to a God.]

".....!"

Tremor.Grid shuddered as he made the 12th myth rated item and finally jumped over the wall.

-Human who made me surrender when I didn't give in to the fire dragon, even if you are far away, you are my only master.

The beautiful voice that Grid wouldn't be tired of listening to for 24 hours a day made Grid's heart even more excited.

"Let's get along well in the future."

Grid swung the Fire Dragon Sword and the Breath it shot greeted the red sky. The Fire Dragon Sword responded by once again coloring the transparent sword red.

"Sigh."Grid calmed his breathing and brought up the details of the Fire Dragon Sword.

[Fire Dragon Sword]

[Rating: Myth

Durability: Infinite

Attack Power: 4,830

- \* Releases flames (large) unconditionally during a normal attack.
- \* Reduces the fire resistance of the target from a minimum of 20% to a maximum of 100%.
- ★ Physical damage can be converted to fire attribute magic damage.
- ★ The damage of any skills classified as the fire attribute will be doubled.
- ★ There is a 5% chance of launching the 'Fire Dragon's Breath' when attacking normally.
- ★ Shares all the content and additional effects of the epics that have permeated Greed.
- ★ The skill 'False Dragon Words' is created.

A blacksmith comparable to the blacksmithing god, Hexetia—it is a masterpiece of the blacksmith, Grid, who Hexetia isn't jealous of.

He smelted the fire stone that didn't even succumb to Fire Dragon Trauka and strengthened the blade with Greed.

Weight: 2,750

Conditions of Use: Grid

★ The owner of this item is permanent. It will only hover around the player Grid and can only be used by Grid.

It is indestructible. It can't be lost. It is non-transferable.]

[Fire Dragon's Breath]

[Reproduces the fire dragon's Breath.

Deals 80,000 fixed damage to the target and an additional 500% explosion fire damage to all beings within 10 meters of the target.

Skill Resources Consumed: None

Cooldown Time: None]

[False Dragon Words]

[The voice of the ego reproduces the dragon's words.

There is a high probability of binding the target. Bound targets can't move and use of movement-related magic and skills are sealed.

Skill Resources Consumed: None

Skill Cooldown Time: 3 minutes.]

[★ An ego item.

The ego is in awe of the master who made it surrender after it endured the breath of the fire dragon for many years. It has pledged absolute loyalty to you. To the ego, you are a greater being than the dragon.

\* Activates an 'One Time Absolute Defense' when encountering a dragon race. Cooldown Time: 24 hours.

\* Attack power against the dragon race is increased by 20%.

\* Every time you kill a dragon type opponent, the attack power of the Fire Dragon Sword will increase by one. (Permanently applied)]

“.....”

The silent Grid got goosebumps. The power of the Fire Dragon Sword that exceeded expectations gave him the chills. It was 80,000 fixed damage. From the point of view of Grid, who had long wanted a weapon that exerted a strong power on a single target, the Fire Dragon's Breath was truly a welcome force.

The unfortunate thing was that the Fire Dragon's Breath only worked with normal attacks. Additionally, unlike the Enlightenment Sword, it specialized in only one attribute...

'It is also a strength that it specializes in one attribute.'

A target with low fire resistance would experience a tremendous sense of helplessness in front of the Fire Dragon Sword. Even absolute beings. It happened when Grid was looking at the information of the Fire Dragon Sword...

[Your work has been seen by the heavenly gods.]

[It feels that it won't be long before the heavenly gods will see a 'Dragon Weapon.']

[Hexetia, the god of blacksmiths, is blowing a fanfare with the angels.]

[War God Zeratul, who dreams of cutting a dragon's neck, is feeling greedy.]

[Rebecca, goddess of light, is silent with a subtle expression on her face.]

'Dammit.'

A series of notification windows that were bad from Grid's point of view popped up. In fact, Grid didn't want to be associated with the gods. He was particularly wary of the aggressive Zeratul and the unknown Rebecca. Did he read Grid's heart?

[Hexetia, the god of blacksmiths, has set off firecrackers with the sparks from his nipples. The colorful firecrackers that fill the heavens have made the other gods feel resentment.]

“.....”

The eyes of the gods on Grid were diverted. Thanks to this, the breathless Grid made a sheath for the Fire Dragon Sword and hung it from his waist. He looked around at the blacksmiths and people on the streets and walked somewhere. The blacksmiths and ordinary people unknowingly followed Grid and the procession grew.

Grid's destination was Hexetia's Temple. Grid knelt in front of the statue of Hexetia, pulled out some steel and prayed. "God of blacksmiths, I have made a sword due to your divine favor."

Divinity was built up through human faith. The prayers of more people would strengthen the power of the god. The steel that Grid placed in front of the statue burned. God Hexetia accepted the offering.

On this day, faith in God Hexetia increased rapidly due to Grid's prayer. The people of the Overgeared Kingdom all admired Grid so it was natural for them to believe in the god he served. God Hexetia's power and influence became stronger and the growth of God Hexetia was the power keeping Grid safe.

\*\*\*

On the first night...

"Around 1,000...."

Jishuka watched the dead crawling all over the city and attacking people. She didn't go out and help the people because she didn't want to expose herself to Agnus.

The next night...

"It looks hard."

Just like the first day, Jishuka chose to wait and see. Unlike the previous day, casualties appeared in the exhausted army of the Cho Kingdom, but they endured.

The third night...

"Guest! Guest! Please be careful!"

Jishuka intercepted the undead who invaded the inn, but she wasn't involved in the external situation.

The fourth night...

"There are no more reinforcements?"

Jishuka felt anxious because the number of undead had doubled compared to the first night and the troops of Kars were gradually decreasing. Even so, she didn't go out.

The fifth night...

"Retreat to the second floor. Block the stairs."

"B-But..."

"You don't have to fight too much. In any case, they will disappear once the sky becomes bright."

"U-Uhh... My store... My money..."

Jishuka noticed that the number of undead attacking the inn had increased rapidly. She felt that Agnus was keeping an eye on this place. Thus, she hid herself without playing an active part.

The sixth night...

"The family in the back has packed up and ran away as soon as morning came. Should I leave as well?"

The young waiter shuddered. Many of Kars' people could no longer endure it and started to leave the city. The soldiers fought valiantly every night, but their fatigue built up and they seemed to be at their limit. However, Jishuka didn't step out. She just smiled and patted the back of the waiter. "From today, sleep in this room with your mother. I will protect you."

Exactly one week later...

The cries of the dead echoing through the streets at night were unusually grim. Jishuka stared at the street while leaning on the terrace and her eyes shone like the sun. "He is finally out."

Step, step, step.

A green-haired man walked through the streets of a ruined city. Jishuka finally saw the back of the man with thousands of undead behind him and pulled the bowstring.

"Fly Up!"

The flames that had been swallowed up by the darkness of the night were resurrected. Thousands of undead were turned to gray ash and Agnus' furious gaze focused on Jishuka.

### [Chapter 1277](#)

The march of the undead was slow, but unceasing. Those who were stabbed by the complicated barriers set up throughout the city continued to advance and finally surrounded the palace.

"Dammit... the fire arrows? Are there any more fire arrows?"

"They have been exhausted due to the battle that lasted for weeks!"

"Groan, so many blacksmiths have left... keep your formations!"

The commander's orders were issued and there was the sound of drumming. However, most soldiers didn't respond. They had been fighting for weeks and couldn't rest properly during the day because they had been searching for the daoist. The traps that had been set up after discovering that the army of the dead were aiming for the royal palace started to show their value.

The undead couldn't distinguish the traps and were buried in the pits. The soldiers moved their heavy feet, poured oil, and lit them up. Dark smoke billowed out and a terrible stench filled the area. The fires that intensified every time the clothing and bodies of the undead were burned gave hope to the soldiers.

"Ice Wave."

Then a little boy appeared in the sky and cast a strange spell. A cold wave of ice appeared and extinguished the flames of the battlefield, filling up all the traps the soldiers had worked so hard to dig.

"M-Magic without charms?"

"A daoist from the west! Attack him first!"

The soldiers were confused and fearful of the being that appeared but the upper echelons were different. They had guessed the enemy was a foreigner from the moment they saw the zombies, not jiangshi, mixed in with the army of the dead.

“Don’t forgive them for invading our kingdom and insulting our people!”

"Waaaaahhhh!"

The Kars army and the army of the dead entered the full-scale war. The number of Kars soldiers was three times the enemy, but it should be a fierce battle because they were exhausted. However, an unexpected result occurred. The Kars army started to slaughter the army of undead one-sidedly. The dead weren’t able to fight against the Kars soldiers one-on-one and were completely overwhelmed by the larger numbers.

“.....?”

Agnus’ eyes twitched as he led the undead from the rear. After infiltrating Kars and waging war for a few weeks, he realized for the first time that the level of the Kars army was much higher than expected.

“Kikik... The East Continent is truly different, isn’t it?”

Baal’s Contractor turned corpses into undead and used them as limbs. In other words, the more corpses there were, the stronger it became. It was just that as the battle progressed, the number of undead decreased rather than corpses accumulating.

“Charge!”

The rising momentum of the Kars army broke through the collapsing formations of the undead. Dozens of deceased people lost their heads and fell every time the weapons of the warriors on horseback swung.

“You are the culprit!”

One of the generals discovered Agnus being escorted by the undead and yelled loudly while raising his axe. His other weapon, a magic sword that knocked down the undead flashed like lightning toward Agnus. Just then, Agnus clapped his hands and the thousands of undead on the battlefield fell like broken dolls. The general smiled when he judged that the enemy in front of him had given up on the war. Even so, his hand wielding the sword didn’t stop and aimed for the enemy’s neck.

“.....?!”

The general’s vision rotated once and the moon filled his eyes. The full moon, which should be scattering a divine light, was red and covered with hundreds of eyes.

‘...What?’

Nothing followed. The general’s field of view became black as he fell to the ground.

“General!”

“T-This...!”

The Kars army that had been in high spirits faltered. The death knight stepped over the body of the decapitated general and glanced at them. Agnus' mad laugh echoed through the battlefield.

"Kill them! Kill them all! Kuhahahahat!"

Agnus had reclaimed the power of domination he used to lead the thousands of undead and used it to summon three death knights and Lich Mumu, who gradually dominated the battlefield. Under the protection of Mumud, Agnus started using the three death knights to aim at the higher-ups in the Kars army. The army command system collapsed in an instant.

Nevertheless, the soldiers resisted.

Despite the loss of the generals and tacticians leading them, they were brave enough to cut and break the death knights' arms and legs. In the end, the three death knights reached the point where they were turned to gray ash. However, this wasn't the end. It was a new beacon of despair.

Agnus regained control of the dominance used on the death knights and once again raised the dead who had fallen on the battlefield. The number of the dead had more than doubled. Thousands of soldiers were killed by the death knights and Lich Mumud resurrected the undead.

"T-This is ridiculous..."

An infinite power. The treachery of this demon on the battlefield made the Kars army feel despair. Just then, the cry of a bird was heard and the sky became bright like it was dawn. The hundreds of eyes on the hell moon silently watching the humans on the battlefield closed their eyes in pain.

A rain of fire poured down. The thousands of undead that Agnus had raised through an arduous process were easily turned to gray ash. The same was true for the lover by Agnus' side.

[The deceased you created 'Luna Caroline' has received great damage and is destroyed.]

Just like Pagma's Descendant could create items and the Sword Saint could create sword skills, Baal's Contractor had a class-specific skill to create a deceased. Unlike a normal undead, death knight, or lich, the deceased could be summoned without consuming dominance.

It meant they could always be by his side under any circumstances. They were different from other summons that had restrictions on the number of operations. The strength of Baal's Contractor was amplified by making as many high-rated deceased as possible. However...

"Luna!"

Agnus consumed this precious skill in a different direction. It was used for the pursuit of happiness without the indulgence of power. It was to pursue false happiness...

"Kuaaaack!"

Luna Caroline was only rare rated. She possessed poor intelligence and had an easily damaged body. It was because the process of creating the deceased wasn't smooth and was also the result of Agnus' obsession with form, not power.

"Luna!"

Luna Caroline was unable to withstand the rain of fire from the sky and burned in pain. The soldiers of the Kars army were disgusted by the sight of the monster after its false appearance was gone, but it was different for Agnus. He was experiencing the past as he embraced Luna Caroline's body.

It overlapped with the final image of his lover who took her own life after being insulted by those bugs who deserved to die a hundred times. Agnus felt something breaking. He turned his eyes in the direction of the flying red phoenix with an expression so extremely cold that it was hard to believe he was the same man who had just been sobbing and struggling moments ago.

A woman could be seen pulling a bow from the top of a tall building. She deserved to die a hundred times.

"Kill...! Kill that bitch!" Agnus shouted but he only had a handful of troops left. The number of undead, which had reached over 3,000, had fallen to the hundreds and they were being blocked by the Kars army. Lich Mumud was interrupted by the charms of the daoists personally led by the Cho King and part of his magic was blocked. The three death knights hadn't fully recovered so Agnus had only one more trump card he could believe in.

"Useless things! Get lost! Get lost!!"

Agnus shouted in disgust as he recalled the dominance from the hundreds of undead and Lich Mumud. He summoned Lantier, the legendary assassin who demanded more dominance than Lich Mumud. At the same time, Lantier melted into the darkness and appeared on top of the building hundreds of meters away.

However, Jishuka's arrows were one step faster. She had been pulling her bowstring for a long time. The nine arrows she fired in succession continuously pierced between Agnus' eyebrows. His health dropped to the lowest value and his flesh melted. The unique skill of Baal's Contractor that was different from the immortality of the legends was expressed.

"You!"

Agnus turned into an undead and was enraged. He made a path by magically collecting the bone fragments on the battlefield and flew on it. He entered the attack range of Jishuka, who was struggling with Lantier on the terrace, and fired magic at her.

He could've easily suppressed Jishuka by strengthening Lantier, but currently, Agnus couldn't make a calm judgment at all. He forgot about Satisfy's strongest air defense skill 'Umbrella' that allowed Jishuka's arrows to be used in succession. The anger from losing his lover was too great.

Jishuka and Lantier were swept away together by Agnus' magic. The magic that made the entire inn explode broke Lantier's right arm holding the dagger. Jishuka didn't miss this opportunity. A pre-installed trap prevented Agnus from advancing and she dug into Lantier's gap to slice his neck with a dagger. Then she opened the distance again and quickly fired.

Jishuka was being cared for by the red phoenix. Her attack that was filled with divine power inflicted great damage on Lantier, who was confused by the continuous bombardment from both sides.



Kuack!Kuaaack!"This rat-like bastard!" The anxious Agnus cut his own ankle after Jishuka gained the upper hand against Lantier. He escaped from the trap and rushed to Jishuka. He swung a sword. Jisuka couldn't escape due to Lantier and her shoulder was cut. Her wounds quickly rotted.

"Die! I will kill you!"

Agnus wasn't laughing. He chased after Jishuka with a face that was like a demon. Jishuka was still focusing on Lantier. She didn't care about her back as she consumed all her evasive skills to fire the Grid-made mithril arrows at Lantier.

Kuaaack! Lantier—he might've been reduced to a death knight, but he was still a legend. It was why Baal's previous contractor, Pagma, and Baal's current contractor, Agnus, coveted him.

"I don't know if this gamble will work," Jishuka muttered as Agnus chased her to the end and his sword pierced her chest. She smiled as she released the bowstring she was pulling. Lantier's skull was smashed.

[You have won a battle against a legend.]

".....!"

Agnus stiffened as he was pushing the sword deeper into Jishuka's chest. He felt the life that had been drained due to his sword being restored.

[A legendary archer has been born!]

A world message appeared in the vision of Jishuka and Agnus.

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Approximately two minutes before the birth of a legendary archer...

"Grid-sama! Grid-sama!"

Damian, who stayed in the Overgeared Kingdom after finishing Lord's private tutoring, came to Grid. He didn't forget the promise Grid had made before he left for Talima.

"Item...! You were going to make me an item..."

He finally found Grid. Damian's face was full of excitement after finding Grid, only to immediately stiffen. He felt some anxiety when he saw the transparent sword hovering around Grid. Grid smiled brightly. "You came at a good time. Please help me test the power of this weapon."

"....."

Being too durable was a crime. Damian was in tears as he started to place all types of buffs on himself. It was the birth of the Zombie Demon King who made the world weary in the National Competition. He declared, "I am different from before. Now I can't fall down easily."

One minute later...

Damian stretched out on the ground in the '大' shape and stared blankly at the message that a legendary archer was born.

## [Chapter 1278](#)

A sword that exerted great power on a single target—this was the type of second sword that Grid had dreamed of. He hoped that its position wouldn't overlap with the Enlightenment Sword. This meant the position of the Fire Dragon Sword was ambiguous. The Fire Dragon Sword was suitable for slaughtering many enemies, just like the Enlightenment Sword. Therefore, Grid was a bit disappointed.

'It would've been nice to make it a greatsword.'

The fire stone was too small. Mixing more Greed would solve the problem, but if Greed's nature became too strong, he might weaken the inherent characteristics of the 'breath' the fire stone launched. Therefore, he didn't attempt it randomly.

'Well, it can't be helped.'

In the first place, it was a sword that could shoot a Breath. It was no wonder that it was strong against a large group. This didn't mean it was a disappointing weapon against a single target. The effect of inflicting 80,000 fixed damage was too fraudulent.

'It is more accurate to rate it as a powerful sword for both a single target and a large group.'

It was an insurmountable wall just based on the attack power alone. It was higher than the Enlightenment Sword that was enhanced to +4. Every time he defeated a dragon type opponent, the attack power was permanently increased by one. As time passed, it would become more powerful than the Enlightenment Sword. This didn't mean that the value of the Enlightenment Sword was low. The Enlightenment Sword had unique characteristics that increased the attack power of various attributes and it could continue to be used in the future.

Grid got rid of his regrets and pulled out the ancient enhancement scroll. It was the ultimate item that enhanced the target item from +1 to +3. Grid was about to use it on the Fire Dragon Sword only to stop.

'Should I hunt the draconians and increase the attack power first before applying it?'

Or is it okay to enhance it in advance?

'Does the order matter?'

The value of enhancement in Satisfy was very high. Each weapon enhancement increased the weapon's inherent attack power by 5%. Once it reached +6, the attack power increase would rise to 7%. Thus, he had to be careful.

'It is normal when it comes to common sense that the order doesn't matter...'

However, he couldn't trust the S.A Group who liked to mess with players.

'...I'm anxious so I'm going to postpone the enhancement and will hunt the dragon type opponents.'

Grid was deep in thought when he heard a jade-like voice.

-A strong presence is coming.

The one who spoke was the Fire Dragon Sword. Unlike the God Hand's voice that was reminiscent of a middle-aged man, the Fire Dragon Sword's voice was like a beautiful woman. The God Hand escaped from the inventory and floated around him along with the Fire Dragon Sword as he discovered a person.

Pope Damian was running in the distance. "Grid-sama!"

"...Ah."

At this moment, Grid realized the true value of the 'best-rated ego'. The God Hand and Fire Dragon Sword had the ability to identify and guard against targets above a certain level of power. The reason why the artificial elemental kings shivered in front of Braham was revealed.

'They recognize the strong. I won't be killed by a surprise attack in the future.'

Of course, it was unlikely that the senses of the best quality ego would be superior to a transcendent's senses. If Damian had hidden and approached Grid, then Grid would've noticed Damian's approach before the God Hand and the Fire Dragon Sword. However, Grid's nerves weren't always in a state of tension. He could lose vigilance and reveal a gap. Now he could be assured that the God Hands and Fire Dragon Sword would fill in this gap.

"Gasp gasp, item...! You were going to make me an item..."

'This.'

Damian's urgent cry reminded Grid of something he had forgotten. He had said he would make an item for Damian using the rewards Damian got in the National Competition.

'I forgot about it after leaving for Talima. Let's make it today.'

However, before that—

"You came at a good time. Please help me test the power of this weapon."

"....."

Damian's survival ability was so high that he earned the nickname 'Zombie Demon King' in the National Competition. It was amazing because it was reminiscent of a cockroach. Grid had been amazed when he saw the video.

"Be hit a few times."

There was no one better than Damian to test the power of the weapon. Damian stared blankly at Grid for a moment before starting to use buff skills on himself. He declared, "I am different from before. Now I can't fall down easily."

The Goddess' Agent, Damian—in some ways, his potential to connect directly with Rebecca, goddess of light, transcended a legend.

"Your evil eye that gets rid of buffs won't work on me anymore."

Damian prayed to the goddess every day and received a divine message in exchange for the prayer. The number of divine messages received was very small. He received around two a year, but the value of the divine message was too high to feel regretful.

“The goddess said...”

A golden light that symbolized Rebecca wrapped around Damian.

One layer, two layers, three layers...

Damian spoke reverently in the midst of the light that was bright enough to blind someone, “In the future, no trial will harm your protection.”

It was resistance to buff removals. This was Damian’s new talent. Now Damian wasn’t afraid of Grid’s Castration Eye.

Increased defense, increased magic resistance and attribute resistance, increased health, increased health recovery, a percentage damage reduction, increased probability of damage being invalidated, etc. Damian wore all his buffs and faced Grid head on.

He seemed to be provoking the black eyes that he met. However, Grid had no intention of using the Castration Eye from the beginning. He only used one skill.

-Quick Movements.

It was the 20% speed boosting buff attached to the Ideal Dagger being held by the God Hand. Shunpo didn’t activate. Still, Grid was fast and Damian was immediately in range.

‘The probability of triggering a Breath is 5%.’

It was low. Even so, he had broken through the limitations of a player by building up transcendence and he had Alex’s Quick Gloves. Quick Movements was also activated so the number of attacks per second was around 10 times. He was fast enough to break the wall of probability.

Damian exclaimed, “Don’t look down on me!”

What was this normal attack? Damian’s face stiffened and he shouted while blocking Grid’s strikes with a shield. He didn’t care about the waves of flames that poured out every time the sword was stabbed. The flames were hot, but it was trivial to Damian whose resistance to all attributes was over 100%. There was just one problem.

[Fire resistance is reduced by 20%.]

[Fire resistance is reduced by 20%.]

[Fire resistance is reduced by 20...]

The problem was that his fire resistance decreased every time Grid’s sword touched his body. Just then, Grid’s sword let out a clear resonant sound as it gradually turned red.

‘What?’

Damian was filled with an ominous feeling while flames burst from the tip of Grid's sword. The flames were reminiscent of a scene from mythology. It was different in scale and heat from the flames that had been fired so far.

'This?!'

A chill went down Damian's spine as a scene from the National Competition a few years ago was being reproduced in front of him—it was the breath of the giant dragon that appeared while Grid and Kraugel were confronting each other. The absolute power that gave all players a sense of helplessness. Grid had made it his own.

Damian's vision shook violently due to the powerful shock. Despite the illusion that the earth and sky were turning off, Damian didn't give up on his shield. However, the results were terrible.

[You have suffered too much damage.]

[Your defense has completely failed and you have received 27,500 damage.]

Following the absurd notification window, there was a warning window telling him that his legendary rated shield had lost a third of its durability. This wasn't the end. Grid's attack that Damian failed to defend against was technically his stab. The aftermath of the Breath fired from Grid's sword came later.

[You have suffered 15,300 damage!]

'...Eh?'

His fire resistance had dropped to 40% so he was nervous, but it was surprisingly bearable. The power of the Breath reproduced by a player was weak compared to a real dragon's Breath. It happened the moment the relieved Damian raised his shield and took out a potion to drink...

He saw that Grid's constantly swinging sword was dyed red.

'There is no delay?'

Damian was unable to handle the power of the repeated stabs and was pushed back along with his shield.

[Replacing physical damage with fire attribute magic damage.]

Grid made no mistakes unlike the first attack. He correctly converted the nature of the attack when the breath was triggered, The aftermath was great.

[The target has received 45,900 damage.]

"Cough...!"

The Breath's power rose sharply. It was a threat to even Damian, who boasted the top three defense. However, Grid's reaction wasn't satisfied. "I can't test it properly like this."

The shield was annoying. The moment Grid thought so, a miracle happened. He took out a goat-horned helmet, equipped it, and then stared at Damian. Then the shield fell from Damian's hand. It was the

power of King's Negation to suppress egoless battle gear. Damian's shield was forcibly disarmed by Talsha.

The Fire Dragon Sword, which had become transparent after shooting a breath, turned red again as it was recharged.

"Get hit like this." A resolute voice that was full of coercion.

Pope Damian wielded more influence than some kings, but even he couldn't disobey Grid. He was hit by the Fire Dragon's Breath after losing his shield and suffered 80,000 fixed damage and 60,000 explosive fire damage. Damian was unable to bear it and fell in an '大' shape. He lost in a spar without a chance to fight back. It took less than two minutes.

"....."

No, it was 80,000 fixed damage when most players had less than 80,000 health? It was too fraudulent.

"Goddess... give me protection that is immunity to fixed damage..."

It happened as Damian was praying in a dazed state...

[A legendary archer has been born!]

[The Bow Saint's arrow will surely hit the target and lead it to ruin.]

Amazing world messages popped up. Both Damian and Grid, who had been feeling guilty toward Damian, blinked with shock.

"T-This is Jishuka, right?"

"Yes... it seems like it."

It was a Bow Saint, not Povia's Descendant. Jishuka's feat of pioneering her own path deserved respect.

"I'm motivated!"

Damian had just been feeling frustrated, but now he felt a new passion.

"Huhut."

Grid was happy when he saw Damian's appearance. He felt proud.

Damian stared blankly at Grid talking to himself and murmured, "A dull person."

Then Grid told him, "...Let's start the next test."

The Fire Dragon Sword floated in the air. An ego sword that moved on its own—Grid wondered how far the Fire Dragon Sword could pressure Damian by itself.

## [Chapter 1279](#)

[The duration of immortality is over.]

[You have suffered 30,900 damage!]

[You have died.]

“It is different from what I heard from Grid.”

Just like all the former Tzedakah Guild’s members, Jishuka had heard the story of Grid’s class change—he suffered all sorts of hardships before reaching the North End Cave and getting his hands on Pagma’s Rare Book...

Grid’s story about obtaining the first legendary class stimulated the imagination of the Tzedakah Guild’s members. Grid had to repeat the story multiple times to the colleagues who always wanted to hear it.

“Grid entered the immortal state shortly after the class change.”

Jishuka was different. She became immortal from the beginning. This allowed her to withstand Agnus’ strike and fight back. The result was a defeat. Agnus was terribly strong—it wasn’t enough that he single-handedly pushed the army of the Cho Kingdom to the verge of collapse, he didn’t fall down even when hit by Fly Up!

‘To be honest, he is several times stronger than me. I wouldn’t have enjoyed this luck if the timing of my surprise attack had been a little bit off.’

It was effective because she aimed at the timing when Agnus had consumed all his death knights and was reviving the army of the dead. She apologized to the people and soldiers of the Cho Kingdom, but it was worth the wait.

‘My ability wasn’t enough to help you from the start. I’m sorry.’

She would’ve been killed if she joined the front lines from the beginning. She couldn’t have survived the intense bombardment of the death knights and lich. There wouldn’t have been a situation where she met Lantier.

‘Such a monster is a player like us...’

Jishuka was one of the most powerful players out of two billion players. Her overall combat power was within the top 10. Such a Jishuka felt a wall against Lantier, who was just one of Agnus’ summons. If Agnus hadn’t used his magic without caring about the target, Jishuka would’ve likely been defeated by Lantier.

Additionally, Agnus had Lich Mumud and a few more death knights. An unidentified magician boy had also joined in. It was Jishuka’s judgment that Agnus alone could take on dozens of high rankers.

‘He is almost at Grid’s level...’

Of course, she was certain about one thing—Agnus was weaker than Grid. His undead army couldn’t beat Grid’s army of items. She just wondered if this structure could be maintained after two or three years... Agnus’ potential was too high. At the moment, Agnus didn’t show many of his class traits. The evidence was the small number of skills he used compared to Grid.

‘Well, it doesn’t matter how strong he is.’

She was by Grid’s side. The ‘Bow Saint’ Jishuka would protect Grid.

...Jishuka was filled with this burning desire despite being level 1. She enjoyed immortality from the beginning, unlike Grid, but her level was reset just like Grid. However, there were clear differences from Grid. She heard that Grid had experienced a constant loss of levels right after changing class.

[Hidden Quest ★Proof of Birth ★is in progress.]

Jishuka had a chance to restore her level. Proof of Birth was a six stage quest and every time one stage was cleared, dozens of lost levels would be restored. She would recover at least 350 levels if she completed all six stages. Was it the benefit of becoming a legend using her own power, unlike Grid who inherited the skills of others? Come to think of it, Kraugel's level recovery was also relatively slow.

'Did they take action because the average level of players has increased?'

The top rankers were aiming for level 400. In this situation, restarting the game at level 1 actually meant quitting the game. Meanwhile, the rankers had an average level of 200 when Grid changed classes and reset his level, and were aiming at the mid-300s when Kraugel's level was reset. This meant that even if the level was reset to the initial stage, there was enough room to catch up.

On the other hand, the experience required in the late 300s was different. In particular, it became hell starting from level 380, especially for Jishuka whose level had been above 380. It was too harsh for her to start at level 1 again.

'Maybe the timing of Grid and Kraugel's class change was faster than the S.A Group predicted...'

They were truly great people. They deserved to be her goal. She was going to stand shoulder to shoulder with them. Jishuka smiled pleasantly and activated Clairvoyance. It was the evolution of the Hawk Eyes skill. Jishuka's vision became like a satellite and captured all of Kars with one glance. All the topography and conditions of Kars were conveyed to Jishuka.

'It will take some time to get used to it.'

The new form of vision instilled some tension even for Jishuka. She gulped and watched the palace that was three kilometers ahead. She could see Agnus' dying figure as he was surrounded by the soldiers of the Cho Kingdom. It seemed to be just before the end of the undead transformation period.

Jishuka didn't miss this opportunity. She drew back the string of the Red Phoenix Bow. The lock-on system was activated. The system kept aiming even if her aim was disturbed during the process.

'Isn't this crazy?'

The time it took to aim at the target was dramatically reduced. Additionally, the speed at which the arrow was fired was faster. The Bow Saint's arrow was faster than a bullet and as precise as a missile. Just—

[You have dealt 135 damage to the target.]

"...Ah, no."

A legendary class wasn't an all-rounder. Jishuka's attack power at level 1 barely dealt any damage to Agnus who had just passed the mid-300s. Still, Jishuka's mood wasn't bad. Agnus was pierced by the



spears of the surviving soldiers and turned to gray ash. She was happy because she paid back the death she just suffered. At the same time, she felt anxious.

'I think he will come back again because of his personality.'

Agnus wouldn't have attacked the royal palace for no reason. He also never missed a prey. He would surely come back.

'Even so, won't Agnus need at least 10 days to gather thousands of troops again?'

He wouldn't be able to trust in his death knights alone unless he wanted to be killed.

'Until then, I will try to restore as many levels as possible and gain the Breaking Evil Arrows.'

A smile spread across Jishuka's face. For her, who dreamed of becoming the supreme one since the beginning of the game, a conflict with other competitors was enjoyable. It was a chance to smash the opponent.

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"I'm done. How about it? Do you like it?"

"...Yes. I like it very much. I want it to be a family heirloom."

"Come back anything if you have something to ask. I'm always thankful to you."

"I'm also always grateful..."

Damian embraced the new shield and armor Grid made for him. He usually would've been happy enough to fly, but he now left the smithy with a depressed look. The burden in his heart was too great to rejoice. He lost to a sword...

Dammit, dammit, dammit.

Unlike Damian, who couldn't withstand the sense of shame, Grid's expression was very bright.

'It is beyond my imagination.'

The strength of the Fire Dragon Sword was amazing. The strength of the sword who acted alone while using False Dragon Words and Breath was more powerful than the average ranker. Due to the structure of the Fire Dragon Sword, players who weren't Grid couldn't fight the Fire Dragon Sword and win.

The first reason was the infinite durability. Players had limited health and stamina while the sword had no such limits. It didn't get tired, wouldn't break, and continued to push the opponent, making them tired. The lack of additional stats that meant its attack power was lacking was made up with the fixed damage of the breath and the effect of False Dragon Words when it came to binding the target was excellent.

However, the greatest strength of the Fire Dragon Sword was that it only allowed Grid to be its owner. Damian judged that there was no chance of winning a long battle against the Fire Dragon Sword. He sought to suppress the Fire Dragon Sword and succeeded in grabbing its handle...

'In return, he was roasted.'

It meant that targets who fought the Fire Dragon Sword had no means to defeat the Fire Dragon Sword. It was possible to make a draw by binding it or running away with magic, but it was impossible to defeat it. First, there was Talsha and now the Fire Dragon Sword...

Grid felt like he had won thousands of troops. He even felt confident that he could achieve a tie if he fought the 13th Great Demon Beleth again.

'By the way...'

Grid checked the time and frowned. It had been two days since the world message about the birth of the Bow Saint and Jishuka hadn't returned. He had asked when she would show the power of the Bow Saint and only received the brief answer 'sooner or later' in return.

Honestly, Grid was sad. He thought she would run to him for congratulations the moment she became a legend...

'It will be very hard to start over from level 1.'

Putting aside her crush, Jishuka was a friend, a colleague, and one of the greatest powers of the Overgeared Kingdom. Grid was willing to level her up for a few months, yet the proud Jishuka was planning on restoring her level by herself.

'Tsk, I want to give you some support.'

She gave him a lot of help when he was in trouble but was struggling alone when she needed help. Grid sighed as he returned to the palace. He planned to go to the East Continent to replenish his white phosphorus wood.

"Gasp, gasp... Grid."

"...Faker?"

The shadow that protected the Overgeared Kingdom—God of Death, Faker, who had never been disheveled, abruptly showed up with an injured appearance and fell beside Grid.

"Faker! Hey! What's going on?"

The startled Grid supported Faker. He was dying. A poison so powerful that it couldn't be detoxified was spreading through Faker's body.

"Em..."

"Wait! Don't speak! I'll call Ruby straight away..."

"The emperor..."

"Faker!"

"The emperor..."

Faker couldn't speak to the end and his hands fell to the cold marble floor. Grid hugged Faker and screamed, "Fakeeeeer!"

Faker turned to ash. Then two seconds later...

"The emperor is alive," the resurrected Faker spoke as he approached Grid.

Grid coughed with embarrassment and stood up from his spot.

"What did you say? Isn't Empress Basara originally alive." [1]

"I'm talking about Juander. Eclipse has him. I have a bad feeling."

".....!"

### [Chapter 1280](#)

Edan's rebellion was a failure. He failed to become the emperor, failed to save his mother, and paid the price for treason with his own life. He dared to aim the sword at the emperor, his father, and was supposed to have been erased from imperial history. The empire considered it a shame to record the prince's rebellion. However, the empire couldn't erase Edan's name.

Rather, Edan would be mentioned heavily in the future history of the empire. His rebellion had brought about too many changes. He killed the empire, changing the empire and the world.

Yes, he killed the emperor. The former emperor Juander was killed by Edan, who carried the sword of the founding emperor Saharan on his back. Of course, Grid had been evacuated by Juander and didn't directly witness Juander's end. Nevertheless, the system had clearly stated Juander's death. The only one left in the blood-stained palace was Edan. Yet Juander was alive?

'...I thought this might be possible.'

It happened when he wanted to defeat Agnus who had been possessed by Baal. Grid had witnessed the appearance of the grandmaster and thought that Juander might still be alive. At the time, it was just unfounded speculation. Now in retrospect, there was Armored Cavalryman Chensler by Juander's side. Armored Cavalryman Chensler had the formula of being 'unable to die.' Grid couldn't rule out the possibility that the armored cavalryman had protected Juander.

'That's right. it isn't strange if he is alive.'

However, it was a shame. Juander's combat strength when using the red energy was among the highest in the West Continent. The individual Juander, not the emperor, was rated as one of the most powerful people on the continent. It was Juander who had such great force.

Wouldn't it be nice for him to have made a dramatic appearance? The chance for a great appearance was also available recently.

it was when the five great demons attacked. It would've been great if he appeared when Grid was being defeated by the 13th great demon and recited the line, 'I will fight to save the world.' However, the news of his survival turned out to be like this. Honestly, it was ridiculous.

Grid couldn't hide his disappointment and asked, "Juander is alive? How did you find out?"

"I found out during my class quest to track the Lantier of the present day."

Lantier's technique left scars in the shadows. The faint traces that could be recognized by those who were well-versed in the technique remained at the entrance of the Abyss.

Grid wondered, "There is a Lantier of this present day?"

"Yes."

"You found Eclipse's base?"

"That's right."

".....!"

Eclipse was once the strongest group of assassins. They had long been lost in history. Most people thought that Eclipse no longer existed and Grid completely disregarded Eclipse. Of course, he knew that Eclipse was being maintained. However, he treated Eclipse as a deteriorating group due to the fact that Kasim and Doran, the students of the former Lantier, were unable to properly inherit Lantier's techniques. Yet the new Lantier managed to maintain the skills necessary to secure Juander from the imperial palace?

Faker explained to the flustered Grid, "Bain's identity is Lantier."

".....!" These words made Grid understand the situation instantly. Grid touched his forehead as he recalled Bain, who was always by Juander's side. "I've seen Bain fight a few times and he didn't use Lantier's techniques at all. Was he hiding his identity?"

"Yes, even Juander must not have known his identity."

Bain had intentionally approached Juander and would've built up trust over the years. This way, he could stay by the emperor's side as his shadow.

"Why? What was he trying to get from the imperial palace?"

"Juander himself."

".....?"

"In Eclipse's base, Juander's red energy is being exploited."

".....!"

The red energy was a symbol of Saharan's lineage. It was a power that only the imperial family inherited and in particular, Juander's red energy was very strong. A power like a tsunami with a sun-like heat. It bound to matter and dominated over life...

The intense power of Juander's red energy was clearly imprinted on Grid's mind. This historic power was being exploited by Eclipse?

"What the hell is going on?"

Faker explained, "Bain wasn't in the legitimate line of descent. He was just the right arm of the former Lantier and didn't officially learn Lantier's techniques. After the rebellion, he only learned the

techniques through the records. It means that he mastered the techniques on his own, but in the process, he felt the obvious limitations and needed external energy.”

“...He chose red energy as that energy?”

“Perhaps it is because Lantier’s technique is the power to turn the concept of shadow into matter and control it.”

“???”

“It means that the match between Lantier’s techniques and red energy, which increases the binding power of matter, is very good. Bain must’ve approached Juander to complete Lantier’s techniques. It was with the intention of taking him away if the opportunity came.”

“Ah...” Good. All the circumstances had been identified. Grid nodded with understanding and stepped forward enthusiastically. “Okay, guide me to Eclipse’s base. Let’s smash Eclipse together and rescue Juander.”

“.....”

“.....?”

Grid, who was ready to leave immediately, cocked his head. Faker simply stared at him without responding. Then he spoke to the puzzled Grid, “Don’t come out.”

“.....???”

“Bain is a problem that I have to solve and my relationship with Eclipse will lead me in a positive direction. The reason I came to you and informed you of this is to discuss Juander’s treatment, not to ask for help.”

“Ah...”

In retrospect, Faker had never asked Grid for anything. He always watched Grid’s back and quietly resolved his work. It wasn’t just Faker. It was the same for Jishuka, who just became a Bow Saint, and most of the other 10 meritorious retainers. Perhaps it was natural.

‘That’s right. Faker isn’t weak enough to ask me for help. Moreover, he will lose his self-esteem if I help him with his class quest.’

On the other hand, he asked for help by summoning his knights whenever it was difficult...

Grid felt embarrassed after realizing it. Meanwhile, Faker asked him, “Do you want to save Juander?”

Juander was an enemy. Before he was the enemy of Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom, he was the one who made the continent’s situation worst through race discrimination and violence. Rather than a personal matter, Juander was the emperor of the Saharan Empire. It was the emperor before Basara. However, Grid...

“I want to save him. Then he will owe me a favor.”

“Kasim and Piaro might feel resentful if they know.”

“No, Juander is a man who repented over his mistakes and withdrew from history of his own free will. Piaro and Kasim can’t resent him when he has already sacrificed his life and apologized.”

“That is wrong.” Someone suddenly interjected in the conversation. It was Kasim. His eyes shone in the darkness. “I still resent him. I will resent him even if he dies.”

“...Kasim.”

Were his thoughts too shallow? Kasim continued to speak to the flustered Grid, “That’s why I want him to survive. I want him to survive to witness Empress Basara changing the world, realize his sins desperately, and regret them.”

“.....”

No further words were necessary. No matter the reason, Faker’s hesitation was over once he learned that both Grid and Kasim wanted the emperor to survive.

“Then I will save Juander.”

“Wait!” Grid stopped the leaving Faker.

Faker had already failed once and died. Was it really okay to go alone? Faker read Grid’s worries and gave a rare smile. “I just hesitated because I couldn’t decide what to do with Juander. Therefore, I revealed a gap. There is no need to worry.”

Bain was clearly strong. Even if Lantier’s techniques were sealed, he was considered one of the pillars of the empire. He had already reached level 400 and his true ability was likely to be close to a legend. Additionally, he had hundreds of subordinates.

However, Faker had no doubts about his victory. It was because he had already mastered the techniques of the former Lantier, who produced outstanding characters like Kasim and Doran.

Faker melted into the shadows and disappeared.

Grid felt anxious and Kasim reassured him, “There is no need to worry. There are only four people in the Overgeared Kingdom who are stronger than Faker. Bain isn’t Faker’s opponent.”

Bain would be defeated by Faker and at that time, a new Lantier would be born. It was Faker, not Bain, who would become Lantier, and he would be one of the strongest Lantiers in history. Kasim was convinced.

“The second legendary assassin will be Your Majesty’s shadow.”

The results were proven three days later.

[A new Lantier has been born.]

[A legendary assassin has been born!]

[The dagger walking in the shadows will cause a death without any screams.]

Someone who became Lantier became a legend and that person was Faker, not Bain.

Deep in the night...

"...You've taken care of me again."

The gaunt Juander and Chensler sat in front of Grid. Grid was thrilled when he saw Faker, who guided them here, melt into the shadows.

The second legendary assassin will be Your Majesty's shadow...

Kasim's conviction became a reality.

"I didn't know you were alive." Grid was amazed by Faker's ability to be around him without being detected. Then he rose from the throne and approached Juander. "Are you going to go back to the empire?"

It probably wouldn't be the case. It was as he expected...

"No, I am already dead. I won't go back to the empire again."

"If so, shall we look at where Your Majesty can stay?"

"I don't want to owe you anything more. Juander refused Grid's favor.

Discolored hair and a skinny body—Juander completely lost the appearance of the former emperor who commanded the West Continent and he looked out the window with a dazed expression.

"In the future, I plan to explore the continent with Chensler. I will spend the rest of my life repenting, regretting my mistakes, and watching the world that the new empress will change."

"....."

It was Kasim's desire. It was also for the world. There was no place for Juander to stand in the changing world.

Grid had many thoughts. He realized that the being with the greatest power and combat strength in the world could become so shabby. He vowed not to be like Juander.

"Then you can go." Grid opened the doors of the great hall and bowed solemnly to Juander. It wasn't a courtesy to the ruler of the earlier era, but courtesy to the person who helped him.

"....."

Juander also responded politely and went out of the great hall. He looked all around the royal palace. Could he see the face of an old friend for the last time? He was full of expectations. However, he couldn't find the person and left the palace without expressing any regret. His back was neither shabby nor lonely. His new friend, Chensler, was standing by his side.

In the shadows, Faker handed an armor to Grid, who was quietly watching the two men leave. "This is Chensler's armor. He wants to give it to you."

The magic armor that attached the formula of being 'unable to die' to the wearer. Grid read the information through Pagma's Eyes, found the secret story, and smiled. Then he pulled out the Fire Dragon Sword and burned it with the flames the sword created. The armor of rumors was nothing more

than an illusion created by Chensler's loyalty. As long as Juander was alive, Chensler's formula of being 'unable to die' would be maintained, even without his armor. He wasn't even aware of it.

The smiling Grid suggested to Faker, "Do you want to take the bus? You have gone back to level 1."

"I'm fine. My level can be restored with quests."

"What...?"

X-ing hell. Grid's curses echoed through the royal palace at dawn.

After this day, comments from people having trouble at hunting grounds about being helped by an unknown old man and middle-aged man started to appear on the Internet.