

## Overgeared 1441

### Chapter 1441

“.....”

Mir stood still without leaving until the ice that covered the desert melted and the fire dissipated.

Death and fear. They were unexpected, therefore they were concepts and emotions he was unprepared for. He reflected again on the experience of being constrained in mind and body. The moment when he was distracted because he was worried about the eyes of the gods. The embarrassment of allowing his body to be cut in half...

The strange emotions ate at Mir's rationality and he experienced his own nature. At that moment, he was just obsessed with life. He went crazy with the determination that he didn't want to die.

“Haha...” Looking back, he had considered himself special. It was natural when he was born with an unrivaled talent among the yangbans. Therefore, he had always been doing things for others. He believed he should protect them because they were worse than him. Yet when he was exposed, he was a normal person with nothing special.

“Are you ashamed?” Jingle. The voice of the martial god came along with the faint sound of bells.

Mir politely bowed to the approaching martial god and answered, “No, I'm glad.”

He was a life created to be dedicated to Hanul. He thought he would lose it, so he didn't have any lingering feelings for it. He just felt sorry for the fact that he wouldn't be able to become the martial god and it would end. However, today he realized it. He might be a life created by someone's needs, but he was obsessed with life. He was also an ordinary person. Nevertheless, he embraced and cared for other ordinary people. His goodwill and care weren't the arrogance of the strong. He just sympathized with the pain of others. It was a very minimal qualification. It was the qualification to become a god.

“I see.” Mir's appearance as he gained enlightenment made Chiyou smile. He noticed that Mir had the slightest chance of becoming a god killer.

Jingle.

Mir watched Chiyou leaving with the ringing of bells and had a thought. The reason why the gods of the Hwan Kingdom hadn't noticed the unexpected event was probably due to Chiyou's favor.

\*\*\*

The forest of the Twelve Zodiacs—Grid had designated it as his resurrection point before leaving for Kaya. The first thing he did when he opened his eyes was to check his inventory. He checked the items lost and the durability of his equipment.

‘Two shields are broken and one knife dropped.’

It was a waste, but it was only three out of dozens of secondary equipment. His divine sword wasn't lost... Grid adjusted his heart and sent a whisper to Kraugel, -You didn't drop anything, did you?

-White Tiger Sword.

-What?R-Really?

-It is a joke.

-...No, what is this concept?

Originally, Kraugel had a humorous side. At every important moment, it was time to eat with his mother (although it was all true). However, it wasn't to this extent.

'Is he excited? Well, it is understandable.'

Kraugel proved he was qualified to be the Sword Saint without learning the Matchless Swordsmanship. Would Grid be recognized as Pagma's Successor if Pagma's Sword Dance or the legendary blacksmith's techniques were sealed? It would never be possible if it was Grid. It wasn't just Grid. It was something that no one apart from Kraugel could've achieved. He was the lord of labor who knew how to seek extreme gains. It was convincing that he was the 1st ranked player despite having a normal class.

Kraugel's whisper continued as Grid was becoming tired. The two people shared their opinions and reviewed the battle a while ago. They pointed out each other's mistakes and deficiencies and sought ways to make up for them. It was a more valuable time than gold. By the end of the replay, they concluded that Mir was the same as Baal. If they denied that Mir was in the same position as Baal, then it couldn't explain their overwhelming defeat.

Grid and Kraugel were aware of their own skills. Grid was close to or had already surpassed the prime of the past legends, and Kraugel wasn't much inferior. Yet it was in the realm of the 'impossible' to fight Mir and win. Of course, Baal was more likely to be stronger than Mir, but it wasn't unreasonable that they were in the same grade.

-So the archangels will be Baal-grade, right?

-I think so.As far as I know, Mir was made to compete with Raphael.

-Tut...

Grid had never met Raphael. Furthermore, the oral traditions related to angels were rare, so information was insufficient. In order to rescue Hexetia, he would have to break through the angel army led by Raphael and the archangels. He was already troubled at the thought that Raphael would be as strong as Mir.

Then Kraugel said something unexpected, -I don't think you need to worry too much.For you, Mir is likely to be a more tricky opponent than Baal or Raphael.Even if their specifications are higher than Mir, they don't have the power of the four gods and there is a clear relationship between divinity and demonic power.

-Certainly...

Grid agreed. The reason why Mir was so tricky was that he had mastered all martial arts, not his high specs. Over hundreds of years, he had completely refined and controlled the power of the Four Auspicious Beasts. It was Mir's greatest weapon and it was one level higher than the power of the Four Auspicious Beasts that was in Grid's items.

Grid could compete if it was purely the power of the red phoenix, but Mir knew how to combine the power of the Four Auspicious Beasts freely to create various effects and attributes. Mir even neutralized the heart of the red phoenix in Grid. Their compatibility was the worst. On the other hand, Baal and Raphael were different cases. Rather, there was room for Grid to gain the upper hand.

Grid could create a 'holy sword' and 'demon sword.'

Baal and Raphael would be critically injured whenever they allowed an attack from Grid. It was just like Mir's body was cut in two by the Falling Moon Sword.

'The holy sword and demon sword might have limitations on their sustainability, but they won't end with just one swing, so they will be 100 times better than the Falling Moon Sword. I can reduce the damage as much as possible if I wear holy attribute and demonic attribute armor on my body.'

There was just one problem...

In order to make divine items and demonic items, he needed the help of the Rebecca Church and Yatan Church. Grid could make it using divine or demonic attribute minerals, but it couldn't be called a true holy sword or demon sword.

'I can leave the divine blessing to Sehee, but the problem is the demonic attribute.'

Over the past few years, Sehee had tried very hard. She hadn't been lazy for a single day since she felt her limits in the higher leveled vampire cities. She only focused on hunting and her class quests until the daily access time limit was reached. It was also while she was engaged in external activities such as volunteering and appearing on broadcasts.

The problem was that it was very difficult to play solo due to the nature of her Saintess class. In some cases, the hunting efficiency was often poor because they had to protect two people due to the addition of Yerim. The hunting locations also had to be a place with the undead or demonkin.

Additionally, Sehee's game talent wasn't at the level of a genius. She had a rare talent when it came to healing and buff timing, but it stopped at the level of being talented. Of course, this was great as well, so she could level up enough to reach the edge of a high ranker.

He just wanted her to reach level 400 as soon as possible.

'The fourth awakening will strengthen the blessing related stats that grant permanent holy power... perhaps the making of a holy sword won't be a problem.'

It might be weak in comparison to Rebecca's holy sword, but he was certain it would be quite deadly for a great demon. Where could he find the curse that would give the demonic attribute? The Yatan Church was the only organization to make demon swords... it designated Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom as an enemy. It was natural since Grid had killed the Yatan Servants.

'The evil eyes might have the skills of that field.'

He was going to meet the evil eyes king anyway. He was exhausted every time they met and avoided the king for a while, so now it was time to show his face.

"God of Virtue~!"

“Overgeared God.”

Blue Tiger and the Twelve Zodiacs came running when they saw that Grid was back. Grid had just made up his mind to meet with the evil eyes king and he laughed when he saw them.

\*\*\*

“The queen..?”

Kraugel said he would stay in Kaya. Grid returned alone to the West Continent and upon arrival in Reinhardt, he witnessed an unexpected sight.

Yap, yap.

He heard a strange sound coming from the garden and found Irene practicing swordsmanship there.

“You’re back!”

A presence that shone due to Grid’s efforts in the East Continent—it was very beautiful to see Irene smiling brightly while looking young enough to remind him of their newlywed days. This wasn’t to say that she wasn’t beautiful when she was older. In Grid’s eyes, Irene had always shone more than jewels.

“I’m glad to see you are safe and sound.”

She wanted to come closer a bit faster, make eye contact, and feel his breath. Irene picked up the end of her dress with one hand and came over. Her heart wanted to run over. However, she didn’t run because she had a wooden sword in her other hand. If she put down the wooden sword, she could’ve picked up the dress with both hands and ran, but she didn’t do this. It was because she respected the sword.

She wasn’t a swordsman, but she knew the source of the peace and happiness she enjoyed right now. The soldiers, knights, and Grid all wielded their swords to achieve peace. Those who had been guarding Irene’s side were also knights using swords. Therefore, Irene didn’t treat the sword as a mere tool. She respected it. She couldn’t just throw it aside.

Grid’s heart trembled greatly after vaguely reading her inner thoughts. He remembered the first moment he started liking Irene. Today was the 156th time he fell in love with Irene.

‘I will meet the evil eyes king tomorrow.’

The smiling Grid stood behind Irene. He held her small shoulder between his arms and wrapped his hands around her wrists. Then he spoke to Royman, “I’m sorry, but I don’t think I can give up the position of being the queen’s teacher.”

Chief Knight Royman laughed slightly. “I can’t afford the queen’s brilliance with my small talent.”

Royman was trained intensively by Piaro and Asmophel. Her skills were absolutely outstanding, but they were still feeble compared to Grid.

“Now, Irene. Your feet should be like this. Your eyes and shoulders this way.”

“This... I don’t think it is your swordsmanship?”

“.....!”

Grid was surprised as he corrected Irene's posture. It was the posture just before opening the sword path. He was surprised because Irene had asked such a sharp question. Was this truly Earl Steim's blood? Or was it due to divinity? Perhaps it was proof that she had always been watching him...

Grid couldn't help kissing Irene on the cheek as he answered, "Correct. This isn't my swordsmanship."

"I want to learn Your Majesty's swordsmanship."

"Haha, my swordsmanship is specialized in dealing with multiple people so it doesn't suit you."

The best knights were always protecting Irene's side. If the moment came when she needed to grasp the sword, she would only be facing one or two enemies. The best knights of the Overgeared Kingdom, who were led by Piaro and Asmophel and wore Grid's items on their backs, would all protect Irene, even if a thousand enemies attacked her. In the worst case scenario, only one or two people would get through. This was why—

"This is the best swordsmanship for you."

Grid taught her the swordsmanship of the Sword Saint. No, he taught Kraugel's swordsmanship to Irene. Kraugel's swordsmanship that Grid saw in the fight against Mir were optimized for short-term combat. Of course, it was just the surface of it.

Just as Kraugel couldn't imitate the movements of the sword dance to use Grid's sword dances, it was impossible for Grid to reproduce Kraugel's swordsmanship even if he had the Matchless Heart Technique. However, Kraugel's swordsmanship could exert power as long as there was the form. It was because his swordsmanship was at the utmost limits and ideal.

"Yap!"

[Your wife 'Irene' has acquired the Beginner Sword Mastery skill.]

Irene's appearance as she followed his movements made Grid smile.

This was Irene—a being who made Grid bear the desire to 'protect this world' and the obligation to 'protect this world.'

## **Chapter 1442**

"I thought I was going to die." Nefelina's words were extreme. It seemed she had struggled quite a bit during the Hell Gao raid.

From Grid's perspective, it was hard to understand. Certainly, Hell Gao, who appeared with seven fire stones, was strong. His body might be sealed and he borrowed the bodies of demonic creatures, but the 9th Great Demon's majesty wasn't for nothing. Nevertheless, he should be a relatively easy opponent if the six messengers joined forces. It didn't matter how many fire stones there were. Just remove them. Despite a lot of hardships, Grid and Mercedes had succeeded in the raid with just the two of them.

Nefelina explained to the confused Grid, "That madman Braham didn't take action and just watched."

"Bah, it is too disgraceful to join forces to kill such a thing."

"That stone Zikrefector slept on the spot!"

“It wasn’t my will.”

“Mercedes took a long time to collect one fire stone!”

“The grandmaster slept in the spot where the fire stones were generated. It took me a while to break through his barrier of runes.”

“.....”

Grid summarized Nefelina’s words: Braham sat on the sidelines during the battle, Zikfrector did nothing, and Mercedes failed to remove the fire stones in time. In other words, the other three people—Nefelina, Sariel, and Piaro—had a tough battle.

Grid would’ve been upset if he was Nefelina. Still, what could he do? Braham was impossible to control and Zikfrector was bound by the Curse of Sloth. The reason why Mercedes’ fire stone removal wasn’t easy was an accident.

‘If there was no accident, they would’ve easily killed Hell Gao without Braham and Zikfrector... in any case, it is my fault.’

He hadn’t predicted the possibility of Braham and Zikfrector trolling. He couldn’t predict this unfortunate accident. However, Grid oversaw the Hell Gao expedition and had to bear the responsibility for the accident.

“I’m sorry, Nefelina. In order to apologize, I’ll increase the amount of food in the future.”

Grid was actually already planning to increase Nefelina’s rations. No matter the reason, she was fighting for Grid. She had the right to enjoy something. She already ate three times as much food as her size. Administrator Rabbit had advised that her habits would get worse if she received more, but it was fine if Grid gave it with the excuse of an apology.

“Hmm, if so...”

Nefelina’s anger was calmed. She hadn’t been whining while hoping for anything. She just wanted to nitpick over it. Yet when she received something in return, she was a bit embarrassed. In her heart, She wanted to punch Braham, but she decided to put up with it because she knew that Braham wasn’t a simple vampire or magician. Braham also didn’t cross the line with the future dragon either. He swallowed down the sarcastic words, ‘You are a pig who only eats.’

“Then why did you just watch?” The messengers scattered to their respective places. Grid chased Braham to the nearby mountain and asked this question.

Braham struck Greed with Disintegrate and answered with an unwilling expression. “Nefelina and Sariel still lack experience.”

Nefelina was a hatchling and Sariel had been in heaven before being locked in the Abyss. Their innate blood and status meant they had the same knowledge as a sage, but knowledge alone couldn’t achieve things. They had to gain experience and open up their wisdom in order to help Grid.

“I see.” Grid understood why Braham acted like a bystander and smiled happily.

Braham frowned. "Why are you smiling?"

"It is because I am grateful and happy."

The reason why Braham tried to instill experience in Nefelina and Sariel was for Grid, after all. Unfortunately, Braham's personality wasn't honest.

"Bah... I just don't want them to hold me back."

"Hmm."

Grid smiled at Braham's lame excuse and carefully touched the Greed placed on the rock. Light magic power was felt. It was still dim, but it was a bright and powerful light magic power.

"Can this guy cut down the moon too?"

The Falling Moon Sword had proved its worth by bisecting Mir's body. Grid wanted to have more moon night iron, but it was no longer available.

Braham read Grid's desire and spoke firmly, "It can't cut it."

"....."

"If Mir is a match for Baal as you evaluated, he is an opponent who can't be completely cut."

A presence that was close to a god. It couldn't be cut except by the Sword Saint. This was why the name of Sword Saint shone so much. It was also one of the reasons why Muller was the hero of heroes.

"However, it can break it down somehow."

Just because they couldn't be cut didn't mean they were immortal. If beings only died from cuts, then everybody in the world would be cut to death. They could be destroyed from the inside out. It was a truth that was less obvious the more outstanding the person.

"Grid, don't be impatient."

Knowing the other side of the world didn't necessarily mean one had to take full responsibility. The shadow on Grid's face created by his obsession with the star-like existence called 'gods' was lifted by Braham's clumsy but warm consolation.

"It is enough for us to prepare as usual. There is no reason to fret and covet what isn't there."

No matter how excellent the moon night iron was, it wasn't everything. The moon night iron was something that ate away at a person's status. Braham thought there was no need to rely on it too much and Grid felt the same way.

\*\*\*

A duel of words. It was a fight with words, not a sword or a fist. It was easy to think it would be dirty and dreary instead of flashy, but surprisingly, this wasn't necessarily the case. Deep understanding and logic were sometimes fancier and more powerful than a blade. A word could kill or save 10,000 people while a sword killed or saved one person.

This was why the duel of words, called PvP by scholars and tacticians, had so many enthusiasts. There were many duels of words taking place all over the continent at this moment.

“Binch! Binch! Binch!”

“Hey, Binch! I bet on you again today! Don’t receive a penalty for swearing after becoming mad with anger. Do well!”

Among the non-combat classes, the classes in the field of controversialists were highly difficult to grow. The expression ‘extremely desperate’ fitted perfectly. Blacksmiths made items, scholars read books, and non-combat classes were expected to raise their classes through certain actions, not hunting. Meanwhile, controversialist-like classes had to level up through hunting. Couldn’t they earn experience by starting a duel of words, appeasing people, or writing poems?

This was a story for at least after the third class advancement.

No matter which city or village, there were already outstanding NPC controversialists, so it was hard to find a place or job for player controversialists below level 300. They had no choice but to hunt using skills such as dealing debuffs to the target and causing abnormal conditions. However, they were insignificant compared to the debuffs of black magicians, so it was hard to get parties.

They weren’t welcome anywhere they went. They could barely kill one monster in the time it took others to kill 10. Yet if they raised their level, they would become a strong malicious force and this was the case with Binch.

‘It is noisy.’

There were cheers from the crowd of thousands. Binch’s expression when he appeared with enthusiastic support was as uncomfortable as the shadow around his eyes. It had been two years since he was hired as the trumpeter of the Lion Group. He had been active in hundreds of duels of words, securing the interests of the merchant group and resolving all types of disputes. Even so, he still wasn’t accustomed to people’s attention.

First of all, he didn’t like the ‘stage’ itself. It was a duel of words over the interests and pride of the merchant groups. They were forced to disclose some of each other’s weaknesses and transactions, so wasn’t it right to do it secretly in a dark room? Yet the merchants rented the Colosseum to attract onlookers. The duel of words was also considered a means of making money by merchants.

‘I’m not a monkey in a zoo.’

It was unpleasant to be on stage. Of course, that didn’t mean he was going to quit this job. The reason why Binch was dissatisfied with the current situation was due to this twisted personality of rejection

That was it. If the content of the duel of words caused damage to his employer, there would be no damage to himself (the contract contents stated so). It was also an opportunity to build awareness and the experience and remuneration were greater than anything. There was no reason to quit.

‘This person isn’t confident in his skills.’ Binch snorted when his opponent didn’t show up after he had been on the stage for one minute.



Sometimes there were these types of guys. They were people who would delay taking to the stage just before the duel of words began. It was a psychological battle, but it was shallow. Binch had never lost to such people.

“Who the hell is this great person who is delaying the time so much?”

“Apostle of Justice? Is this ID real? It is a lame ID.”

“Puhahat! This chuunibyouse disease! What type of Lauel is he?!”

“It is boring, so hurry and come up, you son of a bitch! Will you pay the price of the tickets if I get bored?!”

The crowd started booing Binch’s opponent. This was a gentleman’s game of culture and wisdom, unlike the bloody PvP. The duel of words was a noble spot loved by keyboard warriors for its distinctive characteristics. The crowd might be about to start a riot but Binch was reviewing his opponent’s information in the midst of the disturbance.

‘Affiliated with the Landy Merchant Group. The ID is Apostle of Justice, the ranking is unknown.’

Most controversialists hid their ranking. It was embarrassing because their level was low. The ranking hidden by the opponent wasn’t a matter of concern. Binch paid attention to the Landy Merchant Group.

‘The Landy Merchant Group. They are said to provide manpower for the miners in the eastern part of the empire...’

It was a merchant group selling manpower. The history was long, but small in scale. According to the information provided by the Lion Merchant Group, the direction of the business itself wasn’t very good.

‘The reason they asked us to fight a duel of words this time is due to the labor costs.’

The problem was that the Lion Merchant Group acquired all the manpower nearby after entering the eastern part of the empire. The Lion Merchant Group bought manpower for high fees that ignored the existing market price. Therefore, the Landy Merchant Group only had flies left.

The Landy Merchant Group’s demand was a freeze on the labor costs. They were poor to start with, so there was no way they could save for an expensive controversialist.

“He came up!”

“It is finally starting!”

The other party came up on stage. It was a face he had never seen before. The Apostle of Justice was just as strange as his ID. Binch planned to use a frontal attack. The demand for a freeze on labor costs by the Landy Merchant Group was an act of ignoring worker’s values and rights. This was the justification of the Lion Merchant Group. At least in this duel of words, Binch was on the good side.

[The other party has accepted the duel of words.]

He sent an invitation to the other person, who took to the stage just in time, and the person accepted it immediately. The theme of this duel of words appeared along with a 10 squared mental gauge in Binch’s vision. From now on, the two of them would exchange words with each other. Every time they failed to

refute the other person's opinion or made a statement that was contrary to their argument, their mental gauge would be consumed by one square. The opportunity for a first attack was with the opponent.

"How many gifts did you buy for your parents on the day you received your first paycheck?"

".....?"

It was a question that didn't match the subject at all. Binch thought that one square of the opponent's mental gauge would be consumed at the system's judgment, but the opponent's words weren't over yet.

"You should spend at least 10% of your salary unless you are a bad son. I'm sure this is enough to prepare a set of long johns, but after your salary doubles next month, can you give your parents two sets of long johns?"

".....?"

Maybe it was because it was so strange. The system wasn't able to judge the other person's remarks and responded belatedly. The sight of two squares on Apostle of Justice's mental gauge being consumed clearly entered Binch's vision. It was Binch's turn to talk, but Apostle of Justice was chattering non-stop. The penalty for ignoring the turn consumed another two squares, but he didn't seem to care.

"Of course, if your salary has doubled, then you can buy two sets. However, if everyone's salary has doubled, then you can't buy one, let alone two. A sudden rise in labor costs is bound to be accompanied by inflation."

"This is too extreme. Are you a liberal arts major? I'll explain the economic structure for you, liberal arts..."

"You will be glad to buy even one set. Your job will be affected by the rising prices and rising labor costs that occur at the same time. There will be a restructuring and you will be out on the streets. Then you won't be able to get your parents a pair of socks, let alone a pair of long johns. Isn't this too bad?"

'This crazy guy?'

Apostle of Justice was self-destructing. There were only two squares left on his mental gauge because he kept ignoring the rules and continued to talk nonsense. Binch judged that he had won and shut up, thinking that the Landy Merchant Group who hired such a person was insane. At this moment—

"And so, your Lion Merchant Group is an immoral group!" Apostle of Justice shouted.

They were ignorant words without any logic. Binch was snorting when his eyes suddenly widened.

[You are greatly offended by the criticism of the other person.]

[The mental blow is huge!]

[You are so angry that you are speechless and your head is blank!!]

'And...?!'

Rules and logic governed the duel of words. Still, there were a few variables such as the use of the 'Spiteful Tongue,' 'Swearing,' and 'Disregard' skills.

Disregard could make the opponent's verbal attack into nothing while Spiteful Tongue and Swearing were lethal moves that greatly consumed the other person's mental strength by ignoring logic.

It was just difficult to use Spiteful Tongue and Swearing in practice because all controversialists were armed with the 'Mental Defense' skill. If one failed to break through the other person's mental defense after using Spiteful Tongue and Swearing, then their own mental strength would be consumed in reverse.

Binch's Mental Defense skill was as high as advanced level 4. To have a 100% chance of breaking through Binch's Mental Defense skill, the level of Spiteful Tongue and Swearing needed to be at least craftsman level 4. Binch's face turned white as his mental gauge dropped.

"D-Don't tell me you are...!"

Parents attacker, Huroi—Binch encountered the huge presence who was considered a legend among all the controversialists.

### **Chapter 1443**

Every position came with a responsibility. For quite some time, Huroi had been unable to get things off his chest. It was because the Mongolian people became sensitive every time Huroi was honest, just like the Koreans, Americans, and Russians recently quarreled over Kraugel's nationality.

[Korean game genes have caused another incident!]

[Kraugel, the pride of South Korea, became a complete Sword Saint based on Grid's epic.]

[The beautiful communication of Korean people... Kraugel's noble belief has brought enlightenment to Grid.]

The world shook on the day that Grid wrote a new epic. It was an epic full of admiration for Kraugel. The content of the epic itself was nothing shocking. Those who believed in Kraugel said, "The time has finally come." No one doubted that Kraugel deserved to be recognized. It was somewhat surprising that the one who delivered Kraugel's news was Grid, not the system, but it wasn't special considering the relationship between the two of them.

Nevertheless, there was an uproar in the world. The beginning were the provocative articles that third-rate Korean media started to spread on the Internet. The behavior of some unrecognized media outlets in describing Kraugel as the pride of South Korea and claiming Kraugel's achievements as the result of the Korean genes was enough to provoke some radical Americans.

-Are you saying that Kraugel, a Koryoin, is the pride of South Korea?

-The yellow monkeys give me goosebumps. Look at them crediting Kraugel's genes for his achievements so far.

-Fucking game DNA. What the hell is game DNA? What, are they saying that Korean blood flows through all high rankers around the world?

-This is why Kraugel acquired American nationality, not Korean nationality.No matter how well you do in South Korea, you would've been told that it is thanks to DNA. It must've been dark.Hahaha, I suddenly feel sorry for Grid.

-It is hard to even say that Kraugel is Korean.They say that his family has been Russian citizens since the generation of his great-grandparents. His Russian blood might be thicker than his Korean blood.Since he has lived in Russia for several generations, there might be Russians mixed up among his ancestors.

-Even so, don't involve Russia.Oh my god!Look at this.The Russians have already heard the news.

-Kraugel is a Russian born in Russia and raised there!Americans are just robbers that materialism gave birth to!

-Let's talk bluntly.It isn't the United States that took away Kraugel. It was Kraugel's choice to go to the United States.Additionally, if you want to mess around, don't do it here. Go to the Korean communities.It was the Korean monkeys who started it first.

-Disgusting racists!

-Who is speaking to whom...

-The troublemakers have got together.What are you talking about? Kraugel isn't Korean? ≡ ≡ ≡ He is Korean from the beginning ≡ ≡ ≡ Do you know Kraugel?

-Now there is an influx of Koreans...Everyone, please get out of here.

...Now the Internet was a mess.

Due to several third-rate Korean media outlets, radical groups from the three countries were killing each other in certain communities. The reason why Huroi started to watch his mouth was because he had experienced a similar situation.

Grid's first knight might be Jude, but I am his first subordinate.

He said this in an interview and was harshly rejected by the people of Mongolia. He wouldn't have cared if he was just scolded. The problem was that there were people who praised Huroi as the hero of Mongolia. They were disappointed and saddened by Huroi. They all knew that Grid was definitely a great person and that Huroi adored him. It was just painful for the people of Mongolia that the attitude of the ranker representing their country was that of a servant to another person.

At that time, Lauel had given him advice.

'Refrain from praising Grid. It is good for both yourself and the Overgeared Guild. Even if you don't say it, the whole world knows that you are Grid's loyal servant. Why do you have to talk about it?' Lauel persuaded Huroi.

This persuasion worked. From that day on, Huroi watched his mouth. He sealed his personal opinions and was faithful to his role as the trumpeter of the groups he belonged to, namely the Overgeared Guild and Overgeared Kingdom, not the individual Grid. It was frustrating. He felt that he was in a miserable position because he couldn't talk recklessly with his mouth.

Then he met the Skin Maker. He gained a new appearance from Guseha and made the alias of 'Apostle of Justice' by commissioning a forger. Now he hid his identity and traveled around the world whenever he had free time. He went around freely saying what was in his heart.

He easily hunted with the power of his second class and the wyvern, allowing him to build up Swearing and Spiteful Tongue which ignored logic. This meant the world couldn't handle the power of his words. It was because of this that the Landy Merchant Group recently sent a request to Apostle of Justice. The reputation of Apostle of Justice was gradually accumulating to the point where requests were made.

Of course, Apostle of Justice had no intention of accepting the request. Apostle of Justice was a person who wanted to act freely. He didn't want to work to carry out requests. However, the name of the opponents, the Lion Merchant Group, was annoying. It was the organization that was recently mentioned inside the Overgeared Guild. They were after the Heart of the Frost Queen... he thought it would be good to scold them at least once.

"D-Don't tell me you are...!" Binch stuttered.

Huroi cautioned the controversialist of the Lion Merchant Group who was knocked down helplessly, "Please don't say anything more."

"...Yes."

Binch was convinced of Huroi's identity and closed his mouth. The scary thing about the Overgeared Guild was firstly its force. The second was its ability to insult your parents. Power was only the third. Binch had no intention of competing with Huroi, who was notorious for his words. There was no loyalty because he had a simple employment relationship with the Lion Merchant Group.

"Binch, what is this? Did you lose just now?"

"Why did Binch lose?"

The audience belatedly became aware that the duel of words was over and there was a stir among them. They didn't understand why Binch was defeated by this guy. Only one person was an exception. It was the vice-leader of the Lion Merchant Group who was mixed in with the audience, Seomye.

-Binch, is Huroi the person you are dealing with right now?

-I won't comment.

It was a good enough answer.

"Hmm."

Seomye was aware that, after finding out the Skin Maker's identity, the Overgeared Guild had been watching the Lion Merchant Group for a while. It was predictable. It wasn't because the Overgeared Guild's surveillance was sloppy, but it was a natural step. It was noticeable because they were conscious of it.

On the surface, the Lion Merchant Group was the organization that moved to take the Heart of the Frost Queen away from the Skin Maker. Then taking a closer look, they could quickly see that the Lion

Merchant Group was just someone's servant. In fact, the Overgeared Guild's surveillance was quickly lifted.

'Now that they've sent such a bigshot... they haven't figured out exactly who is behind us yet.'

The Lion Merchant Group was just one of the dozens of organizations under Inferno. They were just one of the many branches of Inferno. Seomye could realize how great this huge group was.

-Lion, Huroi has come to our branch right now. Yes, he has hidden his identity, but I am sure it is Huroi of the Overgeared Guild. The Overgeared Guild still seems vigilant toward us. What should we do?

-He approached us by hiding his identity, so just pretend you don't know. No matter the induced interrogation, just go with it. It means to hand over all the information that Huroi wants. It isn't a big deal for the Overgeared Guild to know the information of the group.

-...Even if they are trying to find out who is behind us?

-Yes, just because we want to hide it doesn't mean it is possible. The Overgeared Guild has already contacted over half of the 26 organizations under Inferno. It doesn't matter if we tell them what will be revealed soon.

-Are you thinking of interacting directly with the Overgeared Guild?

-No. The superiors believe it is still too early to interact with the Overgeared Guild.

-What will we do if there is a misunderstanding due to the Heart of the Frost Queen? If the Overgeared Guild sees us as a hostile force, then our superiors will suffer devastating damage.

-It is okay if we are destroyed.

-...The Lion Merchant Group's true intentions. Lion, what is it?

-Seomye, when the time comes, you will naturally know what our purpose is. You will look back on today's conversation and think it is interesting.

Seomye found it hard to understand, but he didn't argue any longer. He had long admired Lion's ability and personality, so he just trusted and followed Lion.

Step. Step.

At the Colosseum, after the crowd had left...

Huroi approached Seomye, who was sitting alone in the empty stands. In fact, the expression 'approached' was wrong. Seomye had been sitting by one of the four entrances and Huroi was just trying to leave through it. Huroi didn't even know who Seomye was. He didn't know much about the Lion Merchant Group.

The Lion Merchant Group had already been determined as low risk within the Overgeared Guild. Why would Huroi be interested in the Lion Merchant Group when the Overgeared Shadows had withdrawn from monitoring them and turned to tracking Agnus? His involvement in the duel of words was just to teach them a lesson.

However, Seomye didn't know this.

"Excuse me, do you have anything to do with me?"

Seomye rose from his seat and politely greeted Huroi, "You might already know me, but let me say hello. I am Seomye, the vice-leader and president of the eastern branch of the Lion Merchant Group."

"...I am Apostle of Justice."

"You are a great controversialist. I was impressed by your duel of words with Binch. I'd like to hire you even if it costs millions of gold."

"Millions of gold... I am looking for a stable job. How much can you give me?"

"....."

He had just been speaking out of courtesy, but it was caught immediately.

Seomye was deeply flustered, but he didn't show it. He recalled Lion's warning and spoke cautiously, "There are bound to be disputes among merchant groups. There aren't enough competent controversialists. Considering the skills of Apostle of Justice, I would like to offer you 10 times the highest pay in the industry."

"....."

On this day, a whisper was sent to Lauel, -I have infiltrated the Lion Merchant Group. No one knows my identity.

".....?"

Why was he doing something that wasn't requested? Lauel found it absurd, but he thought that things weren't bad. It was a situation where he almost found out who was behind the Lion Merchant Group. The Lion Merchant Group itself was just a puppet and was low risk, but it was unconditionally beneficial to keep them close and dig up information.

Additionally, Huroi was the most idle one among the 10 meritorious retainers. Faker was eagerly collecting information with the Shadows, Regas was training with the group of asuras, while Pon and Peak Sword led the armored spearsmen group and rapid draw swordsmen respectively. Unlike the others of the 10 meritorious retainers who had exclusive units, Huroi's role was relatively free. It was just like Euphemina and Jishuka.

-I don't know how this happened, but...you've somehow succeeded in infiltrating them. I admit that you are competent.

-I wouldn't be Grid's first subordinate if I wasn't competent.

-The most important goal is the account book. Please secure this. If we look at the account book, then we will be able to identify the forces involved with the Lion Merchant Group.

-Yes.

-Don't be impatient. It is hard for even the top members of the group to locate the account book. It might take months. If you think it is impossible, then you can just give up.

20 minutes later, Huroi replied, -I have secured the account book.

-Huh? Already?

-I found it on the side of the vice-leader's desk.

-.....

No, wasn't this something that shouldn't be left in the open? Lael was baffled, but he controlled his mind as he thought that everyone had moments of luck.

-Quickly take screenshots of the contents and return the book to its original position. Send the photos to my email later.

-I understand.

Huroi felt his heart beating for the first time in ages. He was excited because he felt like the main character of a spy movie. It felt like vitality was added to his life that had been boring since his mouth was sealed. This was the power of hospitality.

#### **Chapter 1444**

Satisfy's world was bigger than Earth. It was true even if the scale was limited to the West Continent. It usually wasn't easy to find a hidden person. However, the Overgeared Shadows that absorbed Eclipse were able to pull out anything from all territories. It was possible to even find a needle in the sand. It could be compared to a large metal detector and satellite.

There were few people in the world who could escape from the skills of the Overgeared Shadows, who not only mastered basic tracking techniques of capturing and exploring the path by digging into the target's appearance, personality, inclination, and background, but also actively utilized Eclipse's methods of poisoning and chasing soul incense.

Additionally, many kingdoms on the West Continent were favorable to the Overgeared Kingdom. Many kingdoms, and even the empire, assisted in their search. Faker thought that Agnus would soon be found as long as he wasn't in hell. It was just like Faker expected.

-I've found him.

-Wait.

Sound Transmission. It was the system that players called the whisper. Every player enjoyed this system and took it for granted, but NPCs were different. Sound Transmission couldn't be used unless they had reached a certain level or learned a skill. The Overgeared Shadows had acquired this power. This was a benefit obtained by absorbing Eclipse. They were the most secretive organization on the continent and had the ability to use Sound Transmission.



Faker received the messages from the members and unfolded the map of his destination. It was a map made by Skunk himself. The defense, terrain, buildings, and structures were marked in detail. It was only one piece of paper, but it was a treasure trove of information.

“.....”

The complex content was instantly imprinted in Faker’s mind.

The city of Echiran. Faker was able to grasp and recall all the information about small and medium sized cities located in the remote lands of this faraway principality. The city he came to for the first time was as familiar as his homeland. It was the domain of a genius. The darkside of the Overgeared Kingdom was such a presence.

-All leaders, listen up.

Faker led the Shadows Group.

-Begin.

Every time he gave a command, the entrances and exits of Echiran were blocked one by one and the disturbances on the streets subsided. The city’s shadows gathered around a mansion. It was the only building with lights on in the city that had become as silent as a mouse.

-All the exits have been blocked.

-The residents have finished taking refuge.

-The mayor has cleared away the soldiers.

The reason for the rapid operation was due to the mayor’s cooperation with the Overgeared Shadows. The Hemilton principality had chosen a friendly relationship with the Overgeared Kingdom. In other words, the ruler of the principality issued an official document to actively assist the Overgeared Kingdom.

The mayor said he would help even more by lending the support of the army. Faker felt grateful, but he naturally refused. Using an army against Agnus was the worst. The root of Agnus was a necromancer. The longer the battle continued, the stronger his army of corpses would get as their numbers grew. If it was a battlefield with Agnus’ presence, then it was better for no one to be there.

‘It is all just a theory.’

Agnus’ combat style was different from other necromancers. It was the same logic as Grid’s combat style being different from a blacksmith’s combat style. Unlike necromancers who slowly dominated the battlefield through sufficient preparation and procedures, Agnus mostly overwhelmed the battlefield in an instant.

He cut the enemy himself with sword skills comparable to a swordsman ranker, operated the death knights and lich at the same time to show firepower comparable to a magician, and even if he was injured, he could quickly recover or invalidate his death.

He didn't have the necromancer weakness of 'being weak at the beginning of the battle.' The strength of being stronger in the second half was also applied. It was natural because he overcame his limitations with the runes, achievements, titles, and class.

'I have to bring everything out. It is to the very depths.'

Faker's eyes sank. The scene in his dark eyes was the mansion of a monster, but it was himself who was staring back at him. It sank deeper and deeper.

He brought out the killing intent that he used to wipe out one of the Seven Guilds alone. He reflected on the former Lantier, who only half developed his skills in order to be a pillar of the empire, and used it as a negative learning material. He repeatedly mulled over the regret of failing to guard the great blacksmith and strengthened his heart by remembering the kingdom that he guarded in the shadows, correcting his spirit.

A talent that could reach the sky. The precious talent that hadn't been revealed for many years due to his role in protecting the Overgeared Kingdom was born at this moment.

Faker moved the members back and placed his hands on the ground. Then thousands of shadows stretched out toward the mansion. The red bricks and transparent windows were instantly dyed black. The mansion was eroded by shadows. It was already regarded as Faker's property.

The shadow that eroded the mansion moved like a living creature. Would the mouth of a mythical monster be this big? It bit and swallowed the whole mansion.

'It is amazing.'

'He has become stronger in the meantime.'

The Shadow Group wasn't all NPCs. There were a handful of players who had long accumulated trust and strength in the Overgeared Guild. For them, the assassin ranker, Faker, was an object of awe. They believed that Agnus, who they had no choice but to collide with, and Pauld, the target of the mission, would be swallowed up by the shadows along with the mansion.

Just then, the hemisphere of shadow that had been condensing by swallowing the mansion fluctuated greatly. Someone's hand stuck out of it. It was a skinny and dry hand that showed the shape of a skeleton. The blood vessels sticking out all over the pale skin was reminiscent of a corpse.

"Scatter."

The moment Faker gave the brief order, the 300 Shadow members surrounding the mansion disappeared immediately. Of course, they didn't leave the scene. They hid their appearance inside the shadows and behind natural earth features, but the siege remained solid.

The hand that came out of the shadow suddenly enlarged. It arrived in front of Faker's nose in the blink of an eye. Faker leaned back to avoid it and raised his foot. A sharp blade emerged from the tip of the boot and pierced the opponent's abdomen, but the momentum didn't cease. It was an opponent with high physical resistance.

Faker rotated the foot stuck in the abdomen of the enemy and swung his dagger. He swung the knife several times before pulling back.

Grrr.

The opponent breathed like a beast. There were deep knife marks on his neck and chest, but he didn't shed a drop of blood. The blood vessels engraved on the pale skin hardened. The smell of the dead was strong. The man with the name 'Agnus' Deceased' above his head once again narrowed the distance. The force of the advance was so powerful that his charge was terrifying. Faker, who was comparable to Grid in terms of speed, barely avoided it.

"I think we need to increase the output of the mechanism even higher."

"The deceased can't withstand more than this right now."

"It is your fault for not making a better one."

"It is because I didn't get the right materials."

The voices of two people were heard. They were Agnus and Pauld. The two men talked lightly as they came through the hemisphere of shadows. Faker's gaze was fixed on Pauld. He was a little boy, so it seemed that Elizabeth's report was correct. Faker revealed his business here, "Agnus, in consideration of the danger, I will remove the lich, Pauld. You can cooperate or resist."

"What right do you have?"

"The right of the strong."

Agnus was talking with a smile when his eyes widened at this answer. He was briefly flustered by Faker's confident attitude in openly asserting these unjust rights that deserved criticism.

"As expected of Faker."

Agnus' expression brightened. He liked this Faker, who got right to the essence without using righteousness or logic as an excuse.

"However, strength and weakness are relative laws," Agnus said with a shrug.

Pauld was already moving forward. "Am I that easy? It seems my reputation is lousy in this day and age. It is clear that Braham disparaged my achievements."

Pauld clicked his tongue like he was offended while Faker quickly observed him. His skin was pale and he looked exactly like a person. He was completely different from the liches Faker had met so far who showed only white bones. His nonchalant expression expressed his confidence. His small body looked terribly weak, but the physical strength of the body was meaningless in front of magic.

'Are they all his own artifacts?'

There was a necklace, two bracelets, and 10 rings. Pauld was lavishly decorated with accessories. It was hidden by the hem of his pants, but the ankles were probably covered as well. Maybe his hair tie was an artifact as well.

'He must be stronger than I thought.'

If Elizabeth's guess was correct, Pauld could manufacture artifacts. Considering that the time Kraugel reported Pauld's resurrection through Grid was a long time ago, it was likely that most of the accessories that Pauld was equipped with were artifacts made by him. Additionally, Agnus' deceased was very strong. It was a power beyond the original estimates.

Faker made a quick judgment and wrote on the shadows for the members to see. It was the power of Lantier. He told them to tie up the deceased and added that they shouldn't force it.

Faker's figure disappeared. It was so swift that it caused Agnus' deceased to cock his head as he tried to eat Faker. Faker rose from the shadow under Pauld's feet and stabbed at Pauld with a dagger. It was where the lich's core was located. Regardless of the specifications, the target would be forced to suffer a critical injury. At least, generally speaking.

[The target has neutralized the damage.]

The necklace that Pauld was wearing glowed blue. It was a cold light that showed its presence without mixing with the sunlight.

"You became Lantier because your skills are extraordinary. It is like the 25th."

The 25th Lantier. The only Lantier to become a legend. The time of his activity overlapped with Pauld. Pauld pulled off the necklace that lost its light in exchange for absorbing a large amount of damage and used great magic. There was no aggressiveness. It was a magic that summoned a huge sphere of light. It was as if light magic had been increased hundreds of times in size. For Faker, it was far more deadly than attack magic.

"I have a lot of experience since I was almost killed by the 25th."

The lich's infinite magic power caused the sphere of light to expand rapidly, completely clearing all shadows within a radius of 50 meters. The secret movements of the Shadow members were clearly revealed to the deceased and Faker's Shadow Movement that connected to the 'nearest shadow' was temporarily cut off.

Agnus' deceased roared. He rushed like a beast toward the Shadow members who couldn't hide and ran wild. The various types and depths of the martial arts he used spoke of his experience with martial arts during his life.

".....!"

Experienced assassins didn't make sounds. The finest drake leather armor was torn and they died horribly from the piercing attacks of the deceased, but they never groaned. However, the sound of their flesh being crushed and their bones broken echoed eerily on the battlefield.

Faker increased his speed. In every breath he took, he avoided magic and cut at Pauld with his dagger. Yet compared with Pauld, Faker's health gauge was consumed faster. Pauld wasn't allowed to use magic. Even without the shadows, Faker was a peak assassin. He created gaps with difficulty against a magician with a superior advantage. It was just that the 10 rings on both of Pauld's hands emitted a different light every time, stopping and reflecting Faker's attack. Moreover, the two death knights summoned by Agnus were cooperating to attack Faker.

There was a shriek from the dagger that collided with two swords. This meant that he simultaneously blocked the attacks of the death knights aimed along different trajectories with one movement.

‘It would be great if he became the Sword Saint.’

Faker’s skill at creating countless dark sword rays and completely controlling his speed impressed Agnus. His ability to deal with two named death knights and a lich at the same time was surprising enough to make Agnus’ cold heart fill with enthusiasm.

Pauld lost two rings and his wounds started to increase rapidly because he couldn’t handle the rapidly accumulating damage. Faker’s greatest strength lay not in his speed but his secrecy. The secrecy caused confusion. Pauld had no choice but to compress a shield and spread it thinly over his body. It was because he couldn’t predict where Faker’s attacks would fly from.

‘It is to this extent despite me sealing the shadows?’

‘Now.’

Faker’s expression was indifferent as he blocked the death knight’s sword with the dagger in his right hand for the first time while taking out a new dagger in his left hand hidden behind the cloak that fluttered in the aftermath of the collision. There was no expression, so his heart wasn’t read and his intentions weren’t discovered.

Agnus, the two death knights, and Pauld—Faker’s focus deceived the eyes and senses of the enemies looking at him from all directions. Then it turned into killing intent as he deeply pierced Pauld’s abdomen. Pauld felt nauseous and poured out a huge amount of magic power.

The huge sphere of light floating in the air fragmented and scattered like broken glass and shadows were restored to the area.

The situation of the battle changed.

Agnus’ deceased, who was using his explosive breakthrough dash skills without restriction, faltered for the first time. Based on the way he struggled the moment the Shadows regained their stealth ability, his senses weren’t as developed compared to his high fighting power.

“.....”

Agnus was surrounded by a group symbolizing the Overgeared Guild and his expression hardened for the first time. Faker repeated to him, who seemed to be aware of his situation at last, “I am going to get rid of the lich, Pauld.”

The sun was rising. The moment the sun shone on the battlefield, the momentum of Agnus’ deceased and death knights weakened. The inhabitants of the night were bound to be shabby compared to the Overgeared, who ruled day and night without distinction.

Faker wiped the blood flowing from his forehead, absorbed the shadows around him, and condensed it around his dagger. It was a shadow sword that would devour and destroy Pauld. He also hoped he could get rid of the death knights.

“You can try and resist.”

Assassins were short-term decisive weapons. Faker had no intention of dragging out the fight.

## Chapter 1445

A lich or death knight owned by a player couldn't be destroyed in the usual way. It was like a pet. It belonged to the account, so what method did other players have to violate it? Yet Faker discussed destroying Pauld. Was it a bluff? Seeing the lack of a disgusting pretense, it probably wasn't a bluff.

'There must be something he believes in.'

The dagger with the shadows wrapped around it. It had a much more profound energy than the hemisphere that engulfed the mansion.

'This is why I doubt that Baal's Contractor is invincible.'

The Sword Saint was the best, but Baal's Contractor was invincible. It was a role that was hostile to humanity, so it made sense that it had an unrivaled side. It was actually absurdly strong. Aside from their loathing of Agnus, people feared the potential of Baal's Contractor.

Agnus himself couldn't guess his own limitations. He had rejected Baal's quests several times for their uselessness when he wasn't in the right mind. If the quests that contained the slaughter of civilians had been faithfully carried out, he would be many times stronger than he was right now.

However, it was too much of an extreme to one side. Following divinity and the Demon Slayer, now there was a counter in the shadow arts? This was why Baal's declaration that there would be no one to compete against him was just nonsense.

'...No.'

Agnus studied the energy contained in Faker's shadow sword from a slightly different perspective. It was the energy of extermination. There were no restrictions on utility. The power wasn't limited to just the dead. There was the possibility of destroying any opponent. It was a killer's secret technique. This skill would be limited, just as the 'Deceased Creation' of Baal's Contractor and the 'Swordsmanship Creation' of the Sword Saint had restrictions on the number of uses.

'He's put a lot on the line.'

A legendary skill with a limit on the number of uses was purely for themselves. Yet Faker was going to use it to get rid of Pauld. He was willing to sacrifice one of the benefits of becoming a legend. It wasn't a usual mindset. There was a high possibility of death. Agnus pulled out a sword and exercised the authority of a demon noble. He summoned three demons. It was a number that proved his noble title had been elevated.

"Exercising your rights. Then I understand. Every time a strong person exercises their rights, there will be weak people who lose their rights."

I did so.

Faker read the eyes of Agnus who spoke and was convinced.

'He's changed.'

There was none of that madness that was Agnus' symbol. Was there no malice left? Faker wasn't sure. Agnus could've shaken it off along with his madness or it might be deep in his mind. One thing was for certain. Agnus wasn't some daredevil who didn't know the consequences. It seemed he would have to reduce the goal of destroying the death knights along with Pauld. One of Agnus' few weaknesses was his madness. Now that it was gone, it would be a tougher fight than he determined.

Step.

Agnus took a step forward. He didn't approach Faker. No matter how good his swordsmanship, he wasn't a match for Faker. Didn't Faker block two death knights who were more powerful than high rankers? Agnus glanced at the cityscape beyond the siege of shadows and spread open his arms.

"The back streets of this glorious city were full of underprivileged people who lost their rights. They were weak people no one cared about if they suddenly disappeared one day."

"....."

Faker noticed something and became anxious. There were no circumstances for it and no physical evidence, but Agnus' words created an ominous feeling. It was the senses of a genius that was closer to foresight.

"I gave them value."

Thump.

Agnus lightly stomped on the ground where he stood. The aftermath was great. The entire land started to shake and the dead started to crawl out. The site of Agnus' mansion was already a graveyard. Hundreds of bodies were buried below this great land.

Kuueok...Kuoh...

The ghouls that were illuminated by the light had the pained expressions from when they died. The number that reached 400 was arranged like an army with one gesture from Agnus. There were no separate guards protecting the king. Faker realized it. Agnus' madness and malice hadn't disappeared. They were just controlled. The mad dog had become a madman.

"I understand your heart that attacked first without waiting for your colleagues. You were trying to tie me up out of fear I would notice and ruin it by returning to hell. But... can you handle it?"

Agnus sneered and flicked his fingers. Then the demons fired rays from their mouths. The targets were the Shadow members, not Faker. Agnus was thinking of reducing the number of Shadow members blocking the deceased and increasing his army.

It was real from now on. The fight against time began. Faker had to achieve his purpose as soon as possible.

Faker remained in the shadows and completely deceived the senses of Agnus' army. From the start, he had no intention of moving to Pauld's shadow. They would surely be on guard. Rather, Faker appeared in Agnus' shadow. This move was aimed at keeping the demonic firepower in check while catching them off guard. However, the danger that Faker failed to detect was lurking in Agnus' arms.

Croak.

A black frog.

Faker's expressionless face was broken. It was because the name 'Chepardea' above the head of the frog sticking out its long tongue was an unusual color. Black red. It meant that his hierarchy was very high even in hell. The small tongue extended as it reached Faker. Every time the size changed, speed was added and the trajectory shifted. It was almost like an illusion, but the frog just stretched out its tongue.

'Fortunately, it isn't deep.'

Faker, whose waist was injured because he couldn't avoid the attack completely, regained his composure. The damage was only 4,000 and there were no physical abnormalities. Poisoning occurred, but he resisted it with the power of a legend. Contrary to his concerns, Chepardea was weak. It was common sense that demons would be weakened in the human world, but it was much weaker than what he feared. It meant that it wasn't the main body. High ranking demons and angels couldn't come to the human world lightly and this frog was the same.

Chepardea's tongue struck the ground in succession. It was the place where Faker had been standing just a while ago, but now he was hidden in the shadows.

-Croaak! He actually survived the attack from this body!

"It is because you are weak. Tsk."

Agnus wasn't happy with Chepardea's intervention.

In the human world, Chepardea's stats were downgraded to a very lousy level. Nevertheless, Faker should've noticed. Chepardea's tongue wasn't useless. It shot fast and constantly controlled targets approaching Agnus. The presence of Chepardea meant that no blades could touch Agnus' body.

'I can't act as bait any longer.'

Assassins were flames that blazed brilliantly but were extinguished quickly. From now on, Faker would only be targeting Pauld. Faker reappeared in Pauld's shadow. He was naturally prepared. Two death knights lowered their swords simultaneously while Pauld's ring glowed and spread a chill.

Faker disappeared straight away and reappeared next to Pauld. It was a position where the chill hadn't reached. Pauld didn't only have one shadow. There were faint shadows that changed moment to moment depending on the angle of the sun and the flow of clouds.

Faker moved through all these shadows and attacked Pauld constantly. If anyone knew that Shadow Movement was a skill that 'targeted one of the shadows in sight', they would've been mesmerized by Faker's appearance at the moment. The skill of capturing, designating, and linking skills to move, split, and flash between shadows was like a miracle.

Clang!

Ting!



Claaang!

Tong!

Every time Faker appeared from Pauld's side, rear, front, or even under the foot, the swords of the death knights would hit the ground and several overlapping shields on Pauld's body would break. Pauld's magic operation wasn't quick because his core was damaged and the rising sun. It was difficult for him to use great magic to constrain Lantier's movements. Pauld looked frustrated and shouted, "Help!"

He might've been captured by Baal's Contractor, but it was a hard-earned new life. It was a resurrection after hundreds of years of labor. He didn't want to die in vain in this place. Agnus had already acted. Hundreds of ghouls were flocking to Pauld as if they had received his command.

'We must give support!'

The Shadow members, who were tying up the deceased's feet, scattered in all directions. There were more than one or two members who were seriously injured or killed by the rays of the demons, but their spirit didn't die down. They knew that their lives were insignificant. Lantier's technique of planting shadows could quickly cultivate assassins, so they were consumables that could be replaced at any time. Still, they tried not to die.

There was only one reason. It was because the enemy was Agnus. If they died, they would come back and be a burden to their side.

"Tsk."

The Overgeared Shadows' struggle scratched at Agnus' patience. The Shadow members' skill at slowing down the deceased's pursuit by setting up traps and throwing daggers while scattering the army of undead was enough to irritate the enemy.

'I thought their reputation was too high, but it is the opposite.'

It would be better to kill them all. Agnus, who had been focused on controlling the demons, released the demons freely and directly entered the battlefield. He turned his back on Faker and swung his sword at the Overgeared Shadows. A normal swordsman wielded the sword using the swordsmanship they had been trained in, except when using skills. It didn't matter if it was self-studied or copied from someone else. In any case, it was swordsmanship.

Meanwhile, Agnus' swordsmanship was purely due to the power of the rune. He didn't swing the sword by thinking and making judgments himself. Rather, he gave himself to the flow of the runes. It was similar to blacksmiths making items using the auto button. He used swordsmanship automatically. The best swordsmanship was automatically recreated in every situation. There were times when he was helplessly defeated by swordsmen better than him, but this was rare. He easily overwhelmed most of his opponents.

"Agnus...!" The players belonging to the Overgeared Shadows gritted their teeth. They were angered by the appearance of Agnus slashing at the throats of their colleagues.

Agnus laughed as he made the dead Shadows into undead. "Who are these bastards angry at?"

Agnus' actions became more brutal. Somehow, he approached Faker and killed the Overgeared Shadows helping Faker. Then he raised them as the undead to tie up the other members. Nearly 400 ghouls were concentrated around Pauld. They covered all the shadows around Pauld and attacked every time Faker appeared. Even so, Faker's offensive didn't stop. He coughed up blood while repeating his rampage and continuing to destroy Pauld's shield.

"Why is he so stubborn...?"

Pauld's face became even paler. He almost loathed Faker's face that appeared in front of him again. Then he realized that the opportunity had arrived. Faker rose from a tiny shadow between ghouls and was caught by the ghouls. He seemed nervous and overburdened. It might not be credible, but the scene of the swords of the death knights piercing Faker's back entered his vision. It was the right time for a counterattack.

Still, Pauld didn't act rashly. Legends didn't die easily. He knew because he lived in the same era as Braham. If he targeted Faker now, this person would survive for a few seconds and then that sinister sword could penetrate his core.

Two of Pauld's rings glowed. They were artifacts that strengthened the power of magic and increased the speed of using magic. A shield was placed over his body. One layer, two layers, three layers... the speed was much slower than usual, but it repeatedly covered him in a firm manner. The overlapping shield that Faker struggled so hard to destroy started to show signs of revival.

However, Faker wasn't agitated. Faker coughed up blood as he was stuck like a skewer on the death knights' swords. He was pulled away by the rotten hands of the ghouls, but he took one more step forward. He stabbed the dagger in a straight line. The leading ghoul became the first victim of the shadow blade.

Keeek!

The three ghouls behind it also breathed their last breath.

Kaaack!

Even the ghoul standing in front of Pauld like a barrier turned to gray ash. A single dagger brutally destroyed all the arrangements to protect Pauld. Nevertheless, Pauld's face was full of joy.

"It is too late!"

He had created numerous artifacts and carved his name in history. A person who would've been great even if he hadn't been resurrected as a lich showed joy at stacking a few shields over each other. This meant he felt a great threat from Faker. It was a blow to the heart that Faker dealt while giving up this path to escape. No, it was safe to say that the approaching attack was a last ditch struggle, but Pauld was still relieved.

He had already experienced several times that this insidious shadow sword couldn't penetrate more than four layers of his shield at a time. He was convinced that he would live. The one thing that made him feel uncomfortable was that there was no agitation on Faker's face, but it seemed like mere obstinance. At this moment...

———!

A spear came flying silently and shattered the five shields that Pauld had barely managed to overlap. Pauld saw it clearly. A small smile spread on Faker's face, which had remained unchanged despite the desperate situation.

'Th... is...!' Pauld felt like time was flowing slowly. The blade of the shadow sword squeezed through the broken and scattered remains of the shield and was projected on Pauld's trembling pupils.

"Go, Faker!"

A new cry broke into the battlefield.

\*\*\*

".....?"

Emotions rose on the faces of the Shadow members who had been indifferent despite being slaughtered by Agnus and his demons. It was because shadow soldiers appeared everywhere and started to protect them.

T-This is ridiculous...

The trembling gazes of the Shadow members turned in the direction of Faker. Their leader was caught by the enemies. They noticed that Faker was blocked from the shadow movements because he summoned the shadow soldiers.

'Why does he want to protect us...?'

"Seeing this futile nonsense, it seems it costs a lot of money to raise you guys?"

It happened in the moment when Agnus wiped out the shadow soldiers with the rays from his demons and mocked Faker's senseless sacrifice...

"Go, Faker!" A new voice echoed through the battlefield.

Agnus and the Shadow members turned in the direction of the shout and their eyes widened. A path was smashed through a wall built by hundreds of ghosts. All the ghouls in the path were floundering with half broken bodies. A late shock wave scattered fragments of Pauld's shattered shield all over the place, creating a huge explosion.

After this bizarre scene, the Shadow members turned their heads completely and saw the knight riding on a white horse. This was the reason why Faker drew the attention of the enemy by pretending to be in a crisis. It was why he smiled without shaking, even though he lost his way to escape. He knew it was time for a trusted colleague to arrive.

The shadow sword stabbed into Pauld's core.

Just then, the death knight 'Lantier' soared from Faker's shadow, grabbed Faker by the neck, threw him to the ground, and stabbed a dagger at his heart.

**Chapter 1446**

[Kill List]

[Specify the target of the assassination.]

The number of times it can be specified is increased by three every time Lantier's Techniques is increased by one skill level.

\* If the target is within the sensory range, it is easier to explore the location. The hit rate and weakness attack probability will increase significantly only for the target and the damage to the target will increase by three times. This effect will last until the opponent dies.

\* Once the target is killed, the targeting is permanently destroyed. However, this effect doesn't apply to some special beings. If the target is a player, the penalty caused by death will be increased by at least two times or up to three times.

Current kill list spots available: 8/9

Current kill targets: Pauld (Lich owned by the player 'Agnus').]

Kill List was a skill in the same category as Grid's Item Creation skill. It didn't bring any material benefits to the user. It was just a fleeting skill to kill someone and die together. It wasn't comforting that the number of times it was available was relatively high. It was absurdly shabby compared to Item Creation that created designs, Swordsmanship Creation that created the strongest sword skill and Deceased Creation that made the worst undead.

Nevertheless, Faker really liked it. A kill list was pointing out the duty of an assassin. Besides, it was powerful. It was a skill that maximized the speed and killing ability to give wings to assassins in short-term battles. He was convinced that Pauld's solid shield, that was in the realm of great magic, would be smashed by a 'basic hit.' It was a fleeting skill, so it was even more brilliant.

He constantly circulated the shadow movement using the wind elemental. The shadow sword that would send the target to the underworld finally touched Pauld's abdomen. It was a springboard for Pon's support that arrived at exactly the expected time.

[The target has neutralized the damage.]

The single blow came to nothing, but Faker's eyes remained steady. He was familiar with Furfur's Power attached to the Rune of Death for a long time. It wasn't enough to strengthen the summoner. It also invalidated the damage of the designated summons up to two times. Faker couldn't forget the ability that Agnus revealed years ago when he fought Grid directly.

Faker calmly moved his sword without panic. He moved deeper and confirmed that the damage was invalidated once again. He vibrated the shadows around the blade to induce multiple hits. It was the flexible use of the Soul Wheel skill to move the shadows.

His mana was depleted in the aftermath of the repeated shadow movements and soldiers, but there was no problem. The legendary assassin replaced health with mental power. He didn't have mana and consumed health instead of mana to use skills.

It was a blaze that burned gorgeously for a short time. This was an assassin.

Faker immediately abandoned the idea of living. After all, Agnus' skills had become much more powerful during the years when his whereabouts were unknown.

"Keook!" Pauld was finally exposed. The strong shield, the barrier of undead, and the power of the Rune of Death. Everything that protected him was stripped off at this moment and he was on the verge of his soul being destroyed. Die, he would really die...

Pauld trembled as he felt the magic power forming his body and serving as the framework for holding his soul slowly being pulled out. He was terrified and he didn't dare to look at Faker. It was the first time since he was born that he felt such horror at the distinctly approaching death, even though he had already died once. The dam was about to collapse. The lich's core that generated infinite magic power started to crack. It was a crack that could never be reconnected.

"Kuaaack...!"

The dying flash.

Pauld felt the end and overcame the obstruction from the sun in the sky. He turned a blind eye to the rough shaking of his core and focused on a complicated great magic formula. The great man, whose name was known even to later generations, was trying to protect the last of his pride. He didn't intend to die alone. He was determined to take the god of death in front of him with him.

However, Agnus' actions were quicker than his resolution. A new death knight rose from the shadows, grabbed Faker by the neck, and threw him to the ground. Pauld's core, that was about to shatter, was barely maintained. The death knight stood above Faker's body and stabbed the dagger in. Pauld was familiar with the energy of the man crossing the shadows with creaking white bones. "25th..."

"It is excessive resistance." Agnus was approaching. His voice was calm, but his steps were rough. He seemed to be struggling with his anger. "Do you know? The guy who is trampling on you is essentially an idiot. He has little to do with the guy who was once a legend. Thus, he was defeated and became my servant. Ah, there must be no sense of reality if I say this. By the time you stepped into the Behen Archipelago, he was already gone."

It was an obvious provocation. Agnus succeeded in capturing Lantier before Faker even knew about the Behen Archipelago. 'A legend? The god of killing? No matter how you run at me, you are just a child compared to me.' This was the meaning.

"....."

Faker couldn't move. He stared silently at the empty eyes of the 25th Lantier who was pressing against his body and shadow. He could feel something in the bones that had no expression. It was sorrow that turned into a plea.

'Kill me.'

He seemed to hear such a voice. It couldn't be regarded as an illusion due to the very clear quest window that appeared in front of him. The contents told him to place the 25th Lantier on the Kill List and destroy him. It wasn't a courtesy for the former generation. It wasn't even consideration for his rest.

The reason for the class quest was to prevent external leakage of Lantier's Techniques. The system was classifying the 25th Lantier as an outsider. The body buried in the ground was dug up and disappeared. Then it became the servant of Baal's Contractor, so he should be vigilant.

"Effort must be made for the dead to find the knowledge and techniques from when they were alive. I had a hard time nurturing this idiot over here. It isn't a card to be taken out in this place. Tsk." There was a deep furrow in Agnus' brow. He was one of the bigshots who targeted the Behen Archipelago around the same time as Grid. Unlike Grid, he didn't reach the last island, but he targeted the 61st island protected by Lantier ahead of Grid.

From the perspective of Satisfy time, it had been 10 years. It wasn't long after the end of the Second National Competition. The 32nd Great Demon, Belial, had just appeared on the stage. For all those years, Agnus tried quite hard to grow Lantier. Even in his days as a mad dog, when his emotions were ahead of his reason, he recognized the value of the death knight who was a former legend.

The problem was that there was no sense of urgency. He hadn't grown much in the years that passed. He was truly incompetent and disgusting during his time of madness. He had been suffering recently because of that. The first thing he did after giving up on his lingering feelings for his ex lover and finding his rationality was to focus on raising Lantier. It was work that was being done in real time even at this moment.

Despite this, Lantier wasn't ready yet. It wasn't a card that could be used in real combat. The failure to fully grow the skills was a secondary issue. It was that Lantier's ego was too strong. Every summoning dramatically increased the consumption of domination because he slightly regained his memories and self from his former life. He needed to be kept locked up for at least half a year in the future. In Agnus' opinion, he wanted to reverse the summoning right now. The longer the summoning duration, the greater the resistance.

'Just a little bit more.'

Faker's immortality was still maintained. There was a great possibility that the suppression on Faker would be lifted if he took back Lantier before then.

'3 seconds.'

Agnus measured the remaining time of the immortality and turned his gaze to the battlefield. He saw Pon and the knights breaking through the army of the dead. It was a group of 50 people wielding spears while treating their horses as another limb. They were a small number compared to the Overgeared Shadows, but they weren't lacking in overall force. The knights were such an existence. They had a different characteristic from assassins and were sturdy. However, Pon was one level lower than Faker. It was enough to finish off Faker while the ghouls bought time.

"Agnuuuus!" Pon screamed and revealed his naked killing intent when he saw the dying Faker. It was ridiculous from Agnus' position. As Baal's Contractor, he could count the number of players he was wary of on one hand. Pon's reputation was quite great, but it wasn't to that extent. It was a different status.

"You must feel like it is unreasonable. You will feel anger from time to time. After all, you are the weak ones."

During the time when he was firmly crazy, he had to exercise the rights of the strong at every critical moment. It was because he often saw the him of the past from the appearance of the weak under his feet. He was a fool no matter how many times he thought about it. Some things were meaningful, but... he had to put his own pure satisfaction first, rather than fighting for others. Shouldn't he have discussed happiness at least once?

"Kill him."

The moment he gave a command to Lantier, his power of domination decreased again. The appearance of the dead stopping their actions and falling down was very noticeable. Still, it was fine. It would be easier as long as he removed Faker.

Lantier's movements were somewhat slow due to Faker resisting the shadow pressure, but he raised the dagger above his head. It was about to strike and kill Faker.

Just then, red cloth covered Agnus' vision. It was a long cloth. If it was worn on a body, it might drag over the ground. However, the man didn't look uncomfortable.

"Agnus." The man who appeared without any warning. He, who wouldn't have been felt if it wasn't for the flapping cloth, stared at Agnus with his dark eyes. There were firm eyes that wouldn't waver from any storm. The dignity of a monarch could be felt from it.

Lantier's dagger stabbed at the man, not Faker. He ignored Agnus' order. It wasn't because the command lacked domination. Rather, he was swallowed up by the man's presence and followed his instincts. His senses felt that this man was dangerous and he instinctively attacked. He completely lost sight of the opponent he should kill.

The red cloak touched by the dagger first turned into shadows and split. It took only a split second for the scattered shadows to turn into dozens of bats. Finally, the wind from the man stopped. The cloak that was slightly shorter settled down calmly down to near his ankles.

"From your position, we are villains. I'm sorry."

The man spoke bitterly before taking out his sword and swinging it. It was a diagonal slash. Agnus' dynamic vision (based on agility) only saw the form. The thing that Agnus clearly saw was the result, not the process. It was the sight of Lantier's smashed skull surrounded by bats. The power of the shockwaves reminiscent of a Breath was enormous.

"Kukuk!" Agnus started laughing. It was because at this moment, he experienced the unreasonableness that he had discussed with Faker and Pon.

## **Chapter 1447**

The Hemilton principality was the kingdom that the founder Saharan gave to his third son. The location was the southernmost part of the continent. Geographically, it was the furthest from the empire. It was the best option to protect his son, who failed to become the emperor and was exiled.

"It is too remote and they haven't been there before..."

"You mean Sticks and Braham?"

“Yes.”

The Overgeared Shadows identified Agnus' location. It was a feat of the general unit. Faker was proud of the performance of his subordinates, but also worried. Was it possible for regular members to completely deceive Agnus' senses? Perhaps Agnus had already noticed their eyes?

Faker failed to dispel his doubts and concluded that he couldn't wait for support. The Hemilton principality that resumed exchanges with the continent from the moment that Lord's coming of age ceremony ended was too closed off. There was no means to warp there and even Braham and Sticks didn't know the coordinates. What if Agnus fled to hell while Faker waited for support? There might not be a second opportunity. If a chance did come again, it would be too late. A bunch of artifacts would already be in Agnus' inventory.

'I must be willing to make sacrifices for the members.'

Eventually, Faker went first. It was comforting to know that Pon's armored cavalry unit was just near the Hemilton border. As Faker and the Overgeared Shadows were fighting...

“Send me to the place nearest to the principality.” Grid stepped forward himself. Of course, he trusted Faker's skills. In particular, he couldn't help being thrilled and impressed when he heard about the power of the Kill List. However, the opponent was Agnus. He might be weakened by the loss of Mumud, but he wasn't an opponent the Shadows could go against. The quiet period he showed after yielding Mumud to Euphemina was very disturbing. It was hard to fathom how much stronger Agnus had become. The potential was too high.

'Still, he is one level below Kraugel...'

Grid was speaking of Kraugel after learning the Matchless Sword. It was a fact that he learned after they fought together. He and Kraugel had the same Noble Belief. It was natural since Noble Belief was a skill that was generated by watching and feeling enlightened by Kraugel.

'Agnus isn't normal.'

Grid had no intention of dismissing Agnus' talent and potential. Nevertheless, the reason for being sure that Agnus was below himself and Kraugel lay in Agnus' personality and attitude. Would Agnus have tried hard like them? It was absolutely impossible. It could be seen just by tracing his past actions a little bit. In the traces they found of Agnus' actions, there was little focus on 'growth.' It was rare to pursue efficiency. He moved according to his heart.

It had been like this for years. The fact that he was still one of the best gave people goosebumps, but in any case, he could only be one level below Grid and Kraugel currently.

“I will move you to the Gultan Sea.”

Braham glimpsed Grid's nervousness and started Mass Teleport without any complaints. Thanks to this, Grid fell into the sea and became a wet mouse. He ended up going into the stomach of a gray whale... it was too long to explain everything one by one.

Grid escaped by cutting through the gray whale's stomach and subsequently resorted to using Shunpo. His stamina was depleted, but thanks to the help of Overgeared Corn, he repeatedly used Shunpo. He



was able to arrive at the scene in time. It was a time where he experienced how great and precious the power of a transcendent was.

Unfortunately, many Shadow members died. Grid felt anger and sadness, but he didn't resent Agnus. This time, they were invaders. He understood and accepted it. Grid was gradually realizing that it wasn't efficient to waste emotions on someone or a situation every time something happened. It was the process in which his mind world expanded following his body and spirit.

"From your position, we are villains. I'm sorry."

Grid showed the minimum of politeness. He didn't forget that Agnus had protected Irene and Lord. Still, there was no hesitation. He immediately drew his sword and defeated Agnus' death knights.

\*\*\*

[Your death knight 'Lantier' has suffered catastrophic damage.]

Lantier's skull was smashed. He seemed to stumble before immediately finding his balance and fighting back. This was the level of a former legend. He might've lost a lot of the strength of his life due to becoming an undead, but his basic skills were certain.

However, Agnus had no intention of watching Lantier's unyielding struggles. He immediately cancelled the summoning. It was good judgment. If his judgment had been even 0.1 seconds slower, the man's sword that was cutting through the air would've split Lantier in half. The lich and death knights also had the concept of level, so it was best to avoid the death penalties.

"Grid..." Agnus stared at the man who had sharp eyes.

Overgeared God Grid. At this point, there was no other ill-fated relationship. There were more than one or two things taken away by Grid and it was likely that he would be robbed again at this moment. It wasn't an honorable thing. His side had a history of stealing Grid's precious things.

'It was Khan.'

It was during the Third National Competition. Veradin moved Immortal, invaded Reinhardt, and killed Grid's mentor. It wasn't an incident where Agnus intervened. Far from intervening, he didn't even know what Immortal was doing. He turned a blind eye and didn't care about the people who gathered because of him. That sneaky bastard Veradin used Immortal to his liking. Well... it didn't matter at all. The things that were one-sidedly robbed by Grid were also accidents that happened because he was weaker than Grid.

"It is funny that you are apologizing."

Agnus laughed at Grid's lame attitude and started to resist. There was no further conversation. Grid was tired from the aftermath of using Shunpo nonstop and gritted his teeth while Agnus used his brain nonstop to find a way out of this crisis. Satisfy's skills were well known for their gorgeousness, but this was too much. It felt like the final boss in a movie.

Every time Grid swung his sword, a shockwave like a Breath would burst out. The heavens and earth opened up and Agnus instinctively stiffened. A sense of reason was a problem at times like this. He would feel fear and fear caused errors in judgment. Still, it was better to be sane than crazy.

As Agnus pulled himself together, Grid broke through two death knights without difficulty and reached him. Agnus blocked the attack by overlapping 'Corpse Shield' and 'Belief of the Blue Knight' and used the recoil of the impact to retreat. He saw a gap, but he didn't try a counterattack. He was familiar with Grid's 'you hit me and I'll hit you back' combat style. It was common sense that he would lose in an exchange of blows with Grid.

'It is a different time.'

Agnus realized desperately when he felt the difference in strength. Grid started as Pagma's Successor and became a myth (most people thought of Grid's class rating as myth) and it was obvious how hard he had been working in Satisfy since its opening. Then what about him? It was great that he got Baal's Contractor, but now he was like this.

'You stupid jerk.' Agnus was swearing at his past self when his old robe fluttered in the wind. It was wind created by the deceased returning from where he interfered with Pon on the battlefield. A work created by combining the permanent mechanism with all types of precious materials. Unfortunately, it was only unique rated, but it still had the best fighting power. It was good enough to stand against Grid for a while.

The shockwave that occurred every time Grid's sword collided with the deceased's fist caused the earth to shake. The deceased that boasted infinite magic power and great speed thanks to the permanent mechanism made Grid step back a little bit.

Agnus looked down at his arms.

Mutter mutter.

Chepardea was chanting a spell. It was to open the hell gate. He was a member of Baal's household, but he seemed to think that fighting Grid was crazy.

'10 minutes.'

According to Chepardea's claim, he was a 'demon of magic greater than a great demon.' Baal's subordinate actually had a lot of talent. It was to the point where he could go back and forth between the human world at will. This meant he could open a gate to hell. It was easy to open a gate in hell, but it took a long time to open it in the human world. It was 10 minutes. This was the aftermath of the decline in stats.

'I have to hold on somehow.'

Agnus was running out of all his resources, including health, and was facing a crisis. He blocked Faker's dagger that was attacking Pauld and tried to fight back, but failed. He was disturbed by the cooperation of the God Hands that each held a sword or hammer. It was quite a headache.

'The problem is that I can't reverse summon Pauld.'

Pauld was a special being. Not only did he become a lich of his own will, but he also absorbed the energy of the Kunlun Ginseng and formed a body with flesh. By achieving certain conditions, he existed again as an independent body. He made artifacts and could intervene in the worldview. He could even be

regarded as an NPC. He was obviously dominated by Agnus by force and became Agnus' property, but he was less influenced by the system.

There was no concept of summoning or reverse summoning. Pauld was always out in the world. This was a big advantage. There was no need to use the domination he required to maintain the summons. Now it was a weakness. An NPC who was immortal due to the characteristics of a lich and the Kunlun Ginseng. He was like that, but... looking at Faker, there was definitely a method to kill him.

'The best thing right now is to kill Faker...'

-Bend down!

Chepardea's scream woke Agnus up from his thoughts. Agnus reflexively bent down and in his low vision, he saw the back of the deceased, whose upper body was separated from the lower body. It wasn't just the deceased. The ghouls blocking Pon and the knights were also split in half. It was happening simultaneously without a time difference. Agnus belatedly realized that he wasn't safe either.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

Flop! Agnus' body collapsed to the ground. He stared up at the sky blankly and belatedly saw a sword light. It grew to the size of a huge half moon and swept through half of the battlefield. Ash rose in every place where the sword light passed. The dead who split in half were turning into ash.

-It is really great swordsmanship. It isn't perfect, but it is almost there. Croak. He is able to fight a single digit great demon that is restricted in the human world.

Chepardea expressed what he was feeling. It seemed he had given up on opening the hell door. He stopped the spell to talk. Grid approached and swung his sword. In his immortal state, Agnus rose to his feet and reacted. He activated the Rune of Death to use the power to reverse health. "Bentao's Mockery."

The target was naturally Grid and it hit. However...

[Your health has successfully been exchanged with the target 'Randy.']

"A pet?" Agnus frowned and stabbed his sword forward. He struck the 'Grid figure' who had been the target of Bentao's Mockery so hard that he was dizzy.

"Kuock... Stars."

The Memphis and God Hands struck after Agnus' unexpected counterattack. It was a baptism of electric currents, blades, and hammers. If it wasn't for Chepardea's tongue, Agnus' body would be covered with holes.

-It is amazing that you've raised a Memphis up to here. Croak. It has been a really long time since I have seen an adult Memphis. Is this person really Pagma's Successor? Isn't he better than Muller?

"Shut up." Agnus' patience ran out when this unhelpful guy expressed his admiration.

Agnus was extremely sensitive right now. It was because he realized why he had won every time he fought others. Variables created using his pets and runes. People had a hard time responding to it. It was just like he was having trouble responding to Grid's variables right now.

'He is too talented.'

Grid was an opponent he couldn't win against even in his best state. It wasn't strange to lose when he had already been tied up by Faker and consumed a lot. The Overgeared members approached and surrounded Agnus, who collapsed with a smile, and Pauld, who was frightened. Grid pointed his sword at Agnus' neck. The sight of the clear sword tinged with red was impressive. However, Faker's shadow sword was even more disturbing.

"T-That guy is dangerous."

Pauld was also afraid of Faker. The opponent who showed an overwhelming force was Grid, but he was looking at Faker, not Grid.

"Why aren't you killing me? Are you going to show me compassion now?"

Agnus taunted Grid, but Grid didn't respond. If Grid killed Agnus first, he didn't know what would happen with Pauld. Thus, he was trying to avoid variables. Tsk. Agnus clicked his tongue and shifted his gaze to Faker. He wondered if there was a way to do anything before Faker killed Pauld. However, there was no gap. Pon and the knights were protecting Faker.

"Pauld. I had fun in the meantime."

Agnus gave a greeting that didn't fit him. Pauld's uneasiness became a reality and he gave up. Agnus had a bittersweet expression as he stared into Pauld's shaky eyes.

"Don't be too sorry. Even if you die, your traces will remain in the world."

Step.

The footsteps of death were getting closer.

"N-No...! It... it wasn't easy to create the permanent mechanism!"

Did he have to die before his dreams came true? Why did he struggle for hundreds of years to be resurrected? These questions rose as Pauld looked frustrated.

Freedom. He felt the freedom he had longed for. The terrible power of Agnus that bound his entire body disappeared without a trace. Perhaps... was it a consideration to free the soul as much as possible before dying? It was ridiculous considering Agnus' usual temperament, but Pauld couldn't help smiling. Perhaps it was because the time they were together was quite long, or because this was the last moment of his life, but right now, Agnus felt like a friend.

"Agnus...?" Pauld was smiling and trying to express his thanks when his eyes widened. It was because Agnus' hand pierced his heart. It was a hand imprinted with the Rune of Death.

"I'll use it for you—your strength."

"Cough!"

“.....!”

“.....!”

Things changed rapidly. Grid, who had been confused by the sight of Agnus trying to comfort the wounded Pauld, hurriedly swung his sword at Agnus. However, it was too late. Pauld was killed instantly.

Faker’s judgment was quick. He changed the trajectory of the shadow sword that had been aiming for Pauld and pierced Agnus’ heart. The name was already written in the Kill List. He calculated that he could kill Agnus from the time that Grid arrived.

[You have killed ‘Agnus’, the target of the kill list.]

[The target’s death penalty is increased by at least two times and up to three times.]

[The purpose has been achieved and the name ‘Agnus’ has been removed from the kill list.]

“I don’t feel resentment. Someday, you guys will also...” Agnus spoke as he turned to ash. He accepted death rather than using the undead transformation. His eyes were too calm and it made people feel even creepier. What were Agnus’ later words that were swallowed up by the wind? The Overgeared members were vaguely feeling afraid, while Faker was placing a new name on the kill list.

[Would you like to assign the player ‘Agnus’ as a target of the kill list? You have already specified this target once.]

[...It has been specified.]

## **Chapter 1448**

“That spiteful guy.”

They never thought he would kill Pauld with his own hands. It was unexpected for such a thing to happen in that atmosphere.

Agnus had protected Pauld’s side ever since rescuing him from Faker. He hid Pauld behind his back even when surrounded by Overgeared members. The expression on his face when he said goodbye to Pauld at the end... he was so lonely and sad that it was hard to believe it was acting. It felt like he was leaving a friend. Given this atmosphere, it was virtually impossible to predict that Agnus would attack Pauld.

“Indeed, that crazy guy couldn’t make such an expression. I should’ve noticed his intentions when he left Pauld instead of restoring him.”

“It’s not that he didn’t want to restore Pauld. It was that he couldn’t. The regeneration power is sealed off until the broken nucleus is repaired.”

“Really...? What a waste. I’m sorry since I wanted Faker to grow more...”

“.....”

Very few players understood or liked Agnus. It was the same for the Overgeared Guild who knew about Agnus’ past. They sympathized with his past, but he was still an enemy. There were limits to

understanding and empathy. In addition, Agnus had a history of invading the territory of the Overgeared Guild. A considerable number of Overgeared members and soldiers had died at his hands.

In particular, Pon detested Agnus. It was because many things had been suffered since the days of the Tzedakah Guild. He helped Agnus with his colleagues a few years ago, but he didn't do it because he liked Agnus. Today, he was ignored, so he hated Agnus even more.

“.....”

Pon wasn't the type to just move his mouth. He scolded Agnus while properly looking at the surroundings. He gave potions and bandaged the wounded Shadows members and armored cavalry members.

Grid also did his job silently. He had pulled out a portable furnace and anvil and was repairing the members' broken weapons and armor. In this case, the Overgeared Skeletons and God Hands were very helpful. They repaired the mass produced items well. It wasn't until some time later that Grid organized his thoughts and spoke, “How many people are dead?”

There was no need to count all the injured. There was the Saintess in the Overgeared Kingdom. Even if their limbs were cut off, they could be healed as long as they survived.

“There are 175 deaths in the Shadows Group...”

More than half the troops had been lost. It was even the best power that was developed by transplanting the shadows. Nevertheless, they didn't accomplish their task. Grid stared straight at Faker and the Shadows members who couldn't raise their heads like they were sinners. His eyes were deep as he met the gaze of every person. “I am proud of you. Thanks to the Shadows Group, we were able to destroy Pauld and kill Agnus. Everyone has worked hard.”

The biggest reason the Overgeared Guild decided that the lich Pauld should be eliminated was his ability to produce artifacts. In particular, it was determined that artifacts with the modifier 'Absurdity' and the permanent mechanism would be difficult to handle if they were produced in large quantities and held by Agnus and his undead.

It didn't matter that Agnus absorbed Pauld's power. It was highly likely he got the Artifact Production skill, but it was okay. Grid didn't think Agnus could create the Absurdity series and the permanent mechanisms alone. The desired goal was achieved.

It was an achievement that wouldn't have been possible without the Overgeared Shadows. Grid knew about the Shadows Group's skills, but even he hadn't expected them to be this good. It was an assassin group that would surely find and destroy opponents anywhere on the continent. They were capable, strong, and cool, and match the name of the Overgeared Shadows. There was a reason why the world was afraid.

“From today on, I will raise the quality of the equipment given to the Overgeared Shadows by one rating.”

All troops in the Overgeared Kingdom had the mass produced Grid set given to them. It was a mass production set that Grid had made in the past. The items that were designed and mass produced by Reinhardt's blacksmiths had low usage conditions and there were less emotions attached to them.

They were just useful items. There were no negative effects that reduced stats and boasted better durability and attack power than those in the same rating. Above all, it had the advantage of being able to be used easily by anyone because the 'form' was ideal.

However, even the same items made with the same design were divided into ratings. For example, the Mass Production Grid's Sword that was spread to the largest number of soldiers ranged from normal to unique rated. The higher rated items were rare, so items of different ratings were given depending on the level of the army and the rank of the soldiers.

Among them, the Overgeared Shadows was an organization classified as within the upper level of the Overgeared Kingdom, even though their number was small. All members were guaranteed to get epic rated items and unique rated items were distributed to people at the promotion level or higher.

Still, Grid felt that it was lacking. He decided to arm all members with the unique rated mass produced set and treat those above the promotion level as first-grade knights. This meant that the few craftsmen in Reinhardt would be giving their best work. It was like defining the value of the Overgeared Shadows as special. The Shadows Group who sacrificed themselves were entitled for such treatment.

The foremost of them was naturally Faker. Faker proudly watched the Shadows members who were trembling with excitement. At this moment, he was filling Grid's wide field of view. The awe that he had felt toward Kraugel for so many years—the same emotions started to be directed toward Faker.

"Did you name Agnus as part of the kill list?" Grid asked when he recalled Faker's blow that took Agnus' life at the end and Faker nodded silently.

Grid's expression stiffened for a moment. The power of the Kill List skill was great, but the efficiency was relatively bad against players. Increasing the death penalty by 2-3 times was a scary feature and was inevitably fatal (the higher the level, the more terrible it was), but it was a one-off. It was more efficient to use it to target named NPCs and monsters.

Yet Faker put Agnus on the kill list. It seemed he wouldn't tolerate a threat to the Overgeared Kingdom. A lofty willpower was felt from him.

"...There is something called the Strange Magic Power Stone."

[Strange Magic Power Stone]

[Rating: Myth

Type: Consumable

Can increase the rating of the target item to the same rating as the stone.]

It was an item that Grid had saved. He didn't use it even when the Formless Sword was judged to be below the legendary level. It was a really valuable item.

"I'll use it for you."

He would repay a lofty willpower with lofty willpower. A smile slowly spread on Faker's face as he faced Grid's fiery eyes. It was a smile he was showing for the first time in his life. He lived in the shadows and

now he showed a bright and brilliant smile that matched the sun perfectly. It felt rude to say thank you. Faker was having this thought when Pon hugged him and congratulated him, "Congratulations!"

Pon was also impressed with Faker and the Shadows members that he saw today. Thanks to this, the armored cavalry members were in a state of anxiety. It felt like hellish training was waiting for them...

\*\*\*

The prince himself visited the city of Echiran. It was because the mayor's authority was too insufficient to meet Grid's request to be given secure magical coordinates for the principality.

"I understand. I will do so."

It was to disclose the kingdom's coordinates and permit them to be used for magical purposes. It was something that normally wouldn't have happened. It was too much trouble to guard against surprise tactics, such as using the coordinates for teleportation.

However, the prince of Hemilton trusted Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom. The Hemilton royal family, who had lived on the outskirts of the world for hundreds of years, was so pure (they even gave the Heart of the Frost Queen to the benefactor who healed the princess) that they couldn't doubt the one who saved the world several times.

Additionally, Grid's proposal was too sweet. The proposal was to set up a warp gate between Hemilton and the Overgeared Kingdom if the coordinate registration was granted. A warp gate—a product of magical engineering that existed in ancient times when giants made of metal traveled across the continent...

The highly advanced mobile system that Sticks reproduced with the capital and technology of the Overgeared Kingdom would be the core of the exchange between the Hemilton principality and the Overgeared Kingdom in the future.

'That's it.' Grid sighed with relief as he performed Lauel's errand well and negotiated with the king. He could've just summoned Braham to get the coordinates. The reason he did this was for the development of the Overgeared Kingdom as well as courtesy to his allies. From the beginning, the purpose was to install the warp gate.

Due to its long-term isolation, the Hemilton principality had built its own culture and was a very good exchange target. Exchange things that each side didn't have and they would receive a lot of help from each other. The problem was that the distance was too far... 'It will be terrible if the installation of the warp gate fails.'

Grid was worried about Sticks' concern that the warp gate technology wasn't yet complete.

"...Is that true?" The prince was sitting next to Grid and eating in this friendly atmosphere when a sharp light flashed in his blue eyes. It was due to the news that he received when a knight approached him and quietly whispered.

"Your visit has brought a great blessing to the principality."

"Did you receive good news?" Grid asked the prince.



Then the prince's smile deepened as he spoke, "There is a monster called the gray whale in the eastern waters. It is a guy with a huge body like a citadel. That guy roams through the sea, so the principality can't do any activities in the east at all. We can't even go fishing even though there is the sea in front of us. Now he is dead."

"I am delighted."

'I think he is the one I killed...' Grid was itching to talk, but he didn't say it in case he would look smug. Yet sometimes, silence was golden. It was enough not to say it.

"The people of the continent worship King Grid as a god. I heard about Your Majesty's achievements and understood their feelings, but I couldn't empathize. Honestly, I thought it was too much. How can you worship a living human being as a god? I and the principality just saw you as a hero. You have changed my mind today."

".....?"

"I heard a number of eyewitness reports that said Your Majesty came from the east side. Your Majesty must've been the one who killed the gray whale. It might be a coincidence, but... no, I feel it is an even greater fate if it is a coincidence."

At the prince's words, the eyes of the people in the hall looking at Grid became strange. They were all public officials of the Hemilton principality.

"The principality is closed off. Our ancestors feared the boundaries of the empire and didn't dare look at the continent. They isolated themselves. That is how we built our own culture. It is the same for faith. We don't believe in the goddess of light. We served the god of the sea in the hopes that one day he would destroy the gray whale and open the way for us to move through the sea. Isn't King Grid the god of the sea that we serve?"

It might sound like a silly joke made to the guest of honor, but that wasn't the case. They were words filled with deep favor and trust.

[Your myth has started to sprout in a remote kingdom where Asgard's faith hasn't encroached.]

[Your deity stat has risen by 1.]

"....."

It was the day after the people of the back alleys, killed and defiled by Agnus, and the 175 Shadows members turned to ash. A meteor shower poured down in mourning for them and Grid belatedly realized something.

It was that his myth, which he sometimes doubted due to its weakness, was clearly being engraved into this world.

## **Chapter 1449**

Baal's Contractor was a class with many strengths, but it wasn't an all-rounder. There was a flaw in the most basic part: the failure to be able to specify a resurrection point. Once he died, he was resurrected

in hell. From the time he achieved a legendary rating, his demonic energy became so strong that it was a huge constraint. It was very troublesome. It often took a month to get back to his destination.

Additionally, the fact that he couldn't open the hell gate on his own was another major limitation. Just look at what happened now. He told Chepardea to open the hell gate but that son of a bitch Chepardea refused. Thus, he had to be stuck in hell.

-Pagma's Successor is too strong. You should've let me know this quickly. Croak. I already knew he was a transcendent who built up his divinity, but I thought he was similar to Muller. I was wrong.

"That XX guy Muller, Muller. Why do you always compare and use Muller as a standard of what is good when he didn't leave behind any achievements?"

Humanity praised Muller, who sealed many great demons, as the greatest hero in history. It was ridiculous. Most of the great demons sealed by Muller were ranked low. Hell Gao was the only high ranked one and it was only done in the 'human world.' Besides that, Muller's only achievements were boring things like protecting cities or saving people from demonic creatures. He was a complete idiot compared to Grid. Agnus was annoyed whenever Chepardea, Baal's subordinate, praised Muller like he was great.

Chepardea stabbed the key part.

-Hasn't it been less than 20 years since Pagma's Successor appeared? On the other hand, the former legends were around for an average of 100 years and Muller was the strongest among them as far as I know. It was natural to compare using his standards. Croak. It is abnormal to think that Pagma's Successor is already comparable to Muller.

"What is abnormal? He isn't just a legend. He is a god."

-Croak gol gol gol! Are you serious? Gods are just one of the common human gods. There has been a flood of human gods since ancient times. In the era where people worship 'long-lived things,' what is so great about human gods? Divinity isn't an absolute concept. You're unexpectedly naive.

"....."

The frog went 'croak gol gol gol' when he laughed... Agnus was intrigued by something he was learning for the first time and gave up on his anger. He was upset about losing three times the experience when killed by Faker, but there was no guarantee he could get revenge even if he went to the human world immediately. He started walking obediently along with Chepardea.

"What is this place?"

He thought they were going to meet Baal to go through the procedures and report. Chepardea was Baal's subordinate. However, the place where Chepardea led him to wasn't Baal's tower, but a place he was seeing for the first time. The area itself wasn't a different place from the 1st Hell and it felt strange. It was still, unlike other hells where demonic energy and flesh fluctuated and screams of demonic creatures were heard incessantly. It was a peaceful place that didn't fit with hell.

"Is it a neutral area?"

-That's right. Croak.

“How can a single mansion on the cliff of a beach be treated as a neutral area? The other demons won’t just stand by.”

Other neutral areas were full of Yatan statues. It was an unwritten rule among demons that they couldn’t harm each other where Yatan was watching. It was ridiculous. Those who made violence their law and honor would avoid violence due to Yatan. This made Yatan seem like the god of peace rather than the god of evil and it didn’t make sense. Yet there was no statue of Yatan here. How did it exist as a neutral region?

Chepardea explained to Agnus who had reasonable questions.

-It is the result of strength. The owner of this mansion is so strong that no one rushes at him. Thus, it naturally became a neutral area.

“.....?”

Even the great demons would be challenged by demons. Meanwhile, someone who wasn’t a great demon had enough strength to suppress challenges?

“Don’t tell me... Zepar?”

He might be from a low-ranked demonkin family, not a demon, but he sharpened and polished his natural gift with the sword and cut off the heads of various great demons. He had all sorts of titles such as Sword Demon, Sword Ghost, Sword with no Thoughts, etc.

Agnus heard a particularly famous story several times about his week-long bloody fight against another Sword Demon called Iyarugt.

-That’s right, croak. Perhaps it is because he has so little demonic energy that he can act in the human world without restrictions. He is even free from the Abyss because he has reached the realm of ‘freedom from all ideas and thoughts.’

Chepardea’s bulging eyes curved like crescent moons.

-He is the one who can cut the damn door of the Abyss.

“Hoh...”

Agnus was smiling from ear to ear. The Abyss was the center of the world. It was the beginning and the end. Not only did it connect hell to the human world, but it was also a door to Heaven. The moment the door opened, relatively free beings like Agnus could go back and forth between the human world at will. It was the same for demonic creatures.

-I intend to recreate the human and demon great war that took place on the Behen Archipelago in the distant past. Croak. If I can persuade Zepar to be the sword of the great war and Gamigin, the king of souls, King Baal will naturally grant his permission. Croak.

In fact, Chepardea was wary not only of Grid but also Faker. He sensed a great danger from the power of shadows that killed those who couldn’t die. Thus, he concluded that a human and demon war was necessary. It was based on the judgment that it would be a headache if he didn’t kill the legends of this time, including Grid and Faker, to weaken humanity.

“Gamigin? Who the hell is he?”

-The 4th ruler. He turns the souls of the dead into his servants. He has a different power than you, who uses the dead as servants. Croak.

“Souls...” There was only one person who passed through Agnus’ brain. Pagma. It came to mind that his soul was within Baal’s grasp. “Don’t tell me... Pagma’s power will be available...?”

A legendary blacksmith and Baal’s Contractor. He fought against the great forces of hell by creating an undead army and arming them with his weapons and armor. In his later years, he was a true strong person and he was acknowledged by Agnus.

Chepardea laughed.

-Of course. The other monarchs didn’t understand King Baal signing a contract with Pagma. They called it a spiteful whim. However, I understood. King Baal had a bigger picture in mind when he signed with Pagma and took his soul. Croak croak croak!

“Is this real?” Baal surprisingly had such a thorough personality?

Chepardea responded to Agnus who was having doubts. He avoided Agnus’ eyes while doing so.

-I don’t know if it is true...it is just my feeling. Croak.

“.....”

-In any case, it is worth seeing. The legendary souls accumulated in hell over the years aren’t just Pagma’s soul.

\*\*\*

It had been three months since he visited the Hemilton principality.

Sticks and the magicians of the tower, as well as Reidan’s alchemists, worked to establish a warp gate between the Overgeared Kingdom and the principality. As expected, it was a pretty tough task. There were repeated frequent accidents and failures, causing the investment cost to increase. Nevertheless, things were clearly progressing and good news arrived along the way.

The Zednos and Laella couple (who were in a secret relationship and only started a public relationship after being caught by Vantner) gained hidden skills while assisting with an ancient magical ceremony.

It was said that it was possible to change their classes, but they maintained the normal class on purpose. The potential of the normal classes was revealed after the fourth class advancement and it was no worse than hidden classes. No, it could be considered better from a certain perspective. In particular, magicians who specialized in one attribute like Zednos and Laella were greatly influenced by the ‘Enhanced Attributes’ passive that they received and the Zednos Laella couple were convinced they would exert immense power from the fifth advancement onward.

The Overgeared Shadows were becoming more elite. The members were led around the continent by Faker, armed with the growth type weapon and myth rated armor that Grid worked hard on. Thanks to

Lael assigning many missions to the Overgeared Shadows at Faker's request, they were able to constantly accumulate practical experience based on training.

Grid used the Strange Magic Power Stone to create Faker's armor. The reason why he used the stone for armor, not weapons, was because Faker was an assassin. Assassins had a high evasion rate and received a significantly smaller number of hits compared to other damage dealers. This meant it would take a few years to raise growth type armor to the legendary rating or higher. On the other hand, weapons could be raised relatively quickly. Faker's weapons and armor were the growth type, so Grid naturally used the stone on the armor.

He spent a full two weeks making the growth type weapons and armor, but... it wasn't a waste of Grid's time.

The 10 meritorious retainers were stimulated after hearing about Faker's performance and were also active in various areas. Among them, Jishuka and Euphemina stood out. The two of them happened to meet and team up at the Galgunos Temple. Then they succeeded in raiding Galgunos.

Euphemina had inherited the power of Mumud and linked great magic into combos, splitting up the undead army. Meanwhile, Jishuka's Breaking Evil Arrow reportedly gave Galgunos rest. Their achievement was very large—Grid had been worried that Agnus would target Galgunos after losing Pauld, and now that worry had been completely extinguished. It was somewhat difficult because the very good hunting ground, the Galgunos Temple, had disappeared, but it wasn't a problem because the 10 meritorious retainers were discovering new hunting grounds.

Meanwhile, Grid's messengers easily succeeded in the second Hell Gao raid. This time, Braham was said to have cooperated. The reason he used was that he wanted to test a magic he created that could cool the fire. It was inspired by the Heart of the Frost Queen. In any case, the messengers received the 'Recognition of the 9th Great Demon' title as Grid intended. It was relatively effective against the penalties of hell.

The only unfortunate part was Sariel. The new title she (?) received couldn't stop her berserk phenomenon. She still had the potential to go berserk in hell, so this was a matter that needed to be handled carefully.

"...I am sleepy."

Grid didn't resume the hell expedition. He dragged the training chains and climbed remote mountains while constantly making underwear. Armed with the Triad Lee Jeong's training tools that increased the experience acquisition rate, he focused on polishing his Tailoring skills using the power of the 24th Great Demon, Nebiros, that he obtained from the last expedition to hell.

[Nebiros's Power]

[In some parts of nature, your concentration will increase.

If the location is a forest, mountain, field, or mine, the skill usage speed will increase slightly and the skill cooldown time will decrease slightly.]

The great demon who used rocks and plants for various purposes. Nebiros' Power, that had been useless due to Piaro's counter, was attached to the Rune of Gluttony and this improved the efficiency of

Grid's work. Grid felt like he had become a hermit deep in the mountains. He listened to the constant rattling of the chains and made underwear all day long, so it felt like he was going to suffer from a mental illness. The fortunate thing was that it wasn't quiet because Noe kept talking and the Overgeared Skeletons and Randy were growing by hunting.

"...Eh?" How many pieces of underwear had he made? He had made so much underwear that he thought he would get a reputation as an underwear designer if this was in real life. Grid's eyes had lost their light and looked like the eyes of a dead fish. Suddenly, they regained their light.

[The production of 'Beautiful Men's Underwear that Shows Skin Between Gorgeous Flower Patterns' is successful.]

An underwear with a very long name was born.

[This work presents a new paradigm to the uniform men's underwear market.]

[It is a remarkable achievement. Countless tailors will look up to your achievements.]

[The 'Advanced Tailoring Skill' has reached master level.]

His Tailoring skill that had accumulated a lot of experience immediately responded.

It was the moment when the class quest that had held Grid back for many years was finally solved.

[You have cleared the class quest 'Tailoring Skill Training'.]

[As a reward for clearing the quest, the 'Craftsman Tailoring Skill' will be opened up.]

[You have gained six levels from the quest clearance reward.]

[The Legendary Blacksmithing Skill and Craftsman Tailoring Skill have combined to evolve into a new technique...]

[.....!]

[.....!!]

[Your blacksmithing skills are beyond the level of Pagma and are a match for a god!]

[The combination of god-like blacksmithing skill and the craftsman-level tailoring skill has evolved into 'Overgeared God Grid's Techniques'.]

[Overgeared God Grid's Techniques]

[A combination of the ultimate blacksmithing technique and tailoring technique.

All types of metal, leather, and cloth can be handled perfectly. You can do anything in moderation as long as it is 'made by hand.' It is possible to even describe it as a god's power.

\* The production button is enabled and the time it takes to make an item is greatly reduced. The effect rises in proportion to the dexterity stat.

\* A minimum of epic rated items will be produced.

- \* There is a very high probability of producing unique rated items.
- \* There is a certain probability of producing legendary rated items.
- \* There is an unconditionally low probability of creating myth rated items.
- \* All stats of a production item will increase by 30%.
- \* When myth rated items are produced, all stats will permanently rise by +20 and reputation throughout the continent will rise by +1,000.
- ★ The resources and time required to create the next item are reduced when items are made consecutively. It stacks up to 10 times.
- ★ There is no limit to the number of times Granting an Ego can be used.
- ★ Growth type items can intentionally be produced.
- ★ Magic can be assigned to production items without any additional materials. It is only possible for magic you have learned.
- ★ If an attribute is given to an item using specific materials, the power of the attribute is maximized.
- ★ Exercise certain rights over the items made using a god's power. Not bound by the owner.
- ★ This is a complete skill without further development. Open Potential can't be applied to it.]

“.....”

It was finished. The short sentences explaining Overgeared God Grid's Techniques made Grid excited. He felt rewarded for all his past efforts. Then a new quest appeared in front of the thrilled Grid.

[Pagma's Rest]

It was the last class quest.

## **Chapter 1450**

[Pagma's Rest]

[Difficulty: Final Class quest.

A traitor who betrayed a friend and dug up the remains of the former generation legends, he ended up signing a contract with a great demon.

Those who have heard of pieces of Pagma's life don't know that he is a hero. Even those who know that he saved humanity often disparage his achievements or raise the conspiracy theory that he did it for other purposes because he signed a contract with Baal. The world recognizes Pagma as just the blacksmith Pagma.

After inheriting Pagma's skills, you are the only witness who understands Pagma's life and respects his achievements.

Free the pitiful soul who is suffering in hell.

Quest Clear Rewards: Open Pagma's Sword Dances, Splendor and Chop. All sword dances can be fused without restriction except for Sky.

Quest Time Limit: None]

The contents of the final class quest instilled some sentimental feelings in Grid.

Pagma, who betrayed his own people and freed the trapped half-god. Pagma, who stabbed his only friend in the back. Pagma, who enticed the innocent doppelganger into the forest. Pagma, who conspired with the great demon Baal to dig up the remains of the former generation legends.

The Pagma who appeared in various quests and episodes clearly had a personality flaw. However, it was sentimentality that was maximized when the focus was placed on all of Pagma's 'actions.'

Pagma, who was courageous and determined to save the caged Blue Tiger. Pagma, who cried sadly after killing Braham. Pagma, who had no choice but to use the purity of the doppelganger to stop the war. Pagma, who colluded with Baal to fight against the demons and gods...

From a certain point, Grid learned about Pagma's inner thoughts and feelings behind his choices. After that, Grid couldn't blame Pagma. Of course, this wasn't enough to persuade anyone who hated or held a grudge against Pagma. Still, Grid didn't deny that Pagma was a hero.

A man who fought for humanity alone, who saved humanity at the expense of his soul but was never happy. It was as the system expressed. He was a very pitiful hero.

"...Are they fucking crazy?"

Grid was sentimental for a while before abruptly coming to his senses. He couldn't help swearing.

Free Pagma's soul? A soul held by Baal? The difficulty was too high for a class quest. At this point, he had to suspect that the S.A Group hated Pagma's Successor.

It was natural for him to doubt it. The reason Grid was strong wasn't because he was Pagma's Successor. He was constantly building up his support with Braham, Piaro, Mercedes, the Saharan Empire, the Tower of Wisdom, the East Continent, etcetera, he accumulated all types of powers in the Rune of Gluttony, and he developed transcendence and divinity.

Grid was stronger due to his individual effort and luck rather than his class of Pagma's Successor. He was certain that his current self was at least several times stronger than the ultimate Pagma's Successor designed by the S.A Group. It was by at least a dozen times.

Grid even had the power of the Overgeared Kingdom and the Overgeared Guild. It was unreasonable to simply define Grid as Pagma's Successor. Yet even for such a Grid, the difficulty of the final class quest was like a star in the sky. He had no choice but to swear.

'It is a quest I would never be able to clear if I was a normal Pagma's Successor. What type of quest did they put out as the class quest?'

To borrow a bit, no, to borrow a lot of Huroi's words, he had to doubt their conscience.



“...Well, it’s fine.”

Unexpectedly, Grid calmed his mind. He recalled that the class quests had high difficulties in the first place. It took him as long as 10 years to raise his Tailoring skill to the craftsman level. It was better to think that it would take 20-30 years to complete the final class quest. It wasn’t a matter to waste his mentality on right now.

‘The rewards are so good that I couldn’t help being irritated. Let’s leave it alone for the time being.’

Baal was a target to be defeated anyway. It was a quest that would be reached naturally sooner or later. Grid’s heart had rapidly deepened since meeting Agnus and he was able to easily control his mind.

‘This is the really regrettable thing.’

Grid reexamined in detail the information of Overgeared God Grid’s Techniques. It was a technique that fused his blacksmithing and tailoring skills. It was said that anything related to ‘production’ had a certain level of effectiveness. It wasn’t just limited to these two techniques. It was good. It was so good that it was natural for the system to say it was complete.

There were just a few things to feel regretful about. First, Open Potential didn’t apply. This meant the effect of calibrating the minimum rating of items produced to unique (unless it was a growth type) and boosting the item’s stats by 40% was no longer applied.

Second, there was no function to grant egos. Instead, he had to consume his Granting an Ego skill... Grid’s nature meant he was reluctant to lock up other people’s egos in items.

‘I feel proud that Granting an Ego gives life to items, but I am reluctant to do it.’

Granting an Ego was the ability to attach the souls of beings like Iyarugt to an item. The process was as followed:

1. In order to use Granting an Ego, Grid and the target ego must know each other.
2. Granting an Ego only worked when the target ego responded to Grid’s call.
3. No matter what form the ego existed in, it would forcibly belong to the item the moment it responded to the call.

It was better if he could kill a monster and absorb the monster’s ego so it could be used without any burden. However, this damn Granting an Ego targeted beings that Grid knew (who was close enough to respond when called) and locked them in an item. It was an action that made him doubt the person’s character.

‘Um... I don’t think it is too bad since the limit on the number of times is gone...’

There was a rule that if the item that the ego belonged to was destroyed, the target ego would return to its original place. He could use this rule to destroy the item after things were over, returning the soul to their original place and reducing the burden on himself. A typical method was the use of the Item Combination skill. If he gave an ego to the combined item, the ego would be released as soon as the combination was over.

Of course, it was hard to use Item Combination every time, but... 'Wait, perhaps?'

Grid suddenly came up with a hypothesis. He took out the Enlightenment Sword and tried out Granting an Ego. The target was Hell Gao. The soul of the 9th Great Demon who had lost his body and took over the bodies of demonic creatures.

[Hell Gao's soul has detected your calling. He was intrigued for a moment, but snorted and didn't respond.]

"This works?"

In order to use Granting an Ego, Grid and the target ego must know each other. There was no need to like each other. Iyarugt had little affinity with Grid during the time of the showdown with Sword Duke Limit, yet he responded to Granting an Ego.

[Hell Gao's soul has detected your calling. He found it ridiculous, so he snorted and didn't respond.]

"Hoh..." It was a skill that could be used for ill-fated relationships.

[Hell Gao's soul has detected your calling. He is expressing his anger and telling you to do it in moderation.]

'If I keep doing this, won't he be annoyed enough to respond at least once?'—Even if it was just to curse him. He didn't know that his ego would be taken away the moment he responded.

'...Gasp? Can I call Pagma's soul?'

Did he actually come up with such a genius idea? The excited Grid carefully tried it out. Unfortunately, it failed. Pagma's soul had lost its intellect so there was a notification window that he couldn't hear Grid's call.

"It can't happen."

If it could be used in this way, Granting an Ego would be too fraudulent. The balance-obsessed S.A Group wouldn't allow such a loophole. Sure enough, it wasn't possible... Grid continued to use Granting an Ego while thinking. The target was naturally Hell Gao. There was a cooldown time in exchange for the number of uses disappearing, but this place was a mountain and he had Divinity. It was no problem to use it several times in a row.

'In any case, the conclusion is that it is good.'

Overgeared God Grid's Techniques—he had the penalty of not being able to use Open Potential on it because it was a completed skill, but this was a reasonable balance adjustment. He could make items like a factory (thanks to the dexterity coefficient, the automatic production speed was nearly twice as fast as before), it was possible to aim at the myth rating, and he could grant magic and an ego. There was also an advantage when attaching attributes.

Above all, the biggest evolution was being able to produce all types of items. Grid believed it was possible to devise a way to break through the limits of item performance that arose due to the inherent limitations of the materials. For example, he could introduce the artifact creation technique when making a sword.

'I can break through the limits with magic.'

It was possible. The items he would create in the future would be much more powerful than the ones he previously made. The Overgeared God Grid's Techniques was the ultimate skill.

"Let's go back," Grid declared as he stood up. The Overgeared Skeletons hurriedly put out the fire and tidied up the surroundings. Randy was restoring his breathing. As Pagma's Sword Dance evolved into Grid's Sword Dance, he naturally became more powerful and he expressed a sense of mission to handle things without Grid having to step forward.

Noe was as easygoing as always. He slowly rose to the sky and spread out his jelly-like pink soles to create lightning. The surrounding trees burned and opened up a path for Grid to walk.

"I'm going to fly anyway. Why are you creating a fire?"

"It was cool, nyang..."

"What cool nonsense? Braham has destroyed dozens of mountains and I'm afraid the price of timber will rise further."

"....."

Tsk tsk. Grid clicked his tongue and scolded while Noe followed him silently.

How long had they spent together? Grid's words alone were good enough for Noe. It was the same for Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons. Ah, except for Overgeared Corn.

\*\*\*

"Based on the remaining magic power in the core, I can guess what Galgunos' level was... how did you kill him?"

"Sister Jishuka's arrows..."

After stopping by the smithy to test out his skills, Grid returned to the castle and witnessed a rather unexpected combination. They were Braham, Jishuka, and Euphemina. It was the first time Grid had seen the three people together and the atmosphere was quite good. Braham's eyes, which were usually as cold as ice, showed a bit of warmth and a favorable attitude.

It was probably because Euphemina had inherited Mumud's power. Braham had a sense of debt toward Mumud. Perhaps this was why he was favorable to Euphemina. Jishuka, well... anyone would like her as long as they were a person. It wasn't because she was so pretty. She had a clear sense of self, knew how to distinguish between public and private, and had a cheerful energy, so she spread positive energy to people. Even Braham wasn't apathetic toward her.

"What are the three of you doing?"

Grid sneaked in between the three people who were having a heated conversation. He checked Jishuka's expression and she greeted him with a surprisingly bright expression, "It has been a while~"

It was a very casual attitude unlike his worries. The past Grid would've been flustered and felt at loss for words. However, Grid was in the process of expanding the world of his mind. The Mind was a different concept that resembled the spirit. Grid could smile without losing his composure in front of Jishuka.

"Yes, it's been almost four months. I missed you because I haven't seen you in so long."

"Eh?"

Rather, it was Jishuka who felt flustered. Her eyes, which were normally like a cat's, became round and her face was red like a tomato. Grid had already turned his attention to Euphemina and he didn't see her reaction.

"I've been constantly hearing about your active performance?"

Euphemina had changed to Mumud's Successor and was now a monster with the title of 'conditional strongest.' She was the first to gain an epic class and she revealed the existence of Siren and Mumud alone. Her achievements since gaining Mumud's power were great compared to Grid before he wrote the epics. Euphemina smiled. "It is thanks to the consideration and support of the guild."

Time made people mature. He could feel kindness from the once playful smile of Euphemina.

Grid patted her on the shoulder and brought up the reason he was here to Braham, who was looking at him with dissatisfaction for some reason.

"Teach me some magic."

Before coming to the castle, Grid had stopped by the smithy and experimented.

Overgeared God Grid's Techniques allowed him to attach magic to 'items in production.' There was a 100% chance of success when granting one magic. The more magic that was granted, the higher the chances of failure. Grid wanted to learn magic that was as powerful as possible. It was completely new magic that didn't overlap with the magic attached to the sword dances.

According to Braham, Grid's body had 'sword energy circulating in every vein where magic has to circulate' and it wasn't suitable for learning magic. Still, this didn't mean he couldn't learn magic at all. Didn't he actually learn Decoy? He had grown and gained a lot of levels since then. So why not learn new magic?

Braham stared at Grid's body and nodded. "I'll do so. It just so happens that there is good magic you can learn."