

## Overgeared 1461

### Chapter 1461

'Please! Hurry!'

[Currently in the process of declaring a sanctuary. It is at 42%...]

An area in which the Saintess was the center of the world—Sanctuary Declaration was a field spell earned by Ruby at level 300. Needless to say, the power was excellent because it exerted the power to invalidate all laws that the Saintess didn't allow.

However, it wasn't efficient. It was impossible to use until level 380 was achieved. It took an hour to build a sanctuary. During that time, Ruby was in a state of 'inaction' in place. There were even major restrictions on the use of the skill. During the construction of the sanctuary, only one skill could be used every three minutes and even that was limited to basic magic. The biggest problem was that mana and divine power was consumed in real time during Sanctuary Declaration. The consumption was so great that her recovery of resources couldn't keep up until level 380.

However, now there was room. It was because she had raised the skill level ahead of the great human and demon war. Ruby boldly invested the skill enhancement rights that she had gained from destroying the souls of great demons several times. She decisively used what she had saved.

She wanted to help the guild. It was based on the judgment that she should use as many means as possible to neutralize hell. Based on her brother's attitude, the Overgeared Guild was bound to carry out a major hell expedition one day. In order to prepare for that day, Ruby had raised the level of her sanctuary in advance.

This greatly reduced the time it took to use Sanctuary Declaration. Additionally, there was now the help of Transcendent God's Holy Sword.

25 minutes. Theoretically, it was possible to complete it in 25 minutes, but that time seemed very far away.

Ruby's heart was torn every time she saw a wound appearing on Kraugel's body. Did he read her nervous heart?

-You are doing well enough. Thanks to you, the penalties have been reduced and I can hold on.

-Please continue to use Holy Enchant. I'll take care of my health myself.

Kraugel sent her a whisper. He was composed despite his ragged clothes.

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Boleron was strong. He wasn't appointed as corps commander, but he was among the top of Barbatos' household members. Boleron boasted that he was one level higher than Krucha, the deputy commander who used to provoke Leraje without understanding the subject or who showed greed for the throne Hell Gao had vacated. His physical ability and combat skills weren't excellent. His innate power was only strong enough to run counter to reason. This was enough.

The power to seize and control the target's weapons—it was the source of victory that always helped Boleron have a 'favorable fight.' In fact, Boleron had the most distinguished service among Barbatos' household members. Of course, the power wasn't omnipotent. Boleron was unable to lead the forces because he was unable to distinguish between allies and the enemies and he had to operate within a certain range of conditions. He couldn't be an army commander. It was hard for him to build up his strength because he couldn't reach a high rank. Ironically, it was a case of inherent limitations due to his strong power.

Still, Boleron was always full of confidence. He was invincible as long as he had the power to control weapons. He was proud that he was the most outstanding among Barbatos' subordinates. However—

'This isn't working.'

Boleron was having a strange experience. He couldn't dominate this weak human's sword. It was something that shouldn't have happened. After an unexpected accident where he lost his vision, he became confused. The pride that he had embraced was shaken. Of course, he didn't show it outwardly. If he couldn't handle one human being simply because his power wouldn't work, he would lose face as the household member of Barbatos, the 8th great demon.

'There is no need to feel urgent. I lost my vision and can't control his weapon, but I am still stronger than him. It is a lot more outstanding.'

While Boleron's physical ability and combat ability weren't all that powerful when compared to the other household members', he still would naturally overwhelm humans. He might've lost his vision, but he could still see the path and intentions of human beings through his 'senses.'

'He would've thought he sealed the sniping by sealing my vision.'

It was a foolish judgment. Boleron focused his senses. He felt that his eyes, already cut three times, were rapidly regenerating. In order to cut his eyes, the human would soon approach again. Then Boleron would kill him.

'Now!' The coordinates designated by Boleron were passed to Barbatos, who was sitting on the throne deep in his realm. There was a sniper attack on the 'location where Kraugel was moving' that Boleron had predicted. Boleron wielded the Black Tide Fists. It was the ultimate martial arts technique to hit all points within a specific range by linking dozens of rays of demonic energy with his two fists.

However, there was no sensation of hitting something. There was no small groan or a bloody smell. Just as his blurred vision was being restored, there was a flash and his world darkened again.

"You!" Boleron could no longer hide his emotions. He roared like a beast as he swung his fists and feet in the direction of the sword a moment ago. The waves of demonic energy stretched out like a storm and crushed the environment around him.

Once again, it didn't hurt Kraugel. It was natural. Kraugel had been fighting Mir for more than a year. He might've been defeated every time, but he took the defeats as nourishment to train his super sensitivity and swordsmanship to the limit. A demon's senses—it was merely a low level ability that couldn't touch Kraugel's super sensitivity.

“The present day Sword Saint has no honor and no self-respect! If you are the real Sword Saint, don’t run away and fight me!” Boleron was vaguely aware of Kraugel’s identity from the moment he was unable to steal the sword and now he was convinced. He condensed the demonic energy he had spread out into dozens of rays to a single point and prepared for the bombardment. He was going to shoot the moment that Sword Saint bastard opened his mouth to answer.

“.....”

Kraugel naturally didn’t respond. Kraugel was wary of the growing sphere of demonic energy that pressed this space and quietly checked his condition.

‘I need to cut back on my movement further.’

It had been 10 minutes since Boleron appeared. Kraugel hadn’t used any combat skills in the meantime. He invested his health, mana, and sword energy into speeding up his movement and buying time. However, the Transcendent God’s Holy Sword that was constantly sucking at his mana and the hell penalty meant his resources were being consumed faster than expected. It was necessary to reserve more power and hold out until support arrived, but it didn’t seem easy.

Then he saw a massive air strike pouring down from the sky.

“Keuk...!”

Hundreds of bullets poured down like raindrops, scorching the area. Each bullet that touched the ground caused a powerful explosion, creating a sea of flames. There was a rapid lack of oxygen and a poisonous fog spread thickly. It was poison with severe acidity. Every time he breathed, his organs melted and an internal injury occurred. It was a physical status condition that couldn’t be resisted. It was vicious enough to make Kraugel groan.

“You were hiding here!” The bullets were still falling and the ground was collapsing. Nevertheless, Boleron’s sensitive hearing didn’t miss Kraugel’s groan. He fired his condensed demonic energy and pierced a hole straight through Kraugel’s abdomen.

“Hahat!Kuahahahat!”Boleron’s body flowed like wax dripping. He wasn’t unharmed from the bombardment of the sky and the subsequent flames. Yet hearing him laugh loudly, he seemed to feel more joy than pain.

“This hide and seek is over!”

Boleron pushed off from the ground and flew forward. He chased after the scent of Kraugel’s blood and moved the shortest distance. He broke through the flames that burned flesh and melted bones and the poison that caused him to vomit up blood as he narrowed the distance to Kraugel.

He had a notion because he saw Kraugel running away throughout the entire battle. It was the notion that the present day Sword Saint was nothing more than a rat. He was insignificant and weak compared to Boleron. As long as Kraugel’s feet were tied up for a while, he could approach and deliver the kill...

Boleron had this ‘delusion.’ Thus, he asked Barbatos to do the bombardment at the sacrifice of his bones and flesh and used this bombardment to get close to Kraugel. It was a fatal mistake. The reason why Kraugel avoided a direct confrontation with Boleron was his role to ‘protect Ruby.’ He was only holding

on during the Boleron raid until support arrived, not avoiding Boleron out of fear. Rather, Kraugel had been suppressing the urge to kill Boleron.

[Barbatos' Sniping]

[Difficulty: SSS

The 8th ranked great demon, Barbatos, has targeted you.

Barbatos' sniping won't stop as long as Boleron is alive.

Defeat Boleron to survive.

Quest Clear Conditions: Death of Boleron.

Quest Clear Reward: Barbatos' Vision (4)

Quest Failure: Level -5.]

The quest that popped up at the same time that Boleron appeared was constantly stimulating Kraugel's hunter temperament. From the very beginning, the prey was Boleron, not Kraugel.

"I understood it at the end of my admiration."

[Poetry that Praises the Sword has been recited.]

From the time he witnessed the bombardment from the sky, Kraugel had been aware of Boleron's psychology and intentions. Kraugel saw through the fact that Boleron was prepared to sacrifice himself to kill Kraugel.

"I have become one after understanding."

Thus, he pulled Boleron deeper. Although most of the bombardment could be avoided by deploying Thunderbolt, he didn't do so. He even received the ray of demonic energy that Boleron fired at him. He also told Ruby not to use heals, but instead to keep using Holy Enchant.

"I became a sword."

Boleron's horns hit Kraugel in the face. However, Kraugel was fine while two epic rated swords in his inventory were destroyed. Boleron's nails pierced Kraugel's damaged abdomen. However, it was the sword in Kraugel's inventory that was damaged, not Kraugel.

All of Boleron's actions caused a series of storms of demonic energy, creating pressure that seemed to crush Kraugel. Still, it didn't have much of an effect. Kraugel might be bleeding from his eyes and ears, but he didn't kneel down. Before he knew it, Kraugel lost all his spare weapons. Thanks to this, time was on his side. The ground he was stepping on started to turn golden.

[Your party member 'Ruby' has completed the sanctuary.]

[The effect of Sanctuary has released all currently applied reductions. It is a temporary effect that is only maintained within the sanctuary. The 'full immunity' state will last for the next 10 seconds.]

[After 10 seconds, the full immunity state is removed and the 'incomplete immunity' state will be entered. Incomplete immunity reduces all weakening effects by 50%.]

"A divine flood!"

[Your party member 'Ruby' has given you a buff.]

[The power of the divine attribute buffs has increased and all stats are significantly increased.]

"Space Sword."

Hell.

[The effect of Poetry that Praises the Sword has increased the power of Space Sword by 14 times!]

".....!"

It split apart. In the center of the crack, Boleron's body was severed. Several palaces in Barbatos' castle on the other side of hell were also cut like tofu. It was an eternal wound in hell and a disgrace. Garion, the god of earth, didn't watch hell.

[It is a remarkable achievement!]

[You have destroyed part of hell!]

[The title 'Cut Hell in Half' has been earned as a reward for the achievement!]

[Barbatos' Vision (4) has been acquired as a reward for clearing the quest 'Barbatos' Sniping.']

[You have defeated the enemy along with the Saintess. The legend of the distant past, 'the Sword Saint and Saintess,' has been reproduced and all stats have increased by 5%.]

## **Chapter 1462**

[Sword Saint Kraugel has cut through hell!]

[He has carved a wound that will never disappear in hell.]

".....?" Grid, who was working in the smithy; the Overgeared members and expedition members waiting for the cooldown time of the hell gate; and Lauel, who was discussing strategy with Valhalla; were all startled and closed their mouths. In the silence, Grid's message came up in the guild chat.

-I sent him to hell to watch the demons and he is beating them up...

The Overgeared members replied.

-It is like watching Your Majesty's old self. Your Majesty left to rescue Han Seokbong and you ended up bringing 30,000 people back with you...I still can't forget it.

-Grid once went to the Vatican to bless the pavranium and ended up killing the pope.

-Legend has it that he went to the East Continent and came back a god.

"....."

Everyone seemed inspired by Kraugel's performance so the chat window was very busy. Since most of the content was praising (?) him, the embarrassed Grid turned off the chat window and got back to work.

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"Gasp...Gasp..."

A cliff formed by the crack in the ground. As Boleron's screams rang out from deep below, Kraugel and Ruby gained several levels. It was followed by the achievement rewards and item rewards.

It was a perfect duo. Kraugel turned a crisis into an opportunity, while Ruby supported him and didn't miss the opportunity.

"It was awesome!"

"You too."

Kraugel and Ruby looked at each other and laughed in jubilation. They didn't give each other thumbs up or bump fists. Both people had dignified personalities. There was still a sense of distance. In the first place, they couldn't afford it. New demons and demonic creatures were coming as if they had been waiting for Boleron to die. The demon on the horse with a fire mane looked particularly strong. He raised his staff and a beam of light shot up.

Ruby came forward. The famous Saintess' growth type staff was used to draw a golden magic circle. The rays of light that poured on the two of them were absorbed by the magic circle and were replaced with divine power. "Great Heal."

The head of the demon, rapidly narrowing the distance, was crushed by the light. The master was on the verge of collapse but the horse rushed forward without caring. The demonic creatures followed in the footsteps of the horse. Based on this momentum, it seemed like the horse itself was the leader of this group, not the demon on the horse.

Ruby set up a healing zone on their way and the skin of the horse and demonic creatures burned. The power of the percentage heal was a disaster for all evil beings. The effect of Sanctuary had increased all of Ruby's stats by 50% and doubled the power of her skills.

"I wanted to tell you nicely that I will take care of it now and you should rest..."

Ruby was connecting the divine magic and blocking the approach of the demonic creatures when she looked perplexed. It was due to the flying demons and demonic creatures coming from the sky. Large or small balls of demonic energy condensed at the end of their snouts. They were specialized in ranged attacks. As it happened, the Saintess had no ranged attack skills. The Turn Undead skill had the longest range, but even that had a maximum range of 60 meters. She had no choice but to devote herself to defense. Originally, Sanctuary also served as a fortress.

"I will have to rest with you. This level of bombardment can be endured with the full strength of Sanctuary. Wait until support comes...?" Ruby was checking the condition of Sanctuary when she suddenly shut up. Her eyes, which were fixed in the air, shook.

It was natural to be surprised. Kraugel was still standing by Ruby's side. He stood in place and swung his sword. The wavelength crossed over hundreds of meters. The demons and demonic creatures approaching and ready to shoot the rays of light were cut apart, fell, and turned to gray ash. It was the power of a 'field of view' skill linked to Barbatos' Vision.

"Wow! You are like Oppa! Ah, I'm sorry!" Ruby spoke with admiration before hurriedly apologizing. She instinctively compared Kraugel to Grid and was worried that he would be offended.

Fortunately, Kraugel responded cheerfully, "I resemble Grid? Such compliments are welcome at any time."

"Hehe."

Ruby had gained Barbatos' Vision along with Kraugel. It was just that most of her skills were range-limited, making it impossible to link Barbatos' Vision with her skills. From a general point of view, Barbatos' Vision wasn't a combat skill. It was a good secondary skill with a telescope feel. It was reborn as a fraudulent combat skill only for the privileged classes who had ranged field of view skills.

—Just as Kraugel had proven just now.

"This... can the Sanctuary hold on?"

Kraugel's expression stiffened. In the crack in the earth where Boleron had fallen to death, hundreds of demonic creatures were seen crawling up from the 'traces of Space Sword.' It wasn't dozens but hundreds. Moreover, the demonic energy they gave off was extraordinary.

Ruby's face turned pale. "It seems like they are from the higher ranked hells. If hundreds of monsters at this level attack at once, the durability of Sanctuary might find it hard to hold on..."

"Then let's fight."

The sanctuary was a base for the expedition. They had to maintain the camp until the next group arrived.

It happened as Ruby's buff skills overlapped over Kraugel's body, who couldn't hide his haggard appearance...

A dark passage appeared between the demonic creatures and Kraugel and a huge sword popped out. It slashed and killed the 10 nearest demonic creatures 'instantly.'

"You've endured well."

It was the appearance of Tyrant Chris. Kraugel and Ruby were relieved to see his shadow spread out widely. The top powers of the Overgeared Guild arrived in a group of two. There was no need to complain any longer.

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The Overgeared Skeletons and God Hands had something in common—there was no need for them to rest as they didn't have the concept of stamina. It was different for Ke ong.

“Gasp...Gasp...Hoooo.. Aren't you hungry? I'm not particularly hungry, but I'm worried about Your Majesty. If you are a human, you have to eat to stay healthy!”

Dwarves were a species with high self-esteem. In particular, they wanted to be the best in their own field. Ke was exhausted enough to fall down straight away, but he didn't want to lose to skeletons and metal. He worked hard without a breath, but faced both physical and mental limitations. He wanted to rest using the pretext of eating. He also wanted Grid to rest with him. Resting alone was a blatant admission of defeat, so he thought his pride would be very hurt. He knew that it was natural to lose, but... it was hard to resist the instincts of his species.

“Hrmm...”

Satisfy was a repository of taste. It not only reflected all the flavors that existed in reality, but also created flavors that didn't exist. It was hard to count the number of delicacies. Additionally, one didn't get fat no matter how much they ate. Therefore, most people were obsessed with taste and enjoyed it.

Meanwhile, Grid was fundamentally a diligent figure. Once he was working, he didn't want to waste time eating separately. For more than 10 years, he simply took care of his hunger using dried bread or jerky. In particular, he just maintained the 'not starving' state when working. It was a story that most people probably wouldn't believe, but it was true. Perhaps these small commitments gathered together to form the current Grid.

“Yes, let's take a rest and eat a meal.” Grid knew Ke's mood and was considerate toward him. They moved to the dining room together. The problem was that the meal was finished in just three minutes.

“Gasp! No. What?!” Ke had just filled his stomach with soup and started to cut the meat. Then he looked pitifully at his trembling hands. Meanwhile, Grid had swallowed all his food.

He pressed a hand to the shoulder of Ke, who was sitting there dumbfounded. Grid forced him to sit in the chair and told him, “Don't look like that. It is a simple habit. Ke ong, please take your time.”

It was rare for a Korean person to eat slowly. In particular, anyone who had been to the army could intentionally open a black hole in their stomach.

‘It is a waste of time.’

It was possible for him to create one item every eight minutes on average, so the value of time became even higher. Grid shifted his gaze to the window and immediately connected Transcend and Shunpo to return to the palace where the smithy was located. Then he took out the Elf Bow Thimble (Made by Pagma). It was the second target item to be innovated following the Magic Power Ejection Machine that he had done this morning.

‘This thimble can convert non-targeted attacks into targeted attacks.’

The durability was only 111 and it was very low. It was made of leather, so it was easy to damage. It was just that the durability was so low that it was difficult to wear it when fighting against a strong enemy. In many cases, his concentration and actions were wasted because he had to repeatedly swap it along the way.

‘It is a pity that there is a three minute cooldown time.’



The goal was to improve the durability and reduce the cooldown time. It was possible. The Magic Power Ejection Machine proved it.

The innovated Magic Power Ejection Machine doubled the magic power ejection speed and tripled the total amount of mana that could be stored. It also added 'silver thread' to the ejected magic power, increasing physical force and variability. It was transformed into a completely different item, so it was possible to improve the thimble enough.

'After that, I will innovate the artifacts like the direct descendant vampire items and the Ring of Absurdity.'

At first, he wanted to innovate the armor and swords made from the breaths, but he changed his plan. The armor made of breaths and the divine swords already had a variety of special features built in. It was good enough to make full use of them. It was more efficient to focus on strengthening basic capabilities like attack power and defense and this was a very easy task. It would take less than an hour. When innovating artifacts, he should focus on strengthening the effects rather than the basic stats.

In the first place, artifacts had no or minimal basic stats, so it was meaningless to strengthen them. It was only by strengthening the artifact's unique special functions that he could make meaningful innovations. This work was very difficult and time-consuming. Special materials and conditions were required so it was difficult to calculate how much time it would take.

'When I have time like now, I have to innovate the artifacts first. In any case, the cooldown time of the innovate skill is 12 hours. It is a waste of time to innovate equipment first.'

Of course, he could make new items when waiting for the cooldown time, but... the more difficult the homework, the more comfortable it was to finish it quickly.

Grid completely removed every part of the thimble and combined it with materials to innovate it to what he envisions in his head. The structure was modified and the shape and materials were innovated. The result was commendable. The cooldown time was reduced to two minutes and the durability increased by six times. There was also a 'finger amputation immunity' and small increase in defense that wasn't there before. Even a small number could be very helpful if accumulated.

'Should I make the final innovations to the thimble first...?'

Each item could be innovated three times. In other words, the thimble could be innovated two more times in the future. There was a lot of room to reduce the cooldown time. Grid was filled with expectations as he once again used the innovation skill on the thimble.

[This item has just been innovated. The innovated form and function aren't fully established yet. If you try to innovate it continuously, the item might be destroyed. Do you still want to proceed?]

[After 100 days, there is a 100% chance of succeeding when innovating it.]

'Come to think about it... I heard that you can't do plastic surgery again until at least half a year after one surgery.'

100 days was short compared to half a year. He used an example of something he couldn't do and pulled out another item.

It was Tiramet's Belt. This item was acquired a long time ago and its performance was weak. There was an expectation that something would change with the soul if the soul-attached item was innovated. Tiramet's Belt was a very suitable item to prioritize innovating.

-The last group has just entered. I will join in 20 minutes.

He was just thinking this when Yura's message appeared in the guild chat.

'Already?'

He checked the time and it had been 36 hours since the expedition started. Yet nearly 300 people were sent to hell.

'Ah... 20 minutes? Yura's skill level must've increased since the cool time of the hell gate had been reduced by 10 minutes. The number of available people would've also increased.'

It was good. Everyone was growing up together, not just him. Sooner or later, it would grow even steeper. He planned to innovate all of his colleagues' items whenever he had time. The top priority was...

"Why did you call me?"

It was Zibal's magic machine, Raiders. He visited the smithy at the perfect timing. Zibal didn't participate in the hell expedition. It was because he was acting with Zikfrector, who was trying to overcome the Curse of Sloth. Hunting with Zikfrector was also good for Zibal. Zikfrector was that strong.

"Lend me Raiders."

".....?"

Zibal doubted his ears due to Grid's demand.

Grid's hands were busy replacing all the metal that made up Tiramet's Belt with Greed. It was a task that required a high degree of concentration and delicacy. He turned his gaze to the anvil and explained, "I want to disassemble the magic machine and then reassemble it. I will repeat it three times at most."

The Overgeared God's Techniques meant that his speed of understanding items had increased dramatically.

Zibal murmured blankly as he stared at Grid, who behaved like he wasn't saying anything important, "So why do you want to disassemble my..."

Grid was busy concentrating, thus the explanation he gave was lacking.

### **Chapter 1463**

The Sanctuary of the Saintess could be extended up to 900 meters at most. If a new Sanctuary was built and attached before the end of the previously established Sanctuary (3 hours), the size would increase and the duration would reset. However, the cooldown time of the Sanctuary skill was 2.5 hours. It was impossible to establish a new Sanctuary while it was still active and connect them at the current skill level.

However, there was now a new variable—the assistance of the Transcendent God’s Holy Sword.

‘I’m not alone.’

The demonic creatures’ offensive was becoming increasingly fiercer, but Ruby wasn’t afraid. The help of her constantly arriving colleagues meant she continued to expand the Sanctuary. The result:

“Ohh!!”

From the place where the hell gate opened to the entrance of the black crystal castle, this not so short distance of 400 meters was covered with the protection of the Sanctuary. It was the birth of a perfect base.

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“Wow... Wow, amazing.” It was really amazing. The exclamations of the expedition members continued.

First, they were surprised by Ruby’s Sanctuary. Second, they were amazed by Yura’s power. Yura’s firepower and insight were impressive as she saw through the demon in charge every time tens or hundreds of demons appeared, sniping them with one shot. After losing the command system, the Overgeared members finished the demonic creatures easily. At this point, they couldn’t only explore hell. They could also conquer it.

‘The reputation of the Overgeared Guild is actually underestimated.’

‘There is no one who isn’t great.’

There was one fact that even those with good eyes couldn’t notice. It was the fact that Yura was able to play such an active role due to Kraugel and Jishuka’s merits. The flying demons and demonic creatures flying hundreds of meters in the air—they used the dark clouds as cover to approach and bombard the expedition team. The expedition team couldn’t detect their presence. It was a truly secretive maneuver, but it was powerless in front of Kraugel and Jishuka’s wide vision.

They were swept away by sword energies and arrows and turned to ash before they could enter the attack range. It was under utilized compared to the vision of a Bow Saint, which was like a satellite, but Barbatos’ Vision that extended up to 10 kilometers was one of the best search skills. Once the field of view skill was linked to it, the flying demonic creatures were forced to be helpless.

At the black crystal castle...

The exploration team had a short break and the Overgeared members gathered in the meeting room.

“What is Barbatos doing?! Go ahead and send another one!” Vantner belatedly heard of Kraugel’s hidden performance and opened the window to shout at the sky. It was an ignorant act that provoked a single digit demon.

Pon blocked the mouth of this person who was blinded by jealousy and asked Yura, “Is there no way to designate a return point in hell?”

Dantalion's legacy, this beautiful and solid castle, was well suited to being a base. He naturally tried to designate it as a return point but the system sent him a message that it was impossible. The return system itself was disabled.

"Yes, this is the Demon Slayer's unique authority."

This meant it wasn't possible for anyone other than the Demon Slayer to use the return system in hell. One of the most obvious survival routes was blocked.

"Hrmm... I was psychologically prepared but I'm still a bit scared."

The Sanctuary weakens half the penalty of hell. Even so, their stats were decreased by 15% and there were all sorts of debuffs. This was still the hells in the 20s. The moment they went outside the Sanctuary to explore... the expedition team would taste hell.

Yura encouraged the nervous colleagues, "A lot of great people are gathered. Have strength."

The expedition didn't come to hell to hunt safely in the Sanctuary. The ultimate goal was to experience hell for themselves and to measure the power of the demons and demonic creatures. The stage of the great human and demon war might be the human world, but the probability of the hell penalty was very high. The demons would wage war without any countermeasures.

On the other hand, humans had very few cards they could prepare. There was Yura's Hell Purification, Ruby's Sanctuary, and the chorus of the priests of the three gods. At present, there were only three ways to eliminate or weaken the hell penalty. However, the scope wasn't huge and it had to frequently be maintained. There was even a question over whether the three gods would cooperate properly. Since the birth of the Overgeared God Church, that relationship had completely broken down. Of course, they wouldn't just suck their fingers if the demons invaded the earth, but...

"The people are waiting. We should depart."

It was as Yura said. Many great people were gathered for this expedition. This included the people with so-called king qualifications, like Jishuka and Chris, who led a number of guild members. However, the leader of the expedition was Yura. In hell, she was the best, so she had to lead everyone.

'It is time to change.'

Yura had almost always been acting solo. It was a great burden to lead people, but she had to overcome it. She was given a heavy responsibility as the war against the demons was foreshadowed. Now it was necessary to go beyond the stage of obsessing over individual power and to prepare, strive for, and be qualified from multiple perspectives.

It was just like Grid.

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The magic machine was originally a great anti-evil weapon. The ancient giants made them to fight against the great demons. The surviving giant species members joined the tower and modified them into weapons against dragons, but... the essence wasn't easily changed.

Alloys that blocked magic power, destructive power of dozens of tons, a range of operation that couldn't be achieved with the human body, and a mental barrier technique that protected the pilots—the basic features of the magic machines were still a threat to the great demons.

'To be exact, it isn't only a threat to the great demons, but to most beings.'

Aside from the great anti-demonic power, it was safe to say that it was fraudulent because it combined tens of tons of weight and greater mobility than humans. There was no need to discuss compatibility. It was just that the 'dozens of tons of weight' mentioned here was impossible for Grid to reproduce. The magic machines production method that Grid learned was small, just based on the name. It was small in size and light in weight. The total weight was only 2.5 tons.

'Thus, I have to get Raiders' production method.'

It was certain that Overgeared God Grid's Techniques was a myth rated skill. If not, the 'you can make anything' function couldn't be described as anything other than the power of a god. That's right—it was now possible for Grid to make the permanent mechanism. Even if Grid didn't know the magic engineering technique, the Overgeared God Grid's Techniques meant that any high-level recipe could be acquired in the 'item production list.'

Radwolf's way of making the small magic machine was inspired by rumors of pavranium. The body that was made of pavranium used a 'rough' power to move. Radwolf had been certain that it couldn't be commercialized (he changed his mind after learning that pavranium evolved into Greed). Still, there was no reason to cling to this crude production method that was evaluated as 'unable to be commercialized.'

'I will make the Raiders corps, not the small magic machines corps.'

One way was to ask Radwolf to give him a new recipe. Still, that required going around. Radwolf wouldn't do him a favor without asking for something, so there was a process of proceeding with a quest. Even if Radwolf did him the favor, Radwolf didn't know Greed.

Grid was the only one who knew the true value of the mineral that existed only for him and how to use it properly. Grid had confidence that a mechanism made of Greed would have much better results if he designed it himself.

'In the process of acquiring the Raiders production method, I will accumulate knowledge and even create items.'

Grid was planning to invest boldly. He wasn't just satisfied with getting the Raiders production method. He was thinking of creating a new magic machine based on that production method.

A magic machine made of ordinary alloys that could be directly controlled by the pilot. In other words, the first goal was to mass produce Raiders that Zibal was currently using. The ultimate goal was to create a fully automated magic machine that was 100% made of Greed from the mechanism to the body.

There were both advantages and disadvantages. The automated magic machine made of Greed would be more powerful, but the large consumption of Greed was a fatal problem. Mass production was still difficult. Raiders had relatively weaker durability and firepower but it was likely to show better movement depending on the pilot's capabilities. Mass production was also relatively easy.

Overgeared warship... what flying ship nonsense? It was a waste to pour Greed into such a place at the present time. It would be put off until later. He would produce magic machines with fighting power. Zibal's role was important for training pilots.

Just as Grid was the role model of blacksmiths and gave birth to great blacksmiths, including Khan and Smith, Zibal was a role model for pilots and would produce great pilots.

'For now... I have to help upgrade Raiders so Zibal can play.'

It was important to increase the operating time as well as Raiders' performance. The method wasn't known yet. He had to disassemble it first to get a hint.

"Summon, Raiders." After innovating Tiramet's Belt, Grid went to the garden and activated the Raiders summoning device that Zibal had handed over. A pure white figure entered Grid's vision. The serene green eyes stared at Grid. Here, the summoning status could be maintained until someone boarded it. The power button was turned off so it didn't consume energy.

'Do the primary work until the cooldown time of Innovation is over.'

Grid lightly floated and rose above Raiders' shoulders. All types of tools were in his arms. It was a tool for unlocking the ancient legacy.

"Gulp." Zibal watched without leaving his spot and gulped. He had lent Raiders after knowing Grid's intentions, but he couldn't hide his anxious feelings. He knew that Grid had made a lot of battle gear so far. He had experienced how great the legendary blacksmith was as an enemy and an ally. Still, it was hard to say that the magic machine was a battle gear. He wondered if it was possible for Grid to understand and upgrade Raiders.

'This damn... I believe you...'

It was already over. Now he just had to believe and wait. He knew this, but...

"Gasp! Hey! Why are you driving a stake into the top of the head?!"

Grid's disassembly was too extreme and too fast. Zibal would really lose everything if Raiders was broken, so he had to react sensitively. However, Grid had entered a complete trance in order to increase his work efficiency. He focused on his work without hearing Zibal's screams.

## **Chapter 1464**

"Hah... Wahh...! Hup! Fucking!"

Zibal was anxiously watching Raiders being thoroughly disassembled and made sounds one after another. It was with admiration, not lamentation. It wasn't because Raiders had been innovated or strengthened as Grid promised. Raiders was still half deconstructed, but Zibal didn't care.

What if something went wrong with Raiders? There was no time to feel such anxiety or worry. It was Grid that Zibal couldn't take his eyes off, not Raiders. It had been 14 hours. For more than half the day, Zibal was impressed and thrilled. He felt an unfamiliar shock at the sight of Grid, who worked hard without wasting a minute or a second.

'How can a person do this?'

As he disassembled Raiders, he figured out how to innovate the next item, made new items, and innovated it when done. He inspected the items made by the Overgeared Skeletons and God Hands, sincerely answered the dwarf asking for advice from the sidelines, disassembled Raiders, thought about it, remade it, and innovated it...

Grid never once rested as he listened to and discussed the reports of Lauel, who stopped by. He kissed Irene's cheek as thanks for the packed lunch she gave him, but didn't stop thinking. His mind was as bright and clean as a mirror despite the hatchling popping up and complaining. Even when he summoned Overgeared Corn because he was exhausted, he didn't let go of his thoughts as he stared at the furnace.

This already wasn't the attitude of a player. The essence of a player was to 'pursue pleasure' and they could often relax. Meanwhile, Grid always remained tense and 'worked.' Zibal was a person who once coveted the supreme spot and he knew the concept of effort, perseverance, and labor, but... in front of Grid, he thought it was something that he didn't dare discuss.

'This guy... he has a different mindset toward this world.'

Therefore, no one could beat him. Of course, Zibal couldn't win. Zibal was thrilled as he realized it once again. Then he suddenly glanced to the side. 'By the way, what is with this guy?'

Picasso—it was obvious just from the ID, but the 1st ranked artist with the eccentric temperament had been sitting next to him since some time ago. Zibal stared at the small woman filling up the canvas while staring at Grid and finally couldn't stand it. He asked, "What are you doing now?"

"Drawing a picture."

"Is it a portrait of Grid?"

Picasso replied sluggishly, "Fortunately, I have a good brush and paints." It was an attitude like Zibal was asking the obvious.

However, it wasn't obvious for Zibal. "Why are you painting a portrait of Grid?"

He heard there was a painter in the guild, but it was a fan? Did she join the Overgeared Guild with the heart of a fan and to satisfy her own self-interest?

"An average person... you wouldn't understand it even if I explained it to you."

Picasso had poor speaking skills. She didn't enjoy conversing. It was complicated and cumbersome to explain the concept of the extremely honorable painting. Thus, she shut up unilaterally during the conversation. It was a temperament unique to an artist. It was easy to be misunderstood by others.

"Uh. Ordinary? Me?" Zibal doubted his ears. He was puzzled because he had never been called ordinary in his life. "You... do you happen to know who I am?"

From the time he stepped down as a guild master and joined the empire, Zibal had already put down his honor. He didn't show an ounce of desire from the time he followed Zikrefector. However, being openly treated as a nobody was a separate matter from his mindset. Zibal thought that this young woman

must've started the game late, so she didn't recognize him, who was one of the first generation players. He wanted to make sure if his thoughts were right.

Picasso didn't answer. She no longer wanted to be bothered so she shut up and concentrated on the canvas. The world in her eyes was full of Grid and her nerves were solely concentrated on the tip of her brush. No matter how good the tool, no matter how long it took, the chance of 'updating' the extremely honorable painting was less than 2%. She was obsessed with almost the only means by which she could prove her worth in the Overgeared Guild.

"It is really interesting..." Zibal was ignored all of a sudden and laughed. It was absurd at first, but he was soon convinced. Yes, he was ordinary. He became ordinary after Grid gained Zikfrector. As he served Zikfrector, he approached the abyss of the 'seven malignant saints' worldview. The closer he got to the abyss, the more he was crushed by a great sense of responsibility.

He was liberated thanks to Grid taking responsibility for him instead. It was a fact he hadn't realized... looking back now, his worries had completely disappeared after joining the Overgeared Guild. He had been very comfortable lately. He had no worries.

...I'm ashamed.

He realized that the responsibility he put down was weighing on Grid's shoulders even heavier.

"Grid, you... are you okay?"

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

The scenery of the smithy, which seemed ordinary just before, was now completely different. The flames in the furnace never went out and they seemed to whip at Grid violently. The metal on the anvil—it gradually strengthened and carried the lives of those touched by Grid. Grid sat enduring the heat of the flames and swung his hammer silently and he abruptly felt lonely and pitiful. Zibal caught a glimpse of Grid's shoulders that couldn't rest for a moment, being weighed down by heavy responsibility.

"...Dammit." What were these embarrassing, sentimental thoughts? The young painter's unexpected words made him think of the stars. Zibal was surprised by the sudden thoughts and swore when he came to his senses. He stared at Picasso, who instilled such awkward sensibility into him, and stood up. "I still have the pride of the supreme one. This isn't the time to be so laid back."

"The supreme one? This uncle? I thought you were number two."

"You do know who I am." Zibal snorted with anger at Picasso's words to herself and left the smithy.

'Grid, I won't let you take all the responsibility alone.'

The great human and demon war—it was said that it would be an unprecedented war. First of all, he would be helpful from then on. Until then, he would struggle a bit more and become stronger so he could share some of the responsibility weighing on Grid's shoulders. Try and feel the pride of an American.

"Grandmaster! Stop sleeping and wake up! Let's go hunting! Hurry!"



A bus was needed to become stronger quickly in the absence of Raiders.

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One week passed. The number of people falling out of the hell expedition was increasing every day. Still, Yura seemed to be doing well considering the expedition was still going on.

In the meantime, Grid had innovated 14 additional items. A total of 17 items were innovated, including Zibal's Raiders. His understanding of Raiders increased to 100%. In addition to the 'Magic Machine: Raiders Production Method,' he also acquired the innovated Raiders' production method.

"Hrmm."

Grid flew to the middle of the Red Sea with Braham and designated one God Hand as the target for the skill.

Rumble!

The sea soared high as the God Hand grew in volume and took shape.

Flash!

The golden eyes that didn't sway even in the rough waves, faced Grid. A matte black giant that devoured light from the sky without projecting it. It was none other than the magic machine, Raiders, who stood before Grid and waited for an order. Item Transformation made it easy to realize.

'As expected.'

Grid smiled brightly, but there was more tension on his face than satisfaction. It was because there was an important experiment left. The reason Grid asked Braham to fly him to the Red Sea was because... he wanted to accurately gauge the potential of Overgeared God Grid's Techniques.

Grid pulled out a huge lump of Greed from the inventory. In exactly one minute, it would multiply to twice the mass. The moment it doubled in size, the energy of the insane dragon would reach a dangerous value and the tower members would react immediately.

'I don't think this will happen, but... If I accidentally miscalculated the mass, the intermediate process might be skipped and a dragon might appear.'

He was afraid. Grid waited in silence. Greed normally would've been split in half before the cooldown time of the characteristic of 'double once every 10 days,' but now it was left intact. Soon—

It happened as Grid gulped...

Greed doubled in volume and weight. However...

"....."

...Nothing happened.

The system was quiet. It was silent without warning that the tower members would come or a dragon would emerge.

“That’s... it...”

The shadow on Grid’s face finally disappeared. He had established a hypothesis after being convinced that Overgeared God Grid’s Techniques was a myth rated skill. It was the moment when the hypothesis ‘this technique can completely control minerals’ was proven to be true.

It was a highly feasible hypothesis. It was because there was Mineral Creation and Minerals Strengthening among the skills Grid could use. A legendary blacksmith meant being a master of minerals. It would be ridiculous if a mythical blacksmith couldn’t control a single mineral. No matter how great and wicked the energy of the insane dragon in Greed might be, it was still only a remnant left behind by the insane dragon. It was right that a blacksmith with divinity would improve what was perceived as a ‘flaw.’ Just like right now.

‘In the future, I can increase Greed without anyone noticing.’

It was a day before the start of the great human and demon war. On this day, as Lauel had predicted, the players started to split into three forces. Additionally, the only disadvantage of Greed had disappeared. It maintained the almighty chaotic proliferation, but the madness stimulating the dragon had dissipated. It now had the proper qualification to be a symbol of a god. It was a mineral that had grown up with its owner.

“Thaaaaaaat’s it!” Grid’s cheer scattered the high waves. It was clearly imprinted on the world.

Braham watched as Grid clenched his fists and cried out with joy.

‘You are the greatest legend of all time.’

No one could deny the official recognition of the Duke of Wisdom. Braham’s rare smile was obscured by the waves.

## **Chapter 1465**

There was a man who fought to protect the world. He lived for others, but unfortunately, he betrayed his friend. There was a man who lived for himself. He didn’t believe in others, but he believed in his friend. The product that was the combined culmination of the two men’s skills, knowledge, ambition, and tenacity—it has been poisoned since its birth. It contained hatred. It was probably from the men’s temperaments. It was subtly incomplete.

Thus, there was no spare power. It couldn’t take on the greed of its new master. It couldn’t digest the insane dragon iron. The hatred deepened. Its master sighing over his own greed afflicted it. The cold metal rotted from the inside.

It was a fact that no one knew. It wasn’t necessary to know it anymore. After finally digesting the insane dragon iron and achieving its master’s desire and greed, the hatred was resolved. The unknown story of a metal that no one knew was buried forever. It was the right ending.

Braham opened his mouth. “Let me confess.”

Silent without a mouth, apathetic without a heart. Greed, who had always been coldly and silently staying by its master’s side, responded to the voice it heard. It borrowed Raiders’ golden eyes and saw

the silver-haired man that appeared. The man, who still looked the same, appeared among the waves that broke the light to pieces.

Greed knew him. A parent, not an owner. The red eyes looking at it gave it an occasional glimpse of lingering regret. However, that wasn't visible now. There were no lingering feelings.

"I sometimes compared you and Pagma."

"....."

Grid, who had been deep in the afterglow, woke up from his thoughts.

"This was especially true of pavranium. I used to feel that if it was him, he would use that symbol much more effectively."

Grid faced Braham. Black eyes that contained redness met red eyes that contained blackness.

"You made me realize how foolish that feeling was. You are better than him in every way. Much better than me."

Braham wasn't killed by Pagma because he was weaker than Pagma. It was just that Pagma had prepared a lot and Braham hadn't expected the betrayal. It was the mistake of a lifetime. That catastrophic mistake robbed hundreds of years away from Braham.

Nevertheless, Braham's pride didn't decline at all. He was very sure that this time, he would be the strongest. This faith became firmer after defeating the hydra. This conclusion was reached after weighing his prime and the potential of the former legends that became history. He thought that Grid might surpass him, but that it would be in the distant future. He determined that Grid wouldn't go beyond him until Grid transcended all the legends. Now he corrected it.

"Your potential is limitless." It far exceeded his own potential that was like the sea. "So you are the strongest."

Just imagine it—the sword of the Sword Saint that could cut the world and the Undefeated King's swordsmanship that could wipe out millions, they couldn't reach Grid, who had the barrier of Greed. Even if they reached Grid, there would be the scene where the rain of Greed caused their bodies to bleed first. It was absolutely spectacular to the point where chills went down his spine.

The Grid of the past—who was asked to make the vessel to hold his soul, only to make a dog food bowl—flew away from Braham's memories.

"The most brilliant one in the world."

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 13th epic.]

[The lofty man discussed him.]

[He was as infinite as the universe.]

[He was brighter than the sun.]

[A mighty sight surrounded by a black galaxy.]

[He—the proof was completed.]

.....

...

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『 10 days ago, there was news that the ranker expedition, led by the main forces of the Overgeared Guild, left for hell. All sorts of questions were raised about this. Why did the Overgeared Guild, who had been eating the profits of hell alone, suddenly cooperate with rankers to form an exploration team? This became a special topic. What do you think about this? 』

『 It has already been revealed through various media that the Overgeared Guild recognizes the great human and demon war as a crisis, not a festival. They've formed an alliance with huge forces like the empire and Valhalla, suggesting the seriousness of the situation. I think it is the Overgeared Guild's intention to raise the rankers in response to the great human and demon war. 』

『 Some people say it will be easy since the average level of combat players has reached 300. They claim that we can win this war easily, unlike the past when they were dominated by only a few great demons. It is a foolish view. 』

『 As the name implies, the great human and demon war is a large-scale war. It isn't a few great demons invading, but an army of hell? How can it be compared to the past? This is a different situation. There will be a crisis that we have never experienced before. Just as the Overgeared Guild united the top rankers, all players should work together to prepare for the crisis. 』

Many years had passed since Satisfy was released. Fake experts were now rare. Those who sat in front of the desk, collected information, analyzed it, and claimed to be experts were culled. Those who actually played and deeply understood Satisfy took their place. The recent intellectuals didn't sit by and ignore the Overgeared Guild's warning. They provided people with the right information and hoped they would follow the Overgeared Guild's example to join forces.

There was an inherent problem. The Yatan Church worshipped the demons so the great human and demon war was also a religious war. From the perspective of the Yatan Church, the great human and demon war was indeed a celebration. The number of believers increased sharply after the benefit of the cash items and they enjoyed an unprecedented heyday. They were looking forward to cooperating with hell. The end of the world would lead to their eternal glory.

Some people started to listen to the voices of the Yatan Church. It was a natural phenomenon. The safety of the continent and humanity? Most players didn't care about it at all. They were desperate for immediate compensation. This was followed by people converting to the Yatan Church. They wanted to benefit from the great human and demon war. They hoped to stand on the demons' side and win more easily and safely to get better rewards.

Of course, there were many players with a sense of mission to protect humanity and joined the three religions or the allied nations. However, there were few compared to the players who joined the Yatan Church. There still weren't many players who valued the world for reasons such as having strong ties to NPCs or having a firm home.

In the midst of the turmoil, the three churches announced that they would take their own course. They refused to stand in solidarity with the allied nations. It was because the Overgeared Kingdom was in the allied nations. Wasn't the Overgeared Kingdom home of the Overgeared God Church? If the three churches cooperated with the Overgeared God Church, it would be recognized as a new religion.

The three gods, who defined all non-Asgardian gods as heretics—it was especially unacceptable for the Rebecca Church, who was deeply resentful that their pope and many other talents were taken away by the Overgeared God Church. Eventually, the players' power structure was divided into two groups, even though it wouldn't have been enough if they united as one.

Nevertheless, the leaders of the alliances were calm. This was a situation that had been foreseen to some extent. In the first place, it was hard to rally players who had different affiliations and different ideas.

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It was a time when the Overgeared Guild accepted the situation calmly...

"No, this damn thing. What type of humans stand by demons instead of sticking together as one?"

The S.A Group was on fire.

"It was poisonous to push the Yatan Church up because of the balance."

"It was Morpheus who supported the Yatan Church and Morpheus who started the great human and demon war. At this point, we need to slightly doubt Morpheus' judgment."

"Shh, it is a big deal."

"Hah... It wasn't worth revealing in advance that there will be a great human and demon war."

"Even if it means breaking the rules, we should've announced the seriousness of the great human and demon war..."

"Do you think people have split into different camps because they don't know the severity of the war? They know, but they don't care. Most people don't care about the world in the game. Even if we break the rules and lose trust to make the announcement, nothing will change."

"Shh, shh!"

"....."

The members of the management team, who were watching the situation with a frown, shifted their attention. It was because Director Yoon Sangmin was visiting. It seemed he had come running based on his rough breathing. He didn't take a moment to breathe. He looked at the indicators handed over to him by the team leader and his expression became rotten. It seemed another executives meeting would be held.

It happened as the team members were feeling a subtle sympathy for Director Yoon Sangmin...

"Eh? Huh?" A newcomer, who had been hired to carry out the major task of observing the overall trends of Satisfy 24 hours a day, screamed as he stared at the monitor.

“What? What happened now?”

“Did they already send an advance party from hell?”

“T-That isn’t it...”

“I’m going to die because I’m so busy, but you are acting stupid... Eh?” Robert was reprimanding the newcomer as he approached, only for his eyes to widen.

“D-Director-nim!”

“.....?”

The atmosphere of headquarters might be free spirited, but it was rare for a deputy to name the director. The team members felt that something was wrong and quickly shifted their eyes away. Director Yoon Sangmin and the operations team leader approached Robert. The sound of gulping was particularly loud.

‘Don’t tell me I have to work overtime again...’

It was at the time when the team members were grabbing their heads...

“Hahat!Hahahahat!” Yoon Sangmin burst out laughing. It was a very excited laugh that caused people’s attention to focus on him.

“.....?”

What? The team members couldn’t help being curious and approached to look at the screen. More than half of the hundreds of screens were illuminating a single player. It was Grid. He was writing a new epic that deleted the negative characteristics of the ‘balance maintenance’ of Greed, a class specific item.

“...Gasp!”

The terrified team members retreated from Director Yoon Sangmin. They were wary of him losing his sense of reason due to too much anger. Director Yoon Sangmin finally stopped laughing and spoke to himself, “You are the only one we can believe in now...”

“.....?”

The faces of the team members turned white. They seemed convinced that Director Yoon Sangmin had gone crazy. Fortunately, Director Yoon Sangmin was very well. Not long ago, he had been on great alert after seeing Grid obtain the Undefeated King’s original swordsmanship. Putting aside his liking of Grid, he questioned if it was okay to trust Grid unconditionally.

This had lasted until recently. Director Yoon Sangmin had seen Grid’s trends and looked back on the path Grid had taken and became convinced of one thing—that he could trust Grid. It was natural when he recalled why he was a fan of Grid.

“Contact the sound team right now and ask them to prepare five theme songs.”

“Huh? Theme songs? It is five songs? Oh, if you’re referring to the background music to be inserted in the great human and demon war, I heard it was completed four days ago...”

“The Grid-only theme song! Play music every time Grid appears on the screen!”

“.....”

“Director-nim, Team Leader-nim, an executives meeting has been convened.”

“Ah, this is good. I’ll go and say it myself.”

“...Is it okay?”

“He is asking to create a theme song for a player. Do you think it is okay?”

It was after Director Yoon Sangmin left. The team members chatted with a worried expression. For reference, the characters in Satisfy with theme songs were super named NPCs or boss monsters. It was also only one or two songs and it was set to play only if certain situations or conditions were met. Making a theme song for a specific player (it was also five songs) and playing it every time he appeared on the screen... it was something that needed the authority of the chairman. Naturally, the team members thought it wouldn’t be realized.

## Chapter 1466

People were misunderstanding one big thing—it was that Grid had already earned a myth class. It was natural to be mistaken since the system called Grid a god. Grid was worshipped by many people, but people thought he just changed his class. It was an interpretation based on common sense—the former was a system that could be assigned to anyone, while the Easter egg of NPCs worshipping on their own... it was absurd. How many people in the world could guess what actually happened?

Therefore, people were astounded.

[The first myth class has been born.]

The world message that appeared shortly after the end of Grid’s epic turned the world upside down. The part that the media focused on was a bit subtle.

『 He wasn’t a myth until now? Then why was he so strong? 』

『 He was originally so strong...? 』

\*\*\*

[The 13th page of the epic has been completed.]

[Your status has risen significantly as a reward for completing the epic.]

[Your deity has risen by 1.]

[Your title ‘Glimpsed the Myths’ has responded to your high status and deity.]

[The title ‘Glimpsed the Myths’ has changed to ‘First Myth.’]

[Viewing and analyzing your past achievements.]

[...!]

[...!!]

[...!!!]

[There are too many achievements!]

[It is impossible to calculate all the traces of your involvement in history.]

[It is impossible to calculate all the lives you have saved.]

[It is understood that you are one of the causes for the present world.]

[Your classes, Pagma's Successor, Magic Swordsman of the Epics, and Duke of Wisdom don't bear the existence of you.]

[Your class will be reconfigured to Overgeared God. You have inherited all existing class attributes.]

[Overgeared God]

[Creator of all things. Ruler of all things.]

[The myth class effect has doubled your health, mana, and sword energy.]

[The total number of stat points gained when your level rises is increased to 30. The forced investment of points into a particular stat has disappeared.]

[A god is a near perfect being. All stat points are redistributed for the application of the golden ratio. Even if you don't achieve the golden ratio due to a lack of stat points, it will give you a clue about the golden ratio.]

[...!]

[...!!]

[...!!!]

[Your stat points are overflowing!]

[All stats have a beautiful golden ratio. The power of the stats will increase.]

[The effectiveness of the skill Magic Contemplation has increased. The skill cooldown time is reduced to 1 second. After deciphering the magic, the probability of destroying it is increased to 70% and the probability of duplication and counterattacking is increased to 28%. If the target magic is caused by an item effect, the probability of destroying it is increased to 100% and the probability of duplication and counterattacking is increased to 58%.]

[The skill Blacksmith's Rage has changed to Overgeared God's Rage.]

[The skill Blacksmith's Affection has changed to Overgeared God's Affection.]

[The skill 'Overgeared God's Domination' is created.]

[The skill 'Pagma's Eyes (Baal's Contractor Version)' will be changed to 'Overgeared God's Observation.']

[The title 'One Who Became a Legend' will be changed to 'One Who Became a Myth.']



[Damage that leads to death will fix your health at 1 point for 10 seconds and you are immortal. You will be immune to all damage during this time. Cooldown Time: 16 hours.]

[The 'Emergency Return' skill will be activated in the immortal state. Regardless of the concept of time or space, you will return to one of the temples that serves you. However, it must be used within 7 seconds of entering the immortal state. After seven seconds, the skill is deactivated.]

[You are more likely to be immune to physical abnormalities.]

“.....”

There were many signs. His blacksmithing skill was upgraded to the myth rating and the level of Greed had risen accordingly, so he thought it would be soon. He just hadn't expected it to happen like this...

A scarlet aura overflowed from Grid's body as he was feeling dazed. It was different from magic power and fighting energy. It didn't have an effect either. It was just a symbol of the Overgeared God and was a purely visual effect. Still, it was very mysterious and wonderful. It was a unique color that remained as an afterimage from Grid's actions and colored the world. Even if there were no benefits to the myth class, it seemed that people who dreamed of becoming myths would line up purely to get the color.

Grid enjoyed the color by waving his hands several times before suddenly laughing.

'Is this one of the reasons why a god can't be killed?'

The Emergency Return system—in the future, there was virtually no way to die.

'Do the god killers have the skills to block the return system?'

Grid had his thought and reached out to Braham.

“Let's go back, Braham.”

Your recognition of me as the greatest legend of this time has completed me. If I hadn't met you, my present self wouldn't have existed.

Grid's eyes were endlessly warm as he looked at Braham. The bond level of the two men was at the maximum. Their stats would increase by 7% when together.

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“Overgeared God's Affection.”

Grid used this skill the moment he returned to Reinhardt and the scarlet aura wrapped around the entire Overgeared Kingdom.

[Your affection has been placed on your territory.]

[If NPCs and players create items in the Overgeared Kingdom's territory, the task will be two times faster. The amount of skill experience earned will double. It can overlap with other buff effects.]

[Only NPCs technical experts who have a high affinity with you will have a very slim chance of their skill level rising due to your blessing.]

[A technical expert who has received your affection will give you some of the reputation obtained for completing a work.]

[The sword dance power of the Overgeared God Church has increased significantly. The amount of sword dance experience gained is doubled. It can overlap with other buff effects.]

[Only NPC believers who have a high affinity with you will have a very slim chance of raising the skill level of their sword dances due to your blessing.]

[A believer who has received your affection will give you some of the experience obtained from hunting monsters.]

[You will lose 900 mana per second while Overgeared God's Affection is maintained.]

[You must remain in the territory to maintain the Overgeared God's Affection.]

It said 900, but the actual mana consumed was 300. That was enough for him to afford it. It was thanks to the innovated Ring of Absurdity.

[Ring of Absurdity]

[Rating: Legendary (Transcendent)]

Durability: 400/400

\* Reduces the resources consumed by magic or a skill by two-thirds.

\* Mana recovery rate is five times faster.

The artifact created by great magician Pauld that was innovated by Overgeared God Grid.

Conditions of Use: None.]

In addition to a further decrease in resources consumption, his mana recovery rate had increased from two times to five times.

'It would've been better if the recovery speed of all resources, not just mana, had increased, but... I have to look forward to 100 days from now.'

The focus right now was whether the effect of 'double the speed of item production' was also applied to the one who used the skill. Grid chose the production method of the level 300 longsword that would be given to Valhalla's 1st Corps soldiers. Then he proceeded with the automatic production. The result was done in a snap. In less than four minutes, a longsword was completed.

'Uh. It also applies to me?'

At this point, he was becoming anxious. What was wrong with the S.A Group these days? Why did the guys, who were so desperate for balance and kept nerfing him, suddenly give him things?

'Perhaps those bastards...'

Were they trying to raise the difficulty level of the game?

"I'm worried."

Grid didn't know that the great human and demon war itself was designed to deprive him of the qualifications he had proven and won. The reason Chepardea planned the great human and demon war was because he was wary of Grid. Grid must win by all means.

\*\*\*

Lim Cheolho was a lucky man. He was born in a well off family and studied without any care. Thanks to his extraordinary mind, he gained various knowledge and made numerous achievements. There was no sorrow so he didn't become tainted and his relationships were good.

He walked a path of success. He didn't know about misfortune. Therefore, he wasn't resistant to pain and sadness. He was shocked when he went through grief. He didn't adapt easily and wandered for a long time. He learned why people looked for gods. It was at a moment when he personally experienced misfortune...

He suddenly had a thought—maybe there were few people in the world that were happy, and someone should create a paradise for the many that were unhappy.

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Life was a series of choices. The great human and demon war was increasing the players' choices.

Satisfy, his paradise, showed signs of collapse. It was sad. The reason Chairman Lim Cheolho was so obsessed with balance was to maintain paradise. The collapse of paradise was never the result he wanted. Did misfortune always follow where humans went? It happened when he was realizing it again...

Ahead of the crisis, Grid wrote the 13th epic. Based on his achievements, he grew and completed the proof of his skills and class-specific item. He was the first person in Satisfy to become a myth class. It was the moment when the balance collapsed, but Chairman Lim Cheolho felt he had met the savior.

A meeting was soon called. There was another debate over Grid's myth class.

Chairman Lim Cheolho closed his eyes. He wanted to avoid the cold opinions of the businessmen. Chairman Lim Cheolho was a scientist before he was a businessman and a good man who wanted to protect paradise before he was a scientist. It bothered him to hear some executives who simply thought of Satisfy as a business. It was all the more so because they were people essential to the company.

"...What did you say just now?" Chairman Lim Cheolho, who had been silent for a while, opened his eyes. He asked this question while staring at Director Yoon Sangmin. In a rare manner, his eyes widened. He seemed quite surprised. "Say it again."

"....."

Director Yoon Sangmin couldn't easily speak.

Silence filled the room. The executives expected Director Yoon Sangmin had broken under the severe blows.

Wanting to create theme songs for a player? He provided reasonable justifications like 'it is honoring the achievements that Grid has made' and 'let's show people how much we respect players and encourage

them,' but it was full of selfishness no matter how they looked at it. Giving special favors to a particular player would antagonize the absolute majority and this had to be avoided. It was natural for Chairman Lim to be angry at Director Yoon Sangmin, who had forgotten even the basics.

"Did you ask to create a theme song for Grid? It is also five?" Chairman Lim Cheolho asked again.

Director Yoon Sangmin couldn't stand it anymore and replied in a weak voice, "Yes... it will provide players with a driving force to immerse themselves in Satisfy..."

"This is ridiculous."

"....."

Director Yoon Sangmin had his words cut off by Chairman Lim Cheolho and he bowed his head. A bang entered his ears! It was the sound of the table being struck. Chairman Lim Cheolho seemed to be very angry.

'Was it indeed too much?'

It was the moment when Director Yoon Sangmin belatedly felt regret...

"We have to make a minimum of 10 songs."

".....?"

".....?"

Director Yoon Sangmin slowly raised his head. All the executives in the room were looking at Chairman Lim Cheolho like it was absurd.

A deep smile spread on Chairman Lim Cheolho's face. "Don't you think we should do it correctly? Five songs are too few for the first myth rated class."

"....."

"Creating a theme song to boost the morale of players... it is a very interesting approach. Our Director Yoon is improving every day. The future of the group and the future of Satisfy is very bright."

On this day, the world's greatest musicians got a call from the S.A Group.

## **Chapter 1467**

[Name: Grid]

His name was still intact. There was the meaning of 'greed.' It represented how Grid started Satisfy and what Grid's personality was like at the time. It didn't go well with the present day Grid. Of course, that didn't change the name by itself. He wouldn't change it even if an ID change option was released.

Names had power. His life was buried in it. It proved all the connections he had made, his accumulated achievements, his reputation, etc. The name has its own power. The greatest name in the world at the moment was Grid.

[Level: 463]

Class: Overgeared God]

Overgeared God encompassed all the classes of Pagma's Successor, Magic Swordsman of the Epics, and Duke of Wisdom and it was also just Grid's epithet. It wasn't Overgeared God that defined Grid; it was Grid that defined Overgeared God.

'Overgeared God. Overgeared God...' It sounded great no matter how he thought about it.

Was it because he had been called Overgeared God for quite a long time? Grid had perfectly adapted to the now and was fascinated by it, so he smiled in a pleased manner. His gaze fell on the fourth line of his status window. The species.

'Divinity has become unnecessary. I can also no longer be a god killer.'

A god. In the end, he became one. As if it was fate, it came to him like the anode of a magnet. It was a rather humble appearance, so the weight of the word 'god' felt light. It was a natural impression. In this world, the gods were a flimsy existence from the very beginning.

Grid had been through so much and seen so much. He had no respect for 'gods.'

There were the 'four beings' who were powerless to protect their land and their people. The 'individual' Hexetia, who was blinded by jealousy, committed a mistake and regretted it. The 'individual' Hanul, who was blinded by vengeance and created harm toward humanity. The 'individual' Rebecca, who was just silent, and the 'individual' Chiyou, who wanted to be destroyed.

Grid merely felt sympathetic, encouragement, detestment, wariness, or suspicion toward them. He once thought that those who were stronger than humans were worse than humans. Then he saw them regretting and reflecting on themselves, even when they had the power to cover up their sins, and thought they resembled humans...

That's right. The reason why Grid respected the Four Auspicious Beasts and Hexetia wasn't because they were gods. Grid didn't think the gods were special. He didn't recognize himself as different from before just because he became a god. Just like Hexetia was Hexetia, he was himself.

'It isn't a huge reason why I refused to be a half-god in the past.'

He was just afraid of the retaliation of the gods, afraid of their armed forces. He had drawn the line, fearing they might harm his family and his colleagues.

On the other hand, he was now calm. In any case, it was his fate to fight them regardless of whether he was a god or not. If they didn't like him becoming a god and threatened him first, he would naturally resist. He would kill and destroy them. A god couldn't kill another god? It was fine. He had many companions who would insert their swords in the heart of the gods on his behalf.

'I'll do the seasoning and they'll finish it off.'

His companions included Yura, Jishuka, Faker, Euphemina, and Kraugel. There were also Braham, Piaro, Mercedes, and the other messengers. No matter how good the innovated divine swords were, would the swords be greater than his companions? They were his apostles and angel.

Grid calmed down and confirmed his stats. The information from his main stats was the first thing that stood out.

[★Strength: 6,800 ★Stamina: 5,300

★Agility: 5,300 ★Intelligence: 7,200

★ All the major stats have reached the golden ratio.

★ The golden ratio of stats has increased attack power and defense by 1.5 times, magic attack and health by 20%, and absolute hit rate and absolute evasion rate by 5%.]

These sums included his additional stats derived from items, title effects, and fighting energy. The total stats amount had increased tremendously. Fighting energy that had previously been fixed at 50 had now risen to 75. As Hayate had mentioned, fighting energy was a mythical force. The moment he became a real god, some of the restrictions were lifted.

‘The higher my deity, the more complete fighting energy will become. The limitations on learning magic will also gradually fade away.’

In any case, the units that fell together neatly were beautiful. There was a large fluctuation in the proportion of strength and agility. Depending on the total amount of stat points, the conditions for achieving the golden ratio would also change. Even if he told this golden ratio to his colleagues, they weren’t likely to be able to enjoy the same golden ratio.

There was one popularly known golden ratio of stats. The 1:1 ratio of strength and agility also had the following conditions: strength and agility must be more than 2,000, and intelligence and stamina must be more than 800. Grid’s current golden ratio was likely to require too many stat points. Additionally, there was the need to increase both intelligence and strength, so it wasn’t easy to think of a person who would actually challenge this ratio. Most people who put intelligence first were magicians. What magician in the world would place strength just after intelligence?

‘Braham won’t be able to gain this ratio.’

Braham and his colleagues had to find their own golden ratio. However, there were two. Grid knew only two people around him who could challenge the same golden ratio as himself.

First of all, Sariel. As an archangel, she (?) had a very high stats total. Furthermore, the balance was perfect because it reflected the tendency to place meaning in the Trinity. The ratio of strength, intelligence, stamina, and agility was almost the same.

Next was Mercedes. She was the idol of all knight players in the world and her total stats that grew with her ‘chivalric code’ was second to Sariel. It wasn’t as much as Sariel, but her balance was also great. Her somewhat lower intelligence could be overcome with items.

‘It is okay to equip her with items that will improve intelligence.’

Grid smiled as his vision was full of his status window.

[Name: Grid

Level: 463

Class: Overgeared God

Species: God

Title: One Who Became a Myth and 42 more.

Health: 1,319,500/1,319,500 Mana: 525,730/530,900

Sword Energy: 2,400/2,400 Fighting Energy: 75

★Strength: 6,800 ★Stamina: 5,300

★Agility: 5,300 ★Intelligence: 7,200

★ All the major stats have reached the golden ratio.

★ The golden ratio of stats has increased attack power and defense by 1.5 times, magic attack and health by 20%, and absolute hit rate and absolute evasion rate by 5%.

Dexterity: 10,650 Persistence: 3,757

Composure: 3,043 Indomitable: 3,298

Dignity: 3,271 Insight: 3,561

Courage: 2,550 Political Power: 1,150

Willpower: 1,630 Charm: 2,001

Good luck: 1,210

Deity: 17

Remaining Stat Points: 0]

“More than just a bit... it seems to have improved a lot.”

Um... He thought it was reasonable.

How terribly hard had he worked over the years? His high dexterity and persistence stats proved it. If he spread out all the items he had made so far, they would fill up a few cities. If he piled up all the underwear he had created, he would form a small mountain. The health was a bit much. He was more like a monster, not a player. Still...

The high ranking great demons and the gods of Asgard would have health in the hundreds of millions or billions. Compared to them, this was on the level of cuteness.

“Let’s take a break today.”

Was it due to the great sense of accomplishment? All of a sudden, the fatigue accumulated during this period of time appeared. It had been a really long time. No, it might be the first time. Apart from the National Competition, the experience of ending the day before the ‘connection time limit’... at the very

least, Grid couldn't remember it. Even when he was half asleep and half awake, his body was always lying in the capsule.

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The world changed dramatically as Grid was asleep.

Overgeared God's Affection. People tasted the sweetness of the great blessing that exerted influence on the entire kingdom and made videos, spreading them across various websites.

-Crazy. It is two times the production speed ⇒ ⇒ ⇒

-That NewTuber just raised his skill level?Wow, he benefited from doing nothing.I'm crazy envious.

-The attack power of the sword dances were terrible.I converted to the Yatan Church three hours ago. I need to convert back to the Overgeared God Church.

└ Once converted, you can't change again for at least three months.

└ Isn't this crazy?Don't lie.

└ Really.No, what if you buy experience potions from the Yatan Church and then go to another religion?The Yatan Church isn't a charity ⇒ ⇒

-I converted three months ago. Why can't I convert?

└ You need to clear a few religious quests.It is telling you to pay for your meal.

-Ah, this is really annoying.I was caught by the Yatan bugs.

-The specialty of the Yatan Church is using dirty language.You are a Yatan Church member too ⇒ ⇒ ⇒ ⇒

-By the way, why is the Overgeared God's blessing only applied to the Overgeared Kingdom?Or is it the territory of the Overgeared God Church?

└ It is only applicable to the Overgeared Kingdom.

-What is our king doing?Give the nation to the Overgeared God right now.

-Basara noona, please propose to God Grid.

└ Why are you asking the empress to propose to a married man?Are you looking for sudden death?  
⇒ ⇒

└ What is the big deal with a married man?

-The God Grid acting like his nickname is awesome.

└ God Grid is his nickname and his ID is Grid. What do you mean by acting like his nickname?



└ Do you have no friends?

└ You can't level up if you have no friends. ^^

└ ? God Grid has many friends and two girlfriends. He is number one.

└ Shut up.

-Grid doesn't seem to be meeting Jishuka these days.

└ They are both busy. Grid isn't garbage. Will he break up with a woman who immigrated from Brazil for him?

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He slept for 10 hours. He didn't know how many years it had been since he slept for so long. His body and mind were refreshed. Every time he was reminded that he finally got a myth class yesterday, he felt an unbearable sense of happiness that made him shiver. Youngwoo changed into sportswear and came to the window, only to be amazed.

"This is more than I imagined..."

The current time was 5 a.m. It was early in the morning, but it wasn't just the sidewalk in front of the house... the road was also full of people. Their races were also diverse. It felt like all the reporters on Earth had come.

'What type of public nuisance is this?'

Youngwoo grumbled and went out of the house. Toon, who had been watching the surveillance cameras all night, followed straight away. "Have you slept? I don't think you've slept?"

"Don't worry about me. By the way, isn't it better for you to ignore the reporters?"

"It is just annoying but it shouldn't be allowed to hurt the residents."

The buildings built by Youngwoo and the Overgeared members were like a small village. The roads opened up around Youngwoo's building, and many buildings and residential complexes had been built. He had to sort this out before the residents went to work.

'The reporters' questions will be obvious anyway.'

They would ask if one had to go from a legendary class to a myth class, how to change to a myth class, what were the unique characteristics of a myth class, etc. It wasn't difficult to anticipate the reporters' questions. Additionally, Youngwoo had a lot of experience with the media. He easily organized the information that could be told to reporters and information that was difficult to tell in his head.

"Um." He came out of the house and saw many policemen. They must've been dispatched ahead of time after predicting the situation. They were heavily armed and set up barricades. Perhaps without them, Toon would've suffered all night.

Youngwoo first greeted the police with gratitude and an apology before telling the reporters, “Next time, please request an interview the normal way. If reporters come to me again like this next time... I’ll break off relations with the media for the rest of my life. 5 minutes. I’ll answer your questions for 5 minutes, so go ahead and ask.”

The reporters noticed that this was their last chance and immediately asked their questions.

“The S.A Group officially said that they will create theme songs for Grid. There isn’t a single person in the world who expected a theme song for players to be created. How does it feel to become the protagonist of the first theme song?”

“.....?”

It was a question that went beyond expectations from the very beginning. Youngwoo was flustered and unable to answer when the next question arrived.

“God of War Ares said he is seriously thinking about whether to take Valhalla into the Overgeared Kingdom. Are you planning to accept Valhalla?”

“.....??”

The second question also wasn’t expected. Then the additional arrival of more police officers started to disperse the reporters. It was a very quick response.

‘If I knew it would be like this, I wouldn’t have come out.’

By the way, was it because he paid so much taxes? The police were really kind. Youngwoo responded in an embarrassed manner to the police officers who smiled and greeted him every time their eyes met and returned home quietly. Then he belatedly checked the articles that had been released all night.

The world had changed overnight. It was a change that centered around Grid.

## **Chapter 1468**

Hell was a real region in Satisfy. Players perceived hell as a space, not a concept. There was only a difference in the degree of recognition—a high level hunting ground or a prohibited area that should never be approached.

The perception of the expedition members was also very important. They regarded the figurative hell and the actual existence of hell in Satisfy as separate things. It was naturally like this, even if they weren’t aware of it. It was only after personally experiencing it that they understood.

Hell wasn’t just a hunting place where powerful demonic creatures and demons haunted, and where great demons often appeared. It was the hell that they knew. An unbearably painful and distressing environment. Even if there were no demons here, wouldn’t they be unable to last a long time?

The scene that entered their field of view, the wind brushing against their skin, the ground their feet stepped on, the sound that penetrated their ears, and the air that entered their lungs. It was disgusting without any exceptions. Just standing still and breathing would cause their minds and body to scream with pain. It was because this was a world built only with wickedness.

“...I think I’m going crazy.” The full moon, the swirling red stars in the overcast sky, and the thousands of eyes monitoring them. Pon murmured as he blankly stared up at the creepy night of hell. It was an honest thought.

If Regas hadn’t shown a smile on the way here, if Vantner hadn’t instigated competition, if Jishuka hadn’t fired the sharp shots, if Ruby hadn’t wrapped him in warm energy, and if Yura’s back had collapsed even once as she led everyone. Pon would’ve already drowned in the wickedness. He would’ve fled from here even if he had accepted the obvious death that could be avoided.

The environment of the 20th Hell was that harsh. The strange landscapes that made him dizzy wherever he shifted his gaze, the horrible screams that entered his ears even if he covered them, the touch of the ground that made his body fluttered every time he stepped on it, the stench that made it hard to breathe, and the polluted air that made food rot the moment it was taken out.

Pon found it hard to hold on. In fact, from the time the expedition began to five days later, his mentality was at the limit. He had thought about giving up dozens of times a day. Now they were on the ninth day, and... he felt like he was going crazy.

“.....”

Every time Pon’s complexion turned haggard, Vantner would reprimand him as a ‘cowardly guy’ to provoke him. It wasn’t known from when it happened, but Vantner now closed his mouth. His blank gaze was fixed on the wriggling ground. He didn’t dare look up at the sky. He thought he would scream the moment he met the eyes of the hell moon.

“Uhh...”

The 10 meritorious retainers of the Overgeared Kingdom, Ruby, Ibellin, Zednos, Laella, and Coke. The three generals and Oasis of Valhalla. Red Sage Haster and Sword Saint Kraugel. There were only a handful of elites left in the expedition. It was a lacking situation that couldn’t be done even if they passionately united. Most of them had lost their words and were trying to hold onto their mental state. It wasn’t known when they could see the demonic creatures again.

Oasis was reminded of how strong the demonic creatures of the 23rd hell were and bit his fingernails. The Undeclared King’s Sheath was sending a warning.

-At times like this, you should do something, halfling. I no longer want you to be undefeated, but I can’t tolerate you helplessly accepting death.

‘You aren’t a human anyway. Hiik! The sword will fall out. Don’t move. I understand, I understand! I wasn’t thinking about dying in the first place.’

Oasis had inherited some of the Undeclared King’s swordsmanship. In other words, he took a power he wasn’t qualified for. Penalties were given in reaction to his actions. Every time he died, the Undeclared King’s Sheath punished him and he was forced to log out. He also couldn’t access the game for 24 hours. All players in the world were allowed up to two deaths per day, while Oasis had only one life per day.

‘It wasn’t like this the first time...’

It was the penalty from being killed two times in a row during the war with Saharan. It was shocking because it was the first time he had died two times in a row. Then his mental state was completely destroyed once the penalty was added. He was a closed up person for a while. He feared that the more deaths he faced, the greater the penalty. For Oasis, death was more real and fearful.

'I don't want to die.'

Force and mental strength wasn't necessarily proportional. In particular, rookies had their own unique spirit. Oasis recalled what Yura had said before leaving the black crystal castle.

"We won't be going back until we get to the 21st Hell. I won't open the hell gate even if you beg me, so be prepared."

The true hell started with the 21st Hell. Yura thought they needed to adapt to the 21st Hell at least in order to prepare for the great human and demon war. It was an advance with no way back. From the time they arrived at the 23rd Hell, there were only around 20 expedition members left. They started from the 25th Hell with the black crystal castle, but that was it.

Among the more than 300 members selected by Lauel, a considerable number of them were trampled to death by the demonic creatures when crossing the two hells or fled because they couldn't endure the fear. The much harsher environment than expected brought the situation to this point.

The remaining expedition members felt a greater sense of burden but Oasis' spirit was sharpened. There were now only two gateways until their destination. All they had to do was break through the 23rd and 22nd Hells. The moment the rest of them arrived at their destination, they would play a leading role in victory of the great human and demon war. He wanted to be one of them. Giving up now...

It happened when Oasis wanted to encourage the group...

"Yura, are you okay?" There was a clear voice that didn't suit the tired atmosphere. It was Jishuka. She had the Breaking Evil Arrow. She wore her auspicious 'power' around her right arm and looked free from the evil of hell. She wasn't affected by the harsh environment and maintained a clear eye.

"Of course." Yura's voice that answered her was calm. The people who could function normally in hell were definitely different.

"I'm also fine!" Ruby's voice was also strong. This was the majesty of the Saintess. The so-called 'Grid's women' present were the hopes of the expedition.

Kraugel was quiet because he was reticent, but it seemed there was no problem with him. Additionally, there was Haster. He had never been agitated since he reigned as the emperor of e-sports. He had years of experience. It was said he was greatly disgraced after becoming a victim of the 'hidden class hunting,' but he seemed to have recovered from the wound.

Oasis gained hope while looking at the faces of those who were fine and shouted vigorously, "I can do it as well!"

"Oh~ Ares didn't live in vain." Jishuka laughed. She was laughing at the three generals who claimed to be Ares' left and right arms.

"....."

Grand General Luck of Valhalla, who felt a great sense of pride in his own strength, couldn't reply to Jishuka and shut up. He was ashamed. He was suffering from even breathing. Rather than setting an example for a newcomer (Oasis), he was a fool relying on others.

"You don't look good when cowering."

"...Laugh to your heart's content."

The silent Luck responded to Kraugel. It wasn't because he didn't like Kraugel. It was because his pride was hurt. In the past, he tried to hurt Kraugel, but Kraugel cared about him like this didn't matter. Thus, he was more embarrassed and made an unnatural response.

Kraugel told him while passing by, "I don't laugh at others."

"...Shit."

Yura rose to announce the end of the break.

Luck glared at Kraugel's back as he approached her side and cursed. He spoke swear words to blame himself. He felt ashamed when compared to Kraugel now, especially when he had laughed at the Kraugel who became Sword Saint and had his level reset to 1.

'Dammit, let's cheer up and do well.'

Jishuka's taunt about Oasis being better than him was absolutely reasonable. He didn't want to sit here and fall behind Oasis. He awakened and showed great skills. Jishuka even left her back to him.

"Right. Luck should be like this. You were called a powerful man on the level of Hao. Now you look a lot worse than Hao."

"Bah, don't compare me to the coward who didn't even apply for this expedition."

"Hao did apply. Lael refused him."

"What? Why would he do that when he accepted Haster? Aren't you guys close?"

"He was sent to persuade the half-draconian king."

"Ah, is that so..."

The people who shrank back no longer existed. There was clear comradely love between the expedition members as they made their way through the waves of demonic creatures. It was because Yura, Jishuka, Ruby, and Kraugel properly caught the center, while Oasis set an example that didn't match his skills.

The struggles of the generals of Valhalla provoked the Overgeared Guild members. Pon overcame the pain and Vantner overcame the horror. As Regas coordinated the fight among them, they formed a circular link and swept away the demonic creatures in a fan shape. Every time Peak Sword's sword fired a brilliant sword light, dozens of demonic creatures turned to ash without being aware of their deaths. Euphemina, Zednos, and Laella's magic destroyed the enemy camp while the Tyrant attacked like raging waves. Every time Chris' sword fell with the weight of a great mountain, a demon's body exploded.

"Wow. As expected of our brother."

“We are strong as well!”

Ibellin, Coke, and Oasis also played a good part. They finished it neatly by blocking the paths of the demonic creatures who scattered after losing their commanders. Just in time, another demon appeared with a new corps, but was immediately assassinated by Faker. Then Jishuka’s rain of arrows wiped away the remnants.

Yura and Kraugel were always at the forefront. With Ruby’s heals and buffs from behind, they moved forward without hesitation and expanded the human power in hell.

“Haster! You fall back to the rear! Why are you swaying in the front instead of using magic as a support in the back?”

“Uwack!”

“.....” Unfortunately, Haster died along the way... The morale of the party didn’t drop.

A few hours passed. The expression of the expedition team was much brighter than before as they prepared to camp in the 22nd Hell. It was one step closer to the record of Grid and the messengers who reached the 20th Hell.

Of course, the hells that the expedition visited had lost their ruler. Unlike Grid, the difficulty was much easier because there was no direct confrontation with the great demons. Yura had considered this while looking at the possibilities of the expedition. It was great that an exploration team consisting only of players arrived at the 22nd Hell despite the gradually increasing penalty.

‘At least those here will play well in the great human and demon war.’

Yura once again explained to her colleagues, who were building the camp, “Our goal is to survive in the 21st Hell for a long time. I plan to stay in the 21st Hell until the great human and demon war starts, so try to accumulate your skills here.”

“When will the great human and demon war start?”

“Who knows? It could be in a few days or it could be a few months later.”

“...That, the food won’t last. The food I prepared is almost rotting.”

“You can stop by the neutral area and resupply. I can go to the human world alone.”

“How are we supposed to hold on for 40 minutes without you? No. Don’t go alone.”

“It is ugly, Pon! You are no longer my rival!”

“Do you still have a sense of rivalry with me? Is it because you have no hair that there is no shame?”

The Overgeared members were as energetic as the first day they arrived in hell. Then their morale fell to the bottom again after just half a day.

“Dammit...”

The demons of the 22nd Hell were as powerful as named bosses of the human world. It wasn’t possible to kill them quickly and the number of demonic creatures accumulated without being controlled.

'This is the limit.'

Finally, they would be free from this tiring place. Some people were willing to accept death.

[Overgeared God Grid is writing the 13th epic.]

A world message emerged. After the short epic, the news of the birth of the first myth class enriched the party's vision and consciousness.

"...Do you know God Grid?" The first person to rally was Peak Sword.

Then Yura, Jishuka, Ruby, Kraugel, and the Overgeared members...

They regained the morale and motivation they had lost one by one. They raised their lowered weapons and fiercely resisted the demons. From now on, it was the realm of tenacity. They destroyed evil with strength and cut at the demons' necks.

Curiously, Grid had always been like this. He played the role of leader from a far away place, supporting his colleagues. It was why the present Overgeared Guild existed.

"Finally..."

The next day.

During the time when the logged out Grid was sleeping sweetly, the exploration team had reached the 21st Hell. It was a moment that proved their minimum qualification to be active in the great human and demon war. It was the prelude to the desperate survival game. It was the hidden story of the heroes who guarded the world along with Grid.

## **Chapter 1469**

Overgeared God's Affection was a poisoned chalice. Technological advancement might be beneficial to the growth of the nation, but it was right to be wary of the power of religion becoming very strong. Every nation apart from the Overgeared Kingdom wasn't happy with the Overgeared God's Affection. They couldn't turn a blind eye to it.

Intellectuals insisted that 'God' Grid should be served properly. Some politicians made negative comments, saying that it was an act of betraying the goddess of light and would cause great confusion in society the moment they confronted the faith they had served for hundreds of years. However, this was just a minority opinion.

Now it wasn't just all the blacksmiths who wanted to live in the Overgeared Kingdom, but all the technical experts. It was a coincidence that the technical experts were about to be taken away the moment that people were reading the atmosphere of the churches of the three gods. Above all, the three gods had lost the faith of a number of people.

Most of the wise nations declared that they would serve the Overgeared God. This was the reaction of the neutral kingdoms, not the 'allied' ones. The allied nations, who vowed to fight with the Overgeared Kingdom in the great human and demon war, had originally been friendly with the Overgeared Kingdom and there was no internal conflict. They showed absolute trust in Grid and immediately expanded Grid's temples while designating the Overgeared God Church as a state religion.

However, there was a problem. The subject of Overgeared God's Affection was limited to the 'territory directly governed by Grid.'

That's right. No matter how passionately they served the Overgeared God and built the temple, it was impossible to receive the Overgeared God's Affection as long as they weren't part of the Overgeared Kingdom. Kingdoms were forced to change routes. The government took temporary measures such as banning the emigration of technical experts or paying them a high price. The compulsion decree was a meaningless offense since it couldn't tie up a player's feet. Still, there was no other way.

"...I implore you."

The Saharan Empire had a hunch that the situation couldn't be resolved on their own. Therefore, Immortal King Grenhal visited the Overgeared Kingdom in person and bowed his head.

"At this rate, most technical experts will leave the empire. The people will be anxious."

This was going too far. All player technical experts might leave the empire, but the NPC technical experts would remain. They were true people who were bound by the law and regarded the empire as their homeland. However, technology was necessary in all fields. A decrease in the number of technical experts meant that the development power of the nation was weakened. Kingdoms that lost their technical experts would be forced to regress.

"Raise your head."

Grid put down his hammer, but the sound of hammering still echoed constantly in the smithy. 30 God Hands were making items. The first thing Grid did after returning from the Red Sea was to innovate the God Hands and mass produce them. Since the restriction on the quantity of Greed had disappeared, his labor force had to be secured first. Much of the Greed he had was used as a material for the God Hands.

The innovated God Hands inherited 60% of their master's strength and dexterity stats, and reproduced their master's unique skill with 40% strength (performance). They even possessed the 'Craftsman Blacksmith Skill.' Grid's mana was consumed every time the God Hands made an item but it wasn't a big problem. Grid's mana and mana recovery were so high.

[Your God Hand (3) has succeeded in producing a new item.]

[Your God Hand (19) has succeeded in producing a new item.]

[Your God Hand (6) has succeeded...]

"I have been talking with the prime minister for two days. The Overgeared Kingdom wouldn't allow the technical experts to flow in unconditionally."

Duke Grenhal had the power to control the world above 10,000 people while being below one person. Even so, he showed trust and goodwill to the Overgeared Kingdom due to his relationship with Grid. He attended big and small events such as the graduation ceremony of the Overgeared Academy and Lord's coming of age ceremony, helping to increase the Overgeared Kingdom's international presence.

Duke Grenhal did play a role in Grid and Lauel's decision to not unconditionally accept technical experts from other nations. Of course, it didn't mean that this policy was decided purely 'in light of the other kingdoms' positions.'



Lauel looked at the situation realistically. It was physically difficult for the Overgeared Kingdom to accommodate all the technical experts on the continent. They would surely be unable to control prices of some items and land and housing prices would rise sharply, causing economic turmoil. It wasn't good to have security problems ahead of the great human and demon war.

It was better for the influx of a large number of population to be carried out slowly. There was no reason to rush. The Overgeared Kingdom could now afford it, unlike the days when they tried to bring one more blacksmith to the Overgeared Kingdom.

Lauel was also convinced that people were more likely to be crazy about rice cakes they couldn't eat. The more the Overgeared Kingdom prevented the influx of technical experts, the more the technical experts would want the Overgeared God's Affection and the royal families would struggle to control them over time. Once the royal families of each nation came to the conclusion that 'there is no other way but to cooperate with the Overgeared Kingdom,' Lauel painted an image that he was doing them a favor in advance and chose a more friendly way.

In conclusion:

The influx of technical experts wasn't necessary right now. In fact, it was only an annoyance. Therefore, they would win favor from other nations and prevent the influx of technical experts for a while.

Unsurprisingly, Grid listened to Lauel's comments. Grid had absolute confidence in the genius who grew the Overgeared Kingdom this far. Sometimes he ignored Lauel when this person was talking nonsense... it was the story of the black dragon or something.

"We need to live together. By now, official letters should've arrived at all the nations on the continent, including the empire. It is an official letter stating we don't want to steal technical experts from other nations."

"Oh...! Ohhhh! How wonderful...!"

"Don't be so moved. I'm not going to turn my back on skilled craftsmen. My position is that the unity of the continent is important, but I can't stand still when it comes to the development of my home kingdom."

"Truly! I understand! It is good enough now. Your generosity is like the wide sea!"

"Haha..."

Grid knew the look in Grenhal's eyes. It looked like the eyes of the people who deified him.

'I'm a bit embarrassed.'

Grid had a guilty conscience every time he acted according to Lauel's will.

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It was after Grenhal left.

Grid focused on his work again in anticipation of the day when voices started to emerge in the Saharan Empire about 'let's make the Overgeared Kingdom a new empire.' Then he suddenly noticed a disturbance. The guild chat window was quickly being updated.

"Haster?"

Haster had fallen out of the hell expedition team two days ago and now he was asking to be sent back to hell.

"Hmm."

Haster's reputation had been greatly reduced and he was a target of ridicule. He had been absent for a long time and it was impressive to see him apply for the hell expedition. Lael rated his strength as not too bad. Additionally, he accepted Haster in the expedition because he had been told that the Red Sage of the previous generation Red Knights was a great figure.

The result was a failure. Surviving until the 22nd Hell was a great thing, but it didn't meet expectations. Haster once again left a stigma on the title of Red Sage. It wouldn't be strange if Winfred, his mentor and 1st Knight of the former Red Knights, exploded in anger in the underworld.

That wasn't all. Haster even destroyed his reputation as the emperor of e-sports. He even defiled the name of Kraugel, whom he had once defeated. Of course, Kraugel's level had been reset when he was defeated by Haster, but... Kraugel was the one who was most disappointed with Haster, who showed less than expectations.

-Then without shame, he wants to go to hell again.

Some of the Overgeared members reacted badly. Rather than detesting or denouncing Haster, they seemed to feel sorry for him. They were the ones who had expectations of Haster. The longer their game experience, the more they were disappointed because there was a time when they idolized Haster. They seemed to feel a certain sense of loss.

"Mercedes."

"Yes."

Mercedes had recently been keen on training. It was said that she didn't rest from dawn to afternoon, but she stayed by Grid's side again at night. Nevertheless, there was no tiredness on her face at all. On the contrary, she was lively.

'What are those scrolls?'

A bunch of thick papers were inserted into the belt that originally held the secondary weapons meant as extra lives? He wondered what their identity was. Due to this, the weapons tied to the shield rattled. Now Grid's concern was separate.

"What exactly is the ability of the former Red Sage compared to Piaro and Asmophel?"

"Lord Winfred had his own role so it is hard to compare him to the two. I heard he performed independently on any assignment."

“He was called sage so it means he must be very knowledgeable. It can’t just be the level of strength?”

“He is worse in a melee than Asmophel or Singuled, but there are more weapons to deal with. The magic he invented himself can catch great magicians off guard... that is all I know. I’m sorry I can’t give you an accurate answer.”

“No, that is enough.”

Mercedes was a young girl when the former generation of Red Knights was active. It would be difficult for her to measure the skills of the 1st Knight at the time, even with the power of Keen Insight. Her memories would be blurred.

“Can you go and get me the man called Haster? If he resists, don’t kill him.”

“As you command.”

For Mercedes, Grid’s command was the law that was more important than anything else in the world. She immediately unfolded her silver wings and quickly disappeared over the wall. Anyone who saw this scene would think that a great demon or martial god follower had appeared.

After 10 minutes, Grid and his God Hands had made eight items.

“I brought him.” Mercedes returned. She was holding Haster by his neck.

“.....”

Grid told her not to kill him so it seemed he had been beaten until the verge of death.

“Did you resist?” Grid asked the wounded Haster like it was ridiculous.

Haster’s eyes were deep and still as he answered, “I didn’t resist. I just asked for a confrontation. I thought it was a valuable opportunity because her skills are so well known.” It was hard for him to deny it. No, he clearly felt that he shouldn’t deny it.

Haster’s attitude was softer than it was in the past. It didn’t mean that he used to be wild in the earlier days. Even when they first met, his attitude wasn’t bad. He had been polite to Grid, who was much younger than himself. He was once the best player, but he seemed to respect other players. This was what Grid felt the first day he saw Haster. It was just that there was no malice in his eyes. There was a feeling of resignation.

‘Did he lose motivation after being hunted by the hidden class hunters? No, a person who wasn’t motivated wouldn’t apply for the hell expedition and wouldn’t make a fuss about wanting to return. What is with this person?’

Grid didn’t know the fact that Haster once had a favorable attitude toward himself. This was thrown away immediately after meeting Hurent. In any case, even his short past was embarrassing and he became extremely humble in front of Grid. To be honest, he also felt awkward making eye contact.

“So how was it?”

“She truly is strong.”

It was a meaningless question. Haster was unilaterally trampled. He had become a rag while Mercedes didn't have the smallest wound. Even her secondary weapons were still attached to her shields. The unidentified scrolls were safe.

-It is strange.

Mercedes sent him a sound transmission.

-He used Sir Winfred's techniques, but he is still very weak.

-Is there no talent?

-That's not it. It is the feeling of wearing clothes that don't fit on purpose.

-Is he in the process of changing his combat style?

-It is more unnatural than that. I think we need to watch a bit more to figure out his intentions.

-What would he be like if he is dressed in the right clothing?

-He is still weak.

...It was a bit disappointing. Mercedes' assessment using her Keen Insight was very accurate. If she made mistakes, then there would be problems with Grid's safety. Of course, it wasn't known if that was true these days.

Grid looked at Haster with a subtle expression for a while before soon getting to the point. "Do you want to return to the hell expedition?"

"That's right. I'll do my best this time, so I hope you give me a chance."

"Do you think it is worth wasting Yura's time?"

"....."

Haster couldn't answer. He was now able to objectively evaluate his own skills. Why should Yura leave her spot to take himself back to hell? No. It would only cause inconvenience to the expedition team. But...

"I know it is a nuisance, but I want to come back without any shame." Haster believed in his own possibilities. His prime might be over and his physical state and judgment weren't as good, but he didn't want to deny the power of the Red Sage and the power of the seven malignant saints. It was a sin to cause these powers to rot. "Even if it is just the size of a meal... I'll be sure to help you in the great human and demon war."

"Do you think the great human and demon war is a crisis?"

".....? Of course. Isn't the Overgeared Kingdom preparing so hard because you think this? Master Winfred said that I should be wary of the beings of hell."

"Why do you want to be active in the great human and demon war?"

"Of course, it is because of my honor."

'It is better to be honest.'

The potential of the Red Sage was demonstrated by the former Red Knights. This was why Grid thought he should meet Haster. Grid wanted to see and judge him directly.

At this moment, he confirmed Haster's aspirations. There was no reason not to help at a time when even a single missing hand was disappointing. What if he helped Haster only to be stabbed in the back later? It was a silly question. He was no longer at a level to worry about a player's betrayal. If he was still afraid of players, then he wouldn't be able to rescue Hexetia. What an idiot would he be if he became stronger and couldn't trust himself? All Grid needed now was trust, not doubt. Trust in himself and others.

"I understand. I'll persuade Yura. However, there is a condition." Grid had eight God Hands next to him as he sent Haster a sparring application. There was no penalty for dying in a spar. "Fight and win."

"Haha... Are you asking me to fight an AI?" Haster couldn't help laughing. The God Hands—it might be the representative item of Grid, but the limitation was that it couldn't carry out delicate orders. Haster had repeatedly seen Grid's countless battles released on the Internet but he had little admiration for the power of the God Hands. In fact, the number of times the God Hands played a key role was small. It might be different in the early days, but the current God Hands weren't Grid's main force. They were just secondary items.

"I'm confident I'll be able to fight all 30 of them, let alone eight. But... I understand."

Haster laughed bitterly as he realized how far he had fallen and accepted the test. He followed the eight God Hands into an open space. Grid remained in the smithy and started working again. Four minutes later...

Haster returned in tatters and requested, "8 against 1 won't work from the beginning. 6 against 1, no, I would like to start with 3 against 1 and adjust gradually."

He was able to evaluate his skills objectively. Grid nodded silently. In fact, he had been watching the battle using Barbatos' Vision. Mercedes had also been watching from the window. Both of them looked like they were familiar with voyeurism.

## **Chapter 1470**

Haster's hearing was simple and accurate. It was at a level that could perceive space and capture the movement of objects with sound alone. It was a true ability gained by polishing and studying it to the extreme as he became a legend of the FPS world. His sharp hearing was enough to pinpoint the target without being misled by dozens or hundreds of noises, so it was natural to be suspicious that he used a map hack during his prime.

Haster looked straight ahead while stabbing his spear behind his back to block the sword stab of the God Hand. If someone saw this scene, they would wonder if he had eyes in the back of his head. If only he hadn't fallen forward...

'Keuk... Is this a true story?'

Haster had no sense of reality about the situation. What the hell was this attack power? Every time he blocked an attack from the God Hands, his muscles twisted and his bones would ring. His health also decreased. In this way, defense had no meaning.

'There are 30 like this?'

Didn't he say he could win even if he fought all 30? How much had Grid been laughing at him?

'I would like to hide in a mouse hole.'

Haster blushed and turned his head to the left. At the same time, he twisted his collarbone and raised his shoulders. The God Hand's attack struck his shoulder blade. Haster couldn't withstand the attack and leaned back, tightening his waist just before his back hit the ground. The sharp blade swept past the tip of his nose.

Haster reached out to the God Hand which disappeared into the corner of his field of view. He was going to catch it and subdue it. However, he didn't touch it. His speed was slower than the God Hand. He heard a new destructive sound.

Haster immediately grasped the position through the sound and rotated his pelvis. A fluttering cloak wrapped around the sword that the God Hand had stabbed at him with. Haster gripped his cloak and waved it. He intended to twist the cloak like a pretzel to hold the sword and guide the God Hand's trajectory in the desired direction.

'Then use a skill.'

This was a great opportunity. Haster judged, but it didn't work out this time. Just before the cloak wrapped around the sword, the God Hand slipped out.

'It has started again.'

It had become like this some time ago. He was confident that there were no problems with his judgment, but the result was always terrible. It wasn't just that his body was unable to keep up because of his slow speed. There was an inconvenience that was hard to explain in words. There was a feeling that something unknown always hindered his actions.

'Or was my judgment wrong in the first place?'

Haster was fighting 3 against 1. It was a great loss every time his intentions came to nothing. It was the same now. One God Hand was dodged while the other two God Hands dug into his waist. Haster tilted his spear to block the blades and he had to suffer from a torn waist.

'Keuk... Victory or defeat will be decided here.'

He could feel the God Hand that he dodged a while ago approaching from the bottom. He could avoid it by gently moving one foot. He knew it with his senses. Nevertheless, he judged that the situation wouldn't improve even if he dodged this attack. The moment the judgment was made, the body moved naturally.

Haster inserted strength into both arms. He pushed hard at the two swords pressed against the spear and used them as support to lift his waist. He was planning to do a handstand to avoid the attack from the bottom, tumbling to change his position in an advantageous manner.

Obviously, a beautiful picture was painted in his head. Yet once again, the painting wasn't finished. Before he could fully raise his waist, a blade wielded by one of the God Hands cut at his Achilles tendon.

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"It is strange."

Grid didn't stop hammering. He was in the process of automatic production. He was able to make items while looking at Haster's battle using Barbatos' Vision.

"He is a lot less powerful than the God Hands. It is amazing that he can hold on. It wouldn't be weird if he broke his wrist every time he blocked a sword dance. How can he be so persistent?"

There was no feeling of good control. Haster gave an impression that his control wasn't good because he often showed gaps in his posture. During the time when he was cut on the ankle by a God Hand, his hips moved back. It was honestly funny.

"He doesn't focus his strength on the places he hits. Rather, he has a habit of moving them from the shoulder to the weapon. The flow of aura is also in line with that habit. Thanks to this, even if relatively powerful attacks hit him, the power is dispersed and the impact reduced."

Mercedes spoke as she stood by the window and looked at Haster.

"Still, I can't say it is great. The wrist is used less. This limits the path of the weapon and the strength of the strike is weak. Agility is also suppressed."

"Is he forcefully dispersing the God Hands' power?"

"I think he sticks to this style no matter who he fights. It seems to be a deliberate habit."

"Why did he get into this habit?"

"I heard that Sir Winfred used a method of fighting to reverse mana and induce 'withdrawal of energy.' If it succeeds, the target's power will be completely destroyed. It is said that if skills are linked at exactly that moment, a critical hit will be dealt to the target."

Withdrawal of energy was a concept that disrupted resources such as mana and sword energy. In short, it was a terrifying technique to cancel the opponent's skills. If he could link a counter, it would be the ultimate technique.

"Perhaps Sir Winfred made this habit so that he could naturally connect skills 'after the success of withdrawal of energy.' The problem is that he hasn't fully awakened the withdrawal of energy yet. Sir Winfred died before it was completed."

"Um..."

There was a very powerful technique called withdrawal of energy. In order to use it properly, a skill must be used. However, in order to link this technique, specific actions must be carried out first and this was related to Hurent's habits.

'To put it simply. If Pagma's Successor wants to use the sword dance, he must take the strides. Haster has only learned that stride and he can't use it as he pleases? Even taking that stride became a habit?'

Haster had lived with Winfred for over 10 years. He must've completed a series of quests over 10 years. An extreme example was a daily quest to swing the spear a thousand times a day. This was the root of players who had 'teachers.' Unlike ordinary players who grew through adventures and hunting, they tended to live in accordance with the quest. In the process, some habits might've been developed, but it wasn't a strange thing.

'Haster's life was twisted before Winfred could fully explain how to use withdrawal of energy. Haster has to solve class quests in order to resolve these tangled threads, but it hasn't been solved yet.'

During the time when Grid was interpreting it his own way, Haster's health dropped to the minimum.

It was after 15 minutes. It was five minutes greater than his previous record, but Haster didn't seem satisfied at all. It was natural. In order for Haster to be judged as 'winning' the match, he must cause all three God Hands to stiffen. However, he failed to make even a single God Hand stiffen. Initially, he talked about 30 against 1, but he couldn't even handle 3 against 1. He deserved to be upset.

'It isn't easy. in order to cause the God Hands to stiffen, you must deal at least 70,000 damage.'

The God Hands naturally had no defense, but they used weapons. They could even handle shields if they wanted. Means of defending against attacks existed. Plus, they were fast. They could move at approximately 100 km/hr.

"There is a problem with this guy." Mercedes' voyeurism... no, her spying continued. "His perceptual ability is far ahead of his physical ability. It is like an adult moving with a child's body. The party involved must feel a huge gap between his judgment and action."

'Ah... Is that why?' From a third party's point of view, Haster's movements were very awkward. Sometimes his body was clumsy when dancing, so it was a bit ridiculous.

'It is often seen in the low level zones.'

They were people who hadn't yet adapted to their 'new flesh.' People who hadn't adapted to their body in Satisfy, which was different from reality, tended to feel a sense of separation and move awkwardly. It was a particularly prominent phenomenon in the elderly and the sick. However, Haster wasn't a beginner. He was a veteran of Satisfy for at least 15 years. The reason why such a person suffered from these symptoms...

"There are one of two reasons why a warrior would suffer from such symptoms. Has he been unable to adapt to his rapidly weakened body for some reason?"

A small smile spread on Mercedes' face.

"Suddenly, one day, he regained his senses from his prime."



“Haster’s prime ended a long time ago.”

If he suddenly regained his prime, which ended a long time ago... it wouldn’t be strange if the party involved didn’t realize it.

Grid touched his chin thoughtfully and used Overgeared God’s Eyes. Then hundreds of items placed on the shelves appeared in his mind simultaneously. A large amount of information was injected at once. Grid felt dizzy because he wasn’t used to it yet and hurriedly entered a keyword in his head.

‘Stats increase. Strength and agility.’

The information that filled Grid’s field of view started to be organized. He only thought about items with the effect of increasing strength or agility. There were 35 in total.

“That one, that one, that one. That one too.”

All the items here were made by Grid, the God Hands, Ke ong, and the Overgeared Skeletons. It meant they were Grid’s possessions.

“Haster.”

“.....?”

Haster was analyzing the problem while waiting for his health to recover. Then he heard a voice and came to his senses. He looked up and saw Grid appearing with five additional God Hands.

‘Does he think highly of me?’

He might not have won the 3 against 1, but he was qualified to fight in the 8 against 1?

‘Um... If I was a young man, I would’ve taken it as a good thing.’

It had been a while since his youth as the main character of a passionate drama was gone...

It happened when Haster interpreted it freely and hesitated...

“Have you ever played an MMORPG?”

“Of course. I used to be a professional gamer because I loved games. Would I have skipped any genre?”

“Then why are you raising your character this way? You’ve tried it, but you haven’t done much? Or are you the same as me?”

“.....”

It was a personal attack following a ridiculous question. Haster was feeling speechless when the God Hands approached. The new ones that Grid brought were each holding a piece of armor.

“Would you like to try it on?”

“.....?”

“It isn’t like I’m giving you a gift. I’m just lending it to you for a while. You are so shit that I have to do so.”

“.....”

Haster was handed an item. They were epic and unique rated items and the performance of all of them was great. The boots and gauntlets raised his stats by 200. At this point, wasn't it normal to be labeled as legendary instead of unique?

“Wear it and fight again.”

Haster armed himself with the items without saying a word. He also felt the serious atmosphere. He did what Grid told him to do without expressing the questions in his mind. Then the confrontation started again. The three God Hands moved quickly, scattering into the blind spots in his vision and attacking from different trajectories. It was a qualitative and tricky attack. Yet for Haster, the angle of attack didn't matter. He read the sound and grasped the location and path of the God Hands in real time. Then he reflexively gave himself to the judgment that came to mind. It was just like when he was in his prime when he moved the screen, heard the footsteps of the enemy, and immediately took a headshot.

“.....!”

Haster's eyes widened. His body moved as he thought. Those around him were hardened like stone statues. The three God Hands were hit by skills and stiffened while shaking. It was the moment when his judgment, which had been in doubt for a long time, really shone.

He was briefly mesmerized when Grid's voice entered his ears. “If you gain 100 levels, you'll be back in your prime. I think you'll also need to clear a few class quests, but...”

“.....”

100 levels. It was so absurd that Haster dismissed it as a hallucination and approached Grid.

“I... Why did you make items for me...?”

“.....?”

“Do you think I will be so impressed by this goodwill that I will apply to join the Overgeared Guild? If that is the case... your foresight is great.”

“.....”

It was counting the chickens before they hatched.

Grid was smiling when he suddenly became full of expectations. ‘Will there be a lot of synergy with Haster and the former Red Knights?’

Perhaps it wasn't bad...

Of course, some ideological tests are required. Before that—

“Let's win the 8 against 1 for now. You said you wanted to go to hell.”

“Ah, yes...”

“The items aren't gifts so give them back or pay for them.”

Being overgeared couldn't go away once it was tasted. Haster naturally paid for the items. It was quite a large amount.