

## Overgeared 151

### Chapter 151

"Hrmm."

The inner sanctum of the castle.

Regas yawned with a relaxed expression. He had a lot of work to do, so he shut off all contact for a fortnight. He was sitting at his desk and looking at his accounts book when he heard that the enemy invaded and ran out.

There was no inspiration.

"It's fine without me."

The Yatan believers weren't even suitable to be training opponents. He was about to head towards the castle when his gaze suddenly shifted towards the sky. Two last rays of light were dropping from the slowly closing teleport gate.

"Are they strong?"

Regas' eyes shone as he climbed up the stairs then onto the walls. He jumped into the gap between Laella and Zednos, who had been watching the battlefield and supporting the guild members.

"Many people are suffering."

"Ah..."

"Huh?"

Laella's shoulders were shaking.

"What is it?"

Magicians had the ability to detect magic power. Laella and Zednos were able to detect the danger before Regas and they replied at the same time.

"Monster."

"A monster."

At that moment.

Kwaang!

Two rays fell into the middle of the battlefield. A notification window popped up in front of all users in Bairan Village, including the Tzedakah Guild.

[The Fourth Servant of the Yatan Church, Neberius has appeared.]

[The sound of the flute that contains dark magic flows into your ears.]

[There is a loss of balance and loss of concentration.]

[Evasion rate has fallen to 0%. Accuracy has fallen by 60%. Magic casting speed is two times slower.]

[These effects will last until the sound of the flute stops.]

[The Fifth Servant of the Yatan Church, Balak has appeared.]

[He is a demonkin who controls fire. If you enter within 1m of Balak, you will receive 500 fire damage per second.]

[The flames of a demonkin are like God Yatan's breath. Yatan has blessed all believers, increasing the stats of the Yatan believers by 50%.]

"...Whoa."

Regas's eyes sharpened as he made an admiring sound.

'It is time to show the result of my training.'

Several months ago, the Tzedakah Guild couldn't deal with even one servant. But that was the past. The Tzedakah Guild grew faster than others. Now two enemies stronger than Malacus appeared simultaneously, but they didn't shrink back. Regas was confident, but Zednos, the number one wind magician, was different.

"We should give up on Bairan. It's better to go to Winston and borrow troops from Lady Irene to recapture it."

The grey-haired Neberius playing the flute was very frustrating for Zednos. He noticed that there was no chance of winning with the debuffs, which acted as a counter to all physical attack classes as well as magicians.

Laella rebuked him, "Recapture? Zednos, do you think they came to take over this place? No. They simply came to destroy. The moment we abandon this place, it will be turned to ashes. We can't back down. We must fight and win."

"It will waste money and time, but can't we restore the village at any time? Isn't it better than dying and losing experience and items?"

"Is that the only problem? If we lose, all the NPCs will die."

In order to rebuild the village, the power of the NPCs (residents) was essential. The buildings could be restored with time and money, but what if there were no residents? It would just be a ghost town. And in the first place, didn't they learn from Grid that NPCs were no different from humans?

In the end, Zednos agreed, "I understand. We will fight."

In the guild chat window, Jishuka's command appeared.

{Everyone converge. Go towards the middle of the village while saving the NPCs.}

"Let's go."

The rooftop of a three-storey building. Jishuka delivered the command to the chat window and glanced at Vantner. He acted as her escort as she headed for the narrow alley area. She planned to avoid the enemy's gaze as much as possible while heading towards her destination.

But they were already Neberius' targets. The moment they entered the alley, Neberius showed up and blocked the way.

"The power of our church rapidly weakened due to you murdering Malacus. You need to take responsibility for that."

The old man with grey hair constantly played the flute. Nevertheless, he still spoke with clear pronunciation.

'Malacus can't be compared to him.'

Jishuka and Vantner shrank back from the pressure emanating from the old man who wasn't even 150cm tall. The guild members ran into the alley to protect the two of them.

"Leave this place to us!"

"Vantner, please look after Master!"

"Thank you!"

As an archer, Jishuka couldn't exert her power when she was close to the enemy. Thus, the Tzedakah Guild always used tactics to protect her. They were doing so even now.

"Let's go!"

The guild members blocked Neberius' way while Vantner and Jishuka entered the opposite alley. Then they were disappointed. At the end of the foggy alleyway, ten high ranking believers were waiting for them.

"If you don't want to die, get lost!"

Vantner needed to protect his master, so he couldn't be stopped by the poison fog. Vantner advanced through the poison fog and threatened the believers with his twin axes. The believers flinched and were pushed back by his momentum. Vantner used that change to lead Jishuka elsewhere.

They needed to reach their destination. The place where Jishuka could shoot most effectively was on the walls. Vantner was determined to escort Jishuka there, even if he needed to sacrifice his life. But the followers weren't just watching in silence. They rushed forward as Jishuka left the alleyway.

Jjejeong!

Due to Balak's passive power, the elders couldn't be ignored.

"Kuk!"

Black knights were mixed in between the black magicians and they pulled out swords hidden in their robes.

Vantner defended, but his complexion wasn't good. He was a guardian knight, but he had the worst defense because he invested all his stat points into strength, and his armor wasn't that good. But he didn't back down.

"Shit...! This is me! I am a tank destroyer, you scum!"

Vantner used a guardian skill to increase his defense, fighting back against the black knights.

Peeok!Peeok!

Huge strength.

The axes battered at the knights' swords. However, there were 10 black knights. Vantner was soon surrounded and became bloody.

"Kuoh!"

The black magicians hid among the knights and constantly used curse magic. Vantner wobbled and could barely stand upright. He was frustrated as he confirmed that his health was at the bottom.

'Protect Jishuka!' He vowed once again as his courage soared into the sky. But courage alone couldn't overcome the crisis. 'I am the worst.'

Jishuka fired an arrow every time Vantner's weak point was struck, but her expression eventually twisted. She wasn't able to exert her strength properly due to the constant attacks. Meanwhile, the guild members confronting Neberius in the narrow alley after sending Jishuka and Vantner away were also in a crisis.

Neberius used powerful black magic and they quickly died.

"K-Kuack...!"

"Dirty old..."

The Tzedakah Guild was a group where all members were part of the top 200 unified rankings. Every member was a monster. But it wasn't enough to threaten the Fourth Servant, Neberius.

"What is with the strength of this dark magic? It has excellent compatibility with all magic power attributes. Some attributes are even enhanced by the dark magic."

Neberius kindly explained it and summoned a lightning bolt.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The alley was no longer an alley. The nearby buildings simultaneously collapsed. The lightning bolt wrecked havoc.

"You?"

Neberius discovered that the enemies who should've died were still alive and his eyes widened. Then a cold voice was heard from the dust.

"I will kill you."

The number one assassin appeared. He rescued the guild members, then he moved behind Neberius and wielded his dagger. A magician had weak physical abilities and Neberius didn't possess any defensive skills like Malacus, so he was completely vulnerable to the attack.

But he avoided a fatal wound. It was the sound of the flute. Faker's accuracy was lowered by 60% so it was slightly off target.

"Hrmm..." Neberius didn't look relaxed anymore. He touched the wound on his neck and frowned for the first time. "You are quite good?"

"You are good as well."

The colleagues behind Faker were his constant companions. In the past, they had been helplessly defeated by the monster girl Euphemina and trained even harder after their loss. They were also known as Faker's group.

Faker communicated the situation through the guild chat window.

{Faker's group, we are facing Neberius. His magic will be sealed when we draw his attention.}

"Kuk... It's hard."

The number one paladin, Toban, was struggling. He was trying to tie up Balak's feet as much as possible. However, there were limits due to the continuous fire damage. Balak was also strong with the sword and Toban had already allowed several attacks. He boasted the strongest defense and highest health in the guild, but he couldn't help speaking weakly.

{This is Toban. Balak is so strong that I can't last much longer. Where is the support from Regas and Pon?}

Laella checked Toban's words and made a frustrated expression. Regas jumped off the wall to join the battle and Pon had joined after wiping out the followers at the west gate. She could see their situation from the wall and it wasn't that good.

Laella explained the situation.

{The elders are focusing on Pon and Regas. I am supporting them with magic, but it seems hard for them to leave.}

"This..."

Toban trembled. How good would it be if Grid was here right now? But there was no point in wishful thinking.

{Ah... How rotten. Being Jishuka's protector is very arduous. If only Grid made my armor... Damn.}

Vantner started to grumble as he reached his limit. It was a total crisis. However, the strength of the Tzedakah Guild was very scary.

"I've taken care of all the followers here. How about it? Should we help you? Kyaaack~ spit! How strong is a demonkin? Kukuk!"

The three new people who joined the guild, including Toon, assisted Toban with Balak. Faker could also take a breath.

"I came!"

It was Ibellin. The guild was scattered so he added his strength to Faker's group. Neberius was repeatedly unable to use magic. But the good atmosphere didn't last long.

"Pant pant..."

"Shit... It won't work."

"I've never see a demonkin before."

"Balak is Balak, but Neberius is the problem. The debuff is too extensive and effective. I can't attack properly due to the lowered accuracy."

"The evasion rate of 0% is deadly for assassins..."

As the battle continued, the faces of the Tzedakah Guild became darker. Neberius and Balak were both strong, but Neberius was particularly problematic. The top priority was stopping his flute. Everyone had the same thought.

『The Tzedakah Guild have struggled well, but there is a limit. 』

The battle of Bairan Village was being broadcasted by all the media around the world. The users in Bairan Village recorded the situation and uploaded them to the Internet in real time.

『 The situation might improve if Regas and Pon could join the battle, but... There are 60~70 people affected by Balak's passive skill thoroughly marking the two of them, so it can't be helped.』

『In the first place, Malacus was the weakest of the Yatan Servants. The Tzedakah Guild may have defeated Malacus, but it's still a far cry from dealing with two stronger servants. It's obvious that the Tzedakah Guild will be wiped out without the help of the users in the top 10 of the unified rankings. 』

『It's odd to see the Tzedakah Guild collapsing.』

『 But it's incredible that they lasted so long. I don't think that anyone watching this broadcast can argue with the fact that the Tzedakah Guild is the strongest. They are fighting so well, even in the worst situation... It is great. 』

『Personally, Faker and Vantner seem the most impressive. Aren't they doing a good job?』

『Vantner? Are you deceived by the splendid appearance of his swinging axes? Vantner is still immature. He didn't pay attention to defense as a guardian knight and is paying for it. Right now, the best people fighting are Faker, Ibellin, Pon and Regas. 』

『Are you ignoring Laella and Zednos?』

It happened the moment when the experts were giving negative opinions about the battle.

『Eh? Wait a moment. Who is that person?』

A man whose face and ID were completely concealed was caught on screen.

『He is using Fly magic. A magician.』

That's right. The person was flying in the air. Then he reached into the air (his inventory). He pulled out black armor and threw it towards Vantner, who was isolated with Jishuka.

“...!!”

Vantner shouted something towards the man in the sky. His expression was clearly angry. But then he received the armor and smiled. At that moment, an amazing thing happened. Vantner wore the armor and his color suddenly improved?

He seemed alive again as he started to fight fiercely against the elders. The anchors and experts were stunned.

『That armor...?』

The mysterious man suddenly came and gave Vantner armor. What was the relationship between Vantner and the man, and what was the identity of the armor? The videos focused on him as anchors, experts and viewers around the world started to wonder about the man's identity.

In the meantime, the man once again reached into the air. This time, he pulled out a black greatsword.

“...!!”

The man shouted at the Tzedakah Guild members. One of the guild members on the ground held up hand. The man threw him the black greatsword. Then another surprise occurred. The Tzedakah Guild member grabbed the greatsword and became stronger than before, as he started to attack Balak with a terrifying momentum.

One of the experts had a flash of inspiration.

『Ah...! I know that greatsword! Isn't it the weapon used by the butcher who slaughtered the Giant Guild members in Winston in the past?』

An anchor chimed in.

『Yes! I thought it looked familiar! It really is that greatsword! 』

『 No, then that person...? 』

The man in the sky! People's curiosity about his identity was amplified.

And...

The man started to arm himself. He wore beautiful white armor with gold thread embroidered on it. After that, he placed an ordinary cloak over it.

Then.

Neberius, Balak and all the Yatan believers turned their gaze towards the man in unison.

『Eh...? What is this phenomenon? Are they focusing on the butcher?』

『 Does that cloak have a taunting effect? But he's alone, so how can he deal with all of them...? 』

The anchors, expert, Tzedakah Guild members and all users in the area. The attention of viewers all over the world was only focused on one man.

Saaah!

Did he know that hundreds of millions of people were watching him? The man put his hand into the air. Then there was a blue light as he started to pull something out.

『Shark?』

That's right. It was a shark-like appearance. The man pulled out a blue shark-shaped greatsword from his inventory. Then he spoke the shocking name of a skill while the world was watching.

“Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcended Link.”

『Pagma?!』

It felt like the entire world was shaking. As the anchors and experts were shaking with astonishment, a blue-black light filled the screen.

Chapter 152

The smithy in Bairan Village was very good. Until Khan appeared, the blacksmith there was the best blacksmith in the north. But his disciple Smith wasn't as talented. Smith was 66 this year. He had been working as a blacksmith for 50 years, but he was still a beginner blacksmith.

"Oh my, Mister Smith's farm equipment breaks down so quickly?"

"I have to go to another village to buy farm equipment."

"Uncle Smith should've become a miner instead."

"Haha, right. He is just as good with a pickaxe as a miner."

He lived in the area for a few decades, but people still gossiped about him behind his back. Then what about the travellers?

"Dammit, Bairan Village is good, but the blacksmith is rubbish. I can't get anything decent from the smithy."

"The hunting grounds here are for high levels, but why is the blacksmith so inferior? Damn!"

"But isn't he good at making Jaffa Arrows? The price is also cheap. They aren't bad for a fight."

"Not bad is the problem."

It was like this almost every day for decades. Smith was blamed for being incompetent. No matter how hard he tried, it was useless. He reminded himself of his mentor's teachings and repeatedly trained in controlling the fire and iron every day, but his abilities didn't increase. It felt like a witch had cursed him.



"I don't want to give up now..."

Every young man in the village dreamed of being a miner, but avoided becoming a blacksmith. So he had no disciples. Furthermore, he was old. Sooner or later, the lord would make him retire.

Smith wanted to become an intermediate blacksmith before then. He wanted to prove his worth. He lived all his life with iron, but he was going to die as a beginner blacksmith? It was obvious that people would scoff and laugh every time they saw his grave. He didn't want to be insulted even after death.

'Try to remember.'

Smith closed his eyes in front of the anvil. He recalled the young man a few months who he had briefly taught. The young man's name was Grid. His appearance was bad, but he managed to make the Special Jaffa Arrows.

'How did he do it?'

Smith tried. He tried not to miss a single one of Grid's movements when handling the fire and iron. Time flowed continuously. Before he knew it, the moon sank and it became dawn. The sky brightened.

Flash!

Finally, Smith opened his eyes.

Kaaang!Kaaang!

There were no wasted movements. He handled the fire and minerals in a more orderly manner than before.

Kaaang~!

Before he knew it, the sun had risen to the middle of the sky. But Smith was in a trance. He didn't feel the passing time or even hunger. He didn't even realize that people were screaming outside the smithy. With the fire and hammer, he just worked at smelting and tempering the mineral.

And.

"Oh...! Ohhhh!"

Someone spoke to him. Enlightenment suddenly came. It was true. Smith crossed the wall that had been blocking him for 50 years. He was so thrilled that tears poured out. He held the newly created 'Special Jaffa Arrow' and literally fell to the ground.

"Haha...! Hahaha! I'm glad... I'm glad..."

The aftereffect didn't go away. Smith stroked the arrow like a cherished child as he kept crying. His last desperate effort had been rewarded. Then the door of the smithy opened.

"Infidel, you will be judged."

"...?"

Someone suddenly stormed into the smithy. It was a believer of the Yatan Church. What was this? Smith questioned the sudden situation and looked outside through the open door of the smithy.

The village was filled with fire. The screams of people were constantly heard. Now Smith grasped the situation.

"The Yatan Church has invaded..."

Ddubeok.Ddubeok.

The follower slowly approached. Then he pointed his dagger at Smith.

"Die, Infidel."

Smith laughed heartily, "Haha... Yes. I can die. I already have no one."

He had finally overcome the limitations. If anyone found the arrow he left behind, they would know he was no longer a beginner blacksmith. Then Smith closed his eyes.

'I can face Master.'

He felt the eerie anticipating of the dagger approaching his heart.

Puok!

There was a strange sound. A bloody mess spread quickly. But he didn't feel any pain.

"...?"

Smith quietly opened his eyes. Then he witnessed the follower coughing up blood after being stabbed in the heart with an arrow. There was a young man smiling from behind the follower.

"Hasn't it been a long time? Old Man."

"Why are you here...?"

It was Grid. The young man who gave him enlightenment appeared at this moment and saved his life? He thought he had no regrets about his life, but he couldn't help feeling relieved. Tears poured down again.

"Have you been well?"

Smith was thrilled and shook Grid's hand. It was a big hand filled with calluses. It was undoubtedly the hand of a blacksmith. Grid chuckled and pulled Smith to his feet.

"Old Man, you made wonderful arrows."

"Ah...!"

His heart started pounding. He was recognized. It was his first time in 66 years. It wasn't an ordinary person, but a great blacksmith! Smith rose all the way to an advanced blacksmith due to the enlightenment of one night. He could feel the greatness of Grid so he started sniffing.

"I can continue working for the next few years. Continue... I want to keep working..."

Grid patted Smith's shoulders. "Of course, you can work more. This is your prime."

Float.

Grid floated in the air and gazed into Smith's eyes.

"Your workspace. I will protect it."

It was at that moment.

[Your heart warms when you think about the old blacksmith who overcame his limits with commitment and a desire to work.]

[The quest 'Blacksmith's Affection' has been created.]

[Blacksmith's Affection]

Difficulty: B

You are the successor of Pagma's techniques and will! You have Pagma's humanitarian ideology of using 'blacksmithing to benefit other people.'

The new dream of an old blacksmith who passed his limit has inspired you.

You want to reward the old blacksmith whose heart is as hot as fire and solid as steel.

Quest Clear Conditions: Protect Smith's smithy.

Quest Clear Rewards: The lifespan of Smith will be extended by 30 years.

\* Smith is a late bloomer thanks to his effort. He has the qualities of a fine blacksmith. Extending his life will benefit you.

Quest Acceptance Reward: The skill 'Blacksmith's Affection' will be created.

Quest Failure: Smith's life isn't extended.

[Blacksmith's Affection]

If you have the maximum affinity with an NPC blacksmith, you can raise their skill level by 1~5 levels.

The blacksmith who received your teachings will be loyal to you for life and will share with you every time they learn new item production methods.

[Quest is in progress.]

"Wow."

The first time he met Khan he Winston, he became angry in the same manner and learned the skill Blacksmith's Rage. He had come to deliver armor to Vantner, only to witness Smith's plight. Saving him gave Grid unexpected benefits.

'Maybe the world is different from what I thought.'

He thought the world was a place where only selfish and bad guys received profits, while a good person was damaged. But his thoughts changed a bit after being rewarded for his good work.

Grid felt better as he left the smithy. Then his high insight detected exactly 15 Yatan followers nearby. Grid wore Malacus' Cloak and let them approach, calculating the perfect timing.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave!"

It was an absolute dignity. The energy waves from Failure instantly killed the 15 followers.

[The quest 'Blacksmith's Affection' has been cleared.]

[Smith's life will be extended by 30 years.]

'Good, good.'

Grid made a happy expression and turned his attention to the center of the village. The Tzedakah Guild were facing the old man Neberius playing the flute and the demonkin Balak, whose body was bubbling up like lava. But the guild members still seemed to be hanging on. Regas, Pon, Jishuka and Vantner weren't present, but they seemed to be fighting well.

'Everyone is much stronger compared to the time of the Malacus raid. With their current power, won't they just make fun of Malacus?'

Grid turned his gaze to the other side. Jishuka and Vantner were isolated in an area where the houses were concentrated.

"This side is urgent."

\*\*\*

"Pant pant... Damn! You lousy bastards!"

Vantner's health was at the bottom. The damage he suffered was so much that his potions cooldown time couldn't keep up and he was on the verge of death.

"Die!"

"Divine punishment!"

The clever believers started to focus their attacks on Vantner. In the end, Jishuka made a decision.

Kaaang!

She moved to defend Vantner's side from the black knight's attack, causing her to cough up blood. Vantner cried out, "What are you doing? I'm supposed to protect you, not you protect me!"

Jishuka ridiculed him. "Do you have the ability to protect me?"

"Ugh..."

When the Tzedakah Guild quit L.T.S. and moved to Satisfy, Vantner made his character a tanker. He was a damage dealer in L.T.S. so the guild members expressed concern. But Vantner was stubborn. He wanted to be in charge of a different position from L.T.S., so he chose a guardian knight.

Then he immediately regretted it. The tanker's weak attack and slow hunting speed didn't suit him. In order to level up properly, he always had to hunt with a party. The gap with his rival Pon grew bigger and Vantner became impatient.

"Tanker? No."

In order to feel the pleasure of playing alone, Vantner started to put his stat points into strength. He forgot his original intentions of tanking for the guild members.

"How many times have I been told that a tanker doesn't suit me? If Garcia had become our guild's guardian knight as planned, we would've been stronger and more stable. I'm sorry."

"..."

Vantner felt sorry towards Jishuka and apologized while bowing his head. Jishuka smiled as Vantner was feeling depressed, "After this situation, distribute your stat points better in the future."

"...Yes. After the Malacus raid, I have been distributing as much stat points as possible into stamina. I will now go unconditionally into stamina."

"Okay."

Jishuka made a satisfied expression and pulled her bowstring back to the fullest. Then flames started appearing at the end of the arrowhead. She was poised to use the strongest attack skill, Phoenix Arrow.

"Jishuka?"

She was going to use all her mana to get rid of the black knights in front of them? Wasn't it a death wish? The confused Vantner tried to stop her. But Jishuka had already made up her mind.

"I will wipe out all the enemies here. You should recover as quickly as possible and join the guild members."

Jishuka was 17th on the unified rankings. The rankings of the top players could fluctuate with just 1% of experience, so someone dying and losing 20% of their experience could drop the rankings down 20 places.

Vantner couldn't let her make the sacrifice.

"No! I will die instead!"

Jishuka stared at the shouting Vantner.

"Are you an idiot? If you die then I won't be able to escape by myself. Just listen to me."

[You have suffered 2,800 damage.]

[You have suffered 2,550 damage.]

[You have been cursed. Your defense is reduced by 30% and your movement speed has slowed.]

Jishuka was hit by magic attacks. But she didn't protest.

Hwaruruk!

The flames at the arrowhead spread and the whole bow became covered with fire. The enemies would be wiped out the moment she let go of the bowstring.

"Ohhhhhh!"

The black warriors and magician sensed the danger and started their onslaught.

Papapat!

A dart flew and protected Jishuka. Then a voice was heard from the sky.

"Stop. Why are you planning on dying?"

Paruru.

Jishuka blinked her long eyelashes. She didn't hesitate to turn off the flames as she turned her gaze towards the sky.

"Why are you so late? You bastard."

She was touched to tears. She was always sexy, but her puffed up cheeks made her look cute. Grid flushed as his heart was attacked.

"I'm sorry."

Vantner shouted while Grid was apologizing, "Hey! You bastard! Why did you log out while making my armor and where did you go? Isn't this too much? I could've played a more active role if you made my armor!"

Grid threw him an armor. "Then start from now on."

"What do you want me to do from now on... Heok?"

Vantner freaked out as he checked the information of the armor.

[Relieved Wave Armor]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 574/574 Defense: 861 Movement Speed: -4%

\* Reduces the damage received by 60% if your health is above 60%.

\* Increases defense against cutting attacks by 30%.

\* There is a high chance of invalidating cutting attacks.

\* The skill 'Persistence' will be generated.

Among the items made by the great blacksmith 'G,' this is the second piece born with emotions.

It was left neglected during the production process and became anxious. Now it is relieved about being completed. It is filled with the desire not to be discarded twice, and that desire affects the wearer.

It has bad feelings towards its creator, but isn't petty enough to express it.

User Restriction: Level 240 or higher. More than 500 strength. Advanced Heavy Armor Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 1,920

[Persistence]

If your current health is below 5%, you will instantly regain 20% of your health and will unconditionally defend against one of the enemy's attacks.

Skill Cooldown Time: 30 hours.

The guardian knight had the invincible skill 'Guardian's Power' that could stop an attack once. If he used it well, he could neutralize the enemy's movements. Therefore, the guardian knight was a tanker. However, the skill attached to an item was better than Guardian's Power.

Vantner's eyes widened.

'There was a disadvantage that the cooldown is too long and it is difficult to use at the desired timing, but immediately recovering 20% of my health...'

It was truly a legendary item. He was thrilled as he shouted, "Grid! Thank you!!"

Vantner took off his old armor and wore the new one. His defense rose sharply and 20% of his health was immediately restored. Once he became invincible, he stormed towards the black knights.

"Jishuka! Now I am strong! Hahaha! Strong! I will unconditionally attack and protect you!"

Chaaeng!

A black knight's sword flew towards Vantner's back, but it was blocked by an invisible barrier.

"...?!"

The person who was dying had suddenly recovered, and what was this ability? The confused dark knights receded and Vantner started to run like a madman, swinging his twin axes. The enemies focused all their attention on Vantner.

Jishuka was able to widen the distance and her powerful arrows flew without compromise.

Puk!Puuok!

"Kuaaaak!"

"K-Kieek...!"

Two black knights instantly turned to light.

Kaaang!Kaang!

The surviving black knights attacked Vantner, but their swords often slipped off the wave pattern engraved on Vantner's armor.

"You...!"

The black magicians cast magic to stop Vantner, who was rampaging like a bull. But Jishuka was a problem.

“Keok!”

She started sniping the black magicians, so there was no one to stop Vantner. Grid was already looking at another place, “You’re next.”

Chapter 153

The jade fire was a symbol of the demonkin. It was beautiful enough to tempt the soul, but the reality was that it could even melt steel.

Hwaruruk!

Every time Balak’s sword moved, fire flashed in the air and a path of fire was made on the ground. The whole area was suddenly covered in fire.

“Damn, he’s as scary as Grid.”

The center of Bairan Village. There was a black man running away from the ruins of collapsed buildings that were as dark as his skin color.

‘So fast.’

The shape of the demonkin Balak was no different from that of humans. He had a slim body like an adult male. But his skin was boiling like lava. Two big white eyes were above a mouth that curved from ear to ear. The hair was burning so it was really like looking at the image of a demon.

The ghastly demonkin caught up with the humans at a transcendent pace and swung his elongated sword.

Seokeok!

The fire sword cut at the thick outer wall of a building like it was a radish.

Jjejejeok!

Toban would’ve been literally cut in half.

“Kuk...”

Toban groaned as he defended with his shield. His face seen over the jade fire was distorted with pain.

‘This bastard’s passive skill is too threatening.’

He barely managed to defend, but his health kept steadily declining. The flames that spread out 1m around Balak spun rapidly and caused continuous damage.

‘It’s fixed damage, and fire resistance is useless, so it’s definitely a headache.’

The damage dealers couldn’t approach. The fire caused 500 damage per second, so it was a huge burden for level 250~260 damage dealers who had a health of around 19,000. Toon had a high amount of health but he couldn’t see an opportunity. He couldn’t easily move.



Right now, the party was hoping that Toban, their tanker would make an 'opportunity.' Toban had to fight alone for a while.

Kaang!Kakakang!

'Is the attack speed becoming faster?'

Toban was using all the buff skills he had. All the numbers listed in his status window had risen from a few percent to tens of percent more than usual. But it was impossible to defend against Balak's sword forever.

The fastest speed.

Toban couldn't resist the sword swinging at his chest.

Seokeok!Sakak!

[You have suffered 3,900 damage.]

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[You have suffered 7,980 damage.]

The fire sword penetrated through his shield and blood spurted from Toban's chest.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Flop!

Toban let out a terrible scream and fell to his knees, making Balak smile. Balak swung his sword again, as if he wanted to end this. The moment that the sword was shifting orbits.

Toban used a skill. "Swamp Shield!"

Papat!

A thick shield made of slimy mud suddenly emerged in front of Toban.

Kwa kwang!

The fire sword wielded by Balak clashed with the shield. Then it was sucked into the swamp.

"Trying to use a trick."

The sword wasn't pulled in. The tighter Balak held on, the more the sucking power increased. Annoyance filled Balak's eyes.

"It would be easier if you obediently become a slave of the death god (Yatan)..."

The demonkin's voice was simultaneously transmitted to his ears and his brain. Anyone who heard it would feel fear and confusion. However, the opponent was the first paladin of the Judar Church. He wasn't deceived by the demonkin's voice.

"Good bye."

Toban laughed. Toon and seven other Tzedakah Guild members attacked at once.

“Do it quickly!”

Balak had a passive that dealt continuous damage to all enemies within 1m of him. The longer they fought, they more disadvantageous they would be. They needed to attack in an instant.

“Counterattack.”

"Fox Fire Queen!"

"Sword of the Moon!"

"Brilliant Strike!"

"Frost."

“Vacuum Wave!”

The top 100 damage dealers of the unified rankings used their ultimate skills.

Toon stood out. Elephant, rhino, hippo, bear, lion, tiger, jaguar, eagle, snake, wild boar etc! Toon transformed into all types of different wild beasts and precisely struck at Balak’s chest.

"Lord’s Strike!"

It was the moment when the beast master, a rare hidden class, dealt 1350% of his physical damage.

Kuaaaaang!

The energy of the beasts smashed into Balak’s chest.

“You...!”

Balak’s sword was being sucked into the Swamp Shield. He failed to defend properly and coughed up blood. Then the skills of the remaining six guild members hit him. Flaming fists, a sword that seemed to slash the space itself, flashing lightning, frost that could freeze bone and a spear all struck quickly.

They were all powerful skills that dealt more than 1100% of their attack power. However, the sound of Neberius’ flute was the problem. Three of the six skills were non-targeted skills. Their accuracy dropped by 60% so they failed to damage Balak.

“Ah...”

“Wow.”

The guild members were perturbed. Balak, who had been knocked down after four successive hits, stood upright again. Then he roared, “Hell Fire Festival!”

Hundreds of fireballs revolved around Balak! They burned and expanded.

"Doesn't this seem dangerous?"

“Move back!”

It was too late. The guild members tried to get as far away from Balak as possible, but the fireballs was already causing a series of explosions.

Pepeng!Pepepeng!Pepepeng!

It was like a fireworks festival.

"Kuaaaack!"

There were hundreds of explosions around the guild members, causing them to fly back in pain. In particular, Toban suffered a great wound and was in a critical condition.

Crack!

At that moment, the duration of Swamp Shield ended. Then Balak's sword was freed. Balak picked up the sword that fell to the ground and his sharp teeth gleamed as he laughed.

"This time, I will invite you to the sword festival."

"Stupid cubs who used non-targeted skills... Cough! Spit! If you hit rate is reduced, you have to use certain skills you fools."

"Shit... Damn... Why are you so confident... Shut up."

The guild members were turned to rags from the explosion and started swearing. This was the end. Everybody had a hunch.

Toban felt despair. 'I couldn't hunt because I was caught by Grid and now I will die and lose experience...'

It was the result of his incompetence. After this, he would try harder to level up and become stronger. It was around the time that Toban was making a pledge.

"Who is above level 250, has more than 1,800 strength and has advanced Sword Mastery?"

A voice was heard from the sky. They were glad and annoyed to see him.

"What, this bastard? What are you saying all of a sudden? Kyaaack~ spit!"

Toon expressed all their feelings. Toban grinned as he looked up at the sky. The most powerful user that Toban knew, Grid, appeared like a magician. The new members, including Toon, didn't recognize him because he was wearing a hat, but Toban and the other old guild members knew him instantly.

It was because Grid normally wore scruffy clothing when working at the smithy.

"Grid, what are you saying? Level? Strength? Mastery? Why are you asking that?"

"Hey, stop talking nonsense and come down to help."

The guild members grumbled. But they were happy. Pagma's Descendant. The appearance of the legendary class gave them confidence.

"I want to lend you a weapon. I will ask again. Who is above level 250, has more than 1,800 strength and has advanced Sword Mastery?"

"Toban is over level 250 but the other conditions..."

The guild members looked at each other as Grid asked again. There were some who met one or two conditions, but none that seemed to meet all three. At that moment, Toon raised a hand.

Grid identified him and frowned. "I don't like that bastard."

Toon listened to Grid's words and finally realized his identity. "I also don't like you. Kyaack~ spit! You are a coward who lied that you are a blacksmith."

"Whatever, take it."

Grid threw Toon a black greatsword. It was the sword that the butcher, who Toon wanted to fight, used. In other words, it was the weapon that Grid had been using for a long time. Toon recognized it at first glance and asked, "Are you crazy? Why are you giving me your weapon? Do you plan to fight with your bare hands?"

Grid snorted. "Do you think that garbage is my weapon?"

"G-Garbage?"

Toon thought it was ridiculous after checking the details of the +5 Dainsleif (Reproduction). This enormous item that could be called the strongest weapon in existence was considered garbage?

'What's wrong with that bastard? Ah, that's right. Isn't he originally like this?'

The butcher was known for being a psychopath. Toon released the wristblades that he had been using for a long time. He equipped Dainsleif and used the 'Half Man Half Beast' skill.

"Ku...oooooh!"

The muscles of his body expanded like the Hulk. Then grey hair started to grow on his thickened skin. He grew a snout like a wolf and his teeth became longer. He was like a werewolf. Grid checked the changed Toon and sighed.

"There is no creativity... Hey, if you like that sword then buy it from me. The price is four million gold."

"Awooooo~!"

Wolf... No, Toon howled. Then he rushed towards Balak and started to wield Dainsleif.

Kwa kwang!Kwang!

Toon combined human abilities with the power of a beast, making him much stronger than before. In addition to that, Toban and the other guild members supported Toon with buff skills, so Balak couldn't help feeling confused.

"How can a human be so strong...?"

"This place can endure a bit more..."

Grid tied up Balak's feet for a while after throwing Dainsleif. Then he turned his gaze 80m to the rear. He saw an elderly man playing a flute with one hand, while dealing with Faker and Ibellin with the other hand.

'I should first stop that old man playing the flute.'

The magic power from the flute was ringing all over Bairan Village.

"This is the end of that old man."

Grid put his hand into the inventory.

Saaah!

A blue light emerged in the sky. Another greatsword emerged from his inventory. It looked like a shark. It maintained the dignity of a predator.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcended Link."

Ku kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa!

Grid didn't know it, but he was at the center of the world's attention. A total of 20 strikes was launched, dealing 150% attack power with each hit. They were fired without a time difference.

"...What?!"

Neberius cried out as he was dealing with Faker and Ibellin. A heavy rain of swords poured down from the sky. Neberius' eyes widened at the sight. It wasn't just Neberius. The overwhelming attack astonished the world, including the Tzedakah Guild.

"Dark Fire Storm!"

Neberius pulled out an orb. He summoned the most powerful magic of three attributes that were combined in the orb. The fire storm collided with the blue energy swords.

Pepepepeok!

"Avoid it!"

There was a huge explosion. The Tzedakah Guild noticed and spread out instantly. 18 of the 20 swords were offset by Neberius' storm. However, two swords persevered and threatened Neberius.

"This mighty force...!" Neberius admired it and stopped playing his flute for the first time. He hurriedly used magic. "Dark Ice Wall!"

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

An ice barrier was instantly created. Its height was much taller than Bairan Village's walls.

Kwakwang!

The two energy swords were blocked and destroyed by the barrier.

Kururung.

As a result of the impact from the collision, sparks flew and aimed at Grid.

"Danger!"

Ibellin had already felt the power of the black flame and was worried about Grid. But Grid was fine.

Kwaang!

The black flames were destroyed by a flashing Golden Shield, then Grid descended towards the ground. Sharp flashing eyes could be seen from between black hair.

"You!"

Kwajik!Kwajijjik!

Dozens of dark thunderbolts fell and hit Grid. But he was fine?

"Eek...?"

Neberius freaked out.

[The effect of the Holy Light Armor has been activated, resisting the dark magic.]

Grid smiled as he saw the notification window. After the dark thunderbolts were gone, there was a red lightning strike.

Pachik!Pachichik!

An intense spark!

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill!"

The strongest skill!

Kwaaaaang!

A power equivalent to a nuclear bomb fell towards Neberius' head.

Chapter 154

'This momentum...!'

Neberius was 123 years old this year. Thanks to receiving God Yatan's blessing, he lived for a long time and had a lot of insights. The covered man changed the battlefield with small actions? If he was careless, he would receive a big injury.

'Big injury? The slightest slip will kill me.'

Kuwaaaang!

Grid descended to 10m above the ground and then accelerated. The air became turbulent and the earth shook. A legendary class who had the strongest stats and evolved his skills to the highest level with his equipment.

Neberius judged, 'That strength is a scam. It isn't possible.'

Unfortunately, defense seemed impossible. He had the old body of a magician, so it was hard to avoid. Could he offset the power with a magic attack? He would have to consume a lot of magic power.

There were separate and wiser ways to deal with it.

'I have to neutralize it with gravity magic.'

Neberius was a dark magician. His ability to do magic wasn't simply limited to attack and defense magic, so his quality was different from Malacus. He had the title of great magician and could use magic power of different attributes, as well as a wide variety of them.

"Reverse Gravity."

Neberius used the magic that best fit this current crisis.

Teong!

"...?"

The moment that Grid was about to sweep like a hawk snatching its prey... He stopped in the air just before hitting Neberius with Kill. Then regardless of his will, he began to rise into the sky. It was the force of reversing gravity.

"Shi...!"

Grid cursed as he floated like a balloon.

His attack was judged as a MISS and the energy of Kill inside Failure was extinguished. Transcended Link and Kill, two of his strongest skills were consecutively neutralized so he couldn't help feeling angry.

On the other hand, Neberius and the building debris were also influenced by gravity and floated into the air. As if they were being sucked into a black hole, they quickly chased after Grid.

"The situation is reversed. Now it's your turn to be attacked."

Neberius' specialty was double casting. He could complete two magic spells simultaneously with his mind and mouth. He triggered dark thunder balls and dark water balls.

Pajik!Pajjik!

Five spheres of electricity hit Grid's body, affecting him from head to toe. Then three spheres of water exploded, damaging Grid and doubling the power of the electricity.

"Kuaack!"

Grid gave a terrible scream as his body was roasted. Neberius' eyes sharpened as he observed Grid.

'That divine armor resists dark magic but the probability isn't 100%.'

He was lucky. Neberius felt relieved and eagerly started a magic rampage.

Hwaruruk!Chachak!

Arrows of fire and ice were created in succession and flew towards Grid.

'It stinks.'

Grid was still dominated by Reverse Gravity and was unable to control his body in the air. If he compared his current state to a PC game, it was difficult to control because his directional keys seemed to be reversed?

Pepepeng!

[You have suffered 1,160 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,230 damage.]

[The effect of the Holy Light Armor has been activated, resisting the dark magic.]

[You have suffered 1,155 damage.]

'Annoying.'

He had to allow the attacks. His Holy Light Armor alleviated 50% of magic damage and occasionally completely resisted the dark magic, but it was still a one-sided bombardment. Did he have to be a punching bag like this?

'I don't like it.' He was already tired of the one-sided punching bag days of his past. Now he had to experience it again? 'No more...'

Grid rotated his body in the air and reversed his direction. Then he flew towards Neberius who was casting a magic spell.

'I won't be one-sidedly hit anymore!'

Reverse gravity? That wasn't a difficult problem when he thought about it. He controlled his body by thinking of the sky as the earth and the earth as the sky. His many combat experiences had improved the thinking ability of his brain and allowed him to quickly adjust to Reverse Gravity.

"You have no respect for the elderly!"

Grid who was falling towards the ground and Neberius who was flying into the sky. The collision of the two were inevitable since they were moving in a straight line.

'Pagma's Swordsmanship.'

Grid accurately calculated the timing as he narrowed the distance to Neberius and triggered a skill.

"Link!"

It was perfect timing. The moment that Neberius entered his attack range, the greatsword started to shine blue. But Neberius didn't stay still. Clack! He snapped his fingers and released Reverse Gravity.

Teong!

Gravity returned to normal. Neberius and the building debris stopped flying up towards Grid, suddenly falling towards the ground instead. Grid missed the target once again and Link only hit empty air. This was the third skill that became useless.



“Damn old man!”

Grid felt manipulated as he landed on the ground after Neberius. Neberius had already finished completing a new spell.

“Dark Storm.”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

It was the moment when the magic that Yura used to kill Grid and Doran, as well as shatter the Yatan Temple, was triggered.

Flinch.

Grid wanted to shrink back from the trauma but he instead swapped to the Divine Shield.

\* There is a high chance of completely resisting dark spells.

It was an option present for both the legendary Divine Shield and the Holy Light Armor. This overlapping effect was the antithesis of dark magic.

“Haha.”

Neberius thought it was so absurd that he laughed. This person was directly hit by Dark Storm, but he wasn't affected at all? Instead, he was rushing forward.

Pepeng!Peng peng!

He tried to fire magic spells but Grid couldn't be stopped. The performance of the Divine Shield in front of him was better than any Divine Shield Neberius had ever seen.

‘What great craftsman produced it...? I can't help feeling admiration. But it won't do anything against these magic spells.’

Neberius concentrated his magic power on the orb he had been holding in his hand. An orb was a magician's weapon and insurance. The orb could store magic that needed long casting time, and the magic would be immediately used when magic power was injected.

Neberius currently had two spells stored in the orb. They were the strongest spells that mixed three attributes, just like Dark Fire Storm that offset Grid's Transcended Link. What would happen if he trigger two of his best magic spells with no time difference?

‘Victory!’

Neberius was sure of it as Grid emerged from the black storm. He had put away the shield and was holding the greatsword with both hands?

‘Stupid!’

Neberius smiled with satisfaction and poured magic power into his orb.

[Dark Thunder Explosion!]

Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaaang!

There was a strong explosion that blended darkness and thunder in front of Grid.

‘What?’

Neberius could summon powerful magic again straight after Dark Storm? This was Grid’s first battle with a magician who knew how to use an orb properly, so he received huge damage.

[You have suffered 14,300 damage.]

There was this much damage, even with the Holy Light Armor. Grid was surprised but didn’t shrink back. He was determined not to miss the gap where Neberius would be exhausted by the aftermath of the powerful magic. But Neberius still had one spell stored in his orb.

“Dark Stone Blizzard!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

‘Again?’

Sharp stones and ice fragments were created around the confused Grid, stirring around him like a blender.

“Grid!”

“Ahh!”

The Tzedakah Guild members, who had been relying on Grid to defeat Neberius, sighed in unison. In addition to them, everyone around the world watching the battle through TV or the Internet was thinking the same thing when Grid was hit.

There was an explosion of comments in the chat windows of the Internet relay rooms.

-What ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ A legendary class ⇨ ○ How funny ⇨ ⇨ It’s over now ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ .

-What type of legendary class doesn’t think about the magic stored in orbs? Why did he release the shield ㄹㄹ Really, this legendary class is more like a dog. He can’t fight.

-Is his judgment blurred? Perhaps he is exhausted by Neberius’ Reverse Gravity? He seems to have lost his composure because his skills keep being neutralized ○ ○ .

-That’s right. Frankly, the old man is fighting so well that he is bound to become upset.

-A good fighter...The basics...Honestly, even the top 10 rankers would have a hard time against the old man.

-That is a dog ⇨

-No, haven’t you seen the news? In the first place, Pagma’s Descendant is a blacksmith rather than a combatant. It is fundamentally weak.

-Did you see the dreadful power of those three skills? Pagma’s Descendant isn’t weak.

-Pagma might be a simple blacksmith, but he had the best swordsmanship after Sword Saint Muller.

-I had a lot of expectations for the first legendary class ~~ But this...

-It's just trash ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨

-Ah...I didn't think the fight would end so quickly...I just ordered chicken.

Hundreds of millions of people were disappointed or laughing in real time. They had yet to notice. The fact that it wasn't just pieces of stone and ice raging around Grid.

Kakakang!Kwaaaaaang!

'This is crazy!' Neberius was dumbfounded. In the midst of the storm, two golden discs had suddenly appeared and were defending against the stones and ice? The duration of the magic ended. Originally, the hat wearing person should be torn to pieces. However, he was in a relatively good condition.

"This is a headache despite having lower combat power than the pope... Well, do you still have more to show?"

The two golden discs spun around Grid who floated in the air.

Neberius cried out to him, "What is this? What is the nature of those great artifacts?"

The armor, shield and the golden discs, they were treasures that not even the king of a country would have.

"I would've won this fight long ago if it wasn't for those artifacts...!"

Grid approached Neberius like a ghost. He spoke as he raised Failure.

"Don't worry about it. It is my job to be overgeared."

"Ugh! Diamond Shield! Dark Shield!"

Neberius had used all the magic stored in the orb. His magic power was almost depleted, so he couldn't use powerful magic. Neberius strained himself using two unique defense spells at the same time.

Then he started the chant for Teleport. He only thought about running away.

'This is the last hurrah.'

The cooldown time of his powerful skills like Transcended Link, Link and Kill stilled remained. Could he break through the double shields and stop Neberius from escaping? Of course it was possible. The power of skills? He didn't care about such things.

'I have the power of items.'

Grid's Failure fell towards the two layered shield

Chaaeng!

[The Holy Light Gloves option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target five times.]

Jjeejeeong!

'Heok? What the...!'

Neberius's eyes widened as he chanted the spell for Teleport. The opponent dealt such a strong blow that the shields couldn't fully absorb the damage and cracked?

Jjejeong!Jjejeok!

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target five times.]

Jeeeong!

"Heeook!

The two layered shield shattered. There were hundreds of reflections of Neberius on the shattered remnants of the shields that scattered like glass fragments.

Fear. Neberius had lived for 123 years and he was filled with an emotion that he only felt a few times. Then the predator of the sea swallowed him without any mercy.

[Failure's option effect is activated, causing the skill 'Bisect' to be generated.]

[Bisect]

Deals 800% of your attack power to a single target. Some of the target's body must be cut in order to induce various abnormal status conditions.

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

Seokeok!

"Kuaaaack!"

Due to his instinct to live, Neberius instinctively raised his right arm and screamed as it was cut off. Neberius became more frightened as he saw the blood spurting out.

"That's nonsense...!"

He was aware that the Tzedakah Guild had more strength than he thought.

He felt tension from the assassin and young boy, while Balak's feet were being tied up by a half human and an archer. There was the martial artist who took on 70 strengthened elders on his own.

But the hat wearing man who appeared last was special. He was too strong. Despite being a trivial being -user- Neberius was reminded of Yura, who had been selected by God Yatan. That white armor and divine shield that contained enormous divine power, was he someone related to the Rebecca Church?

"I heard that there is a secret temple in Rebecca's Church that is fostering Rebecca's Daughters and assassins... Did you come from that temple?"

Grid replied to Neberius's absurd question, "Temple? No, I am overgeared." (TL: this pun doesn't really translate well. Basically Temple and Overgeared sound similar in Korean.)

"...Overgeared?"

The answer that wasn't really an answer made Neberius' confusion worse. Then he felt terrible pain.

Puok!

The blue greatsword pierced his heart.

"K... Kuock...!"

It was the moment when the Fourth Servant of the Yatan Church was defeated by one user.

Chapter 155

"Finally... To hell... By God Yatan's side... I can go..."

Flop.

The decrepit body of the old man fell to the cold floor. The whole world cheered as soon as they saw him turn to grey light.

『 Oh...! Ohhh! Awesome! The first legendary class, Pagma's Descendant has defeated the Fourth Servant of the Yatan Church! It's truly a remarkable achievement! 』

Asia.

『 Neberius is level 300. He's a third advancement dark magician and a hidden boss. He defeated that enemy alone? The ability of a legendary class is amazing. 』

North America.

『 I wouldn't say he succeeded in the raid alone. Didn't the Tzedakah Guild consume Neberius's health and magic power before he appeared? 』

Europe.

『 If it wasn't for the Tzedakah Guild, would Pagma's Descendant be able to knock down Neberius alone? 』

『 We can't be sure. 』

South America.

『 What are the pros and cons of Pagma's Descendant that could be observed in this battle? 』

Oceania, Africa, and so on. The international media of all continents broadcasted headlines about Pagma's Descendant. There was an uproar in various communities.

-Defeated. A hidden boss was defeated in a one-man raid.

-I thought he was stupid after being hit by the magic ⇨ ⇨ Yet he still managed to win ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨

-Honestly it is true. He won due to his items.

-Yes, I agree.

-What are those golden discs? I'd like to have them. Where did he get them? A quest item?

-If we knew, than would we be here? Think before posting comments on the message boards;

[A review of Pagma's Descendant by a level 269 ranker]

Hello, I am ranked 15th on the unified rankings. Proof? I don't need it. It's annoying in many ways. People can choose to believe me or not.

Then I'll get straight to the point.

Based on what I saw, Pagma's Descendant is just a beginner at combat. Why is my evaluation so extreme? Okay, then I'll change my comment to a 'magic dictionary.'

Magician. Pagma's Descendant used skills against a great magician, but was affected by gravity magic, didn't consider the magic built into orbs and received a great deal of damage... He is the worst in many ways. In particular, he couldn't deal with Reverse Gravity properly, proving that his control skills are bad. Ah, this 'bad' is based on the perspective of a ranker.

Omitted.

[PvP expert commentator RIX on Pagma's Descendant]

Omitted.

The bottom line is that Pagma Descendant's control skills and fighting abilities are plain, while the power of his items is huge.

His white armor and golden shield have high magic resistance. The cloak should have a built in taunt ability and the boots give him Fly magic. The greatsword has overwhelming damage. More than anything else, there are the two golden discs that defended against the damage of a powerful magic that combined three attributes, Dark Stone Blizzard by 70%.

How big is it? It is impossible to measure the value of the discs, but it's most likely a legendary rating.

The point we need to note here is that Pagma's Descendant is a 'legendary blacksmith.' Did Pagma's Descendant make these items himself? How does he do it? I want to commission an item right now.

[Part of an interview with the 3rd ranked Chris.]

Q: It is theorized that Pagma's Descendant is the same as the butcher of Winston who devastated your guild. What do you think?

A: I believe it is correct. I also believe he is the same person who made the Special Jaffa Arrows that became a hot topic in the past.

Q: Is he a member of the Tzedakah Guild?

A: It is natural to think so considering the context.

Q. I will ask you in a straightforward manner. Who is stronger, you or Pagma's Descendant?

A: His raid ability is better than me. Neberius might have weak defense and health, but he is still a hidden boss. I don't have enough offensive power to kill him in an instant. What would happen if I raided Neberius alone? It's easy to drive Neberius to the defensive, but he would've been able to escape.

However, my PvP ability is several times higher than Pagma's Descendant. The class itself might be strong, but his control abilities are the worst. In particular, his skill usage is very simple. I can avoid or counter his skills. I think that most of the top 20 rankers will be thinking the same thing as me.

Q: There are many people who are criticizing the control skills of Pagma's Descendant, but I haven't seen anyone degrading the class performance itself. What type of class is Pagma's Descendant?

A: It combines other elements but its best aspect is the ability to make items. Isn't he the only legendary item maker? The combat power is also the best. Attack power, defense, speed, there isn't anything lacking. His items are good, but I guess that his basic stats are also superior.

I just don't know about the power of his skills. As everybody knows, didn't the skills of Pagma's Descendant miss? (Laughs)

Everyone was enthusiastically paying attention to Pagma's Descendant. However, Grid himself didn't realize this.

[You have defeated Neberius, the Fourth Servant of Yatan, who had been experimenting with many black magic spells!]

[Reputation throughout the continent will rise by +4,000.]

[Hostility with the Yatan Church has risen to the maximum.]

[Affinity with the Rebecca Church is already at the maximum. You will be welcomed when visiting a Rebecca Temple.]

[Affinity with the Dominion Church has increased by +2,000. Visiting a Dominion Temple will give you great blessings. Your current affinity is 3,500.]

[Affinity with the Judar Church has increased by +1,400. Visiting a Judar Temple will give you great blessings. Your current affinity is 2,000.]

[Until a new black magician is appointed, the ability of the Yatan Church to produce black magicians will fall.]

[421 gold has been acquired.]

[Blessed Weapon Enhancement Stones (2) have been acquired.]

[Blessed Armor Enhancement Stones (3) have been acquired.]

[4]

[Neberius' Flute has been acquired.]

[Neberius' Bracelet has been acquired.]

[67,131,050 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level...]

[Neberius' Flute]

Rating: Legendary

It is a treasure that has been preserved for many years by the Yatan Church and influences the minds of those who hear it. The appearance is old but that doesn't affect the ability to produce sound.

When a member of God Yatan plays this flute, it reduces the enemy's evasion rate by 50%, their accuracy by 30% and magic casting time by 1.5 times.

When a member of the three other gods plays this flute, it will increase ally's evasion and accuracy by 20% and reduce casting time by 1.5 times.

When a neutral person plays this flute, a random effect will be created.

\* You must play it for at least five seconds.

\* The duration of the effect is 30 seconds.

Conditions of Use: None.

Skill Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.

Effect Range: A radius of 20 metres.

[Neberius' Bracelet]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 14/20 Defense: 5

Intelligence +30

\* Reduces magic casting time by 20%.

A bracelet that Neberius treasured. It doesn't have much effect, but it is an artifact that is very helpful to a magician.

User Restriction: Level 250 or higher.

Weight: 1

[A hidden function doesn't exist.]

"Yes!!"



Jackpot.

'In particular, Neberius' flute is a big hit!'

Classes that could use buff and debuff magic were very limited, such as black magicians and paladins. Among them, there were very few classes that could use wide area debuff or buff magic. However, if he had Neberius' Flute, he could use wide area debuff or buff magic regardless of class.

'I can't imagine how much it will sell for if I register it at auction... Should I try it out once?'

Grid wondered about the random effects. He started playing the flute.

Bik.Biiik.Bik.

Grid hadn't even played a recorder, so it was impossible for him to play the old flute well. However, the tone of the flute itself was so good that it didn't disturb his ears.

'What is he doing all of a sudden?'

The Tzedakah Guild members who were cheering after Grid defeated Neberius! Those who were still attacking Balak became affected when Grid suddenly started playing the flute. Then their faces turned pale.

[You have heard a bad flute sound. All stats will drop by 30%, making it easier for you to be affected by a status condition. This effect will last for 30 seconds.]

All members of the Tzedakah Guild weakened. On the other hand, the jade flames around Balak's body started to burn more fiercely.

"I feel stronger!"

"Y-You crazy person!"

"Hey Grid! What are you doing?"

Kwaang!Kwaang!

The blazing sword started to attack the weakened Tzedakah Guild members. Pon and Regas, who almost killed all the elders, suddenly faced a crisis.

"Pant... Pant... My stamina is suddenly depleted..."

"The elders are becoming stronger..."

[A random effect has occurred. Decrease the stats of all allies and increase the stats of all enemies.]

"...Wow." Grid belatedly confirmed the notification windows and scratched his head like he was embarrassed. "Sorry."

"This is shit!"

Vantner cursed as he defended against Balak's swords with his twin axes, then rolled far away. It wasn't just him. Most of the guild members fell down because they couldn't endure the power of the strengthened Balak.

"It can't be helped. I have to get rid of this cheap thing."

Grid blamed the item and looked at Balak. He started approaching Balak and Balak hurriedly flew into the sky. Then he created a door to move between dimensions.

"Neberius is dead, so I will step aside today. But I will be better prepared next time."

The magician Neberius had to chant a long spell to use Teleport, but the demonkin Balak could create a dimensional movement door at will. The Tzedakah Guild trembled when they saw him running away so easily.

"We missed our prey..."

"Damn! It was an amazing chance!"

"Dammit Grid... Did you do this on purpose?"

"...I'm sorry." Grid was sincere. Unlike the past, he had a conscience and was truly sorry. In the end, the Tzedakah Guild members couldn't say anything more and just sighed.

"Now, let's restore the village quickly."

The Tzedakah Guild combined forces to defeat the remaining followers, rescued the NPCs and began to restore the village under Jishuka's direction. It was annoying for Grid, but he let Balak escape, so he joined in the recovery efforts.

The Tzedakah Guild members were shocked when they saw him working hard.

"Hasn't Grid changed too much?"

"That... He is a little too good-natured."

"I thought I was looking at the wrong person..."

Toban listened to the words of the guild members and trembled, "Don't talk nonsense. I'm sure he is better than before, but he still isn't good."

At the same time, a super luxurious mansion in Miami, USA.

A blond man watching Grid turned off the TV. Then he turned to the long-haired young man standing beside him.

"You were defeated by that guy?"

The youth with the ID of Box in Satisfy, hid his face with embarrassment. "I'm sorry."

The blond man raised his body from the chair. Then he headed towards the gold ultra-high tech capsule that was located in the centre of the living room.

"Asuka and Black Teddy are also trash. I shouldn't have offered them the executive positions."

"But Asuka's wealth is required. We can't let her go."

"I know."

The blond man who gave off a sharp impression like a serpent was Zibal. He was second on Satisfy's unified rankings and the head of the Snake Guild. He invited talented people from different fields and his Snake Guild occupied the strongest territories of Satisfy one by one. He had ambitions to become a king and evaluated Grid.

"He's a dunce. The fact that he is the only legendary item maker is irritating, but if we can occupy territories and monopolize the secret dungeons of various places, we can also get a supply of legendary items."

Chapter 156

Neberius died and Balak escaped. Jishuka looked at the estate information to identify the exact damage.

Name: Bairan

Size: Village

Ruler: Jishuka Bairan (Baroness. Master of the Tzedakah Guild)

Administrator: Grill (C-grade administrative ability)

\* The higher the administrative ability of the administrator, the higher the overall development of the estate.

Affiliation: The Eternal Kingdom, Earl Steim.

Population: NPCs - 451. Players - 5,104.

Troops: Knights - 2. Soldiers - 103

Security: 10/100

\* The state of security is the worst. Residents of the village can riot, and gangsters and monsters will often pop up near the village.

\* Each time the number of soldiers increases by 10, the security will increase by one point.

\* Security will increase hourly in proportion to the number of soldiers.

Internal Affairs: 269/1,200

\* Increasing the number of shopping malls, public cultural facilities and buildings will increase the internal affairs number.

\* Once the internal affairs number reaches the maximum, the scale of the estate will increase.

Diplomacy: None.

Forces hostile to the ruler: Yatan Church/ Rio Kingdom/ Red Dragon Trauka/ Iron Style Group/ Holding Clan/ Couch Clan.

Forces hostile to your affiliated groups: Yatan Church/ Rio Kingdom.

Specialties: Jaffa, steel.

Distinguished Figure : ★ ☆ Currently one person present ☆ ★

This morning.

Before the invasion of the Yatan Church, the number of NPC residents in Bairan was 700, security was 90 and the internal affairs was over 600. This was accomplished by the guild pouring all their funds over the past 20 days.

That had been destroyed in half a day. Anyone would curse angrily, but Jishuka had a bright expression. It was because of the good news of a distinguished person.

'The distinguished person column was always marked as unknown.'

One talent was able to play the role of 100 people or soldiers. No, maybe he could play the role of a thousand or ten thousand people.

'I wish they could have an administrative ability, but it's still good.'

Jishuka confirmed the details of the personnel menu.

\* If the ruler of the estate or a subordinate has more than 300 insight and wears the Ruler's Sword, there is a very rare chance of finding the distinguished person.

\* If the ruler of the estate or a subordinate has more than 600 insight and wears the Ruler's Sword, the odds of finding the distinguished person isn't bad.

\* If the ruler of the estate or a subordinate has more than 900 insight and wears the Ruler's Sword, there is a medium chance of finding the distinguished person.

'More than 300 insight...'

Insight was a special stat. It was something that users of the commander class possessed by default, but in the case of general users like Jishuka, they would only acquire it after long term management (guild, estate, etc.).

The only user with the insight stat in the Tzedakah Guild was Jishuka, and hers was limited.

'I have 75 insight, so I won't be able to find the distinguished person...?'

A distinguished person appeared for the first time so Jishuka was very anxious about missing them.

"Hrmm, I'll wander around and find them somehow."

The eastern region.

Jishuka ordered the guild members and soldiers here, where there was the largest damage. She observed the residents who were in the middle of the repair work. But she witnessed an interesting sight along the way.

"Hey you. Aren't you good at shovelling?"

"Huh?"

"You have a skill called Shovel Mastery... No, it is your nickname."

"Heok? How do you know that?"

"Wow~ You are really bad. You have such a precious ability, but you kept quiet and played around because you don't want to work?"

"Played around? Aren't I standing guard right now?"

"The war is over, so why are you standing guard?"

"I received an order to protect the residents from the remnants of the Yatan Church that may have survived!"

"Bullshit. Even if there are still some Yatan followers left behind, you should've confessed that you are good at shovelling. There are plenty of soldiers to stand guard, so you should go shovel."

"I-I was seriously injured in the battle against the Yatan Church, so I don't have enough stamina for shovelling?"

"Seriously injured? Do you mean that graze on your forearm? Wow, aren't you a complete bastard? Shovel, or do you want to get hit?"

"...I will do it."

It was Grid. Was it given by Irene? Grid was holding the Commander's Sword and was able to figure out the skills of the soldiers with one glance.

'Does a legendary class have a variety of special stats?'

Jishuka's expectations rose. The Commander's Sword needed a high level of insight to be used properly!

'Can't he handle the Ruler's Sword?'

The confident Jishuka ran up to Grid. "Grid, find me a distinguished person?"

"What nonsense are you saying?"

Grid frowned at Jishuka's sudden words. He didn't ask anymore questions. Jishuka handed the Ruler's Sword to Grid.

[Ruler's Sword]

Durability: 150/150 Attack Power: 150

\* Dignity +60

\* Skill 'Character Observation' will be generated.

\* Skill 'Talent Search' will be generated.

A sword only given to a recognized lord.

It gives you the ability to observe soldiers and residents closely, so it can be used for estate management.

Weight: 200

The Ruler's Sword was an upgraded version of the Commander's Sword.

'Talent Search?'

Grid felt intrigued as Jishuka asked him with interest, "You can use the Commander's Sword, so that means you can use the Ruler's Sword, right? There is currently one distinguished person in Bairan, so please find them for me."

"Are you making a blacksmith do everything?"

"Heheh." She smiled, poked Grid's side and winked at him. "I will personally reward you. Yes?"

"Ugh..."

What did she mean by personally rewarding him? Grid was embarrassed because the sensual beauty + meaningful remark caused his imagination to run wild.

'It has been 22 days but my heart is still pounding... Is this something other than lust?'

Perhaps love?

'Crazy.'

Grid never even held hands with a woman in reality, so it was easy for him to mistake his feelings for a woman. How big was this? Grid reminded himself of the Ahyoung incident and set his spirit straight.

'A woman like this wouldn't like me. I shouldn't waste my time on vain delusions.' He didn't need a human woman in the first place. 'I like the NPC Irene the best.'

Grid was gradually becoming Damian! He put the Commander's Sword into his inventory and pulled out the Ruler's Sword while saying, "As a personal reward, fund Vantner and Toon. They are a little short of money to buy the Wave Armour and Dainsleif."

"Unfortunately, the guild's resources are depleted. I'm sorry but it will take some time. Ah, and take this."

[7]

[21]

[55]

They were precious minerals. In particular, the blue orichalcum could only be obtained from the Guardian of the Forest, so there was no value for it. It was for free? Jishuka grinned brightly at the surprised Grid.

"It's natural to give valuable minerals to the guild's blacksmith."

At present, the Tzedakah Guild gave Grid all the materials when there was a production request. Therefore, Grid was able to make items at no cost and make huge profits. He thought that was enough, but now they were supporting him with minerals?

Grid was honestly impressed. Wasn't it a joy to be acknowledged by others? He felt like Zhuge Liang from the Three Kingdoms.

"Thank you for knowing my value."

Grid replied honestly. Jishuka was embarrassed by his unreasonable confidence and coughed, "You are a treasure for our guild. I will do my best so that you feel like our guild is the best place to live. So let's keep on doing well together."

"If you want to keep doing well, you should call me Oppa... You, aren't you only 24 years old?"

"W-What? Oppa? I don't want to!"

Within the Tzedakah Guild, Jishuka was on the younger side. She was annoyed whenever reminded of her young age. She was accepted as the master due to her leadership and excellent abilities, but she felt uncomfortable whenever commanding her members. Thus, she deliberately abandoned her age. She wasn't aware of her age, just her position as the guild leader. Therefore, she couldn't call Grid Oppa.

"I can't do that."

Jishuka refused with a serious attitude, so Grid guessed that she had her own situation.

'Or maybe she just doesn't like it? Indeed, non-Asian countries aren't so tied to age.'

"Then please."

Jishuka gave Grid the task of finding the distinguished person and went back to work. Grid was left alone and checked the Talent Search skill.

[Your insight is more than 600 points. Due to the influence of insight, Talent Search Lv.2 is activated.]

[Talent Search Lv. 2]

Observes the hidden potential of the target.

\* The observation targets are limited to NPCs belonging to the estate.

"...Does this mean I have to observe everyone?"

As a Tzedakah Guild member, Grid could observe the information about Bairan Village. So he knew that there were 556 inhabitants and troops in Bairan Village. Did this mean he had to observe 556 people? Grid was annoyed for just a moment.

'It's interesting, so I don't mind.'

That's right. Observing the current abilities, maximum stats and skills of the target was pleasant, so he didn't mind the amount of time it would take. Besides, what if he discovered a hidden potential? It would be twice the fun.

'My insight will rise quickly while observing them and maybe I can find knight candidates... This is like killing two birds with one stone.' His knight candidate Jude came to mind. 'Jude, this guy is great...'

He was hunting the frostlight orcs and gathering the sylphid scales under the leadership of Huroi and Romeo... No, Jude and the soldiers were undergoing special training. Grid hoped that they would quickly come back with the sylphid scales... No, he hoped that would return after growing.

-Youngwoo-ssi.

He was wandering the village and observing the NPCs when he received a whisper from Yura. Grid continued to observe the NPCs as he replied.

-Why are you so late?

-I'm sorry.I'm late because I was watching the battle of Bairan Village on the Internet.

Grid stopped.

-The battle of Bairan Village?

-Yes, the first legendary class Pagma's Descendant appeared in public for the first time.

-It was broadcasted on the Internet?

-The Internet and TV.The whole world is currently in an uproar.It's surprising.I never thought that Pagma's Descendant would belong to your guild.

'Fortunately, it isn't known that I am Pagma's Descendant.'

He was conscious of the users in Bairan Village and hid his face and ID. Yura spoke to the relieved Grid.

-Are you in Bairan Village?I want to see the pet that you talked about.

-You're coming to Bairan Village?

-I'd like to try and find out who Pagma's Descendant is.

-Aren't you Yatan's Eighth Servant?Do you think our guild will let you enter?

-I will hide my ID.It won't be dangerous unless you reveal my identity.

-Why do you think I won't reveal your identity?Why do you trust me?

-Don't you and I have a secret relationship?We have a cooperative relationship and I won't act hostile towards you.

-Don't misunderstand me.Anyway, okay.I can't leave this place for a while, so it's better for you to come here.

At the same time, Winston. Irene was informed that Bairan Village was ravaged and rose to her feet.

"Let's join in Bairan Village's restoration work. Gather the soldiers and technicians. We will leave right away."

Phoenix expressed disapproval, "Will My Lady go there yourself?"

"My husband is suffering, so shouldn't his wife go and help?"



“But the road to Bairan Village is dangerous because there are a lot of monsters. Winston can’t be left empty, so is it okay for you to go?”

“We can leave Valdi in charge of Winston.”

"Administrator Valdi can't handle the current work due to the aftereffects of being attacked by the Yatan Church..."

"Shut your mouth!"

“...My Lady?”

"I am lonely! I can't sleep because I have been thinking of him every night! I want to have a child soon! Do I have to say anything else?"

“I have sinned greatly, so please kill me!”

He was an old man who couldn't understand the heart of his lady. Irene was determined and began to leave as soon as the knights were prepared.

Chapter 157

It happened after he observed the 39th resident.

[Insight has increased by 1.]

Grid identified the fifth rise in his insight stat and smiled.

‘The Character Observation skill of the Commander’s Sword is better, but the Talent Search attached to the Ruler’s Sword raises insight faster.’

Grid’s deep eyes observed a young man engaging in repairing the wall.

‘Talent Search!’

[You have discovered the target’s abilities, skills and potential.]

Name: Ian

Age: 27 Gender: Male

Occupation: Miner

Level: 33

Strength: 45/115 Stamina: 69/138

Agility: 21/80 Intelligence: 48/81

Skill: Pickaxe (C).

A young miner in Bairan Village.

\* A very ordinary person. You have failed to discover any hidden talents.

Grid realized it clearly.

'Jude... He is a really big idiot.'

He had observed 40 residents and hadn't found anyone with a lower intelligence than Jude. When it came to the maximum intelligence, the lowest he had seen was 80 points. He had never seen anyone with a maximum potential lower than 80.

'But Jude has a maximum intelligence of 20 and his current intelligence is 11...'

Jude was stupid.

'He's easier to manage if he's stupid, but it is still pathetic.'

Then a man with a solid body approached Grid.

"Kyaaack~ spit!"

The man spat like it was a habit. His grey hair rose into the sky like he had been struck by lightning. He had a muscular body and sharp eyes like a beast. It was Toon, who was ranked 35th on the unified rankings and had a rare hidden class.

He handed Dainsleif to Grid. "No matter how I think about it, I can't buy this."

Grid was puzzled.

"Why? It might have a unique rating, but isn't its performance comparable to a legendary rated weapon? The attack power might be slightly lower than a legendary weapon of the same level, but the options are better. 4 million gold is an appropriate value, so isn't it better to buy this instead of something else?"

Toon made a sour expression, "I know how good it is. I want to have it. But I'm not rich enough to spend 4 million gold. Kyaaack~ spit!"

"If you're 35th in the unified rankings, aren't you popular in your country? Shouldn't you sweep in money by appearing on TV programs and CFs? Doesn't every guild member make money like this? In particular, Jishuka gets a lot of money just from spending half a day taking photos for magazines."

"...That is a story for someone else..."

Toon's voice was weak. Grid couldn't hear him properly.

"What?"

Toon shouted loudly, "I don't receive any broadcast or CF offers! I can only make money through hunting! But I can only earn 10,000 gold a week through hunting!"

For reference, 10,000 gold was worth 12 million won. Toon earned 12 million won a week? It was a huge sum for the general public, but it was different for a ranker. In the case of items with a usage level of 250 or higher, it was virtually impossible to buy good items at 10,000 gold a week, because the price of epic items was over 400,000 gold.

Sooner or later, Toon would be unable to arm himself with the right item for his level. This meant he would have difficulty hunting and his ranking would fall.

"I was a swordsman before I received the rare class, so I have Sword Mastery. However, I have been using wristblades for a long time, so I am most comfortable with them. If Dainsleif was a wristblade type weapon, I would buy it even if it means going into debt. But I'm not foolish enough to do that for a greatsword."

"Um... Okay, I understand."

Toon looked at Grid holding onto Dainsleif and asked, "But why did you trust me and let me borrow your weapon? I could've run away with the weapon? You only met me once and even then I didn't give a good impression... How could you lend such an expensive item to a guy like me?"

A chill went down Grid's spine as he listened.

'I was stupid.'

Yura and the Tzedakah Guild. The rankers that Grid met directly were very rich. They had high recognition because they always appeared on TV, and they swept in money with media interviews, photo shoots and CFs.

Therefore, Grid had the perception that rankers were rich and rich people wouldn't steal equipment. But Toon wasn't rich like the other rankers. It wasn't unusual if he tried to steal expensive items.

'In the first place, there is no law that the rich won't steal... I was too relaxed. There are so many things happening these days that I wasn't alert.'

It was fortunate that Toon was a conscientious person, or Grid would've been robbed of 4 million gold. Grid thought it was time to be more cautious. Then he started to like Toon.

'It is commendable that he returned it instead of taking it.'

Grid said, "If you find a good production method and materials while hunting, bring it to me. I will make an item for you at a reasonable price."

"What...?"

The Italian Toon was an orphan. Due to that, he lived a hard life and fell into the mafia. He was only in the organization for five months and was lucky that he didn't commit murder. However, he did many bad things such as blackmail, drugs, and gun trafficking.

But after seeing Satisfy, there was such joyful content that he could enjoy. Why should he damage other people by doing bad things? He wondered. Then he left the organization in return for his left eye.

Since then.

Toon was talented in the game and became a ranker, but he couldn't completely fix his temper and kept showing violent tendencies. So he clashed with other users and became notorious in Satisfy. He liked to fight, so he didn't have any friends.

But things changed since entering the Tzedakah Guild. Jishuka perfectly curbed Toon's violence and he could enjoy Satisfy relatively peacefully. Now at this moment. This was the first time since Toon started playing Satisfy. No, it was the first time since he was born in this world that people did him a favor with no conditions.

'Grid...'

Toon looked at Grid. Like everyone else, he thought Grid hated him. But now he was showing Toon this favor?

'He is a man with a heart like the sea.'

Grid looked like a great figure to Toon.

'In the first place, he isn't a regular person. He has the first legendary class...'

Toon bowed to Grid. "The other day, I treated you badly and trivialized your workplace. I sincerely apologize. And thank you."

"If you know, then act better in the future. First of all, stop spitting. I don't want to see you look like a gangster."

"Yes, I will try to fix my habit." Toon, who frowned every day, smiled widely for the first time in ages. But it was nice to see. "Then I'm going now! I need to work!"

Grid's eyes sparkled as he watched Toon moving away with light footsteps.

'He is a simple guy, like Regas said. He's acting like this over a small gift, and it will be a great help in the long run.'

Toon would bring the production method and materials, so Grid had nothing to lose. He could acquire a new production method for free and increase his production skill experience. Then he would earn money in the name of a small 'tip.' Toon could buy an item at a cheap price and Grid could gain many benefits. It also won Toon's favor, so he killed two birds with one stone.

'Huhut... Aren't I really smart these days?'

Now Grid had the thinking power of an ordinary person! He became satisfied with himself, not realizing he was only average.

'The Neberius raid was broadcasted, so the existence of pavranium is revealed to the world...'

Grid had planned to participate in the pet marathon by pretending that the pavranium was Yura's pet. However, it became known that the pavranium belonged to Pagma's Descendant, so this was a setback in his plan. Should he cancel his plans for the pet marathon?

'No, it isn't necessary.'

Ssik.

Grid smiled and headed towards the smithy.

“Ohh! Welcome Grid!” Smith welcomed Grid from where he was was making weapons for the soldiers under the command of the administrator. “You have saved Bairan Village. I would like to express my gratitude on behalf of the residents! You are a hero! Hero!”

The word ‘hero’ was heard. Grid felt pride at the line and said.

“I’m not just a hero, but an almighty hero.”

Grid raised his hand to Smith’s shoulder and used a skill.

“Blacksmith’s Affection.”

[Blacksmith’s Affection]

If you have the maximum affinity with a NPC blacksmith, you can raise their skill level by 1~5 levels.

The blacksmith who received your teachings will be loyal to you for life and will share with you every time they learn new item production methods.

[Smith’s Advanced Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship has reached level 4.]

“Heok...!”

Smith was shocked. He felt that his skill had risen dramatically with Grid’s touch. He embraced Grid.

“Thank you! Thank you! I can achieve the best work of my life thanks to you, and now I have received enlightenment again! For you, I will even lick your ass!”

"Nonsense!"

Grid managed to shake off Smith. Lick his ass? It could be an expression stating that Smith would do anything, but Grid knew that Smith was gay. A gay person told him that, so he got goosebumps.

“You still haven’t married yet?”

"Married? At this age..."

“Quickly get married and abandon your strange tastes. And let me borrow your facilities.”

“H-Huh? Strange tastes...? Yes, yes. Feel free to use them. I can give up the entire smithy to you.”

Grid ignored Smith and stood in front of the furnace. He pulled out the Legendary Blacksmith’s Hammer and started smelting the pavranium.

‘I will change the form.’

Currently, the pavranium was in the form of two small discs. The whole world associated the two golden discs with Pagma’s Descendant. But that story would change if he transformed the shape of the golden discs.

Chapter 158

‘Now I’ll start.’

Ttang!Ttang!

Grid had referred to Malacus' absolute shield when making the pavranium into discs.

It was designed exclusively for defensive purposes. Therefore, it had high defense capabilities, but its attack power was significantly lower. It failed to cause a scratch on the enemy unless there was a critical. In order to exert more power in the pet marathon, it would be better to emphasize attack rather than defense.

'Anyway, the durability is limitless. No matter how many pets attack, they can't hurt the pavranium. I need a form suitable for attack.'

However, Grid currently only owned a very small amount of pavranium, around the size of an egg. He didn't have enough to make two daggers.

'Something different.'

How could he make it more efficient? Grid worried for a while before coming up with an idea.

'Needles...!'

Kaaang!Kaaang!

Grid started to delicately shape the pavranium using his overwhelming high dexterity that surpassed all of Satisfy's users and NPCs. He made 30 needles with a 10cm length and pointed end.

"Ohh...!"

Chwaruruk! The 30 needles started to rotate around Grid at regular intervals. They flashed a golden light and their tips were threatening. Smith witnessed the mysterious appearance and was lost for words.

Grid smiled with satisfaction and said. "It's too early to be surprised. Throw that thing at me."

Grid pointed to a heavy hammer and Smith cried out.

"It's dangerous! Won't you be hurt if I throw that hammer at you?"

"Don't worry about it. Just throw it as hard as you can."

"Kuk..."

Smith was unwilling. But he couldn't refuse Grid's command, so he forced himself to throw the hammer at Grid. At that moment, an amazing thing happened. The 30 needles hovering around Grid flew in the direction of the hammer. They spread out in a line? Then they became a small shield that defended against the flying hammer.

Tung!

Grid pointed towards the hammer that had fallen to the ground.

"Pierce through."

Chwaruruk!

The needles simultaneously attacked the hammer after receiving the command.

Puuok!Puuok!

The pavranium was the peak of all minerals, so it easily pierced through the hammer made of steel.

"Good."

Grid looked at the hammer with satisfaction then confirmed the details of the needles.

[30]

Durability: Infinite

Attack Power per Piece: 8

\* Penetration Effect

Golden needles made of pavranium, the strongest mineral produced by the collaboration between the legendary blacksmith Pagma and the legendary great magician Braham.

The attack power is weak, but their tip is sharp, so they can penetrate an object made of materials. However, they are relatively weak against targets made of magic.

If they penetrate the enemy's weak point, a variety of abnormal status conditions can occur and there is a high probability of a critical being triggered.

Depending on the situation, they can combine to create a barrier.

\* They have obtained healing skills due to Goddess Rebecca's blessing. They will increase their owner's health recovery speed by 300%.

\* They have obtained an attack buff skill due to God Dominion's blessing. The owner's attack power will increase by 15%.

\* They have obtained a defense buff skill due to God Judar's blessing. The owner's defense will increase by 15%.

Weight: 5

'It isn't a shape that can be called a pet, but...'

The pavranium had an ego. They absolutely obeyed the commands of their master. So they could participate in the pet marathon, no matter their shape. Then Grid received a whisper from Yura.

-I have arrived at Bairan. Where should I meet you?

-I will meet you at the west gate.

Currently, most of the guild members were restoring the eastern outer gate. In case something happened, Grid set a location that was the opposite direction and left Smith's smithy.

"I guess I need to make another hammer..." Smith muttered.

The new hammer that Smith made after becoming an advanced blacksmith! It was ruined after only half a day, but Grid didn't know that.

“She hasn’t come yet?”

After a 10 minute walk, Grid arrived at the western gate and looked around. But he couldn’t find Yura anywhere. The normal users didn’t care that the village they settled in was destroyed. They just headed towards the hunting grounds without thinking about joining the restoration work.

“Here.”

Grid heard a familiar voice on one side just as he was feeling bored. He turned and saw someone at the entrance of an alley wearing black robes, completely covering their face and body. If it wasn’t for the clear and beautiful voice, he would have never dreamed that the person was Yura.

Grid approached and spoke scornfully.

“Stupid. Isn’t a mask or hat enough to cover your face and ID? Why bother hiding your whole body?”

Yura sheepishly replied, “People sometimes recognize me when I only cover my face.”

“...They recognize your body.”

Yura’s body ratio was indeed perfect. Her three sizes were ideal for both men and women, especially her pelvis and collarbone. The enthusiastic fans of Yura would be able to recognize Yura just by her body.

“Show me the pet that you mentioned.”

“Yes.”

Was she embarrassed by Grid looking her up and down? Yura got straight to the point. Grid nodded at her and pulled out the 30 needles. Yura pulled off her robe as she watched the needles rotating as one. Then she spoke with sharp eyes.

“It’s as you said, but... Are you Pagma’s Descendant?”

“Eh?” The confused Grid replied in the negative. “What nonsense are you saying? Why am I Pagma’s Descendant?”

“Even without this, I saw that Pagma’s Descendant resisted Neberius’s magic and was reminded of you in the past. But I wasn’t sure until now...”

“...”

“Your golden needles and the golden discs of Pagma’s Descendant are similar in material and nature. You don’t have an epic hidden class. You have a legendary class.”

“No?”

Grid denied it until the end, but Yura didn’t listen.

“It is fine if you don’t want to be honest. Whether you have an epic or legendary class, it doesn’t change the fact that you are needed for South Korea. Anyway, considering the usage of the golden discs that I saw on TV, it seems possible to use them to participate in the pet marathon...”



They were too immersed in the conversation. Both of them weren't aware that someone was approaching.

"The connection between a married couple is truly amazing. I never thought I would encounter you here."

A woman's voice was heard from the mouth of the alley. Yura and Grid turned their heads at the same time. It was a typical noble appearance with silver hair, colorful clothes and covered with accessories.

"Irene? Why are you here?"

Grid's pupils expanded. He was alone in an alley with a woman, so he was afraid his wife would condemn him as a sinner.

'Will she think that I cheated on her?'

Fortunately, Irene didn't doubt Grid. The maximum liking didn't fall so easily and she saw the wedding ring on Grid's hand. Irene unabashedly linked arms with Grid. Then she smiled casually at Yura.

"Are you my husband's friend? It's the first time I've seen you. I am Irene Winston von Steim. I am the lady of Winston and Grid's wife."

Yura was startled.

'I heard that Lady Winston married, but to think that her husband is a user... In addition, he turned out to be Grid.'

He was a man who was like an onion. The more she knew him, the more new aspects that were revealed.

"I..." The moment Yura was about to introduce herself,

"My Lady! Danger!"

It was Phoenix. He arrived in Winston with Irene. Irene discovered Grid in an alley while walking down the street. He followed Irene and saw Yura.

"She's Yatan's Eighth Servant!"

In the past, Phoenix had faced Yura. The result was a loss. He lost hundreds of troops and was seriously injured. This time he would catch the girl who dared appear alone behind enemy lines! Phoenix pulled out the legendary rated Sword of Self-transcendence.

Irene's body trembled at the words.

"The Eighth Servant...? You are my husband's friend?"

Her confusion reached the limit and she didn't know what to do. Grid couldn't watch silently and hugged her to make her feel at ease. Then in order to conceal his identity, he pulled out Dainsleif, not Failure, and pointed it at Yura.

"This wicked girl! You hid your identity and approached me! I will never allow you near my wife as long as I am here!"

Grid was like a character from a manhwa. Yura was honestly shocked.

‘Wicked girl...’

Had she ever been called this in her life? Yura was shocked, but she was clever and quickly figured it out. She noticed the situation and started acting, as she spoke with a cold smile, "My original plan was to approach you and take the life of Lady Irene, but I missed the opportunity because of that old knight. Unfortunately, I have to leave for today."

Yura used flying magic and soared into the sky. Grid was able to catch her, but he stood beside Irene under the pretext of protecting her. Phoenix and the knights tried to chase Yura, but they were unable to move quickly through the narrow alleys because they were heavily armed.

Thanks to that, Yura was able to safely escape and disappeared into the other side of the sky.

"Ah..."

Irene had experienced being kidnapped twice by the Yatan Church. She was still unable to escape from that fear and her legs weakened. Grid tried to look as nice as possible as he knelt before her. He stroked her cheeks with an affectionate hand and murmured.

"It's okay. I'm by your side, so you don't have to worry."

"Dear husband..."

The recent appearance of Grid, who had been getting healthier, was quite different than it was in the past. Irene's heart started pounding at his nice appearance. She felt like a fairy tale princess.

Since that day.

With the aid of the soldiers and technicians led by Irene, Bairan Village was able to recover quickly.

Chapter 159

‘I'm going crazy.’

Three days ago, Grid got a job from Jishuka to find a talented person. Grid really enjoyed it. It was fun to observe people with Talent Search, and he could do his task while raising his insight.

But the problem was that Irene appeared along the way. She led the troops to Bairan under the pretext of helping with its recovery, and she hadn't left Grid's side for the past three days. Grid was unable to move freely around the village because of her, thus Grid became trapped.

"Grid... Why don't you do it moderately?"

"Wow, the quality is real."

Bairan Village.

Grid was repairing and appraising the items of the guild members, and everyone who passed by made a lot of noise. It was due to Irene stuck to Grid's side. She pulled out a handkerchief every time Grid sweated, fed him snacks from time to time and hummed when she was bored.

A beautiful woman with white skin, peace lips, big eyes and elegant gestures was treating Grid like this, so the male guild members couldn't help feeling jealous.

'Did that bastard save a country in his past life? How did he get such a beautiful and powerful woman as a wife?'

'I'm really envious... I'm more envious that he is Irene's husband than his legendary class... Sigh...'

'Hah... I also want to spend time with Irene... For her, I would obtain the heart of the dragon Trauka...'

'They're married, so aren't they sleeping together...? Uhh... Grid took Irene's purity...'

They became outright hostile. Grid felt like he was sitting on a thorn cushion.

"I should rest for a while."

"It's a good idea." Irene rose when Grid did. Then she spoke with blue eyes that shone like lanterns.

"You have worked from early dawn, so you must be tired. Let's prepare to go to bed."

"No... I don't need to take a nap."

A user only slept in Satisfy to quickly recover their health or stamina. Right now, Grid's health and stamina were full. He just wanted to leave his spot for a while to avoid his guild members. But Irene was stubborn.

"No. You must sleep. Don't you think that having enough rest is the secret to good health? Now, go and take a nap."

Strangely, she was very determined. Grid questioned it.

'Why does she keep trying to make me sleep?'

Over the past three days, Irene kept forcing Grid to go to bed. She made a fuss in the morning, afternoon and night. Grid didn't understand why and asked plainly, "Be honest. What do you want from me?"

"Huh?"

Irene eyes widened like a rabbit at the straightforward question. The tactless Grid cornered her against the wall of a building and asked again, "Do I have to repeat myself? What's the reason?"

"T-that..." Irene's white face turned red. She couldn't bear Grid's gaze and turned her head away.

"...How annoying. Why do I have to say it with my own mouth?"

Irene spoke in a weak voice.

Grid felt guilty for some reason, but he didn't step back. He wanted to solve this question.

"Yes, you must say it."

In the end, tears filled Irene's eyes. It was because of her tremendous embarrassment.

"Sob... Husband, are you somehow who has the tendency to deal with women in such a manner...? Commanding me to say something so shameful... Sob sob..."

"I-Irene? Why are you crying?"

Grid was surprised by Irene's tears and looked around.

'I'm going crazy.'

If someone saw him now then they would certainly misunderstand. He was the garbage husband who made his beautiful wife cry in public. While Grid was confused about what to do, Irene bit her lower lip. Then like a kitten craving for food, she carefully looked at Grid.

"...I want to have a baby."

"You want a baby? I understand. I will get it right away so stop your tears... Huh? B-Baby?"

Grid panicked and jumped back. Irene ran to him and hugged him. Then she hesitantly pleaded, "I want to have a baby boy. Give me a baby."

"Wow..."

Grid was confused.

'Is she serious? Am I reading the meaning of her words correctly?'

Certainly, Irene had wanted a baby from the beginning. After the first night, hadn't she declared to Earl Steim that she would give birth to several kids? But she couldn't wait and was acting so aggressively in daylight?

'This is completely... No, isn't she too faithful to her instincts?'

Irene was the synonym of gentleness, yet she was acting like this? Grid blinked at Irene, then she drove in the wedge.

"Why aren't you answering? Am I not able to satisfy your tastes...?"

"...Taste?"

"That... I want. Dear husband... Dear husband's..."

"Please don't say anything else."

Grid was unable to stand hearing those words emerge from Irene's pure face and blocked her mouth. Then he was caught up in a boiling impulse.

'It's inappropriate...'

Was he disappointed? Not at all! Rather, she was even more adorable! A beautiful woman wanted him this much. Wasn't this something to be happy and thankful about? His self-esteem as a man rose.

"Let's go."

Grid enthusiastically picked Irene up. It was the so-called princess embrace.

"Oh my." Irene was surprised and pleased at the same time. She smiled shyly before burying her face in Grid's chest. Grid grinned and started to run. The destination was naturally the bedroom.

“What? Why are you in such a hurry?”

“Is Lady Irene hurt or something?”

The guild members he encountered on the way were worried. But Grid and Irene didn't hear their voices. Right now, there were only the two of them in this world.

“Dear husband... Please come here.”

They arrived at the bedroom. Irene sat on the bed in a sexy position and welcomed Grid with both arms wide open.

Gulp. “Irene...”

Grid was drawn in by her elongated limbs, when he suddenly stopped.

‘...I can't respond.’

Was it just Irene who wanted to make a baby? Grid had a strong desire for her. But Satisfy's system restricted sex to only once a month, so how could a user resist? Controlling his brainwaves suppressed desire and reduced his physical responses. He wanted Irene with all his heart, but his body didn't react. What was this terrible torture?

‘The demon who made this game...’

Jeureureuk.

Tears flowed down.

“Dear husband...?”

Irene was surprised because Grid started crying all of a sudden.

“I am just so happy that I can't help crying.”

Grid smiled to reassure Irene and walked up to her. Then he started to use techniques 21-35 that he hadn't used yet from ‘100 techniques to Satisfy Women.’

“I will make sure that you are satisfied.”

Grid's long and thick fingers started to move. After the Guardian of the Forest raid and the creation of Failure and the Wave Armor, his dexterity stat was higher than his first night, making him surpass the realm of a god.

“Ahh...”

Irene let out a beautiful melody as she was played like an instrument. Hot breathing started to dominate the bedroom...

Omitted.

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“Husband, I understand that you’re a great man and that the things you have to do are piled up like a mountain. But please don’t forget that Winston is where you should stay. Please return as soon as possible.”

Thanks to Grid, Irene was able to get rid of her pent up desires and finally regained her composure.

“I will go back now.”

Due to the efforts of the Tzedakah Guild and Irene’s help, Bairan Village was restored to a considerable level. Irene thought her help was sufficient, so she led everyone back to Winston. The guild members watched her leave.

"Lady Irene, doesn't she seem much more beautiful compared to the first day she came?"

“That... Originally, I thought Jishuka looked prettier, but that isn’t necessarily the case now.”

Regas said with a warm smile, "Isn't a woman in love like a flower? Thanks to Grid making her happy every night, the flower is blooming."

“What?”

The guild members became indignant.

“Grid! That beast! That lousy guy, he touched the pure Irene?”

"That woman of all people... I can't believe it!"

“He’s her husband! Is it okay if her husband is like this?”

Grid frowned at the guild members. "I literally used my hands. Now shut up."

"..."

There was still a fortnight left on his penalty. Until then, he had to refrain from meeting Irene as much as possible. If he had to, he would use his hand techniques to satisfy her and overcome the crisis.

He left the smithy in order to enjoy the freedom he had after Irene left. Then he started examining the residents again, but he couldn’t find any talents that day, the next day or the day after that.

‘I have observed more than 400 people but I still can’t find a talent... Is there really a talented person here?’

The restoration of the outer walls was finished. Now the residents scattered in every direction to restore the buildings. Grid followed them around searching for talent, so his insight and persistence stats rose. It was satisfying and fun, but he was still getting nervous.

‘I’ve been searching for a few days, but if I don’t find a talent, did I just waste my time? I don’t like that. Ah... Come to think of it.’

Grid examined the village with the Ruler’s Sword and turned his attention to a small mountain behind the village. It was the mountain he obtained iron ore from when he had a minus level.

‘The special products of Bairan Village are jaffa and iron, and most of the villagers are miners...’

Weapons were needed to supplement the troops, and iron was needed to make weapons. Jishuka needed the soldiers for the sake of security, so she sent some residents to the mine instead of making them participate in the village reconstruction work. Perhaps a resident with talent was hiding inside the mine?

Grid felt expectant and started to climb the mountain. He suffered when he was a minus level, but now he easily climbed the mountain. He ran up the mountain and arrived at the mine.

Kaaang!Kaaang!

Inside the mine.

There were 20 miners swinging their pickaxe. Grid held the Ruler's Sword and observed them in turn. There was a boy around 15 years old? Among the old miners, there was something like a gold star blinking above the young boy's head.

'That guy!'

The excited Grid used Talent Search.

Name: Minor

Age: 13 Gender: Male

Occupation: Miner

Level: 23

Strength: 64/450 Stamina: 89/608

Agility: 51/200 Intelligence: 98/420

Skill: Fantastic Pickaxe Technique (S) Minerals Master (S+) Talent will Reveal Itself (SS).

A boy who has held a pickaxe since the age of five, under the influence of his father who was a miner. Despite his young age, he could collect minerals as well as miners with 20 years of experience.

The villagers believe that this boy will someday transcend the legendary miner, Gis.

\* A great talent. If this talent blooms, he will be the representative of a country in this particular field.

'Amazing...!'

Grid felt a great joy.

Considering the fact that the maximum stats of ordinary people was around 100, Minor's maximum stats were unreasonable and his current stats were very high, considering his age and level.

'In addition, all his skills are above the S-grade!'

Furthermore, a miner? Wasn't he very compatible with a blacksmith? Grid confirmed Minor's skill information. The Ruler's Sword was an upgrade from the Commander's Sword in all ways, so he could determine the details of the skills that the target possessed.

[Fantastic Pickaxe Technique]

Rating: S

A talent that one person per 100,000 people will have.

You can collect minerals at a very fast rate. The minerals collected will be above the minimum grade.

[Minerals Master]

Rating: S+

A talent that one person per 1,000,000 people will have.

The higher your intelligence, the more you will know about the type of minerals in the world, the details of those minerals, and even the places where the minerals will grow.

[Talent will Reveal Itself]

Rating: SS

A talent that one person per 10 million people will have.

No matter how you try to hide, your talent will reveal itself to others. It is your destiny to live a life being scouted by others. You will inevitably receive a lot of temptations.

Your stats will grow very quickly and you will become arrogant.

The final skill was quite annoying, but Grid didn't mind. He approached Minor and commanded, "Starting today, you will follow me."

"..."

Minor stopped his pickaxe and looked at Grid. Then he spoke with a frown.

"Are you the hero who rescued the village and the lady of Winston's husband? I'm acquainted with your reputation. You're a great person. But I don't know if you are suitable to be my master. If you want to recruit a talented person, shouldn't you be willing to pay for it?"

Minor was aware of his own value. In history, the kings of a nation visited talented people to invite them, so Grid had to show his sincerity. But Grid was fundamentally a simple person. He frowned. Then he rubbed Minor's head with his knuckles.

"...!"

Minor felt a great pain and couldn't even scream as he grabbed his head and rolled on the floor.

Grid cheerfully spoke to the boy. "This brat doesn't know who I am... Hey, what does it matter how talented you are? You still have a long way to go. Just follow me. If you grow enough after studying under me, we can go and back and rewrite the contract."

"...Yes."



Grid's current dignity stat along with the options of the Holy Light Crown and Ruler's Sword was close to 700 points. No matter how great his talent, Minor was a young boy and he was overwhelmed by Grid's charisma.

"I will follow you."

"Yes, you made a good decision."

It was the moment that a future minerals detector entered Grid's hands. Grid never imagined there would be a day when he needed to go into a dragon's lair to obtain minerals because of this damn minerals detector.

## Chapter 160

Bairan Village was completely restored from the war and enjoyed a larger boom than before.

There were many users who became fans after watching the Tzedakah Guild's battle through TV and the Internet.

Some of them tried to spy on Pagma's Descendant, but there was nothing to worry about. It was impossible to obtain a clue about Grid just by looking at the video, and Grid's residence was Winston, not Bairan. It was futile placing spies in Bairan.

"If the current trend continues, the population will exceed 12,000. It's expected to steadily increase in the future."

"12,000? Can the size of this village accommodate that many people?"

"We need to expand the scale of the village by raising our internal affairs. But to do that, money is required, and we don't have any at the moment."

"The tax revenue will naturally increase as the population grows, so won't time solve the insufficient funds? Isn't it better to invest in internal affairs afterwards, instead of getting into debt?"

"There is no need to be in debt. Most of the new migrants have a very good feeling towards us. If we get our fan club to donate money to us, we will be able to grow our internal affairs faster than expected."

"Oh...! The women's cries filled the street whenever I walk through the village, are they my fans? Puhahat~!"

"They can't be called fans but... Anyway Vantner, you are pretty popular. It seems that people liked the appearance of you trying your best to protect Jishuka."

"Ohh, really? There will be more requests for broadcasts in the future. I have to quickly earn money and pay Grid for the armor! Puhahat~!"

The atmosphere of the Tzedakah Guild had been desperate when the large-scale army invaded and shattered the village. But now they were relaxed and in a better situation than before. As they were conversing happily, the quiet Faker said.

"This is all thanks to Grid."

There wasn't one person who denied the opinion.

"It was big when Pon and Regas were tied up. If Grid hadn't appeared on time and helped us, we would have all died. We might've managed to stop the Yatan Church if we fought hard, but the damage would've been too big."

"I never dreamed that Grid would make such a big difference on the battlefield when he was brought on as a blacksmith."

"I thought with Grid's nature, he would ignore us when we were in a crisis. But he helped us. I was honestly impressed."

"When I first saw him, Grid was incredibly selfish, but not anymore. His personality has become softer and there is some sense of fellowship. He is growing as a colleague we can depend on in the future."

"We should try to be colleagues that Grid can rely on."

"Of course."

Grid's reliability and affinity with the guild members reached its peak.

'I am proud to see that Grid is being recognized.'

Ibellin had admired Grid since he smashed the Giant Guild in Winston.

"Did you see the broadcast? I watched it a few days ago and Grid really looked like the protagonist of a movie. I got goosebumps."

Laella currently wasn't a singer, but she used to be a global idol.

"I also saw the video. I didn't know it at the time of the battle, but Grid was really nice on the video. In particular, the scene of him showing up to save Jishuka was fantastic."

Bairan Village Castle's meeting room.

The guild members sitting around the big round table turned their gaze towards Jishuka. Then they spoke with playful expressions.

"At that time, Jishuka looked different from usual."

"Right? She seemed to be looking at Grid like a woman. She was blushing."

"Master, are you attracted to Grid~?"

"..."

Jishuka didn't deny the giggling guild member's words. It was true that her heart started beating quickly the moment Grid saved her from death.

"...He was definitely cool. But he's already married."

Jishuka muttered in a small voice with a sad expression. Nobody heard her and kept on talking, with the exception of Faker, who had excellent hearing due to the nature of the assassin class.

'Master is finally interested in the opposite sex.'

Faker gave a rare smile and changed the atmosphere. "I heard that the blacksmith in Bairan Village has become an advanced blacksmith."

The topic changed in an instant.

"Ah, I heard that as well. Isn't it strange? An old man who was a beginner blacksmith for decades suddenly became an advanced blacksmith in a few days?"

"I don't know why, but it's still good. Thanks to that, the production speed and quality of the weapons have greatly improved, so it is easier to replenish the soldiers."

"An advanced blacksmith... I'm looking forward to the synergy with the genius miner kid recruited by Grid a week ago."

"If the power of those two are added to Grid's power... Kouh, it is big. The day when the guild will have the power of an army will someday arrive."

The Tzedakah Guild was a collection of talented people dreaming about the future. They became the strongest guild since the recruitment of Grid, so their potential for growth was endless.

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Bairan Village's library.

"...What am I doing?"

The boy genius, Minor, was exhausted.

For the past week, he had been reading 16 hours a day and was mentally at his limit. He had never picked up a book and now he had to read two books a day? In the beginning, he only read books about minerals, so he was interested. But now he had to read books related to geography.

In the end, Minor got up from his seat.

"I am a miner! Why does a future king's miner have to read?"

A knight noticed his shouting. "Have you forgotten that this is a solemn place? Be quiet and study hard."

No matter how much of a genius he was, Minor was still just a boy. He couldn't take it and eventually wept.

"This is torture. Why do I have to stay here all day reading books? Huh? Sob sob."

"This is Viscount Grid's command. Follow it without complaining."

Jishuka's knight had no mercy. He thoroughly performed his supervisor role. Minor became filled with more spite with every day that passed.

"Grid, that bad man... I will get revenge later on."

At the same time, Smith's smithy.

“Why are my ears ticklish?”

Grid was disassembling, reassembling and enhancing his equipment, like the Holy Light Armor and Dainsleif, in order to increase his understanding. Smith approached him with a frown and suggested.

"Do you need an earbud?"

"...Please act moderately."

He still felt insecure about Smith's gay tendencies. Grid wanted to leave here as soon as possible.

Kaaang!Kaaang!

He kept hammering. Grid was better at disassembling and reassembling items than before, then he turned his attention towards the entrance of the smithy.

"I have completed my mission and returned."

A Mongolian man appeared with perfect timing. It was Huroi. In the last 12 days, he had led Jude and 100 soldiers to hunt the frostlight orcs, and now he had returned. It was finally time for Grid to go back to Winston.

Grid smiled at this thought and welcomed Huroi. Then he observed Jude using the Ruler's Sword, which he still hadn't returned to Jishuka in the name of finding another talent.

Name: Jude

Age: 25 Gender: Male

Occupation: Captain of Winston's 13th Hundred Man Unit

Level: 120

Strength: 1,016/2,080 Stamina: 490/908

Agility: 54/330 Intelligence: 11/20

Skills: Snatch the Enemy's Weapon and Use it as a Weapon (S). Silence (A). I have no Idea (SS-).

A rare fool born in Winston. When it comes to strength, he doesn't fall behind anyone. He is a natural warrior who doesn't know fear.

Unfortunately, his brain is less evolved. No matter how hard he tries, he can never climb to a higher position. It is close to a miracle that he became the captain of a hundred man unit.

'He gained 17 levels and his stats increased by 280.'

A user gained 10 fixed stat points with every level up, while a NPC randomly gained between 6~20 stat points. Jude was a superb NPC who got at least 16 stat points every time his level went up, so it was a truly dazzling growth. But there was one annoying part.

'Isn't his intelligence the same?'

Grid frowned for a moment.

'In the first place, his maximum intelligence is 20... He's so stupid that I won't expect anything from him. Let's check the details of his skills.'

[Snatch the Enemy's Weapon and Use it as a Weapon]

Rating: S

A talent that one person per 100,000 people will have.

If you take advantage of a chance, you can take the enemy's weapon and use it.

[Silence]

Rating: A

\* The default rating of the 'Silence' skill is S-grade. However, the intelligence of the owner is so low that it is demoted.

A talent that one person per 100,000 people will have.

Those with this talent are very reticent and don't boast about what they see and hear.

In general, your loyalty to your superiors is high, so it's rare for you to betray your masters. Most stewards have this skill.

[I have no Idea]

Rating: SS-

A Jude only skill.

You are ignorant and brave. In order to fulfill your mission, you will even run into a fire pit.

You will never feel the fear state. However, the chances of receiving other status conditions will increase by 50%.

If you face a crisis, there is a high chance to activate the 'Fight Desperately' skill.

[Fight Desperately]

For three minutes, damage will be reduced by 50% and attack power will increase by 80%.

'The level of the soldiers rose by an average of 8~10 and there are no victims.'

Overall, it was a great performance. His plan to make Jude's Hundred Man Unit an elite unit of Winston had taken one step forward. Grid smiled and reached out to Huroi. Huroi thought that Grid was going to pat him on the shoulders. But that wasn't it.

"What about the sylphid scales?"

"..."

Huroi couldn't hide his sadness and searched his inventory. Then he pulled out the 28 sylphid scales that he worked hard to earn over the past 28 days.

'I am finally able to create the invisibility cloak.'

Grid happily collected it and said. "As you may have noticed, the sylphid scales are items not easily traded between users. So it is difficult to determine how much to pay you."

His words were the truth.

The frostlight orcs weren't well known and their habitat was so cold that most users didn't hunt there. It was much more beneficial to hunt other monsters of the same level. The drop rate of the sylphid scales was also very low, so its value wasn't known.

Therefore, Grid meant to pay for it in a different way.

"Huroi, I heard that you obtained the Sword Mastery skill after acquiring your second class?"

"Yes."

"Okay, I will make a sword for you. Let's return to Winston first."

Grid returned the Ruler's Sword to Jishuka, said goodbye to the guild members and left Bairan. Of course, he took Minor with him. The guild questioned Grid's strange way of educating Minor, but Grid had asked Minor to be assigned to him and they trusted him.

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『 Satisfy's national competition is to be held in three days, and the number of tourists visiting South Korea is estimated to reach 800,000. 』

『 Considering that tourists for the Olympics averages between 200,000 and 500,000, the popularity of Satisfy's national competition is well above the Olympics and the ratings will be very high... 』

Time passed quickly when one was busy.

Four months passed in Satisfy time, while it was time for the national competition in reality.

"Is this the last one?"

The north of the Eternal Kingdom.

A black-haired man was standing in front of a small cave in an unexplored forest. Then a boy with a sharp impression, who seemed like he would become handsome when older, replied gruffly.

"Yes."

"Okay, you wait here."

The black-haired man, Grid, pulled out something from his inventory. It was a white hooded zip up worn by young people in modern society. An amazing thing happened once he wore it. The man suddenly disappeared. It was a sight that seemed like a lie.

But the boy, Minor, didn't seem surprised at all. He looked like he was tired and leaned back against the entrance of the cave.

Then after a while.

A huge explosion sounded from the deepest part of the cave. It was like an earthquake, causing the forest outside the cave to shake and for birds to fly into the air. But Minor didn't wake up. How much sleep was he lacking to be so deeply asleep?

"Eek?"

The orc group that ran away with fright because of the earthquake stopped as they found Minor.

"Uwekukukrerek (Grab that puny human kid)."

"Ekkukikuk? Eekuik (An emergency food supply? It's a good idea)."

Ssik.

The orcs exchanged sly smiles and quietly pulled out their axes. Then they were surprised as they cautiously approached Minor.

"I can avoid the golems' gazes, but it's impossible to stop Braham's trap. It seems that Stealth is useless against it. I feel bad every time my passive disappears."

"Eek?"

In front of the sleeping boy. Someone's voice was heard, but there was no one there. The orcs doubted their ears and rubbed their eyes. Suddenly, a shark-shaped sword popped out of thin air.

"Kiek!"

Blood spurted at the same time from the five astonished orcs. A man slowly appeared in front of the orcs. It was Grid wearing the Hooded Zip Up. He whistled as he held an egg shaped lump in his hand.

"With this, I have recovered all the pavranium in the Eternal Kingdom. Okay, I should go back now." (TL: This doesn't mean he recovered all the pavranium on the continent, only the ones in the Eternal Kingdom)

If he wanted to acquire all the pavranium that Braham hid around the continent, he needed to revive Braham after receiving the blessing from God Yatan. But it was currently impossible.

So Grid tried to figure out a different approach. It was to raise Minor's intelligence, maximize his minerals detection ability, and then use him to search directly for the pavranium. These actions were enough to stimulate Braham.

[Pagma's Descendant has started questioning my identity? Then I have to take the next step.]

Satisfy's team manager, Yoon Nahee reported it to Chairman Lim Cheolho.

"The emergence conditions for a new legendary class, Braham's Descendant, has been achieved."

Lim Cheolho enjoyed it.

"The truth that Braham is a wicked liar has finally been grasped by Grid?"

"...It seems unlikely."

Yoon Nahee replied to Lim Cheolho with an embarrassed expression.

“Hahaha! That friend is still the same. His name is on the national competition’s list, so it will be a lot of fun to watch.”

“The person who registered his name on the list isn’t him, but Yura, who is backed by the Korean government. It is unlikely that he will participate in the national competition.”

Lim Cheolho gave a meaningful smile. “Is it really like that?”