

Overgeared 791

[Chapter 791](#)

[Do you want to name the item Stone Sword?]

“...No, wait.”

Grid, who was flowing with the momentum, suddenly stopped. He realized that the name of Stone Sword is inadequate. Was it because he heard the sighs of Kraugel and the blacksmiths? No. The cause of Grid’s current enlightenment was the armour he was wearing.

Khan’s posthumous work, Valhalla. It was the armor Grid had never taken off since Khan died.

‘The name of the item is important. I need to think carefully and decide.’

Why did Khan call the armor Valhalla? In fact, Grid didn’t find much meaning in it. It was modelled after the Valhalla armor made by Albatino, Khan’s ancestor. Grid just thought that the name was copied from that. But he found out later. One of the other meanings of Valhalla was ‘house of joy.’

‘Thanks to this, I was able to get a glimpse of Khan’s heart.’

Khan was hoping that Grid would be a huge house-like entity that could embrace many people and give them joy.

‘Yes, the name is important.’

Grid’s thinking, which had been biased towards the design and function of the item, started to activate. Grid recalled Lael’s advice to ‘always think.’ If Khan’s name was simply Iron Armor, Grid wouldn’t have felt the same way he did now. He recognized the weight of the name.

‘In the first place...’

This was a work he made with his friend. It was insincere to his friend to give it a name like this.

“I’ll correct it.”

Stone Sword. Grid’s imposing voice resonated with the blacksmiths who were silent with shock from the name.

"Muksabal." (TL: Generally acorn jelly in a chilled broth. But it can also be slang for badly damaging or disfiguring a face i.e. beating to a pulp).

“...?”

"The sword’s name will be Muksabal."

From a general point of view, the power of the earth was close to the symbol of ‘guardian.’ However, Hero King Grid and Sword Saint Kraugel were monsters of a level that could wield the ground. The ‘land’ they wielded would overwhelm the enemy with its weight.

"That’s why it is Muksabal."

"...Is it really possible to pull up the ground?"

“...”

Panmir forgot the concept of an analogy and asked. Due to this, the solemn (?) atmosphere became awkward, but Grid didn't mind.

"Kraugel, I don't doubt that our knowledge, skills, and experience will greatly damage our enemies. Muksabal... It's a name I carefully thought of. I wish you can hear it in your heart."

"...Yes. I won't speak long words."

There were too many parts to tackle. But Grid looked so serious that Kraugel couldn't refute it.

Just.

'I should introduce it with a different name.'

He could only think of it like this.

[Design: Muksabal]

Rating: Epic ~ Legendary

Epic Rating Information:

Durability: 455~790 Attack Power: 390~650 Defense: 100~188

* The options are unforeseen.

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 667~980 Attack Power: 493~817 Defense: 140~246

* The options are unforeseen.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: ??? Attack Power: ??? Defense: ???

* The options are unforeseen.

A weapon design from Blacksmith Grid, who has gone beyond a legend and is becoming a myth, and Sword Saint Kraugel.

It is in the form of a sword, with a knuckle bow at the handle. The purpose is to protect the hands. The knuckle bow is designed as a miniature crown and looks great. The top part of the handle extends from side to side, giving the illusion that there are two handles. The special sword will allow for anomalous attacks and will also defend against enemy attacks.

The material of the sword is the 10,000 year stone or bloodstone and will vary significantly depending on the material.

The weight is so heavy that people with low strength can't swing it. However, it's a very ideal sword with no flaws in its balance.

Weight: 6,800~13,900

Conditions of Use: Unforeseen

'If I make it with the 10,000 year stone, the minimum stats will be applied. When made with bloodstone, the maximum stats will apply. On the other hand, the weight will be overwhelming high when I use the 10,000 year stone.'

Grid's face blossomed like a flower as he confirmed the finished design. He didn't know exactly what the options were yet, but it was a very good weapon when just looking at the attributes. Wasn't an epic rated one-handed sword guaranteed at least 390 attack power and 100 defense? It was hard to find a comparable performance among the level 300 items.

'In addition, the level limit of Muksabal is likely to be very low.'

The ideal sword that Kraugel thought about was a 'wearable sword' and Grid also focused on Kraugel's ideals. In other words, it had high versatility and practicality. There was a high weight due to the characteristics of the materials, but those who had the minimum strength would be able to handle Muksabal easily.

'The high cost of the 10,000 year stone will mean it will take a long time before I can distribute it to the soldiers... Let's distribute it to the knights first.'

It was a powerful weapon that couldn't be compared to the mass-produced Grid weapons. The unique rated Muksabal was superior to the attack power of many legendary weapons. It was clear that the strength of the Overgeared Knights would grow by leaps and bounds.

Grid was delighted and now the most important task remained. It was to produce it.

"Kraugel, give me the White Tiger's Breath."

"Yes."

A material that couldn't be obtained unless a hidden quest on the East Continent was cleared or a gold medal was won in the National Competition. Kraugel handled the white bead that was worth an astronomical amount to Grid without hesitation. In front of the blast furnace where the white phosphorus wood was still burning, Grid was reminded of the time he made the Red Phoenix Bow and the Enlightenment Sword.

'The basic premise for making a myth rated weapon is strengthening the core materials.

With the Red Phoenix Bow, he strengthened the Red Phoenix Breath and with the Enlightenment Sword, he strengthened Belial's Horn. Looking back now, it was very hard work. It would take at least three days, the long task of hammering on one item for a week and even delicate techniques. It was physically and mentally hard.

The biggest problem was the 'resistance' of the item. The Red Phoenix's Breath emitted hot fire every time it was hit with a hammer while Belial's Horn exploded. If Grid didn't have the combination of high defense and stamina, it would be impossible to strengthen both the Red Phoenix Breath and Belial's Horn. He would've been dead after hammering a few times!

'The White Tiger's Breath will also resist.'

It could take more than a week for smelting, assuming it had a temper.

'It won't be easy.'

He was afraid when thinking about the pain he would have to endure. Grid needed to control his mind. After taking several deep breaths, Grid's expression relaxed. Kraugel and Panmir had no choice but to misunderstand. They thought that Grid was nervous about a high-rated item not appearing. They never imagined that he was afraid of the act of making an item itself.

It was natural. So far, all the blacksmithing work they had seen, heard, and experienced was ordinary. Yes, most blacksmiths produced items by pressing a single 'production' button. Even Panmir, who was proud of making items by hand, relied on all types of systems. They couldn't predict how much effort and time Grid placed into making items.

"Okay. Let's start the production."

He acted fast once the preparations were over. Grid put the White Tiger's Breath into the furnace. The temperature in the furnace rapidly increased and the white bead heated up.

[The temperature is too high!]

"Kuk...!"

Panmir watched Grid and sighed. Grid aggressively utilized the characteristics of the white phosphorus wood and continued to raise the temperature of the furnace. Panmir was burned despite watching from a few meters away. Panmir clutched his burning forearm and belatedly realized. Apart from himself, the other blacksmiths were already far away from Grid's furnace. It was the same even for White, the greatest of the four blacksmiths.

'Even the craftsmen can't endure the temperature?'

It was amazing that Grid instantly generated such a high temperature! As Panmir was feeling surprise beyond admiration.

Puooook!

Chik!Chiiiiik!

Grid removed the red bead and started quenching it. The bucket that was filled with at least 100 liters of water started boiling like lava. Kraugel, who had been watching from Grid's side, avoided the water drops using Super Sensitivity. It was an almost instinctive motion.

"Ohh! Truly a Sword Saint...!"

The blacksmiths marvelled at Kraugel's brilliant movements while Kraugel wondered.

'Was making an item originally so urgent and dangerous?'

Teong!

Grid put the bead on his anvil. He still looked grim. He was like a warrior on the battlefield. Kraugel couldn't help gulping at the momentum.

Ttaaang!

Grid finally started hammering. The moment that his hammer hit the White Tiger's Breath.

Kwarururung!

The White Tiger's Breath roared. Heavy shaking! Sharp thorns made of stones emerged like a hedgehog.

"Kuk...!"

Grid's cheeks, neck, and wrists were wounded. He couldn't completely evade the thorns that came from the White Tiger's Breath.

"Grid...!"

"Your Majesty!"

The confused Kraugel and blacksmiths shouted. But they weren't in a position to go forward. This was a battlefield only for Grid. There was no one who could help Grid without his permission. Grid wiped the blood flowing down his cheeks and laughed.

"This bastard, you are high-grade."

Its nature was fiercer than the Red Phoenix's Breath and Belial's Horn. Why was this white tiger so dirty?'

'It's impossible to fight this guy twice in a row.'

Grid judged for a moment, temporarily stopped the hammering and pulled out his White Tiger's Breath. Then he threw it straight into the furnace.

'It is better to fight just once.'

That's right. Grid intended to simultaneously strengthen the two White Tiger's Breaths. The biggest problem was time. Grid had to go to the empire in two weeks. That was when the walls would collapse. He needed to finish producing the items then.

"Kraugel, I need your help to smelt both of them at once."

"Say it."

"Give me potions."

"...?"

After a moment.

Ttaaang!

Grid placed the two White Tiger's Breaths next to each other and resumed hammering.

The White Tiger's Breaths let out a large number of thorns every time they were hit by a hammer. Grid was wounded, yet he kept wielding his hammer. When his wounds accumulated, Kraugel fed him potions to restore his health. Avoiding the thorns that stretched out everywhere!

Ttang!Ttang!

"Kraugel! Potion!"

"Drink. It's on the left. Avoid it."

"Keuk! I failed to avoid it again!"

"It's difficult to avoid attacks that have already started to fly. Watch the actions of the enemy and try to predict the direction of attack."

"Yes, I understand!"

Ttang!Ttang!Ttaang~!

"..."

Grid was fiercely concentrating during the hammering while Kraugel ran around and helped him. Panmir watched the amazing scene of the best players fighting together and felt something strange.

'Is this really making an item?'

It was steadily completed. The two divine swords!

[Chapter 792](#)

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

Hwaruruk!

Chiiiiik!

The repetition of smelting and hammering. Grid kept doing this for a full day. But the two White Tiger's Breaths didn't yield. They resisted the flames and hammering to the end, becoming more ferocious. Every time they were hit by Grid's hammer, the thorns spread out faster than before.

Ttaaang!

[You have wounded the pride of the noble White Tiger!]

[The White Tiger is angry!]

[You have suffered 890 damage.]

[You have suffered 844 damage...]

...

...

'This guy is like a yangban compared to the Red Phoenix.'

It was like a hedgehog trying to protect itself. Whenever it was shocked, the White Tiger shot out dozens of thorns and Grid's face became covered in wounds. He was displeased with the phrase 'the pride of the noble White Tiger.' The White Tiger's Breaths attacked every time its pride was damaged, so it was easy to tell how arrogant the White Tiger was.

'One day in the East Continent.'

Ttaang~!Ttang!

'If I happen to meet with the sacred creatures.'

Kwaruk!Kwaruruk.

'It is better not to associate with the White Tiger. No, I shouldn't meet it at all.'

However, Grid had no time to think about it while hammering. He moved without hesitation to escape the thorns. Grid wasn't yet aware. The number of times Kraugel fed him potions was gradually diminishing.

'This was his intention.' Kraugel's eyes shone. 'Why did Grid face it directly without resorting to the God Hands... He's trying to understand the hidden intent and to analyze the patterns to develop his evasive power.'

Grid thought up to here when creating an item? Grid wanted to make up what he was lacking. Kraugel admired Grid's spirit.

'This type of effort made him what he is now.'

Was Kraugel, who looked at Grid with warm eyes, misunderstanding? Wasn't the reason why Grid didn't bring out the God Hands was because he was so immersed in making an item that he didn't use his head? No. It was what he intended.

Grid took the resistance of the White Tiger's Breaths as a training opportunity. Practicing to avoid attacks when making items was better than easily defending with the God Hands. In other words, he focused on expanding his thinking and mastering control.

He calculated it from the beginning. Kraugel discovered this. However, Kraugel didn't notice one thing.

That's right.

[The experience of Tiramet's Belt (Unique) has increased by 0.01%!]

It was raising the experience of his items. The quality of the White Tiger's Breaths was high and the power was low, so the experience of Tiramet's Belt was steadily rising. It barely rose by 0.01% every thousand hits, but wasn't it still good?

'If this was classified as a hit, the experience of Elfin Stone's Ring could rise as well. It's a shame.'

That's right. Grid was aiming at three things while making the item. Improving his control skills, his item experience, and his thinking ability.

Ttang!

Ttang!

Of course, he didn't intend to make the item roughly. The present Grid wasn't foolish enough to waste the White Tiger Breaths. The most important part for Grid was the production of items, so he did his best to strengthen the White Tiger's Breaths. He was in such a state of concentration that he could count exactly how many sparks flew every time he hammered.

But the result wasn't good.

Kwaruruk.

"Kuk...!"

Time passed. On the third day of the production, Grid was mentally tired. The momentum of the White Tiger's Breath wasn't lowered at all.

'No, how stubborn is it?'

It was too strong compared to other production materials in the same class. Despite the repeated smelting and hammering, the White Tiger's Breaths kept their original shape. Grid recalled the phrase 'pride of the noble White Tiger' and saw the White Tiger's nature as the reason for the lack of progress.

'No, wait.'

He realized it only on the third night.

'Isn't this a matter of attribute rather than personality?'

The White Tiger had the earth attribute. And earth was strong against fire. As soon as he was reminded of the basics, Grid noticed that this work was wrong from the beginning.

'The White Tiger's Breath is the energy of the earth itself... It is a material that can't be smelted with conventional methods.'

He had a headache. Kraugel, who had been guarding Grid for three days, saw that Grid stopped hammering and frowned as he noticed that something was wrong.

"What's going on?"

"I can't smelt it."

"...?"

Panmir was surprised from where he was sleeping on a mat to the side.

"What do you mean by you can't smelt it?"

In the last three days, Panmir had been watching Grid's every move. He didn't want to miss anything about the legendary blacksmith's work. He saw that there was nothing wrong with Grid's actions. Grid's workmanship was the best. Nevertheless, the White Tiger's Breaths remained in their original form. Wasn't it because it couldn't be smelted?

"Then is it impossible to make the item?"

Panmir had no experience in dealing with myth rated materials and was confused. Unlike Kraugel, who was forced to stay silent because this wasn't his world, Panmir thought about it.

"Is the temperature of the fire lacking? Isn't the melting point very high because it is a material of the earth attribute?"

"No. The melting point has been reached."

Minerals were classified as pure substances and mixed substances. As a simple example, iron was a pure substance while steel was a mixed substance. Once iron was heated up, the temperature would continue to rise to the melting point of 1,530 degrees, but the temperature was maintained until the iron was completely melted. On the other hand, steel was a mixed substance and the temperature wasn't maintained. Even after the temperature reached the melting point, it kept increasing by 100 degrees.

Grid was able to distinguish between a pure substance and mixed substance based on the temperature change.

"The White Tiger's Breath is a pure substance. There are no foreign materials added. The evidence is that the temperature hasn't risen since it reached 7,230 degrees."

Yes, the temperature wasn't lacking. The system recognized the melting point of the White Tiger's Breath as 7,230 degrees. In fact, just after the White Tiger's Breath was taken out of the furnace, it was reduced to a clay-like intensity.

"But in this state, the shape doesn't change despite the repeated quenching and hammering?"

"Yes. So I noticed a bit late. The material was so strong that I thought I needed to repeat the smelting and hammering many times to change shape gradually."

But not now.

"The smelting itself was wrong. I need to completely dissolve it to strengthen the White Tiger's Breath."

The fire was enough. Nevertheless, the fact that it wasn't melted meant he needed another way. Grid judged and asked Kraugel and Panmir, "What attributes is the earth attribute weak to?"

"It is naturally water and ice."

"If you go into the detailed classification, it is also vulnerable to plant-based skills."

"Soaking, transforming, freezing, cracking from the inside...is it?"

Grid guessed. In order to strengthen the White Tiger's Breaths, it was necessary to weaken the White Tiger's Breaths first. But a blacksmith was related to fire. Water, ice, and plants weren't Grid's areas.

'Then is it impossible for a blacksmith to strengthen the White Tiger's Breath?'

Strictly speaking, it was impossible for him to do it alone and needed the cooperation of others. Grid had no choice but to miss Braham.

'If there was Braham...'

“Bah! It is a simple matter. With the magic in this body, I will drown the bead like a rat. Or what if I turn it into ice and smash it?”

He would say something like this. There was the illusion of Braham’s voice ringing in his ears.

“...Ah.”

Grid smiled bitterly as he realized. His greatest strength was other people. He immediately sent a whisper to Lauel.

-Is there a magician in our guild who specializes in water magic?

-I don’t know why you’re asking, but there’s one person who can use powerful water attribute magic.

Lauel’s vision was high. He was in a position to seek able people, but he always placed Grid in the center. He wouldn’t use the word ‘powerful’ for someone who wasn’t. Grid’s expectations were heightened.

-Who is it?

-Euphemina.

-Ah!

Duplicator Euphemina. Right. She could duplicate the best water attribute magic. Grid started to see the solution but it was only for a second.

‘Is it that easy to duplicate the best magic?’

She had to find a caster and watch in real-time how the magic was used. He didn’t know how many days it would take Euphemina to copy the best water magic. Grid needed to strengthen the White Tiger’s Breaths now.

Lauel sent a whisper to the disappointed Grid.

-Hasn’t Euphemina learnt Mumud’s magic?I heard that she has Mumud’s water attribute magic.

-That’s right!It was like this!

Grid’s face was filled with joy. Braham, who was one of the strongest among the legends. Mumud, one of the greatest talents who survived a one-on-one fight with the fire dragon Trauka. It was natural that Mumud’s magic would be equal to Braham’s magic.

The excited Grid immediately sent a whisper to Euphemina.

-Euphemina!Can you come to the smithy right now?

-Of course.You’re the one calling.

She didn’t even ask why. Euphemina was the representative of the Grid loyalists. Thanks to Mumud’s magic, she was devoted to hunting without the limitations of the Duplicator class. Now she immediately returned to Reinhardt.

"This is?"

A white bead. Unlike a pearl, it was just white. It was a deep color. But the surface was shiny and there was a mysterious spiritual energy.

"Yes, that's right. Hit it with the water attribute magic. Continue until just before it breaks."

"Yes, I'll try."

Euphemina nodded and gathered both hands together. It was only a moment.

'What?'

Both Grid and Kraugel were surprised at the same time. There was a blue intangible aura that occasionally occurred when magicians used magic. The so-called mana in the smithy started to gather at Euphemina's fingertips. It was different from ordinary usage. Normal magicians 'emitted' their mana while Euphemina seemed to 'absorb' the surrounding mana.

Peeeeong!

Euphemina shot the mana gathered at her fingertips. It became a stream of water that struck the White Tiger's Breaths. Then...

"Heok!"

Strong..."

Grid and Kraugel's faces turned white at the same time. It was because the White Tiger's Breaths, which had maintained its complete shape despite Grid hammering it for three days and nights, was dented with a single blow.

Peng!Pepeng!Pepepeng!

Euphemina kept shooting the magic. She hit the two White Tiger's Breaths until Grid told her to stop. The water she fired was as fierce as waves and his momentum was like an angry beast.

'The magic resembles the master...'

Grid had been afraid of Euphemina in the past and trembled from the momentum.

"Stop! It's enough now!"

"Yes."

Euphemina stopped the magic and Grid immediately took the White Tiger's Breaths. The White Tiger's Breaths were cracked, like a glass bead on the verge of breaking.

'Good!'

Grid didn't delay. The white phosphorus wood was used as firewood and the white beads placed into the furnace that had been heated up to 7,230 degrees. Then...

Tatak!Tak.

In the flames, the cracks on the White Tiger's Breaths grew bigger. The smelting was finally over. It was the moment when Grid and Kraugel's knowledge, skills, and experiences were added to Euphemina's magic.

Grid sensed it. The strongest sword would be born.

[Chapter 793](#)

'Does Grid have such a hard time every time he makes an item?'

A typical blacksmith produced items based on existing designs. They were able to complete the item by clicking on the Production Button with the necessary materials. But even such a simple production caused blacksmiths to feel weary, bored, and that it was difficult. It took several hours to produce according to the rating of the design. It was a hassle to sit down for a few hours in one place.

Yes, a few hours. Even the manual worker Panmir rarely took much longer to complete an item. It took a maximum of three days production time only when he made an ego item that could be produced every time certain conditions were met.

Yet Grid had already spent six days making an item. He even made the design himself. Mulling over it, discussing, responding to all sorts of variables, and repeating the same task for days and days. Putting aside the skills, this wasn't a process possible without his mental power.

Panmir was forced to pay tribute to Grid's efforts, persistence, and concentration.

'A legendary blacksmith... If I got that class, could I have developed like the current Grid?'

Panmir wondered. It wouldn't have been possible.

'I'm ashamed for once feeling jealous of Grid.'

It wasn't just Panmir. Many blacksmith users saw Grid badly. They misunderstood that he easily made items because he was a legendary blacksmith. But what if they discovered the secret behind Grid? They wouldn't dare to be jealous and envious of Grid. There was only one person.

Ttaaang!

Thousands, tens of thousands of times of hammering.

[The White Tiger's Breath has been strengthened!]

A notification window popped up.

"Good!"

As fatigue pushed down his body and spirit, Grid cheered while hammering. The White Tiger's Breaths on the anvil had completely transformed into transparent beads.

[Strengthened White Tiger's Breath]

It was the White Tiger's Breath that hardened after all types of impacts.

Increases earth resistance by 40% even when carrying it in the inventory.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the white tiger.

However, it can only be attached to items with a strong earth attribute.

Weight: 2

"It's finally finished!"

Panmir heard Grid's cry and rose from his seat. Kraugel's face was shining. He had been protecting Grid for the last week and felt relieved that the hard fight was over.

Grid grinned. "Now that the necessary material is complete, I can make the sword."

"..."

Ah, wasn't it originally making a sword? He had watched Grid hammering the bead for a week and forgot what item was supposed to be made.

Kraugel, Euphemina, and Panmir all couldn't help shrugging. They were worried about how hard Grid would have to work from now on.

"I'm sorry." Eventually, Kraugel bowed his head.

Grid was embarrassed by Kraugel's apology. "Why are you apologizing suddenly?"

"I never dreamt you would suffer like this every time you make an item. I asked you to do this and placed a huge burden on you."

"No."

He didn't suffer every time he made an item. Grid tried to explain but Euphemina spoke before he could.

"In the past, you suffered during the few days you made my orb. Grid, you truly are amazing. Having the noble spirit of sacrifice to produce the best items, all the people in this world should emulate it."

"No..."

This time and that time were special cases, it didn't always happen. Grid tried to explain again but this time Panmir interrupted.

"At this point, you should be on the National Geographic. A documentary should be made in order to inform everyone that Grid devotes a much greater effort and sincerity than the blacksmiths of the real world."

"That's right! Everyone should know that Grid is the best worker in the world!"

"Grid, there will be more than one or two people who will respect you."

"..."

The world's best worker worthy of respect... The best figures in each field couldn't help praising Grid's great spirit of labor. But Grid didn't feel proud. He was actually sad.

'Is it just me living this hard?'

How many people suffered in the game so far? Originally, games were a means of satisfying pleasure. Grid was really a special case. Grid sighed and pulled out the design of Muksabal.

"I'm starting."

Now that the necessary materials were complete, the remaining work could proceed.

"Gulp..."

Kraugel, Euphemina, and Panmir gulped as they stood next to each other. They were amazed by Grid's delicate and brilliant work while maintaining his peak concentration.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

Once the bloodstone, the best mineral of hell, was hammered, it became a transparent red. It was as beautiful as glass. But the hardness couldn't compare to any metal in the world.

Hwaruruk!

The shape of the blade gradually emerged from the fire.

Chiik!

It was immersed in water and cooled down.

Ttang!Ttang!

Grid repeated the hammering dozens of times.

"Ohhh!"

"Whoa..."

The blacksmiths who rushed once they heard Grid's work was ending let out cries of admiration. A transparent red sword with a crown-shaped knuckle bow. It wasn't gorgeous, but was full of elegance. It was comparable to a sword that had been passed down through the royal family from generation to generation.

'There are no faults.'

Grid's heart started pounding. The thickness and width of the blade were designed with the combined knowledge of Grid and Kraugel, making the shape perfect. The instincts of the Sword Saint were attracted to the sword.

[You are witnessing a famous sword of the era!]

[You will gain an additional bonus if you acquire the sword!]

Duguen.

He was reminded of the notification window that popped up when he encountered Grid's Enlightenment Sword in the 3rd National Competition. Kraugel realized. It was the luck of a lifetime that he built up a relationship with Grid. Thus, he was able to decide.

'Grid, I will repay you.'

He would return it a few times. Was his true mind passed on?

'It will definitely be excellent.'

Grid's faith in the outcome became stronger.

"With this, it's finished!"

It was a lot of hard work. The excited Grid shouted as loud as he could as he attached the strengthened White Tiger's Breath. It was the last stage of the work.

At that moment.

Flash!

A brilliant yet warm white light enveloped the smithy. The effect was so intense that people couldn't see.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Grid's cheer echoed. Two completed swords were placed on the anvil in front of him. The red transparent blade was now completely white and transparent.

[World Crushing Sword of the Noble White Tiger]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 2,170/2,170 Attack Power: 3,150 Defense: 724

- * 20% increase in physical attack power.
- * 10% increase in defense.
- * 10% increase in magic resistance.
- * 20% increase in maximum health.
- * 30% bonus earth attribute damage.
- * 15% bonus dark attribute damage.
- * 20% additional damage to sacred beings.
- * There is a chance of the sword's weight increasing when attacking. At this time, the physical attack power that ignores the target's defense will increase by 113%. However, the speed of recovering the sword is increased by one second.
- * When attacked, there is a normal chance of 'Pillar' being released. The giant stone pillar has a blasting effect of up to 5 meters. The damage applied is 50% of the weapon's attack power.

* There is a normal chance of blocking attacks. If you succeed in blocking an attack, 'Thorns' will be released. Sharp stone thorns will cause damage to all targets in range and will cause a 'reduced recovery' effect. The amount of damage applied is 30% of the weapon's attack power.

★ When attacking, there is a low probability of causing the target to be 'partially petrified.' Ignores petrification resistance. A small amount of health will be restored when attacking a petrified target.

* The skill 'White Tiger's Attitude' is generated.

* The skill 'White Tiger's Cry' is generated.

A sword that will become a myth beyond legends. The owner of this sword will leave countless achievements and will be the protagonists of hymns that future generations will sing.

The skill Seeing the Gods' Techniques of blacksmith Grid, the magic of Mumud, and the knowledge of a Sword Saint are gathered. The hidden function of 'petrification' and 'recovery' have been implemented because the features of the White Tiger's Breath have been drawn out to the extremes.

It will be the symbol of fear to the enemy and a symbol of protection to the master.

Conditions of Use: The top three rankers in each class capable of using a sword type weapon.

Weight: 6,800

[White Tiger's Attitude Lv. 1]

Acquires the attitude of the White Tiger.

Attack power and movement is reduced by 80% and defense is increased by 198%.

Skill Mana Cost: 17 per second.

Cooldown Time: 30 minutes.

[White Tiger's Cry Lv. 1]

Creates an earthquake with a radius of 5 meters.

All objects within range are subjected to a 'loss of balance' status and a 13% reduction in defense, evasion, and accuracy. If the target is using a spell or skill, casting is forcibly cancelled.

Mana Consumption: 1,500

Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.

'The best!'

The attack power was less than the Enlightenment Sword. It was evident that the Enlightenment Sword was much better than the White Tiger Sword when the effects of black flames and red lightning occurred. But in terms of sustainability and balance, the White Tiger Sword was definitely superior. It had much better utilization. In particular, Grid paid attention to White Tiger's Attitude.

'An 80% reduction in attack power.'

Grid's attack power was so high that he could easily incapacitate the opponent. On the other hand, who could defeat the Grid who had nearly three times the defense?

'Wouldn't they have to be a duke level to catch me?'

That's right. White Tiger's Attitude favored people with excellent stats. The skill was more fraudulent when applied to people like Grid.

[A total of three myth rated items have been produced so something special will happen!]

Grid smiled at the rising notification window and handed Kraugel a normal rated growth type White Tiger Sword.

[Chapter 794](#)

[Still Crouching White Tiger Sword]

[Rating: Normal (Growth)]

Durability: 390/390

Attack Power: 373

Defense: 31

* 10% drop in attack speed.

* 3% increase in physical attack power.

* 3% increase in defense.

* 3% increase in magic resistance.

* 6% increase in maximum health.

* 8% bonus earth attribute damage.

* There is a low chance of the sword's weight increasing when attacking. At this time, the physical attack power that ignores the target's defense will increase by 33%. However, the speed of recovering the sword is increased by one second.]

A sword that will become a myth beyond legends...

Omitted.

It was one of the two swords made by Grid. Fortunately, Yura had been able to steadily attain the bloodstones while hunting in hell. This was a sword made by borrowing the legendary rated material stored in the guild's warehouse. It was also boosted by the power of the strengthened White Tiger's Breath, meaning it couldn't be regarded as a normal rated item. Considering that the basic performance of growth type items was superior to that of general items, this was unreasonable.

Of course, it was insignificant compared to Grid's myth rated sword.

“...” Kraugel’s mouth was firmly closed after confirming the item information. Was it an expression of disappointment? No. That wasn’t the reason why he didn’t open his mouth.

Grid knew the reason. “Are you touched? You have forgotten your words.”

If a person who didn’t know the value of a growth item witnessed the present scene, they would’ve doubted Grid’s personality. There might be people who insulted Grid for only taking the good items. However, Kraugel knew the value of the growth type items.

Every time a growth type item raised its rating, its stats would increase significantly and new options would be added. The contents of the options were determined according to the characteristics of the user, so it was very good for the user. In other words, the lower the rating, the higher the potential of the growth items—from normal to rare, rare to epic, epic to unique, unique to legend, and legend to myth.

Every time the White Tiger Sword increased its rating, it would become dramatically stronger and eventually surpass Grid’s myth rated White Tiger Sword.

“Really... Can I really take this sword?” The silent Kraugel finally opened his mouth.

Grid smiled at his quivering voice. “Of course. I made the sword for you in the first place.”

“But Grid, this is a growth type item. You deserve to have it.”

The other White Tiger Sword... Grid wanted to use the myth rated White Tiger Sword, but the growth type White Tiger Sword would be better for him in the long run. Kraugel sincerely thought like this. Grid shook his head at Kraugel’s concern. “As you know, I’ve been swapping between multiple weapons. How can I raise the sword to a myth rating over time?”

Tiramet’s Belt, Elfin Stone’s Ring, and the God Hands had been stuck at the unique rating for years. It would take at least 10 years of Satisfy time to grow the normal rated White Tiger Sword to myth rated. However, that was just from his perspective. Unlike Grid who had many items, Kraugel could focus on only raising the White Tiger Sword. There was also the possibility of accelerating the growth rate of the sword with the class bonus of a Sword Saint.

“This is right. I think it is a reasonable distribution,” Grid asserted.

“I promise,” Kraugel pledged, “I will return it to you as soon as I raise this sword to the myth rating. I will exchange it with your current sword.”

“...What?”

This was absurd. Grid’s heart thumped. He could feel Kraugel’s sincerity.

‘Really.’

There were many good people around him. He didn’t know where this good luck came from. The red-eyed Grid was so embarrassed that he became angry. “Don’t be ridiculous. Won’t it grow into the most appropriate sword for you? Just be thankful.”

“...You won’t regret it?”

“Are you going to make me regret it?”

“No, I will pay you back.”

“That’s it. It is more than enough.” Grid knew Kraugel’s value. The future sword god? If he could get the heart and trust of his friend, then it was worth more than 10 swords. “I hope this sword will be a token of our eternal friendship.”

“Eternal...” A smile spread across Kraugel’s face as he thought of this word. The number of times he had felt this happy could be counted on one hand. It was the same with Grid. The people who had been alone because they were too lacking or too good were now facing each other on the same level with the same feelings.

‘Let’s try it once.’

Grid was obligated to use the Pulling Device. It wasn’t possible to neglect the item which had been created to minimize item swapping speed. In the future, he planned to make weapons in the form of a ‘blade’ like the Enlightenment Sword.

The reason he had made the White Tiger Sword in its full form was due to Kraugel’s expectations. He had listened to Sword Saint Kraugel’s advice and created a sword with unrivaled abilities.

The result was commendable. The aggressiveness was less than that of the Enlightenment Sword, but the overall harmony was overwhelming. Grid especially liked the great defense. The basic defense alone was at 724. This was at the level of wearing a good armor. It was close to the basic defense of the Holy Light Armor, which Grid had used along with Triple Layers for nearly nine years of game time.

‘The source of this defense is the knuckle bow.’

Grid looked at the knuckle bow that was at the end of the transparent blade. The crown-shaped knuckle bow decorated with red velvet blended elegantly with the transparent blade.

‘I had no choice but to make it with a handle. In order to connect the White Tiger Sword to the Pulling Device, I must eventually remove the handle, losing the best defense.’

However, the White Tiger Sword’s attack power would increase greatly instead. Attaching it to the handle of Sword Ghost with the Pulling Device would transform the blade into an aggressive one.

‘It is the most ideal plan.’

The knuckle bow would be modified to be integral with the blade, not the handle. Even if it was connected to the Pulling Device, it could increase attack power while maintaining defense.

‘But I can’t afford it with my current skill.’

Once the knuckle bow was integrated with the blade, the balance of the blade would break. The White Tiger Sword wouldn’t be the White Tiger Sword anymore, and it could even lose its myth status.

‘I think it will be possible if my blacksmithing level increases by two more...’

It meant he had to wait a few years. At present, he had no solution for this. Grid thought for a long time before shaking his head. It wasn't meaningful to think in a state where his head was completely stiff.

'I'm at my limit.'

He had been focused on making an item for 10 days. It was natural to be exhausted. Grid needed time to recover. He would leave Kraugel's commission for armor and boots for later.

"Dear husband!"

It was his family. Irene was now the national mother and a role model for hundreds of thousands of people. There were countless people who were encouraged by her kindness and tried to imitate her. However, even such a great woman was still a girl in front of Grid. The girl who faced her first love—she dreamed of being loved.

"I heard you suffered a lot," Irene spoke in an emotional voice while hugging him firmly. She understood Grid's pain, from after Khan died, better than anyone else and was worried he would do something.

Grid stroked her soft cheek and smiled brightly.

"I'm not overdoing it. I always consider my health and safety first. Don't worry about my physical fitness," he said to fill Irene's heart with relief.

However, even someone pure like Irene could notice Grid's lie. Grid was someone who had built a family, fought alongside his colleagues, and built a kingdom and defended it. Irene was well aware that Grid always pushed himself too hard.

"I don't think so. Rest as much as you can today." Irene placed her hands on his waist and raised her gaze. However, her big and round eyes couldn't look angry. She looked like a rabbit instead. Grid had to hide his smile because she looked so cute.

"I won't yield. Please enter the bedroom and rest."

"Okay. Let's have a good sleep today."

Grid needed a break anyway. His stamina was depleted from the tiring item production, and his tense spirit needed stability. Yes, he really meant to take a break. However, he couldn't rest effortlessly when moving to the bedroom.

It was because Irene started massaging his legs to help him recover from the fatigue. The game underwear that Grid had saved... No, she was wearing the vampire underwear. He wasn't able to relax because she was wearing underwear which revealed her body while she continued rubbing his body. Every time he felt her soft touch, his body shuddered. Every time her mouth touched his skin, the detailed explanation will be omitted. In the end...

"Irene! I can't do it!"

"What do you need?"

"Irene!!"

The detailed description of Grid touching Irene's ripe flesh will be omitted.

“Irene! I love you!!”

“Ahh! Dear husband~!”

As the air in the bedroom became hotter, the two of them became entangled on the bed. Further descriptions are omitted.

“Will I get a younger sibling?” Lord laughed as he stood in front of Grid’s bedroom. It was the pure pleasure from knowing that his parent’s love was still alive.

Hum hum, a middle-aged man cleared his throat. It was Chucksley, a knight guarding the Overgeared royal family. “Prince, this is disrespectful.”

“Oh, I didn’t notice. Hehet! I’ll come back later.”

The calm Chucksley trusted Lord. Now the child, who had become a big boy, obediently stepped back and into the arms of beautiful girls. The women who were Rebecca’s Daughters’ candidates would become mature women in a year or two. It was an Overgeared army that most people didn’t even know about.

“Prince Lord, do you feel good?”

“No. I want a kiss.”

“Then I am first! Chu!”

“Ah! No! The prince’s right cheek is mine!”

...If other people saw it, they would think it was a scene of lonely girls chasing after a prince.

A few days later...

“I will be going.”

“You aren’t missing anything?”

“Yes. I stopped by the alchemy facility and got everything I needed.”

“Okay. I already mentioned it a few times but if you are in danger, use Knights Summoning. The Overgeared members will be standing by. Understood?”

“Yes.” Grid received Lael’s goodbye and secretly left Reinhardt. His destination was naturally in Titan. It was the imperial palace.

[Chapter 795](#)

It had been confirmed that Mercedes disobeyed an order and went to Valhalla. Breaking an order was proof that she had lost faith in the emperor, while visiting a hostile kingdom without permission was evidence of rebellion. The contents of Gyuratan’s report contained clear slander and distortion of facts. The behavior of the First Knight was a cause for emergency because she had gone to visit the enemy.

‘There is a reason why Mercedes visited Valhalla.’

She had tried to get revenge by finding the Undefeated King's descendant. In fact, there was no way she would join with Valhalla. Emperor Juander was convinced of this. However...

'It is also true that she broke my orders.'

Sadly, the emperor had no choice but to doubt Mercedes' loyalty. If she were truly loyal to him, she wouldn't have left his sight for any reason.

'Well, I never expected loyalty in the first place.'

It was natural. Even the trusted Piaro had betrayed him and the emperor. The so-called knights were no different from clowns. Loyalty was merely a mask that could be thrown away at any time.

'But it would be nice if I could trust Gyuratan a bit more.'

The Fourth Knight Gyuratan was the decisive figure who revealed Piaro's betrayal 12 years ago. What was his reason for monitoring the Red Knights and turning Mercedes into a villain by distorting the truth?

'There might be something dangerous. I have to watch out for Mercedes.'

Emperor Juander made a decision.

"The First Knight should be loyal to the royal family, but Mercedes abandoned her duty by breaking my orders. I will deprive Mercedes of all her qualifications, and she will be disciplined for three years."

It was like a bolt out of the blue. The big and small officials were upset.

Who was Mercedes? She was the person who united the Red Knights which had been fractured due to Piaro's betrayal. Thanks to her work, the Red Knights could be maintained and stability restored. She showed bravery in wars and activities which were difficult to emulate. Mercedes was the symbol of a new era. Yet the emperor was throwing away this symbol? The wave of shock created at this time was terrible.

Even the emperor's aide thought negatively about it.

"She is under the empress' command. No, I don't think you should do this, even if she is a puppet of the empress."

"That's right. Disqualifying her is on a different dimension from simply disciplining her.

"You have to think about her influence. There is a fear that the knights will go against Your Majesty. I think it is right to give proper disciplinary actions."

Would the Red Knights follow Duke Limit or First Knight Mercedes? Most of the knights were likely to choose Mercedes. Mercedes was a respected knight, so the emperor's decision was puzzling.

"Hrmm..." With even his closest people reacting like this, the calm emperor became frustrated. He tapped the table with his thick fingers. Then suddenly...

Kwaduduk!

Strange noises came down from the ceiling.

“...!”

In the emperor’s office, Emperor Juander and the dukes sitting around the table looked up.

“Wait a moment.” Guard captain Bain, who was always protecting the emperor’s side, jumped up. The falling metal chandelier was caught in Bain’s big hand.

“W-What is this...?”

The faces of the dukes turned white. The chandelier hanging on the ceiling had suddenly fallen?

‘What an ominous sign!’

This was the emperor’s office. It was impossible for the facilities to not be maintained properly. Indeed, there were no signs of old age on the chandelier. In fact, it seemed new. The dukes read this as the sign of a disaster and were anxious. However, the emperor was furious. “Empress...!”

The blood vessels on his face bulged as he realized something. The empress wasn’t a puppet of the nobles but their leader. The emperor confirmed that this chandelier was a gift from the empress one month ago and shouted furiously, “Drag Marie before me right now!”

“Understood!”

It was an unusually serious situation. The dukes, who had been sitting heavily on the ground, rushed out of the room. There were already hundreds of guards in front of the office. Emergency commands were ringing out all over the imperial palace.

“Block all the doors right now! Don’t let a single mouse leave the palace!”

“Yes!”

“Go and collect Empress Marie! This is a royal order!”

“Yes!”

A flood of chaos poured out. The political situation of the empire was changing rapidly. At this time...

“I-It is urgent!!” Shocking news was delivered to the emperor. “A corner of the southern wall has collapsed!”

“What?”

The strong walls of Titan, which hadn’t allowed a single enemy since its founding, had collapsed? To think that all of this was happening so suddenly? It was an unprecedented event and emotional instability started to bubble deep in the heart of the emperor.

“Your Majesty doesn’t have any part that isn’t beautiful.” In the empress’ palace, the noblewoman bowing whilst on her knees kept on saying flattering words. She was carefully painting the empress’ nails. A noble lady from a good family was on her knees and doing someone else’s nails... It made the maids, who were at one side, restless. They knew that they would eventually receive a punishment for witnessing a noble like this.

"I'm worried this powdered pearl might not be beautiful enough for your feet.

"Don't be disruptive. It isn't bad," Empress Marie responded with a benign smile. She felt a bliss that couldn't be spoken. A noble lady was like a puppy before her... The feeling of this power was great.

'She is doing my toenails.'

This was the power of the empress. She couldn't imagine what the power of the empress dowager would be like. Marie's desires were overwhelming. Her goal of putting the 4th Prince on the throne became even more set.

"Huong. Huuong," the empress's humming flowed out from her mouth. It was a beautiful song like an angel was singing. However, the noblewoman and the maids knew. They couldn't be deceived by the empress' kind smile and beautiful appearance. She was far from an angel.

"Your Majesty!"

"...Huong."

The tranquility was broken. The empress stopped humming and moved her gaze. Viscount Albert had urgently rushed over, panting harshly. "It is better to avoid His Majesty."

"What?" The empress was angry rather than confused. She was the empire's empress and would later be the mother of the emperor. Yet she now had to avoid the emperor? Her? Why?

Viscount Albert explained to the frowning empress, "Duke Grenhal is headed for this palace, but his mood is bad! He has His Majesty's guards with him!"

"Duke Grenhal...?"

Why was the right arm of the emperor coming here? The emperor's guards were also coming?

"Find out what is going on," the empress said, realizing that the mood was unusual. Then she immediately rose from her seat, and the maids carefully put on her shoes. Before leaving the room, the empress pointed to the maids. "Get rid of them. We must defend the honor of our countess."

"E-Empress...!" The maids cried out.

"I am always thrilled with Your Majesty's consideration." The noblewoman bowed with thanks. The empress' palace, which was filled with lowly women, was also disgusting today. Viscount Albert bit his lips so that the empress wouldn't notice his thoughts. Then he picked up his sword and cut down the five maids.

One knight ran and reported to the empress, "I heard that the mobile hanging in your bedroom fell down." (Mobile: a decorative structure that is suspended so as to turn freely in the air.)

The empress' face stiffened. "What is the cause?"

"I'm not sure. The maids said that the mobile became bigger and heavier than before."

"....." She couldn't believe her ears. Empress Marie immediately grasped the situation. "Right now... Prepare the carriage right now. I must meet His Majesty."

She had to explain it at once. Then the empress heard a voice, "I have already prepared the carriage. Now, let's go, Your Majesty."

It was Duke Grenhal. As usual, he was riding on top of a rhino. The empress didn't like his gaze. However, she couldn't express this. Duke Grenhal, who boasted the strongest power among the seven dukes, wasn't someone the empress could deal with.

"Thank you for your consideration."

"This is serious."

Regardless of the awfulness, the empress' palace was peaceful on the surface.

At one point in the afternoon, this was overturned. Veradin identified the cause and decided that the empress' position would be greatly reduced from today onward.

'If we don't move, we might be caught in the flames.'

Immortal belonged to the Rose Knights under Empress Marie's command. They had to be careful of the guilt by association.

'A new nesting site is necessary.'

Veradin hastened to take steps. Immortal and Agnus had stayed at the empress' palace for a while.

'Let's leave this palace.'

In the worst case, the backing of the empress could be poison. Then it would be hard to go anywhere on the East Continent.

'It would be nice to move to the East Continent.'

A crisis was an opportunity. It might be forced but this was good timing to try new challenges. Veradin thought so and felt a clear sense of hope. He thought it was simply Marie's crisis and forgot how dangerous the situation was. Why?

...Because at least the palace was still the safest place. Leaving it would be a big mistake. His enemies were greater in number than he had imagined. For the sake of revenge, the enemy had sunk the biggest nation on the continent into chaos.

Step, step.

"....."

One step, a second step, a third step...

Veradin's steps became faster as he left the palace. He felt a sense of discomfort. Due to the absence of the empress, the knights and soldiers who used to be on guard everywhere couldn't be seen. Then he realized... this was no longer a safe place. However, enlightenment always arrived too late.

"Do you feel the need to go to the toilet? Why are you in a hurry?"

“....”

When they arrived in front of the palace, Veradin heard a familiar voice behind him. Veradin stopped walking. “Is it because of Lael? The current situation is Lael’s work?”

“You aren’t qualified to ask me.”

“Are you a fool? This is Immortal’s base. What do you plan to do after successfully infiltrating it? You alone can’t threaten us.”

“You aren’t a threat. I will kill you. All of you.”

“Hah, do you plan to use Knights Summoning? If the Overgeared members’ faces are seen in this uproar, the sword the empire will point at the Overgeared Kingdom.”

“You know what? You are the first one.”

“Get out here!”

Veradin was still turned away from Grid. Then he looked toward the entrance of the empress’ palace and screamed as loudly as possible, “What? Eh! G-Grid!”

“What? Really? It is Grid!!”

“Everyone get out of here!”

Dozens or hundreds of necromancers poured out. It was only after seeing them that Veradin felt relief. Then he faced it—Grid’s cool gaze.

“This is the first time.”

“What do you mean?”

“The first time that you will die for me.”

“...?”

“I won’t count Piaro’s kill, you bastard.”

Khan’s enemy was finally right here. The Grid at this moment wasn’t the person admired by two billion people or the Overgeared King representing his people. It was the complete Grid. He wanted to vent his uncontrollable resentment and killing desire.

Paaaat!

The necromancers summoned their skeletons. However, the moment that Veradin’s death knight and some of the necromancers’ skeletons tried to intercept Grid...

“Remember. You are already dead if I appear before you.” Grid moved to Veradin’s side using Freely Move and wielded the Enlightenment Sword while being buffed with Blacksmith’s Rage and Blackening.

Sakak-!

“Ugh...!”

[You have suffered 51,900 damage.]

[35% of your maximum health is preserved due to the effect of Overcoming Death.]

Did Veradin get hit by a skill? His spirit was stunned by the very powerful blow. Veradin shrank back and pulled out a potion.

Puooook!

Then Lifael's Spear pierced him. Death Knight Kyleo and the other skeleton knights started hitting Grid. However, rather than blocking the attacks, Grid just released a poisonous fog. Veradin was in pain from being stabbed by a sword and spear, not because he was poisoned.

"Die. A hundred times, a thousand times more." Grid smiled evilly as he dealt the finishing blow, reminiscent of the days when he was called a butcher.

It was only two normal attacks...

Kuwaaaaaang!

Then the black flames exploded. Veradin and the surrounding necromancers turned to gray.

[Chapter 796](#)

"This is nonsense!"

It was an obvious story, but Immortal had also watched the videos of the National Competition several times. From the opening ceremony to the closing ceremonies, there were enthusiasts who watched the rerun without missing a single game. They knew the existence of the instant skill Grid had used to take out Tarma.

However, they hadn't expected for the power of that skill to ruin Veradin. Why? Veradin was a person who had transcended the limits of a necromancer in the area of survival. Just look at back when the Overgeared Kingdom was invaded. At the time, Veradin had overpowered Faker. Veradin had even endured an assassin's onslaught, so it was hard to think he would die with just one blow. Furthermore...

'It was a wide-range skill?'

The moment the black flames exploded, dozens of necromancers within 10 meters of Veradin died as well. The Immortal members thought it was absurd. How could an instant skill boast such great power and an enormous range of influence?

'Is a legendary skill this different?'

The sound of nervous gulps could be heard everywhere. The one who broke the uneasy silence was the 2nd ranked necromancer, Bullet. "Scat... Scatter! Scatter everywhere!"

Then the 7th ranked Drew shouted, "Don't let that monster get away!"

"Hiik!"

A human's desire to survive overcame fear. The necromancers overwhelmed by Grid's firepower quickly recovered their minds. They summoned advanced undead such as skeleton knights and mages to keep

Grid in check while they maximized the distance. However, there were some people who ran away without looking back.

They were Grid's first targets.

"Where are you trying to run away to?"

There was no salvation, only pest control. Grid needed to eradicate them completely. He knew this because he had met many types of people.

"Transcend."

Kuoooooh!

As Grid started a sword dance in the middle of the retreating necromancers, his neat black hair started to rise. The fragments of the ground, which couldn't endure the black flames explosion, rose into the air. It was the forerunner to Grid changing to ranged attacks.

Peng!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

In his Blackened state, Grid reached his maximum speed. He was able to swing his sword six times per second, which meant he could fire six energy swords per second. Grid was a weapon rather than a human.

"Kuaaaaack!"

"Ugh! Kuk...!"

The necromancers, who had wanted to survive alone by escaping, fell as their backs were hit by the energy swords Grid fired. As ordinary necromancers, they had low defense and health. Therefore, most of them died after receiving a single blow from Grid. The people who had the fortune to survive were in a stunned state. It couldn't be helped since they had lost more than half their health with one blow.

"Lubaan!" Bullet's cry that was close to a scream echoed on the battlefield. Death Knight Lubaan responded to his will and struck toward Grid.

Kwaaaaah!

Lubaan was an orc fighter when still alive, and he used a halberd that was over two meters long as a weapon. While sniping at the fleeing necromancers, a gap in Grid's defense was exposed, causing him to fall from Lubaan's powerful slice.

'Very good.' Bullet's expectations of Lubaan rose sharply. Lubaan's attack power was the best. His attack power was even beyond that of Death Knight Kyleo, and Bullet thought that Grid wouldn't be able to avoid a critical hit. However...

Chaaeng!

The notification windows which rose as soon as Lubaan's halberd struck Grid's shoulder caused Bullet's face to harden.

[You have dealt 2,430 damage to the target!]

[Poisonous fog has popped up!]

[Death Knight Lubaan is now poisoned.]

“...Isn't this crazy?”

It was an armor which caused poison damage instead of having overwhelming defense?

‘What is this?’

Bullet had already witnessed Grid exert a powerful attack against a dragon. However, like Kraugel, hadn't Grid died easily from the dragon's breath? Additionally, he had become ragged in his PvP match against Kraugel. Yes, Grid's items were excellent, but his defense seemed rather normal.

Bullet was the second strongest out of tens of thousands of necromancers. Like the National Competition rankers such as Kraugel, Bullet believed that he could threaten Grid. However, it was a terrible arrogance. No, it was a shameful mistake.

‘I am a frog in a well.’

They were in entirely different classes. When Bullet realized the reality of the situation, he was stunned for a moment.

[Death Knight Lubaan has returned to the ground.]

Seeing that his death knight was unable to withstand Grid's onslaught and had died, Bullet shouted, “Corpse Explosion! There is no other answer!”

The necromancers, who were helpless while Grid wielded his sword without a break, instantly found hope. Corpse Explosion—it was a magic which inflicted damage proportional to the target's maximum health by self-exploding the summoned undead. A big disadvantage of this magic was that it took a considerably long amount of time to re-summon the destroyed undead. However, its power was outstanding.

The necromancers realized that a long battle with Grid was disadvantageous and started to use Corpse Explosion.

Kuwaaaaang!

[You have suffered 4,900 damage.]

The moment that the undead approaching Grid exploded...

The necromancers cheered, “Good!”

This was because they saw Grid coughing up blood for the first time. Hundreds of undead that were now walking bombs approached Grid. This scene was no different from a horror movie.

“Grid! Pay the price for your arrogance!”

There was a limit to the power of an individual. Immortal looked down at Grid's foolishness for facing them alone. Dozens of ghouls closed the distance to Grid, and they exploded simultaneously.

Kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

There was a powerful explosion! The explosion centered on Grid shook the empress' palace. However...

"Uh...?"

Grid was fine. It was because he absorbed the explosion with Kruger's Mysterious Cloth. He emerged unscathed from the dust.

Puok!

"Cough!"

Kwajak!

"Kyaak!"

Grid in his Blackened State chased the necromancers with an agility that they couldn't afford. The necromancers continued to die as he flashed about like Hong Gildong across the battlefield.

"W-What...? How can you be fine? Heok!" Drew shrieked as he summoned new undead to stop Grid. Then he saw two delicate skeletons. The undead he thought had been summoned by allies came up and stabbed him. These skeletons were different from normal skeletons. They had 'expressions.'

Bullet was confused when he saw the skeletons' 'ㄷ ㄷ' eyes which seemed to laugh at him.

"W-What are these crazy skeletons?"

The unidentified skeletons were weak. Bullet only suffered 100 damage from their stabs. However, he felt a strangely ominous feeling. Undead with facial expressions? He had never heard of it before. Even the best undead, the lich didn't have expressions.

'Maybe these are...'

Super rare undead?

'Who is the summoner? Heok!!'

Bullet's gaze shifted to above the skeletons' heads. The names of the skeletons were Overgeared Skeleton One and Overgeared Skeleton Two. The naming sense clearly showed who their master was.

"G-Grid is the summoner?"

A blacksmith with undead? No, how could this be? The moment Bullet had this question...

Puok!

"Keok..!"

He coughed up blood. While Bullet had been busy looking at the Overgeared Skeletons, Grid had come up behind him and stabbed his heart.

“W-Wait a minute...”

He was stabbed once and only had 10% health left. Stunned, Bullet barely managed to open his mouth, “S-Spare me... Please spare me...! I never invaded the Overgeared Kingdom! It was all Veradin’s group! I’m a victim!”

Bullet was well aware that the human mind was surprisingly weak. He believed that if he told Grid the truth like this, he would hesitate. However, Grid’s reaction was different from what Bullet had expected.

“You should’ve stopped it.”

It was a dull reaction. Grid subsequently struck forth, and Bullet turned to gray. His terrible appearance made the few remaining necromancers despair. It was at this moment that they realized when to use the expression, ‘intimidated enough to piss slightly.’ This would continue until they left Immortal. No, maybe they couldn’t get rid of Grid’s revenge until they quit the game.

Grid scared all of them and immediately wore the Hooded Zip Up. Soldiers were rushing over after hearing the damn Corpse Explosions, so he couldn’t delay.

‘It is unfortunate that I missed Agnus.’

However, it would be terrible if his identity were to be discovered here. The angry empire would attack the Overgeared Kingdom if they discovered the truth.

‘I have to escape.’

Grid planned to leave via the north gate. The vigilance there should be relatively weak since it was located opposite the collapsed southern wall.

In the north of Titan, there was a dwelling area filled with mansions and villas for the empire’s nobles.

First Knight Mercedes’ mansion was also located there.

“Who would dare go against the empire...?”

Mercedes was informed of the southern wall collapsing and immediately equipped her sword. She was about to wear the Red Armor, only to hesitate and leave her home in a one-piece outfit. Then she encountered a group of Red Knights. Mercedes looked confused. The knights gathered in the garden were Fourth Knight Gyuratan and his followers.

Gyuratan shrugged. “Breaking another imperial order... I guess the rumor must be true.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Rumor has it that you have lost respect for the emperor and that you are trying to rebel.”

“What is this unfounded accusation?”

“Anyone would think like me unless they are a fool. The wall collapsed as soon as there were rumors that His Majesty was going to deprive you of your qualifications. Isn’t it something that the forces behind you committed?”

“No one is going to believe this.”

“No, everyone will be led to believe it. Didn’t you create this chaos to leave your mansion? I don’t know what type of terrible punishment you will receive.”

“...This conversation is meaningless,” Mercedes said. Then she noticed something. “You are planning to frame me, just as you did to Piaro 12 years ago.”

“Speaking the name of a traitor. It is clear evidence of your betrayal.” The corners of Gyuratan’s mouth curved upward. His mouth was too big, so his smile was bizarre as a clown’s.

“First Knight Mercedes, I sentence you to death.”

The Fourth Knight’s punishment began. The moment Gyuratan gave the order, five Red Knights attacked Mercedes.

Supaak!

Mercedes spun around in her pure white clothing. She rotated while pulling out two swords, soundlessly cutting apart the flowers and trees in the beautiful garden. Blood splashed from the chest of the Red Knights.

Gyuratan clicked his tongue. “Knights in the 20s aren’t enough.”

These weak people were really of no help.

“They aren’t that far from the squad of Red Knights that I killed.” As Gyuratan spat out those shocking words, Mercedes flew toward him like a butterfly. Gyuratan saw Mercedes’ exposed thighs, but there was no desire in his eyes. Sexual desire was something only lowly creatures like humans and animals felt.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Just before Mercedes’ two swords reached Gyuratan...

“Uh!”

Black magic power was released, and it hit Mercedes. The unexpected form of the counterattack caused Mercedes to panic and cross her swords.

Kwajajak!

However, it was impossible to defend against magic with just two swords. The absence of body armor was too big. Blood spurted out as Mercedes flew through the sky and hit the wall of her mansion. Gyuratan laughed while approaching her slowly. Covered in demonic energy, his skin was pale and his eyes were all black, without any whites.

“In the past 12 years, I have been irritated by your eyes. Your clear eyes seem to penetrate all hidden secrets like a curse. I wanted to rip them out every time I saw them. I wanted to see your pained appearance.”

“Pant... Pant... You...”

“But Limit trusted you so much. I couldn’t see any gaps to break through. Kukuk, the story changed after you were stupid enough to start digging into Limit.” Gyuratan reached out a wrinkled hand. His long fingernails headed toward Mercedes’ eyes. “Thank you for digging your grave yourself. Watch in limbo. Scream in pain and sorrow at the sight of the empire that you wanted to protect so much.”

“Ugh...!” Her body wasn’t listening. The deadly demonic energy, more poisonous than any poison, was strangling Mercedes’ heart.

As she waited for death, unable to resist...

“That woman is mine,” a male voice rang out.

Puk!

Puuok!

A golden spear filled with divine power flew and pierced Gyuratan.

“Overgeared King...?” Gyuratan, who had barely overcome Rebecca’s curse, cried out with astonishment while Mercedes recalled a fairy tale she had read as a child.

[Chapter 797](#)

[You have been discovered by a magic power detector!]

[The effect of the Hooded Zip Up has been rendered ineffective and Stealth has been turned off.]

[The magic power detector is looking at you, and any actions considered dangerous in the next three minutes will cause it to strike.]

He had seen this happen dozens of times since he first entered Titan. Grid became a person in a plain white hooded outfit.

‘How much money do they have?’

It wasn’t just the palace — the magic power detectors were installed in ordinary stores, even including the slums. Just this was a small glimpse of the great wealth and technological prowess of the empire that ruled the continent for hundreds of years.

‘I can’t draw any attention to myself.’

Grid barely escaped the palace, suppressing the urge to rush as he headed to the north gate. He boldly walked down the street without covering his face and ID. Satisfy had a huge player count of two billion: wouldn’t there be at least one or two people with the ID of Grid? When he walked by on the street, he looked like a passerby to the people around him. There wasn’t a single person who observed him closely. If he hid his identity and acted suspiciously, he would become more noticeable.

Kwaang!

“...?”

The relatively quiet north street. Grid entered a new area without much difficulty since people were concentrating on the south wall. Grid suddenly stopped, hearing a loud sound at the end of the quiet street. Grid had heard this sound thousands, if not tens of thousands of times.

‘Combat? Who is fighting here?’

Grid could ignore it. He needed to get away from Titan as soon as possible, and not get caught up in an unknown fight. But Grid found it hard to just walk away. This was because a golden exclamation mark shone in the direction where the fighting was heard.

A quest signal!

‘A quest at this time?’

Who in the empire would give him a quest in this turmoil?

‘Who is associated with me?’

Grid found it hard to imagine, but he didn’t give up and kept thinking. As a result, he could recall one person with surprising speed.

“...Mercedes!”

The First Knight who shared a secret with Grid. She was committed to revealing the truth about what happened 12 years ago. In some cases, there was the risk of being exposed. The moment he thought about this, “Quick Movements!”

Grid didn’t delay and rushed over. Since Blackening was on cooldown, he used Quick Movements to greatly increase his agility and ran over to the scene of the battle. From there...

“Thank you for digging your grave yourself. Watch in limbo. Scream in pain and sorrow at the sight of the empire that you wanted to protect so much.”

A middle-aged man, who looked like a more bizarre version of Grid’s Blackening form, was threatening Mercedes. She was wearing a white dress and coughing up black blood. Grid received a notification window.

[A new quest has been created!]

[For Piaro]

★ Hidden Quest ★

First Knight Mercedes, who was digging into the truth about what happened 12 years ago, is experiencing a great crisis.

If you are unable to save her, Piaro will forever be labeled a traitor.

Save Mercedes!

Quest Clear Conditions: The survival of Mercedes.

Quest Reward: 50 increase in affinity with Mercedes. An event with Mercedes will occur.

Quest Failure: Mercedes' Death. All episodes related to the Red Knights will be deleted.

'Isn't this funny?'

Grid couldn't understand what was happening. Why was Mercedes in such trouble despite being comparable to Piaro? And where in the world was her iconic red armor?

'In any case, this is a game.'

He was sick of the formula of a strong enemy being nerfed as soon as they turned friendly. Grid transformed one of the four God Hands into Lifael's Spear. In the battle with Immortal, only one God Hand transformed so the remaining three God Hands were available to be transformed into items.

"Ugh..."

The moment Mercedes moaned and was on the brink of death.

"That woman is mine," shouted Grid as he gave an order to Lifael's Spear.

Puooook!

[You have dealt 26,900 damage to the target!]

The enigmatic man threatening Mercedes coughed up blood and stepped back. The fact that Lifael's Spear caused enormous damage showed that he was obviously a demonkin. And demonkin were helpless in front of Rebecca's divine artifacts. Grid expected the demonkin called 'Gyuratan' to not be able to move for a while. He planned to use this gap to save Mercedes.

However.

"Overgeared King...?"

Gyuratan was fine, unlike Grid's expectations. He pulled out Lifael's Spear that pierced his waist. His health gauge was also intact.

'Transcendent named?'

A chill went down Grid's spine. After running as hard as possible, he was almost at Mercedes' location. This meant he was close to Gyuratan.

"Mercedes! You were in league with the Overgeared King! This has made your betrayal clear!" Gyuratan shouted excitedly.

There was a smile of joy on his face as he stabbed towards Grid, who was reaching for Mercedes. The weapon that Gyuratan wielded was a twisted, bizarre looking sword that was similar to its master.

Kwaaaaang!

"...!"

Gyuratan was shocked. He thought that he had stabbed Grid while Grid was paying attention to Mercedes, only for two golden hands to fly and block his sword.

'Autonomous artifacts?'

One person passed through Gyuratan's mind. He made a strange expression as the God Hand armed with the Ultimate Enhanced Mjolnir flew towards him. Lifael's Spear, which had fallen onto the ground, also aimed at Gyuratan. Gyuratan allowed an attack from another golden hand and Lifael's Spear, which flew from behind. Despite the numerous attacks, he was fine and only became stiff for a moment. Gyuratan withdrew the golden spear from his chest and didn't release it.

"I see. Overgeared King and Templar... No, Overgeared."

Over the past few years, there was the unprecedented event in which Yatan Servants were slaughtered throughout the continent. The culprit was Overgeared. He was a strong man who had artifacts that moved by themselves.

"Kukuk, you aren't an ordinary person. You managed to build a kingdom. It is no wonder that you can kill the Yatan Servants."

"Who are you?"

Few people knew that Grid was the Yatan Servant Slaughterer. Braham and Yura were the only ones who knew the relationship between Grid and the Yatan Church. Yet this demonkin grasped Grid's identity at once, meaning that he had a close relationship with the Yatan Church.

"Are you also a Yatan Servant?"

Gyuratan nodded at Grid's question. "You could say that. All creatures under heaven are the servants of God Yatan."

This wasn't the answer he wanted. Grid started frowning.

"Be careful!" Mercedes was staring at Grid only to suddenly shout, "He will use black magic!"

"What?"

His opponent quickly neutralized the two swords wielded by the God Hands, Lifael's Spear, and the stiffness of Mjolnir, just to use magic? Grid became alert, but it was too late. Gyuratan had started casting the magic circle from the moment he began the conversation with Grid. A spell started forming under Grid's feet.

"Naive guy," Gyuratan ridiculed.

Kuwaaaaaah!

A big explosion occurred at Grid's feet, causing a gigantic hellfire to billow out and swallow Grid and Mercedes at the same time. The momentum reminded Grid of Hell Gao before the fire stones were mined.

"It is my unexpected luck to be able to handle two troublemakers at the same time."

Gyuratan was delighted. He believed that Grid and Mercedes would vanish without a trace after being swallowed by the black flames. No humans could survive when hit directly with this magic.

'Now how should I weave these two together?'

Sururuk.

His pale skin started to fill with rosy color as his whites appeared amidst his pitch-black eyes. He returned to his human form, no, disguised himself as human and wondered how to report today's events to the emperor. He never imagined that he would be hit back.

"What is your weakness?"

"...?!"

Did Grid use his body as a shield? Through the smoke, Mercedes was held up in Grid's arms and didn't have a single scratch on her. It felt like Grid alone had endured the explosion. Yet there was a problem.

"Why are you fine?"

Grid didn't have any outstanding injuries, an unbelievable fact given that he had just encountered hellfire.

"Don't you know why I am called the Overgeared King?"

Grid's sword struck Gyuratan.

Puooook!

Gyuratan had exposed a gap while caught off guard. He couldn't defend himself as his heart was pierced with the Enlightenment Sword. A human's weapon was powerful enough to compare to the divine artifact of Rebecca, Goddess of Light.

"Cough!"

Gyuratan's coughed up blood and Lifael's Spear in his hand returned to being a God Hand after the duration of Item Transformation ended. Gyuratan grabbed the God Hand that was fiercely trying to escape.

Kwajjjik!

That's why he was struck by the red lightning that fell from the sky. Gyuratan's body shook while Grid performed a sword dance.

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!"

Puok!

Puk puk puk!

Powerful stabs started continuously piercing Gyuratan's body.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Black flames exploded. The flames contained a destructive power that was comparable to the hellfire that Gyuratan summoned, but without any casting delays. Gyuratan and Mercedes were shocked.

“Kuk...! Y-You...!”

Gyuratan started emitting demonic energy again. Grid didn't shrink back at all despite facing bizarre black eyes.

"You must be a scum who has already lost his body to Muller."

Kwarururung!

Linked Kill swallowed up Gyuratan. As Gyuratan's flesh scattered and body was torn apart, Grid's sword energy skyrocketed. There were also the four God Hands armed with Failure, the White Tiger Sword, Iyarugt, and Grid's Greatsword.

"Isn't it too early to be elated?"

A cynical remark.

Seokeok!

Grid's Pinnacle was deployed. As it cut from head to groin, the four other top weapons pierced Gyuratan.

Kuwaaaaang!

Black flames once again exploded and swallowed up Gyuratan.

“...”

Mercedes was unable to say anything. She had seen Piaro and the great dukes, yet Grid's firepower was one step above theirs. The power of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was unrivaled.

“Hurry.”

“...Huh?”

Would Grid defeat the unidentified great demon like this? Mercedes was filled with expectations only to become confused. It was because Grid, who was overpowering Gyuratan, starting retreating. Grid explained, “Wake up. People will be coming soon. I'll be in trouble if I'm caught up in this mess.”

In the first place.

'I can't win.'

Despite being weakened and sealed by Sword Saint Muller, the opponent was still a great demon. Grid had no chance in a 1:1 or 1:2 confrontation. In the past, the reason why Grid was able to raid Hell Gao was because he found the weak point of the fire stones. In fact, Gyuratan's health hadn't even decreased by one-tenth.

“By the way, where did you sell your armor?”

Grid grabbed Mercedes's hand and asked a question while running.

"I-I didn't sell it! How could I sell such a noble symbol for money?" Mercedes shouted with a red face.

Grid could see that she was a serious person who didn't know jokes. Yes, she was serious. For her, the touch of the 'man' tightly holding her hand was very special.

[Chapter 798](#)

The gates came into view.

"Wait a minute!" Mercedes, who was pulled by Grid, suddenly stopped. She watched the soldiers guarding the gate and gently pulled her hand away from Grid. There was a dark flush on her white face, and the feeling of Grid's touch lingered on her fingertips.

"Why? What's going on?"

"Where are you going to take me?"

"Outside the empire, of course."

"What? I can't leave."

"What?" Grid frowned. "Was that guy called Gyuratan? From his attitude earlier, he seems to occupy a high position in the empire?"

Grid had noticed that the empire didn't know Gyuratan's identity. The demonkin were common enemies of humanity. So, if the Saharan Empire knew that Gyuratan was a great demon, they wouldn't be able to stand by. The reason Mercedes was in a crisis was due to Gyuratan's trick.

"He said that you are a traitor. Aren't you in a very dangerous situation? He will frame you like he did Piaro in the past."

"But I have an obligation to inform everyone about Gyuratan's identity."

"Do you think people will believe you?"

Mercedes smiled bitterly at Grid's question and replied, "Nobody will believe me. I can't believe it myself."

It had been 15 years since Gyuratan became the Fourth Knight. He had acted as a perfect human for many years. Even with her sharp eyes, Mercedes, as well as the famous magicians and priests, hadn't noticed for the past 15 years that Gyuratan was a great demon. Gyuratan's ability to hide his demonic power was beyond extraordinary. It was clearly the power of a great demon. Despite being weakened, his power was still enough to mock humans.

"But if I wait, I will be able to catch an opportunity. I will keep my position until that day comes. It is my duty."

Now that an unidentified great demon was about to bring the empire to chaos, the First Knight must stop him. This was a noble mission. She couldn't turn away and didn't want to turn away. Grid gave an uncertain response to Mercedes' resolute expression, "If Gyuratan tells the emperor that you and I were together today..."

She would disappear before the chance she waited for would come. However, Mercedes smiled brightly at Grid with a smile that was brighter than sunshine.

'She could smile like this?'

It didn't fit the appearance of a noble knight. Grid admired her beauty and couldn't help turning red.

Mercedes blushed at his reaction and avoided his gaze as she explained, "I will deny it. Just like how people won't believe my claims that Gyuratan is a great demon, people won't believe the claims that Gyuratan places on me. But if I run away like this, I will have no chance to deny it. So I will stay."

"In the worst case scenario, what if Gyuratan attacks you directly? Like today. What will you do then? I won't be able to help you."

"Who do you think I am?" A light shone in Mercedes' clear eyes. It was a glimpse into the pride of the First Knight of the empire. The strongest knight who made Grid bow down at their very first meeting was now here. "Today, things turned out bad in many ways. But if I fight him again next time, I can do my best."

She hadn't taken her armor because it was her detention period, and she had allowed Gyuratan's magic because she had believed he was a swordsman. Moreover, in the first place, her morale had been at the lowest point. In a situation where she hadn't known who to believe and had gotten trapped in her house, she had become restless and confused.

However, she was okay now. She knew that Gyuratan was an enemy, and there was someone she could rely on. The fog before her dissipated.

"Overgeared King."

"Yes?"

"Don't worry. I will clear the wrongful accusation of the Piaro you cherish as I promised."

"...Yes."

Grid was well aware of the Piaro's past pain. He desperately wanted to remove Piaro's stigma and free him from the bondage of his dark past. Additionally...

"You must stay safe."

Grid also wanted Mercedes. He needed people with strength and talent, and Mercedes was a person close to what he wanted. Mercedes stiffened like she was frozen before she asked, "...Do you like me?"

It was a difficult question. Grid nodded. "It isn't just liking but coveting. I think about it every night."

Who in the world wouldn't covet a noble knight like her? However, among them, Grid was the one who knew her value best. Grid's words contained this meaning, but Mercedes accepted them differently. Her ears flushed red, and she couldn't face Grid. "You are too aggressive. Are you like this to everyone?"

Mercedes' question was basically asking if he was a womanizer. However, Grid didn't realize it. "No, I'm not like this to everyone. I also know that I shouldn't say this, but what can I do? You are special."

He knew that she was already the empire's knight, but he wanted to make her his own knight. Grid's ardent heart was distorted while it was being conveyed.

"Is that so?" Mercedes was wary of Grid's attitude.

'This man isn't ordinary.'

Grid must live as a playboy. He seemed like a person who would have a woman around him every day. However, Mercedes didn't hate it. Grid was Piaro's and Asmophel's benefactor. He was also the one who provided the opportunity to wash away the stigma of the old Red Knights, as well as the savior of her life. So, he no longer seemed like a bad person.

"I won't ask you why you are in Titan right now. I won't doubt my benefactor. However, please stop shaking my heart. Nothing can happen anyway."

As the empire's knight, how could she marry the king of another kingdom? That would be forsaking the empire. It was impossible. The moment that Mercedes smiled bitterly... Grid caught Mercedes' wrist in order to express his strong will. Then he declared, "I won't give up on you. Didn't you say it when you were reunited with Piaro? You will repay me even if you have to give everything to me. Don't you have to keep your promise?"

"...So, you don't want a lover or a wife but a slave."

"Huh?"

"You are crass."

"...??"

What the hell was this? Grid was embarrassed as he belatedly realized it. He was reminded of the power of his dexterity, but he had already touched Mercedes' wrist.

"It is too much harassment to caress the body of a woman with those greedy eyes. In return for saving my life, you want such things in exchange?"

"..."

The reward he got from clearing the quest clear was being misunderstood as a pervert? Grid was embarrassed and disappointed.

"...If you want that, it can't be helped," Mercedes spoke meaningfully and raised her hand to her slender neck. Grid's gaze fixed on her collarbone, and he gulped nervously. However, it wasn't the development he thought it would be. Mercedes released the pendant hanging around her neck and handed it to Grid. It was a pendant made of white silver with an elegant rose pattern.

"This is...?"

"It is a token of my family. If you ever face an awkward situation in the empire, use this token. It will help you."

Ttiring~

[The hidden quest has been completed!]

[Affinity with Mercedes has risen by 50.]

[You have obtained the Vaintz Family's Pendant.]

[Vaintz Family's Pendant]

[Durability: 31/33

Charm +100.

Nobility +100.

-A pendant passed down through the direct line of the prestigious Vaintz family in the Saharan Empire. It can be used to prove your identity in all places of the empire. There is a high probability of receiving great respect.

Weight: 5

Conditions of Use: The heir of the Vaintz family or someone recognized by the heir.]

"Isn't this precious?"

It was a token that symbolized Mercedes, who was the heir, or someone closely related to her. Strictly speaking, it was strange for Grid to receive it. Mercedes shook her head at his concern. "It is a trivial thing for me, king of a nation."

'Rubbish.'

This item demonstrated 'status' across the Saharan Empire. It meant that Grid could move freely through the empire, no matter his appearance. It would surely come in handy.

"It is really okay? What if I abuse it and put your family at risk?"

"Didn't Piaro and Asmophel choose Your Majesty? I don't think someone like you would abuse it. Even if you do abuse it, you would have a good reason. I will accept the damages caused as my price."

"...Okay. Does this mean you will keep your word?" Grid grinned.

Mercedes' straightforward personality was a favorite for him. The more he knew, the more he trusted her.

"Thank you." Grid said a short goodbye.

Meanwhile, Mercedes went down on one knee and politely spoke, "I appreciate it, Overgeared King."

"Good luck."

"I must achieve it, for the sake of the empire and Piaro."

Then Grid would safely meet Mercedes again.

“You came back without running away? Are you that eager to die?”

Mercedes returned to her mansion where Gyuratan was waiting. His tone and attitude were the same as always. It was as if nothing had happened a few hours ago. After confirming there was no one else around, Mercedes said mockingly, “Didn’t you expect me to come back?”

“Well, I didn’t want you to come back.”

If Mercedes had gone with Grid, Gyuratan would’ve put all type of false charges against her to the emperor. It would also be possible to destroy her family by turning them into rebels. However, she hadn’t run away and had eventually returned instead. Fortunately, it wasn’t a big problem. It would be fine if he killed her.

“It is easy to falsify information about sins. There would be quite a backlash, but it’s fine if I kill everyone just as I did with Piaro’s family. Kukukuk!” Gyuratan smiled wickedly. His tone and attitude were like those of a great demon.

Why did he mention Piaro to Mercedes? Obviously, it was a taunt. There was no way Mercedes wouldn’t be able to see through it.

“Such trivial provocation, it isn’t suitable for a great demon.”

“...”

“Well, I am nervous and can’t easily control myself. If you fight me while I’m fully prepared, great turmoil can’t be avoided and your identity might be revealed. Now, tell me. What do you want to do?”

Looking at Mercedes, Gyuratan realized something. “Are you trying to make a deal with me?”

Originally, making deals was the specialty of a great demon, not the contractor. Few people were able to reject the temptation of a great demon. Mercedes knew this.

Gyuratan said, “I don’t want us to interfere with each other. The fact that I’m a great demon can’t be revealed to the end. I am the great demon, Astaroth. Until the desire of the human who summoned me is fully achieved, my presence has to be thoroughly masked. I will use my power to oppose everything for the fulfillment of my contract.”

“Summoner...?”

Mercedes had overlooked one thing.

‘Who is the summoner?’

Who had summoned a great demon to infiltrate the palace? Mercedes’ eyes were very shaky. However, Gyuratan looked satisfied. “Kukuk! My summoner is someone you know well.”

“Who is it?”

“How can I tell you? A demon’s contract is based on a definite agreement. The damage that the contractor will suffer is enormous and even a great demon can’t bear it. But let me give you a hint. It isn’t the woman you expect.”

'It isn't Marie?'

"Compared to her, they are very close to the emperor." Gyuratan smiled widely enough for the corners of his mouth to reach his ears.

Mercedes' face was turning blue. It was hard to see 'close' as a physical distance. In this case, it meant flesh and blood.

"Don't tell me it is one of the princes?"

"My hints ends here. It is obvious that the person behind me isn't easy. On the other hand, what about you? You haven't earned the trust of the emperor from the beginning and you have rejected the empress' hand. You also ruined your relationship with Sword Duke Limit, the man who trusted you. The knights that envy you? They are merely sheep. They can't help you. Mercedes, you are alone. You are thoroughly helpless. You can't threaten me."

These were whispers which caused the spirit to become helpless.

"Unfortunately, I also can't threaten you. I don't want to deal with you right now, so I also have to take a great risk."

His trump card of magic was lost. Mercedes' skills were acknowledged by a great demon. Of course, he was in a weakened state, so he had to acknowledge it.

"Therefore, I propose that we watch each other. It won't be so bad for you. Don't you need time to accumulate enough power to resist me?"

The great demon's temptation... it wasn't as sweet as the rumors said.

'I need to earn His Majesty's trust urgently.'

Mercedes nodded while in deep thought, making Gyuratan laugh.

[Chapter 799](#)

"Sigh." Grid was able to breathe once he escaped from Titan. He utilized the stealth function of the Hooded Zip-up to avoid the magic power detectors and lively soldiers. Was it because his control skills had risen? No, his senses were a bit sharper now.

"Great demon..."

Grid could still see a small fraction of the huge exterior walls of Titan. The sky above it was completely gray. The gathering of heavy clouds foretold rain and thunder would arrive after a while.

'What great demon is he?'

Hell Gao, Furfur, Drasion, Morax, Astaroth—this was the list of great demons sealed by Sword Saint Muller, the greatest legend in history. Gyuratan was certainly one of them.

'He isn't Hell Gao.'

Hell Gao was the owner of hellfire and had descended on an unspecified cycle in the body of a low-grade demonkin. It wasn't in the empire but on Cork Island.

'He isn't Drasion.'

According to the information that Grid gained from Kraugel in the past, he already guessed that Kraugel had raided Drasion. If it had been in the middle of the empire, a few witnesses would've seen Kraugel raiding him.

'Of course, it isn't Furfur.'

After recalling that Agnus had used Furfu's power, Grid reduced the possibilities of Gyuratan's identity to Morax or Astaroth. Among them, Astaroth probably had the power of lightning and it was likely he was related to the thunder stone, but Grid didn't know about Morax. (TL: I think I previously translated thunder stone as ure stone. It will now be changed to thunder stone.)

'Mercedes must be safe.'

He knew her well. It wasn't likely that she would be easily caught by pure force. The weakened great demon was so low in power that it couldn't compare with the complete great demon.

'I think that guy called Gyuratan is very cunning.' Grid recalled the great demon and shook his head. 'But it isn't a problem for me to worry about.'

This was a matter within the empire. He had no choice but to hope that Mercedes overcame the crisis. The moment that Grid turned his back to Titan...

"Overgeared King."

Grid was approached by a suspicious figure in a hat and forsythia-colored robes. Thanks to his high insight stat, Grid became alert. "You know me? Who are you?"

The person took off their hat. Then the color of the name was revealed, showing he was an NPC. "I am Raji, a magician of the Tower of Eternity. The owner of the tower, Goldhit, is looking forward to your visit. I hope Your Majesty will respond to the invitation."

'The Tower of Eternity?'

Grid could use the Magic Missile and Magic Detection which had been given to him by Braham. Additionally, he had the potential to learn Fireball if he increased his intelligence. However, he wasn't a magician. He had never heard of the Tower of Eternity.

'What is the Tower of Eternity?' Grid's kneejerk reaction was to ask this, but he judged that it wouldn't be good to expose his lack of knowledge to a stranger. In such a situation, he relied on Lael.

-Lael.

-Yes, Your Majesty, a reply came as soon as Grid sent a whisper. It seemed that Lael had been waiting since Grid infiltrated the empire alone.

-What is the Tower of Eternity?

-A magic tower belonging to the Saharan Empire. It is rumored that the emperor relies on the Tower of Eternity as well as the Tower of the Sun. The master of the tower, Goldhit, is one of the ten great magicians on the continent.

'Isn't this huge?' Grid was startled.

-Then why do they want to see me?

-Huh? Have you been discovered in the empire? Are you currently in danger?

-No. I quietly handled my work and left Titan. Then a magician was waiting for me. He knew my identity and invited me.

What? They came to invite Grid instead of arresting him?

-Invite... no, maybe not. Lael's voice was excited. -It is true that the magicians of the Tower of Eternity are part of the empire's forces, but that is only a story for wartime. Usually, the Tower of Eternity is an institution that is secluded from the world and is unlikely to be involved in the empire's political situation.

-Then it is a pure invitation?

-Yes. Please accept the invitation. The Tower of Eternity is famous as a place to give hidden quests. There are many magicians lining up to be invited to the Tower of Eternity.

'This...'

There was a reason for Lael's excitement. The giddy Grid was about to respond to Raji's invitation straight away only to stop. There was a part that was suspicious.

-By the way. The magician called Goldhit knows that I am a king yet they didn't invite me in person. Instead, they sent their man? Isn't it polite to come personally?

This wasn't a sensitive reaction but a common sense one. It was clear that the person named Goldhit was making fun of the Overgeared Kingdom. With his status, Grid couldn't just overlook it.

Lael explained, -Goldhit isn't an opponent to discuss manners with. The masters of the Tower of Eternity and the Tower of the Sun are the magicians of the king. Goldhit would be over 120 years old this year. They have been the strongest magician for more than a century. If Emperor Juander wants to see Goldhit, he has to come to the Tower of Eternity.

'A person who can make the emperor move directly?'

Grid's expectations gradually grew. Why would the master of a tower famous for giving hidden quests want to meet Grid?

'Will I get a huge hidden quest?'

In the end...

"I understand. I will accept the invitation." Grid nodded to the waiting magician, Raji.

The 80th floor of the Tower of Eternity...

There was only one person who could climb to the top of the tower, which was so high that all of Titan could be seen at a glance. Goldhit was a great magician who boasted unique strength among the 10 great magicians. People said that if she pursued power, she would be a person of authority right now.

In fact, many people believed that she could've built a huge magical nation comparable to the Saharan Empire. Goldhit was that great of a figure. However, she had little influence on Satisfy's present worldview because she secluded herself from the world. Unless they were high-level magicians, normal players would never see the name 'Goldhit.'

"I wasn't fully trained in Teacher Braham's enhancement magic."

Braham's fourth disciple was a genius. It was said that there were no magicians more talented than her on the entire continent. However, that was a story among ordinary people. Her talent was mere dust before Braham's talent, and she couldn't follow her mentor's teachings.

Goldhit was resentful that she was his student. She became aware of the existence of enhancement magic, but she was frustrated because she couldn't receive the important magical theory. Just a little...

If she could really understand the theory behind enhancement magic, she could strengthen her talent and awaken as a legend. For Goldhit who had spent many years grumbling about reality, Grid's appearance was like a ray of light. Goldhit didn't know how excited she became when Grid assimilated with Braham's soul and learned the enhancement magic. Now, finally...

"The opportunity has come." Goldhit looked at Grid in the crystal sphere and smiled. "Magic Detection."

Shaaaaaaah-

The master-level detection wrapped around the Tower of Eternity. Simultaneously, all of Goldhit's nerves were focused on feeling Grid's mana.

"Come on, show me Braham's reinforcement magic. Yohohoho..."

'Thunder stone?'

After Grid was guided by Raji to the Tower of Eternity, he spotted an extra large stone at the top of the tower. It was a transparent stone containing a huge thunderbolt. This made it seem like an enlarged thunder stone was decorating the top of the tower.

'I don't know what it means. In the first place, how did the thunder stone get that big?'

Grid was feeling doubtful when he heard Raji's voice, "You have to go up alone from the 10th floor to the 20th floor. It is a field to test whether you deserve to be a guest of the tower and is part of the tower's history. I hope that Your Majesty isn't offended."

Inviting a guest only to test them? Grid felt somewhat uncomfortable, but it was difficult to say anything if it was a tradition of the tower. Then he quickly noticed, 'This test should be a quest.'

As such, his expectations rose further. Grid followed Raji and reached the 10th floor of the tower. Raji then politely said goodbye and withdrew. "Good luck."

Simultaneously...

[A quest has been created.]

[The Tower of Eternity]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

The Tower of Eternity is the tallest tower in history. Not just anyone can access it.

Your mind will gain enlightenment every time you climb a floor that contains the essence of knowledge and wisdom.

Quest Clear Conditions: Break through the gateways to climb the tower. Currently, you can break through up to the 20th floor.

Quest Clear Compensation: Every time you climb a floor in the tower, your intelligence will permanently increase by 2.

Quest Failure: Return to the 10th floor.]

“Amazing!” Grid was forced to cheer.

Every time he climbed a tower floor, he would permanently get 2 intelligence stats. The reward was beyond imagination.

‘It is intelligence.’

If Grid were an ordinary blacksmith, it would be a rather useless reward.

However, Grid was Pagma’s Descendant and Braham’s disciple. His skills consumed a lot of mana and he had the potential to acquire all of Braham’s enhancement magic. As such, the intelligence stat was important to him. It was true that his priorities were strength and stamina, but it was a bit tricky that a fixed number of stat points were forcibly invested in intelligence every time he leveled up. How happy was he to get a chance to raise his intelligence stat?

‘I can go up to the 20th floor, so this is 20 intelligence points?’

The excited Grid opened the firmly closed door on the 10th floor. There was a circular arena inside. Unlike what he could see from the outside, the inside of the 10th floor was very large. It was bigger than the training grounds which could fit hundreds of the Overgeared soldiers.

[The Tower of Eternity’s Guardian has appeared!]

Kwaaaaah!

The guardian’s identity was a golem. The enemy who had just appeared seemed to make the entire tower shake as it instantly struck at Grid. It was very big. However, due to the golem’s very slow nature, Grid wasn’t burdened. He avoided the golem’s attack and swung the Enlightenment Sword.

Jeeeeeeong!

It was a powerful blow! The gray golem’s thick waist was hit with the Enlightenment Sword. However...

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

“Full physical resistance?”

The golem was fine. It ignored Grid’s consecutive attacks like they were mosquitoes flying about and just waved its arms.

Kung!Kwang!

The golem’s arms hit the ground instead of Grid, but this alone was a threat to him. The massive weight behind the attack caused Grid’s balance to collapse. Goldhit smiled as she watched Grid’s crisis through the crystal ball.

‘The tower’s guardians can only be handled with magic. In the end, you will have to use magic. Come on. Use the sweet enhancement magic and let me get a glimpse of the glory.’

The moment that Goldhit was becoming desperate...

Peng!

Kwarururung!

Inside the crystal ball, many flames flared up in succession and swallowed up the guardian. This was the power of the ‘fire emission’ attached to the Enlightenment Sword. The flames dealt 5,000 fire damage to the target.

“...???” Goldhit was stunned.

[Chapter 800](#)

‘That magic sword can wreak so much havoc alone?’

A magic sword could only be created by combining the strengths of a magician and a blacksmith. A blacksmith or magician could sometimes produce it alone, but this was a very rare occurrence. Goldhit had experience with producing magic battle gear with blacksmiths.

‘It is difficult to produce such a magic weapon alone.’

There were three types of magic weapons.

First, a magic battle gear imbued with complete magic. In this case, it was possible to consume the user’s mana when the magic was used.

Second, there was magic battle gear enhanced with magic. It increased the magic power of the wearer.

Third, there was magic battle gear containing a pure attribute. It consumed the wearer’s mana while having a certain probability of releasing fire, ice, electricity, etc. It wasn’t very powerful despite being able to express the pure power of an attribute.

The current sword Grid was using was the third type. But the user’s mana wasn’t consumed. The atmospheric mana was used every time flames were released. Thus, the user wasn’t tired and the power of the flames were huge. It was a weapon that would appear in legends.

'A legendary sword...!'

Goldhit recalled that Grid was Pagma's Descendant. All her nerves were concentrated on Grid's long sword. It wasn't made out of an ordinary material.

'Demonic energy? Don't tell me?'

The story that Grid defeated the Great Demon Belial was already well known. Goldhit could easily guess what type of material the sword was made out of.

'A by-product of Belial!'

Definitely. This sword would be worshipped as a legendary sword later on. In addition, it was likely that Grid had made it directly. Goldhit got goosebumps. How many years had it been since she felt such admiration? Looking back on faint memories, it seemed to happen half a century ago.

A dark smile appeared on Goldhit's face. Her impression of Grid changed. He wasn't just the beneficiary of enhancement magic. She accepted him as a greater person.

'In fact, it was like this from the beginning.'

The other person was a legend, the hero of a nation, a person who built a new kingdom and a hero of heroes. Now that her narrow-mindedness due to her obsession with enhancement magic was released, Goldhit had genuine respect for Grid.

'A hero that transcends the era... It is right to greet him politely.'

But.

'Don't forget my original purpose.'

Respect and purpose are separate things. She felt respect but she needed to do what she had to do. Goldhit needed to encourage Grid to use enhancement magic. She checked on Grid on the 16th floor and pulled out her trump card.

"Let's try the lilith guardian."

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 1...]

[The Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has emitted flames. It deals 5,000 fixed fire damage to the target.]

The Enlightenment Sword had 'a certain chance to release large flames with every attack.' Based on Grid's experience, the probability was around 30%. As the number of attacks increased, the probability of releasing flames would increase exponentially.

It had a very good compatible with the Alex's Quick Gloves which raised Grid's basic attack speed.

The power was very low compared to the black flames and it was often useless against enemies with high fire resistance because it had a pure fire attribute. But it was useful in situations like now. It was sometimes more capable than the black flames which was separated as physical attacks.

'There are many item options remaining.'

A huge smile! Wasn't this huge luck? Grid smiled as he saw that his intelligence stat had increased by 12 points and ascended to the 16th floor. Grid was able to handle all the guardians while climbing up here and didn't feel any great tension. Of course, this didn't mean he wasn't vigilant.

'Isn't this different?'

Snap!

He opened the door to the 16th floor without a hitch and looked at the features of the waiting guardian. The physique was very small. It was the level of a normal adult male so there wasn't any big pressure. However, it was less likely for monsters on the higher floors to be weaker than monsters on the lower floor. It was ridiculous to judge the outward appearance.

'It reminds me of Braham's golems...'

He recalled the golem invasion of Reinhardt years ago. The humanoid golems with small physiques had caused the most casualties. Their strength that was incomparable to ordinary golems was still vivid in his memories.

'Doesn't this golem look similar? Am I mistaken?'

[Lilith Guardian]

Grid looked at the name and appearance of the monster before trying to grasp the type of metal that the body was made out of.

"Kuk!"

He reflexively raised his sword. It was because the guardian narrowed the distance with footwork reminiscent of Yangban Garam's Shunpo and suddenly appeared in front of Grid's nose.

Peeeeeeong!

Shockwaves occurred the moment the Enlightenment Sword collided with the guardian's fist. One of the inner walls and a part of the ceiling collapsed. Grid ignored the rain of stones and fought back, hitting the guardian before using the moment to raise his sword. He linked attacks without stopping. He judged that the act of opening the distance against the guardian would be bad. Grid kept wielding the sword and didn't give the guardian a break.

Kaang!Kakakang!

Every time Grid hit the guardian, it suffered one damage. Like the previous guardians, this one was resistant to physical attacks. There was no defense against a man who cut and stabbed and who wasn't afraid of being hit. It punched with its right fist when Grid slashed and responded with a left fist when Grid stabbed in the centre.

[You have suffered 1,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,780 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,910 damage.]

The damage that Grid received accumulated. Despite the outward appearance, Grid was being one-sidedly struck. Yet he wasn't irritated and waited for the release of the flames.

Peeng!

Finally, the Enlightenment Sword burned red.

However.

[You have dealt 1,660 damage to the target!]

'What? Why is its fire resistance so high?'

The guardian's health gauge only got a small scratch. The total health was also high. It was difficult to tell how long it would take to die if Grid only relied on the release of flames that dealt a small amount of damage. Maybe Grid's stamina would be depleted quicker than it took for the guardian to die.

Jjeejeeong!

The guardian ignored the Enlightenment Sword, jumped into the air and kicked out. Grid's vision filled with the crumbling ceiling as he flew back.

And.

"Yohohoho... Is it hard to hold on?"

Goldhit on the 80th floor clearly saw Grid's shaky eyes.

In fact, at first she had chills. She had been amazed beyond admiration when she saw Grid respond to the guardian's first space jump using the magic Blink. She knew that Pagma's Descendant was a blacksmith and swordsman. She never dreamt that Grid would show such strength and agility.

Yes, Grid was much more outstanding than rumoured. Maybe the empire had underestimated him.

'But.'

Resistance was a factor that neutralized strength. In order for Grid to defeat the guardian with excellent fire resistance, he had to discard the sword and bring out magic. Goldhit's expectations reached the peak. She hoped that Grid in the crystal ball would use the enhancement magic she wanted. She still didn't know. Grid was an expert at destroying common sense.

Peok!

Kwajajak!

'It isn't painful.'

Grid desperately felt Khan's presence every time he was hit by the guardians' punches and kicks. It was because the work Khan left behind was protecting Grid. Valhalla emitted a little bit of smoke every time the guardian hit Grid. Only Grid knew what it was the precursor of.

Chukakakakak!

Peeng!

Grid cut at the guardian's chest while accumulating minor damage and smiled.

Jeeeeeeong!

The guardian's fist firmly hit him. At the same time. The guardian's fist hit Grid's arm and green smoke emerged from the armour. It was now a fog.

"This...!"

Goldhit, who had been watching closely in order to not miss the moment when Grid used magic, was shocked and stood up. She noticed it. The identity of this fog was poison!

Shaaaaah-

It was the poison that Kyleo had completed after many experiments. The powerful poison that was hard to resist filled the 16th floor. It was an option attached to Khan's armour. The lilith guardian suddenly lost its destructive momentum. The guardian couldn't resist the poison. Not only did its health drop, its movements also became dull. The unidentified metals that made up the body quickly rusted.

"This is ridiculous!"

He had a powerful magic armour as well as the magic weapon? It even caused reflective damage? Goldhit was nervous as Grid quickly cleared the 16th, 17th and 18th floors with the help of the armour. He was now entering the 19th floor. It was the last gateway. If Grid broke through the 19th floor, he could reach the 20th floor.

In the end.

-Expand the gateways by 10 more!

Goldhit's urgent voice rang in the minds of the magicians of the tower. Her disciples were upset.

-Aren't you giving an outsider too many benefits?

-Master, the internal backlash will be great.

The essence of knowledge that was obtained every time the tower was climbed was incredible large. Therefore, climbing the tower had great meaning. The magicians of the Tower of Eternity studied in order to qualify to climb the tower. Yet Goldhit was giving preferential treatment to the outsider Grid.

Goldhit asked the worried disciples.

-How many people can climb the tower even if they qualify? This is a trial, not preferential treatment. No matter how much I increase the gateways, it will be pointless if Grid fails. And Grid...

He was rising. He kept continuing! Even without magic!

“Dammit...!”

Goldhit had been blocked by a wall for decades. The lack of development meant the past few years of Goldhit’s life was hell. Her only hope was Grid. However, the problem was that Grid wasn’t a person who could be predicted.

[Grid is on the 24th floor.]

[Grid is on the 25th floor.]

[Grid is on the 26th...]

.....

.....

“...No, he still isn’t using magic?”

Who could imagine that the strongest magician on the continent would be sulking like a child? Even Grid couldn’t imagine despite him making Goldhit like this.

[A new gateway has opened. Please challenge up to the 40th floor!]

“Is this heaven?”

The gateways kept being generated and he kept getting rewards! Grid had secured 40 intelligence in just three hours. The smile couldn’t disappear from his face. He was extremely happy.