

## Overgeared 891

### [Chapter 891](#)

[Pavranium]

[-The strongest mineral produced by the collaboration between the legendary blacksmith, Pagma, and the legendary great magician, Braham.

It is harder than the god's mineral, adamantium, and has more compatibility with magic than mithril. It also boasts more elasticity than jaffa.

By default, the pavranium revolve around and protect their owner, but they will also take other actions when given commands from their owner.

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

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

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

Smelting Conditions: Pagma, Grid.

Conditions of Use: Pagma, Grid.]

This was the explanation for the mineral. It couldn't be called perfect because sometimes having an ego was a disadvantage, but for Grid, pavranium was the best mineral. Nevertheless, Grid never made any battle gear with pavranium. Was it because pavranium was too hard to smelt? No way. Pavranium was the best mineral, and it was simultaneously a class item for Pagma's Descendant. From Grid's point of view, it was naturally easy to smelt.

Grid was like a fish in water when smelting and hammering pavranium. Grid found it easier and more enjoyable to smelt and temper pavranium than iron ore, which had the lowest degree of difficulty. The reason why Grid didn't make battle gear with pavranium was that it was too precious. He didn't want to bind the pavranium into a solid form when it could move around and act on its own.

Now, the situation had changed. This was a competition with a god. He couldn't afford to save the pavranium when facing a god.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!Grid hit the pavranium using the hammer he had used for many years. The pavranium responded to Grid's intentions and techniques, and it gradually became a hammer.

Hexetia's eyes narrowed. 'He is definitely in the realm of transcendence.'

Grid's hammering technique was four to five times faster and twenty times more sophisticated than the technique of ordinary human blacksmiths. It was a skill that was beyond the domain of humans. Grid's skill was at a level similar to that of Pagma and the seven malignant saints whom Hexetia had been jealous of in the past.

However, Grid was different from them. Pagma had rebelled and resisted Hexetia, while Grid understood, embraced, and served Hexetia. The divine stone was a mineral which Hexetia had created, and it gathered the strength of all minerals.

Tong! Grid placed the divine stone on the anvil and started working. Hexetia was confident. A mineral that was more perfect than the divine stone didn't exist anywhere!

'Grid, the feelings in your heart and your abilities have been sufficiently communicated to me. So I will show it to you in return...'

...The greatness of a god!

'I will imprint my greatness on your soul, and you will serve me forever!'

Hexetia wasn't loved by anyone. He was hiding alone in the shadow cast by the goddess of light. Why did he exist? Hexetia might've acted on the will of the goddess, but he wasn't remembered by anyone. He was forgotten and avoided... Why? What was the point of his existence? Would it be better to not have been born in the first place?

These thoughts constantly revolved around Hexetia's mind. Hexetia sometimes became envious of the humans on the ground. They were existences who lived in the moment. He felt jealous of those born inferior to himself laughing, crying, and finding meaning in life. There was no chance for Hexetia to find meaning in life when he existed alone. However, the opportunity had now finally arrived.

'I will be sure to prove my worth to Grid!'

This was the first time in his life that there was someone who understood his hard work and wanted to serve him.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang! Hexetia started hammering the divine stone desperately. There was no room for him to relax. He was far from the omnipotent god that the world assumed he was.

'I won't miss this chance...!'

He couldn't lose. Otherwise, he would fail to prove his value. He didn't want to become alone again. Hexetia's hammering speed became faster and exceeded Grid's speed. It was a huge 10 times faster!

'Crazy!' Grid was astonished. Grid didn't fear potentially causing damage with his hammering speed and had great pride in it. His hammer hit the pavranium on the anvil six times per second, which was already considered a new record. Yet Hexetia was hammering 10 times faster than him at 60 times per second!

'Is that a person? Ah, no, he isn't a person.'

Apart from the flames on the nipples, Hexetia's appearance wasn't much different from humans. In addition, the personality he expressed was far from transcendent. It was more like that of a normal person. That's why Grid forgot for a moment. Hexetia was a god. Yes, he was the blacksmith god—a monster who could simply pinch his nipples to increase the temperature of the furnace!

'Stay calm. Don't get agitated.'

Watching the monster forge the metal at an unbelievable speed, the agitated Grid started to move his hand again.

'Just being fast has no meaning.'

Yes, the important thing was quality. It was sophistication which was required when forging metal, not speed. Just forging a metal quickly wouldn't produce refinement.

'I have to maintain my own pace!'

In the first place, there was no time limit for this match. There was no need to be nervous because Hexetia was hammering 10 times faster than him. On the other hand...

Ttang!

Hexetia stopped hammering for a moment. The divine stone on the anvil was in the shape of a blade. Hexetia placed the hot blade into cold water and took it out, entering the next stage.

Ttaaang!The sound of metal being hit rang through the sky.

"...!" Grid admired Hexetia's ability to enter the next stage ahead of himself. He was also wary of the fact that the divine stone was equivalent or better than pavranium.

'Isn't it natural?'

Pavranium had been made by the joint forces of two legends, while the divine stone had been literally made by a god. It was likely that the divine stone was a higher concept mineral than pavranium.

'The best material I can take out might be trivial in front of a god...'

His belief in the pavranium faded. Grid weakened when he realized he couldn't even compete in materials against a god.

"..." A stillness flowed through Grid, and his hammering stopped completely. Could he win when he was even beaten in materials? Had the game ended already? Was he currently wasting his time? Grid could feel defeat coming. It was a pity that he had to miss out on the goddess' blessing. The moment these thoughts stirred Grid's mind...

Ttang! Hexetia was raising the speed of his tempering. Every time he hit the blade with his hammer, the flames emitted from his nipples would warm the blade again, making the process of tempering much easier. Sweat flowed down Grid's cheeks. As Hexetia continued working, the number of flames emitted by Hexetia's nipples increased and the temperature of the entire area rose. The air was now as hot as lava. It was too hot for even the legendary blacksmith to bear. Grid could understand why the young angels avoided Hexetia.

"Keuk..."

Grid initially thought that a legendary blacksmith completely ignored the effect of temperature, but it turned out that there was a ceiling to that. Realizing how small he was before a god, Grid completely lost his motivation.

'I was crazy. What confidence did I have to think I could win against a god?'

Yes, it was natural to lose. He should just neatly give up. This was the moment when Grid gave up his only advantage—his tenacity.

[The effect of Valhalla of Infinite Affection is helping to maintain your body temperature...]

The notification window that rose gave strength to Grid's weakened body and mind, and his pained body suddenly felt lighter than a feather. Valhalla, Khan's masterpiece which Grid had never taken off, triggered the effect that maintained his body temperature.

"...Khan." Grid's heart sank as he read Khan's intentions in the armor. Khan had prayed for Grid's well-being even in his last moments. Grid's grip on his hammer tightened. 'Yes. Khan didn't give up.'

Despite knowing that his life was about to end, Khan never let go of the hammer in his hand. Grid was a blacksmith. How could a legendary blacksmith let go of the hammer in his hand? It was an unacceptable sin. Khan would probably be frustrated as he watched Grid from wherever he was now.

'I have to fight to the end, even if I lose.'

He couldn't disappoint Khan. Grid had this thought and was no longer fighting alone. Khan's soul and will were with him.

"Uraaaaat!" Grid struck the pavranium with force. He had reminded himself that Khan's final work, Valhalla of Infinite Affection, was an armor which had been made without any special materials. Black iron, which was relatively common now, was the main material. Yet the armor had been born as a non-standard item, and its performance was equivalent to the myth rating.

Yes, the result of an item didn't just depend on the value of the material. The more important thing was the skill, intentions, and will of the maker. This was the last thing Khan had taught Grid.

'Khan, watch me until the end.'

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

The forged pavranium entered the quenching stage, and the hot metal gave off a golden glow.

'Your son will face a god with your teachings!'

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

[You are extremely focused and the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath skill has been activated.]

[You are extremely focused and the Legendary Blacksmith's Patience skill has been activated.]

[You are extremely focused and the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath skill has been activated.]

[You are extremely focused and the Legendary Blacksmith's Patience...]

[.....]

[.....]

There was no distinction between day and night in Asgard. Under the serene sky, Grid's first work was completed.

[You have created a myth rated item!]

It was the birth of a new blacksmithing hammer.

### [Chapter 892](#)

[Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods]

[Rating: Myth

Durability: Infinite Attack Power: 870

- \* Moves to protect the master and kill enemies.
- \* All types of materials can be hammered without much difficulty.
- \* The probability of normal and rare rated items is fixed at 0%.
- \* There is a very low probability of making epic rated items.
- \* There is a very high probability of making unique rated items.
- \* Odds of Making a Legendary Rated Item: +5%
- \* Odds of Making a Myth Rated Item: +1%

-A hammer made by the legendary blacksmith Grid, who is becoming a myth beyond a legend, in preparation for a match against a god. It is very compatible with Grid because it is designed with Grid's physical conditions and habits in mind. Blacksmiths other than Grid can't use it.

The ego of the pavranium used as a material in the hammer will help the owner use it more conveniently.

Conditions of Use: Grid.

Weight: 490]

[A myth rated item has been produced, permanently increasing all stats by 10!]

'Crazy!' Grid was shocked when he examined the golden hammer. The 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir, had said that his probability of making a legendary rated item was 0.01%. It was small, but it contained his aspirations.

'This hammer increases it by 5%...'

Grid's existing blacksmith hammer was also fraudulent. It increased the probability of making legendary items by 1%, which was equivalent to denying the existence of regular blacksmith players. However, the Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods had a 5% chance of making a legendary rated item! It was five times better than the hammer Grid was currently using. No, it was greater than that. It suppressed the creation of lower rated items such as normal and rare items and also increased the probability of making myth rated items by 1%.

This was much more than Grid had been hoping for. While creating the new hammer, he had just wanted to increase his chances of making a myth rated item. Still, there was just one thing that wasn't good.

'It doesn't have the ability to move on its own and make an item.'

Grid had been inwardly hoping for that. He wanted the hammer—which was made of pavranium—to move by itself and help him when making items, increasing the efficiency of his item production. However, the blacksmith hammer had the ability to protect its master and hit the enemy rather than help with blacksmithing.

'It is natural.'

In the days when the pavranium had been the God Hands, it had the dexterity stat which allowed it to help Grid. The present pavranium was just a hammer and didn't have the skills or knowledge to help its master.

'I'm not a thief. I shouldn't want too much!'

He didn't want to experience hair loss again! Grid recalled the hair loss he had experienced in the past and raised his hands to his head out of habit. It wasn't because he was missing hair though. Grid had abundant hair.

Ttang!Ttang!

Hexetia had continued working through the process of Grid suffering from the heat, becoming calm thanks to Khan, and then finishing the hammer. Grid couldn't help admiring the blue sword that was being completed under Hexetia's hands.

'It is perfect...!'

It gave off an atmosphere that seemed to freeze the heat just by being present. The ice-like, transparent sword was relatively short and thin like a woman's arm, but it wasn't weak.

[Observing the target item with the legendary blacksmith's eyes.]

[The target item has gone beyond the area of a legend. You have failed to observe the targeted item.]

'It is naturally a myth rated item!'

Once again, it wasn't surprising. Hexetia was a god. It was obvious that the items made by a god would have a myth rating. Yes, the basic premise for winning this match was to create a myth rated item. Grid's expression twisted, and he started sweating nervously.

'Now that I think about it, I'm doomed.'

Why was the new hammer that he made myth rated?

'What is the probability of making two myth rated items in a row?'

This was the end. There was nothing infinite in this world. There would definitely be a limit on luck, and his luck was likely to be lower than that of those in the general public. The blacksmithing hammer should've been legendary. Then the sword made with this hammer would've received a myth rating.

"...It is ruined! Shit!" Frustrated, Grid flopped onto the cloud field before jumping up again. He had 'experience.' Grid had made several myth rated items, so he now knew that the condition required to make a myth rated item wasn't just luck. The 'story' in the materials and production process played a major role. 'Of course, having a story doesn't unconditionally mean that a myth rated item will appear.' Luck was also needed, but there was no need to depend on good luck.

"...Sigh," Grid took a deep breath. His gaze was still on the sword that Hexetia was making. Did this sword contain an exceptional artistry beyond anything Grid had produced before? Was it enough to make him forget his work?

'No.'

Grid's spirit was completely restored. He looked at the sword to study it. That's right. Grid was learning in real time. He searched for the correlation between the smelting, forging, and tempering that Hexetia was doing.

'Why is he minimizing the number of times he folds the metal?'

'He is tempering it again?'

'The shape of the cross-section is perfect like it was made by a machine... There aren't any errors. But that is a god only technique...'

'Is he not grinding the blade? No, the sharpness can be restored when repairing it. So far, I have been grinding it more than necessary.'

'The pattern isn't just cool. The intention of it is to prevent blood from clinging to the blade so that it doesn't become dull.'

In fact, this wasn't anything special. Many players had a chance to learn when they met a player who was better than they were. For example, it would be easy for Kraugel to learn if let's suppose that Kraugel met Zeratul and had to compete in skills. Kraugel would learn and evolve in real time while fighting his opponent.

Yes, it was natural for Grid to learn the skills of the blacksmith god, Hexetia. Getting kidnapped was a great opportunity for Grid to learn from a god.

[You have seen the skills of the blacksmith god!]

[Your blacksmithing skill has evolved!]

[(Seeing the Gods' Techniques) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill has changed to (Fighting Against the Gods) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill, and the probability of making top items has increased.]

[Blacksmiths' Breath and Blacksmith's Patience have changed to passive skills, and they will always be maintained when making items.]

“Hat!” Thrilled, a smile appeared on Grid’s face. His anxiety decreased, and his confidence rose.

“Good! Let’s start the production!” Grid shouted energetically and pulled out various materials from his inventory. They were the Black Tortoise’s Breath and Blue Dragon’s Breath which he had obtained from the 3rd National Competition, Great Demon Astaroth’s Horn, and the shell of the cave cricket that threatened the World Tree’s Forest. They were rare materials that ordinary humans could never see in their lifetime.

“Huh?” Hexetia stopped hammering. He looked at the materials with very surprised eyes.

‘How did a mere human...?’

Additionally...

‘He has the courage to use all these materials in a single sword?’

It was difficult for Hexetia to understand. In particular, it was hard for the Blue Dragon’s Breath to coexist with the Black Tortoise’s Breath. This was a rule which couldn’t be overcome using technique.

‘Grid, you...!’

Was Grid saying that he was more skilled than a god? Hexetia’s surprise was beyond admiration.

“Ah... Let’s use this next time.” While Grid was squatting in front of the furnace, he put the Black Tortoise’s Breath back in his inventory. He thought it wasn’t right to use both the Blue Dragon’s Breath and Black Tortoise’s Breath for a single item.

“...” Was this a joke? Hexetia stared at Grid wide-eyed.

“Shouldn’t you be more vigilant?” Grid gave him a warning. Finally, the mithril being hit by the Sword of Light was reaching its final stage. Grid first strengthened the Blue Dragon’s Breath. Then he put the blue bead into the furnace, burning the bead with Hexetia’s flames before taking it out and starting the hammering.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

“...!!” Hexetia’s eyebrows rose. He noticed that the functionality of Grid’s new hammer was several times better than his previous hammer. It was comparable to Hexetia’s own hammer which had been made with divine stone. The Blue Dragon’s Breath emitted lightning every time it was hit by Grid’s hammer. Grid sometimes coughed up blood when he was hit by the lightning, but his hammering didn’t stop. He was compelled to finish the strengthening, even if his body became ashes.

“He... Hehe. Even if it takes a long time... Just wait... Hiik!!” Grid was hit with another lightning strike while trying to speak. To think that he was enduring great pain and devoting himself to blacksmithing despite the cost to his life...?

“You are a fool...!” Hexetia frowned.

Grid looked stupid to him. However, Grid was proud of his actions. “Blacksmithing is my thing. Aren’t you the same? Hik! Hiiiiik!”

“What?”



Blacksmithing was his thing? Hexetia's eyes shook. At this moment, he realized the reason for his existence.

'Yes, I am the blacksmith god... I was born just for the sake of blacksmithing.'

He didn't have to look elsewhere for the meaning of his existence. So what if he was alone? He just needed the hammer and the anvil. Hexetia was able to do blacksmithing anytime and anywhere. When he was working as a blacksmith, he was able to prove why he existed in this world.

Yes, blacksmithing was his thing. All he needed to do was blacksmithing. He didn't need to worry about the eyes of others. He could just do his job as a blacksmith. He didn't need to worry or be jealous when someone's blacksmithing skill was beyond his. Hexetia just needed to focus on blacksmithing. There was no one who could deny his existence when he worked as a blacksmith.

Yes, this was it. The wicked feelings inside Hexetia were dying. He shouted at Grid who was being shocked, "Endure it, Grid! You shouldn't fall down until this match ends!"

It was a blessing.

[The blacksmith god has used his power.]

[The power of the god has given you 100% electric shock resistance!]

"Hexetia!"

"Grid...!"

The meeting gazes of the two men were passionate. They started to complete the masterpieces which couldn't be seen in any legends.

### [Chapter 893](#)

『 There is still no news of the Overgeared King? 』

『 Yes. He is still missing. 』

『 Hasn't it been three days since he went missing? What about the Overgeared Kingdom? 』

『 The Overgeared members are claiming that Grid is safe, but... people are still uneasy. This will adversely affect the domestic and foreign situation... 』

The news pieces all over the world were about Grid. As the world focused on Grid who had gone missing during the temple's opening ceremony, strange rumors started to circulate among the accessory maker players. It was rumored that the Yatan Church was looking for accessory makers. Why was the evil Yatan Church looking for accessory makers? All sorts of rumors spread to the ears of the accessory maker players. It was difficult to relate the Yatan Church to accessory makers, so it was judged as simply rumors.

'Master might be in danger!' The 7th ranked accessory maker Clover, however, was alarmed. The Yatan Church was looking for accessory makers. How could such a strange rumor spread? The Yatan Church might have a reason for needing an accessory maker. Clover couldn't rule out the possibility that the rumor was true. He thought that his master might encounter the Yatan Church and...

“Master!”

“Keok..!”

[The accessory maker Helen has died.]

Clover was a step too late. By the time he arrived at his master’s studio, she had already been killed by the Yatan Church’s black knights.

“Master!” Clover’s hair turned white. To him, Helen was an invaluable teacher who had taken care of him ever since he chose this class many years ago. He had vowed to someday repay her grace, and there were only a few steps left until he could.

However... However...!

“Master! Master!!”

Satisfy was sometimes crueler than reality. In reality, it was possible to hold the body of a precious person in one’s arms, but Satisfy didn’t allow that. Clover’s face distorted like that of a demon as he saw Helen turn into ashes.

“The Yatan Church...! Why...?! Why Master?”

In fact, it didn’t make sense to ask why. After all, the Yatan Church was evil. It would be hard to understand the reasons for their actions from a general point of view. Still, Clover wanted to know. Why did his master have to die? He wondered why a person who had refused the invitation of the Saharan Empire and worked in her hometown for all her life had to meet such a terrible end.

“She didn’t care about money or honor... She devoted her life for the sake of others... Her life shouldn’t have ended like this...”

Like other production classes, an accessory maker had weak combat capabilities. Clover didn’t have the ability to fight against the black knights in front of him. Honestly, Clover was afraid. It would be difficult to recover from the damage if he died and lost experience and items. Yet he couldn’t back away from his master’s enemies just because he was scared. Clover was determined to hear the reason from the black knights. Then he would do whatever it took to make them pay for his master’s death.

‘I will dedicate everything...!’

This was the moment when another person with a profound hatred for the Yatan Church was born.

“It is to prevent the traitor of our church from finding an accessory maker from working on the Stone of Life,” the black knights explained the reason. It was a surprisingly friendly attitude.

“The Stone of Life?”

It was the worst stone made by using the blood of virgins! What monster would create such a terrible stone and then want his master to work on it? Clover’s anger and hatred aimed toward the Yatan Church split toward the traitor they spoke of.

“The name of that traitor is Agnus. Remember it. It is the name of the man who took away the life of your master.”

“...Agnus!” Clover’s desire for revenge deepened at the unexpected name. The newly acquired quest called Master’s Enemy stated that Baal’s Contractor was a common enemy of the world.

Simultaneously, in the capital of the Murray Kingdom, Juden...

“Weak... They are all weak...” A man burst out laughing as he visited the home of an accessory maker named Catherine in Juden. There was only the stench of death in the messy workshop. The guards, who arrived later, pointed the spear at the man. “We will arrest you as the suspect of Catherine’s murder!”

“Kik?”

Why did he hear this everywhere he went? Agnus realized that the influence of the Yatan Church was much greater than he had imagined. He felt nervous.

“...”

There was a cute girl with blonde hair tied up in a ponytail. No, the woman breathed heavily as she watched Agnus from afar. She was a powerful member of the Overgeared Guild—a member whom Grid thought was stronger than himself, Euphemina. Euphemina used Faker’s master level Stealth skill, so Agnus couldn’t detect her presence.

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[The Blue Dragon’s Breath has been strengthened!]

[Strengthened Blue Dragon’s Breath]

[It is made by the blacksmith Grid who is becoming a myth beyond a legend.

-Increases lightning resistance by 50% even when carrying it in the inventory.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the blue dragon.

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

Weight: 2]

“Good!” A grin of delight spread on Grid’s face as he succeeded in strengthening the Blue Dragon’s Breath. The bead of white light radiated a constant light.

‘Excellent...’ The blacksmith god, Hexetia, admired it. He believed that Grid’s ability to strengthen the by-products of divine creatures to be in the realm of the gods. No, Grid’s patience was even more amazing than his skills. Hexetia had to admit it. As Grid focused and endured the lightning that emerged every time he hit the Blue Dragon’s Breath, his patience reached a new realm of commitment. It was an area that couldn’t be understood by a god who solved all problems with ‘technique.’

‘Although he wouldn’t have succeeded in the strengthening without my blessing... He has the patience to overcome the limitations of relying on technique.’

Bultar, Pagma, and Grid—they were the only humans who managed to reach the stage of seeing the gods’ techniques.

‘...I’m not qualified to be jealous.’

The jealousy that remained deep inside Hexetia's heart was gradually diluted. He felt ashamed. Without thinking about the great effort that the humans who threatened him put into their work, Hexetia had treated their growing abilities as a mistake by the heavens. He was worse than a child.

'Yes, I should respect them rather than feel jealous.'

It was a late enlightenment. Bultar and Pagma didn't exist in this world anymore, but Grid was still here.

'You will receive their share...' Hexetia stared at Grid with meaningful eyes. The Sword of Light, which had been constantly hitting the mithril for two days, stopped after dealing the last blow. The mithril magic training was complete.

[White Light Mithril]

[Mithril that combines the strength of the blacksmith Grid, who is becoming a myth beyond a legend, and the power of an advanced light elemental using the Magic Battle Gear Production Method.

It is three times harder than normal mithril, and the compatibility with magic is ten times better.

Additionally, it contains the power of light.

Conditions of Use: Grid.]

"In fact, I had a chance to hold the First Holy Sword recently. It is your work." Grid grabbed the mithril and threw it into the furnace. "The surface of the blade is made of divine stone while the frame is made of adamantium."

At first, Grid couldn't understand why it was made like that. Then after the repeated cycle of disassembly, reassembly, and making a duplicate, he realized the reason why.

"The divine stone is a better mineral than adamantium, but it reflects your will. Iron is strong, but it isn't enough to hold a god's divine power. That's why you used the adamantium to concentrate the divine power, right?"

"You saw it clearly. Both the divine stone and adamantium are so strong that they are difficult to join into one. They are sublimated into one through a separate smelting process."

In the end, the First Holy Sword had been completed while combining strong physical force and divine power. The divine stone, which made up the surface of the blade, could easily slice through a great demon's skin and bones. Meanwhile, the adamantium that formed the frame of the blade responded to the user's divine power to destroy the great demons' soul.

However, it was difficult to see it as perfect. The divine stone and adamantium were in forms that maximized the attributes of both metals, but no new attributes were formed when they were combined. At least, this was what Grid saw. It was why he had trained the mithril.

"I judged that it was difficult to fuse the pavranium and Blue Dragon's Breath into one because of their individuality. Then I remembered mithril. Mithril has the attribute to absorb all types of magic, which means it has good compatibility with all attributes..."

Grid placed the Strengthened Blue Dragon's Breath and the pavranium in the blast furnace which contained the White Light Mithril. Then the Blue Dragon's Breath that was originally difficult to mix became influenced by the mithril and started to fuse into one with the pavranium.

"Hexetia, please feel proud. I was able to reach this conclusion from the First Holy Sword that you made."

Ttaang!Ttang!Ttang!

The molten mineral from the furnace was cooled, hardened, and then quenched. Once the red metal was completely placed on the anvil, it took the form of a translucent platinum which reflected a blue light. The pavranium, Strengthened Blue Dragon's Breath, and White Light Mithril were reborn as a perfect mineral. It was the birth of the hardest mineral in the world, which maintained the ego while simultaneously having the attributes of lightning and light.

Ttang! Ttang!

The metal became a blade. It was a blade that could be easily attached or detached using the Pulling Device, but he didn't attach the silver thread to it. Grid didn't need the silver thread for a blade which could move on its own to carry out its master's orders.

"To think mere mithril can play such a key role..."

The goddess didn't create anything in vain. Everything had its own role. Hexetia had become arrogant because he was a god, and he ended up forgetting the basics.

'I lost.'

As he checked out Grid's sword, Hexetia hid his own completed sword behind him. His sword was much stronger than Grid's sword, but Hexetia was ashamed that his work was really lacking. It was a failure. He couldn't raise his head.

"Why are you ashamed? Are you focused on your pride? I was able to make this work because I learned so much from you."

"...Why am I always pleased when I'm with you?"

[The quest has been completed!]

[You have won the blacksmithing competition against a god!]

[Hexetia acknowledges you. He has thrown away his jealousy and gained enlightenment from you. He no longer doubts your intentions in setting up a temple.]

[The Stone of Original Sin encroaching on the Vatican's First Holy Sword is losing its influence and disappearing. Once you visit the Vatican, you can complete the Cleanse the First Holy Sword quest.]

[Affinity with Hexetia, who has been reborn as a true god, has reached 70 points!]

[The divine voice of Hexetia resonates throughout the world.]

"The blacksmith Grid has given me new enlightenment. He is my benefactor, and I will bless humanity."

[The blacksmith god has blessed all blacksmiths on the ground.]

[For the next 10 days, the growth rate of all blacksmith related skills will increase by 20%.]

[There is no one in the world who will not know you.]

[The great demons in hell will remember your name.]

[The dwarves want to meet you and compete against you.]

[Someone in hell knows where you are.]

[1st Great Demon Baal is delighted...]

### [Chapter 894](#)

[Blade Aiming at the Gods]

[Rating: Myth

Durability: Infinite Attack Power: 4,395

- \* Attack speed will increase by 20%
- \* 40% increase in physical attack power.
- \* 70% bonus lightning attribute damage.
- \* 20% bonus divine attribute damage.
- \* 5% bonus shadow attribute damage.
- \* 50% bonus damage to transcendent beings such as gods, angels, great demons, boss monsters, and named NPCs.
- \* There is a high probability of dealing an electric shock when attacking.
- \* There is a certain probability of lightning (large) being summoned.
- \* There is a low probability of emitting a magnetic force when attacking.
- \* There is a very low probability of summoning a golden cloud when attacking.
- \* There is a low probability of summoning a God Hand when attacking.
- \* The skill 'Contempt For the Weak' has been created.

-A blade made by the blacksmith Grid, who gained enlightenment while fighting against a god.

The divine power in the White Light Mithril suppresses the magic contained in Astaroth's Horn while maximizing the lightning energy of the Strengthened Blue Dragon's Breath. The beautiful blade made from the shell of an ancient creature will make even a god feel threatened. After raising the functionality of the pavranium to the extreme, the hidden attribute 'God Hand' has been implemented.

The God Hand is a form that the pavranium has maintained for a long time. It perfectly reproduces the hand of the blacksmith Grid, who gave enlightenment to a god.

\* The blade will revolve around its master. It can make judgments and move on its own.

Conditions of Use: Pagma, Grid.

Weight: 2,580]

[God Hand]

[-Summons a golden hand modeled after Grid's hand. The golden hand will revolve around the user of the Blade Aiming at the Gods and will protect the user. There is a low probability of firing Magic Missile (Enhanced) to attack the enemy. No resources will be consumed at this time.

Up to eight God Hands can be summoned at the same time.

God Hands Summoning Time: None

God Hands Summoning Cooldown Time: 5 minutes]

[Contempt For the Weak]

[-Inflicts a fatal blow to a target who isn't in the realm of transcendence.

-Strikes a blow that consumes 80% of the target's current health.

Skill Mana Cost: 5,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.]

A divine sword containing all of Grid's skills and the best materials. The number of best minerals was limited by the use of the pavranium. Since its basic stats exceeded those of existing swords and it possessed the ability to move by itself, the utilization was unlimited. Grid was forced to describe it as the strongest item ever.

'There can't be an item greater than this!' He had this thought. Forgetting that his opponent was a god, Grid was certain of his victory... At least, until the information of Hexetia's final product popped up.

[Hexetia's Small Sword]

[Rating: Myth

Durability: Infinite Attack Power: 28,990

\* Attack speed will increase by 80%

\* Physical and magic damage increased by 200%.

\* 200% bonus damage of all attributes.

-A small sword made by God Hexetia, a blacksmith who was motivated to develop further.

Conditions of Use: Transcendent

Weight: 1,100]

“...?”

It looked like there was one more zero?

‘Did I see that wrong?’

Grid couldn’t accept the item information. He rubbed his eyes several times and checked the information of the small sword again. It was an attack power of 28,990. He wasn’t mistaken.

“...” Grid, who had been feeling confident of producing the best sword, fell into despair. He was devastated by the gap between a human and a god.

‘This is a X game.’

It was a truly nasty game. How could he win against the opponent who couldn’t be beaten unless the sky turned upside down? Realizing he had failed the quest, Grid felt frustrated. Then these notification windows popped up.

[The quest has been completed!]

[You have won the blacksmithing competition against a god!]

“...?” Grid was bound to feel surprised. His defeat was certain, so how did he become the winner?

‘Is this really a X game?’

This was a bug. It was clear that Grid becoming the winner was due to a bug, and he would be subjected to penalties such as an account seizure. Then it happened the moment when Grid, who was feeling uneasy, wanted to shout, ‘This match is invalid!’

[Hexetia acknowledges you. He has thrown away his jealousy and gained enlightenment from you. He no longer doubts your intentions in setting up a temple.]

Grid saw the series of notification windows, then he heard Hexetia’s voice, “The blacksmith Grid has given me new enlightenment. He is my benefactor, and I will bless humanity.”

“Ah...”

This was why Grid was announced as the winner. When he realized it, Grid was thrilled and also glad that someone could forsake the darkness in their heart and smile brightly. He felt proud that Hexetia, who had suffered because of his poor self-esteem, would live a better life in the future. According to Grid’s own experience, the happiness that Hexetia would feel in the future was likely to be so huge that it would dilute the wounds of the past.

“Thank you.”

“...”

Hexetia approached Grid on the cloud field with an awkward smile. “I was able to realize the reason for my existence by looking at you. I can feel the reward of my achievement. In the future, I don’t need to be envious of other people. I won’t feel lonely even if I am alone. Thank you. This is all thanks to you.”



“...”

The person who was feeling emotional was Grid, not Hexetia. He was new to this emotion. Grid had been wounded, and now he was helping others with their wounds. He felt proud of himself. Thanks to Hexetia, Grid was able to gain a greater sense of pride.

“...I really appreciate it.”

Grid often omitted honorific language to other people. His intention wasn't to put down the other person but to preserve his own value as the representative of a country. The fact that Grid tried to raise himself higher by omitting honorifics showed that his self-esteem wasn't complete. Now things had changed. Grid once again realized how great he was and wouldn't be obsessed with his way of talking in the future.

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[The blacksmith Grid has given me new enlightenment. He is my benefactor, and I will bless humanity.]

This world message emerged.

“A-A scoop!!”

The reporters from all over the world waiting in the Overgeared Kingdom for the missing Grid logged out simultaneously, and new headlines soon appeared around the world.

[Grid, the first player to visit Asgard?]

[Grid! He is acknowledged by a god!]

‘Due to the construction of a new temple, he was cursed by the great demons.’

‘He brought Goddess Rebecca’s wrath on him by serving a new god.’

‘The use of a bug was detected and his account was suspended.’

All those rumors about Grid’s disappearance vanished. Now people were praising Grid’s new feat. In particular, the blacksmith players became Grid’s fans.

“My skill level is rising thanks to Grid!”

“It has been widely rumored that the Overgeared Kingdom is hiring blacksmiths. Now I’m considering moving there.”

In fact, the blacksmith players had disliked Grid. They had felt that as a legendary blacksmith, Grid was denying all the time and effort they put in. So, many players hadn't even looked at the announcement that the Overgeared Kingdom was hiring blacksmiths. Those thoughts now changed. They couldn't deny Grid who was even recognized by a god.

The number of blacksmiths moving to the Overgeared Kingdom started to get out of hand, causing the other kingdoms to suffer a famine of blacksmiths. Now it was harder to produce and distribute weapons to the army. In particular, Valhalla, an emerging kingdom, suffered a huge blow. Having recently conquered and absorbed the Ultina Kingdom, Valhalla was once again a target of the empire’s wariness

and needed to quickly gain armaments. However, it was impossible to produce weapons without any blacksmiths.

Ares was troubled because he could foster new troops with his skills, but he couldn't arm them with any weapons.

"We have to ask Grid to send blacksmiths for support right now!" His aides urged him.

Feeling troubled, Ares questioned them, "Isn't it shameful? Why do we keep reaching out our hands to Grid? Every time! Every time! It's like we can't do anything if we don't rely on Grid!"

"We aren't reaching out our hands. It is a reasonable request. Isn't the shortage of blacksmiths caused by Grid? We have the right to get back the blacksmiths he took away..."

"Grid didn't take the blacksmiths away. They chose to leave!" Ares blushed with embarrassment at the aides' absurd claims. Ares felt alarmed as he realized the most important thing that he lacked. It was the ability to gather people around him. People—that's what he was lacking.

'Do I deserve to be a king?'

Ares was seriously troubled by this. However, his subordinates knew that he wasn't lacking charisma. If Ares really didn't have it, then all of them wouldn't be gathered here. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers wouldn't have supported Ares, and he wouldn't have been able to establish a kingdom in the first place.

'Grid is too much of a scam.'

That's right. The problem was that Grid's ability to gather people far exceeded Ares'. Some of Ares' troops started to rebel against Grid, who was unintentionally causing events that Lael wanted.

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"What are you doing?"

After the match with a god, Grid headed straight to the Vatican. Damian rushed over after hearing about Grid's visit and asked on behalf of the elders, "What did you do to be considered the benefactor of a god?"

"I'll give a more detailed explanation later. First of all, guide me to the holy sword."

"The holy sword..."

The sword had once again been devoured by the curse and was now safely stored in an underground warehouse. The sadness and sense of loss that the Rebecca members felt about the cursed holy sword was so great that they hid it away from view.

Then what was this?

"T-The holy sword!"

"Oh...! Ohhhh!"

Damian and the elders marveled after guiding Grid to the warehouse. It was because the sword which had been covered in darkness was now radiating a bright light. The Stone of Original Sin had vanished without a trace from the holy sword.

“T-The curse was released! Don’t tell me...?!” Stunned, Damian and elders instantly stared at Grid. They realized that the person who got rid of the curse on the holy sword had been Grid.

-...To take away the sin of envy.You are definitely an amazing human.

Grid was listening to the voice of the seven malignant saints.

### Chapter 895

-Before Pagma was born, there was a blacksmith called Bultar.Was he worshipped as a legend like you and Pagma?No, he was a very ordinary blacksmith.However, he worked hard.For the sake of those who needed his skills, he never left the furnace and his skin was always red.

Who was the owner of this cold and cynical voice? Grid was still unaware of who exactly this second voice belonged to.

‘God’s Command is the power of the fourth evil, so is it Taren’s voice?’

In any case, it wasn’t important. Darkness encroached Grid’s eyes and then his location changed from the Vatican’s warehouse to a shabby smithy.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

“...”

There was a blacksmith making various tools with crude workmanship. The blacksmith’s skin was red from the heat of the furnace, and he was covered with sweat. It was Bultar. He hammered desperately despite his fatigue and suffering.

‘Why is he going so far?’

The reason was immediately apparent.

“Hey! Bultar! Isn’t it ready yet?”

“I’m almost done!”

How many days had he gone without sleep? Bultar, who was dozing off and almost fell into the burning furnace, woke up when he heard the voice. The person who called out to Bultar was a villager. A small village covered in pouring rain could be seen through the gap of the smithy’s open door. The levee had broken, and the village was being flooded. The villagers were struggling to minimize the disaster, and the only blacksmith in the village, Bultar, had been working day and night to make tools for the villagers.

“Bultar! I need 20 more shovels!”

“Hurry!”

“...”

Everyone had a limit. It was the same for the legendary Grid. Working one more day or night would be difficult, but Bultar had to withstand it. He stayed in one place for four days, hammering constantly. The amazing thing was that Bultar never showed any villagers he was having a tough time. He knew that his strength was needed to protect the village.

Additionally, he knew that if he talked about his limitations, the villagers would feel greater anxiety. Therefore, he worked without saying anything. He persevered to the end. This was the moment his mind transcended his flesh. Once he succeeded in protecting the village, a voice entered his ears.

-He heard Rebecca's voice.

Bultar was called by the goddess of light. The goddess claimed that he had sacrificed himself for the sake of others and overcome his limits. She promised to give him strength that would make up for his lacking abilities. It was a situation where Bultar was blessed by the blacksmith god, Hexetia. Blessed by Hexetia, Bultar became an incomparable superior blacksmith, praised by the people as one of the 'seven selected.'

-Afterward, Bultar kept trying hard. He was filled with a passion to become the best blacksmith to repay Rebecca and Hexetia who blessed him. Nobody expected for this passion to be poisoned.

Bultar was able to exert the 'Creation' power after polishing his skills. In addition to the millions of tools already on the ground, he started to create tools that were beneficial to humanity, and he soon made new minerals. The result?

-Hexetia got jealous.

Hexetia became furious once a human, whose achievements were trivial when compared to a god's, started to be praised by humanity. The blacksmith god then destroyed the human race. All types of minerals fell from the sky, and the ground boiled with lava.

-Bultar watched the people die, and the last piece he left behind was the Stone of Original Sin.

The First Holy Sword was the greatest achievement Hexetia left behind. It was the reason why humans couldn't forget Hexetia. Bultar denied it. He sealed the sword with the sin of envy that Hexetia left behind and exterminated the evidence of Hexetia's achievements with humanity. It was the 'seven selected' who fought against the gods and helped humanity. Like Bultar, they were blessed by other gods. This was the birth of the seven malignant saints who the gods deemed evil.

-In the end, we didn't stop the gods. The gods preached that the seven malignant saints were the original sin who threatened the earth. We fought for humanity, yet we became villains.

"..."

The voice didn't express negative emotions such as resentment or anger. The main character of the unknown voice remained sarcastic to the end. He had learned how to control his grudge after hundreds or maybe a thousand years.

-The seven of us were sealed between the ground and hell... Yes, the seven of us watched the gods. We hoped that their brilliant 'light', which once blinded us, would be revealed to the next generation.

It was the feeling of grabbing at straws. The seven malignant saints wanted to believe in the compassion of the gods.

-Yet the same thing repeated again. Hexetia felt jealous of Pagma and threatened humanity. The other gods ignored it or helped, but we were convinced. The rise or fall of humanity is only determined by their whims. This world is merely something created for their entertainment.

The seven malignant saints were desperate. They thought that a generation without their presence would suffer from the crisis of annihilation, that the human race would disappear from the world. However, the result was different from what they expected.

The gods had consumed a great deal of power in the war against the seven malignant people and weren't in perfect condition. This meant they were forced to borrow the hands of hell. 1st Great Demon Baal received the demands of the gods and stood on Pagma's side. This time, the gods were Baal's entertainment.

Humanity was saved thanks to Pagma and Baal. Since then, 200 years passed.

-It is now this era.

The seven malignant saints were weaker, and the talents of the legends were infinitely weaker than the previous generations. In particular, the fact that Pagma's Descendant won the title of Hero King instead of the Sword Saint and that there was no substitute for the Undefeated King was huge.

What if Hexetia's jealousy were triggered now? Humanity would once again step on the path of destruction. The seven malignant saints were determined. They wouldn't wander as ghosts any longer and would give their remaining power to the inexperienced heroes of this time. Although they would perish, they hoped humanity would be protected. However...

-...You changed the flow.

To think that Grid removed the envy, the source of one of the seven sins...? The seven malignant saints were amazed at Grid's ridiculous accomplishment of changing Hexetia. This Hero King had seemed so infinitely small compared to the past generations, yet they now realized that he was greater than anyone else.

-The next six sins that the gods will commit are delayed, and for a time, humanity will walk on the path of peace.

Of course, the peace that was discussed here was merely avoiding punishment.

-The war between humans, who commit more sins than the gods do every day, will continue for a lifetime...Well, that isn't a problem for us to intervene in.

The conversation was coming to an end. As the voice faded out, Grid asked, "Who are you?"

-I...

It was said to be the greatest sin.

-I am the 7th evil, 'Corruption.'

After this last answer, darkness exploded. Grid's consciousness became distant as he couldn't see anything in front of him.

"...Grid!"

Once he opened his eyes again, Grid found that he was being supported by Damian and the elders of the Rebecca Church. This was the moment when Grid's spirit, which had been flowing with the quest, returned to reality.

"Ah..." Grid noticed that he was holding the perfect form of the First Holy Sword.

"The curse was released!"

"Oh, you are really great! King Grid is always helping the church! I can't help respecting the faith that you always show to Goddess Rebecca! Hahaha!"

The elders shook and made a fuss. Even if they hadn't witnessed him doing it, they believed that Grid had cleansed the First Holy Sword. It was an infinite trust. Well, it was natural. All of them were already on the verge of deifying Grid.

"...This isn't a big deal." Grid felt burdened as the elderly people stared at him. He handed the sword to Damian, who was still looking anxious. "The sword won't be eroded by the curse again in the future. The symbol of Rebecca will last forever."

"That..." Damian held the sword and opened his mouth, only to stop. He opened and closed his mouth several times. "Did you enjoy the adventure?"

Damian had witnessed the world message like everyone else. In fact, there was something else he wanted to say. He wanted to thank Grid but also apologize for the suffering Grid received every time he got tangled up with the Rebecca Church. Yet Damian suppressed his words because he didn't see any shadows on Grid's face. Instead, there was a smile on Grid's face as his eyes stared at a distant place. He didn't seem tired at all. It would be rude to say these words when Grid was ready to explore a new world.

Grid replied, "Yes, I had a great time."

Having seen a god and changed the world, he felt like a hero in the myths. Grid was filled with a huge sense of achievement as the protagonist of the world.

[The quest has been completed!]

[In the course of completing the Cleanse the Holy Sword quest, a new Pagma episode has opened and a new swordsmanship has been acquired. You have gained the goddess' blessing as compensation.]

[You have heard Goddess Rebecca's warm voice.]

-Bless you.

"..."

Now, Grid had two blessings from the goddess. Prior to enhancing Pagma's Swordsmanship and blacksmithing, he was filled with a strange sense of goosebumps.

'What is Goddess Rebecca's sin?'

Goddess Rebecca was the supreme god. She knew everything that happened in the world. However, she still had a great liking instead of wariness toward Grid who interfered with the seven malignant saints and blocked Hexetia's envy. It was an attitude of denying that she was even involved with the seven malignant saints. Still, the seven malignant saints were wary of the goddess, and Braham called the goddess wicked.

'Hrmm.' An unknown opponent was truly scary. Grid's wariness towards the goddess increased. That didn't mean he resisted her blessings though. It was a blessing he'd won after putting in hard work, and he was prepared to use it thoroughly.

"Ah, before that," Grid asked Damian on the way out of the warehouse, "Do you feel like a spar?"

"Huh?" Damian panicked at the question and replied after thinking about it, "I can't damage you even if I hit you, and if you hit me, I can die in one shot. Therefore, I feel a lot of pressure to try not to get hit as much as possible while hitting you, but the barrier of the God Hands is difficult..."

"...I see." Grid was agonizing over the new sword he'd made in Asgard.

The God Hands were a trump card made to supplement what he was lacking. Therefore, he wondered if it was okay to bind the pavranium in its current form of a sword.

'There is a certain chance of summoning a God Hand when attacking, but it won't last indefinitely.'

The Blade Aiming at the Gods might have an advantage in physical attack power, but it didn't affect magic attack power and its wide area damage was far below that of the Enlightenment Sword.

'Contempt of the Weak doesn't work on transcendents.'

For ordinary players, it could cause death with one blow, but he could do that through other methods. The usefulness of Contempt of the Weak wasn't as significant.

'I have to experiment and determine what the lightning and golden clouds are.'

He needed confirmation. Feeling determined, Grid grabbed Damian's shoulder and laughed. "How long has it been since we sparred?"

"...Huh?" Recalling that the last time had been when Grid made the Enlightenment Sword, the pope's face turned white. "Yamete kudasai!"

"What if I don't want to? Hmm, then I will ask Isabel."

"...I will spar with you."

How many men in the world would allow the woman they loved to be a punching bag? The weeping Damian accepted the match. The stage of the confrontation was the beautiful garden that the Vatican was proud of. After hearing the rumors, the players belonging to the Rebecca Church came over. The players knew Pope Damian's skills, which had become incomparable stronger since the 3rd National Competition, and couldn't easily guess who the winner of the spar would be. Damian's growth might be less developed than Grid's, but Damian was already one of the best in the world.

## [Chapter 896](#)

“...”Grid’s expression was serious as he faced his opponent. It wasn’t much different from when he met Kraugel in the PvP finals. It was because the opponent was Damian. This was despite the fact that Grid’s winning percentage against Damian was 100%.

‘He is dangerous in his full buff state.’

Damian’s unique class, Goddess’ Agent, and his status as the pope undoubtedly made him the best among the players. In particular, Damian used various buffs and was able to compete with Grid in terms of firepower.

‘The important thing to take note of is Goddess’ Wrath.’

Once Damian drew two big magic circles in the air, it was a good idea to avoid a frontal battle. The magic pillars fired from the magic circles boasted overwhelming firepower reminiscent of an anti-tank gun. Previously, Grid had the protection of the God Hands and could win relatively easily, but...

‘Right now, I don’t have the God Hands.’

Grid had to weigh the pros and cons. He had sacrificed the Sword Mastery, blacksmithing skills, and the possible development of the growth of the God Hands to make a new sword. It was necessary for him to confirm the value of the item that replaced the God Hands.

‘Based on the performance, the sword is much better than the God Hands. However, I need to look at its effectiveness in a match.’

Grid wanted the current form of the pavranium to be better than when it had been the God Hands.

First of all, he liked the blacksmithing hammer too much. He didn’t want to give up the Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods which increased the probability of making myth rated items while decreasing the probability of making normal and rare rated items to 0%.

‘The difference when I have the hammer is like the difference between heaven and earth.’

If he devoted the same amount of time, money, and effort to make an item, the result would be influenced by ‘luck.’ From the viewpoint of Grid who was always careful when making an item, it made him ill if the finished product had a normal or rare rating. The damage was serious. If he used the Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods, he would be able to make an item that was at least epic rated and would avoid any damages. As such, he couldn’t avoid feeling greedy over the hammer.

‘However, if my blacksmithing ability increases in return for my combat ability falling, there will be many limitations on my activities. I have to be careful.’

Grid took a deep breath and pressed the button of the Pulling Device, causing the Enlightenment Blade—which was connected to the silver thread—to spin in their air. It spun dozens of times per second around Grid, making Damian feel tense. The pulling device joined items together into the shape of a clear sword.



Damian's face was already pale since early on. He had experienced being beaten like a dog by the Enlightenment Sword, so he couldn't help feeling fearful now. Damian shrank back and lost his fighting spirit.

"I will cheer for Your Holiness!"

"Receive Goddess Rebecca's blessing!"

However, Damian couldn't back down from the moment he agreed to duel with Grid. How could he show weakness to the hundreds of church members who were cheering for him?

"Your Holiness..."

"Isabel-chan..."

The woman he loved was also among those gathered. Damian wanted to be a great guy in front of her. Despite having no chance to win this match, he wanted to show his best abilities to the end.

'Watch me, Isabel-chan! I'll show you a man's fight.' Damian's eyes were filled with this desire as he looked at her.

"Please fight in moderation before yielding. I don't want you to get hurt." These were Isabel's words. She said this because she was worried about Damian, but she was also telling Damian that he wasn't a match for Grid. It was something that Damian acknowledged himself.

'Still, I am a bit sad.'

He wanted to be the best person to the woman he loved! Damian's fighting spirit was once again ignited.

"Divine Protection, Incarnation of Light, Goddess' Blessing."

[Divine Protection increases the defense of you and your party by 30% for 5 minutes.]

[Incarnation of Light increases the attack power of you and your party by 20% for 5 minutes.]

[The Goddess' Blessing increases you and your party members' stats by 15% for 7 minutes, negates one strike, and will create a shield that absorbs 12,000 damage.]

Flash!Flash!Flash!

Damian's body became surrounded with light as he continuously used buff skills. The performance of his buffs had improved compared to the time of the 3rd National Competition. This was natural since the skill level had increased. Damian had also grown, and although this growth could be a poison, it was just enough to stimulate the Hero King.

[You have discovered a strong person of this era!]

[The Hero King's fighting energy has started to boil!]

As Damian used his buffs and became stronger, the red and purple aura around Grid started to thicken. Damian jumped with surprise and shouted, "It won't be easy!"

Conscious of Isabel's gaze, Damian didn't lose his fighting spirit. A small golden magic circle appeared above Damian's left shoulder as he held his sword. It was like a miniature version of the magic circles which appeared when Goddess' Wrath was used.

'Perhaps?'

The moment that Grid became alert of this, a flash of light emerged from the small golden circle. The power of Goddess' Anger was four times weaker than Goddess' Wrath, but it was possible to always keep it activated as it consumed lesser resources. Grid was hit by the flash of light. An explosion occurred at the point where Grid was standing, causing the Rebecca followers to feel in awe while the elders groaned.

"King Grid!"

"Your Holiness! Why are you attacking so suddenly? Don't you dare kill him!"

"No, that person..."

Why was the pope being treated as the villain? Since when did the elders like Grid so much? Damian was embarrassed by the elders' attitude and started sweating nervously. Then the smoke was slowly removed from the area of the explosion, and Grid appeared there unharmed.

'How?'

Goddess' Anger consumed less magic power and had a higher minimum damage. No matter how high Grid's magic resistance was, it should be possible for Damian to deal Grid 7,000 fixed damage. Damian found it hard to understand why Grid had no wounds.

"Heok...!"

"What is that?"

Damian was confused while the elders were shocked, although they didn't show it because of their status. Meanwhile, the ordinary members of the Rebecca Church couldn't even close their mouths. A sight beyond common sense was unfolding before them. A beautiful ivory blade was moving alone in the air and guarding Grid.

That's right. A blade had replaced the role of the God Hands.

'What is this?'

Pavranium was the exclusive item of Pagma's Descendant. Other people didn't know the secrets and functions hidden within it. So, it was impossible for Damian and the other followers to know that the blade that just appeared had been made out of the God Hands. Meanwhile, Grid analyzed the Blade Aiming at the Gods.

'The reaction rate is the same as when it was the God Hands.'

This was natural. The pavranium protected Grid and reacted to the enemies at the same speed, whether it was in the form of a disc or the God Hands. It was easy to predict that this would stay the same even after it became a blade. There was just one surprising thing.

'It seems that the total damage it can receive has increased?'

The pavranium would normally freeze for a while once it received damage beyond a certain amount and lose its original function. The discs and God Hands would become stiff for one second every time they received more than 10,000 damage, yet the blade endured 10,000 and was still fine.

'It is because the amount of pavranium in the blade is more than there was in the God Hands? Or is it the result of combining it with other minerals?'

It was likely to be due to both. Grid's smiled with satisfaction and provoked Damian, "Why don't you try a proper attack instead of this small one?"

Grid's insight was now above normal. He was aware that Damian was conscious of Isabel in the crowd.

"If you want it!" As expected, Damian wanted to show a nice appearance to Isabel and responded to the provocation. If Grid were the 'enemy' and if this were a real battlefield, he would be laughing. Two large magic circles, which were 3 meters in diameter, were created above Damian's shoulders. Grid knew what this phenomenon was. It was the precursor to the strongest skill that showed the dignity of the pope.

"Goddess' Wrath!" Damian first triggered only one of the two magic circles. A flash of light was fired and hit Grid. It was incomparably larger than Goddess' Anger. The shockwave that followed shook the entire garden, and the church members started to fall.

"Are you insane?" There was a barrage of criticisms from the elders. They resented Damian, who launched an enormous attack on the church's benefactor.

"Who cares now?" Damian dismissed them as he looked in front of him. The pillar of light was clashing with the ivory blade. This was the moment when the pope's strongest technique was easily weakened. The flash faded, and the blade froze in place, shaking.

Grid's lips curved as he watched it. '30,000!'

It was a huge 30,000 damage. The Blade Aiming at the Gods would only become frozen if the damage was over 30,000. It could absorb 20,000 more damage than the God Hands.

"Maybe it isn't bad... Eh?"

The frozen state of the Blade Aiming at the Gods wasn't over yet! Damian attacked during this gap. A new flash of light was fired from one of the two huge magic circles, and it reached Grid.

'This is bad!'

This blade was still frozen! It was burdensome for Grid to receive this attack that would deal at least 70,000 damage.

'...Wait?' Grid stopped just as he was trying to swing the Enlightenment Sword to offset some of the damage. Then he pulled out the Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods from his inventory. The hammer met the flash of light that was about to hit Grid's chest.

“Hat..!” Grid burst out laughing. He recalled that the hammer was also made of pavranium and then started a sword dance. It was the sword dance for Transcend. The atmosphere surrounding Grid boiled. His attack power increased, and his attacks were transformed into ranged ones.

“Kuak!”

Wasn’t this a scam? Damian could only fight in close combat, so it became more difficult for him to deal with Grid, who started to fly into the distance. Damian had to set up a shield and crouch like a turtle while slowly narrowing the distance. Unlike Grid who could freely move while swinging his sword, Damian had to shoot magic while hiding behind a shield. This caused his hit rate to drop substantially. At this time, Damian’s shield was pointed upward in front of him. It was set up like a wall to constantly block the many strikes. This meant that the Blade Aiming at the Gods pierced Damian’s unprotected side easily.

[You have suffered 8,170 damage.]

“Keuk?”

Grid didn’t swing it, but it moved by itself. To think that the blade which could only exert its own attack power actually dealt so much damage to the fully buffed Damian...? The damage wasn’t much different compared to when he was directly hit by Grid.

A chill went down Damian’s spine.

“Link.” Grid used Freely Move to appear by Damian’s side and used a new swordsmanship.

“W-Wait a minute! Time!” Damian cried out, but Grid didn’t stop. In the course of the sword dance, the Enlightenment Blade fell off the sword and was replaced by the Blade Aiming at the Gods. This was the birth of the Sword Aiming at the Gods.

“Isn’t it okay to die in sparring mode anyway?”

“It doesn’t feel good...!” Damian shouted urgently, but Grid still had many things to check. It wasn’t worthwhile to Grid for them to stop the spar now. Grid swung the sword, and a lightning bolt fell over Damian’s head while golden clouds appeared in the sky.

Then a transparent God Hand hovered around Grid. Grid felt it was still lacking and asked the enraptured elders, “Elders, can you participate as well? Help the pope in his spar with me...”

The elders shook their heads. They were incredibly terrified as they looked at Grid, who was completely fine, and then at Damian, who was injured on the ground.

‘We can’t make him angry...!’ In the minds of the elders, Grid’s presence was becoming so big that he was comparable to the goddess. It wasn’t too long before Grid gained a new deity stat point.

## [Chapter 897](#)

[The Sword Aiming at the Gods was born after being smelted and forged in Asgard: First World.]

[The energy of Asgard: First World is released from the Sword Aiming at the Gods.]

[Golden clouds have appeared!]

[The golden clouds will be the bridge between you and Asgard: First World.]

“...!”

The golden clouds that descended from the sky were layered like stairs. It felt like they were telling Grid to step on them and climb into the sky.

“Oh...! Ohh?!”

“A bridge to the goddess...!”

The Rebecca members were fascinated. The elders were frightened of Grid while being captivated by the golden clouds. Heaven existed! The golden clouds of stairs proved there was meaning in their lifelong faith and infinite worship in all those who served a god.

[The appearance of the golden clouds has amplified the morale of all those who serve the gods. During the three minute summoning time of the golden clouds, all those who serve a god will have their attack and defense increased by 10%.]

[Everyone who doesn't serve a god will feel terrified by the golden clouds. During the three minute summoning time of the golden clouds, their attack and defense will decrease by 10%.]

[You serve multiple gods, so your attack power and defense have increased by 10%.]

“Ah...” Grid sighed.

Those who served a god and those who didn't...

After dividing humanity into these two types, the power of the golden clouds, which generated a global buff and debuff, turned out to be below Grid's expectations. Grid had hoped that the golden clouds were a powerful wide area attack skill like the black flames explosion.

Yet what was this wide area debuff and buff? The buffs and debuffs didn't even distinguish between friend and foe. Right now, the Overgeared members had visited the Hexetia Temple and had the status of serving Hexetia. Then what about other players? Grid speculated that many players had already joined a religion. It meant that people could receive the golden clouds buff even if they didn't have a class like a paladin or priest.

‘If these clouds are summoned in the middle of a battlefield...’

The war situation might significantly tilt depending on how many soldiers had joined a religion. Just looking at the Saharan Empire, the Rebecca Church was a state religion.

‘It is a complete mess... No, at least I will receive minimal damage if I have all my people serve the Hexetia Temple...’

In any case, it was below expectations. The golden clouds weren't very appealing to Grid who had been able to gain an overwhelming power after the Astaroth raid. Then something happened. It was as if his disappointment was noticed.

[The baby angels at the other end of the golden clouds touching the highest heaven are reaching out. The angels have a great interest in the ground. However, they can't come down to the ground because they know the summoning time of the golden clouds is short.]

[The linked skill of the golden clouds, Angel's Aria, has failed to activate.]

"...??"

'Angel's Aria?' Grid's disappointment quickly disappeared as he recalled the young angels he had met in the world of the gods. He felt anticipation now that he knew the golden clouds could be a platform for a special skill, not just buffs and debuffs.

On the other hand...

"..." Damian was overcome with pained frustration as he lay on the ground. What was defeat? It was denying his own efforts and value. Damian admired and respected Grid more than anyone else, but this was separate from losing. He felt ashamed and humiliated at being defeated every time he competed with Grid.

'Putting my pride aside, it is a real problem. This is why Grid is disappointed with me.'

Damian had grown as time passed, but he still seemed weak. He felt like he disappointed Grid and was anxious, despite being the pope. Damian wanted to prove his worth. He wanted to prove his past efforts. Yes, time was equal to everyone. Just as Grid went through all types of incidents after the 3rd National Competition, Damian was the same. He shouldn't be defeated in such a manner. Damian raised his body that had been burned with lightning. He didn't rely heavily on the 10% increase in attack and defense that appeared thanks to Grid's golden clouds as he knew that Grid was likely to have received a similar buff.

"Goddess' Breath." A light surrounded Damian, and his health was restored to 100%.

Grid saw his fighting spirit and looked surprised. "Do you still want to continue?"

Damian hadn't wanted this duel from the beginning. Thinking he would lose, he had started the fight with a dejected spirit. Grid had been somewhat disappointed with that. Where had the old Damian gone? This was the man who fought against the corrupted Pope Drevigo, the farmer Piaro, and the sky above the sky Kraugel. His conviction had never dampened.

However, Damian had changed little by little after becoming pope. He had worried over the status of a pope more than his own beliefs and gradually bowed his courage under the pretext that it was for the church. It was the same for this spar. A few years ago, Damian would have been happy just sparring, but now he was only crying. He had the attitude of not wanting to be embarrassed in front of his beloved Isabel but showed no fighting spirit to overcome Grid.

Unlike Grid, Damian had gotten weak. Grid was bound to think of Damian like this and felt many complicated emotions. Damian's change, which could be evaluated as maturing in some way, was bittersweet and painful. Yet at this moment...

"I will continue. It might be one-sided, but it is a problem if Grid doesn't feel any fun." Damian was regaining his old self. He threw off the cumbersome white clothing that symbolized a pope.

“Your Holiness!” The elders frowned and rebuked him. They didn’t like Damian’s behavior of casting aside the pope’s clothing in front of the congregation. The usual Damian would’ve scratched his head and laughed awkwardly. Instead, he said, “It is uncomfortable. I can’t fight while wearing it. What am I supposed to do when the fabric catches on armor every time I move?”

“...”

“Please respect the fact that unlike other popes, I am a paladin and not a priest.”

“...”

“Didn’t the first pope fight in armor instead of clothing when sealing Marie Rose?”

He felt good as he watched the elders close their mouths. Then he pointed his sword at Grid. Damian still had 1 minute and 10 seconds left on his buffs.

“I am going to use all my power.”

This time, he didn’t pay attention to the eyes of the church’s members and Isabel. Damian would fight for himself. He would also discard the pope’s dignity. Reading Damian’s determination, Grid laughed.

“Okay. Come, Damian.”

Then he quickly pulled four hammers out of his inventory. They were the Mjolnirs which could cause a target to become stiff. Of course, the Ultimate Enhanced Mjolnir was included. Grid was curious. Was it possible for the God Hands made by the Sword Aiming at the Gods to wear equipment?

‘Indeed?’

Grid’s new God Hands were able to wear equipment. If equipment couldn’t be worn, they would be too lacking in comparison to the old God Hands. The semi-translucent God Hands grabbed the Mjolnirs from Grid, meaning that equipment could definitely be worn.

‘Good!’

The pulling device was used. The Blade Aiming at the Gods fell off and was replaced by the Enlightenment Blade. Grid equipped himself with the flaming black sword, while the God Hands and Blade Aiming at the Gods moved around him.

‘If I make good use of defense magic, I have a chance to counterattack.’ Damian tried not to be daunted by the fraudulent abilities Grid was displaying.

The God Hands rushed toward Damian. Damian was aware he would be defeated if he allowed even one hit from the hammer, so he summoned a number of small light shields in the air to neutralize the God Hands as much as possible. The Blade Aiming at the Gods was blown away. Damian wouldn’t allow himself to be hit by the same move again. He showed a gap as he twisted his hips and swung his sword.

“Drop.” Grid used the skill that had the shortest activation time among Pagma’s Swordsmanship. He didn’t take it easy. In order to show his respect to Damian, Grid would fight seriously. This was his power. Damian blocked it with a huge square shield. It was as if he expected Grid to attack, so he used the shield to block Drop without even moving his eyes.

[The Square Divine Light Shield has absorbed the powerful shock!]

[The durability of the Square Divine Light Shield has decreased by 67.]

[Your left hand holding a shield has been paralyzed temporarily.]

[You have overcome the paralysis with your high status resistance.]

“Kuk...!”

As expected, a scam was a scam. The durability of the shield designed for defense had been reduced by two digits, making it questionable if the shield was doing its job properly. A flash of light emerged from the small magic circle above Damian’s shoulder after countering Grid’s offensive. The flashes struck the God Hands and the Blade Aiming at the Gods continuously, making the God Hands stiffen.

On the other hand, the Blade Aiming at the Gods moved smoothly and cut Damian, interrupting the illusion that Damian was in a 1 vs 1 match instead of a 1 vs 2 match. There was a bigger problem.

“100,000 Army Massacre Sword.”

Damian was a powerhouse, but this was his mistake. As the years passed by, the gap between Damian and Grid hadn’t narrowed. The reason wasn’t because his efforts were lacking or because he had the wrong mindset. The problem was that Grid was the Hero King. As Damian became stronger, he stimulated Grid’s fighting energy to a greater extent. Grid was able to accumulate fighting energy faster because of Damian’s strength.

[The Square Divine Light Shield has absorbed the powerful shock!]

[The durability of the Square Divine Light Shield has decreased by 35.]

[The durability of the Square Divine Light Shield has decreased by 31.]

[The durability of the Square Divine Light Shield has decreased by 39.]

[The durability of the Square Divine Light Shield has decreased by 20.]

[The durability of the Square Divine Light Shield has decreased...]

[Warning! The durability of the Square Divine Light Shield has reached its limit!]

Grid unleashed an onslaught without stopping.

[The Square Divine Light Shield has been destroyed!]

The huge square shield which had protected Damian from numerous threats so far cracked and then turned to gray.

“Nani?! Pope’s Charity! Goddess’ Protection!” Damian tried simultaneously casting a healing skill and a shield skill.

“Linked Kill.” Grid’s powerful attack dealt a critical blow to Damian who had just lost his shield. Damian’s health fell down to 1 point, and his defeat in the spar was announced.



“Pant... Pant... Pant...!” Damian’s face became shadowed as he was injured. He felt ashamed because of his terrible defeat and wondered if he was qualified to be Grid’s colleague. At that moment...

[You have heard Goddess Rebecca’s warm voice.]

-You, my agent, need to become stronger.

Damian’s unique class of Goddess’ Agent encountered a change.

[The goddess of light is the pinnacle of all gods and thinks that you, as the Goddess’ Agent, also needs to be at the pinnacle.]

[The goddess has witnessed your many defeats against the same opponent and feels terrible enough to make a trial.]

[The class quest ‘To Truly become the Goddess’ Agent...’ has been created.]

“Ah?”

What conditions had he met unknowingly? It might not be Grid’s intention, but shouldn’t Damian be thankful to Grid?

“Good job. It was really fun to fight against you.”

“...”

Damian finally looked up from where he had been sitting without grabbing Grid’s outstretched hand. He saw Grid with the sun behind him. There wasn’t pity but pride in Grid’s eyes as he looked at Damian. He had beat Damian easily, but Grid acknowledged Damian instead of ignoring or being disappointed in him.

Damian’s grip on the grass strengthened. Grid looked like a person who had fallen from the sky. Every time, this person was a great help to Damian. Grid was like a person who only existed for him.

“You... You truly...” Damian couldn’t explain this feeling. He was unable to endure the surging emotions, and his eyes reddened.

‘Crying all of a sudden?’ Grid was at a loss for words as tears filled the eyes of the beautiful young man.

“W-What is it? Ah, I’m sorry. I will naturally reimburse you for the shield. I will make a far better shield. So, please calm down...” Grid couldn’t finish speaking.

Damian suddenly stood up and hugged him tightly. It was a hug from a pretty man...

“W-What?” Feeling uncomfortable, Grid tried to pull Damian off.

Still, Damian clung to him like a leech. “Daisuki! Grid-sama aishiteru!!”

“L-Let go!”

To think that Damian was confessing his love while hugging Grid... as hundreds of Rebecca followers watched, including players...? Grid felt bitter. He was seriously worried that Damian was deliberately messing with him due to the loss of the shield.

That evening...

[Pope Damian's confession of love to the Overgeared King!]

[Damian's worship of Grid originated from private feelings...?]

Media outlets around the world started to release unpleasant articles. In particular, the women's magazines which enjoyed gossip featured these articles. Grid was an undisputed world star as every move he made was turned into a story. He was the best star who had been popular ever since he appeared in public!

It's just that...

"Dammit. How annoying." Grid himself felt very uncomfortable. The number of members in the Grid Anti-Fans Cafe was skyrocketing due to the rumors that he was a garbage playboy.

'Well, whatever. I was able to figure out various things from the spar with Damian, so it isn't a loss.'

Grid decided to hold off on disposing of the hammer and Blade Aiming at the Gods for the time being. It was difficult to abandon the exponential rise in production ability, and the versatility of the blade wasn't that lacking compared to the God Hands. He had another problem to worry about in the future.

"How can I secure more pavranium?"

It was clear that the more pavranium he obtained, the stronger he could become. Was there a way to gain more pavranium?

"...Ah?" Grid suddenly thought of his clone in hell.

### [Chapter 898](#)

Grid was reminded of the 41st island on the Behen Archipelago. The small island had given him a clear and succinct mission—to fight against himself and win.

'The clone...'

At the time, it had reproduced all of Grid's information. The clone had used the same skills based on Grid's stats, had better combat abilities, and had been able to fuse sword dances. He had worn the same items as Grid and also had the God Hands, but his use of the God Hands was much better than Grid's. Unlike Grid who couldn't focus on giving delicate commands to the God Hands, the clone had inherited the super intelligence of the super named NPC and could completely control the God Hands. In any case, Grid had somehow beat the clone.

'The clone has God Hands, so I can secure more pavranium by taking his God Hands.' Grid was able to come to this conclusion. In fact, until relatively recently, Grid had forgotten about his clone. He had never dreamed that the clone he had killed on the 41st island would still be alive. However, Yura then told him that his clone was in hell. It seemed Grid's dark-skinned version was looking for him. Grid was able to instantly realize that the clone had died in Blackening mode and fallen to hell, surviving until the present.

'The reason why Belial was surprised to see me was probably because of the clone.'

It was normal to fall to hell when dying in Blackening mode and then get expelled from hell when Blackening ended. Still, it was presumed that the clone had been in hell for years.

'Why?'

Grid didn't receive an answer to his question. It was virtually impossible for a player to understand every game setting. He just needed to accept and cope with the current situation.

"Hrmm..." Grid tapped on the table while thinking. It was because his clone was in hell that he desired to maintain the Blacksmith Hammer to Go Against the Gods and the Blade Aiming at the Gods. He wanted to steal the clone's God Hands as soon as possible.

'Of course, there is no guarantee that the God Hands will drop when I kill the clone.'

At present, he needed new God Hands. To be exact, he needed to secure more pavranium from the clone. So, it was worth trying. There was a problem though.

'I don't know the path to move to hell...'

In the past, Grid had been defeated by his clone several times. To be honest, the clone had been much stronger than Grid. He might have had the same stats as Grid, but the clone had the artificial intelligence of a super named NPC and had displayed an overwhelming combat ability. However, Grid had won in the end. Based on Item Creation, he had produced the Motley Flail and won by purely relying on luck.

'I have become stronger over the last few years.'

His skill levels had gone beyond the clone's skills. Grid had also gained God's Command, the titles of First King, and Hero King, as well as the powers of several named bosses such as Belial and Astaroth onto his rune. There were also the goddess' blessings which he obtained this time and the special event that happened when he made six myth rated items. It was true that Grid was currently completely different from when he entered the 41st island. Grid believed that if he went to hell and met the clone now, he would be able to overcome the clone.

'I think I can win even if I fight with one hand.'

Of course, this belief only lasted a moment.

'Ah... Wait?'

Didn't Yura receive a fatal blow with a single strike? Would the clone from a few years ago be able to win against the current Yura?

'No.'

Was the clone from a few years ago strong enough to embarrass the Great Demon Belial?

'That isn't possible.'

At this moment, Grid perceived it clearly. His clone had also grown stronger over the past few years.

'Maybe. In the worst case scenario...'

The clone might be affected by Grid's growth. In fact, the clone might've also gained God's Command when Grid got it, and he might have gotten fighting energy when Grid became the Hero King. It was a possibility which couldn't be ruled out when recalling that the clone had the characteristic of duplicating Grid's appearance and abilities.

'Even so, I can fight him.'

Grid didn't shrink back. Even if the clone was stronger than him, Grid believed this.

'I can somehow win if I use the Motley Flail again. Okay, don't think too hard.'

In the end, Grid planned to rely on luck. He wasn't a fool just because he didn't prepare any measures. Instead, he was calmly grasping the situation. What measures could be prepared against an unknown enemy who couldn't be evaluated? It was a waste of time.

"Okay..." Grid made a decision and rose from his seat. He would go to hell and hunt the clone.

-Yura, take me to hell.

Yura was embarrassed by the random whisper.-Are you thinking of fighting against your clone?

-Yes.I can't leave him alone.I have to get rid of this cheap shit.

Grid wasn't just greedy for the pavranium. The clone was derived from Grid, and it might be possible for him to influence Grid one day if Grid left the clone alone. This influence might be in a bad direction. As such, Grid's mission was to hunt the clone. It couldn't be helped when he didn't know the clone was alive, but Grid couldn't stay still now that he knew about the clone's presence.

-.....

Yura was speechless for a moment, but it wasn't because she was impressed with Grid's determination.

'Shit...' Yura was called the world's most beautiful woman. Countless people praised her, and men tried to look good to her. Everyone was cautious with their words and gestures in front of her but not Grid. Grid had said the word 'shit' without hesitation. It became clear that he considered Yura as a comfortable friend, instead of a woman.

"Hah..."

-Yura?Did you go somewhere?Why aren't you saying anything?Ah, is it impossible for you to take another person to hell?

-...No.I can take up to two other people.It would be a total of three people, including me.

-Three people?

Grid flinched. He said he was cleaning up shit, but it would be a lie to say he wasn't afraid. After all, he would receive a death penalty if the clone was stronger than him, so he would rather fight with his colleagues. Of course, one person came to Grid's mind.

-If you can bring one more person, let's take Euphemina.

The only player that Grid perceived as stronger than himself was Duplicator Euphemina. Yura agreed, -It is a good idea. We can count on her.

Unlike Grid, Yura could objectively evaluate Euphemina. She wasn't afraid of Euphemina and had a solid grasp on her power. Yura didn't disagree that Euphemina was the strongest. She knew that Euphemina was one of the greatest players whenever she copied the strongest skills. Moreover, she could use Mumud's magic.

'If the three of us join forces, there is no chance for the clone to win...'

Yura had watched the Grid vs Damian duel in the Vatican as it was relayed through OGC, the world's best gaming station. The media and public were amazed at how Grid had overpowered Damian easily, but Yura knew that Grid hadn't used all his power against Damian.

'It has been like this since the 3rd National Competition.'

Grid never exposed his true power against a player. It was the same when dealing with Kraugel. Due to this, Yura believed that Grid's power was greater than what she imagined. If Grid combined forces with Euphemina who was the strongest conditionally, Yura believed they could overcome the clone. However, there was a problem.

-Is Euphemina replying to you?

-...?

\*\*\*

[A whisper has arrived, but you can't hear it.]

"..."

Euphemina's Skill Duplication wasn't universal. There was another realistic problem apart from the issues of having a limited number of times she could duplicate and the overload caused by overuse. Her Skill Duplication could duplicate a skill at 100%, but an unexpected penalty might occur. The master level Stealth that Euphemina was currently using had the realistic penalty of 'concentration.' She needed to focus in order to maintain the stealth. This meant that executing high speed movement, casting skills, and having conversations were forbidden since they all interfered with her concentration. It was an unreasonable penalty considering the fact that assassins who mastered the skill could move at high speeds, cast skills, and converse with other people while maintaining the stealth.

"..." Still, Euphemina was calm.

After being a Duplicator for so many years, she was familiar with the penalties that occurred. She naturally accepted the penalty for maintaining the stealth since she wasn't an assassin.

[A whisper has arrived, but you can't hear it.]

Euphemina ignored the continuously rising messages. Rather than feeling curious toward whoever was whispering to her, she was more focused on what was happening in front of her eyes.

"Kik... Kikik..."

It was already the third one. For some reason, Agnus was visiting the workshops of accessory makers in every country. Yet by the time he reached them, the accessory maker would already be dead and the guards blamed Agnus.

“H-Hik...!” The last surviving guard dropped the spear in his hand. Yet Agnus didn’t show him mercy. Agnus’ blade pierced the heart of the young guard. “...Kik.”

Deep in the alley, Agnus stopped after losing all trackers.

“...Lu...na. Luna...”

Stagger. Stagger.

His body, mind, and spirit were like his empty eyes. He seemed exhausted. His mouth only repeated one name. No, Euphemina knew it was a nickname.

‘Luna is Caroline...’

Euphemina was an unofficial ranker who was not on the leaderboards, but her information network and resourcefulness had allowed her to be at the top since the beginning of Satisfy. She couldn’t be unaware of the information related to Agnus—the target she must deal with to clear her class change quest. That’s why her heart ached even more.

‘Why?’

Why did that man draw his lover, who was already dead in reality, in the game? She became terribly sad as she watched Agnus and felt cold from seeing the madness that covered up his sorrow. He looked like a huge beast baring its teeth, but he was actually small in front of reality.

“Lu...na.”

Flop! It was a journey without any breaks. Agnus had fought countless enemies while feeling in despair and was already at his limit. Like a sand castle meant to break down from the beginning, he collapsed. Agnus fell down and was unable to get up.

Then a blonde girl approached in the darkness. It was the appearance of Euphemina, who could no longer just watch.

“You?” His face lay against the cold floor, and his eyes shook as he watched the girl approach. She felt sad to see the wounded beast so scared.

Euphemina made a bittersweet expression and extended a small hand to Agnus. “Do you want to craft that stone?”

“...”

“Promise that you will release Mumud. Then I will help you.”

“...Why?”

It was a world where there was only frustration and despair. Agnus' vision blurred as the fantasy of salvation appeared. Euphemina felt her heart drop as she saw Agnus' tears and struggled to calm down. "No reason. I just think it will be convenient."

### [Chapter 899](#)

The problem was excessive exhaustion. Agnus' fatigued body could only react reflexively. Slightly tearful, the expression on his face was distorted. The shaking of his pupils stopped, and his eyes became sharp and threatening. "What are you doing?"

Agnus knew the girl who was lifting him up. It was Euphemina. She was a meritorious retainer of the Overgeared Kingdom, and she had helped with Valhalla's establishment. Agnus knew the rumor about how she was one of the people that Grid trusted most. Furthermore, wasn't she aiming for Mumud? So, why was she helping Agnus?

"Acha!"

Duplicator Euphemina's strength stat was low enough to be comparable to a magician's. This was one of the reasons why she rarely duplicated physical attack skills that required the use of a 'weapon.' It was hard for her to support an adult male who weighed more than herself.

"Kuoong." Finally, Euphemina sat beside Agnus, who was leaning against a wall, and pulled out a handkerchief. "Why are you looking at me like that? What is it? Do you want to wipe off your sweat as well?"

"Get lost," Agnus growled out. He wasn't given the nickname of Mad Dog for nothing. Euphemina nervously put the handkerchief away as he asked again, "What do you want?"

"Are you an idiot? Why do you keep asking? Didn't I tell you from the beginning? I will help you."

"...Hah?" Agnus was dumbfounded. The failure condition of the 'Mumud's Desire for Liberation' quest that popped up whenever Agnus saw Euphemina was for Agnus to be killed by Euphemina. In other words, Euphemina could clear her quest by killing Agnus. Yet she was helping Agnus instead of using this chance to kill him. Why?

"Why aren't you killing me?"

"Well... It won't be easy. Won't it be hard to deal you with a mortal wound when you can use Lich Transformation and recover your stamina instantly?"

"You have the power to neutralize that short period of resistance. Tell me honestly. What are you up to?"

Agnus' only ally had been his dead lover. The other people he had encountered over the years were all enemies. Consequently, it was natural for him to be suspicious of Euphemina, who was one of Grid's closest people. Euphemina spoke with deliberately wide eyes, "Don't you have any friends? Why do you keep doubting people's good intentions? You should just accept it."

"Would you be able to if you were me?"

“Of course. You should rejoice at receiving the help of such a beautiful and pure woman. Doubting the goodwill of a beauty? Shouldn’t you be kind to a beauty like me?”

“A kid...”

“Why are you calling me a big girl like me a kid?”

Euphemina was an adult woman in her early 20s. However, she was 150 centimeters tall and had a young appearance that made it believable she was still in middle school. As such, she had a bit of a complex about it and was sensitive to the word ‘kid.’

“Big girl...?” Agnus started to observe the agitated Euphemina from head to toe. No matter how he looked at her, she was a kid.

Euphemina’s face turned red. “I-I didn’t mean that type of big! It hasn’t grown yet, but I’m still an adult! I’m not a kid!”

“...” Agnus wondered how he ended up having this conversation with Grid’s friend. The situation was truly laughable. Agnus got up as his stamina had recovered. “Get lost. I’ll spare you once,” Agnus spoke in a patronizing rather than thankful manner.

“Did you hear wrong because you weren’t sane before?” Euphemina threw him a temptation that was hard to resist. “Didn’t I tell you? I will help you craft the stone—the Stone of Life.”

“What?”

“If you free Mumud...!?” Euphemina didn’t finish her words didn’t finish though. The spot where she stood was suddenly swept away by an explosion. It was a huge explosion which devastated the 10 houses around the narrow alley. Euphemina’s small body disappeared without a trace.

“...I’ve found you.”

This was the capital of the Murray Kingdom, Juden. Agnus was identified as the murderer of the accessory maker Catherine and had already defeated several Juden guards. He had to escape from Juden as soon as possible, but he took too long and got caught.

“Capture him!” The magicians had hit Euphemina with magic while the knights flocked around Agnus. Hundreds of soldiers could be seen behind them. The average level of the knights and soldiers was high. It wasn’t a power that a player could go against alone. Of course, this was a story for a normal player.

“Kikik... Numbers are useless in front of me.” Agnus stepped forward, causing the ground to shake and for skeleton soldiers to emerge.

“Eh? Ughh!”

“Stop!”

The approaching soldiers witnessed the skeletons wielding swords and paled. Many of them would’ve been killed without the help of the knights and magicians.



“An evil necromancer!” One of the knights shouted. From the knight’s perspective, Agnus had suddenly invaded the capital and murdered civilians and guards, so he was definitely a bad person. The knight was filled with a deep grudge. Agnus started making undead from the corpses of the soldiers, and the young knights failed to reach him. Surrounded by skeleton soldiers, Agnus seemed like an impregnable fortress. In reality, he was an old fortress.

“Kik! Kikikik!”

Due to the successive chases, Agnus’ resources were at their limit. He was lacking in stamina and mana, which meant that various spells couldn’t be used. His important spells were also cooling down. The skeletons crumbled quickly due to the magicians’ spells. As the number of skeleton soldiers decreased, the Murray Kingdom’s soldiers and knights stabbed Agnus with their spears and swords.

“...Kik!” Pain and fear stimulated Agnus’ frontal lobe. The painful memories of reality disappeared, leading him to feel pleasure. The smile on Agnus’ face widened as he was stabbed by spears and shields. Agnus, who had been nervous and weakened as his reunion with his old lover neared, regained his true nature of a mad dog.

“Keeok!”

“T-This monster... Kuaaack!”

“Kahahahat! Hat?”

He believed in the Lich Transformation. Yet while Agnus was breaking into the enemy and killing them, he suddenly collapsed. It was due to the sword that fell from the sky and pierced his shoulder. The long and sharp sword penetrated Agnus’ shoulder and chest.

[You have suffered 27,900 damage.]

[You have fallen into the ‘internal injury’ state.]

[This is a physical phenomenon. Resisting the status has failed.]

[All resource recovery speeds are reduced by 30%. Accompanied by the ‘bleeding (large)’ status, this causes your health to drop continuously.]

“Kuock?”

It was a powerful blow that caused even his madness to disappear. Agnus was astonished by the terrible pain and couldn’t help thinking about Grid. It was a powerful attack that caused him to misunderstand and think that the Overgeared King had chased him all the way to a distance kingdom. However, the person who struck Agnus wasn’t Grid. The person, who landed on the ground and retrieved the sword he had stabbed into Agnus, was a middle-aged man wearing faded red armor.

“This is my chance to pay back the Murray Kingdom’s grace.”

“Ohh...!”

“Sir Singuled!”

The frightened Murray knights and soldiers cheered. The fierce battlefield turned into a festival, and Agnus was the clown.

'Who?' The wounded mad dog watched the unwelcome visitor.

"You were here."

"I finally found you."

Then two soldiers spoke as they came to the center of the stage. Both of them looked like low-level soldiers.

"You are...?" The former Red Knight Singuled became wary. One of the soldiers took off his helmet and introduced himself, "A soldier... No, I am the traitor who betrayed you and made you fall into misery."

The golden name of 'Asmophel' appeared above the noble looking soldier's head. Singuled's face distorted like he was a demon. "You...! Asmophel!!!!!"

"...???" Agnus was dumbfounded by this change in the situation.

'What is this?' Euphemina, who had been hiding in the enemy camp since being swept away by the explosion, was surprised when she saw Asmophel.

"It looks like you haven't completed the seven malignant saints quest yet. At this point, the strongest players are Grid and Kraugel."

The unidentified soldier standing beside Asmophel came up to Agnus and took off his helmet to reveal the name 'Haster'. These unexpected developments made the many people present confused. If Grid had been watching this situation, he would've ordered fried chicken for dinner while watching the 'crucible of chaos.'

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[...It is the power of brain learning. In the end, the number of people implementing Satisfy's skills in reality will continue to increase. This isn't a good phenomenon. Experts from all fields who have been polishing their skills for decades will feel a sense of deprivation and lost motivation, while there will be mentally untrained youngsters who can't control their skills developed in a short period of time...]

"I'm hungry."

Youngwoo turned on the TV as soon as he got out of the capsule and then shook his head. He was filled with a strong sense of hunger while the voices of the news reporters entered one of his ears and out the other.

[NASA has picked up an asteroid with a weight of 56 billion kilograms. The giant rock that measures 300 meters in diameter is now turning around the sun at speed of 80,000 kph and is expected to cause several times the damage of an atomic bomb if it hits Earth.]

[The asteroid collision is estimated to happen in five years. It doesn't make sense. NASA's technology should've detected the approach of the asteroid many years ago. If NASA is telling the truth, the asteroid suddenly appeared one day. This is a physically impossible phenomenon...]

[...Still, NASA says there is a 1 in 4,500 chance of the asteroid hitting the Earth and they are well-prepared.]

The composed voices of the experts trying to calm the agitated hosts tangled together.

“Turn off the TV.”

Youngwoo turned off the unpleasant story and moved to the kitchen. The sunny kitchen with its large windows was well-built with enough tools to satisfy the chefs of the finest restaurants. Youngwoo stood in there and waited until the water boiled in the pot. Then he took out a pack of ramen. This was the power of the finest induction cooker!

“Sigh...” Youngwoo let out a deep sigh as the water started boiling as soon as he put the pot on. “My clone...”

Euphemina wasn't replying to his whispers, so Youngwoo had decided to take a break and logged out. Youngwoo became tense again. He wanted to bring his colleague with him to face an enemy in a fight where luck might not be enough. What if Yura or Euphemina died because of him? Should he take responsibility for the penalties they would receive?

“Indeed... I wish I could go alone.” He soothed his empty stomach and wondered if Euphemina not answering was a sign from God. Youngwoo cleared his thoughts while eating the ramen and then lay back down in the capsule. “Yes, this is my job in the end. Let's resolve it alone.”

His eyes were cold as he logged in.

[Welcome to Satisfy.]

Youngwoo became Overgeared King Grid.

[The presence in hell, who has captured your location, has arrived on the ground.]

The system informed Grid of the news.

“...?”

Chill. Grid got goosebumps.

## [Chapter 900](#)

The Murray Kingdom was surrounded by mountains and the sea. It didn't boast the excellent infrastructure of the empire or a variety of quests like the Overgeared Kingdom, but it had its own advantages and was quite popular among players. Tens of millions of players belonged to the Murray Kingdom, and one-tenth of them were active in the capital of Juden. There was a disturbance in the city. The guards moved quickly, and the army was dispatched. Then there was a sudden explosion and screams.

“No way...”

Thousands of players heard the noise and rushed to the scene. They felt it was a surreal scene as they saw a knight in red armor and a soldier in shabby army fighting. They jumped into the air and exchanged

blows at a speed that wasn't visible. It was reminiscent of the confrontation between Grid and Kraugel in the PvP finals of the 3rd National Competition. No, this confrontation was far more devastating.

"Asmophelllllll!" The knight in red armor, Singuled, roared angrily. Every time he wielded his sword, a glow broke everything in its path.

Even the high walls surrounding a mansion were destroyed after being pierced by the glow. It was terrible to imagine what would happen if a person were hit by that attack. Then what about the blond soldier facing him? He burned everything in his path, leaving a blaze of light. Dust rose due to the explosions, and it seemed like this entire area would turn into ruins.

"There were such NPCs?"

"Where did these monsters... Heok!"

"A-Avoid it!"

The players watching the fight between Singuled and Asmophel panicked. This was because Singuled's sword hit the ground and destroyed a 100-meter radius around it. Asmophel rose in the air due to the backlash that occurred from his collision with Singuled's sword and groaned when he landed, "Keuk...!"

The sight of Asmophel's face distorting with pain just stimulated Singuled's anger. "This is merely pain from a stab...!"

Singuled had a homeland, and his homeland protected his family. He was all about his homeland. Singuled was proud that he was a citizen of the great empire that dominated the continent and was willing to devote himself to it. It had been the same 12 years ago. Singuled had embraced his homeland's will and headed for the battlefield, fighting without shame. He had torn out the hearts of the enemies for the glory of his country and gotten wounded.

However, when he returned home, he wasn't welcomed with the people's cheers or the emperor's praise. Instead, he had met with the sharp spears and swords of Asmophel and thousands of soldiers, whom he had believed to be his colleagues.

'Enemy who betrayed your homeland, don't resist.'

'...'

It had been the landscape of hell. The heads of his parents, his wife, and his children had been hanging in this beautiful city. On that day, Singuled fled and vowed with all his heart that he would surely get revenge. He would cut Asmophel's tongue, dig out his eyes, cut off his limbs, and scatter them like trash in front of Asmophel's family!

"Asmophel! Until you feel that much pain...!!"

How could he penetrate the empire to reach Asmophel? For the past 12 years, he had only been thinking of a way to sneak into the empire. Asmophel showing up here was an unexpected stroke of good luck for Singuled, and he didn't want to miss this opportunity.

“Ohhhhh!” Singuled’s sword energy which was injected into the ground became stronger, and the earth was eroded. It was a sharp sword energy that collapsed the ground and led all living creatures above the ground to death. At the center of it all was Asmophel.

“Cough!” Asmophel’s skin had now turned blue. Every time he coughed, the blood vessels of his neck and face swelled like they were going to burst. Death was approaching, and Asmophel wanted to accept this death. He wanted to use death to escape the bridle of the sin he had committed, and he hoped it would release the grudges of his old colleagues.

However, his king had given him a mission. Asmophel couldn’t die until he accomplished it. A burst of flames exploded from Asmophel’s sword, neutralizing Singuled’s sword energy. The shaking earth stopped, and all of the plants and people standing on it were freed from death.

“I cut off your father’s head,” Asmophel confessed as he cut his neck with a knife. It wasn’t a deep cut, but it was just enough for blood to flow out.

“All the soldiers who hurt your family were following my commands.” Asmophel kneeled in front of Singuled and wounded himself all over. He cut his eyes, ears, mouth, neck, chest, arms, waist, and legs with a knife like splitting the skin of livestock.

“What crazy thing are you doing?” Singuled asked.

“When you kill me later on, dismantle my body and throw it to the beasts. I hope that you will feel more at ease,” Asmophel said to Singuled. “It will happen sooner or later. Until then, please hold off until I repay the favor I owe to the king I serve.”

“...”

“I don’t dare ask for forgiveness. I’m just sorry. I committed a great sin against you and your family.”

“...” An unpleasant feeling swept over Singuled. Perhaps the object of revenge that he had been cursing for 12 years...

“Singuled, come with me to the Overgeared Kingdom. Piaro is waiting for you.”

“...Boss?”

\*\*\*

The results of his confrontation with Hexetia were a big joy for Grid. He was now the benefactor of a god, everyone in the world knew his name, and the blacksmiths, including himself, enjoyed a great benefit. Grid could feel a sense of pride and superiority.

Thinking of how the dwarves—who had inspired Pagma—were becoming interested in him, Grid was filled with nervousness and anticipation. However, not everything was good. His position had been captured by someone in hell, and the mention of 1st Great Demon Baal was worrisome. Who was the presence in hell, and why was Baal mentioned? Grid grew afraid after finding out he had become the target of someone in hell. At this moment, his fear became reality.

[The presence in hell who has captured your location has arrived on the ground.]

'No, how did this happen?'

It wasn't a great demon. After all, it would've been clearly stated if that was the case.

'The presence was looking for me in hell, isn't a great demon, and is motivated enough to appear on the ground as soon as my location was discovered...'

Grid was about to identify the presence as his clone. The clone who had been born in order to kill Grid... According to Yura's testimony, this was still the clone's purpose. He was still looking for Grid in order to kill him.

'Yes, it is highly likely to be my clone.'

This raised other questions though.

'How did the clone break out of hell?'

Yura had said the clone had looked like Grid when he used Blackening. His clone had died while using Blackening and had fallen to hell. It had maintained Blackening afterward and could exist in hell. In order to him to climb out of hell, he had to release Blackening. The moment he lifted Blackening, he would be pronounced dead and cease to exist. Of course, this was what Grid assumed based on his personal experience.

'There might be other ways. In the first place, the clone is a difference existence from me.'

Grid shook his head to get rid of the thoughts. The method that the clone used to escape hell wasn't an important issue right now. The clone that even Great Demon Belial was wary of was already here. Furthermore, he wasn't a great demon, so he wouldn't receive a penalty. It was likely that the clone could boast more strength than Belial on Earth, and he was aiming for Grid. The clone would naturally advance to the Overgeared Kingdom, and there was a high possibility that many people would become injured in the process. Grid had to stop him.

'Where is he?'

The clone knew where Grid was, but Grid didn't know where he was.

'What should I do?'

Grid wasn't that worried about it. He had a person he could go to.

"Call the 10 meritorious retainers and Sage Sticks right now."

"Yes!"

It was a problem that couldn't be solved by worrying alone, so he would meet with his colleagues. The Overgeared King had so many talents that he didn't feel any doubts.

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A red light flashed, and sirens rang.

[TEX-214098 processor has started]

Yoon Nahee, the head of Satisfy's management team, frowned at the warning. "Isn't TEX the code for clones? What is the problem with this clone?"

Satisfy had hundreds of thousands of doppelganger monsters and spells that could create a clone of someone. It was extremely common. The actions of a clone couldn't have an adverse effect on Satisfy's world view. However, the supercomputer Morpheus was reporting a risk. Why?

'...Ah?' Yoon Nahee wasn't convinced of the reason for Morpheus' fuss. She bit her nails and thought, 'Am I working overtime today for a ridiculous reason?' Then she realized... there was one presence who survived all types of variables.

"Him...?"

It would be a long day of work. Yoon Nahee put her bag back down and wore her white coat again.

"Checking code name 214098... G-Grid's clone!"

The team members were reporting it right now. It was as Yoon Nahee expected. Hundreds of monitors in the office were broadcasting the image of Grid's clone. What was wrong with the background? It wasn't the dark hell filled with lava but a lush green forest.

"214098's position isn't hell? How did he appear on the ground?"

Her team members increased their typing speed. They planned to analyze the cause of this outcome by calculating 214098's route.

"It is Baal's entertainment," Lim Cheolho appeared and spoke at this moment. His complexion was very good, and he looked excited. He seemed decades younger than his usual self.

"Baal...? Are you talking about S-003?"

"Yes, the 1st Great Demon Baal."

As the presence equipped with the most advanced artificial intelligence, Baal experienced the first 'tedium' of all virtual creatures in Satisfy and pursued 'entertainment.' In Satisfy's history, he was a simulation that preceded Satisfy's formal opening and created all sorts of variables, such as helping Pagma. This made Satisfy's worldview more extensive and complex. Now, this was happening.

"Following Agnus, Grid has stimulated Baal's interest. Baal has sensed it. The presence of the Five Miracles who will soothe his tedium."

"Then the reason why Grid's clone was able to escape from hell..."

"Your guess is right. It is Baal's will, not an error. In Satisfy, it can be described as a god's blessing or a demon's curse."

"..."

On the monitors, Grid's clone started to move. When Grid unlocked new skills with the goddess blessing, the clone also unlocked new skills. Grid grew stronger in the process of repeated battles and quests, and the clone was the same. Would the present players be able to withstand the huge catastrophe that had been brought to the ground by Baal?

'...It will be hard unless the Five Miracles join forces.'

It might be possible with an army, but great losses would be suffered. The clone's combat ability was too high, and he had too many skills. It was possible for millions to be slaughtered.

"...Hah," Yoon Nahee burst out laughing.

Originally, most of humanity was supposed to have been wiped out by the insane dragon Nevartan event or the other species event. However, Grid had intervened along with Kraugel and Kir and saved humanity.

'Now humanity is in danger due to Grid.'

What did this mean? It was fate. The unscientific reasoning that results were determined by something superhuman and couldn't be jumped was being realized in virtual reality.

"Haha..."

A scientist thinking about fate? Laughter could only emerge. While she laughed, Yoon Nahee suddenly heard Chairman Lim Cheolho's voice. "I went through this a long time ago."

Lim Cheolho noticed that Yoon Nahee was now thinking about fate.

'Once this happens...'

Grid will do something big.