

## Overgeared 921

### [Chapter 921](#)

There would be a fresh attempt.

This was a comment made by Lim Cheolho.

Chairman Lim Cheolho said that the 4th National Competition to be held in 50 days would be a place for new innovation, which was a meaningful extension of the Satisfy world 'created by players.'

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"I'm dying." Shin Youngwoo relaxed as he emerged from the capsule. He loosened up the tense muscles. "I want to get some air..."

After visiting the S.A headquarters 10 days ago, Shin Youngwoo didn't waste a moment checking on his four heavenly kings. Every time he connected to the game, he devised better items and worked on producing them, which gave him mental fatigue and stress.

Shin Youngwoo needed mental and physical stability. However, he was scared to go out on his own. It was the reason why he hadn't connected to the Internet during the past few days. He didn't have the courage to face the criticism and anger of the people that would be pouring in after he declared that he wouldn't attend the National Competition. Youngwoo had suffered from neglect and contempt since he was a child and should be used to it, but that was not the case anymore. It was natural. People should be respected. There was no obligation for him to get used to criticism.

"Tsk."

This was what happened when he became lost in thoughts for a moment. The terrible memories rose, stabbing at his lungs and strangling his neck.

The hero who had become an object of respect and envy was defenseless in the face of past trauma. This was why people should respect others. It wasn't easy to heal the wounds engraved on the heart. Shin Youngwoo knew this, so he treated his precious people with respect while being cruel to his enemies.

"Ah, I don't know." Shin Youngwoo could no longer endure his depressed feelings and proceeded to change his clothes. He finally put on a mask and left home.

"Ha. Good," Shin Youngwoo sighed loudly as he enjoyed the clean air and sunshine. The dirty old memories were blown away, and Youngwoo saw the street spread out in front of him. The commercial buildings lined the street and faced each other. There were many people wandering about, and there was a number of cars parked in the public parking lots built on low ground.

The land, which had been desolate just two years ago when Youngwoo picked this spot to construct his building, was now lively. It was a new downtown area where people flocked to see Youngwoo's face, and merchants aimed for these people. This was a small achievement set by the person called Shin Youngwoo, not Grid.

"Here is a warm cup of tea."

The sentimental Shin Youngwoo turned at the sudden words. An employee of a cafe in Youngwoo's building had run out and handed him a drink.

"Why...?"

"Youngwoo-ssi, you're wearing a mask. I'm afraid you might have a cold."

Youngwoo had thought he would be able to hide his appearance with a mask, but he was mistaken. The mask made Youngwoo's sharp eyes and high nose stand out. In the first place, many people around here could instantly recognize Youngwoo's tall and muscular physique with one glance.

"Thank you," Youngwoo said, unable to refuse the act of kindness. He received the cup of tea and added awkwardly, "However, please tell your boss that the monthly rent won't decrease."

"Huhut. Yes. In any case, this is on my salary."

"Excuse me," Shin Youngwoo called out to the employee just as she was returning to work again. "Aren't you angry?"

"What?"

"Didn't you see the article about how I won't attend the National Competition?"

Ah, this person... It was why he wore a mask and looked around anxiously. The employee made a sad expression and shook her head. "I feel sorry. I have been cheering happily for you every year. Don't you know? I live in an apartment. It shook with the voices of the residents every time you did something in the National Competition. My parents and grandparents are unfamiliar with Satisfy, but they always make sure to watch the National Competition. They might not know the rules, but they will sometimes laugh and sometimes feel pained. However, they will always cheer you on. My family members are all your fans."

"..."

"I don't blame you, Youngwoo-ssi. It is because you are the hero who made my family happy." The employee stared straight into Youngwoo's shaky eyes. She was telling the truth. "My friends, the families of my friends, and the families of my friend's friends are also your fans. Youngwoo-ssi, you don't have to participate in the National Competition. Even if South Korea doesn't get a good result, there isn't one person who will blame you. In the first place, you aren't obliged to participate in the National Competition."

The employee took out her smartphone since it was better to show proof instead of saying it 100 times. She entered her SNS and searched the grid related tags. "Look. People are feeling concerned about you, Youngwoo-ssi. They are worried if you are sick, if you will be damaged from not getting the gold medal rewards, and if you will suffer from a great hit."

It was true. Many people were worried about Grid.

'Grid caused South Korea to suffer.'

'The Korean players would no longer be eligible for the compensation buff.'

It was hard to find anyone saying these words. On the other hand, Shin Youngwoo became more uncomfortable.

“1...”

Shin Youngwoo had accepted the role of the demon king for individual gain. He hadn't paid attention to the fact that South Korea would miss out on several gold medals due to this absence and that the Korean players wouldn't enjoy the benefits of ranking highly in the National Competition. It was someone else's business anyway. Shin Youngwoo just fought for himself and the Overgeared Kingdom.

Yes, Youngwoo wasn't a hero. Despite this, the woman in front of Shin Youngwoo and the people on SNS were currently praising Shin Youngwoo as a hero. Naturally, Shin Youngwoo enjoyed being liked and praised.

'I'm not qualified.' Shin Youngwoo's face filled with unexpected guilt though.

The employee sensed something and said, "You don't have to worry. We call you a hero because we have been comforted by your existence. It is a type of thanks, not an intention to place more burden on you. Don't make such a pained expression. Do what you want to do. Nobody has the right to blame or resent you. If someone points a finger at you, then someone else will criticize them."

The employee was a very ordinary person. She was a neighbor who could be met anywhere, and she represented the hearts of most people. What she said sounded like something Lael would say. Shin Youngwoo's shaky eyes gradually firmed up. "...Thank you."

The essence of 'patriotism' that Shin Youngwoo felt in the meantime was formed by the army. He vaguely thought that he should be loyal to the country and fight for its people. However, that changed at this moment. Shin Youngwoo realized the importance of his neighbors. He realized how important it was to have the 'country' where his family and neighbors lived. Then one thing was for certain.

'First, I have to protect the Overgeared Kingdom.'

He would give complete peace to his kingdom and its people.

'Become the hero of my kingdom.'

As a hero, he had to become essential in the game and make the people feel proud. This was the level of work he needed to do. If someone else discovered Shin Youngwoo's commitment, they were likely to laugh at him, calling it 'small and insignificant.'

Still, that was just a story at the present time. Just as the emergence of virtual reality changed the world, the world could be changed at any time. Youngwoo's ridiculous commitment might be the spirit that would protect South Korea in a world which would someday change.

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The Chiyou test was one of the few trials and games for the yangbans who were born absolute. The yangbans took the test every 100 years when they were engulfed with a strange melancholy. Every time they overcame the frustration, their talents would blossom. The yangbans themselves were what people would call 'power.'

“Sigh... Sigh...” The man who barely managed to pass the test was bloody. His hair was disheveled, and his eyes were filled with intense killing intent. The five seniors didn’t care.

“The yangban exist to correct everything in the world.”

“Garam, if you have chosen the path of killing, it means you need to kill all of the world.”

“Help the cycle of birth by killing. It is for the well-being of the world.”

“Once your killing intent calms down, peace will fall all over the world.”

Four of the five seniors gave advice to Garam. There was only one person who remained silent. Garam asked him, “Hanul. Do you remember Pagma?”

The five seniors frowned at the unexpected name. Pagma was the heretic who questioned the existence of the Hwan Kingdom that had ruled the East Continent since the beginning. The thought of the mutation who had shouted that yangbans and humans should be equal to each other was an unpleasant memory for the five seniors.

On the other hand, Hanul of the five seniors didn’t reveal the same hostility. “I remember. Isn’t that smoking pipe of yours Pagma’s work?”

It happened at this moment. Garam pulled out the smoking pipe hanging from his waist and broke it with one hand. The smoking pipe, which had previously blocked Grid’s sword, turned into powder and scattered in the air.

“He is dead.”

“...”

The five seniors’ reactions were nonchalant. They knew that any yangbans who left the Hwan Kingdom for a long time would lose their eternal life. Pagma’s death had just been a scheduled procedure. It was Garam’s next words that were surprising.

“Before he died, he handed his trivial techniques to the ignorant masses.”

“Power to the masses...?”

Passing on techniques was a taboo in the Hwan Kingdom. The blossoming of talent should only rely on the effort of the yangban. For a yangban, his power was his symbol. The act of transferring it or letting another person borrow it was no more than a denial of their existence.

“Who has inherited Pagma’s power?”

“We should find him and destroy him. We can’t tolerate any contact between the yangbans and the ignorant masses.”

Garam confirmed the angry faces of the five seniors and said to Hanul, “That person... He is a king in the west. Hanul, please divide the Red Sea. I will punish the beasts of the west and the kings who abandoned us thousands of years ago.”

“Absolutely not!” One of the five seniors shouted. “The western lands are polluted by all types of wicked gods! Once you step on that land, you will be hit by them and lose some of your power! You might lose your eternal life just stepping onto the western lands!”

“...” Garam was shocked. He didn’t know that the western lands, which the five seniors had abandoned a long time ago, were this polluted. Garam might even lose his eternal life...

The unexpected warning incited a vague fear in Garam’s heart, but his anger swallowed up the fear. Garam was reminded of the small wound that the ignorant person who used Pagma’s techniques had dealt him.

“I am willing to sacrifice my body if it will fix the world. Please part the Red Sea...”

“You won’t be the one crossing the Red Sea.” Hanul cut off Garam’s words.

Hanul’s ‘vision’ crossed Pangea and faced the Red Sea. The city was empty.

“The enemy will be the one to cross the Red Sea.” Hanul’s power was manifested.

[★Hidden Quest★ ‘Call of Heaven’ has been created.]

The same notification window appeared in front of tens of millions of players. Many of the Overgeared members were included. The thing they had in common was that they were blacksmiths.

There were 50 days until the 4th National Competition, which meant 150 days in Satisfy. A land more brutal than hell opened its mouth.

## [Chapter 922](#)

“The operator has moved.”

The S.A Group gave codenames to NPCs. It was for convenience. The arrangement of the code intuitively told them the function and role of the NPC. Only a very small number of NPCs was given nicknames instead of codenames. It was because they had special personalities, so the nicknames could be remembered even after hearing it once. Among them, the ‘operator’ was different.

Codename S-001—his name was Hanul. Like the great demon Baal and archangel Raphael, he was at the top when it came to ‘creating quests.’ He was different from Baal whose ‘episodes’ were limited by his contractor (Agnus). Hanul was able to create more diverse episodes by giving roles and situations to a number of unspecified players.

Five years after Satisfy was released, the S.A Group was pleased to see that Hanul was finally moving. It was predicted that Hanul would rekindle stories that had become stagnant due to players like Grid and Kraugel or that he would write completely new stories, invigorating Satisfy.

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[Call of the Heavens]

[★ Hidden Quest ★

Some transcendental beings need your help.

Go to Pangea, the starting city in the East Continent. Meet the troubled inhabitants of Pangea and listen to their stories.

Quest Clear Conditions: Arrive in Pangea within 3 days.

Quest Clear Rewards:

1. Create a linked hidden quest.
2. Unique rated weapon production method (one-time consumable item)

Quest Failure Condition: None.]

“Heok. What is this?”

Levels, skills, stats—none of these things mattered. Every player who was a blacksmith received the same quest. It was a sudden phenomenon that came without any warning signs. All over the continent, the blacksmiths danced with joy.

“The rewards are enormous! I don’t know what’s going on, but this is a huge jackpot! Puhaha!”

“This is the first time I’ve received a hidden quest... What is this?”

“Every other blacksmith has received the quest as well? A specific class quest... Will other classes get this type of quest one day?”

“No, it is a perk only given to blacksmiths. This is probably because of Grid.”

“Why did you bring up Grid’s name all of a sudden?”

“You idiot, have you forgotten? Grid was blessed by the blacksmith god, and all blacksmiths received a buff. This quest might be an extension of that.”

“Ah...!”

Grid, Grid, Grid—the name of the Overgeared King popped out from the mouths of the happy blacksmiths who weren’t thinking. They benefited from having the same class as someone else. It was very gratifying. After all, it was a free bus.

“It is great that Grid is a blacksmith... Really great.”

A production method based on the ‘rating’, rather than the ‘item name’, was special. Items of the specified rating would be produced unconditionally. The reward for this hidden quest was definitely a ‘unique rated weapon.’ There was no one who wouldn’t covet a one-time consumable production method.

The value of unique rated equipment was in the tens to hundreds of millions of won depending on the options. The value was similar regardless of whether it was a level-100, level-200, or level-300 limited weapon. It was a game with a large number of users, so people overflowed in every level segment and the supply of high-grade items was insufficient.

'I must clear the quest!' All the blacksmiths shared a common purpose. It was the same for players who hadn't reached level 100 because they had started the game later or for the players registered in the rankings. There was one problem though.

How would they get to the East Continent? In recent years, many people had traveled between the West Continent and East Continent, but the number was still less than 10,000. It was in the thousands. This number was tiny considering there were over 2 billion players. It was virtually impossible for ordinary blacksmiths to cross to the East Continent, and curses started to spread throughout the continent as the blacksmiths realized this.

"Damn. What are they doing, giving a quest that can't be cleared?"

"I thought it was good... Are people teasing me?"

On the various community sites, posts titled 'Purchasing method to move to the East Continent' were frequently registered. However, none of them were able to step on the East Continent. No one was stupid enough to sell an opportunity to dominate the stage they hadn't experienced yet.

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'A hidden quest is literally a hidden quest...' The 1st ranked Panmir couldn't help questioning it. All blacksmiths had been given a hidden quest. This easy-to-access quest was a hidden quest...? It felt like a trap.

'The quest can't be cleared anyway. There is no need to think about it.'

Panmir closed the quest window. Then he resumed his work while the other blacksmiths were still agitated.

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang! The hammering sound rang out from the Reinhardt smithies, the pride of the Overgeared Kingdom. Due to the large number of blacksmiths in the Overgeared Kingdom, the production of battle gear was now the best in the continent and the 'mass-produced Grid set' was spreading to the soldiers. The smithies were the heart of the Overgeared Kingdom, and it was hot there.

"Everyone seems to be doing well." Overgeared King Grid appeared in this place.

"Ohhh!" The blacksmiths cheered. The legendary blacksmith who was acknowledged by a god... They welcomed the emergence of the hero who made a great profit for them.

"Grid! Please show me how to make an item!"

"I really wanted to see you!"

"You actually look very handsome!"

Grid asked one of the blacksmiths, who were making a disturbance, "Did you receive the hidden quest?"

Panmir acted as their representative and replied, "Of course, we have received it."

"Then why are you here? Aren't you going to clear the quest?"

The blacksmiths were agitated.

“We gave up because we can’t get there.”

“Grid, do you know how to get to the East Continent?”

As the questions poured in, Grid nodded. “It is ominous.”

Panmir quietly whispered into Grid’s ears, “I have lived a short life, but I have rarely been given favors with no conditions. This quest doesn’t have any specific conditions, and it attracts people with great rewards. I feel that it is a trap.”

This deduction was from his years of experience. Panmir advised Grid based on what he had seen and experienced in his old age. Grid nodded again. “I understand why you are concerned. It is right to be wary when a hidden quest suddenly pops up.”

“I’m glad that you know.”

“However, is it really a quest without any conditions? This quest also has a condition. It is the blacksmith class.”

“...”

“I have been to Pangea. More of the residents are now people of the Overgeared Kingdom. Still, not everyone followed me here. Some people stayed in Pangea and protected the lonely city.” This was Grid’s reasoning. “This quest is a divine revelation to help them. The transcendental being spoken of in the quest is God Hexetia who is favorable to me. God Hexetia is giving an opportunity to the blacksmiths who serve him—help the suffering people of Pangea and receive big rewards. It is a type of prize.”

“It is a plausible interpretation. The Rebecca Church members who serve Goddess Rebecca often receive this type of quest. However, why Pangea? Is there a relationship between Pangea and Hexetia?”

“Eh... I don’t know...” Grid thought about it, but he didn’t know why the stage of the quest was Pangea. Was there anyone in Pangea who served Hexetia? No. If there were such a person, Hexetia wouldn’t have become so crooked.

“...Well. I will know when I get there.” Grid couldn’t shake off the belief that the transcendental being in the quest was God Hexetia, so he accepted it as a positive situation. With this, Panmir no longer questioned it as Grid’s reasoning was moderately plausible. There were some aspects which made him feel uneasy, but he thought it would be good to go to the East Continent.

Panmir asked, “By the way, aren’t unique rated production methods useless to you? You don’t need this.”

“Yes. Still, it is necessary for other blacksmiths.” Grid looked at the blacksmiths who were gathered in the smithy district. Their country and gender were all different, but they all believed in him and had moved to the Overgeared Kingdom. Grid wanted to help them. There was also the expectation that if they produced more unique rated items and circulated them around the Overgeared Kingdom, the power of the kingdom would develop further.

“There is also the linked quest...”

“That’s right. More quests will give better rewards.”



“Panmir, will you go?”

“No. I will stay here.”

“Why? Don’t you want the rewards?”

“Somebody has to lead them.” Panmir’s gaze was aimed at the blacksmiths lined up in the square. There were blacksmiths eager to work in every smithy. The number was very high. They didn’t seem interested in the crowd gathered in the square. “There are those striving to reach a certain level. They dream of becoming the third or fourth legend after Khan. In particular, that person named Latz... He only logs out twice a day and spends the rest of the time at the anvil.”

“They are talents who will carry the future of the Overgeared Kingdom.”

“Yes, but they are also competitors threatening my ranking. I will remain here and work with them. There are also many jobs that have accumulated. Lael will scold us if too many people leave their positions.”

“I know. That’s why I don’t plan to move everyone over all at once. I will split them into teams and move sequentially. Then our work won’t be hindered. Panmir, this quest only requires us to arrive in Pangea. We can go there in minutes with Sticks’ help. You can’t spare that much time?”

“I don’t know if a linked quest will occur the moment I arrive in Pangea. Then I might not be able to come back quickly. It would be a shame.”

“Hrmm... I must prove with the first team that it is quick and safe. Okay.” Grid ended his conversation with Panmir and shifted his gaze. There were thousands of blacksmiths filled with expectations.

“The 100 blacksmiths with the highest level, you will be the first to go with me to Pangea.”

Grid didn’t delay and called out the names on the list which he had the soldiers prepare beforehand. He grabbed an East Continent Movement Scroll from Sticks and made a signal. Then...

Paaaat!

Grid and 100 blacksmiths disappeared in a flash of light.

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[You have successfully moved to the East Continent.]

[You have arrived in Pangea.]

“This...”

The blacksmiths were fascinated by the scroll that they hadn’t seen before, and when they came to their senses, the landscape had changed. The blacksmiths looked around the city with curious eyes. The city was silent. The patterned tiles and large symbols gave a glimpse of old prosperity, but the city hadn’t received the touch of humans for a long time and was damaged. The weeds that emerged from gaps in the tiles were dense, and the roofs of the lined houses were quite damaged. It used to be a city where many people lived. There had been children playing in the alleys and merchants yelling with lively voices. There had been carriages carrying goods and impatient-looking warriors.

Now, that was a story of the past. The threat of the yangban drove people away from this place. The unbearable external pressure caused the city to be abandoned.

[★Hidden Quest★ ‘Call of Heaven’ has been cleared.]

The notification windows were being updated.

[A unique rated weapon production method has been acquired as a quest reward.]

[A linked quest will occur as a quest reward.]

“Ohh!” The blacksmiths were delighted. However, the good atmosphere didn’t last long.

[East Continent Experience (1)]

[★ Hidden Quest ★

Creatures called ‘steel jiangshi’ are roaming the city. Prove that you can survive the jiangshi and adapt to the environment of the East Continent.

Quest Clear Conditions: Survive for 1 hour.

Quest Clear Rewards:

1. Create a linked hidden quest.
2. Two unique rated armor production methods (one-time consumable items)

Quest Failure: Level -1. The highest stat will permanently decrease by 10 points.]

“Use the scroll right now!”

Something was wrong. Grid was reminded of Panmir’s advice and quickly pulled out his sword. The puzzled blacksmiths didn’t know what jiangshi were, but they quickly followed Grid’s orders. They pulled out the West Continent Movement Scroll they had received previously and tried to use it. However...

[This can’t be used during the quest.]

A notification window popped up, and the scroll didn’t work. At this time, some shadows leaped between the roofs of the houses. Their leaps were great like those of a giant flea.

“W-What is this...?”

“Hiik...! Aaaagh!”

The blacksmiths screamed as they witnessed the approaching shadows. They had pale skin with blue blood vessels bulging, red bloodshot eyes, and a drooping tongue. These were jiangshi. The concept of ‘moving corpses’ was like zombies, but jiangshi were faster and stronger than zombies. The jiangshi flew toward the blacksmiths.

“Wave.” Thanks to the enhanced Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Grid’s attack boasted unparalleled power and turned the jiangshi to ashes. The lowest rated jiangshi couldn’t withstand Grid’s strike. This was just the beginning. Randy, Noe, the light elemental, the Blade Aiming at the Gods, and the Overgeared

Skeletons protected the 100 blacksmiths. They fended off the jiangshi for one hour, and there wasn't a single casualty.

"..." The blacksmiths couldn't close their mouths. Before this, they were already fascinated by the Grid who was acknowledged by a god, and they had moved to the Overgeared Kingdom for this reason. Now, they were falling for him again, with him as a warrior this time. In the midst of the silence...

[★Hidden Quest★ 'East Continent Experience (1)' has been cleared.]

[Two unique rated armor production methods have been acquired as a quest reward.]

These notification windows popped up. The blacksmiths were relieved. Meanwhile, Grid was shocked. 'Isn't this too much honey?'

The forced quest had high penalties and was threatening, but the rewards were significant. In just one hour, they had received three unique rated production methods. The rewards were less significant for Grid, but he was looking forward to the rewards for the later linked quests. Grid was thrilled.

On the other hand, the blacksmiths were shaking. "S-Scroll..."

They wondered if they could use the scroll before the next quest popped up, but they were too late. A new quest was created.

[East Continent Experience (2)]

[★ Hidden Quest ★

The few remaining inhabitants of Pangea are being surrounded by the 'poison jiangshi.' Find and rescue them. Beware of the attacks of the steel jiangshi.

Quest Clear Conditions: Rescue 30 people within 1 hour.

Quest Clear Rewards:

1. Create a linked hidden quest.
2. 10 Blessed Weapon Enhancement Stones.

Quest Failure: Level -1. The highest stat will permanently decrease by 15 points.]

"...What?"

The price of the blessed enhancement stones was still rising. It was an item which was difficult to secure because only a small amount was dropped when bosses were raided. Yet, the Overgeared Kingdom now had a chance to obtain 1,000 blessed weapon enhancement stones.

Simultaneously, the headquarters of the S.A Group.

"Hanul's trials give high rewards as the difficulty is multiplied..."

It was reasonable compensation. After all, this was the world of Satisfy. Lim Cheolho's heart thumped as he watched the monitor. "This might be the birth of the strongest demon king..."

The Demon King's Subjugation was an event designed to force the demon king to lose. Even if only one participant broke through the gates of the four heavenly kings and entered the demon king's castle, all dead participants would be resurrected. The demon king had to face approximately 400 National Competition participants. It was intended to stimulate the audience's nerves, but it was almost physically impossible for the demon king to win.

The S.A Group analyzed that Grid would only be able to get three to four medals from this National Competition. However, now...

"Seven..." Lim Cheolho's thoughts changed.

### [Chapter 923](#)

"Protect the people well."

"I understand. Master just has to believe in me, nyang."

A cat was sitting on Grid's shoulder. He had shining white fur, a plump belly, and pink jelly-like soles. The blacksmiths knew the identity of this cat. He was the best demonic beast of hell, a memphis. Noe had inherited some of the characteristics of a dragon, boasting a high level of intelligence and flying ability. He was a monster that overwhelmed the wyvern in all ways, even the crude breath. Only one out of two billion players had a memphis. The strongest pet was known to be tamed by Grid.

'Cute.'

Noe was licking his fur. He seemed to have a very clean personality. Occasionally, he would rub against Grid's cheek in an adorable manner. However, the blacksmiths didn't rush toward Noe.

"Kyaong!"

It was because Noe revealed his predatory nature to everyone except for Grid. Over half the steel jiangshi who jumped over the walls were beaten by Noe's front paws.

"Gulp."

Noe broke rocks and knocked down the steel jiangshi with one blow. The Overgeared Skeletons also broke the bones of the steel jiangshi, while Randy dealt the final blow to the jiangshi who couldn't get up. There was also the light elemental and the golden blade that protected the blacksmiths.

Grid's pets and items could be considered as a perfect party. Grid didn't have to lift one finger, and the safety of the blacksmiths was secured.

The blacksmiths looked hopeful, feeling optimistic that they could clear the forced linked quests. This was when the blacksmiths realized why the Overgeared members trusted and praised Grid so much. However, Grid was feeling frustrated. 'Where should I go?'

He had to find and rescue 30 residents surrounded by the poison jiangshi. These were the contents of Grid's ongoing quest. The time limit was only one hour while the ruined city was huge, and it was hard to find people. The range of Magic Detection was limited compared to the size of the city. Moreover, the moment the quest started, the dense fog blocked his sight, which meant he couldn't find them using Fly.

'This...' Grid noticed there was only one way to clear this quest.

They had to scatter. He and the 100 blacksmiths had to move through the fog directly to find the residents. Otherwise, it would be impossible to clear the quest.

'If it wasn't for the good rewards...'

The jiangshi appeared constantly. The blacksmiths couldn't fight and win against the jiangshi. It was a quest which led to the blacksmiths being scattered... It was for certain. This wasn't a quest to be cleared. The rewards were so great because the quest was unreasonable.

'It is ruined.'

Feeling frustrated, Grid turned to look at the faces of the blacksmiths who followed him. They were people that Grid had brought here. Failing the quest was a betrayal of their trust. This wasn't the result Grid wanted.

"..."

How could he overcome this situation? While struggling with the fog, Grid thought of with a skill.

"Everybody stay here."

He jumped across several roofs. Once he reached the highest point, Grid freed a power imprinted on the Rune of Darkness.

"Ruson's Power."

It was an earl grade vampire Grid had killed when he raided the 7th vampire city. Ruson's excellent blood sniffing ability was limited to 'wounded targets', but it completely neutralized an assassin's hiding ability. Grid's olfactory senses were enhanced, and he breathed as hard as he could. He could no longer smell the fishy water and stench of the jiangshi that had stimulated his nose. Now, Grid's nose could only smell human blood. In the end...

"There."

Like a sniffing dog, Grid succeeded in detecting a faint glimmer of blood. It was blood from the residents who were besieged by the poison jiangshi. The location was around 3 kilometers away to the east.

'It's weak when compared to the other powers, so I thought it was a useless skill. I never thought it could help me now.' Grid smiled and shifted his gaze toward Noe. Noe was rolling around on the ground, licking his soles. He looked like he was intoxicated with cleaning. A creature that was born strong would feel a different type of tension.

"Noe, I'll be gone for a while, so protect the people well."

"Hrmm. I understand, nyang!" His answer was a yawn. Noe sure was easygoing.

The blacksmiths, who were relying on Noe, became uneasy upon seeing this attitude. However, Grid trusted Noe. He had eaten the power of the great demon Astaroth along with the thunder stone and evolved one step further than the usual Memphis. Grid entered the 'hunger' state in exchange for an increase in his agility and instantly disappeared into the fog.

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The physical ability of poison jiangshi was similar to that of the steel jiangshi, but they released poison every time they were hurt. The deeper the wound, the stronger the poison would be. The people addicted to the poison would tremble with the pain of death.

“Pant... Pant... We are finished.”

Lord Han Seokbong—he was a person who had been captured by the king and then escaped. After he was kidnapped by the creator of the Red Phoenix Bow, Pangea was abandoned. The king didn’t dispatch a new lord, and the few remaining residents had to survive on their own. It was expected. Protecting the city was no different from rebelling against the yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom. The remaining residents knew that the Cho King would abandon Pangea.

Still, waiting for hell was enough to make their determination fade. The jiangshi easily crossed the barriers of the city that had lost its troops. Due to the attacks of the jiangshi, the residents didn’t have a chance to recover the collapsed Pangea economy. They were busy every day.

Now, this was the limit. The residents were starving, and they lacked the power to resist the jiangshi. The heavens didn’t take pity on them. Every time the jiangshi jumped, the distance to the residents narrowed sharply, and the dense fog became poisoned. The residents gave up their resistance in front of the poison jiangshi that were a great threat.

“I should’ve followed the lord that day... This land has lost all hope...” Someone muttered.

No one rebuked him. They were all exhausted. Although they had wanted to survive to defend their home and persuade the Cho King to allow the lord to come back, this noble spirit was long gone. The residents gasped, and the old weapons started to drop from their hands. Surrounded by the poison jiangshi, they completely gave up hope. They closed their eyes, blaming this deformed world for dividing the people between the yangbans and the ignorant masses.

There was the sound of skulls cracking and flesh being torn. The residents’ family and friends—the residents knew they were all going to die. However, time passed, and there were no pained screams.

“...?”The wide-eyed residents saw something flashing in the fog. Every time the light flashed, the heads of the poison jiangshi flew away. Someone was slaughtering the jiangshi.

“W-Who?”

Someone was helping them, whom even the heavens abandoned? The residents wanted to see the face of the person wiping out the jiangshi in the fog. On the other hand, they would be terribly poisoned if they took one step forward. So, no one was able to move.

Someone sighed, “I don’t know what person it is, but they will die...”

“We need to stop him right away. The wrath of the heavens will fall on him if he helps us.”

The problem was the poison. The residents were worried that the person in the fog didn’t know the characteristics of the poison jiangshi. He would die as soon as he was affected by this poison. However, the powerful poison of the jiangshi couldn’t threaten a legend, especially not the legend who produced miracles.

“Are you safe?”

Step. Step. It was a stately gait. The man moved through the fog, and his face was revealed to the residents. To their amazement, the poison jiangshi behind him were dying of poison themselves. The shocked residents wept when they recognized the face of the man. “Pangea’s Duke of Virtue!”

It was the man who had suddenly appeared when Pangea fell into a crisis after losing the Red Phoenix Bow. He had saved Pangea by recreating the Red Phoenix Bow and rescued the lord who had been about to be executed. Then he abducted Han Seokbong and the people of Pangea, who had triggered the rage of the yangbans, and left for the West Continent. The man was a person of virtue. So, in commemoration of Pangea, he was called Pangea’s Duke of Virtue.

The return of Pangea’s hero ignited hope in the residents remaining in Pangea.

[★Hidden Quest★ ‘East Continent Experience (2)’ has been cleared.]

[10 blessed weapon enhancement stones have been acquired as a quest reward.]

[The number of residents rescued exceeds 30. There will be one additional reward per person. 107 weapon enhancement stones have been acquired.]

[A linked quest will occur as a quest reward.]

[East Continent Experience (3)]

[★ Hidden Quest ★

Pangea’s blacksmiths have left a long time ago, and there aren’t many weapons remaining. Help the residents of Pangea fight the jiangshi by producing weapons. Please pay attention to the attacks of the steel jiangshi and the poison jiangshi.

Quest Clear Conditions: Produce weapons and armor equal or higher than the epic rating for Pangea’s residents. The user restriction should be level 250 and higher. The deadline is 3 days.

\* The number of residents rescued is 137.

Quest Clear Rewards:

1. Create a linked hidden quest.
2. 20 Blessed Armor Enhancement Stones.

Quest Failure: Level -1. The highest stat will permanently decrease by 20 points.]

The difficulty of this quest was also unusually high. They had to produce weapons and armor equal or higher than epic rating for all the rescued residents...? Moreover, it had to be within three days?

“G-Grid!!”

“What is wrong with this?”

The blacksmiths were going crazy.

“It is impossible to produce 274 epic items in three days!”

Normal, rare, epic, unique, and legendary—this was the rating system for items in Satisfy. Epic rated items with a good performance weren’t easy to produce. An ordinary person would produce one epic item for every 20 items made. In order to create an item, the average time taken was two to three hours. It was impossible for 101 blacksmiths to make 274 epic items in three days.

The blacksmiths were in despair. There were a few people blaming Grid for rescuing 137 people when the quest only required 30. However, without Grid, the blacksmiths would’ve already died. Additionally, they couldn’t say anything to Grid when they saw the wounded residents.

Grid asked the blacksmiths who were in a turmoil, “Do any of you have blacksmithing hammers of the unique rating?”

The better the hammer, the higher the chance of producing high rated items would be. A high rated hammer was the dream of all blacksmiths. However, it wasn’t easy to make, and only five of the 100 blacksmiths raised their hands. Grid verified the information of their hammers and smiled. “Then let’s go to the smithy.”

“...?” Several blacksmiths with good eyesight doubted their eyes. Grid’s obsidian eyes seemed to be glowing blue.

#### [Chapter 924](#)

The time required for item auto production was affected by the level of the blacksmithing skill and dexterity. The 100 blacksmiths who came to the East Continent had over 3,000 dexterity, and they spent an average of 2 hours and 9 minutes to make an item. Grid had selected a truly elite group. However, the speed at which items were created wasn’t proportional with the item rating.

“Urgh. It is rare.”

“I have a normal rating...”

“Only five people made epic items? We are all going to die.”

Agitated voices emerged from the smithy. The result of the first item production was a crushing defeat for the unlucky humans gathered.

“Why...?”

The shaky eyes of the blacksmiths turned toward Grid. Ttang!Ttang!Grid was working silently in the corner.

“Can we really rely on Grid?”

“...”

No one denied the words. They couldn’t count on Grid this time. Grid was someone who produced items manually. It was rumored that the penalty of Pagma’s Descendant was that he couldn’t make items automatically. Ttang!Ttang!Ttang! The rumors seemed to be true. The blacksmiths had already



completed one item and entered the second production while Grid was still hammering. He had yet to finish his first item.

“No matter how much I think about it, there is only one way.”

A few blacksmiths pulled out the unique rated weapon production method. It was the compensation they had obtained in exchange for arriving in Pangea. The blacksmith's hammer was classified as a weapon, making it possible to make unique rated hammers. A unique rated hammer would greatly elevate the chances of making epic rated items.

Of course, they didn't want to do this. In Pangea's smithy, steel was the only material for making items. A unique rated hammer made of ordinary steel would just produce 'low' quality items. There might not be a big difference with the current epic rated hammers the blacksmiths were using.

'I wish I could use the exchange.'

In Satisfy, the intercontinental auction house was still mostly blocked. The exchange system wasn't activated on the East Continent because the players' market was on the West Continent. It meant there was no separate way to gain materials unless they collected it themselves. However, they couldn't go mining because of time issues. The blacksmiths sighed and made up their minds.

“It can't be helped. Unfortunately, we'll have to make steel hammers. Isn't it funny to come all the way here only to give up the quest?”

20 blessed armor enhancement stones—these were naturally a coveted reward, but the blacksmiths wanted to work for Grid rather than for the immediate compensation in front of them. If it wasn't for Grid, they wouldn't have been able to come to Pangea in the first place. They also wouldn't have been able to knock down the jiangshi or rescue the residents. They had earned all types of rewards thanks to Grid, and now they didn't want him to receive damages. It was a matter of conscience before faith.

“This time, we will help Grid.”

The blacksmiths settled their resolve. A small number of blacksmiths seemed to hesitate, but the atmosphere didn't allow them to refuse.

“Let's begin.”

Using a unique rated weapon production method to make a steel hammer... It was a waste no matter how they thought about it. Still, what could they do? The blacksmiths, who had made up their minds, felt anguished about using the unique rated weapon production method.

“Stop!” Grid shouted at them. The attention of the blacksmiths was now focused on him. There were two hammers in Grid's hands that he had supposedly just made.

“Two...?”

The blacksmiths had completed one item in two hours while Grid was still hammering. Yet he had two finished products...?

'One item was already finished, and he was working on a second item?'

'Is it possible he is doing it automatically, not manually?'

'No, even if auto production is possible, can he make two items in two hours? Is his dexterity over 6,000?'

The True (Fighting against the Gods) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill reduced the amount of time it took to make an item. However, ordinary blacksmiths didn't know about it.

"Jin Haecheong, Alanta, Cedar," Grid called out the names of three people.

"Huh? Yes."

Alanta and Cedar were the highest ranked people among the 100 blacksmiths. On the other hand, Jin Haecheong was the owner of a unique rated hammer despite his ranking only being in the middle. Grid said to Jin Haecheong, "Show me your hammer again."

"Yes..." Jin Haecheong didn't know Grid's intentions, and he trembled as he pulled out his hammer. Grid's eyes were filled with a blue light.

[Eyes of Pagma-Baal's Contractor Version Lv. 1]

[You can check and copy the stats, options, and production method just by looking at the target item.

However, in order to copy the item, you must use an item that you have created yourself as the material. Additionally, the difference in rating of the target item and the item used as the material must be within one grade. The item used as the material can't be recovered.

\* Skills that belong to the target item may not be copied.

\* The duration of the duplication is one day. The copied item that has reached the end of this duration will be permanently destroyed.

Skill Resource Consumption: One item.

Skill Cooldown Time: 1 hour.]

This was the power he had gotten from defeating the clone. Grid sacrificed the epic rated hammer he had just made and copied Jin Haecheong's hammer.

[You have succeeded in duplicating the item!]

[Great Hammer]

[Rating: Unique

Durability: 486/520 Attack Power: 193~240

Odds of Making a Rare Rated Item: +3%

Odds of Making an Epic Rated Item: +34%

It is the work created by the blacksmith Rolloman, who wasted his fortune to gambling. Rolloman decided it would be more profitable to make in demand items than to attempt high rated with extremely low production odds.

He made this hammer and could become rich with the power of the hammer.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher. 603 or more strength. The Intermediate Blacksmithing skill.

\* It is a duplicated item. It will be destroyed after 23 hours.]

Despite being a unique rated hammer, there wasn't an option to increase the chances of making unique rated items. On the other hand, the probability of making epic rated items was greatly increased. This was why Grid copied Jin Haecheong's hammer. For this quest, Jin Haecheong's hammer was the best weapon. Then Grid used Divinity.

[Show off the virtues of a blacksmith who deserves to be praised as a god. The casting time and cooldown time of all blacksmithing skills will be removed. It can be used up to two times whenever the skill is activated.]

[The cooldown time of Pagma's Eyes has been reset.]

"Pagma's Eyes." Grid's eyes, which had returned to normal as soon as he copied the hammer, turned blue again.

The blacksmiths were momentarily distracted by this sight that was hard for them to understand. By the time they came to their senses, there were two Great Hammers in Grid's hands. Of course, the original hammer was still in Jin Haecheong's hands. Grid shared the information of the copied items to the blacksmiths and handed the two hammers to Alanta and Cedar.

"From now on, I will give you the same hammer every hour. Good luck."

Of course, he could make the Great Hammer from the beginning instead of copying it. However, it was doubtful if he could reproduce the Great Hammer in one hour using the auto production. It was a unique item after all.

"..."None of the blacksmiths answered. All the blacksmiths' mouths were open, unaware of the flies going in.

\*\*\*

"That's it!"

It was six hours before the end of the quest.

"Wahhhh!"

"We did it! We did it!"

The blacksmiths cheered.

[★Hidden Quest★ 'East Continent Experience (3)' has been cleared.]

[20 blessed armor enhancement stones have been acquired as a quest reward.]

The quest wasn't hopeless. They managed to clear the quest they thought they wouldn't succeed in. It was thanks to Grid continuously copying the hammer. The blacksmiths were able to experience being

overgeared and looked enviously at Grid. Grid shrugged inwardly. He was proud of all the events he had experienced and solved over the last few years that resulted in miracles.

Still, now was the time to keep his composure. Grid suppressed his excited mind and waited for the notification window with a stiff expression.

[A linked quest will occur as a quest reward.]

It was as he had expected. A new quest emerged immediately without a break.

[Hunt the Daoist]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

There is an unusual number of jiangshi filling Pangea. It is believed that there is a daoist producing and controlling jiangshi near Pangea. Find the daoist and defeat him. Armed with their new weapons, the Pangea residents will help you.

Quest Clear Conditions: Kill the daoist within three days.

Quest Clear Rewards:

1. Create a linked hidden quest.

2 Three random elixirs.

Quest Failure: Level -2. The highest stat will permanently decrease by 30 points.]

The loss of two levels and 30 points from his highest stat—the penalties for failing the quest had increased greatly. However, Grid wasn't afraid. Grid's highest stat was dexterity, and from Grid's point of view, it was very easy to raise dexterity. So, losing a bit of dexterity wasn't a problem.

'I can also restore my levels by hunting.'

The remarkable part was the reward. Elixirs—they were the ultimate remedy that permanently increased a stat by 10 points. This was an opportunity to get three of them. The other blacksmiths were also eager for the rewards, but their fear was greater.

"What is a daoist?"

"We have to fight against the jiangshi..."

The blacksmiths were different from Grid. They had no combat ability. The quest difficulty and penalties were a huge burden for those who couldn't come here on their own. They desired the elixirs, but they didn't feel that elixirs were worth more than their levels because it was hard for them to raise their level as members of a non-combat class.

Yet what could they do? The water had already been spilled, and it was impossible to get off this road. So, the blacksmiths just tried to raise their morale.

Grid looked at them with regret before turning his eyes toward the residents. The residents were in high spirits thanks to their new armor and weapons. They felt several times stronger than before and were

filled with hope that they could protect Pangea. Grid asked them, “What direction did the jiangshi come from?”

“Most of the jiangshi came from the west.”

“The west...” Grid grasped the location of the daoist. Meanwhile, the residents murmured with serious expressions:

“Are you going to fight for us again?”

“Please allow us to add our strength.”

“We won’t disturb you! Pangea’s Duke of Virtue, please let us follow you!”

“Okay.” Grid didn’t refuse them. He checked the information of the residents through Character Observation, and he found that most of the residents were over level 300 and could fight a bit. They might be helpful in fighting the daoist who could summon jiangshi in large quantities.

Thereafter, Grid’s party moved west. The residents’ report was correct. The jiangshi were entering Pangea from the crumbling western wall. Grid and the residents advanced while cutting through the jiangshi. Simultaneously, they tracked down the daoist in the direction of the jiangshi. Then the party was able to arrive at a deep cave under a cliff. The jiangshi were jumping out of it.

“Kill them...!” The residents were filled with killing intent. They didn’t intend to forgive the daoist who was making the jiangshi and attacking Pangea. Due to him, they didn’t have a chance to restore the city and had even lost several family members and friends. Grid stood at the forefront of the group, and the light elemental above Grid’s head revealed the dark cave.

...How far had they ventured into the cave? In the depths of the cave, three large jiangshi popped out. They were blood jiangshi. Blood jiangshi weren’t made from the same materials as the steel and poison jiangshi. They had the blood of virgins mixed with all types of drugs, making them three times faster and stronger. They also had some intelligence, so they were difficult to deal with.

“Heok!” The residents were greatly impacted when they saw the blood jiangshi. They felt great despair at the sight of the blood jiangshi who were stronger than their warriors. On the other hand, Grid maintained his calm.

“Link.” He unleashed a sword dance that made him look as dazzling as a butterfly. Three blood jiangshi, that could even threaten an army, were cut into dozens of pieces in a matter of seconds. Grid’s cold gaze fell on the shaking body of a middle-aged man, who was the daoist hiding deep inside the cave. The middle-aged man was pale with fright after seeing Grid take care of the three blood jiangshi in an instant.

“You should’ve at least prepared the black horse jiangshi if you want to deal with me...” As Grid spoke, a chill went down Grid’s spine. It was due to the direction of the frightened daoist’s gaze. He was not looking at Grid but behind Grid.

‘Who...?’ Grid hurriedly turned his head. There was a gust of wind, and the bodies of some of the blacksmiths and residents standing behind Grid exploded like firecrackers. Grid’s chest was crushed by a strong pressure.

[You have suffered 29,590 damage.]

It felt like he was hit by a debuff that decreased his defense. Grid panted while staring at the man in the full dopo. (Link: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dopo\\_\(clothing\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dopo_(clothing)))

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

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

The man stood there, surrounded by the corpses of the blacksmiths and residents. The yangban Garam had a distorted smile on his face. "I was trying to catch you, but there is a bunch of junk here."

### [Chapter 925](#)

With Garam's words, the scattered puzzle pieces joined together in Grid's mind.

The sudden occurrence of the East Continent quest... The reason why only blacksmiths could participate even though the blacksmiths could never clear the contents of the quest... The questions about the abnormalities were now resolved.

'Yes... It is a quest that only I could reach.'

Grid was being aimed at. He was surprisingly calm after realizing this. After all, he had found Pagma's Rare Book because of a quest NPC, so it wasn't systematically impossible. In the first place, the majority of players' quests were given by NPCs.

Grid pulled out a health potion, but Garam didn't stop him from drinking it. Instead, Garam snorted and spoke like it was ridiculous, "Trivial and ignorant person. You have committed three sins.

"First of all, an ignorant person succeeded a yangban's skills. It might be Pagma's skills, but your presence alone undermines the quality of all yangbans. Your presence deserves to be erased."

Tong, tong, tong.

There was a chain of small explosions around Garam. An invisible wind was hitting the space. The interval was shortened, and it occurred more frequently.

"Second, you dared reject my proposal. You rejected the glory of being my slave. An ignorant person like you is supposed to obey the yangbans. Do you deserve to enjoy yourself? No."

Tong!

[You have suffered 5,800 damage.]

Tetong!

[You have suffered 5,800 damage.]

[You have suffered 5,800 damage...]

By the end of Garam's second statement, Grid had become bloody. He was swept away by the power of the invisible wind and bounced around like a billiard ball. Every time there was a sound, his body was injured and he groaned. Grid looked like a doll being bounced around, and Garam found it ridiculous.

“Third, you hurt me. The ordinary people are livestock. You are raised according to the taste of us yangbans and then slaughtered. Yet you dared to extend your claws and hurt me.”

It was Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. Grid had linked four of Pagma’s sword dances and dealt a shallow cut to Garam’s skin. The pain that Garam felt at the time had been unfamiliar and uncomfortable. It became a nightmare for him every night.

“Verdict, you are sentenced to death.”

The power of the wind hitting Grid grew stronger and faster, becoming like a storm. It swept Grid’s body away, and he slammed into the cave ceiling. The storm moved around Grid like an angry beast. He was hit and sliced at repeatedly. 20cm, 30cm, 40cm, 50cm...

Every time the storm moved, Grid’s body was pushed deeper into the ceiling. In the shaking cave, Grid’s vision spun around and around. Blood gushed from Grid’s body, and the smile on Garam’s face grew wider.

“Trivial thing.”

It felt like a 100-year-old blockage had been relieved. His pride that had fallen to hell because of this bug had finally been recovered. Garam hummed as he saw Grid’s dying appearance.

“...Transcended Link.” Grid, whose health had fallen to a breathtaking level, had been waiting for his fighting energy to reach 100% before beginning to fight back. Despite being deeply embedded into the ceiling, he unleashed dozens of energy blades.

“...?” The red and purple aura around Grid’s body warned Garam of something. He was surprised and moved the storm pressure that was around Grid. The storm became a mild warm wind and surrounded Garam like a shield. The energy blades of Transcended Link were all canceled out by the shield. However, Grid’s situation had improved. He gained freedom and landed on the ground. Then he took out a new potion and drank it.

“XX, this sucks,” Grid cursed in a trembling voice before looking at the frightened blacksmiths and residents who were remaining. They felt helpless after seeing their companions explode like watermelons. The absolute gesture of a transcendent had deprived their unfortunate companions of their lives. This made those who survived feel doubtful and sink into despair.

Grid gritted his teeth. “Did you have to kill them?”

“Them? Who are you talking about?”

“The blacksmiths and the residents. The people you just killed.”

“Ah, you mean these bugs. They were interfering in my line of sight, so I killed them. Nobody stops walking when they are about to step on ants.”

“Bugs... Ants...”

Were they this insignificant? The blacksmiths, who came to the East Continent because of him, and the residents, who couldn’t bear to leave and protected their home—Grid wasn’t very familiar with them. It was too short of a relationship for him to be confident and say that he knew them. However, Grid vividly

remembered dreaming of a better life and trying to achieve it. He knew that these people tried hard, just like he did. They couldn't be denied by being called bugs.

"..." Grid's fists clenched from uncontrollable anger, and his gaze shifted toward Tiramet's Belt. Tiramet's Belt was an item that had remained at the unique rating for many years. Its experience had been stuck at 96% just a while ago, and now it exceeded 97%. The yangban, Garam, had lightly attacked dozens of times, and 1% of experience was accumulated.

'It is impossible to win.' Grid hated Garam till his dying breath. From the first day they met, Garam was a person Grid didn't like at all. Still, he had to acknowledge Garam's skills. Garam's level must be close to 600, and he had overwhelming stats.

'There is no chance in a fight. I will lose. Still...'

Grid, who was covered with a purple red energy, turned his head. The trembling blacksmiths and residents were staring at him.

'I can buy time for them to flee.'

At the present time, Garam was an overwhelming powerhouse. His fighting energy and the speed at which his item accumulated experience proved this fact. Garam was less likely to be wary of Grid. For example, it was clear that he had once again been careless just now. Grid believed there would be an opportunity and sent a whisper to the blacksmith Jin Haecheong.

-I will buy time, so escape with the residents.

-I-I can't understand the current situation...

-The quest is up to here. It is because of me that you came to the East Continent and lost your level and stats. I'm sorry.

-D-Don't say that! The help we got from Grid is much greater! Coming here is worth losing some levels and stats!

-...Thank you.

-Please...! I wish you all the best!

Jin Haecheong finished whispering to Grid and sent a message with his eyes to the other blacksmiths. They had to save the residents. The blacksmiths understood Grid's feelings. Unlike the players, the residents only had one life. Thinking about the last three days they had spent making items, the blacksmiths felt the desire to protect the residents.

"I don't know why you are clinging to a meaningless life," Garam said in a ridiculing tone once the people started to move. He seemed to have no intention of letting them go.

Tong, tong, tong. The chain of explosions began around Garam.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship." Grid immediately came forward. One step, two steps... The dance strides were shorter than before as the Enlightenment Sword roared.

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!"



“You...!”

It was as Grid expected, and Garam’s face distorted for the first time. Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle—the strongest technique that had hurt Garam previously—was being used by Grid to provoke Garam. Seeing this, he no longer paid attention to the residents.

Instead of his smoking pipe, Garam now held a short spear and started responding to Grid’s bombardment. Garam slashed his short spear and defeated the incoming energy blades, raising the spear above his head to block the final blow that was like a lightning bolt. This was the moment when the whole process of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was completely disrupted.

Grid had expected this, so he wasn’t shaken. On the other hand, Garam hated it as Grid’s sword was emitting black flames.

“What?” The flames surrounding Garam devastated the area. The cave shook and Garam stepped back. The blacksmiths didn’t miss this opportunity. They ran as hard as they could with the residents.

“Kuk...! Kuaaaaah!” Garam screamed as he was surrounded by flames. It wasn’t because of pain though. Rather, Garam was fine. Only the tip of his hair was slightly burned. However...

“Is your pride hurt?”

That’s right. It was a matter of pride. Originally, Garam had been planning to trample on Grid like he was an insect. He had wanted to laugh as Grid died without resisting. Yet Grid had once again resisted and even damaged Garam’s body. It might just be his hair burning slightly, but...

“You...! Youuuu!” Garam suffered great damage to his pride, and he could never recover from this wound in a lifetime. He was using a weapon instead of a smoking pipe and had opened up the power of wind, which was one of his abilities. Yet he still allowed this insect to counterattack.

Garam swung the spear angrily, cutting one of Grid’s arms and causing him to slam into the cave wall. The reach and speed of the attack was much greater than before. Garam’s spear kept stabbing at Grid and he moved backward. Despite summoning the light elemental and Blade Aiming at the Gods, Grid was unable to cope with Garam’s offensive. In the end, Grid was pushed into the depths of the cave.

“Cowardly bastard!” Garam shouted and his short spear aimed precisely at Grid’s heart when he no longer had room to escape. It had an attack power which had dealt 10,000 damage just by scratching his arm. Grid would die if a vital spot were hit.

So, Grid made a decision and used Blackening and Quick Movements. “Revolve!”

He didn’t step back and unfolded a counterattack. It was almost instantaneously. The tip of the spear, which aimed at Grid’s heart, was swept up in Grid’s sword and changed its trajectory. The tip of the spear pierced Garam instead of Grid. No, it seemed to pierce him.

“You.”

Garam used the ultimate footwork that leaped through space itself—Shunpo. The moment Grid deployed the counterattack, Garam used Shunpo and appeared by Grid’s side. The spear only pierced the afterimage that was left behind by Garam. Grid’s face was caught by Garam’s hand, and it was like hard granite slammed into it. One, twice, three times, four times...

[You have suffered 4,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 5,150 damage...]

[One eye has been severely injured. Your field of view isn't properly secured. Your body has become dull.]

Grid's face literally became a mess. The bloody Grid couldn't even groan as he was held by Garam. Garam's face was like the devil's.

"I can't understand it. You are just an ignorant person. Why do you want to anger me every time? What the hell do you believe in?"

Garam transferred all responsibility for this situation onto Grid. He treated Grid as a sinner. However, Grid wasn't a sinner. He was a king.

"Once again..." Grid's tingling lips opened. Grid was angrily staring straight into Garam's eyes. "I... won't... succumb... your... strength."

"What?" Garam thought he would hear begging, but his ears were contaminated. Using the power of the wind, Garam blew away the light sword and the Blade Aiming at the Gods and then slammed Grid's face into the ground. It happened at this moment.

[The First King title effect has been activated.]

[A protective shield containing the health that was lost in the last minute has been created.]

[All terrain adaptability has increased by 100% while movement speed and defense has increased by 10%.]

A bright orange shield formed around Grid. He fully adapted to the terrain of the cave and opened up Ruson's Power, further amplifying his speed and gaining the ability to smell blood. Grid suddenly moved, and Garam hurriedly stabbed at him with the spear. He felt irritated when he couldn't keep up with Grid's speed and hit the protruding limestone instead.

"You rat bastard!"

At this moment, Garam decided he had no more pride left to be crushed and opened up his second power, which was the holy attribute. Meanwhile, Grid discovered the daoist hiding in a corner and stabbed him. The daoist couldn't cope with the destructive power and turned to ash.

"If I'm going to die anyway, shouldn't I get more rewards?"

Garam's response was surprisingly intense. "Y-You! You snake!"

Was Garam angry about Grid gaining more rewards? Garam emitted a killing intent that had never been seen before. Grid opened Belial's Power and used Item Combination to join together the Enlightenment Sword and the Blade Aiming at the Gods.

"Youuuuu!" Garam seemed like he was being chased by something. His eyes were manic as he stabbed the spear at Grid. However, the spear didn't reach Grid. It was due to the vampire who popped out of

Tiramet's Belt's, which had just reached the legendary rating. Tiramet reached out and caught the spear with both hands.

"Nyaaong!"

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

Noe released lightning from his mouth, and Randy—who copied Grid's appearance—stood by Garam's side. The three monsters aimed at Garam's heart.

"Linked Kill."

Long energy blades were fired continuously. Grid's level and stats were much inferior to Garam's, but the power of his super myth rated weapon and the power of the rune penetrated Garam's skin without much difficulty.

"Cough!" Garam coughed up blood. Then Grid discovered why Garam had become nervous and exposed a gap.

[★Hidden Quest★ 'Hunt the Daoist' has been cleared.]

[You have acquired three elixirs from the quest clear reward.]

[A linked quest will occur as a quest reward.]

[Back to the West Continent...]

[★ Hidden Quest ★

Thanks to your efforts, the people of Pangea have regained peace. Now, Pangea will be able to stand on its own.

Quest Clear Conditions: Return to the West Continent within 24 hours.

Quest Reward: A Pangea's Secret Dungeon Pass.]

[Moving between continents is now possible again.]

"...Aha."

"Griiiiid!" Garam's power started to run wild. Noe, Randy, and Tiramet were swept away by the magic power and turned to gray. Garam leaped toward Grid, but it was pointless.

"Goodbye, you stupid jerk." Grid had already disappeared in a flash of light.

## [Chapter 926](#)

The ultimate calligraphy filled the hanji (traditional Korean paper made from mulberry trees). There was a stroke that stretched out without a hitch, and the trajectory of life in one stroke was infinite.

「The Cho Kingdom should take care of Pangea. 」

Once Hanul finished the last point, the 'word' was finished. The Cho King would be thrilled when he received this 'word.' He would be able to look after the city and people he had turned away from due to

fearing the Hwan Kingdom. Garam stood next to Hanul, unable to understand Hanul's actions. "Why are you giving an opportunity to those nasty people?"

"An opportunity? This isn't an opportunity but a reward." Hanul put down the brush and looked at Garam. There was compassion in Hanul's eyes. "The opportunity was yours, and the people of Pangea were sacrificed to give you that chance."

Rain also fell in the desert. The sky never abandoned the earth.

"I have to reward them as much as I forced them to sacrifice. This is the duty I have to uphold."

The sky (Hanul) was in a position that couldn't be one-sided. The intolerance of heaven would make too many lives wither. The world could collapse as soon as the sky lost sight of its duty. This was the reason why Grid was rewarded for answering Hanul's call.

"..."

A person with no desires didn't exist completely. Garam had feelings of admiration and rejection toward Hanul, a man who was like him but also completely different from him.

\*\*\*

"Hrmm." Grid's expression wasn't very good when he returned to the West Continent. He was unbelievably depressed for a person who had just gained astronomical rewards.

"This game is really... hard."

A quest had appeared in a form where he had to bite the bait. There was an enemy that was too hard to deal with. Then there was the gaming system which required higher talent. Grid sighed as he looked at the skills and magic windows. "Hah. The skills and magic are too much."

With Pagma's Swordsmanship, Braham's enhanced spells, the Rune of Darkness, and items and skills attached to various titles...Grid now had close to 30 combat skills available. If he counted those attached to all the items he'd made, he would have over 50.

It was too much for Grid. He lacked the wits and sensitivity to take advantage of the skills he possessed. In particular, the stronger the opponent and the more intense the situation, the worse Grid's thinking became. It was difficult for Grid to use his skills in the right place. After all, it was hard for effort alone to overcome pure talent. The so-called geniuses could handle 50 or 60 skills instead of just 30.

"I can afford to try different things when dealing with weak enemies, but it has been a long time since I've faced such a strong person."

Grid replayed his fight with Garam. First, there was the intangible wind. Grid hadn't been able to figure out the path of the wind with just 'sound.' It hadn't been visible, and he had looked ugly while getting severely beaten by the wind that was coming from all sides. If Grid had the minimum of 'sound sensitivity', then he wouldn't have been so defenseless.

'Well, yes. I was fine using the pieces of falling stone as footholds when I was stuck in the ceiling. It was really good that I thought about it.'

He recalled the good parts as well as the bad parts. This wasn't arrogance but necessity. Grid replayed the battle because he wanted to develop. It was important to think about what he was good at and what he wasn't good at. This meant he could reduce his mistakes and highlight his strengths.

"Hrmm."

The more he replayed the battle, the better he did. Waiting for his fighting energy to reach 100%, counterattacking, using buffs such as Blackening, using Doran's Ring, using the effect of the First King title, opening Ruson's Power, and using the cave terrain, and so on...

'Of course, I could do more...'

Grid hadn't used any magic, and he hadn't been able to give detailed commands to the Light Sword and the Blade Aiming at the Gods. He hadn't been able to control Cray's Power completely, and he had totally forgotten about Dark Bus' Ring, which had the ability to delete a skill. Dark Bus' Ring reminded Grid of how Pagma's Swordsmanship, Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was completely neutralized by Garam. The spear had the 'energy' to delete a skill and Garam destroyed all the stages of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle by swinging the spear faster than Grid's skill casting speed.

"Oh! How rotten! There are too many skills and items! Additionally, Noe, why do you fail to use Soul Ingestion whenever it is important?"

"No, his attack penetrated through Fluidization, nyong... Too strong, nyang... I was hurt..."

"Sigh."

Grid thought about it a few more times and concluded the difficulty of the game was too high. How many players were there in the world who could take advantage of their many skills and items like Kraugel?

'Increasing the power while reducing the number of skills and magic will make it much more comfortable to play.'

He would make a suggestion to the customer center for the first time after a long time. It would be a very 'polite' message. The seriously distressed Grid brought up the details of Tiramet's Belt. His studying and grumbling were over, and it was time to face reality again.

[Tiramet's Belt]

[Rating: Legendary]

\* Reduce damage received by 15%.

\* Stamina +250.

\* Health +10,000

\* The skill 'Wind of Regeneration' is generated.

-A belt that contains the unique magic power of Vampire Viscount Tiramet.

★ The final evolution of the item is complete.

You can summon vampire viscount Tiramet by consuming 1,500 mana. If Tiramet is killed in battle, he can only be summoned again after 24 hours.]

[Wind of Regeneration]

[Passive.

Tiramet's magic power boasts excellent regeneration power and makes the wearer's body healthy. The speed of health recovery is greatly increased, and 500 health per second will be restored.

This effect will disappear when hit. A 10-second wait is required before the effect will be reapplied.]

"Ku..." Grid's body trembled. Had he been raising the experience for four years? Five years? No, maybe the item—which had been stuck at the unique rating—would've required much longer before finishing its final evolution. Now, it happened at a critical point just before the upcoming demon king event.

'The damage reduction rate has increased by 15%, and health has increased to 10,000. This is why I was able to endure more of Garam's attacks.'

It was completely different from when it was of the unique rating. The rumor about the true power of a growth item not being shown until its final evolution was the truth. Grid glared at Elfin Stone's Ring, whose experience still hadn't risen, and brought up the information for Tiramet.

[Name: Tiramet

Age: 295 Gender: Male

Species: Vampire

Level: 300

Title: Immortal Noble

\* Immediately recovers 30% of the damage. This skill is charged once per hour and can be charged up to 12 times. However, if the amount of damage received from one strike exceeds 60% of his maximum health, it won't recover. Additionally, recovery isn't possible with divine attacks.

\* Resurrected with 100% health in the case of death. All stats are increased by 20% for one hour after the resurrection. It is an effect that will activate after reaching level 360.

Title: Depressed

\* He feels ashamed for being bound to a human despite being a child of Shizo Beriache. His self-esteem is so low that it is negatively affecting his morale. All stats are degraded.

Physical Attack Power: 2,150 Magic Attack Power: 100

Health: 100,000 Mana: 3,000

Defense: 2,500 Magic Resistance: 500

Possessed Skills: Block One Blow! (A), I Wonder Why I'm Alive... (C), Headbutt (C)

Status: Depressed (Resurrected after a long time and died soon after. Why am I alive... I'd rather die...)]

“...Being depressed at this time...”

Tiramet’s condition wasn’t very good. The strength of the vampire viscount Tiramet, who couldn’t be raided without the help of the Demon Slayer, was gone.

“Well, he was classified as a boss monster at the time. It doesn’t make sense to compare a summoned pet to his self from that time.”

Grid’s expression was fairly bright. Tiramet wasn’t as good as before, but it was too much to describe him as weak. Wasn’t it thanks to the ‘Block One Blow!’ skill that Tiramet managed to block one of Garam’s skills? His basic stats were also excellent. It was the attack power of a unique rated weapon combined with the defense of unique rated armor. The notable part was the equipment system. Unlike Noe, Tiramet was a humanoid monster, so it was possible for him to wear equipment. Additionally, unlike Randy, who copied a weaker version of Grid’s items, Tiramet was able to receive pure items.

‘If I set him up as a tanker, I’ll be able to attack a dungeon alone.’

Tiramet would even serve as a strong shield in the demon king subjugation event. Grid planned to make items for Tiramet starting from tomorrow. He also confirmed the rewards from the East Continent: one unique rated weapon production method, two unique rated armor production methods, 10 blessed weapon enhancement stones and 107 weapon enhancement stones, 20 blessed armor enhancement stones, and three random elixirs.

“I really cleaned up everything...”

The quest rewards were so good that he wondered if it was a scam. Fortunately, it wasn’t a scam. His inventory was full of the rewards.

“The unique rated production methods will be used for Tiramet’s items.”

Grid produced items that were at least of the epic rating. This didn’t mean that he could easily make unique rated items. He still had to rely heavily on luck to create items rated unique or higher. As such, a definite unique rated production method was solid insurance for Grid.

“I will use the enhancement stones to immediately strengthen my items.”

The probability of enhancing myth rated items was low enough to be around 0.00001%. However, it was impossible to sell the precious enhancement stones. Grid wasn’t stupid enough to sell them for a bit of money.

“Maybe I can get it to +3... No, +2. I just want +2,” Grid prayed as he finally looked at the elixirs.

Three random elixirs—they raised his stats by 30 points. It was equivalent to gaining three levels. Grid checked his main stats.

[Name: Grid

Level: 364

....

....

Strength: 3,220 (+360)

Stamina: 2,047 (+580)

Agility: 2,750 (+330)

Intelligence: 1,898 (+405)

....

....]

"I lost some intelligence after changing the crown. Still, it isn't bad."

The world recognized Grid as being overgeared, and Grid didn't deny it. However, Grid's greatest strength was his stats. Thanks to more than 26 items and the production of high rated items, Grid's main stats were twice as high as the stats of users of the same level. He could fight with named NPCs and bosses because of his stats. Grid recalled that general elixirs were divided into four types: strength, stamina, agility, and intelligence.

"The random elixir will raise one of the four major stats..."

The stat that Grid desired was agility. He wanted to finish the golden ratio of 1:1 agility to strength and gain the higher attack power correction. Would it really go Grid's way? Grid didn't expect much because he was well aware of his bad luck.

"Stamina is also okay. My maximum possible blood is already over 150,000, and I will aim for 200,000."

Thanks to the First King title, Grid would see a big gain if his maximum health increased. It was definitely good for his stamina to increase.

"Strength... Well, it isn't bad. Intelligence..."

Since Braham's enhanced magic spells were opened as his intelligence increased, the intelligence stat might be the next most important one after agility. Still, Grid didn't have a big desire for intelligence. What was the point of more magic? He couldn't even use them properly.

"Ha. Ha. Ha. I... hope... I... won't... get... it."

Grid took a deep breath as he grabbed a random elixir. No matter what he thought, it seemed a bit tricky because he would probably get the opposite result of what he wanted. Grid hesitated for a while before finally drinking the elixir. Gulp. The effect of the random elixir was amazing. It was different from the usual elixirs that only raised the main stats.

[The random elixir effect has increased dexterity by 10 points.]

"Ah, XX."

He wanted to stop swearing, but why did this keep happening? Tears fell from Grid's eyes. This was because he hadn't noticed it yet. The fact that the random elixir raised his dexterity meant he could raise other special stats. Additionally, there weren't just the three elixirs given to Grid as dozens of blacksmiths came to visit Grid later.



## [Chapter 927](#)

“Why is it dexterity?”

The number of stats that points could be invested in was limited to the four main stats. Strength, stamina, agility, and intelligence. It was the same with the elixirs. The elixirs only raised four stats. Then why did dexterity go up?

The random elixirs were different from normal elixirs. Grid took around two minutes to realize this.

“I can think of it as an elixir to raise special stats.”

The special stats Grid currently had were dexterity, persistence, composure, indomitable, dignity, insight, courage, political power, demonic power, luck, and deity.

‘Of course, the probability of the deity stat rising is 0%.’

Deity was a myth grade stat that only grew when a certain person or force deified Grid and gave him room to become a myth. It wasn’t logical to expect that the random elixir would raise the deity stat.

‘Then this means the remaining 10 stats can rise.’

This wasn’t good though. The probability of a special condition of the stat being activated was low. The resistance to status conditions given by the composure stat was low compared to the complete status resistance of a legendary class. An unreliable stat like indomitable that had a chance of invalidating damage wasn’t something the unlucky Grid should lean on.

The dignity stat was already sufficient thanks to the Overgeared King’s crown, and the effect of the insight stat to detect the behavior of the target had long been known to have a definite upper limit. What about dexterity? It was a stat that naturally went up during the item making process. From Grid’s point of view, it was the easiest stat to raise, since his current dexterity was 3,967+880. It was close to 5,000. There was nothing he desired.

‘I can easily raise persistence, not to mention demonic power. Demonic power is completely ridiculous. Additionally, the stats like political power, courage and...’

Political power was an indispensable stat for the king of a kingdom because it sped up domestic development. If the king’s political power was high, the nation’s overall domestic development rate would increase. There was also courage. Courage was better than nothing. Every one point in courage raised attack power and defense by 0.1. It was very shabby compared to the third awakening strength stat, which increased attack power by 0.6 or stamina which increased defense by 0.9.

Finally...

‘...Good luck.’

Good luck was the statistic that increased the probability of a beneficial effect. It was useful in all fields such as item making, enhancement, hunting, and raids. For the unlucky Grid, good luck was the stat that he was most desperate for. Good luck was a special stat that didn’t increase with the title effects, so he was confident that its value would shine as it increased.

“Okay...”

Grid held the remaining two elixirs and prayed earnestly, ‘Please raise good luck. If it isn’t good luck, political power or courage will be fine. Please don’t let it be demonic power or dexterity.’

“Go!”

Had there ever been another day when he was so nervous? Grid gulped before swallowing an elixir. The result was amazing.

[The random elixir effect has increased dexterity by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased dexterity by 10 points.]

“...” It was cruel and irrational to expect anything from his luck. Grid couldn’t cope with the result and hugged his knees. “...Should I quit the game?”

“Nyang?”

“No, I can’t even joke about this.” Grid stroked the fur of Noe who was lying on his shoulders. The sky was exceptionally clear today like it was making fun of him. It was a pleasant experience for Noe who was lying down next to Grid. He leaned over and rubbed his face against Grid’s chest.

“Sometimes, this isn’t too bad.”

How long had Grid been resting? Then it happened while Grid was enjoying his spare time with Noe.

“Grid!” A group of people approached Grid. They were the blacksmiths who had just returned from Pangea.

“You came back safely.”

“Grid, didn’t you clear the quest? You should’ve noticed the notification window.”

“Um...” Grid had a bittersweet smile on his face as he looked at the blacksmiths. There were 77 people. With the exception of the 23 people who died, these blacksmiths had returned to the West Continent one step ahead of being killed by Garam. Grid felt responsible for what happened. It was due to his unreasonable judgment that the blacksmiths had experienced a crisis and felt fearful throughout their quests. In the end, some people were sacrificed.

‘They got caught up in the quest because of me...’

Did they see Grid’s regretful expression?

“All the blacksmiths who arrived in the West Continent one step faster than us are in a festive atmosphere. Didn’t we gain many rewards thanks to Grid?”

“It isn’t the time to worry about the dead. What is wrong with losing a level and a bit of dexterity? We get to sit on a cushion of money.”

“We have discussed it together. We think it is better to sell the blessed enhancement stones to the Overgeared members. It is uncomfortable to sell the precious items outside the kingdom. Since it is a

reward we got from Grid in the first place, we should sell it to the Overgeared members at a cheap price.”

It was great news to hear. Grid appreciated the hearts of the blacksmiths, but there was still something he had to handle before that.

“Please sell it to me before handing it over to the members.”

“Huh? No, of course. Actually, no, I won’t accept any money from Grid for it. Just take half of it,” the blacksmiths suggested. However, Grid politely declined. He didn’t want to monopolize the items. Instead, he wanted the development of the entire kingdom. Grid wanted to maintain the blacksmiths’ motivation by paying a fair price for purchased goods. He also wanted them to like him even more.

As expected, the blacksmiths were thrilled. They gained even more respect for Grid as he maintained his humble attitude until the end.

‘It is like he isn’t a king.’

‘This is the reason why so many rankers serve Grid.’

‘Even Katz acts politely to Grid...’

The blacksmiths’ respect and liking toward Grid started to boil over like water in a pot. They shouted at Grid, “Please take these elixirs!”

“Elixirs?”

“Yes. As you know, we are ordinary blacksmiths. The only necessary stats for us are stamina, dexterity, and persistence. Isn’t this elixir random? It is highly unlikely to get the stats we want, so this is just like a luxury.”

Grid replied honestly, “This is a random elixir and can actually raise dexterity. I just drank it and raised dexterity.”

“Haha... Saying that to us...”

“No, it really raises dexterity.”

“You don’t have to concede this much.”

“That’s right, Grid. No matter how I think about it, the elixirs are a luxury. I think it is better for Grid to use the elixirs, no matter how much we can gain.”

“...”

In fact, their words were true. It was an extravagant luxury for ordinary blacksmiths, who only had a small amount of stamina and strength, to take the random elixirs. However, elixirs usually sold for more than 200 million won. Katz was a chaebol, and it was rumored that he steadily purchased dozens of elixirs over the past three years for 300 million won per elixir. It was a burden to buy 231 elixirs, even for Grid. If he calculated it at the cheap price of 200 million won, it was 46.2 billion. It was impossible for anyone except a chaebol to cope with that much expenditure.

For an elixir that might raise dexterity...? It was doubtful if it was worth 200 million won. While Grid was hesitating, the blacksmiths said some unexpected words, "We're saying for you to literally take them. We aren't trying to sell them. We will give you the elixirs, so please use them."

"What does that..."

Grid knew better than anyone as to the value of this material. Yet they were just giving him items that were worth billions? Grid couldn't understand the attitude of the blacksmiths. However, the blacksmiths thought differently. "They are items that we wouldn't have received without Grid. We have already made a lot of money thanks to the unique item production method and enhancement stones. It is really burdensome for us to be greedier."

"It is also a type of bribe. Who knows what we will receive from giving the elixirs to Grid today? Later, Grid will take care of us again."

"That's right. Grid, if you have a production method that you don't need... Huhu! It is better for us."

It was true. The high rated production methods that Grid held could be of great value to them. Grid struggled for a while before accepting the favor, "Okay. I am grateful and will surely repay you."

"We are the grateful ones. We will make sure we can be of help to Grid someday."

The 100 blacksmiths who had gone on a short adventure with Grid—they were new loyalists who admired Grid's ability. Grid's reputation spread through the smithy district.

\*\*\*

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen!

He left the blacksmiths. After returning to the castle, he whispered his love to Irene, received a job report from Lauel, kissed the sleeping Lord's forehead and then sat alone in his office. There were a huge 231 elixirs on the desk. The iridescent liquid in the transparent bottles was more fearful than beautiful. Grid's body shook. His back was drenched with sweat.

'Imagine if I drink all of it and only dexterity and demonic power rise.'

He couldn't avoid feeling afraid. In any case, he had gotten the elixirs for free, so any increase in stats was a win. Grid controlled his heart and barely let go of his expectations. He vowed to humbly accept it even if the 231 elixirs raised his dexterity. Then...

[The random elixir effect has increased dexterity by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased dexterity by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased courage by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased agility by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased indomitable by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased dexterity by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased courage by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased good luck by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased political power by 10 points.]

[....]

[....]

Grid's expression brightened every time he took a bitter elixir. There was a fortunate thing. The elixirs didn't affect demonic power. On the other hand, the agility and good luck Grid desperately wanted went up many times.

Gulp.

"Kuuock!"

It happened when he drank over 150 elixir bottles. Grid grabbed his bloated stomach as an unexpected notification window appeared.

[Your courage stat has reached 1,200 points. The effect of the courage stat has increased. Every one point in courage raised attack power and defense by 0.2.]

[Your good luck stat has reached 400 points. The chances of a beneficial effect will greatly increase.]

Courage and good luck were enhanced! Grid felt stronger and quickly drank the remaining elixirs. He wanted to determine if the enhanced effect of good luck was just a false perception.

[The random elixir effect has increased strength by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased intelligence by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased dexterity by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased good luck by 10 points.]

[The random elixir effect has increased good luck by 10 points.]

"Good!" Grid cheered after drinking 50 elixirs in a row. He felt a tremendous increase in the beneficial effects. Once he drank all the remaining elixirs, his good luck stat had reached as high as 631 points. Feeling that lady luck was smiling on him, Grid didn't want to miss this chance.

He pulled out the hundreds of blessed enhancement stones from his inventory. Grid wished he could take out the two remaining Ancient Weapon Enhancement Scrolls and four Ancient Armor Enhancement Scrolls and use them on the +1 Enlightenment Sword and Valhalla of Infinite Affection.

"Reach +2! +2! +2! +2! I just want +2!"

The excited Grid used the blessed enhancement stones on the +1 Enlightenment Sword.

[The item enhancement has failed.]

This notification window flashed 30 times, but Grid wasn't shaken. It would be hilarious if he were shaken by 30 enhancement failures when he was aware that the enhancement rate of myth rated items was extremely bad.

[The item enhancement has failed.]

[The item enhancement has failed.]

Still, wasn't 50 consecutive failures too much? Grid's face gradually turned gray. However, lady luck was still smiling at him.

[The item enhancement has failed.]

[The item enhancement has succeeded.]

[The +1 Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has been successfully enhanced, and the enhancement level has increased to +2!]

[The item enhancement has succeeded.]

[The +2 Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has been successfully enhanced, and the enhancement level has increased to +3!]

[The +3 Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has been successfully enhanced, and the enhancement level has increased to +4!]

[The item enhancement has failed.]

"Uh...? Three in a row...?"

This was really an X probability game. Content that was based on luck gave deep despair to most people. They clung to these contents because the joy and value of success were great.

[You are the first player to succeed in enhancing a myth rated item to +3!]

[The perk has increased the damage of the target item by 1%.]

[You are the first player to succeed in enhancing a myth rated item to +4!]

[The perk has increased the damage of the target item by 2%, resulting in a 'setting sun' effect.]

"..."

It looked like it was glowing. The +4 Enlightenment Sword glowed orange, and it was enough to make Grid lose his soul. Grid stared blankly at the sword for a while before using his remaining weapon and armor enhancement stones. The Enlightenment Sword stopped at +4 while Valhalla of Infinite Affection became +3.

[+4 Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires

Attack: 4,611]

[+3 Valhalla of Infinite Affection

Defense: 1,622]

"Haha!"

Grid felt several times stronger. He could feel power boiling inside him.

## [Chapter 928](#)

Grid gained a total of 2,340 stat points from the 234 elixirs. Only one-tenth of them went into the four major stats, but that was still more than 200 points. If calculated simply, it was like gaining 20 levels. Furthermore, Grid managed to secure a large number of good luck stats and successfully enhanced his item. He couldn't calm his excited mind. By visiting the East Continent, he jumped several steps at once. It was the feeling of receiving a windfall.

'Pangea's secret dungeon should also be a great place.'

Grid wanted to use the admission ticket that he earned from the last quest reward. However...

"...Garam."

It could also be a damn trap. Compared to Garam, Grid was still a helpless little boy. Jumping a few stairs at once...? It was futile. He had to climb hundreds of steps just to be at eye-level with Garam. It wasn't just Garam. There were many strong enemies on the West Continent, and Garam was just one of the few trials Grid would have to face.

'I'm still lacking.'

The afterglow of joy was brief. Rather, it made Grid extremely thirsty.

'I am still missing a lot. It is insufficient.'

He needed to be stronger. Grid thought about a few colleagues—Euphemina, Faker, Regas, Yura, Jishuka, Chris...

He hadn't forgotten what he had seen from them. They didn't repeat mistakes, their learning speed was unthinkable, and the way they applied what they learned was inspiring. Grid sometimes got goosebumps when he went hunting with them. The difference in interpretation was like the difference between an adult and a child. Yes, they were in the realm of geniuses, and he was the one who had gathered these geniuses. Although, the real genius was actually Kraugel.

"I won't catch up next year. The next year, or the year after that, I will suppress them with my stats and items."

They were his respected competitors. As long as they didn't disappear, Grid's passion and development wouldn't stop.

\*\*\*

Lauel didn't just take care of the internal affairs of the Overgeared Kingdom. He also managed the Overgeared Guild. One of Lauel's tasks was to ensure that the Overgeared members enjoyed better benefits and developed further. The Galgunos Temple—Lauel invested a lot of time and effort into finding this new hunting ground. It didn't drop rare items such as elixirs or vampire rings like the vampire cities, but it gave a large amount of experience.

The problem was the level of difficulty. Considering the number, type, and level of the monsters that appeared, the Galgunos Temple was twice as difficult as the vampire cities.

[You have entered the Galgunos Temple.]

[You can feel the source of the demonic energy.]

[All stats have decreased by 10%, and health recovery has decreased by 50%.]

[You have resisted.]

“The atmosphere here...”

It was a temple with a complex structure like a labyrinth. Grid shook off the curses and remembered Lauel’s words.

“Pon, Regas, and Chris are hunting here these days... They can’t resist the curse, but it isn’t hard...”

Based on their personalities, the three people were unlikely to have formed a party. They probably scattered and were hunting alone all over the labyrinth. In any case, they weren’t ordinary people.

“An intruder.” Galgunos’ messenger—a humanoid monster roaming the labyrinth—found Grid and rushed over. It was at an extremely fast speed that meant the messenger had at least 2,000 agility. However, it wasn’t enough to pressure Grid who had over 3,000 agility. Compared to Garam’s speed, it was slow enough to make Grid yawn. He avoided the messenger’s attack and struck back.

[You have attacked the weak point!]

[The target has received 16,940 damage.]

[Black flames have exploded!]

It was overwhelming damage! The Galgunos’ messenger wore sheet metal armor and seemed to have high defense, but it was useless in front of Grid. Grid’s basic attack alone reduced the messenger’s health by one-tenth. Thanks to the increase in the good luck state, his targeting of the weak points, his critical attacks, the black flames and red thunderbolts emerged more often than usual. It took only five seconds for the messenger to turn to grey.

“Jackpot.”

It wasn’t an elite monster, but it dropped an amount of experience that was similar to that of a direct vampire? The messenger was an ungrateful monster who didn’t drop any items, but it was still lovable.

“I should stay here until the National Competition. There is a reason why the kids didn’t leave here...”

Grid needed to get stronger. As such, he decided to go hunting. Grid planned to raise his stats and resources by focusing on leveling up, which he had been neglecting for a while.

“Summon Tiramet!” Grid shouted, and a vampire emerged from a dark-colored belt. Tiramet was manly, unlike the usual neutral appearance and long hair of the vampires. His sharp eyes and ruffled hair gave a fierce impression.

“Um...” Unlike his impression, Tiramet was timid. He prepared for an attack as soon as he was summoned. It was due to the incident where he had come to the outside world after a long time, only to be killed by the yangban Garam.



“Hey. It’s okay. Don’t be scared. There are no enemies.” Grid patted the shoulder of Tiramet, who flinched like he was a scared cat. Then he and gave Tiramet several items.

[+7 Duliani’s Sword]

[Rating: Unique

Durability: 1,250/1,250

Attack Power: 1,890 Defense: 340

\* Creates a shield when attacked. The amount of the shield is proportional to the maximum health. It can accumulate up to five times.]

[+7 Emous’ Armor]

[Rating: Unique

Durability: 785/785 Defense: 930

\* Reduce damage by 12%.

\* 50% increase in health recovery.

\* Two set effect: 10,000 additional health.]

[+7 Emous’ Helmet]

[Rating: Unique

Durability: 566/566 Defense: 675

\* 20% reduction in the probability of a hit in a vital spot.

\* Two set effect: Addition 50 defense.]

There was a total of 23 items to choose from in the unique rated production methods. Grid chose items that would strengthen Tiramet’s advantages and even enhanced them using the remaining enhancement stones.

“The shoes and gloves are epic rated, but please use them for now. I will recreate them when I get Emous’ gloves and shoes.

“I understand...”Tiramet was different from Iyarugt. He equipped the items and stood upright beside Grid. It was a compliant attitude.

‘Indeed. I’ve known this since seeing the status window.’Grid smiled.

As Grid had expected, Tiramet was the perfect pet. In the case of Iyarugt, he had the stats and the nature of an NPC, while Tiramet had completely changed to the nature of a pet. Like pets, his summoning time was indefinite. This was why Grid greatly appreciated Tiramet. Right now, it was difficult because of Tiramet’s depression and low level. Still, if he hunted with Grid, then his growth potential was high. There was plenty of room for him to be the best partner after Noe.

“Please serve me actively.”

“...I understand. I am honored to serve the master who has the Qualification of a Blood King.”

‘Oh, this is great.’

Grid discovered why Tiramet’s attitude was compliant. It wasn’t just because Tiramet was a pet. He was also attracted to Grid’s title. It was very positive news. Earl Elfin Stone was the most powerful noble that Grid had dealt with. Grid felt excited at the thought that he would one day summon Elfin Stone and have that guy be loyal to him.

‘Iyarugt isn’t a problem.’

In the meantime, Grid had entrusted Iyarugt to Peak Sword. Iyarugt’s poor speech was somewhat annoying, but the main reason was that Iyarugt’s sheath maximized Peak Sword’s power. Grid had asked Peak Sword to raise Iyarugt by using it until Peak Sword obtained a better weapon. This was a win-win situation for Grid and Peak Sword.

“Okay. Let’s go.”

Grid summoned the Overgeared Skeletons, Noe, and Randy and started the full-scale exploration. As Grid, Tiramet, the Overgeared Skeletons, Noe, and Randy headed deeper in the labyrinth, more and more messengers attacked the party.

Galgunos—he was only the servant of a great demon, but he was a powerful lich. The statues in this temple released endless amounts of demonic energy, and Galgunos’ messengers exerted an explosive attack power. They used the demonic energy of the temple as a resource and unleashed attack skills. However, the firepower wasn’t enough to neutralize Tiramet who had become overgeared.

[Your pet ‘Tiramet’ has recovered from some of the damage received.]

[Your pet ‘Tiramet’ has recovered from some of the damage received.]

[Your pet ‘Tiramet’ has recovered from some of the damag...]

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link!”

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave!”

Tiramet was tanking while Grid and Randy attacked the messengers. The messengers were hit hard, but they were fearless and tried to counterattack. However, they were interrupted by the Overgeared Skeletons who shot the silver thread from a distance. Additionally, when there was a chance, they approached and broke bones, restricting the messengers’ actions.

“Punish the intruders!”

The monsters’ fast recovery speed exceeded Grid’s expectations. While Grid’s party were busy dealing with 20 messengers, new enemies appeared in the rear. They were messengers wearing robes, not sheet armor.

“This is really...”Grid detected danger. It was as he had expected. The messengers in robes were magicians. They chanted spells, and red magic spheres were formed everywhere with the attack spells

aiming at Grid's party. It wasn't a big threat to Grid, but it was different for Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons. Grid thought that Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons would have their summoning canceled.

'I wanted to raise their levels as much as possible...'

Then dozens of huge fireballs came flying. Grid wanted to intercept them with Transcended Link, but he soon realized it was pointless. An explosion would occur as soon as the fireballs and Transcended Link hit each other. Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons would have no defense against the splash damage which would occur at that time. Lael had said that in order to deal with the 'intermediate bosses', Grid shouldn't waste Blackening or Quick Movements.

This was the moment when Grid gave up on Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons.

[Your pet 'Noe' has leveled up.]

[Noe has reached level 100 and acquired a new skill.]

This notification popped up the moment one of the messengers being attacked by Randy and the Overgeared Skeletons died.

"Nyaang!" At the rear of the party, Noe faced the flying magic and suddenly raised his paws. A lightning curtain appeared in front of Noe. It was a powerful shield that blocked all the spells shot by the messengers.

"Huh?"

It completely destroyed dozens of spells...? Grid was more confused than the messengers. Laughter rang out in the midst of the silence, "Nyahahahat! This is a memphis, the best demonic beast of hell... Nyang..."

The situation was reversed again by Noe's actions. Grid entrusted the messengers in front to Tiramet and shot to the rear, using Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link, to quickly neutralize the magicians. After that, Grid took care of all the messengers attached to Tiramet before confirming Noe's status window. Grid was curious about Noe's new skill.

[Become Majestic (SSS)]

[Hell's best demonic beast, a memphis, has pushed the power of the thunder stone to the limit. A shield of lightning that blocks all attacks will be created for two seconds.

Cooldown Time: 30 minutes

\* The user will become drained for one minute after using the skill.]

"I love you, Noe." Grid's words were sincere. There was love in Grid's actions as he hugged Noe tightly and rubbed his face against the fur. Noe purred like he was happy. After that...

"Grid, I also raised my level. You should hug me as well."

"Y-Yes, Randy. I'll do it once the transformation is released."

Clack!Clack clack clack!

“Overgeared Skeletons, I also congratulate you.”

Grid moved through the temple labyrinth rapidly. His speed was at least four times faster than Pon, Regas, and Chris who were soloing at different locations in the labyrinth. The experience gauge of Noe, who had evolved and had his level reset, and Tiramet rose quickly in just half an hour. Grid’s experience gauge was the same.

It was a moment of regret for the experts who had been talking about the fact that Grid had fallen to the 80th rank in the past year.

## [Chapter 929](#)

Lim Cheolho was the first to build a concert hall. The world’s largest concert hall with complete acoustics was born in Seoul. Why bother to build a concert hall? In the interviews, he dismissed it as being a classical music enthusiast, but...

“I think differently. Lim Cheolho is revealing his ambition.”

Two men were sitting side by side in the S.A Concert Hall where Mozart’s Magic Flute was being played. The middle-aged man was the director of OGC, Lee Gookrae, and the white-haired gentleman was the president of OGC, Kim Jaeshik.

“In the past 300 years, Mozart’s music has been playing nonstop. It is played every single day all over the world.”

There were often people who misunderstood classical music as an antiquated culture. Many people mistook it for the culture of a certain class, which rich people used as a means to fill their vanity. They didn’t know that it was a fact that people unconsciously hummed classical music.

“Over 1,000 albums containing Mozart’s music have been released, and hundreds of millions of copies have been sold worldwide.” Kim Jaeshik had the wisdom of someone over 60 years old. That’s why he was the president of OGC, a leading gaming station in modern society. After a short introduction, he got to the main point. “Lim Cheolho is dreaming that Satisfy will become a classic. He hopes that the orchestra (players) will play the song (game) he made for eternity. Is the best maestro of this time Grid? It doesn’t make sense.”

Lee Gookrae thought it was an appropriate analogy. Whenever he appeared in public, Lim Cheolho never referred to Satisfy as a game. Instead, he expressed it as another world. He wanted Satisfy to be like music that lasted forever. He wanted it to go down in history. Satisfy’s history was currently being created by a master called Grid. Chairman Lim Cheolho couldn’t be too happy that Grid wasn’t participating in the best stage called the National Competition.

“Even if Grid doesn’t participate in the National Competition, don’t you think that Chairman Lim Cheolho would somehow place Grid on stage?”

“Yes. The player Grid might refuse, but he will be placed on stage in a different role. Of course, he will sprinkle a better reward than a gold medal as bait.”

“A role other than a player?”

“It is our job to find out what that role is. I’m personally anticipating the Breaking the Hero event.”

Breaking the Hero—last year, the hero had copied 100% of the specs of the last PvP winner while the other participants challenged the hero. It was an intuitive reminder of how far the players had progressed during the year. There were elements that excited the audience.

“The hero this year is Grid... What if it isn’t the artificial intelligence controlling it but Grid himself?”

Last year’s hero had been Kraugel. However, it couldn’t really be called Kraugel. It was because the artificial intelligence, not Kraugel, had been controlling it. This was poison. The artificial intelligence might’ve reproduced Kraugel’s control skills, but it had failed to copy his senses. The result was that its combat power fell far below the original’s.

On the other hand, it was speculated that this year’s hero would be better. The hero Grid was completely different from the hero Kraugel. Grid didn’t have awe-inspiring control or senses; his skills were relatively normal (?) for a high ranker. It was why many experts and enthusiasts were looking forward to the 4th National Competition’s Breaking the Hero.

They all wanted to see an AI play Grid’s character. They wondered how much better Grid would be if he had more talent. Yet what if the hero was controlled by Grid this year, unlike what people expected? Lee Gookrae and Kim Jaeshik got goosebumps at the thought.

They seemed to see the reactions of the audience members in front of them. The audience would be confused when the artificial intelligence Grid’s combat power turned out to be far less than expected. However, they wouldn’t boo him. Grid was still strong, and all the other participants would kneel before him.

In the silence, Grid would open his mouth, “I’m Grid!”

The difference of one year was meaningless before him. The ‘Grid’ from last year could overwhelm them now. There was no need for artificial intelligence. Grid’s words filled with provocation and arrogance would enthrall the audience.

“It would be the best topic of the National Competition.”

“Right? Grid is the best device to excite the audience. I can’t imagine a National Competition without him. In this National Competition, our station will focus on the ‘enemies’ that the players will face, not the players. Then we will find Grid faster than anyone else and catch the scoop.”

It was a gamble, but it was a gamble with enough odds. Lee Gookrae recalled the updated rankings from yesterday. Grid’s ranking, which had been falling for the past year, had been rising steeply for several days.

‘The reason he started hunting again is to train his control before the National Competition... In order to make the most of the National Competition...’

Grid was trying to deceive the whole world. He was indeed a natural born star. Director Lee Gookrae couldn’t control his quickly beating heart.

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[Tiramet's level has risen.]

[Randy's level has risen.]

[Noe's level has risen.]

[Noe's level has risen.]

[Overgeared Skeleton 1's and Overgeared Skeleton 2's levels have risen.]

[Overgeared Skeleton 1's and Overgeared Skeleton 2's levels have risen.]

"Control is nonsense. The game is about pets."

Grid distributed experience points to his pets every time a monster was hunted. However, he didn't feel bitter about this. His hunting speed increased noticeably as his pets' levels rose. The Galgunos Temple, which had forced him to maintain his tension four days ago, now felt as comfortable as his home. Of course, the appearance of the 'intermediate boss' would still cause pressure.

"Um... Is it still too unreasonable to challenge downstairs?"

The Galgunos Temple was a labyrinth with complex straight pathways crossing each other as well as spiral staircases all over the place. There were stairs leading to the basement, and the intermediate boss appeared at every place close to the staircases, causing the difficulty of the labyrinth to rise sharply. Grid expected that hell would unfold as soon as he went down the stairs.

The Overgeared Skeletons started clacking when they saw Grid shrink back. They were laughing at him. It was like they were mocking Grid for being a coward. Noe hit the skulls of the Overgeared Skeletons with his paws and said, "The moment you go down, the skeletons will be enemies, nyang."

"The Overgeared Skeletons will be enemies?"

"That's right, nyang. There is the nasty smell of a lich. Skeletons can't oppose a lich's orders and will become slaves, nyang. Not Noe, a slave!" (Remember, Noe sounds close to the Korean word for slave.)

"Really?" Grid had already known that Galgunos was a lich. He had believed that the Overgeared Skeletons would someday be a great help if he had to raid the Galgunos... yet they would become enemies instead? "Then I can't use the Overgeared Skeletons when facing Agnus' lich... Kuk?" Grid suddenly stepped back in horror.

It was because the intermediate boss had appeared. A dagger was embedded in the ground where Grid had just been standing.

'This isn't near the stairs...?'

Was the range of the intermediate bosses expanding? Grid was filled with an ominous feeling, and he raised his head. The 'follower of the war god' who escaped from its grave was looking at Grid. The followers of the war god were undead monsters Grid hadn't encountered yet.

It was actually amazing. The monster was very fast despite being undead. The headless rider, that was like a dullahan, rushed at a fast speed. Unlike a dullahan, its head was fully attached.

[You have suffered 8,940 damage.]

Grid groaned as he was pierced with a rusty sword. Tiramet and Randy belatedly responded and tried to keep the follower away from Grid.

“...Battle gear... mountain... where...”

“Where is that? I don’t know! You crazy bastard!” Grid swung the Enlightenment Sword, and a red lightning bolt fell.

The war god follower was struck by the lightning and flinched. It resisted the electric shock and cut at Tiramet and Randy with the rusty blade. Tiramet had an excellent recovery rate and survived while Randy luckily fought back with Revolve. Grid didn’t miss this gap. His level of control was already far beyond an ordinary ranker’s. Pagma’s Swordsmanship pierced the gap precisely and struck the war god follower. However...

“...Battle gear... mountain... where...” The undead follower didn’t feel any pain or fear and repeated the same words. Instead of shrinking back every time it was attacked, the undead follower fired back immediately. This was not a technique but an inherent ability of the followers.

Whenever it was hit, the undead follower would counterattack to return the damage. It was a fraudulent ability. For melee classes, the war god followers were perfect counters.

‘Counterattacking with the amount that it is hit... It is also a boss with millions of health. Who can catch this one-on-one?’

However, Grid wasn’t fighting one-on-one right now. It was five to one. No, it was seven to one. Of course, Grid was the one with seven people. The counterattack was easily blocked by the Blade Aiming at the Gods. Grid started a sword dance right away while shouting to the light elemental, “Flash!”

It happened the moment the command was given. The light elemental shot a strong burst of light at the follower. It was a spell that caused blindness for 0.3 seconds. The effect of blindness meant it was impossible for the follower to attack.

“Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!”

Grid, who was already using Blacksmith’s Rage and Blackening, released the ultimate sword dance while the follower moved its sword through the air blindly with blood pouring down. Then lady luck smiled on Grid.

“Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!”

He used the ultimate sword dance two times consecutively thanks to God’s Command. The follower screamed as it turned to ashes.

[Your level has risen.]

[The Spectre’s Equipment Fragment has been acquired.]

[The Sword Grave’s Map Fragment (6) has been acquired.]

Experience had been expected due to the nature of the hunting grounds, but Grid also gained an unexpected benefit. The Sword Grave—it was the place where Pagma had spent his last years and Braham’s body was known to be buried there.

“Is this the mountain of battle gear?” Grid’s shaking fingers spread open the map fragment. What had happened between Galgunos’ followers, and why did the followers of the war god want to find the Sword Grave even after death? Such questions were unnecessary.

Grid was only thinking about one thing.

“If I complete the map...”

Braham—the precious name that Grid didn’t want to forget revolved around his mind. His expectations for the hidden pieces became greater.

### [Chapter 930](#)

The Sword Grave was an open plains area with 4,179 swords stabbed into the ground. Of these swords, 3,580 were insignificant while 599 were significant. The 599 swords rotated to the left or right, changing the orientation and slope of the plains depending on how they were turned. Think of it as a lock with tens of thousands of patterns. As the puzzle progressed, the plains turned into a hill which was the appropriate form for a so-called ‘grave.’

“Dammit. The pattern has changed again.”

They turned the 423rd sword to the left, and the positions of the 1st–422nd swords were reset. The hill, which had emerged, sank again and became a plains. Skunk clapped and tried to reassure his colleagues, “Let’s take a break before trying again. Don’t be nervous because there are only a few more left.”

“Okay~ Let’s log out and eat.”

The Skunk Expedition Group had been investigating the Sword Grave for one year and four months. They had been trying to find the location of the Sword Grave for a year, then they spent four months figuring out the pattern of opening the grave. Despite having repeated the same thing thousands of times, made mistakes, and failed, the Skunk Expedition Group was still full of motivation.

Digging up hidden histories and mysteries was the ultimate fun that they pursued. Yes, concepts such as level and rankings were stories they had no interest in.

“Isn’t it a bit strange?” Someone questioned Skunk as he sat in the barracks and looked at the pattern of the swords. She was the second person in charge of the Skunk Expedition Group and 9th ranked explorer, Dog Woman. “This place is associated with Pagma. It is a place that Pagma’s Descendant should’ve visited.”

There was no one in the world who didn’t know who Pagma’s Descendant was. It was Grid.

“Can Grid solve this complex pattern? It took us a few months with 80 experts like us. It is strange no matter how I think about it. The Sword Grave was originally a trial for an individual, but the difficulty is too high.”



Grid didn't have any skills related to exploration. Could he alone grasp the tens of thousands of patterns and reveal the secret of the grave? It was physically impossible.

"Of course, Grid is a king and can mobilize many people... But what if Pagma's Descendant is someone other than Grid? What if they weren't a king? Does it make sense that Pagma's Descendant would have to solve this problem alone?"

"What do you want to say?" The curious Skunk turned his gaze toward Dog Woman.

Dog Woman looked anxious. "There must be an easier way to open the grave. We are currently using the hardest way."

"Hrmm." It was a plausible argument. In fact, Skunk had the same thought as Dog Woman, but he had realized it too late. Skunk shook his head. "It is too late even if your thoughts are true. We have already figured out some rules of the pattern and the key up to the 422nd sword. We can't waste time and manpower searching for a new method."

There wasn't long to go. The Skunk Expedition Group was expected to open the grave within the next two months. It was extremely inefficient to find a new method and study it. Additionally, it would adversely affect the morale of the members. Dog Woman nodded. "I know. I'm not telling you to come up with a new way. I'm just saying that it would be better to explore in more diverse ways when exploring new places in the future."

"I'll do that. We will think of this exploration as a study."

"Yes. By the way, I'm really looking forward to seeing what is hidden inside the grave. If there are any items or quests related to Pagma's Descendant, we may be able to sell them to Grid at a high price..."

"The negotiations should be leisurely. After all, Grid is the one in a disadvantageous position."

A few months or a few years later, Grid would also find this place. Then he would be nervous when he saw the empty tomb. Once his nervousness reached the peak, it would be the most appropriate timing for trading. Skunk believed that the treasures inside the Sword Grave already belonged to him.

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A white horse ran through the labyrinth, and the man on the horse looked behind him. A zombie wearing rotten clothes was chasing the horse.

"Dammit. Why did this bastard come out here?" The man on the horse, Pon, trembled. It was the 'war god follower who escaped from the grave'—the worst monster for a party without tankers or magicians to deal with. Pon had never dealt with them one-on-one. He had been hunting in places away from the stairs so that he wouldn't meet the followers. However, the range of the followers' activities expanded, and Pon became a chased rat.

'That Regas bastard, did he do something?'

Pon remembered his colleagues who were hunting in the Galgunos Temple and was forced to suspect Regas. Based on Regas' nature of pursuing a difficult fight rather than a winning one, it was highly likely that he had provoked the war god's followers.

'He is the enemy!'

Almost at the end of the straight passage, Pon realized he could no longer escape. The moment the horse changed its direction, Pon judged that the war god follower would catch up.

'Push through them with a charging skill.'

Confronting the followers head-on was foolish. Fighting monsters that counterattacked with 100% of the melee damage would just be a loss. Was Pon stupid enough to dig his own grave? As the white horse reached the end of the passage, it faced the wall and turned to the passage to the left.

The war god follower didn't miss this gap. It crossed the distance and stabbed its sword. However, Pon had predicted this situation and responded calmly. He twisted his waist to avoid the blade and wielded his spear. The body of the war god follower was hit hard in the chest, and it flew through the air.

The white horse turned to the left, Pon swung the spear, and the follower flew through the air—these three scenes unfolded at the same time, giving the illusion that time had stopped. Then the war god follower rolled along the ground. The white horse entered the passage to the left and started to run at full speed again.

"Phew." Pon managed to slip away. At this point, he just needed to open the distance as much as possible and he could escape safely. Yet the moment Pon thought this...

"Aaaaaaack!"

He heard a scream from the other side of the dark passage, and a new war god follower appeared. Pon frowned. "It came..."

The new war god follower was chasing Regas, who was running toward Pon.

"Hey, hey! Shit! Don't come my way!" Pon freaked out and shouted curses. However, it didn't discourage Regas. After all, his head would fly away if he stopped now.

"S-Save me...! Uwah!" In fact, Regas felt like he had found a line of rescue. He felt hopeful that after combining strength with Pon, they could fight against the war god followers. Then he noticed the war god follower behind Pon. Regas' vision became blurry when he learned that, just like him, Pon was being chased. Tears blurred Regas' eyes.

"Aren't you going to pull yourself together?" Pon's voice entered his ears and woke up Regas' spirit. Pon's spear stabbed the face of the war god follower chasing Regas.

"Cough!" Pon coughed up blood from the counterattack. Meanwhile, Regas was hitting the chest of the follower chasing Pon. The war god follower was kicked far away due to the feature of the kick. Regas didn't keep fighting. Instead, he climbed behind Pon on the white horse and shouted, "Pon, what are you going? You should've used a pushing skill like me! Don't you know you will be hit back?"

"Shut up if you don't want to be hit." Pon found it troublesome to explain that his pushing skill was on cooldown. He barely contained his boiling killing intent and planned to escape this labyrinth. At this time...

Kuaaaaaaah-!

“...!?”

Another new war god follower appeared in front of them, blocking the way. The startled white horse suddenly stopped, and Regas fell down.

“Ouch...”

[Your left arm has been fractured.]

It was a severe fracture, which would last for maybe 20 seconds. Regas grabbed his left arm and looked around. He was surrounded by three war god followers. “What a surprise...”

Pon responded to Regas with a shocked expression, “It wasn’t your work? I thought this was due to you.”

“That’s impossible. I couldn’t beat them, so I stayed away from the stairs...”

“Then who did this? Is this Chris’ work?”

What damn bastard angered the war god’s followers? Pon wanted to know the truth. It was too unfair to die without knowing why. It would seem less unfair if there was someone to curse. The war god followers no longer ran. They weren’t in a hurry because their prey was surrounded in a one-way passage. Now, they just had to eat.

“Battle gear... mountain... where...”

“...Battle gear... mountain... where...”

The followers around Pon and Regas raised their knives.

“No. If you have a question, you should wait for an answer before attacking.”

“That’s right! Followers of the war god! Put down your blades until we hear the answer!”

It didn’t work. The followers of the war god moved their swords. Then it was at this moment that...

“Way of the Tyrant.”

The whole labyrinth shook with a sound so loud it gave the illusion of water buffalos charging forth. Pon, Regas, and the followers turned their heads in the direction of the sound and witnessed a person holding a greatsword. It was the emergence of the 1st place ranker, Chris.

“1,000 Ton Sword!”

This was pure physical force. The heavy greatsword slammed into the skull of a follower, and the follower was deeply embedded into the ground. The follower of the war god was crushed by the strong weight and screamed without showing the ‘counterattack’ characteristic. Chris used the buff of a tyrant and didn’t allow the enemy to resist.

“Wow...”

“Chris is...”

Pon and Regas were captivated as the follower of the war god lost half its health from one blow. Not many people in the world could bear Chris' incredible power. Chris shouted at them, "What are you doing? Run away!"

"Run? Aren't we going to fight?"

"What fighting? They are monsters who counterattack up to the 10 Ton Sword! There is no dealing with them while 100 Ton Sword and 1,000 Ton Sword are on cooldown!"

New colleagues continued to join, but the situation wasn't getting better. Then it happened while Pon and Regas were running through the opening that Chris had created.

"Give me a map," a new voice rang out from behind them. The voice was scarier than the cracked voices of the war god followers. Dozens of white lights bombarded the followers of the war god. It was a powerful magic bombardment that made the war god followers feel distressed, despite them being known for their physical and magic resistance.

Had an army of magicians appeared? The surprised Chris, Pon, and Regas turned their eyes in the direction of the magic. At that place...

"Spit out the map."

There was only one person. It was Grid who was surrounded by flames. He held a staff instead of a sword in his hands.

"Queen's Flames of Hell."

The ultimate magic of Belial's Power was opened. It consumed 90% of the maximum mana and dealt catastrophic damage to the targets. The damage was determined in proportion to the user's magic power and the maximum health of the target. Grid made the war god followers unable to fight with a single blow. A war god follower rolled across the ground as his legs and arms started to melt.

"..."

Had he become stronger? The absent-minded Chris and Pon came to their senses when they heard Regas' voice ring out, "What are you doing? Let's help Grid!"

"Eh. Uh, huh...?"

Help...? Who?

Chris, Pon, and Regas stopped in place. Noe, Randy, the Overgeared Skeletons, the light elemental, and summoned vampires were forcing the war god followers onto the defensive. The followers of the war god couldn't easily break through the defenses of the vampires and pets due to the interference of the light sword. Grid also constantly summoned magic by utilizing the effects of Belial's Staff.

"...That is a blacksmith, you know."

Grid destroyed the war god followers without wielding a sword... At this point, it was believable to call him a necromancer+magician. The three of them wondered what the necromancer rankers who claimed to be a 'one-man army' would say if they saw the current Grid.

Grid shouted at the three people who lost their souls, “Hiik! Hey! What are you doing? Aren’t you going to help me? Uwaahh!”

Belial’s Power was a fraudulent skill, but it only lasted for two minutes. Grid lost his flames and ran away with Noe. His other swordsmanship skills were on cooldown because he had just dealt with other followers of the war god.