

Overgeared 101

Chapter 101

A small town called Pedro, in the south of the Eternal Kingdom.

There were no special resources in this area. It wasn't an important geographical location, and there was only one special product here — strawberry-flavored banana. In addition, people's reactions to the strawberry flavored banana were negative.

'Why do I taste strawberry when eating a banana', 'I would rather eat strawberries than a strawberry flavored banana,' 'It is disgusting because the banana is pink' and so on.

The special product didn't sell well, so no money was earned.

But for the Giant Guild, Pedro was a blessed land. It was due to the presence of the vampire baron, a boss monster who spawned every 11 days in the underground dungeon of Pedro Castle. The vampire baron dropped the vampire accessory set and various elixirs. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that Chris decided to become the lord of Pedro due to the vampire baron.

"Humans...! I will surely rise again to repay this disgrace!"

The vampire baron shouted as he was pierced in the heart with three swords. Chris said with a grin, "Yes, don't forget to rise again."

"Kuaaaaak!"

The vampire baron disappeared into dust. Then all types of riches poured out where he stood. Among the riches were the strength elixir and agility elixir. There was also a vampire necklace. Chris took the elixirs without asking for permission from the other guild members.

[Strength has risen permanently by +3.]

[Agility has risen permanently by +3.]

10 stat points were gained with each level up. It was similar to gaining one level if he drank three elixirs from the vampire baron. For Chris, the value of the elixirs was high since, at level 290, Chris had to spend a fortnight hunting just to gain one level. Chris was happy after drinking the elixirs and taking the vampire necklace.

"Okay. With this, the vampire accessories set is completed."

"Congratulations, Chris."

"You are now even stronger."

The guild members who participated in the raid with Chris applauded. Chris encouraged them, "The drop rate is good and the vampire baron will keep appearing here, so you will get the vampire accessory set as well. Have strength."

"Yes!"

For a guild of 530 members to be properly controlled, a strict hierarchy was needed. While small guilds had a family-like atmosphere, the Giant Guild was closer to an army. It had a system of absolute obedience to those above them. This system was so efficient that the guild was developing day by day.

After finishing the vampire baron raid.

The executives gathered at the venue for the banquet received whispers from their men. This was the contents of the whisper: A person believed to be the unknown craftsman was discovered in Winston.

As Chris drank his wine, the whisper's message was delivered to the senior executive Buglima, who organized the content and reported it to Chris.

"The unknown craftsman was found in Winston. However... It seems like the unknown craftsman has already joined the Tzedakah Guild."

"Tzedakah Guild?"

Chris' eyes twitched. He was shaking.

The Tzedakah Guild was the guild that dominated the world's most popular MMORPG L.T.S, before Satisfy was launched. They were small but created a myriad of legends, and the Giant Guild was one of their legendary scapegoats.

The reason why the Giant Guild, once considered to be one of the top five powers of L.T.S, left as soon as Satisfy was released could be attributed to the Tzedakah Guild. Satisfy became a game that transcended L.T.S so the Giant Guild's quick decision was right, but the Giant Guild's pride had actually been crushed by the Tzedakah Guild.

"Those damn people... I am starting to hear their names often in Satisfy."

Chris trembled. The memories of the many times he had been beaten by the Tzedakah Guild were still vivid in his head. However, he couldn't stay silent at the unknown craftsman being taken away.

"Send Asellas, Mihara, and Zirkan. Order them to thoroughly hit the Tzedakah Guild until they give up the unknown craftsman."

"Those three people at the same time..."

"Isn't this too much?"

The executives were agitated. The three people Chris named were part of the five captains of the Giant Guild, each one leading 100 guild members. The fact that they were sent meant that 300 troops would be dispatched to Winston. But didn't the Tzedakah Guild have less than 20 members?

"It is like using a sword to chase a chicken or cow..."

The Giant Guild had 11 executives, including the five captains. Six of them had been together ever since the L.T.S days, but five of them were only from Satisfy. The five people from Satisfy were the problem. They only heard rumors about the Tzedakah Guild and they ignored the Tzedakah Guild, because they had no experience with their strength.

Chris laughed at them.

"Chicken? Cow? Are you comparing the Tzedakah Guild to mere livestock? Kukuk! You don't know it yet. Those guys are dragons. They might be curled up right now, but they can ascend at any moment."

Chris had more than 100 clashes with the Tzedakah Guild. So he knew them better than anyone else. Their strength was immeasurable. Their current position might be different from L.T.S., but Chris didn't have any intention of being careless.

"Send those three no matter what. Take away the doors of the dragons."

He would step on them the best he could.

As of today, it was the fourth day after Grid joined the Tzedakah Guild. During that short period of time, Grid performed great things like improving the guild members' weapons and making a unique spear for Pon.

Today, the Tzedakah Guild decided the second person who Grid who make an item for.

He was a boy called Ibellin. He was only 16 years old, but he was a promising boy who took third place in his class rankings. Ibellin had the potential to be Regas' rival, so they were looking forward to his growth.

And Grid was commissioned to make a sword for the boy. However, it wasn't a usual sword but a flamberge. The flamberge was a sword that had the appearance of a wave. It was a cruel weapon that tore the flesh of enemies due to the nature of its shape.

It was very difficult to forge the sword into the form of a wave.

Let's start first with the forging. Forging was a task that made a metal into a solid shape by tapping at it with a hammer. The metal hardened depending on how well the hammering was. As the metal was tempered, it became harder and harder to shape. The complex appearance of the flamberge meant it was almost impossible to maximize the forging process.

Then was it easy to temper it after the forging? That wasn't the case. Tempering would inevitably change the shape. Therefore, forging and tempering had to proceed at the same time. For the above reasons, ordinary blacksmiths gave up halfway through tempering when making flamberges.

Anyway, the characteristics of the flamberge was in its shape so they focused on the shape rather than tempering. This was also the reason why it was rare to see flamberges above the epic rank. A blade that wasn't tempered properly was weak and lacking durability. Most of the flamberges circulating on the market were normal or rare ranked. Flamberges above the epic rank only dropped from monsters.

But Grid didn't want to see a normal or rare rating. He needed to make at least an epic rating to make money.

"Status window."

Name: Grid

Level: 97 (140,090/5,531,200)

Class: Pagma's Descendant

- * The probability of adding additional options when making items will increase.
- * The probably of item enhancement will increase.
- * All equipment items can be worn unconditionally. However, there is a penalty depending on the rating of the item.

Title: One who Became a Legend

- * Abnormal conditions don't work well on you.
- * You won't die when health is at the minimum.
- * Easily acknowledged.

Title: First Unique Item Maker

- * Dexterity +200

Title: Only Legendary Item Maker

- * Dexterity +350

Title: Knight Slayer

- * Stamina +100.
- * Strength +30

Title: Apostle of Justice

- * All stats +10.
- * The Apostle of Justice's bravery is unmatched.

Health: 9,016/9,016 Mana: 819/819

Strength: 824 Stamina: 572 Agility: 257 Intelligence: 279

Dexterity: 904 Persistence: 273

Composure: 204 Indomitable: 230 Dignity: 204 Insight: 204

Courage: 148

Stat Points: 0

Weight: 15,508/21,940

'When combined with the title effect, my dexterity is now approaching 1,500.'

Khan's Advanced Blacksmith Mastery was only at level 2. Grid lived with Khan for months so he guessed that the level of dexterity for Advanced Blacksmith Mastery level 2 was around 500~600. Considering

Khan's reputation as the best blacksmith in the north, Grid had around three times the dexterity of the greatest blacksmiths.

Therefore, Grid was confident in his ability to carry out tempering on a flamberge.

"I will make it with my own hands. A powerful flamberge that has never been made before."

Grid's confidence rose up to Andromeda and had no intention of coming back down to Earth.

"Hiyah!"

Peeng!

"Kiyoooh!"

Kwajak!

Regas was in a hurry to find a clue about the thief who stole Grid's shield. He took care of all the beasts and monsters blocking the way, causing a bloody wind to follow his path.

Taekwon Master Regas! He was called the strongest in the L.T.S days and his strength, which was now representative of the Tzedakah Guild, transcended the concept of ranking. Even Jishuka, who had the highest unified ranking in the guild, couldn't beat Regas.

Regas' combat sense was incalculable. He was a person who got stronger as he fought. There was no one who didn't know his reputation. There was no one who dared quarrel with him.

But right now.

"Hey ~ Regas, hasn't it been a really long time?" Mihara, one of the five captains of the Giant Guild and who claimed to be Regas' rival in L.T.S, blocked Regas' way. "I am so happy to fight you again that my head is spinning like crazy. Kukukuk!"

Mihara was a magic swordsman ranked 19th on the unified rankings. As someone who mastered the sword and magic perfectly, he could overcome swordsmen with the sword and magicians with magic. But he used both magic and the sword from the beginning because his opponent was Regas.

Peeng!Seokeok!

He summoned three fire pillars at the same time while blocking Regas' path with the sword. Mihara was excited as he saw blood splashing from Regas' chest.

"Kuahahahat! Regas! You are weak compared to the L.T.S. days! The guy who was once called the strongest looks so sad!"

"..."

Regas barely avoided the pillars of fire and quietly wiped the blood from his chest. Then he asked Mihara, who had started to chant a spell again.

"Who are you?"

“...!”

Mihara was shocked by the unexpected question and couldn't complete his spell. He shouted with rage, "You don't remember me? Damn bastard... No?"

He shook with rage. Regas didn't miss this gap and dug into his side. His hard fist caused Mihara's vision to shift towards the sky.

Peeeeeeok!

“...Keok!”

Regas bowed to Mihara, who had fallen from the unexpected uppercut.

"I don't know who you are, but thank you for being my opponent. I will be able to grow stronger after fighting you. Now, stand up. And concentrate."

“You...!”

During the time that Regas encountered Mihara. Jishuka and Toban were on the move with eight guild members. They were going to raid the basilisk, the king of the desert and so-called wingless dragon. The basilisk possessed top grade petrification magic! The people participating in the raid now had at least 60% resistance to petrification.

However, they were astounded when magic used to freeze their feet appeared from the sky.

‘A user who can use this magic...?’

The magician Asellas faced the confused party.

"Did only your feet stiffen? This... My specialty is petrification magic, but the timing wasn't good. If so, it's better if you can't leave here."

Asellas gave a signal. 200 users appeared from the far side of the desert hills.

“What are you guys?” Toban shouted and Asellas explained with an expressionless face.

“The Giant Guild. Give up the unknown craftsman. You will keep dying and won't be able to play the game properly until you expel him from your guild.”

A dungeon on the outskirts of Winston.

Pon was wielding the Gale Spear at a monster in the dungeon when a sword flew towards him.

Kaaang!

“Kuk!”

Pon blocked the sword with his spear, but he couldn't help groaning at the unexpected weight. He was surprised to see the owner of the sword appear from the darkness.

"Zirkan...!"

Pon knew him well. He was an opponent that Pon competed with more than a 100 times during L.T.S.

“It has been a long time, Pon.”

In L.T.S, Zirkan’s unified ranking was 4th. He was the best player after Regas, Jishuka and Pon. Then what about now? Zirkan was 11th on Satisfy’s unified rankings. Of course, he was higher than Pon, Regas and Jishuka.

Zirkan pointed his sword at Pon, "You have to play with me here for a while.”

‘The fact that he appeared in front of me means that the other guild members...’

Pon provoked Zirkan. "Are you still wasting time underneath that incompetent Chris?”

Zirkan laughed. “Master has grown beyond my expectations. Don’t you know? He has transcended the you from the past. It is truly worthwhile serving him.”

“Che, this old man looks happy... Okay, I will knock you down first. Just like in the past.”

At the same time, Khan’s smithy.

‘This is what Grid is like...’

Ibellin watched Grid making the sword and was overwhelmed by the force not usually seen from Grid as he stood in front of the furnace. Ibellin didn’t want to disturb him and quietly left the smithy.

Then he saw more than a dozen users wearing the guild mark of a golden mace approach the smithy.

“The Giant Guild?”

At that moment, an emergency notice appeared in the guild chat window.

{The Giant Guild is intentionally attacking our guild. All free personnel should give priority to protecting Grid.}

“Heh...” Ibellin’s eyes widened as he pulled out his flamberge. Then he stood in front of the smithy’s door and laughed. “Isn’t this quite interesting?”

Chapter 102

"Okay, perfect."

All preparations for making the item were finished. I took out the weapon production method I received from Ibellin this morning.

[Thorn Production Method]

Prerequisite: Advanced Blacksmith Mastery Level 5 or higher.

Thorn: A flamberge with small thorns like a black rose. It’s reminiscent of the stem of a rose.

The target will suffer a painful wound when touched by this weapon.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher.

The Gale Spear required level 240 to use, but the condition for learning the production method was level 4 mastery. However, the level limit of Thorn was 30 levels lower.

'This means that the difficulty of making this weapon is high.'

Originally, a flamberge was in the shape of fire or a wave. But as the name suggested, Thorn was in the shape of a thorn, so it was harder to make than ordinary flamberges.

'I have to make small thorn like blades on it... It's important to make it so that the small blades don't break easily... This will definitely be a pain.'

I learned the production method. The the details of Thorn appeared along with a notification window.

['Thorn Production Method' has been acquired.]

[Thorn]

Rating: Rare ~ Legendary

Rare Rating Information:

Durability: 135/135 Attack Power: 190

Armor Penetrating Power: +30%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 30% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

Epic Rating Information:

Durability: 160/160 Attack Power: 230

Armor penetrating power: +35%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 35% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 191/191 Attack Power: 280

Armor penetrating power: +45%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 40% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 226/226 Attack Power: 344

Armor penetrating power: +60%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 50% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

* The skill 'Laceration' will be generated.

A flamberge with small thorns on the blade like a black rose. It is reminiscent of the stem of a rose.

The target will suffer a painful wound when touched by this weapon.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher. More than 750 strength. More than 300 agility. Advanced Sword Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 300

"Laceration? The skill name sounds bloody. Laceration skill information."

[Laceration]

The target's body will be brutally torn open by Thorn. The target will receive fixed damage equal to 60% of their current health.

Skill Mana Cost: 500

Skill Usage Condition: Target must be in a bound state.

'Damage is 60% of the target's health? The skill will have little effect if the target is low on health, but... This is an efficient skill if the target is someone with high health, like a tanker.'

The conditions of use seemed a little tricky, but it was a top-grade skill that was attached to a legendary weapon.

I was in good condition recently. I would be successful in making a legendary item this time.

'Let's get started.'

I spread out the materials that Ibellin provided for Thorn and held my hammer. Then as I was about to start...

"\$)*U\$!!"

"...!!"

Chaaeng!Chaeng chaeng!

"Why is it so noisy?"

I heard the sound of people shouting and weapons clashing outside the smithy. It was a pity that I couldn't grasp the exact contents of the disturbance because the sound was coming from beyond the wall.

"Watching a fight is the best thing..."

Were people drinking during broad daylight and got into a fight? Maybe someone touched the wife of the wrong person... I wanted to go to the window and watch the fight. But I didn't have room to enjoy the game.

"I need to work hard and earn money instead of worrying about others."

Pon had promised to deposit the money for the Gale Spear in three days. My goal was to complete Ibellin's spear by then and receive a lot of money at once. After paying off my family's debt, I planned to use the remaining money to buy a foreign car.

'I'm getting older, so I need a car... I would like to buy a good car that I can bring to the reunion. Then I will make Ahyoung regret tricking me.'

Ttang!Ttang!

I desperately prayed as I moved my hands.

Kwa kwa kwang!

Jjejeong!Chaaeng!

The earth and trees collapsed. Fire and water filled the air, while fists and a sword collided. It wasn't a simple war of attrition. Mihara succeeded in opening the distance from Regas and consumed a lot of mana at once.

Hwaruruk!

A huge flame sprayed straight into Regas' face. The fierce momentum made it seem like a flamethrower. Regas easily avoided it.

Mihara wasn't disappointed, despite his spell being defeated. Rather, he had been waiting for the evasion as he connected another attack like flowing water. His sword aimed straight for Regas' exposed abdomen. It was an attack that was difficult to avoid.

But Regas was as flexible as a leopard. He rolled his body to avoid the sword, then immediately rose up and kicked.

Chaaeng!

Mihara was also an expert in swordsmanship. He was able to correct his balance quickly and block the kick with his sword. Then he once again summoned a large flame to attack Regas.

Peng peng!

Regas couldn't escape the flames this time. He swung his fist to blow the fire away. Mihara's sword swept through the remnants of the scattering flames. Regas turned to avoid the sword and looked disappointed.

"The same pattern of attacks in a row? It's simpler than I thought. This isn't meaningful as training."

"How can that be? There are slight variations! In the first place, this isn't training!"

Pachichik!

"...!"

Regas' eyes widened. He discovered too late that sparks appeared around Mihara's sword.

Peeeeeeong!

The air had dried out due to successive fire attacks and an explosion occurred due to the lightning. It was also right beside Regas' face!

"Kuaaaak!"

Regas screamed with pain as a notification window flashed before him.

[You have lost sight in your left eye.]

[All stats will fall by 30% until the wound heals.]

[Your head is spinning.]

The fall in stats was accompanied by confusion. It was a hundreds times better than being stunned, but it was undeniable that confusion was one of the worst states. Regas couldn't control his own body properly and hesitated.

'This is basic attributes linkage... My training is still lacking.'

Regas lamented, while Mihara didn't miss this chance.

'I will end it in one blow!'

Mihara decided to use his strongest magic and took out jewels that shortened casting time.

"The sapphire's transparency will become a symbol of the ruthlessness of ice, and the ruby's intensity will become a symbol of fire's anger. Oh small emerald to the left of the five pointed star. Oh large emerald on the left of the six pointed star. Merciful wind that blows in the raging storm. Two energies that can't coexist will be carried in a storm, transcending their strength!"

Mihara wobbled. It was because he used all his mana at once, making his mental power exhausted. Then a storm large enough to swallow a house appeared. Mihara laughed at the sight of his spell.

"Kuahahahat! How is it? This is my strongest skill that exterminated 180 Yatan followers! I named it Mihara's Special Ice Fire Ultra Storm!"

Indeed, it was a fierce storm that contained ice and fire. Thousands of sharp ice shards rotated in the storm and played the role of blades, while the condensed fire calmed down in the storm. Now this storm would devour Regas, turning him into an unrecognizable shape.

Two seconds ago.

"I can imagine the power, but isn't the casting time too long?"

The bloodied Regas was restoring his breathing. Then he took a kicking posture, while a yellow aura surrounding his legs that was reminiscent of the energy of lightning.

Mihara noticed. "Have you recovered from the confusion already?"

The average duration of confusion was five seconds. Mihara, who borrowed the power of magic stones and jewels, spent an average of three seconds casting his ultimate spell. According to Mihara's calculations, the storm should've already hit Regas before he recovered from the confusion.

But what was this situation?

Regas explained to the confused Mihara. "It isn't just training of the body, but the mind as well. A martial artist should be calm in any situation!"

Martial artists recovered from status conditions quicker than other classes. As he was explaining, the storm hit Regas. Regas had already lost one eye. Due to the shock, he wasn't at full capacity. Mihara laughed as he saw Regas being completely swallowed by the storm.

"Kuahahat! It is like this! Stupid person! Your death was already scheduled!"

To a ranker, death was fatal. The time spent recovering from the experience lost meant their position could be taken by someone else. Mihara wanted to see Regas lose that experience.

Chukakakakak!

There was a loud sound as the fragments of ice started to collide with something. Mihara knew that Regas' flesh and bones were being torn. Then there was a noise that tickled his ears.

Peeeeeeong!

An explosion in the core of the storm! The whole area became razed. Mihara was thrown back by the aftermath, but there was no time to feel the pain. It was because Regas emerged from the storm.

Regas was covered with dust and ashes, but he was still alive. His whole body was injured, but it was far less than Mihara's expectations. Mihara paid attention to the yellow aura that still remained at Regas' toes.

"Don't tell me you... You destroyed my special move with your kicks!?"

Pahat!

Regas' wounds were so large that he couldn't say anything. He leapt forward using his last remaining strength. Once Mihara was in attack range, he stretched out his feet and rotated. It was like a Taekwondo kick. It was a unique synthesis skill that Regas acquired after the Malacus raid, mixing the 'Yellow Dragon' attack with Taekwondo.

Peeeeeeong!

Mihara made a mistake using his strongest spell to assure victory. Mihara lost all his mana in one go and was at his mental limit, so he couldn't resist Regas' kick to his chest.

"Keeoook!"

Chain mail and flesh were pierced, crushing bone.

[You have been hit by a blow!]

[You have died.]

'Damn!'

Mihara's vision turned grey. Regas confirmed that Mihara disappeared and sat down.

"It was hard."

He wanted to go to Grid right away. But his health and stamina were low, so he couldn't move. Regas had to take a potion and wait to recover.

The sun sank beneath the sand, revealing the white moon. Desert nights were cold.

Asellas frowned as he looked at the battlefield. It was rare for him to expose his emotions.

"The more I look, the more it transcends common sense."

Only 10 people. 200 guild members were being slaughtered by 10 enemies.

Asellas' gaze focused on Jishuka. Whenever she pulled her bowstring, at least three Giant Guild members were wounded or seriously injured. He thought it was ludicrous that she was known as the expert archer, but that title didn't seem excessive now.

'The attack power of archers might be one of the strongest, but Jishuka's is beyond that. There are no general guild members who can endure a hit from her.'

The average level of the Giant Guild was close to 130. It was quite high compared to the average level of users in Satisfy, but it was nothing in front of the Tzedakah Guild. The difference in basic stats was so huge that it was hard to win.

'It would be possible if it was just Jishuka...'

Asellas ordered the guild to just go after Jishuka. But Toban of the Tzedakah Guild was the number one paladin, so it seemed impossible to break through his defense. It had already been more than two hours, and the enemy didn't get tired while the number of allies decreased.

'They started Satisfy later than us...'

Until he arrived here, the Tzedakah Guild seemed a lot weaker than they were in L.T.S. He honestly would've ignored them. But they were still strong.

'The original plan was to completely defeat them but...that won't work. I will focus on buying time until I receive the good news that the unknown craftsman is obtained.'

In fact, if Asellas participated directly, then victory might be possible. But Asellas was cautious. Using magic would expose his position. He couldn't rule out the possibility of Jishuka sniping him, so he hid as much as possible.

Due to his prudence, Jishuka and the main power of the Tzedakah Guild remained tied up in the desert.

"Pant pant..."

In front of Khan's smithy.

Ibellin blocked the Giant Guild members who came to meet Grid. However, there were 16 enemies. They were elites of the guild who seemed to be over level 150. Ibellin was level 212 and a ranker, but it wasn't enough to deal with all of them.

In particular, the flamberge was close to useless against an opponent armed with heavy armor. The durability was so weak that the sword would break before the heavy armor. More than half the enemies were heavily armed knights.

Peeok!

"Keuak!"

After three hours of struggle. He defeated 4 enemies, but there were still 12 remaining. His movements were slowed due to the limitations on his stamina. He allowed a hammer attack and his shoulder was broken.

Ibellin collapsed with a groan, then a Giant Guild member trampled on him.

"The Tzedakah Guild isn't a big deal. I thought you were a small group of elites. I don't know why that guild contains a useless little boy like this. Isn't that right?"

"That's right! L.T.S. might be different, but the Giant Guild is the strongest in Satisfy! The Tzedakah Guild is nothing!"

The Giant Guild spoke ridiculing words, despite barely overcoming Ibellin. The process was difficult, but they eventually won. Ibellin was tearful as the Giant Guild disregarded him and the Tzedakah Guild.

'I allowed them to laugh at the members... I am too weak.'

Rather than being compassionate towards the boy, the Giant Guild members were pleased.

"What is this? Are you crying? Are you a guy or a girl? Your face is pretty and your body is like a girl's, but your chest is too..."

The Giant Guild member stabbed Ibellin's chest with his sword. Ibellin felt shame and tried to squeeze out his last remaining power to resist, but he couldn't go against several enemies. The spectators on the street saw his helpless form and gossiped.

"Rankers aren't a big deal..."

"I agree. I mean, even if there are a lot of people, shouldn't he fight like a ranker? But isn't it too one-sided? Were my expectations too high?"

"Rankers aren't weak, but the Giant Guild is too strong. Aren't they considered to be one of the strongest guilds? By the way, what is the Tzedakah Guild doing? Their colleague is being beaten up and no one is showing up to help."

"They must've fled. They're a small group of elites, but the reality is pathetic."

The powerful Tzedakah Guild was constantly being slandered. Ibellin was ashamed that he was the cause of this. He blamed himself for being helpless.

“Kilkil... Now, let’s start the real work.”

The Giant Guild felt satisfaction after playing with Ibellin and finally opened the door of the smithy. This was their purpose for coming here. It was for the sake of meeting the unknown craftsman.

Ibeliin stumbled up and blocked their way again. "I can't allow you to meet him..."

The Giant Guild members became angry.

“Ah~ really. This jerk doesn’t give up to the end. Hey, shouldn’t you allow the unknown craftsman to choose? Wouldn’t he rather join our guild than a terrible guild like this? Eh~ go and log out!”

Peok!

The Giant Guild beat Ibellin up. Then a part of Ibellin’s destroyed armor broke off and flew to one side. The direction it flew in...

Hwiririk!

Kaaang!

"..."

The blast furnace. Grid had been hammering without noticing the disturbance occurring right in front of him. He suddenly stopped moving. He had been tempering steel on the anvil, only for a bloody lump of iron to fall on it? It was steel he had been forging and tempering for the last few hours, and now foreign matter was mixed in it.

"..."

Shake shake.

Grid received a big shock and was speechless. The Giant Guild walked up to him and said hello.

“Are you the unknown craftsman? Hello! We have come to invite you in the name of Chris, master of the Giant Guild and 3rd place on the unified rankings...”

“Shit.”

“...?”

The Giant Guild members stopped talking. They greeted him in a courteous manner, only for Grid to suddenly curse. They stared with dismay as Grid looked at them.

"Do you know what you did just now?"

It was the first time he was disturbed while making an item. He was currently a few hours in. The flamberge that Grid thought might be finished with a legendary rating was now ruined.

“Kill.”

Grid's eyes flashed like a madman as he held the greatsword in his hand and a strange skull helmet covering his face.

Chapter 103

"Mister...?"

The Giant Guild members panicked as Grid suddenly pulled out a weapon. Then they started talking to each other.

<Why is he so angry? Did we do anything wrong?>

<What's the big deal? Ah! Is it because we made Ibellin like that? ——; >

<What? ⇨ ⇨ He's angry because of his colleague? ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ Does that make sense? He's been identified as a newcomer who only joined the Tzedakah Guild for a few days. How could he feel a sense of camaraderie after just a few days? An average person wouldn't feel like that.>

<Maybe he's the kind type. Or maybe he had a relationship with Ibellin before joining the Tzedakah Guild.>

<Wow... This is rotten —— Then this will be a headache...>

As the Giant Guild was misunderstanding, another member gave a new opinion. He was someone with the ID of Grey Bear.

<Maybe his anger isn't because of Ibellin. Look. That person isn't even looking at Ibellin.>

The guild members paid attention to Gray Bear's words.

<If it isn't Ibellin, why is he angry?>

<Do you see the anvil and production related items in front of the furnace? He seems to have been making an item.>

<Aha~! He was! He ruined his work because of us! So he's upset!>

Thanks to Grey Bear, the Giant Guild members resolved their question and apologized to Grid.

"Did we disturb your work? We're truly sorry. We will compensate you, so please calm down first and put away your weapon. Then we can talk. We came to invite you to the Giant Guild on Chris' order. How about it? Isn't it an honor? Are you happy? Have some of your upset feelings gone away?"

The number of members in the smithy belonging to the Giant Guild was over 10 people. The Giant Guild had visited smithies several times and saw the process of making items. It took 2~3 hours on average. If it took a long time, the blacksmith would sit in front of the fire for 3~4 hours.

One or two epic items would be produced every month, while everything else was garbage. Would it be a large difference with the unknown craftsman? He was likely to work in the same manner as regular blacksmiths and would make more epic items. The thoughts of the ordinary guild members were lacking. They dismissed Grid's work.

"Now, put away your sword. Isn't this too shameful just because we disturbed the production of an item? Hahaha!"

"... Just?"

Grid stopped just before he swung his sword. Then kwaduduk! The sound of him gritting his teeth was very loud.

"Just the production of an item? Have you ever tried making an item? Are you making fun of my class? Have you ever thought about my efforts and perseverance? Huh? You think you can disregard me, just because you're a member of a cool guild?"

Kkuok!

Grid held Dainsleif with a tight grip. He looked prepared to do battle.

Ibellin, who was barely able to save his life with the 'Fighter's Beliefs' passive skill, whispered to Grid.

-Grid, calm down first. There are 12 people! Grid will be hurt if you fight alone! Please buy time until I recover!

Ibellin also participated in the Malacus raid, so he knew that Grid was strong. At that time, Grid had the unique opportunity to show off his strength. But there were 12 strong opponents. The enemies' levels were estimated to be over 150, but Grid was only level 97. He had no chance of winning a 12 against 1 fight.

Ibellin wanted Grid to calm down. But it was just wishful thinking.

"These jerks... I don't like your tone even when you are apologizing. I will kill you."

Grey Bear clicked his tongue. 'Really dumb. The silly words of these idiots stimulated the craftsman.'

They had to persuade or kidnap Grid while the main force of the Tzedakah Guild was being held up. This was the command given to them. But the problem was the leader of this group had died two times because of Ibellin and was forcefully logged out.

'There isn't a leader to talk to him so the situation ended up like this... But it doesn't matter.'

The opponent was a blacksmith. The bizarre looking helmet and the greatsword seemed threatening at first, but it didn't make sense.

'A blacksmith can't wield a greatsword... It won't be a threat even if he swings it. What can he do even if he's angry? If conversation doesn't work, we'll just kidnap him by force.'

Grey Bear and the Giant Guild were willing to overpower to Grid. Then Grid took one step forward.

Kwajajak!

"Eh?"

The smiles disappeared from the faces of the Giant Guild's members. This was because the greatsword quickly cut down a fellow colleague.

“Kuaack!”

A single blow. He didn't use any special skills, just swung the sword. But the health of their colleague fell to less than half in one blow.

“No way!”

The class of the attacked member was an assassin. By default, an assassin had weak defense and low health. If a damage dealer struck, the assassin would lose half their health in one blow. But wasn't the opponent just a blacksmith? Blacksmiths weren't a damage dealer. It was a production-related class. Their attack power should be weak.

But Grid's attack power was abnormally strong.

'What is with this blacksmith?'

'An assassin is fast. But he was hit by the attack without being able to escape. From a blacksmith?'

'In the first place, how can a blacksmith handle a greatsword?'

The greatsword was a weapon that only high strength warriors could handle. This greatsword also seemed bigger and heavier than usual ones. How could Grid, who was a blacksmith, handle the greatsword so perfectly?

'Damn! What is this?'

As the Giant Guild fell into confusion, Grid attacked the assassin who had suffered great damage and fell into a stunned state.

[Your party member Kido has died.]

"..."

Their colleague died from only two hits. The Giant Guild was astounded.

Ibellin was also surprised. 'Strong!'

During the Malacus raid, Grid hadn't shown any special combat skills. He just dealt the final blow to Malacus. Ibellin thought that Grid just had high stats and some combat techniques because of his hidden class, while his main role was a blacksmith. But that was a big miscalculation. Grid was wielding the sword proficiently, like he had experienced numerous battles.

Ibellin's vision was correct. Grid had played as a greatsword wielding warrior for a year. He hunted in the same hunting ground with low level monsters every day. Therefore, his level up was slow, but he built up a solid base. That base blossomed after Grid became Pagma's Descendant and got the high stats. Dainsleif played the role of wings.

'Dainsleif... Great!'

Grid marvelled at the power of Dainsleif.

[Dainsleif (Reproduction)]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 500/500 Attack Power: 451~635(+165)

Attack Speed: -8%

* Additional damage equal to 10% of the target's current defense will be dealt.

* The greater the number of enemies, the greater the damage.

* The skill 'Golden Flash' will be generated.

'I knew it was a weapon specializing in dealing with a large number of enemies, but this much damage...'

After killing Kido, the remaining 11 members of the Giant Guild recognized Grid as an enemy. Dainsleif also got an additional 165 attack power. +15 attack power was added per enemy, so he could gain +1,500 attack power if he faced 100 enemies.

He had to take into consideration that Dainsleif had a maximum attack power of 635 and was currently one of the strongest weapons. The additional attack power value was high enough to destroy the balance.

'Considering the balance... Is there a cap on the additional damage? Anyway, it's true that this is amazing.'

Grid was forced to admire it.

'Compared to my unique items, the performance of Dainsleif is outstanding. My skills still haven't reached Albatino.'

The creator of Dainsleif was the human blacksmith, Albatino! He was clearly great. But he failed to acquire the title of 'legend' like Pagma. On the other hand, Grid was already a legend due to being Pagma's Descendant. Nevertheless, he wasn't as good as Albatino. It was still too difficult for Grid to claim that he was Pagma's Descendant.

'I need to put in more effort. First, I will jump over Albatino and then Pagma. But before that...'

He needed to get rid of these bastards.

"I will make you pay for ruining my item! Blacksmith's Rage!"

[Blacksmith's Rage has been activated. Your attack power and attack speed will increase significantly for 20 seconds.]

"Ohhhhhh!"

Grid's strength was boosted and he swung Dainsleif horizontally. Two Giant Guild members standing next to each other were hit at once.

Kwang!

"Kuk!"

"What?"

The guild members used their weapon or shield to defend against the attack, but they were unable to withstand the weight of the greatsword and were pushed back a few steps. The Giant Guild members were convinced the moment they experienced the terrible attack power.

"This... No, he isn't a blacksmith!"

Grey Bear trembled. "We were tricked! He isn't the unknown craftsman! These vile Tzedakah people set up a trap!"

"Let's get out of here!"

They determined it was a trap and couldn't stay any longer. The Giant Guild members were worried about the worst and started to retreat. But Grid had no intention of letting them go.

"You're trying to run away?"

Grid opened his inventory. He took out the Ideal Dagger and used Quick Movements.

[Quick Movements has been activated. Your agility and evasion rate will increase significantly for 1 minute.]

"Good."

After confirming that his body was lighter, Grid chased after the Giant Guild. He stepped on the shoulders of the spectators and swung Dainsleif downwards as he jumped.

Kwajajak!

"Kuaaack!"

One of the Giant Guild members running away screamed and fell down. He shivered as he felt the power of Dainsleif. His eyes were astonished. Then notification windows popped up in succession.

[You have been hit by a blow!]

[You have suffered 5,900 damage.]

[The durability of the Adolph Full Plate Armor has decreased by 80.]

[The broken pieces of armor penetrated deep into your body. There will be a continuous bleeding effect until the pieces are removed.]

"Cough! This is impossible!"

The name of the man shouting was Maksevun. He was a rare pure tanker who invested all his points into stamina to increase his defense.

But thanks to the passive effect of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Grid gained an additional 20% physical damage and 10% critical chance. Then Blacksmith's Rage increased his attack power and Dainsleif had the passive effect of 'additional damage equal to 10% of the target's current defense will be dealt.' Therefore, even Maksevun's defense was useless.

'Even an ogre's stamina won't be able to endure this blow!'

They should've known the moment they saw the blacksmith hold the greatsword. This man was much stronger than Ibellin, one of the 10 rookies. Grid was clearly the secret weapon that the Tzedakah Guild was hiding.

'We were wrong.'

'We have to escape!'

The Giant Guild members didn't care about the eyes of the spectators. They left the wounded Maksevun and kept running away. Grid once again pulled out the Ideal Dagger and used Wind Blast to block their retreat. He immediately chased after them while swapping back to Dainsleif and used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave.

Chapter 104

Chaeeeeeng!

Through continuous engagements, the speed of the Gale Spear was maximized. Pon's current attack speed couldn't be followed by human eyes. It felt like a dozen spears were thrusting at the same time.

Zirkan followed it well, but he eventually reached his limit. The moment he saw a gap, Pon flew through the air without missing this opportunity.

"True Illusion!"

Pepepepeok!

The spear poured forward like a shower. The magnificent golden armor around Zirkan's body was instantly turned into rags.

"Kuu...ock!"

Flop!

It was an incredible sight. The first ranked swordsman, also known as the strongest person who led the five captains of the Giant Guild, fell to his knees.

Pon pointed a spear at his heart and said, "Pant pant... You're still strong. Originally, I would've lost."

Pon was just as seriously injured as Zirkan. He had been completely overwhelmed at the beginning of the battle. But as the battle continued, he became stronger due to the option of the Gale Spear and was able to reverse the situation.

"That spear..." Zirkan smiled bitterly as he examined the splendid appearance of the blue and silver spear. "It is a really amazing spear. Is it an item produced by the unknown craftsman?"

He was defeated by that spear. Pon calmly confirmed it. "That's correct. I've discovered the true power of items thanks to this spear made by him."

"Huh..." Pon's coolly accepting attitude meant that all of Zirkan's bluster went away. Zirkan dropped his head, "End it."

"Thank you for the hard work."

Puok!

The Gale Spear pierced Zirkan's heart. Pon warned Zirkan who was slowly changing into light.

"If you are going to threaten our guild again, tell Chris to prepare a larger force."

After that, Pon headed straight to Khan's smithy.

The power of skills! The power of stats! The power of items!

Grid currently had a perfect trinity, increasing his attack power to that of top rankers.

Even Maksevun, who was considered one of the top five rankers in the guild, was forced to fall in front of Grid. What would happen if Grid, now more powerful than ever, used an AoE skill that dealt 1.5 times his current attack power?

'Pagma's Swordsmanship.'

It was a disaster.

"Wave."

[Wave]

Unleash a violent sword dance like a high wave.

Inflicts 155% of your attack power to all enemies within 1m, as well as reducing their speed.

The moment that Grid took action! Blue waves emerged from Grid's sword and spread all over the place.

Syuok!Syu syu syu syu syuk!

The sharp waves occurred dozens of times. The Giant Guild instinctively sensed danger and quickly escaped.

"Scatter!"

Papapat!

The Giant Guild scattered in all directions. They wanted to get away from the waves that had a fierce momentum. However, each wave launched by Grid chased after them, as if they had their own will. It was virtually impossible to escape because the speed of the attack skill was so fast.

"What? Is this a guided skill? What is this fraudulent skill?"

In the end, the Giant Guild stood at the crossroad of choice. They took defensive stances or raised their weapons to protect themselves. And then...

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

"Kuaaaaak!"

“Hiik!”

The 10 Giant Guild members had been scattered all over the place. They tried to defend and the result was devastating.

“This is impossible...”

Grid’s attack power was too strong. Maksevu trembled as he witnessed what happened to his colleagues.

‘An AOE skill can be so powerful...’

AOE skills could attack multiple enemies at the same time, but there was an inherent limitation in the weak attack power. Generally, a first advancement class’ AOE skills dealt 50~70% of their attack power or magic attack power. Then there was the second advancement class. In other words, the AOE skills of rankers above level 200 were capable of dealing 70~90% of their attack power or magic attack power.

However, Grid’s skill seemed to exert more than 100% of his attack power.

Maksevu wondered. ‘Maybe it’s a rare skill?’

Rare skill! Rare skills could be acquired by completing special quests or achievements, acquiring a title and so on. For example, this was the skill Yura acquired after becoming the Eighth Servant.

[Divine Punishment]

Summons a lightning bolt that deals 15,000~23,000 damage within 10 meters.

Range of Damage: 3m radius around the target.

* If you use this skill to kill an enemy, your faith will rise by 50 points for each enemy.

Mana Consumption: 4,000

Skill Cooldown Time: 1,200 seconds

Thus, the destructive value of rare skills wasn’t proportional to the attack power of the caster, but to a fixed amount of damage. Their power and function were the strongest in existence. However, there were limits to skills with fixed damage values. Once the levels and items of the users increased, and once their health climbed higher, the power of the fixed damage skills would decrease.

But Pagma’s Swordsmanship was different. Was Pagma’s Swordsmanship a rare skill? No. It was a legendary skill. The stronger Grid got, the stronger Pagma’s Swordsmanship would become. In the future, it would evolve into the best skill.

Right now, Maksevu and others on the street were witnessing the glory of one of Satisfy’s best skills. Ibellin was among them.

‘What on earth is Grid’s class?’

The Tzedakah Guild knew that Grid had a hidden class. In other words, Grid was predicted to be one of the three known epic classes. Among the three classes, Agnus and Katz were known to have two. Therefore, it was reasonable to assume that Grid was the still unidentified epic class.

But at this moment, Ibellin changed his way of thinking.

“Grid... Perhaps he has a unique hidden class?”

As Ibellin murmured, the Giant Guild members were trembling with fear after being torn to rags from one wide area skill.

‘This is the equivalent of the five captains... No, maybe more than that. Where did the Tzedakah Guild find and obtain a monster like this?’

It was obvious that the man with the bizarre skull helmet would become a great danger to the Giant Guild later on. They had to grasp his capabilities to help the guild.

The determined Grey Bear entered the party chat.

<Does everybody know? We will unconditionally die here. If we can’t avoid death anyway, we should fight properly. Then obtain as much information as possible and report it. How about it?>

<Okay... If we return from this failed mission with nothing, we’ll be scolded.>

<It is too unfair to die obediently. I will make him bring out all his special moves.>

<⇒⇒⇒ His deadly moves! I will make him use it quickly ⇒⇒⇒! Let’s go! Anyway, won’t we just lose experience?>

<If Grey Bear has bad luck then he will drop items~>

<Don’t say such unlucky things.>

The Giant Guild members lying in various places starting getting up one by one. Then they prepared to fight. The spectators on the street were excited.

“Ohh! The Giant Guild is finally going to unleash their skills!”

“Go! Show the skills that defeated Ibellin!”

Satisfy had a video recording function. The Giant Guild VS the Tzedakah Guild! The onlookers in the street were recording the battle between the strongest guilds and relaying it to the Internet. Various broadcasting stations also dispatched people.

Right now, hundreds of millions of people around the world were watching Grid and the Giant Guild through the Internet and TV. But Grid wasn’t aware of this fact. If he was aware that he was on air for the first time in his life...

Grid would pose and say wonderful lines like the protagonist of movies that he dreamed of being.

“These damn people... Why are you suddenly splitting up? Am I funny? Ah, right. From the beginning, I didn’t like scum like you. You shouldn’t have upset me... Kuk kuk! Okay! I will tear off your limbs and kill you as brutally as I can!”

"Charge of Anger!"

"Spirit Control!"

"Chain Binding!"

The Giant Guild wasn't confident about facing Grid in a simple power struggle. Therefore, they focused on skills that would cause status conditions. Their battle plan was to attack every time Grid was affected by the status condition. But what was this?

<What? Why isn't he affected by the status conditions?>

<It seems like the level difference is too much, so it's useless. Or maybe he has immunity to all types of status conditions.>

<What? This rotten person!>

Kwajak!Puchak!Peok!

It was truly a one-sided slaughter. The black greatsword was turned red.

Over the past few years. When Grid was weak, he met many strong people who ignored him or laughed at him. Now the Giant Guild members in front of him were like those strong people. The feeling of trampling on them caused a pleasure beyond imagination.

"Kuahahaha!"

The person in the skull helmet brutally slaughtering the Giant Guild looked like a monster from a horror movie. The screen filled with blood, and the frightened screams of the Giant Guild members resounded, causing the mainstream stations to eventually stop broadcasting. Thanks to that, the ratings of the cable broadcasting stations increased dramatically, causing a festive atmosphere.

That day.

Headlines about the 'Human Butcher' appeared in various media around the world. In addition, Grid's classmates, who were harassed by Grid at Kesan Canyon, shivered from fear in front of the TV.

"It's that bastard... I knew he was a psychopath..."

"Wow, he really is crazy. Acting like this in the middle of a city... What a scary guy..."

For the next few days, the media had an in-depth discussion on 'Satisfy's psychopaths, can we neglect them?' In addition, the position of the Tzedakah Guild rose further. They were able to block the 300-strong army from the Giant Guild with less than 20 people.

"Kuaaah!"

Chris released all his anger by hunting. There were no monsters left in the hunting grounds he was present at.

"Shit! Shit! Shit!!!"

The unknown craftsman was taken away by the Tzedakah Guild and he was publicly humiliated, so Chris was running wild with anger. He wanted to take revenge immediately. But the mysterious person had joined the Tzedakah Guild...

In addition, that skull helmet was stuck in his mind and he couldn't move.

'The AOE skill showed on the air is proof that he has a hidden class above epic. Who is he? Perhaps... Agnus?'

Agnus obtained the second epic class and was seventh on the unified rankings. He disguised himself and enjoyed causing all types of incidents throughout the continent. Chris couldn't rule out the possibility that Agnus was involved in this.

'Jishuka is definitely giving me a headache.'

Chris made a guild announcement after a few days of thinking.

"All external activities shall be prohibited! Just focus on leveling up! Let the anger in your hearts erupt when hunting. Become stronger! Become stronger and pay back this disgrace someday!"

As the Giant Guild decided to strengthen themselves, winds of change were also blowing in the Tzedakah Guild. Through this incident, top rankers became aware of the Tzedakah Guild's true strength and visited.

Satisfy was different from L.T.S. There was a limit to what 18 people could do. The Tzedakah Guild, who had been considering the expansion of forces, conducted various tests and accepted new guild members.

But there was a problem. Most of the people who passed the test weren't normal.

"Um... A crazy person attracts other crazy people."

This was Vantner's opinion. People were attracted to Grid's madness and came rushing to join the guild. The Tzedakah Guild gained seven new powerful colleagues, but they felt more anxious than pleased.

And Grid was ready to attend his reunion.

Chapter 105

Not long ago, I was a poor person with a debt. Then in the past week, I became rich. The profit earned from the Malacus raid was over 40 million won in cash. Then I received 960 million won from Pon for the Gale Spear.

In addition, the money earned from appraising and repairing the items of the guild members was around 10 million won. In this way, I earned over one billion won, and there was another unexpected income.

[300,000 gold has been acquired.]

"Huh?"

It was a pouch of money I received from Jishuka the other day. I opened the pouch in a corner of the inventory without thinking, and when I converted it to cash, a huge 360 million won came out.

"Wow... What is this for?"

When I received the pouch from Jishuka, I had been shocked by the incident with Ahyoung. I didn't have the will to check the amount of money in the pouch and just put it in my inventory. At that time, I never imagined that this little pouch would contain such a huge amount of money.

"The orb was worth 600,000 gold?"

The orb that Malacus dropped was only unique, and the performance wasn't very good compared to the unique items I made.

It was strange since I sold the legendary Sword of Self-transcendence for 220,000 gold, while the unique rated Gale Spear was 800,000 gold and Malacus' orb was 600,000 gold. It seemed that Satisfy users really had a lot of money.

"This is it! Pon isn't a pushover! The world is a pushover! I happily sold a legendary sword for 220,000 gold, but there are pushovers who will buy unique items for 600,000 gold and 800,000 gold. Hahahahat... yes! Sob!"

It was big. I lost strength in my legs and fell down. My heart seemed to stop at the sight. My spirit couldn't endure it. Tears started to pour out and I got a runny nose.

"Uhuhuhu!"

Even if I was afraid, I couldn't turn away from the truth. Now was the time to admit it. I was a stupid jerk for selling the Sword of Self-transcendence to Valdi for only 220,000 gold!

"The pushover was me...! I sold a legendary item to an NPC for a shit price! Damn! Damn! How rotten! Uwaaaack!"

Considering the price of unique items, the legendary sword was estimated to be at least 1.5 million gold. No, there was no need to guess just 1.5 million gold. Just putting it on the auction site would allow it to be sold at an expensive price. It wouldn't be strange if it sold for two or three million gold. But I didn't know anything about it, and was the pushover who sold it to an NPC for the low price of 220,000 gold.

I was indeed a pushover. The king of pushovers.

"... I want to die."

In any case, the 1.4 billion won earned this time was significant. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that a former debtor like me earning 1.4 billion won and clearing my debts was huge, but I couldn't help feeling that I had lost.

"Sigh."

I took deep breaths and cleared my mind. Then I tried to think as positively as possible.

In exchange for selling the Sword of Self-transcendence to the administrator, I became Winston's Person of Distinction and was exempted from taxes. In addition, I gained the production method to make the Divine Shield. Then it was robbed and I defeated Malacus and rescued Irene, increasing her affinity to the maximum. The connections meant I joined the Tzedakah Guild, so the result of selling the Sword of Self-transcendence was good.

“Yes! Until now, it isn’t bad! Rather, it’s good! It is good! Let’s not dwell on the past. I would never have these opportunities if it wasn’t for the administrator. Okay! Everything is going well!”

I hypnotized myself and my devastated mind gradually regained stability.

‘In the first place, I can’t afford to dwell on the past.’

I was busy because I had to complete Ibellin’s item.

Two days ago.

Ibellin only saved enough materials to make a single Thorn. Nab’s Diaphragm, one of the items needed to make Thorn, was so rare that only one of them could be obtained with Ibellin’s ability.

The difficulty of making Thorn was the highest among all the items I made so far. I was nervous about having only one chance to make it, so I focused more carefully than usual. Then I was disturbed by the Giant Guild.

A bloody lump of iron suddenly came flying while I was forging and tempering Nab’s Diaphragm. The timing was also unbearable as it was right when my hammer descended. The moment I hit it! The bloody lump of iron was mixed in with the metal.

I lost my temper and hunted the Giant Guild, so the material left could no longer be used. I threw it in a corner of the smithy.

‘I don’t have to waste time finishing an item with a mixed substance, since only a garbage rating will come out from it.’

Then the promised time came as Ibellin arrived at the smithy.

"I finally obtained it!"

Ibellin handed me the new materials for Thorn with a bright expression on his face. Of course, Nab’s Diaphragm was included among them. Ibellin had been trying to obtain this diaphragm for the past two days.

“Good... I’ll make it higher than an epic rating. I will finish it by tomorrow morning and contact you straight away.”

"Yep!"

Ibellin had been looking at me with admiration since two days ago. I looked too cool when destroying the Giant Guild.

‘This child has good eyes. I thought that young men aren’t good-hearted, but he is the exception.’

But unfortunately, the reactions of people other than Ibellin were different.

I also watched the videos of my battle against the Giant Guild on TV and the Internet. It was nice to see how cool I looked slicing the enemies with Pagma’s Swordsmanship. My heart pounded from the exciting and brilliant battle. However, strangely, the reactions of other people were cold.

I was so cruel that I seemed like a villain from a horror movie. On TV, there were discussion programs that denounced me as a psychopath. It might be because battles between guilds were common or maybe they weren't interested in the first place.

They weren't interested in the cause of the fight, only the provocative materials. In other words, they only focused on me. In the end, I got the nicknames of 'Slaughterer,' 'Masked Murderer' or 'Brutal Psychopath.'

'Did I look cruel just because I use a greatsword as a weapon and crushed the enemies? No, rather than my weapon, the problem seems to be the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet. The helmet is too ugly...'

I finally became famous, except with a negative image. I had to become famous with a positive image if I wanted to appear on TV and get the performance fees.

'When I have time, I need to make a helmet that can replace the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet. Yes, if I make a splendid helmet suitable for a hero, then people will praise me instead of being afraid of me. Huhut... I might not be handsome, but I can be a top star if I appear like a macho man, like the protagonist of an action movie. Huhuhut!'

"That... Grid? Are you hurt anywhere?"

Someday, I would become famous and appear on TV. Like other rankers, I would be more famous than any entertainer, would earn a lot of money and become very popular among women. However, Ibellin was looking at me with anxious eyes.

'This reaction again.'

Why did people react unpleasantly every time I smiled? I took this chance to ask seriously.

"Ibellin, you admire me, right? Then be honest. Does my smile look like the smile of someone in pain? Don't I look cool?"

Ibellin's face paled. "Yes...? Were you smiling just now? I thought you were suffering from a stomachache..."

"Shut up! Get out now!"

"G-Grid?"

"Get lost!"

"..."

I didn't like Ibellin's answer and chased him away. I let go of any selfishness and had to concentrate on the production.

"Hing... Work hard..."

I confirmed that Ibellin left the smithy. I finally picked up the production hammer.

"I only have one chance..."

The hopeless Ibellin had only acquired enough materials to produce one Thorn. I had to complete at least an epic rated Thorn and receive more than 100,000 gold for it. Then I could use 700 million won to pay my father's debt and use 800 million won to buy a car.

The newly released 13 series mid-size sedan from Company B! It was a visual sedan that was popular among the young and wealthy. Since childhood, I had dreamt of driving a Company B car if I succeeded, and now I was on the verge of achieving it.

'If I buy the car and drive it to the reunion, everyone will be turned upside down...'

Those who disregarded me could no longer make fun of me. Instead, they would be jealous. Then I would make Ahyoung regret not grabbing onto me. Life was no different from Satisfy: the power of items held the most importance. I was determined to demonstrate the power of items with my car.

"Ohhhh!"

Ttang!Ttang~!

I worked really hard. My concentration was at the peak, and I was one with my hammer. The result of working through the night!

[Thorn]

Rating: Rare

Durability: 151/151 Attack Power: 231

Armor Penetrating Power: +30%

* Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.

* There is a 30% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.

A flamberge with small thorns on the blade like a black rose. It is reminiscent of the stem of a rose.

The target will suffer a painful wound when touched by this weapon.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher. More than 700 strength. More than 300 agility. Advanced Sword Mastery level 2 or higher.

Weight: 300

[A rare rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +2 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +30.]

"... Ah, damn. This rotten... It's starting again."

Recently, only high rated items had been made. Despite being a legendary blacksmith, if I made 100 items, most of them would have a normal or rare rating. But at this important timing, only a rare item was completed. It was seriously the worst.

"Hah..."

I had 100,000 gold. I needed at least 80,000 gold. More would be better, but 80,000 gold was sufficient to buy my desired car. However, it was impossible to sell rare rated items for 80,000 gold.

'The car is 800 million, but if there is a discount promotion... Should I pay in installments? No. I don't want to experience that again.'

I became heated up.

"Ah, really! Why is it a rare rating at this time? Ahh! If only I wasn't deceived by the administrator! Really rotten!"

How could I get 80,000 gold? Should I ask the guild to lend it? No. If I ask them for money now, I might lose profit on the items made later.

'Should I ask Regas? No... He is busy trying to find my shield these days... I will be burdened asking Regas for money until he finds it.'

Yes, I had one last hope.

-Hey, Ibellin. I think I will be a little late. Come find me in 20 hours, not now.

After sending the one-sided whisper to Ibellin, I picked up a piece of metal rolling around in a corner of the smithy. It was the unfinished Thorn mixed with a foreign material.

"If I smelt it again from the beginning, there might only be a little bit of blood mixed in. Okay, I will try it again."

Ttang!Ttang!Ttang!

I excitedly hoped that the new item would be at least epic rated, and the result was amazing.

[Thorn of Deep Grievance]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 269/269 Attack Power: 409

Armor penetrating power: +60%

- * Unconditional bleeding will occur when an attack is successful.
- * There is a 50% reduction in the healing ability of the attacked target.
- * The skill 'Laceration' will be generated.
- * The skill 'Cursed Bloodline' will be generated.

An item made by a craftsman with great skills and potential, but his experience and reputation is somewhat lacking.

During the production, this flamberge was left abandoned by the creator when blood was mixed in and left as an unfinished product, so it is filled with an indescribable anger and grudge. It is especially hostile to its creator and has good chemistry with the owner of the blood.

User Restriction: Level 210 or higher. More than 700 strength. More than 300 agility. Owner of the blood. Advanced Sword Mastery level 2 or higher.

* If someone other than the owner of the blood equips this item, there is a 100% probability of being cursed.

Weight: 300

[A legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +25 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +1,000.]

"... This is amazing."

Chapter 106

I desperately wanted to make just 80,000 gold, but what was this? Forget 80,000 gold, I could earn millions of gold.

"Hah, truly."

An item made from materials contaminated by a foreign substance was completed with a legendary rating!

'I thought I would be lucky if it didn't have a garbage rating... Well, it's strange. Is this a dream?'

There was no sense of reality because it was an unexpected result. I pinched my cheek to make sure. Then I spoke with certainty.

"It isn't a dream."

I could barely believe it, but it was reality.

What type of person was Shin Youngwoo?

I was an icon of bad luck during my 27 years of life.

During elementary school, I went on a school trip and was abducted by someone, so I had no pleasant memories. When I was in middle school, I went on a graduation trip and witnessed a hit and run. I had a tendency to get an upset stomach during athletic meets or picnics, never picked up 100 won on the street and there were exactly 89 times when I was hit by local gangsters or school bullies.

During my university days, I was dragged into volunteer service and was hit by a hit and run on the way back. I had to pay three million won for hospital expenses and when I was hospitalized, I almost died from food poisoning. But the other patients didn't receive food poisoning. In the end, they concluded that I secretly ate outside food and got food poisoning, so I didn't receive any compensation.

At that time, I really only ate the hospital food. It was still a mystery why the other patients were fine while only I got food poisoning.

'The hospital's rice was dirty or the other patients didn't eat hospital food...'

But was it really possible for every patient except me to not eat hospital food? Maybe it was the work of a terrible ghost.

Anyway, those weren't my only experiences. When I was in military service, the battalion commander would emerge drunk every time I was on guard duty. The battalion commander was crazy from stress and would shout at me to relieve it. Then I remained the youngest in the platoon because my successor didn't enter. Three days before the last vacation, an accident occurred during training and my successor was injured and hospitalized. Thanks to that, I had to work through the holidays.

There were countless other terrible experiences. On the other hand, the number of happy experiences was small enough to be counted on five fingers. One of those happy experiences was eating double portions of rib eye.

'When I was 13... My grandfather gave me money, stating I was his only grandson... At that time, I had four servings of rib eye that I ate alone...'

I was truly pathetic. One of the best experiences of my life was eating meat! My 27 years of life were terrible with barely any joy. But what about recently? The symbol of bad luck was transforming into a symbol of good luck.

I was glad about this change.

"I believe my mother has been going to church and the temple to pray these days."

My family had always been non-religious and I was the same. So I seriously worried that I was unlucky because I didn't have a religion. Lately, my mother left the house on weekends and seemed to pray to God and Buddha for her son.

"Mother, thank you..."

Tears of joy emerged. I realized I wasn't alone in this world as I became surrounded by my mother's love. My body and mind became warm.

Then Ibellin arrived.

"It's the time you mentioned. Has Thorn been finished?"

"Here."

I threw the Thorn of Deep Grievance towards Ibellin. And...

"Cough!"

Ibellin's breath was blocked. Ibellin checked the Thorn of Deep Grievance and was so surprised that he forgot to breathe.

"Cough cough! T-This? Grid! Is Grid a bugged user?"

I heard all types of things. "A bugged user? What nonsense are you saying?"

"B-But..."

Ibellin had no idea what to do as he twisted his hands together.

"I've heard that blacksmiths are limited to making unique items! I know that legendary items can only be dropped in a raid, so how did Grid make a legendary item? It is impossible unless you are an operator or a bugged user!"

He wasn't calm. As I frowned at the confused Ibellin, a woman appeared at the entrance of the smithy.

"Shut up Ibellin. Don't fall down just because of this."

It was Jishuka.

Thump, thump.

She approached me while Ibellin tried to calm down.

'Strange?'

Gulp.

I gulped nervously. Jishuka's appearance seemed sexier than usual as she said, "Grid."

"Y-Yes?"

Jishuka's cheeks were tinged red. She looked at me gently with moist eyes, making my heart beat faster.

'Why is she so sexy today?'

I looked into her eyes for one second and was literally seduced. I avoided the gaze of the world's sexiest beauty and stepped back. Then Jishuka came up to me, her hot breath touching my face.

"It's impossible to do these things in Satisfy unless you have a legendary class... Isn't that right? Grid."

"..."

"You, do you have a legendary class?"

I never thought I could hide my identity forever. I didn't feel the need to hide my identity anymore. I had decided to open up the moment I made a legendary item.

"You saw it right away."

Jishuka's eyes lit up like lanterns. "Indeed...! Grid! You're really the best!!!!"

"Heok!"

Again. She hugged me tightly again. My soul seemed to leave my body as I was surrounded by her body and scent. But now I didn't misunderstand her behavior.

'It is her way of expressing pure joy.'

But due to her innate sexiness, that innocent joy was hidden. Maybe she struggled because of this part about herself. I ignored the excited Jishuka and reached out to Ibellin.

"How much?"

The calm Ibellin lifted a finger. "One million gold."

"Huh?"

Were my ears wrong? As a legendary item, shouldn't it be at least two million gold?

Ibellin explained as I was feeling confused. "As described in this item, the 'Blood Owner' is me. This means this is my exclusive item. In other words, no one can use this item except for me. So unfortunately, I have to lower the price even if it's a legendary item."

"..."

Ibellin, normally acted as a boy with a guileless face, but he became an adult according to the circumstances.

'His image has changed. He didn't become a ranker for no reason.'

I was impressed by this Ibellin.

"The performance of this item is top-notch, but the monetary value is unfortunately low. To be honest, one million gold is a high price. Later on, this item will become useless when I can equip higher levelled items. It's an item that no one else can use, so I can't sell it... I'm sorry but it is a severely limited timed item. But that doesn't change that fact that it is a great item necessary for me right now. I also don't want to disappoint Grid, so I am willing to pay up to one million gold."

There were no objections. Ibellin's words were reasonable. The current Ibellin wasn't trying to haggle. He was telling the truth. But this truth wasn't acceptable.

I raised three fingers. "Three million. I won't accept anything less than that."

"Huh? G-Grid? I understand, but..."

I shook off Jishuka and approached Ibellin. Then I took the Thorn of Deep Grievance from him and equipped it.

[Due to your class characteristics, you have equipped Thorn of Deep Grievance.]

[A penalty is applied because the item conditions aren't met.]

"Eh?"

Ibellin was shocked. Looking at the conditions of use, it was an item only he could equip. But unexpectedly, I was using it.

Syuok!Syuok!

I gently swung the Thorn of Deep Grievance a few times. I nodded like I was very satisfied with the exquisite weight. Then I looked at Ibellin with slight impatience.

"Three million. Are you going to buy it? If you don't buy it at this price, I won't sell it and will just use it."

"Eeeeeek~~~~~!!"

A scam! Ibellin's scream echoed through Khan's smithy.

[The Thorn of Deep Grievance hates and curses you.]

[You have resisted.]

[The Thorn of Deep Grievance hates and curses you.]

[You have resisted.]

[The Thorn of Deep Grievance hates and curses you.]

[You have resisted.]

In the meantime, the same notification windows repeated without end. I felt like I was sitting on a thorn cushion, but I was outwardly as relaxed as possible while Ibellin made his decision.

"Two million..."

"No."

"2,300,000..."

"I am going."

"2,500,000! Please sell it for 2.5 million! This is all the money I've saved from working hard from my L.T.S. days and the broadcasting fees! Please!"

"... Sigh. I guess it can't be helped. I will concede, since we're part of the same guild."

"T-Thank you!"

"But I have one condition. Give me a deposit of 80,000 gold right now."

"Huh? Ah, yes!"

It was sufficient, considering the Sword of Self-transcendence. I didn't want to see any more damages. Above all, I was the only legendary item creator that all of Satisfy's users wanted. The guild members were no exception.

[80,000 gold has been acquired.]

I wanted to quickly buy my car. I smiled at Jishuka and Ibellin before logging out.

First, I deposited 700 million won in my father's account.

"H-Heok! Youngwoo! What is this?"

"Pay off your debt first. Use the remaining money to stabilize the store... You don't have any employees these days, so haven't you two been working hard alone?"

"Youngwoo..."

"Don't misunderstand. This is a reasonable amount of money for your hard work, so don't worry about it. Do you believe me?"

"Sob sob! Oh my~~ !! Our spoiled son has become such a wonderful man overnight! This is like a dream!"

"It isn't a dream. Don't worry, it isn't a dream."

"Youngwoo! Sob sob sob!"

My mother embraced me and cried. These days, I was being inundated with my mother's tears. Meanwhile, my father just dropped his head without saying anything.

'I should've acted better sooner...'

My parents paid the expensive tuition fees for me to go to university, but I played a game instead of getting a job. Then I became a debtor at a young age, disappointing my parents. My parents had suffered for several years because of me, so I once again vowed to treat them better.

That afternoon.

After buying the 800 million won sedan, I was scolded by my mother, who told me I was still immature. It hurt like hell, but I felt relieved as I felt the strength in my mother's hand.

Chapter 107

The 13 series, released by Company B in the second half of this year, was the best visual medium sized sedan of the series. The curves were smooth, sleek and balanced, with the bumper that emphasized simplicity. It deserved praise for blending sports and force at the same time. The low body contrasted with the high back. The silver muffler was one of its important charming points.

The 800 million won car, highly acclaimed for its design in a prominent magazine, was now mine.

"Kuoh... Really cool."

In front of my house. I was impressed as the car arrived. The matte black color gave it an even higher quality feel. I wanted to drive this car on the road right now. It was obvious that everyone would focus their attention on this top of the line car.

I wanted to call out to a beautiful woman.

'Hey, hop in!' This was what I wanted to yell.

The 13 series was a car that any woman would want to ride in, so I was confident that I could easily succeed in hunting.

"But hunting will be for later. First..."

I started the car. The heavy and powerful roar of the engine made my heart pound.

In fact, the engine of the 13 series was considerably downsized compared to the 12.8 series. Unlike the 12.8 series which was a super sedan, this was inevitable since the 13 series was more design than power oriented.

Nonetheless, it had a monster performance of 580 horsepower, a maximum torque of 72kgm and a 0-60 of 3.8 seconds. The 13 series could also be called a super sedan.

"Let's go!"

I prepared to depart in 23, the name of the car.

Buwaaaaang!

An amazing power and speed that reached 100km less than four seconds after starting! I was weak at driving, but this was a perfectly comfortable ride!

"Ohhhh! Amazing! 23, you are really great! Puhahahat!"

This situation seemed like a dream, so only a happy laugh emerged. I was a debtor a few months ago, but now I was the owner of an 800 million won car! I was truly an example of reversing my life!

I was filled with pleasure. My wish had been fulfilled. It was all due to Satisfy! Satisfy was a fantastic game worthy of its name. I appreciated the fact that the virtual reality game, which could never be imagined in the past, was launched in this age and gave me such success.

Young Ladies High School was a female only high school and among the top 10 schools in the nation. It was established less than 50 years ago so its history was short, but numerous females who graduated from there had accomplished a great deal in all walks of life.

And the fame of the Young Ladies High School was at its peak this year. It was due to two schoolgirls, Shin Sehee and Park Yerim. They were two people within the top five scores of the national mock tests, and their beauty was superior to celebrities.

Firstly, Park Yerim.

She was always smiling. Her eyelashes were long enough to shade her eyes, and the moistness blurred them, making her give off a decadent feeling.

There was a mole under her left eye and a thick lower lip. The overall impression combined with her soft and pale flesh was enough to arouse people's imaginations. She was a typical example of a drawing. She had a sex appeal that made it hard to believe she was a high school student.

In addition, she wore her uniform skirt short and undid a few buttons to emphasize her chest, so her fellow peers couldn't sleep while thinking about her. Some adults seriously considered that they might be pedophiles because of her, causing them to consult a psychiatrist.

By contrast, Sehee was a very neat girl. She always looked calm and composed. Her eyes were big and round, and a distinct stubbornness was felt from her closed lips. She just looked beautiful. She had a balanced blend of features and long straight hair. She had the ideal appearance of someone's first love.

If Satisfy had Yura and Jishuka, South Korean high schools had Shin Sehee and Park Yerim. The presence given off by the two girls was unique. Due to that, the streets in front of the Young Ladies High School were packed daily.

"She came out! Sehee!"

"Ohh! Yerim as well!"

The front entrance of the Young Ladies High School. Was this place really a girl's high school? It was natural to question this because many male students were gathered in front of it. The males were only interested in two girls, Sehee and Yerim.

They were gathered to see the faces of Sehee and Yerim. It was a daily sight. The students of the Young Ladies High School naturally didn't mind that boys from other schools were gathered. The only one suffering was Sehee.

"Revoltin'."

Sehee was honestly frightened. It was lucky that the school employed a lot of security guards so the boys weren't able to turn into a mob. She just wanted to go to school as usual, and was angry about why she had to suffer this type of situation when she wasn't a celebrity.

But Yerim was different. She enjoyed this situation, unlike Sehee.

"Aren't there any nice oppas~?" Yerim said to Sehee as she looked around at all the excited boys.

"Do it in moderation. Isn't it tiring to have all these people come every day?"

Yerim didn't feel uncomfortable about Sehee's nagging. Rather, she laughed and hugged Sehee's waist. "But isn't it funny? Take a look at them. Don't you think they look like monkeys? It's like a zoo."

"...It feels more like we are the monkeys."

Two girls who were completely different except for their good grades! But both of them had been friends since middle school. Their personality and tastes were so different that the two of them were able to fit well without any conflict.

Sehee knew a lot about Yerim. For example, Yerim's tastes and her family history. She even knew intimate details about Yerim's intimate details. Sehee didn't know because she wanted to know. Yerim wanted to get closer to Sehee and started confiding everything.

On the contrary, Yerim knew little about Shee. Sehee never really talked about herself. In addition, she seemed to have no interests besides studying. There was only one. Her oppa.

'She looks like a completely different person when she talks about her oppa.'

Sehee was indifferent to the opposite sex. She didn't know the names of any idols, unlike her peers. What type of person was Sehee's oppa? Yerim started her habit of badgering Sehee.

"Sehee~ I'm going to visit your house today. Huh? Okay?"

Her eyes curved and she shook her chest. This was enough to transcend even gender and make the other person blink. But Sehee showed no reaction.

"I don't want to."

"Hing ~ Why?"

"I don't like it, so I don't want to."

"I want to go to my friend's house! Fulfill my wish!"

She started complaining and whining. But there was no effect.

"I don't want to."

"..."

A cold wind blew out of nowhere. Sehee walked forward, while Yerim chased behind her. It happened when both girls were walking through the front entrance.

"Se~hee~"

Emerging from the hundreds of students in front of the Young Ladies High School...

"Eh? What, that person?"

Yerim's always smiling face stiffened. It was because the man in front of her was too unpleasant.

"The worst..."

Those who had a slightly less than average appearance could make up for the shortcomings with style. But this man seemed completely indifferent to style.

He was wearing a brown sweater, green sweat pants, white socks and brown slippers. He had a 5:5 parting that didn't suit his angled face, making this the worst appearance Yerim had ever seen.

"I-I feel like puking."

"How can he leave the house looking like this?"

The pale-faced schoolgirls moved away from the man.

"Please send support to the front entrance. There is a very suspicious man."

Was he a patient who escaped from a mental hospital? The guards hurriedly radioed for reinforcements. Then the male students cried out with outrage.

"How dare this dirty trash block Sehee's way!"

"What are you doing? Get rid of that bastard quickly! Don't let Sehee breathe the same germs as him!"

The 10 security guards couldn't endure the anger of the 100 male students. The boys broke down the barricade and rushed towards the man. A momentum that seemed like they could kill him!

"W-What? What is it?"

Just as the man seemed like he was going to die, Sehee's words made them all astonished.

"What is Oppa doing at my school?"

"Heok? O-Oppa?" Yerim misunderstood and hugged Sehee tightly. "No Sehee! That bum is your boyfriend? I can't accept it!"

"B-Boyfriend?"

A beautiful girl like Sehee was dating someone like this? Everyone was confused. Then Sehee turned red as she shouted towards Yerim, "W-What do you mean by boyfriend? He is literally my oppa. My family member."

"Heok..."

This was also shocking. Why was Sehee's oppa so ugly? Wasn't it normal for him to resemble Sehee? The most shocked person was Yerim.

"T-That is your oppa?"

Sehee always had a pleasant smile on her face when she talked about her oppa. So Yerim only knew Sehee's oppa as a good person. She had wanted to meet him for a while. Since Sehee never allowed her to meet him, her curiosity was amplified. After that, her fantasy grew until Sehee's oppa was a prince on a white horse.

But what was this? He was a homeless person in Seoul, not a prince on a white horse!

"..."

Yerim was unimaginably disappointed. Then the girls jealous of Sehee started to gossip among themselves.

"Did you hear? That person is her oppa."

"They don't resemble each other at all. Sehee must've had plastic surgery. She is so beautiful that I had wondered."

"Of course it is plastic surgery. Do you think that a person can be such a perfect beauty without any help? It is the same for Yerim and the famous Yura~."

The man who became the centre of confusion! Sehee's oppa and the best blacksmith in Satisfy, Shin Youngwoo pressed the button of the remote control he was holding. Then...

Buaaaaaang!

The 13 series was equipped with a automatic operating system that sensed the remote control, and it stopped in front of Shin Youngwoo.

"W-Wow!"

The 13 series was a hot topic since its launch, so even the most ignorant student knew about the car. It was also the 199 limited edition model! As the students and guards admired it, Shin Youngwoo opened the driver's door and said to Sehee.

"Hop in."

Then Yerim waved her hand, "Yes~ Oppa!"

Yerim's eyes were shining.

'He is Prince Charming on a black horse, not a white one!'

Sehee sighed.

'I'm tired.'

On this day, Sehee, known for her beauty and her ability to study well, had an oppa who made the other girls jealous. She became a wall that they could no longer cross, ensuring a peaceful school life.

And Youngwoo drove through the city with Sehee and Yerim.

"Kiyoooooh~!"

"Kyaaaaak!"

It was a rough drive. The other cars gave way every time the 13 series appeared, so the three people were able to experience the miracle of Moses. Youngwoo and Yerim kept screaming, and Sehee finally decided to enjoy this moment.

After the drive.

Youngwoo asked the two people to style him in a manner that suited him. His hair was cut short in a way that highlighted his angular face, making him appear more masculine. The long bangs made his face seem prettier. He didn't exercise, so a long coat covered up his body, making it look not bad.

"Oppa is tall like Sehee, so the long coat makes your arms and legs look good. Your skin tone is on the darker side so this color..."

Youngwoo smiled with satisfaction as he watched Yerim. "I'm happy that Sehee had a pretty and good friend like you. I'm relieved. I hope you take care of Sehee in the future."

"Huh? Ah, yes..."

Her first impression of him was the worst, but now he was completely different from his first image. This was Yerim's first experience of meeting a 'successful adult man' so she couldn't help blushing.

Sehee's complexion became worse.

'This is why I didn't bring her home.'

The night deepened as Youngwoo shopped and ate with two beautiful girls, to the envy of all men around him.

The next day.

Grid connected to Satisfy all morning to make items. Then he dressed in the clothes that Sehee and Yerim bought him the day before and entered 23. It was 30 minutes until the reunion began.

His first reunion in two years. Youngwoo was nervous, but more excited.

"I have changed."

He wasn't his pathetic self from the past anymore. Shin Youngwoo's was confidence due to all the recent events.

Chapter 108

Youngwoo was in a hurry. He wanted to meet the alumni sooner now that he was no longer in debt. 'Look at 23. I'm a success. You can't ignore or abuse me anymore.' That's what he wanted to say. He wanted revenge for how they laughed at and ignored him over the years.

Buaaaaaang!

23 drove on the roads, barely keeping to the speed limit. At this speed, he could reach the gathering place within 10 minutes. Youngwoo felt like that was too long to show everyone his changed appearance.

'But... Why is the meeting place on the outskirts of the city? It can't be reached with public transportation, so it is difficult for anyone without a car. Were they aiming at me?'

It would be very difficult for Youngwoo to go to the reunion place today if he hadn't paid off the debt or bought a car. He didn't have any friends to borrow a car from, nor could he use public transportation. Therefore, he would've needed to take a taxi.

'Isn't it too much to decide on a meeting place like this?'

Youngwoo was confident that he was the victim they were aiming at, since they laughed at him for so long. As he focused on driving, he noticed something and slowed down. In front of him, a woman was opening her car bonnet and sending a signal for help.

The usual Youngwoo wouldn't have helped anyone without any benefits. But now was an exception. He was curious because the woman asking for help was an obvious beauty, even from far away.

"Look at that style and ratio... It isn't a joke."

The woman was wearing jeans, a white t-shirt and a black jacket over it. It was an outfit with no exposure. She also wore large sunglasses, so it was hard to grasp her appearance from afar. But he was convinced that she was a beauty with perfect proportions and white skin. He wanted to check how pretty she was up close. This instinct couldn't be suppressed.

'I became negative towards women due to Ahyoung, but... As a human being, I can't ignore a woman having trouble in the middle of the road.'

Youngwoo parked his car next to the woman asking for help. Then he was startled.

He didn't notice because of the woman, but the woman's car was the S-model from Company C, which was four times more expensive than Youngwoo's car. The model released by Company C for their 120th anniversary was very different from the 13 series because it targeted conglomerates.

'A young woman with a car like this... Is she a second generation heir to a conglomerate, like in a drama?'

Youngwoo cleared his throat and released his tension. Then he got out of the car and asked the woman.

"Can I help you?"

She would've already contacted her insurance company. It wasn't a normal car, so she would obviously care about it. Youngwoo wanted to leave. But the woman was asking for help, so he couldn't leave her.

Then the woman took her sunglasses off, "I hope you will take me along with you."

"Heok?"

Youngwoo was surprised as he saw the woman's face. He was so amazed he thought his heart would stop.

"Y-Yura?"

The world famous rankers of Satisfy. Due to their frequent exposure in the media, there were few people playing Satisfy who didn't know the names and faces of the rankers. They didn't know the name of the US president, but they knew the names of Satisfy's rankers. That was a well known joke among the users.

Among them, Yura was special.

She was the only female in the top 10 of the unified rankings. She was regarded as the last hope for Koreans, who had been power gamers until half a century ago. She was also regarded as one of the best beauties in the east and west. She dominated not just domestic, but international CFs, and was ranked 3rd on the list of 100 most influential people in the world.

Why did he come across a woman like that here? Youngwoo was very confused.

'Does this make sense? No matter how small South Korea is, how can a coincidence like this happen?'

In fact, Youngwoo had a link with Yura. No, it was more of a bad relationship.

After becoming Pagma's Descendant, he had a conflict with Yura during Doran's quest. He failed the quest due to Yura's interference and he wrote bad comments about her on the Internet to resolve his grudge.

'Perhaps...' Youngwoo assumed the worst. 'She commissioned cyber forensics to track me down and get revenge?'

It was possible considering Yura's wealth and authority.

'No, that can't be. This isn't a manhwa... It's a mere coincidence.'

Yura drove in a wedge while Youngwoo was trying to calm down, "It is nice to see you, Grid."

"Cough..."

She knew his identity? It truly wasn't a coincidence that she appeared before Youngwoo!

'Revenge! She came to get revenge!'

Youngwoo's confusion and anxiety reached the peak. He had experienced Blood Witch Yura's cruelty already. He didn't know what to expect.

'S-Should I drive away?'

Youngwoo shook while Yura climbed into his passenger seat without permission.

"You can drive me up to your destination. Please let me ride in your car. I have something to say."

“...Yes.”

Youngwoo couldn't refuse.

"Why is Shin Youngwoo so late?"

During high school, Lee Junho had cursed and assaulted his classmates. He was a terrible person. There wasn't one person who hadn't needed to pay money to Lee Junho. It was hard for even the seniors and teachers to go against him. He also used violence against his few friends, Sim Kiwan and Choi Chansung.

His violent streak didn't improve after graduating from high school and going to the army and university. Before he knew it, he was 27 years old and still couldn't adapt to society, constantly changing jobs.

Lee Junho worked in a PC room, convenience store, gas station and so on, until one day he suddenly realized.

'I am nothing.'

When he was a student, everything was okay when he fought. Regardless of their gender, everyone was under his feet. He could do what he wanted.

But the situation was different when he entered society.

Those who studied hard during high school could get a suitable job, but there was no company that would accept Lee Junho, who knew nothing but fighting. Whenever he fought, he was dragged to the police station and forced to pay a settlement.

As it turned out, he wasn't the best in fighting either. He went to the gym to learn martial arts, but there were countless people present.

Lee Junho started to become anxious.

He couldn't get a job or do anything well, so would he be able to marry anyone? He couldn't even afford to worry about his marriage funds, since he might starve to death in a few years. If he managed to survive, he would struggle to cope with an old and lonely life.

Lee Junho kept drinking as he imagined the worst situation. He couldn't sleep without the alcohol.

Then two years ago.

He was able to shake off all his worries once he met Shin Youngwoo at the reunion. For the first time in a long time, he saw someone below him. At least Lee Junho wasn't in debt. But Shin Youngwoo had a large debt and was obsessed with games.

Junho could feel assured when looking at Youngwoo.

'Aren't I at least better than him?'

It really was like magic. Since he met Youngwoo, Junho was able to fall asleep without drinking. No matter how terrible his life was, he could bear it at the thought of Youngwoo having it worse.

And now.

Junho lived a life that was almost the same as two years ago. He was still wandering around jobs. He was already in his late 20s. Soon he would be 30 years old. Instead of saving money, he still couldn't find proper work.

He couldn't resist cursing or assaulting a customer when working in a convenience store or at a PC room counter. Then he needed to pay the settlements. His pride was badly hurt when working at a gas station. He was covered in oil, unlike his peers. In addition, he was irritated whenever he saw young men or women in foreign cars. Labor was worse. People who did labor work were middle-aged losers who weren't expecting much from their life.

As such, Junho was trying to change the situation. However, he was aware that it was hard, so he got caught up in anxiety and started to rely on alcohol again. He needed a prescription. He had to meet Youngwoo. He would be able to laugh at Youngwoo with his fellow high school classmates and forget his worries.

The other alumni were in a similar position. Junho might be in the worst situation, but they were all uneasy about their futures. They wanted to meet Youngwoo.

The reunion location of the Heroes High School 45th graduation class. Lee Junho, the secretary of the Alumni Association, was nervous when Youngwoo didn't show up on time.

"Hey, Kim Ahyoung. Are you sure Youngwoo is coming?"

Ahyoung ridiculed him, "I'm not sure. I don't know if he can come because you decided on this meeting place."

It was a garden restaurant outside the city. A person without their own car would have to take a taxi to get here. It was doubtful if the debt-ridden Youngwoo could afford the taxi fee.

Lee Junho, who deliberately selected this meeting place, started to feel belated regret.

"That pathetic guy... He can't even afford a taxi?"

At that moment.

"Wow! Look over there!"

The alumni started to make a fuss as they looked out the window. Lee Junho and Kim Ahyoung also looked out the window. They witnessed a black vehicle enter the parking lot.

"13 series...!"

A limited edition car worth 800 million won! Lee Junho had seen a lot of foreign cars while working at the gas station, but he never saw a car of this degree.

'Shit! There are bastards like this everywhere I go!'

Lee Junho shook his head at the thought that the 13 series would be a 2nd generation conglomerate's car, while Kim Ahyoung had hearts in her eyes.

'My life will be set if I can marry a guy with a car like that. When can I date a guy like that?'

Then the car stopped at one side of the parking lot. Everyone was shocked. The person who descended from the driver's seat was Shin Youngwoo!

"W-What...?"

Lee Junho stood up and cried out. How did Shin Youngwoo, a debt ridden game loser, come in such a luxury car?

"No way!"

It was clear that he stole it. Lee Junho and all the alumni thought so.

But Ahyoung thought differently. 'He paid off his debt and got a job... It wasn't a lie? But how good is his job that he can afford a car like that?'

Ahyoung's brain was spinning fast.

'Anyway, it is good. Youngwoo likes me... He doesn't have any dating experience, so it'll be easy to catch him, then my life will be set. Okay, I will make him my man.'

At that moment, a woman came down from the passenger seat. Ahyoung became desperate the moment she saw the woman's beauty. On the other hand, Junho and the other alumni had to spit out their water.

"Pfft!!"

"W-What is this?"

Why were they so shocked? It was due to the identity of the woman in the passenger seat. She was Yura. Her beauty could be recognized even at a distance. There was a halo around her. That was a suitable saying to describe her beauty.

"H-How did this happen?"

No one could understand this situation. As everyone was confused, Yura leaned up and kissed Youngwoo. After a while, a big limousine appeared and took Yura away.

"T-This scene...?"

In the eyes of others, it looked like Yura left the car after enjoying a date with Youngwoo. The imagination of Youngwoo's fellow alumni ran wild.

'Did Youngwoo manage to seduce Yura? Did Yura pay off his debt and buy that car for him?'

'How did he come into contact with a woman like Yura? The worlds they live in are completely different, so there is no place where they could meet. No, maybe... Is Youngwoo actually the young master of a rich house? Is Youngwoo just pretending to be a normal high school and university student with a debt?'

'Maybe... Youngwoo could form a relationship with Yura because of Satisfy...'

'Yes. Youngwoo's time playing Satisfy wasn't in vain. He met Yura in Satisfy, their relationship developed to lovers and this moved to reality...'

'Damn! If I unconditionally played Satisfy instead of working, could I be like Youngwoo?'

Youngwoo finally entered the restaurant. Youngwoo already knew that the alumni in the restaurant had witnessed the scene outside, so he waved leisurely.

"Have you been well?"

"..."

This was Youngwoo? He looked and acted completely different from before. No one was able to talk to Youngwoo, who sat on the side. They just looked at him. Then Youngwoo, holding a cup of wine in his hand, extended another cup to Lee Junho.

"Hasn't it been a while? Have a cup."

"Eh? Y-Yes. Yes..."

Lee Junho was dumbfounded. Shin Youngwoo had shrunk back from him since their school days, now he was asking them to drink together!

'I didn't want to see him for this...'

Anger boiled inside Junho's heart. Youngwoo emptied his glass and said to Junho. "Come on, have a drink. But how are you doing these days? You still haven't fixed your habit of biting your nails? You're getting older, so you should stop it. Isn't that right?"

Lee Junho snapped and got up from his seat. Then he grabbed Youngwoo and snarled.

"You bastard! I don't know what happened but don't pretend to be elite! I will kill you!"

In the past, Youngwoo would be angry and afraid. But now he was different. He was a man. In particular, for adult men, abilities became power and confidence. Those who had the ability wouldn't shrink back easily in any situation.

"Why are you so mad? Look back at all the words and actions you've made against me. Do you have any idea how angry I was?"

"...!"

At that moment, Junho reflexively shrunk back from the look in Youngwoo's eyes. It was because the appearance of a man flashed through his mind. The psychopath in the skull helmet who beat him up in Kesan Canyon! The look in Youngwoo's eyes was like the psychopath who recently shattered the Giant Guild in Winston.

'Is this possible? That bastard is him?'

Junho noticed Youngwoo's identity and backed away. Junho, the madman who couldn't be controlled, retreated like a dog. It was hard to believe. To the alumni, Youngwoo felt like a different person than before.

Then Youngwoo started laughing.

"This wine tastes good. What are you doing? Aren't you drinking?"

Youngwoo had suffered many difficulties over the years. The memory of being bullied by the alumni was his biggest trauma. But on this day, he was able to perfectly overcome that trauma, resulting in a psychologically more stable and mature Youngwoo.

This growth was sure to be a great help to him when playing Satisfy in the future.

'Did this help him?'

A little while ago, Yura had descended from the car and narrowed the distance to Youngwoo to get rid of a piece of dust in his hair. The angle from the restaurant made it seem like a kiss.

Yura smiled as she remembered the help she received from Shin Youngwoo at the Yatan Temple in the past.

'My debt has been paid.'

Yura had accomplished various feats with her own power. She wanted to get rid of the weak memory of receiving help from another. Thus, she kept paying attention to Grid and after a recent investigation, she determined that she could pay off the debt in this form.

Chapter 109

Most of the people attending the reunion were intent on making fun of me. However, now that I got rid of my debtor status and succeeded, no one could make fun of me. Thus, the reunion lost its primary purpose and became very awkward.

In particular, Lee Junho couldn't say anything and left first after finishing his glass of alcohol. Since then, the mood slowly changed. They noticed Lee Junho leaving and started to bombard me with questions.

"How did you appear with the 13 series? Did you win the lottery or something? Weren't you struggling with a debt the last time I saw you?"

"Youngwoo, have you become a ranker in Satisfy? Did you get a lot of money from recording broadcasts? Will we see you on TV sooner or later?"

"What's your relationship with Yura? Are you two really dating?"

"Dating the woman who is every man's romance... I can't imagine how superior you feel..."

Curiosity, envy, and jealousy were all showing in the alumni's eyes. As I was enjoying this situation, some people from my school days who I thought were friends spoke to me.

"Hey~ Youngwoo, do you remember how close~ we were in school? It was fun at the time... Don't you miss it sometimes? Should we hang out together sometime?"

"Oh! This is good! Everyone became distant after going to the army and university, so this will be good!"

"Hehe, you should bring Yura when we hang out. Isn't it natural to introduce your lover to your friends? Huhuhu."

"Hey, you know... Can I drive the car? I always wanted to drive the 13 series... Huh? Just five minutes is okay. Please."

These guys turned away and tormented me like the others when I needed help, now they wanted to be friends again. I definitively put them down.

"You want to come over here and play like we're friends now? Just shut up. Like everyone else, you are looking at me with jealousy. I'm here just to laugh at you."

"What?"

"Ha! What's with this bastard's tone? Are you acting like this now that you're doing well?"

I used my words to strike them where it hurt, and they were upset by it. I scoffed at them, saying, "Isn't it funny how you sound just like Lee Junho when he was talking earlier? Why did you laugh at me and ignore me until I started doing well? In the first place, weren't you the bastards harassing people? Huh? Now look at yourselves. Do you think I can be disregarded by you anymore?"

"You...!"

The faces of the alumni went red as they grew angry; however, they couldn't argue against me.

"You are the bastards who feel superior when harassing people inferior to you."

I was cold. I had no doubt that after this alumni reunion, my relationship with them was over. I took my coat and left.

Buaaaaaang!

I returned to 23 and started it. After setting the destination in the navigation as my home, I chose the automatic driving function. I was about to depart when someone tapped on my window. It was Ahyoung. I rolled the window down and Ahyoung looked at me with anxious eyes.

"Are you leaving?"

'Kim Ahyoung...'

Only a few days ago, she was the object of my love. I loved her so much that I dreamed of dating and marrying her more than 100 times. But interestingly, I didn't feel any emotions towards her now.

Once I realized she wasn't who I thought she was, disappointment, betrayal and any lingering emotions disappeared.

"The kids who used to disregard me are now envious. The ones who forsake me are now clinging to me. I have to leave because I am finished getting revenge. If I stay here longer then blows will keep being exchanged. It is a waste of time."

When I liked Ahyoung, I couldn't meet her eyes properly. My heart throbbed and I could only babble nonsense. But now it was different. There were no emotions, so I could look into her eyes and talk clearly.

"Stay well Ahyoung. I liked you."

Ahyoung grabbed me as I was leaving. "L-Liked? Why is it past tense? Are you saying you don't like me anymore? I...! I like you!"

The fact that Ahyoung was my first love wouldn't change, even if she trampled on my heart. I wanted to leave with as good a memory as every, without ruining her illusions. I was blinded by love for 13 years, so I didn't want to leave any room for her to cling onto me.

"Can't you see? I have Yura now, the sky that you can't be compared to. It would be foolish of me to leave her. I don't have any feelings for you."

"Youngwoo, you...!"

I spoke as cynically as possible. Then I left the sad and hurt Ahyoung.

"This is the end for us."

The connection between me and you, which was a bad link in the past, was cleanly cut off. Now it was a fresh start.

On the way back home, I recalled the conversation I previously had with Yura,

"After the Tzedakah Guild succeeded in the raid against Malacus, the forces of the Yatan Church rapidly weakened. Therefore, the Tzedakah Guild is now the Yatan Church's main enemy. The Yatan Church will surely retaliate against the Tzedakah Guild, and as everyone expected, I am the Yatan Church's Eighth Servant. Conflict between us is inevitable."

"Then did you come to me to declare war? D-Do you want to kill me here? No matter how angry you are in the game, isn't it too much to kill people in reality?"

"...Don't make people into killers. I just want to pay back my debt from when we fought before."

"Debt?"

"During the quest in the Yatan Temple... Didn't you log out despite beating me in order to help me clear the quest? Thanks to that, I was able to consolidate my position in the Yatan Church and become the Eighth Servant. You are a great benefactor to me, so it is hard for me to point a weapon at you."

"I deliberately logged out to help your quest? What does that even mean?"

Yura firmly misunderstood something.

"At that time, I wasn't intending to help your quest. You owe me nothing."

I didn't know how Yura misunderstood this fact, but I wanted to resolve this misunderstanding because I didn't want to be connected with her. However, she was already deep into her deluded fantasy.

"I don't know why you are denying it. Even if you didn't intend to help me like you just said, it doesn't change the fact that I was helped by you, so I'll pay off this debt."

Yura had a very selfish nature. In the end, I could only nod.

"I guess words won't work. Okay, I understand. Do what you want. Then I can cut this bad connection sooner. How are you planning to pay off the debt?"

"Bad connection...?"

Yura frowned like she didn't like it. She was so beautiful that even this made me amazed.

'She is a scam...'

Yura explained her plan while I was admiring her.

"After war breaks out between the Yatan Church and the Tzedakah Guild, I won't kill you. I can't kill my benefactor, after all. Although, there might be some situations where fighting is unavoidable."

"...You'll spare me? Wow, I'm so thankful that I'm on the verge of tears."

The role I played in the Tzedakah Guild was a blacksmith, not a soldier. I didn't plan to involve myself in any guild activities unless I was directly affected, like the recent incident with the Giant Guild. It was 100 times more profitable to make items compared to fighting, so I would rather be the guild's blacksmith. There was no chance of Yura and I meeting in a war.

I felt assured and nodded.

"Okay, I understand how you will pay off your debt. Then are you done? We've arrived at the destination, so let's separate. Please don't appear in front of me again since it isn't good for my heart."

Yura was a woman who destroyed the Yatan Temple while trying to kill me. Having a connection with her, it was no different from torture. I wanted to quickly separate from her, but she had different thoughts.

"It is over. I want to pay off the debt in another form."

"What else?"

"Excuse me, but I have been researching your past. Over the years, you have suffered humiliation because of your high school alumni."

"What?"

No, why was she talking about a man's shameful past? Didn't she know about privacy?

'Is she a stalker?'

I wanted to snap out, but I was so afraid that I couldn't open my mouth. She suggested to me, "Aren't you going to attend the reunion right now? I'll come as well. Let me pretend to be your lover in front of your fellow alumni."

What nonsense was she saying?

“Why?”

Yura kindly explained to me, "Once they find out that a famous, intelligent and beautiful woman like me is your lover, they will no longer make fun of you. You will be able to silence the alumni. How is it? Pretend to be lovers. Isn't this a great way to pay off my debt to you?"

"..."

I was fairly certain that Yura had a princess disease. It didn't make sense for a famous, intelligent and beautiful woman like her to make this suggestion.

“Isn't this a scene common in dramas and movies? The gender roles have reversed but...”

I vetoed Yura's words.

“That's okay. There is no need for that. I am able to change my position with my own abilities.”

Yes, I refused Yura's suggestion.

But as a result, the alumni witnessed Yura getting down from my car and misunderstood that she was my lover. Then they envied me enormously. It wouldn't have been possible to elicit such a response with just the 13 series.

"... The more I think about it, the stranger she is. What type of person developed such a misunderstanding, did a background check and tried to repay her debt in this manner? Wasn't it preposterous? Paying off a one-sided debt... She is insane.”

Based on common sense, Yura seemed to have a narrower sense of human relationships than me.

‘She seems to have become strange after becoming successful at an early age and living apart from others.’

In no time, I arrived home. I went straight to the capsule and connected to Satisfy.

Winston had lost troops several times in the battle against the Yatan Church, the knight captain was wounded and the lady was kidnapped. The city was becoming one of the best in the north and the population was growing rapidly, but there was a limit to the guard troops.

Earl Steim became aware of the situation and led support troops to Winston.

“Father!”

“Ohh! My lovely daughter! You have become even more beautiful since last I saw you!”

Earl Steim was one of the most influential nobles in the Eternal Kingdom and the ruler of the north. But he was just a doting dad in front of his daughter, Irene. Despite the numerous soldiers and knights watching, Earl Steim embraced his daughter and shed tears.

“You must've suffered! I'm sorry that I burdened you so much! Thank you for being safe! Thank you!”

Irene was Earl Steim's only child. Rather than keeping her safe by his side, he appointed her as ruler of a territory and let her experience being kidnapped again, so he couldn't forgive himself.

Irene suggested to him. "Father, he didn't do anything wrong. The whole thing was my fault. Father, that's why... I wish I had a strong person taking care of me."

Earl Steim glared at Phoenix.

"That's right... You need a strong person... Someone much better than the incompetent Captain Phoenix..."

"Please kill me!"

Phoenix's guilt was unimaginable after losing in the war and not being able to protect his master. Earl Steim ignored him and spoke to Irene, "But sweetheart, Doran is dead and there is, unfortunately, no one stronger than Phoenix in the north. Leave Winston to Phoenix and return with me."

"No, there is someone here who I can depend on. He is stronger and more courageous than anyone else."

"Hoh?"

Irene was the daughter of a warrior. While she wasn't trained, her ability to recognize strength was excellent. She was complimenting someone so confidently that Earl Steim was filled with expectations.

"Then who is this person?"

"He is a blacksmith."

"Eh?"

The answer coming from his daughter's smiling mouth was so unexpected that Earl Steim thought he heard wrongly for a moment. Earl Steim regained his spirit and asked, "Sweetheart, the strong and brave person you can rely on is a blacksmith? Did I hear it properly just now?"

Irene unabashedly nodded.

"That's right. He is the great blacksmith who made the sword that became a family treasure not long ago, and also the one who saved me from Malacus. Not just that. He is the hero who saved Winston from the Mero Company."

"Ha! That rumored person..."

He was clearly a great person just based on the achievements. But Earl Steim became frantic after seeing Irene's face.

'My daughter has the face of a woman in love...!'

He knew about the one who helped save Winston from the evils of the Mero Company. It was also reported that he had the power of a legendary blacksmith. But a blacksmith was strong enough to kill one of Yatan's servants?

Earl Steim couldn't believe it.

"Sweetheart, no matter how I think about it, I don't think such a perfect person exists in this world... Is he handsome? It seems like you have been deceived by a scammer..."

Irene proclaimed, "I'm not deceived! Do you think I am a pathetic woman who will be enticed by looks? In the first place, he isn't really handsome!"

Phoenix and the knights nodded in unison.

"That's correct. He is good but his appearance..."

Earl Steim didn't like that either.

"An ugly man dares lure my daughter? Disgraceful person! I want to see what type of person he is! Drag him in front of me right now!"

"Earl, he is Winston's hero and Irene's savior. Shouldn't we bring him respectfully?"

"...Yes, bring him respectfully."

Chapter 110

Satisfy implemented a system of complete freedom. It had more than two billion users. The two billion people could freely select or pioneer more than 10,000 classes, and there were 10,000 common classes.

Each common class had a top 10 rankings. It seemed like the same IDs every time. This meant that the top 10 of each class was widening the gap with those ranked below 11th, and it was virtually impossible for new figures to enter the top 10 rankings.

But approximately six months ago. There was a major upheaval in the rankings of 16 major classes. The Tzedakah Guild moved from L.T.S to Satisfy and entered the top 10 of each ranking in just four months. It had a large impact on users and the Tzedakah Guild made a spectacular debut in Satisfy, gaining the media's attention.

Then after that...

The rankings became stuck again for a while. After the Tzedakah Guild appeared, the top rankers stayed the same for more than half a year.

It was around a month ago. Just like when the Tzedakah Guild appeared in the past, a major upheaval once again appeared in the rankings. 10 new figures appeared in the rankings of 10 major classes like comets. Those 10 people were called the '10 Rookies' and received people's praise and expectations.

"Cursed Bloodline!"

[The blood imprinted in the Thorn of Deep Grievance has resonated with your blood and makes you run wild.]

[Skill damage has increased by 150%. Movement speed has increased by 80%.]

[Health is continuously consumed while the skill is activated.]

"Ohhhhhh!"

[You have suffered 34,030 damage.]

[You have suffered 25,111 damage.]

[You have suffered 29,600 damage.]

The flamberge, which seemed like the thorny stem of a rose, slashed at the monsters in its orbit. The bleeding didn't stop as Ibellin flew among the monsters. Then he grabbed a monster's neck and used a skill.

"Laceration!"

[You have dealt 505,900 damage.]

"Kieeeeeek!"

Ibellin had been succeeding since receiving the Thorn of Deep Grievance from Grid. He cleared difficult dungeons that had frustrated him a few times and earned a great number of rewards from hunting monsters at least 30 levels higher than him.

[Your level has risen.]

"Good!"

After entering the 200th level zone, Ibellin had only been able to raise his level once every five days. But now he could gain one level in just one day.

It was a feat that could be achieved thanks to moving hunting grounds. And he was able to move hunting grounds thanks to the Thorn of Deep Grievance, so the power of items was really amazing.

'It was worth investing 2.5 million gold. This is a completely new world!'

The number one spot in the swordsman rankings was guarded by Zirkan. Zirkan was an overwhelming presence so it was hard to take first place, but Ibellin would soon be able to take second place if he kept growing like this.

"Just wait, Lauel!"

Ibellin started Satisfy two months later than his other guild members due to finishing his studies. So he wasn't included when the Tzedakah Guild debuted and instead became one of the 10 Rookies.

Until then, Ibellin had been confident that he was the best among the 10 Rookies. He never doubted it as one of the Tzedakah Guild. But what was this?

Lauel debuted in the top 10 of the qigong master's rankings when Ibellin was 9th place in the swordsman rankings. Now Lauel was 1st in the qigong master rankings and 178th on the unified rankings. On the other hand, Ibellin was 3rd on the swordsman rankings and 199th on the unified rankings.

Ibellin saw Lauel on a TV interview and realized that they were the same age. This was a very shocking event for Ibellin, who had the strongest self-esteem among his peers.

Since then, Ibellin recognized Lauel as a rival and strived to surpass him. But this wasn't an easy task. If he took one step closer, the opponent would take two steps. Thus, Ibellin could feel his limitations. He couldn't deny that Lauel was superior to himself.

However, then he got his hands on the Thorn of Deep Grievance.

'Items are also part of our abilities...! Lauel, this time I will be ahead of you!'

{Grid! You came ~^0^~}

{I've missed you so much!}

{A half day without you is like 10 years... I was desperately waiting for you to come!}

The guild chat window went crazy as soon as Grid connected to the game.

The guild members welcomed Grid like they were reuniting with a separated lover after a long time.

It was all for one reason.

{Make my items quickly!}

{I'm dizzy because I want a legendary rated item πππ}

{Me first! Grid, if you make a legendary item for me, I will shoot up to the top 20 right away!}

'Please make my items!'

That's what the guild members really longed for. Right now, Grid was a very important and irreplaceable figure.

"Huhuhut... They are prisoners of my items."

As Grid was laughing and feeling pleased, Ibellin appeared in the guild chat window.

{Brothers, Sisters. Do you think it is so easy for Grid to make a legendary item? ^^ Don't bother Grid. ^^}

{What? Ibellin, you raised your level again? Hasn't it only been one day?}

{Yup! ^^ I moved my hunting grounds. ^^ My experience is rising quickly ~ ^^ Previously I worked hard and only gained 1 level in 5 days ~ ^^ This is the true power of items ^^ ⇒ It is all thanks to Grid. ^^}

{Hey... No matter how excited you are, stop using ^^ <-... It is bad luck.}

{I'm really envious — — I was envious when Pon got a unique item, but Ibellin's is even better. Sooner or later, won't you reach the second ranking?}

{A legendary item is really... I want to have one as well πππ}

After joining the guild, Grid had only produced Pon's spear and Ibellin's Thorn. Both of them were finished with a unique and legendary rating, so the expectations of the guild members were too high.

Grid couldn't unconditionally make unique or legendary items, but the guild members were hoping for at least unique items. Grid was worried about making a normal or rare item, so he told them in advance.

{I don't think I can make unique or legendary items often. In fact, two out of three Gale Spears were completed with an epic rating and one of Ibellin's Thorns had a rare rating. I also often make normal or rare items. So keep in mind that your items might be completed as a rare or epic rating.}

{Yes, that's right. Let's calm down. Didn't we want epic items from Grid in the first place? Let's not lose sight of things. In addition, items made by Grid are unconditionally better than other items of the same level, regardless of their rating. It is enough, even if a rare rating appears.}

{Yes... If we are lucky, one day we will receive unique or legendary items.}

As the excitement of the guild members settled down, Jishuka decided who the next item would be produced for.

{Grid, this time I want you to make armor for Vantner.}

Vantner vetoed it.

{Armor? Why armor? Stop! I don't need armor! I want a weapon! Make a weapon! A weapon allows me to hunt faster and I can level up!}

{Shut up Vantner. Isn't your current weapon good enough thanks to Grid? It is a good weapon, even if it can't be compared with Pon's or Ibellin's. And you are a tanker. Right now, you are useless in raids. ^^}

{πππ Master...}

{What? Do you have something to say?}

{No... I don't...}

Not just Vantner, but all members regardless of age and gender, submitted to Jishuka. They normally acted as family and friends, but once an order dropped, they would follow it unconditionally. It showed how much the guild members trusted Jishuka.

{I already have an armor production method. But I haven't yet obtained all the necessary materials. It will take up to half a day. Until then, feel free to do whatever you want.}

"Half a day..."

It was ambiguous to make one item in half a day.

"Should I hunt for the first time in a while? The place I wanted to see..."

There were hunting grounds of various levels in Winston, ranging from those for beginners and those for rankers.

The hunting ground most popular among users above level 150 was the Golem's Labyrinth. The golems in the labyrinth were designed by a magician to protect his hidden treasures, so it was suitable to make money due to all the magic stones and minerals dropping. The experience was also worth it.

But there was a fundamental problem. Golems had a strong defense and were almost immune to physical attacks. So the Golem's Labyrinth was nothing more than a private hunting ground for magicians.

Most parties consisted of either magicians and healers or a paladin, magician, and healer. No physical attackers could be found at all. In this place, there was one person who came alone and was holding a greatsword.

People laughed at him.

"Hey Mister, did you come here to hunt?"

"Yes."

"Ha? Really? Without a party?"

"I like solo play..."

"Pfff!"

"Kilkil! A beginner!"

People started laughing at the greatsword wielding man. A warrior who came to hunt golems alone seemed to be lacking common sense. On the one hand, the greatsword wielding man didn't care about the people laughing at him.

Dozens of people watched as he approached the golem with loud footsteps. Then he stabbed with his greatsword without delay.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill!"

Peeeeeeong!

"...!"

It was an incredible sight. The giant iron golem, which couldn't be damaged even by dozens of swords, went flying towards one side of the wall from one blow of the greatsword? The crowd was stunned. Someone shouted,

"W-Wait a minute...! That helmet and black greatsword...! Isn't he the human butcher who smashed the Giant Guild on his own, instantly boosting himself into fame?"

"T-That's right! I see it now! The Cruel Butcher!"

"Kyaak! He actually looks scarier!"

"Wow... Really dirty... He really did shatter the Giant Guild alone."

Meanwhile, the helmet-wearing Grid was confused as he held the greatsword.

'Its health only decreased by half, even though I used Kill? This is really hard.'

Kill was a deadly blow. In addition, Dainsleif dealt more damage the higher the opponent's defense was. So Grid thought he could easily hunt the golems. But he was wrong. The golems of the labyrinth were much harder than Grid expected.

'However, I have a method.'

Grid put away Dainsleif and pulled out a pickaxe from his inventory. It was the finest pickaxe made directly by him. He had 100% understanding of the pickaxe, so red dots started appearing all over the golem's body.

Grid aimed his pickaxe at the red dots. Then...

Kaaang!Kaaang!

[Iron ore has been acquired.]

[Deluxe Iron ore has been acquired.]

[Three damaged orichalcum has been acquired.]

Except for the magic stones that served the role of an engine, the golem was made up of only minerals! He was a legendary blacksmith and had 100% understanding of the pickaxe, so the golems were just a mine in front of Grid who was an excellent miner.

"...What the hell is this?"

Every time the golem was hit by the pickaxe, minerals would drop, causing the users to become amazed at the sight. They could barely hunt the golems when pouring out magic, so Grid hunting them with a pickaxe was an unreasonable sight.

"Just one time..."

A paladin user who had a miner side job happily caught a golem passing by before pulling out a pickaxe and hitting the golem hard.

Chaaeng!

"...Kkeok!"

The paladin user screamed and grabbed his wrist that felt like it was broken after hitting the golem with a pickaxe. The golem wasn't even scratched as it turned its head to verify the paladin and struck out.

Meanwhile, Grid approached another golem and started mining after knocking it down. Minerals once again poured out from the golem. Grid was excited as he exclaimed,

"Kukukuk...! What is this? It is really good! Kuahahahat!"

Grid's face was covered by the skull helmet and he seemed like a psychopath as he kept swinging the pickaxe at the golems. The users were terrified.

"What, so scary..."

People were wary of him because Grid had the power to one-sidedly kill the Giant Guild. The distance increased until they were no longer in danger, and then they fled.

Thanks to the wide labyrinth, Grid was left alone.

However, Grid didn't pay attention to his surroundings because he was fully absorbed in collecting minerals. He collected more minerals than he originally aimed for because he was alone. He also gained a level.

Then a whisper from Jishuka came.

-Grid, the preparation of the materials is over.

"Okay, I will go back now."

Grid hummed at his inventory full of minerals and left the labyrinth. No, he was going to leave but he got lost in the labyrinth.

"No, damn! What is this? Why is this place so complicated? Where have all the people gone? Damn! Even if I want to ask for directions, I can't because there are no people! This #^%!\$~#!"

Grid wandered around for a while. But no matter how much he wandered, he couldn't find the exit to the labyrinth and eventually called the guild.

{I'm in the Golem's Labyrinth, can someone come and help me?}

"Huh?"

Grid had been leaning against a wall while chatting, and his eyes suddenly widened. It was because the wall was collapsing.

"W-What? Aaaaack~~!

Grid's body fell down along with the wall.

Kuuong!

"Cough! Cough! Huh?"

Grid was struggling with the pain of falling when he suddenly shivered. He raised his head and saw a golem that was at least five times the size of the other golems in the labyrinth.

"...What?"

Kuweeeeeeh!

[The Guardian of the Labyrinth has woken up from a long sleep.]

[The magical traps set up by the Great Magician Braham has been triggered.]

[You have suffered 205,100 damage.]

[You have suffered 399,000 damage.]

[You have suffered 174,340 damage.]

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

Pepeng!Kakakakak!

The magic traps were continuously activated and all types of attribute attacks hit Grid. However, Grid became invincible due to his passive activation and survived all the attacks. Fortunately, the traps finished before Grid's invincibility duration was over.

Finally, the Guardian of the Labyrinth moved. Grid took the highest quality health potion and made a grim expression.

'The invincible passive's cooldown time is one day. Losing my insurance at the start is the very worst.'

He couldn't see a way to escape. Grid decided that he needed to defeat the Guardian of the Labyrinth to escape and grabbed Dainsleif.