

Overgeared 111

Chapter 111

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. Then he took advantage of his high agility to leap up the wall.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship...!"

Grid used the sword dance while in the air! Then he appeared in front of the guardian's face and stabbed Dainsleif in deeply.

"Kill!"

Peeeeeeong!

[Critical!]

[The Best Gauntlets option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 68,700 damage.]

Kuwaaah!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth shook after being stabbed with Kill. Thousands of kilograms were pushed back. It was a testament to the tremendous weight behind Kill.

"Okay! I can do it!"

Kill was a skill that dealt 1,500% of the caster's current damage. It was unfortunate that it was a single target skill, but the attack power was the best among all existing skills in Satisfy. It was also the skill that dealt the last blow to Malacus. Even if it was a boss monster, how safe could the guardian be after being hit directly in the face?

Grid landed on the ground and shouted excitedly.

"I dealt nearly 70,000 damage in one blow! It's possible! I can knock him down!"

Before falling here. Grid had hunted dozens of golems in the labyrinth and found that the golems had an average health of 80,000. The golems had extremely low health in exchange for their defense.

Based on that, he guessed that the Guardian of the Labyrinth had low health like the golems. But what was this?

"Eh?"

Grid had been grinning at the thought of succeeding in a one-man raid, only to suddenly stiffen with astonishment. He had confirmed the health gauge of the Guardian of the Labyrinth.

"This is nonsense... His blood barely decreased?"

That's right. The Guardian of the Labyrinth had high defense and high health. This was Grid's strongest attack skill. No, Kill was one of the strongest attack skills in Satisfy and it was even a critical hit, but only 1/15th of the guardian's health was decreased.

'Using simple calculations, I have to hit it with Kill 15 times. It also needs a critical attack every time...'

As it happened, the cooldown time for Kill was 500 seconds. But Grid felt surprisingly positive.

'Kill isn't the only skill I have!'

Grid pulled out the Ideal Dagger. Then he aimed Wind Blast at the bottom of the Guardian of the Labyrinth.

[You have dealt 1 damage.]

Wind Blast's attack power was unable to even scratch the Guardian of the Labyrinth. It was unable to penetrate the high defense. But Grid wasn't disappointed. In the first place, Wind Blast was only used to block the guardian's gaze.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link!"

While the guardian was paying attention to Wind Blast, Grid used Quick Movements to approach the guardian and wielded Dainsleif eight times.

Jjejeong!Jjang!Jjejeok!

Link had a shorter casting time, less mana cost, and a shorter cooldown time than Kill. It was also a skill that dealt 500% of his attack power. It was weaker than Kill, but it was efficient and strong compared to other skills.

Link should be able to inflict damage on the guardian. Grid thought like this, but reality was quite different. Link's damage couldn't penetrate the guardian's high defense.

[You have dealt 3,500 damage.]

"Shit! Isn't this difference too much?"

Grid was confused because the damage wasn't applied properly due to the overwhelming defense. His confidence declined rapidly.

'Can I really catch this monster?'

Kuuong!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth took one step towards Grid. Grid had secured a safe distance, but the guardian was so big that it narrowed the distance in just one step.

Kuwaaah!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth roared and brought down its huge hand. It was like Grid was a fly.

Kwaang!

It was fortunate that the golem's movement speed was slow. Grid easily avoided the attack of the guardian. The guardian's hand struck the ground. The entire underground space shook, causing Grid to wobble.

'This is a complete earthquake...!'

Grid lost his balance while the guardian's hand came flying towards him again.

Kwaang!Kwaang!Kwaaaaang!

"Aaaaack~!"

It was like the palm of Buddha. Every time Grid escaped an attack, the guardian's hand would strike the walls or ground, causing stones to fall from the ceiling and threaten Grid. Then the wide underground space became quite limited. The collapsed walls and debris from the ceiling was to blame.

"I'm screwed."

As the space narrowed, his avenues of retreat decreased. There was now a limit to how much he could dodge.

Kwaaaaah!

The guardian roared in a way that indicated it was the end. Then it swung both hands at the same time. Huge hands flying from both the left and the right! The size of one hand was twice as big as Grid, so his visibility was blocked when the big hands came flying from both sides.

'It's impossible to avoid. There is no hole to escape into.'

He could defend with the Divine Shield, but it seemed like the shield would break. At that moment. The urgent cry of a woman was heard from the broken ceiling where Grid fell.

"Grid!"

The woman calling out to Grid was Jishuka. She came to pick Grid up because he was lost in the labyrinth. Then she had rushed over when Grid didn't reply in the guild chat and felt the shockwave.

And now.

She arrived to witness Grid's moment of death.

"He can't avoid this."

Vantner muttered from beside Jishuka as Grid seemed to be swallowed by both hands. That's right. Grid's death was natural. How could a non-magician exert any power against that giant golem in the first place? Grid was helpless. It was just questionable on how stupid Grid was to deal with this monster alone.

Then something amazing happened.

"If I can't avoid it, then I should confront it."

They heard Grid's voice.

Pachichik!

A red spark occurred around Grid just before he was swallowed by the guardian's hands. And...

Kakakakak!

A red lightning bolt appeared from the ceiling and fell towards the guardian's head.

Chwachachachak!

The body of the guardian convulsed like it was experiencing an electric shock and then it stopped moving. It turned bright red for a moment. The red lightning bolt seemed to have a much higher voltage than normal lightning bolts.

Jishuka and Vantner were shocked as they watched from above.

"Magic? Grid can use magic?"

"Red lightning...? This is the first time I've seen such magic."

And Grid was clearly unharmed. Grid escaped through the gaps caused by the paused guardian and smiled.

"Isn't this effect quite good?"

A red bead the size of a small skull was in his left hand. It was the Red Lightning Summoning Bead that he obtained after raiding the frostlight orc chief. The treasure had been lying in his inventory and saved Grid's life at this moment.

Pachichik!Pachik!

The red sparks surrounded Dainsleif. It was a chance to get revenge on the monster in front of him. Before he knew it, the cooldown time of Kill was over. Grid started his sword dance.

Peeeeeeong!

[Critical!]

[The Best Gauntlets option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 141,000 damage.]

Dainsleif was temporarily a magic sword due to the lightning attribute. The Guardian of the Labyrinth had extremely high physical defense and low magic defense. Grid's Kill dealt two times more damage than before.

"Too strong!"

"His strength is just a scam."

Jishuka and Vantner thought it was absurd as 1/10th of a boss monster's health decreased with just one blow. The Guardian of the Forest became nervous because of the unexpected damage and swung its left and right arms more quickly than before.

"Yes! Come on, you bastard!"

This time, Grid didn't try to escape. He fought back with Dainsleif.

Jjang!Jjaaang!Kwaang!

The energy of the red lightning within Dainsleif was truly great. The guardian's arms turned red every time it encountered Dainsleif and smoke rose. Some parts even stiffened. The Guardian of the Labyrinth panicked. As it prepared to retreat, Grid pulled out his blacksmith hammer. Then he hit the guardian's arm.

Kaaang!

"...Hah!"

Grid scoffed. The guardian's body was being transformed by the hammering.

'Isn't this similar to forging smelted minerals?'

This was great!

Kaaang!Kaaang!Kaaang!

Grid moved all over the guardian and kept hammering the arms. Then a sudden change in the guardian's arms was seen. The wrist and elbow joints disappeared, while the five fingers were flattened. Now the guardian's arms were nothing more than heavy pillars.

Kuoh?

The guardian was perplexed as its arms didn't work as intended. The guardian swung its arms at random. The underground space was now in a state of perfect collapse. If this was to be Grid's grave, he was determined to die with the guardian. Therefore, he took out a mana recovery potion. Then he started a new sword dance.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcend."

It was a skill he never tried to use because of a lack of mana. But he had invested his stats in intelligence with every level up and he also had Malacus' Cloak, giving him enough mana to use this skill.

[Transcend]

A sword dance that transcends imagination.

Your attack power is doubled and your default attacks will turn into ranged attacks.

The air around Grid quickly reversed.

Kuoooooh.

It was like gravity was reversing. Grid's hair rose like the heroes of old anime and stones floated in the air. In the center of it, Grid wielded Dainsleif. Then a dark energy blade shot forward.

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Peeeong!

Kuwaaah!

The guardian was confused by its deformed arms and screamed when its face was hit.

“Hoh?”

What was this reaction to just one hit? Grid grinned at the power of Transcend. Then he wielded Dainsleif again.

Papat!

Two blades flew forward in a cross shape and hit the guardian’s chest.

Kuweeeeeeh!

The guardian was in more pain. Grid laughed as he saw it and brandished Dainsleif diagonally. The blades bent like a whip and accurately hit the back of the guardian’s neck. Grid’s black energy swords continued flying forward.

Kwang!Kwaang!Kwa kwa kwang!

[You have dealt 4,100 damage.]

[You have dealt 3,730 damage.]

[You have dealt 4,450 damage.]

Dainsleif’s attack power was doubled due to the red lightning. Grid’s attacks were more powerful than the previous Link skill. He also had a different skill that could be used without any restrictions.

“Blacksmith’s Rage!”

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

Grid triggered Blacksmith’s Rage and started his full-fledged rampage towards the guardian.

“Die! Die! Die! Puhahahat!”

Pepepepeok!

[You have dealt 5,500 damage.]

[You have dealt 5,350 damage.]

[The Best Gauntlets option effect is activated, causing you to attack the target twice.]

[You have dealt 10,940 damage.]

[You have dealt 5,900 damage.]

Kwaaaaah!

It was a one-sided battle. Due to the constantly flying swords, the Guardian of the Labyrinth couldn’t approach Grid.

If its arms were fine, it could've used defensive maneuvers with both arms. However, the deformed arms were unable to move as it wanted due to Grid's hammering. It was just a sandbag without being able to defend.

Kuoooh!

A shockwave occurred every time the guardian was hit, increasing the collapse of this space. Jishuka was nervous as she watched the battle from the ceiling.

"Grid is still in danger." Vantner asked Jishuka. "Shouldn't we help? Why are we staying still?"

Jishuka was also a physical damage dealer. But her attack power was unmatched. Her arrows could deal great damage to the Guardian of the Labyrinth. And right now, Jishuka was in the perfect position for sniping. It was natural to question why Jishuka was just watching instead of helping.

Jishuka explained, "Of course, I can help but... I think Grid will become angry at me. Isn't that right?"

Vantner hit his forehead. Then he nodded at her words.

"Yes, that seems correct when thinking about his personality. It's obvious that he'll be angry if someone interferes in the middle and takes his experience."

"Yes, and Grid alone seems to be sufficient. I just want him to hurry a little bit."

Jishuka grasped that the Guardian of the Labyrinth was at a level lower than the Guardian of the Forest. The high defense, health and attack power was equal or higher than the Guardian of the Forest, but the Guardian of the Labyrinth had a fatal weakness.

'It has no skills.'

That's right. Jishuka had watched for a while and noticed the Guardian of the Labyrinth hadn't used a single skill. The Guardian of the Forest possessed all sorts of tricky skills such as wide area stun and summoning golems, but the Guardian of the Labyrinth was just a lump of metal with high stats.

Jishuka shouted towards Grid from the top of the underground space.

"Look behind the guardian. Do you see a small cave? If the space seems to collapse, run away through there!"

"Okay!"

Grid received the information and walked towards the guardian. He continued firing his swords at the guardian, so it couldn't fight back against Grid.

"It's overwhelming firepower."

"His damage and durability is superior in all respects."

Jishuka and Vantner felt assured.

'That guy, he didn't use all his skills during the Malacus raid or against the Giant Guild.'

'With Grid's power, is it possible for him to win against Regas?'

On the other hand, the Guardian of the Labyrinth backed away against a wall.

‘There.’

Kuwuung.

He saw the entrance of a small cave in the wall that the guardian fell against. Grid used Quick Movements and wielded Dainsleif. A sword aura flew and hit the guardian’s eyes.

Kuoooh!

The guardian’s eyes blazed red from the lightning. Then Grid appeared in front of it.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship!”

The duration of Transcend was over. Then the cooldown time of Link was over.

“Link!”

Jjejeong!Jjang!Jjeejeeeong!

When Grid first learned Link, he had only been able to wield his sword six times. Once he became accustomed to it, he could wield it eight times. Then he grew in battle and it increased to 10 times.

Ku...wooh!

The Guardian of the Labyrinth was hit by 10 red lightning blades and fell to its knees.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship...!”

Grid jumped in the air and squeezed all his strength into Dainsleif.

“Kill!”

Puooook!

The black greatsword penetrated the head of the guardian. Then notification windows flashed in front of Grid.

[You have defeated the Great Magician Braham’s Guardian of the Labyrinth!]

[180 gold has been acquired.]

[90]

[33]

[45]

[3]

[Braham’s Treasure Chest Key has been acquired.]

[45,350,000 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

During the Malacus raid, Grid had 17 people in his party. Therefore, the amount of experience gained was small due to the distribution of experience points. But now he gained so much experience because he succeeded in the raid alone.

Grid's level, which had been 106 due to hunting the golems in the labyrinth, jumped to 114 at once. In addition, Grid gained dozens of expensive black iron and Orichalcum, but his expression wasn't good.

"Apart from the experience, the rewards are garbage..."

He was really disappointed. Shouldn't a boss monster drop at least one unique item?

'The boss has high stats and no special attack skills, but... Shouldn't it give items because it's a boss?'

The Guardian of the Labyrinth didn't use any skills from the beginning to its death. Swinging the arms was its only attack pattern, so it couldn't do anything after the arms were deformed. But there was still a part to consider.

Jishuka and Vantner didn't know this, but didn't Grid activate dozens of Braham's magic traps when he first fell into this space?

It was virtually impossible to react to such sudden traps. The damage was in the hundreds of thousands. Grid only survived because of his passive, but other users would have unconditionally died from those traps.

The traps were included in the raid so even if the Guardian of the Labyrinth was weak, the difficulty of the raid itself was higher than the one against Malacus. Yet the rewards for the raid were only production materials?

'Of course, black iron and orichalcum are expensive but... I was hoping for items that were more special.'

Kurururung.

Then the space started collapsing around Grid. Grid moved past the remains of the guardian and into the small cave. Then he saw it. Three boxes were placed next to each other inside the cave!

"Ohhh!"

Grid was reminded of Braham's Treasure Chest Key that the Guardian of the Labyrinth dropped.

“Puhahahat! This is it! The real reward is actually separate!”

Grid stood in front of the three boxes.

The first box was ornately embellished and shone brightly. It was suitable to be called a treasure chest. On the other hand, the second box was scratched all over and the design was plain. Nothing special could be seen. And finally, the third box. It was just an old wooden box.

There was only one key!

A regular person would think the ornate treasure chest was a trick and that the old box was the real treasure. No, an ordinary box without any features might not be the true treasure chest. This would cause deep thoughts.

But Grid was simple.

"Of course, this shining box is the treasure chest! Worrying over a decision will just advertise my indecisiveness!"

Grid pulled out Braham's Treasure Chest Key from his inventory. Then he placed the key in the ornate box.

Ssik!

Grid was smiling with confidence. He inserted the key into the treasure chest without any worries. The box responded by opening widely.

“Ohhhh!”

There was a brilliant flash of light and the contents were revealed! Grid gulped with anticipation. Then he frowned.

“...What's this?”

There were neither colourful treasures or rare items in the box. There was only one egg. That's right. It wasn't the egg of a particular monster or animal, it was just an egg. It was an ordinary egg based on its size, shape and color.

“...?”

Grid was speechless. He fought the monster and reached here, only to end up with an egg?

"..."

Grid's body shook. He finally couldn't suppress his anger and cried out.

“Damn! How rotten! What the hell?! This egg won't even appease my hunger! No, why is an egg in a treasure chest in the first place? Does this make sense, damn operators? If you are going to create a game, think about it a little bit.”

He had forgotten because of his recent bout of luck.

"... Yes, originally I was unlucky.”

Was this a sign that his unhappiness would start again? Grid looked scared then he sighed. He looked at the remaining two boxes with a grouchy expression.

“The real treasure is in one of those boxes...” Looking back, he had been too naive. “I should’ve opened the old box... Hah...”

He looked at the first box to see if he could recycle the used key, but it had already been destroyed.

“I don’t want to go back like this... Wait.”

Grid suddenly had an idea. He started it without any delay.

"Item creation!"

[What item do you want to create?]

Grid replied to the system’s question.

“A key.”

That’s right. Grid was going to create a master key in order to open the remaining two boxes. The Item Creation skill had a limited number of uses, so he needed to be careful, but Grid was fully aware of this after creating Failure.

‘Having a universal key that can open anything will permanently benefit me in the future. It is too good to pass up, even if I need to consume one slot.’

Treasure chests were an important element in games. In particular, players of RPGs and adventure games were obliged to carry keys for treasure chests. They made contact with countless boxes during their adventures. What if there was a master key that could open all types of boxes? It would be truly perfect. He would be able to gain all types of rewards every time he encountered a box.

It was the same with Satisfy.

‘A master key is needed.’

[Have you decided?]

The determined Grid nodded.

“Yes.”

[What materials would you like to use?]

Braham’s key was made using black iron. Black iron was also the material Dainsleif was made of.

‘The durability of black iron is special. If I make it with black iron, I can use it semi-permanently.’

Braham’s key was disposable due to the nature of the event, but Grid’s key would be different. Grid made his decision.

“Black iron.”

[Please design the item.]

“Hrmm.”

From here, Grid was cautious. What should be the appearance of the master key that could open anything? Grid worried about it. It wasn't easy to decide. Suddenly, he remembered the thieves in the dramas, movies and anime that he watched.

‘Wire...!’

The thieves. Couldn't skillful thieves pick all types of locks with just two wires? Even if he saw it in a movie, it might actually be possible. In the end, Grid drew two pieces of wire on the blueprint. It was too thin, so he deleted it and drew it again. After drawing a cylindrical pillar design, he punched a small hole in the centre and connected two wires there.

It was very sloppy but Grid was satisfied and clicked the complete button. Then the system gave him one last chance as usual.

[Have you decided? When you complete the blueprint, the number of available creation skill will decrease by one.]

“I have decided!” Grid energetically replied.

At the same time, all types of numbers and letters appeared all over the blueprint. After a while, the blueprint was completed.

[Please describe the characteristics of the item.]

"An incredible scientifically designed key that can open all types of locks!"

[Please name the item.]

Next was the name.

“Master Key!”

[Have you decided on ‘Master Key?’]

“Yes!”

Yiing~

The finished hologram of the Master Key appeared in front of Grid, along with the description.

[Master Key]

A key made of black iron. The form is a little ambiguous to be called a key. When hung around the neck, it looks like a necklace. When placed around the wrist, it looks like a bracelet.

The appearance is very poor, but it is made of excellent materials. In addition, the performance is surprisingly spectacular. It can open many types of locks.

* The higher the user's dexterity, the more types of locks that can be opened.

Conditions of Use: More than 300 dexterity.

"That's it!"

The result was a great success. Wasn't Grid also number one in dexterity?

"This is an item for me! Puhahat."

Now he simply needed to make it. But in order to do that, smelting black iron was necessary. He would need to go back to the smithy. Grid didn't want to do that.

'I was lost in this labyrinth. It was a coincidence that I fell here. Will I be able to find my way back? And what if this cave entirely disappears while I am gone? It's a treasure trove, so it won't be easily exposed to others... Maybe there is a time limit that will make it disappear?'

Then he heard Jishuka's voice from behind him.

"Grid! Are you safe?"

She was worried after Grid didn't exit the cave for a long time. Then Grid smiled widely.

"Was it Phoenix Arrow...? It seems to have a fairly high temperature..."

Jishuka's Phoenix Arrow was the ultimate attack that she showed during the Malacus raid. The fire arrow was reminiscent of a gigantic phoenix and seething lava emerged where it exploded. It was a skill that dealt tremendous damage, but Jishuka didn't often use it because it consumed 100% of her mana. But now, Grid forced Jishuka.

"Jishuka, do you see me right outside the cave? Please fire Phoenix Arrow there."

"What?"

Jishuka frowned. He wanted her to use her skill where there was nothing? She thought Grid was crazy. Grid saw that she didn't understand and explained.

"I need fire right now to smelt minerals. Just a minute. I need to make a small item."

"... Are you saying that you want to use my Phoenix Arrow to make a fire?"

"That's right."

"..."

The ultimate technique of an expert archer was being used to smelt minerals? Jishuka felt ashamed. She bit her lower lip and trembled as Grid drove it in.

"You aren't in a position to refuse my request. Do you understand? There are many guilds who would welcome me."

"..."

"It isn't that hard, is it? Don't be so proud."

Grid was no longer timid in front of her. He was flexible enough to take advantage of people. Jishuka felt like he was a completely different person compared to the Grid she met a fortnight ago. It was rather reassuring.

"Okay."

It was better to help each other.

'Grid is a blacksmith who can make legendary items. Helping him produce an item isn't a bad thing.'

Jishuka thought as positively as possible as she aimed her bow towards the remnant of the underground space. Then she warned Grid.

"Pay attention to the impact."

Hwaruruk!

A small fire appeared at the end of the arrow and suddenly became a gigantic fireball. Then Jishuka called out.

"Phoenix Arrow!"

Kaaaaaack!

Was this the cry of a pterodactyl? A huge scream echoed through the cave, hurting Grid's ears. As he was in pain, the flaming bird flew out of the cave, leaving a burning path behind it. Then it instantly disappeared.

Grid identified the place that was burning and ran towards it with a bright expression. He pulled out an anvil and hammer and started smelting black iron. Meanwhile, Jishuka had 100% of her mana drained and leaned against the wall while feeling dizzy.

"My special move is being used like this... It really doesn't feel good."

On the other hand, Vantner had seen what happened and was gazing at Grid with envy.

'Being able to deal with Jishuka like this... This is the first time I've met a man like you Grid! You're great!'

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Approximately 10 minutes later. After hammering a few times while squatting in front of the lava, Grid stood up and cheered.

"Good! It's complete!"

Jishuka and Vantner asked from where they were watching on the side.

"Already? What is it?"

It wasn't possible to know the identity of the item made by Grid. Who would imagine a small cylindrical object with two wires attached was a key?

"Watch."

Grid confidently entered the cave. Then he chose the old wooden box among the two remaining and he placed the wire... No, he inserted the key.

"Open!"

Due to making numerous items, Grid's dexterity was now over 1,600. Considering that Khan was known as the best blacksmith in the north and he had around 600 dexterity, Grid's dexterity was unique. And the Master Key was an item affected by dexterity. As long as Grid used this key, there was no lock that couldn't be opened.

Clink!

The rusty padlock on the old wooden box was released with a loud sound. Then a bright purple light came from the open box.

"Ohh!!"

Grid cheered as he verified what was inside the box.

[Braham's Boots]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 140/150 Defense: 130

Movement Speed: +10%

* 20% reduction in skill cooldown time.

* The skill 'Fly' will be generated.

Boots that Great Magician Braham loved.

The boots go to just below the knee, but they aren't inconvenient because they are made of griffon leather.

The black iron guards gives off a wonderful appearance and has high defense. The pattern of silver embroidered clouds adds a classic charm.

It is imbued with Braham's mysterious magic.

User Restriction: Level 240 or higher.

Weight: 50

Pagma's Swordsmanship was made up of the strongest skill tree. But each skill had a fatal drawback in the long cooldown time. In particular, Kill and Transcend were the two most powerful skills, but their cooldown time was too long. Therefore, they couldn't be used efficiently.

The option of a 20% reduction in skill cooldown time on Braham's Boots was like a brilliant light for Grid.

'Furthermore, Fly magic is attached...'

Wasn't Fly an exclusive skill of a few magicians?

[Fly]

Summons invisible wings of magic power to fly like a bird.

Flying speed is proportional to the caster's magic power. There are no restrictions on height, but be careful about oxygen deficiency.

Skill Mana Cost: 2 per second.

"Kuk...!"

Vantner enthusiastically urged Grid.

"Please share the information about the boots with me!"

Vantner saw that the boots inside the chest clearly had a high value. He wanted to know their performance. Jishuka was the same. She didn't ask directly like Vantner, but her intensely shining eyes expressed her curiosity. She looked very cute trying to restrain herself.

"Heh... If you are curious about what I have gained..."

Grid shared the item information with a boastful expression. Both people saw it and freaked out.

"Heok... Fly?"

Magicians had to have their second advancement to acquire flying magic. A user needed to be at least level 200 to get their second advancement. In other words, it meant the number of magicians who had learned flying magic at this point could be counted on one hand.

Yet anyone who wore these boots could use Fly? It was an extremely rare item!

"These shoes are really amazing. I can only admire it."

"Being able to fly... The options attached are really great. The defense is also excellent, so anyone would covet these boots." Vantner's words were sincere. "Can you sell it to me? I have a lot of money. I will buy it for an expensive price. Yes?"

Imagine it! The ability to fly freely in the sky! It was a rare opportunity to buy a privilege that only senior magicians could enjoy. Vantner sincerely wanted Braham's Boots. He was willing to invest a fortune.

In addition, Grid had already tasted the goodness of money. He could clearly feel people's gazes towards him changing after he drove an expensive car. He received special treatment wherever he went. Grid was able to realize why people bragged with foreign cars and luxury bags.

'Yes, my goal is to be rich.'

Grid no longer wanted to live like a beggar. He would no longer experience the sadness of having no money. He made so much money that he could eat chicken whenever he wanted, and could add two eggs to ramyun if he wanted.

However, there was no need to rush. The debt was already paid and he had a stable income source. He had also bought a car already. In the end, Grid rejected Vantner's offer.

"I'm not in a hurry for money... These shoes are very useful for me, so I don't want to sell it right now."

Vantner felt regret.

“Kuk... Then it can't be helped.”

Braham's Boots's had a level limit of 240. Grid was only level 114 so it would take him a while to wear it. But Vantner didn't say anything else. What could he do if the owner didn't want to sell it?

‘Maybe he won't make my item if I irritate him...’

Grid patted the shoulder of the depressed Vantner.

“Don't worry. Mister, I am going to make your armor, right? I'll make a great item for you. Of course, as long as you give me a good production method.”

Grid was confident. He had already made a unique spear and legendary sword. These words were naturally reassuring.

Vantner grinned. "That sounds good. The armor production method we have is special~ So I will believe you. But... Why are you calling me Mister? I am the same age as Pon! If you call Pon by his name, why are you calling me Mister?"

To Grid, Pon looked to be in his late 20's. On the other hand, Vantner was at least in his 50's. Vantner seemed like a madman whenever he insisted that he was the same age as Pon. So as usual, Grid dismissed it and approached the last remaining box.

‘The most ordinary box...’

It wasn't too flashy or too old, just a normal box. What was inside it?

“I shall check it!”

Destroying the giant monster and finding treasure chests! Grid was like a hero in a story. The atmosphere was full of excitement as he shouted. Then he pulled out the master key and inserted it.

Clink clink.

"..."

Grid squirming as he wriggled the wire around in the padlock was very unsightly. Jishuka became enraged as she watched him.

‘He really seems like a thief.’

As she thought about Phoenix Arrow being used to make wires, she became more irate. It happened as Jishuka's patience was starting to wane.

Clink!

The last box finally opened. What treasure would appear?

Gulp!

Grid, Jishuka and Vantner gulped with anticipation and tension. Then from inside the box, a sharp streak of light struck Grid's heart.

Peeng!

“...?!”

It was a sudden accident. Jishuka and Vantner couldn't react. They were forced to watch as a colleague died under their noses.

“Grid?”

“D-Dead?”

An untimely blow. The speed was too quick. It struck exactly at the heart, so Grid would be fatally wounded. Jishuka was furious as she confirmed that Grid was thrown back.

"Who dares kill a guild member in front of me?"

Her sharp gaze was fixed on the iron box. Then white smoke emerged from the box. There was someone inside. Vantner pulled out his twin axes. Then he yelled from next to Jishuka.

“You! You won't be safe after touching a Tzedakah Guild member! I'll make you pay for killing Grid!”

As Vantner's scream sounded through the cave, Grid jumped up from where he had been lying.

"Why are you treating me as someone who is dead?"

"Grid? Yes?"

Jishuka and Vantner turned their heads and stared at Grid with surprise. Then they saw an egg floating in front of Grid.

“What? That egg?”

It was a really strange sight. Grid shrugged at both of them.

"I'm not sure..."

The egg that Grid obtained from the first treasure chest. The shape, color and even weight was perfectly like a normal egg. He threw it into a corner, but it flew over and protected him?

'It isn't an ordinary egg.'

Grid recalled the moment when he opened the last box.

A light flashed as soon as the box open and a sharp blade of magic power aimed at his heart. Grid fully expected to die. But at that moment, the egg suddenly flew over and protected Grid from the attack.

It was fast and moved by itself! It also had excellent durability. This wasn't a mere egg. The egg was obviously a tremendous unique item.

'It isn't a simple chicken egg but the egg of a mythical creature... Is such a thing possible?'

Maybe it was a dragon!

'The egg is small, but who knows? Is there any law that a dragon egg can't be small?'

Duguen!Duguen!Duguen!

Maybe he would be the first one to have a dragon as a pet in Satisfy. Grid's heart thudded in anticipation and it started to resonate throughout the cave.

Then the eggshell moved! Jjejejeok! It cracked open. What type of life would hatch? Grid watched with a blank expression. The shell was completely peeled off, but the contents weren't a living creature.

It was a lump of metal in liquid form. Yes, the lump was exactly the size of the egg. While mercury was silver, this metal was gold. It was like gold water.

"What is this?"

Susuk.Sususuk.

Grid was stunned at the lump of gold in front of him. In the meantime, someone's shadow appeared from the box that was emitting smoke.

Chapter 114

Grid was stunned at the lump of gold in front of him. In the meantime, someone's shadow appeared from the box that was emitting smoke. Jishuka detected it and reflexively attacked.

Paang!

She loaded an arrow in less than a second and fired. How would the presence reply to the rapid-fire attack?

Peng!

"Eh?"

"What?"

Jishuka and Vantner were shocked. The shadow protruding from the box extended a finger and burned Jishuka's arrow to ashes.

[I'm not welcome in the world after 300 years? It's sad.]

The shadow was a long-haired, handsome man. The eyes that could be seen through the flowing hair were sharp. He looked at Jishuka and Vantner in turn, before looking at Grid like he wasn't interested in them.

'This man, he is strong. At minimum, he's on the same level as Malacus.'

He had directly invalidated Jishuka's quick fire attack. Jishuka and Vantner were certain they would lose if they fought. They were relieved that he wasn't interested in them. But Grid was different. He was unable to grasp the situation and shouted furiously at the one who tried to kill him.

"You jerk! Why are you trying to kill a person all of a sudden? You lousy bastard! How are you going to take responsibility for your actions? Huh? Heok?"

Grid, who had pulled out Dainsleif, suddenly winced with fear and backed down. The man who appeared from the box had a transparent body and his feet were floating in the air. He was a ghost.

"H-Hik...!"

He thought a person with a flexible body had emerged from the small box, but it was actually a ghost.

Grid was an army soldier who dedicated himself to his country, but he was sadly weak against ghosts. He was filled with so much fear he thought he would urinate. His face was pale and stricken.

'I should've entered the marines!'

Grid was caught up in a belated regret when the ghost spoke to him.

[You survived my magic traps. You opened all three boxes that had different types of locks. Since you were protected by the pavranium, are you Pagma's Descendant?]

"Pagma's Descendant? What is that?"

"Shh. Grid's quest seems to be progressing. Be quiet and don't interrupt."

Jishuka withdrew to a corner and brought the bewildered Vantner with her. Her eyes were shining as she stared at Grid and the ghost talking.

'This is an opportunity to find out exactly what Grid's class is.'

On the other hand, Grid started to recover from seeing a ghost.

'He mentioned Pagma's Descendant... Is the stagnant class quest going to proceed again?'

Grid's spirit had now completely recovered. He took a deep breath and replied.

"That's right. I am Pagma's Descendant. Who are you?"

The ghost man responded.

[I was known as the Great Magician Braham. Did you come to the labyrinth that I designed for the minerals? If you are Pagma's Descendant, you should've been interested in this place a long time ago. You don't seem to have much curiosity and attachment to minerals, unlike Pagma.]

This ghost claimed to be the legendary great magician, Braham! If Grid interpreted what he was saying, the Golem's Labyrinth seemed to be a place created for Pagma's Descendant. It was a very attractive place to Grid because the golems were made of many minerals and the labyrinth itself was a mine. He was able to collect minerals from anywhere in the labyrinth.

'I would've come sooner if I heard about this place earlier... But...'

It was ludicrous.

"You made a place like this because you were waiting for me? No, what if I never came here in my whole life?"

[I've created 27 more places like this across the continent. Even if it was delayed, I believed that one day there would be a meeting. Personally, I hoped that the meeting would be sooner.]

"...So why did you want to meet me?"

Braham pointed at the metal floating in front of Grid.

[Its name is pavranium. It is the pinnacle of all minerals created with Pagma's skill and my magic. It's harder than the god's metal adamantium, lighter than mithril, and has a good compatibility with magic power. It also has the outstanding elasticity of jaffa.]

"What?"

A mineral containing all the advantages of top-class minerals? If this was true, it could truly be called the peak.

[...It can decide by itself and move with its own will. That is its only drawback.]

'A mineral made by Pagma...'

Grid no longer heard Braham's voice. He was lost in the richness and beauty of the pavranium that was floating in the air.

Could he handle a mineral made by Pagma? He would like to try, even if he failed. What would be the result if he made an item with this mineral? It was a chance to indirectly experience Pagma's skill through the mineral he created.

Curiosity dominated Grid. But Braham didn't like that Grid wasn't focusing on him. He pointed his narrow finger once more. Then ttak! Flames were generated. It was the fire that burned Jishuka's arrow. The fireball flew towards Grid's face and exploded.

Kwaang!

"Crazy..!"

Once again, the pavranium protected Grid. Grid was safe due to its fast actions, then he gritted his teeth.

"What? Why are you suddenly attacking me again?"

Braham's gaze was directed towards the pavranium, not Grid.

[That damn piece of metal... You're still showing favoritism towards the blacksmith.]

"Hey! What was that? Eh? You are crazy! Why did you attack me all of a sudden?"

Grid was upset at being ignored. Braham's gaze shifted back to him. Braham briefly explained why he attacked.

[Stay focused.]

"..."

It was the attitude of an expensive tutor! Grid didn't like it, but he focused in order to progress the quest. Then Braham started his explanation.

[The end of life... I hoped for Pagma to make me something. I only helped Pagma make pavranium so that my wish could be fulfilled. It took us 9 years and 11 months to complete pavranium. But there was a

limit. Pagma, who was full of strength and health, died shortly after the completion of pavranium. Even someone who was revered as a legend couldn't escape the years and died of old age.]

"..."

[It was in vain. Everything I hoped to accomplish seemed lost. I visited the dwarves and asked them to make something from the pavranium, but their tiny masses of muscle couldn't even smelt it. I was desperate! I felt despair!]

Braham screamed before coming closer to Grid. His eyes were filled with mixed emotions like anger, joy and even madness.

[But now I met you! Pagma's Descendant! I want you to achieve the last hope that Pagma couldn't fulfill! Make it! The Vessel of the Soul! Reward all my efforts to protect the pavranium even after my death!]

"The Vessel of the Soul?"

Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[Pagma's Descendant]

Difficulty: Class quest.

You have surely inherited Pagma's blacksmith skills, as well as his swordsmanship.

But you still don't know who Pagma was.

Who was Pagma? If he was simply a blacksmith with good skills, his legends wouldn't be scattered across the continent.

Follow the legends of Pagma. If you can collect all of the legends, you will truly understand Pagma and succeed his will.

At that moment, a new legend will be born.

* There is no time limit for this class quest.

* The legendary class quest has the power to transform Satisfy's world, according to the result.

Class Quest Clear Conditions: Complete all linked quests successfully.

Class Quest Clear Reward: Unknown.

* Second Class Quest: [Great Magician's Resurrection.]

The legendary great magician Braham was a genius. He reigned as the best magician ever since he started learning magic. There was a myth that he survived against the fire dragon Trauka without dying. As he grew old, he started mourning the fact that he was a mortal. Mentally and physically, he had already transcended humanity. Therefore, he wanted to become immortal.

After much research, he designed the 'Vessel of the Soul' that would regenerate his mortal soul into an immortal soul. But the Vessel of the Soul is an object that doesn't exist in this world and is impossible to create.

He searched for an entirely new mineral that could be used as a material for the Vessel of the Soul and learned that his old friend Pagma was trying to create a mineral that wasn't part of this world. He went to Pagma and assisted in the work. The two combined their power and created the mineral called pavranium.

Braham had no doubts that pavranium could be used to make the Vessel of the Soul. But the only blacksmith who could smelt pavranium was Pagma, who unfortunately died of old age.

In the end, Braham didn't achieve his wish!

He looked forward to the day that Pagma's Descendant would be born to create the Vessel of the Soul, creating 28 mines and setting up a maze all over the place before he died. Each labyrinth is full of minerals, and he believed that it would be enough to lure Pagma's Descendant.

Now 300 years have passed. Out of 28 pieces of Braham's soul that were sealed in 28 labyrinths, one has finally encountered you.

Braham wants you to make the Vessel of the Soul. Through the Vessel of the Soul, he will be resurrected with the soul and body of an immortal.

* Second Class Quest Clear Condition: Create the Vessel of the Soul.

Second Class Quest Clear Reward: A large amount of pavranium.

"A large amount of pavranium? This isn't all of the pavranium?"

[Didn't I say that 27 more labyrinths are scattered across the continent? 27 more pavranium also exist. If you make the Vessel of the Soul with that pavranium, I will give you the rest.]

Adamantium was said to be from the world of the gods. The human world only contained a very small amount, making it the rarest among all minerals. But a large amount of adamantium in the world of the gods couldn't be ruled out.

On the other hand, pavranium was an artificially produced mineral. The method of creating it no longer existed in this world. The volume was more limited than adamantium. Not just that, the performance was also superior to adamantium. The opportunity to get such a valuable mineral wasn't something that Grid could miss. He also had no reason to refuse the class quest.

Grid easily made a decision and nodded.

"Okay! I will make the Vessel of the Soul!"

But there was one problem.

"How do I make it? Can I just make a rice bowl?"

[Rice bowl?]

The Vessel of the Soul that would unite 28 torn pieces of soul and regenerate it into an immortal soul was likened to a rice bowl! The furious Braham wanted to kill Grid right now. But he suppressed it and barely managed to explain.

[The god of health and wisdom, Judar. The god of war, Dominion. The goddess of light, Rebecca. The god of darkness and pestilence, Yatan. Let them bless the pavranium. After that, use the divine pavranium to make whatever bowl you like, as long as it can hold something. Then bring it to me. Don't be late.]

Grid expressed his disapproval.

"I have to get a blessing from the four gods? How can I do that? In particular, I have a hostile relationship with the Yatan Church."

[In the past, I forcefully overpowered each church and asked them to bless it... If that's impossible, try to figure out another method. Flatter or beg them. Either way, you must do it by any means.]

Braham seemed like he was going to kill Grid if it wasn't done. Then his soul started to fade away. He was just one of 28 pieces of soul, so it was difficult to maintain this form for long.

[Th...en Pag...ma's Des...cend...ant... I be...lieve in yo...u...]

It was like watching a video. Braham used his strength to say final words before completely disappearing.

Grid's thoughts became busy.

'Thanks to the Malacus raid, my affinity with the Rebecca, Dominion and Judar churches has risen. I don't know whether this affinity is high or low, but at least I won't be killed. Yes, the problem is the Yatan Church. Dammit! How can I receive a blessing from God Yatan?'

On the other hand, Jishuka watched the event quietly and sent a whisper to Laella, the guild's magician.

-Do you know the magician called Braham?

Laella answered immediately.

-Absolutely. Braham is the strongest magician in history. Most of the magic in Satisfy is created by Braham and he could be called the teacher of all magicians. There is no magician who doesn't know of Braham.

-Heh...He is that big? Then what about Pagma? Who is Pagma?

-Pagma? I'm not sure... This is the first time I've heard of him.

Pagma and Braham were the greatest blacksmith and magician of all time, with numerous legends about them. NPCs were familiar with historical people like Pagma and Braham because they had been studying Satisfy's history from a young age.

But it was different for users. Unlike NPCs, users only investigated their own interests. Jishuka was an archer, so she didn't know about Braham, while the magician Laella only knew about Braham and was completely unaware of Pagma.

Jishuka gave an order to Vantner.

"I want you to investigate who Pagma is."

If they knew who Pagma was, they could naturally grasp the identity of Grid, who was Pagma's Descendant.

'I originally hadn't planned to dig deeper...'

Grid was presumed to have a legendary hidden class. She couldn't miss the chance to know what this class was.

"Huh?"

Jishuka's eyes widened while she was lost in thought. It was because Grid's body had started to float in the air.

"Ah! The boots...! How is this possible?"

Vantner was shocked after discovering that Grid was using Braham's Boots. Didn't Braham's Boots have a level limit of 240? Meanwhile, Grid was only level 114. Originally, Grid shouldn't be able to wear this item.

'Actually, the cloak Grid is wearing is Malacus' Cloak... I remember that Malacus' Cloak has a level limit of 200.' Jishuka recalled how Grid was able to wield Ibellin's Thorn of Deep Grievance. 'Maybe Grid can use all items, regardless of the conditions of use?'

She kept being surprised the more she knew about Grid. Meanwhile, Grid flew to the ceiling of the collapsed underground space and said to the two of them.

"I will return to the smithy first."

Peeng!

Grid rose through the top of the ceiling and instantly disappeared from sight. Jishuka and Vantner cried out in admiration.

"Kuk~~~~~! Amazing!"

"...It is more amazing than I thought. This game truly is about the power of items. Right?"

They imagined how awesome Grid looked flying around and wielding a greatsword. Maybe it would cause a big wave. A warrior who could fly had appeared! A warrior taking away the magic of magicians! The headlines continued in a similar manner.

In fact, he was a blacksmith.

Chapter 115

A hunting ground near Winston that was a favourite for level 100 users.

"Eh? What's that?"

The users struggling with monsters noticed a black dot approaching in the sky. Then they started murmuring.

"It's too big to be a bird. Is it perhaps a griffon?"

"There are no griffon habitats in the area. But I don't think there is anything else besides a griffon... It's serious if it is a griffon. Will we die?"

"U-Uh? A person?"

The dot soon got closer. Surprisingly, the identity was revealed to be a user.

"Wow... A second advancement magician."

"It's my first time seeing a ranker up close. So cool!"

"What is that thing shining next to him? A pet?"

Kuwaaang!

A man in a red cloak was flying through the sky! The object following him flashed in the blazing sun. The identity of the person was Grid. He flew through the sky without stopping and soon disappeared from the sight of the users.

Then he reached a wide forest and stopped.

'I'm out of mana.'

He had already taken one mana potion. Then his mana became depleted again before the potion cooldown was over. Grid was forced to land on the ground.

"Winston is beyond this forest. I can recover some mana while walking."

It was a deep forest.

Grid measured the distance to Winston and looked at the frostlight orc chief's helmet. After this forest, he would encounter a lot of people. The helmet was the sign of the Human Slaughterer so there would be a fuss.

"I have to quickly replace this helmet."

Grid once again vowed to wear an awesome helmet that was suitable for a mythical hero, while the pavranium circled his head. It seemed to be in a good mood.

"Are you excited to get fresh air after being trapped in a box for 300 years?"

Grid asked while walking. But the pavranium didn't answer. It was natural. It had a will, but it was just a mineral. It couldn't carry out a conversation. But Grid continued to talk to it.

"But aren't you unbelievably fast? My flight speed was 100 meters in 7 seconds, yet you managed to keep up? Do you have tireless stamina as well?"

Grid looked at the pavranium with affection. It was natural for a blacksmith to feel favorable towards the best minerals.

"Kuwooh!"

"Give it to me! Human! Your life! Flesh and bone! Separate!"

Grid was carrying out a pleasant conversation (?) with pavranium when he was interrupted by sturdy orcs. They were armed with crude red leather and had a large wolf with them. Considering that they spoke the human language fairly well, they were obviously the wolf fang orcs known for being powerful among the various orcs.

Grrrung.

The wolf shook its nose. It was clearly reacting to the bloody smell coming from Malacus' Cloak. It smelled the blood and led the orcs here. In addition...

Kuuong!Kung!

Kyaooooh!

Various monsters such as ogres, goblins and snakes moved through the forest. In an instant, Grid was surrounded by 100 enemies.

"Wow... What is this?"

The users hunting nearby were surprised by the turmoil and came running. It was the first time they saw all types of monsters focusing on just one person.

"That person is screwed."

"What did he do wrong that angered so many mobs?"

"Tsk tsks~ purposely angering mobs like this~ he should hunt in moderation~"

The people weren't aware of the situation and talked among themselves.

Syuok!Syuok!

The goblin archers in the rear shot at Grid. The users saw the dark rain of arrows covering the sky and knew that Grid would die. But Grid's high stats made him similar to a level 200 combat class. In addition, he'd observed Jishuka's expert archery, so the goblin's clumsy firing seemed like a kid's prank to him.

"Are there any idiots who would be killed by these arrows?"

Grid laughed while holding the Ideal Dagger and aimed Wind Blast at the arrows.

Kuwaaaang!

Grid invested all the points he gained reaching level 114 into strength. The damage of Wind Blast was proportional to his attack power. Now that the power of Grid's Wind Blast was upgraded, the level 100 goblins couldn't endure it.

"Kiek!"

"Kyak!"

The rain of arrows was neutralized and the goblin archers who had their arms or legs cut off collapsed with a scream. This was the signal for all monsters to simultaneously attack Grid.

"Wearing the cloak was worthwhile!"

Hunting had a direct correlation to levels!

Grid swapped to Dainsleif and drank a mana potion. Then he used Wave and fired it all over the place. The monsters approaching him simultaneously collapsed. The ogres were durable enough to survive, but they were hit by Wave and slowed down by the debuff. They couldn't threaten Grid with their slow movements and struggled in vain.

Peeok!Pajik!

"Keok!"

Puooook!

"Kkieek!"

Wave killed most of the monsters in one blow, while Grid subdued the rest by killing them one by one. Meanwhile, the few remaining goblins fired arrows with all their might. A few arrows actually flew directly at Grid.

"Che!"

Grid was too caught up in killing and belatedly noticed the arrows. He braced himself for the pain. But the arrows didn't reach Grid's body.

Kwajak!Kwajajak!

Pavranium rotated around Grid's body and destroyed all the arrows.

"Wow..."

Was it normal for a class to have a strong offense and defense? The swordsman with the black greatsword killed the monsters with overwhelming attack power, while the metal pet protected the body. This balance seemed perfect.

"That's amazing... Excuse me, but what is your class?"

Grid swept away the rest of the monsters with pavranium's help and started picking up items. This gave the users a chance to barrage him with questions.

"What is that gold object floating next to you? Is that a pet? Or maybe a new style of armor?"

"Mister, how about you? Aren't you actually a high level user? Why is a high level user hunting in a place like this? Is there anything good here?"

"Mister~?"

"Mister, are you deaf? Answer us."

The users here saw that Grid was in a crisis and no one tried to help. In addition, Grid was inherently unfriendly towards people. He had no obligation to answer the users' questions.

"This is too annoying. Fly."

Grid cried out to the annoying users and used Fly. Then he literally flew away in the sky.

"...?"

The users left behind were stunned and could only blink. After a few minutes, people in various communities around the world became interested in something.

<I saw a swordsman flying.>

It was a place called Popo Forest near Winston. I hunted with my friend there and saw a high level user slaughtering mobs. Then after wiping out all the mobs, he flew away. A swordsman was flying?

RnfkRk's comment: ㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋ A swordsman can't fly ㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋㅋ

Durururubam's reply: A swordsman was flying? I'm a priest but I can't use Heal. ㅂㅅ

Black Dragon's Right Arm's comment: Kukuk... That swordsman was me... Kukukuk... I was careful but I never thought someone would witness it... Yare yare...

Zkxhfm's comment: Liar's disease.

Admiral's comment: Did you mother eat seaweed soup on the day you were born?

30,000 won Salary's comment: Don't write shit just to gain traffic.

It was a terrible method. The users abused the poster who wrote about the flying swordsman, so the other witnesses no longer bragged about it. Thus, it was a temporary problem and the topic wasn't mentioned any longer.

In the meantime, Grid arrived at Khan's smithy and ran straight to the furnace. He placed the pavranium in the furnace and controlled the temperature in order to determine the melting point.

"It is 1,900 degrees."

The pavranium was so small that it was instantly smelted.

"I don't want to carry it around in an egg shape until I make the Vessel of the Soul, so I should transform it into something else..."

But the volume was too small to produce a lot of items. The pavranium wasn't enough to even make a dagger. In order to make an item, Grid would have to mix in other materials. However, he didn't want to contaminate the pure pavranium.

"Let's be satisfied with changing the shape."

After being with the pavranium for a while, he noticed that it had a propensity to stay by the owner's side for protection. He needed to take advantage of this feature.

“A shape more suitable for defense than an egg... Ah!”

Grid recalled Malacus’ shield.

“He formed a disc-shaped shield with magic power at each attacked point, effectively blocking the attack...”

Ttang!Ttang!

Grid started carefully hammering. Then after a while, the pavranium became two disks. Each disc was slightly smaller than the palms of an adult.

"Okay."

Grid finished the discs. The discs floated in the air before starting to revolve around Grid again. Grid felt reassured. It seemed like he could be protected from most attacks. Then Jishuka arrived at the smithy. Grid told her.

“Shoot an arrow at me.”

“Huh?”

"Hurry."

"Hrmm, okay."

Jishuka saw the golden discs circling around Grid and noticed his intentions. Then she fired an arrow without hesitation.

Syuk!

Chaaeng!

It was a beautiful sight. The two discs around Grid’s body flew in the direction of the arrow and fully stopped it.

“That is great...”

Jishuka’s expression wasn’t good, compared to her admiring words. Her ego was bruised.

“It’s that simple to block? Did I shoot it too weakly?”

“Hey, wait a minute...!”

Grid was scared. Jishuka fired again, but this time she pulled the bowstring back to the maximum.

Swaeek!

"Aaaagh!"

The arrow that contained all her power flew towards Grid’s death.

Then!

Jjejeong!

“...Hah!”

Grid and Jishuka let out a sound at the same time. Jishuka’s was a displeased sneer, while Grid was filled with delight.

“This arrow can even pierce through steel... Isn’t this extremely durable? Like Braham said, it’s the peak of all minerals.”

That’s right. The golden discs had perfectly blocked the arrow fired by Jishuka. But the impact was quite strong, so it couldn’t move for a little while after the point of collision. Then it started moving again after two seconds.

‘If it receives excessive shock, it is immobilized for two seconds...’

If Jishuka continuously fired her strength arrows, the two discs wouldn’t be able to completely protect his body. Grid felt the need to complete this quest and obtain the rest of the pavranium.

‘But... If there are 27 more pavranium of this size, it won’t be enough to make armor... Well, it isn’t a problem. I can still use it.’

Grid was flexible. Rather than striving to make a complete item with a limited volume of pavranium, it was best to maximize its efficiency by making several small items.

‘For example, attaching a blade made of pavranium to armor. The blade would move on its own to protect me from attacks I can’t react to, or if the enemy attacks me from an unexpected angle.’

An item that could move on its own! If he cleared this quest and gained the remaining pavranium, he would be able to write the true history of the power of items. As Grid was overwhelmed with pleasure, someone knocked on the door of the smithy. Jishuka asked him.

“These discs, they don’t need to be exposed to other people right?”

"Of course. Isn’t it common sense to hide it?"

“Yes.”

Grid placed the discs in his inventory. Then the doors of the smithy opened. One knight and dozens of soldiers entered. They politely saluted to Grid and said.

“Earl Steim is looking for you.”

“Earl Steim? Lady Irene’s father?”

“Yes.”

“Oh? Okay! Let’s go!”

Why was the master of the north, one of the big powers in the Eternal Kingdom, looking for Grid? In the first place, it was strange that the high level NPC knight, famous for their arrogance, would act so respectfully towards a user.

Jishuka watched the knight and soldiers escort Grid from the smithy and asked.

“What is this?”

Vantner’s armor production request needed to be delayed for a while.

Chapter 116

"Put that decoration here!"

"Hey, the new curtain color doesn’t match the wallpaper. Change it back to the previous one."

"Chef! Is the food preparation finished?"

"There’s dust left on the carpet! Clean again!"

80 servants working in Winston Castle were busy. In a little while, Winston’s top VIP would be here. Earl Steim was the one who invited the VIP, but he didn’t look pleased.

‘I don’t like it....’

Irene was Earl Steim’s only child. She was truly a lovely daughter. He was confident that she was the most beautiful and gentlest woman in the world. Therefore, he thought that her husband should at least be the prince of another country.

Then!

His precious daughter, famous for being aloof in social circles, had her heart taken by a con artist! What a blunder!

“Hum hum hum~” Irene was smiling happily and humming to herself. She seemed like a new bride waiting for her husband.

Earl Steim’s expression became increasingly darker. ‘That person called Grid... No matter how I think about it, he’s just a scammer.’

Grid was the hero who saved Winston from the Mero Company and previous lord, and the one who made the Sword of Self-transcendence that was a new heirloom in their family. Above all, he saved Irene’s life.

No, wasn’t it just words?

He couldn’t believe that the young blacksmith who made the best sword would be skilled enough in the sword to kill Malacus, one of the Eight Servants, and rescue Irene from the remaining Yatan followers.

It was impossible the more he thought about it. Perhaps Irene was deceived by him?

‘My daughter... You’re being fooled by a scammer... You don’t have any eye for men. Come on Grid! I will reveal that you are a scammer!’

"Lord Earl."

A young man approached Earl Steim. His blond hair made him look like he was the protagonist of a romantic drama. His luxurious attire and elegant demeanor made it obvious that he was a noble.

His name was Bland de Ian. He was the son of Earl Ashur, lord of the south, and a disciple of Earl Steim. In addition, he was Irene's childhood friend. Having adored Irene since childhood, he was filled with greater anger and jealousy than Earl Steim.

"I've thought about it all night, and that person called Grid is definitely a con artist."

Earl Steim nodded. "I was thinking the same thing. So let's wait for him to come. We will reveal the truth!"

"Yes!"

Then after a while.

Earl Steim, Bland and Irene anxiously waited for Grid with different feelings. Grid was delivered by a knight and kneeled down in front of Earl Steim.

"I greet the great lord of the north, Earl Steim."

Grid usually wore scruffy beginner's clothing, but he was worried about meeting nobles. On the way to the castle, he stopped by a clothing store and bought clothes worth one gold. But while the one gold clothes might seem luxurious for beginners, it looked cheap even for mid level users, and the materials weren't good. In the eyes of the nobles, he was like a beggar.

'His appearance is shabby...'

It wasn't just Grid's clothing. The forearms and shoulder muscles showed that his body was trained, but it wasn't at a special level. There wasn't one element where Grid was superior to Bland. Bland was sure of this and shouted.

"Who are you? Even if you are a commoner, shouldn't you know the basic etiquette?"

Grid made a mistake. Originally when greeting the nobility, it was a etiquette to reveal his identity.

'It was a mistake I made after not meeting nobles for a long time. But even so...'

Grid looked at the noble with the name 'Bland' over his head.

'Why is that jerk so high-strung and tense?'

Grid was aware of the reason why he was brought here. He was the creator of the Sword of Self-transcendence and the hero who saved both Winston and Irene, so Earl Steim was probably going to reward his achievements. But instead of a warm welcome, he received this unpleasant reaction.

However, he remained patient.

'This isn't just any noble... Earl Steim might become my father-in-law so...'

Grid smiled and corrected his mistake.

"The blacksmith Grid living in Winston greets the lord of the north, Earl Steim."

Earl Steim nodded. "Ah, yes. I have heard the story. Thus, I am glad to meet you. However... You introduced yourself as a blacksmith? I heard you are also an excellent swordsman."

Grid humbly explained, "I'm not a swordsman. My main vocation is a blacksmith, and my swordsmanship is just shallow."

"Huh, it must not be shallow if you manage to defeat Malacus. Shouldn't you be the best?"

"I didn't defeat Malacus alone. It was with my colleagues."

"But isn't it true that you defeated dozens of Yatan followers? Irene was a direct witness."

"It is true but... The followers of Yatan were so weak that I could deal with them with my shallow fencing."

"Hah... The followers of Yatan are weak? If they are so insignificant, how have they troubled the soldiers and people of this land for decades? Is it true that your opponents were the Yatan followers? In the first place, was it the Yatan Church who actually kidnapped Irene? Perhaps someone deceived Irene in order to make himself stand out?"

Rather than being rewarded, Earl Steim was pushing the conversation in a strange direction. Grid grasped the situation.

'Earl Steim, I sold you the Sword of Self-transcendence and saved your daughter's life, but you are making me out to be a con artist?'

It was very unpleasant. Anger flared inside Grid. He had tried to show humility because the other person was a noble. Grid's face turned red as Irene came forward, "Father! What do you mean by that? Are you suspicious of Grid right now?"

"That's right!" Earl Steim snapped and got up from his seat. Then he spoke bluntly. "Grid! I'm sorry, but aren't you too suspicious? You're the greatest blacksmith on the continent and the strongest swordsman at the same time? Common sense suggests that it isn't possible! First, I have to check if your swordsmanship is real or not. Bland!"

"Yes, My Lord!"

Chaang!

When Earl Steim called, Bland pulled out his sword like he had been waiting. Then he rushed towards Grid.

'Yes, this is better.'

Honestly, this method was better to resolve their doubts. Grid thought positively and pulled Dainsleif out of his inventory. He jumped forward and shouted.

"This is how it is! Yes, my swordsmanship isn't shallow! I will show you!"

"Are you prepared? I will defeat you now!"

Bland jumped up and aimed his sword towards Grid's head.

Chaaeng!

"...?!"

Bland was perplexed. The striking force that had the weight of his body applied was rendered ineffective by that big sword in Grid's hand.

'Che! I guess he trained up his strength and muscle development!'

Bland determined that it was difficult to compete with strength, so he used the repulsive force to spin in the air and land. Then he lowered his body as much as possible and attacked Grid's lower body.

Grid stuck his greatsword to the ground. Bland's sword flying towards Grid's ankles was blocked by the greatsword.

'He's good at fighting!'

A chill went down Bland's spine. He was certain that Grid was a scammer due to his appearance, but what was this? He hurriedly moved as Grid drew up his feet. A kick.

"Cough..."

Bland coughed out some gastric juices. Grid stood over him and said, "You are like a kid who only fought in your house... No, I'm sorry to your sword."

"T-This guy...!"

NPC knights had a minimum level of 180. Among the knights, Bland was one of the most talented and had a level of 200. Yet he was overwhelmed by Grid who was only level 114. It was inevitable. Grid's stats were high enough to be considered level 200, and the items he used had a level limit of over 200. In particular, Dainsleif was the strongest weapon. His stats, skills, items and combat experience made the difference in level meaningless.

But Bland was also a formidable presence. His father Earl Ashur was one of the best magicians in the Eternal Kingdom. He'd also inherited his father's talent for magic. That's right. He was a magic swordsman. It wasn't attack or defense magic, but buff and debuffs which were the most powerful in a one-on-one match.

"Sword's Grace! Armor's Will!"

Bland's sword and armor started to shine blue. It was imbued with the power of magic. This wasn't the end.

"Storm's Fury!"

Heavy winds stirred around Bland. The wind magic increased the speed of his blade and provided a certain amount of shielding.

'Now I will unconditionally win!'

Bland regained his confidence, "I am the youngest son of the great magician, Earl Ashur! It is possible for me to use powerful magic! Hahaha! Can you go against Earl Steim's swordsmanship and my father's magic?"

"Earl Ashur...?"

Grid's face distorted at that moment.

Earl Ashur! Who was he? He was the lord of the fortified city Patrian, and the one who ordered Grid to find the Northern End Cave and obtain Pagma's Rare Book.

At the time, Grid was forced to take a quest that didn't fit his level and suffered for months. He experienced more than a dozen deaths, lost many items and became broke, increasing the risk of being chased after by the creditors. Grid had really wanted to quit the game. Logging into the game itself was like hell. He would rather go into the army one more time. An average person would've given up the game.

Grid's only advantage was his patience, so he persevered and persevered until he finally found Pagma's Rare Book. But he wasn't greeted with a happy ending. All the reputation he built up with Earl Ashur and Patrian turned into infamy and he was killed by Earl Ashur's knight.

As a result of Earl Ashur, Grid was able to change to Pagma's Descendant and reverse his life, but that was all due to Grid's efforts. Grid was only filled with hostile emotions towards Ashur.

"Oho, you are Earl Ashur's son?"

Grid had promised several times that he would someday kill Earl Ashur. And now! He found a target that could get rid of some of that deep grudge. Bland in front of him had identified himself as Earl Ashur's son.

Bland was still unable to grasp the atmosphere.

"Hahaha! You are afraid after knowing my identity! But it is too late! You will be completely trampled on by me!"

Bland grew up as a member of the nobility and was always victorious thanks to his outstanding talents. He was very confident in himself. He didn't think that the commoner in front of him could be stronger than himself.

"Lord of the Storm!"

Bland's debuff magic aimed at Grid and strong winds started to press at him. Grid couldn't move even one hand. Bland smiled with satisfaction and rushed towards Grid, stabbing forward with his magic enhanced sword.

[A strong wind has suppressed your body. Agility will become zero for two seconds and you can't move.]

[You have resisted.]

Grid scoffed as he checked the notification window.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship."

'Pagma? Pagma?! Don't tell me?'

Earl Steim was shocked as he heard Grid's voice. Grid unleashed a dazzling sword dance.

"Link!"

Jjejeong!Jjejejeok!Pepepepeok!

The greatsword swiftly moved 10 times, regardless of its heavy weight. Bland's attack was easily neutralized and the wind shield protecting Bland's body shattered. Even his armor strengthened by magic was torn apart.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Bland couldn't believe it. How could this man move freely? And what was this beam of light?

Pipipipit!

Bland's body was swept by the 10 silver lights of different orbits, causing him to bleed and kneel down.

'This can't be...! This is me! Me!'

He couldn't show this shameful image in front of the woman he liked and his respected teacher. Bland didn't want it to end like this. He wanted to get up and kill Grid right now. But his wounded body didn't move as intended.

Grid snorted and turned his gaze towards Earl Steim. Then he straightened and asked, "With this, are there any doubts about my swordsmanship? Shall I show you my blacksmithing skills next? Huh?"

"Yes! This is good! Okay! I want to know everything about you! But before that!' Earl Steim ran up in front of Grid. He grasped both of Grid's hands and pleaded. "Grid! Please take my daughter as your bride!"

The greatest blacksmith and swordsman in history. The name of this famous person was Pagma. Earl Steim had realized that Grid was Pagma's Descendant.

At this moment, Grid was the first to obtain the status of a noble's son-in-law from among the two billion users playing Satisfy. It was the position he failed to obtain in the past after being interrupted by Yura during Doran's quest.

Chapter 117

This was the best development for Grid.

'Isn't this the best financial backer!'

He would become the husband of a lady, which meant he could abuse his authority and intercept some taxes. Winston had grown to be one of the cities representing the Eternal Kingdom. The taxes collected here were enormous. He would be rich if he could obtain even a portion of it. In addition, Irene was the successor of a prestigious noble family. If he married her, he could become a high-ranking noble, not just rich.

'I can simultaneously get riches and power. More than anything else...'

Irene was pretty. She had shiny silver hair. She had big eyes that were slightly curved. Her mouth was always smiling and she had a small nose. Grid got a really gently impression from her. She was famous for her excellent character and was the best female, except that her breasts were average in size.

Grid had no reason to refuse. But there was still something he had to consider.

"Just now, didn't My Lord consider me as a fraud? Now you are suddenly telling me to take your daughter as my bride... Are you serious?"

Earl Steim explained to Grid who was watching suspiciously.

"There is only one person in history who is the best blacksmith and strongest swordsman. He was Pagma."

"..."

"The sword dance you used is very similar to Pagma's swordsmanship described in the legends. No, you aren't a con artist. You are certainly Pagma's Descendant."

"It's enough that I am Pagma's Descendant?"

"That's right! It is enough! Rather, it's the main reason!"

Grid moved his gaze and looked at Irene's reaction. Her face was flushed but the smile indicated that she was feeling positive towards this.

'Huhuhu!'

Grid's mouth watered. After the bad ending of his first love, he thought he would never have a relationship with a woman again. But now he had a chance with Irene! Some people would laugh and say they were just NPCs in a game, but Satisfy was like another reality, not a game. Satisfy's NPCs were just like humans in all respects, from their emotions, thoughts, bodies and physiological needs.

Grid was so thrilled that he shed tears of joy.

'I am finally going to get rid of my virgin status...!'

It was a great opportunity to get rid of his unwanted virgin status that he had kept for 27 years. At the same time, his status would rise and he would become rich. Grid absolutely couldn't miss this opportunity of a lifetime. But there was one problem.

'I want to marry her straight away and start the first night... But I need to proceed with the class quest... I also need to continue working at the smithy.'

Grid explained the situation.

"I... It is a great honor that I can marry a beautiful and caring lady like Irene. However, it is difficult to marry now because I have a personal matter. In addition, I would like to keep working as a blacksmith after our marriage... Is it okay for the son-in-law of a noble family to be a mere blacksmith?"

"Isn't Pagma's Descendant supposed to be a blacksmith? It isn't your fault that you have to do a blacksmith's job. Rather, it is something to be proud of. The marriage schedule will be set at a comfortable time for you."

"This can't be!"

Bland, who had been unable to lift his head after his defeat to Grid, couldn't bear it anymore and shouted.

"Lord! He is a corrupt being! He has the curse of the gods. He will revive again after dying, and he will never grow old! In other words, he can't be described as a human! Are you really going to accept him as your son-in-law?"

Corrupt was one of the titles that Satisfy's NPCs used to refer to users. In the NPC's point of view, users who couldn't grow old or die weren't humans. So, NPCs considered users to be cursed by the gods. However, there were many NPCs who thought the opposite. It was the case with Earl Steim.

"Why is eternal life a curse? Rather, isn't it a blessing? I don't think of them as corrupt, but blessed beings. They have certainly received the love of the gods. I am glad that the man who will be my daughter's groom is loved by the gods."

Bland gritted his teeth.

"Blessing? You're mistaken! Imagine how Irene will feel growing old alone! How sad and lonely will Irene be? My Lord, right now you are caught up in greed and don't care about Irene at all!"

"It's a matter for both of them to deal with. We shouldn't be quarreling about it."

Irene nodded, "That's right. Sir Bland, I like Mr. Grid. Mr. Grid's appearance might not change for the rest of my life, but I can cope when I am sad or alone. I want to be with Mr. Grid."

Kwaduduk!

In fact, over the past few years, Bland had confessed to Irene a few times. But Irene never considered Bland in that way and he was forced to give up on her. He chose to become a knight of her family and watch her from a distance.

He sincerely wished for Irene to meet with a great man and be happy. However, the man she selected was a corrupt being!

'I don't know how this is possible... Is being Pagma's Descendant great enough to transcend his status?'

Pagma was a legend. Bland knew that Pagma was a great figure. However, Grid was the person who inherited Pagma's abilities, not Pagma himself. He was clearly worse than Pagma. Bland wanted to prove that fact. If he could defeat Grid, Pagma's Descendant would seem like a separate entity from Pagma. Then maybe Earl Steim would change his mind.

Bland once again grasped his sword.

"Grid! I want to reapply for a duel."

Bland had been careless before. If they fought again, he could get better results than before. Bland believed this and strengthened his abilities with all types of buffs. He combined the techniques passed on by Earl Steim with Storm Sword.

Kuwooooh!

The storm generated by Bland's magic made the carpet and decorations shake. In the midst of this mess, Bland's sword emitted a powerful force. The energy was so intense and harsh that Irene was wounded when retreating.

"Sir Bland! Stop!" Irene shouted at him, but Bland was stubborn.

'I will defeat this guy!'

This was his sacred duty. He would cut off the bond that would make the woman he loved unhappy.

Kwaang!

"Ohhhhhh!"

Bland's body used the storm as a booster engine and quickly approached Grid. Grid's face distorted.

'You want to come again? This kid doesn't understand who he is going against.'

Grid could use Restraint to block him from attacking, could avoid Bland with Fly or defend using pavranium. But Grid chose to go head on. He intended to show Bland the difference in attack power, so that Bland couldn't come again.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill!"

Peeeeeeong!

Intense hate was focused on Dainsleif and collided with Bland's storm blade in front of him. At the same time, the shockwave shattered the pillars and inner walls supporting the room, and the ceiling collapsed instantly.

"Bland, you!"

Bland's actions caused Irene to be seriously hurt. Earl Steim was furious after barely rescuing Irene from the blast.

"You wounded Irene! You have forgotten your duties! My own daughter...!"

Earl Steim stopped in the middle of his words. Bland had already collapsed. On the other hand, Grid had no wounds. He just had a few pieces of his clothes torn off. Grid identified that Irene was in Earl Steim's arms and said with a sad expression.

"My Lady was hurt because of me."

Earl Steim shook his head, "Why is this because of you? It's my fault. In the first place, I suspected you and caused this to happen. I was too rude. I'm sorry."

Earl Steim apologized.

Nobles had high pride. Nobles had no reason to bow down to a person lower than them. But Earl Steim could honestly apologize because he valued responsibilities more than his fellow peers.

'He's a better father-in-law than I thought.'

Grid felt pleased as he asked Earl Steim, "If you are sincerely sorry, can I ask you for one favor?"

Earl Steim smiled at Grid's words.

'He isn't an easy person... Truly the descendant of a legend.'

He liked that ambition.

Earl Steim nodded. "In the first place, you deserve a reward for creating the Sword of Self-transcendence and rescuing Irene. Yes, whatever you want. I will do my best."

"I heard that Earl Steim has a good relationship with the Rebecca Church. I need to see the pope of the Rebecca Church... Can you write an introduction for me? I might be able to meet the pope if I have your introduction."

Earl Steim nodded.

"I understand. Aren't you the one who defeated Malacus? The pope will gladly welcome you."

After that, the banquet was cancelled due to the turmoil. Grid left the castle after agreeing to marry Irene and receiving the letter of introduction. There was someone waiting for him when he returned to Khan's smithy.

"Are you Grid?"

It was a man with a strong body and tattoos on both cheeks that were reminiscent of animal claws. His grey hair rose into the sky like he had been struck by lightning, attracting the eye. His ID was 'Toon.' He was one of the six new rankers who joined the Tzedakah Guild not long ago after passing a high strength test.

He commanded Grid.

"I heard you are a great blacksmith? Make a weapon for me. Do you know the one who smashed the Giant Guild on the street before? I want to fight him, but I think I need a better weapon first. So make me a weapon. I will use my new weapon to fight that person. Kyaack~ spit!"

Toon spat while talking, looking like a typical neighbourhood gangster. Grid was reminded of the Mother's Heart is Happy employees who harassed him. Grid glared at him like he wanted to kill Toon.

"Do you know where you are spitting right now?"

"Hah? Hahahat!"

Toon blinked at Grid's words. He checked the guild information window and saw that the blacksmith's level was in the early 100s, so he couldn't help finding it cute.

"Hey, your blacksmith skills are great so you can join any guild... But I am different. The reason I joined the guild was to approach that butcher. I will leave the guild immediately after fighting him. Do you understand? Do you know the atmosphere now? Unlike the others, I'm not going to curry favor with you. If you don't want to die, make me a weapon quickly. Eh~? Kyaack! Spit!"

"..."

The six new guild members didn't know that Grid was the helmeted person who destroyed the Giant Guild. It was because the guild wasn't willing to leak information about Grid to those they couldn't trust yet.

"Hey, do you know the ID of that butcher? The other guild members won't speak no matter what I ask. Why do they need to hide it from me? It is just a bother trying to find him... Kyaaack~~ spit!"

Grid's patience reached its limit.

Ah... He was tired from acting nice in front of nobles, and an annoying bastard now appeared in front of him. "Hey, you !#."

This smithy was a very precious place to Grid.

It was the place where his connection with Khan started and the place where he started to work earnestly as a blacksmith. He had lots of memories here and would continue using it in the future. To exaggerate it a little bit, it was his place of destiny. Grid couldn't stand by when this person kept spitting in here.

He was seriously angry as he pulled out the Ideal Dagger.

"You will be punished for defiling my sacred space."

"Pfff!" Toon grabbed his belly and started to laugh. "Puhahahat! Hey~ Doesn't this blacksmith seem really angry? Sacred space? Kuhahaha! I will kill you once!"

Clink!

Toon swung his right hand vigorously. Then three blades sprang out from the wrist blades at his wrists. Toon approached Grid with a menacing look in his eyes.

"You dare take a weapon out in front of me? Die."

He was serious. Toon was determined to kill Grid once so that Grid wouldn't argue anymore.

Chaaeng!

Toon swung his wristblades like they were a beast's foot, aiming at Grid's chest. Grid defended with the Ideal Dagger and was half pushed down.

'Three or four times?'

Grid was confused. After the Malacus raid, his strength had grown steadily from making unique and legendary items, as well as repeated level ups. Therefore, it was now above 1,000. He was confident that he could compete with anyone in strength.

But he was completely pushed in this match against Toon.

Kikik!Kkikikik!

The dagger shook as the wrist blades pressed down on it. Grid eventually stepped back as the tip of the longest blade touched his chest. He tilted the dagger and flowed around the wrist blades, avoiding the attack and opening some distance away from Toon.

'It is hard to win against him in strength.'

Grid was fully aware that he was strong. He was confident that he was stronger than Ibellin, the weakest in the guild, before Ibellin obtained the Thorn of Deep Grievance. Ibellin was defeated by the Giant Guild, but Grid was overwhelmingly victorious.

However, he didn't have a chance to accurately assess his strength against the other guild members. So Grid didn't know for sure how his skills would go against the top rankers. And Toon was 40th on the unified rankings.

Toon whistled. "Hwiik~ what, you? You managed to stop my attack? Isn't this great?"

Ssik.

The corners of Toon's mouth went up. He noticed that Grid wasn't just a blacksmith and felt interested.

"Interesting!"

Flash!

Toon's eyes became tinged with red. Then grey hair started to sprout from his muscular body. At that moment, an explosive energy was emitted and Grid shrunk back.

'What tremendous power...!'

Grid decided that he needed to fight properly. He prepared to take out all the items in his inventory, including Dainsleif and the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet.

Peeeong!

Suddenly, a kick came from the side and Toon went flying.

"Cough!"

Kwaduduk!

There was the sound of breaking bones and the whites of Toon's eyes were exposed as he fell.

"Crazy...! This bastard!" After cursing, Toon turned to see who was attacking him. Then he discovered a smiling Regas. "What is this, Regas? A cowardly surprise attack from behind? I thought you were a Taekwon Master."

Toon said sarcastically as he glared at Regas.

"Toon, if you do anything impolite to Grid one more time, you will lose your head."

Regas was always smiling and friendly. This was the first time that Grid saw him angry. Toon was also confused.

'The man who is rumored to be mild-mannered... His anger is frightening.'

Toon stood up quietly. His waist, which had been twisted in a bizarre direction, recovered normally. It was a phenomenal recovery. He put away his wrist blades.

“Taekwon Master Regas... One day I will have a fight with you, but not now. That blacksmith is a little surprising... To be honest, I think 2 against 1 is hard. Well, I'll see you later.”

“Hey you bastard! Clean up before you go!”

Regas stopped Grid, who tried to chase after Toon. "That person, he is quite strong in beast form. He will be a hard person to fight again.”

“No! I have to beat him up right now! And why was he accepted into the guild in the first place? His behaviour is completely out of control! Shouldn't the guild members be checked carefully?”

“His way of thinking is extremely simple, so Jishuka can easily control him. However, you don't need to worry about that. I have found the Divine Shield.”

“...!”

Regas had been searching for the Divine Shield since it was stolen until now, and he finally found it. Grid forgot all about Toon as he asked excitedly.

“Where? Where is it?”

Regas' expression wasn't good. "Well... One of Rebecca's Daughters has it. I asked to meet her and she refused. She seems reluctant to return the shield.”

“Rebecca's Daughter?”

Grid was reminded of the beautiful girl in the blue dress who burst through the wall and confronted the Yatan followed who stole the Divine Shield.

‘Her name was Isabel? I remember the Yatan following being shocked that she was Rebecca's Daughter...’

Grid asked.

“What is a Rebecca's Daughter?”

Regas explained what he knew.

“It is the title that refers to the top three paladins in the Rebecca Church. They received sacred weapons from Goddess Rebecca and it is said that their power is comparable to the Second and Third Servants. They are a relatively small force, but few people can threaten the Rebecca Church thanks to Rebecca's Daughters.”

"...In a nutshell, that girl won't return my shield?"

"That's right."

"..."

Grid had a headache. He needed to meet the pope, but now things became twisted due to the Rebecca's Daughter. He had an ominous feeling.

Regas smiled with a gentle expression.

“You don’t have to worry. Aren’t you part of the Tzedakah Guild? If you need assistance at any time, then please call the guild members. Everyone will be willing to help you. The six new members are especially full of enthusiasm.”

“...I’ve heard that those six people are called psychos. It doesn’t seem to be a lie when looking at Toon... They seem useless.”

“Haha.”

Afterwards, Grid sent a whisper to Jishuka to explain the situation. Then Jishuka fully understood Grid’s position.

-Of course, your quest comes first. I won’t ask you to make any items for the guild members until your quest is finished. And if you need help, call at anytime. I will come running.

That night, Grid immediately left Winston. The destination was the Rebecca Vatican.

Chapter 118

Like any game, the role of a healer was very important in Satisfy. They were indispensable for stable party hunting and the success of a raid. In Satisfy, the healers were priests who served Rebecca, the goddess of light. Only those who served Rebecca could become acquainted with Heal.

"Looking for a priest to finish the Dunpapa raid in two minutes!"

"Looking for a priest for a party that has an average level of 150~"

"Priests! Please join the party! You will have priority on items!"

The popularity of priests was unimaginable. Unfortunately, the number of priests was very limited. It was very hard to become a priest of the Rebecca Church. Dating was forbidden and there was a series of hardships such as praying for days, intermittent silence, and fasting.

There were jokes that the priest of the Rebecca Church were monks in reality. Therefore, most users were reluctant to become priests of the Rebecca Church and most Rebecca priests were NPCs.

"Sigh... There are no priests today."

"We have to go to the temple again to hire a priest."

Parties looking for priests had to visit the Rebecca Church. Then they had to pay a large sum in donations to hire NPC priests. These actions repeated, so the Rebecca Church gained tremendous wealth. The high priests of the Rebecca Church, known for their integrity, were overwhelming without knowing.

It was the current pope who led to all of this. Drevigo, the 13th pope of the Rebecca Church, was a far cry from the first clergymen. He was eager to meet his individual needs.

After he became the pope. He understood the market and built up wealth by turning the priests into a commodity. He provided incense to the high priests and corrupted them, committing all types of wrongdoings with them.

As a result, the Rebecca Church fell over time and became a symbol of decadence.

“There is no answer.”

In this place, there was a beautiful girl who had a habit of sighing. Her name was Isabel. She was one of Rebecca’s Daughters, the ultimate paladins of the Rebecca Church, and the master of the Lifael Spear.

She shuddered as she listened to the noises coming from the pope from her room.

"The supposedly divine presence is shaking his waist like a dog every night."

The priest Cassus paid attention to her. “Shh. Your words aren’t appropriate for a virgin of sacred light.”

Isabel frowned. "Then what should I say? Our pope is engaging in sexual intercourse every night... Oof! Oof!"

In the end, Cassus blocked Isabel’s mouth with his hand. He nervously looked at the hot-tempered Isabel.

“I can’t speak in front of His Holiness, and now I can’t even complain behind his back?”

"...His Holiness has eyes and ears everywhere. Please be careful."

“Che...!”

The two people were talking when the pope came to visit.

“It’s noisy. Were you cursing at me?”

The pope opened the door and appeared naked. His sweaty skin shone in the moonlight. Despite turning 60 the day after tomorrow, he had elastic skin and a healthy body.

Isabel and Cassus bowed.

"It is great to see Your Holiness."

"Isabel, you look as beautiful as ever."

Pope Drevigo smiled and touched Isabel’s hair like she was precious. Isabel felt ashamed and bit her lip. She wanted to shake off the pope’s hand. But she didn’t dare, so she swallowed down her rage. She carefully pleaded.

"Your Holiness, surely you are busy with those prostitutes in your bed? Is it okay to leave them to come to talk to me?"

"Huhu, no matter your position, isn’t it too much to insult me?"

The smiling pope pulled his hand away from Isabel’s hair. The other person was the pope, so Isabel didn’t dare show her distaste.

"I have figured out why the Yatan Church wants the Divine Shield. There is a phenomenon where the Divine Shield can be imbued with dark magic power. Then the enormous divine power of the Divine Shield will be converted to dark magic. The Yatan Church are thinking of turning the Divine Church into their weapon."

The pope showed interest. "Darkness dwells where there is light... In fact, doesn't divine power and dark power have a good compatibility?"

"We must take steps to prevent them from ever getting their hands on the Divine Shield."

"We'll have to recall all of them back."

The method of making the Divine Shield had been spread to some countries and families close to the Rebecca Church. In the first place, a Rebecca priest was needed to help make the Divine Shield. It was impossible for a blacksmith to make it alone, so the church grasped why, when, who and which priest was used to help build the Divine Shield. It wouldn't be difficult to reclaim the Divine Shields.

"I will direct the paladins to collect the Divine Shield from each country and family." Isabel said.

"Let other people do the menial work. I have something else for you to do."

"...?"

The pope made a meaningful expression. "I received a divine message last night. Goddess Rebecca said that one of her daughters will betray me sooner or later."

"What does that mean?"

What did he mean by that? Isabel had an ominous feeling and stiffened, while the pope ordered with a cool smile.

"Get Rin. She is surely the traitor that the goddess spoke of. I intend to punish her."

Isabel didn't agree. "Rebecca's Daughters are only loyal to Goddess Rebecca and Your Holiness! There are no traitors among us."

"Rin is at a temple in a small village and hasn't responded to my call three times. How can she do that unless she is thinking about betraying me?"

In the end, Isabel couldn't hide her anger.

"Surely she has a reason for not responding to your call! Your Holiness! Are you sure the divine message given to you is correct? Your Holiness, I didn't know you could hear divine messages!"

"How presumptuous!"

The pope grabbed Isabelle's throat with one hand. Then he spoke in a menacing manner.

"My will is the will of Goddess Rebecca. Do you distrust me?"

Isabel had been raised in the church. Like any other priest or paladin, she had been trained to have absolute loyalty to Goddess Rebecca and the pope. It was a type of brainwashing, so she couldn't defy the pope, even if she was inherently free-spirited.

"...I believe you." Isabel barely managed to say. Then the pope released the hand that was choking her. He gave her a friendly smile that seemed creepy.

"I will give you two days. Bring Rin back here."

Kwang!

The pope ordered her and left the room. Cassus, who had been bowing the whole time, hurried got up. He carefully reached out to Isabel and said.

"...What will you do?"

Isabel was silent for a while after the pope's visit. Then she dropped her head and said in a weak voice.

"What can I do? I have to do as he says."

Rin also a Rebecca's Daughter. The pope might be garbage and the church fallen, but there was no way Rin would betray them. Rin probably couldn't endure the rotten church and was wandering for a while.

Isabel knew better than anyone. But she was forced to follow the command.

"..."

Cassus was sympathetic to the suffering Isabel and quickly moved his gaze towards the window. He prayed towards the moon.

'Goddess Rebecca... Please send a divine punishment towards the corrupt pope...'

It had been four days since Grid left Winston. In those four days, Grid reached level 130. It was all due to Malacus' Cloak. Grid had been wearing Malacus' Cloak since leaving Winston.

"This is great."

Grrrung.

The border of the Eternal Kingdom and the Saharan Empire. Dozens of monsters gathered as Grid crossed the Suaz Mountains. They were drawn to the bloody smell coming from Malacus' Cloak.

For the past four days, Grid had repeated hunting in this way.

"Haap!"

The mobs in the Suaz Mountains had an average level of 160. Right now, Grid was strong enough that he didn't have to use skills against the level 160 monsters. As part of his training, he used pure swordsmanship to cut the monsters one by one.

Kuaaak~!

Yip!Yelp!

Grid's body was phenomenal and surpassed human limits based on his overwhelming stats. Grid's body moved according to his will, allowing him to display swordsmanship that wasn't possible even when he was a warrior.

Sukakak!

Grid jumped up while holding Dainsleif with both hands, turning around three times to use the centrifugal force to destroy the body of an eti. Then he immediately responded to the axe swung by a troll beyond the eti's destroyed body.

At the same time, an ogre's axe swung through the air and three rocks were thrown by the etis. His right side was obstructed by huge trees. He cut the troll's neck but it didn't die as it swung its axe again.

Chengkang!

Grid avoided the troll's axe and jumped to the right. After avoiding the ogre's axe, he used it as a footstool and broke all three rocks with Dainsleif. Then he entered the center of the dismayed etis.

Papat!Pa pa pa pa!

The dark sword moved in a unpredictable orbit through the etis' bodies. The etis briefly lost their field of view due to the flapping cloak and quickly found themselves wiped out. Grid ran and caught up with the monsters escaping. After penetrating the eti's heart, he threw the dying eti towards a gargoyle descending from the sky.

Peok!

The gargoyle kicked the eti nervously. Grid laughed after already using Fly to move above the gargoyle's head.

"Hello?"

Kyaack!

The gargoyle was startled and hurriedly shot off a beam. They were so close that Grid couldn't avoid the beam, but he was kept flying directly at it. The gargoyle thought that Grid would be turned to stone and cried out excitedly.

But Grid was fine. The confused gargoyle received Dainsleif to the neck.

"Hahat!"

Grid was still laughing. The more he fought, the more experience and levels he gained, allowing him to feel like he was getting stronger.

"Let's go!"

There were still a large number of monsters on the ground. Grid pulled out pavranium from his inventory. For the past four days, he had been trying to improve his communication with pavranium, and it increased by leaps and bounds.

Right now, pavranium didn't just rotate and protect Grid. Instead, it attacked the enemy first in response to Grid's will.

Pipit!

The golden discs moved like boomerangs and swept the Achilles tendons of the ogre. Grid pounced on the fallen ogre and a one-sided slaughter began. More monsters flocked due to Malacus' Cloak as he was fighting, and night came quickly.

"Heok... Heok..."

Grid's stamina and strength stats were so high that it was unreasonable. But even Grid would become exhausted if he fought all day. After hunting hundreds of monsters...

Grid raised his level to a satisfactory level, took off the cloak and rested. If he reached out, it seemed like he would be able to catch the stars in the night sky.

'It would be nice to be able to level up while wearing Malacus' Cloak and move... But there are creatures everywhere, so the movement speed is too slow.'

In order to carry out the class quest, he had to go to the Judar, Dominion and Yatan churches as well as the Rebecca Church. It seemed like it would take a long time to clear the quest, so he couldn't delay too long.

Should he take off his cloak starting from tomorrow? Grid was troubled before making a decision.

'I can't wander around often... After this quest, I have to get married and work at the smithy... Yes, let's take advantage of it now.'

The next day. The day was bright and his stamina recharged, so Grid put on Malacus' Cloak again. Then he kept hunting while crossing the mountains. As a result, Grid spent a week crossing the Suaz Mountains that ordinary people could cross in three days.

Thanks to that, Grid was enjoying himself.

But at this point.

The person suffering because of Grid...

"Grid... When are you going to come back...?"

Grid disappeared from Khan's smithy. There was a bald man squatting in a corner of the smithy. He was Vantner. He was muttering while watching the entrance of the smithy.

"Grid... Come now... Hurry... Come back..."

It was finally the end of his wait! It was his turn to receive Grid's item. Yet the bastard didn't make an item and disappeared on a quest, and now it had been 10 days. When the hell was he going to come back?

"Why...? Why on my turn...?"

In the midst of this, Pon and Ibellin were raising their levels thanks to Grid. Pon's level was far ahead of Vantner, and now Ibellin was catching up to Vantner.

"Please come back soon~~~!!"

The other guild members brought their items to Khan to be repaired, and found Vantner.

"Why is he acting like that?"

"Perhaps he saw Pon and Ibellin sweeping up the monsters with their weapons. After that, he couldn't go hunting."

"No, isn't he in a better situation than us? Didn't Grid strengthen his axes through appraisal?"

"Still... He can't hunt in a hunting ground suitable for his level because his defense is too weak."

"True, if he paid a little more attention to his defense... Despite being a guardian knight, he placed all his points in strength and only cared about weapons. This eventually screwed him up."

Then one day, Vantner made a suggestion to Jishuka. "Next time Grid goes on a quest, all guild members should accompany him. We will cooperate to complete his quest. Then Grid won't waste time on quests and can devote himself to making our items."

"...Grid should also enjoy playing the game."

"He is a blacksmith! He should do his duties!"

"..."

Vantner's heart was locked on the smithy where he wanted Grid to make an item for him.

Chapter 119

After crossing the Suaz Mountains, Grid was able to arrive in Rolling. Rolling was a small village, but if he headed south for half a day, he would finally arrive at the Vatican.

"There are Rebecca statues everywhere."

There were large and small Rebecca statues in every street, store or house. He could find one or two statues no matter what direction he turned his head. Well, the residents of Rolling seemed to serve Goddess Rebecca.

'It is geographically located near the Vatican, so it makes sense that the Rebecca Church is the main religion of the village...'

Nyang~

He leaned back against a Rebecca statue and enjoyed the warm sun and the peaceful cats. The merchants and residents were going about their daily routine without moving fast. Grid also felt calm.

'It's a different place from Winston. It feels like a resort.'

A hum emerged. Grid walked around the village with a free heart.

'Am I crazy?'

He needed to complete the quest as quickly as possible! Tourism was just a waste of time!

'I have been lazy lately.'

Grid was well aware of what happened when a person became lazy. He might become debt-ridden again if he wasn't alert. Due to his past trauma, Grid became irritated and hastened his pace. He headed towards a smithy.

[The effect of mastering 'Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill' is activated. Blacksmith NPCs whose craftsmanship skill is beyond the intermediate level will treat you in a friendly manner.]

['Pagma's Descendant' class effect is activated. Blacksmith NPCs whose craftsmanship skill is at the advanced level will treat recognize you and worship you.]

Notification windows he hadn't seen for a while popped up when he entered the smithy. He had been living in Winston for a while and only entered Khan's smithy. Was Rolling's blacksmith an intermediate or advanced blacksmith? Grid wanted to be admired. However...

"Welcome~"

The blacksmith approached Grid. Unfortunately, he was a young blacksmith and seemed to only be at a beginner level. He was unable to tell Grid apart from an ordinary customer.

"Is there anything you were looking for?"

Grid sighed with disappointment and replied. "I want to repair my items."

"Yes, I will repair it for you."

Grid doubted his ears.

"What? You will repair my items?"

A beginner blacksmith was going to repair the items of a legendary blacksmith!

Grid scoffed. "You are either brave or ignorant... You don't even know who I am..."

"Huh?"

"Hey hey. Cut it out. I'm a blacksmith, so I will fix my own items. Can I borrow your furnace? I will pay a fee."

Rolling's blacksmith, Rector, cautioned Grid. "Are you really a blacksmith?"

Grid was armed with steel gauntlets, black iron boots and heavy armor. What type of blacksmith would go around wearing this? Grid seemed like a warrior at first glance, so it was hard to see him as a blacksmith.

Grid clicked his tongue. "Do you doubt that I am a blacksmith? What a poor guy... You can't even tell who a great blacksmith is."

"W-What?"

Rector was a young man who was only 20 years old. He was young, but he could understand that Grid was talking badly about him. Rector's face reddened with shame. Grid felt sorry for him and cleared his throat several times. Then he carefully said.

"But who can tell the future? Even if your eyes are rotten right now, they can be trained... Watch me. This is a rare chance. You should thank Goddess Rebecca for being able to meet me and see how I work."

"...?"

Grid no longer sought permission from Rector. He approached the furnace and started to light it.

"Hey! You will be burned if you do that... Heok?"

Rector's eyes widened. It was because Grid quickly raised the temperature of the blast furnace.

'Handling the fire so freely? How is that possible?'

Even his father, an intermediate blacksmith who died two years ago, couldn't handle the fire as easily as Grid. Grid seemed like the embodiment of fire. As Rector was feeling admiration, Grid pulled out a hammer and anvil from his inventory. Then he started to repair his items one by one.

[The durability of the Ideal Dagger has been maximized.]

[This is an item you created. Your understanding is 100%.]

[The durability of the Best Gauntlets has been maximized.]

[This is an item you created. Your understanding is 100%.]

[In the case of items made by you, a penalty will be applied if you don't meet the item usage requirements, even if you have full understanding.]

[The durability of Khan's Masterpiece has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of Khan's Masterpiece is at 100%. You have learned the production method and can use it without any penalties.]

[The durability of Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of Dainsleif (Reproduction) has increased from 3% to 31%.]

[The durability of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has increased from 7% to 85%.]

[The durability of Braham's Boots has been maximized.]

[Your understanding of Braham's Boots has increased from 3% to 6%.]

Understanding an item was a concept that only existed for Pagma's Descendant.

Pagma's Descendant was able to increase their understanding of an item by using the item, appraising it, repairing and disassembling it. They were then able to freely use items with 100% understanding. It was even possible to learn the production method.

If Dainsleif's understanding was at 100%, Grid would be able to produce Dainsleif. However, the higher the rating and usage conditions of the item, the slower the comprehension. Therefore, it was still unclear when he would be able to learn how to make it.

'But the Orc Frostlight Chief's Helmet has a high understanding. Hmm, should I try for 100% understanding?'

Kaaang!

Grid placed the perfectly repaired Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet on the anvil and started hammering again.

'He's crazy.'

Rector was amazed and surprised while watching Grid repair the items. Grid suddenly hitting the perfectly fine skull helmet seemed like a crazy person. And...

Kaaang!Kaaang!

Thanks to Grid's unstoppable hammering, the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet was instantly shattered.

'Why is he destroying a perfectly good helmet like this? He's too violent.'

Rector misunderstood. He thought that Grid was destroying the helmet, but he was actually using the Legendary Blacksmith's Disassembly skill to break down and reassemble it.

"Putting the wires in the seams like this... It's sloppy. I'm going to need to supplement this part."

Grid perfectly grasped the structure of the helmet and started to assemble it again. It wasn't a simple assembly. Grid complemented the disadvantages of the helmet during the assembly process. It didn't take long for the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet to be restored to its original shape.

[Your understanding of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has increased to 100%.]

[From now on, you can use the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet without any penalties.]

[The production method of the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has been acquired.]

"Okay."

Grid equipped the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet with a pleased face.

[Due to your class characteristics, you have equipped the Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet.]

[You don't meet the conditions to use the item. However, your understanding is 100%, so no penalties will be applied.]

[Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet]

Rating: Unique (Set)

Durability: 290/290 Defense: 190

* The chance of suffering a critical blow is reduced by 25%.

* Health will increase by 15%.

* Has a certain chance to cast fear at the target.

* Frostlight Orc Chief's set effect:

-3 set items equipped: Strength +50, stamina +80.

-5 set items equipped: Strength +100, stamina +200, can transform into the frostlight orc chief.

*Frostlight Orc Chief's transformation:

-It is possible to command the frostlight orcs.

-The skill 'Rotation Cut' will be generated.

The frostlight orc chief can be described as the ruler of the northern snowfields. This helmet, which he loved, was made from the skull of a snowy ogre and has a terrible appearance. In particular, the horn on the left has a very threatening appearance. Just wearing this helmet can cause fear.

Originally there was a sense of crudeness, but a craftsman with great talent and potential had reassembled it, complementing the weaknesses and enhancing the function.

Conditions of Use: Level 150 or more. More than 400 strength.

Weight: 800

"Kuk... Truly great."

Grid was impressed as he verified the improved performance of the helmet. Then he turned his attention to Rector while wearing the helmet.

"How about it? Don't you think this helmet is somewhat cool?"

"H-Hik..."

Rector paled. It was because the bizarre skull helmet felt so terrible.

Grid saw his expression and sighed. "It seems to be my mistake... Damn, I need to replace this helmet quickly."

Grid grumbled as he approached Rector and handed over 10 silver.

"Did you watch me well? You should start practicing from now on, while trying to recall how I used the bellows and my hammering. Perhaps we'll see each other again. Your skills might be low now, but you might become an intermediate blacksmith after 10 years of practice."

Grid was joking. He never imagined that Rector would take his joke seriously as he left the smithy.

After a while. Rector jumped up. Then he locked the door of the smith and listened to Grid's advice(?), practicing his handling of the bellows and hammering.

And later. Rector, who was inherently gifted, became an advanced blacksmith who represented this area. He would often tell his disciples the story of how he met Grid. But Grid didn't know this.

The village center.

Grid was amazed as he stood in front of the Rebecca Temple.

'Gold?'

The temple here was small compared to other temples in the area. It was a single story building that was less than 100 pyeongs (1 pyeong=3.3058m). But the outer walls were painted in gold and shining brilliantly.

"Is there any way to get this...?"

Grid looked around at the other people before scratching the gold with his nails. But no matter how hard he scratched, not one speck of gold dust fell off.

"How rotten and dirty."

Grid didn't give up. He didn't want to miss an opportunity to get free gold. His appearance and scratching at the gold revealed that he was obvious a first time visitor to Rolling. A middle-aged priest found him and gave a meaningful smile.

'It has been a long time since I've seen a sucker.'

The priest's ID was Dong Pao. He was a Chinese user. He followed the rigid laws of the Rebecca Church such as forbidding love, forced silence and fasting, and managed to raise his level to 160.

He grinned and approached Grid. "Brother, is this your first visit to Rolling?"

"...!"

Grid flinched from where he was squatting in a corner and scratching at the gold. 'I'm not a thief, hahaha!' He laughed loudly while trembling.

"Ah~! Yes! It is my first time here! Oh, this temple is so beautiful! It reminds me of the beautiful Goddess Rebecca! Hahahahat! Yes?"

The person who suddenly greeted him was wearing the clothes of the Rebecca Church. Grid was so worried about being called a thief that he hadn't noticed until now. The priest in front of him was a user, not an NPC.

'It is the first time I've seen a priest user.'

Grid had heard rumors about how difficult it was to become a Rebecca priest. In fact, all Rebecca priests that Grid had met since playing Satisfy were NPCs. So it was surprising that middle-aged priest in front of him was a user, not an NPC.

'His ID is Dong Pao... Chinese...'

The ID was somewhat appetizing. Grid pledged to visit a Chinese restaurant today with his family and eat Dongpo pork.

“Are you a monk in reality? How did you manage to clear the Rebecca Church’s class change quest?”

Dong Pao laughed heartily.

"In reality, I'm just an ordinary person. However, in Satisfy, I succeeded in suppressing all desires while thinking that I only want to serve Goddess Rebecca... Then I was able to become a priest of sacred light."

“Wow... I don’t know about anything else, but staying silent seems pretty hard. Well, I can’t date anyway... No, I don’t want a relationship, but it will be hard to withstand the silence and fasting... Weren’t you supposed to stay silent for 20 days? How did you manage it? And even if you succeed in the priest class change quest, don’t you have to perform quests often if you want to keep the position? It’s great that you could endure all of that.”

The original Grid was indifferent to other people’s matters. But this was his first experience meeting a priest user, so he was naturally interested. When he was in a bad situation, he became sick when he saw others doing well. Now he had paid off his debt and was running along a part of success, so he could praise others.

Dong Pao smiled at him.

“It was difficult to remain silent. But when I prayed to Goddess Rebecca, the time passed quickly. The act of praying itself raises the divine power stat, so if you think about it positively, it is good to be disciplined. But what brings you to Rolling? There’s no special hunting ground or sightseeing spots besides the Vatican, so most people who visit here have business in the Vatican...”

“I’m on the way to the Vatican. I need to meet the pope for a quest.”

“Hah... His Holiness?”

Dong Pao’s eyes shone sharply at the words.

‘Someone who isn’t part of the Rebecca Church is on a quest to meet the pope? Even I have only seen the pope from afar. It seems like he is on a S-grade or higher quest.’

Dong Pao observed Grid’s equipment closely.

‘The armor and gauntlets are ordinary... That cloak is garbage... The only accessory is a ring that looks simple... But the boots are tremendously expensive. Yes, he must be a high level.’

Rolling was far from the centre of the continent. It was difficult to come here without being a high level because the roads were difficult and full of monsters. Dong Pao was pleased at the thought of Grid being a high level user.

‘He will have a high value.’

Dong Pao’s eyes curved into a half moon as he suggested to Grid, “I am also on my way to the Vatican. Do you want to accompany me?”

If a healer accompanied him, how much money would he save on potions? Others had to pay money to party with a healer, but he could party with one for free? Grid readily accepted this.

“Of course I would like that.”

Thus, the two people formed a party. Grid was surprised when he saw Dong Pao's level in the party window.

"Level 160? I know that priest is a difficult class to level up, so isn't this level very high?"

"There are many quests to be done, so there's no time to raise my level. However, due to the nature of the class, it's easy to find a party. I hunted with a high level party and quickly raised my level. But Mister Grid... You're level 147? That is surprisingly low."

"Haha, I don't have much time to raise my level. I've only been able to raise it lately."

"Ah, yes..."

Dong Pao made an uncomfortable expression.

'He crossed the Suaz Mountains alone at this level? Did he avoid the ogres and gargoyles? He has good luck... Damm, I thought he would be at least level 160...'

Dong Pao used his status as a priest to lure high-level travellers to a certain place that couldn't be logged out of. He made money by intimidating, killing or ransoming travellers.

'Level 147...'

It was obvious, but the higher the level of prey, the higher the ransom value. Level 147 was ambiguous. It was higher than the average level, but it wasn't that high compared to the rankers.

'If he's level 147, he can recover the experience lost through dying by hunting... He won't pay a large amount of money for his life... Tsk, this is annoying. I'll have to make money by killing him and selling the boots.'

Thus, the two of them went on a short journey to the Vatican. There was a group watching them from the entrance of the village.

"Dong Pao has started the game."

"Okay. We can follow slowly and eat up the profit."

They were three people. They were assassin users who joined hands with Dong Pao. The fifth ranked assassin Shay, the 11th ranked Kerb, and the 13th ranked Sniffer. The three of them had managed to assassinate a user who was 51st on the unified rankings, so there was no doubting their skill.

Grid was the target of some bigwigs. But Grid didn't know this and was just excited at the thought of partying with a priest.

Chapter 120

'What? What's this?'

Dong Pao was greatly confused.

The road from Rolling to the Vatican was originally very peaceful. The paladins regularly scouted, so it was difficult to find thieves, monsters and beasts. It could be called one of the few safe zones on the continent.

However, today the monsters popped out without any hesitation. Just like water pouring from a collapsed dam, the monsters swooped down and attacked Grid and Dong Pao.

“Pant... Pant... There are so many monsters in the vicinity...”

Thanks to that, Dong Pao was exhausted.

It had been less than a hour since they left Rolling, and they had already fought over 100 monsters without a break. His mana had been depleted a few times, making him drink mana potions. Now his stamina was going to be depleted.

“Pant pant! Strange! Really strange! I’ve used this road several hundred times, but it is the first time I’ve seen this! Pant pant!” Dong Pao couldn’t accept the current situation. He struggled to use Heal on Grid, who was killing the lizardmen surrounding them. “Why are there so many monsters here... Strange!”

They needed to move 15km more to reach the point he was supposed to lure Grid. But monsters kept showing up, so it seemed like the two people would lose their lives before even reaching the target. How many people met and died from monsters in the safety zones? Perhaps he would be the first. How unfair and embarrassing was this?

Dong Pao despaired.

Then the source of this incident, Grid furtively took off his cloak.

‘I currently have a healing shuttle... Unfortunately, it’s time for a break.’

[Malacus’ Cloak has been unequipped.]

Malacus’ Cloak gave off a bloody scent that attracted all types of monsters hiding in the vicinity. As soon as Grid put the cloak into the inventory, no more monsters appeared. But Dong Pao was too busy to observe Grid properly, so he didn’t realize that Grid was the source.

Grid dealt with the remaining monsters.

Kiyaaaaak!

[You have defeated a giant salamander.]

[Party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired the salamander’s gallbladder.]

[Party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired the rare pearl.]

[203,000 experience has been acquired.]

[You have defeated an iran clan lizardman.]

[Party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired the Usable Scimitar.]

[Party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired a sapphire.]

[255,000 experience has been acquired.]

Dran Valley, where crystal clear water flowed!

The monsters here were much stronger than the monsters of Suaz Mountains. They had a minimum level of 190 and higher, so even Grid struggled if there were more than seven monsters. However, he had Dong Pao's healing, so he could successfully hunt them.

'The Heal of a level 160 priest is truly tremendous. Kukuk, I can wait to go to the Vatican as long as I have this heal shuttle.'

Grid was delighted because he gained a tremendous amount of experience, despite being in a party with Dong Pao. However, he made a disgruntled facial expression and groaned. "Phew, I thought I was going to die. This is the first time I've seen so many monsters. Was this area originally like this?"

Dong Pao shook his head at Grid's words. "I don't know what's going on. Originally, this is a place where monsters rarely pop up... I didn't even know that there were so many monsters here. I have goosebumps... Sigh..."

Dong Pao peeked at the dagger held in Grid's hands while he was lamenting.

'There is a deep blue aura like sea around that dagger... It's a weapon enhanced to at least +8. Huge.'

It was after he joined the party with Grid. He originally thought that Grid managed to come to Rolling alone, despite being only level 147, was purely because of luck.

Now that they'd fought together, he realized that Grid was really strong compared to his level. The reason Grid was able to cross the Suaz Mountains wasn't because of luck, but because of strength.

'The secret of his strength is that +8 dagger... A dagger might be weak in attack power compared to a one-handed sword or blunt weapon, but... A dagger enhanced to this extent can deal more damage than a blunt weapon.'

A dagger had a fast attack speed, but weak attack power. However, Grid's dagger had both excellent attack speed and attack power.

'He must be quite rich if he is carrying that weapon. Okay, I can get more profit than I thought. If I can take this dagger...!'

'This is enough rest.' As Dong Pao was smiling nastily, Grid put on Malacus' Cloak. He got up from his seat and urged Dong Pao. "It is time to move. We don't want to be too late."

"Yes... But before that..."

Dong Pao stared at Grid with sharp eyes. Grid thought Dong Pao noticed Malacus' Cloak and gulped. Then Dong Pao said to him. "Item distribution... Can you change it to sequential distribution instead of party leader distribution? Brother, let's be fair."

"...Just keep it as party leader distribution for now. With sequential distribution, the expensive items might be given to only one person and that isn't fair. We'll split the proceeds in half once we arrive at the destination, so don't worry."

"No, but..."

Grid's destination was the Vatican. But Dong Pao's planned destination was a place where Grid would die before he arrived at the Vatican. If the item distribution method wasn't changed now, Dong Pao wouldn't receive the items. So he wanted to change it to sequential distribution.

But Grid was stubborn. He was already walking.

'Damn bastard!' Dong Pao cursed to himself. Then he tried to think positively. 'Yes, I will get a lot of money from him.'

Dong Pao smiled as he watched the quickly walking Grid. He thought that Grid's urgent demand was funny. But the smile on Dong Pao's face quickly disappeared. Had it been five minutes since they started walking again? New monsters appeared like a cloud and Dong Pao went crazy.

"What the hell is this? Why do these monsters keep constantly appearing?"

"Didn't you do hard quests as part of the Rebecca Church? Perhaps this is a trial from Goddess Rebecca?"

Grid was using method acting. He was good at pretending that he wasn't the source attracting the monsters. As a result, Dong Pao didn't suspect Grid at all.

"No! I've never heard of a trial that involved hunting monsters! And a quest window didn't pop up...!"

"Hrmm... Please support me while I'm taking care of them. Thank you."

"Yes..."

Dong Pao was depressed at the thought of consuming so many expensive mana potions. On the other hand, Grid was rejoicing.

'I have a free heal shuttle so I should use it as much as possible!'

That's right. Grid had been aiming for this since he got a party with a healer for free. Until they arrived at the Vatican, he was going to rely on Dong Pao's healing for infinite hunting. Dong Pao was aiming for Grid's life while Grid was aiming to use him.

The two men continued the repeated hunting and...

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

"Yes!"

"Ohh! I also levelled up...!"

Just 12 hours after leaving Rolling! Grid gained three levels while Dong Pao gained one level.

It was surprising for Dong Pao. They were hunting high level monsters with only two people, so their level rose quickly. It was better than hunting with a few high level parties. Like Grid, he wanted to stay in this place for a while to hunt. If he could do that, he could challenge becoming a ranker. But he was soon reminded of his original goals.

'Money is more important than levelling.'

Crime Forest.

Originally, they should've arrived here 3 hours after leaving Rolling. But it took them 12 hours. Dong Pao wondered if the assassins were tired and resentful from waiting. He felt anxious and urged Grid.

"Brother, let's take a break in that cave over there."

Grid turned his head in Dong Pao's direction and was able to discover the entrance to a cave. Then he said with a reluctant look.

"Do we need to rest? Shouldn't we go straight to the Vatican with this momentum?"

Dong Pao tried to convince him, "Unlike Brother, my stamina has reached its limit several times. I need sufficient rest. My mana regeneration is too slow right now... It is to the point that I can only use Heal a few times."

"It can't be helped."

"Thank you for your consideration."

Grid received Dong Pao's guidance and entered the cave. Then a notification window flashed.

[The Vampire Countess Marie Rose is sealed in this space.]

[Marie Rose's evil influence makes your magic power turbid. All types of spells and skills aren't available.]

[You have resisted.]

"...?"

Grid was bewildered.

"Is this a raid room? Vampire countess? The vampire barons are fearful enough, yet this is a vampire countess? Are we going to have our blood sucked and die here? Why are we resting in this dangerous space...?"

Dong Pao shook his head.

"Don't worry. Marie Rose has been sleeping for hundreds of years since she was sealed by two of Rebecca's Daughters... She never wakes up. It isn't Marie Rose you should be worrying about right now."

"...?!"

Grid was startled.

At the end of Dong Pao's words, three shadows appeared from the darkness. They were assassins who were with Dong Pao. They blocked the entrance of the cave so that Grid couldn't escape, and glared at Dong Pao.

"Why are you so late?"

Dong Pao explained, "Strangely, monsters kept showing up. We were forced to slow down while handling them."

The 13th ranked assassin, Sniffer didn't believe it.

"Monsters? If you want to lie, do it properly. Isn't it hard to find one wolf in the area, let alone monsters? This is why I hate the Chinese. You bluff every time you open your mouth!"

"It isn't a lie. If you don't believe me, check it out yourself later."

"Okay. I understand, so stop." The 11th ranked Kerb didn't want to waste any more time. He calmed down the situation and aimed two daggers at Grid. "Hey. If you don't want to die and lose experience, give us your money. Then we'll spare your life."

Assassins were specialized in assassination.

Their class change quest was assassination, and they received additional rewards depending on how many people were assassinated. The assassins steadily performed assassinations and gained a lot of experience fighting people.

Assassins were able to show off their unique presence in this place where all types of skills were suppressed due to Marie Rose. They also had numerical superiority, so Kerb didn't doubt that they could handle Grid.

On the other hand, Grid grasped the situation and asked Dong Pao.

"Dong Pao, don't priests of the Rebecca Church have to obey the laws? Isn't it against their doctrines to harm the lives of travellers for money? This act of betraying Goddess Rebecca, doesn't it have fatal consequences to you as a priest?"

Dong Pao shook his head. "A lot of people are confused. They think that Rebecca priests must always follow the laws and doctrines to keep their position. But the reality was different. We have to only obey the law during the quest period. It doesn't matter what wrongdoings I do if it isn't discovered by the church."

Grid didn't understand.

"Isn't your divine power stat strengthened by following the laws and doctrines? Rather than acting for immediate profits, isn't it better in the long run to follow the laws and raise your divine power?"

To Dong Pao, Grid seemed desperate to live. He felt very sympathetic towards the pathetic persuasion.

"Brother, have you forgotten what I said earlier? We have something called prayer. Divine power can be raised through praying, so I don't need to worry about following the laws. I don't deny Goddess Rebecca, despite committing evil. I deeply believe in, admire and love the goddess in my heart. My loyalty to the goddess is so deep that even now, my divine power is rising slowly and steadily.

"..."

"It is still unknown to the outside, but the Rebecca Pope is a very depraved person. The pope often breaks the laws and doctrines of the church. But his divine power is enough to transcend common sense. His belief in Goddess Rebecca is absolute."

"That's just a contradiction." The 7th assassin Shay came forward. He thought that the Rebecca Church was very silly. "The Yatan Church is the one that stands for pure evil. They believe that evil is the right way. But the people from the Rebecca Church commit atrocities, even though they realize they have to do good deeds. The front and back are different, so they are far sneakier and more dangerous than the Yatan Church. Well, it has nothing to do with us... Give us your money."

Grid examined Shay's body.

'He is armed with top-notch items. At least level 200...'

The Legendary Blacksmith's Discernment skill allowed him to gauge the level of the items that Shay was wearing. Thanks to that, Grid could see that Shay wasn't an ordinary opponent.

'Rankers. The other two people are even higher than Dong Pao.'

But.

'... They are boring compared to Faker.'

Grid was in the same guild as the 1st ranked assassin, Faker.. He had witnessed Faker's skills several times. Therefore, he didn't feel afraid in front of these people.

"You guys, you have picked the wrong prey to hunt."

Grid armed himself with two items that had been in his inventory the entire time he was with Dong Pao.

[Dainsleif (Reproduction) has been equipped.]

[Frostlight Orc Chief's Helmet has been equipped.]

"...This guy?"

Dong Pao and the assassins were astonished when they saw Grid pull out a black greatsword and a bizarre skull helmet. Wasn't he the famous slaughterer who wiped out the Giant Guild not long ago? They didn't expect it at all.